



A
Little
DOUBLE
WEDDING

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Stella Moore
Golden Angel

A LITTLE DOUBLE WEDDING

A Rawhide Ranch Story

STELLA MOORE
GOLDEN ANGEL



CONTENTS

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[About Stella Moore](#)

[Also by Stella Moore](#)

[About Golden Angel](#)

[Also by Golden Angel](#)

[Red Hot Romance](#)

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Holidays at Rawhide Ranch

A Mischievous Little Mardi Gras

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



PROLOGUE

Hayleigh

Their house looked like Christmas had thrown up all over it, wedding guests were scheduled to arrive in two days, and her husband-to-be was nowhere to be found.

She was going to kill him.

“What was that?”

“Huh?” Giving herself a mental shake, Hayleigh blinked down at the phone she’d completely forgotten she was holding. “Sorry, I got distracted. Are you packed yet?”

“I’m getting there, Miss Impatient.” Vicky’s laugh was infectious, and Hayleigh found herself giggling in response. “I pinky promise I’ll be all packed and ready to go tonight.”

“Can you pinky swear over the phone? I’m not sure it counts if actual pinkies aren’t involved.”

“The philosophical question of our generation.”

“It’s important!” Giggling again, Hayleigh turned her back on the mess in her living room and headed for the sanctuary of her bedroom. “How can I know the proper steps to take if said

pinky promise is broken if I don't know that it actually *is* a pinky promise?"

"Well, you don't need to worry about that because I have no intention of breaking this one. How am I supposed to hug your neck until your head pops off if I miss my flight?"

"Umm, you are definitely not supposed to do that anyway. Where will my headpiece go if you pop my head off?"

"That's a fair question. I'm still going to give you the biggest, bestest hug in the history of hugs when I see you!"

"Ditto! I wish it was tomorrow already. But fair warning, our house looks like a warzone, and I'm not sure I'll be able to get it really cleaned up tonight. Especially since I can't seem to find my *freaking fiancé anywhere*." Her voice rose on the last few words, as if speaking them loudly enough would magically conjure him.

No such luck.

"Girl, don't even worry about it. In fact, I'm gonna have Saul text Connor and tell him you aren't to lift a single finger until I get there. We will get everything ready together."

The instinctual protest burned on her tongue, but she forced herself to pause. Doctor Denton would probably tell her it was okay to accept the help, and that everything didn't have to be perfect. It didn't feel completely true, but if Vicky was basically saying the same thing then there had to be *some* truth to it, right?

"Thanks." As soon as the word left her mouth, she instantly felt lighter. Not worrying about her house being spotless by the time Vicky and Saul arrived took a good bit of weight off her shoulders. A rush of excitement flooded her, as

if it had just been waiting for the worry to vacate the premises.
“Oh my god. We’re getting married!”

“I know! I can’t believe it’s finally happening!”

They squealed in unison, and Hayleigh did a happy dance around her bedroom. “This is going to be the best wedding the Ranch has ever seen!”

A loud laugh had her spinning around to find Connor leaning against the door jamb, watching her. “Was there ever any doubt about that, jellybean?”

“Daddy!” More of the weight lifted as she rushed to him, throwing her arms around his neck. “I thought you’d disappeared!”

“Why would I do that when everything I want is right here?”

“Oh, gross.” Exaggerated gagging noises came through the phone’s speaker. “Save it for the honeymoon, you two!”

Grinning up at her Daddy, Hayleigh rose on her tiptoes and pressed a loud, noisy kiss to his lips, earning another round of faux disgust from Vicky.

“Seriously, get a room!”

“That actually sounds like a great idea. Bye, Vicky.” Reaching over his shoulder and plucking the phone from Hayleigh’s hand, Connor hit the button to end the call over Vicky’s indignant gasp.

“Hey! We were talking!” Hayleigh took a step back and planted her fists on her hips, glaring up at him.

“And now you’re not. Come here.” Wrapping an arm around her waist, Connor yanked her to him, pressing her up

against him in a move that never failed to make her knees weak. “I can’t wait to marry you, Hayleigh Anne.”

Yup, there went her knees. Hopefully he was planning to carry her everywhere for the rest of the day because there was no way her legs would be up to the task if he kept it up. “Yeah?”

“Mmhmm. How about I show you how much I’m looking forward to our wedding night?”

Her laugh echoed around the room as he walked her backward to their bed. “Connor, we can’t. We still have so much to do before Vicky and Saul get here.”

“It can wait.”

“Not if you want this wedding to actually happen, it can’t.” With another giggle, she ducked under his arm and danced out of reach. “Has all the food been delivered?”

Connor turned, his expression intent as he took a step toward her. “Everything is on schedule, jellybean. Come here.”

“Nope. I still need to check with Erika to make sure the reservations are right for the guests arriving on Wednesday, and double check the florist delivery time, and—”

“You’ve checked and double-checked and triple-checked everything, baby. Nothing is going to ruin our day. I promise.”

“But what if—Connor!” She squealed when he pounced, pinning her against the dresser.

“You’ll drive yourself crazy with ‘what ifs’.” Lowering his head, he nipped at her neck, and a thrill raced down her spine at the flash of pain. “Let me drive you crazy for a bit. See if

we can't turn off that busy little brain of yours for a few minutes."

"We can't. There's too much to do."

"And it's all being handled." But he stepped back with a sigh and brushed a stray lock of hair from her face. "All right. One hour of wedding craziness, and then you're taking a nap."

"Connor, I don't have time for a nap."

The change in him was so subtle most people would have missed it. But for her, there was no mistaking the way his eyes darkened, or the firming of his jaw as he cupped her chin in his hand. "You are taking a nap, little girl, and that is final. The only choice you have in the matter is whether you take one with or without a sore bottom. Am I understood?"

Calm washed over her, as if he'd flipped a switch. "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl. Now, what do you need me to do?"

They spent the hour working their way through the items that could be handled with a phone call, then true to his word, he shooed her away to the bedroom for a nap. But even with the threat of a spanking hanging over her, she couldn't sleep. Excitement and worry pumped through her veins with every beat of her heart, keeping her awake as her mind raced. So many details meant hundreds of opportunities for *something* to go wrong, and it seemed like her brain was determined to show her every single possible "something".

Since Daddy had confiscated her phone, it was the beeping of the microwave that alerted her that her hour was up. Rolling off the bed, she raced back out to the living room.

And stopped dead in her tracks at the sight that greeted her.

It was spotless. Other than the decorations themselves, there was no trace of their Christmas festivities to be found. Everything was where it was supposed to be, and tears filled her eyes as she took it in.

“Have a good nap, baby?”

He was standing in the kitchen, drying his hands on a towel. Which meant the dishes she'd been too exhausted to wash last night must have been done. A sob caught in her throat as she launched herself at him, covering his face with dozens of little kisses.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you! You are the best Daddy in the whole wide world!”

“You're welcome, jellybean. What else do we need to get done today?”

For the first time in weeks, she didn't feel like she was waiting for the rug to be pulled out from under her. No matter what, she was marrying the man of her dreams alongside one of her best friends in the whole wide world.

And absolutely nothing was going to ruin their perfect day.

* * *

Vicky

Pouting, Vicky glared at the phone in her hand. “He hung up on me!”

“Good, maybe that means you'll finally focus on finishing packing,” her fiancé Saul replied, pointing at the half-empty suitcase in front of her and raising his eyebrows. It was a good

thing the man was so handsome, it made it harder to be mad when he was all bossy and hot.

Not impossible. Just harder.

She stuck her tongue out at him, and Saul wagged his finger at her.

“Don’t go thinking you can get away with bad behavior just because we’re getting married this weekend,” he said warningly.

“But then how will I get my packing done?” she asked in a faux innocent voice. Saul shook his head and she laughed, holding up her hands in surrender. “I’m kidding, I’m doing it, I’m doing it.”

Truthfully, she not only didn’t want to know what his punishment would be, he could be deviously creative, but she really did want to get packed so she didn’t have to worry about anything tonight. She wanted to be able to rest and relax before their flight tomorrow. Her wedding dress had already been shipped and arrived safely. She’d visit it as soon as possible once they got to the Ranch. But she still needed a pajama outfit for the bachelorette party, something to wear to the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner, and a dress for the morning-after brunch.

The only thing she didn’t have to pack for was their honeymoon. They’d be leaving straight from the brunch and Saul had taken care of packing for her. All she knew was that he’d packed remarkably little clothing, and most of it had been lingerie and bathing suits. She still had no idea where they were going, and she was trying really hard not to think about it because trying to get any information out of Saul was like trying to break into Fort Knox.

Getting back to folding her underwear, Vicky snuck a look at her soon-to-be husband. She couldn't believe how lucky she was. He was everything she'd ever wanted in a partner: encouraging, generous, funny, handsome, and with a stern side that her inner brat adored. Right now he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, showing off his muscular chef forearms, and his silver head was bent over his own suitcase.

Despite the fact that they were only about five years apart in age and he was in his early thirties, his hair had been silvery white since he was in his early twenties. Add that to his piercing blue eyes and he was incredibly striking in appearance. She sometimes felt a little more plain Jane next to him, but she knew she wouldn't feel that way on her wedding day. She was looking forward to blowing him away.

“Hmm.”

Vicky's head jerked up.

“Hmm what?”

“Nothing.” Saul shoved his phone back in his pocket. Scowling, Vicky threw a pair of her underwear at him. Since it was neatly folded when she threw it, it actually managed a direct hit.

“Don't 'nothing' me, 'hmm' what?” That hmm had meant something. It wasn't a regular hmm. She knew all the little sounds Saul made when he was thinking or reacting to something and that was a bad “hmm”.

He sighed. She knew it.

“There's a possible snowstorm heading for Montana—stay calm. Right now it's looking like it should miss the Ranch, but it might affect some of the guests who are flying in from the West Coast.”

Guests like her brother and cousins then. She wasn't super close to any of them really, it was hard to be when they were across the country, but she loved them all and she did want them at her wedding.

“Shoot, do you think we should—”

Saul pointed his finger at her, going straight into Daddy Dom mode.

“Absolutely not, babygirl. We cannot control the weather. Our guests can figure out their own flights. They probably knew about the storm before we did, I only know because Derek just texted me about it. Now, get your cute little butt packing so that we can enjoy the rest of our evening together.”

He really was lucky that he was so hot when he was bossy.

“Yes, Daddy.” She had no doubt that if he decided she needed a spanking to help calm her down, he would put a pause on the packing to give her one. Granted, spankings did often make her feel better but that didn't mean she always wanted one. Especially right now. If she had to pause for punishment, it would delay the rest of their plans for the evening, and she'd much rather have a nice dinner and hot sex without the smarting bottom.

She took a deep breath and got back to packing. He was right, of course. There was nothing they could do about the weather. Her brother and cousins were adults. They could figure out their own travel plans, and all she would be able to do was call and text and hassle them. She couldn't actually help.

Hopefully, it wouldn't be a big deal. She just wanted this one weekend to be perfect. Was that really too much to ask?

CHAPTER 1

Saul

Turning onto the road to Rawhide Ranch, Saul was reminded rather forcibly of the last time he and Vicky had turned on this road. They hadn't been engaged yet, though he'd had the ring in his pocket. She and Hayleigh hadn't even met each other yet. And now they were here for a double wedding with Connor and Hayleigh. Somehow, the two women had become incredibly close despite the distance, and he was grateful for it.

He knew he was a more sociable person than Vicky, she was more of an introvert than he was, so it made him really happy that she'd connected so well with Hayleigh. It didn't exactly surprise him because the two of them were so alike in a lot of ways.

Practically bouncing in her seat beside him, Vicky's fingers tightened around his.

"We're here, we're here," she sang under her breath. He grinned.

The only worry on the horizon was the snowstorm, but hopefully it wouldn't be too bad and the flights would be able to go around it. At least it wasn't coming for the Ranch. He

could only imagine the meltdown Vicky would have if that happened.

It had been difficult enough keeping her from stressing out too much. More than once he'd gone Daddy Dom on her and pretty much forced her to relax—sometimes with a hot red bottom because she'd mouthed off about it. He'd had to literally pry her away from her Pinterest board one time.

Bridezilla she wasn't, but she was very anxious about wanting to make sure everything went perfectly and that everyone had a good time. So did he, but he wasn't as anxious about it as she was. In some ways he was a perfectionist and in other ways he could be very laid back, and his life had taught him to roll with the punches.

Also, if he did have any nerves, he was absolutely going to hide them from Vicky. She didn't need to be worrying over how *he* was feeling on top of her own nerves.

“What are you more excited about, the Ranch, the wedding, or seeing Hayleigh?” he asked, amused.

“Mostly the wedding but seeing Hayleigh is a close number two.” She turned her head to grin at him, her eyes sparkling joyously. “I promise you're at the top of my list though.”

Saul chuckled, squeezing her fingers back.

“Trust me, I'm not worried about my place in your life.”

She stuck her tongue out at him and then looked back out the window.

“I won't lie, I'm actually a little bit nervous about the Ranch. There's no way my parents are going to stumble across... anything, right?” The worry was clear in her voice, and it wasn't the first time she'd brought this up, though their

last and only conversation about it had been months ago when she and Hayleigh had first decided to do the double wedding.

Somehow it didn't surprise him that she needed some extra reassurance now that they were actually here.

“They won't know a thing. Remember, all the Little stuff is kept completely separate from the guest areas of the Ranch. Derek and Sadie are making sure that all the extras are hidden away. As long as no one takes the elevator down to the Dungeon or wanders into the Littles' Wing—which there's no reason they would—they'll have no idea.”

He rubbed his thumb against her hand, feeling her relax at his words. The main house was coming into sight, and he smiled as he saw another bouncing woman standing at the top of the stairs, already waving her hands. “And look, there's Hayleigh. Her family doesn't know either, remember? There's no way... Victoria Ann don't you dare undo your seatbelt before I come to a complete stop!”

The bratty sigh that came out of her mouth made his palm itch, but he already knew he wasn't going to punish her. Mostly because she hadn't *actually* unbuckled her seatbelt, and she pulled her hand back the moment he told her to. She was excited to see Hayleigh, but she'd obeyed, so he'd let her get away with a sigh.

The second the car came to a halt, the belt was unbuckled, and she was on the porch hugging Hayleigh before he'd even managed to turn the car off. Laughing, Saul shook his head. Behind Hayleigh, Connor was reacting in a similar manner, arms crossed over his chest, shaking his head ruefully as he watched the two women somehow managing to hug and jump up and down simultaneously without falling over.

Honestly, it was kind of impressive, as long as they didn't get too close to the stairs. He could see Connor eying them, like he was having the same thought. The huge Daddy Dom would catch them both if they started to go down, so Saul knew he didn't have to worry about that.

Getting out of the car, Saul closed the door, grinning.

"Using your wedding as an excuse to take a whole week off, huh?" he called out to Connor as he moved around the car, headed for the porch. The two of them were always giving each other a hard time. It was just part of their relationship. "I should have known I'd find you lazing about."

"Lazing about?" Connor bristled, though Saul knew it was all an act. The girls ignored them, used to how they interacted. "I'll have you know I was working right up until ten minutes ago, unlike you."

"I was working right up until I had to leave for my flight. It's not my fault you couldn't be bothered to budge yourself from your home and I have to travel to you for my own wedding."

"If I'm so lazy and you're the hard worker I guess you won't need help with any of those bags," Connor retorted, opening his arms wide for a hug. The two men came together, giving each other a fast embrace with a few hard thuds on the back before separating.

They found that Vicky and Hayleigh had finally stopped bouncing and were now watching them with nearly identical amused expressions, one arm slung around each other with their outer arms bent to put a hand on their hips. It made them look a little bit like conjoined twins.

"You two are ridiculous," Vicky said, shaking her head.

“They really are. But we’re so glad to have you here.” Hayleigh leaned into Vicky, squeezing her side again.

“It’s good to be here! You’re so calm though, aren’t you freaked out about the storm? Your parents are from California right?”

Beside Saul, Connor winced while Hayleigh went stiff as a poker, her face paling.

“Storm?”

* * *

Connor

Crap on a cracker.

Sweet Jesus. He was even thinking in Hayleigh-isms now.

Holding his hands out, he lowered his voice, taking on the soothing “Daddy voice” that usually helped to calm her.

Usually.

“It’s not a big deal, jellybean. I already talked to your parents and—”

He didn’t need Saul’s sharp intake of breath to know he’d fucked up. It was written all over his Little girl’s face.

“You *knew* about this?”

Even if Hayleigh hadn’t been glaring daggers at him, the look on Vicky’s face would have felled him on the spot. Biting back a resigned sigh, he nodded. “Yes.”

“And you didn’t tell me?” Hayleigh’s voice rose a few octaves, teetering on the verge of shrill.

Shit. If he didn’t get a handle on her soon, she was going to have a full-blown meltdown, and that was the last thing she needed today. “Look, baby, everything that can be done is being done to get your family here. One way or another, they’ll be at our wedding, I promise.”

He tensed, waiting for the inevitable explosion.

Except... it didn’t come.

Closing her eyes, Hayleigh dragged in a deep breath and slowly blew it out. A moment later, her eyes popped open again, and there was a serene smile plastered on her face. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Too suspicious of her calm acceptance to be relieved, he narrowed his eyes at her. “That’s it? Just okay?”

“Yes. We can’t control the weather, so whatever is going to happen is going to happen. We’ll just have to deal with it as it comes.”

“Right. Well... I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner.”

“It’s okay. Can I go show Vicki her dress?”

“If it’s all right with Saul.”

The girls shot nearly identical pleading looks in Saul’s direction, and the other man laughed. “Of course. I’ll get us checked into our room. Behave yourselves!” he called after them as they took off for the front doors.

“Fuck,” Connor muttered when they disappeared from sight.

“You are indeed fucked, my friend.” Clapping Connor on the shoulder, Saul shook his head with exaggerated disappointment. “What were you thinking?”

“I was *hoping* the storm would be a non-issue and she’d never have to know. She’s been beyond stressed. Hell, I have her on a schedule just so she remembers to eat.”

Saul let out a low whistle. “You didn’t tell me that.”

“There was nothing to tell. I can handle my girl.” A defensive edge entered his tone, but he couldn’t seem to help it. Hayleigh wasn’t the only one stressing about this weekend.

“Nobody said you couldn’t, Grumpy Gus. But I get it. Vicky’s been the same. I’ve had to really crack down on how much time she spends obsessing over this freaking wedding.”

“We should have eloped,” Connor grumbled darkly.

“Yup.” Laughing, Saul squeezed Connor’s shoulder. “Too late, now.”

“Dammit.” Already mentally planning the massive apology he owed Hayleigh, Connor sighed. “Let’s go get you checked in and then go find our women.”

“Lead the way.”

* * *

Hayleigh

A fucking snowstorm. Of course. The one thing she *couldn't* control had to be the one thing going wrong.

“Earth to Hayleigh.”

“What?” Jumping at the sound of Vicky’s fingers snapping in front of her face, Hayleigh gave herself a hard mental shake. “Sorry, I got distracted.”

“Is ‘distracted’ code for ‘silently freaking out about a massive snowstorm that may or may not keep half our family from making it to our wedding’?”

“Of course that’s what it’s code for!” Her voice rose with each syllable until she was dangerously close to a shriek. Several heads turned her way, and she deliberately lowered her voice again. “But I can’t let Connor see me freaking out or he’ll just make me take a nap or something, like that’s going to solve everything.”

“I dunno, the ‘or something’ can be a lot of fun.” At Hayleigh’s heated glare, Vicky held her hands up in surrender. “Sorry, just trying to lighten the mood. He’s an asshole for not telling you about the storm. Better?”

“Much better. Thanks,” Hayleigh deadpanned. The panic that had been simmering beneath the surface for the past few weeks was threatening to bubble over. “What if my parents and my brothers can’t make it? I can’t get married without them, Vicky.”

Her friend grimaced, which did nothing to ease the bubbling unease in Hayleigh’s gut.

“I know. Saul is all ‘they’re all adults and they are perfectly capable of figuring out the logistics for themselves’.” She mimicked her fiancé’s tones perfectly, making air quotes with her fingers as she did so. Then she sighed and sagged, rubbing her hand over her face. “He’s not wrong though, even if he is preachy. We just have to trust that everything is going to work out and nothing is going to ruin our perfect day.”

“I’m trying, I promise I am. I swear if I had known it would be this stressful to plan a wedding, I would have just asked Connor to elope. Vegas is just a ninety-nine-dollar flight away.”

“Yeah, right.” Beside her, Vicky snorted. “Like anyone would have let us get away with that. I don’t know about your parents, but mine are expecting the big white wedding with all the trimmings.”

“Please, my parents would be just as happy if we had a handfasting ceremony on a beach somewhere with nobody but the seagulls for guests.”

“But would *you* have been happy with that?”

“No.” With a heavy sigh, Hayleigh let her head drop onto Vicky’s shoulder. “I know I would have regretted not having the big wedding I’ve always wanted. I just wish it wasn’t so stressful.”

Her phone buzzed and she pulled it out of her pocket, rolling her eyes at the notification on the display. “Come on. Let’s go see your dress, and then I need to eat something.”

“You have an alarm on your phone to remind you to eat?” Vicky’s eyebrows winged up in surprise. “That’s new.”

“Yeah, Daddy set it up a few days before Christmas. I kept forgetting to eat, so now I have an app that reminds me to eat all three meals, plus two ‘healthy snacks’.”

Mischief twinkled in Vicky’s eyes. “Did he ever define ‘healthy’?”

“Ah, no, not really.”

“Got any leftover Christmas cookies?”

The slide into her Little space wasn't as easy or immediate as it had been a few months ago, but the stress still seemed to melt away as she felt herself moving into that headspace. "We have *tons*. Did I tell you about the Great Cookie Caper?"

"No! Tell me *everything*."



CHAPTER 2

Saul

“I will be so glad when this is over,” Saul muttered, checking his phone again. As much as he was telling Vicky not to stress about it, he was constantly checking his own phone for updates on the storm and communicating with everyone who was going to be affected by it. With as stressed as she’d been about planning a wedding long distance, he didn’t want to add to it, especially when there would be very little she could actually do to affect what was happening.

Still, he winced guiltily when he realized he’d said the words aloud, looking over at where Connor was putting Vicky’s bags on the dresser of the room they’d be staying in.

“Same,” Connor said almost mournfully, and Saul relaxed. He’d worried Connor would judge him and he’d have to explain himself—which he could, but he still felt bad about wanting the wedding to be over. It was just one day but the planning had been going on forever, and the amount of pressure on the one day was mounting higher and higher. “I’m glad Hayleigh is getting everything she wants, but I worry about what it’s doing to her.”

“Exactly. Vicky is holding it together pretty well so far, but I keep waiting for her to freak out. I thought the storm was going to do it.”

“Yeah, thanks for throwing me under the bus. You couldn’t just keep Vicky in the dark too? I thought we agreed not to stress them out any more than they had to be.”

“Hey, I didn’t know you hadn’t told Hayleigh. It’s more like you tripped and fell into the bus’s path on your own.” Saul shrugged. “Besides, it’s unrealistic to think someone wouldn’t have mentioned it.”

Connor let out a deep sigh.

“You’re probably right. She took it better than I thought she would, though I’m pretty sure she’s hiding how she really feels about it. But the fact that she *can* hide it means she’s not as freaked out as I worried she would be.”

“The main thing is that we get through this weekend.” Saul looked around the room. “I can take care of the rest of this later, and Vicky is going to want to unpack her own things. Let’s go find our girls and make sure they aren’t getting into any trouble.”

As they walked out into the hall, Saul came to a halt when he saw who was waiting for them. Master Derek, who owned Rawhide Ranch, had been leaning against the far wall, and he now straightened as Saul and Connor exited the room. Tall, with his broad frame draped in flannel, he looked every bit the Montana ranch owner he was, even if his Ranch was a little out of the norm.

“The front desk let me know you were here,” Master Derek said, holding out his hand for Saul to shake. “Welcome back.”

“Thank you, it’s good to be back.” Saul squeezed the other man’s hand in gratitude. “We can’t thank you enough for letting us have the wedding here, especially since I’m sure it was a substantial amount of work to get everything ready for vanilla guests.”

Derek chuckled.

“It was actually a fun challenge, and the Littles helped. It became a game, trying to remember what’s actually kinky and what’s vanilla. Granted, we couldn’t do anything about some of the hardware on the furniture but...”

“They’ll probably just think it’s decoration or something. Though, if my mom knows what a d-ring is for, I don’t want to know.” Saul shook his head and Connor shuddered beside him in agreement, and Derek laughed.

“We should be prepared—though, have you been watching the storm that’s coming north? It’s looking like it’ll hit here sometime on Friday, but it’s affecting a lot of flights further south right now, and I know a lot of the guests are coming in on Friday.”

Both Connor and Saul groaned. Yeah. There was no way someone wouldn’t have told Hayleigh about the storm. Saul had a feeling it was going to be a topic of conversation around the Ranch over the next few days, so he wasn’t going to feel bad for outing the weather report in front of her.

“We’re aware. So far no flights have been canceled, but it’s still a possibility.” Saul and Connor exchanged a glance.

If flights started getting canceled, Saul predicted a meltdown of epic proportions, and he was already mentally preparing for worst-case-scenarios. So was Vicky’s family and they’d all said they would attend by internet feed if nothing

else, but he knew it wasn't ideal and Vicky would be upset if that happened.

All of his friends and family were coming from the East Coast, so it wasn't the same for him. He kind of wished they could switch places, because he wouldn't be nearly as upset about people attending over video call as she would.

"The wedding party is arriving tomorrow and all of them are coming from the East Coast," said Connor. "So at least we don't have to worry about them."

"Everyone except Vicky's cousin, her matron-of-honor, and she's driving here with her husbands. They should arrive tomorrow afternoon too." Saul didn't bother to hide that Vicky's cousin Cindy had two "husbands" even though she was legally only married to one of them. One of the benefits of being on the Ranch was that no one here was going to judge. He'd already given his family a heads up and he knew Connor and Hayleigh had done so with theirs as well.

Some of them thought it was weird, but no one was going to say anything rude. At least, they'd better not. Vicky was very protective of her cousin.

"Good." Derek nodded. "Sounds like everything is well in hand then."

"Everything except our girls, currently." Saul glanced at Connor. "We should go fetch them and make sure they're not getting into trouble. Or getting each other worked up."

Alarm flashed through Connor's eyes.

"Definitely. We'll see you around Derek." Connor was off and moving before he'd even finished speaking. Shaking his head, Saul gave Derek a wave and hurried to catch up with his friend.

“Hey! Slow down, long legs, we’re not all built like Bigfoot!”

* * *

Vicky

Her dress was safe and sound, which made Vicky feel better about literally everything.

“It’s so pretty.” Hayleigh sighed, running her fingers over the layered skirt with its lace detailing. The lace covered the top of the dress completely all the way up to the sweetheart neckline. It wasn’t quite off-the-shoulder, but the neckline was very wide and netting under the lace would cling to the very tops of Vicky’s shoulders. The netting went down to her wrists with more of the lace detailing on the arms, though she wouldn’t be covered completely. A belt with a sparkling applique on the front center of it wrapped around the waist.

It was a complete and total princess dress and Vicky was having to fight the urge to put it on. The main thing stopping her was knowing that Saul and Connor would be coming to find them any minute, and if Saul saw her in the dress before the wedding with a snowstorm on the way... yeah, she was not going to risk that kind of bad luck.

“Yours is so pretty,” Vicky said. The two dresses were hanging side by side so they could see them together and it was a stunning vision. Hayleigh’s dress was more of a flowy material that crisscrossed across the top before flowing down to swirl around her legs. The sleeves were long like Vicky’s but looser, with a gorgeous lace appliqué running from the

shoulder to the wrist. When Hayleigh had sent her a video of her trying it on, Vicky had thought she'd looked like a fairy princess. "We're going to look amazing."

"Yes, we are. At least we don't have to worry about that part." Hayleigh grimaced. "Sorry, I wasn't going to bring up the storm again but..."

"Yeah." Vicky sighed. "Here, let's get these put away before the guys come to find us."

They carefully put the dresses back in their bags and zipped them up, returning them to the back of Hayleigh's closet. It physically hurt to pull her fingers away from the hanger, but she made herself do it.

Then she flopped onto the bed on her back, letting out all the air in her lungs and hoping it would make some of the churning stress in her stomach go away. It didn't.

"You okay?" Hayleigh flopped on the bed beside Vicky, but she was lying on her stomach. Vicky turned her head to look at her.

"Trying not to think of all the things that could go wrong. Like I didn't have enough to worry about even without a snowstorm."

Hayleigh wrinkled her nose.

"Tell me about it. There's all the normal wedding stuff, and a hundred details that could go wrong. And then we have to keep all the kinky stuff a secret from half our guests."

Looking back up at the ceiling Vicky stared blankly at the creamy white paint above her.

"I don't know if my parents would care about the Daddy Dom stuff, but it's not something I want to discuss with them

either. I still call *my* dad ‘daddy’ sometimes. Especially when I want something. But the connotation and meaning are totally different. It feels different. Visiting them or having them visit us at home is one thing, but now that we’re at the Ranch I’m feeling more... I don’t know.”

“More like a Little?”

“Yeah.” Vicky sighed. “It’s harder to separate my headspace here, you know? I didn’t really think that through when we decided to have the wedding here.”

“Yeah, I do know. I’m so used to calling Connor ‘Daddy’ all the time, I don’t know how I’m going to make it two days without slipping up.” Groaning, Hayleigh threw an arm across her face. “I mean, his family knows some stuff about the Ranch, but they don’t know about the Littles’ program, and they definitely don’t know I’m a Little. And my family doesn’t know anything. I’m sorta freaking out I’m going to end up outing us to everyone and they’ll all think we’re total weirdos and never want to see us again. But at the same time I’m glad we’re having the wedding where I’m most at home.”

“Yeah, I’m glad it’s here. I just wish I could... no, I don’t wish I could tell my parents. I cannot imagine their reaction.” Vicky started giggling, despite herself. Sure, her giggles were verging on hysteria rather than humor, but hey, she was getting married this weekend. A little hysteria was understandable. “I don’t think they’d ever be able to look at Saul the same way again... and I would never be able to look them in the eyes again.”

“You know, I read in a book that kink can be genetic. Which means that maybe your parents—”

Hayleigh didn’t get to finish her sentence because Vicky reached out and grabbed a pillow from the head of the bed,

swinging it over herself to slam into Hayleigh.

“Nooooo, don’t you dare finish that sentence! And if it’s true for me, it could be true for you too!”

“Ew, don’t say that!” Hayleigh grabbed another pillow and began to whack Vicky with it. And just like that, the pillow fight was on.

* * *

Connor

Squeals of laughter met his ears when he and Saul stepped through the front door of his home, and Connor immediately felt the tension drain from his shoulders. If they were laughing, they weren’t getting each other worked up over wedding stuff.

Laughter didn’t preclude them from getting into some kind of mischief, but he was willing to overlook a few shenanigans if it kept Hayleigh happy.

Glancing over at Saul, he pressed a finger to his lips. Saul nodded and they crept down the hall toward the bedroom he shared with Hayleigh.

The sight that greeted them melted away even more of the stress. Seeing Hayleigh laughing and playing like she didn’t have a care in the world gave him hope they were going to get through the next few days without a major meltdown.

As long as the weather cooperated, anyway.

“Ahem.” Doing his best to look stern, he crossed his arms and glared at the two mischief-makers. “Is there a reason

you're trying to ruin my very expensive pillows?"

"Whoops." Hayleigh scrambled off the bed, holding the pillow behind her back as if she could hide the evidence. "We were just, um..."

"Testing their durability," Vicky offered with a wide grin. "Can't have my friends sleeping on inferior pillows."

They managed to keep a straight face for about five seconds, which was five seconds longer than he'd expected. But then they made the mistake of looking at each other, and they dissolved into giggles once more.

"Brats," Connor mumbled, shaking his head. But he couldn't quite keep the smile off his face.

"Yeah, but they're our brats." Beside him, Saul wasn't even trying to look stern. Hands in his pockets, he was grinning widely at their girls.

"Well, since they *mostly* seem to be behaving themselves, why don't we leave them to it? I've got a new recipe for meatball gnocchi soup I want to try for dinner, and I could use a hand in the kitchen."

"Connor Blackburn, admitting he needs help?" Eyes wide with feigned shock, Saul slapped a hand over his chest, which sent the girls off into another fit of giggles. "I never thought I'd see the day."

"I didn't say I needed *help*, I said I could use a *hand*. Consider yourself my sous chef for the evening."

"Whatever you need. Unlike some people, I'm not too proud to chop vegetables."

"You're a pain in my ass, you know that?"

"Ditto."

Glancing back at the girls, his gaze locked with Hayleigh's. Now that the high of their impromptu pillow fight was apparently wearing off, worry was filling her eyes again. "Can you two give us a minute? I need to talk to Hayleigh."

"Sure. Come on, Vicky. You can help me start prepping dinner."

"Oh sure, put your fiancée to work just a few days before you marry her. I can see what kind of marriage this is going to be," Vicky mumbled in a sassy tone as she followed Saul out of the bedroom. A loud *crack* was followed by her surprised squeal and Saul's low grumble.

Ignoring them, Connor crossed the room and pulled Hayleigh into his arms. Her back went stiff at first, but little by little she softened until she finally sighed and snuggled into his embrace.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the snowstorm, baby. I didn't want to stress you out any more than you already were."

"So, what was the plan?" Pulling away, she raised an eyebrow in an almost perfect imitation of the look he gave her fairly often. "Were you just going to let me find out when all the other guests arrived except, you know, *my whole family*?"

"Honestly? I hadn't thought that far ahead. Being the eternal optimist I am, I was hoping it wouldn't be an issue at all."

That got another giggle out of her. "I'm not sure anyone would ever use that term to describe you, Connor."

He'd gotten so used to being "Daddy" over the past two years, hearing her use his name was always a jolt. But she also had a tendency to try and act more "grown up" when she was

around Vicky, which amused him because Saul had told him Vicky always acted more Little when they were together.

Pretending he hadn't noticed, he tightened his hold on her, pulling her up to her tiptoes in a move that had her gasping, her eyes dilating with need. "Keep it up, brat, and you won't get the proper apology I had planned for you tonight."

"Oh?" The single syllable came out somewhat breathless. "What did you have planned?"

"You'll find out if you're a good girl." Lowering his head, he captured her lips in a searing kiss, a promise of more to come.

"I'll be *so* good."

"We'll see about that." After another quick, heated kiss, he loosened his hold on her. "Saul and I are going to make dinner and you girls can do... whatever it is girls do before their wedding. Then we're going to eat and talk about literally anything else for a change."

"Uh huh. Good luck with that... old man."

"Hey now. Saul is the old man around here, brat." With a single playful swat to her bottom, he left the bedroom and headed for the kitchen.

CHAPTER 3

Vicky

“What about the boutonnières?” Vicky asked. She felt Saul’s leg shift beside hers, his foot gently pressing down on hers. It was a warning. Both he and Connor had been exchanging glances for the past five minutes while she and Hayleigh went over every single aspect of the wedding.

Truthfully, she and Hayleigh had been talking about the wedding for about half an hour now, but it was only in the last five minutes that the men seemed to start caring.

It was like a sickness though, now that they’d started, she couldn’t get herself to stop. She had to know about every last detail, even though she and Hayleigh had gone over it on the phone before.

“I looked at each and every one, none of them got damaged in shipping. They’re good. Although...” Hayleigh surreptitiously glanced at the guys, who seemed to be having some kind of silent conversation with just their eyes. She dropped her voice down a little. “I’m a little worried that they might be a little gaudier than we realized.”

Vicky chewed on her lower lip.

“Maybe we can look at them after dinner? I’m sure we can fix them if we need to.”

“No, absolutely not.”

Saul’s firm denial cut off whatever answer Hayleigh had been about to give. She snapped her mouth shut and glared at him from across the table, her expression matching Vicky’s as she turned to look at Saul.

“You can’t tell me what to do!” Her outrage was clear and bordering a bit on shrill, she could hear it in her voice. Emotions were bubbling up inside her, pushing at her, and she struggled to keep them under control. Part of her wanted to scream at him even though she knew the impulse wasn’t rational.

“Yes, I can,” Saul said calmly, his voice deepening to what she internally called his ‘Daddy’ tone. She felt his hand come down on her thigh, squeezing firmly but not too hard, as if to remind her to calm down.

She scowled at him, putting her hand atop his and trying to push it off.

“I want to look at the boutonnieres after dinner. You don’t have to come.”

“Yeah, we’ve got this covered,” Hayleigh said, jutting her chin out.

Out of the corner of her eye, Vicky saw Connor shift in his seat, and she had a feeling he was touching Hayleigh in a very similar way that Saul was her.

“You two already have *everything* covered.” Connor’s deep tone matched Saul’s. “There is no reason for you to go over it all again. You’re supposed to be spending the next few days *relaxing* because everything is already done.”

Vicky and Hayleigh's jaws dropped open simultaneously.

"Crap on a cracker, you think we're going to relax? When there's so much to do?" Vicky's gaze whipped back and forth between Connor and Saul who exchanged another one of those stupid glances that were really starting to tick her off.

"We can't relax!" Hayleigh, at least, was on her side. "Are you really that stupid? Do you have any idea how hard we've worked to make this wedding perfect? We can't just let it all fall apart at the last minute!"

Vicky sucked in a breath as Connor's gaze went dark.

Seeming to realize that she had just called her Daddy stupid, Hayleigh slapped her hands over her mouth, but it was far too late for that. He'd already heard her and there was no taking that back.

"You can't punish her!" Vicky blurted out the words. "It's just the stress of the wedding, she didn't mean it!"

"I think both of you are stressed, and I know exactly how to deal with that," Saul said, getting to his feet.

Vicky stared up at him, her hands gripping the edges of the table. Hell, no way was she leaving Hayleigh here on her own. He was going to have to drag her out of here if he wanted her to go.

"Come on, Vicky. Dinner is over."

"I'm still hungry." She sounded like a toddler, and she knew it, but that didn't stop her from saying it.

"Then you should have eaten instead of spending the entire meal talking through every detail of the wedding. Now come on."

Saul was fully in Daddy Dom mode now, his piercing blue eyes seeming to go right through her, but Vicky couldn't make herself let go of the table. She was already getting a spanking and she knew it, so might as well go in whole hog. She didn't want to leave Hayleigh, who was now sitting silently, her head bowed down and shoulders hunched in.

Hayleigh looked so sad.

“Vicky. Last chance.”

Daddy was pissed. Vicky pressed her lips together, shaking her head. She could feel tears welling up, but she couldn't make herself move.

She just couldn't.

She shook her head. Her fingers were gripping the table so tightly that her knuckles were turning white. On the other side of the table, Hayleigh looked like she wanted to sink into the floor and never come back up. She looked sad. She shouldn't look sad during her wedding week. But it was too late.

Without another word, Saul reached down and wrapped his arms around her, lifting her up out of her seat. Vicky screeched.

“Nooo! I have to stay with Hayleigh!”

“Hayleigh will see you later. Connor, Hayleigh, sorry about the abrupt end to dinner. We'll see you tomorrow.”

Saul tossed Vicky over his shoulder. She knew better than to try to fight him, but she could feel the tears starting to roll down her cheeks as she was carried away from her friend.

“It's okay, Hayleigh! He knows you didn't mean it and you're just stressed about the wedding and that he needs to be understanding even though—”

The door slammed shut and Vicky cursed.

A hard hand came down on her ass as Saul carried her down the hall.

“You need to stop worrying so much about your friend and start worrying more about yourself, babygirl.”

Yup. Daddy was pissed.

Crap on a cracker.

* * *

Hayleigh

“Naughty kitty.”

Those words, murmured in that soft, almost too-calm tone, sent a shiver down Hayleigh’s spine.

Crap on a cracker.

Picking up her bowl, he placed it on the floor by his feet, his expression firm and unyielding. “Good girls who remember their manners get to eat at the table. Naughty little kitties who act out in front of guests, do not.”

Thank god Saul had hauled Vicky out of there. She would have died if her Daddy had punished her at all in front of them, but especially like this.

“I’ll be good,” she whispered, the words more plea than promise.

“I’m afraid you’re out of chances, Hayleigh Anne. Obviously, I’ve been letting you get away with too much lately

if you felt it was acceptable to act that way, especially in front of our friends.”

She opened her mouth to argue, but the truth was, he really *had* been letting her get away with a lot. There had been plenty of threats, but other than the spanking she’d gotten for getting in trouble at Sadie’s house during a sleepover last week, he hadn’t really punished her in almost a month.

Was that why she felt so on edge lately?

But even as the revelation dawned, rebellion stirred inside of her. So what if he’d been letting her get away with things? She was busy planning their wedding, making sure everything was perfect. Wasn’t she entitled to some grumpiness here and there?

Folding her arms, she sat back against the chair. “I am not eating on the floor, Connor.”

She might have gotten away with it if she’d been even remotely respectful about her refusal. Or if she’d at least used his proper title. But she’d done neither, and it didn’t take a genius to know that the look on his face did not bode well for her poor bottom.

Rising silently to his feet, he grabbed her arm and hauled her up with him, and she stumbled along behind him as he pulled her into the kitchen to the single bare corner.

His breath brushed over the shell of her ear as he moved her into position. “I love you, Hayleigh Anne, and I cannot wait to marry you. But I am also not going to let you disrespect me or our relationship the way you just did. You have until I’m finished cleaning the kitchen to straighten up that attitude of yours, little girl, or it is going to be a very long night for you.”

God, she hated the corner. At least these days it didn't give her that hollow feeling in her gut or make her feel like she'd been abandoned. All she felt now was mad. Mad that he couldn't let one more thing slide, mad that her time with Vicky had been cut short.

Mad that she'd ruined what was supposed to be a nice, relaxing evening.

Dammit.

Even realizing that the person she was the most mad at was herself, she couldn't seem to let go of it. Suddenly it seemed like everything she'd been feeling over the past few weeks was crashing down on her, until she could barely breathe through it all.

She needed an outlet, and she needed it *now*.

Turning away from the corner, she stomped straight past Connor and down the hall to their bedroom. For good measure, she slammed the door behind her before throwing herself facedown on the bed.

If that didn't get his attention, nothing would.

The seconds ticked by, with the knot in her stomach getting tighter and tighter as they passed with no Daddy storming into the bedroom to haul her over his knee.

But then she heard his footsteps in the hall, and the knot was joined by a bevy of butterflies.

Without a word, he opened the door and stalked over to the closet where all of their toys were kept. She tried to pretend like she was ignoring him, but every bit of her attention was riveted to the doorway, waiting to see what he emerged with.

Her heart sank, then soared when he stepped out again carrying a heavy wooden bath brush and her designated “naughty kitty” outfit.

A long night, indeed.

* * *

Connor

He had no idea what had gotten into his sweet little girl, but he was damn sure about to get to the bottom of it.

Maybe it had been a mistake to let her get away with so much over the past month. His jellybean needed the assurance and stability his rules gave her, and obviously she was floundering without them.

That stopped tonight.

First things first, he was going to warm her little bottom up until she was ready to actually listen and follow her Daddy’s instructions. Placing his haul on the bed, he sat on the edge and pulled her over his lap without giving her a chance to argue. The moment his hand connected with her jean-clad bottom, she went wild, bucking and fighting against his hold harder than she ever had before.

But he simply tightened his grip on her and continued spanking her sweet, round ass. The denim stung his hand, but he wasn’t about to risk letting her go long enough to pull her jeans down.

“As soon as you’re ready to stop fighting me, we can begin your punishment, little girl.”

“What?” she screeched, going still just long enough to twist around and glare at him. “You’re already spanking me!”

“This,” he punctuated the word with an extra hard swat to each of her sit-spots, “is merely to get your attention. This is not your punishment.”

“Ugh!”

Ignoring the burn in his own palm, he continued spanking in a completely random pattern all over her bottom. He was just about convinced he’d have to move on to the bath brush before he even got to her punishment when she finally settled.

“There we go,” he murmured, running his hand over her bottom. “Are you ready to be a good girl for Daddy?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Not really.” Not without her safeword, at least, and he would have been shocked if she’d chosen to use it just then. As mad as she obviously was, she needed this, and deep down in her bones he was certain she knew it. “Stand up, jellybean. We need to get these clothes off so we can properly address your behavior.”

She groaned loudly, but at least she obeyed. Rolling off his lap, she stripped out of her clothes, her short, jerky movements relaying the fact that she was still pissed about something.

Even angry, she was still the most beautiful woman he’d ever known. Naked, her curvy body on full display and practically vibrating with fury, he was tempted to forgo punishing her altogether just to get his hands on her.

But he was pretty sure letting her off the hook so much was exactly why they were here, so his own needs would have to wait. Right now, he had a naughty little girl to deal with.

“Back over you go, little girl.” Taking her arm, he guided her over his left knee, so her torso was supported by the bed and picked up the bath brush. When he tapped it against her bottom, she immediately tensed, but she didn’t fight him.

“Hands.”

Her soft whimper as she folded her arms behind her back was the only indication that she realized how much trouble she was truly in. Capturing her wrists in his hand, he tapped the brush against her bottom twice more before he lifted it and cracked it down across her pinkened skin five times in quick succession.

Hayleigh’s howls of pain filled the room and tugged at his heart, but he was determined not to stop until his little girl had gotten exactly what she needed from him.

“I know you’re excited about the wedding, and to have Vicky here, but you are not allowed to ignore our rules, little girl. And what is one of the most important rules we have?”

“I don’t know.”

Biting back a sigh, he gave her another five, this time a little further down so they caught the sensitive curve of her lower bottom. “Respect, Hayleigh Anne. I don’t roll my eyes or get an attitude with you, and I expect the same respect in return.”

The next set of five were laid down right on her sit-spots, which renewed her struggles to escape. But he’d already tightened his grip on her wrists to pin her in place, so all she managed to do was tire herself out even more.

Which was perfectly fine by him.

“And when Daddy gives you an order, what are you supposed to do?”

When she didn't immediately respond, he tapped the brush against her bottom, which was already dark red and splotchy in places. "Hayleigh Anne. Answer me."

"I'm supposed to obey," she grumbled. Her tone was still far from respectful, but she was going to be sore enough as it was, so he didn't call her on it. Yet.

"And did you follow any of my instructions tonight?"

A long, tense silence was followed by a soft snuffle. "No, Sir."

"I'm tempted to paddle your ass for each and every time you ignored me tonight. But you still haven't finished your dinner, and I have other plans for my naughty kitty. If your behavior does not improve after tonight, however, that is exactly what will happen. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

He was pretty sure she was speaking through clenched teeth, which meant they still had a ways to go. The final round of five was delivered again to her sit-spots, and she bucked and cried out with each one. Unfortunately for his naughty girl, that was the best way to ensure she felt this punishment whenever she sat down for a good long while.

"That was for stomping off and slamming doors when you were supposed to be in the corner, thinking about your behavior. Is that how my good girl acts?"

"No, Sir."

Still no "Daddy", but at least she didn't sound like she wanted to rip his throat out. Progress.

Setting the brush aside, he reached for the special lube he'd retrieved from the toy closet. "All right, jellybean. I'm

going to let go of your hands, and you're going to stay where you are.”

“What are you doing?”

“My little girl has been punished. Now my naughty little kitty needs to remember her place.” Releasing his hold on her hands, he spread her bottom cheeks and liberally coated the winking star of her anus.

With regular lubricant, he would have been far less generous since this was a punishment. But as poor little Hayleigh was about to find out, giving her the extra lubricant was not the favor she was probably expecting it to be.

CHAPTER 4

Hayleigh

Why the heck was he using so much lube? He didn't even use that much when they played, and when she was being punished, he barely used any at all.

With her hole thoroughly coated, a single thick finger breached her entrance, and she fought the urge to whimper at the intrusion. Most of her anger had faded during her paddling, but she could still feel it humming inside of her.

Just as her mind was beginning to wander, a strange sensation pulled all of her attention to the finger probing her ass. "Connor, wait. I think something's wrong. Did you use a new lube or something?"

"Yup."

The almost pleasant tingling that had gotten her attention in the first place was quickly morphing into something far stronger. "Stop! I think I'm having a reaction or something!"

"What's wrong, jellybean?"

Despite the sweet tone of his words, there was something in his voice that told her she was having exactly the reaction

he wanted her to have. “What is that? Connor, make it stop!”

“Does it burn, baby? Does your poor little bottom hole feel like it’s on fire?”

“Yes! What did you do?”

“Ginger,” he answered simply, pushing a second finger in along with the first, and the forced stretching just added to the burning discomfort.

“What? Where?” Nothing he was saying made any sense, although that could have been because she could barely think past the burning inside her bottom.

“In the lube. Time for your tail, naughty kitty.”

“Daddy, no!” Her protest came out as a long, drawn-out wail, but it didn’t stop him from pushing the large metal plug into her bottom hole. That felt wrong, too, but then she remembered he’d recently had her “punishment tail” fitted with a much larger plug.

Crap on a cracker, I am in so much trouble.

“I see you finally remembered my title. Good girl.”

Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes. Beneath the stern words, hurt rippled, letting her know her deliberate refusal to call him Daddy hadn’t gone unnoticed.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she whispered. “I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“Oh, I think you meant a whole lot of things by it. But we can talk about that when you’re in the proper headspace.”

The fullest part of the plug stretched her opening wide with a sharp stab of pain. And then it settled inside of her, leaving her bottom full and burning with no relief in sight.

Part of her wanted to argue that she was in the proper headspace, considering she hadn't felt so completely *owned* by him in what felt like forever. But it would have been a lie because resentment was still churning in her gut, so she kept her mouth shut.

"Down, kitty." With a pat on her bottom, he released her so she could slide to the floor and kneel at his feet.

Next came her ears, and finally her collar. As always, the weight of it seemed to anchor her to the ground, to him, to her innermost self. While it didn't make everything right again, it went a long way toward putting her in the mindset he obviously wanted her in.

"There's my pretty little kitty." The hand he'd used to pin her in place tickled her chin and despite herself, she slid further into her kitty-space.

Maybe that was where she needed to be right now. Maybe if she could just be a kitty, whose only responsibility was to obey, she could finally unload the stress she'd been carrying with her.

Closing her eyes, she tilted her chin up and purred. Well, as closely as she could manage, anyway. It always came out sounding more like a strangled sort of cough, but her Daddy knew what it meant.

"Good kitty. Kitchen."

On all fours, she crawled toward their destination. It wasn't quite as fun as usual, since every crawling step jostled the tail in her bottom which reignited the burn from the ginger lube. But she didn't bother to whine or complain. It wasn't allowed when she was a kitty anyway, and deep down, she was finally coming to accept that she'd earned this punishment.

“Finish your dinner while I clean up and then Daddy has plans for his naughty little kitty.”

The food was cold, but, well, that was her own fault, wasn't it? With a quiet sigh, she placed her forearms on either side of the bowl and lowered her head to catch a bite of delicious meatball in her mouth. Daddy moved around the kitchen, pots and pans and dishes clanking together as he cleaned, while she nibbled her way through the rest of her dinner.

It wasn't an altogether unpleasant scene. If it hadn't been for the knowledge that this was a punishment hanging over her, she would have enjoyed every second of it. And even with that dark cloud, she could feel the stress of the past few weeks leaching from her muscles as she nibbled at her dinner.

When she was finished, she sat up on her haunches and let out a loud “Meow!” to get his attention.

Turning away from the dishwasher, he smiled as he crossed the kitchen to pick her bowl up off the floor. “There's my good kitty. Living room.”

Curious to find out what he had in mind next, she crawled to the adjoining room and knelt beside the couch. A few moments later, the sound of the dishwasher turning on met her ears, followed by the sound of her Daddy's shoes on the hardwood floor.

He sat on the couch, a playful smile tugging at his lips as he reached for the zipper on his jeans. “Here, kitty, kitty. Time for dessert.”

With another playful meow, she pounced, wiggling her naked backside in the air as she took him in her mouth. The burn of the ginger had started to fade, though the wiggle had it

flaring up again a bit, but she loved the feel of her tail brushing against the bare skin of her thighs.

“Fuck, baby. That’s it. Show Daddy how good little kitties use their mouths.”

This was penance, and she was beginning to feel just remorseful enough to give it. Regardless of how she’d been feeling at dinner, she’d had no right to disrespect him in front of their friends. And, if she was being honest, the paddling she’d gotten was far less than she deserved for the way she’d behaved tonight.

So she put all her effort into pleasing him, using her tongue and teeth to tease him in all the ways he enjoyed. His moans of pleasure had her own need flaring to life between her thighs, and she wished she could play with herself the way he sometimes allowed when she was in this position.

By the time his hands tightened in her hair, holding her in place as his cock jerked in her mouth and the hot, salty taste of him ran down her throat, she was practically ready to beg him to touch her.

“Come here, kitty. Lay over Daddy’s lap.”

Perking up at the order, she crawled up onto the couch and stretched herself out over his thighs, her hips raised and her legs slightly parted, inviting his touch.

“Not quite yet, naughty kitty. We’re going to have a talk, and how you answer me will determine if Daddy pets that sweet little pussy for you.”

Crap.

“Are you ready to talk to me about what happened at dinner? You may speak now.”

“Do we have to talk about this?” she whined, giving the cushion a hard kick. “You already punished me.”

That was the wrong answer, apparently. A hard swat connected with her bare backside, bringing the pain from her paddling roaring back to life. She cried out, her feet fluttering against the couch as he spanked her over and over again, until she was absolutely certain she wouldn't be sitting comfortably during her wedding reception.

“Let's try that again. What happened at dinner, jellybean?”

Unwilling to provoke another spanking, she sniffled and pillowed her head on her arms. “I don't know. It just seemed like you guys didn't care about the wedding and there's still so much to do and I haven't seen Vicky in *forever*, and I... I guess I was just frustrated.”

“I see.” A large, heavy hand squeezed her sore bottom none-too-gently, making her wince. “And is snapping at me and calling me names how you deal with being frustrated?”

“No, Daddy. I'm sorry.”

“Good girl.” Instead of another spanking, his fingers dipped between her thighs, teasing the outer shell of her soaked pussy lips. Then he pushed a thick finger inside of her, drawing her honey out to swirl the tip around her aching clit. “I'm sorry you felt like we didn't care. Saul and I want you girls to have the wedding of your dreams. But we were hoping you would take some time to relax. Enjoy yourselves a bit before the madness really begins.”

“Oh.” That made sense. And if she'd bothered to stop and think about it, instead of her and Vicky feeding off each other and getting an attitude, she might have come to that conclusion on her own. “I'm sorry, Daddy.”

“I know, baby.”

She nearly wept when he pulled his hand away and patted her bottom. “Next question. Why did you refuse to follow my instructions after Saul and Vicky left? Even when you’re mad, you’re never that defiant.”

“I guess I sorta felt like you were being a hardass for no reason.” She hesitated, heat infusing her face as she struggled with how to explain the rest of it. “And it’s... it’s just so *embarrassing* when you use the kitty stuff to punish me.”

His soft chuckle reached her ears just as he began toying with her pussy again. “I know it is, little girl. That’s what makes it so effective. But is being embarrassed a good reason to outright defy me?”

Moaning, she lifted her hips, pushing back against his hand. “No, Daddy.”

“No, it absolutely isn’t. You’re lucky I’m an understanding sort, or else your poor bottom would be even more sore than it already is.”

“I know. I’m sorry! Daddy, please.”

“Not yet.”

This time a quiet sob did escape when his hand left her again. Every nerve in her body seemed to be on high alert, desperate for the pleasure he was so expertly teasing her with.

“Next question. What on earth possessed you to not only leave the corner, but to stomp away and slam the door? You had to know that would only add to your punishment.”

“I don’t wanna say.”

“Not an option, jellybean.”

“It’s stupid. I’m stupid.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, she knew she was going to pay for them. And sure enough, the spanking came, harder and faster than ever, lighting her skin on fire. “Daddy, stop, I didn’t mean it!” she squealed as she tried her best to wiggle away from his hard hand.

“No, Hayleigh Anne. You do not get to talk about my Little girl that way.” He didn’t miss a beat as he lectured, and she felt the familiar pressure of burgeoning tears building in her chest. “You are the most amazing, talented woman I have ever known. You’ve aced most of your college courses and you even passed the math course with flying colors. You are anything but stupid, and I swear to god if you ever call yourself that again, I will whip your bottom until you can’t sit comfortably for a month. As a matter of fact, that word is officially banned in our house. Have I made myself perfectly clear, little girl?”

“Yes, Daddy, I’m sorry!”

A half dozen more hard swats landed on her sit spots and tears clouded her vision but didn’t quite fall.

“That’s my good girl. Now, why did you act out like that? You were already in trouble, so it’s not like you were trying to earn a punishment.”

“I wanted you to spank me,” she blurted out, her tongue loosened by the pain radiating through her bottom. “Like, *right now* kind of spank me, not after I’d done my corner time and we’d talked everything out. I just felt so... mad. And it seemed like a spanking was the only way to get it all out.”

“Ah. That makes sense.”

“It does?”

“Of course it does, jellybean. I’ve given you plenty of spankings to help you get rid of those yucky feelings all bottled up inside of you. And while I wish you’d asked instead of throwing a tantrum, I can appreciate that it probably felt really hard to do that in the moment.” The same hand that had just so thoroughly roasted her bottom stroked it now, easing some of the burn. “Thank you for being honest with me.”

Once again, he reached between her thighs, playing with her, teasing her, driving her wild with need before he pulled away again. Pressing her face into the couch cushion, she let out a short scream of frustration.

“Poor little jellybean. We’re almost there. Last question.” He paused, and a heaviness settled over them, as if this question were even more important than any of the others. “Why were you refusing to call me Daddy?”

Yeah, that was an important question. One she unfortunately didn’t have an equally good answer for.

It wasn’t like she wasn’t *allowed* to call him Connor. But when she was in trouble, he was always Sir or Daddy. And these days, she hardly ever called him by his name. So why had she been so stubborn about not using his title when she damn well knew he expected her to?

“Are you gonna spank me again if I say I don’t know?”

“No, jellybean. But it is something we need to figure out. Because, from my point of view, you were lashing out and trying to put distance between us. And that, Little girl, will not do.”

She could see why he felt that way, and the guilt of it weighed on her. “I didn’t mean to make you feel that way. I just…” She paused, struggling to find the words. “I’m worried

I'm going to slip up in front of everybody and embarrass us both. Even Vicky is worried about it, and she doesn't spend nearly as much time being Little as I do. I guess part of me just wants to prove I still know *how* to be grown up all the time."

"Baby, you absolutely do not need to worry about that. If you call me Daddy in front of God and everyone, I literally will not care. My family already knows I'm a Dom, so their finding out I'm a Daddy doesn't bother me in the least."

"But my family doesn't know. And neither does Vicky's or Saul's or—"

"Stop right there. Do you think your family will love you any less if they find out you're a Little?"

"No." Her answer was immediate because it was true. There was almost nothing she could do that her parents would judge her for. They might not understand, but as long as she was happy, they wouldn't care how she found said happiness. And her brothers were much the same way, even if they were a bit more conservative than their hippie parents.

"No," she repeated, blowing out a breath. "It's just weird, I guess. It's not something I've shared with a lot of people."

"I know, baby. So the only people you really have to worry about are Vicky and Saul's families, but even if you out yourself, it's not like you've outed them. There's no guilt by association here."

"I guess that's true."

"All of that being said, if it would make you more comfortable, you can call me Connor starting tomorrow morning. But I still reserve the right to pull you aside and warm this naughty bottom if you start to get too big for your britches. Sound fair?"

What had she ever done to deserve him? “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl. I want you to be honest with me. Do you feel better now, or do you need me to help you let out all those yucky emotions?”

Her instinct was to tell him no, of course she didn't need any more spankings. But she paused, wanting to make sure her answer was as honest as possible. So when she shook her head, she knew in her heart it was true. “No, Daddy. I feel lots better. But, umm...”

The tips of his fingers brushed at the wetness between her thighs. “Yes, jellybean? Is there something you want instead?”

“You, Daddy,” she gasped out, arching her hips up to meet his touch. “Please?”

“Lucky for you, spanking this cute little bottom gave me a second wind. You want to ride Daddy's cock, baby?”

“Yes, please!”

Chuckling at her exuberance, he helped her up so she could straddle his thighs. Fingers trembling with the rush of need and excitement coursing through her, she fumbled with the zipper on his jeans until she finally freed him. True to his word, he was fully erect again, and she sighed quietly as she sank down on his stiff length.

“God, Hayleigh. If I could spend every second of every day buried in your sweet little pussy, I could die a happy man.”

Too lost in her own river of sensation to answer him verbally, she focused on riding him, on giving them both the connection and the pleasure they so desperately needed. The burn of the ginger lube had faded, but the position forced her

to squeeze her muscles around the large plug, sending little flashes of pleasure and pain racing through her as she rode.

“Daddy.” His title was a prayer on her lips, an offering meant to soothe the hurt she’d caused by refusing to use it earlier. “Daddy, Daddy, please!”

With one hand gripping her hip, he moved the other between them to where they were joined, his thumb drawing lazy circles around her clit. “Is this what you want, baby? You want to come all over Daddy’s cock?”

“God, yes. Please, Daddy, please.”

“Be a good kitty and beg me a little more.”

Cats don’t beg. Well, while that might be true, she was her Daddy’s good little kitty and she certainly did beg, so she didn’t give voice to the errant thought. “Please let me come, Daddy. Please, I need it so bad.”

“Where do you want Daddy’s cock when you come, baby? Tell me.”

The shame of it heated her cheeks. It was nothing new, and yet every time still felt just as embarrassing as the last. “In-in my pussy, Daddy. I wanna come with your cock in my p-pussy.”

“There’s my good girl. Come for Daddy, baby.”

Her movements turned frantic as he pressed harder against her clit, and she rode him, her head thrown back in ecstasy, chasing her pleasure. Until finally, it crashed down on her, so fierce and sudden it ripped a scream from her throat.

“Don’t you dare stop, little girl.”

His growled order demanded obedience, and she was happy to give it. Riding high on her own bliss, she rolled her

hips, drinking in every groan, every growl, every whispered *Fuck, baby* until his cock swelled inside of her, filling her with him.

Gasping for air, she collapsed onto his chest, snuggling against him as he stroked her back and murmured praise between his own deep, shaky lungfuls of oxygen.

“My good girl. I love you, jellybean.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

They stayed there, snuggled together until the sweat on their skin began to turn cold. “Come on, baby,” he eventually said with a sigh. “Let’s get you in the shower so we can get to bed. We’ve got a long few days ahead of us.”

It was true, but maybe now that she’d gotten all those big emotions out of her system, she could face those long days—and their families—with a smile instead of tears.

CHAPTER 5

Saul

“Victoria Ann, what am I going to do with you?” The question was asked out of both frustration and love. He did love how loyal she was to her friend, and he knew that was where her behavior stemmed from, and yet he couldn’t condone her actions. Now she was hanging over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and instead of eating dessert, they were on their way back to their room where he was going to have to spank her.

“Um, be understanding of the fact that I wanted to stick up for my friend and reward me for my loyalty?” There was more hope than sass in her voice, and Saul was glad she was over his shoulder because he couldn’t quite hide his smile and that would not set the right tone for punishment.

Knowing what was coming made his smile fade quickly enough.

Disciplinary spankings were not his favorite, and he really hadn’t wanted to discipline his fiancée just days before their wedding.

Although maybe he should have been prepared to.

Vicky was extra stressed by the wedding, and that meant that she had a lot of extra emotions running all over the place. Maybe he should have anticipated the need for some kind of spanking, though normally they did her maintenance spankings on Fridays, so it still would have been earlier in the week than he would have expected her to need one.

But it was also a more stressful week than usual.

Add in the snowstorm...

Yeah, he probably should have realized she and Hayleigh were both on edge. That pillow fight had probably knocked some of their stress out, but clearly not all of it. He sighed.

“Sorry, Daddy,” she said, her soft apology drifting up through the air to his ears.

“I know, babygirl,” he said, patting her bottom before coming to a halt in front of their door. He was breathing a little hard from the exertion of carrying her through the hall, but this was hardly going to be the end of his workout. “You’re going to be a lot sorrier soon.”

“But it’s our wedding week! You can’t spank me,” she complained. “I mean, you can’t spank me in the not-fun way. That’s got to be illegal or something.”

She really did make it hard not to laugh sometimes, but Saul got his face under control before putting her on her feet so he could unlock their door.

“It’s wedding day,” he said, shaking his head as he opened the door and stepped aside to gesture her to precede before him. “You get a day, not a week. And trust me, babygirl, if I

think it's necessary, you'll walk down the aisle with a hot red bottom under your dress.”

“Rude,” Vicky muttered as she scampered past him, fast enough that he didn't try to reach out and swat her because there was a chance he might miss. Hardly how he wanted to start out her punishment.

“Over to the corner,” he ordered, pointing to the corner that seemed tailor-made for such an activity—and probably had been designed for it—because it was completely void of any furniture or decoration. “I want you to think about all the things you could have done differently this evening that wouldn't have ended in punishment.”

Pouting, Vicky stomped her way over to the corner. Her shoulders were already slumping though, and Saul knew his bride-to-be well enough to know that this was all for show. It was another way of running off some of her excess anxious energy. Definitely not his preferred way though.

While she was in the corner, he went to their bags to unpack some of the things he had been hoping to use for fun this week—a plug and a paddle being the two most important ones. Well, Vicky would probably consider the lube pretty important too.

Glancing over to the corner, he saw her shifting her weight back and forth like she was getting antsy. Then she sighed and her shoulders slumped slightly. Good. That meant she was almost ready. He could always tell by her shoulders when Vicky felt contrite.

Mentally giving her two more minutes, he took the time to lube up the plug while they waited so it would be ready for her as soon as she turned around. The plug was a decent size, but still smaller than his cock, so that it would prepare her for him

without fully stretching her. He'd discovered that Vicky preferred it when anal hurt a little bit, calling it "naughty girl" sex.

He could certainly attest to the fact that anal always put her in a very submissive mindset, and as much as he enjoyed her fiery nature, a lingering reminder to behave would be a good thing.

"Okay, Vicky, I think that's enough corner time. You may turn around now."

She spun around with alacrity, looking relieved, although her expression changed as soon as she saw what he was holding, her hands immediately going to cover her backside. Saul nearly snorted.

"Oh, Daddy, no!"

"Oh, Daddy, yes, now get over here, young lady. I think a good plugging, spanking, and fucking will help you remember to behave yourself over the next few days."

* * *

Vicky

It was shameful how much Daddy's words turned her on when he talked like that. Her pussy spasmed, already wet and eager, because that's what even the mention of anal sex did to her.

Naughty girl sex because a naughty girl takes Daddy's cock in her bottom.

She'd read way too many books with that theme and now it had taken up permanent residence in her brain, both turning

her on and embarrassing her at the same time. Of course, that little bit of humiliation turned her on too. Sometimes she didn't understand her body, but she couldn't deny her reactions.

“I want you to pull down your jeans and bend over the bed, Victoria Ann.”

Daddy's firm command didn't leave any room for argument. She wanted to whine, but she already knew that wasn't going to get her anywhere, and she couldn't argue that she'd been well-behaved.

If anything, part of her was relieved that Daddy wasn't letting her get away with anything. She was feeling out-of-sorts and out of control and having him take control was reassuring. She knew that she could relax and give herself over to his care and everything would be all right.

Well, everything except her butt.

But he was right in that feeling a punishment for a few days should help her keep calm. That's why she had maintenance spankings once a week, though those didn't really hurt *too* much in the grand scheme of things. Not like punishment spankings.

Rather than make things worse for herself by protesting, Vicky obediently went to the side of the bed and pulled down her jeans to her knees before bending over and presenting her ass to her Daddy. Just the movements made her feel vulnerable.

“Good girl. Now reach back and pull these pretty cheeks apart.” His hand patted one bottom cheek.

Vicky's face flushed bright red, hot against the bedding as she obeyed. With her jeans around her knees, she couldn't

spread her legs quite far apart enough, so she knew he really did need her to hold her buttocks open for him, but it also added another level of humiliation to her punishment.

His finger touched her anus, rubbing slick lube over it before dipping into the crinkled hole just a little, and Vicky bit back a moan. The sensitive nerve endings around her little rosebud had flared to life immediately, making her pussy pulse and a wave of shame flow over her.

It shouldn't feel good... but it did. Which made her feel naughty in an entirely different way than her misbehavior did.

“There we go. Now take a deep breath, babygirl.” The hard tip of the plug pressed against her and began to push in.

Groaning, Vicky did her best to relax as her tiny hole was stretched open—which wasn't easy. Daddy saved anal for special occasions, usually only using a small plug or his fingers to tease her at other times. Her body wanted to tighten around the intruder, to try and push it out, even though her brain knew it wouldn't work.

The plug was pushed in slowly but relentlessly, without even a moment of retreat, forcing her tight ring of muscle wider and wider until she cried out as it was stretched over the widest part. Then she sagged as it snapped shut around the thinner stem between the base and the bulb, allowing her to relax a little.

She panted at the feeling of fullness, like she couldn't quite get enough air, which was how the plug always made her feel.

“Good girl. Now it's time for your punishment. Ten with my hand for trying to interfere in Connor and Hayleigh's relationship and then ten with the paddle for not obeying me when I told you dinner was over.”

“Then what’s the butt stuff for?” she asked, unable to completely tamp down on her sass.

“*That* is for my pleasure, little girl.” There was a sexy growl in his voice when he said it, and he gave her pussy a little swat that made the whole area throb and burn. Vicky bit back a moan, shuddering from the sensations that spilled through her in response to the slap. It hurt and it didn’t, and her needy traitor pussy wanted more. “And also because I hope that if your butt is burning inside and out tomorrow that we won’t have any more repeats. I know Hayleigh is your friend, but you need to stay out of her and Connor’s relationship. Got it?”

“Got it.” Yeah, she got it. She’d had plenty of time to think about it when she was standing in the corner. She also remembered their last visit. There were plenty of ways to help Hayleigh out without going directly against Connor, she just had to remember not to react without thinking the way she had tonight.

Though, hopefully, there wouldn’t be any more need. Hayleigh was a lot like Vicky, and she was probably getting the stress spanked right out of her too. Hopefully a few orgasms as well, since being denied them would only wind her up tighter. Vicky started to get mad on Hayleigh’s behalf before checking herself—Connor was a good Daddy Dom, he wouldn’t let Hayleigh get too in her head any more than Saul let Vicky get into hers.

She didn’t doubt that Hayleigh would get both punishment *and* pleasure.

The same way she was going to.

“Good girl. Now count them out for me.”

Daddy punctuated the accolade with his hand against her upturned ass and Vicky yelped as his palm impacted against her flesh. Damn that hurt! Daddy was not playing around.

“One!” She said the number as quickly as she got her breath back, because if Daddy’s hand came down again before she started counting, she knew the first one wouldn’t count.

Smack!

“Two!”

Daddy went back and forth between her cheeks, his hand come down in about the same spot on both of them, right in the middle, so that the sting built up hot and fast. Her bottom clenched around the plug, squeezing rhythmically with each swat, sending her arousal building along with the pain.

It hurt but it felt good too, and she was feeling more relaxed and more submissive with every smack of his hand against her flesh... but she knew once he started with the paddle that was when it would really start to hurt. Because she hadn’t interfered *that* much with Connor and Hayleigh. The real punishment was going to be for her disobedience and making Daddy carry her away instead of getting up and leaving when she’d been told to.

Even though if she hadn’t left, she definitely would have tried to interfere more.

“Nine! Ten! *Ow!*” Daddy had not held back on that last one. She gripped the sheets in front of her, resisting the urge to reach back and put her hand over her warmed cheeks.

And they were only warm, not hot.

Because that was just the warm-up. Now it was time for the main event.

“Good girl, you took that very well. Now it’s time for the paddle.”

Vicky groaned.

CHAPTER 6

Saul

Looking down at Vicky's beautiful bottom, Saul admired the contrast of her creamy skin with the two red splotches in the dead center of each cheek. The warm-up had been the more fun part of this session, and his cock was already hard from heating her ass with his hand. But he still needed to impress on her that she couldn't disobey him willy-nilly.

He knew that if he hadn't carried her out of the room, she would have gone further in trying to protect Hayleigh. The impulse was understandable, admirable even, but just because she and Hayleigh were friends didn't mean she could interfere in Connor and Hayleigh's relationship. Especially because of the kind of relationship they had, and where they all currently were.

The Ranch had rules and it was up to Saul to enforce them with his babygirl when she stepped over the line.

Reaching out, Saul picked up the paddle, which had been laying on the bed only about a foot away from Vicky. Her head was turned so she could see him doing so, and she immediately flinched. She knew the paddle on top of the two

spots he'd spanked bright pink was going to hurt. The flat, broad length of wood was long enough that it would cover both cheeks.

Which was exactly what Saul intended.

He wanted her to feel this tomorrow, to remind her to be on her best behavior, and he was hoping this would be the only punishment she earned this week. But the only way it would work as motivation to mind her manners was if he made it count.

“Okay, babygirl. You’re doing very well. I want you to count these out for me too.” It wouldn’t be quite as easy as counting when he’d been using his hand since that didn’t hurt quite as much, but he would make sure to give her time in between each one.

“Yes, Daddy.”

His cock throbbed as she sighed out the words, her head dropping down submissively. Damn, but she was beautiful.

“Hopefully this is the last spanking you’ll receive as my fiancée,” he said, grinning. Unable to help himself, he ran his hand over her ass again, enjoying the heat. Yes, he had to discipline her, but just saying the words made his entire body feel like he could float right up out of the room.

Lifting her head, Vicky looked over her shoulder at him, brown eyes dancing with amusement.

“You would try to make this all romantic.”

“Well, forgive me for feeling nostalgic, I guess we should get right to it,” he retorted with mock sternness.

“I—” But whatever she had been going to say was cut off as he brought the paddle down across both cheeks, right atop

the already bright pink spots that he'd spanked, and Vicky shrieked. Her head dropped back down again as she panted through the pain. "One!"

He hadn't even had to remind her. Saul smiled proudly.

He brought the paddle down again.

The cheeks of her ass jiggled enticingly, creamy skin turning pink where it wasn't already, and the pink parts becoming even brighter every time the paddle impacted against the cushion of her bottom. Vicky cried out again, her voice approaching a wail.

She dutifully counted out each stroke, her feet dancing in place, hands gripping the sheets to keep from reaching behind her and trying to soothe her blistered bottom.

* * *

Vicky

Crap on a crapping cracker that hurt so much!

Vicky always forgot how much the paddle hurt. She'd start off thinking it couldn't possibly be that bad, but it was. Especially because Saul was doing the same thing he'd done with his hand, bringing it down over and over on the same patch of skin rather than varying where the blows landed. Sure, it was a broader swath of her bottom than his hand had been able to cover, but that didn't make it any better.

If anything, it was worse.

"Nine! Ow, ow, ow, I'm sorry, Daddy!" She knew the apology wasn't going to make a difference. The tenth stroke

was still going to come down. But she did want him to know that she was sorry, regardless. Even if it didn't save her butt.

She hadn't wanted to disobey him... and she knew that from now on she was going to do a much better job of remembering they were at Rawhide Ranch where certain rules had to be followed.

“I know, babygirl. Last one.”

Last one hurt the most and Vicky howled, pressing her face down into the bed as her ass clenched rhythmically around the plug. Despite everything, or maybe because of everything, her pussy was still soaking wet and the little nerve endings around the plug lit up with pleasure as she squeezed it. Her buttocks throbbed, the heat searing her senses, and she was caught somewhere between hot arousal and whimpering pain.

“Good girl.” Daddy's voice was low, soothing, his hands gentle as he rubbed them over her ass.

Vicky did whimper now, wriggling as he touched her hot, sensitive skin. She moaned when she felt the plug slide out of her, leaving her empty and aching inside.

A moment later, the head of Daddy's cock pressed against her hole, and she gripped the sheets as he began to push in, panting for breath as she was filled again. The sting of her cheeks was matched by the burn of her tight ring of muscle being stretched open, and she whined as Daddy rocked his hips, thrusting in deeper.

Unlike the plug, there was no narrow part for her opening to close around. She squeezed and clenched as Daddy's cock slowly impaled her with slow, rocking thrusts, his hands pressing down on her bottom just above where he'd spanked it. Vicky's body throbbed in response, her nipples feeling tight

and sensitive where her breasts were pressed against the sheets and her pussy pulsing in empty envy.

Naughty girl sex.

With each inch, she felt her pleasure rise, along with her shame. Good girls weren't supposed to like this... but she loved it. Daddy's cock pushing deep into her blistered bottom until his groin rubbed against the sensitive, punished cheeks. She always felt like Daddy felt so much bigger when he was in her ass, and this time was no exception.

He withdrew his cock halfway and she cried out. The sensation always made her feel like she was being pulled with him, her muscles tensing and clenching to keep him inside her, and then he thrust back in, filling her all over again. Slow steady thrusts that wreaked havoc with her senses, scrambling her pleasure with her pain until she couldn't tell which was which.

Daddy leaned forward, his thrusts becoming rougher, and his hand slipped down between the bed and her lower body, his fingers seeking out her swollen clit. Vicky sobbed with relief and ecstasy when he found the tiny nub and began to rub it, all while riding her from behind, harder and harder. She bucked beneath him, her ass clenching around him, rubbing her pussy against his fingers as her own pleasure began to spiral out of control.

“Oh god... oh, Daddy...”

“That's it, babygirl.” Daddy's voice was thick with his own passion, and he slammed into her harder and harder, his fingers busy against her clit. “Come for Daddy. Come for Daddy while he fucks your naughty bottom.”

Her orgasm slammed into her like a freight train careening off the rails and Vicky cried out, her entire body shuddering, waves of ecstasy cascading over her and through her. Her legs shook, her body flattening against the bed beneath his as he groaned and thrust in hard, rubbing against her hot cheeks.

Moaning, Vicky clenched rhythmically around him as hot pulses of fluid forced their way through her sphincter and into her bowels, filling her with his seed. Her muscles spasmed, milking him of every last drop.

* * *

Saul

Panting, Saul let himself fall forward, resting on his forearms which he braced on either side of Vicky to ensure he didn't crush her. He could feel the hot press of her cheeks against his groin, the heat from her spanking emanating outwards while her ass squeezed his deflating cock.

“Good girl,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to the back of her neck, above the neckline of her shirt.

The amount of clothing they were wearing was starting to annoy him. Definitely time to get undressed and spend the rest of the night wrapped up in each other.

She moaned a little as he slid out of her.

“Let's go clean up, babygirl,” he said, helping her to her feet.

Vicky looked down at her jeans a little forlornly, and he realized she was probably trying to decide whether or take

them all the way off or try to pull them up over her burning nates before heading to the bathroom. He didn't see much point in putting anything back on.

“We can get you undressed out here,” he said firmly. Looking up at him, Vicky smiled. There were still a few unshed tears in her eyes and her face was still flushed, and she looked absolutely beautiful. She also appeared a lot more relaxed than she had before.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Smiling, Saul helped her get undressed. Then he swept her up in his arms to carry her to the bathroom. A nice hot bath would help both of them fully unwind after their day. Tomorrow would be better. Their wedding party would be arriving, hopefully the flights would all be worked out, and in the evening would be the bachelor and bachelorette parties. A whole day of friends and fun in anticipation of their wedding.

It would be perfect.

CHAPTER 7

Hayleigh

“I see him, I see him!” Bouncing on her toes, Hayleigh slipped off the top step, her heart racing as she pinwheeled her arms in a hopeless effort to keep herself from falling.

“Hayleigh!” Her Daddy’s strong arms wrapped around her waist, hauling her back to him. “Be careful!”

The admonishment was punctuated by several hard swats to her bottom, which sent a rush of heat to her face. It was bad enough being spanked in front of other kinky people, but she would just die of embarrassment if either of their families caught him swatting her like that.

“Connor, stop! He’s going to see!”

Two more heavy smacks landed, and they managed to sting through the thick denim of her jeans. His voice was stern and even if she was trying her best not to call him Daddy, it was still there in his tone. “I don’t care if he sees. I am still your Daddy, and it’s my job to keep you from killing yourself. Especially right before our wedding.”

“Yes, Sir.” She sighed, just barely resisting the urge to rub the sting from her bottom. The car had been far enough away that his brother probably hadn’t seen the spanking itself, but she’d be just as mortified to have someone catch her pouting and rubbing her butt like a naughty child.

But then the car came around a curve, and her mouth fell open, all thoughts of embarrassing slip ups and spankings completely forgotten. “Holy shit, when did he get so rich?” Last she’d heard, Walter was an assistant to some bigshot photographer and while it gave him plenty of opportunity to travel the world, he wasn’t raking in the big bucks.

“It’s not him.” There was no mistaking the amusement in Connor’s voice. “His boss recently hooked up with some Italian billionaire. Moretti, I think the guy’s name is? Odds are, she sent the limo and he’s hating every second of it.”

“Wait. Moretti, like the boots? Are you fucking with me right now?”

Connor sent her a warning glare. “I have a feeling you are going to spend our honeymoon with a very sore bottom, jellybean. And I have no earthly idea about the boots. You’d have to ask Walter.”

The sleek black limo pulled up to the curb in front of them, and the back door swung open before the driver even had a chance to exit the vehicle. A man clambered out, and even if she hadn’t met him before, there would have been no doubt he was Connor’s brother. Although he was a bit leaner and looked like he spent a good bit of his day at the gym, even from a distance she could see the similarities in their faces.

Right down to the signature Grumpy Chef expression Connor was so well known for.

“Nice ride,” Connor called, a wide grin stretching across his face. By direct contrast, Walter’s expression seemed to grow even darker.

“Yeah, yeah. Finn thinks she’s a fucking comedian. I told her I’d get an Uber, but no, she had to send a car.” By now the driver had exited the vehicle and opened the trunk. Walter grabbed his bags and hauled them effortlessly up the stairs, proving those muscles weren’t all for show. “Send a normal car, I said. I should have known she wouldn’t listen, the little brat.”

“I swear you’d bitch if you were hung with a gold rope,” Connor said with a roll of his eyes.

“Uh huh. And you’re a paragon of patience and graciousness,” Walter shot back.

If she hadn’t seen this exact scene play out more than once during the few times she’d visited with the Blackburn clan, she might have been concerned. But just as she’d expected, the two giant men threw their arms around each other, pounding each other on the back and rocking from side to side as they embraced.

Breaking free of his brother’s embrace, Walter turned and gave her one of his rare smiles. “There’s the beautiful bride. Still time to run away with me and see the world, leave this grumpy old man behind.”

“You’re six years older than me!” A scowl drew Connor’s brows together, but his eyes were lit with happiness.

“Semantics. What do you say, Hayleigh? Run away with me?”

Giggling, Hayleigh held her arms open for him to scoop her up into a rib-crushing bear hug. “You just want someone to

help you haul all those heavy bags around.”

“Foiled again.” When he put her back down, he brushed a kiss across her cheek. “Congratulations, sweetheart. And good luck. You’re going to need it with this asshole.”

“Tell me about it.”

Poor Connor. Judging by the look he sent her from behind his brother’s back, his hand was positively itching to make contact with her ass. But as long as she kept Walter close by, she was safe.

Once her Daddy got her alone, however, she’d be happy to pay the piper. After the punishment he’d given her last night, she’d come to accept she was probably going to need several more spankings over the next few days to keep the stress from building up again. So, she might as well earn them, right?

“Come on.” Turning, she looped her arm through Walter’s and together they headed inside. “Let’s get you checked in. Our poor, simple guest rooms probably pale in comparison to the luxury accommodations you’re used to, but you should be comfortable enough.”

“Jesus, don’t you start, too. I didn’t *ask* for the limo. That’s just Finn’s idea of a joke.”

Something told her she’d like Finn. It was too bad she’d probably never get to meet her in person. Maybe if Walter ever decided to settle down and get married, Finn would be at his wedding, though Hayleigh couldn’t see that happening anytime soon. Walter enjoyed his nomadic life far too much. But perhaps there was an adventurous soul out there who would give him a run for his money.

“What’s going on there?” Walter asked as they stepped into the lobby, gesturing at the *Pardon Our Mess* sign that was

stationed in front of the heavy red velvet curtains completely blocking the Littles' Wing from view.

“Construction. Mas—Derek is renovating the rooms in that wing.” Crap on a cracker, she'd almost slipped up and called him Master Derek. That would have been almost as mortifying as calling Connor “Daddy”. It didn't matter that Walter and the rest of the family knew Rawhide was a kink resort—knowing it and experiencing it were two completely different things.

“Ah. I imagine a place like this is always undergoing some kind of renovation, huh?”

“A place like this?” Hayleigh asked, her voice rising to a squeak.

“Yeah, a resort this size, as soon as you finish with something, it's been ten years since something else was upgraded so then you have to start all over again.”

“Oh. Yes, probably. I've only lived here a couple years, so I don't really know.”

Desperate to distract him from the hidden Littles' Wing, she dragged him over to the front desk. “Hi, Erika! This is Walter Blackburn, Connor's best man.”

“Welcome to Rawhide, Mr. Blackburn.” Erika's welcoming smile was even brighter than usual. “It's wonderful to meet you. We absolutely love Chef Connor around here.”

“Really? Are we talking about the same Connor Blackburn?”

Erika laughed, but a large hand clamped over Hayleigh's mouth, cutting off her own giggle. A brief flash of panic shot through her, but she relaxed when she realized it was her Daddy hauling her off to the kitchens.

As soon as they stepped inside, she was up against the wall, his mouth claiming hers in a kiss so hot and brutal she nearly came on the spot. A feeling which wasn't helped at all when he ran his hands under her shirt, squeezing and rolling her nipples through her bra.

Then, nearly as abruptly as it had begun, their impromptu make-out session ended and Connor stepped back, a smug smile on his face. "I'm going to go show Walter to his room. Be good, jellybean."

"I—but—you can't just leave me like this!"

"Just because I can't spank you right now, doesn't mean I can't remind you who's in charge. Be a good girl the rest of the day, and I might let you come tonight."

With that, he strode back through the doors into the hallway, and she swore she heard him whistling.

Straightening her shirt and smoothing her hair, Hayleigh took a deep breath before she followed him out the door, doing her best to ignore the persistent ache between her thighs. Suddenly, she was feeling inspired to be very, *very* good.

CHAPTER 8

Vicky

“They’re here, they’re here!” Vicky squealed as she saw the dust column coming up the road before she could even see the car clearly. Cindy had texted that they were close, and Vicky had immediately dashed out to the front porch, dragging Saul with her. Despite all the butt stuff last night, she was moving pretty well and hopefully her cousin wouldn’t notice anything was amiss.

If she did, Vicky would claim she was just sore from exercising, trying to make sure to keep off any last-minute pounds so she could look exactly the way she wanted to in her dress. Which... the sore from exercising part was kind of true.

Beside her, Saul chuckled, his hand coming down to rest on her lower back as she bounced in place with excitement. There was something a little proprietary about the way he touched her, and it always made her giggle inside.

It wasn’t that he was jealous exactly, or over-the-top possessive, though he did have his moments, but Cindy’s two husbands were literally supermodels. She had a feeling Saul was more intimidated by Sean than Dane, since Dane was also

an avid foosball player and Saul knew she was bored to death by the game (no matter how much she admired his talent and skill at it), but Sean was fun, funny, and totally hot. Both he and Dane were.

Saul also liked to tease her not to get any ideas about having two husbands. Granted, Cindy wasn't legally married to both of them, but they all acted like they were, and they'd gotten legal documents set up so they were all treated like spouses.

As the car came down the drive, Vicky waved frantically, still bouncing. When it was close enough, she could see Cindy in the front seat, also waving and bouncing. It looked like Dane was driving, while Sean had been relegated to the back seat.

Sometimes she wondered how her cousin worked things out when it came to having three adults in a relationship, but it did seem to work for them.

“Oh my god, you're getting married!” Cindy squealed, as she practically tumbled out of the car, dashing up the stairs to wrap Vicky up in a hug. Not for the first time, Vicky wished she and Cindy lived closer together, because hugging her cousin always made her miss her even more.

Though, with the way Cindy traveled thanks to being a journalist and the wife of two hot supermodels, not to mention Dane's foosball tournaments, living near each other would not necessarily mean more time together. Just like Hayleigh, though, Cindy remained one of Vicky's closest friends, despite the time and distance apart.

“I'm getting married!”

Squeezing her tight for a moment, Cindy pulled away.

“Where’s the other bride? I can’t wait to meet her!” Although Cindy wasn’t normally as excitable as Vicky, right now she was beaming from ear to ear and her enthusiasm was practically emanating out of her. She completely ignored the men behind her who were getting the bags out. “Hi, Saul!”

“Hi, Cindy, I’m going to go say hi to Sean and Dane and help them with the bags.” Saul gave her a quick hug before doing exactly what he’d said he would, trotting down the stairs and lifting his hand in hello.

“Hayleigh’s showing the other best man around, with her fiancé,” Vicky answered Cindy’s question, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear as she did so. “Connor’s brother Walter is his best man, and he showed up about half an hour ago. Saul’s best man, Andres, should be here soon, along with his girlfriend and two more of Saul’s friends.”

Andres’ girlfriend was kind of new but he had a plus one on his invite and so he was bringing her. Saul’s other friends from home, Owen and Marcus, were single and had decided not to bring anyone at all. She tried to imagine them hitting on some of the single ladies here. They *were* Daddy Doms after all. The ranch would probably be right up their alley, though they had a club they all went to at home.

She and Saul weren’t really club people, but she’d been to the Outlands with him once or twice. Enough to know that she wasn’t comfortable being kinky in front of people and she was in awe of those who were brave enough.

“And Hayleigh’s maid-of-honor lives here at the Ranch, right?” Cindy looked around with interest.

“Yes, Sadie lives here, and she can’t wait to meet you officially.” With their busy schedules, the two had only talked once on a web call, and everything else had been organized by

messages and email. “I don’t suppose you want to give me a hint about what’s happening tonight, now that we’re only hours away?”

She asked the question hopefully, but she was also pretty sure she already knew the answer. Sadie and Cindy had been remarkably close-mouthed, only saying they were going “camping,” which Vicky didn’t believe for one second.

It was too dang cold here, for one.

“Sorry, but at least you only have a few more hours to wait.” Cindy gave her another enthusiastic hug, before turning back to her men. “Now, let’s get us to our room and then go find Hayleigh! I can’t wait to look around this place, I’ve never been on a ranch before!”

* * *

Saul

Everyone had gathered in the café to hang out after dropping their bags in their respective rooms. Saul grinned as he looked around, seeing everyone coming together. Walter was talking to Dane by the fireplace, Sean and Cindy were in earnest conversation with Sadie at one of the tables, and Hayleigh and Connor were cuddled up very much like him and Vicky on one of the couches.

“I feel like we’ve been abandoned,” Hayleigh said, wrinkling her nose as she looked over at Sadie, Cindy, and Sean. The three of them were whispering together and had strictly told Hayleigh and Vicky that they were not welcome to this part of the conversation yet. Plans were clearly being

finalized for tonight, which made Vicky excited, but also antsy because she didn't know what was going on.

"I'm just glad they're getting along," Vicky answered truthfully. "Cindy and Sadie were either going to be a dream team or a nightmare." Both of them were very stubborn and used to leading the way—other than with their Daddies—but thankfully they weren't butting heads at all. She looked at Saul. "When are Andres and the others getting here?"

His phone vibrated, making her jump since it was in the pocket she was currently sitting on, and Saul laughed.

"I wouldn't be surprised if that's them now," he said, shifting her on his lap so he could dig out the phone, and glancing at the clock on the mantle. "It's about time." He grinned as he looked at his phone screen. "Yup, want to come say hi?"

"Of course!" Vicky hopped up from his lap.

In the end, the entire group ended up trooping out, eager to meet the new arrivals. He'd already told Connor and Hayleigh that Andres, Rita, and the others would fit right in at Rawhide Ranch, but of course they couldn't talk about that in front of Walter or Cindy and her husbands.

He'd overheard a few things between Cindy, Sean, and Dane that made him wonder if they were kinky as well as poly, but this was definitely not the time or the place to ask... and he wasn't the one who would be doing the asking, though he would mention it to Vicky after the wedding. He didn't want her distracted this weekend, and she would spend the entire time wondering if she should ask Cindy, but afraid to in case Saul was wrong about the kinky stuff.

Better to leave it for later.

Besides, now they had new arrivals to focus on, and introductions. The front porch was a lot more crowded as he introduced everyone to Andres, Rita, Owen and Marcus. Rita seemed a little shy, but Hayleigh, Sadie, Vicky, and Cindy were already working on her, welcoming her into their little group even though Vicky had only met her a couple times before. He really did need to spend more time with his friends... but it was hard in the restaurant business to find time to hang out. Andres and Owen owned their own food trucks, but they worked during the day, and so did Marcus who managed a plant nursery. Saul and Vicky, on the other hand, worked nights and weekends.

But they were here for him now and that's what really mattered. He was just grateful Andres could be here and didn't mind stepping in for Rachel, Saul's best friend and sous chef. She'd been torn on whether or not to come to the wedding anyway since it would be hard on the staff to have both of them gone, and then her wife's mom had gotten sick, so it had been best to have her stay home. Andres had been extremely understanding and happy to move from being a guest to coming to stand by Saul's side.

"Made it just in time too," Andres was saying to Walter, shaking his head. "Are you all worried about the snowstorm shift?"

"The what?" Vicky and Hayleigh asked in unison, both of their heads turning simultaneously, going up on alert like a pair of prairie dogs sensing a predator.

"The what?" Saul echoed. He hadn't gotten any texts or calls, and he hadn't been paying attention to the report, figuring that he'd hear from Vicky's family once they knew more.

Both of the brides were already converging on Andres, who looked a little nervous at their focused attention.

“Uh, the snowstorm that was supposed to pass the West Coast? It’s shifted and it’s going to hit here later tonight or tomorrow early morning.” Andres looked at Saul, his expression turning to horror as he realized he was the bearer of the bad news. “You seriously didn’t know?”

* * *

Hayleigh

“What? The snowstorm is coming *here*? When did that happen? What are we going to do? They’re not canceling flights, are they?”

Vicky’s rapid-fire questions were obviously making poor Andres nervous, but Hayleigh couldn’t bring herself to stop her. Not when her own nerves were twisting her stomach into giant knots.

“I’m sorry, guys, I thought you knew.” Sympathy shone in Andres’s eyes, along with his uncertainty. “I don’t know about the flights and stuff, though.”

“We’ll take care of it.” Despite the soothing tone of Saul’s voice, it rang with authority, and Hayleigh watched some of the panic fade from Vicky’s expression.

Too bad it didn’t work for Hayleigh.

But before she could give in to the panic clawing at her chest, another car came around the corner, temporarily distracting everyone from the looming meteorological crisis.

The car parked at the bottom of the steps, and Hayleigh let out a quiet moan when she recognized the passenger. “Oh, no.”

“What?” Instantly, Vicky’s attention was on her, and the car. “Who is that?”

“Julia.”

“Julia? Like *the* Julia?” Shock had Vicky’s voice raising even higher.

“Yes. She’s here to help in the kitchen.”

“I swear I am going to kill Connor! How dare he put you through this during your wedding week! That inconsiderate sonofa—”

“Victoria Ann!” Saul’s growled reprimand was quiet, for only them to hear, but it was enough for Vicky to clamp her lips together. “Do we need a repeat of last night, little girl?”

Judging by the way the color faded from Vicky’s face and then came rushing back with a vengeance, her punishment had been as memorable as Hayleigh’s had been. As excited as she was to have their friends and family around, Hayleigh wished they could have a few minutes alone to commiserate and compare notes.

“No,” Vicky mumbled. “I just can’t believe him! He can’t just keep springing things on her like this!”

“He didn’t.” Sighing, Hayleigh rubbed at her forehead, where a headache was already brewing. “He told me weeks ago. Chef Andrew really needed this week off, and Connor doesn’t have time to babysit any of the other chefs. Despite... everything, Julia is good at her job, and she knows how Connor operates.”

“And you didn’t tell me?” Vicky threw her hands up in the air before they landed on her hips as she glared at Hayleigh.

Even though she knew it was more out of frustration than anger, Hayleigh couldn’t help but feel guilty for upsetting her friend, and she offered up a weak smile of apology.

“I guess I forgot.”

“You forgot your *arch nemesis* was going to be at your wedding?” The look on Vicky’s face was a mixture of confusion and righteous fury. It would have been pretty funny if everything didn’t feel so completely awful at the moment.

Waving her hands, Hayleigh gestured for her co-bride to lower her voice. “Vicky! Hush!”

By now Owen, Julia’s Daddy, had gotten out of the car and rounded the hood to open the passenger door. Looking as nervous as Hayleigh felt, Julia accepted his help out of the vehicle. Hand in hand, they climbed the steps toward Hayleigh and her small entourage.

And then Julia’s gaze shifted to something behind Hayleigh, just as a familiar, heavy hand came to rest on her shoulder.

Daddy.

The tension seemed to melt right out of her as Hayleigh leaned against his side. Enough so that she was able to put a smile on her face and mean it. “Hi, Julia. Owen. Nice to see you again.”

“You too.” Some of the unease faded from Julia’s expression. “Congratulations. I’m really happy for you guys.”

Sincerity rang in her tone, loosening some of the knots in Hayleigh’s stomach. But it was the sunlight glinting off Julia’s

hand that had excitement crowding out the lingering unease. “Oh! Oh! Are you getting married?”

Diving forward, she grabbed Julia’s hand to examine the glittering princess-cut diamond that adorned Julia’s left ring finger. Julia giggled, a sound Hayleigh wasn’t certain she’d ever heard from her before and nodded. “Yes. Owen asked me on Christmas Day.”

“Congratulations! Oh, I’m just so excited for you!” Hayleigh yanked the other woman forward and they embraced, their past completely forgotten for a moment.

“Congratulations,” Connor said, reaching past her to shake hands with Owen.

“Thanks.” Beside Julia, Owen beamed with pride.

An elbow nudged Hayleigh’s side and she glanced over to find Vicky watching her and Julia with a guarded expression. “Oh, right! Julia, this is Vicky, my co-bride. And that’s her fiancé, Saul. Vicky, Saul, this is Julia and her D—boyfriend, Owen. Well, fiancé too, I guess.”

“Hi, Julia. I’ve heard so much about you from Hayleigh, I feel like I know you already.” Even though she said them with a smile, Vicky somehow made the words sound threatening.

Now it was Hayleigh’s turn to elbow Vicky as Julia’s face turned a deep, embarrassed red. Owen’s wide grin faded, and he shot Connor a meaningful glance. What that meaning was, exactly, Hayleigh wasn’t sure, but obviously Connor got the message loud and clear.

“Owen, why don’t you and Julia get settled into your room? I won’t really need her for a little while yet, and I know you two had a bit of a drive.”

“That sounds like an excellent idea. Come on, babygirl.”

With one hand at the small of Julia's back, Owen guided her up the stairs. As soon as they were out of earshot, Hayleigh blew out a breath. "That... wasn't bad at all, actually."

"I'm proud of you, jellybean." Pulling her into his side, Connor dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "You handled that really well."

"Thanks. She seems really happy and even after everything, she deserves to be happy."

"If you say so," Vicky said with a roll of her eyes.

Saul shot her a warning glare, but before he could say anything, Hayleigh grabbed her hands and squeezed. "Vicky, I love you, and I love how protective you are of the people you care about. But Julia and I worked through our issues and look at me. I'm fine. I promise."

Eyes narrowed, Vicky seemed to search Hayleigh's face for any hint of distress. "All right. But one wrong word from her and—"

"And I will happily escort her off the premises myself," Connor broke in with a smile. "You aren't the only one looking out for our Hayleigh-girl."

"I actually *can* take care of myself, you know," Hayleigh grumbled, but she couldn't stop the smile from creeping across her face.

"Attention, please!" At the top of the stairs, Sadie clapped her hands and beamed at the small crowd on the steps. "We have a lot to get done before this evening's festivities, so members of the bridal party, you're with me and Cindy!"

When Hayleigh and Vicky stepped forward, Cindy held up a hand. "Not you two. You two have appointments in the salon

to get scrubbed, plucked, rubbed, and pampered within an inch of your lives. Go. Shoo.”

Standing beside Vicky on the steps, Hayleigh watched as the crowd made its way inside. “Well. I guess we have our marching orders then.”

“I guess.” Vicky nibbled her bottom lip, looking unsure. “But there’s so much left to do.”

“Right now, the only item on your to-do list is keeping your salon appointments.” The fact that they were now alone obviously emboldened Saul because his grin turned wicked. “And I’m sure those appointments would be much more enjoyable without freshly spanked bottoms, so you’d better get moving, girls.”

The men dove for them, but Hayleigh and Vicky easily evaded their grasp. Squealing and giggling, they took off for the front door. As soon as they were out of sight of the men, Vicky grabbed Hayleigh’s arm.

“Let’s go look up the new weather report before we hit the spa?”

“Definitely.” Julia had undeniably been a distraction, but the worry over the possibility of snow and canceled flights still lingered. Obviously, Vicky needed the reassurance, too, and as long as their Daddies didn’t catch them obsessing over it, checking couldn’t hurt anything. Right?

* * *

Connor

With Hayleigh and Vicky off being pampered, and the rest of the wedding party off making secret preparations for the night, Connor made his way back to the kitchen with Saul in tow. The second he stepped through the doors, it was like the weight lifted from his shoulders. As noisy and chaotic as it may have seemed to outsiders, this was where he was the most at home. Well, other than actually being at home, with Hayleigh.

“I want to check on a few things for the rehearsal dinner tomorrow before Julia gets here,” Connor said as he led the way to his office.

Settling into the lone, dilapidated visitor chair, Saul raised an eyebrow. “That was a bold choice, bringing her back.”

“I know. And believe me, I tried to avoid it. But even if I could have found someone in the middle of the holiday season, I never would have had time to train them.” Dropping into his own chair, Connor scowled at the paperwork scattered across his desk. “And the only other person in my kitchen who was prepared to take on that kind of responsibility was Andrew.”

“I get it.” Saul held his hands up in mock surrender. “I’m just surprised Hayleigh took it so well.”

“She’s grown a lot.” Pride swelled in his chest, and he was sure Saul could hear it in his words as well. “I wish you could have seen the way she handled Julia a few months ago when she came to apologize. It was a thing of beauty.”

“Good. She’ll need it if she’s going to put up with your cranky ass for the rest of her life.”

For the rest of her life. The words hit him in the gut, knocking the air from his lungs. “Holy shit. We’re getting married.”

“Yeah, we are.” Saul’s grin faded. “As long as this snowstorm doesn’t fuck everything up.”

“I know. Hayleigh will be devastated if her family can’t be here for the ceremony.”

“Do we know if they’ve started canceling flights yet?”

“No.” Shifting in his chair, Connor tapped a button to bring his computer back to life and logged in. “Not from what I can tell,” he said after a quick internet search. “But judging by the path of this storm, it’s a very real possibility for people coming from the West Coast.”

“Shit.” A worried frown creased Saul’s brow. “What are we going to do if that happens?”

“I’ll check with Derek, see if he has any ideas. If anyone can figure out how to get people here in the middle of a big ass snowstorm, it’s him.”

“Let me know what he says, so we can start making plans, just in case. Worst case scenario, we can set up a video chat for the people who can’t make it, but...”

“Yeah. That’s a good last resort, but let’s do everything we can to avoid it.”

A timid knock drew their attention to the door. “Come in,” Saul called, and Connor shot him a glare.

“This is my office, old man.”

Saul was still laughing when the door eased open, and Julia poked her head in. “Reporting for duty, sir.”

“Come in.” He sent Saul a look, which the other man luckily understood.

“I’m going to go check out that new, supposedly superior, immersion blender you’ve been bragging about for months.” Pushing up out of his chair, Saul squeezed past Julia and pulled the door shut behind him.

An awkward silence settled around them, and Connor was vividly reminded of the last time he’d been alone in this office with Julia. For a moment, he wondered if he should have had Saul stay, but even from their brief interactions it was clear Julia was a different person now. And she was obviously madly in love with Owen, so there shouldn’t be any issues.

Clearing his throat, Connor gestured to the chair Saul had recently vacated. “Have a seat.”

“Oh. Um.” Red flooded her cheeks and Julia shifted from one foot to another. “I’d really rather stand, sir.”

For the first time, Connor noticed the red rimming her eyes, and he had to swallow a chuckle. Obviously he and Owen were of a like mind when it came to calming their Little girls’ nerves. “Sure thing. I appreciate you stepping in at the last minute to help with everything.”

“It’s my pleasure. Really. Thank you for trusting me enough to ask me back, even for just a couple of days.”

There was nothing to say that wouldn’t sound patronizing or trite, so Connor settled for a smile before rising from his chair to open the door. “Not much has changed since you worked here, which is part of why I asked for you, specifically.”

“No time to train someone to your exacting standards?” Her tone was teasing, but not the flirtatious way it had been when she’d worked for the Ranch. Now, it reminded him more of the way he and Saul ribbed each other, and he wondered

how he'd never noticed the difference before. Perhaps if he had, things would have turned out much differently.

There was no sense in obsessing over what he could have or should have done in the past, so he pushed the nagging thoughts from his mind just as the door to the service entrance opened and a cart stacked high with boxes appeared.

“Vegetable delivery!” Peeking out from behind the stack of boxes, an attractive bald man flashed them a grin. “You want them in the usual spot, Chef?”

“Sure thing, Corn Daddy.”

As always, the nickname wiped the smile from Shane's face and he scowled. “Et tu, Chef? It's not bad enough your Hayleigh got all the Littles to call me that, you had to add insult to injury?”

“What can I say? The name suits you.”

“If it weren't your wedding weekend, I'd walk out of here with all these fresh, delicious vegetables. Would serve you right if you had to serve all your guests canned green beans for the next two weeks.”

“That's just harsh, Corn Daddy.”

Still grumbling, Shane pushed the cart toward the walk-in fridge. Beside him, Julia let out a giggle. “Corn Daddy?”

“Yeah. A couple of months ago, there was a mix-up with the order, and he ended up bringing us seven pallets instead of seven boxes of corn. We had corn-based recipes at every meal for an entire week, and we still had to throw some of it out. It was just his bad luck that Hayleigh was helping me in the kitchen when it happened, and she started calling him Corn Daddy and it just kind of stuck.”

It wasn't until Julia started laughing and the knot in his stomach loosened that Connor even realized he'd been waiting for her to say something unkind about Hayleigh. But apparently she really had changed for the better, and it gave him hope that the rest of their potential problems would be as easily handled.

CHAPTER 9

Vicky

Did being pampered and massaged at the spa help with the fact that a major snowstorm was now headed right for the Ranch?

No.

But Vicky did feel a little better afterward anyway. A little calmer. Her muscles were definitely looser. Coming out into the hallway, she smiled when she saw Hayleigh exiting from a door a little further down.

“How are you feeling?” she asked loudly, trotting a little to catch up so they could walk out to the spa lobby together.

“More relaxed than I have any right to be right now,” Hayleigh admitted, and Vicky laughed.

“Me too.” She ran her hand through her wet hair. She’d showered off after the pampering to get all the oil off her skin and out of her hair and it looked like Hayleigh had as well. “But I mean... there’s nothing we can do right? And so far no canceled flights.”

“So far,” Hayleigh said, a little darkly, before giving herself a shake. “Maybe we’ll get lucky, and it’ll shift again,

or just dissipate on its own.”

“Ooh, yes that sounds good. Let’s hope for that.”

Both of them laughed as they came out into the lobby where they found Cindy and Sadie waiting for them, nearly identical grins on their faces.

“About time! How do you feel?” Sadie asked, bouncing to her feet from where she and Cindy had been talking. Cindy’s cheeks looked a little flushed for some reason. Eek. Vicky hoped Sadie hadn’t said something to embarrass her cousin. She could only imagine that Sadie might have a lot of questions about what two husbands was like.

“Pretty good,” Vicky answered, her eyes darting back and forth between the two women, but Cindy was also getting to her feet, and she looked fine. “What are you two doing here?”

“We’re here to whisk you away to your Bachelorette party, of course,” Sadie replied, looking smug. “I see you already found your outfits.”

Raising her eyebrows, Vicky looked down at the pink-striped pajama set that she’d been given before showering. Hayleigh was wearing one too and she hadn’t thought twice about it when she’d spotted her friend. She’d figured they were like, after-spa-treatment-comfy clothes, not a bachelorette party outfit. Though she and Hayleigh had specifically said they didn’t want to go out partying and they wanted to stay pretty lowkey, so a pajama party did make sense.

She looked up at Sadie and Cindy and scowled.

“Why aren’t you two in pajamas?” she asked.

“I am.” Cindy put her hands on her hips. “How often have you seen me running around in yoga pants and a t-shirt?”

“How often do I see you at all?” Vicky retorted and Cindy stuck her tongue out at her.

“You know how I dress when you do see me!” Yeah, okay. Cindy was not the type to wear yoga pants to the grocery store, even though Vicky was.

“And I’m going to change when we get there, I just didn’t have time because I had some things to do,” Sadie said impishly, running her hands over her jeans. “Now come on, let’s go! I can’t wait to show you the setup.”

“Wait... what about Saul and Connor? Are they gone already?”

“Yes, they got dragged out by Walter and Andres. It’s your bachelor and bachelorette party, you’re not supposed to be spending the evening with them.”

Well, crap on a cracker. Sadie was right, but Vicky still wished she’d been able to see Saul before he left. On the other hand, tonight was supposed to be about friends. Tomorrow they’d be doing the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner, Saturday was the wedding... she hadn’t realized she was saying goodbye to him for the whole evening earlier, but it didn’t really make a difference anyway.

“Okay,” she said, holding out her hands in front of her, her tone becoming almost haughty. “Take us to our party.”

Laughing, Sadie and Cindy jumped forward to grab her and Hayleigh, and the four of them hurried through the halls laughing. They led her and Hayleigh to the Big House and both of them gasped when they came through the door, while Sadie and Cindy puffed up with pride.

“Surprise!” There was already a crowd of people, all the guests from the ranch who were Littles as well as Andres’ girlfriend Rita, there in their pajamas, and they yelled the word as Hayleigh and Vicky came in. Sadie and Cindy were right behind them, of course, practically pushing them through the door.

“Oh... my... God...” Vicky didn’t know where to look first. On one side of the room there were air mattresses lined up with fabric tents formed over them, sparkling Christmas lights hanging down from the tents. Each of the air mattresses were already made up into beds with incredibly soft-looking fluffy blankets in an array of colors. It simultaneously gave everyone their own space while keeping them together.

At the far end of the room was a penis bouncy castle. She didn’t know how else to describe it. It was a bouncy castle, with walls, but instead of turrets it had... well, giant penises. Along the left side of the room were all sorts of stations with games and projects, and she was pretty sure she saw what looked like naked pictures of Saul and Connor, but they looked like Ken dolls with no genitalia.

“What is that?” Hayleigh asked, sounding scandalized, and Vicky turned to see what she was looking at. Sadie was trying to put something on her head, and then she realized that Cindy was beside her doing the same thing.

“It’s your bachelorette party! You have to have a crown!” Sadie stuck it down on top of Hayleigh’s head, and Vicky started cracking up. It was bright pink and had two antenna sticking up, adorned with glowing penises. She felt Cindy

placing a headband on her head as well, and she could only assume she had the same.

“These are amazing,” she cackled as everyone cheered. “I have to ask, though, what is going on with naked Connor and Saul over there and how on earth did you get naked pictures of them?” There was something odd about them, not just the missing dicks, though it wasn’t like she was close enough to examine them.

“It’s pin-the-cock-on-the-groom!” Cindy said, grinning widely. “Don’t worry, they aren’t actually naked photos. I got pictures of them in bathing suits and then had a friend get creative with photo shop for the lower half.”

“Crap on a cracker!” Hayleigh’s hands flew to her mouth and then she started cracking up as she took in the sight. Apparently, she hadn’t noticed them right away. Sadie couldn’t blame her. There was a *lot* to take in.

“Come on! We’ll show you around,” Sadie said, grinning. She waved her hand at everyone else, who all obligingly ran off to do an activity of their choice, giving Vicky and Hayleigh time to figure out what they wanted to do.

There was a lot to choose from. The bouncy castle of course, and Vicky snickered when she saw Rita already lined up with those who wanted to try to pin-a-cock-on-the-groom. Both she and Hayleigh let out peals of laughter when they saw the huge paper cocks that were being used for the game.

Sadie just shrugged when they looked at her.

“I figured I’d get in more trouble if I made them tiny,” she explained.

There was a cornhole game, with an absolutely filthy drawing around the hole on the board, horseshoes but with cocks instead of plain stakes to try and get the plastic horseshoes around, a station for decorating penis shaped cookies and another for decorating penis shaped cakes. There was also a picture station with all sorts of props—everything from feather boas to penises on sticks.

Basically, there was a lot of penis. Everywhere. It was a forest of peen.

There were also some really fun-looking, colorful drinks. Sadie shoved a Screaming Orgasm in her hand, while Hayleigh got a Sex on the Beach. The alcohol hit her system immediately, making her feel looser and more relaxed. The threat of the snowstorm was already fading away, unable to stand up to this vision of awesome frivolity and the strength of her drink.

“So? What do you think?” Cindy asked nervously.

Vicky spun around the center of the room taking it all in. She flung out one arm, carefully holding on to her drink with the other hand.

“This. Is. Awesome!”

Both Cindy and Sadie let out identical sighs of relief and then grinned at them.

“It’s amazing! I’m gonna go decorate a penis cookie,” Hayleigh said, dashing off to the station. Her glass was already half-empty too.

“I want to pin a cock on Saul!” Vicky said, running in the other direction. Considering how intimately familiar she was

with the real thing, she should be good at that, right?

There was no way the guys were having nearly as cool a party as this.

* * *

Saul

The bachelor party had taken over a private dining room in The Majestic in Phillipsburg, which was where the infamous Julia now worked. Saul only knew about all the drama secondhand, but he was glad that it had been resolved. Especially because The Majestic was perfect for the bachelor party.

Master Derek had told them that the ladies would be perfectly safe, their bachelorette party was on the Ranch in the Big House, which took away any concerns he and Connor might have. They couldn't get into too much trouble there, and there were plenty of people around to help if they needed it.

"Bourbon tasting, great food, cigars for afterward... you didn't forget anything did you?" Saul asked Andres, amused. His friend grinned at him.

"Just the strippers," he joked.

Saul snorted.

"Trust me, I'm glad we left strippers off the list. I wouldn't be surprised to find Vicky covered in glitter by the end of the night, I don't need to add to that."

Beside him, Sean laughed.

“Glitter? Why glitter? I thought Derek said they were staying in and having a pajama party or something.” Sean grinned. “I’ve been picturing pillow fights in my head.”

Which reminded Saul of the pillow fight he’d walked in on Hayleigh and Vicky earlier. That *had* been a fun and unexpected sight. However, he doubted that Sean was picturing the right kind of pillow fight. The Littles on the Ranch weren’t just girls, and they didn’t really do lacy lingerie.

Glitter, on the other hand...

“I’m just saying, that’s the kind of mischief that can happen here on the Ranch.” Saul chuckled. “I’m perfectly happy keeping everything low key.”

“Me too,” Derek said, with feeling, making everyone who knew anything about Sadie laugh. She certainly kept him on his toes. Hopefully there would be no pranks tonight.

They ate, drank, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves through an extended dinner of excellent food. Connor seemed happy too, completely relaxed and laughing with his brother. Saul wasn’t at all surprised when Andres, Owen, and Marcus hit it off with the other Daddy Doms. They weren’t talking about that, of course, but it seemed as though like recognized like. Sean and Dane fit right in too, though they were probably used to having to schmooze people thanks to their jobs.

After dinner, they went out back to the outdoor area where heaters had been set up to make sure they stayed warm despite the chill in the air. It was definitely getting colder, the temperature dropping, and not just because of the night.

“No snow so far,” Connor said, looking up at the dark sky and echoing Saul’s thoughts. The lights around them kept them from seeing any stars, so he couldn’t tell if there were clouds moving in or not.

Unfortunately, the current lack of clouds didn’t make him feel much better, since they knew they were coming. In fact, the longer it took for the storm to arrive, the worse off they might be.

“I don’t know what I’m going to do if Vicky has a meltdown about a snowstorm. I can’t exactly blame her if she does. It was one thing to discipline her when we were handling the storm possibly canceling flights. This actually could affect the whole wedding.” Saul took a sip of bourbon, the one he’d liked the best during the tasting and had brought outside with him.

“Sorry, did you just say discipline?” Sean swiveled around in the chair he’d been sitting in to face Saul, Connor, and Derek, curiosity written all over his face. Dane and Walter looked up from the conversation they’d been having with Sean, and Saul felt himself pale. *Shit*. Before he could panic, Sean quickly reassured him. “Just asking because Dane and I had heard some things about Rawhide Ranch that we’re very interested in.”

He grinned and behind him, Dane chuckled.

“What Sean means is that we’re both Cindy’s Daddy Doms and when we heard about Rawhide Ranch we thought a Daddy Ranch sounded like a fun place to come take a vacation with her.”

Whatever relief Saul felt at Sean and Dane's confession was wiped away by Walter's choking reaction.

“Daddy Ranch?”

Connor

Shit.

Despite what he'd told Hayleigh earlier, now that he was faced with the prospect of explaining himself to his older brother, it was significantly more daunting than he'd expected.

While everyone else was watching Walter to see what his reaction might be, Saul shot Connor an apologetic look and mouthed "Sorry".

But before Connor could even begin to gather his thoughts, Walter continued. "What, exactly, is a 'Daddy Ranch'?"

"Well, it's not actually a Daddy Ranch. It's a BDSM Ranch," Connor said. He noticed Sean and Dane listening with interest out of the corner of his eye. Double crap. Though Saul didn't seem concerned, he was watching the two of them with a contemplative expression on his face.

Walter rolled his eyes at Connor's obvious stall for time. "I already knew that. So, that's what the Daddy deal is? Just some weird sex thing?"

All of the other men visibly tensed, but didn't say anything, apparently waiting to see how Connor handled the situation. He had no doubt they would step in if needed, especially Master Derek.

"No," Connor said, fighting back his own irritation. "I mean, sex is involved, at least for some couples, but it's not just a sex thing."

"Then what is it?"

"It's..." Jesus, it had been so long since he'd talked to anyone who wasn't in the kink community, he wasn't quite sure how to explain it. "It's just how we live our lives. In our relationship, I make the rules, and Hayleigh follows them."

"What kind of rules?" Curiosity was creeping into Walter's voice, though his eyes were still narrowed in suspicion.

"It differs for each couple. Hayleigh has more rules than some because she needs them. Knowing exactly what is and isn't allowed means she doesn't have to stress about if something is going to get her in trouble. So, she has rules for when she goes to bed, how she behaves at school, asking permission for certain things. Oh, and not doing things that put her safety at risk."

That seemed to get Walter's attention. Eyes widening, he leaned forward. "What happens if she breaks one of those rules?"

"Depends on the rule. Sometimes she has to write lines about the rule she broke a bunch of times, sometimes she gets her mouth washed out when she takes the swearing too far."

"And the rest of the time she gets spanked?" When Connor stared at him, Walter shrugged. "I told you, I know some things about the BDSM stuff. I looked it up after you told us

about the Ranch when you first started working there. Still not sure how being a Daddy is different from being a Dom.”

That made Saul chuckle, but Connor ignored him. Vicky didn't do much Little time, which put Saul more on the end of being Daddy kink than age play, but unless he spoke up, Connor wasn't going to “out” his preferences. Seeing that Walter was actually listening, the other men started up their own conversations, turning their bodies away to give him and Walter a modicum of privacy.

“It's not a huge difference, for some people. For me and Hayleigh, though, the biggest difference is she spends a lot of time living as my Little girl. Which is the other reason she has so many rules, so she can relax and enjoy her Little space.”

“Oh. So, you take care of her? Like she's a baby?”

Settling into the conversation, Connor shook his head. “Not quite, though there are plenty of relationships like that, where the Little is dependent on their Daddy for everything, like a baby. Hayleigh isn't quite that ‘young,’ though I do give her baths and help with her hair sometimes. She really likes it when I pick out her clothes for her, when she's not in uniform.”

“Uniform?”

“Right, sorry. It's a Ranch thing. She wears a schoolgirl uniform most days.”

“Interesting. And she's just... okay with all these rules and everything?”

“More than okay. She loves it, and she's happiest when she has that structure. That's not to say she doesn't test the boundaries or that she follows the rules perfectly a hundred percent of the time.” Connor grinned. “She can actually be a

huge brat sometimes. Which I don't mind, because it gives me an excuse to get my hands on her ass."

"Perv," Walter said, but there was no actual judgment in his tone. "So, say she did something super dangerous. Like, I don't know, nearly falling out of a third story window because she was trying to get a damn picture and she wasn't paying attention for the umpteenth time."

"That's a very specific example."

"Yeah, well, some things about Finn and her new man are starting to make a lot more sense. She practically begged me not to tell him she about broke her damn neck in India, and he's always asking if she's been behaving herself."

"Well, I can't speak for him, but if that had been Hayleigh, she wouldn't be sitting comfortably for a couple of days." A spanking would have been the least of his Little girl's worries if she'd put herself in danger like that, but he wasn't sure Walter was ready for that level of detail. He sure as hell wasn't ready to give it to him, either.

"Huh. Good. I hope I'm right and she got her ass roasted over the holidays. Maybe she'll start being more careful. Makes me wish I'd known that was an option years ago. That girl has needed someone to rein her in for a long time."

Surprise had Connor's eyebrows winging up. "I didn't realize you liked Finn like that."

"I don't. She's like family to me. But you said it didn't have to be sexual, right?"

"It doesn't, no. But you still would have needed her consent."

"Ah, yeah, there's the rub." Taking a sip of his bourbon, Walter grinned. "I doubt her stubborn ass would have agreed

to anything like that. She's different with Leo, though."

"A lot of submissives are. They have to go out in the world and be strong and independent. So their Doms, or as it is in my case, their Daddies, are their safe space. Where they can let their guard down and let someone else take care of them for a while."

"I like the idea of that. Being someone's safe space. And keeping them from killing themselves."

Relieved that the crisis seemed to have passed, Connor shot him a grin. "If you want, I could set you up with some classes. Teach you how to be a Daddy."

"Maybe." To Connor's further surprise, Walter seemed to seriously consider the offer. "Yeah, maybe. We can talk about it later. You're supposed to be focused on enjoying your last few nights as a bachelor."

He was, but all the "Daddy" talk had just made him miss Hayleigh. All he really wanted just then was to have her in his arms or over his knee; he wasn't picky.

Tomorrow was soon enough, he supposed. Doing his best to ignore the little ache in his heart, he focused on the conversation Saul and the other guys were having. Now that their big secret was out in the open, and Walter hadn't stormed out in disgust, they'd started swapping stories about the hijinks their girls had gotten into over the years.

"Did I tell you about the cookie caper?" Connor asked Saul when there was a lull in the conversation.

Head thrown back, Saul let out a loud laugh. "No, you didn't. What happened?"

Settling in, Connor poured himself another drink and launched into the story. "So, Sadie and Hayleigh got it in their

heads that it would be a good idea to get a bunch of the other Littles together and raid the cookies we'd baked for the Christmas Party..."

* * *

Hayleigh

"This was the bestest bache—bachelorette—the best party ever," Hayleigh whispered to Vicky from her tent-bed.

"It was! I'm so happy we're doing this together. 'S gonna be the best wedding ever, too!"

Even in the dim light, Hayleigh could see the huge, happy smile on her friend's face.

Vicky added, "I love you, and I know I give Connor a lot of shi—crap, but I love him too."

"I love you guys, too." Some of the worry she'd managed to push aside during the party bubbled back up to the surface. "What are we gonna do if it snows? I can't get married without my family."

"It's gonna be okay." Though her speech was still slightly slurred, Vicky's tone was calm and soothing. "Our Daddies will make sure of it."

"Wait." A voice a couple tents down cut through the darkness. "Did you say your Daddies?"

"Crap on a cracker," Hayleigh and Vicky mumbled in unison.

A moment later, the lights flipped back on, and Cindy was standing in front of their beds, with an odd expression on her face. Between the blinding suddenness of the lights and the massive amounts of alcohol still in her system, it took her a moment to place the expression as excitement.

What was going on?

“Look, Cindy, it’s...” Vicky trailed off and sent a pleading glance at Hayleigh, silently begging for help.

“It’s awesome, is what it is!” Cindy exclaimed, bouncing on her toes. “Now I can finally tell you all about Sean and Dane!”

Confusion was written all over Vicky’s face. “What are you talking about?”

It took several long, silence-laden seconds for Hayleigh’s muddled mind to process what Cindy was trying to tell them. “Oh! They’re your Daddies?”

“What?” Vicky was now sitting straight up in bed. “Are you serious? Since when?”

“Since always. If I’d known about you and Saul, I would have told you ages ago!”

“So... are you a Little?” Hayleigh asked, her heart sinking when Cindy shook her head.

“No. They take care of me and everything, but I’m not Little. I was kind of wondering if you guys were, with all of this.” Laughing, she waved her hands to encompass the entire room. “It was just kind of a vibe I got from the party. I had fun, though, and your secret is safe with me.”

“Thanks.” Vicky grinned up at her cousin. “Not exactly something I want to be talking about at the next family

reunion, ya know?”

“Tell me about it. And don’t worry about the snow. Mother Nature wouldn’t dare ruin your wedding.” Crossing her arms, Cindy tilted her nose in the air. “I won’t allow it.”

“Me neither!” Sadie cried, leaping from her bed to join them.

As the rest of the girls crowded around, Hayleigh felt some of the worry lift off her shoulders. Maybe they’d get lucky and the snowstorm would just disappear overnight.

Maybe.

* * *

Vicky

“What on earth?!” The sound of Saul’s voice, filled with shock and what sounded almost like horror, had Vicky bolting upright. The sharp movement made her bounce, and she almost rolled right off the air mattress she was on. It was a lot smaller than the bed she was used to sleeping on, though thankfully also low to the ground so even if she had fallen it wouldn’t have been a big deal, though it would have been embarrassing.

Her brain felt fuzzy, and the inside of her mouth tasted like a gym sock. Peering blearily around, it took her a moment to get her bearings. She didn’t have a hangover exactly, but she was not feeling herself either. Lack of sleep plus alcohol maybe?

But she couldn't order her thoughts well enough to figure out the reason, because she was too busy trying to figure out what had caused Saul's exclamation.

"That is... that is..." Connor sounded at a loss for words.

Finally, she spotted them, standing in front of the pin-the-cock-on-the-groom station. It had been left up overnight and... well... there were giant paper cocks pinned all over their naked pictures.

"Why am I a Ken doll?!" Saul's voice was strangled. "And why are all of those dicks so big? That is... that is not proportional!"

Vicky couldn't help herself, she started cracking up. Her head felt fuzzy and maybe just a little sore, and she was probably going to have an epic hangover, and possibly earn herself a spanking for laughing at her Daddy, but she couldn't help it. Their reactions were hilarious.

"Did you want them smaller?" Sadie called out from across the room, her voice filled with amusement. How on earth she was so easily awake, Vicky had no idea, but she didn't seem any worse for the wear after the previous night's activities.

"I didn't want them at all!"

"Well, they weren't *for* you, they were for Vicky and Hayleigh." Sadie paused. "And maybe a little bit for the rest of us."

Saul pinched the bridge of his nose and Vicky knew he was counting to ten in his head. Then he shook his head and turned to where she was instead of continuing his back and forth with Sadie. Connor was rubbing his hands over his face, like he was trying to come to terms with what he was seeing,

but like Saul, he seemed to give up on it and focus on Hayleigh.

There was something about their expressions, about the way they were standing that made her heart sink.

Something was wrong.

That's what her brain had been trying to tell her.

Sure, they could have missed her and Hayleigh and come looking for them first thing in the morning, but she knew they weren't supposed to be seeing each other again until after breakfast. There was supposed to be an amazing brunch in here this morning... but Saul and Connor had come instead, earlier than the food.

Something was *really* wrong.

“Good morning, babygirl,” Saul said, coming toward her.

“What's wrong?” she asked, her voice going shrill. On the air mattress beside her, Hayleigh suddenly came alert, catching up to why Saul and Connor would be here so early.

Saul and Connor exchanged a glance. It was Hayleigh who realized the obvious answer before Vicky this time.

“Oh no!” Hayleigh wailed, jumping to her feet and running to the window. Vicky was up and moving right behind her as the truth hit. The others in the room were also getting up and moving, following them, though none moving as fast as Hayleigh and Vicky. “Snow!”

It was the first, possibly only, time in Vicky's life that she was upset about seeing a thick blanket of gorgeous, fluffy snow on the ground. Tears sprang into her eyes. The ranch grounds were *blanketed*. And more flakes were falling. She

couldn't tell how deep it was from these windows, but it didn't really matter. It was more than enough to ruin everything.

“What about the flights?” she asked as the urge to cry grew stronger. “Will people even be able to drive out to the ranch even if the flight gets through?”

Strong hands landed on her shoulders as she and Hayleigh grabbed each other's hands. Hayleigh was sniffing too. Daddy felt like a bulwark of strength behind her, but it wasn't enough. Even he couldn't fix snow. On her other side, Cindy made soothing noises, rubbing Vicky's arm. Connor wrapped his arms around Hayleigh's shoulders, pulling her back against him.

“Connor and I have been on the phone all morning,” Daddy said as she stared out at the snow. His thumbs massaged her shoulders but didn't manage to remove any of the tension.

“There have been a lot of flights delayed but so far none have been canceled. Some people might not be able to make it here till tomorrow, but the storm is moving off and it should be over with by this afternoon.” Connor's deep voice was almost as soothing as Daddy's, but it didn't help the fear and anxiety that had exploded in Vicky's chest.

She'd been holding back her emotions for so long, and when she heard Hayleigh start sobbing, she couldn't keep them tamped down anymore. Both of them turned into their Daddies' arms and cried.



CHAPTER II

Saul

Sitting on Vicky's air mattress, Saul held on tight as she cried. Connor was doing the same thing. Everyone who had been at the party fluttered around, wanting to help and not really sure how to. Thankfully, it was only a few minutes before Master Derek came striding in with a whole contingent of Daddies. He'd probably realized how everyone would react when Connor and Saul broke the news.

Sadie went running right to him, obviously distressed for her friends and her inability to help, and Derek wrapped her up in a big hug. Cindy and Rita weren't far behind her, heading for their Daddies. Knowing that Dane and Sean were Cindy's Daddies made Saul's lips twitch as he watched them, despite the situation. He wondered if Vicky had discovered her cousin's "secret" yet.

All over the room, everyone was being comforted and reassured.

"The weather reports say the storm will pass by early afternoon, and I've already got the Ranch's personal plows out. We're working on clearing the driveway, and if I have to,

I'll get them out on the road too." Derek's voice rang through the big space and Saul felt himself relax.

Derek had reassured him they'd make it work, and he'd believed the man, but it was still good to hear the plan that had been set into place. Vicky seemed relieved too, lifting her head from Saul's shoulder, though she was still sniffing a little.

Looking around the room, the big cowboy's steady gaze landed on every single person. He practically emanated both comfort and confidence.

"The wedding is going to go on. If there's an issue with flights, we'll get a web call set up so people can watch from home. I know it's not the same, but it's better than not being able to make it at all." He smiled at Hayleigh and Vicky. "Chin up, girls. The good news is that the storm happened today and not tomorrow."

"But... my parents are probably going to miss the rehearsal and dinner." Vicky's lower lip trembled, and Saul's arms tightened around her.

"Which is disappointing, but I think we'd all rather they miss the rehearsal than the actual wedding. The rehearsal is a good thing to have, but we've got most of the wedding party here, other than the parents. We can show them what to do." Saul stroked his fingers through her hair, which wasn't the best idea since it hadn't been brushed yet this morning and he almost immediately encountered a tangle of knots.

Oops.

"It's not that hard to figure out when to walk down the aisle, and Eli is going to be running the show behind the

scenes, so he'll make sure everyone knows where to go and when," Connor added on.

"You wouldn't be able to find a better wedding coordinator anywhere," Master Derek said, winking as he approached with Sadie tucked under her arm. For all her sass and spunk, she seemed relieved to have her Daddy here with her now. Vicky managed a tremulous smile and Saul's heart went out to her.

As worried as he was about the guests, he knew it didn't quite compare to Vicky. She really wanted her parents to walk her down the aisle. Even though she was an independent woman in many ways, and she didn't believe in being "given" away, she'd wanted both of her parents to provide an escort on this next step in her life. It was important to her.

Saul had already talked to them this morning and knew they had already gotten a flight for tomorrow morning, but he couldn't decide if it would be better to tell Vicky or not. Because if something happened to *that* flight, after she thought everything was going to be okay... yeah, he didn't really want to think about that.

"Come on, everybody. We've got a great breakfast for all of you. Everything will feel better after you've eaten." Derek smiled kindly at Vicky and Hayleigh. "You'll see."

Vicky sighed. "Well, I guess being hangry isn't going to help anything." It was a weak joke, but it made Hayleigh smile and she nodded.

"Maybe by the time we're done eating, the snow will have stopped coming down," Hayleigh said hopefully.

Saul hoped she was right. Whatever made Vicky feel better was what he wanted.

* * *

Connor

The snow had finally stopped, thank god. If it had kept up much longer, he wasn't sure what he would have done. Part of him had wanted to drag Hayleigh off and just spend the day in bed, making her come so many times she forgot all about the snow and delayed flights and blocked roads.

But other than her and Vicky having their completely understandable meltdown earlier that morning, they'd been handling everything like champs. He'd caught them both looking out the windows, worry etched into their features, but each time they'd turned back around and thrown themselves into whatever project or detail needed their attention next.

And thankfully Eli had been able to make it to the Ranch before the roads had gotten too bad. As the resident party planner, he'd offered his services for the wedding and reception, and he had a way about him that seemed to soothe Hayleigh and Vicky both. He'd spent the morning completely in his element, directing traffic and checking things off, and as far as Connor could tell, everything was coming along beautifully. Derek hadn't even been needed so far, not with Eli directing things.

Connor pulled his buzzing phone from his pocket and grinned at the message from Hayleigh's mom.

Flight rescheduled for first thing in the morning! We should be there by noon!

They'd be cutting it close, but he doubted anyone would mind if the wedding had to be pushed back a bit if they ran a little late getting to the Ranch. Especially since all the guests were staying there, anyway, it wasn't like anyone had to worry about driving home.

Speaking of guests, they were missing someone. Where the hell was Walter?

Especially after their discussion at dinner the night before, Connor didn't trust him not to end up somewhere he shouldn't be, so he shoved his phone back in his pocket and went to find his brother.

Going off the assumption that Walter would have inevitably found himself exactly where he wasn't supposed to be, Connor headed for the elevators. To his surprise, Walter wasn't poking around the dungeon. But instinct told him he was somewhere on the lower level, so he turned and headed for the private "themed" rooms.

Still no Walter.

Where the hell was his brother?

Connor finally found him, standing in the middle of the indoor playground with a frown on his face as he scanned the equipment. "You keep glaring at everyone like that, you're going to scare off all the Littles."

"There isn't anybody here to be scared off. What did you do, ship them all off for the weekend?"

"Nah. They're around, helping with the wedding stuff. But we told them they had to pretend to be 'Big' while the guests are here. It's like a game to them."

"Huh." Walter's frown deepened. "I thought they were supposed to be in uniforms or something."

“Only some of them. And only when class is in session, which it isn’t right now because of the holidays.”

“I gotta tell ya, Connor, this whole thing... it’s fucking weird.”

The muscles in Connor’s shoulders tightened as if his body was bracing for a physical fight. “It’s definitely not for everyone. But if you have that much of a problem with it, it’s probably better if you don’t stay.”

“What?” Now Walter turned his scowl on Connor. “I never said I had a problem with it.”

“You just said it’s ‘fucking weird’.”

“Well, yeah. If it wasn’t weird, you guys wouldn’t have to be hiding away on this Ranch. Doesn’t mean it’s bad, just different.”

“We’re not hiding.” Except, they kind of were. While basic information on the Ranch was easily found, the kink aspect of it was on strictly a need-to-know basis. “Okay, fine, we’re sort of hiding. But not because it’s weird, just because there’s plenty of assholes out there who wouldn’t understand. And here, we can all just... be ourselves.”

“I get that.” They stood in silence for a bit, until Walter finally spoke again. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“Do you think I’d be any good at this?” Walter waved at the playground.

“At being a Daddy?” Shoving his hands in his pockets, Connor considered the question. “I do, actually.”

“Even though I’m a grumpy asshole?”

“So am I, but Hayleigh doesn’t seem to mind. And it’s different when you find the right person. They bring out the best in you, and the right person won’t even mind if you’re a bit grumpy on occasion.”

“Maybe.”

“Come on.” Connor clapped a hand down on his brother’s shoulder. “If I’m gone too much longer, Hayleigh will have my head on one of those rose-gold serving platters she somehow managed to squeeze into the wedding budget.”

“Uh huh. Did she squeeze it in, or did she look at you with those puppy-dog eyes and you gave her everything she asked for?”

“Tomato, tom-ah-to.”

* * *

Hayleigh

If she hadn’t watched the transformation herself, she never would have believed the cafeteria where she and all the other Littles routinely ate their meals was the same one she was standing in. Instead of the normal “cafeteria” style tables, there were a dozen large round tables around the outer edges of the room, draped in gorgeous white tablecloths. The chairs all had matching rose-gold and burgundy bows tied onto the backs of them, and Eli was directing a group of Littles as they laid out the gorgeous tableware her Daddy had loaned them from the restaurants.

The soaring ceilings were crisscrossed with twinkling Christmas lights, and tomorrow there would be flowers everywhere. The florist was delayed, because of the snow, but Master Derek had promised he would personally get the roads cleared in time, so she was doing her best to trust that it would all work out.

But if she had to choose between the flowers and her family, she'd choose her family. As long as her parents and her big brothers could be there, and as long as she got to walk down the aisle and marry the love of her life, nothing else mattered.

"I've missed that smile." Connor's arms slid around her waist, pulling her back against him as he brushed a kiss across the side of her neck. "Are you feeling better about things, jellybean?"

"I think so. Have you heard from my parents?"

"I have, and they will be on a flight first thing in the morning. They should be here by noon. Worst case scenario, we have to move the ceremony by an hour or two, which isn't a huge deal since everyone will be staying at the Ranch anyway."

"Oh, thank god." Relief flooded her, nearly making her knees give out from under her. "I'm hoping the florist makes it on time, but honestly as long as my family gets here, I don't care about the flowers."

"Oh, we're getting the flowers," he grumbled darkly, making her giggle. "As much money as we spent on the damn things, we'll helicopter them in if we have to."

"Daddy, don't be silly." Her gaze landed on Walter as he moved between the tables, and she slapped a hand over her

mouth. “Whoops. I forgot.”

“It’s okay. Walter knows.”

“Really?” When the heck had that happened? “How?”

“Long story. I’ll tell you after the wedding craziness is over. Speaking of.” He pulled his phone from his pocket to show her the time. “We need to go get changed for the rehearsal dinner.”

“Oh, but there’s still so much to do.”

“And Eli can handle it from here. He probably could have handled all the little details you’ve been stressing over if you would have let him, my little Bridezilla.”

“I have not been that bad!”

“Hmmm.” Lowering his voice, Connor nipped at her ear. “Then that must have been some other naughty kitty I had over my knee the other night.”

“Connor!” Heat rose to her cheeks, even though she knew nobody was close enough to hear him. “Shush!”

“Shush? Now we are definitely leaving. Come on, naughty girl.”

Excitement humming through her veins, she let him lead her down through the tunnels and out to their house. It took them far longer than it should have to shower and change, since her Daddy had decided she needed a “reminder” for the evening. After a quick, playful spanking, he’d popped a plug into her bottom, large enough for her to feel with every step she took, and then he’d dragged her off to the shower where he’d given her three rather spectacular orgasms.

By the time they’d made it to the rehearsal, she was feeling very relaxed indeed.

She and Vicky were both relieved to discover Master Derek had been right about their parents missing the rehearsal; it was all fairly simple, and nothing they couldn't explain before they walked down the aisle tomorrow. Dinner took longer than she'd expected, since everyone seemed perfectly content to sit around for hours, eating and laughing and sharing stories.

"Maybe it's better our families missed this," she whispered to Vicky. "The stories they could share..."

"Right?" Vicky gave an exaggerated shudder, and they both dissolved into giggles.

A flash of white caught her attention and Hayleigh stiffened for a second before reminding herself there was nothing to worry about. Hopefully someday she'd be able to see Julia without that knee-jerk "something bad is about to happen" reaction.

Obviously she wasn't alone, judging by the nervous expression on Julia's face as she approached their table. "I, ah, hope everything was okay?"

Squeezing Vicky's hand under the table, Hayleigh smiled up at her ex-nemesis. "It was lovely. Thank you for stepping in at the last minute, I know it helped take a lot of stress off Connor's shoulders."

"You're welcome. I'm glad I was able to do something to help. Well, um, I should go and help with the cleanup. Congratulations again, Hayleigh. You too, Vicky."

"I still say you're too nice for your own good," Vicky muttered as Julia hurried off.

Yawning widely, Hayleigh let her head fall onto her friend's shoulder and closed her eyes. Exhaustion was pulling

at her, threatening to drag her under. “Probably. But I’m more worried about the snow than Julia if I’m being honest.”

“Me, too.”

A heavy hand landed on her shoulder. Not her Daddy’s but familiar enough she didn’t bother opening her eyes to check who it was. There was no mistaking Master Derek for anyone else.

“Don’t worry, girls. The main driveway has been cleared and we’ve got a team working on the service road. It’s all going to be fine, I promise.”

With his promise ringing in her ears, she let the sleep overtake her. Everything would work out. It just had to.

Vicky

“We’re getting married today!” Hayleigh’s triumphant shout of joy was better than any alarm clock. “The snow has stopped, the drive is clear, the flights are all on, and we’re getting married!”

Laughing as she opened her eyes, Vicky grinned when she saw Hayleigh had already jumped out of bed and was dancing around. Slower to wake up, Sadie yawned and stretched in her bed, grumbling under her breath about the noise, but her tone lacked any real annoyance.

The complete opposite of Sadie, Cindy seemed to come awake all at once, sitting bolt upright in bed and throwing off her covers.

“There’s so much to do! Everyone get moving!” For someone who had revealed herself to be a submissive with two bossy Daddy Doms, Cindy could sound an awful lot like a Domme sometimes. Even Sadie jumped up, rubbing blearily at her eyes like she was trying to figure out why she’d gotten up.

She was like a miniature drill sergeant, barking orders and hustling everyone into getting their butts up and moving.

In no time at all, Hayleigh and Vicky were fed and sat down in chairs for hair and make-up along with Sadie and Cindy. Excitement was building inside of Vicky as her hair was done. Across from her, Hayleigh was having her make-up done. There were two hair stylists and two make-up artists, which meant Vicky and Cindy could have their hair done while Sadie and Hayleigh got make-up, and then they could switch.

Vicky had chosen to have her hair half-up, the front pulled away from her face and put into a knot high on the back of her head while curls flowed down over her shoulders. Little wisps of curls framed her face, and the top of her hair was poufed up just enough to help secure a tiara there.

She'd always wanted to feel like a princess on her wedding day and she totally did.

“You look amazing!” Hayleigh grinned as they switched places. The make-up artist had done a fantastic job on her, and she still looked like Hayleigh but with her eyes emphasized in a way that made them seem huge, her lips pink and perfect, and her skin like porcelain.

“You look amazing!” Vicky retorted back, in a similar tone. She fingered one of the curls on her shoulder. She did love the way it looked, but she was starting to get a little nervous along with her excitement.

Was it good enough? Would Saul like it? Or would he think it was too much?

Too late now.

She sat down in the make-up chair, wishing she could see him already. This whole keeping the bride and groom apart from each other before the wedding was... well, awful and awesome. The time with Hayleigh, Sadie, and Cindy was appreciated and amazing, but she found herself missing Saul. Wanting to see him already. Get started on the next chapter of their life together now rather than later.

“I can’t believe we’re only a few hours away from the wedding.” Hayleigh shifted nervously in her seat. “Do we know anything about the snow?”

“It’s stopped, all the rescheduled flights are on, and the way between the airport and the Ranch is completely clear,” Master Derek said, striding into the room with impeccable timing. That or he’d been hovering out in the hall waiting for someone to ask the question. Vicky didn’t think that was likely, but the thought did make her giggle.

All four of them cheered, and she felt a small pang of envy as Master Derek came over to drop a kiss on Sadie’s lips. Since she didn’t have any lipstick on yet, the makeup artist didn’t scold him. Vicky sighed with envy. Just a little bit longer and then that would be her and Saul...

“Looks like everything is well in hand here.” Master Derek straightened up, a sparkle in his eye as he smiled at Vicky and Hayleigh. “No cold feet? Everyone still ready to get married?”

“Yes!” Hayleigh and Vicky chorused at the same time, laughing. As if either of them would run.

“Good. But you know, if you change your mind... the roads are clear now, so you’re not trapped here.” He winked at them, making Vicky giggle, and dispelling even more of the anxious tension she felt from waiting.

She had no doubts about Saul. She knew he would be there to meet her at the end of the aisle, and she couldn't wait.

* * *

Saul

“I feel kind of bad, like I’ve been neglecting you,” Saul admitted to Andres as the other man helped make sure his bow tie was straight.

Andres laughed.

“Don’t worry, it’s been an eventful few days with the snowstorm and everything. Besides, I know I wasn’t your first choice for best man, or person, as it were since Rachel should probably be the one standing here. You won’t be mine for my wedding either.”

Now it was Saul’s turn to laugh at his comment, thankful that Andres understood and didn’t take offense. Saul would never expect to be the best man at Andres’ wedding, he knew that role would likely go to Marcus or Owen, but he also knew he would happily step in if needed, the same way Andres had done for him. Though, he hadn’t realized his friend’s mind was already on that topic.

“Things are going that well with you and Rita?” Saul wished he’d gotten to spend a little more time with her, now that he’d heard that... but a wedding wasn’t the best place for really getting to know someone anyway.

“They’re going well. We’ll see.” Andres shrugged nonchalantly, but Saul knew he wouldn’t have brought it up if

his head wasn't there. He raised his eyebrows and Andres smiled sheepishly. "It's hard to imagine a future without her in it."

"Damn. I'm really happy for you, man." Saul hugged him, and Andres hugged him back.

"Don't get too excited," Andres warned. "We haven't been together that long. And there's a little bit of friend drama since Marcus' ex is one of her best friends."

"And you don't let that get in the way of you getting what you want," Saul retorted. "If she's right for you, then lock it down."

Andres laughed again and shook his head. "Yes, Sir. Now let's stop talking about *my* love life and get focused on getting you down the aisle."

As if on cue, there was a knock on the door and Eli poked his head in. He beamed when he saw Andres and Saul standing there in their black tuxes and maroon vests.

"You two look fantastic! All ready to go then?"

"Ready." Saul took a deep breath. Excitement thrummed through him. He couldn't believe it was finally time.

Connor was already out in the hallway, tugging on his tux jacket, while Walter stood next to him with an amused smile. The big man looked as nervous as Saul felt.

"Okay, we're all ready, let's get you gentlemen into position so the brides can get into place!" Eli clapped his hands together and then made a shooing motion at them.

"All the parents are here?" Saul knew someone would have told him if they weren't, but he needed to make sure. Eli grinned at him, not at all offended at the question.

“All the parents are here and ready to walk the brides down the aisle, your parents are already seated, and we are good to go! Not a single guest missing.” Beaming, as if he was somehow responsible for that fact, Eli clapped his hands again and made another shooing motion.

Saul and Connor moved, Andres and Walter coming up right behind them, murmuring something to each other behind their backs. Saul could only imagine what. He glanced over at Connor, who looked back at him as they reached the doors. They gave each other nods.

There were no words right now. They were both about to take a huge step into the future together. Saul hadn't been so sure how he felt when Vicky and Hayleigh had first suggested a double wedding, but now he was glad. There was no other couple he'd rather share this with, and he was glad to have Connor by his side as they moved forward into the next chapter of their lives together.

Somehow it felt right.

“Okay, Connor and Walter... go,” Eli whispered as he opened the door. The two men walked forward. Saul wiped his hands nervously on his pant legs as Andres stepped up to his side and gave him an encouraging smile. “Saul and Andres, go.”

Connor and Walter's long legs had them already halfway down the aisle, but Saul didn't hurry to catch up. He walked slowly, as required by the music, Andres keeping time with him. As he walked, he scanned the audience, all of whom were looking back and smiling at him.

At another time, this might have felt incredibly awkward, but right now he was looking for specific faces, making sure everyone had made it. They were all there. His heart swelled

and he got into place, standing at the end of the aisle opposite of Connor and Walter. Andres stepped into place beside him, and they turned to face the aisle.

The doors at the back had already closed, but the music shifted and a moment later they opened again to admit Cindy and Sadie, looking absolutely stunning in their rose-gold and maroon gowns. The sequins of rose-gold glittered on the top before giving way to the maroon chiffon that swept along the floor as they walked. Their bouquets glimmered too, the mix of varied pink flowers from dusky rose to a dark maroon interspersed with glittering pins and pearls prettier than he'd imagined they'd be.

Not that any of that really mattered to him though.

What he was waiting for was what came next as the music shifted and the doors opened once again to reveal Vicky standing between her parents. They each had a light hand on the back of her elbows, so that she could hold her bouquet in the proper place, and she stepped forward ahead of them. Her eyes lifted, her gaze finding his, connecting them from across the room, and she didn't look away once as she came to him.

He couldn't have described her dress, or her hair, or her make-up, all he knew was that she looked like a fairy tale princess come alive, ready to meet her prince. And they were going to live happily-ever-after.

* * *

Vicky

She simultaneously felt like she couldn't breathe and like she was walking on air. Everything in her body had knotted up, leaving her breathless and anxious to reach the end of the aisle and Saul.

As upset as she'd been about the idea that her parents might not be there for her wedding, in this moment as she walked down the aisle, she knew it wouldn't have mattered. Of course she wanted them there, but what she wanted most of all was to be Saul's wife.

Whether they had made it or not, this moment, when her and Saul's gazes met and she walked toward him and their future together, this moment would have remained the same. She was barely aware of her parents on either side of her, proudly beaming as they escorted her down the aisle to the man she loved.

As they came closer, she could see the tears glimmering in his eyes, and he had no problem reaching up to dab at them with a handkerchief, not caring who knew that he'd gotten emotional enough to cry. Her heart swelled with love for him, her feet moving faster, and it felt like she was flying up to him.

When they reached each other, the bouquet was the only reason she couldn't reach out to him. She loved the way a cascading bouquet looked, but damn it was heavy. As they beamed at each other, she remembered she was supposed to say goodbye to her parents.

Turning, she smiled at them. Her mom was already dabbing tears from her eyes and her dad looked like he was going to start the waterworks any second.

"We're so proud of you. We love you," her dad whispered, bending forward to give her a kiss on the cheek, followed by her mom, before they took their seats.

Vicky got into her position across from Saul, only now noticing how incredibly handsome he looked in his tux. Behind her, she felt Cindy fussing with the train on her dress, making sure it was laid out correctly to look beautiful in the pictures.

Then the music began to swell again, and she tore her eyes away from Saul because she didn't want to miss Hayleigh's entrance.

Connor

She was beautiful.

No, not beautiful, because somehow that failed to capture the stunning grace and sheer perfection of the woman sweeping down the aisle toward him. The moment she stepped into view, her eyes were locked on his, and they never left as she glided along the silk runner. Where Vicky had gone for the more traditional, princess-type gown, complete with tiara, Hayleigh reminded him more of a goddess, a crown of pink roses atop the hair she'd left mostly down to curl around her face, and the wispy, almost ethereal fabric of her dress swirling around her legs as she walked.

Her face blurred, and he had to blink back tears so he could see her clearly again. His cheeks ached from smiling so much, but he couldn't have stopped himself even if he'd wanted to. This was, quite simply, the singularly happiest moment of his life.

"You did good," Walter murmured, clapping a hand on his shoulder and giving it a hard squeeze.

Better than good. He'd done amazing, and alongside the happiness was a sense of wonder that he'd actually managed to convince this incredible woman to marry him.

She paused at the end of the aisle, turning to each of her parents as they whispered words he couldn't hear. But that was fine. The words weren't for anyone but Hayleigh, their only daughter, as she took this flying leap into the next chapter of her life.

With him. From this point forward, it was the two of them, together.

Forever.

The thought filled him with joy, and again the world in front of him blurred. A moment later, something was pressed into his hand, and he glanced down to find Walter had shoved a handkerchief into his palm. Almost on auto-pilot, he lifted the fabric to his face and wiped at the tears threatening to break free.

Hayleigh's parents stepped back, her mother not even bothering to wipe at the tears streaming down her own face as her husband guided her to their seats. Off to the side, he was dimly aware of Sadie stepping forward to take Hayleigh's bouquet from her, so she could reach for his hands.

And then she was there, gripping his fingers tightly as she beamed up at him. "Hi," she whispered.

"Hi, jellybean. You look... amazing."

Her grin widened, and she gave his hands an ever-tighter squeeze. "You clean up pretty good yourself."

Lifting his head, he met Saul's eyes over their brides' heads and saw his own happiness reflected in his friend's expression. They gave each other a broad, approving smile,

and then Derek was clearing his throat, drawing everyone's attention to him.

“We are gathered here today...”

* * *

Hayleigh

Crap on a cracker, it was actually happening!

She barely heard a word Master Derek said, but luckily she remembered enough from the rehearsal the night before to go through the motions. As important as this day was, as much as she'd wanted to remember every single moment, she couldn't seem to focus on anything but Connor grinning down at her. Even the family she'd so desperately wanted there faded into the background.

She completely missed Saul and Vicky's vows, and she nearly missed the cue for her own. The words came easily from memory; she'd written and rewritten and practiced and recited them so often it felt as though they'd been etched on her very soul. With her gaze locked with Connor's suspiciously shiny eyes, she poured out her heart to him. She spoke of how he'd changed her life, how he'd helped her grow, how she was a better person for having met him.

And she pledged the rest of her life to him, in front of the people she loved the most in the world.

His own vows nearly echoed her own, which surprised her. To her, he had always been this untouchable figure, a pillar of strength she'd spent the last two years leaning on. But to hear

him tell it, he'd been the one leaning on her, learning from her, growing and evolving because of her. Although she knew his weaknesses, where he'd struggled along the way, it had never really occurred to her that any growth or change she'd seen in him had anything to do with her.

It humbled her, even as it made her chest swell with love and pride.

Then it was his turn to pledge love and loyalty until death did they part. And when they each had a brand new, glittering ring on their finger, Derek gave the order for the men to kiss their brides and she was swept up in his arms, his lips crashing down on hers in a kiss far more primal and hungry than was decent considering their audience.

But she didn't care. In that moment, he could have carried her off and ravaged her within earshot of their entire families and she wouldn't have given a single fuck about who heard them.

The reception was almost as much of a blur as the ceremony had been, with a few bright, shining exceptions. Starting with the dance she and Connor shared alongside Vicky and Saul. She just knew she would remember every second she spent in his arms, swaying on the dance floor with two of their closest friends.

And then, when the music changed and others joined them, she and Vicky broke away to dance together, arms wrapped around each other's necks as they tried not to break down and sob with happiness.

"You look so beautiful," she whispered, giving Vicky's neck another tight squeeze.

"Back atcha, gorgeous. I can't believe we're married!"

“I know!” Jumping up and down together, they let go of the squeals they’d obviously both been holding in for far too long.

When they finally broke apart, they found their husbands dancing together, each of them fighting to lead the increasingly awkward waltz they were attempting. Arms slung around each other’s shoulders, hands on their hips, she and Vicky watched and shook their heads at the spectacle their new husbands were creating.

Another moment she knew would be imprinted on her memory forever was dancing not just with her father, but her two older brothers as well. They gave their dad a good thirty seconds of his own before they broke in, each demanding a turn with their baby sister. Thank god everything had worked out with the snow, because that was a memory she wouldn’t have missed for the world.

But the one memory that would stand out among all the rest, was the look on her husband’s face in those few impossibly long seconds after she’d smashed an entire slice of cake in his face. Cake and icing were smeared everywhere, and there was a heartbeat of silence before their guests all erupted into laughter.

Along with the laughter, butterflies exploded in Hayleigh’s stomach as she waited for his reaction. They hadn’t specifically discussed the cake smashing, but she *had* hinted that she would not be happy with him if he got cake on her beautiful dress. Which may or may not have been a seed she’d deliberately planted so she could catch him off guard without getting cake smashed into her own face.

Now, staring up at his shocked expression, she was second guessing everything that had led to this moment. But before

she could blurt out an apology, he bent and pressed his broad shoulder into her stomach, hoisting her up so that her head hung down over his back.

Uh oh.

Lifting her head, she waved to everyone, including her rather shocked-looking parents. Beside them stood her brothers, grinning as though they'd been expecting something like this all along and they actually approved. The big jerks.

At the door to the lobby, Connor paused and turned back to the crowd. "Thank you all for coming out to support us on our special day. Feel free to stay as long as you want, or at least until Derek kicks everyone out. We'll see you all at brunch tomorrow!"

Applause filled the room as he spun back around and strode through the door.

"Um, you can put me down now, Connor," she said when they'd made it several steps from the cafeteria.

A heavy, painful spank landed on her upturned bottom. "Not a chance. And what do you call me when you're about to get your naughty little bottom spanked?"

"But, Daddy, I wasn't that naughty!"

"I'll be the judge of that, wife."

A thrill raced through her at the word wife. She wasn't just his girlfriend anymore. She was his Little girl, his submissive, his life partner.

His wife.

And really, even though she had every intention of pouting and arguing, she couldn't think of any better way to begin their new lives together than over her Daddy's knee.

* * *

Vicky

“Oh my God, I can’t believe she just did that,” Vicky whispered, staring in awe as Connor carried Hayleigh out of the reception over his shoulder.

“You’d better not be getting any ideas,” Saul whispered back in a growl.

Vicky shook her head emphatically no. First of all, she knew exactly what Connor’s response was going to be and that was not how she wanted to spend her wedding night. Second of all, she’d meant it when she said she didn’t want to risk getting any cake on her dress.

She’d gotten through the whole night without anything spilling on the beautiful gown, she wasn’t going to break that streak now.

“I think we can manage a more dignified exit,” she whispered back. As people turned around to see what she and Saul were doing, someone started clinking their glass, and the whole room soon echoed with clinking glasses. Laughing, Saul claimed her lips in a kiss. He tasted like cake.

Yum.

However, Hayleigh and Connor’s exit had both of them feeling more eager to get back to their room as well. Saul’s fingers lingered on the back of her dress, stirring up her arousal, and she knew that every minute that passed put them

another minute closer to making love for the first time as husband and wife.

Looking around at everyone on the dance floor, enjoying themselves, Vicky leaned against Saul, sighing with happiness. Despite the storm, everything had turned out perfectly. Sure, her family had missed the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner, but they'd been here in time for the wedding, and that was what really mattered in the end.

“Wanna sneak out?” Saul asked, leaning away from her as though he was going to pull her toward the door.

“Absolutely not,” Vicky scolded. “We have to say goodbye to everyone since Hayleigh and Connor didn't.”

“We're going to see them all at brunch tomorrow,” he replied, leaning more into the pull and causing her to take a step in that direction.

Well, he had a point.

And Hayleigh and Connor already had a head start on them, which didn't seem fair.

Though, once she thought about it, it was likely there were a few things happening before the consummation of the marriage. Vicky giggled.

“Okay—but no throwing me over your shoulder!”

“I think I can manage that.”

Cackling like two teenagers, they snuck out of their own wedding reception.

Hayleigh

“Daddy! I don’t want a spankin’!”

“Should have thought about that before you smashed cake in Daddy’s face, huh?” Chuckling, he opened the front door and carried her to the bedroom, where he dropped her rather unceremoniously on their bed.

He glared down at her, obviously trying to look stern, but the effect was ruined by the crumbs and icing smeared across his face. A giggle burst out of her, and she slapped a hand over her mouth.

“Oh, you think it’s funny, little girl?”

Pulling her hand away, she did her best to stifle the laughter bubbling in her chest. “It’s just... your face!”

Still attempting to look intimidating, he reached a hand up and swiped at his face. When his fingers came away covered in icing, he lost the battle and gave in to his own roaring laughter, which sent Hayleigh into a fit of giggles that had tears running down her face.

“All right,” he said when they had both finally calmed down enough to speak again. “I’m going to go wash up. Then we can deal with your punishment.”

“You can’t punish me on our wedding night!”

“Sure I can. Don’t move from that spot, little girl.”

With her heart pounding against her ribcage, she watched him make his way to the bathroom. From her vantage point on the bed, she could see him as he scraped away the excess cake and then washed his face. Her heart seemed to pound harder, faster with every passing second.

And then he returned to the bedroom, but instead of going straight for her, he detoured to the closet where he kept all their toys, thus dashing any hope she’d carried for a sweet, fun spanking before he made love to her.

Oh, who was she kidding? She loved it when he was harsh, and as much as she occasionally enjoyed those light, playful spankings, she craved more.

So when he emerged from the closet carrying her “stress relief” paddle along with a variety of other objects, joy filled her as much as fearful anticipation. Whatever he was planning was going to hurt, but she had no doubt she’d enjoy every second of it.

Stopping at the end of the bed, he grinned at her. “Have I told you how beautiful you look today, Mrs. Blackburn?”

Her heart swelled, so much she wondered how it didn’t simply burst in her chest. “Tell me again, Mr. Blackburn.”

With a wicked grin, he dropped the toys on the bed and came around the side to help her to her feet. “My beautiful bride. I’ve been dying to get you alone all day so I could do this.”

Pulling her into him, he dropped a kiss to that sweet little spot where her neck and shoulder joined. Head tilted to the side to give him better access, she sighed quietly.

“And this.” The next kiss feathered along her collarbone. And then across the swell of her breasts, just above the neckline of her dress.

“But most of all, I have been waiting to do this.”

In a move so fast and smooth she couldn't help but be impressed by it, he sat and pulled her down over his lap, flipping her dress up to expose the white satin panties she wore underneath. Excitement raced along her veins as he rubbed warmth into her skin before lifting his hand and delivering a spank that sent a bolt of electric need straight to her clit.

It barely hurt, and what sting there had been faded almost immediately when he ran his hand over her bottom. “Naughty girl, smashing cake in your husband's face.”

Husband. The word filled her with love and happiness, even as he continued the spanking. Two more swats landed, only slightly harder than the first, and she arched her back, pushing her hips back, silently begging for more.

And he gave it, delivering a handful of playful spanks before pausing to rub the sting from her skin. Over and over again, he repeated the process, until her entire bottom was warm and tingly, and her poor empty pussy ached to be filled. The whole thing made her feel all floaty, like she was somewhat disconnected from her body.

So she was only vaguely aware of him tugging her panties down her legs, but the faint buzzing sound brought her back to

reality a moment before the toy pressed against her clit and sent her flying.

“Connor!” she screamed as she bucked and writhed over his lap, the orgasm ripping through her without warning.

“That’s my good girl. One more, baby. Give Daddy one more.”

Like she had a choice? With the vibrator pressed firmly against her clit, she was completely helpless to stop the swell of pleasure inside of her, the tightening of her core. Or the scream that it tore from her throat as it crashed over her again, wringing every ounce of energy and tension from her muscles so that she lay panting and whining over his lap.

“Beautiful,” he murmured, switching the toy off. “Time for part two.”

* * *

Connor

A soft whimper was Hayleigh’s only response to his declaration, and he couldn’t help but grin. There was no doubt his little girl was feeling nice and relaxed, but he knew her well enough to know there was only one thing that would truly help her purge all of the stress she’d been carrying these past few months.

Picking up the small, hairbrush-sized wooden paddle from the bed, he tapped it against her bare bottom.

“Oh no,” she moaned, her curls bouncing as her head shook from side to side. “Daddy, no!”

“You didn’t really think that wimpy little spanking was your punishment, did you, jellybean?”

“But you’re *supposed* to smash cake in each other’s faces! It’s a tradition!”

“And I bet plenty of naughty little girls have gotten their bottoms spanked for it over the years, so we’re just keeping the tradition alive.” It was, as far as he was concerned, completely logical. So with that, he snapped the paddle against her bottom twice, once for each cheek.

“Owie! Daddy, that’s not fair!”

“Who said anything about fair, little girl?” Another two swats, making her arch her back and howl dramatically. He knew it was mostly dramatics because he wasn’t spanking her nearly as hard as he normally did, even when it was just for stress relief.

The lighter spanks allowed him to drag the “punishment” out far longer than he normally did. With every swat, her skin turned a brighter and brighter pink, though never quite reaching red the way it would have if this had been an actual punishment.

She still fought him, of course, especially when he increased the speed of the swats. And when she threw her hand back to block the paddle, he pinned it against the small of her back, which just made her wiggle and squirm even harder to try and escape.

It was all part of the game, and he did his part, delivering a thorough paddling with barely a pause. Until, at last, she collapsed over his knee, and he swore he could feel every ounce of stress and tension drain from her muscles. Pitiful

little snuffles reached his ears, and he slowed the swats until he eventually stopped and tossed the paddle aside.

“Good girl,” he praised, rubbing his hand along the warmed flesh of her backside. “You took your spanking so well, baby. I think you deserve another reward.”

A soft little hum was his only answer, and he chuckled as he picked up the vibrator again and switched it on. The sight of her sweet little pussy, bare and glistening between her parted thighs had his cock straining painfully against his pants but he ignored it for the time being. He wanted her completely relaxed and empty before he filled her up again.

She jumped when he pressed the buzzing toy to her clit, her gasp of surprise echoing around the room. But he kept her pinned in place as he drove her up and over the edge again, and then again, even as she begged for him to stop.

“Too much,” she said, the words barely a whimper. “Daddy, too much. Can’t.”

“Yes, you can, baby. You can give me more, because you’re my good Little girl, isn’t that right?”

The only response he received was another startled cry as she came again, the orgasm making her body spasm and shiver over his lap.

Unable to resist claiming his wife for another second, he shifted her to the bed, spreading her out on her back, her dress hiked up around her hips, her swollen, pink lips all but begging for his cock. With a few muttered curses, he managed to shed his clothes and kneel between her thighs.

Sinking into her soaking wet, welcoming heat, he paused, gritting his teeth to keep from completely embarrassing

himself. There was no way he was going to be a two-pump chump on his wedding night.

But fuck, she felt amazing. Even more so when she gasped and arched up, wrapping her legs around him, the same as she had hundreds of times before this.

This was... different, somehow. He didn't know if she felt it, or if he could have even explained it to anyone if they'd asked. All he knew was that his heart felt like it might actually burst in his chest, and the connection they'd always shared seemed deeper. Stronger.

Words he wanted to give her crowded in his throat, but he couldn't seem to give voice to any of them. So he moved inside of her, claiming her with slow, firm strokes as he dropped his head and took her lips, praying she could feel the words, even if he couldn't speak them just then.

Stirring beneath him, she rolled her hips, meeting his every thrust, kissing him back with such ferocity it was nearly his undoing.

The world fell away, until it was only them, and the soft, sweet sounds of their love filling the room. He somehow managed to hold off until he felt her walls clamp down around him a final time before he let go of the control he was clinging to with his fingertips. With a few final, frenzied thrusts, he filled her before collapsing on the bed beside her, each of them gasping for air as she turned and snuggled into his chest.

For a long while, they simply lay there, the sweat cooling on their skin while their ragged breathing returned to normal. The words he wanted to give her still failed him, so he settled for the ones he could manage, even though they didn't come close to encompassing everything he felt for her in that moment.

“I love you, Hayleigh Anne Blackburn.”

“I love you, too, Daddy.”

Somehow, he managed to get her out of the dress. But considering she immediately burrowed back into the covers and was snoring lightly within seconds, he figured her hair and makeup could wait until morning. Pulling her into him, he wrapped his arms around her and followed her into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Saul

Since he'd given Cindy his room key, Saul had known that she was going to sneak out of the wedding reception and decorate their room for them, but he still wasn't entirely prepared for the sight that greeted their eyes. Christmas lights hung around the room and fake candles lined just about every flat surface other than the bed, shining soft light throughout the otherwise dark space. Talk about mood lighting.

"Wow... talk about mood lighting," Vicky said, echoing his thought exactly. She stepped forward into the room, looking around at the lights. Saul laughed, pulling her into his arms from behind. His hands stroked her sides, his arm tucked underneath her breasts. It wasn't an inherently sexual hold, but because he was holding Vicky...

His cock was already rising.

Something about the white gown she was wearing made him want to debauch her. Not like he didn't do that on a regular basis, but this did feel like a particularly significant debauching. Neither of them were virgins, but this would be

their first time together as man and wife, and that was its own kind of “first”.

Vicky’s breath hitched as his hand slid up over her breast, cupping the soft mound, and she moaned, wriggling back against him. The voluminous layers of her skirt kept him from being able to feel much of her lower body, but he could still feel the pressure against his dick.

“Careful!” she squealed when he tugged on the neckline of the dress, trying to pull it down so he could get to her breasts. “If you tear this I will never forgive you.”

Laughing, Saul maneuvered her over to the bed, undoing the zipper on the back, but only down to her waist. It might be cliché, but he wanted her while she was still in her wedding dress. After all, it was cliché for a reason.

“Oh...” She sighed, arching her back as he filled his hands with her breasts, sliding his fingers into the strapless bra she was wearing to pluck at her nipples. Her head fell back against his shoulder, and she reached up to wrap her arms around his neck. The position was a little awkward, but it gave him full access to her breasts, allowing him to plump and massage them as he pleased, pinching and twisting her nipples, eliciting little whimpers of pained pleasure from her. Rocking his hips forward, he both enjoyed and was frustrated by how her skirts kept him from her body. It was a fun tease.

“I want you bent over the bed, babygirl,” he whispered in her ear, still playing with her nipples. “No, don’t take the dress off. I want you to keep it on.”

Laughing softly, Vicky waited until he released her to follow his direction, glancing at him over her shoulder as she moved to the bed. Her hair was already becoming a little disheveled, the top of her dress was half-hanging off of her,

but the skirt remained in place. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were bright with desire. She looked beautiful.

“Naughty Daddy,” she teased. “Just be careful not to mess it up.”

Saul snorted. She’d already worn it through the important day, what did it really matter? But it mattered to her, and he knew he’d be careful not to do anything detrimental to it.

Vicky bent over the bed, giving him another teasing glance over her shoulder as she did so, and wiggled her skirt-covered butt at him. It was like taunting a bull. Shaking his head, Saul went to meet her challenge.

* * *

Vicky

Nipples and breasts throbbing from Saul playing with them, they were extra sensitive as they hung down beneath her, rubbing against the silky lining of her gown.

“Can you at least take off my bra?” she asked hopefully. The wired cups pushed her breasts up nicely, but now that her breasts weren’t even *in* them, they were digging into the soft flesh from underneath, and it wasn’t particularly comfortable.

“Of course.”

The back snapped open, and Saul slid it out from under her, and she sighed with relief. That was a lot more comfortable.

A moment later, her skirts flipped up. Not enough to cover her head, but definitely her back, and Vicky stifled a giggle as

she felt Saul's hands running up and down her bare legs. She realized he must be kneeling behind her.

"Naughty girl... I didn't realize you didn't have any panties on underneath this dress." His hands slid up to cup her bottom, thumbs digging in and pulling her cheeks apart. She could feel his hot breath on her wet pussy and her insides clenched.

"I wanted it to be a surprise, Daddy," she said, wriggling her bottom at him, hoping to entice him to move a little faster.

Daddy chuckled. Then his tongue swiped up her center, and Vicky moaned at the delicious contact. She was already wet and ready from how he'd toyed with her breasts, and his tongue drove her even wilder. He licked and sucked, teasing her and toying with her, laving attention over her pussy and then up to tease her bottom. She cried out as she felt all the sensitive nerve endings around the tiny hole light up from the stimulation.

"Oh... please... Daddy, I need you," she whimpered as he moved back down to her pussy, never giving her clit quite enough attention for her to come.

His mouth moved away, and she felt him stand up, but instead of positioning himself behind her, he stood slightly to the side and his hand came down on her upturned bottom. Vicky cried out and started to stand, but his other hand pushed her back down, pressing on her lower back to keep her in place on the bed.

The swats stung but didn't really hurt, not like when he was disciplining her, which was the only reason she didn't panic. She hadn't done anything wrong; he was spanking her for no reason.

No... he was spanking her for one reason: because he liked to.

“Daddy!” She still felt the need to put up a token protest as he warmed her bottom.

“Be a good girl and take your spanking for Daddy, babygirl.” His hand came down again, even as he spoke, and Vicky moaned.

She was aching and throbbing all over. Her tormented nipples, her needy pussy, and now her stinging bottom. Everything designed to make her more and more aroused. Daddy warmed her skin, spanking her hard enough for her to feel it, but not so hard that she could truly say it *hurt*.

Instead, all her senses came alive, sparking and sizzling with erotic need as he spanked her. She was Daddy’s babygirl and if he wanted to spank her before he consummated their marriage, then she couldn’t—wouldn’t—stop him. But she did wish he would hurry up because she wanted him so bad.

“Please, Daddy, I want you to make love to me,” she begged, wriggling for emphasis. By now her bottom must be nice and pink.

Either she was right, or Daddy had decided he was tired of waiting, because the spanking stopped. She heard fabric rustle and then he was in position behind her, hands pushing her skirt further up so he could grip her hips as the blunt head of his cock slipped between her pussy lips. With an eager moan, Vicky lifted her hips higher, going up on her tiptoes to help position him at exactly the right place.

He thrust in and she cried out, her toes curling with pleasure at the hot rush of sensation as she was filled. Pushing back against him, Vicky moaned as his groin met her buttocks

and then he pulled out about halfway before thrusting back in. Clenching her muscles around him, she closed her eyes, panting against the comforter as he rode her.

The fluffy layers of skirt were piled on the bed around her, her lower half completely bared to him, buttocks pink from the spanking, while he thrust into her from behind. The visual in her mind was as stimulating as the physical sensations, making her feel naughty and delighted at the same time.

“Oh, Daddy... Daddy, I’m going to come...”

“Good girl.” One of the hands on her hips slipped down between her and the bed. Vicky cried out as the callused pads of his fingers stroked over her clit. “Come for Daddy. Come all over my cock.”

He moved harder, faster, his fingers rubbing at the same time and the ecstasy bloomed inside of her like an ever-expanding firework that started in her core and flared through her body. Her fingers dug into the bed as the pleasure wracked her senses, sending her soaring as they consummated their marriage.

* * *

Saul

She was Daddy’s good girl and also his wife, and Saul couldn’t believe how lucky he was. His own release spurted as she spasmed around him, her inner muscles clenching and massaging him, milking him of his cum. Shuddering, he buried himself inside her completely, feeling the silken

warmth of her body all the way to his root as they came together in blissful harmony.

Panting, he slumped over her, ensuring that he didn't put his full weight on her, but reluctant to part with her too quickly as well. He wanted this moment to last forever.

Pressing a kiss to her shoulder, he lifted his head enough to see her expression. One cheek resting against the bed, he could still see her sleepy smile and half-lidded eyes. She looked exhausted but satisfied. Saul felt exactly the same way.

“I love you, wife.”

Opening her eyes all the way, Vicky laughed. She shifted underneath him, and he reluctantly pulled out of her so that she could turn over. It was worth it though, to have her on her back beneath him, her lips easily accessible for kisses, and he was able to nestle back down between her thighs. With her legs wrapped around him, she held him closer than ever, and his dick immediately twitched with interest, as if testing his stamina for a second round.

“I love you too, Daddy.”

Reaching up, she pulled his head down to hers for a kiss. It was sweet, gentle, but passionate. A confirmation and acknowledgement of their new relationship.

She was now his. Forever.

Hayleigh

She hadn't realized she could feel this happy.

And yes, maybe it had something to do with the fact that Connor had barely waited for them to get out of the shower before dragging her back to bed and burying his face between her thighs for several more mind-blowing orgasms on top of the ones from the night before. At this point, she'd lost count of how many times he'd made her come since they'd said their VOWS.

If she'd known getting married would have that kind of effect on him, she would have pushed the wedding up by several months.

But it was more than just the physical bliss. Her heart was light and happy, no longer weighed down by worry over whether or not he wanted her forever, and then the wedding plans, the stress of making sure everything was right.

Because now everything was exactly right. The glittering stones on her finger were a reminder of exactly how perfect her life was in that moment.

Lifting her hand to her throat, she brushed the tips of her fingers across the bare skin there. Part of her still longed for the weight of his collar around her neck, but it no longer felt like their very future hinged on it. Maybe when they returned from their honeymoon, they could talk to Master Derek about a small, intimate collaring ceremony.

“You look as happy and relaxed as I feel.” With a happy sigh, Vicky dropped down onto the chair beside Hayleigh and grinned. “I almost can’t believe we pulled this off.”

“I know. But we did, and it was perfect. We should get Eli a gift basket or something, to thank him for all the hard work he put in. I wonder what he likes. Maybe I should ask—”

Vicky held up a hand to cut her off. “Maybe you should relax and enjoy your honeymoon, and then we can worry about thank yous and gift baskets.”

“Fair enough.” Laughing, she picked up her champagne flute, still half-filled with mimosa and clinked it against Vicky’s full glass. “Have you figured out where you’re going, yet?”

“No.” Vicky wrinkled her nose. “Saul is being ridiculously tight-lipped about the whole thing. What about you? Any luck with Connor?”

“Nope. But honestly, as long as it’s somewhere warm, without any snow, I’ll be a happy camper.”

“Same. If I never see another snowflake again, it’ll be too soon.”

“You say that now, but by next winter you’ll be begging your Daddy to build a snowman with you so you can ambush him with a surprise snowball fight.”

“It’s really freaking weird how well you know me, sometimes.”

“Ditto.”

Their giggling was interrupted by the arrival of their family members, all of whom were demanding hugs and time to chat before brunch was over and the happy couples said their farewells. Hayleigh was happy to indulge them since she hadn’t gotten to spend any time with them before the wedding thanks to the snow.

At some unseen signal, her father and brothers stood and made their way over to the buffet, leaving her alone with her damp-eyed mother.

“You look radiant, Hayleigh-bear.” Reaching for Hayleigh’s hands, her mother gave them a hard squeeze. “Are you happy?”

“So happy. I didn’t even know it was possible for one person to feel this much.” Her own eyes were filling again with happy tears, which she ruthlessly blinked back. If she started crying now, she’d never stop.

“Good. That’s good. And Connor... he treats you right?”

There was something in her mother’s tone that had alarm bells ringing in the back of Hayleigh’s mind. “Of course. I wouldn’t have married him if he didn’t.”

“It’s just, well...” Her mother hesitated, as if uncertain of what to say next, which was so unlike her it turned the alarm bells into a screaming siren.

“What, Mom?”

“You weren’t yourself, when you were with Brady.” The words came out in a rush, like she was afraid if she didn’t say

them all at once, she wouldn't say them at all. "And we love Connor, and you finally seem like yourself again, but after you left the reception last night I overheard some of the wedding party talking about you being in trouble. I just don't want you to end up in that same place you were in with Brady, where you were so worried about upsetting him you just became this shell of yourself."

"Oh, Mom." Throwing her arms around her mother's neck, Hayleigh squeezed. "I love you so, so much for worrying about me." Tears blurred her vision as she pulled away. "But Connor is a big part of the reason why I'm able to be myself again. He wasn't actually mad about the cake thing, and I promise you, he is nothing, *nothing* like Brady."

"All right. I just worry about you, Hayleigh-bear."

"I know. And believe me, if Connor ever showed the slightest hint of becoming like Brady, he'd have everyone here at the Ranch to answer to, not to mention you guys."

"Well, good. I'm going to go snag some of that fresh blueberry compote before your brothers eat it all."

"Better hurry, then, they've already been up there a whole minute."

Her mother rose, then paused after a couple of steps to turn back. "Love looks good on you, baby."

"Thanks, Mom. It feels really good on me."

When her mother had made her way up to the buffet, Connor lowered himself into the seat she'd vacated. "Hey, jellybean. Everything okay?"

"Yes." Emboldened by the knowledge he wouldn't spank her in front of their guests, she rolled her eyes. "Why does everyone keep asking me that?"

“Because when my wife is crying, I have a vested interest in finding out if they’re happy tears or sad tears.” Leaning in, he lowered his voice so only she could hear. “And if you roll your eyes at me again, we will be taking a trip to my office. We have a long flight ahead of us, and it’s going to be very unpleasant for you with a freshly paddled bottom.”

“Sorry, Sir,” she whispered, praying nobody but him noticed the heat rising to her cheeks. Heat that wasn’t all from embarrassment. Part of her *wanted* him to follow through on the threat, and she was tempted to roll her eyes again just to satisfy the need growing between her thighs. How the hell was she so horny again, after the way he’d ravished her?

“Good girl. Now, happy tears or sad tears?”

“Happy. Really freaking happy.” Pausing, she spent all of half a second wondering if she should tell him about the conversation with her mother. But the last thing she wanted was to start their marriage off with secrets. “Apparently some of our friends were... less than discreet after you carried me out of the reception last night and she was worried you were mad about the cake incident. She was worried I’d be like I was with Brady.”

“I’m not Brady.” A hint of defensiveness crept into his tone, and she reached over to give his hand a hard, reassuring squeeze.

“I know you’re not. Which is what I told her. I guess I never really appreciated how hard it was on them, watching me go through the kind of abuse I went through with him. I honestly didn’t know they’d even really noticed how deeply it affected me until my mom said what she did just now.”

“Do you need me to talk to her?”

“No, I think we’re okay. I promised her you’re nothing like Brady and if you ever started to act like him, Derek would kick your ass for me.”

Connor’s eyes widened for a moment before he threw his head back and let out a loud laugh. “He absolutely would. And I’m pretty sure your mom would be next in line, followed by my own mama.”

“Probably,” she agreed with a giggle.

She hadn’t thought she could feel any happier than she had when she’d walked into the cafeteria that morning. But sitting there with her husband, realizing how deeply and fiercely she was loved, she wondered how all of the happy didn’t simply burst out of her and shower everyone around them like confetti.

* * *

Vicky

“I can’t believe you’re extending your stay here, you kinky bitch,” Vicky said, laughing as she wrapped Cindy up in a hug. Her cousin shrugged, grinning.

“What can I say? I want to see what the Ranch is like after our parents leave and so do Dane and Sean.” They both looked over to where the men were talking with Cindy and Vicky’s parents, who were now mostly comfortable with the fact that Cindy had married two men.

“Do you think they suspect?” Vicky asked, in a quieter voice. She was reassured when Cindy emphatically shook her

head.

“Not even a little. They were asking if it’s a dude ranch and if they might be able to visit sometime to learn how to herd cattle or something. Your secret is safe.”

Vicky sighed with relief.

She wasn’t ashamed of what she and Saul had, but she was really uncomfortable with the idea of her parents knowing such intimate details about their sex life. The last thing she ever wanted to talk to her mom about was spankings. Her parents had never spanked her in her entire life, she wasn’t sure she’d be able to explain why she wanted someone else to do so now.

“Have an amazing honeymoon.” At Cindy’s words, Vicky grimaced, and Cindy laughed. “He still hasn’t told you where you’re going?”

“Nope. Hayleigh doesn’t know where she’s going for hers either.” She rolled her eyes. “They’re both acting like it’s a state secret and like we’re not going to find out in a few hours anyway. He’s not going to be able to hide it once we get to the airport.”

The fact that they were flying to wherever they were going was the one thing she did know.

“Unless it’s a multi-stop flight,” Cindy pointed out. Vicky stuck out her tongue.

“Don’t jinx me!”

Saul looked over from where he was talking to Andres and his friends and tapped his watch. It was time to go. Excitement rose up in Vicky. As nice as the brunch with all their family and friends had been, what she really wanted was to find out where they were going on their honeymoon.

Not knowing was driving her crazy.

A round of hugs with everyone and then she and Saul and Connor and Hayleigh all headed out together. They were headed to the airport too. One last hug with her fellow bride and then Vicky and Saul got into the car. Their families and friends were all out on the front porch waving goodbye to them.

She couldn't help but feel a little guilty. Most of them would be gone within the next hour or two as well, but the ones who had come in yesterday morning would have barely spent twenty-four hours there before having to get back on a plane. She knew it wasn't her fault though.

"Now can you tell me where we're going?" she asked. Might as well distract herself from the niggling sense of responsibility and guilt. Saul chuckled, squeezing her hand, and she knew his answer before it left his mouth.

"No, you'll just have to be patient."

"Ah, yes, patience. The most well-known of my virtues."

That got a full body laugh from him, as she'd intended. Well, fine then. If he wasn't going to spill, she would just torture him a little bit instead. Listening to T Swift all the way to the airport sounded like a fun morning.

Saul didn't seem bothered though, even singing along with some of the songs. Damn. She'd have to find new music to get on his nerves now that he'd been won over by Taylor.

By the time they arrived, she'd lost sight of Connor's car. It was a good thing she and Hayleigh had said goodbye back at the Ranch, otherwise they wouldn't have gotten the chance. She hoped her friend had an amazing honeymoon. They would

have to compare notes when they got back. Or maybe even during if she could send some emails.

The wedding had been amazing but not really long enough a visit. She and Saul would have to come out again sometime soon, or maybe have Hayleigh and Connor come visit them, though it wasn't nearly as convenient as going to the Ranch.

Parked, luggage in hand, Vicky followed Saul through the airport. He wouldn't let her stand near him while he used the kiosk for their tickets or be beside him when he checked the luggage. She waved when Saul pointed her out to the man behind the desk. The guy grinned and waved back.

"What did he say?" she wanted to know when Saul rejoined her.

"He understood that I'm trying to keep our destination a secret for as long as possible, and he said he hopes we have a great honeymoon," Saul replied.

"You know you're going to have to give me my ticket so I can get through security, right?" she asked.

"We'll see about that."

To her bemusement, he managed to sweet talk the guard into not letting her see her own ticket. It appeared that being newlyweds really did cause people to give you a ridiculous amount of leeway. Society was weird.

It wasn't until they walked up to the gate that she finally got to see the destination.

"Florida! Ha!"

"No, not Florida. That's just where we're catching our connecting flight at 7:05 tonight," Saul said with a giant grin. Vicky made a sound of exasperation.

“Then why couldn’t you tell me our first stop is in Florida?”

“Where’s the fun in that?”

“Sorry, did you say 7:05 out of Florida?” asked a familiar, and completely unexpected, voice.

Vicky and Saul whirled around to see Connor and Hayleigh standing there, holding hands with their carry-ons on either side of them. Just like Vicky and Saul. Connor had the weirdest expression on his face. Hayleigh appeared excited.

“We’re on the same flights!” she squealed.

Connor and Saul exchanged a glance.

“Connor, can I—”

“Saul, we should—”

They both cut off what they were going to say mid-sentence and then jerked their heads to the side. Letting go of Vicky’s hand and his carryon, Saul gave her the look that said, “I’ll be right back”.

Of course, as soon as the men stepped to the side for a very quiet but very intense discussion, Vicky and Hayleigh rushed at each other for a hug.

“Oh my god...”

“Do you think?”

“That would be too amazing!”

A double wedding *and* a double honeymoon? That was too good to be true... or was it?

The End

For more Rawhide Ranch, [check out the Rawhide Authors Amazon page](#)

ABOUT STELLA MOORE

Stella is a USA Today Bestselling author of romance featuring irresistibly sassy heroines and the strict, dominant men who try to tame them. Her favorite place to write is on her deck, with a glass of wine, enjoying her fabulous view of the countryside. Aside from reading and writing, Stella's favorite hobby is shopping. She is a fierce advocate for teaching women to love themselves, both in her writing and in the real world!

Keep up with Stella and stay up to date on new releases:

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ABOUT GOLDEN ANGEL

Golden Angel is a USA Today best-selling author and self-described bibliophile with a “kinky” bent who loves to write stories for the characters in her head. If she didn’t get them out, she’s pretty sure she’d go just a little crazy.

She is happily married, old enough to know better but still too young to care, and a big fan of happily-ever-afters, strong heroes and heroines, and sizzling chemistry.

When she’s not writing, she can often be found on the couch reading, in front of her sewing machine making a new cosplay, hanging out with her friends, or wandering the Maryland Renaissance Fair.

Golden Angel writes Contemporary BDSM romances, Historical Spanking Romances, and kinky Sci-Fi alien Romances. Explore the past, present, and future with her at www.goldenangelromance.com

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