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ANTHOLOGY

Sip OF PLEASURE

SARA FIELDS - LAYLAH ROBERTS - KATE OLIVER - INES JOHNSON
LIVIA GRANT - TARA CRESCENT - SUE LYNDON - STELLA MOORE - ALLIE BELLE

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Sip of Pleasure

Ines Johnson, Kate Oliver, Sara Fields, Sue Lyndon, Laylah Roberts, Stella Moore,
Allie Belle,

Tara Mann, Livia Grant

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BLURB

Nothing brings more satisfaction than a Sip of Pleasure.

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Allie Belle

Publisher's Note: The *Sip of Pleasure Anthology* contains brand new material never published before. It is the perfect chance to revisit series you already love and also find new authors you will enjoy reading

KEEP ME, DADDY



By

Sara Fields

PROLOGUE



LIAM

The brisk wind off the Boston Harbor tugged at the lapels of my tailored suit, its salty tang mixing with the unmistakable scent of the sea.

Lifting my chin, I looked around. The harbor lights shimmered like diamonds on the water. The distant honk of a car horn, the gentle lapping of the waves against the dock, and the cries of seagulls flying overhead accompanied my solitary stroll through the docks.

I navigated through the maze of crates and barrels, watching as a group of dockworkers unloaded cargo from a ship that had just docked.

It wasn't our cargo, at least not this time.

The clatter of machinery, the shouted instructions, the rhythmic thud of heavy crates hitting the wooden dock—it was organized chaos.

I felt at home here.

As I neared the end of the dock, a sleek yacht named "Serenity" came into view. It bobbed gently in the water, its polished exterior gleaming under the harbor lights. Without pause, I stepped onto the yacht.

I was here to do a job.

As consigliere to the Murphy family, it was my duty to see to it that the yacht was safe. It had been given to the Murphys as a gesture of good will from Eduardo Ramirez, kingpin of

the local branch of the Colombian cartel here in Boston, but we couldn't be too careful.

This could be a token of war, our very own Trojan horse.'

My eyes flicked over the polished surfaces and lavish décor. Rich mahogany accents complemented plush, leather furnishings. Soft, ambient lighting cast a warm glow on intricately designed fixtures, and the air carried a subtle scent of eucalyptus and citrus.

It had to have cost someone millions of dollars.

The muted hum of the yacht's engines accompanied my cautious steps as I meticulously combed through its opulent interiors, searching for signs of danger—a ticking bomb, a concealed trap, anything that might threaten the safety of the Murphy family. The rhythmic creaking of the yacht beneath me underscored the gravity of the task at hand. It took me hours, but there was no being too thorough.

This was a matter of life and death.

Moving through the dimly lit corridors, I reached the entrance of the master suite. The door swung open with a soft creak, revealing a room cloaked in shadows.

I turned on the lights.

For a moment, time seemed to hang in suspension. My breath froze in my chest as my eyes fell upon a blond woman bound and gagged on the bed. There was a black hood over her head, and I reached out, ripping it off in a quick flash.

Fuck.

Her piercing blue eyes met mine with pleading desperation and obvious guilt and I stopped short.

I knew her.

I knew her *very* well.

Her name was Kelsey Byrne.

Just last night, I'd had her bound to my bed, her bottom spanked bright pink from my own hand. I'd sunk so deep into that perfect little body as she writhed beneath me, screamed

my name, and called me daddy just like a good little girl should.

There was a note lying beside her.

I took a deep breath and warily picked it up.

Liam Shelby,

The woman bound before you is not who she says, but I have faith that you and the Murphys will find out who she truly is. Do not be deceived by her lies. She is not your friend.

Eduardo Ramirez

I glanced back at her with a hard swallow and held the paper out in front of her. Her face slowly paled, and I knew without a doubt that there was some truth to the letter.

Reaching for her, I slowly untied the gag and pulled it free from her mouth.

“I can explain...”

CHAPTER 1



KELSEY

*M*y heart pounded in my chest as I approached Murphy's Pub, my footsteps echoing in the quiet of night. As soon as I opened the door, the scent of whiskey assailed my senses, and the sounds of rancorous laughter mixed with the lively tunes of Irish jigs spilled out onto the streets.

I adjusted the collar of my brown leather jacket, quieting my nerves. The neon glow of the pub sign flickered overhead as I pushed through the heavy wooden door. The warmth of the crowded pub enveloped me, and I took a moment to let my eyes adjust to the soft lighting.

Honestly, it was kind of nice in here. If I wasn't on the job, I might even go into a place like this on the weekend.

But this wasn't my night off and I wasn't coming in here for fun.

The Murphy family had a dangerous reputation, and I was about to get up close and personal with whatever they had their hands in, especially if it wasn't exactly legal.

As I made my way through the crowd, the infectious laughter and singing of Irish songs echoed all around me. The bar was alive with activity, and I spotted a few familiar faces that matched the descriptions of the criminals I had memorized.

Kieran Murphy sat in the back corner, his piercing blue eyes scanning the crowd as he sipped a glass of whiskey. Several of his brothers, Aidan, Cormac, as well as his sister

Ada sat beside him. The twins, Connor and Caden, were at the bar, the two of them drinking pints of Guinness.

I needed to be more careful.

The Murphys were a close-knit bunch, and I needed to navigate their stronghold without arousing suspicion, so I headed towards the bar, ordering a drink to maintain the façade of a casual bargoer.

I knew there was a back office, and I knew I needed to search it. If I could find evidence against them, I could get them put away sooner rather than later.

I just needed to wait for the right time.

My eyes darted around, searching for the perfect opportunity to slip away unnoticed and lie in wait. The bathroom seemed like the safest bet.

After a few sips of vodka, I excused myself and made my way to the back of the pub. I slipped inside the bathroom, the raucous noise from the pub muffled by the heavy wooden door. I took a moment to steady my breathing, my back pressed against the cold tiles of the wall. When I'd finally gathered myself, I slipped into one of the stalls, sat on the toilet and picked up my feet.

I pulled my cell phone out of my pocket and glanced at the time. It was almost closing hours, nearly two in the morning.

I just needed to wait them out.

Time seemed to stretch as I waited, hidden away in the small, dimly lit space. The distant sounds of the pub carried through the walls, and I strained to catch any snippets of conversation that could reveal the Murphy family's plans. The stakes were high, and my cover depended on remaining undetected.

Eventually, the sounds outside gradually faded into hushed whispers and then nothing at all. Only when I felt like it was safe did I leave the stall and press my ear to the door, listening for any signs of life.

I heard nothing, but still I waited until I was certain that everyone had left, and the pub was closed for the night.

I waited until four in the morning.

Finally seizing the opportunity, I eased open the bathroom door and slipped back into the deserted pub.

I moved with cautious steps, my boots making only the slightest creak on the wooden floor. The empty tables and abandoned chairs seemed to be eerily still, and I sucked in a nervous breath.

As I tiptoed towards the back of the pub, the wooden door leading to the office almost seemed to call out to me. With each careful step, my senses were heightened. I could almost feel the weight of the secrets hidden within these walls, secrets that could unravel the Murphy family's stronghold and lock them behind bars forever.

My heart was practically in the back of my throat.

The office door was slightly ajar, and I gently pushed it open, wincing at the faint creaking sound. I slipped inside, shutting the door behind me with deliberate care. The soft lighting of a desk lamp illuminated the room, revealing shelves lined with files, cabinets full of dark leather books, and a desk covered in scattered papers.

I moved silently across the room, my eyes scanning the strewn documents for any clues. The air was thick with tension as I sifted through the paperwork, my fingers gliding over the edges of confidential files. There were names, dates, and coded messages that hinted at the extent of the Murphy family's operations.

I needed to gather as much intel as possible.

A sudden noise outside the office door made me freeze. My heart raced as I held my breath, praying that I hadn't been discovered. After a tense moment, the silence resumed, and I let out a quiet sigh of relief.

I'd worked for the FBI for years, and I'd finally been promoted to a covert operative.

My first job?

To infiltrate the Murphy family criminal organization and to finally make a difference in the world. If I could just find enough evidence to put them all away, then I'd make the streets a safer place.

I gritted my teeth. I'd grown up in South Boston and seen the insidious influence of the mafia firsthand.

My brother, a decorated police officer, had been killed by the Cosa Nostra. Left to reign free without rules or limitations, they'd gotten away with it without even a slap on the wrist. I lifted my chin, my quiet determination fueling me forward.

I could do this. *For him.*

As I meticulously sifted through confidential files, I heard a creak behind me, and a shiver ran down my spine. I turned to see a man standing in the doorway, his dark hair streaked with lighter patches that caught the faint glow of the overhead light. His hazel eyes met mine, and for a moment, the room felt too small and too intimate for the two of us.

It was Liam Shelby, the consigliere of the Murphy family.

In person, though, he seemed like so much more. His dark, well-trimmed beard framed a strong jawline. His hazel eyes, now even more intense under the dim light, held a darkness that seemed to pull me in. A sudden yearning to kiss him seized me. His proximity, and the dangerous glint in his eyes made resisting the urge to lean in and taste the forbidden all the more challenging, but I remembered myself.

He was a criminal.

I couldn't kiss him. That was insanity.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" he drawled, his voice a low rumble that sent a spear of ice surging straight through me. His eyes, greener than golden brown under the light, bore into mine with an intensity that left no room for evasion. "You're not supposed to be in here, sweetheart."

My heart raced as I tried to gauge his intentions. His quiet, brooding presence only added to the suspense. Despite the

threat in his words, there was an undeniable magnetism about him, and I found it difficult to look away.

You can't be finding Liam Shelby sexy right now. That's crazy talk.

"I... I was just looking for the bathroom," I stammered, my voice betraying a nervous edge. The air crackled with tension as he stepped further into the room, his gaze unwavering.

"Does the bathroom usually have confidential files spread out on the desk?" he questioned, a hint of amusement in his tone. His lips curled into a smirk, adding to the enigmatic charm that surrounded him.

I swallowed hard, my palms growing clammy. "I... I got lost. Must be the layout of the place."

"Lost, huh?" He chuckled, a low, throaty sound that resonated in the quiet room. His words hung in the air, and I couldn't shake the feeling that he saw right through my feeble excuse.

Not only that, but I could feel my nipples pebbling in my bra and I sucked in a breath. I couldn't be getting aroused simply by a man's presence, a dangerous criminal no less, probably a liar and a murderer, too.

Yet still, his gaze appeared soft. Tender even.

"Yes. Definitely lost," I tried.

He raised an eyebrow and appraised me, his heated gaze roaming up the length of my body. I felt the intensity of his scrutiny, and it left me feeling both uneasy and strangely alive. It was as if his eyes could unravel me with just a look, and I sucked in a breath.. In that moment, I couldn't shake the feeling of being seen, truly seen, by a man who exuded danger and charm in equal measure.

"I'm sure you are," he drawled. He stared at me like a lion would a lamb.

I opened my mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

“What’s your name, sweetheart?” he finally asked.

“Kelsey,” I blurted out before I could think to stop myself. As the echo of my first name hung in the air, I could have kicked myself.

How stupid could I be, giving him my real name?

I felt like a noob.

“Well, Kelsey,” he continued, taking a step closer, “You just stumbled into something you shouldn’t have. The question is, what do I do about it?”

CHAPTER 2



KELSEY

I tried to maintain composure, but my heart was pounding in my chest so loudly that I wondered if he could hear it. Every nerve in my body seemed to be on high alert. Liam's scrutiny, as well as his piercing gaze, had me on edge. My palms sweated and my knees wobbled, all as I tried to maintain my composure.

I couldn't let him win.

"Look, I just needed a place to hide, far away from my ex. He hits me sometimes and... and..." I stammered. "I thought this pub was empty. I didn't mean to intrude."

Liam's gaze remained fixed on me, and his eyes narrowed, circling me like a predator closing in on its prey. "You're a long way from safety if you're looking for it here."

I bit my lip, feigning vulnerability. "I heard the Murphy family had connections. I thought maybe I could find protection here. I didn't know where else to go."

He chuckled, the sound both menacing and oddly captivating. "You've got guts, sweetheart, creeping into the lion's den and expecting sanctuary." He stepped even closer, the air thick with an electric charge. "But you know, this is a dangerous place. Not everyone is as friendly as they seem."

A tingle of fear mingled with the undeniable attraction that pulsed between us. "I... I didn't mean to cause any trouble," I whispered, meeting his gaze with feigned innocence.

Liam tilted his head, a wry smile playing on his lips. “Let’s not pretend, sweetheart. What’s your game, really?”

I swallowed hard, my mind racing. “I don’t have a game. Honestly, I just wanted to disappear and start fresh. I heard the Murphy family could make things happen.”

He stepped back, the distance between us momentarily widening. “Starting fresh with us is like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. But I’ll tell you what,” he said, his gaze lingering on mine, “If I find out you’re lying to me, I just might have to take you over my knee and redden that pretty bottom of yours.”

My mouth went dry, and my body simmered with heat at the sizzling promise in his voice.

He really didn’t just say what I thought he said, did he? He couldn’t be serious. It had to be a joke of some kind, meant to shock me into silence. Spankings were a punishment for children, not for the likes of me. Why, then, was my pulse racing and my core sizzling with sudden need? Why did that single line keep repeating in my head?

“If I find out you’re lying to me, I just might have to take you over my knee and redden that pretty bottom of yours.”

Why was a part of me actually curious about it? Why did I kind of want him to do it?

Maybe it was just the adrenaline talking or maybe I was going a little bit insane...

“You can’t spank me. I’m a grown woman,” I scoffed, and he raised a single eyebrow. The dark shadows in his eyes seemed to swirl into a deeper black, and I shut my mouth.

Liam Shelby was a criminal. He probably had no qualms about killing a man, or maybe even a woman. What would stop him from hurting me if he felt like it?

He’d already threatened to spank me...

A low heat simmered in the pit of my belly, and I swallowed hard. A droplet of sweat beaded at the edge of my

brow and despite everything I tried to do to stop it, my pussy clenched hard.

Why was I drawn to him anyway? Why did I want him to reach out, take me in his arms, and kiss me the way I was meant to be kissed?

He didn't say anything more about it, and I didn't press the issue.

"I have nowhere to go," I admitted, my voice a whisper laced with vulnerability.

A sly grin played on Liam's lips, and he took a step closer. "Well, Kelsey, it just so happens I know a place where you can lay low for the night," he said, his hazel eyes glinting with mischief.

This couldn't be good, right?

"Your place?" I asked warily, trying to gauge his intentions. For all I knew, he could be taking me to my death, rather than into his bed. But there was something about him that made me trust him.

And then I realized something else.

He could be my "in" to the Murphy family.

He chuckled, a low and throaty sound that reverberated through the room. "No, not my place. I've got something better in mind. Ever heard of the Cambria hotel?"

There was no concrete evidence for it, but it was suspected that the Murphys laundered money through the expensive hotel.

Maybe I'd get to see some of that firsthand...

"The Cambria hotel? Isn't that a bit... fancy?" I questioned, raising an eyebrow. "I'm a simple girl. I don't need much."

Liam's grin widened, his eyes dancing with amusement. "Well, sweetheart, sometimes a bit of luxury is what you need to forget everything that troubles you. Trust me; they won't

ask too many questions. It's the perfect place for you to stay the night. Your ex will never suspect you're there."

I considered his offer, torn between suspicion and the tempting promise of a supposed safe haven for the night. Sure, I could go home to my tiny apartment, but this unlikely turn of events was looking better and better.

I'd take the chance.

"Alright," I finally conceded. "Thank you."

I took a deep breath.

This was my big break.



The drive to the Cambria hotel was a curious blend of silence and tension. Liam navigated the streets with confident ease, the city lights casting an almost ephemeral glow on his features. As we pulled up to the entrance, he smoothly parked the car right in front of the hotel, and I couldn't help but wonder about the lack of questions from the attendants. It was as if the city itself recognized him, and an unspoken understanding that he could do whatever he pleased hung in the air.

Honestly, it was pretty scary.

"Stay here," Liam instructed, an air of command in his eyes as he got out of the car. I watched him stride inside and head toward the concierge counter, his presence commanding attention.

He wasn't gone long.

Liam returned with a subtle grin, and I couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. "Do they know you here?" I questioned, my voice laced with curiosity.

“Let’s just say I have a way of making things happen. Come on, the penthouse awaits,” he replied, his tone serious.

He wasn’t playing with me. This was really happening.

I swallowed back my disbelief and followed him. We entered the hotel, and my eyes flitted around the opulent surroundings. The concierge behind the counter nodded respectfully at Liam, confirming my suspicion that he was no stranger here.

“Mr. Murphy, the penthouse is ready for you,” the concierge informed us with a deferential tone. Liam nodded his thanks and then strode forward into a private elevator and beckoned me inside. We rode all the way to the top and when the doors opened to reveal a lavish corridor, I followed him in silence.

The scent of fresh flowers and muted jazz music wafted through the air, creating an atmosphere of sheer indulgence that took my breath away.

The spacious living area was adorned with sleek modern furniture. Floor-to-ceiling windows offered a panoramic view of the city skyline, pulling my gaze to the shimmering night sky straight away.

“Welcome to your refuge for the night,” Liam declared.

“This is... unexpected,” I admitted, my voice betraying a mix of surprise and unease.

So, this is what true power, and money bought you...

Liam leaned against the window, his gaze fixed on me. “I just want to make sure you’re safe for the night, Kelsey.”

Despite the undeniable danger that surrounded him, I found myself drawn to him in a way that defied all reason. His charisma, the air of mystery that clung to him—it was a potent combination that stirred conflicting emotions within me. I couldn’t ignore the fact that he was a criminal, yet the intensity of my reluctant desire persisted.

It made no fucking sense.

“Come. It’s late. Let’s get you ready for bed,” Liam said softly, and I followed him into one of the bedrooms. The plush carpet felt luxurious underfoot as I kicked off my shoes.

Liam handed me a set of silk pajamas with surprising gentleness. “You might as well get comfortable,” he remarked, his eyes lingering on mine.

Was he going to stay the night here with me, too?

Somehow, the thought intrigued me, but I shook it off. His gaze bore into mine like he could read my mind and I turned mine to the floor, breaking eye contact with him just in case my emotions were written all over my face.

I left the room and retreated into the bathroom. As quickly as I could, I changed into the pajamas, feeling the soft fabric against my skin, still grappling with the uncertainty of what was to come. I took a deep breath before I went back into the bedroom where he was sitting in the armchair by the window.

I climbed into the bed and pulled the covers up to my chin. Liam stood up and approached me, and I sucked in a heated breath. I gazed up at him, hoping for something that I shouldn’t want.

In that fleeting moment as he looked down at me, an intensity in his eyes hinted at the possibility of a kiss that threatened to take my breath away. My heart quickened with anticipation, and I found myself yearning for him to do exactly that. However, to my disappointment, he simply smiled, a touch of something I couldn’t quite read in his expression.

Did he think I was attractive? Did he even want to kiss me, or did he just see me as some charity case that he’d taken in for the night?

I didn’t know.

“Goodnight, Kelsey,” he said, his voice low and almost tender. My disappointment must have flickered across my face, but he didn’t acknowledge it. Instead, he pulled the blankets up even tighter around me and tucked me in. Then, he turned and walked away, leaving me alone in the silence.

He stopped in the doorway and looked back over his shoulder. I held my breath.

“I’ll see you in the morning,” he whispered, and there was the slightest hint of a threat to his tone. “We’ll talk then.”

A shiver raced down my spine.

“Goodnight, Liam,” I murmured, my voice shaking just the slightest bit. He nodded once and left, and I let out the breath that had seemingly been stuck in the back of my throat.

I was going to have to nail down the details of my story tonight if I wanted this mission to be a success.

I closed my eyes, listening to the soft sounds of his footsteps fading in the distance. The door clicked shut and instinctively, I knew he’d left the suite.

My chest rose and fell with relief, but something else pulsed deep inside my core, over and over again until I couldn’t ignore it any longer.

Desire.

CHAPTER 3



KELSEY

As the morning light filtered through the penthouse windows, I stirred awake in the comfortable bed, the memories of the previous night playing like a movie reel in my head.

I'd met *the* Liam Shelby, the infamous Murphy family consigliere, and he'd taken me under his wing.

Now, I could use him to infiltrate the Murphys, find the evidence I needed, and the lot of them would be locked up for the rest of their lives.

This was my chance and I had to take it.

A knock on the bedroom door interrupted my thoughts, and Liam's voice called through.

"Morning, Kelsey. Sleep well?"

I sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. Liam opened the door and stood in the doorway, his soft gaze meeting mine.

"Yeah, thanks," I mumbled, suddenly very aware of the way my pebbled nipples were probably showing through the fabric of my silk pajamas. I gripped the blanket and pulled it up, covering myself as quickly as I could.

He offered a half-smile. "Good. Get ready. I'm taking you out for breakfast."

"You don't have to do that," I said quietly, and he shook his head.

“I’m not taking no for an answer, now go get ready,” he answered definitively, and I gazed back in his direction, assessing him.

For some reason, his expectation of my obedience bothered me.

“Okay then,” I replied under my breath, and there was the slightest narrowing of his eyes, but it was gone so quickly that I thought maybe I was seeing things.

Climbing out of bed, I walked into the bathroom and brushed my teeth and my hair using the toiletries on the counter. I got dressed into my clothes from last night and when I was finally ready, I looked in the mirror and took a deep breath.

I was a top operative in the FBI. I was intelligent. I hadn’t gotten to where I was today without a tremendous amount of skill, and I was going to rely on that today.

I could fucking do this.

With a deep, confident breath, I walked out of the bathroom and joined Liam, who quickly led me downstairs out of the hotel where there was a car waiting for us.

The drive was quick, and when we pulled up in front of The Roasted Bean, he explained that the quaint coffee shop belonged to his mother. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air as we entered, and Liam greeted the staff with an openly warm familiarity, like the lot of them were a part of his own family. The cozy ambiance and his kindhearted nature made it hard to believe that he was involved in the criminal world, and I found myself at least partially captivated by his openly sweet nature.

“Meet my mother, Irma,” he said, gesturing to the woman behind the counter. She had a warm smile and her eyes lit up as she took in the sight of me, and I smiled in return.

“Nice to meet you, dear,” she said, and I couldn’t help but feel a pang of guilt for getting her involved, too. She tilted her head, looking curiously from me to him like she was trying to see if there was something there.

“This is Kelsey,” he explained. Thankfully, he didn’t elaborate any further about where and when we’d met. “Now, my mother makes the best coffee on this side of Boston. What will you have?”

“I’d love a spiced chai latte,” I said after glancing over the menu on the counter quickly. A good chai latte could instantly make my day better, especially on a chilly fall day.

“I’ll have the usual, and give us some of your fresh baked muffins,” Liam asked, and his mother nodded, rushing behind the counter to help the barista who had already started our order.

In minutes, the two of us were seated at a table, sitting across from one other. I glanced over at him as he sipped his espresso, his gaze contemplative, and waited for him to speak first.

“I’d like you to tell me more about this abusive ex of yours,” he coaxed, and I swallowed hard.

Now’s the time to get your shit together.

I’d stayed awake a good while longer after he left last night, spending a good deal of time thinking about my story and I had it down pat.

“It all started a few years ago,” I began, my voice steady yet tinged with as much raw emotion as I could muster. “He was charming at first, but as time went on, he became controlling and violent. I had to get out. I left in the middle of the night and didn’t turn back.”

“Where is he now?”

“Back in Connecticut,” I answered quickly. “He’s a cop.”

I rushed to take a sip of my chai latte, the familiar taste washing across my tongue like a warm embrace.

Liam leaned forward, his eyes fixed on mine, betraying a mix of concern, sympathy, and something else much darker and more dangerous. “Kelsey, one day, when you’re ready, you’re going to tell me his name and I’ll see to it that he never touches you again.”

I nodded, swallowing hard at the unsaid threat.

His jaw tensed and his expression turned firm, “I’ve decided. You can stay here with me.”

I took a sip of my chai, feigning a moment of vulnerability. “Thank you for the offer, Liam, but I’ll figure things out on my own. I couldn’t ask for anything more from you than you’ve given me already...”

He leaned back, studying me with a thoughtful expression. “You’re stronger than you know, Kelsey, but sometimes, even the strongest person needs someone to lean on. Let me help you,” he coaxed.

I hesitated, my mind caught in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. “Liam, you’ve already been incredibly generous. I can’t—”

“Enough,” he interjected, a touch of frustration in his tone. “You’re going to let me help you, and you’re going to start by staying with me so I can keep you safe. That’s final.”

“I couldn’t possibly—” I managed, and he shook his head. I opened my eyes wide as his expression darkened with warning. His eyes glinted with heat and all at once, the entire world narrowed down to me and him.

“Listen to me now, *little girl*. You’re going to move into my apartment with me. If you continue to fight me, I’m going to put you over my knee and spank your bare bottom bright red, and you’ll move in with me anyway after it’s all over,” he threatened, and I stopped short.

That was the second time in the span of two days that he’d warned me he was going to spank me.

I opened and closed my mouth, trying to come up with something to say, but every word of protest escaped me. A quiet gasp slipped free from my lips instead, and I fidgeted in my chair.

The first time, I’d thought he’d just threatened me to shock me, but now his jaw was so firmly set that I knew he was dead serious. His gaze, intense and focused, bore into mine, leaving little room for any question in my mind. The straight line of

his shoulders and the subtle tension in his posture hinted at a man accustomed to absolute authority, and that now included me, too.

“You can’t mean that,” I breathed.

“I mean every single word,” he countered.

“I just met you last night. I’m not going to move in with you,” I scoffed.

He sat across from me and crossed one leg over the other. He appraised me with a heated look and cocked his head.

“Then I think it’s time we went upstairs, don’t you?” he replied, his voice so low and raspy that it sent a shiver of need straight down my spine.

The tension was so thick between us that I could cut it with a knife.

Sure, I could storm out of here in anger, but that wouldn’t get me any closer to my goal. Plus, there was a part of me that was insatiably curious about what he was threatening.

Already, my clit was throbbing, and my thighs were pressing together with need. I pulled at the edges of my leather jacket, trying to hide my breasts as best as I could, but as he gazed back at me, it was as if he could see right through me.

Did he know he was turning me on?

I didn’t want to run out of here. A flicker of desire danced in his eyes, and as he leaned slightly forward, the lines of his body called to me, and I couldn’t stop my eyes from feasting on the sight of him. The air seemed charged with a potent combination of attraction and tension, and I found myself captivated by the way his gaze was roaming up and down my body. My breath caught in the back of my throat as his eyes darkened with subtle intensity.

He wanted me, too.

I licked my lips, and his gaze followed my tongue’s journey. He offered me his hand and I stared down at the rough planes of his palm. For a moment, I hesitated, but then I took a chance.

I reached out and brushed my fingers against his.

A fiery spark of desire burst through me, from nothing more than his touch, and I knew I'd made the right choice. His fingertips closed around my hand, and he stood up, gently pulling me up out of my seat and towards him. I held my breath, my pulse echoing in my ears as my heart went pitter patter in my chest.

"Yes," I breathed.

The heat in his gaze had turned molten, and it turned my legs to jelly as he took a step towards the back of the shop. The rest of the world fell away as he led me through a back doorway, up a flight of stairs, and into an extravagant apartment. My heartbeat quickened as his grasp tightened around my hand.

"Do you live here?" I whispered, almost as if I was afraid of disturbing such a beautiful place.

"I moved in here some time ago to be closer to my mom," he answered softly, "but that's not why we're up here, is it, little girl?"

"No," I whispered, feeling small and vulnerable and incredibly needy all at the same time.

He pulled me against his chest and lifted his other hand to brush a lock of hair out of my face. His tender touch made my breath stick in the back of my throat as I lifted my eyes up to meet his.

"Why are we up here?"

"I..."

"I gave you a chance to stay here with me and you fought me, didn't you, little girl?"

"Yes," I said, feeling a rush of heat flare up over my face. My shoulders bowed inward, and my head dropped. Without missing a beat, his finger slipped underneath my chin and lifted it up so that I was looking at him once again, which only made me feel that much smaller.

My core squeezed tight, my own desire simmering to life deep in my belly whether I wanted it to or not.

“What should happen to a naughty little girl who fights with the man who is simply trying to protect her?” he pressed.

The languid heat in his voice caught me by surprise, and I took in a sharp breath. I curled my fingers and then spread them out as my cheeks burned. Fidgeting from one foot to the other, I opened my mouth, and nothing came out.

Hot embarrassment sliced through me. It was one thing for him to say the words, but it was another thing entirely for me to say them. I tried a few times and failed, but he stood there and waited patiently, his face expectant. For some reason, it made me eager to please him, and I opened my mouth and made one more attempt.

“A... *sp... spa... spanking*,” I finally managed.

“On your *bare* bottom?” he pushed, and I blushed even harder. The way he said it made it seem even more shameful, especially since he hadn’t seen an inch of my body yet.

“Yes sir,” I whispered, the air leaving my lungs in a rush. I didn’t really know why I deferred to him that way. It simply felt like it was the right thing to say.

His hand cupped my face and his thumb grazed along the line of my cheekbone. The charged atmosphere between us seemed to crackle with energy as his touch lingered on my skin. The weight of his gaze bore into mine, conveying a desire that matched my own. Without uttering a word, he closed the distance between us, his lips crashing down to mine in a soul stealing kiss.

His mouth was both tender and commanding. Fervent warmth spread through me as the subtle taste of the espresso on his lips melded onto my tongue. His kiss turned a bit rougher, and I surrendered to it willingly, my body igniting with fiery passion all at once.

When he pulled back, he gently nipped my lip and a stinging bite of pain flashed through me.

He was a fucking good kisser.

You want much more than that, don't you?

I did. I wanted a whole lot more than just a kiss.

Maybe he was a skilled lover too...

"I think it's time for me to punish you now, little girl," he murmured, and a delightful shiver raced through my body.

His words repeated in my mind, over and over until I couldn't think of anything else. A ball of heat centered in my chest, and I glanced down at his hands, wondering how they'd feel against my bare flesh. Would it hurt? Would I like it?

"Sir?"

"What is it, little girl?"

"Will you be gentle with me?"

"That's not what you need, is it?" he purred, and my hips rocked with pleasure. I yearned to feel his touch between my thighs, to feel his tongue on my clit.

I blushed hard, stammering over my words as I stepped from one foot to the other. Heat simmered deep in my core and my clit beat like a drum. I swallowed hard and avoided his gaze, only to have him lift my chin even higher and force me to look at him anyway.

"No," I admitted because it was the truth. I'd had gentle lovers before, but all of them paled in comparison to this moment. Maybe it was the promise of pleasure in his eyes that emboldened me. Maybe it was because I was certain I would come really hard if he was a little rough with me. Maybe I was just curious...

Maybe it was all those things combined into one.

"Come with me, little girl. It's time for your spanking," he said, his voice raspy with dark promise, and my fingers trembled at my sides. Fear laced with desire, and I took a deep breath, trying to steel myself for what was to come.

I told myself it was just for the job, that getting together with Liam Shelby would be my 'in' to the Murphy family, but I was lying to myself.

This was so much more than that. I wanted so much more than that.

I told myself that he was just a bad boy. That's all this was. It was lust and nothing more.

It's so much more than that and you know it.

He led me over to the couch in the living room and used his foot to kick the coffee table out of the way. Then he faced me and took my leather jacket in his hands, gently pushing it over my shoulders and down my arms. I shivered hard as he tossed it aside, feeling as though he'd removed my battle armor, and now I was standing before him defenseless.

Could I trust him?

Deep down in my gut, I knew that I could. He'd done nothing to hurt me, nor had he done anything to suggest that he might. He'd threatened to spank me, but I was beginning to think that might just be a bit of foreplay to him.

I glanced down and I could see the tented line of his erection through his slacks. He was turned on, same as me.

He cocked his head, watching my line of sight as he reached for the button of my jeans. With a deft flick of his fingers, he unbuttoned them and slowly lowered my zipper, but he didn't pull my pants down yet. Instead, his fingers lingered along the exposed patch of skin right above my panties.

Which ones was I even wearing? I squeezed my eyes shut, my mind racing as I tried to remember, and it finally hit me.

They were a pretty teal color. Cotton. Lined with a thick band of lace around the waistband. They weren't the sexiest pair of panties I owned, but they would do.

"Exquisite," he breathed, and then he slowly pulled my jeans down my thighs, not all the way, but right to my knees. I shuffled for a moment, but my pants held my legs firmly together. My clit throbbed even harder at my accidental find.

Another layer of armor removed, leaving only one left. You're helpless against him.

Gently, he traced his fingertips along the tops of my panties, just glancing against my bare flesh as his gaze remained locked on mine. I pulled in a deep, heated breath as my blood rushed through my veins, growing hotter and hotter with every passing second.

How was I going to survive this without internally combusting?

“A beautiful girl like you deserves to be safe, don’t you?” he whispered, and I hung onto his every word.

“Yes sir,” I blushed.

“Then I’m going to need to be awfully firm with you,” he added, and my face flushed even hotter.

Grasping my arm firmly, but not hard enough to hurt, he sat down and pulled me over his lap. I landed facedown with my bottom seemingly high in the air and my eyes opened wide. My ass felt like a vulnerable target, and I reached back as everything went from a sordid fantasy to something very real very quickly.

I was really about to get my bare bottom spanked by a man I’d met only last night.

“Liam,” I began, and his arm wrapped around my waist, holding me in place as I began to struggle. I wiggled on his lap, trying to push myself up, but his arm held me tight.

It soon became very clear that I wasn’t going anywhere.

“It’s alright, little girl. I’ve got you,” he said as his hand settled on my panty clad bottom. His touch was dangerously close to my pussy and my inner walls squeezed tight, imagining those same fingers between my legs.

“Please, sir,” I tried.

“I told you that I was going to put you over my knee and spank your bare bottom, didn’t I?” he pushed.

Oh my god.

If he pulled my panties down, he’d see how wet I was. Even now, I could feel that I’d soaked through the seat of my

panties. Keeping my thighs together, I tried to hide it as best as I could.

“Yes sir,” I whispered, my shame escalating by the second. “But it’s okay. You can leave my panties up.”

“That would be much less shameful for you, wouldn’t it?”

“Yes,” I breathed, a sigh falling off my lips as I prematurely celebrated a little tiny bit of victory. He’d still spank me, but at least he wouldn’t see how aroused I was at the prospect of getting spanked right now.

“That’s exactly why they’ll be coming down, naughty girl,” he answered, and my heart dropped.

“But...”

Without missing a beat, his fingers wrapped around the waistband of my panties and slowly, he started to pull them down. Every inch of their descent was just as shameful as I thought it would be and soon enough, he’d pulled them down all the way to my jeans.

He’d be able to see how wet they were. How wet I was. How impossibly needy I was for both a spanking and his touch between my thighs.

“My my, you naughty girl. You’re soaking wet,” he observed, and I covered my face with my hands, trying to hide as a wall of shame and embarrassment crashed into me. I couldn’t answer. I didn’t even try. All I could do was squirm, press my thighs together, and grapple with the way my pussy was fluttering with rampant desire for all that he was offering and more.

“I’m going to have to deal with that naughty little pussy after your spanking, aren’t I?”

“Yes sir,” I rasped, my voice coming out in a breathy pant.

I wanted him to touch me. Badly.

But his hand settled on my bare bottom first. My hips rocked from side to side, and he growled softly, the sound cutting through me like a hot knife through butter. I gasped as

the sound shot straight through to my core, my clit pulsing as if it had a life of its own.

His hand squeezed my left bottom cheek. When his warm touch pulled away from me, I tensed, and it came back down with a harsh slap.

It stung, but my clit throbbed even harder. I blushed, thoroughly aroused and impossibly ashamed that I was reacting this way. Was something wrong with me? Would he think I was deranged for getting this wet from a punishment spanking over his knee like this?

But what if he likes it? What if this was exactly what he wanted since he first laid eyes on you?

His palm slapped my other cheek just as sharply and I gasped out loud. The sting bit into my flesh, and a delicious spike of pleasure surged through my veins once again.

You like this. You like it a lot.

He started spanking me a bit more quickly, his palm bouncing off my bare cheeks so loudly that I wondered if the customers could hear me getting spanked like a naughty little girl downstairs in the coffee shop. Would they know what was happening?

A quiet cry escaped my lips.

Liam spanked me a bit harder, but the pleasure coursing through my body made the sting less than I expected. If anything, each slap reverberated straight down to my clit, and it slowly dawned on me that I might come if he kept this up.

As if my body wanted to betray me, my hips bucked, and he held me against him that much tighter.

Fuck. I could feel his cock against my hip, and it was massive. The kind of cock that hurt going in with every thrust and the kind of cock that rocked your world all night long until you came so many times that you passed out.

The kind of cock that I hoped would rock mine.

My clit drummed hard as the spanking picked up in pace. It stung, but I couldn't quell the desire racing through me.

With every slap, my pussy clenched, and my clit hummed with need.

“Please,” I begged.

Desire raced through my veins, and I couldn't make it stop. He spanked all over my ass, from the tops of my cheeks to the lower curve where my bottom met my thighs, and then directly in the center of them over top of my pussy, and then it was too much.

In a rush, my need centered in my core. His hand wrapped around my hips, holding me in place, and I bucked, brushing my clit against the rough fabric of his slacks. Before I realized what was happening, my world was bursting apart in a world of pleasure.

White hot fire burned through my veins, like a veritable tornado of desire pulling me in and throwing me high up into the sky. I cried out, but it sounded more like a strangled moan, and then I was coming harder.

My pussy clenched fiercely as my inner walls fluttered, brutally hot desire holding me prisoner as I broke apart over his lap. My hips rocked back and forth as my back arched. Still safely covered, my nipples pebbled, and I wanted nothing more than to reach up and tweak them with my fingers like I liked to do alone in my own bed late at night.

My pleasure crested and a soft, keening cry escaped me, exposing me for exactly what was happening. I couldn't hide my orgasm. I couldn't even try, and that shame made me come hard enough for every muscle in my body to clench tight all at the same time.

Eventually, my passionate desire crested and began to fade, leaving me with nothing more than the knowledge of what I had just done and how it made me feel.

Shame washed over me like a tidal wave. I'd had an orgasm from nothing more than a spanking. I'd climaxed right there over his knee with my jeans and panties pooled around my knees like a naughty girl getting a spanking from her daddy.

I didn't say a word. I didn't have to because he spoke first.

"Such a naughty girl. I didn't give you permission to come for me," he mused, and my pussy clenched so hard it almost felt like I'd come once again.

"Sir," I breathed, and he spanked the tops of my thighs hard enough to sting and make me cry out. Without saying a word, he leaned over me and pulled my jeans and panties off my legs, one by one until my lower half was entirely bare. His arm tightened around my waist, and he lifted me up, flipping me over so that I was face up.

Immediately, I covered my face, my shame burning up from my chest. Gently, he reached for my wrists and pulled them away, exposing me entirely, and I wailed.

"Seems this little pussy is even naughtier than I thought. Since I've already spanked your bottom bright pink, maybe I should continue between these pretty thighs," he growled, and a soft moan slipped free from my lips before I could make it stop.

The flat of his hand settled over my wet folds, and I bit my lip before I could make another sound. He slid his fingers up and down, and my eyes nearly rolled back in my head as another wave of pleasure crashed over me.

"Please," I pleaded. I didn't really know what I was asking for. Did I want him to spank my pussy? Would it make me come again? Would it hurt? Would I like it? A billion questions swirled through my mind, and I waited as he teasingly rubbed over my clit.

His hand lifted and then slapped down hard enough to sting, but not too much. The bite was sharp at first and I tensed, but then a wave of desire followed, and my pussy throbbed. Another slap fell and I cried out, more from shame than from anything else.

Why was this so hot, too?

Lightly, he spanked my pussy, again and again as pleasure warred inside my body. My core squeezed tight and the longer

the spanking went on, the more I realized I was hanging on the edge of another orgasm, holding me captive to my own desire.

I was going to come twice in a row for the first time in my life.

The few men I'd been with before had struggled to make me come, most of them hadn't been able to at all. I'd usually had to reach down and help, or do it all by myself, and now here I was with a man that had barely even touched me, and I was about to come again.

"Fuck. I love the little sounds you make before you come," he said, and that was all it took to push me closer to the precipice and right over the edge.

I breathed out, a strangled sigh escaping me as I squirmed. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see him watching me as my eyes rolled back in my head, but soon enough, the light, teasing slaps were too much for me and I was shattering again over his knee in an entirely more shameful way.

I couldn't hide as my hips rolled and my legs convulsed. I couldn't stop the scream from breaking free from my lips. My clit throbbed so hard that I worried he might be able to feel it beneath his fingers. I curled my hands closed around his arm as I rode out my orgasm, losing complete control of my body right before his eyes. Without mercy, my pleasure cut through me, sharper than a knife, but I enjoyed every moment all the same.

It was shameful, but it was so unbearably hot.

When I finally came down, my breath was slipping free of my lips in tiny little gasps.

"That's not enough for you, is it, little girl? You need more," he observed, rubbing his fingers up and down my soaked slit. More than a little overly sensitive, I bucked beneath his touch, but I didn't beg him to stop.

In fact, there was a big part of me that agreed with him.

I did want more.

A lot more...

“Please fuck me, sir,” I begged.

“I’ll fuck you, but you’re going to have to call me something else,” he replied, dragging his touch lightly up against my clit, and another stuttering moan escaped me.

“What’s that?” I breathed, my needy bundle of nerves pulsing for more pleasure at his hands.

“What do you call the man who tucks you in at night?”

“I’m not sure,” I answered cautiously. Something did come to mind, but it was far too shameful for me to say out loud.

“What do you call the man who spanked that pretty bottom and that needy little pussy bright pink?”

“I don’t,” I tried, but a sharp slap in between my thighs caught me by surprise. I cried out and squeezed my legs shut as much as I was able, but it stung far more than the rest had.

“You do know, little girl...”

“Daddy...”

“That’s right,” he answered, and then I’d realized I’d spoken out loud. My embarrassment choked through me, and I pressed my lips shut, my face flaming with heat. When I went to cover it, he lightly grasped my wrists and pulled them away.

“Now be a good girl and beg daddy for a fucking with his cock.”

CHAPTER 4



KELSEY

My eyes opened with shock and my cheeks blazed even hotter. I couldn't possibly do that. It was too wicked, too wrong, too taboo, and entirely too enticing not to.

"Please fuck me with your big cock, daddy," I breathed, and I waited, my heart beating in my ears so loudly that I feared I might not hear him answer.

"Stand up, little girl," he directed, and he used his arms to lift me from his lap and settle me on my feet.

Keeping his eyes in line with mine, he reached down and unbuckled his belt. The sound of the swishing leather made me jump, but then he was unbuttoning his dark slacks and freeing his cock.

Fuck.

It was even bigger than I'd imagined it would be. It curved a little to the right, but it was at least ten inches long and impossibly thick. It was the kind of cock made for fucking, and I was about to get all of it inside of me.

My mouth watered and my legs trembled. My bottom half felt impossibly bare, and when I stepped from one foot to the other, I could feel my arousal rolling down my thighs.

"Come here and climb on top. You're going to ride daddy's cock," he directed, and my chest quivered with heat. My heart quickened and my pussy throbbed. Pleasure was the only thing on my mind, and I went for it. I slowly climbed up and straddled his lap, hovering over his cock.

The head of his dick pressed against my entrance, and I hesitated, suddenly nervous about taking all of him inside me.

It was going to hurt. I knew it was. There was no being gentle with this kind of cock, and even though a little part of me was nervous, deep down it was exactly what I needed.

His hands wrapped around my waist, and he growled with his approval.

“I can feel your wetness dripping down my cock, naughty girl. You need daddy’s cock, and you need it hard, don’t you?”

“Yes *daddy*,” I whispered.

“Good,” he answered, and then he thrust up hard, forcing himself inside me in one smooth motion. In an instant, my world caught fire, a burning inferno stretching me wide open and then some.

It hurt, but it felt so good that my fingers clutched at his shoulders. His lips crashed over mine, and he swallowed my screams with a searing kiss. I kissed him back just as fiercely, and then he started to move my hips for me, forcing me to ride him whether I liked it or not.

And I liked it.

The burning stretch slowly began to fade, quickly replaced by mind-bending, passionate need. Without thinking, I let my body take over, and rode him myself without thought. I ground my hips down, taking him deeper and deeper and then his thumb brushed against my clit.

My soul nearly splintered in two.

There was no stopping the third orgasm that sizzled through me after that. I screamed from the moment it started, rocking my pelvis this way and that as the tip of his cock rubbed against a place deep inside me that drove me mad with heat.

His thumb rolled over my very sensitive bundle of nerves, and I came so hard that my head felt like it was bursting up into the clouds.

“Ride me harder, babygirl. Let daddy feel that tight little pussy squeeze his cock.”

My eyes rolled back in my head, and I lost it entirely. I screamed, grinding up and down on his cock. My whole body writhed with pleasure, and it became hard to tell where one orgasm ended and another one began.

I came so hard I saw stars.

By the time I finally came down, my body was trembling. My heartbeat pounded in my chest, and my breath came out in tiny, ragged pants. His arms wrapped around me, holding me tight as I quivered against him.

“You’re going to move in with me, aren’t you?” he murmured, his breath tickling the tiny hairs along my neck.

“Yes,” I whispered, curling up even closer to him.

“That’s my good girl.”

CHAPTER 5



KELSEY

I moved in that evening. Not that I really had anything to move in with, but Liam made it official with a tender kiss as he pressed a key into my palm.

“My son Eamon should be home from kindergarten any minute,” he murmured. “Now be a good girl, or else I’ll have to take you over my knee again before I put you to bed later.”

“Yes daddy,” I shivered with delight.

He pulled me in close, sealing his threat with another searing kiss that left my lips burning long after it was through.

He and I chatted a bit more about his son, his likes and dislikes, and the difficulties of being a single dad. When I asked about the boy’s mom, Liam’s eyes darkened with a sorrowful shadow, and he looked away. I reached for him and wrapped my hand around his.

“You don’t have to talk about it,” I offered.

“No, you should know,” he murmured, his gaze seemingly far away. Taking a deep breath, he spilled into the story.

“Lily was a wonderful woman. Beautiful, kind-hearted, and fiercely devoted to Eamon. We were a happy family until...” Liam’s voice trailed off for a moment, but I didn’t rush him. Instead, I let him tell the story at his own pace.

He sighed. “Lily was walking home one night and was caught in the crossfire of a gang dispute. The gunshot was fatal. There wasn’t even enough time to get her to the hospital before she died.”

I squeezed Liam's hand in silent support.

"He doesn't remember much, thank goodness," Liam continued. "I've tried to shield him from what happened that night. But sometimes, he talks about his mom like she's still here, like she's watching over him. It's both heartbreaking and comforting at the same time."

I nodded, "I can't wait to meet him."

"You should ask him about dinosaurs. He loves them," Liam smiled.

"Don't worry, I will," I said, snuggling closer to him on the couch.

Not fifteen minutes later, the door creaked open, and Liam's son burst into the room with all the boundless energy of a five-year-old.

"Daddy!" Eamon exclaimed, rushing toward Liam, and wrapping his little arms around him. His wide eyes took in my unfamiliar face, and I smiled as warmly as I could.

Liam chuckled, affectionately tousling Eamon's hair. "Hey, buddy. I want you to meet someone. This is Kelsey. She's going to be living with us for a little while."

Eamon's gaze shifted to me, his eyes big and curious. "Hi, Kelsey!" he greeted, his enthusiasm infectious.

"Hey there, Eamon," I said, smiling. "Your dad told me you really like dinosaurs. Is that true?"

Eamon's wide hazel eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. "Yeah! I love dinosaurs! The Land Before Time is my favorite movie!"

Liam winked at me, and I couldn't help but feel the warmth emanating from between the two of them.

"Really? That's awesome!" I replied, playing along. "Who's your favorite dinosaur?"

Eamon's face scrunched up in thought, and then he declared proudly, "Littlefoot! He's a longneck, and he's really brave!"

“Eamon knows all the dinosaurs in that movie. It’s like he’s a little dinosaur expert,” Liam explained, his eyes bright.

“Yep! And in the Great Valley, they have lots of friends and adventures!” Eamon beamed, bouncing up and down on his toes with excitement.

“That sounds amazing! What’s your favorite part?” I asked.

His eyes widened eagerly. “When they find the Great Valley and all the dinosaurs are happy!”

“I love that part too!” I said, unable to stop myself from grinning.

“Can we watch it together?” Eamon asked, his enthusiasm more than contagious.

“Sure thing, little buddy,” I smiled, and he jumped up and down with anticipation.

“We’ve watched it at least once a day for the past two weeks,” Liam sighed, but he still smiled anyway.

“Again!” Eamon demanded, and without further delay, Liam switched on the television and put it on. Liam draped his arm over my shoulder and pulled me against him. I laid my head on his chest as Eamon bounced around the room, playing with a bunch of dinosaur figures that he insisted on showing me while the movie played in the background.

Soon enough, my stomach growled.

“Time for dinner,” Liam declared. “What do you say to pizza, little man?”

“I love pizza!” Eamon blurted out, and I couldn’t help but chuckle softly at his open excitement. Honestly, it was pretty adorable.

“I love pizza, too,” I grinned, and although I thought it impossible, Eamon’s smile seemed to grow even wider.

“Good. Then it’s settled. Pizza it is,” Liam smiled. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and made a quick call. “It should be here in about forty-five minutes.”

“Can we play dinosaurs?” Eamon asked, his voice hopeful.

“Of course, why don’t you show me how to play?” I replied happily. I glanced at Liam, seeing the genuine warmth in his face at the two of us.

“You’re good with him,” he murmured quietly.

“You’ve done a good job with him,” I answered.

Before I knew it, the pizza had arrived, and it was time for dinner. Eamon put away a solid two slices of pizza before he yawned, and Liam pronounced that it was time for bed.

“But I’m not sleepy,” the little boy tried, but then he yawned again, and I had to cover up a chuckle.

“Why don’t we go and read a story together. We can read as many as you want until you get tired,” Liam negotiated, and Eamon thought about it for a moment before he nodded resolutely.

“Okay, but make it three stories,” Eamon declared.

“It’s a deal, buddy. Now go get in your pajamas. I’ll be right in, and we can brush your teeth,” Liam said, and Eamon scampered off to his room down the hall. Liam winked in my direction as I chewed a bite of pizza before he followed his son.

Only about twenty minutes later, Liam returned with a wry grin.

“He only made it through one story and then he was out,” he said, and he beckoned for me to come over to him.

“He’s really cute,” I smiled.

“He is, isn’t he?” he answered, but his hand cupped my face, and I could tell that his mind was no longer on his son. His thumb traced down the line of my jaw, back and forth as it lulled me into a trance.

“I’m proud of you for handling him so well. You were such a good girl for Daddy, weren’t you?”

In an instant, the chemistry between us turned molten.

“Yes daddy,” I blushed.

“I think it’s time daddy put his little girl to bed,” he whispered, his voice low enough so that only I could hear.

With ease, he lifted me clean off the floor and carried me off to his bedroom. As he walked through the threshold, I curled up against him and pressed my ear against his chest. The subtle beat of his heart was a soft comfort as his arms tightened around me, at least right until he tossed me on the bed.

In an instant, his hands were around my waist, unbuttoning my jeans and pulling them down along with my panties. He didn’t stop there. Sliding his hands underneath my shirt, he yanked it up and over my head. With a deft touch, he quickly reached behind my back and unclipped my bra with a quick flick of his fingers.

All at once, I was naked in his bed and his eyes were feasting on every inch of me.

“Simply exquisite,” he whispered, and my face reddened that much further. His gaze roved up and down my body. With a subtle grin, he reached up and took my left nipple between his fingers, squeezing gently, and my hips lifted before I could stop them.

“So responsive,” he said softly, and the rest of my body flushed with the same amount of heat that was probably written all over my face.

Then, he moved between my thighs, and my muscles tensed right before he glanced down at my pussy.

“You’re beautiful, little girl. Now daddy is going to taste this sweet little pussy and you’re going to have to come for me as quietly as you can. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes daddy,” I breathed.

“Good girl.”

The wet warmth of his tongue caressed my clit, and I arched against the bed, my eyes rolling back in my head in an instant.

Good god. What had I gotten myself into?

CHAPTER 6



KELSEY

Over the next several weeks, my days blurred as a budding romance between me and Liam began to develop, as well as a relentless pursuit for evidence against him and the Murphys. The closer I got to Liam, though, the more I saw the man beneath the dangerous façade.

On the outside, he was quiet and broody with a tough shell, but around me and his son, his sweet nature really emerged, and I had to temper my feelings as much as I could. There were moments where I could see his humanity, that he was haunted by the loss of Eamon's mother whom he'd lost to the very darkness I threatened to expose.

One evening, as we stood outside Murphy's pub, I struggled to reconcile the man I was growing closer to with the criminal empire I sought to dismantle. The dichotomy was jarring, and the lines between duty and desire blurred. In the quiet moments like these, I questioned the choices that brought me here.

I tried to tell myself that this was simply a job, that I couldn't be falling for a man like him, a man that was an integral part to the Murphy criminal organization.

I tried to focus on gathering as much proof against them as I could. With extreme caution, I'd spent many late nights eavesdropping on Liam's conversations. When he wasn't around, I discreetly rifled through the documents in his office, looking for proof of money laundering, illegal gambling, and weapon shipments, and I found it. I found so much evidence that it started to churn my stomach. I kept a dossier of intel

hidden behind several boxes in the coat closet, adding to it day by day.

A part of me wanted to do the job I'd been sent here to do, but another wanted to explore what truly could develop between Liam and me.

The chemistry between us was off the charts. There were scarce few days that went by where I didn't end up over his knee or full of his cock and most of the time, both. Sure, the daddy thing was wickedly taboo and just a little wrong, but I liked it.

I liked it a lot.

Sometimes, I even touched myself thinking about it, and I hadn't admitted that to anyone, not even Liam.

"What are you thinking about, little girl?"

"Nothing, daddy."

"I can hear the wheels turning in that pretty little head of yours, little girl. Don't lie to me again, or else I'll take you home and spank that beautiful bare bottom bright red," he pushed, and my mind raced, trying to come up with something that might throw him off my scent.

It was getting harder and harder to lie to him. I couldn't tell him about my real identity, though. That would blow my cover in an instant.

"I'm not a burden to you, right, daddy? I'm not overstaying my welcome at your place?" I managed, and he sighed softly.

"Not at all, sweet girl. It's been an absolute pleasure to have you living with me," he replied, his voice quiet, but absolutely genuine.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure, little girl. Daddy will remind you exactly how sure he is when we get home," he promised, and a shiver of pleasure raced down my spine.

A heavy wave of guilt followed.

When I eventually turned in my evidence against the Murphys, Liam was going to go down with them. My heart hurt just thinking about it. I must have tensed a little in his arms because he cleared his throat.

“That’s not all, is it little girl?”

“I might be a little nervous about coming with you to meet the Murphys. What if they don’t like me?” I answered quickly. I let out a long breath and smiled, pushing away my torn feelings as best as I could.

“They’re going to love you,” he answered. His arms tightened around me, and he kissed the side of my cheek. “Do you know how I know that?”

“No,” I answered, my heart hammering in my chest.

“I know that because I love you,” he said softly, and my breath caught in my throat.

His raw, unfiltered words hung heavy in the air around us. The weight of his confession settled, both comforting and electrifying at the same time.

The admission lingered, creating a gentle riptide that tugged at the edges of my carefully concealed emotions. In that vulnerable moment, I felt the layers of my own defenses unraveling, revealing the turmoil hidden beneath the surface.

“I love you too,” I whispered, the words falling off my lips before I could stop them. His arms squeezed tighter around me, and I closed my eyes, thankful that I was facing away from him with my back to his chest.

My emotions churned deep inside my belly, a tumultuous storm that threatened to undo me at any moment and I fisted my hands, my fingernails digging into my palms.

I could do this.

“Now come on. It’s time for you to meet the Murphy family,” he said quietly, and he reached for me, taking my hand in his. He led me inside as I took a deep breath, lifting my chin and calling on whatever confidence I had left.

The air in Murphy's Pub was thick with the hearty aroma of Irish stout and the familiar scene of lively chatter met my eyes as we walked through the door. Liam guided me through the crowded tables towards a secluded corner in the back where the Murphys were already waiting.

Seated in a dimly lit corner, they exuded an air of authority that matched the pub's warm, rustic ambiance.

Kieran's knowing gaze commanded my rapt attention with his quiet confidence. Piercing blue eyes met mine, and he nodded subtly, acknowledging our presence.

Cormac, seemingly quiet yet radiating protective energy, sat beside Kieran, his gaze scanning the room with watchful eyes. Aidan lounged nearby, nursing a drink, his quiet demeanor making me a little nervous, but there was a sparkle in his gaze that told me there was more to him than met the eye. The twins, Connor and Caden, were a bit more lighthearted than the rest, their laughter ringing out throughout the pub at some shared joke between them. Ada was standing beside them, her signature red lips turning up in a smile as she sipped at a glass of whiskey. Her green eyes appraised me, and I wilted a little bit on the inside, hoping she didn't see right through me.

I couldn't let them find out who I was. Putting my best foot forward, I smiled and squeezed Liam's hand a bit tighter.

"Liam, good to see you," Kieran greeted, his voice carrying a subtle declaration of power.

"Kieran, this is Kelsey," Liam introduced, and I offered a polite smile.

Kieran's assessing gaze lingered on me for a moment before he spoke, "Welcome, Kelsey. Liam has spoken highly of you."

Cormac inclined his head, a silent acknowledgment of our presence. Aidan raised his glass in a casual salute, a small smirk playing on his lips.

"Hi, Kelsey!" chimed in the twins simultaneously, their playful camaraderie evident in their body language.

“Nice to meet you all,” I replied, my voice betraying a hint of nerves.

Liam pulled out a chair for me, and I sat, acutely aware of the family’s scrutiny. The atmosphere shifted, the pub walls seemingly closing in, but the Murphys exuded a familial unity that both intrigued and unnerved me.

Aidan, breaking the tension first, flashed a wry grin. “So, Liam, why did it take you so long to introduce us to your lovely lady?”

Liam chuckled, his arm casually draped around my shoulders. “Just making sure she could handle your kind of chaos, Aidan.”

Cormac grinned and spoke up. “Chaos is our specialty.”

Connor and Caden exchanged mischievous glances, “I was wondering when he’d share you with us. Liam’s kept you hidden away, hasn’t he? Why? What’s your story...?” Connor teased.

Liam shot the twins a mock glare. “You two behave. She’s not here for an interrogation.”

I smiled politely, my gaze flicking between each one of them.

“You know who we are, don’t you?” Kieran said softly, his blue eyes searching mine.

“I’ve heard a lot,” I replied, maintaining my polite smile. “Liam has filled me in on some family business, but I’m sure there’s more to discover.”

Cormac’s eyes, ever watchful, softened with a hint of curiosity. “And what does Liam say about us, then?”

I met Cormac’s gaze, a glimmer of mystery in my own eyes. “That the Murphys are a force to be reckoned with, but also a family that fiercely protects their own.”

Connor leaned forward, his playful demeanor giving way to a more serious expression. “What else?”

“That you’re a family with a lot of complex layers,” I added carefully, my gaze shifting to Kieran.

Kieran’s piercing gaze held mine, his expression inscrutable. “And what do you make of those layers, Kelsey?”

I swallowed heavily, his eyes never wavering.

“I’d like to hide beneath them, maybe even find a place of my own here with you by Liam’s side,” I said. Liam’s arm tightened around my shoulders in silent reassurance.

Kieran’s eyes, still locked onto mine, betrayed a flicker of something beneath his controlled exterior. “Being with us can be dangerous, Kelsey. It’s not a place for the faint of heart.”

I met Kieran’s challenge with a determined gaze. “I’ve never been one to shy away from danger.”

“Good. That’s what I like to hear,” Kieran grinned and all at once, the tension amongst the group dissipated.

“Welcome to the family, Kelsey,” Ada declared, her face bright. I took a nervous breath and let it out.

I’d done it.

I’d infiltrated the Murphys enough for them to accept me as one of their own, and that made me breathe that much easier. I grinned, and Aidan cleared his throat.

“Now for the real test, what will you have to drink?” he asked, his gaze twinkling with amusement.

“A tequila sunrise,” I quipped. I loved tequila, and I bet they had some good bottles here.

The entire family groaned.

“What?” I asked, feeling a flush creep over my cheeks.

“Should have gone with the whiskey...” Ada winked, and Liam laughed beside me.

Yeah. Maybe I should have.



After a few hours, I excused myself to go to the restroom, a bit desperate to get a little time by myself to breathe. After Kieran's questions, the family had accepted me with ease, but it was still taxing to keep my cover, and I needed a break.

Once safely inside, the restroom offered a momentary sanctuary as I pretended to check my reflection in the mirror. It was quiet in here and I took a minute to enjoy it.

The soft murmur of Liam's and Kieran's voices reached me, their conversation unfolding in hushed tones just outside the restroom in the hallway. I started, freezing where I stood. Slowly, I reached my hand inside my pocket, discreetly pulling out my cell phone. Without pause, I started recording.

"I don't trust Zhong Wei Ling, Liam," Kieran's voice carried through the air, laced with concern. My eyes widened. I knew that name. He was the kingpin of the local branch of the Chinese triad. Cunning and especially dangerous, he'd been on the FBI's most wanted list for years, and nothing we pinned against him ever stuck.

Liam's response was measured, his words tinged with a hint of frustration. "I don't like it. He has his eyes on Southie."

"His presence is bringing us unwanted attention," Kieran said.

"We've dealt with threats before, but Zhong Wei Ling is a different breed. Calculating, ambitious, and ruthless." Liam answered thoughtfully, before he sighed, the weight of the situation evident in his tone. "We can't let him gain a foothold here. It could jeopardize everything we've built."

"We might need to organize a hit, Liam. It could be the only way to send the triad a message, to ensure they don't see our turf as their own personal playground," Kieran offered, his voice lowering at the implication.

“I’ll gather information. See if there are any weaknesses to exploit,” Liam answered.

The hushed voices faded, and I drew my lip back through my teeth.

This was the evidence I’d been waiting for, and it had fallen right into my lap.

CHAPTER 7



KELSEY

The next morning, I sent a text to my point of contact in the FBI, telling him I was ready to meet. After I hit send, my heart sank and I blinked a few times, feeling as though I was on the edge of tears.

The Murphys were a danger to the world, and they had to be eliminated. Without them, Boston would be a safer place. Right?

Even as I told myself that, over and over again, my heart still withered in my chest. I'd meant it when I'd told Liam I loved him and that I wanted to find a place with him. The conflicting emotions within me tangled like a knot, each strand pulling in a different direction and leaving me lost with what and how to feel.

As I waited for my FBI contact to respond, doubts and fears crept in. Could I really betray the man I had come to love, even if it was for the greater good?

I closed my eyes and sighed.

When the reply finally came, directing me to a discreet location for the meeting, I steeled myself for what lay ahead.

I didn't want to do this.

I had to do this.

I didn't have a choice.



The meeting spot was a quiet park, away from prying eyes. I sat down on a bench and my contact, Anthony Richardson, a fellow agent, arrived discreetly, sitting beside me. I glanced in his direction and greeted him with a forced smile.

“Byrne, we need the information you’ve gathered,” he said, getting straight to the point.

I hesitated for a moment, the weight of my conflicting loyalties bearing down on me. “Look, I’ve got something big. The Murphys are considering a hit on Zhong Wei Ling, the kingpin of the Chinese Triad. It could escalate the situation here in Southie.”

His eyes narrowed, a mix of interest and urgency. “That’s valuable intel. We’ll use it to our advantage. But we need more, Byrne. Anything that can bring down the Murphy organization.”

I nodded, my resolve hardening even as my heart screamed in protest. Bringing down the Murphys was one thing, but taking Liam with them felt like too much for me to bear.

“Would it be possible for our agency to leave Liam Shelby off the table?” I asked, my voice soft.

My emotions must have played out over my face because he gave me a stern look. “You knew what you signed up for, Byrne. Don’t let personal feelings cloud your judgment. The mission comes first.”

“Of course, sir,” I answered.

The truth was, I already had more than I needed. I could hand over my dossier file and that would be enough to get them off the streets for a little while at least, but for some reason, I didn’t offer it.

Liam’s face flashed before my eyes, and I swallowed hard.

“Contact me when you have more,” he dictated, and I nodded once. In a flash, he disappeared, and I sat back against the bench.

My heart hurt and I pressed a hand over it, sighing softly as I slowly came to terms with the fact that my job wasn't over yet, and I needed to go back in.

I didn't know how much more my heart could handle.

Truthfully, the more I thought about it, the more I didn't want to complete the job. The Murphys were kind, and the men were exceedingly sweet, so much so that they welcomed me into the fold with open arms. After last night, I felt like I'd found a family within them, and that felt like too much to give up.

And then there was Liam.

There was no going back once I turned over that dossier.

There would be no more us.

In that moment, I chose with my heart.

I wasn't going to turn in the dossier.

At the first chance I got, I was going to come clean to Liam and confess everything. The Murphys were extremely well connected and as long as I was able to convince Liam that I meant well, hopefully they could help me disappear.

It was only a job.

Liam was a once in a lifetime kind of love, and I wasn't going to give that up.

Pulling my shoulders back, I stood up and slowly made my way out of the park. With my decision made, my heart seemed to relax. Liam would be angry with me at first, I was sure of it, but he loved me. I knew he did, and with his love would come forgiveness.

At least I hoped it would.

The hair on the back of my neck rose and I looked behind me, unable to shake the feeling of being watched. Cautiously, I took another few steps and a chill raced down my spine.

I walked down the street and turned down the first alleyway that I could. I knew these streets like the back of my hand, and as quickly as I could, I wove through the urban maze.

I didn't get far.

A sudden hush fell over the air as I entered another secluded alley, the atmosphere thick with tension. A dim streetlamp flickered overhead, casting elongated shadows on the worn brick walls. Before I could react, a group of dark figures emerged, their presence ominous and foreboding. The distinct sound of boots against the cobblestone ground reverberated, closing in on me like a tightening noose.

One of them stepped forward, his demeanor exuding malicious intent. "Eduardo Ramirez sends his regards," he declared with a cold detachment.

I tried to discern their faces in the low light, but their features remained obscured, shrouded in the anonymity of the shadows.

A sudden panic gripped me as they surrounded me, trapping me in the narrow confines of the alley. Before I could protest or plead for mercy, a man stepped beside me and wrapped his arms around me, right before another stuffed a gag in my mouth. As I screamed, someone slipped a hood over my head, enveloping me in sudden darkness.

My breath quickened, my heart pounding in my chest as unseen hands lifted me off the ground. The rough jolt of being hoisted into the air sent a wave of disorientation through me, my limbs flailing as I tried to fight them off.

As the darkness swallowed my senses, I felt the cold bite of rope binding my wrists. Panic clawed at my throat, and I renewed my fight, but there were too many of them, and they carried me out of the alley until I heard the distinct rumbling of a car engine.

The unmistakable creak of the trunk opening reached my ears, and then, with an almost mechanical efficiency, they shoved me into the small, cramped space.

The vibrations beneath me intensified as the car began to drive away. The muted thrum of tires against pavement and the occasional blare of a horn penetrated the confines of my makeshift prison.

Minutes stretched into eternity as I fought against my bonds, my screaming muted.

No one heard, and no one came to save me.

My last thoughts were of Liam before I passed out.

CHAPTER 8



KELSEY

I didn't know how long I lay on the bed, but I'd been here long enough to figure out that I was on a boat somewhere. The vessel swayed back and forth, gently rocking me as though I was in a cradle. I could hear the boat creaking and groaning as it moved. The damp air carried the scent of salt, and the occasional splash against the hull reverberated through the room.

I'd long stopped trying to fight the ropes that bound me tight. There was no getting out of them. The rough threads bit into my wrists and my ankles, but there was nothing else to do other than wait.

My mind had gone over every possibility, and I couldn't come up with a single reason why Eduardo Ramirez would want anything to do with me. I knew the FBI had their sights on him too, but he wasn't a part of my job, or at least he wasn't supposed to be.

Then, the subtle cadence of footsteps met my ears. With my senses heightened, I strained to hear where they were going, and my heart quickened when I slowly realized that they were coming closer.

As the steps approached, I braced myself, listening intently to the sound of a door opening and the footsteps stopping.

The soft sounds drew closer, and with a delicate touch, the hood shrouding my vision was lifted. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, the silhouette before me gradually took form. It

was then, in the midst of the disorienting revelation, that recognition struck with a visceral intensity.

It was Liam.

I opened my mouth to say something, but I closed it as he picked up a sheet of paper next to me. I watched his eyes as he read through it, and a bad feeling furrowed deep inside me.

Something was wrong. Very wrong.

He turned the letter to face me, and I scanned over it with a sinking heart. My eyes met his as they burned into mine, and I knew that everything had changed in that single moment.

Liam reached for me and slowly pulled the gag free from my mouth.

“I can explain...” I tried.

In silence, he appraised me. He reached for something beside me and then I realized what it was with a sinking heart.

It was my dossier on the Murphys. Scanned documents. Receipts. Bookkeeping logs. Evidence of illegal gambling, money laundering and several shipments of guns overseas.

It was everything I’d gathered.

He flipped the folder open, and I closed my eyes. This wasn’t happening. This was just a dream. It had to be.

“Not here,” he said softly.

He didn’t untie me. Instead, he took several steps towards me, lifted me off the bed and tossed me over his shoulder. I blinked away tears as he carried me off the boat, my dossier in his other hand.

I didn’t fight him. I couldn’t.

I let him carry me to his car.

“I’m sorry,” I tried, and he shook his head. Carefully, he opened the door to the backseat and placed me inside. To his credit, he was gentle even as I read the signs of anger written all over his face. Without a word, he climbed into the driver’s seat and placed the folder beside him in the front seat.

Tears dripped down my face as he drove away. For some reason, it felt like my whole world had come crashing down in an instant.

I just hoped I wouldn't lose the man I loved, too.

CHAPTER 9



KELSEY

“Liam?” The word escaped my lips, a fragile whisper that lingered in the air all around me. His body remained tense and he didn’t answer. Instead, he kept driving, his face locked on the road in front of him. The silence between us reigned as he parked behind the coffee shop, and it continued still as he carried me through the back entrance all the way up into his apartment.

It wasn’t until he tossed me on his bed that he said anything at all.

“The story you told me about your ex isn’t true then, is it?”

“No,” I breathed, wilting under his scrutiny. His gaze bore into mine, harsh for a single moment before it softened with something I could only identify as sorrow, and I hated it in an instant.

“Is Kelsey your real name?” he asked.

“Yes,” I whispered.

He cocked his head, suspicion etching lines on his features. His eyes bore into mine with a renewed intensity. As I met his gaze, I braced myself for whatever was to come.

“Yes daddy,” I tried, and a flash of desire crossed his face. It was gone in an instant. After another moment, his jawline set, and a nervous rumble reverberated deep in my belly. I opened my mouth, my tongue so dry it felt like I’d eaten a pack of saltines without even a sip of water.

He approached the side of the bed, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a knife. I stiffened, my eyes widening with fear, but with my wrists and ankles still bound, there was nothing I could do.

When he reached for me, a soft whimper escaped my throat.

“I’m not going to hurt you, Kelsey,” he said softly, and I chewed at the inside of my cheek.

“Are you going to spank me?”

“I haven’t decided yet,” he answered, his voice darkly contemplative. With a hard shiver, I watched as he sawed through the ropes at my ankles first. I could hear the sound of the threads slowly fraying as he cut through, and when the ropes finally pulled apart, I breathed a sigh of relief at the partial freedom.

“Thank you,” I whispered, stretching my legs out a little and turning so he could get my wrists too. With a gentle touch, he slashed through the bonds at my wrist, and I rolled away the soreness in my shoulders.

I didn’t remain free for long.

The light touch of his hand went from soft to hard in an instant. His fingers wound around my right ankle, and he yanked me towards the right corner of the bed. Before I even realized what was happening, he’d snapped a leather cuff around my ankle, the sound echoing through the room in the encroaching silence.

He grabbed my left ankle next, and I finally remembered myself. Crunching myself upwards, I tried to bat his hands away, but the cuff still found itself wrapped around my ankle all the same. Then, he grabbed both wrists with one hand and pushed my back down to the bed with the other.

I fought as hard as I could, but he overpowered me with incredible ease. Using all my upper body strength, I tried to roll him off of me. It was like I hadn’t even moved. Fear and panic warred within me, but I told myself that Liam wouldn’t hurt me.

I knew that deep in my heart.

The cuffs closed around one wrist and then it was far too easy for him to bind the other to the far corner, leaving me spread eagled on the bed before him. There was no stopping the words that came next.

“Are you going to kill me?”

“I’d never hurt you, little girl,” he confirmed. My heart hammered in my chest, yet I could hear the sincerity in his words, “But that doesn’t mean daddy isn’t going to punish you for lying to him.”

Deliberately, he leaned over me and angled the knife against my throat. I tensed immediately, but he dragged it downwards, scraping the edge against my skin but not cutting me. Holding my breath, I waited as he dragged it down to my t-shirt.

“You’re wearing for too many clothes for what comes next, though,” he mused, and I stiffened as he began to slice through the fabric. I didn’t move a muscle as he slowly cut through my shirt one strip at a time. He tossed the fabric to the side, gradually revealing more and more of my bare flesh until there was nothing left but my bra.

He cut through that too.

My jeans took much longer to cut off. Far too afraid that the knife’s edge might actually cut me, I didn’t fight as he bared me.

He removed my shoes, tugged off my socks and threw those aside too, leaving me in nothing more than a pair of lacey white panties.

“These are so very pretty, but they’re going to need to come off too,” he said darkly, and a shiver of anxious arousal raced down my spine. Unable to look, I closed my eyes as I felt the metal blade scrape along my flesh and then he angled it beneath my panties.

The metallic whisper of the blade slicing through fabric filled the air. The soft, rhythmic sound resonated through me, causing my legs to tremble. With each cut, the fabric yielded

to the blade, and I held my breath as he pulled the last shreds of my panties away from my body, baring me utterly and completely.

Walking past the bed, he pulled a chair from the table beside the window and placed it directly in front of me. He took a seat with the folder in his hands and leveled me with a firm glare, right before he glanced between my legs, looking straight at my pussy.

“I’m going to read through this folder now, little girl. You’re going to wait there while I do, and when I’m finished, I’ll tell you how you’re going to be punished,” he murmured.

A quiet cry echoed throughout the room, and I slowly realized that it was me.

Time seemed to slow as he stared at my naked body while I lay there before him. Under his intense scrutiny, my nipples pebbled, and my thighs tensed, trying to come together, but the cuffs kept them spread wide apart.

As Liam’s penetrating gaze lingered upon me, a mix of emotions unfolded within me. Shame and embarrassment crept in, along with creeping vines of desire intertwining with my every thought. I broke eye contact for just a moment and turned away, yet I could still feel the weight of his stare roaming over every inch of my skin.

Did he still like what he saw?

He dropped his gaze and opened the folder. I should have felt relief, but my skin prickled with heat instead. Sweat beaded at the edges of my brow and a single droplet rolled down the side of my face. I pulled at the restraints, twisting and turning my wrists to see if I could unbuckle them, but I managed nothing.

He remained silent as I fought as hard as I could. The cuffs didn’t even loosen the slightest bit and I growled in frustration.

There was no escape for me.

“Fight harder, little girl,” he ordered, not even bothering to look up from my paperwork.

“Let me go,” I demanded, and he shook his head.

“Not yet, little girl,” he replied.

Yanking my wrist hard, I put everything I had into fighting those restraints, but as the seconds ticked by, it slowly dawned on me that I wasn't getting out of this.

My freedom would only come when Liam decided to let me have it.

Eventually, I stopped fighting.

Time stretched from seconds to minutes as he scanned through my dossier. He said nothing until he finished going through it, shutting it with an audible snap.

“You've been quite the busy girl,” he murmured.

“I...” I began, but he shook his head, and I stopped speaking.

“Have you turned any of this over to your FBI point of contact?” he asked, and I shook my head.

“No,” I replied, my voice nothing more than a whisper. I opened my mouth, wanting to tell him that I had decided not to turn in anything at all, but the words died at the back of my throat unsaid.

“What's his name,” he pressed.

“Anthony Richardson,” I said, slumping against the bed. “Please. I wasn't going to turn it in. I swear.”

“You will remain silent as I make a call. Can you do that for me, or do I need to shove what's left of your soaked panties in your mouth?”

“I can do that,” I whispered, licking my lips as my thighs tensed once again.

I'd known I was wet, but I hadn't wanted to admit it to myself. Now, it was all I could think about. Each droplet that rolled down my inner thigh was as startling as a sudden summer rain. My thigh quivered a little as he sat back and gazed directly at my pussy.

My face turned beat red.

Shame, arousal, embarrassment, and desire whirled within me, and I couldn't make it stop.

Only he could, and that turned my insides to red-hot lava.

Cocking his head, he held his phone to his ear. He cleared his throat as it rang, and someone must have picked up on the other line because he sat up a bit straighter.

“Governor,” he said respectfully, and I stilled. “I need you to handle a situation for me. There’s an agent named Anthony Richardson in the FBI Special Task force. I need you to transfer him into a different unit.”

I remained silent, listening with bated breath.

“Yes. He’s taken an interest in my family, and I need that handled.”

He paused for a few seconds and nodded.

“Thank you.” He pulled the phone away from his ear, ending the call. “Now, little girl, I think it’s time for your punishment. You lied to me, didn’t you?”

“Please. I wasn’t going to turn it in. I was going to destroy it.”

“Answer the question, little girl,” he pressed, and my cheeks flamed even hotter.

“Yes daddy,” I answered.

“When I first found you in the office, you were looking for evidence against the Murphys,” he said, but it wasn’t really a question. I nodded once anyway.

“And in the time since you and I have been together, this is everything you collected?”

“Yes daddy. Everything,” I admitted, my desperation etched into every syllable that fell from my lips. “Please. Destroy it. Burn it. I wasn’t going to turn it in. I didn’t want to lose you. I chose you.”

“Let me get one thing straight, little girl. You belong to daddy. I would never let you go, no matter what brought you to me,” he declared.

My heart burned with emotion in my chest.

“You believe me, daddy?”

“Of course I do, my little girl.”

I breathed an audible sigh of relief, but the softness etched into his face hardened into a firm line.

“Now, you and I are going to deal with the fact that you’ve been lying to daddy for a very long time,” he said, his voice stern enough to make my breath catch in the back of my throat.

With a determined look, he reached up to the tie around his throat and slowly loosened it. Then he strode over to me, gently lifted my head, and wrapped his tie around my eyes, effectively blinding me to the world around me.

“You’re not going to spank me?” I asked nervously.

“No, I’m going to punish you with pleasure, naughty girl,” he answered. Fiery tingles of desire raced through my veins as my heartbeat quickened to a frantic pace. Immediately, my senses amplified as my breath stuttered.

Liam moved around the bed, the subtle rustle of fabric giving away his position. I breathed in a trace of his cologne, the faint hint of leather, and the subtle undertone of an ocean breeze. The room’s temperature seemed that much hotter, like the temperature had suddenly risen several degrees, enough to make a bead of sweat roll down from the edges of my brow. The floorboards creaked as Liam moved around me, his proximity teasing my senses.

Then, his fingertips grazed against my throat, and I jumped. I should have been afraid, but my desire quickly spiraled out of control, like a wildfire amongst dry brush.

Slowly, he teased me, dragging his fingertips over every inch of my exposed body. Frustratingly, he skillfully avoided

touching my nipples and my pussy, taunting me with pleasure only just out of reach.

It was heaven.

It was torture.

Over and over again, he explored my naked flesh, taunting me with his soft touch. When he finally traced his palm over my nipple, I arched off the bed, inadvertently seeking his touch.

“Daddy,” I breathed.

“Hush, naughty girl, daddy is exploring this beautiful body,” he answered, and I couldn’t stop myself from moaning out loud as he traced his hand over my breast once again.

The teasing continued for so much longer. He explored the gentle plane of my collarbone, the curve of my shoulder, the hollow of my belly and the lines of my hip bones. When he discovered the copious wetness dripping down my inner thighs, he said nothing, but he didn’t need to.

He’d already known I was aroused.

Just when I thought I couldn’t take anymore, a soft vibration pressed against my pussy and my eyes nearly rolled back in my head. He kept it there between my legs as I sailed towards the precipice of orgasm, but he pulled it away moments before my release took over.

I cried out in frustration, my body writhing with unreleased pleasure. The sharp bite of denial raced through me, and I whined. When my passionate need finally receded, the vibrations returned, and I sucked in a hopeful breath.

Unable to help myself, I ground my clit against the vibrator, and he pulled it away slightly, not quite enough to bring it out of reach, but enough to stem my orgasm before it could break.

I moaned, bucking against the vibrations, raw sensation blossoming outwards from my core all the way to the tips of my fingers and the ends of my toes.

Just when I was about to come, he pulled back again, and I had to bite back a cry of desperation.

“Daddy, please,” I begged.

“Not yet, little girl. You’re being punished,” he replied, and a hot quiver of sensation pierced through my senses. As the seconds slowly passed, my pleasure receded once again, and I was left unsatisfied and increasingly desperate.

The vibrator returned.

Then it was gone.

Back and forth until every nerve in my body was on the cusp of firing, until my legs were trembling, until my eyes were rolling back in my head, until my hands tightened into tiny fists, until every inch of me was writhing with need, and until my desperate screams were echoing off the walls all around me.

I begged.

I pleaded.

I moaned.

But I didn’t come. He wouldn’t let me.

When I thought I’d reached the edge of my sanity, he pushed me some more. He didn’t stop edging me, and just when I thought I was on the brink of tears, he pulled that little vibrating torture device from my clit and said the words I finally needed to hear.

“Do you want to come for daddy, little girl?”

“Please, daddyyyyyyyy,” I wailed.

At once, my left wrist was freed and then the right. My ankles came next and then the blindfold was ripped free from my face. I blinked, my eyes adjusting to the sudden light and Liam’s massive form materialized right next to me.

He grabbed my legs and flipped me over, yanking me to the edge of the bed far enough for my toes to touch the ground.

“Then you’re going to beg to come with daddy’s cock deep in that tight little ass,” he demanded.

My eyes opened wide.

“I’ve never...”

“It would be awfully shameful to come with all of me inside that reluctant hole, wouldn’t it?”

All of a sudden, everything clicked. He was punishing me with pleasure, but that wasn’t all. He was going to bring the lesson home with the most shameful fucking of all.

Even as I lay there, bent over the bed, helpless and vulnerable to the man I loved, I knew without a doubt that the moment his cock started pumping in and out of my asshole, I was going to come.

Even more shameful, I knew I was going to come really fucking hard.

“You can’t mean to,” I tried, and he slapped my bare ass hard enough to sting.

“You have a choice to make, little girl. You can come with all of me deep inside that tight little hole, or I can take off my belt and whip this pretty ass until there’s tears dripping down those pretty cheeks and you won’t get to come at all.”

Shock sizzled through me like an electric current, and a quiet cry slipped free from my lips.

I didn’t want to get the belt. I’d gotten several playful swats with it from him before, and I knew it would sting that much more when he was punishing me for real.

Because that’s what this was.

A very real punishment.

My body simmered with heat, and I knew that for me, there was only one choice.

I was going to get my bottom fucked, and I was going to come while he was doing it.

CHAPTER 10



KELSEY

“*P*lease fuck my bottom, daddy,” I whispered. Even as the words fell off my lips, my body hummed with desire.

“Has this tight little ass ever had a man’s cock inside it before?” he asked, his voice firm yet somehow still gentle.

“No daddy,” I confessed, my cheeks radiating with heat.

“I’m going to enjoy being the first, my little girl,” he growled, and the sound rolled down my spine like a blazing fireball. He reached to the side and tossed a bottle of lube beside me on the bed. Behind me, he unbuckled his belt and my breath hitched as I listened to him pull down his zipper. I shook with raw, visceral arousal.

Every nerve in my body was humming with need. The long bout of teasing held me desperately on edge, and when he used one hand to pull open my bare cheeks and look directly at my asshole, I shook with shameful arousal instead of abject embarrassment.

“You’re soaking wet,” he mused, and I shook with need. As if to drive the point home, he slipped his fingers in between my thighs and coated them with my arousal.

Then he pulled his fingers back and lightly pressed against my tight hole.

Oh my god.

This was really happening.

I keened as he pushed his finger inside of me, my body trembling as a burning wave of stretching pain rattled through me.

“Relax and push back, little girl. It’ll hurt less if you do,” he guided gently.

Quivering with shame, I did as he told me, and the fiery sting radiating around my asshole started to fade. Once it did, I breathed a sigh of relief, but then he pushed that single digit in a bit further.

It felt so wicked and wrong. This wasn’t the hole he was supposed to fuck, yet in a short while, he was going to do exactly that.

When he added a second lubed finger, the burning stretch returned, blazing hotter than before. I keened, but an overwhelming wave of desire followed, catching me off guard and sweeping me off my feet.

This felt good.

Like really good.

Without meaning to, I used my arms to push back, and his fingers pushed into my ass that much deeper. He growled with approval, the sound basking over me like the warm rays of the sun, and my legs trembled with arousal.

“Daddy, please. Please let me come,” I begged.

“Not yet, little girl. How did I say you were going to come for me?”

“With your cock inside my ass, daddy,” I whined.

“That’s right, my naughty girl.”

He pulled his fingers free from my asshole and grabbed the lube from the bed beside me. I closed my eyes, listening closely as he squirted it in his hand and stroked his cock. When the tip pressed against my asshole, I tensed, and he took a hold of my hips.

With a hard thrust, he forced the head of his cock inside my asshole, and I cried out, the fiery stretch almost more than

I could bear. It hurtled up and down my spine and I had to force my body to relax, but it was hard. Flashes of pain rolled through me, but on the edge of that sizzling burn was blazing hot desire.

My core squeezed with need, and before I knew what was happening, I was barreling straight into the depths of an orgasm so hard that it ripped a scream from my throat from the very start.

Pleasure radiated up and down my legs, centering in my core and spiraling outward like fireworks. White hot bliss burned through me, igniting every nerve in my body with an electric charge that kept firing over and over again as waves of pleasure crashed over me.

It was everything.

Hot shame sliced through me, and I closed my eyes, but my desire scalded through me all the same.

My asshole clenched around his cock as he pulled back and thrust back inside me, the slickened surface sliding in and out of my tight hole with ease.

He was so big.

The length of his cock inside me felt so foreign, but I gave him my complete surrender in that moment.

Then, he reached beneath me, pressing a little bullet between my thighs and the vibrations began all over again.

It was enough to steamroll me into another orgasm. I shattered hard, lightning bolts of pleasure striking through me and burning deep in my core.

My passion sparked so brightly that my eyes rolled back in my head. My breath stuttered and my heart beat so fast that it felt like it was about to burst free from my chest. With a keening cry, I pushed back and took him that much deeper.

My bottom fucking truly began after that. Every thrust was deliciously shameful, and I couldn't get enough of it. It felt so wrong to enjoy being fucked this way, but I'd never come so hard in my life.

I came again.

And again.

And again, until my throat was hoarse from screaming, and then he made me come some more.

Even when I begged for mercy, he kept fucking me until my no longer virgin hole ached with raw sensation. He took total control, and I had no choice but to give him my complete surrender.

He didn't stop until I was a very sensitive, very well punished, screaming mess of a well-fucked little girl.

When he finally pulled free of my sore hole, his seed dripped from me, but he made no move to wipe it away. I was too exhausted to try myself, so I just blushed as it dribbled down onto my thighs.

Without waiting for even a moment, he gathered me in his arms, sat down on the bed, and settled me in his lap.

He held me for a long time as I slowly gathered myself. My heartbeat calmed and my breathing gradually returned to a normal rhythm. The heat flushing through my body cooled at least a little bit.

It slowly dawned on me that my cheeks were wet.

He'd made me come so hard that I cried.

I reached up to touch the wet tears, but he gently knocked my hands away and used his thumb to wipe them away.

"There, there, now, my little girl. Daddy's got you."

I curled up closer into his lap, inhaling the delicious aroma of his cologne and enjoying the warmth of his arms around me. When I finally felt like myself, I climbed out of his lap and fetched the folder. Switching on the gas fireplace, I tossed all of the evidence I'd collected into the open flames.

In seconds, the file had burned to ash.

I turned back to Liam and met his gaze, softly clearing my throat as he stared back at me, his eyes full of open adoration.

“Keep me, daddy?” I whispered, my voice breaking as my legs trembled beneath me.

“Forever, my little girl. Always and forever.”



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Sara is a USA Today bestselling romance author with a proclivity for dirty things, especially those centered in DARK, FANTASY, and ROMANCE. If you like science fiction, fantasy, reverse harem, menage, pet play and other kinky filthy things, all complete with happily-ever-afters, then you will enjoy her books.

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BOOKS OF THE BOSTON KINGS SERIES

Take Me, Daddy

Kieran Murphy is an Irish mob boss and one of the most powerful men in Boston, and when he walks me home people step aside out of respect for him. He could have any woman he wants.

So why does he have eyes only for me?

Is it how he has to lift my chin with his fingers to keep my eyes level with his when he scolds me, and how I cover my bottom instinctively when he tells me that I've earned a spanking?

Or is it how I quiver at the thought of everything I'm too ashamed to beg him to do to me, and how hard I come for him when he does all of it and more without me even having to ask?

Maybe it's all of those, but I'm pretty sure there's something else too.

I think he loves how I blush when he makes me call him daddy.

[Get Your Copy.](#)

Make Me, Daddy

Caitlin McCormick is used to doing as she pleases, but that's about to change.

She's sitting on a bright red bottom because I promised her father I would look out for her, but she's in my private jet on her way back to Boston with me because she needs something more.

A daddy.

One who will spank her when she's been naughty, then pin her to the wall and take what is his.

But what really makes her blush isn't that I didn't give her a choice.

It's that we both know she didn't want one.

[Get Your Copy.](#)

Break Me, Daddy

When Shane Kavanagh waltzed into the Murphy pub as if he owned the place, what set my heart racing wasn't his brash arrogance, his obnoxiously gorgeous eyes, or his scoldy yet sexy tone. It wasn't even him promising to spank me and then ravage me the way no man has ever dared.

It was how he made me feel like a naughty little girl and a blushing virgin when I'm neither.

I'm the daughter of a powerful Irish mafia family and he's the boss of a rival organization, but when he rides me with his belt tight around my throat it doesn't make me want to call a hitman.

It makes me want to call him daddy.

[Get your copy.](#)

Watch Me, Daddy

When I threw Irina Morozov over my shoulder and carried her off, it was to rescue her from a brutal bastard who didn't deserve her... but I could smell her arousal as

she kicked and fought.

She would have been wet and ready for me that night, but I didn't take her. I made her wait.

I made her beg.

When I pin her to the bed, rip her panties off, and claim her virgin body the way it was always meant to be claimed, she won't just be screaming my name with every desperate climax.

She'll be calling me daddy.

Get Your Copy.

Share Me, Daddy

My arranged marriage to Connor Murphy should have secured an alliance between the powerful Irish mafia family and the bratva. It should have been simple.

Until I met his brother, Caden.

Now I'm caught between two men, and I can't tell which way is what, not when Caden bares my ass and spans me when I'm naughty, and not when Connor looks at me like he wants to rip my clothes off and ravage my quivering body with one brutal climax after another until I pass out.

But when they both decide to share me between them, they decide something else.

Not only am I going to take both of them at once...

But I'll be calling them both Daddy while they do it.

PLEASURING CALI



By

Kate Oliver

CHAPTER 1



CALI

Goosebumps rise on my skin as the driver parks in front of one of the hottest clubs in Seattle. I look down at my costume and shudder, my nerves causing the hair on the back of my neck to stand on end. I don't know why I'm so nervous. I've been here before. Many times. But every time I come, I get the same feeling of anticipation and excitement.

The night air is brisk as I step out of the car and make my way toward the entrance to Surrender, the nightclub where people's wildest fantasies come alive. Several couples enter in front of me, also dressed in costumes. The theme of the night is *All Things Fairytale*. The birthday girl's choice. The red cape I'm wearing is so long, it dusts the ground. My heart races, a mix of nervousness and desire bubbling within me.

I glance down at my costume again, a shiver coursing through me. Little Red Riding Hood is one of my favorite fairy tales, and this costume is special to me. I couldn't not wear it. My hair is in pigtails tied with red ribbons, so it's cascading down over my breasts. My dress is so short that if I didn't have the long cape on, I'm sure the ruffle panties I'm wearing underneath would be visible.

Lucy, the owner's wife and the birthday girl who chose to have a costume party, stands near the entrance with a huge smile on her face.

"Cali! You look so cute. I love your costume," Lucy squeals as she bounces on her toes.

I blush and smile as we pull each other in for a hug.

“Happy birthday! I love your costume. You’re the cutest Tinker Bell I’ve ever seen.”

Lucy giggles. “Thanks. I had to practically beg Daddy to dress up as Peter Pan. I’m pretty sure the only reason he agreed is because it’s my birthday. And also, I was giving him a really good blowjob when I asked him to wear the costume.”

“Little girl,” a deep voice says from behind. “Just because it’s your birthday doesn’t mean I won’t turn your bottom nice and red.”

Both of our eyes widen as we look up at the tall man approaching. Roman, Lucy’s husband and Daddy.

“Cali,” he says gently. “Nice to see you. You look adorable.”

My cheeks heat as I duck my head. Roman has always been kind to me, but he’s a bit intimidating. “Thank you.”

“Go have fun. There are a bunch of games and activities happening in the Littles area,” Roman tells me.

I nod and give Lucy another hug before I make my way into the main part of the club. The heavy bass of the music vibrates in sync with my racing pulse. Crossing the second threshold feels like stepping into another world entirely. The thumping beats surround me, the intoxicating mix of music and bodies electrifying the air.

The dim lighting casts shadows that dance across the walls, creating a sensual atmosphere that sends a thrill through my veins. The crowd is a sea of bodies, some in costumes and some completely naked. It’s a place where inhibitions are shed, boundaries pushed, and desires explored. It’s a place where everyone can be their truest selves.

I make my way through the crowd, the heat of bodies brushing against me, igniting a fire within. Seductive whispers float in the air, blending with the laughter and moans that reverberate throughout the room.

Spotting my favorite area, I head over to where the other patrons are more like me. A place where I can sit on a pile of

pillows with my book and watch everyone enjoying themselves.

Settling onto the plush cushions, I let my eyes roam over the scene before me. A cocktail waitress glides by in an outfit that leaves little to the imagination, her tray of tantalizing drinks balancing on her palm. The scent of perfume, sex, and sweat mingles in the air. Most people choose private rooms to explore their fantasies, but some, the ones who love to be watched, enjoy themselves in the open areas for everyone to see.

As I open my book and begin to read, the hairs on my neck rise again as a cool breeze of air floats past me. I instinctively lift my gaze and suck in a breath. Staring at me from across the room is a large, imposing man dressed as a wolf. A big, bad-looking wolf. His gaze is intense, full of desire. I feel a surge of electricity between us, a connection that is both exhilarating and dangerous.

My eyes travel over him. His hair is dark and combed away from his face, his eyes a brilliant hue of green I can see from behind his partial mask, and his jawline is sharp and strong. He's wearing a dark gray suit that fits him like a glove, and when my eyes land on his hands, I swallow heavily. Tattoos cover his skin, making him look even more imposing.

He slowly starts to make his way through the crowd, effortlessly navigating the sea of bodies. With each step he takes, my heart beats faster, anticipation building within me. As he reaches my corner, his lips curl into a sinister smile.

"Little Red," he says in a deep, velvety, smooth voice.

I feel the heat rise to my cheeks as his words send a shiver down my spine. The Wolf's presence is magnetic, drawing me into his aura of danger and temptation. I lower my book, my eyes locked with his predatory gaze.

"Big Bad Wolf," I reply, matching his playful tone.

There's something thrilling about this encounter, a dance between predator and prey, which sends a rush of excitement coursing through my veins and heat to my core.

“What brings you to Surrender tonight?” he asks, his voice dripping with seduction and danger.

I bite my lower lip, feeling the familiar sting of anticipation.

“Curiosity, I suppose,” I answer, my voice quiet all of a sudden.

“May I sit?” he asks.

I hesitate for a moment, unsure of whether or not I should allow this man into my corner of solace. But a spark of excitement ignites within me, overpowering any sense of caution. With a slight nod, I gesture for him to take a seat on the pillows beside me.

The Wolf gracefully lowers himself, his presence commanding and mysterious. As he settles in, the air around us seems to crackle with an undeniable tension. The sound of the music fades into the background, leaving only the rhythmic thrum of my heartbeat pounding in my ears.

He leans closer, his warm breath grazing my ear as he whispers, “You have a look of innocence about you, Little Red. But I have a feeling there’s much more to you than meets the eye. Something I want to explore.”

I swallow. My heart is racing under his gaze.

“What are you reading?”

My cheeks heat as I glance down at my dirty little pleasure. “It’s a Daddy book.”

The Wolf chuckles softly, his dark eyes glinting with mischief. “A Daddy book, huh?” he murmurs, his voice husky. “That sounds intriguing. I bet a Little girl like you needs a Daddy.”

My heart skips a beat at his words, a mixture of apprehension and desire floods my senses. The intensity in his gaze is intoxicating, luring me deeper into the dark abyss of Surrender. With a coy smile, I raise an eyebrow. “And who’s to say I don’t already have a Daddy?” I tease, my voice laced with a newfound confidence.

He winks at me and gives me a predatory smile. “Do you know what happens to sassy Little girls like you?”

My heart races at the question, my mind immediately conjuring up an array of possibilities. “What happens?” I challenge, leaning in closer to him.

The Wolf’s grin widens, revealing a set of gleaming white teeth. “They get taught a lesson,” he purrs, his voice dripping with pure, sexual allure. “A lesson in obedience and submission.”

My mouth falls open, and I squeeze my thighs together. “Oh.”

“Do you need to be taught a lesson, Little Red?”

I feel a flush of heat spread across my body at his words, my mind filled with images of what that lesson might entail. I came here tonight because I wanted to have some fun and see what the night might bring. Now, I have this huge, sexy man in front of me, offering to make my fantasies a reality. It would be a shame if I let him get away.

“Yes,” I whisper, my voice barely audible over the pulsating music. “I want to learn.”

His eyes darken as he leans in closer, his breath caressing my ear.

“Good girl,” he murmurs, his voice a seductive melody. “I’m going to make sure you have a night you never forget.”

Suddenly, I’m not so sure what I’ve gotten myself into, but I have a feeling I’m going to like it.

CHAPTER 2



DECLAN

The moment I walk into Surrender, my cock hardens, and my heart starts hammering in my chest. Roman, the club owner greets me at the entrance and shakes my hand.

“Declan Gilroy. Been awhile. It’s nice to see you.”

I nod as Roman eyes my men standing behind me. He knows in my line of work, I never go anywhere alone. We make ourselves blend in at the club as best as we can, and Roman turns a blind eye to who I am and what I do as long as I don’t bring any trouble with me when I’m here.

“Is the room I requested reserved for me?”

Roman nods. “It is. Yours for the night.”

Lucy, Roman’s wife, skips up to him and grabs his hand. “Daddy, come on. They’re bringing out the cake.”

I smile at her eagerness as she tries to tug her husband away. “Happy birthday, Lucy.”

The small woman beams at me, completely unfazed by my presence. “Thanks. I love dressing up.”

Roman chuckles and looks at his wife with complete adoration. “I better go before the birthday girl explodes with excitement. Have a good night, Declan.”

I nod and wink at Lucy as she drags her Daddy away.

“Keep your distance,” I tell my men as I take a step forward.

Sex surrounds me as I walk through the club. Moans and cries from a distance as the sound of leather meeting flesh fills the space. I press my palm to my cock to adjust myself as my eyes land on a red cape. My breath hitches in my throat, and my chest constricts.

Dark brown pigtails sway as the woman in the cape turns, and when I see her profile, I swear I can hardly breathe. She's beautiful. The most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on. I have to have her. Tonight. I need to feel her writhing beneath me while she stares up at me with those wide, brown eyes.

I watch her move through the club for several minutes, never letting my eyes leave her. The way she moves makes my heart pound. She's nervous. It could be from excitement, but it could be because she's feeling unsure about being here. Either way, it makes me want to go to her.

When I've kept my distance for as long as I can stand, I slowly start to move toward her. Instead of joining the rest of the Littles, who are enjoying games and socializing, she lowers herself onto a pile of pillows and pulls a book from the basket she's carrying.

Mine.

She'll be crying out my name by the end of tonight, begging this wolf for mercy. Too bad for her, wolves give no mercy.

As soon as I enter the Littles area, her entire body goes rigid, and ever so slowly, her eyes rise to meet mine. A visible shiver runs through her, and it makes my cock harden even more.

As I stalk across the room, her eyes get wider. When I stop only a couple of feet in front of her, she stops breathing.

"Little Red."

She swallows several times before she finally blinks and clears her throat. "Big Bad Wolf."

I smirk and raise an eyebrow. "What brings you to Surrender tonight?"

Her plump lips part. I can't help but picture them wrapped tightly around my thick cock as I fuck her mouth.

“Curiosity, I suppose.”

Her eyes sparkle with mischief, and I already know this Little girl is going to be a handful tonight. It's a good thing I have two firm hands.

“May I sit?” I pose it as a question, but whether she wants me or not, I plan to have her tonight. That's what the Big Bad Wolf does. He takes what he wants, and I want her.

She hesitates for a moment before giving me a slight nod. As the head of the Irish mafia, I'm not accustomed to lowering my large frame to sit on the ground, but for her, I'd sit on a bed of coals.

Her breath hitches when I sit close enough for our thighs to brush. She smells like cherries and vanilla, and I'm betting when I bury my face in her sweet pussy, she'll taste just like she smells.

“You have a look of innocence about you, Little Red. But I have a feeling there's much more to you than meets the eye. Something I want to explore.”

When she doesn't say anything, I glance down to look at her book. “What are you reading?”

I let my gaze roam over her body without trying to hide it, and when she visibly shudders, I smirk. She wants me just as badly as I want her. Her skin is flushed, and she can't seem to stop squeezing her thighs together. I want to force them wide open and hold her down while I taste her.

“It's a Daddy book.”

I chuckle. She's so fucking adorable. The innocence I see in her is sweet, but there's much more to her than that. She hides it well, but I've learned to read people over the years.

“A Daddy book, huh? That sounds intriguing. I bet a Little girl like you needs a Daddy.”

A glint of defiance shines in her eyes as she raises an eyebrow. I'm pretty sure if she were standing, she'd throw a

hand on her hip and maybe even stomp a foot.

“And who’s to say I don’t already have a Daddy?” Her tone is dripping with mirth.

This Little girl needs her bottom turned red. She needs to learn how naughty it is to sass a man like myself. If one of my men spoke to me that way, he’d be dead before he even knew it was happening.

“Do you know what happens to sassy Little girls like you?”

Her chest heaves, and the corner of her eye twitches, but that’s the only tell that shows she’s nervous. She quickly masks it and lifts her chin slightly. “What happens?” she asks, practically panting.

I run my index finger down the side of her face “They get taught a lesson. A lesson in obedience and submission.”

Her mouth falls open and she squeezes her thighs tighter. “Oh.”

“Do you need to be taught a lesson, Little Red?”

Her pupils dilate as she sucks in a breath while I let my finger continue to trail down the column of her throat. I wait patiently for her answer, keeping my gaze pinned on hers with the challenge.

“Yes,” she finally whispers. “I want to learn.”

The wolf catches his prey.

“Good girl. I’m going to make sure you have a night you never forget.”

A small whimper escapes her lips as her entire body trembles. Fuck, I should have jacked off before coming here tonight because my cock is already ready to explode just from this Little girl looking at me with those big, brown eyes.

“I have a room reserved for the evening,” I tell her.

She swallows, then swallows again before she nods. “Okay.”

Before she can chicken out, I rise to my feet and hold out my hand. She stares at it for several seconds, then flicks her gaze to the bulge in my slacks that I can't do anything about right now. Then, ever so slowly, she slides her small palm into mine and allows me to help her up.

I press my hand to the small of her back and lead her toward the room I requested for the night. It will be full of all the supplies I need to make sure this Little girl has a night she'll never forget.

"Wait," she says breathlessly.

"What's wrong, baby girl?"

"I'm nervous."

A sinister smile spreads. "Being nervous isn't a bad thing. It heightens the experience. You're safe with me, Little girl. The only thing I want to do tonight is make all of your fantasies...and some of mine, come true."

Her wide, brown eyes search my face. "Can we go slow?"

"Of course. When we get in the room, we'll sit and go over your safeword and rules for the evening. Then we'll go from there."

She lets out a deep breath and nods. "Okay. Let's go."

We turn a corner, and I lead her through the threshold of the oversized room. It's luxurious. Deep purple accents everywhere. A couch is on one side and a king-sized bed on the other with various sex furniture scattered throughout. There are several antique cabinets, which are stocked with any and all toys or implements I might want to use tonight.

I close the door behind us before slowly and deliberately engaging the lock with a loud click, smiling when I hear Little Red suck in a breath.

CHAPTER 3



CALI

*I*t feels like my heart is beating a million miles a second. This devilish-looking wolf is doing things to me. Who knew a man in a mask could be so...hot? What does it say about me that it's turning me on? Aren't masks supposed to scare people? I suppose that's part of the allure of the Big Bad Wolf. He's scary. Big. Imposing. Bold. He radiates dominance like it's the most natural thing in the world. And he just locked us in this room so no one can come in if I scream for help.

“What am I supposed to call you?” I ask breathlessly.

A corner of his mouth tips up, and gosh, even though I can't see his entire face, I don't think he could possibly get any hotter than he is right now.

He steps toward me and rubs his thumb over my lips, surely smearing my lipstick. When he applies slight pressure to my mouth, I open it.

“Suck,” he whispers.

I internally moan as I close my lips around his finger and suck, wanting to do whatever I can to please this man.

Our eyes stay locked on each other while I continue to lick the rough pad of his thumb.

“Good girl,” he croons, and I swear, I might have just come a little.

With a small pop, he pulls his hand away and smirks at the red ring I left on his skin from my lipstick.

“Well, Little Red, you can call me Wolf if you’d like, but since I’m positive you’re a submissive Little girl and I’m a Daddy, I’d prefer you call me Daddy. I think you’d prefer that as well. Am I right?”

My nipples pebble and my panties are officially ruined. I hate how easily he seems to read me. Slowly, I nod.

“Use your words, Red. When I ask a question, I expect a verbal answer unless otherwise discussed,” he says so sternly that my spine straightens.

“Y-yes. Yes. I’d prefer to call you Daddy.”

He studies me for so long, I start fidgeting with the hem of my skirt.

“What’s your safeword, Little girl?”

I blink several times as I try to focus on his words instead of the way my body is reacting to him.

“Cheetos.”

The corners of his mouth twitch, and I can’t stop the small giggle that escapes me. When he raises an eyebrow, I cover my mouth and force myself to get it together.

Slowly, he starts circling me. “Okay, Little Red. Cheetos it is. What are your hard limits?”

I spin, trying to track him as he moves around me. “No blood, permanent marks, or face slapping.”

He runs a hand over his jaw, and it makes me want to touch him there, to feel the roughness of his end-of-day beard growth. I can’t help but think about how it would feel between my thighs. “Got it. I’m not into any of that. Anything else? Anything I should know about?”

I shake my head and then remember I’m supposed to verbally answer. “No.”

“No, Daddy, is the correct answer, Little one. As of now, unless you say your safeword and end this scene, I’m Daddy. Are we clear?”

“Y-yes, Daddy,” I say barely above a whisper.

“Good girl.” He stops in front of me, and in one swift move, he pulls the bow of my cape loose, causing the material to flutter to the ground.

“You’re beautiful, Little Red. The most beautiful Little girl I’ve ever laid eyes on. I can hardly wait to fuck your sweet pussy. I’d bet my last dollar it tastes as good as you smell right now.”

Oh my God. I don’t know how much longer I can keep myself upright. My knees may buckle at any moment. His words. They’re so filthy yet so hot and full of promise. He promised me a night I’ll never forget, and I have no doubt he’s telling the honest truth.

“Strip,” he commands.

I tilt my head and furrow my eyebrows, feeling slightly bold for some reason. “Isn’t it your job to remove my clothes?”

In a flash, his hand is wrapped around my throat, and he’s standing so close to me that our mouths nearly touch as he glares at me.

“The only job you need to be worried about is obeying your Daddy. If your Daddy tells you to strip, you do it. Questioning me when I give you a command earns you punishments. I knew you were sassy before we even made it to this room, but I didn’t think I’d have to redden your ass this soon. I guess I was wrong.”

His fingers squeeze the sides of my neck as he walks me backward toward the couch.

“Do you know what happens to Little girls who have sassy mouths?”

I shake my head as much as his grip allows. “No.”

He smirks. “They get their bottoms spanked until they’re very sorry. Then, they get their mouths fucked.”

That threat should probably scare me. It should make me want to say my safeword and run from this devilish man.

Instead, it makes my body hum with arousal that starts to seep through my panties and make my thighs feel sticky.

The Wolf spins me around and presses his hand between my shoulder blades. My hands land on the couch as I try to catch myself, causing my bottom to stick out. I have no doubt that my ruffled panties are fully exposed to him.

His breathing is rough, and I get the feeling he's just as turned on as I am. When I turn my head to look back at him, the enormous bulge in his slacks confirms that thought.

"These panties are fucking adorable. Sweet and precious. They're soaked, though, Little one," he says as he runs his fingers over the fabric between my thighs.

I whimper and shift to squeeze my legs together, hoping it will hide the wetness he's already discovered. A sharp smack to the back of my thigh catches me off guard.

"Ow!" I yelp as the stinging heat settles on my flesh.

"Spread your legs, Red."

Before I can protest, he uses his foot to force my legs apart. He doesn't stop until I'm spread so wide that I'm using the couch to help me keep my balance.

He runs his hand over my pussy again. "Why are your panties so wet, baby? Did you have an accident?"

Heat spreads over my cheeks at the question, and I whip my head around to look at him with wide eyes. "No! I didn't have an accident."

"Then why are your panties so wet? You're practically dripping down your thighs, Red."

If it were possible for me to combust into a ball of flames, I'm pretty sure I would.

Another sharp smack to my other thigh.

"Owwie!"

"I asked a question. I expect an answer. Why are they so wet?"

I pant and hang my head between my arms, not wanting him to see the embarrassment on my face. “Because...because I’m turned on.”

Smack! Smack!

He chuckles when I cry out. “I know you are, baby. I can smell your honey. Fuck, it’s killing me. But you still have to be punished first.”

Smack! Smack!

I dance and squirm on my tiptoes, whimpering and crying with each slap. When he stops, I think it might be over, and I let out a sigh of relief. My bottom is already on fire.

He steps behind me and taps the outside of my thighs until I bring my feet together. He hooks his fingers into the waistband of my panties and tugs. As he lowers them, I whimper when the cool air hits my swollen and wet pussy.

“Step out one foot at a time,” he instructs as he kneels behind me.

I obey, hoping he’s going to bury his face between my legs. When my panties are gone, he stands and moves back to my side. I twist my head to look back at him just as he brings my panties up to his nose and takes a deep whiff.

“Fuck,” he groans. “You smell like vanilla frosting and cherry pie.”

If I weren’t so shocked from watching him sniff my underwear, I’d giggle at his description of my scent. Vanilla frosting and cherry pie? Very specific.

He takes one last sniff before he tucks the frilly material into the pocket of his slacks and presses his hand to his crotch to adjust himself. He’s keeping my underwear? Huh. That’s... *hot*. Really hot. Way hotter than it should be.

When I realize he’s not going to bury his face in my pussy, I start to push myself up but am quickly stopped by his hand pressing me back down.

“I didn’t give you permission to move. We’re not done with your spanking, Red. Stay,” he says with a raised brow.

Crap. My bottom quivers at his threat.

The wolf moves to one of the old wooden cabinets and spends several seconds looking through the contents. From the angle I'm in, I can't see what's in there, but when he walks back toward me with a riding crop in hand, I suck in a breath.

"Daddy, I'm sorry," I plead, keeping my eyes on the mean implement he's holding.

He nods. "You will be. Spread your legs back to where they were. You're getting ten with the crop. If you move your hands or feet, we'll start over."

I whimper but slowly obey, spreading my legs as wide as he had made them before.

Smack!

It takes about two seconds for the stinging pain to register, and when it does, I cry out as my fingers dig into the couch and my knees bend slightly.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

"Ouchie! Fuck!" I shout.

"Three more. No cursing. You know that's a rule in the club. Little girls don't use such filthy words."

"Nooo. I'm sorry. It slipped."

The only response I get is the crop landing on my bottom four more times. It happens so fast that it isn't until the third one that I scream out.

Tears burn my eyes as my knuckles turn white from gripping the couch so hard. "I'm sorry, Daddy," I whimper.

Smack! Smack!

"I know, baby. Maybe next time when Daddy gives you a command, you'll obey it without talking back."

I bob my head. "Yes. I will, I promise."

He rubs the leather tip over my burning bottom, and I sniffle as the first tear springs free.

“Three more, baby. Then I’m going to fuck that filthy mouth and watch those pretty tears roll down your cheeks.”

Even though my skin is on fire and I’m already regretting being sassy, my body reacts to his promise. My pussy clenches, and my breasts feel heavy as my nipples ache against the fabric of my dress.

Smack! Smack!

I howl as more tears spill over, my entire body trembles as I fight against the urge to reach back and shield my bottom.

“Last one, Little girl.”

Smack!

The last one is the hardest, and my knees nearly buckle as I scream into the cushion.

“Turn around and kneel,” he commands.

He tosses the crop on the ground as I obey, tears streaming down my face, while at the same time, my arousal streams down my legs.

I sniffle and hiccup while I watch him undo his clothing. Tattoos cover his entire upper body, only stopping at the base of his throat. When he unbuckles his belt and frees his cock from his underwear, I gasp. It’s huge and veiny.

“Open your mouth, Red.”

CHAPTER 4



DECLAN

Tears leave mascara tracks down her cheeks as she stares up and lowers her jaw for me. Fuck, she's so goddamn beautiful. A goddess. Absolutely perfect in every way. I'm a goner for this woman. This sassy Little girl whose pussy got wetter and wetter the more I spanked her.

Part of me wants to rip off her clothes and get my cock into her as quickly as possible because I feel like I might die if I don't. But I also want to drag this out and torture her in the most delicious ways for a bit before I do that. I'm also pretty sure I'm not going to last more than a few seconds once I bury myself balls deep inside her pretty pink pussy.

"You look so pretty like that, Little one. So pretty and submissive and needy. Are you needy, Red?"

Keeping her mouth open, she nods. "Uh huh."

"Yeah? Needy for Daddy to fuck your pretty mouth and spread my come over those plump red lips of yours?"

She whimpers and nods. "Please," she whispers.

I move forward until the tip of my cock bumps against her teeth. "Wider."

When she opens her mouth even more, I slide in and groan as her lips immediately close and her cheeks hollow out as she suction onto me.

"Goddamn, baby. Your mouth is so hot and wet. Fuck. You're killing me. I'm supposed to be punishing you right now."

She moans and continues to stare up at me while tears continue to fall. I reach down and slide my hand into the top of her dress until I reach her breasts. Without warning, I give her nipple a sharp tug and then move to the other and give it the same treatment.

Her cry makes me even harder, and when she starts sucking feverishly, I know the quick bite of pain spurred on her arousal, too.

With my free hand, I press on the back of her head and thrust. “Ready for me to fuck this sassy mouth?”

She makes a garbled sound of agreement.

“Open wide, baby. Relax your throat and swallow me down.”

As soon as she relaxes her mouth, I start thrusting, fast and hard. Every once in a while, I push deeper into her throat and hold it there until her eyes go wide, and she starts to struggle against my grip.

Her face is a mess of saliva, tears, mascara, and lipstick, and my God, she’s still the most beautiful sight I’ve ever fucking seen.

I feel my climax growing by the second. Being a forty-six-year-old man, though, even with the excellent shape I’m in, going more than one round back-to-back isn’t as easy as it used to be. Reluctantly, I pull out.

She looks up, confused as to why I stopped. I don’t say anything. Instead, I reach down, lift her up by her armpits, and carry her to the bed. She lets out a squeal when I toss her onto the plush mattress. Before she can scramble away, I grab an ankle and pull her toward the edge.

“Daddy!” she cries as her tender bottom slides against the bedding.

Ignoring her protest, I reach for the hem of her dress and lift it up and over her head, leaving her completely naked before me.

“Naughty girl. No bra. You came here tonight just hoping you’d get fucked, didn’t you?”

Her eyes glint with mischief. “Maybe.”

I chuckle. “Sassy, but honest.”

She smirks. Fucking cute little brat.

As I stare down at her body, I rub my hand over my shaft. Her creamy skin is flushed in places, her nipples a deep rosy pink, puckered and begging for attention, and her completely bare pussy is glistening in the dim light. Fuck. She’s a walking wet dream.

Her gaze follows me when I drop to my knees before her. I grab hold of her ankles and spread her legs wide before setting her feet flat on the edge of the bed, so her swollen pussy is completely exposed to me. With a rough grip on her hips, I tug her down farther until her ass is exposed to me, too.

I keep my eyes on her as I lean forward, take a deep whiff, and groan. “Fuck. It’s like crack, and I’m an addict. I’m desperate for a hit.”

And then I lean forward and lick her from her clit all the way back to her tight little asshole. She cries out, her chest arching up when I do it again.

Unable to hold back, I latch onto her clit with my teeth and suck. She screams and starts slapping the mattress.

“Daddy! Oh, oh! Fuck!”

When I press a finger into her pussy, she bucks her hips so hard that I throw an arm over her pelvis to hold her down while I continue playing with her. Her fingers claw at my mask, and when she rips it off me, tosses it, then grabs hold of my hair, I go feral. Licking, sucking, biting, all while finger fucking her.

“Oh, God! I’m going to—”

She screams as her pussy starts to pulse, and her legs shake. I love how vocal she is, and so does my cock because it’s painfully hard. Ignoring my own need, I continue to

pleasure her through her climax, and when she goes limp, I slow my licks, giving her a second to catch her breath.

“Oh, my God. I...That was...Holy shit.”

I chuckle and gently pull free from her pussy, my skin coated in her release. While I continue to suck her clit, I move my fingers back and circle the tight ring of her asshole before I penetrate it. She sucks in a breath and lifts her head to look down at me.

“Trust me, Little one. You can use your safeword if it becomes too much.”

She bites her bottom lip, studying me with her wide, curious eyes before she finally nods. “Okay, Daddy.”

Pleased that she’s giving me her trust, I smile and wink. “Good girl. Such a good girl.”

When her lips pull back into a relaxed smile, I push my index finger deeper and lower my mouth to her clit again. As soon as I start sucking, her head falls back and her ass relaxes slightly, letting me in farther.

I thrust slow and steady while using my tongue to get her worked up again until she’s panting and moaning for more.

“Daddy, please! Please! I need you.”

Fuck. She’s going to be the death of me. Needing more lube for her ass, I pull away from her clit and spit. She gasps but continues to plead for more. My saliva allows me to thrust faster and harder into her tight hole.

“Come for me, baby. Come with my finger deep in your ass. Deep in that dark, dirty little hole. Show me what a needy Little girl you are.”

Her body immediately tenses, and she screams. Her fingers grip my hair so tight I might have some bald spots after tonight. It will be worth it, though. So fucking worth it.

This time, when she goes limp, I rise to my feet and line my cock up with her core while I stare down at her. Her half-lidded gaze stays on mine as I slowly inch into her pussy, and fuck, she’s so goddamn tight.

“Fuck, Red. Your pussy is like a goddamn vice,” I grit out.

Her hands rest on my chest and as I move to set mine on either side of her head, the platinum chain I wear around my neck dangles above her. The moment feels raw and intimate. I don't hate it, but I need more. I need to fuck her ruthlessly until neither of us know our own names.

“Please,” she whispers.

“Please what, baby? You need more? You need Daddy to fuck you hard?”

She bobs her head and scrapes her fingernails down my pecs so roughly that they leave a red raised trail on my skin. That's all it takes for me to lose it. I grip her hips so hard, there will likely be bruises tomorrow. Her tits bounce as I pound into her, my balls slapping her ass at the same time.

“Oh, God!” she cries.

“No, baby. God isn't here. It's only me and you and this tight little pussy that's going to fucking kill me.”

“Harder,” she pleads.

I don't know if I can fuck her any harder than I already am. It's entirely possible I might go into cardiac arrest after this. It's worth it, though. If I die right this minute, I'll die a happy man.

In one swift move, I grab her thighs and flip her, keeping my cock lodged in her the entire time. Once she's on her stomach, I grab her hips again and yank her ass up and back. Then, I rail her like I've never done to anyone before, and fuck, I'm seeing stars. I slap her still-pink ass over and over, alternating cheeks until her skin is hot and red again.

She makes unintelligible noises, and when I feel her body start to tense, I know she's close. Thank fuck because I'm ready to explode.

“Come for me, baby. Milk my cock with your tight little pussy.”

Within seconds, she screams out her orgasm, and I grunt as I shoot hot spurts of come deep into her pussy.

We stay like that for a moment, both of us panting and trying to catch our breath. When I gently pull out of her, she collapses onto the mattress, with me following right next to her.

CHAPTER 5



CALI

“Oh my God. That was...”

The wolf chuckles as I trail off breathlessly. Every muscle in my body is going to be screaming at me in the morning, but right now, the euphoria I’m feeling is worth every ache and bruise I might have.

We lie in silence for several minutes, and I start dozing off when the wolf gets up. He disappears into the attached bathroom and closes the door. I sigh and close my eyes again.

I wake up with a jolt. The wolf is pressing my knees apart.

“Shh. I’m just going to clean you up,” he croons softly.

“I can do it.”

He shoots me a stern look that is a clear warning not to argue with him, so I sigh and let him clean up all my most private parts. The rough treatment he gave me a few minutes ago has disappeared, and now he’s treating me like spun glass that he doesn’t want to break.

When he finishes, he gets rid of the cloth and comes back with a package of makeup wipes. I reach for them, but he gives me a look again, which has me quickly lowering my hands. As if it’s the most natural thing in the world, he pulls a towelette out and starts cleaning off my smeared makeup. One of his hands rests on top of my head, and while he works, his piercing green eyes stay locked with mine. It’s intimate. So intimate.

Slowly, he leans forward and presses a tender kiss to my lips. It's not a sexual kiss. It's soft and sweet, and I swear this night is one I'll never forget. He pulls away and gives me a small, boyish smile that melts my heart.

"You're perfect," he says quietly, his forehead resting on mine.

"Thank you," I whisper.

He nods and rises, and I watch in fascination as he gets dressed. By the time he's fully clothed, he looks as though he just walked out of a boardroom instead of just having wild sex in a BDSM club. Me, on the other hand. I'm pretty sure I look freshly fucked and very pleased about it.

Once he's done, he picks up my dress and lowers it over my head. He holds out his hand and helps me up from the bed, then kneels and places my heels in front of me.

"Hold on to my shoulders," he commands.

I do and step into my shoes. My legs feel wobbly, and I can hardly wait to go home and crawl into bed so I can have delicious dreams about tonight.

"Can I have my panties?"

The devilish smirk appears on his face, and his eyes darken slightly. "No."

I gasp. "People will see my bottom if I don't have my panties. My dress is short."

He picks up my cape from the floor and ties it around my neck. "Baby girl, you know me better than that. Do you think your husband would ever allow any other man to see what's his?"

My husband's possessive jealousy makes me feel warm all over, and I smile up at him as he stares at me with complete adoration.

"No. You wouldn't."

"Never. I don't share."

I wrap my arms around his waist and snuggle into his comforting embrace. He presses a kiss to the top of my head.

“Come on, baby girl. Let’s go home so Daddy can put you to bed.”

He takes my hand, grabs the wicker basket I brought, and leads me out of the room. When we turn down a long hall, two suited men start walking with us.

I look up at the one beside me.

“Have fun, lass?” Grady asks.

My cheeks heat, and I avert my gaze from his, as he chuckles and tugs on one of my pigtails.

Being the wife of a mafia boss has its downfalls, but it also has its perks, and these men—the ones who protect me like I’m their own flesh and blood—are definitely one of the biggest perks of this life.

Kieran opens the back door of the waiting SUV and waits as Declan gently loads me into the car and fastens my seatbelt before climbing in after me.

Grady and Kieran get into the SUV ahead of ours, and our driver follows them as they pull away from the club.

I snuggle into Declan’s side and let out a deep breath when he wraps his arm around me.

“Was I too rough with you?” he asks quietly.

Tears fill my eyes at his question. My big, terrifying mobster husband, who scares the piss out of grown men for fun, is worried he was too rough with me.

I look up at him. “No, Daddy. That was amazing. Can we...maybe do it again sometime?”

He stares at me for a long moment before he lowers his face to mine and kisses me.

“Any time you want. You’re my soulmate, Cali Gilroy. I’m the luckiest man in the world.”

He thinks he's the lucky one, but I know I'm just as lucky because he's my soulmate, too.

The rest of the ride home is quiet, and when the car stops in front of our house, Declan gets out first, then pulls me out and carries me all the way up to our room.

This time between us is my favorite. It doesn't matter how rough or gentle we are during sex; he always gives me the best aftercare. Sometimes, I think him taking care of me is his own form of aftercare.

He takes me into the bathroom and starts the tub, then turns to me and undresses me with the same delicate care he'd given me before we left the club.

When I'm fully naked, he gently pulls my pigtails free before wrapping my hair up in a messy bun on top of my head. He pours a ridiculous amount of salts into the water before he lifts me like I weigh nothing and sets me in the bath.

Both of us are exhausted, but he still takes his time washing me from head to toe before he drains the tub and dries me off with a fluffy white towel. Like he does every night, he sits me on the vanity and brushes my teeth for me instead of letting me do it myself. It used to embarrass me when he did it because, hello, I'm perfectly capable, but now it feels odd if I have to brush them myself. He carries me into the bedroom and sets me on the bed. I know better than to get up to get my own pajamas. This is his time to Daddy me in a more intimate way, and I love it just as much as he does.

When he returns, he gets me dressed in a pair of pastel pink cotton panties that aren't at all sexy, but they make me feel precious and adorable, and I love the way he looks at me in them. The nightgown he chose is also pink and is basically an oversized T-shirt with a sleeping bear printed on the front and the words *Beary Tired*.

Once my pajamas are on, he pulls the bedding back for me to crawl in. As soon as I do, he hands me my favorite stuffed animal who sleeps with us every night, then tucks the blankets all around me.

“I’m going to go get us some drinks and a snack. No getting out of bed.”

I nod and settle in against the pillows. My mind is quiet, my body is still humming, and my heart is full. I still can’t believe this is my life after everything I went through growing up.

Declan has a pink plastic water bottle in one hand, a bag of Cheetos in the other, and a regular bottled water under his arm when he returns. He sets the pink bottle on the nightstand next to me.

“I want half of that gone by the time I come out of the bathroom,” he says before he kisses my forehead and disappears.

Too tired to be the defiant Little girl I enjoy being a lot of the time, I drink down the water, appreciating the soothing cold liquid on my scratchy throat. All that screaming really did a number on me.

My breath catches when he opens the door and steps out in just his boxer briefs. The man is practically chiseled from stone, and what most people don’t know about him is that his inside is as beautiful as the outside.

He gives me that boyish smile as he climbs into bed, and when he opens the bag of Cheetos and pops one into his mouth, I giggle. He winks and starts feeding some to me. It’s terrible that we’re eating these right before bed after already brushing our teeth, but that’s one thing about being part of the mob. You’re constantly living on the edge. Even if it’s just the edge of a cavity for me because my husband is much too protective for me to live any edgier than that.

When we’re done snacking, he makes me take several more sips of water before he turns out the lights and pulls me against his hard body, wrapping himself around me like he’s afraid I might disappear.

“I love you, baby,” he whispers in my ear.

A smile spreads as I relax against him, loving the security of his hold. “I love you, too, Daddy.”



IF YOU ENJOYED THIS STORY, and want to read about more hot, rich, possessive mafia Daddies, be sure to check out [Corrupting Cali](#), book one of my Syndicate Kings series

AUTHOR KATE OLIVER

Kate Oliver is an International Bestselling Author known for her steamy Daddy Dom books. Since she picked up her first chapter book, Kate has aspired to be an author. Currently, fetish romance is her favorite for both reading and writing, and she always strives to write stories that realistically reflect the lifestyle. Her favorite part of writing her own books is dreaming up the hot, steamy, yet loving and strict Daddies that Littles dreams about.

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WITH THIS RING



By

Tara Crescent

CHAPTER 1



MIRA

The most exclusive poker game in Italy takes place every February in Venice at a club called Casanova. The people that attend are generally rich, powerful, and well-connected. But those things don't really matter. There are only two criteria for entry. The first is that you must be a part of the underworld. The second and most important is that you must be sponsored by someone already in the game.

I've been attending for the last three years, and to tell the truth, I've always felt a little out of place. I might be the oldest daughter of the Caruso crime family, but I have no real power of my own. My father won't allow it.

This year, the game is on Valentine's Day, and I arrive at Casanova shortly before nine. Helen, the club's dealer, comes out from behind the front desk to greet me. "Signorina Caruso," she says, her voice warm and welcoming. "Good evening."

"I know I'm early." I take off my coat and hand it to a waiting attendant. "Are any of the others here?"

"Just Signor Sidorov."

"Ah." Like me, Andrei Sidorov is the oldest child, but that's where the similarities end. Andrei is heir to the Sidorov Bratva, an outfit that controls large areas of Russia, Belarus, Romania, Hungary, and Croatia. Four years ago, as a way of checking their advance into our territory, my father contemplated marrying me off to Andrei. Then, a ship carrying thousands of kilos of cocaine, a joint venture between the

Caruso and the Castella families, blew up in the Adriatic Sea. We took serious losses, losses we still haven't recovered from. My father was convinced that it was the Sidorov that sank his ship. The wedding talks ceased abruptly, and ever since, our families have been bitter rivals.

The poker game is neutral ground. Plus, my father doesn't know I'm here.

"Would you like to join him at the bar, or shall I escort you to the back room?" Helen asks.

I'll be damned if I'm going to hide. I take a deep, steadying breath and then straighten my shoulders. Seeing Andrei is always a punch to the gut, and I need a moment to prepare myself. "I'll join Signor Sidorov."

I slide onto the empty barstool next to Andrei. "You're early."

"As are you." He leans in and brushes a kiss on my cheek. He smells like sandalwood and smoke, an earthy aroma that goes straight to my core. "I'm surprised to see you here. No Valentine's Day plans?"

"I could ask you the same thing." There's a drink on the counter in front of me, and it looks like an Old Fashioned. My favorite cocktail. "Is this for me?"

"It is," he confirms. "I saw you walk in, so I took the liberty of ordering for you. To answer the question you didn't ask, Mira, I never make plans for Valentine's Day. It gives women the wrong idea."

"That you're available? Enjoying playing the field too much to settle down?" Andrei is thirty-one. In our world, men get longer leashes than women do, but I'm surprised his father hasn't insisted he get married. Then again, his family seems to be nothing like mine. Andrei's sister Natalya works for the bratva, the third-in-command after her father Vadik and her brother. I can't imagine Aldo Caruso appointing me to such a position.

His lips twist into a wry smile. "Something like that."

I study him discreetly as I sip my drink. There's no reason I should be as attracted to Andrei as I am. He isn't traditionally good-looking. His dark hair is cut ruthlessly short. His face is square, his nose broken. He looks like a rock, big and powerful. Maybe it's because he's forbidden fruit. Maybe it's because every time I've met him, it's been here, in this atmosphere of sex and sin.

Or maybe it's just because it's Valentine's Day.

I tear my gaze away and look around the club. It's early, so there are less than fifty people here. A group of women have occupied the table closest to the center stage. Judging from their laughter, they're waiting for the show to begin, and the bottle of prosecco on the table isn't their first. At another table, a trio of men in suits are brokering a business deal. I think I recognize one of them, a lieutenant of the Spina Sacra, talking to one of Renato Grimaldi's underlings. "Do you know what their conversation is about?"

Andrei looks over. "Weapons," he says. "Spina Sacra would like to expand their reach into the arms trade, and Renato Grimaldi is the intermediary of half a dozen manufacturers."

My mouth falls open. He just gave me valuable information, information that could change my family's fortunes. But in our world, nothing is free. "Thank you," I say tightly. "What do I owe you?"

He puts his hand over mine. His platinum signet ring glitters under the club's golden light, a firebird etched on its face. "There are many things I want from you, Mirabella," he says. "But none of them are owed." He downs the rest of his drink and gets abruptly to his feet. "Antonio and Dante just walked in," he says. "Shall we join them?"

I stare at him for a long moment, my head reeling. Mirabella, he said, my full name like a caress in his voice. And his cryptic words. *There are many things I want from you, Mirabella, but none of them are owed.* What does he mean by that?

He is a Sidorov, a voice inside me cautions. He is your father's mortal enemy. If Aldo Caruso finds out you're fraternizing with him, he will kill you.

I slide off the barstool. "Let's."

CHAPTER 2



MIRA

Twenty minutes later, all eight players have shown up. I contemplate the group around the table, an incredible concentration of wealth and power. Antonio Moretti controls the Venice Mafia. Dante Colonna is his second-in-command. Ciro Del Barba runs Milan. Max Guerra is Spanish, from Valencia, and is making a play for Southern Italy. Gabriel d'Este is obscenely wealthy and has his hands in dozens of illegal ventures. Lola García Torres is also from Spain and the only other woman here.

And, of course, there's Andrei, sitting directly across from me.

Helen deals the first round. I glance at my cards. A pair of eights, nothing to write home about. But my hand doesn't appear to be as bad as some of the others. "Really?" Antonio says, looking at his cards in disgust before setting them down. "I'm out."

"Poor Antonio," Ciro says mockingly as he tosses two chips into the pot. "How much did that Dali you bought at auction last month set you back? Ten, twelve million euros? I didn't think you were in the market for Surrealists."

Dante goes next and raises, earning a glare from Lola. Andrei raises as well, looking as inscrutable as ever as he throws eight chips into the pot.

"I thought it was only car auctions you followed, Ciro," Gabriel says, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Dante,

congratulations on the Ferrari.” He studies his cards before shaking his head. “I’m out.”

Max folds as well, as does Lola. I move sixteen chips forward. Each chip is ten thousand euros. It’s an insignificant amount of money to everyone at the table. *Everyone except me.* The others are gambling for entertainment, but I’m playing for something much more worthwhile. My freedom. Aldo Caruso grows more erratic with each passing day. Twenty million euros, and I can disappear and take my sister with me.

Ciro whistles under his breath. “She’s bluffing,” Antonio says, tilting his head to the side and surveying me with narrowed eyes. “She doesn’t have a damn thing.”

“Haven’t you folded?” I counter. “I didn’t know you were so protective of Ciro’s money, Antonio.”

Ciro stares at his cards and then at me. “I didn’t expect to see you here today, Mira.”

“Because it’s Valentine’s Day?”

He gives me a pleasant smile. “Among other things.”

“Cut it out,” Andrei bites out. “Stop stalling. In or out?”

“Out.” The man drops his cards. “I can never tell whether Mira is bluffing or not.”

Dante folds as well. It’s just Andrei and me in the game. I take a sip of my Old Fashioned as I wait for him to bet. He levels a look at me, and then his lips quirk. “I can’t either,” he says. “But I’m going to roll the dice.” He pushes his entire stack of chips forward. There’s a million euros in there—no, two. Maybe even three. “Your move.”

Damn him. I can’t take the risk—I have no idea what kind of hand he’s holding. Andrei could lose two or three million euros on a whim—I cannot. Keeping the frustration off my face, I put my cards face down on the table. “I fold.”

The game breaks up three hours later. I haven’t done too badly—I’m a million euros richer than I was when I came in, a

million euros closer to my goal. But at the rate I'm going, it's going to take me five years to amass enough money for my escape, and I don't have five years. My father is contemplating marrying me off to Dominic Palermo, a man with a terrible reputation for violence. Dominic has put every one of his girlfriends in the hospital. Aldo Caruso would prefer that my husband not beat me, but the Palermos are wealthy, and we need the money. If my marriage restores the family fortune, then it won't matter how much of a monster Dominic is.

I'm running out of time.

I get to my feet, tip Helen, and prepare to say my goodbyes. The group has broken up into smaller clumps. Dante, Lola, and Max are talking in rapid-fire Spanish, laughing about something. Andrei is having a low-voiced conversation with Ciro. Gabriel is reading something on his phone.

Antonio Moretti comes up to me. "A warning," he says quietly. "Your father is playing a dangerous game. Stop him before it's too late."

A frisson of alarm goes down my spine. Antonio is not prone to dramatic pronouncements. "What does that mean?"

"I've already said too much." He kisses my cheek, and I feel Andrei's eyes on us from across the room. "You think you are powerless, Mira, but you are not. Nobody in this room is. Don't let the world take it away from you."

"Enough." Andrei Sidorov is suddenly at my side, his hand on the small of my back, his face a mask of rage. "If you're going to tell her, Moretti, then do it. Otherwise, shut up."

Antonio looks at Andrei, then at me, then at Andrei again. "Of course," he says, a small smile touching his lips. "I should have known." He inclines his head at me. "See you later, Mira."

"What was he talking about?"

"Not here. Let's go find a spot where we can be alone."

CHAPTER 3



MIRA

He tugs me out the door and down a dark corridor. I follow mutely, my palms damp with sweat. Antonio's warning rings in my ear. *Your father is playing a dangerous game. Stop him before it's too late.* "You know your way around Casanova."

"Are you asking me if I come here often?" He rolls his eyes. "The manager of the club, Liam, is an old friend." He pulls me into a small, sparsely furnished room. The walls are painted a lush purple, and gilded sconces emit golden light. It would be a nice space if you could ignore the whips and chains that hang from hooks on the walls and the fact that the only place to sit is on a bench that is clearly designed for bondage.

A shiver of pure lust runs through me.

I've fantasized about Andrei from afar for a long time now. When I was twenty-two, I thought we'd be married. I would lie in bed, scrolling through pictures of him on social media, and wonder what he was like in person, this Russian bratva prince with a hard face and harder eyes. Then, the negotiations between our families fell apart, and with it, my fantasies.

Three years ago, when Antonio Moretti invited me to his poker game, I wasn't expecting to see Andrei Sidorov among the guests. I wasn't sure what to say or how to react. The Caruso family was at war with the Sidorovs, but the poker game was neutral ground, a hallowed space carved away from time and reality. I settled for a chilly politeness, and Andrei reciprocated with impeccable courtesy.

And now we're in a very small room together, and I'm very, *very* aware that this is the first time I've been alone with Andrei.

I wrap my arms around my chest. "What was Antonio talking about?" I ask. "Ciro, too. They both know something that concerns me. Something my father did or is doing. What is it?"

There's no reason Andrei should answer my question. In our world, information is power, greedily acquired and carefully hoarded. And I have nothing to trade for the knowledge I seek.

"Four years ago, the *Saturnia* went down off the coast of Bari."

"I remember. You sank it."

"No. Your father loudly and publicly proclaimed that the Sidorov Bratva was responsible, but we had nothing to do with it." His expression turns serious. "Your father did it, Mira. He hired a team to steal the cocaine, kill the crew of the *Saturnia*, and sink the ship."

I stare at him in disbelief. "No."

"Yes," he replies. "I'm afraid there's proof of his involvement. Your father tried to take out the team he hired so word couldn't get out, but he wasn't entirely successful. Giovanni Castella lost a son on the *Saturnia*. He's intent on discovering what really happened, and it's not about money for him; it's personal. When he succeeds, and he will succeed, your father will be killed for his betrayal."

I sink onto the bench in shock. I wish I could protest that my father would never do something as dishonorable as steal from an ally, but I can't. Aldo Caruso would break whatever code necessary if he thought he could get away with it.

And by his actions, he's signed his own death warrant.

"Thank you for telling me." I need to take steps to protect myself and my sister from the fallout. A difficult task, but not an impossible one. Thanks to Andrei's warning, I have time to do what's necessary. "I owe you a debt."

“No, Mirabella,” he says, and once again, there’s a caress in his voice. “I offered you the information freely. You owe me nothing.” His voice turns strained. “You should get up from that bench.”

“Why?”

“If you don’t, I might be tempted to tie you down.”

For a moment, I don’t think I’ve heard him correctly. Then his words register, and a thrill shoots through me. Andrei Sidorov *wants* me.

Our families hate each other, and no matter what happens with my father, that won’t change. Even if the proof of his betrayal comes to light, my uncles will insist that Vadik Sidorov planted the evidence to hide his own culpability.

But that’s the outside world. Inside Casanova, inside this room, none of that matters. Because Andrei Sidorov is staring at me with hot lust in his eyes, and I’ve never wanted anyone as much as I want this forbidden bratva prince.

“If you do,” I whisper, “I might like it.”

He crosses the room in two long strides, and then he’s *right next to me*, his presence overpowering my senses. My body trembles in painful anticipation as he places a finger on my chin and tilts my face upward. Our gazes collide. “Be sure,” he says, low and dangerous. “Be very, *very* sure.”

I’ve been intimately acquainted with danger all my life. But it’s never felt like this, this sharp, restless, violent urge. I want to break out of my gilded cage. I want to shout and scream and rage. I want him to tie me up and fuck my mouth and my pussy and my ass.

“I’m sure.”

He presses his thumb on my lower lip, and my mouth falls open. He shoves two fingers inside. “Will you wrap your pretty little lips around my cock, Mira?” he asks, pushing them deeper down my throat until I start to gag. “Will you smear your red lipstick all over my length? Will your mascara run as I fuck your throat? Will you cry pretty tears and beg me to stop hurting you?”

My pulse starts to race. I should be alarmed. I'm not. A rush of heat floods my body, a shot of pure arousal that goes straight to my core. "I know a bluff when I hear it."

"Do you?" He pulls a tissue from a conveniently placed box and wipes his fingers clean. "But you're right. I am bluffing. This is a bad idea. You're a virgin. Your first time should be on a soft bed somewhere, with candles, rose petals, and romantic music."

"I'm not a virgin," I retort. "You thought I'd follow my father's edict? For what? So that Aldo Caruso could auction off his pure, chaste daughter to the highest bidder? My first time was in the back of a car with an American tourist who was leaving town the next day. It was hurried, rushed, and if I'm being honest, not very good, but it was mine. Freely chosen, and for my own happiness, not for the good of my family." I kick off my heels. "This would be the same."

"Hurried, rushed, and not very good?" There's an expression in his eyes I don't know how to interpret. It looks like *admiration*, but that can't be it. That's just wishful thinking. "You flatter me."

"Freely chosen," I counter. "And for my own happiness. Just one night, but for me alone."

His voice turns amused. "Not for you alone, *lisichka*." He pulls me to him, my back pressed against his chest as he kisses my neck. "Tell me what you want. I'll start. I want to tie you to that bench and feast on your sweet little cunt."

I could count on one hand the number of people who ask me what I want. A sad truth of my life. A shiver of pure lust runs through me. "I want that too." I swallow back my nerves. This isn't some young and eager tourist; this isn't a hasty fuck in the back seat of the car. I'm in a sex club with Andrei Sidorov. A man who, by all rights, should be my enemy. A man that I know everything and nothing about.

A man who sets my body on fire with one touch.

"I want to suck your cock." It's good that I can't see his face, otherwise I might never get the courage to continue. "I

don't want you to be gentle. I want you to ravage me.”

He growls deep in his throat. “It’s not a good idea to say these words to a man like me, *lisichka*. It’s not a good idea to offer me everything *because I might take it*.”

I pull away from him, and he lets me go. I turn around, facing him, and slowly unzip my dress, letting it fall to the floor in a pool of fabric. Underneath, I’m wearing a red lace bra that leaves very little to the imagination and a skimpy red lace G-string.

He inhales sharply. His eyes sweep over me, and I feel his gaze like a touch. “Here are your safewords,” he says. “Red if you want me to stop. Yellow, if you want me to slow down and check-in. Got it?”

I nod.

“I need your words, Mira.”

“Red to stop.” His gaze is on me, predatory and possessive, and I can’t think straight. I can’t breathe. The very air around me seems electrified. “Yellow to slow down. I’m not an idiot. I’ve got it.”

He *moves*. In an instant, he’s onto me, pushing me against the wall. He cages me in with his body, pinning my wrists over my head with one hand and wrapping the other around my throat. “Is this how you dress for a poker game?” he demands, pushing a knee between my legs. “Who was this for? Moretti? Del Barba? Guerra?”

My heart jolts, and my pulse pounds. “You forgot Dante, Gabriel, and Lola,” I taunt. “Maybe it was for one of them.” It’s probably unwise to push Andrei, but I can’t make myself stop. There’s a predatory gleam in his eyes, *and I love it*. “Or maybe I dress to please myself, not some man.”

He takes in my pebbled nipples and the goosebumps on my skin. “Or maybe,” he suggests silkily, “you dressed this way for me.”

“Don’t flatter yourself.”

He gives me a maddening half-smile. “Let’s find out.” He lets go of my throat and slides his hand down my body as if it belongs there. He pushes my panties aside and thrusts his fingers into my pussy. Then he laughs, soft and knowing. “You’re drenched, Mira. Your words might be telling me one thing, but your body is sending me a very different message.” He licks my juices off his fingers, slowly and deliberately, and then he lifts me up as if I weigh nothing and sets me down on the bench. “Delicious.”

He unhooks my bra, yanks my panties down my hips, and proceeds to tie me down as promised, swiftly and efficiently. Cuffs lock around my wrists and ankles and attach to the legs of the bench. Thick leather straps go around my waist and hips, holding me in place. When Andrei’s done, I’m spread-eagled on the bench, unable to move.

“And now,” he says, rich, male satisfaction saturating his voice. “I feast.”

He squeezes my aching breasts and rolls my nipples between his fingers. I inhale sharply. “Harder,” I beg. “Please.”

“Did I give you permission to talk?” he demands.

“I wasn’t aware I needed it,” I respond snarkily.

That’s a mistake. Andrei’s eyes narrow dangerously. “Open your mouth,” he orders. He wads up my panties into a makeshift gag and shoves them into my mouth. “Perhaps that’ll remind you to speak only when spoken to, Mirabella.”

A gush of wetness greets his words. Oh God. I’ve always known that kink got me off, and I’ve fantasized about Andrei dominating me from the day my father called me into his study and told me he was arranging my marriage to the heir of the Sidorov Bratva.

But this is better than my fantasies. Outside this room, Andrei is polite, courteous, and impeccably well-mannered. Here? Here, he’s demanding and cruel and a little scary. Call me insane, but it’s the biggest turn-on in the world.

“Can you breathe?”

“Yes,” I mumble around the fabric. The advantage of my barely-there panties is that the gag doesn’t stop me from speaking; it’s just a reminder I’m not supposed to. If I need to, I can still safeword.

“Good.” He strokes my neck and surveys me with hot eyes. “Now, where was I? Ah, yes.” He squeezes my nipples between his fingers and slaps my breasts, and I moan in response. I asked to be ravaged, and that’s what I’m getting, and it’s so good. So shockingly good. “I was about to do this.”

He kneels in front of me, his fingers parting my folds. He stares at my naked pussy long enough that I squirm with embarrassment, something that earns me a hard slap on my thigh. Then he dips his head and licks me. “So fucking wet,” he growls. “So wet, and we’ve only just started.” He looks up at me. “You’re allowed to scream.”

That’s awfully cocky of you, I want to respond. And then he bends his head to my pussy again, and I realize that he might be cocky, but he’s got reason to be. His tongue circles my swollen clit before sucking it between his teeth. He thrusts one finger inside my slick wetness and quickly adds another. Hot arousal knives through me as he fucks me with his fingers, hard enough to make me gasp.

A haze of lust envelops me. Andrei’s mouth plunders my pussy, his tongue dancing over my clit, his fingers slamming deep inside of me. My muscles tremble and quiver as my orgasm hurtles toward me, an impossible storm that threatens to tear me apart. “Andrei, please,” I moan through the gag, my words garbled. It’s too much, and I can’t bear it. I try to clamp my legs together, but the cuffs hold me open for him. “I can’t.” I shiver and shake, every nerve ending in my body on fire.

“Yes, you can.” He adds a third finger, and the painful stretch is the push that sends me over the edge. Shock waves hurtle up my spine, and I explode with a scream.

He doesn’t let up. He keeps fucking me with his fingers, hard, bruising thrusts that unlock something raw and primal in me. My muscles clamp down on him as I shudder and shiver to another climax.

Even then, he doesn't stop. He keeps licking me until I can't bear it. Until his touch feels more painful than pleasurable. "Yellow," I cry out.

He pulls his mouth and fingers off me at once and removes my panties from my mouth. "Too much?"

"I can't come anymore." I take a deep breath to calm myself. "I'm too sensitive."

"You want to stop?" He strokes my arm, his touch light. "Should I untie you?"

I shake my head. "No." I can see the outline of his erection straining against his trousers, and it sends a burst of fresh heat through me. "I want to suck your cock."

A dangerous light glitters in his eyes. "If you want something, *lisichka*," he says warningly, "you should ask nicely." He grips my breasts roughly and bites down on my nipples, hard enough to make me gasp. I have to grit my teeth to keep from begging for more.

"Please, may I suck your cock, Andrei?"

"Better." He unbuckles his belt and unzips his trousers. His cock jumps out, long, thick, and hard, and I swallow in consternation. Andrei's exceedingly well-endowed. There's no way he's going to fit.

And I have no time to freak out about it because he's pressing his head against my lips. I open my mouth and take him in, and he throws his head back with a groan. "Oh, fuck yes," he grits out. "Take it all the way; that's my good girl."

The ragged edge in his voice sends a thrill through me. I open wider, and he slides in, hitting the back of my throat. He pulls out and pushes in again, going a little deeper this time, and tied down as I am, there's not a thing I can do to stop it.

Not that I want to. I asked Andrei to ravage me. I told him not to take it easy on me. This is exactly what I want, *who I want*.

"Ah, *lisichka*," he groans. His hand cups my cheek possessively, and he holds my gaze in his. His eyes are hot, his

breathing uneven. “You make me come undone.”

He thrusts into my mouth again. His hands play with my nipples and my clit, and I sob my pleasure around his thick shaft. He’s fucking my face now, his strokes deep and urgent. Tears leak from my eyes, and drool falls from my mouth. It’s dirty and hot, raw and perfect.

“If you don’t want to swallow,” he says, sounding like he’s hanging onto control by the thinnest thread, “Now’s the time to say something.” He pulls out my mouth so I can speak, but I keep defiantly silent. His eyes flare with heat, and his lips curve into a twisted smile. “Such a good girl, Mirabella,” he says. “So deliciously proper on the outside, but inside, so wonderfully kinky.”

He thrusts again and erupts in my mouth. I swallow his cum, feeling oddly wistful as I do so. That was... that was everything I thought sex could be and more.

And it was with a man I can never be with.

“Untie me?”

He does. I don’t meet his eyes as I get to my feet and stretch the slight stiffness away. “Mirabella,” he says, that damn caress in his voice again. “Talk to me, lisichka. If you regret this—”

“I don’t.” If I’m to keep the fallout from my father’s betrayal from taking down my entire family, my attention cannot be on sex. It must be on more weighty matters.

This hour with Andrei Sidorov has been the best hour of my life, but the bratva prince is dangerous to my peace of mind. I reach for my bra and put it on. I look around for my panties, but they are nowhere to be seen, so I give up and slip the dress over my shoulders. “This was a one-time thing, Andrei. We both know there’s no future here. The Caruso and Sidorov families are at war, and as you said yourself, you enjoy playing the field too much for anything else.”

He doesn’t respond for a long moment, and then he shrugs, an elegant movement of his shoulders. “You’re right, of course. Forgive me. I’m Russian. Sex makes me sentimental.”

He gets dressed, too, which, in his case, just involves zipping up his pants and buckling his belt. He kisses my cheek. “Until next year, Mira.”

CHAPTER 4



MIRA

The next year, Antonio doesn't schedule poker on Valentine's Day. "His new wife would kill him," Gabriel jokes as we take our seats around the table. "Or steal something valuable from him in revenge."

Andrei isn't here. I arrived at Casanova a few minutes early, foolishly hoping I could have a drink with him before we started our poker game, but he was nowhere to be seen. Just as well. My father's death has put us in extremely dire straits. As my uncle Renzo, the new head of the Caruso family, pointed out, we desperately need allies, and I need to marry to secure those alliances.

It's high time my stupid infatuation with the Sidorov prince ended. No, not prince. King. This year, while I fought for survival, Andrei took over the Sidorov Bratva from his father. According to the rumors, it wasn't voluntary. Vadik is still alive, but he's been banished to a village far away from Moscow, along with his wife, and Andrei Sidorov rules in his place.

"Steal?" Lola raises her eyebrow. "Tell me more."

Antonio shakes his head. "It's not that interesting."

"Oh, come on, Antonio." Ciro leans forward, a wicked gleam in his eyes. "You're being entirely too modest. His wife, the lovely Lucia, stole a painting that had been in Antonio's collection since he was sixteen. A Titian. But when she got back to her apartment with her spoils..." He pauses for

dramatic effect. “Antonio was *there*. Waiting for her. In her *bedroom*.”

“I was not in her bedroom,” Antonio protests, looking like he wants to be anywhere but here for this conversation.

“But the rest is true?” Lola asks. Her voice turns sly. “I didn’t realize you were in the habit of marrying women who steal from you.”

“He isn’t,” Dante says, trying to hide his smile as he defends his boss. “Lucia was the exception.”

“I’m quite offended we weren’t invited to your wedding,” Max gripes. “And now Dante is getting married, too.” He shakes his head wryly. “Two couples in less than a year. I hope it’s not contagious.” He turns to me. “We missed you this summer, Mira.”

“It’s been a difficult year.” That’s putting it mildly. As Andrei predicted, Giovanni Castella found out in March that Aldo Caruso was responsible for sinking the *Saturnia* and killing his youngest son, Luigi. He vowed vengeance. My father was gunned down the same month, as was my uncle Armando and his son, Vito. He would have continued targeting the rest of the family—my sister Elisa, my uncle Renzo, and my cousin Davide—but I was able to negotiate a peace treaty with the help of Ariana Castella, Giovanni’s eldest daughter.

It wasn’t cheap, and it wasn’t easy. We gave up trade routes, money, and territory in exchange for our lives. It’s hard not to be bitter. Everything the family built for generations, my father destroyed with his greed and his hubris, and now we’re in a fight for our very existence.

Max gives me a sympathetic look. “But you’ve survived it.”

“For the moment,” *Ciro* interjects.

I jerk my head up. “What does that mean?” Who’s after us now? Who wants us dead? “Is there another threat I should know about?”

“Yes,” he replies. For a change, *Ciro* doesn’t play games with information. “Your uncle *Renzo*. Why is he the head of the family?”

I frown. “Who else should it be?”

Andrei walks into the room just then. My heart leaps in my chest at the sight of him. He looks just as big and powerful as he always does, but his eyes are tired. Weary but resolute. He looks the way I feel—like life hasn’t been kind to him since the last time we met, but he’s not going down without a fight.

Or maybe I’m just imagining it. Even as my family has struggled for survival, the *Sidorov Bratva* has thrived. *Andrei* has made smart, strategic alliances with *Ciro* in *Milan* and with *Lola* in *Barcelona*. He’s made inroads into *Algeria* and is in talks with the *Colombians*. Life hasn’t been unkind to him since he sidelined his father, not at all.

Andrei must have caught the tail end of our conversation. He answers before *Ciro* can. “You,” he says bluntly. “It wasn’t *Renzo* who walked into *Castella* territory, alone and unarmed and emerged with a peace treaty. It wasn’t *Renzo* who bought those struggling olive fields around *Catanzaro* and now controls a third of the olive oil exported from *Calabria*, and it wasn’t him who spearheaded the aggressive expansion into online gambling. It was you.”

I don’t know if I’m pleased that *Andrei* knows so much about my movements or alarmed. “You give me too much credit,” I say mildly. “*Renzo* is the oldest member of our family. It’s only proper that he leads it. *You* might not understand—”

“Because I pushed my father aside in my rise to power?” His lips twist. “I was born into this world, *Mira*, and more importantly, I chose it. I understand it very well, and I know what needs to be done to survive. To thrive. I see no need to hide who I am.” His eyes are dark. “*Renzo Caruso* is not the tactician you are. These are deep waters we swim in, and he doesn’t have what it takes. He will drown, and if you bend your knee to him, he will drag you down with him.”

I take a deep breath. Ignoring him, I address Helen. “We’re all here, and I really want to win Signor Sidorov’s money. Please deal.”

CHAPTER 5



MIRA

When the game is over, I'm five million euros richer, most of it won from Andrei. I should be ecstatic; I'm not. Last year, I wanted to win so I could escape from my family. This year, I've realized that escape is impossible.

My sister Elisa is in love with Manuel Biraghi and wants to marry him. The Biraghi are one of the founding families of the Spina Sacra, the mafia outfit that controls Puglia. The family is old-fashioned and dogmatic. Everything is about honor. The way Sandro Biraghi, Manuel's father, sees it, Aldo Caruso betrayed an ally, and the stain of his actions falls onto us. He will never allow the marriage to happen, not unless I sweeten the pot.

For the kind of money it requires to secure Elisa's happiness, I'm going to have to marry Dominic Palermo. It's only a matter of time.

The room slowly empties out until there's only Andrei and I left. He breaks the silence first. "Are you okay?"

"I've had better years," I say lightly.

"Do you miss your father?"

Nobody's asked me this question. Not a single person. If they talk about him to me, they always hint that I should be glad he's dead.

Aldo Caruso was erratic. Mercurial. He never saw my talent and my skills. To him, a daughter was property, useful only for the alliances her marriage would bring. But as deeply

flawed as he was, he was also my father. There are days when grief overtakes me, and there is only sadness. I can't talk about it to Elisa—she hated him and had her reasons. I can't talk to Renzo—he spends all day bemoaning the mess my father left us with. And Davide is too young. The men I play poker with might understand my complicated feelings, but while they are my friends within Casanova, they are also my rivals in the outside world. We don't have the kind of relationship where we share our feelings.

“I do.” Tears well up in my eyes, and I brush them away angrily. I can't cry in front of Andrei. I won't. “It makes no sense. He was a terrible father and a terrible human being. There's no reason I should grieve him.” I wrap my arms around myself in a hug. “I should hate him, not mourn him.”

“Come here.” He tugs me onto his lap and pulls me into his embrace. I rest my head on his shoulder and soak in his strength. “The heart is not always logical,” he says quietly. “It doesn't understand the word ‘should.’ It wants what it wants.” He strokes my hair. “You've had to bear an unbearable burden all year, *lisichka*. What can I do to make it easier?”

One word from Andrei Sidorov, and my problems will go away. He's got more money than God. Connections, power, prestige—he's got it all.

And once again, I have nothing to trade.

“I'm fine.” I get to my feet, wiping my face clean of emotion. “Thank you for offering, but I'm already in your debt. Your information about Spina Sacra's entry into the arms trade was very useful.”

“I've told you before,” he says, his dark eyes holding mine. “You owe me nothing.”

This time next year, I'll either be married or engaged. Tonight is the last time I'll be free to sleep with Andrei Sidorov.

And I want to. *I want him so much.*

All year, I've thought about Andrei. About the way he tied me down, made me come, and then fucked my mouth. I've

masturbated to that memory more times than I can count. I only have to close my eyes and I'm transported to that private room, to the moment Andrei Sidorov stood next to me and whispered his warning into my ear. "Be sure," he said, a dangerous promise in every syllable. "Be very, *very* sure."

I'm not sure of very many things in my life right now, but my desire for him? That's never been in doubt.

"If I remember right, that wasn't what you said." I remove the pins from my hair and let the strands fall free. "Your precise words were, 'There are many things I want from you.'"

"But none of them are owed."

"What if I want those things too?"

He takes a deep breath. "Renzo Caruso loathes me," he says. "He tried to encroach into Sidorov territory, and I stopped it."

"I know." I begged Uncle Renzo not to test Andrei. He wouldn't listen. It was a painfully expensive mistake, one that wiped out a year of olive oil profits. "Nothing has changed. All I have to offer is one night."

I wait, heart racing, for him to respond. He doesn't move for a very long time, and I start to wonder if I've misread the signs. Andrei's been photographed with many beautiful women this year. Maybe he's involved with one of them. Maybe he's even engaged. Maybe this was a mistake.

Then he gets to his feet and holds out his hand to me. "One night with you is better than a lifetime with anyone else, Mirabella," he says. "Shall we go find a private room?"

CHAPTER 6



MIRA

“*W*hat do you want?”

We’re in the same private room as last year, but the decor’s been updated since we were here. This time, the walls are covered with mirrors. The furniture is different too. A Saint Andrews Cross is in the corner, but it’s not what catches my attention. No, it’s the chair in the center of the room. Underneath a spotlight rests a steel chair with stirrups and straps that wouldn’t look out of place in my gynecologist’s office.

I swallow hard and move toward it. “I think the more pertinent question is, what do you want.” I run my hand over the cold metal. “This is intimidating.”

“Are you afraid?” Intensity radiates off Andrei in palpable waves. He takes off his jacket, and undoes his cuffs, placing his diamond-studded cufflinks on a shelf. His rings follow. All except the signet ring of the Sidorov Bratva, a thick platinum ring with a carving of a firebird in flight on its face, which he leaves on the ring finger of his right hand. He loosens his tie, never taking his eyes off me, and rolls up his sleeves to his elbows, his tattoo-covered forearms coming into view. “Do I frighten you?”

Yes. No. There’s something dark about Andrei tonight, something that terrifies me and excites me in equal measure. “I don’t know.”

He stalks toward me with a whip in his hand. The scent of him washes over me, something earthy and musky and very

male. “You talked last time about choices,” he says. “About how you have very few.”

“I remember.” The butterflies in my stomach riot. He’s holding a whip, one he’s going to use *on me*. And once again, I’m not sure if I’m afraid or if I’m aroused. Or if there’s even a difference between the two emotions.

“And now you’re here.” He flicks his wrist, and the tails of the whip scour his forearm. “Submitting to me. If I wanted to whip you, I could. If I wanted to wrap my hand around my throat and choke you, you wouldn’t be able to stop me. Isn’t that right, Mira?”

There’s a hard edge in his voice that sends a shiver through me. My skin prickles with desire, and my breaths come in short and shallow gasps. My breasts heave, and Andrei’s eyes fall to my cleavage. A thrill runs through me. I found my dress in Venice, in a boutique in Dorsoduro, designed by Rosa Tran, the same designer who made Lucia Moretti’s wedding gown. It’s a corset dress, deep red velvet in color, the neckline scooped lower than I usually prefer. The skirt is floor-length, with a long slit up one side, and when I tried it on in the fitting room, I knew I was going to buy it and wear it for Andrei. *For him to tear off my body.*

“Answer me.” An order, cold and commanding.

His fingers brush the swell of my breasts, and the ache in my core intensifies. I can’t think; I can’t breathe. It takes me a second to remember his words. “You’re right,” I agree. “I wouldn’t be able to stop you.”

“Unless?” he prompts.

I search for the answer, and then it comes to me. “Unless I use my safeword.”

“Yes.” His eyes rest on me. “There’s a lesson here, *lisichka*, and you would do well to remember it. You’re in a cage of your making. If you feel trapped, then remember that you are the jailer.” He grabs my wrists and pushes them behind my back. “You can leave anytime you want. You just have to *choose*.”

“That’s easy to say and a lot harder to put into practice.” Sandro Biraghi is hopelessly old-fashioned and will refuse to associate with the Caruso if our family is headed by a woman. Manuel will not choose Elisa over his family. If I take over from Renzo, I’ll be putting my happiness ahead of my sister’s. Even if I was willing to do that, the only way I’d become the head of my family is over Renzo’s dead body, *and I will not kill my own flesh and blood for power.*

“That sounds like an excuse, lisichka. You’re better than that.” He releases my hands from his grip and circles me slowly as if deciding what he’s going to do with me. “You never did tell me what you want.”

You. “I want you to fuck me.” Even that answer is too revealing. “Please.”

He laughs cruelly. “My cock is a privilege, Mirabella. One you need to earn.”

“How?” I lick my lower lip. “Can I earn it with my mouth?”

“No. You earn it with your obedience.” He stops behind me. “Take off your panties and hand them to me.”

I wriggle them down my hips, pick them off the floor, and hold them behind my back. Andrei takes them from me. “Did you wear these for me?”

It’s the last time we’ll ever do this. There’s no room for lies. I meet his hungry, heated gaze in the mirror. “Yes.”

“And the dress?”

“Yes,” I say again.

“It’s a beautiful dress.” He tucks the panties into his pocket. “But not as beautiful as its wearer.” He moves my hair away and trails a finger down the back of my neck. “Do you want to come tonight, Mira?”

“Yes,” I reply immediately.

He chuckles. “That was quick.” He kisses my neck and unzips my dress. It falls to the floor, leaving me naked. Andrei growls appreciatively. “So beautiful.” He cups my breasts

from behind, his thumbs brushing my nipples. “Your body was made for pleasure,” he says into my ear. “If you want to get fucked tonight, you’ll keep your eyes open and watch yourself.” He squeezes my breasts and pinches my engorged nubs hard enough that I whimper. He doesn’t stop. He plucks at them again, and I lean into the pain, letting it melt into bliss. I start to close my eyes, and then, just in time, I remember his threat.

“Good girl,” he says approvingly.

He turns me around and sucks a swollen nipple between his teeth. A flash of pure heat goes through me. “Andrei,” I whimper. “Please...” It’s so good. I think I could come from this sensation alone, from the feel of his tongue and his teeth on my throbbing nipples. A familiar tightness starts to spiral through me, and I force myself to keep my eyes open and watch us in the mirrors. His dark head dips between my breasts, lavishing them with his attention. The contrast between his suit-clad body and my naked one is heady.

“Please, what?” He lifts his head up, and a smile creases his face. “I saw the way you looked at the chair when you entered the room. Did you wonder what it would feel like to be tied down on it?”

“Yes.”

“You get to find out now. Sit down.”

I plant my ass on the seat and position my calves on the leg rests. Already, I feel exposed, and I can tell they’re not as far apart as they’re going to be. Andrei buckles my knees and ankles in place. “Keep watching,” he warns, a wicked gleam in his eyes. “No looking away.” Once my legs are restrained, he pushes a lever. The leg rests spread apart, and with them, my thighs, until I’m splayed wide open, my pussy completely exposed to Andrei’s predatory gaze.

He moves away and returns with the whip he had earlier. “Hands behind your head.” He trails the tails over my naked breasts. “This is a suede flogger,” he says. “It can be pleasurable.” He flicks his wrist, and a thousand stings erupt on my bared breasts, leaving me hot, needy, and aching. “Or it

can be painful.” I clench in anticipation, waiting for a brutally hard stroke on my skin, but it doesn’t come. Instead, Andrei slides a finger between my folds. “What about this turns you on, I wonder,” he muses. He lifts his finger to his mouth, sucking it between his sensual lips. “Is it being tied up, or is it the threat of pain?” The flogger lands on my breasts again, sharp and hot, and immediately after, Andrei pushes a finger deep inside me. “Tell me, Mirabella.”

I groan out loud. *It’s so good.* “Both.” I’ve been with other men before. Nothing feels like Andrei’s touch. Nobody owns my body the way this bratva king does.

Don’t make him something he isn’t. He was ruthless enough to cast aside his father for power. You would be wise not to forget that.

He notices my slight withdrawal. “What is it?”

“What would your mother say if she knew who you were fucking in a BDSM club? Your sister?” He starts to reply, and I hold up my hand. “Don’t tell me that you don’t tell them about the women you fuck. That’s not what I mean.”

“I know what you mean.” He straps cuffs around my wrists and fastens them to hidden restraints at the seat of the chair. “You’re more concerned with what my family would think than I am.” He pushes his thumb inside me and presses it down on my lower lip. I open my mouth and suck his finger, tasting my juices on his skin. “Unlike you, I’m uninterested in sacrificing my life in service to my family. It doesn’t matter what they think. If we’re together, then they will treat you like their own.”

I don’t believe him. Andrei Sidorov might be happy enough to fuck me, and he might even enjoy my company. But we can never be together. This is a man who craves power so much that he deposed his own father. And the Caruso name is a liability, not an asset.

He waits for me to respond, but I keep stubbornly silent. “Nothing to say, Mira?” he asks, frustration slipping underneath his mocking tone. “Very well. Have it your way.” He moves between my legs and plants an open-mouth kiss on

my pussy. I jump in shock, and he lifts his head. “Keep still,” he says sternly. “Or else.”

He circles my clit with his tongue and thrusts his fingers into me. Restless need pulses through me like an insistent drumbeat. My pussy is heavy and swollen with desire, and his touch is driving me wild. Over and over, he licks my clit, the touch maddeningly light but pushing me closer to the edge.

More. I need *more*.

I arch my hips toward him, and he pulls away and spanks my pussy sharply. “What did I tell you about moving?” he demands.

Oh, crap. My muscles contract with pleasure at that slap, and I almost come. “I’m sorry,” I wail. He ordered me to hold still, and I moved. “I didn’t mean to be disobedient.” A tear leaks from the corner of my eye. I clench my fingers into fists and concentrate fiercely on holding off my orgasm. Not yet. Not without him. “I forgot.”

“Apology accepted,” he says calmly. He walks away from me and returns with leather straps. He ties me to the chair, immobilizing me completely. “I’m going to fuck you now, Mirabella.”

“Yes,” I gasp. Thank fuck. I almost close my eyes in relief before remembering I need to keep them open. “Please. Thank you.”

“So polite.” This time, he strips completely. I watch greedily in the mirror as his powerful, muscled body comes into view. Andrei is built like a bruiser. He looks like he could break a man in half with his bare hands. Some people—foolish people—look at him and assume the Russian bratva king is not that bright, more brawn than brain. They’re wrong. If you underestimate Andrei Sidorov, you do so at your own peril.

He rolls a condom on—he’s too smart to allow an unplanned pregnancy to complicate his life—and moves between my legs. He rubs his head over my slit, testing my ability to keep still. It’s impossibly difficult. I make myself

wait patiently, biting my lip so hard I draw blood. “Good girl,” he says again.

Then he fucks me.

His massive, thick cock slams into me, deep and hard, stretching me open. His fingers grip my hips so hard I know I’ll have bruises in the morning. I don’t care—I want them. I want the marks and the soreness; I welcome them. They’ll be my souvenirs on the long, lonely nights that lie ahead.

Every deep thrust makes me whimper. Sets my body on fire. He’s fucking me hard. It’s raw and punishing and passionate, and I need it the way I need oxygen. I grit my teeth and hold on as he pounds into me, his breathing harsh and ragged. “Mirabella,” he whispers, never taking his eyes off my face. “You feel...” He squeezes his eyes shut, his face etched with desire. “Overwhelming. You unravel me, lisichka.”

So do you, Andrei.

Then his finger moves lower and pushes into my ass. I suck in a breath, clenching tight on instinct. “Relax,” he orders. “Breathe.”

I do my best to obey. The woman in the mirror is looking a little wild-eyed. “Are you going to—”

“Fuck you in the ass?” A smile ghosts across his face. “I can’t decide if you’re afraid, lisichka, or aroused. And it’s a tempting thought.” He thrusts into me, and heat sizzles through every nerve ending. This feels wicked. He’s not in very deep, but I’ve never had anal sex. He’s fucking me at the same time as he pushes his finger into my ass, knuckle deep, and it’s too much. Heat curls down my spine as he picks up speed, his thrusts turning savage and uncontrolled. My orgasm barrels toward me with the force of a tidal wave, and then, as he buries himself deep into me with a groan of release, I explode.

I shatter into a million sharp pieces, and I know I’ll never be able to put myself back together again. Andrei Sidorov possesses a piece of me now, the most important one. He owns my heart.

“Will I see you next year?” I ask him when I’m dressed.
“At the poker game, I mean.”

He answers his question with one of his own. “Will you be here?”

“Yes.” It’s foolish and unwise, but I already know I’ll seize the opportunity to see Andrei one more time.

“In that case, yes. I’ll be here too.”

CHAPTER 7



MIRA

In October of that year, the pakhan of the Nekrasov Bratva approaches the Sidorov with an offer. He proposes the union of the two largest Russian crime families, and of course, the deal will be sealed with a marriage. To mark the merger, Andrei Sidorov will marry Ekaterina Nekrasova.

A month later, I put off the inevitable and begin the process of arranging my marriage with Dominic Palermo. Dominic's father is dead, and he is the head of his family, but it's considered unseemly for the groom to be negotiating, so his mother, Pia Celestina, negotiates on his behalf.

She's not happy to see me in the room. "Why is she here?" she demands, directing her question to Renzo.

To my shock, my uncle stands up for me. "It's her marriage," he says. "And her life. Why shouldn't she be here?"

"It's not done, that's why," my future mother-in-law hisses. She stares at me, her expression cold and forbidding. "Your family gives you too much freedom, Mirabella. Don't think things will stay the same when you join ours. A woman's place is in her home."

My heart sinking, I refrain from pointing out that Pia Celestina is clearly not at home. There was a part of me that hoped my marriage wouldn't have to be a prison sentence but an alliance between equals. Dominic is who he is and that's not going to change, but I hoped that his family would be

better. That part withers and dies. “Yes, Signora Palermo,” I say meekly.

We negotiate. As much as Pia Celestina likes to pretend that we’re approaching this marriage with a begging bowl, we aren’t. The Caruso family needs money and respectability, yes. But we offer valuable shipping lanes and contacts that Dominic Palermo can’t access on his own.

When we are done haggling over the terms, my future mother-in-law leans back and regards me as if I were an insect she wants to grind into the ground. “The marriage will be in April,” she says. “That is a tradition in our family.”

Five more months of freedom. “Very well.”

“We will announce the engagement in March,” she continues. “Until then, I’ll be watching you, Mirabella. If you do anything that impinges on Palermo honor, the deal is off.”

Renzo is unhappy on our way back home. “You are making a mistake. That woman is a viper, and her son is a monster.”

“A rich monster,” I point out. “One who offers enough money to tempt the Biraghi.”

“Why does Elisa’s happiness have to come at your expense?”

I glance at him in surprise. “I thought you’d be pleased about this match. We drove a hard bargain in there. They’re giving us a lot of money. Enough not just to survive but also to thrive. My father would have been thrilled.”

Renzo’s expression turns stormy. “I am not Aldo,” he says. “We care about different things. And Mira, you’d do well to remember that your father’s single-minded focus on the family fortunes was what got him killed.”

CHAPTER 8



MIRA

The invitation to the poker game in Venice arrives, just like clockwork, in the waning weeks of January.

I shouldn't go. The official announcement of my engagement is only a month away. For Elisa's sake, I shouldn't do anything to jeopardize the Palermo deal.

And I don't think I can face Andrei again. Not under the current circumstances. There's been a lot of gossip about the Sidorov-Nekrasov merger and not a lot of details, but he's practically engaged, and so am I. Nothing good will come of going.

I can't help but fly north anyway.

Andrei greets me at the entrance to Casanova. Unheeding of anyone watching, he grabs my shoulder and practically drags me to a corner. "You're engaged?" he demands. "To Dominic Palermo? A man who gets pleasure from beating powerless women? Are you fucking insane?"

He's angry. *Furious*. Joy bubbles in my heart, and I squelch it. His feelings don't matter, and neither do mine. At the end of the day, we'll both do what's necessary for the good of our families.

"Should I congratulate *you* on *your* engagement?" I look up to meet his stormy eyes. "Ekaterina is truly lovely. She'll make you very happy."

He doesn't let me change the topic. "Does he do it for you?" he hisses into my ear. "Did I not hit you hard enough

with the flogger last year? Do you prefer Dominic's particular brand of pleasure instead?"

I suck in a shaky breath. "You know that's not true. The reasons I'm marrying Dominic have nothing to do with pleasure. He doesn't give me what I want, no. But he gives me what I need. Money, reputation, prestige—"

"Fuck that." His voice cuts like a whip. "None of that matters. You seem to think you are a pawn on the chessboard of your life, Mira, but you are the fucking queen. All that matters is what you want."

Fuck that, he says. As if I made this decision lightly. "It's easy for you to say," I snarl like a mortally wounded animal. "Your family is stable. You have all the money in the world. Everyone respects and fears the Sidorov Bratva. You don't know what desperation feels like. If your family's survival depended on it, you'd put your needs above your desires."

His fingers dig into my shoulders. I don't flinch away; I welcome the pain. It reminds me I'm still alive. "No matter what my family needs, Mirabella," he says, and the caress in his voice feels like a fist around my heart. "I would never put *anyone* above you."

I blink back my tears. "Don't say that." I can't look at him. I can't be here. Coming to Venice was a mistake. "Words are easy. This time next year, we'll both be married to other people." I pull away from his grip. "I need to leave."

And then I flee.

CHAPTER 9



MIRA

*P*ia Celestina chooses my engagement dress, a frothy and hideous pink tulle affair. It arrives on the morning of the party. I'm putting it on when there's a knock at my bedroom door.

"Come in," I call out.

It's Elisa. She's holding a small, square, gift-wrapped box in her hands. "This came for you," she says.

It must be an engagement present. I wonder who it's from. Someone well-informed. The Palermos have kept the news very quiet, and the formal announcement won't happen until the party tonight. But Andrei found out, and now, so has someone else, which means they have a leak in their ranks.

Then I take one look at Elisa's face and all thoughts of presents flee from my mind. Something is wrong. My nineteen-year-old sister has been crying. Her eyes are red and puffy, and her face is blotchy. "What happened?" I demand.

"I broke up with Manuel."

"What?" I recoil in shock. "Why?"

She sniffs. "I know you're only marrying Dominic because of me, so I asked Manuel if he'd still be with me if your engagement fell through."

Oh, dear.

"He said no?"

She nods miserably. “I wanted him to defy his family for me,” she says, sinking onto the bed and hugging a pillow to her chest. “Maybe I’m being naive, but I want to be with someone who will pick me first.”

No matter what my family needs, Mirabella, I would never put anyone above you.

“I’m sorry.” She’s too young to have her illusions shattered this way. “I’m not defending Manuel, but it’s not easy to defy your family.”

“Family,” she says bitterly. “That’s why you’re marrying Dominic, and that’s why Uncle Renzo took over as head, even though he wants nothing to do with our world. Everything for family, whether it makes us happy or not.”

My head jerks up. “What do you mean, Renzo wants nothing to do with our world?”

“Davide told me he hates being in charge.”

I’m struggling to process what I just heard when my phone beeps with a message from Antonio Moretti. I unlock the display with a frown. I haven’t heard from the Venetian padrino since I was a no-show at the poker game.

Vadik Sidorov died last night after a two-year battle with colon cancer. The funeral is this afternoon.

I sit up. Andrei’s father had colon cancer. That’s why he took over the Sidorov Bratva. I had it so, *so* wrong. It wasn’t because Andrei wanted power but because his father was deathly ill.

And if I was wrong about this, then what else am I wrong about?

No matter what my family needs, Mirabella, I would never put anyone above you.

I jump to my feet and struggle out of my engagement dress into something less hideous. “What happened?” my sister asks.

“Vadik Sidorov is dead.” I order a taxi to take me to the airport. “I need to talk to Uncle Renzo, and I need a plane

ticket to Moscow.”

Elisa’s mouth falls open. “What about your engagement party?”

“I don’t care.”

To her credit, she doesn’t try to talk me out of it. Instead, she says, “You’re going to Andrei Sidorov’s father’s funeral. Is that a good idea?”

“I don’t know.”

“The Sidorov family hates us.”

“Not all of them.” I wipe my palms on my black pants. March in Moscow won’t be warm. I’m going to need a thicker coat. “At least, I hope not.”

She gives me another long look, and then a small smile tilts her lips. “I’ll put this in your bag, shall I?”

This is the gift-wrapped box. “I don’t think I’m allowed to keep the engagement presents if I call off the wedding, Elisa,” I say dryly.

“Mmm.” She puts the box in my bag and heads for the door. “I’ll go find Uncle Renzo.”

CHAPTER 10



MIRA

*I*t's snowing in Moscow when I land. I head outside, shivering despite my many layers. It takes forever for me to get to the front of the taxi line, and when I get into one, I discover my cab driver speaks no English. Thank heavens for the Translate app on my phone.

“Novodevich’ye kladbishche, pozhaluysta,” I say, mangling the pronunciation almost beyond recognition. *Please take me to Novodevichy Cemetery.*

The driver turns around in his seat and says something to me in a stream of rapid-fire Russian. I must look helpless, because he mutters impatiently and pulls his own phone out of his pocket, types something on the screen, and shows it to me.

The cemetery is closed today. Private function.

“Yes, I know.” I type those words into the Translate app, nodding insistently as I push the screen toward my cab driver. “Please go there anyway.”

He shrugs and says something that I’m guessing translates to ‘crazy tourist.’ He puts the car in gear, and we set off down snow-covered roads. It takes an hour to get there. The traffic is horrendous, made even slower by the winter weather. The ceremony would have gotten underway by now, and I’m going to be horrendously late.

Everyone who is a power in the underworld will be at Vadik Sidorov’s funeral. Andrei’s family, his friends, and his enemies. Ekaterina Nekrasova will probably be at his side, clutching his arm and crying beautiful tears. His mother, Anna,

and his sister Natalya. Neither of them has cause to love my family. Butterflies flutter in my stomach, and I almost want to throw up from sheer nerves. What was I thinking, rushing over here so impulsively? What if Andrei doesn't want to see me?

We finally pull up in front of the cemetery. A pair of gun-toting guards stand in front of the gates, barring the way in. It's not for show; the guns are Kalashnikov assault rifles, and the guards look like they know how to use them.

I pay my fare and step out of the cab, and my driver speeds off immediately. One of the guards blocks my way. "I'm sorry," he says in unaccented English. "The cemetery is not open to tourists today. There is a private function."

He's making it obvious I don't belong here. Normally, I wouldn't let him intimidate me, but I'm pretty sure he's right. "I'm not a tourist. I'm a friend of Andrei Sidorov."

The two guards exchange skeptical glances. "Do you have an invitation?"

Funerals have invitations? I guess that makes sense. How else are you going to keep the riffraff out? "No," I admit. "But if you find Andrei, I'm sure he'll confirm—"

A dark-haired woman walks by just then. She hears my words and looks up, and I recognize her from pictures. Natalya Sidorov, the second-in-command of the family, Andrei's younger sister.

"Mirabella?" Her eyes are red, but when she looks at me, her face is wiped clean of expression. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm sorry for your loss." I take a deep breath. "I wanted to see Andrei."

She nods tightly. "I'll take you to him." She makes a hand gesture, and the guards fall away. "He is with my father. Come."

She leads me to a small grove surrounded on three sides by a hedge. Andrei is there, and he's alone. He looks up and sees me, and for an instant, an expression of shock fills his face. "Mira? What are you doing here?"

“Do not hurt him,” Natalya says under her breath. “Not today.”

Her words barely register. I take a step forward, and his gaze falls to my hand, to my bare ring finger. “You’re not engaged?”

“No. Uncle Renzo has the unenviable task of telling the Palermo family the engagement is off. Then again, he was so relieved he didn’t have to head up the family anymore that he didn’t even complain.” He doesn’t move, and so I take another step closer. “I’m sorry about your father.”

His eyes turn sad. “Thank you. We knew it was going to happen, and I thought I was prepared, but…” His voice trails off. “He had colon cancer.”

“Antonio told me.”

He nods. “He’s just been gone a day, and I miss him already.” He takes a deep breath and shoves his hands into the pockets of his overcoat. “Why did you come, Mira?”

This isn’t the welcome I hoped for. “I didn’t want you to be alone.” I feel like I’m walking on a thin ledge with deep caverns on either side. “I don’t speak the language. I neither have territory to offer, nor money. I bring nothing to the table. I don’t belong here, but if you will have me—”

He puts out his hand to stop me. “You didn’t get my package?”

“Your package?” I look at him in confusion and then I remember the box that Elisa slipped in my bag. I pull it out. “This one? You sent me an engagement present?”

“Not exactly.” He shakes his head in wry amusement. “So much for my grand gesture. Open it.”

I unwrap the box warily. There’s a ring inside. But not just any ring. Nestled in the velvet is the thick platinum signet ring of the Sidorovs.

“I don’t understand,” I say blankly.

He puts a finger under my chin and tilts my face up. “It’s always been you, Mira,” he says. “From the first time we met.

When your father accused us of sinking his ship and broke off our engagement talks, I asked Antonio to invite you to the poker game.”

He takes my hand and slides the ring over my finger. “You seem to think I care whether you come with territory or money,” he says. “I don’t. You just said you bring nothing to the table. You’re wrong. You bring yourself, your mind and your heart. I don’t know how to make you believe me, so I’m going to give you this. This is my family ring. Whoever carries it wields my power and speaks with my voice. Take it, Mirabella. Use it. I don’t care. I just want *you*.”

My heart starts beating very fast as I stare into his dark eyes. “I love you,” I whisper. “I don’t need the ring. I don’t even need your family’s approval. I just need you.”

“Not that it matters, but Natalya already likes you,” he replies. He wraps his arms around me and pulls me closer. “As for the rest of them, you’ll win them over in less than six months.”

Our mouths collide, and Andrei Sidorov kisses me for the very first time. He devours me as if he can’t get enough, as if I’m the oasis after an arduous desert trek. And I cling to him and kiss him back. It’s taken us seven years to get here, a twisted, tangled road. But we’re here, and I’m never going to let him go.



THANK you for reading *With This Ring*!

Want to see more of the poker crew? Meet Antonio again in [The Thief](#). If you love Mafia bosses and art thief heroines, an obsessed hero who fall hard, found families, and second-chance vibes, [The Thief](#) is the book for you!

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Ciro, Max, Gabriel, and Lola will show up in the Kingmakers series, coming late 2024/early 2025.

ABOUT TARA CRESENT

Tara Crescent writes steamy contemporary romances for readers who like hot, dominant heroes and strong, sassy heroines.

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Venice Mafia

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HER DADDY KNOWS BEST



By

Laylah Roberts

CHAPTER 1



APRIL

*P*leasure rushed through her.

A moan escaped her as his tongue flicked her clit slowly. April opened her eyes, blinking back the last vestiges of sleep as his fingers slid into her pussy.

“Trent,” she groaned. “Please.”

She wasn’t entirely sure what she was begging for. To come? To have him fuck her?

Both?

Then he drew his mouth away.

“Nooo,” she cried. “Trent, please. I need to come.”

“Shh,” he murmured. “I’m not finished with you just yet.”

Kneeling, he patted her leg. “Roll over. Get on your hands and knees.”

She moved quickly, her heart racing with anticipation. As soon as she was on her hands and knees in front of him, he thrust his cock inside her.

Oh God.

So good.

Another cry left her as he moved. Short, fast thrusts, followed by long and slow ones. Her head was spinning, her breath coming in harsh pants.

“Please, please, please,” she whispered.

“Not yet, baby.”

“Trent!”

“No.” He smacked his hand down on her ass. She’d gone to bed wearing a black, lacy nightgown.

And nothing else.

Trent didn’t like her wearing underwear to bed for just this reason. He loved waking her up with his mouth on her pussy.

Heck, she was pretty fond of that too.

Suddenly, he sat back on his heels, pulling her with him so she was sitting on his lap with his dick still piercing her. Her back was to his chest. Grabbing the bottom of her nightgown, he pulled it off over her head. Then his hands cupped her breasts, kneading them before tweaking her nipples.

April rested her head on his shoulder, her breath coming in sharp, desperate pants. She wriggled on his lap, moving herself up and down his cock as much as she could.

“Do you want to fuck me, baby?” he asked.

“Please,” she moaned.

And then they were moving again. Sex with Trent was often like this. The man had more energy than should be legal for one person to have. How he could go from fucking her like he was a marathon runner, to working a twelve-hour-day, she had no idea.

Some days, it felt like she could barely get out of bed. Without caffeine, she’d be completely screwed.

Now, he was on his back with her straddling him.

“Take me inside you,” he ordered.

Trent liked to be in charge. And that didn’t stop when they left the bedroom. He was her Daddy Dom, and he took that very seriously. Her wellbeing and safety always came first with him.

Of course, that didn’t mean April always obeyed him.

But hey, that’s what made life interesting, right?

Grasping hold of his dick, she guided him inside her. God, that felt so good.

“Ride me, baby.”

“So bossy,” she grumbled as she slid up and down his dick.

“You love it.”

Hmm. Sometimes having a man who knew everything about you could be annoying.

He pressed his finger against her clit, flicking it back and forth.

Oh hell.

“Trent!”

“Fuck me faster, baby. Harder.”

She placed her hands on his chest and drove herself up and down his dick.

“Fuck, baby. Yes. That’s it. Christ. You’re gonna come with me. Come now.”

She moaned as her orgasm washed through her. Her head spun as she slumped forward. With his hands on her hips, Trent pushed himself deep, finding his own release.

When they’d both caught their breath, Trent gathered her up and rolled them onto their sides. He pushed her dark-red hair off her face before leaning in to kiss her. She opened her mouth on a soft moan, letting him explore.

Pulling back, he cupped the side of her face. “Morning, baby girl.”

“Morning, Daddy.” She smiled up at him.

His eyes grew warm. Trent didn’t smile a lot. But he had his own way of letting you know that he was happy. And he smiled a heck of a lot more now than he did when she first met him.

Back then he’d been a grumpy asshole.

Now, any smiles he did give were mostly aimed at her. And that was something she was perfectly fine with.

“What are you thinking?” he asked.

“About how much I like you waking me up like that.”

“That’s good. Because I like it too.” He ran his finger down her cheek. “I think you should come with me.”

“Trent, it’s a stag trip.”

He frowned. “I still don’t get the point of it.”

“To have one last big night with your family and friends before you get married? To party it up? Get drunk and have fun?”

“I didn’t have one.”

“That’s because you don’t like doing any of those things.”

He narrowed his gaze at her. “I like to have fun. Eating you out is fun.”

“It sure is,” she sighed happily. “You can have that sort of fun anytime you like. But mostly, your idea of fun is to go camping, hunting and fishing.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing. But that’s not Ben’s idea of fun. He wants to go to Vegas and have some fun at the casinos and nightclubs. And he wants you to go with him.”

“I don’t know why he needs me to go. We have three other brothers. Surely, they’re enough.”

Poor Ben. Did he know what he was getting himself in for by inviting Trent along with him?

“You have to go. He’s your youngest brother. He loves you.”

Trent grunted.

“It’s only three nights.”

“Don’t remind me,” he grumbled.

“Come on, Grumpy Badger, you need to get ready, they’ll be here soon.”

He rolled out of bed. “Fine, I’ll go. But when I get back, you’re going to have some fun with your mouth. On me. Got it?”

Oh yeah. She got him. And she couldn’t wait.



“THE HOUSE IS to stay locked whether you’re in it or not, understand? Same with the alarm. It’s to be on at all times,” Trent bossed.

“Sir, yes, sir!” She saluted him.

“You know, I do have time to spank your smart ass,” he told her.

April gulped. But just then, a car horn beeped, and she gave him a smug smile.

“I don’t think you do, Daddy.”

“This will wait, brat,” he warned.

“Um. I don’t think that’s very nice.”

“What isn’t?”

“Making me think about you spanking me the entire time you’re away.”

“Oh, I disagree. I think that if you know you’re getting your bottom spanked that you’ll behave yourself while I’m away.”

Yeah. She wouldn’t bet on that if she were him.

“I still don’t like the idea of you staying here alone. I should have had Aunt Therese come and stay with you.”

Her mouth dropped open. His Aunt Therese was about eighty-three, deaf, and had to use a walker to get around.

“Daddy! What sort of help would Aunt Therese be?”

“She raised my three idiot cousins, not to mention she helped Dad with the five of us. So, she just might be able to keep you under control.”

Trent was the second-oldest of five brothers. Their mom had died when Ben, the youngest, was only five.

“Jeez, what trouble do you think I’m going to get up to?” she asked, tapping her foot as she glared up at him.

His lack of faith in her was starting to piss her off.

“With you ... I have no idea.”

“Rude,” she muttered.

“Just ... behave yourself.”

“I have a lot of work to do. I have orders coming out my ears. I’m going to stay home and work. That’s it.”

“Well, don’t work too much.”

She threw her hands in the air. Honestly, he was impossible. There was more beeping from outside.

“You better go. I will be fine. I promise.”

“I’ll call every day. If you need to go anywhere, text me before you leave, then when you get home.”

Lord. He was next level.

“I will be fine, Grumpy Badger. You’re going to give yourself wrinkles, worrying about me this much.” She peered at him closely. “Well, more wrinkles.”

“April,” he grumbled. “You know, it’s not too late for you to go and stay with Aunt Therese.”

“Um, I think it is.” No way was she doing that. “If I’d known you were going to be this worried, I could have stayed with Chardonnay.” Her cousin, Chardonnay, lived in Billings.

Trent grew pale. “Fuck, no. You’re not going to stay with her.”

“Why not?”

“Because that woman is trouble. You’re dynamite and she’s the match.”

“Daddy, don’t you think you’re exaggerating just a bit?” She held up her finger and thumb about an inch apart.

“Last time you were together, you ended up in jail.”

“That was a misunderstanding.” She waved her hand in the air dismissively.

Although, as his face grew red, she thought that perhaps she shouldn't have been so blasé.

“I could have stayed with Effie.”

“No way. I don't really know Effie's men. You're not staying there. You'll stay here.”

“Okay, done.” She clapped her hands. “Daddy, you have to go.”

“Why do I feel like I just got manipulated?” he asked, sounding bewildered.

Poor Trent. It was hard for him to keep up.

“I don't know what you're talking about.” She gave him her most innocent look.

He cupped her face between his hands. “Promise me, you'll be a good girl.”

“I promise. What mischief could I possibly get up to?”

CHAPTER 2



APRIL

“*R*ight, Scruffy Dog. We have everything we need for a night in.” She settled down into bed and pulled the covers over her and her worn stuffed toy. She’d had Scruffy Dog since she was five. It was the last gift her dad had given her before he’d left them. She’d never seen him again and her mom told her years later that he’d died in a car accident about six months after leaving them.

After her dad left, her mom had grown bitter and mean. Scruffy Dog had become her friend, confidante, and savior in that household and she adored him.

“We have all the major food groups covered. A bottle of whipped cream. That’s dairy. Maraschino cherries. That’s fruit. Potato chips. Vegetables. Chocolate fish. Protein. Damn, we’re good.”

Scruffy Dog looked suitably impressed. As he should be.

Turning on the T.V., she found a Christmas movie. Yes, Christmas had been and gone a few weeks ago. But she loved Christmas movies. And Christmas music. Sometimes, when she was feeling down, she’d turn on some Christmas music and dance around to it.

These next few nights were going to be so much fun. Sure, she would miss Trent. But she got to do whatever she wanted whenever she wanted without Daddy scolding her, putting her in the corner, or spanking her bottom.

Yep. Perfect.



April hid under the covers with Scruffy Dog, who let out a small whimper.

Okay, that might actually have come from her.

“What’s that noise, Scruffy Dog? Is someone out there? Oh my God!”

How had she ever thought it would be fun to stay in the house alone? Without Trent here, who would protect her? How had she never noticed how noisy it was at night? How isolated she was up here? The closest neighbors were miles away. It was just her, the trees, and Scruffy Dog who wasn’t much of a guard dog.

Oh, and the bogeyman, the ghosts, the zombies, and just your plain old robbers and murderers.

The wind whistled through the trees and rattled the windows. She let out a small scream and buried her head under her arms.

This was ridiculous. She couldn’t spend all night under the covers, waiting for the bogeyman to get her.

“We have to fight back, Scruffy Dog. We can’t just hide here, waiting for the bogeyman to attack.”

Scruffy Dog didn’t seem convinced, but April had an idea.



“All right, my legion of warriors. This is the plan.” April marched up and down the living room as she stared at her army of toys. She’d laid out every stuffed toy she owned.

There was actually a lot of them. She hadn't realized how much Trent spoiled her.

“You are going to be the first line of defense against the bogeyman and all the other scary things out there trying to eat me. I know ... it's risky. I won't lie, some of you may lose your lives. So if anyone wants to back out, then now is the time to do it.”

She studied them. No one even flinched.

“Good. That's good. Now, Scruffy Dog is your commander, understand? Do what he says. We're going to put some of you at the front door and some at the back. Then more at the bottom of the stairs and the top. Hopefully, that's enough to keep the bogeyman at bay. The ghosts are another story ...”

After positioning all the toys, she rubbed a hand over her face. She was so tired, but she had no idea how she was going to get to sleep.

She sat back in bed, turning the TV up loud to drown out the noise of the wind outside. It wasn't working. She was never going to sleep.

Perhaps she shouldn't even try. Maybe what she needed was a distraction. Once the wind went down, then she could sleep.

She had a lot of work to do. Perhaps she and Scruffy Dog should go into her studio. It was a bedroom that Trent had converted for her when her jewelry business had taken off. There were no markets for another month, but her online orders had really taken off lately.

Grabbing Scruffy Dog, she headed downstairs to get an energy drink and some more potato chips.

It was going to be a long night.



The phone ringing woke her. Sitting up, April looked around in confusion. Why was she sitting at her desk? Had she fallen asleep here?

She groaned. God, her back hurt.

The phone stopped ringing, and she stood and stretched, glancing over at Scruffy Dog who sat on her work table.

“I feel like crap.” With a yawn, she sat back in the chair. Last night had been horrid. The wind had finally let up at around three in the morning, but she’d been in the middle of making a necklace so she’d decided to push through.

However, she must have fallen asleep while at her desk.

Her phone started ringing again. Shit! That was probably Trent. She scrambled around, looking for the damn thing and finally found it on the floor.

Plastering a big smile on her face, she answered it. “Hi, Daddy! How is Vegas?”

Alarm filled his face. “What is it? What’s wrong?”

“Uh, nothing’s wrong. Why would you say that?”

“Because you didn’t answer your phone the first two times I called.”

Oh, crap.

“Because your hair looks like a bird decided to nest on it.”

Shit! She peered at herself on the screen of the phone.

Holy. Heck. Her hair really did look like a bird’s nest. She should have looked in the mirror first before answering his call.

“Plus, that’s your I’m-hiding-something smile.”

Drat. This was the problem with having a man who knew you a bit too well.

She could never hide anything from him.

“You look tired,” he stated. “There are big dark bags under your eyes.”

“Daddy, did you just call me to insult me? Because that’s not very nice.”

“And now you’re trying to deflect back onto me. What have you been doing? Spill.”

“Why would you think that I’ve done something?”

“Because you’re always up to something. Especially when I’m not there to supervise you. I knew this trip was a bad idea. I’m coming home.”

“You can’t come home. Ben wants you there.”

“Ben doesn’t always need to get what he wants,” Trent grumbled.

“Trent, you’ll have a good time if you just relax.”

“There are people everywhere here. Traffic and noise. This city never fucking stops.”

“You’ve been there one night. It’s not that long until you’ll be on the plane back. Just try to have a good time.”

“I miss you,” he said gruffly and her heart melted.

Yeah, she missed him as well.

“I miss you too, Daddy.” She wished he was here. Or that she’d gone with him. A few hours’ sleep wasn’t enough, and she was feeling exhausted and nauseous.

“Baby girl, did you sleep all right? Are you feeling okay?”

Shoot. If she told him the truth, then he’d be on the next plane back here. And Ben really had been looking forward to this trip with his brothers.

They all worked together for the family business. Ethan, the oldest, ran the company. Trent and Sammy were both project managers. Drake managed sales and marketing. While Ben was an architect. They were a close family and Ben wanted all of his brothers there. Even the grumpy one.

So she couldn’t tell him the truth. Even though he wouldn’t like it if he learned that she’d lied to him.

“I’m good, Daddy. I just stayed up a bit late working.”

He scowled. “I knew it. You need me.”

“I always need you. But I’m going to be just fine without you for a few nights. I promise.”

“You stayed up half the night working. That’s not looking after yourself properly.”

“I’ll have a nap this afternoon and I’ll be all good.”

And next time she’d take a look at herself in the mirror before she answered his video call.

He stared at her intently. “You’ll get sick if you don’t look after yourself.”

“I know, Daddy. I’m sorry.”

“What did you have for breakfast?”

“Um, I ... haven’t eaten any yet. I just woke up.”

“Baby.” That was all he said. But it was enough to let her know he wasn’t happy.

“I’ll go eat something now.”

“I want you to take it easy for the rest of the day. Stay at home. No work. Rest. And you’re to go to bed at ten tonight.”

She hoped to be in bed far earlier than that. “All right, Daddy.”

“I’ll try and call you again tonight.”

“I love you, Daddy.”

“Love you too, baby girl. Be good.”

“Why, Daddy, I’m always good.”

Yeah, she might have crossed her fingers while she said that porker.

CHAPTER 3



APRIL

This is what she got for not being a good girl.
Fuck.

“Stay down! Don’t any of you fucking move!”

Fear filled her, and she had to bite on her lip to keep herself quiet.

“Give me the rest of the fucking cash!” the same angry voice roared.

April hadn’t got a good look at the guy when he’d burst into the corner store. Just enough to know that he had a scarf around the bottom of his face and a baseball cap pulled down low.

Oh, and he was carrying a gun.

Why ... why had she come into town? She’d promised Trent that she would take it easy today, but mid-afternoon, she’d suddenly remembered that she had to get some of her packages to the post office. One of her customers had paid for expedited shipping and it needed to go out today.

After that, she’d made the colossal mistake of heading into the corner store to stock up on whipped cream and potato chips.

Idiot.

Now she was face down on the floor with her hands above her head while some asshole robbed the place.

What the hell?

This sort of stuff never happened in Wanton, Wyoming. Heck, the last bit of excitement was when Mrs. Matchett's dog, Tiny, had stolen a leg of lamb from Mrs. Grown's kitchen and run off with it. With Mrs. Grown chasing him. Dressed in only a towel since she'd just gotten out of the shower.

When she'd tripped and fallen, the towel had slipped and well ... yeah, that had been the talk of the town for months.

But nothing like this had ever happened. It was just her luck that she was in the store at the time someone decided to freaking rob it.

Shit.

Trent could never find out about this. Not just because she'd told him she would rest and stay at home today. And not just because she was supposed to text him whenever she left the house.

Those reasons were both good ones. But mostly, she couldn't tell him because he would completely freak out and would never leave her on her own again.

Although, at this point, she was starting to think that might be a good thing. That being alone again was the very last thing she wanted.

"Here you go."

She glanced up as she heard poor Bev speak. The older lady had owned this store for at least twenty years. April had lived here three years now, and Bev had always been kind to her. She didn't deserve this asshole coming in and stealing from her.

"There's barely anything in here!" the guy roared.

"There aren't a lot of cash sales anymore," Bev tried to explain before letting out a squeak of fear as he kicked the counter.

April whimpered. She really wished she could grab hold of Scruffy Dog for comfort, but he was in her handbag which was stuck under her stomach.

“Fuck! Fuck!” the guy roared. “You! Get your wallet. Empty it!”

It took her a moment to realize he was screaming at her.

“It ... it’s under me,” she said. “There isn’t anything in it!”

“Get it!” he yelled.

She quickly moved, pulling it out from under her. He snatched it up and turned it upside down, spilling everything.

Someone else let out a small cry and she turned her head to see Jess Rogers lying on her side on the floor a few feet behind her. Tears were streaming down her terrified face. Shit. Jess was five months pregnant. She didn’t need this sort of stress.

Fuck this guy. Who the fuck did he think he was? Where did he get off scaring an old lady and a pregnant woman?

And he’d just chucked her stuff around. Poor Scruffy Dog was now on the floor, looking at her accusingly.

“Fuck! Why the fuck don’t you people have any money!” he screamed.

He turned to Jess, grabbing her bag and throwing everything out.

That’s when it happened. His rage exploded, and he drew his foot back as though he was going to kick Jess.

Not today, asshole!

Without thinking, April lunged and grabbed the foot that was right in front of her and tugged. It could have gone horribly wrong. His gun could have gone off. He could have landed on Jess, who somehow had the presence of mind to scoot backward.

But it didn’t. He slammed to the floor, and the gun went flying from his hand. Getting up, April jumped on top of him, pummelling and screaming. Jess got up on her feet. April hoped like hell that she was getting help.

The guy pushed her off, and she slammed into the metal shelves with a cry of pain. And then he was looming over her.

“You fucking bitch!” he screamed. His hat had flown off and she could see his eyes moving around. They looked crazy. As though he was on something.

Oh God. Oh God.

Trent was really going to kill her this time. Of all the dumb, stupid things she could have done.

He drew his leg back, right as she heard Jess speak.

“S-step away from her, j-jerkface. Before I put a b-bullet in you.”

The man turned, and that’s when April saw that Jess had the gun in her hands, pointing it at the guy. She was pale, shaking like crazy, and the gun was going all over the place.

Fuck.

The guy tensed and she knew that he was going to leap at Jess. April scrambled to her feet, ignoring the pain in her body as she moved to Jess.

“Give the gun to me, babe,” she whispered.

“He ... he was going to kick my b-baby,” Jess said as sirens sounded in the distance.

“I know. But I wouldn’t let that happen. Give me the gun.”

“Fuck! The cops are coming!” the guy yelled. “Give me that fucking gun.”

He lunged at them and April screamed right as Bev appeared with a shotgun in her hands. Bev let off a shot and April slammed her hands against her ears. Shit! That was loud!

“Get down on the floor, asshole,” Bev demanded.

Whoa. What happened to sweet Bev who baked cookies for the local school fair every year and knitted every new baby in town a really ugly sweater?

This woman looked tough as nails. And the asshole obviously sensed that as he backed away from Jess and April slowly.

“Hey, now, I didn’t mean nothing . . . no need to fucking go all psycho,” he said, sweating heavily.

April grabbed the gun from Jess, who was full-on sobbing now. She wrapped an arm around her as they heard the sirens grow really close.

“You didn’t mean nothing?” Bev snapped. “Boy, I should put a bullet in your ass right now for the way you’ve made a pregnant woman cry. Get down on the floor. April, put the gun down, and go see if Max is out there.”

Max was the sheriff. With her hands shaking, April took the bullets out of the gun. It was something that Trent had taught her how to do when she’d first moved in with him. Then she left the gun on the counter before heading to the door.

Now she needed more than potato chips. She needed the whole aisle of cookies. And maybe some ice cream too.

What did a person eat to comfort them after being held at gunpoint?

CHAPTER 4



TRENT

Trent jumped out of the car before Larry had even come to a stop. Before getting on the plane from Vegas, he'd managed to get hold of Larry and asked him to meet him at the airport in Jackson to bring him back here.

The older man ran a taxi service in Wanton. It was surprisingly busy considering the town had less than eight thousand people in it. Still, this would likely be the biggest fare he'd ever had.

But Trent didn't give a shit. He was just grateful that he'd managed to get a flight out of Las Vegas to get back to his girl.

Fuck. What had she been doing in town? He'd told her to rest. And she was supposed to text him before going anywhere.

Not that he'd ever have a reason to object to her going to the corner store. Even knowing how tired she'd looked this morning, he likely wouldn't have said no.

However, he couldn't help but think of all the ways he could have stopped this from happening. Running up to the house, he unlocked the door and stepped inside. His foot hit something, and he looked down in surprise at a number of her toys on the floor.

What the hell were they all doing in front of the door? The alarm beeped, and he quickly took care of it as someone walked out of the living room.

"You made good time," Noah rumbled.

He sighed, nodding. “I got back here as quickly as I could. How is she?”

Noah ran his hand over his beard. “She went up to bed a couple of hours ago.”

“She’s asleep?”

“Don’t know. I haven’t heard anything from her since the shower shut off. The door’s closed.”

Right. Christ. “Thanks for coming and staying with her, man.”

Noah just nodded. Trent had been friends with the reclusive mountain man for years. Noah lived about another hour up the mountain and didn’t come down for much. But he did have a cell phone and thankfully, he’d answered when Trent called him while he was in the airport waiting for his flight.

After he’d received a call from Max, who’d told him what had happened, Trent had fucking lost it. When April had gotten on the phone, she’d been the one reassuring him.

Which wasn’t fucking good enough. He had to be there for her.

After getting out of him what was wrong, Ethan had gone online and booked him a flight while Sammy shoved him into a taxi to the airport. He’d called Noah to see if he could go stay with her, not wanting April to be alone.

“Gotta go,” Noah said.

Trent nodded. He wanted to get upstairs to April, but he walked out with Noah.

“What’s with all the toys on the floor?” Trent asked.

“I have no idea. They’re at the back door too. And on the staircase.”

Weird.

After Noah left, Trent raced up the stairs, jumping over the toys at the bottom and top of the staircase before moving to

their bedroom door. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door carefully.

A terror-filled scream greeted him just before his girl flung herself out of the bed and landed on the floor.

Fuck!

Why hadn't he called out to her first?

Idiot!

"April, it's me! It's Trent, baby." The light by the bed was on, filling the room with a soft glow.

"T-Trent?" Her face appeared above the mattress. She looked so pale and scared that he had to clench his fists to hold in his anger.

That fucking asshole.

That bastard better fucking hope that he got locked away for a long time because if Trent got hold of him ...

"Yeah, baby. It's me. Come here."

A sob escaped her, and she shook her head.

Fucking hell. He wanted to go to her. To pick her up and hold her tight. But the terror in her eyes told him to go slow. That any sudden movements might just make her more afraid.

Moving on instinct, he got down on his knees. He didn't want to loom over her. This way he was more at her height and was hopefully less likely to scare her.

Another sob escaped her as he held out his arms. "Come here, baby."

She shook her head, tears streaming down her face.

"Everything is all right now," he soothed. "I'm home. I'll take care of you."

It was so damn hard to hold himself back. To stop from reaching for her and pulling her into his embrace. But it was better if she came to him.

"Come on, baby girl. Come to Daddy. I need to hold you. You know you're always safe in Daddy's arms."

That worked. She shuffled toward him on her hands and knees. Christ. She was killing him. But he forced himself not to let his own fear show.

Right now, she needed him to be calm. April was always so full of laughter and life. She was always smiling and dancing. She lived a life mostly free from worry.

And that was because that's how he liked her to live. He would take on every burden he could, just to keep her smiling and dancing. He'd fight every battle he had to in order to stop the darkness of the world from touching her.

Of course, that wasn't always possible. There were some things he couldn't fight.

Like what happened today.

But he swore right then that nothing like this would ever touch her again. Because she wasn't ever leaving the house without him.

No. Fucking. Way.

Okay, so there was a part of him that knew that wouldn't be possible. However, in that moment, he didn't give a fuck.

He'd come so close to losing her. And that couldn't happen again.

She stopped about a foot in front of him and he slid around onto his butt, crossing his legs. She often liked to curl up in his lap. He was a big guy. A whole foot taller than her five-foot-four. And he weighed a good eighty pounds more than she did.

"Come on, my baby. Let me hold you. Please. I really need to feel you. When I think of how close I came to losing you today ..." He had to pause as his voice started to crack. "I really need to hold you, baby girl."

She suddenly threw herself at him and he caught her, settling her on his lap and holding her as tight as he dared.

She let out a sob and he rocked her back and forth. She -

But he'd been the lucky bastard she'd set her sights on. The fact that she was a Little had just been icing on the

fucking cake. Finally, he had someone he could fuss over and protect. Care for and cherish. Discipline and play with.

Yeah, she was the whole fucking package and not a day went by that he wasn't grateful that her car had broken down in his town.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"Hey, stop that now." He put his hand on the back of her head, holding her to him. "You don't need to apologize, baby."

"I was s-supposed to stay h-home," she told him. "But one of my c-customers paid for e-expedited shipping. I had to get the p-package to the post office."

Ahh. So that's what had happened. She'd worked so hard to make her business successful. And it was really taking off. However, while she loved the creative side and she was amazing at it, her organizational skills were seriously lacking. Admin wasn't something she could seem to keep on top of.

"I just w-went to the store for some more p-potato chips."

"More potato chips? Baby, there were three bags in the pantry when I left. Why would you need more?"

"Umm." She stiffened in his arms.

"What did you eat for dinner last night?" he asked sternly.

"Umm ... well ..."

He stood with her in his arms and sat on the edge of the bed with her on his lap, facing him. Grasping her chin, he tilted her face back.

"Baby girl, what did you eat for dinner last night?"

"I covered all the food groups, Daddy."

"Uh-uh. How did you do that?" he asked.

"Uh, well, I had fruit."

"What sort of fruit?" He gave her a suspicious look.

"Cherries."

"Cherries?" he repeated.

“Yeah ... maraschino ones.”

He sighed. “And what else?”

“Uh, well, I also had protein and dairy.”

“Really?” he asked sceptically.

“Uh-huh. In the form of chocolate fish and whipped cream.”

“April Carson. Is that seriously what you ate for dinner?”

“Well, yep, and some potato chips. Hence, why I needed more potato chips.”

“April,” he grumbled. “That’s not an acceptable dinner and you know it. What did you eat today?”

“Umm, well ... I’m so sorry you had to come back, Daddy. That ticket probably cost a fortune. And how did you get here? Did someone pick you up? I could have come and gotten you.”

“That wasn’t happening. You’re in no fit state to drive. I got Larry to come get me.”

“Larry? Oh, God. That must have cost an arm and a leg.”

April had grown up with very little. Money was always a worry for her, no matter how much he reassured her. The only time she didn’t seem to worry about finances was when she was in Little headspace.

“Baby girl, I said don’t worry about the money and I meant it. Understand me?” He made his voice stern.

She nodded. “O-okay.”

“And don’t worry about Ben’s stag weekend. It’s not like I was having a good time. Ben is probably grateful that my grumpy ass is no longer there.”

She gave him a faint smile. “My grumpy badger.”

“Can’t believe that nickname has stuck. I should have spanked you the first time you said it. Definitely should have taken a belt to your ass when you said it in front of my brothers.”

A small giggle escaped her. “Sorry, Daddy.”

“No, you’re not.”

“No. I’m not.”

“Because you’re a brat who still hasn’t told me what she ate today.”

“Shoot. You noticed, huh?”

“I notice everything about you, baby girl.” He brushed her wild hair off her face, taking note of her swollen eyes and pale skin. Fuck. She looked exhausted and traumatized.

Nope. He was never leaving her the house on her own again.

“Well?”

“I had some pop tarts.”

“And ...”

“An energy drink.”

“And ...”

“And that was it.”

He shook his head at her. “What am I going to do with you?”

“Love me?”

“I’ll always love you, precious girl. But you need a keeper. You can’t live on sugar and caffeine. Did you get any sleep last night?”

“A bit. I, um, might have fallen asleep at my desk.”

He shook his head. Christ. “You shouldn’t have been driving today. Did you take a nap?”

“I was going to. But that’s when I realized I had to get that package to the post office.”

“So you barely had any sleep last night. And you’ve hardly eaten anything today. Then you were traumatized by that fucking asshole.”

She bit her lip, and he reached up and released it.

“You need close watching, baby.”

“Sorry, Daddy. I thought I would be all right on my own. I thought I could do it. But it was so scary.”

“It’s understandable that today was scary.”

“Well, yeah, there was that. It was terrifying. I thought ... I thought he was going to kick Jess. He was aiming for her stomach. He could have hurt her baby.”

“What the fuck?” he whispered.

As she went through everything that had happened from the moment that asshole entered the store, his anger grew. He had to fight hard to keep from letting his fury fly free.

That fucking bastard had hurt his girl. He’d terrified her. He’d nearly hurt Jess.

“Did you get checked out?” he asked hoarsely.

“Yes, Max insisted. The paramedics checked us over. I’ve just got some bruising. But Jess’s blood pressure was pretty high, so they took her into the hospital.”

He lifted her off his lap. “Show me.”

“What?”

“Take off your pajamas. Show me.”

She was dressed in her favorite pajamas. The bottoms were red and white checked. While the top was white with a picture of a red stag’s head on the front.

“Daddy, I’m fine.”

He stood. Then he lifted her, placing her on her back on the bed before he reached for the bottom of her pajama pants and tugged them off.

April sighed, but didn’t try to stop him. He removed her top as well until she lay there in just a pair of red panties. Rolling her carefully onto her front, he studied the bruises on her back. They weren’t bad. But he detested seeing them against her pale skin. He ran his finger lightly over them.

“Did they put any cream on them?” he asked.

“No. It’s just a few bruises, Daddy. I’m fine, really.”

She tried to roll back over, but he lightly slapped her ass.
“Stay where you are.”

Moving into the attached bathroom, he grabbed some arnica cream. Returning, he sat on the bed next to her and gently rubbed the cream onto her bruises.

“This will help, baby.”

“I’m okay, Daddy.”

“Not yet, you aren’t. But you will be. Daddy will see to that.”

CHAPTER 5



TRENT

Trent got her dressed back into her pajamas. Then he tucked her into bed before going into the bathroom to wash up and get ready for bed.

When he walked out, she was hugging Scruffy Dog and watching him closely. He saw the relief on her face as he returned.

He climbed into bed, lying on his back. She immediately crawled on top of him. It was her favorite position to sleep in when she was feeling unsure or scared.

“I wish I’d stayed home like I’d told you I would. I didn’t even text you that I was leaving.”

“That’s true,” he agreed, running his hand over her back. “But you don’t need to be worrying about any of that stuff right now. You’ve been through enough. We’ll talk about all of that later.”

“Talk?” she asked.

“Hmm.” He ran his hand down her back to pat her ass lightly. “Maybe more than talk. We also need a chat about nutrition.”

“I don’t think we need to talk about that, Daddy,” she said hastily.

“I disagree. Now, you need to close your eyes and get some sleep. You’re exhausted.”

She yawned and slumped against him. “I don’t think I can shut my brain off.”

He lightly massaged her back. “Just think about something else. Something nice.”

“Like a vacation?”

“A vacation? Sure. You can think about that.” Did she want to go on a vacation? Why hadn’t he thought to take her away? Fuck. “Where would you go?”

“To the beach. I’ve never been on a vacation to the beach before. It always sounded so much fun. Some of the kids at school would go during summer break and they’d talk about it when they got back. The teacher would always ask who did something fun over the summer, then kids would get up and talk about their break.”

“What did you get up and talk about?”

“Me? Oh no, I never got up.”

Fuck. How had he not taken her to the fucking beach?

“Although I’d probably rather go visit Chardonnay and Effie. I miss them. Chardonnay said she’s going to go on a cruise soon. She’s making some good money stripping at Pinkies.”

“Perhaps we could go see them one day soon.”

She tensed, then she pushed herself up, so she was looking down at him. Her messy, red hair was everywhere, and he brushed it back off her face so he could see her more clearly. Fuck, he hated how drawn and exhausted she looked.

“We could do that?”

“Fuck, baby. I hate that you seem so shocked. Of course we can. I’m sorry I haven’t suggested it before now. We’ll go as soon as Ben is back from his honeymoon, yeah?”

“Thank you, Daddy! Thank you!” She kissed his face energetically. Then her lips hit his, and he placed his hand around the back of her head to hold her still so he could deepen the kiss.

When he drew back, they were both breathing heavily and his cock grew hard.

“You taste so good, baby,” he told her. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you today.”

“It’s so crazy. Who’d think that something like that could happen here? In a small corner store in the middle of nowhere Wyoming. Did you know that Bev had a shotgun? And she knows how to use it.”

“Hmm. A lot of people around here know how to handle a gun, baby. And Bev has an interesting past.”

“Wow. Crazy.” She snuggled into his chest again. He only ever slept naked, so she had easy access to his skin.

She fell silent for a while, and he hoped she was going to sleep. But then she wriggled around.

“Can’t sleep?” he asked.

“No. I was so scared, Daddy.”

Fuck. Fuck.

He rubbed his hand up and down her back. “I know you were, baby. I’m going to make sure nothing like that ever happens again.”

“It was such a fluke that I was there. I know I said that I wished I’d never gone into town. But if I hadn’t ... then he might have kicked Jess.”

Fuck. He hadn’t thought of that. She was right, though.

“Stop thinking about it,” he ordered, unable to take the fear and worry in her voice any longer.

“I wish I could. But every time I close my eyes, I can see him standing over Jess, his leg going back. Only I think about what if I was too slow? Or what if the gun had gone off? What if he’d fallen on her?”

“Baby girl. You can’t keep going over ‘what ifs’. You’ll tear yourself apart. Try to sleep, yeah? You’re overtired now.”

She nodded, moving again. Then she sighed. He kept rubbing her back, hoping she'd drift off.

“Did you set the alarm?” she asked.

He frowned. That wasn't something she'd normally ask. “Of course, baby.”

“And you locked the front door?”

“Yeah, baby. I did.”

“Did you check the back door?”

“Hey.” He rolled them to their sides and cupped the side of her head, running his thumb over the apple of her cheek. “You're safe now. I'm not going to let anything happen to you.”

“I know ... I just ... I'd feel better if I checked the house was locked up. I'll be back soon.” She attempted to roll out of bed, but he tightened his hold on her.

“Uh-uh, no way you're getting out of bed in the dark and cold to go check that the house is secure.”

“But—”

“That's my job,” he told her firmly. “You stay right here. I'll go check.” He walked out of the bedroom and through the house, checking it thoroughly. If his girl needed this in order to feel safe, then he was going to give it to her.

When he returned to the bedroom, she was sitting up in bed, clutching Scruffy Dog to her chest. She was tugging at his right ear. Something she did when she was stressed. His right ear was far more worn than the other one.

“Hey, everything is all right. The house is locked up tight. The alarm is on. You know I'd hear if anyone tried to break in. That asshole is locked up tight. Even if he knew where you lived, there's no way he could get in here to hurt you.”

“I know. Thanks, Daddy. I just ... it can be scary here at night.”

Shit. Had she been scared last night?

He never should have left her.

“I’m here now. Daddy will keep all the scary things away,” he reassured her as he climbed into bed and drew her back over his chest.

“Even the bogeyman?” she asked.

“Yep. Even him.”

“Ghosts?”

“They are no match for Daddy,” he reassured her.

“Zombies?”

He snorted. “Piece of cake.”

She relaxed on his chest, snuggling in. “All right, Daddy.”

“That’s my girl. Now, go to sleep. You’re safe here in Daddy’s arms.”



The gun was pointed straight at her.

No! No!

She didn't want to die.

At one time in her life, she hadn't felt like she'd had anything to live for. But now ... she had Trent. She had friends, her cousin. A life, a career, people she cared about.

“I don't want to die!”

“Baby, wake up!”

“Please don't kill me! Please!”

“April, wake up, baby!”

“Trent, I'm so s-sorry. I love you!”

The shooter narrowed his gaze as he fired, and she screamed as pain shot through her chest.

Suddenly, she felt herself being lifted.

She couldn't breathe! She was dying!

“April, you wake up right the fuck now! You listen to Daddy or you'll be in big trouble. Open. Your. Eyes.”

Opening her eyes, she gasped for breath as she stared up at him. “D-Daddy?”

“Thank fuck.” He was sitting up in bed with her tucked into his lap, holding her tight.

A sob escaped her. “Daddy.”

“I know, baby. I know. You were having a nightmare. But you're fine. You're safe. And I'm not ever going to let something like that happen to you again. I promise.”

He couldn't make that promise. Not really. Bad things happened all the time. But she needed to hear it in that moment.

Turning her head, she pressed her face to his bare chest as she cried.

“It's all right. You're safe. Daddy is here.”

“S-Sorry I woke you up.”

“Stop that,” he said firmly. “You never apologize for waking me up. The only time I would ever be mad is if you needed me and you didn't wake me up.”

That was Trent. Always putting her first. God, how she loved him for it.

He lay back in the bed and arranged her on his chest again, his arms tight around her.

“Want to tell me about the nightmare?” he asked.

“That guy had his gun aimed at me. I knew I was going to die. Then he fired at me and I couldn't breathe. That's when you woke me up. Thank you.”

“Always, baby.”

She lay there as he rubbed his hand up and down her back. She stared into the darkness, knowing that she needed to go back to sleep. But she was frightened to close her eyes.

“I think I should go do some work or something and let you sleep, Daddy.” She attempted to climb off him, but Trent tightened his arms around her.

“Don’t even think about it,” he growled.

“I’m keeping you awake, though.”

“You think I care about that? I don’t. What I care about is you. Stay where you are.”

“I don’t think I can sleep. I feel antsy ... itchy on the inside. I can’t explain it.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

She thought about that for a long moment. “I don’t know.”

She wriggled around on his chest. She had to do something.

“I think ... I need to feel alive. To remember that I’m here. That he didn’t hurt me. He didn’t hurt anyone else.”

“You’re here, baby girl. With me.” He squeezed her ass and a shot of pleasure ran through her.

Suddenly, she knew exactly what she wanted if she could get him to agree. She ran her tongue over his nipple, then turned her head so she could suck on it.

“Baby,” he groaned. He placed his hand on the back of her head, holding her there gently. “Fuck. What are you doing?”

“If you have to ask that, then I’m obviously not doing it right,” she grumbled as she moved her head over to his other nipple.

“Christ. Of course you’re doing it right.”

“I want you,” she murmured as she slid down his stomach. He didn’t have defined abs, but his stomach was firm and hard. He was built wide. Strong.

She always felt so small and delicate against him, and she loved that.

“April,” he said warningly. “Stop for a moment and talk to me.”

“Please, I don’t want to talk. I want to feel.” She glanced up at him. Reaching over, he switched on the bedside lamp and studied her face.

“You’re sure about this?”

“I need you in my mouth. I want this. I want to feel alive.”

He nodded slowly. “All right, my baby.”

Relief and hunger filled her.

She practically fell on him. Feasted on his body. She used her mouth and tongue and fingers to play with his nipples, to kiss and lick his chest and stomach and neck. Finally, she couldn’t hold back anymore. April grasped hold of his dick.

She was well aware that he was holding back for her. Normally, he wouldn’t put up with her taking control for long.

Trent needed control as much as she needed to submit.

He was worried about her, that much was clear. And he wanted her to have whatever she needed.

She slid her tongue over the head of his cock as he groaned.

Then she took him into her mouth, moving slowly up his shaft.

“Fuck. Fuck me.”

Hmm. That sounded like a good idea. But she wasn’t done playing with his dick yet. She took him as deep as she could and hummed.

“Fuck!” he groaned.

She loved doing this to him and she wasn’t stopping yet. She moved up his cock, then licked her tongue over the head again. Taking just the head into her mouth, she used her hand to jack him off.

His breathing grew faster, and she could feel how tense he'd grown. Drawing away from him, she shifted between his spread legs, lying on her stomach. Then she cupped his balls, licking them as she went back to rubbing her hand up and down his dick.

He was muttering to himself. She had to admit that she was shocked he hadn't snapped and taken over.

Moving up onto her knees again, she sucked on the head of his cock. A sense of contentment ran through her. She loved having him in her mouth.

"Baby, get up here. I want to taste you."

No. She didn't think so.

"April," he growled. "Fuck."

Poor Trent. He really did sound like he was in pain. Finally, she straddled him and took him deep into her pussy with a groan.

That felt so damn good.

Placing her hands on his chest, she started to ride him. Slow, then fast. Hard, then gentle.

She could feel her own need growing. She was so damn close, but she couldn't get to where she was supposed to be. A noise of frustration escaped her.

Then his hand was there, his finger playing with her clit. With his other hand, he cupped her breast and pinched her nipple.

"Oh! Ohh," she cried out. "More, please."

"Whatever my baby wants, she gets."

That wasn't always the case. He'd been known to tease her for hours. Although, in fairness, he always gave her what she wanted in the end.

"Please!" She wasn't sure what she was begging for. She was so close, but she couldn't seem to get there.

"Come for me, baby. Come hard. Now!"

That's what she'd wanted. What she'd needed. To be given permission to let go and come. Throwing her head back, feeling her hair move down her back, she screamed as she came.

As soon as those first few trembles of her orgasm began, he grabbed hold of her hips and started driving himself into her. He was relentless. There was nothing soft or slow.

He was fucking her.

He rolled them and she found herself on her back with her hands above her head, her wrists trapped in his large hand. With his other hand, he held himself up, so she wasn't taking all of his weight.

Then he started fucking her again. She wrapped her legs around his hips as best she could, holding on for the ride.

When he came, she was so close to the edge once again that a whimper of need escaped her. He released her hands, kissing her hungrily as he remained settled inside her. She loved having him inside her. It made her feel connected to him.

"I need to go clean up," she said.

"No."

"Um. There's a wet patch."

He shifted them over so he was on his back and she was lying on his chest once more. Somehow, he kept them connected. His dick was still semi-hard inside her.

"Now, there's no wet patch."

"We can't sleep like this."

With a yawn, he turned out the bedside lamp, wrapping one arm around her tight. "Yes. We can."

There was no way. She needed to clean up. He was still inside her.

Not ... happening ...

She kept thinking that even as she drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER 6



APRIL

*A*pril was in a crabby mood the next day.

She had a low level headache and everything was irritating her. From the feel of the clothes against her skin to the food options in the pantry and fridge. The coffee she'd had this morning didn't taste right and everything around her was so freaking annoying!

Logically, she knew it was a lack of sleep as well as the stress of yesterday and probably a bit of an adrenaline drop, causing her to feel this way.

But the logical part of her brain wasn't really working today.

"Urgh!" She slammed the pantry door closed. Unfortunately, it was one of those soft-close doors, so it didn't make a satisfying noise as it shut.

And that irritated her too!

"What did the pantry door do to you, baby?" Trent asked as he walked into the kitchen. He was wearing a red and black flannel shirt and a pair of worn jeans.

God. He looked good enough to eat.

He'd just been on the phone to his brothers, explaining everything. He should be there, having fun. Not putting up with her and her bad mood.

"Nothing," she muttered, trying to push her bad mood to one side. "Is Ben good? Not mad at me?"

He frowned, staring at her for a long moment. Then he drew a stool out from under the kitchen island and crooked a finger at her.

“Come here.”

“Actually, I was just thinking that I’d go do some work.”

“You have anything that needs to be done urgently?” he asked.

She opened her mouth to lie, then thought better of it. “No.”

“You had breakfast?”

“No. I can’t find anything to eat.”

He raised his eyebrows, but didn’t say anything about the full pantry of food behind her.

“Come here, baby.”

“Really, I think it would be better if I just went to my studio.”

“Baby girl, you don’t want me to have to come and get you,” he warned.

Crap. She had to walk past him to get out of the door, anyway. And she had the feeling that he wasn’t going to just let her go.

With a sigh, she stomped over to him. He grabbed her around the waist and drew her between his spread legs. Then he gently grasped her chin, tilting her face back.

“Headache?”

She sighed. Damn it. He knew her too well.

“Yes. And I’m feeling a bit, um, well, grouchy.”

His lips twitched. “Really? I hadn’t noticed.”

“Daddy!” She slapped her hand down lightly on his arm.

His face softened. “You’re tired, grouchy, and you have a headache. Too much stress and not enough sleep.”

None of it was a question, but she nodded in reply, anyway.

“I have the cure for all of that.”

“You do?” she asked.

“Yep. Daddy’s going to take charge today.”

Relief filled her. He always seemed to know exactly what she needed.

“I’m going to get you some painkillers and make you some breakfast. Is there anything you feel like?”

She sniffled. “There’s nothing, Daddy. I’m hungry, but I don’t want to eat anything. It all makes me feel yuck.”

“All right, precious girl. Daddy will sort it out. First, let’s get you settled on the sofa with a blanket and Scruffy Dog.”

Standing, he picked her up and carried her out to the sofa, setting her down on it. She was wearing a pair of loose pants and a huge black hoodie. He frowned at her outfit. “I’ll get you dressed in some fun clothes.”

She didn’t really feel like fun clothes, but she nodded. It wasn’t long until he returned, carrying a quilt, some clothes, and Scruffy Dog.

Dropping it all, he handed her Scruffy Dog before walking away again.

When he came back this time, he had a bottle of liquid painkiller and a small measuring cup.

He poured the painkiller into the cup and held it out to her.

“I don’t like it, Daddy. It tastes so artificial.”

“It’s this or pills, baby.”

She was notoriously bad at swallowing pills. “I don’t want either.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Hmm, you know, I might have some suppository painkillers.”

Oh, heck no.

“I’ll take the liquid stuff! I’ll drink down the yucky stuff!” she said, jumping to her feet and practically leaping at him.

Luckily, he must have figured out her next move because he grabbed her, pulling her close with one arm as he held the cup away from him so it didn’t spill.

“All right, brat,” he murmured. “Calm.” He sat her back down and she took her medicine like the good girl she was.

“Let’s get you dressed in some proper clothes. I’m going to make French Toast for breakfast.”

“That’s just what I feel like, Daddy,” she told him as he dressed her in a pair of black tights, then a red pleated tartan skirt. Finally, he slid on a red, long-sleeved T-shirt and a green fluffy sweater with a picture of a deer on the front. She loved this sweater, and it felt so good when she rubbed the material over her face.

Sighing, she felt far happier as he settled her on the sofa under the blanket with Scruffy Dog and a sippy cup of water.

“I think you’re probably dehydrated. Which is part of the reason you have a headache. So I want all of this sippy cup gone by the time I return with your breakfast. After breakfast, if you’re feeling better, we can go to your playroom for a while. This afternoon, while you nap, I’ll catch up on some things.”

“No nap!”

He gave her a stern look. “Yes, you will have a nap.”

“I don’t want one. I’m not tired.”

“Baby, you’re exhausted.”

She sighed. Long and hard. They’d see about that. “Will you leave?”

He gave her a curious look.

“You said you had things to catch up on. Will you leave me here? Alone?”

She couldn’t be without him right now. Just the thought of him leaving her ... she could feel herself starting to panic.

“I won’t leave you, precious baby. I promise.” He crouched down and cupped her face between his hands. “I won’t leave you.”

She let out a sigh and gave him a wobbly smile. “Sorry I’m being so needy.”

He frowned. “Is that your way of asking for a spanking?”

Her eyes widened. “What? No!”

“You sure? Because you know I’ll always give you what you need. Even if what you need is a trip over my knee to redden your ass.”

“I do not need a spanking, Daddy!” She pouted. “That’s not nice.”

“Drink your water. I expect it all gone.” He left the living room and walked toward the kitchen.

“He’s so darn bossy, Scruffy Dog.” Instead of turning up the television which was set on low, she reached over and grabbed her phone. Before she could truly relax, she needed to make a couple of calls. There was no way she wanted her cousin and best friend finding out what happened on the news or something. They would freak out.

Chardonnay’s phone was turned off, and she winced as she realized the other woman had likely been dancing at Pinkies last night and would be sleeping.

Instead of calling Effie, she decided to text her and ask her to call when she was free. She didn’t want to risk waking her up. Her phone immediately started ringing.

“Hi, Hairy Tits!” Effie sang through the phone.

April loved how happy and carefree her friend sounded. For so long, everything had been a struggle for Effie. But now, she and her nephew Brooks had the best lives. They didn’t have to worry about anything. Even if Effie’s new men weren’t exactly on the right side of the law, they took excellent care of her. They loved her. And that was all April cared about.

“Hey, Droopy Bum,” she replied cheerfully.

“What happened? What’s wrong?” Effie asked immediately.

“What makes you think something is wrong?” April asked.

“I can hear it in your voice. Spill.”

April let out a deep breath. “Okay, but don’t freak out.” She told her best friend everything that happened yesterday.

“He held you up at gunpoint? Oh my God!” Effie cried.

“Spitfire? What’s wrong?”

April heard Damon’s voice in the background.

Effie told him what had happened to April yesterday, her voice filled with worry.

“April? Are you still there?” Damon asked in his deep voice.

“Um, yep. Hey, Damon. How are you?”

“This man has been apprehended?” he asked.

Obviously, he wasn’t in the mood for chitchat.

“Yes. He’s in police custody.”

“Do you have a name?” he asked.

“Uh, no.” What was with all the questions?

“Is Trent there?” he asked.

“He’s making me French toast.”

“Can I speak to him, honey?” Damon was trying to keep his voice soft, she could tell. But it was still clear he expected obedience.

Jumping up, she nearly tripped over her blanket as she rushed into the kitchen.

Trent turned, worry filling his face. “What is it? What’s wrong?”

“Damon,” she said, holding out the phone.

His eyebrows rose as he took the phone, muting it for a moment. “You called Effie?”

She winced. “Yes. Shouldn’t I have?”

“Of course you should have. But I wish you’d warned me.” He unmuted the phone and stepped away as he spoke quietly into the phone.

She shifted her weight from foot to foot until he returned and held out the phone to her. “Effie wants to talk to you again.”

“Is everything okay?” she asked.

“Of course, baby. Damon just wanted to make sure that asshole is going to pay for what happened to you.”

“And if he doesn’t pay?”

Trent’s face hardened. “Then he and Grady will take care of it.”

A shiver went down her spine. Whoa. She wasn’t quite sure how to feel about that. On one hand, Damon Steele was a scary dude. On the other hand, she knew that he and Grady would make sure that asshole paid for what he did if the legal system failed them.

So she decided to push down any misgivings and have a chat with her best friend. That always made her feel better.

CHAPTER 7



APRIL

“*I* really don’t want a nap, Daddy,” April complained as he picked her up and carried her toward the staircase later on that afternoon.

“You need a nap, baby girl,” he insisted. “You’re tired.”

She was. But she didn’t think she’d be able to sleep. Her mind was too busy.

Trent paused at the bottom of the staircase, staring down at her toys. “I’ve been meaning to ask, why are your toys strewn around the house?”

“They were the first line of defense, Daddy.”

“Defense against what?”

“The bogeyman, ghosts, zombies, robbers ... all the bad guys who tried to get me while you were away.”

“There was someone trying to get into the house?” he asked, sounding alarmed. He put her on her feet and turned her to face him.

“Um. Well ... not a real person, Daddy. It was just, well, a bit scary without you here.”

He drew her against him, holding her tight. “Baby, I’m so sorry. Was that why you didn’t sleep well that first night? Because you were scared?”

“Yeah. So I got up to work to try and keep myself busy.”

He drew her back, frowning down at her. “Do you want to explain why you didn’t tell me that when I called the next

morning?”

“I didn’t want you to worry about me, Daddy.”

“That is not acceptable, little girl. I consider that lying.”

“But, Daddy! You would have come home.”

“Which is where I needed to be. Before your nap, you’re getting a spanking for not telling Daddy that you needed him.”

“You were on vacation, Daddy. It was important to Ben that you go and I didn’t want to ruin that.”

He led her up the stairs, his hand firm and big around hers. When they reached the bedroom, he turned and cupped her face. “You know that nothing is more important than you.”

He was right. She did know that. And she had messed up by not telling him that she was struggling. But it had been hard to get him to go, and she knew if he found out how hard she found being parted from him was, he’d never likely leave her again.

Then again ... did she really want him to leave her?

“You’re right, Daddy.”

“Of course I am. I’m always right.” He grinned as she rolled her eyes.

“Now, let’s get this spanking over with so you can get into bed for your nap.” He drew off her skirt and tights. After sitting on the side of the bed, he pulled her over his lap.

Pulling her panties down, he rubbed her ass. “It’s a count of ten. Do you understand why you’re getting a spanking, baby girl?”

“Yes, Daddy. Because I didn’t tell you that I was being a scaredy-cat who was worried that the bogeyman was going to jump out of the closet or that zombies might attack.”

Smack!

“Ouch!”

“Do not call yourself names. It’s now a count of fifteen.”

“Fifteen, Daddy? Noooo!”

“Yes. I won’t have you keeping things from me or putting yourself down. If you don’t know by now that you’re everything to me, then I’m obviously not doing a very good job as your Daddy.”

She gasped in horror. “No, Daddy! That’s not true!” She hated that he might think that. “You’re the best Daddy ever!”

“I hope so. Because I love you very much and I only ever want you to know that you’re loved, safe, and precious.”

Before she could reply, he started spanking her. The smacks were hard and fast. They rained down on her bare ass, making her kick her legs and cry out.

“Daddy, stop!” she yelled.

But he didn’t stop. Because that wasn’t her safeword. Spank after spank landed until her ass was hot and throbbing and she was slumped on his lap, sobbing.

He stopped. “All done, baby. Shh. Hush, now.” He settled her on his lap so her legs were straddling his. Then he rubbed his hand up and down her back. “You’re all done. Good girl. It’s all over now. You were a good girl.”

She pressed her face to his chest, snuggling in close as he held her until her sobs grew quieter, her breathing more even.

Drawing her face back, he wiped it with a tissue, then held it to her nose.

“Good girl. So precious.” He kissed her forehead. “Let’s get you into bed now.” He put her on her feet and pulled her panties up over her hot bottom. Then he helped her take off her sweater.

He stood and tugged back the blankets for her to climb in. Exhaustion was pulling her under as he tucked her in before pulling all of the curtains shut.

“What if I can’t sleep, Daddy?”

“I’ll stay right here until you do.”

“And you won’t leave the house, right?” she asked fearfully.

“I will not leave the house. I promise.” Sitting on the bed, facing her, he rubbed his hand up and down her back. “You’re my good girl. I’m always here for you. I’m never going anywhere.”

“I love you, Daddy. I know I’m always safe with you.”

“And you always will be.”

EPILOGUE



*O*ne month later ...

April walked up the hill by the house and settled under her favorite tree. From here she had a good view of the house as well as the landscape beyond. It was getting toward the end of the winter, but there was still a lot of snow around. It was beautiful.

This was her safe spot. She'd had to get out of the house, to get away from her own thoughts.

A month had passed since Trent's short trip to Vegas, and the attempted armed robbery. Because that asshole had held a gun on them, and he had some priors, he hadn't made bail. Something which helped her breathe easier.

During this last month, Trent had been mindful of her fear of being alone. He'd spent more time than usual working from home. He'd only gone out when he had to. And for the first couple of weeks, she'd often gone with him or one of her friends had come over.

But these last couple of weeks, she'd managed to spend more time alone. However, sometimes the memories got to her.

Like today.

She just couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. How she could have been killed. Or Jess or Bev. Thank

goodness they were both fine. Jess's pregnancy was developing well.

But April often wondered if they had nightmares too. If they had found something to help them cope. The only things that could calm her mind were being in Little headspace, in Trent's arms, or here under her favorite tree. Since Trent wasn't here right now, she'd come up here for a bit.

She wasn't sure how long she'd been sitting there when he walked up to her.

"Baby girl, how long have you been sitting out here? You look blue." He wrapped the blanket he was carrying around her.

Hmm, she hadn't noticed how cold she'd grown.

"Sorry. I just needed to get out of the house. To think for a bit."

He settled in next to her, then reached out to touch the side of her face, turning her to look at him. "Why didn't you call me?"

"Honestly, I only meant to come out here for ten minutes or so. Just to clear my mind. I never meant to stay here this long. Sorry."

"It's all right, precious girl. As long as you're okay. That's all I'm worried about."

"You're so good to me, Daddy. How did you know I was here? Did you see me?"

"Baby, you always like to come out here. This tree is your safe place. And I will always know how to find you."

He lifted her into his lap and held her safe in his arms.

Yeah, it really was a good thing having a man who loved her beyond measure.

A Daddy who knew exactly what she needed.

Him.



WE HOPE you enjoyed this story is about April and Trent. They were introduced in Daddies' Captive (MC Daddies) and as you can see, it is not necessary to read that book before this story. This story is a snapshot into their lives—it's not the story of how they met. If you want that you can always let me know and I'll write it. Enjoy!

ABOUT LAYLAH ROBERTS

USA Today Bestselling Author, Laylah Roberts loves writing stories about possessive, protective men and the women they adore.

When she's not writing, she's reading, chasing after her eight-year-old, and ignoring her never-ending washing pile.

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A Taste of Sir

To Save Sir

Sir's Redemption

Reveal Me, Sir

Montana Daddies

Daddy Bear

Daddy's Little Darling

Daddy's Naughty Darling Novella

Daddy's Sweet Girl

Daddy's Lost Love

A Montana Daddies Christmas

Daring Daddy

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A Little Christmas Cheer (crossover with MC Daddies)

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Their Christmas Baby

Haley Chronicles

Ally and Jake

FINDING IT ALL



By

Livia Grant

CHAPTER 1



MARLEY

This was a bad idea.

Actually, it was a terrible idea coming on the heels of a long line of progressively worse ideas.

That didn't mean she wasn't going to do it anyway.

I'm desperate.

Marley watched as two couples strolled by her hiding spot near the exit to the three story parking garage, laughing and flirting as if they hadn't a care in the world. Were she a thief, she could have surprised them and demanded their valuables. Lucky for them, she didn't need anything nefarious from the Friday night revealers. Just the distraction the arrival a large group could provide.

Before she lost her nerve, she stepped out of the dark corner, falling into step just a few feet behind the sexy group. The muscular men wore leather pants and black T-shirts that clung to their broad shoulders as they wrapped a possessive arm around their date's waists.

It was impossible to know what the women were wearing — if anything — as they had on long winter coats despite the unseasonably warm February evening.

They are probably naked under their coats.

Oblivious to the fact they were being followed, Marley had to jog precariously in her high-heels to close the few feet between them as they moved deeper into the dark alley. She

snuck a peek around the couples just as they approached the burley bouncer standing guard under the well-lit awning.

Considering she'd never seen the man checking ID's, things were already going smoother than the last time she'd tried to talk her way inside. Even with the blonde wig she'd worn tonight to disguise her distinctive red hair, she still knew she wasn't home free yet.

"Membership cards, please," the employee asked politely. As expected, the men pulled out their wallets, flashing the coveted membership credentials to Chicago's hottest secret club.

Marley held her breath, tucking in as close as she could behind the man in front of her without actually brushing into him. She could hear the bouncer tapping away, looking up the members on his iPad.

"Welcome back, gentlemen. I see you've each arranged to bring in a guest this evening."

The bouncer's long pause boosted Marley's hope until he added, "And which one of you is sponsoring the fifth member of your group?"

Shit. Fuck. Damn.

In unison, the foursome spun around to see who he'd been talking about.

"Oh, she's not with us," one of the sexy women added with a bit too much snark.

Not helpful.

The bouncer's gaze grew suspicious as he looked Marley up and down before finally asking the million dollar question.

"Membership card?"

If she could buy her way in, she would have done that a long time ago but the fees to enter the exclusive club were insanely high and as she'd found out... money wasn't the only thing needed to enter The Punishment Pit.

She also needed a referral.

Connections.

Something she would never get after the owners had discovered she'd only been coming to gather research for her psychology dissertation on sexuality.

Marley shuddered just thinking about the embarrassment she'd felt when she'd literally been thrown out of the club months before.

Luckily, the guy working the door was new.

"I'm meeting my Dom. He's already inside."

Sort of true. She'd left off two little letters in that sentence. Stuart was technically her *ex-Dom* now and she was pretty sure that even if he was inside, he'd have some new submissive with him.

"And just what is your Dom's name? Because I'd like to have a word with him about taking proper care of his submissive's safety. The alley is no place for a single submissive to be walking alone," the doorman lectured.

"That's why I waited in the garage until I saw people I suspected were heading here and I followed them... for safety..." Marley gushed, hoping her voice didn't give away how nervous she was.

It seemed plausible. The problem was, she suspected he wasn't going to let her pass without her giving Stuart's name and if she did that, it would most definitely be game over.

She couldn't risk it.

"I'm sure my Dom will appreciate you helping to keep me safe... and he'll be with me when I leave so no harm, no foul," she answered with a flirty flair, praying the cute guy would bend the rules and let her pass.

The sound of the loud music playing in the BDSM club got louder the second the two couples badged into building in front of her. The pounding beat of the bass called out to her, reigniting the confusing flame of need deep inside her. She could already feel the dampness in her panties just thinking

about the debauchery happening only a few hundred feet away.

I have to get inside.

Marley had just placed a high-heeled foot inside the door when the doorman threw out his arm, stopping her in her tracks.

“Not so fast. If you’re a guest, I’m gonna need your Dom to come out and escort you inside. He should know the rules. No uncollared submissives allowed into The Pit without completing the additional consent forms.”

Remembering the intimate details of those scary forms she’d read online in the privacy of her studio apartment almost had her spinning around and running to safety.

Almost...

Turning on her brightest smile instead, Marley did her best to stay calm as she begged, “Please... don’t make him come out here. I’m already in so much trouble for being late. I don’t want to make him even more mad by having to come out to collect me.”

A flicker of sympathy flashed through the bouncer’s eyes before it was replaced with the stern glare of a seasoned Dom.

“I guess you shouldn’t have been late then. Sounds like someone might have earned herself a spot center stage tonight.”

It was an offhanded comment, but it nearly sent Marley into a panic. As much as she desperately needed to get inside to observe — to play the role of voyeur — it was even more critical to avoid actually participating in the punishment scenes she couldn’t stop thinking about.

Memories of her time at the sex club had been living rent free in her brain for months, building into a craving she honestly didn’t understand what to do with. She had come to terms with the fact that she was probably a sadist. Listening to and watching others being punished and sexually pleased was like her kryptonite.

But actually being punished... not so much.

So much so that it was her reluctance to actually consent to a punishment that was the main reason the *ex* was in front of the word Dom when describing Stuart. He had needed the kind of submission from her she just couldn't give and without his sponsorship, she'd found herself frozen out of The Pit.

She was so close to success, but when she glanced up to see one of the owners stalking through the high-end foyer to the club, a determined look in his dark gaze as he locked eyes with her, she knew she'd failed yet again.

Marley tried to swallow her disappointment as she spun around, ready to take off toward the garage before they could detain her. Instead of escaping, she ran smack dab into the hard chest of a man she hadn't even known was standing behind her.

"Whoa there, little girl. Where do you think you're running off to so fast?" His deep voice enveloped her even as he wrapped his arms around her, keeping her from toppling over in her high heels.

Nervously glancing over her shoulder, she knew she only had seconds to leave before the owner got to the door. Considering he'd accused her of stalking Stuart the last time she's tried to sneak in, Marly didn't want to risk him calling the police on her this time.

"Let me go!" she demanded of the stranger as she tried to flail her arms free.

His grip on her had just loosened when she heard the shout from just a few feet behind her.

"Stop her!"

Strong arms closed in again, immobilizing her. Only the calming scent of the stranger kept her from truly panicking as she mentally prepared for the coming humiliation of another public failure.

"You have a runaway sub, Derek?"

Despite not having even seen his face yet, the deep voice of her captor vibrated through Marley's body in an unexpected way.

"More like an intruding stalker," the owner said standing right behind her, sandwiching her between them.

Marley's pulse spiked as the man's grip loosened enough for him to pull back and look down at her.

Dark eyes bore into her soul and her breath hitched.

Levity danced in the older man's brown eyes, highlighting the crinkles around his mouth and eyes that told her he smiled often. The realization calmed her nerves some.

"Boo," he said breaking into a smile. When she didn't relax, his smile slipped and he added. "Breathe."

Until that moment she hadn't even realized she'd been holding her breath. Sucking in precious air, Marley wriggled, testing his grip and finding herself still detained.

"Better. Now... What do you think I should do with my little stalker."

"I'm not stalking anyone," Marly bit back.

"Oh? So why try to sneak in?"

Derek's hands squeezed her biceps from behind her as he answered incorrectly for her. "She got dumped by her Dom months ago and since then has insisted on trying to sneak in every few weeks, despite our generous invitation to purchase her own single's membership."

One of the stranger's eyebrows rose, challenging her to defend herself. The problem was the reasons for declining to join were just as embarrassing as getting turned away.

She was a broke grad student.

Marly took small sips of air while thinking through her options.

The smallest of a smile on the man's face helped calm her pulse.

“Why don’t we start with something easier... like you telling me your name,” the handsome Dom with the perfect salt and pepper five o’clock shadow demanded. When she didn’t answer, his eyes danced with mischief before adding, “Is your name a national secret?”

“No,” she said breathlessly, still expecting Derek to rip her out of the man’s arms.

A full five seconds of silence later he added, “And yet you still haven’t told me. Is it possible you’re bratting on purpose to earn a stern punishment?”

“Oh God... “ she gushed nervously.

“I’m not really one of those God-complex kinda Doms, but if that’s your kink, I’d give it a shot for the night.”

Despite her nerves, Marley couldn’t help but chuckle at the man’s charming comeback.

“Ah, there’s a smile. As much as I get off seeing fear in my sub’s face, I much prefer to put the fear there myself. Your smile suits you.”

A warm thread wove through her at his unexpected compliment.

She rewarded him by answering. “Marley. My name is Marley.”

“A beautiful name for a beautiful woman. And thanks for sharing. It was going to be hard for me to fill out the guest paperwork without knowing your name.”

Say what? Had he really just offered to pay for her to get inside?

“Um... you don’t have to do that.”

“Of course I don’t but...” He paused. A sadness flashed in his eyes before his smile returned. “Something tells me we were supposed to bump into each other tonight.”

“You sure you want to open yourself up to this little troublemaker?” Derek asked from directly behind her.

The man's eyes never left hers as he answered the owner. "The club is called The Punishment Pit. What better place to take a troublemaker to pay her penance?"

Marley's knees started to buckle under her.

"Whoa there, I've got you." The Dom paused, the humor in his eyes draining as he got more serious. "What do you say? Want to spend a night at the club with me tonight, Marley?"

It was the invitation she'd been desperate for. So why now that her chance to get back inside was finally here was she balking at saying yes?

Because I only want to watch.

What if, like Stuart, he expected more out of her than she could possibly offer?

She couldn't resist the temptation.

"Fine. Yes, but I'll pay you back."

She could come up with the money for one guest entrance somehow.

"I don't want your money," he retorted as she felt Derek finally releasing her arms.

As hard as it may be to come up with money, Marley was more worried the price her temporary Dom requested might just be something she wasn't capable of paying.

"So what do you want then?" she whispered.

"Well we'll start with begging. Add in a few tears... maybe a few screams and for the grand finale, I want your orgasms."

Holy shit.

She should be running toward the garage and she probably would have been if the Dom hadn't broken out in a gorgeous smile that lit up his whole face reminding her the BDSM lifestyle was a bit like a game. An often debauched game, but a game nonetheless. A battle of dominance and submission. Push and pull.

Time for her to tip her toe into the match.

“Oh, is that all?” she flirted.

“For our first date, sure,” he bantered.

“Is that what this is? A date?”

“Would you rather we call it something else?”

Marley’s body was a mixed bag of emotion. Her logical brain was screaming for her to run. Her heart was longing for something she honestly couldn’t put into words.

But it was her throbbing core, aching to have some mysterious scratch itched that made her stay grounded to her spot.

“Come on. Say yes. You know you want to,” he tempted.

“I’m scared,” she admitted.

He leaned in close enough she felt his warm breath on her cheek. His whisper against her ear was intimate. “Of course you’re scared. That’s why it’s so addicting.”

Her breath hitched, recognizing the truth in his words.

When she still hadn’t said yes, he moved one hand lower, cupping her ass through her little black dress. “Don’t think. Just feel.”

She’ll realize she’s been so busy analyzing — trying to make sense of why she craved the sights and sounds of the punishment club. Maybe he was right. Maybe it was time to turn herself over to the cravings. There was just one thing she had to know first.

“Will I still get a safe word?”

“Of course. Safe words are sacred. But... if I’m doing my job right, you’ll be crying out my name instead of red.”

“That will be pretty hard to do since I don’t know what your name is.”

“For you... tonight... Sir will do.”

CHAPTER 2



BROCK

She was his gift from the universe. There was no other explanation for having the sexy submissive literally fall into his arms less than six hours after walking out of divorce court.

Brock had been coming to The Punishment Pit for months, trying — and failing — to get the sexy atmosphere to pull him out of the deep funk he'd been in the nearly year since coming home early from a business trip to walk in on their kid's pediatrician doing a thorough internal examination of his wife's pussy... in his marital bed...

He'd joined the club, determined to bang out dirty revenge sex on every willing sub he encountered, yet each time he'd gotten close to sealing the deal on a sexy scene, he'd backed out, going home with bluer balls than when he'd arrived.

In the end, it came down to one thing for Brock. He'd made a promise — a vow. Even if Candace had trampled all over her wedding vows, he refused to do the same.

He hadn't been abstaining from sex this last year out of love or some misplaced loyalty to the woman who had shown no loyalty in return. It was just that he liked looking in the mirror and being proud of the man in the reflection. He was self aware enough to know that having sex with someone who wasn't his wife before the ink was dry on the divorce decree may have felt good in the moment but would have ended up poisoning his new found freedom.

Walking out of the courthouse a single man that afternoon after a year of ugly battles had felt like his personal Independence Day. And tonight he would finally get to enjoy the spoils of the war.

As he squeezed Marley's elbow, steering her deeper into the main club, he recognized the arrival of the first real joy in what felt like forever. Feeling the appreciative eyes of other patrons on them as they passed by made him feel like a lucky bastard to be with such a sexy partner, even if it was just for one evening.

Brock moved them toward an open plush chair on the fringe of what looked like the gathering of a raucous group of friends.

He angled the chair in the direction of the group as Marley leaned closer to speak over the pounding music.

"Shouldn't we sit over there?" she asked, pointing at the line of uncomfortable seats lining the farthest perimeter of the theater turned BDSM club.

"What would be the fun in that? We have a much better view of all activities here on the main floor."

"But there's only one open seat here."

"Good observation, but since you'll be on your knees at my feet, that shouldn't be a problem," he said with a devious grin.

He hadn't even said anything about punishments or sex, yet her bright green eyes widened as she internalized his words.

Christ, she's a total newbie. Don't fuck this up, Ingram.

Sitting at the edge of the open seat, Brock spun Marley to face away from him before grabbing her hips, pressing her knees to the carpeted floor.

Suspecting she was a bit like a spooked kitten, he wrapped his arms around her, yanking her back against his chest so he could talk into her ear without shouting over the music.

“Looks like we have a good view of some of the colorful scenes already in progress, don’t you think?”

He hadn’t expected her to answer, yet if her trembling was any indication of her head space, he knew he had to keep things moving slow until he could get her to at least take a few deep breaths. Knowing next to nothing about her was a huge disadvantage.

Time to fix that.

“Look over at those couples. Which scene catches your interest the most?”

Marley could take her pick of any number of debauched activities in progress. Spankings and blow jobs competed with submissives wearing butt plugs and leashes. He said a small prayer of thanks when she showed no interest in the Dom scraping the edge of a fierce knife along the pierced nipples of the slave at his feet.

Blood and knife play was on his own hard limits list.

The thought gave him a great idea on how to break the ice.

“Before we start, I need to know your hard limits.”

“Um... it might be easier to say what’s not on my limits list.”

Brock chuckled before realizing she’d been telling the truth.

He needed to see her eyes.

Wanting to get her full attention, he weaved his fingers through her long blonde hair and gave her head a yank. The surprise was on him when a blonde wig came off in his hand.

“What the fuck? You’re not a blonde?”

Glancing over her shoulder, he saw a defensive fire in her eyes. “What, you only like blondes?”

Most Doms in the room would punish their sub for snapping back so assertively. Lucky for Marly, he wasn’t like most Doms.

Pinching her chin so she couldn't look away, Brock decided it was time to give her her first lesson in being a good submissive and since he was rusty at the whole Dom gig, the slow start was good for him too.

“Now that we're inside and you're on your knees, I think it's time you start addressing me as Sir. More importantly, unless you're angling for that punishment Derek so wants me to give you, I'll remind you to use a respectful tone as well.”

He had to force himself to wait out the panic he saw flash in her eyes as she nervously fidgeted to put distance between them. Only when she must have realized he wasn't going to relent that easily did he feel some of the tension leaving her body.

“I'm sorry.”

He could let it go but decided to test the waters. He took his hand away from her just long enough to deliver a rather lame spank to her ass before pulling her back against him.

The shock on her face would be comical if he didn't sense a sliver a fear mixed in.

“What was that for?”

The second swat to her butt was swift and much harder.

“Sir. Address me as Sir. In other words... I'm sorry, *Sir*. What was that for, *Sir*? Got it?”

“Okay... okay... “ His hand had just left her when she shouted out a, “Sir!”

“Such a good girl. See, you'll get the hang of this sub thing yet.”

He knew he was grinning like an idiot, but damn it felt good to have a young and vibrant woman looking up at him with those vulnerable green eyes.

“Now... for the record, my ex-wife is a blonde so as far as I'm concerned, you not being a blonde just bumped you up even higher on the desirability factor, something I wasn't sure was possible. But I have to ask... why the wig? Are you really

trying to stalk your ex-Dom and thought the wig would disguise you?”

Only after the question was out there did he realize how important her answer was to him. He wanted her for himself... at least for the night. He didn't want to share her even with the memory of some old flame tonight.

“I'm not stalking anyone. I just wanted to get inside... *Sir.*”

“Well, now that I see how gorgeous your auburn hair is there will be no more hiding it away.”

Pulling the nylon beanie off her head, Brock enjoyed watching the flow of long hair escaping to land half way down her back. Picking up where he'd left off before discovering the wig, he shoved his fingers into the thick hair near her skull, yanking her head back just hard enough to pull a groan from his captive.

“Now that I have your attention, I'd like you to give me just one kink that isn't on your hard limits list.” When she didn't answer, he added. “Come on... there has to be at least one thing you've tried that you enjoyed or why in the world would you be working so hard to get back inside?”

It took nearly a minute long standoff before it finally dawned on him. The reason for her silence. Her fear. Her curiosity.

“You haven't played in the lifestyle at all yet, have you.”

The guilt in her eyes turned what had started as a question into a statement.

She wasn't just inexperienced. She was a novice. A newbie.

“Christ, you aren't a virgin are you?”

“No! It's nothing like that. I just haven't... well... you know...”

The blush on her cheeks was adorable. She was embarrassed. Maybe humiliation was her thing. He could work with that.

Her “Owie,” came one second after his next swat to her ass. “*Sir!*”

“Good girl.”

There it was. He could see in her eyes she liked being called a good girl.

I hope I get the chance to see if she likes being called a naughty girl even more.

“I’m going to lift this sexy black dress off you now, Marley, and you’re going to stay kneeled at my feet. We’re going to get to know each other while we enjoy the debauchery going on around us. If you’re a good girl, I’ll let you keep your bra and panties on but the next time you forget to address me as Sir, I’ll be collecting those from you and you’ll be kneeling up in your birthday suit. Understood?”

Marley swallowed hard before whispering, “Yes, Sir.”

The form fitting dress hugged her curvy body perfectly. Once it lay in a heap next to the chair, he couldn’t help but whistle.

Some men might say she needed to lose a few pounds, but to Brock, her body was perfect. Plenty of sexy nooks and crannies to explore... to punish... to pleasure.

As tempting as it was to keep her facing him he needed to watch her reaction to the intense punishment happening just a few feet away more.

Her body tensed in his arms and she tried to turn her head to the side.

“Watch. Tell me what you see.”

Silence.

“Marley.”

“I don’t get it. Why is she letting him do that to her, Sir?”

It was the first time she’d used the honorific without a reminder. Progress.

Brock let her watch another stroke of the loopy johnny connecting with the sobbing submissive's beet-red ass only a few feet away before answering.

"My guess is, she needs it."

He'd expected push back, not silence. "What else do you see, Marley?"

Tearing her eyes away from the closest punishment happening near by, his sub took a full minute to take in everything happening around them. As he waited for her answer, he felt her body starting to rhythmically sway in his arms.

"I see pain, Sir." Her answer was soft. He almost missed it.

As her swaying grew erratic, Brock slipped his dress shoe forward between her bent legs, lifting the leathered tip up to graze the gusset of her panties. Marley's shuddering groan gave him the proof he needed to counter, "You see pain but I see pleasure."

As the new sub lowered her body in an attempt to bring more fiction to her needy pussy, he hugged her tighter from behind, nipping at her ear before pointing out, "Over there... see the face of ecstasy on a Dom's face as his sub chokes on his cock. And what about that submissive being fucked over the arm of the couch behind them."

He gave her time to take in the sounds, sights, and smells permeating every nook and cranny of Chicago's dirtiest sex club but when she remained silent for long minutes, he finally added, "The longer you dabble in the lifestyle, the more you'll see that pain and pleasure are just opposite sides of the same coin. The Punishment Pit would have gone out of business a long time ago without pleasure."

To prove his point, Brock laid his palm flat against her jiggly tummy before pressing lower, slipping his hand into her lacy panties to cup her sex.

"Christ, you're sopping wet," he observed as he lightly brushed his fingers through her folds, lightly brushing her clit. Had he not been holding her tight, she would have bucked out

of his arms. He loved how Marley had grabbed onto his bare forearm at her waist, digging her nails into his skin even as she started humping up and down on his hand.

When her head fell back to his shoulder, he could see she'd closed her eyes, giving him the opportunity to study her beauty up close and personal.

She couldn't be more than twenty-five. At least ten years his junior. An adorable line of light freckles dotted the bridge of her nose before spilling onto her rosy cheeks.

Gorgeous.

It would be so easy to finger fuck her to climax... but where would the fun be in that?

He had a better idea.

Brock grinned through the long line of expletives she spewed the second he removed his hand from her needy pussy. "No! You can't stop yet..."

She'd played into his trap perfectly.

Pulling her hair until she was once again facing him, their faces just inches apart, Brock broke the news to her of what was coming next.

"You forgot to say Sir again..." He didn't even try to hide his grin. "I'll be collecting your bra and panties now young lady... that is unless you've decided to safe word before we even get started."

CHAPTER 3



MARLEY

*R*ed.

It was on the tip of her tongue. She didn't even like being naked in the women's locker room at the gym. The thought of exposing her bare breasts and pussy to the entire clientele of The Punishment Pit was enough to make her feel light headed.

Don't panic. She'd been trying to get inside to explore the lifestyle in the relative safety of the club for months. Now that she'd made it inside, she couldn't chicken out now.

Her Dom for the night had been more than patient with her already and she knew she was fortunate that way. In her limited experience, she'd seen that most Doms at The Pit were over-the-top strict.

Moving in slow motion, Marley reached back to unhook her black bra, daring to sneak a peek at the chiseled jaw of her temporary Dom. The salt and pepper scruff matched the highlights in his dropped, dark hair. Another reason to feel fortunate. He was not only patient, but over-the-top handsome.

"No stalling," he chastised as she held the fabric of her bra against her breasts, unwilling to drop the thin layer of protection.

His swat to her ass brought a hiss from her lips even as she let her hands drop to expose her D cup breasts to anyone looking in their direction.

She'd been so sure there would only be pain in a spanking — and to be fair, she knew the small swats to her ass were a far cry from a true punishment — but still, she loved the warm tingle spreading across her butt where her Dom had cracked his palm several times now.

Those same calloused hands now squeezed her boobs, hugging her from behind. “Pure perfection...” her Dom said as he playfully massaged her flesh, taking the time to pinch her already protruding nipples.

A zing of pleasure pulsed through Marley, washing away another layer of her anxiety and leaving only excitement in its wake. In the past, Stuart had been so fixated on punishing her when they'd arrive at the club that she'd never been able to even get past her initial fears before safe wording and retreating.

Her Dom's fingers hooked her panties at her hips just before he started pushing the fabric toward the floor. They may have just met, but he had already done more to put her at ease than all her previous visits to the club with her ex combined. He wasn't barking orders or threatening over-the-top punishments for non-existent transgressions. He was merely taking charge, something she was grateful for.

The club lights flickered just as the volume of the music got softer, allowing the announcement that the main show was about to begin to be heard. Within seconds the couples milling around near the bar started to migrate, finding open seats on the main floor of the club.

Marley's pulse quickened with excitement at the thought of witnessing another show at The Punishment Pit. While the idea of being on the stage was unbearable, she couldn't deny the level of need gnawing at her at the thought of witnessing someone else's pain. It was the textbook definition of a sadist.

Hot spotlights pointed center stage as the heavy two-story red curtains opened, exposing a medieval-style torture chamber to the spectators. Her own gasp of surprise mingled with those from several of her fellow submissives as they

collectively sighed with relief that they weren't the one strung up naked to the whipping post center stage.

“Breathe.”

Her Dom's order against the shell of her ear was welcome as it overrode the booming voice of the owner, Derek, piping through the sound system, explaining to the spectators what was about to happen to the submissive on display.

Marley took sips of air as her pulse pounded faster listening to the scene unfolding just a few dozen feet away center stage.

“I see you're enjoying the show,” her Dom accused in her ear.

She wanted to deny it, but the pool of juice his fingers were sliding through called her a liar. A zing of pleasure zapped through her body with each light brush of his fingertips against her pulsing clit.

“More...” she begged, humping her body up and down, trying to get him to stop teasing her and plunge his fingers inside her instead.

“So needy...” he teased. “I don't think you've earned the right to come yet.”

Marley whined out of frustration. As her Dom hugged her from behind, she felt his own hard shaft poking against her lower back. Deciding it was only fair that she tease him in return, she wiggled her ass between his open legs, drawing a few groans of desire from him in return.

His soft chuckle warmed her further. “Such a naughty girl, teasing your Dom.”

“Who says I'm teasing?” she bantered back playfully, more than ready to make good on her promise.

The next swat cracked against her naked ass. “I didn't hear a Sir in there,” he warned. Little did he know that Marley had begun to crave the small dose of pain he was doling out with the periodic spanks.

A long and powerful scream from center stage dragged Marley's attention back to the poor submissive strung up on her tip-toes against the wooden post. The woman's Dom had just delivered a line of fire across her buttocks courtesy of the rattan cane he was wielding. Even from a distance it was easy to see the parallel lines of red welts criss crossing the woman's bottom.

Despite the room feeling warm, Marley shivered. Her own ass ached out of sympathy just imagining how much a caning might hurt. Her brain revolted at the thought of ever being on the receiving end of such a severe punishment, but the rest of her body ached with a need she couldn't put words to.

It was more than a little confusing.

"What's wrong with me?" The words left her mouth before she realized she had said them out loud.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with you."

"But I shouldn't get excited by someone else's pain," she protested, nervously looking at the floor.

"Look around this room." Her Dom lifted her chin, forcing her to take in the entire club living out their own scenes of pain and pleasure. "If getting off on watching is wrong, then you're in very good company."

He wasn't wrong. It still made her feel guilty.

Seconds later he'd spun her body around so that she was facing him instead of the stage. She could still hear the strikes of the cane punishing the submissive on the stage but now she had a front row seat to the heat in her Dom's eyes as he looked like he wanted to devour her.

A small smile played at his lips as he reached for the buckle of his belt. "I think it's time you pay attention to things happening a bit closer to you than what's happening on the stage."

Marley licked her lips self consciously as she glanced down in time to watch her Dom unzip his dress slacks and pull his hard cock out. It was long and thick and she suspected he knew exactly how to use the bad-boy.

His short order of “Open wide,” was her only warning before his fingers weaved through her hair, pressing her face down until the tip of his cock popped between her lips. The salty taste of precum hit her tongue as he lifted his hips, thrusting his shaft deep enough to jam against the back of her throat.

He wasn't gentle and that suited her perfectly. He was a man possessed, using her mouth until she grew light-headed. She slapped her palms against his muscular thighs, demanding a gasping breath.

“That's it, Marley. Get me nice and hard so I can fuck you like you deserve.”

His dirty promise pushed her need higher. She'd barely known the man for an hour. It was scandalous. She didn't even know what his name was and yet as he continued to face fuck her, all she could think about was having him inside her.

She vaguely heard the slapping sound of others having sex around them just as her own Dom yanked her mouth away from his shaft.

“Climb on, baby. I want to suck your tits while you ride my cock,” he demanded as he grabbed her biceps, helping to pull her off the floor to her feet.

Marley didn't need to be told twice. She climbed onto his lap, spreading her legs wide to line up her needy pussy perfectly.

Their eyes met just as she felt the velvety tip of his penis sliding through her wet slit. His brown eyes were dark with the same kind of gnawing need she was pretty sure she was displaying back at him.

The upward thrust of his hips coincided with him pulling her body down as he called out one word... “Mine!”

It was crazy really. They barely knew each other yet in that moment, she felt closer to him than she had any other human being. His hips pistoned hard and fast, filling her pussy again and again as his shaft grew impossibly harder and longer, touching her in ways that made her feel almost virginal.

His mouth devoured her nipple, nibbling and sucking hard enough he was surely leaving his mark. The thought pushed her higher until all she could think about was coming.

Taking his mouth away from her breast, he demanded “I hope you’re on birth control because I don’t want to stop to put on a condom.” His hips thrust up extra hard as if to make his point.

“On the pill...” she managed to grunt out as she slammed down onto his lap.

He filled her perfectly, changing the angle of entry just enough to touch her g-spot, sending her over the cliff and free falling into the strongest orgasm of her life. Marley collapsed like a wet noodle into his arms as her Dom chased his own climax, shooting hot cum deep inside her seconds later until she could feel the wetness spilling out around his still buried shaft.

“Wow...” His single word broke through her euphoric haze. “That was amazing.”

That was the understatement of the century. She’d been so desperate to get back into The Punishment Pit hoping she could just play the role of voyeur. She hadn’t even dared to hope for anything more.

Her Dom wrapped his arms around her, holding her against his chest as she slowly recovered. It took all her effort to comply when he lifted her chin up and demanded she, “Open your eyes, baby.”

She loved the crinkles around his eyes as he smiled in her direction. “Let’s get you put back together, shall we?”

Marley wasn’t prepared for the tears that sprang to her eyes as she realized their night was already coming to an end. He didn’t owe her anything... so why was she panicking at the idea of never seeing the stranger again?

“Hey... what’s this?” he said, swiping at the first tear that escaped down her cheek.

“It’s nothing. I’m just being silly,” she said, trying to sound brave instead of vulnerable.

She tried to push away from him, but his grip was too strong. Finally giving up, she had no choice but to look back into his eyes.

“As I was saying... we need to get you put back together so I can take you out for a late dinner. You feel like pancakes or burgers? Steaks or pizza?”

“You want to take me out for food? Now?” Her voice cracked with surprise.

“Now. Tomorrow. The next day...” He grinned before adding, “As often as you’ll let me.”

“But... we barely know each other. I don’t even know your name,” she pointed out the obvious.

“The name is Brock, but I’m hoping you’ll keep calling me Sir, at least while we’re here at the club.”

Her pulse spiked higher as his words hit home. “But I already told you... I can’t afford to join the club.” She could feel the blush of shame on her cheeks having to admit she couldn’t afford the steep entry fees.

“Lucky for you, I’m happy let you work off the membership with this delicious body of yours. What do you say, Marley? You want to explore the lifestyle with me?”

Was that uncertainty in his eyes? Didn’t he know how desperately she wanted to say yes to his amazing offer?

“On one condition... Sir.”

“Name it.”

“You won’t sign us up to be on the stage any time soon.” Just thinking about being on that stage with everyone watching her almost sent her into a panic. “I don’t think I’m ready for that.”

Brock chuckled as he hugged her tighter. “Baby, I’m not ready to share you like that yet either, but maybe by the time we hit our one year anniversary we’ll be ready.”

One year anniversary indeed.

“Why don’t we start with burgers and fries and take it from there.”



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ABOUT LIVIA GRANT

USA Today bestselling author Livia Grant lives in Chicago with her husband and furry rescue dog named Max. She is fortunate to have been able to travel extensively and as much as she loves to visit places around the globe, the Midwest and its changing seasons will always be home. Livia's readers appreciate her riveting stories filled with deep, character driven plots, often spiced with elements of BDSM.

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Did you know Livia has a private Facebook reader group? If you'd like to hear about her upcoming projects and talk about the BDSM lifestyle, please check out Livia's Passion Vault at: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/296689347184223>



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A LITTLE SURPRISE



By

Stella Moore

CHAPTER 1



CARLY

Sitting in the passenger seat of her Daddy's truck, Carly pressed her hands to her cheeks and tried to suppress the grin that had been plastered there the entire evening. Even though her face actually *hurt* from smiling so much, she couldn't seem to stop.

Friday afternoon, Matt had surprised her by coming home early and telling her to log off for the weekend. He'd ignored every single one of her questions as they'd packed a duffel bag, driven the dogs up to their friend Edie's house, and headed for the interstate.

His continued refusal to tell her where they were going had been mitigated somewhat by the fact he'd let her have complete control over the music, but the longer they'd driven, the more curious she'd gotten.

And the more curious she'd gotten, the brattier she'd become. Which had earned her a quick rest stop spanking with the small wooden hairbrush he'd stashed in the glove compartment.

Her bottom had still been sore when they'd pulled up in front of a gorgeous old farmhouse just outside of Atlanta, but it was hard to hold it against him when she'd gotten to take a bubble bath in the most gorgeous clawfoot tub she'd ever laid eyes on.

All of that had been yesterday. This morning, he'd woken her up with some pretty spectacular sex before surprising her

with tickets to *Legally Blonde: The Musical!* and some more of that pretty spectacular sex.

Now they were on their way back to the rental house after the show, and she couldn't stop smiling for the life of her. A real Broadway show in a real live theater. One more item crossed off her bucket list, thanks to the man sitting next to her.

“Did you have a good time, babygirl?” Reaching over, Matt tugged her hand away from her face so he could bring their linked fingers to his lips.

“The *best* time! Thank you, Daddy.”

“You're welcome, baby.” When he glanced over, his lips curved up in a smug smile. “I've got a few more surprises for you when we get back to the house.”

“I think I might actually die if you give me any more surprises. I don't think my heart can take it.”

Chuckling, he pressed another kiss to her fingers. “Hopefully it can because we're going to get started right now. Take your panties off and hand them to Daddy.”

Need, as hot as it was unexpected, slammed into her at the simple command. They were on a nearly deserted back road, in the dark, so there was no chance of her being seen. Still, the thrill of doing something 'naughty' never failed to get her heart racing, and tonight was no exception as she pulled her hand free of his and lifted her bottom up from the seat so she could wiggle her panties down her legs.

“Good girl,” he said, his voice gruff when she placed the satin and lace in the palm of his hand. “Do you want to know what Daddy has planned for you, babygirl?”

She was even more aware of the arousal gushing from her pussy now that she'd removed her panties, which she assumed had been the point. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Daddy's going to tie you to the bed so you can't move. And when you're completely at my mercy, I'm going to take your favorite strap and turn your bottom a nice, pretty red before I eat your pussy until you come all over my face so

many times you lose count. Then, when you're a sore, whimpering, whining mess, I'm going to fuck you nice and slow so you can feel every inch of Daddy's cock in your sweet little pussy. How's that sound, baby?"

Like all their hottest nights together all rolled into one. "I wouldn't say it's my *favorite* strap," she said, keeping her voice light and teasing despite the tightness in her throat. "It might be your favorite, though."

"Tomato, tomahto."

Her laughter filled the cab of the truck as he turned onto the driveway leading up to the rental house. But it faded, humor giving way to nervous excitement when he killed the engine and pinned her with that stern expression she'd come to love so much. "Stay right there, babygirl. Daddy will let you out."

Over the past few months, she'd grown used to sitting and waiting for him to let her out of the truck. The fact he'd felt the need to reassert his authority spiked her curiosity all over again as she watched him make his way around the hood of the truck.

What was he up to?

"Good girl." His voice was even lower, gruffer than it had been when she'd handed him her panties, and the sound of it had her pussy throbbing in time with her heartbeat.

He didn't help her down like she was accustomed to. Hooking his arms under her, he scooped her right out of the truck and kicked the door shut behind them. With a squeal of delight, she wrapped her arms around his neck as he cradled her effortlessly in his arms.

It was all so very romantic, being carried over the threshold like a brand new bride, and her heart felt like it might burst out of her chest as he continued up the stairs to the main bedroom.

And that feeling only increased when he finally did set her on her feet and she looked into his eyes. Love, so raw and pure

it made her ache to see it, was plastered across his handsome face.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured, lifting his hands to her cheeks, his calloused fingers surprisingly gentle on her skin. “Sometimes I look at you and still can’t quite believe I get to call you mine.”

“Matt...” At a loss for words, she tipped her head back, inviting him to kiss her.

Which he did. Slowly and thoroughly, leaving her breathless and trembling in the wake of it. Though he’d only touched her face, her entire body was on fire. Her skin was too tight, too sensitive, and she genuinely worried she was about to spontaneously combust.

Gripping the dark red sweater dress she’d chosen for the theater, he tugged the soft material up over her thighs, then her bottom, exposing her fevered skin to air that felt almost chilled in comparison, despite knowing he’d turned the heat on as soon as they’d walked in the door the night before.

He flashed her a wicked little smile before releasing her dress to cup her bottom in his large hands. Squeezing her cheeks just hard enough to surprise a squeak out of her, he pulled her up onto her toes and lowered his head again, his mouth hovering just above hers.

“I love those little noises you make, babygirl. But tonight, I’m going to make you scream.”

Need throbbed between her thighs, so intense it bordered on painful as he once again captured her mouth with his own. There was more heat, more demand in his kiss this time around, and she gladly surrendered herself over to it. To him.

Without breaking the kiss, he pushed her dress up higher, exposing the curve of her belly, his thumbs tracing lazy patterns over her skin as he undressed her. Up higher to the lace of her bra, which did next to nothing to protect her hardened nipples from his questing fingers.

She whimpered into the kiss when he just barely brushed a gentle touch over the aching mounds, and she felt his lips

curve in response.

“Patience,” he murmured when he finally pulled away, his thumbs still caressing the upper swell of her breasts.

“Daddy, please.”

A soft chuckle met her breathless plea. “What do you want, baby? Do you want Daddy to touch you?”

“Yes. God, yes.”

Tilting his head, he brushed his lips over her cheek, her jaw, down the side of her neck, sending little jolts of pleasure straight to her core. “Where?”

“Hmm?” She was so lost in him, so drowning in pleasure, his question didn’t quite register at first.

“Where do you want Daddy to touch you? Use your words, babygirl.”

Oh, god. How the hell was she supposed to use her words when her brain was so scrambled with pleasure, she barely knew her own name? “Um. Down... down there.”

“Be more specific, Carly.”

Embarrassment only made her need burn hotter as she struggled for the words. “My-my pussy. Please touch my pussy, Daddy.”

“Let’s get you out of these clothes first.”

She couldn’t help but whine a little as he pulled away. Every inch of her body ached for him, and she was certain she would actually die if he didn’t give her some relief.

“Poor baby,” he cooed, his tone full of fake sympathy as he slid the dress from her body and tossed it to the side. Wrapping one arm around her middle to support her, he pressed his free hand between her legs, one finger sliding into her with such aching slowness she nearly wept. “Fucking hell, babygirl. You’re soaked. So wet and needy for Daddy.”

A second finger joined the first, stretching her just a bit and pulling another whimper from her throat. Desperate for

some kind of relief, she rolled her hips and let out a loud gasp when her clit hit the palm of his hand.

“That’s my good girl. Ride Daddy’s hand until you come.”

There was something so wanton about standing in the middle of a stranger’s bedroom, grinding herself against her Daddy’s hand in a desperate race to orgasm. Imagining the picture she must make embarrassed her just enough to fuel her need as she rolled her hips over and over, pressing her clit against his hand.

And through it all, he whispered in her ear, telling her what a good girl she was. How pretty she sounded when she whined for him. How he could feel her soaking his hand and how he couldn’t wait to feel her pussy squeezing his fingers.

Until, after an almost embarrassingly short time, she cried out for him as pleasure flooded her, leaving her weak and trembling in its wake.

“Fuck, baby. My hand is soaked. You did such a good job for Daddy. Would you like to lie down for a bit?”

Floating in that post-orgasmic haze, she grinned, her head falling back as she tried to nod her agreement.

His satisfied chuckle joined the buzzing in her ears as he stripped off her bra and guided her to the bed. It wasn’t until she felt the familiar weight of leather around her wrists that she remembered his plans for the evening. She’d been so focused on that first orgasm, she’d completely forgotten that wasn’t the end of their play, not by a long shot.

In fact, her Daddy was just getting started.

CHAPTER 2



MATT

Watching Carly's expressions as she came out of her pleasure-induced trance was one of his favorite things. Especially on nights like this, when her eyes went wide and she tugged at her restraints as the realization he wasn't through with her hit.

Jesus, she was beautiful. She was always beautiful, but it was moments like this when she was still dazed with pleasure, her entire body flush with it, that he was overwhelmed by her. By the knowledge that she was *his*.

And knowing what else he had planned for their weekend getaway added a whole new weight to those feelings of possessiveness.

But that was for later. Right now, he had a needy Little girl to take care of.

Grinning down at her, he ran a hand up her leg, inwardly crowing when she trembled at his touch. "Comfortable, babygirl?"

"Ah..."

"Let me rephrase. Do you have any discomfort or pain in your arms?"

"No, Daddy," she said with a sulky little sigh.

"Good. Let's get that bottom nice and warm for Daddy's strap, then."

Wrapping an arm around her legs, he lifted them high in the air. The position put her bottom and her pussy on full display. Which also meant all her sensitive places were exposed and vulnerable. It was the same position he'd used the first time he'd ever spanked her, the night that had changed his entire life in all the best possible ways. He wondered briefly if she remembered, if she had made the connection, and if it made her chest ache with love the way his did whenever he thought of their first night together.

Carly's breath hitched, and the worried little sound had his cock pressing painfully against the zipper of his slacks. He never wanted her to be truly scared of him, but that hint of fear, the worry over what came next?

Yeah, he fucking loved that.

And because he loved it, he kept his touch gentle as he stroked her bottom, the tips of his fingers brushing ever so slightly over her swollen pussy lips. It wasn't until she started squirming that he drew his hand back and let it connect sharply with her skin.

Her gasp, part pleasure, part pain, filled the room as his handprint bloomed on the pale canvas of her bottom. Perfectly crisp and pink, it stood out beautifully against her skin, and he was almost tempted to flip her over so he could admire his handiwork while he fucked her.

But he had other plans for his babygirl, and he wasn't going to accomplish anything by rushing things. So he added a second swat to her other cheek, and then another, slowly turning her entire bottom a gorgeous shade of pink. Every now and then, his fingertips would connect with her pussy, and he would pause to admire the arousal glistening on her skin and the high-pitched squeal she inevitably gave in response.

By the time he was finished, she was back to the whining, whimpering mess she'd been before he'd let her ride his hand.

Fucking gorgeous.

Without releasing his hold on her legs, he picked up the short leather strap they played with most often. Another

throwback to their first time together. Back then, she'd been a beautiful stranger passing through his tiny little hometown on her way to a brand-new life.

Now... now, she was his everything.

Words of affection, of love, of praise clogged his throat as he looked down at her, squirming in his hold, her breasts rising and falling with every ragged breath. But she was too far gone to really hear him, so he held the words back for the time being and lifted the strap high.

After all, as they said, actions spoke louder than words anyway.



CARLY

The bite of the strap had her back arching up, her arms instinctively jerking at their bonds. Pain, sharp and glorious, radiated through her body. Instead of dousing her pleasure as common sense dictated it should, the pain only had that coil of need in her belly ratcheting tighter and tighter.

“Daddy!” she cried out as the strap landed again. “Daddy, please!”

She honestly wasn't even sure what she was begging for. Part of her wanted the pain to stop, another part of her couldn't get enough. And still another part of her was desperate for the pleasure he'd promised in the truck, despite having gotten herself off on his hand just a few minutes before.

“You're being such a good girl for Daddy,” he crooned, pausing to rub a hand over her inflamed skin. “Can you take a few more, baby?”

Denial trembled on her tongue. But then he smiled down at her, love and pride all but radiating from him. And she knew in that instant she would give all he demanded, and more.

“Y-yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl.”

Over and over the strap fell, each stroke layering more and more burning pain over what he'd already given her. More than once, the tip caught the tender lips of her pussy, making her see stars as the pain exploded in her most sensitive parts.

The final time it happened, she cried out, tears stinging her eyes. “Daddy, stop! Stop, it hurts!”

“What hurts, baby?”

There was a smug, knowing tone in his voice that said he clearly knew what hurt. He just wanted her to say the words because it would embarrass her and please him, all at once.

Fucking sadists.

But with all her sensitive bits aching and stinging from his hand and his strap, she wasn't about to push her luck by snapping at him. “My bottom and my-my pussy, Daddy.”

“Poor baby.” More of that faux sympathy appeared as he lowered her legs and nudged them wide. Climbing onto the bed with her, he settled between her spread thighs and brushed his lips across the inside of each knee. “Do you need Daddy to kiss it and make it all better?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, adding in a deliberately pitiful sniffle in a bid for some real sympathy. “Please.”

Because apparently torturing her wasn't enough and he'd decided he needed to actually kill her with anticipation, he took his time, trailing soft little kisses down the inside of her right thigh. And when he was right there, his breath hot against her swollen lips, he skipped completely over her pussy to the other leg.

“Matt!” Reaching for him, she let out a low growl when the restraints stopped her in her tracks. “Goddammit! I need to come!”

“Excuse me, little girl?”

She froze, every nerve ending on high alert at the steel in his words. “Umm...”

“Keep those legs spread.”

Fuck. Not wanting to risk getting herself in more trouble than she already was, she pushed her knees even wider as he rose from the bed and crossed the room to his duffel bag.

“I’m sorry, Daddy. It just slipped out.”

“Well, Daddy will just have to make sure there are no more slip ups tonight.”

Her eyes widened at the flogger he held when he turned back around. Ever since he’d introduced her to it a few weeks back, it had become one of her favorite toys, but she also knew exactly how stingy it could be when wielded for punishment.

“Daddy, no,” she whined, squirming in her bonds. But she didn’t dare close her legs. Slipping up and swearing at him was bad enough. Deliberately defying him when she was already in trouble...

Definitely *not* on her bucket list.

“Since tonight is a special night, I’m only giving you three. Keep those legs wide open for me, babygirl.”

She only had a moment to wonder what he meant about tonight being special before the leather strands connected with her bare pussy lips. Pain lanced through her, making her cry out even as her clit throbbed with a need that was its own form of torture.

“Do good girls swear at their Daddies, Carly Marie?”

“No, Daddy!” she cried out as the flogger bit into her tender flesh a second time. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

“I know, baby. One more.”

Tears blurred her vision, and it took every ounce of self-control she had not to slam her legs shut as he laid down the third stroke.

Climbing back onto the bed, he once more settled between her thighs, his broad shoulders holding her open as he blew cool air across her burning lips. “Are you ready to be Daddy’s good girl again?”

“Y-yes, Daddy.”

Everything inside of her felt too hot, too tight waiting for him to touch her. She very nearly slipped up again when he continued teasing her with those light little kisses to the insides of her thighs, but she managed to keep all the swearing in her head this time.

And then his tongue was inside her, tasting and teasing her in all the ways she loved the most. Kissing away the pain from her flogging and replacing it with pleasure so sharp and perfect it bordered on pain. It was very nearly more than she could handle and a sob rose in her throat as her body tightened even further.

“Daddy, please. Please.”

His laughter vibrated against her clit a second before he pulled the aching bud between his lips and sucked. Hard.

Thank god he hadn't told her to wait for permission to come as he sometimes did, because she would have had no choice but to disobey. With that single movement, the coil of need inside her snapped, shattering her into a million shining, shimmering pieces of pure pleasure.

But as usual, her Daddy didn't stop there. He didn't even give her a sliver of a moment to recover from that incredible fucking orgasm before he sucked again and slid two fingers inside her, curling them up to hit that bundle of nerves deep inside her.

Her protests turned to wordless pleas for mercy as she thrashed and screamed her way through a second, somehow even more incredible, orgasm.

“I can't, I can't,” she panted, even as the pleasure began to build inside her once more.

Lifting his head, he smiled, and it was a wonder her heart didn't simply burst in her chest at the love and pride in that simple gesture. “You can, baby, and you will. Because you're my good girl, Carly, and you can take whatever Daddy gives you.”

And she did. Over and over, until she felt like she was floating. Disconnected from the world around her, even when he pushed his cock inside her, stretching her.

“Daddy.” The word was barely a sigh, and she smiled up at him as he did exactly what he’d said he would, fucking her with long, slow, deep strokes.

“Carly.” Lowering to his elbows, he pressed his forehead to hers. “I love you, babygirl. So fucking much. You’re my whole world. My everything.”

The tears that filled her eyes now were pure joy, and she wished desperately she wasn’t restrained so she could wrap her arms around him. “I love you, too.”

Together they moved as one, and the world around them fell away. For what seemed like an eternity, the only sounds in the room were the sounds of their love as he worshiped her body with his own. Until, finally, he filled her one last time, emptying himself deep into her womb.

CHAPTER 3



CARLY

“*R*ise and shine, sleepyhead.”

Groaning at the far-too-chipper sound of her Daddy’s voice, Carly tugged the covers up over her head and burrowed in. He’d woken her twice in the night to take her again, and every inch of her body ached from his attentions.

“Come on, babygirl. Daddy’s got a surprise for you.”

That was enough to pique her interest, but not quite enough to get her out from under the covers. “Surprise later. Sleep now.”

His chuckle was muffled by the blankets tucked around her head. “You can sleep when we get home.” There was a long pause, followed by a dramatic sigh. “Guess I should set the tickle alarm.”

“No!” The tickle alarm was something he’d started doing a couple of weeks ago, when he’d overheard her complaining to Noelle and Taylor that she was behind on her work because she’d been sleeping in. Ever since, he’d made it a point to get her up with him in the mornings, and if she didn’t get up when her alarm went off, she had about thirty seconds before he dove back into the bed with her and tickled her awake.

“Yup, tickle alarm counting down in five... four... three...”

“I’m up, I’m up!” she yelled as she threw the covers off and rolled out of bed. His loud laughter followed her all the way into the bathroom.

When she emerged again, fresh from the shower and at least marginally more awake, he'd laid out clothes for her on the bed, and she narrowed her eyes at the thick sweater and flowy skirt he'd paired with her favorite knee-high boots. He'd even picked out a bra and socks, but her underwear was suspiciously absent.

Since the outfit leaned toward the fancier side, she took some extra time with her makeup, using some of the tricks Ginny had taught her recently. And when she put the outfit on, she suspected Ginny might have had something to do with that as well.

Matt was waiting for her out in the living room, and his eyes went wide with interest when he spotted her. "You look good enough to eat, babygirl."

"Is that why I'm not wearing any panties?"

Chuckling, he pushed to his feet and crossed the small space to slide his arms around her waist. "No. That's because Daddy has a special surprise for you."

"What kind of surprise?"

"Bend over the arm of the couch and I'll show you."

Any surprise that required her to bend over and show him her naked bottom was either a really bad surprise, or a really, really good one.

Heart and mind both racing as she wondered what it could be, Carly positioned herself as requested, bent over the arm of the couch with her legs slightly spread for balance and her bottom raised high. The silky material of her skirt brushed against the backs of her legs as he lifted it, sending a shiver up her spine.

"It's a pity we don't have time to put some color back in this pretty bottom." Rough hands cupped her naked flesh and squeezed, reigniting some of the lingering soreness from the night before. "I love knowing that every time you sit down, you're thinking of me. Lucky me, I have something else in mind that will keep your mind on your Daddy all day long."

Oh, sweet Jesus.

The familiar sensation of lube hitting her bottom hole made her jump slightly, but she knew better than to move out of position. And, as she'd expected, the all-too familiar feeling of a plug breaching that tight ring of muscle followed soon after.

"Poor baby," he said when she whimpered at the intrusion, his tone lacking even a hint of true sympathy. "I know, it's not very comfortable. But you can take it for me, can't you, babygirl?"

"Y-yes, Daddy."

"That's my good girl. Just a little bit more, I promise."

True to his word, the plug slid home, and her bottom hole closed around it, giving her some relief from the stretch and burn. Now that it was in, she could feel that it really wasn't very big at all. And she was no stranger to having her bottom plugged, that was for sure.

"How's that feel, babygirl?"

"Good. It doesn't hurt, but I can tell it's there."

"Perfect. Spread your legs a little bit more for me."

When she did as he'd asked, the plug turned a bit in her bottom and she froze, wondering what he was up to.

She didn't have to wonder long as something hard and rubbery like the plug pressed against her clit.

"What's that?"

"Your surprise," he answered with a low, wicked sort of chuckle. A moment later, vibrations rocked her from the inside out and she gasped at the unexpected sensation.

"Oh, god! Daddy!"

"Thought you might like that. Let's see... that's the lowest setting. How's this feel?"

The vibrations grew stronger, then changed from a constant stream to little jolts every couple seconds. It was exactly the right rhythm to send her over the brink if he kept it up. "Yes. God, yes."

“Yeah? You like that one?”

“Yes—oh!” She gasped, throwing her head back as a particularly pleasurable wave hit her. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Excellent. We can play with the rest when we get back.”

To her utter dismay, the vibrator went completely still. “Back from where?” she asked, her voice pitching up to a whine as he helped her up.

Kneeling in front of her, he held out a pair of panties for her to step into. At least she didn’t have to worry about the stupid thing falling out in the middle of wherever they were going.

“Brunch,” he said as he pulled her panties up and fixed her skirt before pulling her into his arms. “And then there’s a little shopping district downtown I thought you might like.”

“Oh, good. I’m starving. Let’s go.”

But when she tried to pull away, his hold on her tightened. “Aren’t you forgetting something, little girl?”

Confused, she looked up at him, trying to think of what she could have missed. “What did I forget?”

“This.” Lowering his head, he captured her lips with his and she sighed into the kiss. Without hesitation, she surrendered, melting into him as he kissed her so thoroughly her mind emptied of everything but the feel and taste of him.

“Much better,” he murmured when he lifted his head again. “Let’s go exploring, babygirl.”



By the time they took their seats at the brunch spot all the local blogs had recommended, Carly’s cheeks were flushed with pink and she kept casting nervous little glances around the restaurant. He’d taken great pleasure in setting the vibrator

to the lowest setting on the drive over and ignoring her pleas to let her come as she squirmed on the seat beside him.

“Comfortable, babygirl?” he asked when she shifted for the third time in less than five minutes.

The glare she shot him had him swallowing a laugh. “You know I’m not.”

“Poor baby.” Leaning in, he dropped his voice for only her to hear. “Would you feel better if Daddy let you come right here at the table?”

“*Matt!*” His name came out as an odd whisper-squeal combination, and he lost the battle to hold back his laughter.

“What? I was trying to do you a favor.”

Before she could do more than glare at him again, their waiter popped up beside the table, a wide smile on his face. “Good morning, folks! How are you enjoying your visit to our little town so far?”

“It’s been great.” Better than his wildest, hottest fantasies, but he didn’t think their waiter really wanted to know all that.

“Excellent! Can I get you folks started with something to drink? A mimosa perhaps?”

Matt opened his mouth to ask for a mimosa and a cup of coffee when Carly jumped in. “Just orange juice for me, please. And a glass of water.”

“Coffee, black,” Matt said distractedly, shifting his attention to his babygirl. Who, if he wasn’t mistaken, was blushing even more than she had been when they’d sat down.

“Perfect. I’ll get those right out for you folks, and I’ll be back to take your order whenever you’re ready.”

“No mimosa?” he asked when the waiter had disappeared.

“No. Alcohol makes me... you know. And I’m already *you know* enough, thank you very much.”

Ah, how could he have forgotten? Alcohol, especially champagne, made his babygirl even wetter and hotter than usual. The sadist in him was tempted to order her a mimosa

anyway, just to watch her squirm, but she was already squirming enough as it was. Another day, perhaps, when he didn't have so much riding on giving her the perfect day.

His goal was to keep her on edge, keep her mind on how much she wanted his cock inside her. Not how much she wanted to murder him.

It was a fine line indeed.

“Fair enough,” he said, letting the subject drop. “Anything look good, babygirl?”

“Everything.” Her laughter rang out, as bright and cheerful as her, and his heart thumped painfully in his chest. When she glanced up from the menu, her eyes sparkled with the joy she never seemed to lose.

It amazed him, and humbled him, that she could still find so much happiness in life when she'd lost so much so young. At barely twenty-one, she'd been married and widowed before most people even really knew what love was.

“I love you.” The words burst out of him before he'd even registered his need to say them. As though what he felt for her was so big it couldn't be contained. Which was honestly how it felt pretty much every day, but today it felt even larger than usual.

This time when she looked up, her eyes held a hint of confusion alongside the ever-present amusement. “I love you, too. Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“I don't know. You seem kind of on edge all of a sudden. Which is ironic, since you're not the one with something shoved up your—”

“Here are those drinks for you folks!”

Carly's cheeks flushed a deep red as their waiter magically appeared beside their table, and Matt had to lift a hand to disguise his laughter as a cough. He could only imagine how embarrassed his poor babygirl was feeling. Well, he didn't have to imagine, it was written all over her face.

Beaming down at them, their waiter folded his hands behind his back and rocked back and forth on his heels. “Have you had a chance to look at the menu?”

Matt shook his head. “No, I think we need a few more minutes.”

“Not a problem. I’ll be back in a bit.”

Once he was out of earshot, Carly buried her face in her hands. “Oh my god! I can’t believe I almost said that right in front of him!”

Thoroughly enjoying her embarrassment, Matt reached across the table and tugged one hand away from her face, linking his fingers with hers and running the pad of his thumb across her palm. “Said what, baby?”

Again, she glared at him. “You know what I was about to say!”

“I do. But I want to hear you say it.” With his free hand, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the remote for the vibrator, carefully keeping it concealed beneath the table. “What did Daddy make you wear today, baby?”

A press of a button had her eyes flying open so wide he worried they might actually fall out of her head. “Matt!” she whisper-hissed. “Stop that!”

“Absolutely not. Answer the question, or I’ll make you come right here at the table and I won’t stop until I’m convinced you’ve learned your lesson.”

“Someone will hear!”

“I can’t hear it, and I’m closer to you than anyone in the restaurant.” Another press of the button upped the speed and had her inhaling sharply. “Answer me, little girl.”

“You m-made me wear a plug,” she whispered.

“Good girl,” he praised quietly, for her ears only. “Where did Daddy put the plug?”

“In my... in my bottom.”

“That’s right. And why did Daddy put a plug in your bottom and a vibrator in your pussy?”

“Because you’re *mean*.”

“True,” he admitted with a chuckle. “But what was the reason I gave you before we left?”

“Um, so that I would be thinking of you all day.”

“Good girl.” Taking pity on her, he turned the toy off.

Across the table, Carly visibly relaxed. “I don’t really think I need anything to keep my mind on you when you’re, you know, right here.”

“Maybe what I really want your mind on is all the dirty, filthy things I’m going to do to you when we get back to the house.”

“*Oh.*”

CHAPTER 4



CARLY

One thing was for sure. The toy certainly kept her mind on him all day. When it was on, obviously all she could think about was him and the pleasure flooding her system. And when it was off, she found herself obsessing over when he might turn it on again, or what new setting he might use.

Brunch had been delicious, if a bit heavy. Her stomach vaguely protested as they made their way through the quaint little shops lining the town's center, but luckily the contents stayed put. If Daddy thought for a second she wasn't feeling good, he'd take her back to the rental house in a heartbeat and the rest of their day would be spent with him fretting over her instead of doing all those filthy things he'd told her he wanted her mind on all day.

They wandered in and out of shops, mostly just window shopping, though Matt had insisted on picking up a few things here and there when she'd lingered a bit too long over them, as usual. Whether it was the grocery store or an antique shop, she'd learned long ago that if he had a chance to spoil her, he would.

She was trying her best not to get overly excited by things as they continued to wander, but she lost the battle when they turned the corner in one of the antique shops and came face to face with an entire display of corn-related decor.

"Oh my god." Freezing in place, she scanned the booth, laughter welling up in her chest. "I haven't seen this much corn since I left Nebraska."

“We should get something.” Matt grinned down at her and nudged her toward the booth. “Something to remind you of home.”

“I have plenty of things already.” But she couldn’t resist stepping into the booth and looking around.

From corn shaped candles to a pillow with a shy-looking cob of corn declaring ‘Aw Shucks’, to signs stating ‘Corn Farmer Parking Only’, there was more corn themed memorabilia than she could ever remember seeing in her life.

As she wandered, tears filled her eyes as the ache for her hometown replaced the laughter in her chest. She sniffed them back as quietly as she could, but her Daddy seemed to have super hearing, especially when it came to her.

“What’s wrong, baby?” Wrapping his arms around her from behind, Matt pulled her back against his chest and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

“I don’t know,” she managed with a watery laugh. “I was just looking at all this stupid corn and thinking how much I miss my parents. I’m just being silly.”

“Babygirl.” His tone gentle and coaxing, he turned her around to face him, cupping her face in his hands and brushing away her tears with the pads of his thumb. “It’s not silly. I would miss Lost River like crazy if we ever left.”

“I know, it’s just silly to get all sentimental over corn.”

“No, it’s not. Sometimes things just trigger those emotions. It doesn’t make you silly.”

“I guess.”

“Hey.” Though his tone was somewhat stern, his expression was filled with amusement and understanding. “Has your Daddy ever lied to you?”

Despite the heartache and embarrassment, a smile tugged at her lips. “No.”

“Then it stands to reason I’m telling the truth now, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

“Right.” Leaning in, he pressed a kiss to her forehead, and like magic the yucky feelings seemed to disappear. At least mostly. The homesickness still lingered a bit, but at least it wasn’t enough to make her all teary-eyed.

“Do you think maybe we could fly out there soon for a few days? I know you’re super busy and everything, but I could pay for the tickets since you won’t let me pay rent and—”

“First of all, we are not having the rent conversation again, little girl.” Matt’s voice changed to what she thought of as his “Daddy voice”. “I know it makes me old-fashioned, but I like providing for you, even though I know you’re damn well capable of providing for yourself. And you contribute in plenty of ways without paying me rent. The next time you bring it up, you’re going to find yourself in a corner with a bar of soap in your mouth. Understood?”

She didn’t even bother to sigh. It was an argument they’d had plenty of times since she’d moved in, and every time she lost. If she was being honest with herself, she kind of liked having him take care of her, so she wasn’t even sure why she kept bringing it up. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl.” Some of the sternness faded from his expression as he swiped away more of her tears. “Second of all, we’re going to Nebraska for a week at Easter. I’ve already booked the tickets and worked everything out with your parents.”

“What?” Shock, joy, and what felt like a million other emotions she couldn’t quite place bubbled up inside her. “When did you plan that?”

“About the same time I planned this trip. It all sort of ties in together.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You will in a bit.” Moving his hands to her shoulders, he turned her back around. “In the meantime, why don’t you pick out something to remind you of home.”

“There is no way in hell you knew this booth was here,” she said with a snuffle as she looked around.

“I didn’t. This part was just a happy coincidence.”

Glancing over her shoulder, she narrowed her eyes at him. “What are you up to, Matt Crawford?”

His easy smile didn’t fool her for a second. “Just giving my babygirl a nice weekend away.”

“Uh huh.” But before she could press him harder—not that it would have done her any good—her gaze landed on the most perfect thing she’d ever seen in her entire life. With a squeal of delight, she squeezed her way around the bulky furniture in the booth to her prize. “This! This is what I want!”

Matt’s expression turned decidedly dubious as he took in the plastic goose, dressed head to toe in a giant corn-on-the-cob costume. “You’re sure? They have lots of other cute things.”

“I’m sure. I want this. Please, Daddy?”

As she’d hoped, he sighed and shook his head. “All right. If you want a corn goose, you can have a corn goose, babygirl.”

Rising up on her tiptoes, she pressed a kiss to his cheek. “Thank you, Daddy. This has been the *best* weekend.”

She was so excited about the goose, she completely forgot about the toy. Until he hit the button to turn it back on just as they walked up to the register. But between the corn goose and the surprise trip he’d planned for her, she was flying high on love and happiness. Enough so that when the lady at the checkout counter asked if she was feeling alright because “You’re looking a little flushed, dear” she didn’t even want to kill him.

Much.



MATT

By the time they reached the final stop on their shopping trip, Matt was feeling a little bit like he might throw up. Not even teasing his babygirl with her toy had been enough to distract him from the nerves dancing up and down his spine.

He was so nervous, in fact, he almost walked straight past the store. But his mama hadn't raised the kind of man who ran when things got hard, so he forced himself to stop and reach for the door with one hand while juggling a giant plastic goose in the other. "Let's go in here."

"Matt, no. You've already spent so much money on me this weekend, I'm not letting you buy me any jewelry."

Surprisingly, some of his nerves faded as he pinned her with a stern glare. "You are not 'letting me' do anything, little girl. If I want to buy my girl something pretty, I will. Now march."

With a small huff of annoyance, she breezed past him into the store. But her resistance to the idea seemed to fade as soon as she stepped inside. "Oh." She sighed dreamily as her gaze traveled along the glass cases. "It's all so beautiful."

"Good afternoon." The woman who approached them should have looked severe with her conservative suit and gray hair pulled back in a tight bun, but the warmth of her smile softened the look considerably. "May I help you with something?"

"We have an appointment," Matt said, cutting off Carly's assurances that they were 'just browsing'. "Matt Crawford."

As Carly's mouth fell open beside him, the woman behind the counter seemed to light up. "I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. Crawford. I'm Mrs. Daniels, we spoke on the phone."

"Yes, I remember. This is Carly, my girlfriend."

"Aren't you a lucky girl?" Mrs. Daniels said with a wink. "If you'll both follow me. The section we need is down this way."

“Matt, what is going on?” Carly whispered as he gave her a gentle nudge in the direction Mrs. Daniels had gone.

“You’ll see in a moment, babygirl. Trust Daddy.”

That seemed to do the trick. Shaking her head, Carly finally followed along the counter until she came to a stop in front of Mrs. Daniels.

And a case filled to the brim with diamond rings shining brilliantly under the lights.

“Oh my god. Oh my *god*.” Eyes wide, she turned to stare up at him. “Matt. What...”

If his heart beat any harder, it was liable to jump right out of his chest. “Your mama said you’d always dreamed about picking out your engagement ring. Mrs. Daniels pulled some options for us, but if there’s something else you like better, we can take a look at those, too.”

“You asked my mom about engagement rings.”

“Yeah. I figured she would know better than anybody.” Feeling more and more unsure of himself the longer she stood there staring at him, he cleared his throat. “She said you’d always talked about the kind of ring you wanted, but with Danny you didn’t really get the chance to do all the things you’d dreamed of and I just... wanted to give you that, I guess.” When she still didn’t speak, he glanced at Mrs. Daniels who simply shrugged before he looked back down at his babygirl. “Listen, if I fucked this up, I’m really sorry, baby. If you want, I can just pick something out on my own and—”

“No!” Carly’s shouted protest had him raising a brow at her, which in turn had her cheeks turning an adorable shade of pink. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to yell. It’s just, this is so... perfect.”

Relief knocked the breath clear from his lungs. “Oh, thank god. Jesus, I was worried I ruined everything,” he said with a shaky laugh.

“You didn’t ruin anything.” Stepping closer, she laced her hands behind his head, pulling him down for a slow, thorough kiss. “I love this. And I love you, Matt Crawford.”

“I love you, too, babygirl.”

“All right.” Eyes gleaming with excitement, she pulled away and rubbed her hands together with glee. “Let’s get engaged.”

CHAPTER 5



CARLY

“I don’t know... I really love this one, but I think it might be too big for my finger.” Sighing, Carly tilted her hand side to side, watching as the diamonds glinted in the bright lights of the store. “It’s so pretty, though.”

“I like it,” Matt said, entirely unhelpfully.

“You’ve said that about ninety percent of the rings I’ve tried on.”

“And I meant it every time.” Grinning down at her, he shrugged. “I just want you to love it, babygirl. That’s all that matters to me.”

“I love them all, is the problem,” she said with a laugh as she handed the ring back to Mrs. Daniels.

The older woman smiled, understanding lighting her eyes. “It can be difficult to choose, especially when the piece matters so much.”

“That’s exactly what it is.” Worry churned in Carly’s stomach as she scanned the case for what felt like the millionth time. “Maybe I should just let you choose, Da—Matt.” She corrected herself quickly, praying Mrs. Daniels hadn’t caught her slip up.

“It’s all right. You can call him Daddy if you like. I won’t mind.”

“Oh.” Well, so much for hoping she hadn’t noticed. “How did you know what I was going to say?” Even with the slip up,

it seemed unlikely the average observer would have jumped to that particular conclusion right away.

“Like recognizes like,” Mrs. Daniels answered with a wink. “You know... I do have a couple pieces in the back I’ve been saving for a special occasion. Would you like to see if any of those catch your eye?”

“I don’t want to be any trouble.”

“No trouble at all. I’ll be right back.”

“Well, what are the odds of that,” Matt said, clearly amused as Mrs. Daniels disappeared into the back. “I’m starting to think everyone we’ve ever met is secretly kinky.”

“Right? Is it something in the water over here on the East Coast?”

“Could be.”

“I’m sorry I’m being such a pain.” Carly risked a glance up at his face, her stomach churning yet again when he sent her a stern glare in return. “I should just pick one and be done with it. They’re all basically the same anyway.”

“Little girl, don’t you dare. You deserve a ring as perfect as you are.”

Oh, man. Was it any wonder she’d fallen so hard for him so damn fast? “I appreciate that, but I’m being ridiculous. They’re all beautiful.”

“Carly Marie, unless you want me to ask our new friend if she’d be willing to loan us her office so Daddy can spank the stubborn out of you, I suggest you stop arguing.”

“I’m not arguing!” Okay. Maybe she was arguing a little bit. But still! “I just feel bad taking up so much of her time. And yours.”

“Have I complained one bit about how long it’s taking?”

“No...”

“No, what? Who am I, Carly?”

Heat rushed to her cheeks. But at the same time, something inside her settled back into place. “No, Daddy.”

“Good girl. I haven’t complained because you’re worth waiting for, babygirl. If it takes us all day, hell if it takes us a month to find the perfect ring, I don’t care. As long as I get to marry you when it’s all said and done, it’s worth taking a little bit of extra time to make sure you have a ring you’ll love for the rest of your life.”

How the hell was she supposed to argue against that?
“Okay, Daddy.”

“Here we are!” Face flush with excitement, Mrs. Daniels emerged from the back room carrying a smaller version of the trays that were lined up in the case in front of them. “This collection is very special to me. My husband used to design and make jewelry, and these were the last ones he made by hand before the stroke.”

“I’m so sorry.” Carly knew all too well what it was like to watch the person you loved suffer, and her heart broke as Mrs. Daniels set the tray on top of the case with a sad smile.

“He still comes into the store when he’s feeling up to it, but we’ve had to accept he won’t regain the motor skills he needs to make jewelry. So these are one of a kind, and the last to ever be made. I keep them in the back because I can’t bear the thought of selling them to just anyone walking in off the street.”

Tears burned in Carly’s eyes, blurring her vision.
“That’s... I don’t even know what to say.”

“Don’t say anything just yet. You might look at them and decide you hate them,” Mrs. Daniels said with a laugh.

But it took Carly all of thirty seconds to realize that wasn’t going to be the case. Sitting right in the middle of the tray was her dream ring. The diamond sat high and proud in a gorgeous rose gold setting, with smaller diamonds trailing down either side. Nestled into the intricate lacework that supported the main stone was a small, bright, pink stone. “Can I try this one?”

“Of course.” Pulling the ring from the tray, Mrs. Daniels broke with her previous protocol and handed it to Matt instead of directly to Carly.

Heart racing, Carly watched in reverent awe as Matt carefully slid the ring onto her finger. Unlike the others, which had been slightly too small for her, this one fit perfectly.

And she knew, without a doubt, this was the one.

“It’s perfect,” she whispered, not daring to look away from it.

“I agree.” Still holding her hand, Matt lowered himself down onto one knee in front of her, love shining in his dark eyes. “Carly Marie Peters. I love you more than I ever dreamed of being able to love another person. I want to spend the rest of my life as your Daddy, your partner, your husband. Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

Nerves danced in Carly’s tummy, but she willed them back. With her heart pounding frantically in her chest, she opened her mouth to tell him yes, yes she would absolutely love to marry him.

And promptly lost the contents of her breakfast all over him.



MATT

“I’m sorry, I’m so so sorry.” Nearly an hour after their almost-engagement, his babygirl was still crying. And apologizing, no matter how many times he told her she didn’t need to.

“Shh, baby. It’s okay.” Pouring a generous dollop of shampoo in the palm of his hand, he pressed a kiss to her wet hair. “Lean your head back for me, baby.”

Even with her eyes closed, she looked absolutely miserable as she followed his instructions. “I’m sorry.”

“Baby, you don’t have to keep apologizing. It’s not your fault. These things happen.”

“They don’t happen in the middle of a freaking proposal!”

As he scrubbed her scalp, moving his fingers in circles the way she liked, some of the tension started to ease from her shoulders. “It could have been a lot worse.”

“Impossible.”

“It could. What if I’d proposed on the beach and dropped the ring in the sand? Or worse, the ocean? What if I’d proposed to you in the middle of a big football game and you turned me down on national television?”

For the first time since they’d left the jewelry store, she giggled. “I would never.”

“Well, no, because you wanted to say yes. Imagine being on screen like that, with millions of people watching, and you suddenly realize you have no desire to marry the man asking you. That would be a lot more embarrassing, don’t you think?”

“Maybe.”

“Keep your eyes closed while Daddy rinses.” Shifting her under the spray, he rinsed and squeezed the shampoo from her hair before adding conditioner. “We’ll get you all cleaned up and tomorrow, if you’re feeling better, we’ll go back to the store and get your ring.”

“I’m not sick, Daddy.”

“Beg to differ, babygirl.” Picking up a washcloth, he poured her body wash onto the material and rubbed it in slow circles over her back. “Hopefully it’s just a stomach bug.”

“It’s not a bug.”

“All right.” He wasn’t going to keep arguing with her when she was obviously sick, and he didn’t have the heart to be strict with her after what had happened in the jewelry store. “Arms up, baby.”

Luckily for both of them, she obeyed without arguing, and he scrubbed her down before switching washcloths and doing

the same for himself. Like a doll, she let herself be rinsed and dried without a peep, which only confirmed for him that she wasn't feeling like herself.

But her compliance stopped in its tracks when he tried to put her to bed. "Daddy, I'm not *sick*," she protested for the third time as he tugged one of his t-shirts over her head.

"Yes, you are. And unless you want a sore bottom to go with your upset tummy, you'll get in that bed right now."

"No!"

Taking a step back, he planted his fists on his hips and returned her glare. "If you're not sick, then what happened today? I'm having a hard time believing you were that nervous over picking out your engagement ring."

Carly lowered her gaze to the floor and shrugged. "I wasn't."

"Then you have until the count of five to either give me an explanation or get your butt in that bed, little girl. One."

"But I'm not sick!"

"Two."

"Stop counting!"

"I'll stop counting as soon as you tell me what's wrong. Three."

"I *can't*."

The sheer anguish in her words pulled him up short. Taking a seat on the bed, he pulled her down onto his lap. She immediately burrowed into him, and her pitiful sniffles set alarm bells ringing in his head. "What do you mean you can't tell me, baby?"

"Because I can't. It's all wrong!"

A headache was quickly brewing at the base of his skull. "What's all wrong?"

"Everything!" she wailed, tears soaking his shirt as she sobbed into his shoulder. "This isn't how I wanted to tell you!"

Panic wrapped around his chest, winding tighter and tighter as a million different scenarios ran through his head. Was she sicker than he'd realized? "Tell me what, Carly?"

Her answer was muffled by her face pressed against his chest. Gently pushing her away, he wiped at the tears staining her blotchy cheeks, and his heart constricted at the sight of her looking so miserable. "I couldn't hear you, baby."

"I said, I'm pregnant."

For a moment, his entire world tilted on its axis, and all he could do was stare at her as she sniffled and swiped angrily at her eyes. "You're what?"

"Pregnant. Knocked up. In the family way."

Looking down between them, he gently pressed a hand against her stomach. "There's a baby in there?"

She giggled, and it was the sweetest sound he could ever remember hearing. "That's generally what pregnant means, yeah."

"A baby. We're having a baby." He tore his gaze away from her stomach to meet her eyes. "Holy shit."

"Confirmed by the doctor and everything. I bought this cute little onesie that has a 'Check Engine' indicator on it, only 'Engine' is crossed out and it says 'Check Diaper'. I was going to cook a big fancy dinner and give it to you, but I guess throwing up on you in the middle of a jewelry store is just as good."

"It was perfect." He was vaguely aware that he was grinning like a fool, but he didn't care. "I can't believe we're having a baby."

"You're happy, right?" Earnest eyes searched his face. "I know we haven't really talked about it, and I don't even know how it *happened*, but I really, really hope you're happy because I really want this baby."

"I'm over the fucking moon, babygirl." It didn't matter to him that it hadn't been planned. Hell, nothing in their

relationship had gone according to plan so far, so why would a baby be any different?

“You promise?”

Holding her close, he rolled, pinning her beneath him on the bed. “Let me show you exactly how fucking happy I am, baby.”

CHAPTER 6



CARLY

Joy and arousal flooded her system, making her feel as though she were literally floating on cloud nine. She was having a baby with the man she loved, and he wanted to marry her.

Could life possibly get any better?

Then Matt shoved his shirt up over her breasts and pulled one stiff peak into his mouth, and she grinned as she arched up to meet him. Leave it to her Daddy to answer a question she hadn't even asked.

He took his time, not releasing her nipple until she was writhing and whimpering beneath him. By the time he finished with her other breast, she could barely catch her breath and her clit was throbbing in time with her racing heartbeat. Between being edged with that damn toy all day and now his wicked tongue, she was ready to combust.

"Daddy, please. I need to come. Please."

"Soon, baby," he assured her in low, crooning tones between swipes of his tongue over her breasts and down her stomach. "I want to be inside you when you shatter for me."

If he kept talking like that, she wasn't going to be able to hold out for much longer. "Hurry, Daddy, please."

"Roll over on your tummy, baby."

Eager to do whatever it took to finally get the pleasure he'd been keeping just out of reach all day, she rolled onto her stomach and pillowed her head on her arms.

“Spread your legs for me, babygirl.”

With a happy sigh, she did as she was told, her lips curving up into a grin as he settled between her legs.

But when she felt his mouth on the back of her thigh, slowly working its way up to her bottom, she couldn't help but tense up. “Daddy, no,” she groaned, humiliation turning her cheeks into an inferno as he nipped at the full lower curve of her bottom cheek.

“Why not?” he asked with a chuckle that said he was clearly enjoying her embarrassment. “We just had a shower, so you're nice and clean and tasty. Be a good girl and keep those legs open wide for Daddy.”

Like she had a choice when his shoulders were holding her open as much as her own free will. But she did her best to relax, to submit, even when his tongue slid over the sensitive skin between her pussy and her bottom hole. She knew what came next, and as always, she was powerless to stop him.

And, though it was humiliating to admit even just to herself, she really didn't want to.

“Daddy,” she whined as his tongue moved higher, inching toward that place she didn't want to want him to touch her.

“What's wrong, baby?” He didn't sound the least bit concerned. If anything, he sounded downright amused by her embarrassment. Which just made the whole situation even *more* embarrassing. And hotter. “You don't want Daddy to taste you?”

“Not *there!*” she shot back, her voice rising to a horrified squeak.

“I don't think you're being very honest, babygirl.” A hint of playful sternness infused his tone. “And naughty girls who tell lies don't get to come when Daddy fucks them.”

“Daddy! That's not fair!”

Chuckling darkly, he slid two fingers into her pussy. “I happen to think it's very fair.”

The pleasure she didn't want to want flashed through her as he pressed against that bundle of nerves inside her, his tongue finding its way to her forbidden hole. Whimpering, she squirmed under him, but even she wasn't sure if she was trying to get away or press herself closer.

It was so wrong. And yet, it felt so fucking right.

Soon, her whimpers turned to moans as she pushed herself backward, lifting her hips in a silent plea for more. Which he readily gave her, flooding her with pleasure until she stood trembling on the edge, ready to fly.

And then he pulled away, and she stumbled back from the edge with a cry.

“Daddy!”

“Is something wrong, baby?”

Again with that fake sympathy she loved to hate. “Daddy, please.”

“Please what, babygirl? Tell Daddy exactly what you want.”

Slowly, torturously, he slid his finger back inside her, drawing another round of whimpers from her. “I wanna come, Daddy, please.”

“Not until you tell the truth about how much you like Daddy's tongue in your bottom. That's the deal, babygirl.”

“I can't!”

“Then I can't let you come.”

A sob of frustration rose in her throat as he returned to tormenting her, doing those wickedly wonderful things to her bottom while he slowly finger-fucked her. Her entire world narrowed to him and the pleasure he was deliberately keeping just out of reach.

Until, finally, it broke her. “I lied, I lied, I'm sorry I lied, Daddy, just please let me come.”

He nipped at her bottom again, and the flash of pain was almost but not quite enough to send her over the edge. “What

did you lie about, baby?”

“I lied about how much I like it when you... when you do that thing. With your tongue.”

“Hmm. I’m not sure I know what thing you’re talking about, babygirl. You’re going to need to be more specific.”

Oh, you sadistic son of a bitch. Because she still had some sense of self-preservation, she kept those thoughts to herself, and focused on forcing herself to say the words he wanted to hear. “When you put your tongue in-in my bottom.” The words were barely a whisper, but she managed to get them out all the same.

“That’s my good girl. Thank you for telling me the truth, baby. Do you want to come now?”

“Yes, god, yes. Please, Daddy.”

To her dismay, the bed shifted again and the weight of him disappeared from between her thighs. But only for a moment, before he flipped her over with an ease that never failed to take her breath away and drove into her. Lowering onto his elbows on either side of her head, he caged her in as he fucked her with slow, sure strokes.

“Come for Daddy, baby. I want to feel your pussy milking my cock as I fuck you.”

As if she had a choice in the matter, when he was hitting that exact right spot inside of her with every single thrust. The pleasure he’d kept at bay for so long crested inside her, crashing down over her as she cried out for him, her fingernails digging into his back.

“Gorgeous,” he rasped out, feathering a kiss over her cheek. “You look so fucking pretty when you come for me, Carly. I want to watch you again.”

“I can’t.” Her head thrashed from side to side against the pillow. “I can’t, I can’t.”

But another orgasm was already building in her core, and her Daddy’s movements became more forceful with each

thrust of his hips. “You can. And you will. Because you’re my good fucking girl.”

Pain melded with pleasure, and she knew she wouldn’t be able to deny him. And the second time she went flying, she took him with her, and it was her name being shouted to the heavens as he filled her.

Collapsing beside her, careful not to let too much of his weight rest on her, Matt dragged in a shaky breath. “Come here, baby.”

She didn’t need to be told twice. Rolling over, she snuggled against his side with a sigh. “Best vacation e-ever,” she said, her declaration interrupted by a yawn as sleepiness settled over her.

“Sounds like somebody needs a nap.”

“Nuh uh.” But despite her protests, her eyes were already drifting closed.

“Yes, huh. You’re sleeping for two now, babygirl. In fact, I think a nap after lunch every day would be a good idea going forward.”

At his words, the sleepiness vanished and she pushed herself up to glare down at him. “I am not taking a nap every day!”

“You are if Daddy says you are, little girl.” There was a hard edge in his tone that told her this was a battle she was going to lose. “And if you need your bottom reddened so you can sleep, I have no problem coming home for lunch to take care of that for you.”

“You’re being ridiculous,” she muttered, pouting down at him as his chest vibrated with laughter.

“Probably. But if you’re sleeping for two, I’m worrying for two.”

“I suppose that’s fair. I’ll try not to fight you on the naps... too much.”

“And I’ll try not to smother you. Too much.” He lifted a hand to cup her cheek, and her heart swelled with happiness.

“I love you, Carly Peters. And I can’t fucking wait to marry you.”

“Then we shouldn’t.” Excitement pulsed through her veins and she wriggled her way on top of him. “Let’s get married.”

“Now?”

“Why not? Well, when we get home. Edie will kill us if she’s not there.”

His lips twitched with amusement. “I thought you wanted to elope somewhere romantic.”

It took her a moment to remember that was one of her bucket list items. And wasn’t she just the luckiest girl in the world to have a man who remembered details like that? “What’s more romantic than the town where we met and plan to raise our children?”

“Point.” His hands drifted down to her hips, gently stroking her skin, stirring her need again already. “All right. First thing Monday morning, we’ll go get a license.”

“Yay! Oh, I wonder if Edie would let us have the ceremony at the farm.”

“Babygirl, Edie would let you ride Luna down the aisle if you asked.”

Which was its own separate miracle, to be loved so much by the family she’d found a thousand miles from home. “I wonder if you can ride a cow.”

Grinning up at her, Matt nudged her back against his rigid cock. “I’ve got something for you to ride, babygirl.”

Her laughter echoed around the room before fading to a soft sigh as she settled down onto the thick length of him. “I can’t believe you made a pun in the middle of our wedding plans.”

“It was too good to pass up.” Stinging pain spurred her on as he swatted her ass. “Less talking, more riding, babygirl.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“That’s my good girl.”



One-night stand with a hot mechanic? Check. Breaking down a thousand miles from home and finding the best friends you've ever known in a town you've never even heard of? Check. Getting an unexpected second chance at true love with the hottest, filthiest-talking man you've ever met? Oh yeah. Check. See how Carly and Matt got their start in *Carly's Second Chance Daddy!*

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RAVISHING HIS HUMAN BRIDE



By

Sue Lyndon

Blurb

After two months apart, Nova is nervous about her impending reunion with her husband. Not only has Zylonn vowed to rut her until she's sore between her thighs, but he's promised to punish her for touching herself without permission during his absence.

CHAPTER 1



NOVA

Anticipation quickened Nova's breaths as she sat before the video comm awaiting Zylonn's nightly call. He'd been away for almost two months, and she missed him terribly.

How soon until he could return home?

She sighed as she watched the screen, waiting for the flashing lights that would signal his incoming call.

Please come home soon.

Please say the job is almost finished.

During the six years they'd been married, they'd never been apart for such a long period of time, and while she tried to keep her spirits up, it was getting more difficult to face an empty bed each night.

Oh, how she missed the comfort of his strong, muscular arms as he held her close under the covers, and her heart panged as she wondered when they would be able to watch another sunrise on Tarrkua together.

The screen suddenly flashed and Zylonn's handsome blue face appeared. She smiled even as her eyes burned with tears.

"Little human." His deep voice brimmed with affection.

"Master." She blinked fast, not wanting to break down in tears. She didn't want to cause him any worry, especially since he couldn't return until his team of engineers completed the much-needed updates to the interplanetary defense system.

She knew he was working hard and trying to complete the task as quickly as possible while aboard the space station that orbited Tarrkua, and she admired him for having been selected for such an important job.

His eyes darkened with unmistakable lust as he peered at her. “Gods, I miss you,” he said, “and every time I see your lovely face on the video comm, it’s a shock to my system, just how beautiful you are.”

She flushed at his compliment and murmured, “Thank you, Master.” Then she took a moment to study his striking, otherworldly features, like his large, glimmering black eyes, and his perfect high cheekbones. Her mouth went dry as she continued to admire him. His shirt was unbuttoned, revealing a hint of his muscular chest, and his dark hair had grown considerably longer since his departure. Her fingers tingled with the urge to touch the unruly locks.

Soon, she prayed, please let us be reunited soon.

“I have good news, sweet Nova.”

She swallowed hard and clutched the arms of the chair. “What is it?” Her heart beat faster and longing swept through her—the deep, unrelenting desire to be reunited with her husband.

“My work on the defense shield is nearly complete, and I will return to the capital city of Ashorr in just three days. I’ll arrive late in the evening, and I’ve arranged for us to spend the night at a hotel that overlooks the city. Your sister has agreed to watch the children, and her mate will escort you to the hotel. Then in the morning we’ll return home together.” A broad smile lightened his features, and Nova once again found herself blinking back tears.

Home. Zylonn was coming home.

She released the breath she hadn’t realized she was holding and returned his smile. “Oh, Master, I’m so happy. This is the best news. I-I can’t wait to see you. I never imagined we would be apart for so long.”

His visage grew serious. “I never imagined we’d be apart for so long either. I hope you know how reluctant I was to accept this job.” He paused and a thoughtful look came over him. “But it was my desire to keep you and our offspring safe that spurred me to accept the offer. As you know, we must ensure the planetary defense system remains in working order.”

“Yes, I understand completely, Master. I don’t blame you for leaving. Quite the opposite, in fact. I think what you’re doing for your people is admirable, and I’m proud to call you my mate.” And she meant it. Tarrkua had recently made contact with several newly discovered races of aliens, and Tarrkuan leaders weren’t yet sure if all of them could be trusted, particularly the Teggizzians, a large number of whom worked as mercenaries.

Zylonn shifted in his seat, appearing momentarily uncomfortable, and she couldn’t help but grin at his awkward response to the compliment she’d just paid him. Though they’d been married for years, he still sometimes behaved bashfully whenever she offered him praise. “What are you smiling at?” he eventually grumbled.

She laughed. “*You*. You’re doing that thing you do again. Where you pretend you didn’t hear me after I gave you a compliment. You could simply say ‘thank you’, you know. That would be the polite thing to do.”

“Thank. You.” His voice was a deep, agitated rumble, though his eyes sparkled with amusement. He leaned closer to the screen and shot her an accusing look. “I believe you’ve gotten a bit too sassy during our time apart, little human. Be sure to pack the marital strap in your suitcase. We’re going to need it.”

Her stomach flipped. Before she could think better of it, she shook her head. “No, Master. Please. I-I’ve been so good.” She squirmed in her seat as a quiver raced across her bottom cheeks. Despite her fear, however, heat also panged in her core. She couldn’t help it. Even though she feared the pain, the mere thought of being disciplined by her husband—her master

—never failed to incite her desires. Her breath caught as the throbbing between her thighs intensified.

“You’ve been *so good*, have you?” Zylonn gave her a sudden stern look that was tinged with suspicion. “Are you saying you haven’t committed a single transgression during my absence?”

She drew in a huge breath, preparing to tell him that yes, yes, she’d been on her best behavior, only for the words to die on her lips as she remembered the very naughty thing she’d done last night. Guilt nipped at her conscience as she considered whether to keep that particular transgression a secret.

Zylonn cleared his throat. “Is there something you’d like to confess, Nova? You suddenly appear very, very guilty.”

Dammit. She couldn’t lie to him. The thought of telling him an untruth made her feel sick, and if she blatantly lied to him and he found out... well, she knew from experience that it wouldn’t go well for her.

“Nova,” he said in a scolding yet encouraging tone, “*tell me*. If you make a full confession and beg my forgiveness, little human, I might be inclined to go easy on you. I realize we’ve been apart for some time, and as a result, you’ve lacked regular discipline.”

Shame heated her face, and she struggled to hold his gaze. “I, um, touched myself last night, Master. *Without permission.*” She whispered the last two words, and her humiliation deepened. It wasn’t as though he’d expected her to go two months without experiencing a climax. During his time away, he’d frequently ordered her to bring herself to a release during their video comm calls. However, he’d strictly forbidden her from touching herself outside of those calls. She was deeply ashamed to have succumbed to temptation.

His expression darkened, and a shiver rushed through her as she thought about the reckoning to come. The strap. He would definitely use the strap on her. Then she remembered his comment about possibly going easy on her—if she begged his forgiveness.

She lowered her head, trying to appear as remorseful as possible. Not that she had to pretend. She felt true regret and despaired over having broken one of her mate's rules.

"I am so very sorry, Master. Please forgive me. I-I know I shouldn't have done it, and I tried very hard to resist, but last night I couldn't stop thinking about you, about how I wished you were with me in bed. I became very achy between my thighs, and I couldn't settle enough to sleep, so I..." Her voice trailed off and she took a deep, steadying breath before she continued. "So, I touched myself and quickly brought myself to a climax. It just happened the one time. Again, I'm very sorry, and I beg your forgiveness and your mercy." When she dared a glance up, her pulse skittered at his stern countenance. It had been a while since she'd seen him so displeased with her.

"Touching yourself without permission was very, very naughty," he said, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Tell me, little human, to whom does your pleasure belong?"

A whimper left her, and she clasped her hands tightly in her lap as her apprehension grew. "My pleasure belongs to you, Master." That was the rule. It had always been the rule, one he'd made clear to her during their first days as husband and wife.

His eyes flashed. "That's correct. You know better than to touch yourself without permission, and you will be punished for your naughtiness." He paused for a long moment, and she fidgeted in her seat as his stern gaze bored into her. "I appreciate your honesty in the matter, however," he continued, "and I also understand that the last two moon cycles have been difficult for you, just as the time away from you has been difficult for me. Therefore, I will not whip you as severely as I normally would for such an infraction."

I will not whip you as severely as I normally would for such an infraction. It took a few seconds for his words to penetrate her consciousness, but once they did, cautious relief filled her, and she found herself blinking back tears. She was still nervous about the impending punishment, incredibly so, but she took comfort in the fact that he'd promised leniency.

Perhaps he would only give her a few blows with the leather strap, just enough to remind her that he was her husband and his reign over her was absolute.

“Thank you, Master,” she eventually replied in a shaky voice. “Thank you. I am grateful for your understanding, and I promise I won’t forget the strap. Is there anything else I should pack?”

“Yes. There are two more items of importance that you mustn’t forget.” He leaned back in his chair and pinned her with a dark, feral look. “A butt plug and a bottle of lubrication.”

CHAPTER 2



ZYLONN

The twin moons loomed high in the star-encrusted sky, a welcome sight for Zylonn after two months off-planet. He waited outside the lavish hotel that overlooked the capital city of Ashorr, anticipation spiraling through him. Each time he heard the hum of a hover transport over the steady buzz of nighttime insects, he eagerly peered down the road. He'd arrived only moments ago and hadn't even gone upstairs to the suite yet, though a worker had already carried up his belongings, and he'd also arranged for dinner to be delivered soon.

He suppressed a growl. Where was Nova? Her sister's mate, Varro, had promised to bring her at the appointed hour and...

The hum of another hover transport reached him, and joy filled him when he saw a flash of golden hair in the passenger window of the conveyance that stopped in front of the hotel.

He rushed to the passenger side of the transport, opened the door, and helped the pretty human female out. Nova. His precious mate.

Gods, how he'd missed her.

Affection warmed him all over as their eyes collided. He cupped her face and pressed a soft kiss to her lips, savoring the taste of her as well as her familiar sweet scent. He vowed that for as long as he lived, he would never spend another day apart from her.

“Master.” She peered at him with a tiny smile. Her face was flushed, and her blue eyes gleamed with excitement. He marveled at her beauty.

“Little human.” He gathered her close to his chest, hugging her tight as he caressed a hand through her silken hair. The experience of holding her after so long apart... it was everything.

The sound of a throat being cleared reminded Zylonn they weren't alone, and he slowly, very reluctantly, pulled away from Nova and then wrapped his arm around her. He glanced at Varro, who'd just stepped out of the hover transport, and they exchanged a polite nod.

“Sorry we were a minute or so late,” Nova said. “We had to pause to allow a herd of *eukkas* to cross the road.”

“Yes,” Varro said, “I counted over twenty of the furry creatures. I've never seen such a large herd this close to the city.”

“Twenty *eukkas*?” Zylonn asked in disbelief. “You'll have to show me where the herd crossed. Perhaps tomorrow we can take the children on a walk in the forest to glimpse the sight.”

“I don't think that would be a good idea, Master,” Nova said with a laugh. “Cammz, Mazzron, and even Lilly would try to lure them home. Several days ago, I caught them feeding *xershinas* in the backyard. *Xershinas*! How they didn't get bitten, I'll never know.”

Zylonn smiled and pressed a kiss to Nova's cheek. It was good to be home, back on Tarrkua with the solid ground beneath his feet and his lovely human mate at his side. Tomorrow, they would return home together, and he would be reunited with his offspring. He couldn't wait.

Varro walked behind the transport, opened the trunk, and pulled out a suitcase. Zylonn stepped away from Nova just long enough to accept the luggage.

“Thank you again for escorting Nova to the hotel,” Zylonn said, “and for staying at our abode to watch the children with Julie.” It was still strange to him that he'd become such good

friends with Varro, who was a wealthy member of the ruling class, but he found the male to be trustworthy and affable.

“It’s our pleasure. Julie and I adore all our nieces and nephews,” Varro replied with a wistful look. While he and Julie couldn’t have children together, they were both very involved in the upbringing of their many nieces and nephews. Varro had several siblings, all of whom were married and had numerous offspring.

After they exchanged a quick farewell with Varro, Zylonn guided his little human bride into the lavish hotel. Nova gazed upward at the domed ceiling and the multiple chandeliers with wide eyes.

“Come, my sweet mate.” He led her toward a wide staircase that had glowing *verunna* vines twisting along the rails. “I’ve ordered dinner for us, and the meal should arrive at our suite soon.”

“Dinner?” She glanced at him with an adorably nervous expression.

“Yes, little human. Dinner first. Punishment and ravishment... later.” They paused on a landing, and he turned her toward the splendor of the hotel’s lobby, which was a mix of architectural wonder and lush greenery.

Flowering trees grew in between polished white stone walking paths, and most of the walls were covered in the same glowing vines that decorated the staircase. Richly dressed members of the ruling class flitted about the area, most of them heading to and from the large dining room on the other end of the massive structure.

For a brief moment, Zylonn felt out of place. But he quickly reminded himself that he’d garnered the favor of the ruling class with his contributions to the development and maintenance of the planetary shield. And during the last few years, he’d become one of the highest paid regular citizens on Tarrkua. He could afford to take his mate to places normally frequented by the ruling class, and he had every right to be here. So did his lovely bride.

As he turned to study his wife's beautiful features, he imagined buying dozens of sparkling gem-encrusted necklaces and ordering her to try them on one at a time. In the nude. His cock thickened in his pants and his balls drew up tight. Not caring if anyone was watching, he leaned down and dragged his nose along the softness of her slender neck, taking a deep inhale as he once again savored her scent.

She shivered and met his eyes. He drew her closer and a lusty growl escaped his throat. *Fluxx*. He was ravenous for her. His male appendage thickened further.

"I cannot wait to be scrotum-deep inside your slick center, Nova," he whispered. "After two months of neglect, I suspect your pussy will feel especially tight around my cock." All the blood in his body rushed south as he recalled how tight she'd been as a virgin bride. He'd thoroughly enjoyed claiming her innocence.

A tiny whimper emanated from Nova, and her breathing became irregular. Her cheeks turned pink, and she cast a wary glance around, as though worried someone might overhear their conversation. "I was actually just thinking about that," she admitted. "It's been quite a while since we've been intimate, Master, and you are so much bigger than me."

He turned her in his arms and peered down at her. The light from the chandeliers bathed her in a warm glow, illuminating each individual strand of her golden hair. Radiant, he thought. She looked radiant.

When her expression grew more nervous, a thrill rushed through him, and he gathered her closer and pressed himself to her stomach, allowing her to feel the hardness of his fully erect shaft. Her eyes widened further, and she gasped.

"You'll take it, little human." He tangled his fingers in her golden locks and gave a slight tug, forcing her head back. "You'll be an obedient wife, bend over the bed, and offer your slick pussy for my use."

Her breath caught in her throat. "Yes, Master."

CHAPTER 3



NOVA

*A*s Zylonn guided her to the top floor of the hotel, Nova was too nervous to speak. Her heart wouldn't cease its erratic pounding, and her hands trembled at her sides as he led her toward a huge, ornately carved wooden door at the end of a wide hallway. Indeed, she felt like a blushing virgin all over again.

She recalled how anxious she'd been when she first met Zylonn six years ago. Randomly selected at the age of five to become a Tarrkuan bride, she'd grown up receiving medical treatments to alter her DNA enough to enable her to conceive children with a Tarrkuan male. Then, at the age of twenty, she'd traveled to planet Tarrkua to marry a stranger.

It was all part of the trade agreement between humankind and the Tarrkuans.

Each year, humankind provided three hundred and fifty-two women to the Tarrkuans, one fertile, DNA-altered female from each dome-city on Earth. In return, the Tarrkuans provided humankind with fuel for the TEC600 reactors that powered the dome-cities on Earth. Zylonn, like all Tarrkuan males who'd been given a human female, had spent years in the Feshinga Asteroid Belt mining the material used by the TEC600 reactors.

“What are you thinking about, little human?” Zylonn asked as he opened the door and ushered her inside the large, lavish suite. Just like the lobby of the hotel, the walls were covered in glowing vines.

In the entryway, she turned to face her husband, her loving master, and her heart skipped a beat when their eyes met. She smiled. “Oh, I was just thinking about the night we met outside the marriage venue in Ashorr. I was so nervous to meet you. And then... well, the circumstances of our meeting didn’t quite go as planned, which only made things worse.” She laughed.

“Ah, yes,” he replied with a wry grin as he closed the door behind him. “I seem to remember encountering a naughty human female who was speaking out against the Tarrkua-Earth trade agreement.”

“And I seem to remember encountering a high-handed Tarrkuan male who rudely scolded me just for having an opinion.” Though she’d been terrified at the time, she smiled at the memory. Everything had worked out in the end. He’d taken her home and punished her, as speaking out against the trade agreement was strictly forbidden, then claimed her as his mate. Eventually, they’d fallen in love, and she couldn’t fathom being mated to another male.

Zylonn’s gaze darkened, and she knew what he was thinking. “I seem to remember giving a blushing young virgin a sound spanking on her bare bottom, followed by a few lashes of the strap.”

At the mention of the strap, she backed away and reached around to cover her backside. He set her suitcase down and followed her, caging her against the wall. Her pulse skittered and her mouth went dry. He planned to use the strap on her tonight. She hoped he was truly lenient with her, just as he’d promised.

His nostrils flared and he took a deep inhale. “I can smell the slickness gathering between your thighs, little human. You’re nervous about your punishment, yet you cannot help but grow achy with need.”

She whimpered and started to shake her head, but he grasped her chin between his fingers, preventing her movement. He leaned down, and she closed her eyes and parted her lips in anticipation of his kiss. But there was a

sudden knock on the door, and he gave a frustrated growl and pulled away from her with obvious reluctance.

“Dinner first. Punishment and ravishment later,” he reminded her.

She sighed and wondered how she would manage a bite when she was so anxious for her punishment to be over. She didn't like when he made her wait for it, even for a couple of minutes, and the anticipation was almost too much.

A uniformed worker quickly brought in trays of scrumptious-smelling food, placed them on a table, and departed the room. Zylonn helped her into a chair, and they sat across from one another, enjoying the huge spread. Well, Zylonn appeared to be enjoying it. It was all Nova could do to force a few bites down. She supposed it was delicious, but her thoughts remained on the evening to come.

Punishment and ravishment.

She shifted in her seat and blushed when her husband gave her a knowing look. For the briefest moment, she considered tossing her eating utensil at his smug face. She narrowed her eyes at him, flounced her hair over one shoulder, and took a long sip of wine, much to his amusement. He wagged his eyebrows at her, seeming to take delight in her suffering.

Once they finished dinner, he grabbed her suitcase and guided her to the main bedroom. Her stomach flipped when she considered why he needed the suitcase. The strap. As ordered, she'd packed the strap, as well as a butt plug and lubrication. Her nerves increased. She hadn't taken a plug, or his cock, which was much larger than the plug, in her ass in over two months. She prayed he was gentle.

“Perhaps you've wondered why I didn't order you to put a plug in your bottom while I was away.” He placed the suitcase down and drew her to stand directly before him. “It's because I wanted you extra tight back there when we were reunited, Nova. It's because I wanted to watch you struggle to accept the plug. It's because I wanted the pleasure of starting your bottom hole training anew.”

Her butt involuntarily clenched at his words. “Master, please, please be gentle.” Her pussy spasmed and she pressed her thighs together as she sought to assuage the building ache.

“I’ll be gentle,” he promised, “as long as you’re obedient.” He stroked a hand through her hair and stared at her unblinkingly. “Do you think you can do that? Can you be obedient? Can you follow every order I give you without hesitation?”

She whimpered as she considered the many embarrassing commands he would likely issue this evening. Without a doubt, he would probably order her to pull her bottom cheeks apart and spread herself wide for him. That was one of his favorite ways of making her blush. Even after all these years, she sometimes struggled to follow this particular order.

“Nova?” he prompted.

“Yes, Master. I-I will try my best to obey you.”

He continued stroking her hair, and her scalp prickled with sensation as goosebumps erupted over her entire body. The heated pulses in her core became more intense, and she fought to regain control of her breathing.

Zylonn lifted the skirt of her gown and cupped her pussy. She gasped and lurched into his touch. She wasn’t wearing panties. No bra, either. Tarrkuans, both males and females, rarely wore undergarments, a custom to which she’d had to learn to adapt.

“Just as I suspected,” he said with a growl. “You’re soaking wet.”

She moaned as he dragged a finger through her folds, his digit barely grazing her clit. Teasing. He was teasing her. Would he allow her any pleasure before he punished her? She wanted to ask, but she also didn’t want to remind him of the strapping. As she moved her center against his hand, she cast a wary glance at the suitcase.

Unfortunately, he followed her gaze.

“Ah, yes.” He retracted his hand from between her thighs, leaving her whimpering at the loss of his touch. “I suppose we

ought to address your naughtiness, shouldn't we?" His eyes darkened, and a quiver rushed through her at the aura of dominance that suddenly emanated from him. "You touched yourself without permission, little human, and for that you must be punished."

CHAPTER 4



ZYLONN

The scent of Nova's arousal was intoxicating. Zylonn could barely form a coherent thought as he breathed deeply of his mate's feminine essence. He resolved that before the night was over, he would taste that sweetness between her thighs. He would lap at her center until she quivered and climaxed on his tongue.

He guided her to the bed and arranged her bent over to his liking, then wasted no time in baring her bottom. He flipped her skirt upward and tucked the material around her waist. Beautiful. Exquisite. He forgot how to breathe as he beheld the sight before him. Nova's smooth pink folds, noticeably swollen, glimmered with her excitement. He nudged her thighs wider apart, just enough to allow him a glimpse of her enticing pucker.

"Look at this naughty bottom I'm about to punish." He took a cheek in each hand and squeezed. She whimpered.

"Please have mercy," she begged. "Please be gentle. I am so sorry for what I've done. I know I shouldn't have touched myself without permission, Master, and I feel very guilty and deeply ashamed."

He growled and squeezed harder, then drew her cheeks wide apart, causing her anus and pussy to gape. He held her stretched open for several long moments, admiring the dark abyss of each tight hole. If he were cruel, he might lube up her pucker and fuck her ass as punishment. His cock thickened further at the prospect, but he couldn't do that to his trembling mate. He would give her a light spanking, then finish with a

few lashes of the strap. And after he'd punished her, he would ravish her to completion. Again and again.

He released her cheeks and moved to the suitcase, noting it was the same piece of luggage she'd brought from Earth. He opened it and soon found what he was seeking—the thick leather strap, the adjustable butt plug, and the bottle of lubrication.

He set all three items on the bed in Nova's line of vision. She whimpered and shifted in place, though she didn't move out of position. Ever the obedient female, she kept her thighs parted wide, her privates on display as she awaited her punishment.

“Look at this adorable little puckering hole of yours.” He cleared his throat. “I think I'd like a better look at it. Reach around, grasp your bottom, and pull your cheeks wide apart.”

Another whimper drifted from her, but she was quick to obey his orders, and once she had her buttocks spread wide, he reached for the bottle of lubrication. He trickled a generous amount down her crevice, then massaged it into her anus. A choking gasp left her, and the scent of her arousal became heavier in the air.

He loved that she was getting so wet and achy for him despite knowing she had a punishment coming, and despite knowing he was about to insert a plug in her bottom hole. His pants grew tighter, and he fought the urge to adjust himself. Gods, he couldn't wait to drive inside her slick pussy and ride her hard.

He slowly inserted a finger in her bottom hole, pushing all the way to his second knuckle as he coated her anus thoroughly with the lubrication. After withdrawing from her tightness, he reached for the plug. She glanced nervously over her shoulder and shot him a pleading look that only served to incite his libido.

“Keep your cheeks spread wide for me, little human. Be obedient and I'll keep the plug at its smallest setting. If you're naughty, I'll inflate it nearly as large as my cock.”

Her eyes widened. “Yes, Master.” She turned back around, and her fingers tightened perceptibly on her cheeks.

“Good female.” He doused the butt plug in lubrication before nudging it gently to her pucker. He growled. “Look at this tiny, snug hole that hasn’t been fucked in two moon cycles. I think we’ll have to reinstitute nightly anal training, Nova, to prepare you to accept my girth again.”

She inhaled a shaky breath. “Oh! I’m so tight, Master. Please. *Please.*”

“Shh.” He caressed one hand down her back. “I’m not hurting you, little one. Relax your bottom and let the plug inside. I know it’s been a while, but you have done this many times before.”

“I-I’m trying, Master.”

At last, he breached her snug hole, and he gradually pushed the plug deeper in her tightness as she whimpered and moaned. Once the plug was fully seated in her bottom, he stepped back to admire his handiwork as she continued holding herself spread.

“I’ll be right back, Nova. Don’t move.”

He dashed to the bathroom where he quickly washed his hands. He returned to her side within moments, and a growl ripped from his throat as he admired the sight of her swollen pussy lips glimmering under a thick sheen of arousal. He knelt behind her and savored another deep inhale of her essence as he stared directly at her center. Her clit was so engorged that it peeked out from her folds, and he found himself reaching to tap it several times.

“Oh!” Nova bucked at his touch, but she didn’t release her hold on her cheeks. Her feet momentarily left the floor, but not long enough for her to fall out of position.

“This is the part of yourself that you touched without permission,” he said, still tapping at her clit every few moments. “Perhaps I ought to smack you here, Nova, as part of your punishment.”

Before she could respond, he slapped the flat of his fingers against her swollen button. Her keening cry echoed throughout the room, and she bucked again on the bed.

“Don’t you dare move out of position, little human.”

He smacked her five more times in quick succession as she cried out, and by the time he landed the final blow, her clit was more distended than he’d ever seen it.

He rose to his feet and savored the sight of her swollen, punished parts. “You may release your bottom cheeks, Nova. Grab hold of the bedcovers and don’t let go.”

CHAPTER 5



NOVA

Zylonn trailed a hand between Nova's thighs, skimming the part of her he'd just slapped. Her clit. Shame heated her face. She'd had to hold herself spread wide while he smacked her there, while he'd knelt on the floor eye-level with her pussy. How utterly humiliating. And yet... the aching in her core wouldn't abate.

She was drenched and so desperate for a climax, she was tempted to reach between her thighs and stroke herself to bliss. Except that sort of behavior was the cause for her current predicament—because she lacked self-control and had touched herself without permission.

“I'm going to spank you now, Nova,” he said, still trailing his fingers through the seam of her nether lips, “to remind you that your pussy belongs to me. Your pleasure belongs to me. And when you touch what belongs to me without permission, I will make you one very sorry little human.”

“Yes, Master. Again, I'm so, so sorry.” She braced herself for the first searing slap, however, the first blow took her by surprise. Because it was so light it barely stung.

He smacked her about ten times, lenient slaps as he alternated from her left cheek to the right one. He paused and caressed a digit through her folds, rubbing moisture over her punished clit.

He stepped back and she tightened her hold on the covers, fearing he was about to let loose with a volley of harder smacks. Yet they never came.

She heard the rustle of clothing and realized he must be getting undressed. Perhaps he meant to forgo using the strap. Perhaps he intended to claim her now. Her pussy clenched with need and her pulse accelerated. She glanced over her shoulder and saw him approaching while fisting his massively hard cock in one hand. Her trepidation heightened. He was so very large and thick.

“Your spanking isn’t over yet, little human. Turn back around and continue holding position. Keep your ass lifted high and your thighs spread wide.”

“Yes, Master.” She obeyed with a whimper, and her legs trembled as she clutched the covers more tightly. The ache in her core was relentless and consuming. Her center undulated of its own accord, seeking friction. Seeking the touch of her master.

He rewarded her with another light caress, though he paid far too little attention to her clit for her liking, and she groaned in frustration when he retracted his hand. He applied four light swats to her ass before pausing again to rub her aching pussy.

“Your bottom is getting nice and pink, little human, but I’m afraid it’s not quite pink enough.” He removed his hand from her center and reached for the dreaded strap.

Her stomach flipped. He’d spanked her rather gently, but would he wield the strap with less restraint?

He moved to stand at her side, and the enormity of his erection pressed against her hip. He dragged the strap down her back and trailed it across her butt cheeks. A shiver rushed through her, and her clit pulsed so hard, she struggled to catch her breath. She was very aware of the fullness of the plug seated in her bottom hole.

“Since you’ve been so obedient thus far, little Nova, I’ll only give you five moderate lashes. However, if you move out of position or reach back to shield your bottom, we’ll start the process over. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.” She vowed to remain in position no matter how painful the blows became.

Moderate lashes, he'd promised. Would they be hard enough to make her cry?

She hadn't done anything to warrant a session with the strap in over two years. He saved it for the most serious of offenses.

Normally, he would consider touching herself without permission to be a severe transgression, however she appreciated that he was taking the difficulty of their time apart into consideration. She appreciated the mercy he was showing her, and her heart swelled with affection for the huge blue alien she called husband.

"Keep holding the covers." He stepped away, and a second later, he brought the strap down across her bottom. Once, twice, then a third time.

She gasped at the slight sting that spread over her cheeks, but if she were being honest, she would call the lashing more erotic than punishing. He wasn't even striking her hard enough to bring tears to her eyes. Of course, there were two left. Perhaps he meant to make the final two hurt more. She held her breath and waited for the final lashes, but he didn't deliver them immediately.

Instead, he trailed the strap down her back and across her bottom again, causing her to shiver in anticipation.

Oh, how her pussy throbbed and throbbed.

He dragged a hand up her inner thigh, and her eyes widened when she realized what he was doing. He was touching the arousal that had leaked from her core.

"So very wet, little human."

She whimpered and juttled her center back, trying to encourage him to caress her pulsating clit, but he simply retreated a step and continued trailing the strap along her buttocks and lower back. He also brushed her hair from her face, leaned down, and placed a soft kiss on her neck. She thrilled at the tender intimacy of the action. He wasn't finished punishing her, yet he was showing her affection. He was being sweet, and God how she loved him for it.

“I’m debating whether to make the final two lashes hard or gentle.” He placed another kiss on her neck. “Perhaps you ought to plead for mercy again, Nova.” His deep, resonating voice seemed to vibrate straight to her clit. “Beg me to go light on you. You know how much I like hearing you beg. It makes my cock so *fluxxing* hard.”

She peered over her shoulder and shot him a beseeching look. As she shifted in place, her bottom clenched down on the plug. “Please, Master. Please be gentle. Please don’t strike me too hard. Have mercy.”

He cupped her pussy and gave it a squeeze. She gasped and undulated against his hand, and shudders of pleasure afflicted her when he delved two fingers into her core and pumped in and out.

Oh God. Oh yes.

Too soon, he removed his hand from between her thighs. She whimpered and trembled in place, awaiting the final two lashes, praying they would be light. Praying that her begging had appeased him.

She heard a faint whoosh, and then the strap cracked lightly across her bottom. She exhaled with relief and found herself lifting her ass higher in anticipation of the final blow. It came just as lightly as the previous one, a sensual slap of leather on her flesh.

The strap landed on the bed beside her, and then she felt the warmth of Zylonn’s huge body as he grasped her hips and pressed his massive appendage to her aching core. Standing on her toes, she arched back to meet his entrance.

She clutched the covers and gasped. Perhaps it was the plug seated in her bottom, or perhaps it was due to her time apart from Zylonn, but she struggled to accept his size. He had to withdraw and push forward a few times.

“Gods, Nova. You’re so *fluxxing* tight. You feel like an innocent.” He gave one last hard thrust, then his immense thickness was inside her, and he wasted no time in setting a fast rhythm of claiming her pussy.

With each rapid drive, his scrotum smacked heavily upon her clit, driving her to the precipice of bliss. She cried out as pleasure swept over her, an undulating wave of sensual euphoria. As she came, her bottom clenched on the plug, and she gasped at the sensation.

“Good little human.” He slowed his pace for a few seconds and caressed a hand down her back. A minute later, he grasped her hips again and suddenly increased his pace, fucking her hard and fast as his feral growls echoed off the walls.

CHAPTER 6



ZYLONN

When Nova's insides contracted around his shaft, Zylonn nearly spilled himself in her depths. It had been so long since they'd joined their bodies as one, and the welcoming warmth and tightness of her slick pussy felt so very good. But he managed to slow his thrusts long enough to regain control. He caressed her bottom as he admired the pinkness that covered her cheeks.

The sight of the plug seated in her ass spurred him to surge faster into her depths. He increased his pace and claimed her roughly. He delved one hand into her hair and tugged, forcing her back to arch, which permitted him to fuck her deeper.

She soon gasped through another orgasm. Her golden hair shifted over her shoulders as she tossed her head from side to side, and her knuckles turned white as she clutched the covers harder.

Again, he slowed the rhythm of his thrusts, not wanting to spurt inside her just yet. The scent of her arousal hovered thickly in the air, and the need to taste her became too much. He withdrew from her center and dropped to his knees in one quick movement.

Then he spread her pussy wide and licked her center, focusing on her engorged nubbin, that enticing swollen bit of flesh he'd slapped earlier.

Fluxxing delicious.

Desire scorched through him, and he felt increasingly feverish as he savored her feminine essence. She gasped and

jerked her center against his mouth, and an echoing cry left her when she finally came on his tongue. Primal satisfaction filled him, and he wondered how many more orgasms she would have before the night was over.

He rose to his feet, wiped his mouth on the back of his forearm, and stepped back to stare at his beautiful mate. She was panting hard in the aftermath of her latest release, and her pussy was spread and gleaming in the light of the chandelier. His cock stiffened further, need burning through him, drowning out all rational thought.

He had to be inside her again.

Right *fluxxing* now.

“After I erupt inside you, little human, I want you to reach back, grasp your buttocks, and pull your center wide apart. I want to watch as my seed trickles out of your slick, well-fucked pussy.”

She whimpered. “Yes, Master.”

“That’s my good little human. By the way, I expect you to come at least one more time.” He repositioned his cock at her entrance, then surged into her depths in one rapid thrust, filling her completely.

She cried out and jerked her center back, eager to meet his rapid drives. His control slipped and he pounded her more forcefully than he’d intended, but she continued to moan and cry out in pleasure, and when her pussy once again contracted around his cock as she reached a climax, gratification brimmed within him.

This time, he didn’t slow his pace as she orgasmed on his thick, throbbing length. He fucked her faster and growled as his balls tightened with pleasure and he exploded in her tight chasm. He spurted torrents of his seed inside her, the eruption lasting so long he became dizzy as he coated her womb in his masculine essence.

After the final pulsing remnant of his climax receded, he slowly withdrew from her pussy. He stepped back and watched, waiting to see if she would obey.

To his great pleasure, she immediately drew her center wide apart, exposing her pussy so fully that it gaped, and a moment later, his translucent white seed trickled out to run down her inner thighs.

Fluxx yes.

“Good girl,” he said in a praising tone.

He watched for a while longer, until the flow of his seed escaping her pussy slowed. Then he scooped her up in his arms, overwhelmed by the urge to hold her. To tend to her needs, and he sensed she needed closeness right now. Intimacy and comfort. Soft, sweet kisses and tenderly murmured words of love.

He carried her to a chair and sat down, holding her on his lap. She snuggled deeper in his embrace, placing her ear directly over his heart, as was her habit when they snuggled. Warmth filled him, his affection for her knowing no bounds.

“Gods, I love you, little human.” He pressed a gentle kiss atop her head and stroked his hands through her golden locks. She sighed and trailed her hands up and down his chest, then wrapped her arms around him, hugging him tightly.

“I love you, too, Master,” she murmured sleepily. “I missed you so much, and I’m so happy you’re home.” She withdrew from his embrace slightly to peer up at him, mischief suddenly glimmering in her eyes. “Even if it means I must be on my best behavior now.”

He chuckled and kissed her forehead. She wiggled on his lap, and he felt his cock growing hard again. The mischief in her eyes gleamed brighter, leaving him in no doubt of her intentions.

“It would seem you require more ravishing, little human.” He growled, stood up, and carried her back to the bed.

“Oh, please, Master,” she said in a faux-pleading tone. “Please be gentle. Please don’t pound me too hard.”

“You’ll get what you deserve.” He deposited her near the bed, quickly removed her dress, then tossed the garment aside.

“Bend over, Nova. Assume the proper position for a long, hard fucking.”

“Will you remove the plug, Master?” She bent over the bed and spread her legs wide. “Please. It’s been in for a long time.”

He applied a light swat to her pinkened ass cheeks. “If you give me another orgasm, little human, I will remove the plug.”

She huffed a dramatic sigh. “Okay, Master. I suppose I’ll come on your cock one more time. If I must.”

He gave her another swat, though this one was a bit harder. She gasped and glanced over her shoulder with a pout.

“Need I remind you that the strap is within easy reach?” He lifted an eyebrow at her.

“I’ll be good, Master.”

He claimed her twice more before the night ended. During each intense fucking session, she climaxed on his cock like the obedient little female she was. She also held her center spread wide apart in the aftermath of each claiming, allowing him to watch as his essence trickled from her swollen pussy. He savored the sight, and he found himself hoping he impregnated her tonight, that he planted his seed in her womb.

In the morning, he awoke just before dawn. He carried his sleeping mate to a chair near the window, and he sat down holding her in his arms, not rousing her until a glow appeared along the mountainous landscape that surrounded Ashorr.

“Thank you for waking me up, Master.” She emitted a soft sigh that tickled his chest. She reached up and ran her hands through his hair, then pressed a quick kiss to his lips. “I’ve missed this. Missed watching the sunrise with you. It always reminds me of my first morning on Tarrkua. Remember how you woke me up to witness the sunrise? Well, it was the first time I saw your planet during the daytime, and it felt special that I got to share that experience with you.”

He remembered. He would never forget the wonder that had gleamed in her eyes as she watched the sun rise that morning, the morning after they’d consummated their

marriage. “I remember,” he said, “and it’s a special memory for me too.”

They exchanged a smile, then they turned their attention to the orange glow on the horizon. A short while later, the sun finally peeked over the mountains, sending rays of bright light into the forest. As though on cue, a flock of yellow *geirra* birds took flight from the trees just beneath the window.

Zylonn watched Nova track the birds across the sky, her face beaming with happiness. Having grown up in a dome-city on Earth that was devoid of animals and contained minimal vegetation, she never seemed to tire of the natural beauty of Tarrkua. The wonder in her eyes, and the gratitude she frequently vocalized, always gave him a new appreciation for the planet he called home.

After the birds disappeared over the horizon, she turned in his arms and peered at him with a radiant smile, her pretty blue eyes gleaming with unrestrained joy. “I’m so happy you’re home, Master.” The sincerity in her voice touched his soul.

“So am I, little human.” He kissed her forehead. “So am I.”

He held her as she drifted back to sleep, and his heart brimmed with affection for the sweet human female who meant the universe to him. He would love her forever and always.



If you enjoyed this short story featuring Nova + Zylonn, you’re invited to go back and read their story from the beginning in *Zylonn’s Human Bride* for FREE—[download your FREE copy here](#).

ABOUT SUE LYNDON

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR SUE LYNDON writes naughty, heartfelt romance filled with sexy discipline, breathless surrender, and scorching hot passion. Hard alpha males, strict husbands, fierce alien warriors, and stern daddy-doms make her go weak in the knees. She also writes vanilla sci-fi romance under the name Sue Mercury—but no matter the genre or pen name, her books always have a swoon-worthy happily ever after.

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NURTURING LITTLE
NATASHA



A Rawhide Ranch Short Story

By

Allie Belle

CHAPTER 1



NATASHA

“**1** ...2...3...” Chastity whispered, and all of us took off to find our hiding spots. It was late at night and we were all supposed to be sleeping, but where was the fun in that? It was Nanny J’s weekly night off and the Rawhide Ranch Littles liked to take full advantage of that. So after Nanny J had done her final rounds for the night and warned us to be on our best behavior, we’d all agreed on the rules before promptly sneaking out of our beds and congregating in Chastity’s dorm room for a Ranch-wide game of hide and seek. There were only two rules: no going outside, and no hiding in the guest rooms. Other than that, everywhere else was fair game. Because when were we ever on our best behavior, other than right after a spanking or corner time... sometimes?

We were on the third level of the Littles’ wing, and I really didn’t know the Ranch as well as the Littles who lived there, so I followed Britt, Callie, Blake, Mary, Lila, Billy, and a few other Littles whose names I didn’t know as they used their thumbprint to open the security door and sneak out. Excitement and trepidation coursed through me as my heart pounded in my chest.

Ooh, this was gonna be fun!

Once cleared through the door, everyone sort of scattered in every direction. I ran down one flight of steps, careful not to slip in my kitty slippers, and then headed down to the second level hall. Even though there were likely more hiding spots on the main level, I wasn’t ballsy enough to hide there, because it was more likely someone would accidentally run into a Top,

and that someone was not gonna be me. At least, that was the logic that kept me from following the majority of the crowd. And I certainly wasn't going to go down to the basement on a Saturday night when the dungeon was in full swing. That was basically just begging to get caught before the game had even really begun.

Bypassing all of the themed ageplay rooms, I headed toward the guest wing, tip-toeing as fast as I could. I wanted to put as much space between me and Chastity as possible because I was determined not to lose this game. Nope, on the contrary, I was going to be the winner. We had all saved our cookies from dinner and the winner got to have them all, and dangit, I wanted them. Heaven made the best cookies on the whole planet and these were decorated for Valentine's with little hearts and designs painted on them. They were all different and so cute, and I couldn't wait to spread them all out and appreciate the artwork before devouring each and every one.

The last room before I got to the elevators on the guest wing side of the Ranch was the 101 classroom, which seemed like a really boring place to hide. Being a high school teacher in my everyday life, I spent enough time in classrooms, but when I heard the elevator ding, I panicked. Pushing the door open, I skittered inside. It was dark, but I was able to feel my way around until I ended up in a small back office. It must have been used to give whoever was teaching the class a space to work. I'd never been to a 101 class because I preferred to take my classes in the Littles' wing when I visited the Ranch. As my eyes were getting adjusted to the dark, I heard a small squeak. Someone was coming! My heart hammered as I ran to take cover under the large wooden desk.

Holding my knees to my chest, I made myself as small as possible and tried to force my heart to stop pounding and my breath to slow. I didn't want to be found by a Top, but I really, really didn't want to get found by Chastity. Pulling my binky out of the front pocket of my favorite unicorn pajama onesie, I put it in my mouth and sucked as I closed my eyes and focused on my breathing, listening as intently as possible to see if anyone was coming.

Maybe if I stayed quiet and still enough, and closed my eyes super tight, whoever was in the room would leave without discovering me and I could get back to the task at hand. Those cookies were *mine*; I could almost taste them.

I kept sucking on my binky and imagining the cookies, and it calmed me a lot. After a few moments of complete silence I allowed myself to relax a little bit. I had found a pretty great hiding spot and all I had to do was wait.

How long was I supposed to wait, though?

It was really late and the Ranch was huge. We had no way of knowing who was found and who wasn't, and for the first time I questioned the logic of this plan. I still wanted to win and wouldn't move from my spot until I was absolutely sure I was going to, but next time we'd have to figure out a better way to make it work.

It seemed like I'd been hiding forever, and I was getting bored and super tired, but if there was anyone on the planet more stubborn and hard-headed than me, I'd never met them. If I had to sleep on a hard floor under a desk to win a pile of cookies, then that's exactly what I was going to do. Giving in to my heavy eyelids, I allowed them to close and drifted off to sleep.

I was startled out of sleep when I heard voices outside the office, and as I shook the last bit of sleep from my brain, I noticed they were getting closer. The sunlight streamed through the window, telling me it was way past the time I should have been back in the Littles' dorm, and if they hadn't discovered me missing yet, it wouldn't be long until they did. Without the cover of the dark I felt completely exposed and my stomach danced with nerves as my joints and muscles screamed in agony from sleeping on the floor under a desk all night. It definitely hadn't been one of my smartest ideas to date.

The door to the office opened and I heard a woman talking. She spoke in commanding tones, and I realized she had to be on the phone when no other voice accompanied hers. Thumps on the wood above my head told me she was setting things down on the table. I backed into the corner and hugged my knees to my chest as I had the night before.

“The price is not going to come down, Jerry. As a matter of fact, if you’d like to continue to argue with me then I can gladly push it in the other direction.” She paused for a second. “I thought you might see it my way. If your clients want premium products then they need to be willing to pay. End of story. Try to manipulate me like that again and I will cut you off completely.”

She sounded annoyed. And bossy. Bossy in a way that made me a little shivery. If anyone ever used that tone with me... Well, I’d probably sass them, then hope they’d turn me over their knee and redden my bottom.

Wait. Did I actually just wish for someone to redden my bottom?

Her phone clattered against the desk and she sighed before rounding it and sitting in the chair. It was a small desk, and there was no way her long legs would fit under it without bumping into me.

“Umm... hi.” I kinda poked my head out, and the woman gasped and jumped backward. The coffee in her hand went flying and landed all over the front of her.

“Oh no! I’m so sorry, I... I didn’t mean to scare you!” I scrambled out from under the desk and looked around for something to help clean up the mess.

Apparently unperturbed that her pristine white business shirt was now splattered with coffee, she set the cup down and put her hands on her hips. Her golden eyes sparkled, and it was impossible not to notice her generous breasts straining against the buttons of her damp, coffee-spattered shirt.

Suddenly I remembered wishing for a spanking. Maybe a spanking from her wouldn’t be so bad?

“What are you doing hiding under that desk, little girl?”

My tummy tightened, and the look in the much taller woman’s eyes let me know without a doubt that I was completely busted.

Swallowing hard, I tried to find some believable explanation, but she was so, so pretty, and I knew I was in trouble, so I stuttered. “I was... ummm... looking for something, but it’s not here, so I better go.” I turned to flee.

“Stop right there, young lady,” she snapped, beautiful and intimidating.

Freezing in place, I nibbled my bottom lip and squeezed my eyes shut, willing my tummy to calm down.

“Turn around.” Her voice had a low, commanding tone. The kind that I always longed to have sent in my direction, and I instantly wanted to melt at her feet and beg for forgiveness.

Turning, I kept my gaze down. “I’m really sorry about the mess. I didn’t mean any harm.”

She crossed her arms over her chest and shook her head slowly. I hugged myself, hating the disapproval of the beautiful stranger.

“I’m not as concerned about the mess as I am about the Little girl in this office, alone, still in her jammies, and telling fibs.”

“It wasn’t a real fib. I was looking for something last night when I came—”

“You’ve been in here all night alone?” I cringed at her raised tone. “What were you looking for that was so important it couldn’t wait until morning?”

“I don’t think you’re gonna like the answer.” The skin on my bottom tingled, anticipating what was likely going to happen in my near future.

“Probably not, but tell me anyway.”

I sighed. There was no way I was getting out of this without getting in trouble with someone, and a lie would just

compound everything, plus I detested dishonesty. “A hiding spot.”

“And what were you hiding from?”

She was really going to make me come clean. I sighed and threw caution to the wind. I was too tired to do anything else. “We were playing hide and seek and the winner gets everybody’s cookies.”

The woman smiled and a warmth spread over my entire body. She had the sexiest smile I’d ever seen. “Well I certainly do love a good cookie, but something tells me the risk was not worth the reward. Does your Mommy or Daddy know you’ve been out of bed all night?” She raised a brow.

I fidgeted as my body responded to her attention in all the wrong ways. I was in trouble; why was I so turned on by her? “I don’t have a Mommy or Daddy,” I admitted.

“Is that so?” She was quiet for a moment. Needing some sort of comfort, I reached into my pajamas and took out my binky.

“Do you have someone here at the Ranch that you answer to, or are you here all alone, little one?” She dropped her arms and her voice gentled.

That was kind of a loaded question. All Littles and submissives at the Ranch had to answer to Master Derek, who owned Rawhide Ranch, but technically every time I came to the Ranch, I came alone. And I left alone. I came here to let Little me out in the company of people who understood. But a Mommy or a Daddy? That was still just a dream.

Not really sure what to say, I sucked my binky and shrugged.

“Well then, why don’t I just call Master Derek and we can get this issue resolved, shall we?”

She reached for the phone.

Popping the binky out of my mouth, I held up my hands. “Wait! Wait! Wait! Umm... how ‘bout I just go back to the

Littles' wing and we can forget this ever happened, pretty please?"

"That would make me a very irresponsible Mommy, and that's just not who I am."

The door opened and a tall, thin man with salt and pepper hair and thick black-rimmed glasses came inside. He was the definition of Daddy material. Tall, gorgeous Daddy material. Oh, boy. I was in trouble in maybe more than one way.

"Sorry it took so long, babe. Derek wasn't in his office." His eyes landed on me and he raised a brow. "Apparently they are looking for a missing Little girl in a unicorn onesie. Would that happen to be you?"

I took a step back, shaking my head. "I dunno who they're looking for, but I need to go."

I wanted to leave, but the man was blocking the door. He shook his head and pulled his phone out of his pocket.

"What's your name?" he asked.

For a split second I considered running, but where was I really going to go? Plus, if everyone was looking for me, I was in way more trouble than I'd originally thought. I took another step back, bumping into the desk and knocking over what was left of the coffee. To my horror, it spread fast, soaking the papers that had been set on the desk.

"Oh no! No, no, no! I am so sorry!" I looked back and forth between the two, but neither of them moved. "I'll clean it up, I promise. Just let me go get a towel or something." My heart pounded in my chest and it felt like all the air had left the room.

The man walked past me to a tall wall cabinet and retrieved a roll of paper towels. I reached for it, but the woman stopped me. "I think you should go stand in the corner and let us handle this."

Tears burned in the backs of my eyes. Corner time was the worst, and I really just wanted this whole nightmare to end. I was frustrated and embarrassed. I looked toward the door and

noticed for the first time since I'd been discovered that no one was blocking my escape. I couldn't help it. I bolted.

I made it all the way down the hall, but just as I was passing the elevator, the doors slid open and my fate was sealed. Master Derek and Nanny J were standing inside, both of them wearing stony looks on their faces.

"We've been looking for you, young lady," Master Derek said.

"I know, I'm sorry. I was hiding and I fell asleep, and then they wouldn't let me leave." I turned and pointed down the hall to see the man and woman coming toward us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Landry, thanks for the call. I hope our Little hasn't caused too much trouble." Nanny J reached out and took my hand in hers, pulling me to her side.

"There is a little mess in the 101 room office, and we will need some new printouts for our presentation, but other than that, no harm, no foul," the man assured them.

However the huge stain on the woman's shirt couldn't be missed. I put my binky back in my mouth and dropped my chin to my chest. This was the worst day ever.

I was never playing hide and seek ever again in my whole life.

"Why don't you both join us in my office? I'll have Erika get your documents printed up and you can tell me exactly what happened this morning."

"We can do that. Thank you." The man nodded and turned to the woman.

"I'm just going to run back to my room and change. We'll meet you downstairs," the woman announced.

As awful as the morning had started out, a mix of excitement and trepidation stirred inside me that I was going to get to see them again. The woman had mentioned she was a Mommy and the man had called her "babe." Were they a couple? He didn't strike me as a Little. Both of them had an

air of dominance. And both of them looked like they'd walked straight out of my fantasies.

CHAPTER 2



NATASHA

I stood in the corner of Derek's office contemplating how terrible the entire hide and seek idea had been, and vibrating with nerves. I'd been to Rawhide Ranch many times, but I'd only ever gotten into trouble with Nanny J or one of the teachers. This time it involved other guests, and Master Derek was less than thrilled. Apparently they had been searching for me for hours before Mr. and Mrs. Landry, who I now knew were named Zack and Vanessa, called him.

They were not only visitors, but guests of Derek there to teach some very specific kink classes, and people from all over had come to the Ranch this week just for their presentations. I felt about two inches tall and wished for the hundredth time that morning that I'd never even played hide and seek. There was no way those cookies were worth all of this.

"Come here, young lady." Master Derek was leaning against the front of his desk, his arms crossed against his chest. His normal jovial smile had been absent since he'd stepped off the elevator, and I desperately wanted to earn it back.

"You have a decision to make now, little one, and it's an important one."

"I do?" I asked, confused. That was not what I'd been expecting him to say at all.

"Yes, you do. I know this is kind of new to you, as you've not gotten in big trouble here before, but we have a policy here that when you wrong a Top, then the choice is presented as to who will punish you for that wrongdoing. I'm aware you don't

know the Landrys, and that you broke a multitude of Ranch rules last night and this morning, but they were affected as well. So before they come in here, I wanted to talk to you about your feelings about allowing them to handle your punishment.”

What? My head spun with the information. I had to now pick who would punish me? That was almost worse than the punishment itself. “I... I don’t know what to do.”

I eyed my binky on Master Derek’s desk and his gaze followed mine. He gently picked it up by the polka-dotted handle and held it out to me. “Why don’t you take this and I can tuck you in on the couch for a little bit so you can think about your options?”

Hurriedly, I took my binky from him and stuck it in my mouth. A few months ago I never would have been brave enough to use it in front of anyone. Not even my bestie, Brynnly, who’d visited the Ranch for a date with her high school nemesis because she lost a bet. But the Ranch had changed all of that for me. I was safe to be wholly myself when I was here. We all were.

I snuggled on the couch and Master Derek tucked a blanket around me and brought me a bottle of water.

“I’m going to call the Landrys and have them wait a bit before meeting with us, and then I’m going to get some work done while you think. When you’re ready, you let me know.”

I nodded and snuggled into the soft, yet surprisingly heavy blanket. It felt like a tight hug and was apparently exactly what I needed to help me relax.

Closing my eyes, I thought about my choice. The easy thing to do would be to let Master Derek spank me and be on my way, but the Landrys were an intriguing couple, and if I chose them it would give me more time to get to know them and see what they were all about. And I couldn’t help but imagine what it would be like to be turned over her knee while Zack watched. The thought made me all warm and squirmy. But despite the squirmy feeling, before I knew it, the thoughts all went silent and I faded off to sleep.

I don't think I slept long because my body didn't have the stiff feeling from being curled up like I was. Sitting up, I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and took my binky out of my mouth.

"How was your nap, little one?"

"It was good. I'm sorry I fell asleep."

"It's quite alright. I imagine sleeping under a desk didn't allow you the adequate quality of rest a Little girl needs," he scolded gently

"No, Sir. Probably not."

"Have you made your decision?"

Taking a deep breath, I nodded.

"Good girl. What will it be then? Do you want me to handle your discipline or do you want to give the option to the Landry's since your naughty choices affected them? There's always the possibility that they may not want the responsibility, but somehow I doubt it."

Master Derek was infamous for his punishments, and while I wasn't afraid of him, per se, dealing with the Landrys would be the better option for lots of reasons.

"I think it's only fair to let them decide," I mumbled.

"Okay then, do I have your permission to hand over your file, with your limits and such?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good girl. You go wait in the corner while I call the Landrys down and talk to them."

I all but ran back to the corner to get away from his calculated gaze, my face turned to the wall.

I listened as he made the call, but I hadn't counted on the fact that he was going to discuss things with me in the room. When a few minutes passed and then Erika announced they'd arrived, Master Derek invited them in, and I realized I was dead wrong. More embarrassed than ever, I scooted closer to the corner, wishing I could just disappear.

“Take a seat. I’d like to discuss something with you both, if you don’t mind.” There was some shuffling and movement, then Derek started talking again. “Here at the Ranch, if we have the consent of the Little or submissive, we give the option of punishment to the offended party. I’ve spoken to Natasha and she has given her consent, so the option is yours. Would you like to take her punishment into your own hands, or would you like me to dole it out?”

There was silence for a minute before Mrs. Landry spoke. “Natasha, would you come here for a minute, please?”

I closed my eyes and took a fortifying breath before turning and approaching the trio, who were not at the desk like I’d anticipated, but in the small sitting area of the office. When I got close, Mrs. Landry put her hand out to me and I took it. She drew me closer until I was standing so close that my knees were touching hers. Her hand was so soft, but I had a feeling she could deliver a heck of a spanking. And boy, did she smell *good*.

“First I’d like to have a proper introduction. Hi, I’m Vanessa Landry, and this is my husband Zack.”

“I’m Natasha, and I’m really sorry for how naughty I was this morning, and for ruining your shirt and your papers.” I tried to keep the wobble out of my voice, but wasn’t very successful.

“I’m glad to hear that, but there will be plenty of time for apologizing later. I know Master Derek has already gotten your consent, but I want to make sure we get to hear your thoughts and feelings on the matter. Would you be open to the idea of Zack and me handling your discipline?”

Her eyes were so kind, and the way she moved her thumbs against the tops of my hands seemed to still my pounding heart. She made me feel comfortable without even trying.

“Yes, ma’am.”

She smiled, “Good. Thank you. I have another question, and I’m going to give you some time to think about it before you answer. Zack and I are here at the Ranch for a week

teaching seminars, and we were also really hoping to find a Little we could call our own. We'd like to know if that is something you might be willing to explore, but don't answer yet. You can ask as many questions as you want, but I will not accept an answer from you until dinnertime."

My heart began to pound anew. They wanted to explore things with me? "Both of you?" I asked, unable to form a full sentence.

"Yes. Have you ever been with a man or a woman or both?"

"No, ma'am. I mean yes ma'am. I mean... I'm not a virgin. I've been with a man, and I umm... I've always been curious about being with a woman."

"Speaking in a general sense, is it something you would *like* to try?"

I'd always been open to the idea of falling in love with any gender, but the opportunity to be with a woman hadn't really presented itself. I'd had boyfriends and I was far from a virgin, but the idea of multiple partners had never really been on my radar. Until now.

Zack and Vanessa were both like characters out of my deepest fantasies. She had dark brown, wavy hair that fell past her shoulders, big welcoming blue eyes, and a smile that could light up the room. Effortlessly sexy, she was full of confidence. When she had aimed her disapproving glare at me in the 101 office I could have melted to a puddle at her feet, and in this moment I only wished to crawl onto her lap and cuddle into her ample chest.

Zack had short salt and pepper hair. He was tall, and his bright blue eyes were hidden behind thick black-rimmed glasses. He looked like the sexiest nerd on the planet. Or maybe a slightly older Superman. I could definitely crush on Superman. His quiet demeanor as Vanessa ran point gave him an air of mystery, and I silently wondered what their dynamic with one another looked like.

"I think so."

She smiled again, and I think I fell in love with her at that exact moment.

“I’m glad to hear that. Here is the plan, then. You’re going to go about the rest of your day and think about my offer. When do you go to dinner?”

“Around five-thirty.”

“Can we come and pick you up at five-thirty, then? We can have a quiet dinner together back at our suite.”

I nodded.

“Anytime I ask you a question, I need a verbal response from you. Zack and I have a lot of talents, but mind reading isn’t one of them.”

I giggled. “Yes, ma’am, that sounds okay.”

“Good girl,”

She tucked a piece of hair behind my ear and cupped my face. For a second I thought she might kiss me and there was nothing I wanted more in the world. When she kept talking, I couldn’t keep my eyes off her lips, longing for them to kiss mine. “Now I want you to be a very good girl for the rest of the day. You need to get back to where you’re supposed to be at this time, and we will finish up here with Master Derek and see you a bit later.”

Master Derek pressed a button on the phone. “Erika, can you please come in here for a second?”

Vanessa stood up, and with her heels on she was a good eight to ten inches taller than me. “Can I send you off with a hug, little one?”

I nodded. “Yes please. I like hugs.”

“And I like sweet and polite Little girls.”

She pulled me into her and wrapped her arms tightly around me, and I sorta melted into her. “Ma’am is very polite, but another thing I should mention is that Zack and I will require that you always refer to us as Mommy and Daddy in

private, or in an environment like Rawhide *if* you decide you'd like to move forward with us."

I didn't know what to say to that. I hadn't called anyone Mommy or Daddy since I was like five. Thankfully I was saved from responding when Erika poked her head in.

"Can you please escort Natasha back to her room so she can get dressed and get to class? And let Nanny J know that her punishment for her indiscretions will be handled by the Landrys."

"Will do, Sir."

Vanessa let me go. "Be a good girl. We'll see you tonight."

Not quite ready to drop the Mommy bomb, I hurried out of the office, followed by Erika.

CHAPTER 3



NATASHA

I spent the day fretting about my upcoming date. I really had no idea what to expect. What did one do when they were about to be punished by strangers, who also wanted to explore being her Mommy and Daddy? At lunch I'd snuck back to my dorm and called my bestie, Brynnly, who had reconnected with her high school crush at the Ranch early the year before, and now lived with him in a Daddy/Little girl dynamic.

Waiting for her to answer the phone I almost lost my nerve and hung up. Maybe this was all stupid and I should just march myself back to Master Derek's and take it all back.

"Tasha? Is everything okay? Aren't you at the Ranch?"

"Yes, everything is okay and yes I'm at the Ranch." I sighed.

"What's wrong? Are you okay? Do we need to come get you? Daddy!!!!" she yelled and I pulled the phone from my ear.

"Brynn! Chill! I'm okay. You don't need to call Darius. As a matter of fact, please don't, I just need to talk to you." I started to get frustrated. I just wanted to talk to my friend and she was making it so difficult!

"Oh, okay. Why didn't you just say so?"

I rolled my eyes. "You didn't give me the chance. Now can I talk to you without you freaking out?"

“Sorry Tash. You caught me in the middle of... you know.”

“Little space.” She was still not super comfortable talking about being Little, but at least she would let herself go every once and a while. I felt guilty interrupting her time.

“Yes, that. But you have my attention now.”

I could tell I did by the change in her voice so I launched into the whole story starting with the Hide and Seek plan and ending with the full body hug and dictate from Vanessa, my new Mommy. Well at least she was my test Mommy?

Brynn squealed so loud in my ear at my news that I thought it would be ringing for the rest of my life.

“So you’re going to have a Mommy *and* a Daddy. Why am I not surprised you need two tops to keep you in line? You’d be too much of a handful for only one.” She giggled.

She wasn’t wrong. I enjoyed being bratty, and really loved being forced to endure punishments that I didn’t necessarily want.

It was kind of hard to reconcile in my own mind, but there wasn’t much I could do about it. I was who I was, and the Ranch was the only place I could exercise my brat muscle the way I needed to. It was the most amazing form of therapy. I was so thankful to Master Derek, who allowed me to teach a class one night a week at the university in exchange for visits to the Ranch whenever I needed. If I didn’t need my teaching job at Porter’s Corner High School to help me support my aging parents, I would move in full-time.

“So what time are you meeting them?” Brynn brought me back to the present with her question.

“We’re having dinner together at five-thirty.”

“And then what?” She urged.

“I don’t know Brynny! I guess I’ll get punished? I have no idea. I agreed to submit to them and to try out a relationship, whatever that means, but I just don’t know?”

“What don’t you know? This is like a dream come true for you!”

“I know, but I’ve never been with a woman. I don’t know what I’m supposed to do!”

“I’m gonna tell you the same thing you’ve told me a million times, stop thinking. The beauty of this lifestyle is you don’t have to know what to do. You made the choice to submit now you just need to do that job. Let them lead you. That’s their job.”

She was right. Falling back on my bed, I fiddled with the binky in my hand.

“Thanks Brynny. I love you. I’m gonna take a little nap before I have to go back to class.”

“I love you too. Sleep good and call me when you can. I can’t *wait* to hear about your night.”

“I will. Bye, bestie.”

“Byeeeeeee.”

Before I even hit the end button, I put my binky in my mouth. I was really beginning to become addicted to the soothing feel of it in my mouth. Not wanting to buy more trouble, I set an alarm on my phone and snuggled in for some sleep. I didn’t know what the night was going to bring me and I wanted to be well rested in preparation for it.



Before I knew it, it was five-thirty and I was standing at the mouth of the Littles’ wing hall with my backpack packed for an overnight stay, just in case. Fighting the urge to put my binky in my mouth, I checked my pocket to make sure it was still there. That alone was enough comfort to get me through for the moment. I watched as the Landrys made their way toward me hand in hand. Vanessa wore a smile that reached all the way up to her eyes, but Zack’s was a little more reserved.

It made me feel a little self-conscious. Did he even want to do this? I couldn't go into a new and scary situation if everyone wasn't on the same page. I didn't want to end up a third wheel, or bring any kind of contention to the couple.

"Hello, little one. Are you ready for dinner?" Vanessa asked.

I nodded and took her offered hand.

"What did I say about verbal replies?" Her tone was commanding, yet kind. It made me want to obey, but calling her Mommy... that would be difficult.

"Y-yes, Ma'am," I attempted.

She eyed me speculatively. "I know you didn't forget what title I'll ask you to use, but since we haven't had the chance to talk about your decision to accept our offer I will let it slide. For now. C'mon, let's go and eat so we can get to know one another."

It was a quiet walk back to their suite, and by the time we reached the door, my nerves were vibrating through my body. I froze when they opened the door, my feet refusing to move forward.

"Having second thoughts, little one?" Vanessa asked.

"I dunno." I looked up at her, then at Zack. The words poured out of my mouth before I could even think twice. "Do you even want me here? You haven't said anything this whole time and you just keep looking at me funny."

Vanessa opened her mouth to talk, but he stopped her. "One second, Nessa, she's right." He turned to me. "Do you know that feeling you have in your tummy right now? The feelings of excitement and nerves like little butterflies flapping around like crazy?"

"How do you know what's in my tummy?" I put my hands on my hips and scrunched my face at him.

"Because I have those feelings, too, and when I get nervous, I get quiet and let Mommy take the lead. She doesn't have that problem. She is the bravest woman I know."

More confused than ever, I looked back and forth at them again. When I'd encountered Zack in the 101 office he had exuded dominance, but maybe I'd read the whole situation wrong. Guilt crept into my tummy for jumping to conclusions. "Wait, is she... are you..."

Zack laughed. "No, honey. She is not my Mommy, but I figured if you hear us refer to each other as such, maybe it will feel more natural for you when the time comes."

"Okay, but how can the time come if you won't answer my question? Do you want me here?" I asked, feeling unusually brave because I had to know.

"Yes, I do. Very much, actually," he answered without hesitation. "I'm just nervous."

"Why?"

"Let's go inside and we can talk more, okay?"

"Okay." I sighed, having forgotten for a second we were standing in the hallway.

I followed Vanessa inside with Zack close behind me. Their room smelled amazing, like they'd brought the entire Italian restaurant home with them, and my tummy growled.

"Someone is hungry." Vanessa teased.

"I mighta been too nervous to eat anything today."

"You haven't eaten anything all day?" Zack chimed in.

"No, Sir. I missed breakfast because I fell asleep in Master Derek's office, and then lunch came and I... needed to make a phone call, and..." I shrugged having run out of excuses.

He took a deep breath and shook his head. "Well that is absolutely unacceptable, so let's remedy that."

We went to the small dinette and he pulled out a seat for me, and one for Vanessa. Next to him was a rolling cart full of covered dishes. "So Mommy and I are vegetarians. I didn't order anything with meat for dinner. Are you okay with that?"

Vegetarians? Of course they were vegetarians. I hated vegetables with everything I was, having never met a

vegetable I liked. Ever. “Is there noodles?” I asked, not wanting to offend them with the utter disgust I was feeling.

“There sure is! Spaghetti with marinara and garlic bread. How does that sound?”

“Yes, please.”

“Such pretty manners for such a pretty girl,” Vanessa praised.

My cheeks heated and I squirmed in my seat, embarrassed. As much as I loved the praise, I didn’t accept compliments well.

Zack dished up a plate and handed it to Vanessa, who began cutting the spaghetti into small bite-sized pieces. Then she picked up a set of silverware that looked like it was made for a toddler with teddy bears engraved on the handle.

“Here you go, little one.” She smiled as she sat it in front of me. “Daddy and I read your file and saw that in the right setting you’d like to be treated as if you’re preschool age or even a little younger, so we are going to operate as such as long as that’s okay with you.”

I smiled and nodded. “It’s okay with me. Thank you, M... ma’am.” I wanted to call her Mommy, I really did, but the word wouldn’t come out.

Zack finished dishing up food for Vanessa before serving himself. I ate quietly, enjoying their easy conversation and answering questions that were aimed at me. I figured the things they were talking about were meant to help me get to know them without me having to lead the conversation, or even having to think up things to ask. It was easy and comfortable, and for all intents and purposes, it felt like I really was a little kid at the dinner table listening to her parent’s conversation.

When everything was done, Vanessa collected my plate.

“Let Daddy wipe your face, honey,” Zack said as he took a damp cloth and gently cleaned my mouth. “Hands,” he instructed once he deemed my face clean. I held out my hands that were thankfully clean, but he cleaned them anyway.

“There now. All clean. Now comes the hard part.”

He sat at the table and folded his hands on the table in front of him.

I squirmed nervously.

“Do you need to go potty, little one?” Vanessa asked.

I nodded, not really needing to go to the bathroom, but wanting to have a moment to myself.

Unfortunately I’d underestimated how young the Landrys thought I wanted to be as Vanessa took my hand and led me to the “potty.”

“I can do it,” I insisted once I was standing in front of the toilet.

“I’m sure you can, but Mommy wants to help you.” She reached for the button on my jeans, but stopped. Her cool hands against my skin made me shiver. “Unless you need to use a safe word. We can use red, yellow, and green, since those are the Ranch standards. If we need to change it up later, we can discuss that.”

I loved how take-charge they were being. It took all the guesswork out and allowed me to just be, but it was also nerve-wracking because it was nothing like I’d ever experienced.

“I don’t need a safe word.” I told her, deciding to just roll with it until I couldn’t anymore.

Vanessa unbuttoned my pants and peeled them down over my bottom all the way to my knees. I felt my face heat with embarrassment as my panties followed suit.

Thankfully, I kept myself meticulously groomed and didn’t have to be embarrassed about that.

Vanessa clicked her tongue. “Little girls should have bare kitties; we’ll have to talk about that,” she informed me like it was the most natural thing in the world to comment on another woman’s pubic hair.

“Okay baby, I’m going to step out and give you a little privacy. I don’t want to overwhelm you. Go potty and let me know when you’re all done.”

“Yes, ma’am.” I nodded, waiting for her to leave before I sat and did my business.

I rested my head in my hands as I relieved myself. Not much had even happened and my nerves were completely shot. How was I going to go through with this?

Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath. This couple was offering me everything I had ever wanted, and stuff I didn’t even know I wanted until this opportunity had all but landed in my lap. I owed it to myself to at least see where it took me.

I finished, and not really knowing how much I was supposed to do by myself, I cleaned myself up, flushed, and pulled up my pants before I announced I was all done.

“Good girl. Did you wash your hands?”

I blushed at the embarrassment that I hadn’t thought of that on my own.

“Not yet.”

“Scootch, washing your hands after you potty is important.”

“I know,” I snapped a little more harshly than I’d planned.

Vanessa paused for a second, her face a stern unamused mask as she pointed to the sink.

I barely refrained from covering my bottom as I walked past her to the sink. If I’d have snapped at one of the Ranch staff like that, I’d be sure to get a hard swat as I walked past. One didn’t come, and I didn’t know if I was relieved or frustrated.

CHAPTER 4



NATASHA

I washed my hands and took Vanessa's hand as she led me back out into the main room of the suite. Zack had moved to the couch, and that's where Vanessa headed, as well. She guided me to sit next to Zack and sat on the other side of me, making a Tasha sandwich. I couldn't help but giggle as the nerves bubbled to the surface.

"Is something funny, little one?" Zack asked. His smile and kind eyes drew me in.

"You have dimples." I reached up and touched the indentation on one of his cheeks.

"Yes, I do. And you're adorable." He tapped my nose. "But we need to have a serious conversation now. Are you in a safe head space where you can do that? Are you able to fully consent when you're in Little space, I mean?"

I nodded. "My... umm... Little side is just kind of part of me. It's kinda fluid, as in it comes and goes depending on situations and people I'm with. Sometimes I can slip into Little space for just a couple of minutes when something makes me super happy or I see something I like, but I can snap back to being big pretty instantaneously. I'm sorry if that's confusing."

"It's not confusing, sweet girl. We just want to make sure we aren't doing anything that you'll regret later."

"That's never happened. Well, sometimes if I'm really deep in Little space and I'm really naughty, then I'll kinda kick myself for it a few minutes later, but I think that's something that a lot of submissives go through."

“Likely.” Vanessa nodded. “Although neither of us would ever classify ourselves as a submissive, I think we do have a good understanding of the head space.”

“Not even with each other?” That was interesting. I’d been going back and forth on which one of them was more dominant, and maybe that’s why I hadn’t been able to figure it out.

“Nope. We operate on a day-to-day basis like any other normal couple would. Daddy is in charge of certain things, and I am in charge of others.”

My curiosity ran away with me. “So do you do, like, any BDSM stuff in the bedroom?”

“How about we discuss all of those things later? Right now you have a decision to make,” Zack reminded me with a squeeze to my knee.

“What am I supposed to decide again?” I asked, trying to buy myself some time, but also to make sure I really understood what was happening.

Vanessa got up and resituated herself so she was sitting on the coffee table facing me, my knees between hers. Leaning forward, she rested her arms on her knees. Her flowery fresh scent invaded my senses, and the way her shirt was buttoned accentuated her cleavage. I couldn’t help but wonder what her skin would feel like if I rested my cheek there. The thought made me want to sigh.

She hooked a finger under my chin and lifted my gaze to hers. “You’ve consented to Daddy and I seeing to your punishment for your little hide and seek stunt, which would likely mean a hard bare bottom spanking, and maybe some lines and corner time.” She paused and I tried to swallow past the lump in my throat as my heart pounded against my ribcage. “But if you would like to explore a more intimate dynamic with us, then your punishment would likely look a lot different.”

“I wouldn’t get a spankin’?” I asked, grasping onto the one thing my mind could handle.

Vanessa smiled. “You’re too cute for your own good, you know that? Let me let you in on a little secret; Mommy wants to do all sorts of things to your bottom, and yes, that includes spanking it.”

I felt my face flush and my tummy flipped so hard I thought I might fall off the couch.

“Oh.”

“Mm-hmm, how does that sound to you? Does it scare you, or is your little kitty all wet, just thinking about it?”

I had never had another woman talk to me like Vanessa was, and god help me, but I loved every second of it. My pussy wasn’t just wet, it was soaked.

“Umm... both.”

“Thank you for your honesty, little one.”

“If I say yes then you will... umm, we will... uh... do things... tonight?”

“No time like the present.” She winked. “But we won’t do anything you aren’t ready for. I know this is new for you, and it’s not new for us. Well, not entirely.” She looked at Zack like she was checking in with him, but no words were exchanged.

“We had a Little boy at one time, but it didn’t work out,” he admitted.

The way he said it made me feel like there was way more to the story, but it wasn’t the time or place to ask, and honestly, I couldn’t care less about their past partners. Everyone had to have a clean bill of health in order to play at the Ranch, so I knew I wouldn’t need to worry about that, and they certainly didn’t need to worry about me.

“The past is in the past, though, right... umm... Daddy?” I tried it out and the smile I was gifted from just that one word was magical.

“Yes, baby. The past is in the past.” He put his arm around my shoulders and squeezed me close to him.

“Does this mean you’d like to play with us, little one?” Vanessa asked.

“Play? Is that all it is? If it is, then maybe that’s okay, but...”

“No, no, no. That was the wrong choice of words, I apologize. No this is not just play. We are not casual players. If we begin something with you, then we would want to see it through, heading towards an exclusive relationship with you,” she assured me.

“Then yes, Ma... Mommy. I would like to try.”

Her smile matched her husband’s, and excitement flowed like electricity through my veins.

“Daddy, I know just where we need to start with our little girl.” Vanessa stood and held her hand out to me. “When I took her potty I made a little discovery.”

“What kind of discovery?” Zack looked a little taken aback and I wanted to hide my face in embarrassment even though I knew I’d done nothing wrong.

“She has hair on her kitty.”

“Ohh!” He held out the word. “Well, we will definitely have to remedy that. Little girls should never have hair on their kitties.”

He stood and took my other hand. “Let’s all go get clean and take care of that little issue, and then we can see to your punishment, okay?” he announced.

I stayed silent, really not sure what to say.

Vanessa squeezed my hand. “Daddy asked you a question, little one.”

“Oh... umm... yes, Daddy?” I answered.

“Why is that a question?” he asked as we all entered the bathroom.

“I dunno. I’m just really nervous.”

“It’s ok, baby. Remember I told you you can use the stoplights if you need us to slow down or stop.”

“Yes, Mommy.” I nodded.

“Good girl. Daddy, why don’t you get our girl undressed and I’ll get everything ready.”

“Perfect,” Daddy replied. “Arms up, little one,” he instructed.

I’d not been undressed by someone since I was a little kid, but I obeyed, and he swept my shirt up and over my head with perfect ease. I let him move me around and obeyed each instruction, loving the feeling of this simple act of being taken care of and not having to think. My shoes and socks came next, followed by my pants.

“Oh, wait, wait.” I panicked as I stuck my hand in my pocket and took out my binky.

“What do you have there, little one?”

I opened my hand to show him, and he smiled. “Let’s put that in a safe place for you.” He took it and set it toward the back of the bathroom sink. “It’s here if you need it, okay?”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome.”

“I’m almost ready over here,” Vanessa announced from her kneeling position next to the huge sunken bathtub. It should have been considered a hot tub for how big it was.

“So are we,” Zack told her as he made quick work of removing my pants and panties.

When he turned me around to unclip my bra, I found myself facing a full-length mirror. His hungry gaze zeroed in on my breasts as they were freed from the confines of the plain, white cotton fabric. I nibbled my lip and shifted from foot to foot as he practically devoured me with his eyes.

“You’re more perfect than I even imagined,” he praised. Snaking his hands around my waist, he roamed over the soft

flesh of my curves before cupping my breasts in his hands. “Your little titties are the perfect handful, you know that?”

I kinda did know that. They were one of my favorite features of my body, and I absolutely loved to have them played with. Belatedly, I wondered if he read that in my file, because I knew it was in there. As embarrassing as filling out the initial paperwork had been, I forced myself to write down every detail of myself, as I would want a potential partner to know.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“They really are,” Vanessa interjected. “I bet they’ll look really pretty when they’re decorated, Daddy.” She winked at him in the mirror and he smiled hugely.

“Absofuckinglutely.” His fingers found my erect nipples and he rolled them between his thumb and forefinger.

My head fell back against his shoulders and I moaned.

“She likes that, Daddy. Keep playing and I’ll check to see how wet her little kitty is.”

My eyes shot open, and I watched as Vanessa got down on her knees in front of me.

“Spread your legs like a good girl so Mommy can inspect your kitty, little one.”

“I... umm... I.” I didn’t know what to say. My pussy was soaked. I wouldn’t have been surprised if it wasn’t dripping, but what did she need to inspect?

Both of them stopped what they were doing and looked at me.

“Do you need to say a safeword, baby? Because if not, then you need to obey when Daddy tells you to do something,” Vanessa warned.

I shook my head and Daddy gave my nipple a sharp pinch. “Words, little girl.”

“I don’t need a safeword; I’m just nervous,” I admitted.

“It’s okay to be nervous, sweetie. Mommy and Daddy will take good care of you. Stop thinking and just be a good girl for us.”

“Yes, Mommy.” Taking a deep breath, I scooted my feet apart to give her the access she had requested.

“Good girl. A little wider. There we go, that’s perfect,” she praised.

Daddy resumed playing with my nipples as her hands came up my legs and rested on my upper thighs. She spread my pussy lips with her thumbs and hummed in appreciation, and my insides buzzed with desire as sensation spread through my body

“Such a pretty kitty. All nice and pink and glistening. Mommy can’t wait to get rid of this hair so she can see how pink it gets when she gives it a proper kiss.”

She swept her finger through my juices and then entered me slowly, and oh, god, it felt so good, like nothing I’d ever felt before. Maybe because it was a woman touching me? All I knew was that her hands on me felt like everything I’d ever fantasized about, but better. My pussy contracted around her digit and I moaned. Everything felt so amazing and so naughty, and I was more turned on than I’d been in my entire life.

“Oh Daddy, this little kitty has some strong muscles. She’s going to give your cock a nice, tight squeeze.”

He groaned. “I can’t wait.”

Together they played with my body as I was forced to stand there and take it. The climax built inside me as they caressed the most sensitive parts of my anatomy. It felt so good, and being able to let go and just let it happen felt even better.

“I think she’s getting a little too close to coming, Mommy,” Daddy stated.

“I know, but I don’t want to stop. She smells so good.” She smiled up at me. “Do you want to come all over Mommy’s fingers, little one?”

“Yes, please.” I moaned as she added a second finger and stroked my clit with her thumb.

“No,” Daddy commanded, giving my nipples a hard pinch and pulling me back from the peak that I wanted so badly to reach. “It’s not time yet, and you know it.”

Mommy sighed heavily. “You’re right. Come on, sweet girl. Let’s get you in the tub.”

I whimpered as her fingers slid from my pussy and Daddy’s hands left my breasts.

“Sweet girl, it’s going to be a very long night for you. Mommy and Daddy want to get to know your body and play with it, but no real pleasure until after your spanking. Consider it part of your punishment for being a naughty little girl,” Daddy informed me, and my stomach sank. In all of the fun and excitement of this new adventure, I’d almost completely forgotten about being punished.

“I don’t need a punishment, I promise I’ll be good and do everything you say.” I doubted my plea would work, but I couldn’t help but try, anyway.

Daddy smiled and shook his head. “That’s not how this works, baby. In the tub now so Mommy and I can get undressed and take care of getting you nice and groomed for us.”

CHAPTER 5



NATASHA

I pushed my lip out as Daddy took my hand and helped me into the perfectly hot water. I sighed as it enveloped me like a warm hug for my entire body. Daddy turned to Mommy and they shared a look before closing the distance between them and sharing a slow sensual kiss. I watched as they moved as one in a choreographed dance of kissing, touching, and undressing. It was like a real life porn happening two feet in front of me, and before I knew what was happening, my fingers found their own way to my pussy. I stroked myself as I watched the couple in front of me, and my own fingers had never felt so good before.

Once they were both naked, they rested their foreheads against one another and shared a quiet word before turning their attention back to me.

Mommy's head cocked to the side as she took in my actions.

"Daddy, is our little girl touching her needy little kitty without permission from us?" she asked.

I shook my head as I quickly pulled my hand away.

"Don't lie, young lady. We could see what you were doing. We haven't gone over rules yet, but I think you probably know better than that, don't you?"

"I...maybe... I don't know." I shook my head. Saying the words out loud was difficult, but I didn't want to anger them by not using my words after I'd been warned more than once.

“I’ve never... umm, touched myself in front of someone else, but watching you was really... hot ... and I...”

“Does your kitty ache for us, baby?” Mommy asked.

I nodded. “Yes, Mommy.”

“Aww, you poor thing. We should probably get this bathtime over with, then, so we can help soothe that nasty ache. Scootch down so Mommy can get in behind you and we will get you in position for Daddy.”

I scooted away from the side and watched as Daddy held her hand and helped her in the water. It was the first time I really took the chance to appreciate her naked form. She was so beautiful. Her breasts hung heavy on her curvy frame, the nipples a dark pink, and a little erect. My kitty hummed with the need to touch them, to put my mouth on them and suck. Would I get to do that later?

I could barely even let myself look at her pussy; all I caught was a narrow line of hair leading to the parts I was suddenly so curious about, it felt almost like desperation. What would another woman feel like? Would I be allowed to touch her the way she’d touched me? Would I even know how? But I only got to look my fill for a second before she was sinking into the water behind me.

“Mmm, that feels nice.” She pulled me back against her and I felt her naked breasts against my back, soft and pillowy. “Relax against me baby,” she instructed.

As I did, she used the movement to slide her legs underneath me so that I was all but laying on top of her in the water.

“Now open your legs so Daddy can get to work.” She wrapped her arms around me, her hands sliding all over my wet skin, leaving goosebumps everywhere she touched and making my pussy squeeze tight. I was amazed at how different a woman’s hands felt than a man’s. Not better, necessarily. But so, so soft.

I opened my legs as I watched Daddy get into the huge tub and kneel opposite us. Mommy hooked her feet inside my

ankles and forced me wider, then her hands were at my nipples just like Daddy's had been earlier.

“Mommy and Daddy both love these little titties, baby. They're going to be getting a lot of attention from us, so be ready.”

My head fell back against her shoulder and I arched into her touch. “Good girl.” she cooed. “Focus on Mommy's fingers, but make sure you're nice and still so Daddy doesn't cut you on accident.”

How I was supposed to focus on what she was doing and staying still at the same time, I had no idea. I whimpered when I felt his hands on me. Then his fingers were inside of me, and I gasped. My hips arched into his touch, wanting more of his demanding touch.

“You're so right, Mommy. This tight little kitty is going to feel amazing hugging my cock,” he said as he pumped in and out, taking me right back to the brink.

Just as I was about to fall over the edge, Mommy pinched me hard and Daddy removed his fingers.

“Uh uh, no coming, naughty girl,” she growled in my ear.

The torture continued as Daddy alternated between shaving the small bit of hair from my mound and pumping his fingers in and out.

“Please, please, please,” I begged. “It hurts. I need to come, please!”

“It's supposed to hurt, little one. Remember this when you decide to be naughty again, because Mommy and Daddy have lots of very uncomfortable punishments for little girls that don't follow the rules.”

“I'll be good. The goodest. Please.” Tears pricked my eyes as I pleaded.

“You beg so pretty, baby, but no,” Daddy said as he rinsed and wiped the remaining shaving cream from my mound. “You'll get to come when we are sure you've learned your lesson and not a second sooner.”

I whimpered as I watched him stand. His huge rock-hard cock jutted out, and I felt my eyes almost bug out of my head.

“Don’t worry baby; when it’s time for you to take Daddy’s cock you won’t be worrying how big I am.”

I wasn’t worried; I was scared to death. There was no way that thing was going to fit inside of me. He reached for my hand and helped me up and out of the tub, wrapping me in a towel before helping Mommy out and giving her a towel, as well.

“Okay, sweet girl. You’re going to go into the bedroom and lie flat on your back in the middle of the bed. I want your legs open as wide as they will go, no rubbing them together to try to find some relief. Your arms need to be outstretched with your palms facing up so you look like the perfect little star all laid out for us to do as we please,” Mommy instructed as Daddy took my towel and dried the excess water from my skin. “We’ll be out in a moment,” she assured me as they sent me into the bedroom with not even a towel to protect myself.

It was surprisingly warm in the room, which I was thankful for since my skin was still a little damp. The bed was kind of high and I had to use the frame like a step stool to get onto it. I didn’t know how long they would be and I wanted to make sure I was positioned exactly as they’d said, so hopefully they would reward me with some more yummy touches.

Lying on my back in the huge bed after my bath, I felt more naked than ever before. The air from the overhead fan tickled all of my sensitive areas that had been so thoroughly teased for what seemed like an eternity, but had likely been about an hour or so. All I wanted to do was close my eyes and let my own fingers put out the fire that had been stoked within, consequences be damned. The sounds of sex and moaning penetrated the air and I listened, frustrated that I couldn’t watch them do whatever I now knew they were doing. Listening to them was hot as hell, though, and I almost made the decision to go for it when the sounds of them climaxing together took my breath away. To be so in tune with someone that you could peak at the same time was something that only happened in romance books, or so I’d thought.

“Such a good girl,” Daddy praised as he entered the room.

I blushed thinking about what I’d just heard and how heated my body had gotten from just the sounds of them having sex.

“Thank you, Daddy.” I wanted nothing more than to be his good girl, to be *their* good girl. But I had a naughty streak a mile wide, which was why I was in the current predicament I’d found myself in.

Mommy came out of the bathroom behind him. Her face was flushed and she had that “just fucked” look. I was instantly jealous that she got to come and I didn’t, but she wasn’t the one that had been naughty.

“Shame we still have to deal with your punishment, instead of having some fun playtime,” he sighed as he went to his dresser and pulled out a pair of flannel pajama pants for himself and a lacy satin nightgown for Mommy.

I nibbled my lip as I watched them both dress while I was forced to remain naked and spread out on the bed.

“A very big shame,” Mommy agreed, and I shuddered. The uncertainty of not knowing what was coming next was almost too much to bear.

“I’m really sorry. I promise I learned my lesson and I’ll never ever be that naughty again. Never.”

“That’s not how things work in this relationship, babygirl. If you’re naughty, you’re punished, and Daddy and I are the ones who get to decide when your punishment is complete.”

Unless I safeword.

I finished the statement in my head. Even with how miserable I was, I was not in distress of any kind and I didn’t think either Mommy or Daddy were planning to get me to that point. I shivered, feeling raw and anxious as I waited for what was yet to come.

“Why don’t we move to the next portion of the evening and warm up our girl good and proper?” Daddy suggested as

he made his way to the bed. He crooked his finger at me. "Come here, naughty girl."

I looked from him to the other side of the bed, then to the door. It would be a long shot, but I could possibly make it if I caught him off guard enough. But where would I go? I was naked, and while I wasn't ashamed of my body, the idea of running down the halls of the Ranch in my current state of undress was not very appealing. I could lock—

"Don't even think about it," Mommy warned, coming to the other side of the bed and completely foiling my escape plan.

You know this two on one thing really seems unfair.

"I wasn't thinking anything," I fibbed.

"Don't lie to me, little girl. If you need your mouth washed out as well as what you've got coming, then that can be arranged," she warned.

"No ma'am. I'm sorry." I sat up and scooted over to the side of the bed where Daddy was still waiting.

"Smart move, little one. You don't want to battle with your Mommy. She's a very formidable woman."

I was learning that, but apparently not fast enough, since she kept having to warn me.

"Now, it's time for your spanking," he said as he guided me across his thighs.

His hand roamed my bare flesh, raising goosebumps all over my body.

Mommy knelt in front of me so I could see her face. "Why are you getting a spanking, little girl?"

"Because I broke the rules by leaving the Little's wing when I wasn't s'posed to."

"Mm-hmm, and?"

"And? Umm, and I fell asleep playing hide and seek."

“Yes you did, and you worried the people entrusted to take care of you, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Mommy.” My voice hitched and I already felt the tears building. Daddy hadn’t even started spanking yet.

“It’s very selfish to make naughty choices that affect other people, don’t you think?”

I nodded and a tear slipped from my eye. Mommy swiped it away with her thumb. “Don’t cry, baby. Daddy hasn’t even started spanking yet.”

“Why don’t you hold her hands, so our naughty girl isn’t tempted to reach back and try to stop her spanking?” Daddy suggested.

I bit my lip, trying to hold back the whimpers, but they managed to escape, anyway.

Mommy smiled. “What a precious little sound.” She leaned in and kissed my nose. “Be a good girl now; Daddy is not going to be nice. We need to really make sure this lesson sticks so we don’t have to repeat it.” She looked up at him and gave a little nod, and I braced for impact.

Daddy clicked his teeth. “Oh no, no, no, that just won’t do. You can’t tense up when you’re getting a spanking, little one. Mommy, I think we’re going to need the spreader bar.”

“We don’t! I’ll be good,” I promised. I knew what a spreader bar was, but I’d never been bound during a spanking, and I certainly had never been forced to keep my legs spread.

Mommy smiled and got up, disappearing from my vision. I hid my face with my hands. “I want my binky,” I whimpered.

“You can have your comfort items after your punishment, little girl. I want all of your focus on what is happening to your body and nowhere else.”

Daddy’s voice was kind and he rubbed my bottom as he talked, but I still didn’t like his answer. I should have expected it, though. Comfort came with aftercare, not really before, in my experience.

I felt something cold wrap around my ankle and jumped.

“It’s just the leather cuffs, little one. I didn’t anticipate using them, so I didn’t warm them up like I normally would,” Daddy told me as the leather was buckled around each leg.

I tried to focus on Daddy’s words. I liked getting little glimpses like that of the two people I had chosen to submit to. The small fact that he would take the care to warm a leather cuff before putting it on was so deeply sweet and thoughtful. It truly spoke to the kind of Daddy Dom he was at his core.

“Spread your legs a little bit, babygirl, so Mommy can attach the bar,” she instructed.

I obeyed as I shook my head. For the thousandth time in the span of the day I wondered just how I’d gotten myself into this particular predicament.

She attached the bar and then I heard a click before my legs were forced way wider. I tested the bonds, attempting to get a tiny bit of my dignity back by closing my legs just a little, but I couldn’t move. Daddy shifted beneath me, scooting back on the bed as he held on to me.

“There now, that’s perfect.” He traced a finger down the crack of my ass. “No more clenching for you, and I have all access to your dripping little kitty.”

He cupped my mound to illustrate his words. A shiver went through me, and even though they kept assuring me they liked me being so turned on, I was embarrassed.

Mommy grabbed my wrists and gently pulled them away from my face. “No hiding, little girl. You face your consequences head on; it’s the only way you’ll learn.”

Daddy didn’t start spanking right away. Instead his fingers tickled my pussy lips before slipping inside me, making that hard ache pulse all the way to my core. He pumped in and out slowly, and Mommy started to lecture.

It was almost impossible to focus on her words, and when she asked a question I had no idea how to answer it. That was when the spanking started. Daddy started slow and steady, but that didn’t last long, and before I knew it I was writhing in pain and making every promise under the sun that I had no

possible hope of ever keeping. Daddy stopped and his fingers were back at my entrance.

“Do you like being spanked, little girl?” he asked.

“No, Daddy,” I half lied. I didn’t like the pain of being spanked, but the feeling of being forced to submit to the pain for some reason or another was one of my favorite things about being a brat. Once it got to the point of the spanking, though, I often questioned my own sanity.

“Your body says otherwise. You’re very wet.” He found the special place inside of me, the spot I could never reach on my own, and he rubbed until I was moaning and begging in a different way. It was so intense with Mommy still holding my hands and her face so close to mine.

“Careful, Daddy. She’s going to come,” Mommy warned him.

It took everything inside me not to scream at her for making him stop, but I settled for whining in a more generalized way instead. “Pleasssssse don’t stop!”

The spanking started again, but it was hard and fast right out of the gate. It felt good, but it also really *hurt*. I twisted and turned to try to get away, but the awkward position and them holding me tight made it impossible to go anywhere. Mommy lectured the whole time. She talked about rules and safety and all kinds of things, and just as the dam was about to break, Daddy stopped again and started his other form of torture.

“Okay! Okay! I get it. I do, I promise. I’m sorry. I’ll do anything, just please make it stop,” I begged and begged.

“You want me to stop?” Daddy asked, stilling his tortuous fingers.

“Can I come?” I asked hopefully.

“Nope.” He popped the ‘P’ at the same time his hand landed against my heated flesh in the hardest spank up to that point.

“Owwwwwie!” I bucked.

“I think she’s ready for the grand finale, Daddy.”

Mommy hadn't taken her eyes off my face the entire time, and it somehow made the punishment simultaneously harder and easier to take at the same time. I couldn't hide my reactions from her, but it was comforting to have the support as my lower body was under attack.

"Wait. I don't think I am." I shook my head vehemently. "I think the grand is too big. Maybe the mini. Can I have the mini finale?"

Mommy and Daddy both laughed at that. I really loved that sound.

"Mommy and Daddy don't do anything 'mini', little girl. You'll do well to remember that," Mommy warned, and then the spanking resumed.

My ass burned like hellfire and I wanted to come so bad it hurt. Between those two things and the constant verbal reminders from Mommy about how naughty I'd been, the tears finally came in earnest.

"Good girl." Daddy stopped spanking and rubbed the stinging flesh.

Mommy let go of my hands and disappeared from sight again.

I cried big gut-wrenching sobs as my legs were released. Daddy scooped me into his arms and held me against him as he stood. He rocked me and told me what a good girl I was as I cried. Then he was shuffling me again. I clung to his shirt, not ready to be put down.

"Come to Mommy, baby," she encouraged as Daddy lowered me to her lap. She untangled my fingers from his shirt and then I was in her arms.

CHAPTER 6



NATASHA

“*Y*ou took your spanking so well, baby,” Mommy cooed in my ear as I cuddled against her chest, sniffing. My bottom burned, but my pussy burned even hotter as the proximity of her breast to my mouth became my soul focus. I hadn’t had my binky in what seemed like hours and all I wanted to do was have that particular comfort after that hard spanking.

I gave a cursory tug at the neckline of her very low cut nightgown, and she didn’t move to stop me. Brazenly, I bared her breast to my gaze. I wanted nothing more than to latch on to her plump, dark, rose-colored nipple. Nuzzling the soft bare flesh for a moment, I looked up at her, silently asking permission and hoping she could read my eyes. This was so new, and I didn’t know if I could ask for what I really wanted. She regarded me with a smile on her face.

“If you want to suckle Mommy for comfort, baby, then go ahead.”

There was absolutely nothing I wanted more, and with her permission I couldn’t hold back any longer. Tentatively I stuck out my tongue and touched the tip of her nipple, and it immediately went hard. I’d never done anything like this before. I’d always been curious, but never brave enough to seek it out, and knowing her body responded to me touching her was a new thrill that fed my own desire.

Her skin was soft and warm and smelled of cherries, and after tasting her flesh, I latched on to her breast.

“Good girl.” Mommy snaked her hand to the back of my head, holding me in place. “That feels so good, baby.” She moaned, her head falling back against the headboard of the bed.

It felt more than good, and I instantly realized the comfort of my binky was nothing compared to this intimate act. If I hadn’t been teased and denied orgasm all morning I could stay like that forever, but it was such a huge turn-on, even while it was more comforting than my binky. Closing my eyes, I relaxed as I nursed from her, utterly surprised when a warm liquid began to fill my mouth.

I started to pull away, but Mommy held me in place. “It’s okay, baby. It’s just Mommy’s milk. Drink.”

I was unsure how I felt about drinking breast milk, but the liquid was so sweet on my tongue. I definitely didn’t hate the taste. Obeying, I swallowed and continued to drink, loving it more and more with every sip. After a couple of minutes of being allowed to fill my belly with milk, Daddy’s voice invaded my peace.

“Okay Mommy, my turn,” Daddy informed her.

I whimpered and suckled harder, clinging to her body. I wasn’t ready to be done. I wanted more.

“Go to Daddy, baby. You’ll get more later.”

I could tell she was just as unhappy about letting me stop as I was about her making me. Daddy scooped me out of Mommy’s lap, forcing me to let go.

“Daddy needs some love before we continue your punishment, little one.”

“There’s more?” I whined.

“Yes.” He laid me on the bed and climbed in next to me. “But first, come and give Daddy a kiss. I was getting a little jealous watching Mommy get all the love and snuggles.” He mock-pouted, making me giggle.

I’d heard of some Doms needing aftercare just as much as a submissive did, but I’d never really encountered one like

Daddy. He hugged me to him for a second before hooking a finger under my chin and taking my lips in a slow and sensual kiss. He wasn't invasive or forceful as he coaxed my mouth to open and allow his tongue access. I gave as good as I got, matching the movements of his tongue with my own, and he moaned.

"You taste so good, baby," he praised as he pulled me closer to him. Hooking his hand around the back of my knee, he pulled my leg over his body. I could feel his cock poking me, our bodies only separated by the thin fabric of his pajama pants. I wanted him inside me more than I wanted my next breath.

I felt the bed dip behind us, and my excitement peaked at the thought that Mommy was going to join us. Something cold dribbled onto my most private area and I stiffened. When I felt Mommy's finger at my back entrance I tried to pull away from the kiss to ask what was going on and express my trepidation with the change of plans I'd concocted in my head, but Daddy held me to him.

"It's just some lube, baby. Mommy is going to stretch your bottom hole to get it ready for the rest of your punishment," she informed me.

"Nooooo." I tried to protest but Daddy's mouth muffled the sound. I didn't want anything shoved into my bottom, and if I needed to be *stretched* for the rest of my punishment, I didn't even want to think about what it entailed.

I turned my head to unlock Daddy's lips from mine. "I... uh... is this really necessary? I've learned my lesson. I don't need anything in my bottom to help me remember."

Despite my protests, something cold was pressed against my forbidden passage, and I clenched and arched into Daddy, trying to escape whatever the foreign object was.

"No no, naughty girl," Daddy admonished. "Push your bottom out and bear down for Mommy, or you're going to earn a worse punishment. The lube Mommy is using is nice and helpful, but if you're naughty I will have her get the

punishment lube that will burn inside your little bottom and make everything a whole lot less comfortable.”

Comfortable? Nothing about what was happening was comfortable, but I certainly didn't want it to get worse.

Anal was not on my limits list so I really didn't have a leg to stand on unless I used my safeword. So even though I wanted to fight and argue, I kept all of those thoughts to myself. It was already burning and aching, at least on the outside, so how much worse could it get? One look at Daddy's stern expression and I knew the answer. I really didn't want the punishment to be worse than it already was. Mustering all the strength and fortitude I could, I pushed my bottom toward Mommy and tried to relax and accept whatever she was doing.

Mommy pushed against me and I whimpered as the item began to stretch my tight muscles and enter my body. “This is a butt plug, and it will help train your muscles to relax just a little bit. It will still be hard for you to take Daddy's cock, but stretching you a bit will keep your little back hole safe from injury.”

“I don't want it,” I cried. “Please, I'll never be bad again ever.”

Daddy chuckled. “Don't go making promises you can't keep, little one.”

“You'll be back to your adorably naughty self before you know it, but you will definitely think twice about breaking big rules ever again. Of that I am certain,” Mommy said as she wiggled the plug around, pushing it further inside me and making me squirm.

“Mommy,” I whined. “Stoooooop.”

“Stop is not a safeword,” Daddy reminded me.

I wanted to scream that I knew that, but his reminder was just a way to cement in my mind that I had the power to stop this if it was indeed beyond my limits. I had to admit to myself that it wasn't, and my pussy was dripping as the plug stretched my ass, creating a constant burn until it was seated all the way inside me.

“Look how pretty your little red bottom is with a plug in it,” Mommy announced, crawling off the bed.

“How’s that feel, little one?” Daddy asked as he snaked his hand around my body and gave my sore bottom cheek a squeeze.

“I don’t like it.” It was a little bit of a lie, I was more turned on than I’d been in my entire life, but the embarrassment of it all was a lot to take. I pressed my face into his neck, wishing the bed would open up and swallow me whole.

“You’re not supposed to like it; it’s a punishment. But let’s see if Daddy can’t take your mind off that discomfort for you, shall we?” He gave my butt cheek a vicious squeeze before rolling me on my back. The plug jostled inside of me, putting pressure on parts of my anatomy I’d never felt before. It wasn’t altogether unpleasant, and when Mommy got into bed on the other side of me, both of their hands began to play my body like an instrument they had spent years mastering, I was completely lost in pleasure. My arms were beneath them both, effectively leaving me helpless. I wanted to touch them and play with their bodies, too, but the freedom to just accept what they were offering made my body burn even hotter.

Mommy put her hand on the side of my face and turned my head toward her, taking my mouth in a searing kiss as Daddy used his fingers to stoke the fire in my core.

The pressure built, and I thought it was finally time for them to take me over the edge of bliss, but then his fingers were gone.

“Mommy loves the way you taste, babygirl.” She groaned as she let me go.

“Noooo, please don’t stop. Please, pretty please let me come!” I cried out.

They didn’t answer. But then the roles were reversed, and Daddy was kissing me while Mommy’s fingers tickled my kitty. The torture continued until I was crying in earnest; the pain from the unsatisfied orgasm was unbearable. My entire

body felt oversensitized and each touch bordered somewhere between pleasurable and painful.

“Please, Mommy, Daddy, please. I really, really can’t take it anymore,” I begged.

“Aww, baby. You beg so pretty,” Mommy cooed, petting my head before pulling me toward her bare chest. “Come suckle Mommy some more. We’re almost done.”

I nodded and allowed her to guide me to the breast opposite of the one I’d nursed from earlier. Accepting the small comfort, I closed my eyes and sucked until I tasted the milk once again. I didn’t even try to hold back the moan of pleasure. What we were doing was so naughty, so forbidden, but in the moment it felt so, so right.

That was, until Mommy rolled onto her back so that I was on top of her, and hooked my leg in the same move Daddy had done earlier.

I let go of Mommy’s nipple and cried out, “Nooooo.”

“Yes, baby. It’s time we finish this punishment so you can feel all forgiven and we can all move forward. Keep suckling Mommy, little one, but be careful not to bite,” Daddy warned.

Mommy wrapped one arm around me and held tight to the back of one of my knees, holding me open for Daddy to do as he pleased.

“Be a good girl for Daddy,” she coaxed. “Remember that you were naughty and that’s why you’re being punished.”

I couldn’t respond and obey at the same time so I attempted to focus all of my mind on Mommy’s nipple, and the milk that coated my mouth and tongue and filled my belly. It worked until Daddy began to play with the plug that was still lodged deeply inside of me. I sucked harder, reveling in Mommy’s moans as Daddy slowly pulled the plug out.

“Good girl, baby. That feels so good,” Mommy praised.

Finally the plug was out, and I relaxed for a moment before Mommy pulled me up higher and positioned my knees

on either side of her so I was straddling her, and completely opened to whatever Daddy had planned.

“Lift up a little bit, baby. Offer your naughty hole to Daddy’s big cock,” she instructed.

I squeezed my eyes shut and scooted up higher on my knees, hoping the sooner I obeyed, the sooner this would all be over. Mommy’s breast was no longer giving the milk I suddenly needed more than my next breath, so I let go and switched sides, hoping to get that bit of comfort back. It took a second, but soon the milk was flowing again. Mommy moaned and arched her back.

“Good girl,” Daddy praised as he positioned himself behind me. His hands gripped my ass and spread my cheeks wide open. My pussy flooded as Daddy rubbed his cock through my slit before pressing at my back entrance. I couldn’t help but tense as I moaned.

“Relax and push back, little one,” he instructed. “It will make this a whole lot easier for you.”

I did my best to focus and obey, forcing my muscles to relax. Daddy increased the pressure as I felt hands slide between my body and Mommy’s. Her nails scraped gently against my belly as she made her way to my breasts. Zeroing in on my sensitive nipples, she began to pinch and tweak them, sending shivers through my body. I moaned and sucked harder as Mommy playing with my nipples made my pussy get wet all over again, made me need to be allowed to come so badly, I could barely stand it. Then I felt the pressure in my bottom as Daddy began to steadily push into me. My moan turned into a groan of pain, and I fought hard not to clench my teeth. I did not want to think what would happen to me if I accidentally bit Mommy’s nipple.

Reluctantly, I stopped sucking and laid my head on her chest. She continued to play with my nipples as Daddy moved in and out of me, feeding his cock into my ass a little bit at a time. It hurt, but Mommy knew just what to do to make me feel shocks of pleasure, too, that went deep into my core, allowing my body to handle the pain. Part of me wished he

would just push all the way through, like ripping off a Band-aid, but I was not in control, not one bit, and all I could do was take it.

Daddy pressed deeper and I reared up. “Owwww, Daddy! It huuuurts.”

Mommy reached up and put her hand around the back of my neck, gently pulling me back down to her chest.

“It’s supposed to hurt. It’s punishment. Little girls that are naughty get Daddy’s cock in their ass.”

I whimpered as I finally felt him push all the way inside, his thighs pressed to the backs of mine. The feeling of fullness was something I’d never experienced and I felt a bit of pride at the fact that I’d managed to take all of him. In the same breath, I didn’t know how much more of all of this I could take before I self-combusted.

CHAPTER 7



NATASHA

“*I*’m all the way in, baby girl. You’re doing so good,”
he praised.

I wanted to brat and argue that I had no choice, but I didn’t figure it was the right time or place, so I fought back the sass and stayed quiet save for my pathetic little whimpers.

“Mommy, why don’t you scoot up and let our girl make her penance to you for ruining your shirt this morning while I fuck her ass?”

I lifted my head, my eyes wide. I knew what Daddy wanted me to do and everything in me wanted to do it, but I’d never done it before, ever. Well, I hadn’t done most of the things I’d engaged in that evening, but the experiences just kept coming.

Mommy pushed my hair behind my ears and pulled my lips to hers. Softly, she kissed me, coaxing my mouth open with her tongue. It was a slow and sensual kiss, just like Daddy’s had been, but her mouth was softer. So much softer than a man’s, and it felt so good, so different. It didn’t last nearly as long as I would have liked, but it did calm my racing thoughts for just a second. Mommy broke the kiss and kissed the tip of my nose before scooting all the way to the head of the bed. The reality of what I had been instructed to do fully set in when I was inches away from Mommy’s perfectly manicured mound. Apparently, Mommies got to keep some hair, but Little girls were not allowed to.

“Just give it a kiss, baby,” Mommy instructed. “You know what feels good when your little kitty gets a kiss, right?”

I nodded and took a deep breath, her musky scent filled my nose and surprisingly enough, my mouth watered with the urge to taste her.

Giving into the urge, I licked her like I would lick my favorite ice cream cone. Her salty sweetness surprised me, but in the best way possible. Knowing what I liked when my pussy was given this particular form of attention, I just went with it. I allowed Mommy’s moans of pleasure to guide me as I learned what she liked and what she *really* liked, licking her soft vulva, then up to her clit. She seemed to really, really like that part, so I stayed there, licking and kissing, then I sucked on it, just like I had with her nipples. And doing this to her made me wet all over again, my pussy tingling with need. Mommy’s body was so new and so exciting. It was like mine, yet different. How had I not realized how soft a woman was?

I almost forgot Daddy’s cock was lodged in my ass until he slowly began to pull out. The movement took my breath away, and I stopped what I was doing to Mommy because it was all too much.

“Uh-uh, baby. You have work to do. You need to make Mommy come so she knows you’re really sorry.” Daddy pushed back inside of me, effectively pushing me back toward Mommy’s pussy.

When he pulled back I went with him again. Mommy reached for my head and pressed me back to her.

“You’re doing so good, baby. Just a little longer; I’m almost there. You want to make Mommy feel good, don’t you?”

With my mouth on her all I could do was give a tiny nod.

“Good girl.”

Daddy pumped harder as Mommy held my head to her. I licked and kissed and sucked, and focused on her as much as I could with Daddy still assaulting my backside. I could feel her body tensing, and her clit was so swollen and hard under my

tongue. I licked her faster. Finally, Mommy moaned out her release. Her sweet honey coated my tongue and mouth. Sweat built on my brow as my body shook with pain and pleasure as Daddy's attention started to actually push me closer to orgasm than I thought possible. Unfortunately, he came soon after Mommy did, and I was again left wanting. He pulled slowly out of my bottom, and it felt like he was raking a hot poker over my raw nerves, yet I was just on the edge of my own orgasm by the time he was fully out. I laid my head on Mommy's tummy and whimpered. I was so tired, felt so punished, and ached for a release of my own.

I didn't move as Daddy got off the bed and went to the bathroom. I heard the water run for a second before he returned and I felt a soft warm cloth being pressed to my bottom. He gently cleaned me up before returning to the bathroom. I heard the water running again, and then he came back and got into bed next to me and Mommy.

"Here honey, clean Mommy up a little bit and then come cuddle Daddy," he instructed gently.

Taking the cloth from him, I sat up a bit and wiped Mommy's pussy clean, unsure really how I was doing, but just mimicking a task that had been performed on me in the past.

"Thank you, baby." Mommy smiled as I handed Daddy the cloth back and crawled up to the head of the bed.

"You've been very brave during your punishment and all of the new things we introduced you to tonight, little one. I'm very proud of you." Daddy hugged me to him.

"Thank you." I sighed and shifted, squeezing my legs together. I tried to get the pulsing and aching to stop, or at least to dull a little.

Mommy cuddled up behind me. "What's wrong, baby girl? Why are you squirming against Daddy?" I shrugged and she clicked her tongue. "You just got done being punished. Do you need another one for lying?" she threatened as she pinched the punished flesh of my bottom.

“Owww!” I tried to pull away, but I was trapped between their bodies. “No ma’am. I’m sorry.” I apologized quickly and she let go, rubbing the spot she had just so mercilessly abused.

“Thank you for the apology. Now answer my question, please.”

“I’m achey,” I admitted.

“Well that’s to be expected. You’ve had your bottom punished inside and out.”

“Not my bottom. M-my kitty,” I confessed, feeling like I was going to die of mortification, but hopefully they would put out the fire they’d started and stoked all flipping night and I could die happy.

Mommy kissed my shoulder. “I think our girl needs some relief, Daddy.”

“Hmm, has she earned a release? She was very naughty, after all.”

“She was,” Mommy agreed, and they both stayed silent.

My heart pounded in my chest. “Please?”

“She has also been punished and forgiven,” Mommy added.

“This is true.” Daddy nodded with a sigh.

Silence followed again and I seriously thought I was going to explode, or at the very least throw an epic tantrum.

“Please, Mommy. Please, Daddy. I swear I’ll follow all my rules and be a good girl for the rest of my life,” I begged, almost breaking into tears.

“Aww, honey.” Daddy squeezed me tight. “You beg so beautifully, but remember what we said about making promises you can’t keep.”

“I’ll try my hardest,” I amended. They really seemed to like the begging, so I decided to keep at it and see where it got me. “Please make the ache stop, Daddy. Please. It hurts. Please, Mommy.”

“Looks like we know another way to punish our naughty girl in the future, Daddy. She seems to struggle with orgasm denial.”

This wasn't a punishment, it was torture. Pure torture.

“File that information away for later, but right now the punishment is over and I think our girl has earned herself her share of pleasure,” Daddy finally announced.

“Really?” I screeched in excitement.

“Really.” Daddy chuckled. “Mommy, would you like to do the honors?” he asked.

“I'd love to.”

We sat up, and Daddy situated me with my back to his chest like Mommy had in the bathtub. He hooked my legs around his and opened me up to her gaze. “You can kiss her kitty while I get to play with these little titties” he said.

Mommy didn't waste time with words. Her mouth was on me before I could fully appreciate the magnitude of what was happening. Pinned as I was against Daddy, all I could do was lie there and accept her ministrations.

Mommy's lips and tongue were so soft and wet. The way she licked me was gentle at first, her tongue stroking my folds, then pushing inside me for a few moments before she moved up to my poor aching clit, sending jolts of pleasure through me. She slid her tongue up, then down, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The first orgasm built so quickly it made my head spin. It was big, and the feeling scared me a little as my lower belly tightened in preparation of what was to come. Starting from my toes, the orgasm ripped through my entire body and I screamed for all I was worth.

Mommy didn't stop there, though. She doubled her efforts and speared me with her fingers, drawing out the first orgasm and sending me spiraling into a second one. I cried at the magnitude of it all. It was such a relief and felt so freaking good, and all of my emotions were released at once.

Mommy slowed her attention, bringing me back down gently. Daddy rocked me back and forth as Mommy cleaned

me up and I cried.

“Such a beautiful, good girl,” Daddy said.

“She really is,” Mommy agreed.

“Th-thank you,” I sobbed.

“There’s only one problem.” Daddy sighed. “I think I’m addicted to this sweet little body. To this sweet Little girl.”

“I think I have the same problem,” Mommy said as she crawled into bed on the other side of me.

“Is that a bad problem to have?” I asked.

“Not if you’re going to stay the night with us and let us do it all again tomorrow.” Mommy pushed my hair behind my ear and smiled at me.

“All of it?” My eyes widened as I replayed the whole night in my head.

“No.” Daddy laughed. “There are so many other things we need to show you first. I think Mommy just means it’s not a problem for us, as long as it’s not a problem for you.”

“It’s not a problem for me,” I assured them. “As long as there’s no more spankings,” I teased.

“In your dreams.” Mommy laughed. “I can’t wait until it’s my turn to get my hands on that sweet little ass.”

I sighed heavily. “Fine. I guess there can be one more spanking, but that’s it. I mean it.”

They both laughed at my dramatics and I smiled, loving the sound.

Still, since it was me and I do love a little drama, I insisted, “No, I mean it. One more. That’s it.” I crossed my arms over my chest to show how serious I was.

“I think she’s asking for another spanking, Mommy, don’t you?”

Mommy grinned. “Hmm, she just might be. Is it my turn now?”

“No, no, no!” I cried. “I was just teasing.”

That made them laugh, which I loved more than any sound I'd ever heard. They each gave me a kiss, and Daddy gave me a playful swat on my sore butt. Then I was laughing, too.

The room fell silent as the three of us snuggled together in bed, the smell of sex and sweat permeating the air. I felt so thoroughly used and more content than I had in my entire thirty-four years on the planet. I couldn't keep my eyes open, but something was missing.

"I can't sleep without my binky," I whispered into the dark.

"No more binky, baby. If you want something to suck in the middle of the night, then you have Mommy." She turned onto her side. "You can have my nipples all night if you want, little one. It's just as relaxing for me as it is for you."

"Are you sure?" I looked down at her pert breasts. I had so many questions about everything, but that was a problem for future Tasha. Deciding to take her at her word, I scooted down and latched on. It was so different than sucking on a binky, and so much better.

Daddy leaned over me and kissed Mommy. "Goodnight, my love." Snuggling in tight behind me, he kissed the crown of my head. "Sleep well, babygirl."

I knew without a shadow of a doubt it was going to be the best night of sleep I'd ever gotten. The whole situation with the Landrys had started off rocky, but I wouldn't change a second of it. As I drifted off to sleep with Mommy's nipple leaking her sweet milk onto my tongue, I decided Hide and Seek was my new favorite game, and no one would ever be able to convince me otherwise.

The End... for now (he he)



IF YOU ENJOYED Nurturing Little Natasha and want to be among the first to hear about the new Allie Belle and Rawhide

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Tucked in the countryside with her family and numerous stuffies, Allie Belle writes the stories she has always wanted to read. She loves the idea of being a Little to a strong, stern Daddy and explores the dynamic in every way she can.

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BABE IN TOYLAND



By

Ines Johnson

CHAPTER 1



TANYA

In another life, she would've kicked ass as a cock wrangler. Cause boy howdy could she rile them up.

“You think you're ever going to find another like me?” came the screeching voice through the phone.

Well, it wasn't exactly a voice. It was letters typed on the screen. Because yes, Tanya Kringle was breaking up with her boyfriend via text.

It might've been class-less. And a little mean. But she did not have time for a lengthy heart-to-heart. Her boyfriend—ex-boyfriend, Jacques—had a tendency to get wordy with his thick French accent.

Though *boyfriend* was a strong word. One that Tanya could never spell correctly when she texted. It constantly auto-corrected to *boyish* or *boleyn*, like Anne Boleyn who'd nearly brought the British throne to its knees. Once it had auto-corrected to *boy toy*. Boy toy was definitely more apt for Jacques. She'd grown bored with this particular toy that had broken the moment she'd made a sexual request he wasn't ready for.

“No man will want a woman like you. One who's domineering and too independent to actually want a man.”

Tanya was too busy being impressed that each word that flashed on her phone screen was correctly spelled and punctuated. *Domineering* was a hard one to spell. Autocorrect would've gotten her on that one. She was sure there was supposed to be an A in there somewhere.

“Men want submissive women. Not ones who never have time for them.”

Autocorrect was no longer needed in this conversation that had gone on two minutes longer than she'd planned. And, once again, Jacques got it wrong.

Men might think they wanted a submissive woman. Most of them didn't know what they were actually asking for.

There was a difference between a submissive woman and a woman who submitted. Jacques was domineering. He was far from dominant. Hence her sexual request that he submit to her, which had rubbed him the wrong way.

Instead of replying, she hit the block button and turned the phone off. There was no sense in giving him more of her mental energy if he didn't have any big dick energy and he couldn't handle hers. And it wasn't that she wanted a man to submit to her sexually; she just wanted one who was strong enough to follow her instructions in bed. But apparently, that was too much to ask for.

Tanya turned her attention to her desk, where a number of dicks were on display. Big dicks. Small dicks. Pink dicks. Blue dicks. Even black dicks, which one might have thought were racist, but they were the pure color of midnight black, not the various shades of brown of men from the African diaspora. And the midnight dicks were a bestseller for the Kringle Knotty or Nice Intimates Adult Toy Company. Mainly because they blended into the innards of a bedside drawer or at the bottom of a suitcase. It was the pink ones that gave women away.

As she was saying, in another life, she would've kicked ass as a cock wrangler. Cause — boy howdy — could she rile them up and put them in their places. Then again, women who wrangled cocks were called madams. And they mostly managed cunts, not cocks. Her company did oversee a line of plastic pussies, but it was the fabricated phalluses that were the breadwinners.

The cocks on display were all prototypes for the Chicago branch of the family company. The New York and DC

branches had launched years ago with a hit. Tanya was aiming to outdo her cousins in their launches. She was the only female of the Kringle brood who had chosen to play on the adult toy ground rather than in the kiddie department, as her parents had expected her to.

Both Tanya and her twin brother had used their inheritances to start the Chicago wing. The storefront was launching in just a few weeks. It had to be a success or she and Troy would lose everything.

And by everything, she didn't mean money. Their parents had that in spades. But they damn sure wouldn't be giving their misguided youth more after they considered them squandering it away on things not mentioned in proper society. No, if they didn't come out swinging, they'd have to drag their tails between their legs as Mommy and Daddy told them *I told you so* and expect them to go back into polite society.

It was a place neither of them wanted to go. So failure wasn't an option. Too bad success was such a steep climb.

Tanya perched on the edge of her sleek glass desk, her gaze fixed on the array of monitors before her. The job had come with a corner office that afforded a panoramic view of Chicago's skyline, but Tanya barely noticed the city sprawling beneath her. The office of Kringle Knotty or Nice Intimates was her domain now, her battlefield. Her long, wavy brown hair cascaded over her shoulders—a sharp contrast to the crisp lines of her tailored suit.

The glass door to her office swung open with a flourish, revealing her twin brother. He strode into the room, every inch the effervescent salesman, his short hair catching the light as he flashed a megawatt smile at his sister.

“Hey, baby bro.”

His smile instantly dropped as Troy scowled at her. “We're the same age.”

“I'm twenty minutes older.”

“Only because I'm a gentleman and told Mom ladies first.”

In truth, newborn Tanya had likely shoved her twin out of the way to get out of the womb first. She could boss him around, but better not anybody else try it or they'd have her to contend with. Not that Troy needed any protection. The man was over six feet tall and packed muscle. Unlike Tanya, who was slim and a few inches shorter—what the hell, genetics?

“Tan, you should have seen me in there.” Troy motioned to the conference room down the hall. “Networking is an art, and I’m Picasso.”

“I’m sure the Renaissance is quaking,” she deadpanned, her fingers never pausing above her laptop keyboard.

Troy leaned over the back of her chair and peered down. “How are the numbers looking?”

“Better before that interruption.” She swatted at him until he backed away.

Troy took a seat across from her and leaned back, legs stretching out like he owned the place—which was half-true. They were in this together. So why did she feel a heavy weight on her shoulders while her partner looked so relaxed?

“What help do you need?”

“Help?” Tanya snorted while her mind raced—calculations, projections, inventory lists scrolling through her thoughts like ticker tape. “Your kind of *help* usually leaves me with more work.”

“Hey,” Troy protested, his hands up in mock surrender. “I’m hurt. I thought we agreed—I charm them, you keep them. Perfect team, right?”

She huffed, focusing back on her screen. “Charm doesn’t balance the books.” But beneath the surface, a tiny fissure of doubt cracked through her resolve. Maybe her brother could lighten her load... *No*. She dismissed the thought as quickly as it appeared. He’d handled his part. She’d handle hers.

“All righty then.” Troy stood, collecting his jacket. “I’m off to find some afternoon delight with my girl.”

“You do you, bro.”

“Nah, I’ll do Maya instead.”

Tanya watched the door close behind him, her chest tight with a cocktail of affection and exasperation. Troy, the master of schmooze—the yin to her yang of meticulous control. She shook her head, refocusing on the task at hand. There was work to be done while her brother did his girlfriend.

Maya was a brilliant scientist. Her brainiac ways were the perfect balm to her smooth-talking brother. Maybe Tanya needed to date a nerd? But she doubted a man in a lab could give her what she needed.

Though there was one man in a lab who had the very thing she needed to succeed this season. She needed to check on his progress. If the nerd she had trapped in a lab downstairs could make the perfect vibrator, then she could pull off the biggest sales quarter that the company had ever seen—and in her first year, too.

CHAPTER 2



VIGO

Vigo Ricci stood in the heart of his kingdom, a lab where passion and precision mingled in the air as palpably as the scent of antiseptic. He ran a hand through his short, dark hair, which lay impeccably combed atop his head. The order of his locks was in contrast to the chaos of wires and silicone prototypes that surrounded him. Perched on the bridge of his nose were glasses that caught every flicker of light, betraying the fervor of his hawkish gaze. He was an engineer, yes, but also a sculptor of pleasure, tasked with crafting the next wave of ecstasy for the eager clientele of Kringle Knotty or Nice Intimates.

His eyes darted between spreadsheets littered with numerical foreplay—a symphony of potential satisfaction measured in RPMs and decibels. Each figure was a note. He, the maestro, was obsessed with composing the quintessential climax.

Vigo tapped a finger against his clipboard as he studied his latest creation. The design was sleek and pleasing to the eye. The gears inside were powerful and efficient. He wasn't happy about the buzz the motor gave off but reasoned that it should add to a woman's pleasure.

“Data doesn't lie; it teases out the truth,” he said to no one in particular, jotting down another set of figures. The prototype before him was his latest challenge, and Vigo was hell-bent on ensuring it would deliver. To create something that could speak the language of desire without words was his

singular goal, and he wouldn't rest until every variable had been accounted for.

It was a magnificent piece of tech. Unfortunately, he couldn't be the judge of that. What with having a prostate and all. The approval he needed had to come down from the top. But before he could get to the top, he needed a toy reviewer to test out his creation.

The notion of having a middleman—or rather a middle woman—bugged the hell out of him. The added step was inefficient and would add on time between phases. He was ready to be out of the testing phase and get his prototype mass-produced.

With each test, he observed and recorded, searching for patterns in the cacophony of ones and zeroes. Every orgasm charted was a precious data point, leading him closer to perfection. People often underestimated the complexity of his work. They didn't understand that beyond the silicone and circuits, there was an artistry involved—a delicate balance between the mechanical and the carnal.

“Temperature variances,” Vigo muttered, eyes darting between two color-coded line graphs. He tapped the pen against his chin—a metronome marking the rhythm of his thoughts. “Must optimize for consistency...”

He leaned over his desk to scrawl some notes. The machinery hummed. The scent of lubricant and new plastic mingled with the sterility of the room. His desk was an organized sprawl of charts and graphs, flowing over his workspace like a paper river. Each sheet was a testament to his relentless pursuit of perfection.

“Is that thing ready yet, or are you just going to romance it with your monologues all day?”

Vigo's gaze lifted, taking in the form of symmetry in motion. Tanya Kringle strode in, her presence as sharp as the cut of her tailored suit. Her features were an architect's dream: proportionate, structured, each angle catching the light in a way that was both aesthetically pleasing and mathematically

sound. To him, she was Fibonacci's sequence personified, each spiral of her wavy brown hair another golden ratio.

"Romance isn't quantifiable," he said, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "But if it were, I assure you, this prototype would be Casanova."

"Charm will get you nowhere with me, Ricci." Yet her lips twitched in a reluctant smile. "I need results. Not sweet nothings whispered to circuit boards."

"Results are precisely what I'm cultivating. Satisfaction is an art, albeit one rooted in science."

"Then paint me a picture, Vigo," Tanya challenged, arms crossed over her chest. "When can we expect this masterpiece of yours to be gallery-ready?"

Vigo's fingers hovered above the sleek surface of the prototype, a quiver of anticipation palpable in the sterile air of the lab. "It's ready," he declared, not without a hint of pride edging his voice. "But I need someone to test it."

Tanya's lips pursed, the action as symmetrical and deliberate as any equation he'd ever solved. The sight transfixed him. The precision of her movements was like a siren's call to his data-driven heart.

"We're still interviewing for toy reviewers."

That surprised Vigo. What woman wouldn't want the job of testing out sex toys for eight hours a day? "It'll be ready once they're hired."

"Onboarding will take at least a week," Tanya was saying as though she hadn't heard him.

Vigo would swear he saw the wheels turning in her head. He bet it was an orderly brain. A clockwork of efficiency, just like the woman. Whenever he sent her a request for supplies, it was handled immediately and precisely. The three weeks he'd been working here, he'd wanted for nothing. Except a toy reviewer.

"A week is too long. I need the prototype approved this week, otherwise it won't make the production schedule."

Tanya held out her hand, smooth and assured, and the prototype vanished into her grasp. “I’ll take it home and review it myself.”

“The test must be conducted here, in the lab.” Vigo tapped the side of his glasses, pushing them up the bridge of his nose with a finger. “I need pure, unfiltered data.”

A pause hung between them, charged like the air before a storm. Then, with a tilt of her head that suggested both resignation and intrigue, Tanya acquiesced. “All right, let’s do this.”

She approached the testing recliner—a throne of black leather and chrome—as if it were no more daunting than an office chair. With a fluidity that spoke of confidence, or perhaps reckless abandon, she hopped onto it.

Her skirt hugged her form. She was poised, a commanding presence in the company. Vigo saw not just the CEO of Kringle Company, but a woman who was about to experience the fruits of his labor firsthand. Yet as a scientist, Vigo’s focus was torn between the aesthetics of the moment and the practicalities of the test. His mind buzzed with data, calculations, and potential outcomes.

He stepped forward, clipboard in hand, ready to jot down observations. Every response, every slight movement she made, would be crucial data. Yet, beneath the surface of his scientific demeanor, Vigo felt an uncharacteristic flutter of excitement. It wasn’t just the success of the prototype that mattered to him now; it was also how Tanya would interact with it.

“Are you comfortable?” The question was twofold—part of the test, certainly, but also a subtle expression of his concern for her well-being.

She nodded, and he didn’t miss the compression of her sleek jawline. The way her throat worked as she swallowed down any words she might have been prepared to say. Her chest rose, and he spied the side of a round mound peek through where her blouse was unbuttoned at the top.

Vigo's fingers hovered over the control panel. Just two buttons: on and off. And a slider that would dictate the speed of the intimate dance that was about to start. "Are you ready to begin?"

"By all means, Maestro, commence your concerto."

He pressed the *On* button, initiating the prototype's gentle hum. Data streamed across his monitors, graphs spiking in time with the silent rhythm of Tanya's pulse. Yet, it was the subtle shift in her expression that captivated him—fleeting and yet profoundly telling.

At some point, Vigo's pen stilled. The scratching gave way to silence, and then her low moans filled the room. He watched as her lower torso arched off the recliner. Her eyes widened and then closed. She yelped in surprise, as though the orgasm had been snatched from her. Then she lay panting and trembling in the seat with her eyes closed.

All Vigo could do was stare down at her in wonder.

CHAPTER 3



TANYA

Tanya had been in a race car before. She'd dated a Nascar driver while in college. In the bedroom, he'd been as fast as his car. She'd gone around the track with him a few more times, but only because she'd liked his car. Now she had one just like it parked in the garage.

Vigo Ricci's vibrator went faster than the car. But it had hit every single curve as it got her to her destination in record speed.

Her muscles had tensed when Ricci's hands, clinical yet not without a trace of curiosity, slipped up her tight skirt to position the sleek prototype. She heard a snap of thread as she'd widened her knees to accommodate him. The calluses on his hands had surprised her. She'd thought him a nerd, but clearly, he got his hands dirty. As they retreated from the confines of her skirt, she knew he'd gotten some of her juices on them. She'd been wet since she'd agreed to review the device here in the lab with him.

Tanya was acutely aware of every breath, each tiny movement in the room thick with the scent of anticipation and something more—something like battle lines being drawn.

The click of the power button was deceptively soft, a whisper before the roar. The surge of sensation was immediate and relentless, an onslaught that had her back arching off the leather recliner. From zero to blinding pleasure in seconds flat, the machine showed no mercy, and neither did Vigo's watchful eyes, tracking each twitch of her expression.

Her pussy had registered the hum, like an engine revving at the start of a race. Her clit had sat up and taken notice of the checkered flags waving it into readiness. But as soon as the device was pressed to her mound, the gun went off. Both she and her clit had been holding on for dear life.

Halfway through the lap, her muscles had begun to twitch. With a quarter of the way left to go in the same very first lap, she was trying to hold the orgasm at bay. But it crossed the finished line before it had gone a fraction of the distance to complete the race.

A slow buildup to an orgasm was often felt deep in the core with long, pulsing chords of pleasure that lingered for long moments after. A quickie was shallower, with fluttery quivers that were over before they began. This orgasm, which could have only taken sixty seconds at most, was all of the above at the same time.

Her inner muscles clenched like a dish towel being wrung out while her labia were fluttering like butterfly wings. The shallow quivering lingered like aftershocks because the deep chords kept strumming along to a slow fade-out that still was humming along as Tanya opened her eyes.

That thing had gone from zero to a hundred in the first five seconds, and she was sure she'd seen Vigo set it to the lowest setting. It was taking Tanya longer to come down from the orgasm than it had to achieve it.

“God,” she gasped out, the world narrowing down to the relentless hum between her thighs. The build-up was brutally quick, a crescendo that allowed no time for savoring, for teasing out the moment. It was ruthless, and it bowled her over with a force that left her breathless and bewildered in its wake.

Tanya lay there, panting, as the buzz of the vibrator receded into silence. Vigo stood motionless, pen poised above his notepad, his gaze analytical. “Well?” he prodded after a beat, his curiosity palpable.

“Christ, Ricci,” Tanya managed, pushing herself up on quivering arms. “It was like being hit by a freight train. Effective, sure, but where’s the journey? The buildup?”

“Good. Efficiency is key.” Vigo scratched down some words on the pad. “You achieved climax in ninety-five seconds.”

“It was too fast,” she said.

“I think I can get it down to sixty seconds.”

“Fast isn’t what most women are looking for. This isn’t about quick fixes. It’s about the entire experience.” Her voice was sharp, edged with the frustration of climax without context.

Vigo adjusted his glasses, a flicker of confusion crossing his features. “The data shows—”

“Data shmata. You can’t quantify pleasure with graphs and charts.”

“Actually, you can,” he countered, his hands gesturing to the stacks of research papers littering the desk. “The average orgasm lasts—”

“That’s exactly the problem. You’re so hung up on averages that you forget we’re dealing with people, not robots.”

Their eyes locked, and for a moment, the tension crackled between them like static before a storm. She’d been right to be the one to test this prototype.

“And that’s not the only thing,” she went on. “It’s loud.”

“That was a calculated compromise. I figured the buzz of the motors added to the clitoral stimulation. Direct stimulation yields prompt results.”

“Prompt? Is that what we’re calling it now?” Tanya scoffed, her brown eyes narrowing as she flipped the device in her palm, considering the cold, impersonal silicone. “There’s more to a great vibrator than racing to the finish line.”

“Such as?”

“Texture, warmth, contours...” Tanya trailed off, her mind weaving images of desire that were less mechanical, more

human. She gripped the prototype tighter, feeling its potential and its shortcomings all at once.

“Those are variables. Hard to quantify.”

“Exactly. Sex isn’t a math problem to solve, Ricci. It’s an experience. A journey.”

“Journey implies detours. Inefficiencies.”

“Life is full of detours.” Tanya set the vibrator down on the side table. “Detours are where the fun lies.”

She didn’t add the *supposedly*. But she saw the word in his questioning gaze.

Vigo’s silence was a coiled spring, tension winding tight between them. He stepped forward, invading her space, his scent—a mix of sandalwood and something indefinably masculine—making her senses riot.

“Fun isn’t quantifiable,” he finally said, voice low.

“Neither is satisfaction,” Tanya countered, her breath hitching as she felt the heat radiating from him. The air crackled with their discord, an electric current that threatened to spark into something uncontrollable.

“Maybe not,” Vigo conceded, his gaze never leaving hers, “but it’s measurable. And that’s what I do. I measure. I perfect.”

Damn, that was hot. But she shouldn’t be thinking hot thoughts about one of her employees. And a nerd at that.

“I barely had any time to enjoy it. Now the sensations are already fading.”

“Interesting,” he murmured, jotting down notes, the scientist in him surfacing unbidden. “So you’re saying the intensity should be... modulated?”

“Modulated, escalated, hell, even narrated. It’s about the ride, Ricci. Not just the destination.”

Vigo regarded her, the spark of a challenge igniting in his eyes. “I see. Duration and escalation, not just raw power.”

“Exactly,” she said, finding her footing and smoothing down her skirt. “Less shock and awe, more... seduction.”

“Understood.” His tone suggested the gears were turning, recalibrating his approach to the mechanics of pleasure.

“Good.” Tanya met his gaze with a mixture of satisfaction and something else—a flicker of excitement for what this clash of minds might yield. “Because I’m not settling for anything less than revolutionary.”

“Then that’s what I’ll give you.”

Tanya felt her throat working as she swallowed the desire that pooled all around her tongue. She bit her lip to keep any of it from spilling out. Once she was sure she was back in control, she ticked off more tasks for him to follow. “Efficiency isn’t the only measure of success. It needs... layers.”

“Layers?” Vigo echoed, his pen poised over the notepad, ready to dissect her every word.

Her hand went to her chest. She should probably button up the top of her shirt. Her nipples were as sharp as the nib on that pen where he was writing down her every desire like he was actually going to follow her orders to a T.

“Think textures, rhythms, a crescendo of sensations.” She leaned forward, her voice dipping in conviction. “You’ve built a rocket when what we need is a symphony.”

“Symphony. Interesting metaphor.” Vigo’s brow furrowed behind his glasses. “And how would you suggest we compose this opus?”

“Start with subtlety. A tease of vibration here, a hint of pressure there. Build it up slowly.” Tanya watched him scribble fervently. Her own pulse still thrummed from the encounter, reminding her of the task at hand.

“Slowly,” he repeated, as if the concept were foreign. “Then crescendo.”

“Think of it as an art, not a race.”

“Art...” he mused. “A masterpiece it shall be.”

She exhaled sharply, collecting her scattered thoughts as she prepared to leave the room. The walls, once closing in with clinical whiteness, now seemed to recede, giving way to possibility. In the recliner, a world away from ledger lines and market strategies, Tanya had surrendered to an experience pure in its intensity. For those breathless minutes, her relentless pursuit of perfection had melted into irrelevance.

She'd given herself over to Vigo's care. Though he hadn't done a perfect job, it was clear he wouldn't rest until he gave her exactly what she wanted. It was one less thing she had to worry about. She let the door to the lab close behind her with a smile on her face.

CHAPTER 4



VIGO

The echo of the door clicking shut behind Tanya reverberated like a ghostly whisper. Vigo turned to the discarded prototype on the side table—a sleek, metallic device that held within its circuits the key to pleasure beyond measure, or so he hoped. He picked it up, surveying it with an engineer’s critical eye. But then, he brought it close, and the scent of Tanya—pure musk with a hint of floral—assaulted his senses, sending a jolt through him that was anything but professional. His body responded with immediate urgency.

The memories came unbidden, flashing across his mind like lightning—Tanya with her long wavy hair cascading over the recliner, her slender form arching toward the ecstasy that was meant to be delivered by his creation. The whimpers that escaped her lips, each one a note in a melody he’d inadvertently composed but hadn’t quite mastered.

She wanted a symphony.

She’d *been* a symphony.

Vigo had been the conductor, the vibrator his baton, and Tanya had moved like music. The song had started in her fingertips, where sensations danced with electric fervor, trailing up her arm and igniting every nerve ending along the way. Vigo had watched, captivated, as her body swayed to the rhythm only they could hear—a harmony of pleasure and desire.

He could have watched her for hours. Listened to her moans and gasps for days.

But she was right. It hadn't been a symphony. It had been a quick interlude. He needed to slow the tempo down to make the experience last longer... and to make her body soar to a higher key.

He needed to compose the masterpiece she wanted. It wasn't just for professional pride. Vigo had the sense that she needed the song for herself. He wanted to be the man to gift it to her.

He paced the length of the room, hands shoved into the pockets of his lab coat, the image of her blissful yet brief surrender taunting him. Vigo stopped at his desk, glancing at the array of tools and components spread out before him.

It wasn't just about the technical challenge anymore. It was personal. He wanted to see her lose that composed control, to make her feel something profound.

The thought spurred him into action. He grabbed a pencil and began sketching furiously. The lead danced across the paper as he plotted the next iteration.

His mind spun with possibilities as he considered adding another dimension to the prototype. His sketches grew more detailed, more intricate, driven by a passion that was equal parts engineering aptitude and carnal interest in Tanya's satisfaction.

His gaze flickered back to the doorway where Tanya had disappeared moments earlier. The thought of her marching out as composed as she'd entered gnawed at him. Her confidence was a taunt, a challenge he couldn't ignore. He wanted to see that poise crack, to witness the aftermath of his genius etched into her gait.

What he'd created had been a spark that had fizzled too fast. It had been a firework when what they needed was a slow-burning flame that led to an explosion. Vigo leaned back in his chair, the leather creaking under his weight as a plan began to form.

He was alone, but his mind was a bustling hive of activity, buzzing with calculations, physics, and the intricate dance of

gears and circuits. The motor he envisioned was a delicate balance of strength and subtlety, a mechanical symphony of movement—starting with a whisper, growing steadily, and culminating in a crescendo of power.

His eyes narrowed as he pondered the initial quietude of the motor. It needed to be unassuming, almost stealthy, belying the energy it was quietly gathering. The gears had to engage seamlessly, the energy transfer smooth and unobtrusive. He sketched, erased, and re-sketched, each iteration bringing him closer to the solution, his fingers smudging the graphite in his fervor.

As his thoughts progressed, the design evolved. The motor's momentum would build a gradual yet deliberate accumulation of speed and force. Vigo's pencil moved faster now, his brain calculating the necessary torque, the resistance, the escalating power. It was a delicate balancing act—too much too soon and the motor would burn out; too little and it would never reach its full potential. Finally, the climax of the design approached—the explosive burst of speed that would mark the motor's peak performance.

Leaning back, Vigo surveyed his work, a slight frown creasing his brow. Was it enough? The design was there, but the real test would come in the execution. His mind already raced ahead to the prototype. It would take him hours to build.

Outside Vigo's office window, the city of Chicago stretched out like a canvas of nocturnal energy, its skyline a jagged silhouette against the dark sky. The buildings, with their countless windows, were like pixels of light in a vast, urban tapestry. Streetlights cast pools of yellow glow on the sidewalks, and the occasional car headlights streaked through the streets, brief comets in the city's ceaseless motion.

Vigo stood for a moment, gazing out at the city. The towering skyscrapers, monuments to human ingenuity and ambition, mirrored his own determination. Chicago at night was alive, pulsating with a rhythm that resonated with his current state of restless creativity. The sounds of the city, a distant honking car, muffled conversations, and the faint, ever-present hum of the urban sprawl, filtered through his window.

He turned back to his desk, where the blueprint of his design lay. It was complete, each line and notation a step toward realization. But now, a new phase beckoned—the building of the prototype. The transition from paper to reality was always a delicate one, filled with challenges and uncertainties, but Vigo was ready. His mind was already racing through the components he needed, the assembly process, the delicate calibration of parts.

Vigo sat down, rolling up his sleeves. The lamp on his desk cast a focused beam of light, illuminating his workspace. As he immersed himself in his work, the night deepened outside. Chicago, a city that never slept, mirrored Vigo's own relentless pursuit of perfection. The hours slipped by, marked only by the gradual shift of lights in the surrounding buildings as some turned off and others flickered to life.

Just as the city didn't sleep, neither would Vigo until this design was finished and ready for review. Especially the testing part. He couldn't wait to put Tanya back in the review chair and watch his engine rev for her. But most of all, he wanted to watch her body sing.

CHAPTER 5



TANYA

Tanya's fingers flew over the keyboard, making a staccato soundtrack that drowned beneath the ringing phones and clacking heels outside her office. Inside her office, it was an inferno despite the snow falling outside. Her corner space felt like an oven baking her in the heat of deadlines and expectations. She swiped at strands of hair sticking to her forehead, her eyes fixated on the glowing spreadsheet before her.

"Another late night?" Troy leaned against her doorway as he sipped from a cup emblazoned with the cheeky logo of Kringle Knotty or Nice Intimates.

"Unless you've discovered a way to add more hours to the day," Tanya snapped without looking up. "Nick's assessment is looming over us like the ghost of Christmas future, ready to judge if we've been naughty or nice."

"That's an easy answer, sis. We've been naughty. That's how we got the job."

"Ha ha." Tanya, hunched over her desk littered with reports and documents, didn't look up. Her hand moved deftly, correcting a calculation here, rewriting a sentence there.

"T, you're burning the candle at both ends. It's not sustainable, you know?"

"Look at this," she said, holding up a report with a glaring error. "If I hadn't caught this, it would've cost us dearly."

Troy sighed, walking over to her desk. “I get it, but you hired a team for a reason. They’re good at what they do, little-big sister. You’ve got to give them a chance to prove it.”

“A chance to prove it? Troy, we’re not running a charity here. This is a business. Mistakes like these”—she gestured to the piles of paperwork—“they can’t happen. Not on my watch.”

“But that’s just it,” Troy countered. “You’re the boss, yes, but you don’t have to fix every little thing. Lead them, guide them, but let them do their job. Maybe if you start trusting them, they’ll rise to the occasion.”

There was a moment of silence as Tanya pondered his words. She knew he was right, but the fear of failure, the fear of letting go, was overwhelming.

She must have waited too long because her brother was already backing out the door with his hands raised in surrender. “Suit yourself. Just don’t burn out before Nick arrives.”

She wouldn’t burn out. She couldn’t afford to drop the ball, not when every ball in the air was a testament to her capabilities—or lack thereof. The upcoming assessment wasn’t just an evaluation; it was Nick Kringle’s way of ensuring she was worthy of this office. She would not fail. But she did feel the edges of her nerves sizzle with the beginnings of a burn.

She needed a break. With some reluctance, she pushed away from her desk. The office was entirely deserted as she walked past darkened cubicles. There was one light on.

The door to the lab whispered open on well-oiled hinges, but Vigo didn’t lift his head from the intricate blueprint sprawled across his desk. Tanya paused in the doorway, her gaze tracing the tense line of his shoulders before it dipped to the dark curls that begged for a distracting tug. The white lab coat he wore hugged his form just right, accentuating broad shoulders and narrow hips—a disconcerting reminder that brains weren’t his only asset.

Her heels clicked a determined rhythm on the cold floor as she approached him. There it was, on the table next to him—the prototype, gleaming under the fluorescent lights with a new addition that made her pulse quicken. It looked like he'd made some major modifications, though.

“Is that what I think it is?” Tanya arched an eyebrow, her throat suddenly dry as if every drop of moisture had diverted course to pool elsewhere.

“Based on our debate over clitoral versus vaginal stimulation—” Vigo said, finally raising his head to meet her eyes. Glasses perched precariously on the bridge of his nose, a contrast to the wicked spark behind them as he held up the dildo attachment for the vibrator. “I’ve decided both might be more efficient for increased pleasure.”

“Never thought I’d hear *efficient* and *pleasure* in the same sentence.” She leaned over the table, her breath hitching as her imagination painted vivid scenarios. “But I’m intrigued.”

“Good.” He pushed the glasses up, and a rare smile played on his lips. “Because I’ve also adjusted the vibration patterns. More variety, less predictability.”

“Predictable is the last thing I want,” she admitted, circling the prototype like a predator sizing up its prey. Her fingers hovered over the attachment, a shiver skating down her spine at the thought of what was to come.

“Shall we see if science can indeed indulge the senses?” Vigo’s question was rhetorical, his hand gesturing toward the recliner that served as ground zero for their experimentation.

“Hmmm.” Tanya’s response was breathless, already feeling the weight of her responsibilities dissolving at the mere prospect of surrendering to the machine’s—and Vigo’s—expertise.

He was a wizard. It was like he’d crawled into her brain and plucked out exactly what she needed. Hopefully, he hadn’t made any mistakes in his calculations that she’d have to adjust for.

She climbed into the recliner, the leather cool against her skin. As she settled back, she felt the anticipation coiling within her, a tangible force that threatened to unravel her composure. She didn't slide up her skirt. She waited for him to do that.

Once again, the man didn't disappoint. His gaze latched on to her, asking for consent. She gave him a nod as she pressed her thighs together to give him ease of access to her lower body.

The cool of the leather warmed her ass as her bare cheeks came to rest in the chair's cushion. Vigo's fingers were warm, and those calluses were rough as he wrapped his index fingers and thumbs around the elastic of her underwear and tugged them down. The descent was slow, and for a moment, she thought he might leave her thong wrapped around her ankles to prevent her escape. She felt the result of that wicked thought as desire pooled between her legs, slipping past her perineum and into her ass crack.

He didn't leave her panties at her ankles. He folded them neatly and placed them on the table next to the blueprint. She should feel exposed. Instead, she felt impatient to begin.

Vigo moved closer, his fingers deft as he attached the vibrator and dildo. His hands, precise and knowing, brushed against her thighs, sending a jolt of electricity up her spine. Surprisingly, the attachment was warm as it sought entrance.

"There's a button for lubrication," he said as though he'd heard her question. "It can be refilled after every ten uses."

The man was a genius. She would've told him so, except she was inhaling sharply as he inserted the dildo into her core. The base of the vibrator lay snug against her clit. Truth be told, she would've come right then and there if not for professional pride.

"Comfortable?" His question was a soft murmur, his eyes searching hers.

"Hmmm" was all she could manage. Her heart thudded in her chest at his machinations.

She wished he'd just close the distance and end the torturous dance of almost-touches. But he pulled back, professionalism reasserting itself like a cold shower. It left behind a trail of disappointment that wound its way through her veins.

“Let's begin then,” he said, all business once again, pressing a button that brought the machine—and an indescribable sensation—to life.

Tanya's disappointment disappeared. The hum of the vibrator filled the space between them, inside of her, surrounding her. The soft hum of the vibrator began as a whisper, escalating into a promise that filled the room and resonated within her. She closed her eyes, letting the slow seduction of the machine's rhythmic motion coax her away from the precipice of stress.

As the vibrations intensified, so did the pull within her. The workload, the upcoming assessment, the need to prove herself—all of it dissipated like mist under the morning sun. Her body became a vessel of pure sensation, every nerve ending singing as if part of a grander symphony orchestrated by Vigo's handiwork.

“Good?” He was close, his presence a grounding force amidst the storm of pleasure building within her.

Her response was lost in a moan as her body began to undulate. She needed more. Wanted more. But at the same time, she wanted exactly the rhythm the device was giving her.

And then, just as soon as her mind said it was enough, it gave her more.

Of their own accord, her inner muscles tightened around the dildo nestled snugly inside her. It too was vibrating—right against her G-spot. It too was giving her exactly the pressure she needed, and then just as soon as her mind said it was enough, the dildo gave her more pressure.

She couldn't charge forward. She couldn't retreat. Surrender was the only option. And so she did.

The orgasm rose up like a tidal wave, but one she'd seen coming for miles and miles as she'd drifted purposefully toward it. The waters rose and rose, higher and higher over her head, until the inevitable crash of ecstasy pulled her under and washed away all thoughts.

Tanya had no idea how long she was left drowning in pleasure. At some point, the gentle vibrations that followed were a tender caress, guiding her slowly back to reality, a soothing balm to the intensity that had just rocked her being.

“What did you think? Any notes for improvement?”

“It was perfect.”

CHAPTER 6



VIGO

Vigo adjusted his glasses as he watched Tanya unfurl charts like a general before battle. He'd seen the woman writhe with pleasure, but watching her command the room was somehow hotter. Likely because intelligent, capable women had always turned him on.

The air buzzed with electricity. Not just from the prototype humming on the table between them, but from the kinetic force that was Tanya Kringle in her element. Even though that element was in his lab and not in a conference room. She'd insisted they do their presentation here for effect.

"Projected growth is exponential," she said, tapping the graph with a slender finger that Vigo found himself following. "Our focus groups have never been more enthusiastic."

"Enthusiasm translates to sales," Nick Kringle chimed in, his eyes sweeping over the data with a businessman's hunger. "Impressive, Tanya."

Vigo cleared his throat, stepping into the light cast by the overhead fluorescents. "The design incorporates responsive feedback technology," he explained, his voice steady despite the quickening pulse he felt whenever Tanya glanced his way. "It adapts to user preferences for an unparalleled experience."

"Looks like you've got a hit on your hands," Nick concluded, shaking both their hands with a firm grip. "This will be the crown jewel of Kringle Knotty or Nice this season."

“Thank you, Nick,” Tanya said, her smile genuine, her eyes still locked with Vigo’s for a moment too long to be purely celebratory.

Vigo’s heart took an involuntary leap—damn, these emotional complications. Typically, he preferred circuit boards and algorithms. Yet here he was, circuitry fried by a woman who wielded sales projections like weapons of seduction.

“Excuse me, I need to take this call.” Nick stepped away, phone to his ear, disappearing out the door to the lab and around the corner.

Vigo turned back to Tanya, his mind a swirl of graphs and lips and the subtle scent of her perfume that seemed to short-circuit his usually impeccable focus. “We did it,” he said simply because sometimes even the most complex equations amounted to a simple truth.

“Because you’re a genius.” The corner of Tanya’s mouth twitched upward.

It was the first genuine smile she’d given him. It meant more to him than the compliment. The compliment was a fact; he was a genius. The smile was a gift, and he wanted to savor it.

His gaze stayed latched to her mouth, watching as her tongue darted out to moisten her lips—a move that seemed far too sensual for the sterile environment of his lab. Her breath hitched subtly, nostrils flaring, and Vigo’s pulse quickened. He recognized the signs; they were primal, carnal. It wasn’t just success that was heating the air between them.

“Hey, Ricci. Eyes up here.”

“Can’t help it,” he admitted, his own voice sounding foreign—huskier—to his ears. “You’ve got this...pull.” His hand moved almost of its own accord, reaching out to brush a rogue lock of her rich brown hair back behind her ear, fingers grazing the softness of her skin.

“Pull, huh?” Tanya’s words were playful, but her eyes flickered with something deeper, echoing the charge that was building in the space between them.

“Like gravity,” he confirmed, keeping his touch light, respectful, yet undeniably intimate. “Inevitable.”

“Gravity can be defied,” she countered, stepping closer, her voice dropping.

“Only by greater forces.” Vigo’s breath caught as her chest brushed against his. The room felt ten degrees hotter, charged with the potential energy of their proximity.

“Name one,” she dared, her challenge wrapped in the velvet of her tone.

“Attraction.”

The color rose in Tanya’s cheeks, a delicate flush that spread to the tips of her ears. Her reaction was immediate, a soft gasp parting her lips as his fingers traced the shell of her ear. He felt the warmth emanating from her skin, the subtle tremor of her pulse beneath his touch. It was electric, this connection, like a circuit completed by their proximity.

“Is this your idea of a sales bonus, Ricci?” she quipped, her voice a mix of amusement and an undercurrent of something more raw, more yearning.

“Consider it an... advance payment,” he volleyed back, his thumb caressing the line of her jaw, relishing the silkiness of her flesh.

Her eyelids fluttered at the contact. She leaned ever so slightly into his touch. Vigo felt a pull deep in his chest, a magnetic force drawing him toward her with an intensity that bordered on overwhelming.

Tanya breathed out, her chest rising and falling more noticeably. She placed a hand on his chest. The fabric of his shirt was no barrier to the heat of her palm. He felt the imprint of each individual fingertip.

Every point of contact between them crackled with energy. Vigo was acutely aware of her every move, every shift in weight, every flutter of her lashes. They hovered on the precipice of surrendering to the tension that had been building since their first meeting. It struck him with the force of a lightning bolt—she was his mirror image in passion and

precision, a partner in intellect just as much as in this sudden blaze of lust.

“Let’s not kid ourselves with dinner dates and flirtatious texts,” he said, his voice steady even as his fingers traced the contour of her jawline. “We both know what we want.”

“Efficient as ever,” Tanya quipped, but her voice trembled slightly, betraying her cool exterior.

He chuckled, low and throaty, as he recognized the pull of two minds perfectly in tune. “Imagine the time we’ll save,” he teased, but the thought flickered through him—this was no mere convenience. This was inevitability.

“Who needs wine when we’ve got chemistry?”

“Exactly,” he breathed out, his hand settling at the small of her back, pulling her in with a possessive certainty. “Why wait?”

“Waiting is for people who don’t create their own algorithms,” she whispered against his lips, a whisper that was almost a kiss, sending shivers down his spine.

“God, you’re incredible.”

“You believe in God?”

“I do now that I’ve met his most perfect piece of creation,” Vigo murmured, his brain firing rapid synapses of admiration and arousal. It wasn’t just her body calling to him—it was her sharp wit, her relentless drive. The way she matched him, challenge for challenge, only made him more certain.

“Flattery will get you everywhere.”

“In the chair. Now.”

She did as she was told. She climbed on, hiking her skirt up in the process.

He did not need further prompting. He unbuckled his pants and climbed on top of her. Their lips met in a collision of need and recognition. It was a kiss that spoke of shared ambition and mutual understanding, a fusion of their intellectual

camaraderie and newfound physical desire. He savored the taste of victory and anticipation mingled on her tongue.

He reveled in the way she matched his passion, stride for stride, an equal in every sense. Her fingers played at the nape of his neck, sending shivers down his spine. He responded by exploring the contours of her body, his hands mapping the territory, familiarizing himself with the blueprint of her perfect form.

The crinkle of a condom wrapper mixed in with their heavy breathing. He lined himself up with her core, feeling the trembling and twitches at her entrance. She wanted him as much as he wanted her.

“Vigo,” she gasped out as he entered her.

“Say my name again,” he demanded.

“Vigo,” she obliged, the word a moan of pleasure.

The sound of it from her lips stoked the fire within him. He entered her in one thrust, and she welcomed him all the way to the hilt. Mathematically, two whole people did not equal one. But the two of them joined together multiplied the intensity of their connection, creating an equation where the sum of their shared passion exceeded the individual parts. They were no longer just two people; they were a singular force of combined desire and emotion, where each touch, each breath, each beat of their hearts added another layer to their intimate unity.

CHAPTER 7



TANYA

The moment Vigo entered her, the girth of him, the length of him, stunned her. The reins of her control snapped as he filled her and she loosened the tight hold over herself. With him nestled deep inside of her, her lips parted in a gasp. Vigo seized that opportunity to capture her mouth in a searing kiss that stole her breath, leaving Tanya wholly invaded.

Tanya was no slouch in the bedroom. As Vigo had undressed, she'd made a plan to mount and ride him until she'd reached her pleasure. Yet somehow, she'd wound up beneath him with the genius wrapping his long, capable fingers in her hair as though her tresses were the reins. He tugged hard, causing her to rear up into him as he plunged impossibly deeper into her body.

She obeyed his commands. Her hips moved against his with a fervor that matched her relentless drive in the boardroom. Every part of her being was accustomed to taking charge, to steering the course of any interaction. But she yielded to his skill, to his drive, to his passion.

As he rode her, stroking his delicious length into her core, something shifted within Tanya. Vigo's touch, commanding and yet gentle, stirred a different response in her. His hands, confident and guiding, cradled her face, and she found herself unexpectedly yielding to the sensation. It was unfamiliar territory for her, this surrender. But it wasn't frightening—it was liberating.

She didn't need to direct every moment with him. She could let go, even if just for now. Her body relaxed, her arms winding around him, not with a need to control, but with a desire to explore this newfound vulnerability. His kisses, once met with equal intensity, now coaxed her into a softer, more receptive state.

As she let herself be carried by the ebb and flow of their embrace, Tanya's usual rigidity began to melt away. In its place, a sense of peace and exhilaration mingled. Here, in Vigo's hold, she was not the CEO, not the control freak; she was simply Tanya, a woman discovering the sweet surrender of trust in someone else's lead.

Her breathing deepened in sync with his, and every calculated thought that typically raced through her mind quieted. All that remained was the sensation of Vigo's lips on hers, the pressure of his hands in her hair, the rough thrusting of his cock that pounded into just the right spot, and the thrilling realization that letting go didn't mean losing herself, but rather finding a new dimension of her being.

Tanya found an unexpected harmony between control and surrender, a balance she hadn't known she craved. And as her orgasm rose from deep within her core, she found herself relaxing into Vigo's embrace. As the pulsations wracked her body, she allowed herself to be pulled under while she remained safe and secure beneath him. She let him hold her as she relinquished control and still felt utterly, wonderfully whole.

When she came down, she was buzzing with sensation. No. That was the vibrator in Vigo's hand.

His lips curled into a smile. But there was no humor in it—just a shared understanding of the precipice they were teetering on. His free hand traced the contours of her body with a reverence that made her nerves sizzle. This wasn't about data or efficiency; this was human connection in its most primal form.

“Ready for round two?” Vigo's voice was a low rumble, vibrating through her very core.

“Round two?”

“Perfection requires iteration.”

The purr of the vibrator filled the space between them, a promise wrapped in silicone and circuits. As Vigo deftly navigated the controls, Tanya couldn't help but marvel at how his expertise with machinery translated into a mastery over her senses. She was still coming down from the first orgasm, but she was greedy for another with her second favorite toy. Vigo had surpassed his creation and taken first place.

He was still hard inside her as he placed the vibrator on her clit. Tanya gasped, head thrown back as the sensation spiraled. She clawed at his shoulders, grounding herself in the solid reality of muscle and sinew beneath her fingers. The sterile air of the lab mingled with the scent of their desire, forming a heady mix that drove her higher.

“Vigo,” she moaned, her voice breaking with the intensity of the moment. It was more than a plea; it was an acknowledgment of the walls crumbling between them.

“Let go, Tanya,” Vigo urged, his own composure fraying at the edges. “I've got you.”

And she did. With a release that shattered her more thoroughly than any test run of a prototype, Tanya climaxed again, waves of pleasure radiating from the core of her being. It was raw, unscripted—a narrative of flesh and soul that no amount of data could predict or contain. Her name, falling from Vigo's lips as he followed her over the edge, was the sweetest epilogue to their shared ascent.

“Damn, Ricci,” Tanya exhaled once she could find her breath, “you're going to revolutionize the industry if you keep this up.”

“Only if I'm with you,” he countered, the afterglow not dimming the sharpness of his wit.

As they lay entwined, the weight of their actions began to press upon them like the silence that follows a storm. They'd crossed lines, professionally and personally, but in that moment, Tanya couldn't bring herself to care.

“Thank you,” she murmured, her lips brushing against his skin. It was a whisper of gratitude—for the trust, for the discovery, for the unexpected tenderness that seemed to stitch the fraying edges of her world.

“Any time,” Vigo replied, his arms tightening around her. “For science, of course.”

“God, I love data analysis.” The words tumbled out amidst the laughter that bubbled up from somewhere deep and untouched. The irony wasn’t lost on her; control had always been her mantra, but this—this surrender—was a revelation.

“Best field research ever,” Vigo agreed, looking down at the vibrator that had heightened the experience between them.

He looked over at his notepad and pen. His lower lip pursed up into his upper lip. Behind his gaze, she saw it. He was calculating.

Is that all this was to him? All she was to him? Another data point?

She was still in his arms, but his mind was miles away. A torrent of doubts and questions began to swirl in Tanya’s head. The warmth of his hold contrasted sharply with the cold tendrils of uncertainty that crept into her thoughts. She couldn’t help but wonder if this was just another variable in an experiment for Vigo, the scientist always in search of data and results.

The rational part of her, the CEO, the leader, knew the boundaries—she was his boss, and their relationship was supposed to be professional. Climbing into this chair, she had crossed a line. But she had no regrets. What she did have were doubts.

Tanya had come to rely on Vigo. Not just to get her off. He was the only person in this office that she didn’t have to question, whose work she didn’t need to double-check, who she didn’t worry would make a mistake that would come back to bite her in the ass. But now, as she lay with her bare ass cradled in the leather chair and his cock still semi hard between her thighs, she was doubting him.

On one hand, there was Vigo, the engineer, whose life revolved around data, efficiency, and results. Could his actions have been driven by a calculated hypothesis, an experiment to see her response?

On the other hand, there was the Vigo she had come to know—thoughtful, dedicated, and unexpectedly gentle. The way he looked at her sometimes with a hint of something more in his eyes, suggested that perhaps, just perhaps, his feelings might mirror her own.

The doubt lingered, gnawing at her normally practical sensibilities. The idea that her emotions, so raw and real, might just be a data point in his analytical mind, was both disconcerting and distressing. Because, she realized, she had developed real feelings for him.

“Hey, Tanya, I think I left—”

Nick’s voice sliced through the silence, and time hiccupped. Tanya’s eyes flew up, locking on to Nick’s wide ones that mirrored her horror. His figure froze, framed by the doorway.

CHAPTER 8



VIGO

Vigo leaned against Tanya's office door. It was closed, and the lights were out. She always beat him in, except for this morning. He'd spent the night in the lab—in the chair where they'd been together. Her scent still lingered. It was the only thing that had allowed his mind to relax after she'd dashed out of the room behind Nick Kringle.

Now she walked toward him. Her gait was all business, her face an unreadable mask of professionalism. It was as if the lab tests and the warmth of her skin against his were figments of another man's imagination.

"Good morning, Mr. Ricci," she greeted him crisply, not a strand of her wavy brown hair out of place nor a hint of last night's vulnerability in her voice.

"Good morning, Ms. Kringle." His words were heavy with unspoken desire. He knew then, with acute clarity, that being near Tanya without the freedom to touch her intimately would be an exquisite torture he couldn't bear. He itched for pen and paper to calculate how to get back beneath her skirt. No—to get into her heart because there he would find the complete access he sought.

His heart rate increased at the sight of her. His pulse involuntarily quickened as she drew near. His palms turned warm and slightly clammy as he took her in. If there were a mirror present, he knew he would see that his pupils had dilated. It was as if his body was trying to take in more of her, to see her more clearly, a sign that spoke volumes to his logical mind.

He knew the basic biology, of course—adrenaline, the fight-or-flight response—but this was different. This was not about stress or danger; it was anticipation, excitement, something far more complex. He was used to observing variables and analyzing data, not being the subject of his own study. Yet the signs were unmistakable and, to his analytical mind, intriguing.

He was in love with Tanya Kringle.

“Come with me,” she said abruptly, gesturing with a flick of her wrist for him to follow. No room for argument, classic Tanya.

They walked past her office and into her brother’s. Without knocking, Tanya stormed in and had to immediately halt and avert her gaze. Troy’s lips detached from those of his girlfriend—a fellow toy engineer—both looking like kids caught with hands in the cookie jar. They pulled apart reluctantly, their breaths mingling in the space between them.

“Really, Troy? At work?”

“Got to test the merchandise, little-big sis.”

Maya grinned up at Troy. The usually composed scientist looked as though literal hearts were dancing in her eyes. Vigo could only find it a fascinating coincidence that both Kringle twins appeared to have the same tastes in partners.

“Nick saw us,” Tanya blurted out without preamble. “Together, in... the lab.”

Troy’s eyebrows shot up comically, an irreverent twinkle lighting his eyes. “*Together* together?”

Maya slid a sly grin toward Vigo. She gave a wink and nod, as though expressing solidarity among the ranks of toy engineers.

“He stormed away before I could explain,” Tanya was saying. “My days are likely numbered here, so—”

“Don’t be dramatic, sis,” Troy interjected, leaning against his desk, arms crossed.

“Realism isn’t drama.” Tanya crossed her arms over her chest, mimicking her twin’s stance. “But if anyone’s head is going to roll, it should be mine.”

“Over my dead body,” Troy scoffed. “You’re the brains here.”

“No, that would be Vigo,” she continued, undeterred. “He stays. His skills are non-negotiable. The prototype’s success hinges on him.” Tanya’s gaze locked onto Vigo’s, fierce and unyielding. “We need him for Chicago to thrive. He’s vital.”

Troy turned to him, eyebrow cocked. “Are you just going to stand there looking smug, or do you have something to add?”

“Leaving isn’t an option,” Vigo stated flatly. “The success of this prototype isn’t just about circuitry and silicone. It’s about us. Our combined efforts. If Tanya goes, her vision goes. And her vision is what brought us here.”

“My vision, but your execution.”

“Exactly,” Vigo shot back, the word sharp as a scalpel. “Without me, there’s no execution. Without you, no vision comes to life. We’re a package deal.”

“Quite the package,” Troy quipped, eyebrows dancing.

“I’ve analyzed the hell out of this. We’re intertwined, Tanya.”

“Intertwined,” she repeated, the word seeming to warm her like a sip of spiked cocoa.

“Professionally. Personally.” Vigo pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose with decisiveness. “I’m not the most... fluent in emotional dialects. But I’m not blind. What we have—it’s atypical.”

“Atypical.”

“Our kind of chemistry doesn’t happen every day.”

“I thought you were an engineer.”

“I am, and my engine goes nowhere unless you’re in the driver’s seat. I’ll be damned if I let some suit scare us off

course. Tanya, I—” He hesitated, then plunged forward with the reckless abandon of a man who knew the risk was worth it. “I love you. And whatever comes, we’ll face it. Together.”

“Love,” Tanya murmured, and for a heartbeat, the walls came down, her eyes reflecting something raw, real. “Together sounds...nice.”

He pulled her to him. It only surprised him a little that she yielded and came into his arms. “I’ve spent my life calculating risks, analyzing outcomes. But you... you defy every algorithm.” His thumb traced the line of her jaw, reveling in the softness of her skin.

“Defying algorithms is a specialty of mine,” she quipped, a ghost of a smile tugging at her lips.

“Then here’s one you can’t argue with: us, together. It’s a formula for success.” His hands found her waist, pulling her infinitesimally closer. “I never factored falling for you into my equations.”

“An oversight on your part.”

Her eyes sparkled with mischief, and for a moment, he could almost forget the looming complications of their entanglement.

“Best mistake of my life.” He brushed a stray lock of hair from her face, tucking it behind her ear as his thumb lingered on the soft skin of her cheek.

The door creaked, snapping them back to the present, and they turned as one to find Nick Kringle standing there, arms folded across his chest. His gaze was unreadable, but something about the set of his jaw suggested a storm brewing on the horizon.

“Nick,” Tanya began, stepping away from Vigo, her professional mask slipping back into place. “We were just—”

“Discussing the prototype,” Vigo finished with a nonchalance he didn’t feel, his eyes locked on Nick’s.

“Right.” Nick’s expression softened fractionally, a sign that maybe, just maybe, he understood more than he let on.

“Well, don’t let me interrupt the... ‘prototype development.’ I just came to deliver this paperwork for you two to sign.”

“Paperwork?” Tanya and Vigo asked together.

“Nothing too invasive,” Nick continued. “Just standard documentation, much like your brother did with his new girlfriend. And just like I did with my wife a year ago.” A shadow of something—nostalgia?—flitted across his face but vanished just as quickly. “It’s a disclosure agreement. The legalese is all about transparency and consent. We’re an adult toy company, after all.”

“Of course,” said Vigo, reaching for the pen and paper. If that was all it took to have the right to kiss and touch and do even more to this woman, he would sign his soul away.

Thankfully, it looked like Tanya felt the same way. Just as soon as he finished scribbling his signature, she yanked the pen from his hand and added her own.

“Good,” Nick said, a hint of warmth returning to his tone. “Now let’s get back to business. You’re both invaluable to this company, and frankly, Tanya, your tenacity is what makes you an excellent head of the Chicago office. Though you’ll be needing more hands on deck.”

Tanya gave a decisive nod. She might have let Vigo help her, but she was going to have to relinquish more control from her micromanaging ways. Vigo would dedicate his professional and private life to getting this woman to let go of the things she didn’t need to hold so tightly to.

“You have to understand, cuz. Success breeds expansion. So get more people in here so you can grow.”

With that, Nick stepped back, the door closing behind him with a soft click that seemed to seal their fates. Vigo exhaled slowly, feeling Tanya’s grip on his hand tighten.

Tanya turned to him, her face slowly contorting into a grin. “So...”

“So...” Vigo took a deep breath.

“Hey,” interjected Troy, “you two look like you’re about to go at it. Just remember, this is my office, and I was about to debauch my scientist in here.”

Maya’s cheeks went pink, but she didn’t contradict her boyfriend.

“Let’s get back to the lab then,” Tanya said, mustering the full force of her determination. “To making history, one satisfied customer at a time.”

“History with a buzz,” Vigo mused, following her lead as they stepped out of her brother’s office. And not a moment too soon. The rhythmic thudding of a body being pounded into the desk could be heard a second after closing the door.

“I’ve been holding out on you,” Vigo said as he kept pace with her stilettos clicking into the hardwood. “I have a few other prototypes that need...evaluating.”

“Other prototypes?”

“Some things I’ve been tinkering with. At home.” His voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper.

“You have a home lab?”

Vigo nodded.

“Is this an invitation to your inner sanctum?”

“Consider it a professional inquiry,” he said with a playful tilt of his head. “Care to come over and give me your...expert opinion?”

She pretended to ponder, tapping a finger against her lips. “I suppose it would be irresponsible not to.”

“Utterly,” he agreed, a grin stretching across his face.

“Then I accept,” Tanya declared, her smile reflecting his. “Lead the way, Ricci.”

Vigo walked beside Tanya toward the exit, keenly aware of the subtle tension in the air between them. He could sense her anticipation, almost palpable, as they moved in sync. For him, the allure was not just in the prospects of their professional

collaboration on new toys, but in the unexplored personal journey that lay ahead with her.

As a scientist, he was no stranger to navigating uncharted territories, yet this was different. The thrill of discovery in this new personal dimension with Tanya, the possibility of intertwining their personal and professional lives, presented an enticing challenge. It was a realm where control and precision, his usual companions, mingled with the unpredictable nature of feelings and relationships.

He glanced at Tanya, observing the way she moved with a confidence that had always captivated him. Now there was a hint of something more—a willingness to explore, to relinquish even more of her tightly held control to him. It humbled him, the idea of being with someone who was as strong-willed as he was yet open to the vulnerabilities of a personal connection.

As they reached the door, she allowed him to hold it open for her. But then she reached back and grabbed his hand, entwining his fingers with her own. Vigo realized that they were on the cusp of something new and potentially transformative. It wasn't just about the projects they would work on together or the partnership that extended beyond the confines of the office. It was the knowledge that every theory he tested from this day forward, every blueprint he drew, he'd have her at his side, at his back, and beneath him at some points too.

Tanya might be the one willing to cede control to him, but he had already surrendered his heart and mind to this strong and capable woman. Vigo knew with her he would never fail at anything.



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