



# CRAVING HER

# *Medicine*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
ADALINE RAINE

# CRAVING HER MEDICINE



ADALINE RAINE

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# CHAPTER 1



*B*ecca

I was wholly unprepared for meeting Jaxon Gray. Aaron's best friend since high school strutted into the den like he owned the place.

Agreeing to go on vacation with my best friend Zoelle to a luxurious lake house when I was such a workhorse left me itching at the idea. I'd attempted to wiggle out of going, but her boyfriend Aaron, my boss, practically demanded it. The truth was I'd been so overworked and overwhelmed for so long that I *needed* a break. I'd protested in the beginning, of course, but some growled threats from Aaron settled my misplaced concerns. His lake house was a reward all on its own.

Hanging out in the den eating snacks and babbling on about nothing but fun topics renewed my sense of vigor, lifted my spirits out of the humdrum of my typically mundane days. Jaxon's presence left me speechless.

When it came to the human body, I was an expert, thanks to graduating from the nine levels of hell known as nursing school. Life and death situations were an everyday occurrence for me, and I excelled at handling them. But when it came to matters of the heart, I was too often woefully ill-equipped.

The devilishly handsome man crossing the room was going to do a number on my heart.

His sable locks, trimmed neatly at the sides, had me longing to run my hands through them. I was already wondering what his deep dark goatee would feel like rubbed between my fingertips. What it would be like to stare into those green eyes of his.

*Shit. Stop staring at him!*

His long sleeve t-shirt just hinted at the outline of a six-pack underneath the thin fabric. Dark jeans, a black leather jacket, and boots completed his outfit. Watching him greet Aaron with a handshake and a ‘bro’ hug left me floundering. I’d bet my favorite pair of panties that Jaxon was the king of smolder.

*Be cool. You got this.*

His overall demeanor screamed ‘bad boy’ but he’d graduated from Harvard Medical along with Aaron. How rebellious could a prestigious doctor be? My heart galloped in my chest when he reached my side and held out his hand. It took all of my composure not to choke on my pretzels.

“Hey, I’m Jaxon.”

I accepted his hand but I already knew who he was. “Hey, I’m Jaxon,” I parroted back at him, stupidly repeating what he said.

Jaxon beamed, a warm smile that reached his eyes and showcased a dimple in his chin. “What’s your name?”

I felt awkward keeping my hand on his but he was rubbing his thumb across my fingers and I didn’t want him to stop. His light touch sent sparks of pleasure through my body. It had been too long since I’d been attracted to someone at first glance. If I’d been wearing panties they would have likely exploded into a million tiny pieces.

“Becca Madeline Pierce.”

Chuckling, probably from me throwing my middle name in there, he released my hand. “What a lovely name. It’s so nice to meet you.”

“Thanks, I figured you’d need to know my full name in case you’d like to scream it later.” I don’t know what came over me

and shoved a bunch of pretzels into my mouth in a desperate bid to stop flirting with the man.

“I think that’s my line, Becca.” He leaned in close, his mouth almost touching my ear. “My middle name is River, and the last name is Gray.”

Men did not typically unnerve me, but he was smooth. So smooth that when I attempted a sassy reply, the salty nuggets I’d been shoveling into my mouth got stuck in my throat.

Placing my palm against my throat with my thumb and fingers in a V-shape, I tapped several times.

“She’s choking,” Aaron announced from his spot a few feet away, but Jaxon had already swung into action, wrapping his arms around me and moving them upward. It was a basic first aid move meant to dislodge food. After a few tries, he succeeded. As embarrassment burned through me; I envisioned crawling out of the room and never speaking to him again.

“Are you okay?” Jaxon asked, concern clear in his voice.

“Yeah,” I croaked. “Just helping you perfect your Heimlich maneuver.” I held up both of my thumbs. “Five stars. Great execution.”

He cocked an eyebrow. “I’m glad I was here, but let’s keep the life-saving to a minimum this week, okay?”

“You got it.” Spinning on my heel, I saw Zoe chewing on her bottom lip. She was probably worried about me. “I’m going to go make dinner. Bye!”

I squeezed her shoulder as I hurried out, hoping she would follow me and praying I wouldn’t trip over my own feet. I couldn’t handle another round of embarrassment.

\* \* \*

*Jaxon*



Fighting the urge to run after Becca as she fled the room like her tail was on fire, I forced a pause since we were strangers. Just because our best friends were together in a relationship didn't mean she knew anything about me. Still, I wanted to check on her and make sure she was okay. From the moment I'd entered the living room, Becca's come-hither stares had left me with a hard, throbbing cock. I sent it kill signals when it pressed against my thigh since now was not the time.

I didn't want a relationship at the moment, mistakenly telling myself that overworking was a better course of action. I loved my career, but the corporate bullshit and politics at the hospital left much to be desired.

I wanted more than just a few romps in the sheets, but smearing Becca's bubblegum pink lip gloss across her face as I claimed her mouth with my own made for a hot-as-fuck mental image. I didn't even know her, and yet, I wanted to make her mine.

She was beautiful, with tiny, delicate features, a petite figure, and a mischievous smile that reminded me of a naughty pixie. Her hair was cut short with pastel colors swirled throughout evoking the look of a feisty mermaid. Almost from the first second I saw her, I couldn't help but think about how those gorgeous blonde locks of hers would be so much hotter clenched in my fist as she sucked me off. I indulged in thoughts of picking her up, slinging her over my shoulder, and finding a room to act out her naughtiest fantasies. I'd slide those tight, cut-off denim shorts over her sexy legs, admiring the way her skin felt under my hands before trailing up to the hot pink crop top and lifting it off of her. If she refused to stay still, I'd use her shirt to bind her arms, granting me full access to her body.

*Rein yourself in, man.*

Then the little pixie had choked on her damned pretzels. My medical instincts had kicked into high gear as I'd stepped in to assist her. It was only afterward, when I knew she was safe, that I thought about how good her body had felt in my arms.

Zoelle drew closer, holding out her hand. "It's so nice to finally meet you in person."

"Nice to meet you too." I shook her hand, but when I let go, she opened her arms for a hug. Picking her up, I twirled her in a circle, her high-pitched giggle almost melodic. Then I set her back down. "I think your friend is embarrassed."

"Yeah," Zoe said sweetly. "Becca doesn't usually get like that."

"Don't worry. We'll get her mind on other things," Aaron assured Zoe. "Why don't you go help her with dinner?"

"Yes, Daddy." Zoelle grinned. "Becca and I will have something whipped up in no time."

Aaron tapped her nose. "Sounds good, kitten."

Moving toward the kitchen, Zoelle glanced over her shoulder. "Jax? I forgot to tell you. There's no work while we're at the lake house. Only fun stuff is allowed."

"Bossy little thing." I shook my head. "You're smart to be all the way over there where I can't reach you."

Zoelle pouted. "I'm sorry, Jax. Will you *pretty please* promise to relax while we're here?"

"I'll make an effort not to work, unless it's absolutely necessary."

"Thank you." She smiled. "And can you forgive me for being bossy?"

"Yes, you get one pass."

"Yay!" Giggling, she scampered out of the room.

Directing my attention to Aaron, I nodded toward the kitchen. "Does Zoe need me to help her mind your rules this week?"

"Yes, the more eyes on her, the better. Becca also has shown her wild side since arriving. Two brats need double the minding."

"Uh-huh."

"You should show them both how you handle sass."

It had been far too long since I'd indulged my kinkier side. Aaron and I had stumbled upon the lifestyle back in med school, but I'd denied my urges for a while. Mistakenly believing the rhetoric my parents drilled into my head that if I wasn't good enough to get into medical school, I wasn't good enough to take care of someone else. This meant, of course, that I couldn't possibly be a good partner either. It had taken years to tune out the insecurities their words had engendered within me and embrace my daddy dom side. Though I was more confident now, my schedule hardly allowed room for playtime or relaxing at all.

*Relaxing? What the fuck is that?*

It was likely the last time I'd seen Aaron. Our friend Caleb's second wedding had been at least three years ago, so we had to have seen each other more recently than that. My bachelor party and disastrous almost-wedding had happened two years ago. At least I'd avoided marriage after Candice, my bride-to-be, confessed she was sleeping with most of the groomsmen. Candice had cursed everyone from the priest to her own mother, French-kissed her best friend, and puked in the vestibule all the while screaming at the top of her lungs about how much she hated me.

Pushing the memories away, I still couldn't remember when Aaron and I had last hung out in person. It didn't matter, since we were finally going to relax for a whole week without interruptions.

I eyed the bottle in Aaron's hand. "We'll see if my title returns, and I'm happy to discuss it later. Can I get a beer?"

"Of course, but I wanted to talk to you for a minute. How's North Star?"

I gave Aaron a wary glance. He always headed straight to the point during a discussion. On the surface, his question appeared casual, but I knew he would probe deeper. "It's fine."

"How many hours did you work last week?"

"A few."

Aaron cocked an eyebrow.

I couldn't help but think that Zoelle likely answered whatever questions he asked when he gave her that look. "Your dom face isn't going to work on me, bro."

"Sixty hours? Seventy?"

"More than I can count." Holding my phone out so he could see, I grumbled. "Fourteen text messages from work. They need me already."

The truth was I practically lived at the hospital. I had no real outside connections in Chicago, other than a few acquaintances due to my overworking. The niggling fear in the back of my brain that I wasn't good enough to be someone's partner or worse, finding someone else like Candice, halted my dating life.

"I thought you secured coverage before you left."

"Yeah, so?"

Aaron's voice deepened just a bit. "So let them handle it for a week."

"Ooh. I bet Zoe likes when you drop your tone," I teased. "I bet it turns her into a melty pile of goo."

"You need to recharge. I'm just telling you what you already know."

Aaron was right, just like always. "I hear you, man. When I'm at work, at least I'm helping others."

"You're not at work right now." Aaron clapped my shoulder, and we headed toward the kitchen. "Let's focus on fun this week. I think you and Becca will hit it off if you give her a chance."

"Do you think she might be interested in a scene?"

"If you give her some of that smolder, I bet she'll fall at your feet and beg for one."

"Okay, I'll give it a shot, but it's not like your cute friend will entice me to move to New York."

We reached the step to enter the kitchen, but Aaron put his hand on my shoulder. "Where did that come from?"

Aaron could read me better than anyone I knew, except for maybe Caleb. “I don’t know, man.”

“I was going to ask you and Caleb to partner with me. It took a lot of planning, but I figured out the logistics. You jumped the gun.”

Years ago, when we’d laid around the dorm rooms of Harvard thinking about what it would be like to be ‘real’ doctors, we had tossed around the idea of owning a practice together. Aaron followed his dreams—one of the many things I’d admired about him. When we were done with medical school, going into business together never really seemed to be more than a passing thought. But now, the potential prospect of starting our own practice was mind-blowing. It was exactly what we needed.

“Nothing new there.” I chuckled despite the seriousness of our conversation. “I’ll have to think about it.”

“Are you happy at North Star?”

I wanted to lie to Aaron and pretend that everything was fine, but it wouldn’t serve either of us. He knew me. He’d never judge anything I said, and he always supported me. Aaron had been there through some of my best and worst moments. He’d seen me cry when my mother was diagnosed with cancer, and again when she kicked its ass. Aaron had encouraged me to apply to Harvard. He’d never steered me wrong, and I owed him a lot. Though I didn’t always agree with his tactics, I could count on him. So, then what was my issue? But I knew.

It wasn’t Aaron I’d considered lying to—it was myself.

Letting out a long breath, I shook my head. “Nah. I’m not fucking happy, man. I haven’t been in a long time.” I rubbed the back of my neck. “Don’t get me wrong, I love my career, but there is nothing for me in Chicago except the hospital. And lately that place feels more and more like a prison.”

“Consider it before you flat-out refuse.”

Swallowing around the lump in my throat, I stepped over the threshold. “I will, but that beer is now singing to me.”

“You better say yes. Caleb can’t stand to be left out. It’s a guarantee he’ll be in too if you accept.”

“Caleb succeeds when he’s in control. Massachusetts General is at risk of closing their trauma center. They don’t give a shit about him. Not like we do.”

*Shit. Aaron’s idea has already wormed its way into my brain.*

Aaron gave me a sly smile. “Sounds like you’re heavily leaning toward yes.”

He always had my best interests in mind. He knew it and I knew it.

“We’ll see.”

*Something* needed to change. Maybe it was finally time to choose my happiness over everything else?

\* \* \*

*Becca*

I had announced my intention to fix dinner, but instead of actually cooking, I stood in the kitchen replaying in my head every mortifying moment I’d had with Jaxon. From him sauntering into the room, all the way to him saving my life.

*You’re so stupid!*

“What’s wrong?” Zoelle asked as she rushed into the room. “Did something happen?”

“I don’t know!” I opened up the fridge, intending to scour the contents for dinner, then shut it without looking at the options. “Jaxon is the most handsome man I’ve ever laid my eyeballs on.”

“He’s been friends with Aaron since high school. Jaxon’s family hosted him in Boston.” Zoelle jabbered on about their time in high school and then med school milling around the kitchen with me. Then her hand shot out, clamping it around

mine. “Aren’t you supposed to be making dinner and not idly staring?”

Opening the fridge for the fourth time, I tossed her a bunch of ingredients. “Do you have any idea how embarrassing it was to choke in front of Jax?”

“I get it. One time Aaron...” Her face blushed crimson. “Uh, yeah, *embarrassing*.”

“What did he do?”

“Nothing.”

“Oh, come on, Zoe. It can’t be worse than being saved by a perfect stranger.”

She dragged the toe of her sparkly ballet slipper across the floor. “He checked my temperature once when I was sick with strep throat.”

“I literally do that all day long.”

“Um, not orally.”

I opened my mouth, then closed it again. Zoe’s cheeks blushed pink, and now I understood it. I had to say something. “Okay, I don’t do it *that* way as often.”

Her comment elicited yet more questions though. I wanted to grill her, to find out why the memory of Aaron doing a pretty standard medical procedure embarrassed her. It could be that she and Aaron were into medical play, but I didn’t want to push her to share more than she wanted to.

Returning to the task of making dinner, I grabbed pots and pans and a small cutting board. It was easier to focus on chopping and slicing food rather than reliving awkward moments in my head.

“Aaron has a whole exam room in the basement for... medical stuff.” Zoelle fiddled with the charm on her necklace. “Things that *don’t* happen in a real doctor’s office.”

“I don’t care what you’re into. You’ve shared a lot with me.” I squeezed her hands. “I’ll tell you one fantasy though.”

Her eyes sparkled in amusement. “Oh! What is it?”

“I’m a total rope bunny. I love the idea of being tied up and restrained.” I sighed. “Something about that physical control being taken away from me helps me sink into this, I don’t know, warm *happy* place.”

“There’s a whole rope collection in the closet. Maybe in every room.” She winked. “Aaron could show you some of their knots.” Zoe giggled as if imagining it. “I, um, have also been thinking about Aaron spanking me in front of other people.”

The bell pepper I’d been slicing flew across the counter. I retrieved it, rinsed it off, and wagged my knife at the green vegetable. “You can’t get out of this one, pepper.” I continued chopping as if nothing had happened. “That’s so fucking hot, Zoe. Do you think he’d do it tonight?”

“I’m not planning on asking him,” she huffed. “Sometimes it’s more fun to think on the fantasy than to have it played out.” Zoelle rinsed the rice a few times in the sink before filling the cooker.

We had terrible timing. Aaron and Jaxon entered the room together likely hearing the last part of her comment to me.

“What fantasy is in your head, kitten?” Aaron wrapped an arm around Zoe’s waist.

Her cheeks pinkened, highlighting her adorable freckles. “I was sharing with Becca, *not* you.”

“Mm-hmm.” Aaron turned his attention to me. “What fantasy, Becca?”

“Don’t!” Zoe stomped her right foot against the kitchen tile. “*Please* don’t tell him.”

“Sorry, Aaron.” I wagged my eyebrows at him. “Clucks before ducks.”

Jaxon cracked up. He had sidled onto one of the stools at the breakfast nook while we were talking but now he was doubled over from laughter. “Don’t keep us in suspense. Tell us.”

“Dates before mates,” I insisted, playfully mocking Aaron’s Australian accent.



Aaron stole a few red pepper pieces. His tone grew cool. “Out with it.”

Placing my hands over the chopped bits, I glared at him. “These are for *dinner*.”

“You can always fix more.” He popped another one in his mouth. “I’d like one of you to tell me what you were talking about.”

Zoelle grabbed a piece of ginger root off the counter, peeled it with the back of a spoon, and handed it to me. “You can, um, say it.”

Mincing the ginger kept my hands occupied. “Zoe might have found a new kink. Our intrigued little exhibitionist wants you to spank her in front of people.”

Flicking his gaze to Zoelle, he moved closer to her. “You’ve thought about that, kitten?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She gave a breathy moan. “Tonight?”

“We’ll see,” he replied, his voice growing husky.

“I’d be down to watch a scene,” Jaxon added as if anybody needed his agreement.

I glanced over at him casually as if I wasn’t about to hang onto his every word. “What else did you have planned? There’s nothing out front but a lake.”

Tilting his head to the side, he locked his eyes on mine. “Engaging in my own scene afterward?”

A naughty thought played through my mind. “Huh. So, you want Aaron to spank you, Jax?”

“You *are* a feisty brat, aren’t you, Beck?”

I liked the way he mirrored my use of a nickname. I didn’t let most people shorten my name into something else but the way he used it was endearing and flirty. I almost combusted from the weight of his stare, and the air around me grew stifling. “Nope. I’m just hungry.”

*And not just for food.*

Jaxon took a swig from his beer bottle. “Food prep would go faster if that ginger was put to better use. If you need motivation, let me know.”

Zoelle groaned. “You don’t want ginger in anything other than your food!”

His threat did funny things to my belly, but after Zoe’s declaration I wondered where he meant to put the ingredient. I stuck my hip out and propped a hand on it. “Don’t threaten me with a good time.”

The ring of an incoming call interrupted them, both Aaron and Jaxon reaching for their cell phone, the sound seeming to ease the tension in the air ever so slightly.

“It’s me,” Jaxon said, striding toward the living room, his phone at his ear. “Be right back.”

Zoelle knocked my hand off my hip. “You probably shouldn’t taunt someone you don’t know very well.”

I poked her tummy right back.

“Don’t rile up Zoelle,” Aaron warned, his Australian accent suddenly thicker, the sternness causing butterflies to flutter through me. He had already made it very clear in our car ride up here that each of us would be getting our needs met at the lake house. Anything I wanted to explore would be safe as long as I communicated. Aaron explained patiently that his friends were experienced in the lifestyle and they were onboard with doing the same if I wanted it.

“What happens if I do?”

He quirked an eyebrow, studying my face. “Then you’ll be in just as much trouble as your friend.”

We weren’t in a dynamic of any sort. After our arrival Aaron reiterated his point. He told me he was willing to keep me in line, all I had to do was ask, something I had trouble voicing. I held my finger in front of his belly poised to taunt him.

He clasped his hand around my finger, his sparkling blue eyes darkening. His response made me wonder if I was in trouble.

Before I could offer an explanation, Zoelle leaned into me, murmuring, “Just because I’m in hot water doesn’t mean you have to join me.”

“I love hot water, Zoe,” I whispered back, hoping she would also read into what I wasn’t saying out loud. I longed for someone to dote on me, prioritize my needs, and discipline as necessary. I’d been too afraid to ask Aaron to do those things during our vacation.

“From here on out, Becca, if you taunt me I’m going to respond. Maybe I’ll just give you a few minutes in the corner, or I might take a paddle to your ass.” Aaron squeezed my hand. “Agree to my terms, or stop the behavior. Which is it going to be?”

“I’m being myself for the first time in a long time. So, can you clarify? I’m not attempting to be disrespectful.”

“You and Zoelle discussed her rules on the way here. The more tempted she is to break them, the harder it’s going to be to get her back on track.” Aaron let go of me. “If you’re acting up and I can’t respond, it could make our vacation less fun. Does that clarify?”

My head swam with the possibilities. “I think so. Are you asking to be my dom for the week?”

“Yes.”

*Well, fuck.*

The thought of my handsome boss keeping me in line and responding to my flirty, bratty banter had butterflies fluttering in my belly again, a sensation I was wholly unaccustomed to.

“Zoe?” My voice was little more than a squeak. I cleared my throat several times trying to regain my composure.

Zoelle handed me a water bottle.

Taking a few good swallows, I collected my thoughts. “Are you okay with Aaron being my dom while we’re at the lake house?”

“Sure, bestie. It’ll be more fun getting in trouble with you if we’re both sore afterward.”

Her ready agreement was definitely *not* the answer I was expecting, but it filled me with eagerness nonetheless. Nodding slowly, I returned my focus to Aaron. “Okay, fine. Can I go back to making dinner now?”

“Ohh!” Jaxon called as he strutted back into the room. Shaking his head and muttering, he wagged his eyebrows. “Someone’s got quite the ‘tude.”

“This has nothing to do with you, so stay out of it.” I glared at him. “It’s not like you’re going to do anything about it.”

Jaxon bridged the distance between us, stepping to my feet and I glanced up into his face.

*Why did you challenge him, knowing that you can’t possibly win?*

Because two stern men making me abide by the rules and dishing out punishments sounded better than one. As he drew even closer, the scent of Jaxon’s cologne enveloped me. I’d smelled it earlier when his arms were wrapped around me but hadn’t appreciated it. The crisp, clean scent had me almost drooling.

“Do you need an adjustment right now, Beck?” His soft yet authoritative cadence stroked parts deep inside of my body.

“Umm...” Words seemed to be failing me at that moment

“That pretty cutting board hanging over the stove is actually a fancy paddle. We can clear your head so you can get back to making dinner.”

“Thank you for your kind offer, Jax.” I swallowed half the water bottle as his stare pinned me in place. “I-I’m okay at the moment.”

“If that changes you let me know.” He winked. “Seems like you could really use another dom for the week. How’s that sound to you?”

Sandwiched between him and Aaron, it seemed as if the air had been sucked out of the room. I fidgeted with a lock of my hair, twisting it around my finger. “It sounds... okay.”

“I recommend you and Jaxon talk a bit more,” Aaron offered sincerely. “Have fun by all means, but there are better ways to get a reaction other than bratting.”

“Where’s the fun in that?” My tone came out sassier than intended, and his eyes flashed.

*Shit.*

I took a step backward, but he caught me before I could retreat. He reached behind me, slapping his palm against my right ass cheek and then my left, several times in fast succession. The sting lit up my nerves in the best way possible. I bit my bottom lip, staring at him.

“Watch your *tone*, Becca. You get one warning. Mind yourself until dinner is on the table.”

“Once dinner is served I can act up as much as I want?” Even without having been in a committed relationship or a dominant and submissive dynamic, I knew better than to throw fire on gasoline. But I just couldn’t help it.

Aaron bent me over his arm, cradling my torso while my legs lifted off the floor. He cracked his palm against the creases where my buttocks met my thighs.

“Ow!” I tried to squirm out of his grip, but I had no chance. Aaron was much stronger than me and close to a foot taller. “I’m sorry!”

He ignored my protests, landing several more harsh slaps along the lowest curve of my ass down to my upper thighs. “I told you how I’d respond.”

A few more targeted smacks of his palm against my burning globes punctuated his words. Finally, he set me back on the floor. He hugged me and I felt very small against him. “I’m sorry, Aaron. I’ll... I’ll behave.”

“If I’ve just spanked you, sweetheart, you can call me Sir.”

My lower lip trembled. “I’m sorry, Sir.”

“You’re forgiven.” He rubbed my head and the gesture soothed me. “From here on, I’ll do my best not to leave any

wiggle room. I'm going to watch a show with Zoelle, but you and I can talk later tonight. Deal?"

Selfishly wanting both Aaron's *and* Jax's attention, I pouted. "Yes, but I don't want to be alone right now."

"Hey!" Zoelle stomped her foot, drawing everyone's attention. "Why does Becca need you both minding her? She doesn't even got rules, and I only got one person paying attention."

Since both men had their attention focused on me, it sounded like Zoe had sunk into her Little mindset. Her tone sounded like a much younger version of herself and her word choices cemented my observation.

"Well, princess, Daddy was going to talk to you about that." Aaron lifted her up onto the counter. "Jaxon agreed to help you follow your rules this week."

"I-I didn't know that, Daddy." She blinked her big blue eyes at Jaxon. "I'm sorry for jumping to conclusions..."

"You don't have to apologize but I forgive you. How about when you're Little you refer to me as Mr. Jax?" Jaxon held his hand out to her.

Zoelle laced her fingers in his. Scrunching up her nose, she took a few breaths as if processing. "Thank you. What happens if I break one of my rules in front of you?"

"You'll likely get spanked and put in the corner until you've learned your lesson. But sometimes I'm pretty creative with lines. We can talk about your limits later."

"Yes, Mr. Jax." She tugged at Aaron's sleeve. "I've got a lot of emotions right now, Daddy. Can we go watch cartoons?"

"Yes, princess. Go sit on the couch in the living room. I'll grab blankets and your Dr. Aaron bear." He set her down gently. "I love you."

"I love you," she said, giggling. She looked happier than she did a few minutes ago. Zoelle traipsed out of the room.

Aaron walked over to me, leaning his elbow on my shoulder like he did at work when he was in a goofy mood. "This week is for having fun, Becca. Do you need your own set of rules?"

“No. Respect is a given and annoying you or Jax will result in a punishment. I got it.”

“Playfully allowing your sassier side out isn’t annoying to me. I think Jaxon will agree. We both enjoy a challenge, sweetheart. I look forward to spending the week with you.”

“Aaron is right for once,” Jaxon snickered.

“I’m right all the time,” Aaron clipped back. “Do you have a safeword?”

“Orangutan.” I snorted. I didn’t know why that word cracked me up, but it did every time. It was the perfect safeword to me since it wasn’t one I said often.

“Silly little thing.” He rolled his eyes. “We can talk more in detail at dinner. I’ll be in the living room with Zoelle.”

“Sounds good.” I waved as he left the kitchen. The silence he left in his wake made me want to join Zoelle in the living room so I wouldn’t have to face Jaxon after teasing him.

Stirring the food in the pan, I lowered the heat to simmer. The dish only needed a few more minutes and it would be ready to eat. The mere thought of being alone with him filled me with trepidation. I wanted to engage in deeper conversations with Jaxon, but everything he did turned me on and it was harder to stay focused on the kitchen tasks.

“How do you know if you’ve got a Little side?” The question tumbled out of my mouth before I could censor myself.

“Try it out. Then try it again. You’re the only one who matters in this equation. If you love it, keep doing it.”

“Can you tell if somebody is Little?”

“There’s no hard and fast rule. This week you’ll have the freedom to try it out if you want, pixie.”

*Pixie!*

I blinked, trying to process the loving sweetness of the nickname. “Careful, Jax. Pixies are mischievous little creatures.”

“The name fits you well.” Jaxon’s smile was warm and welcoming, the flash of his perfect white teeth stirring the fluttering of butterflies in my belly all over again.

“Huh. Well, I sort of assumed you wouldn’t give me the time of day. I’ve interacted with a lot of condescending doctors over the years. Sorry for assuming.”

“Don’t you know what happens when you assume things?” He waggled his eyebrows.

“Yes, yes, I’m aware. You haven’t given me a reason to think you would treat anyone like that.”

“Right. I don’t talk down to anyone since so many adults did it to me when I was in high school.” The playful edge of sarcasm crept into his voice. “It was such fun.”

“Why?”

“I wanted to be a doctor. Aaron showed me his medical books and I was hooked. My parents told me I’d never amount to anything. They never believed I could succeed.”

“Look at you proving them wrong, Jax.”

“They credited Aaron when I graduated med school.” He shook his head as if remembering something one of them had said to him. “I’m over it, pixie. But it *did* bother me for a little while.”

We were close enough to kiss but I pushed away the vision of me threading my fingers into his thick brown hair, pulling him closer and making out with him. “Are you dating anyone?”

“I’m not looking for a relationship right now, Beck.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

“Nope.”

*Yikes.*

His one-word answer raised red flags, but I seldom paid attention to such warnings. “How come?”

“A list of terrible ex-girlfriends. A crazy ex-fiancée who slept with half my groomsmen. Ridiculous hours at work.” He



couldn't quite hide his wince. "It's better to tell you where my head is *before* we're naked and sweaty. That activity can lead to... feelings."

I let the mental image fade from my mind and allowed silence to fill the gap.

"Is there anything I need to know about the dynamic I signed up for?" I nearly stopped breathing when Jax locked his gorgeous gaze with mine.

"If you throw your brat at me, I'm going to respond. If you are seeking something more, I'd rather you ask me instead of acting out." Jaxon swallowed the last of his beer, then turned the bottle upside down in the dish drain.

"I think I've got it but if I get confused I'll ask you."

"Good. Do you know what a hard limit is?"

"Something I flat-out refuse. I don't think I have any but I'm brand new to all of this."

"Is there anything else on your mind?"

Reeling from the directness of his question, but reveling in his attention, I took a small leap of faith. "Yeah. What did you mean about putting the ginger to good use?"

"Mm." Jaxon leaned against the counter, studying me. "You can cut a piece of ginger small enough to rest on a clit. Or carve a finger into the shape of a butt plug. The juice irritates the surrounding area creating an intense burn. Some like it more than others."

"I'm not sure how I feel about pain but I did go to nursing school. It can't be worse."

He chuckled, a hearty laugh that had me joining in. I appreciated my sense of humor of course, but not everyone did. I loved that he responded so positively to it.

"Fair enough, pixie." Reaching over to the rice cooker, he pressed the button. "There's twenty-five minutes until the rice is done. Would you like to play with ginger?"

Rolling my eyes, I huffed. "What do you think?"

“Careful. I’ve earned the nickname ‘brat tamer’ for a reason.”

“You’ve got nothing to tame.”

“You want to battle, Beck? I’m in the mood.”

Out of all of the things he’d said up to that point, that one touched something deep inside me. I pressed my thighs together hoping to keep my arousal at bay, but failed. “I doubt whatever you can do to me will be as exciting as what I’m thinking right now.” I dragged a finger across his collarbone. “Maybe I’ll let it stay just a fantasy.”

“I can *top* your fantasy.”

I patted his shoulder dismissively. “You can try.”

Jaxon picked up a new piece of ginger. He peeled and whittled it with flair until its shape resembled a butt plug. He wet the root under the water, and I couldn’t help but imagine what it would feel like when he slid the ginger inside of me. I wasn’t a huge fan of anal toys in general but the thought of him teasing me there was more than a little arousing.

“Follow me, pixie.”

“Anywhere,” I murmured.

Dragging over a kitchen chair with his foot, he sat down, tugging me across his muscled thighs in one smooth motion. “Pull down your shorts and panties.”

“I’m commando...”

“Saves you a step.”

Making a show of unbuttoning the intentionally ripped short-shorts, it took me a few attempts to wiggle them down my hips.

“Take them off. All the way.”

When the shorts dropped to the floor, my bare pussy was completely on display to him. I swallowed hard, pretending it was no big deal that all of my naughty bits were open to his scrutiny. The image in my head aroused me even more. Arranging myself across his lap, my head facing away from him, I took the opportunity to rub his thighs. Pretending to get

into place, I undulated my hips, grinding them against the bulge of his cock.

“Stay still, Beck.”

“Or?”

“Do as I said, pixie.”

“Should I be calling you some sort of title like ‘Master Brat Tamer’?” I giggled. “How about ‘Dr. Dom’?”

“Sir is fine.”

“Yes... Sir *is*.”

Jaxon coughed as if covering up a laugh. “You’ll be less mouthy in a few minutes.”

He parted my bottom cheeks and slowly slid the root into my most private hole.

Burying my head in between my arms, I was mortified by the picture I presented to him. I secretly thanked myself for having a beauty routine that removed *all* of the hair in between my legs and around my ‘no-entry’ zone. At least, it had been off limits until Jaxon inserted a ginger root into it. A dozen slaps landed against the spot where my leg and thigh met. The pain forced me to clench around the intrusion, the burn growing still more.

“Oh! Oh, what is that?” I squirmed on his lap and he pressed a hand to my lower back.

“It’s ginger oil. The more you clench, the worse it gets.” Jaxon smacked my right bottom cheek several times in fast succession.

I struggled against his lap, but he was stronger than me, his grip keeping me locked in place. Each slap against my naked bottom caused me to clench involuntarily. Soon I was nearly grinding against his legs. His palm kissed every inch of skin from the top of my butt to my thighs, my pussy growing hotter and wetter by the second. Wanting him to focus on my clit instead, I tried to angle my pussy toward him, but he shifted me on his lap, clearly not intending to give me any sort of relief.

“Sir,” I panted.

“What color are you, Beck?”

I whined, forgetting which way the colors went, then remembered it was like a stop light. “The middle one.”

“Yellow?”

“Yellow,” I confirmed. “Yes, Sir.”

Jaxon removed the ginger root and rubbed his hand over my burning globes but it didn’t do anything to ease the pain. “It’s out, pixie. The effect of the ginger shouldn’t last too long.”

“It’s like you lit a fire inside of me and... spread it around to my ass.”

“Are you uncomfortable?”

“No, but I’m not used to this. It’s... so *intense!*”

Jaxon retrieved my shorts, tugging them up to my waist and buttoning them. “Let’s finish cooking dinner.”

Pressing my thighs together, I lamented that dinner still needed to be prepared. Simply concentrating on my task while being so aroused was going to be a serious problem. “You’re going to just leave me dripping wet to go scuttle away and make dinner?”

He tipped me into a sitting position in his lap. “Ask for what you want, pixie, but do it in a respectful manner.”

“I want... a release.”

“Then you probably should have led with that.” Jaxon set me on my feet. “Yet you still haven’t asked.”

“So, you’re not interested in any other extracurricular activities with me?”

“Boating? Crafting?” He gave me a cheesy grin. “Baby goat yoga?”

“Fucking.”

“We’ll discuss it later.”

Rolling my eyes, I crossed my arms, glaring in his direction. “You said I should *ask* you for things rather than tease.”

“Yes, pixie. However, throwing demands in between a few breathy moans isn’t going to get you anywhere.”

“That’s cool. You can’t handle me anyway.”

Jaxon hauled me back across his muscled thighs. Reaching for something out of my line of sight, he tsked under his breath. “So much sass in such a tiny little package. Let’s see if we can change your mind with a paddle.”

As promised, something hard cracked across my bottom cheeks. “Ouch, Sir! Ow!”

Nothing prepared me for the searing heat the implement painted across my flesh. It was so uncomfortable, but it burned in such a delicious way too. I hadn’t thought I was into pain, but the way he handled me left me wanting more. Smack after smack bounced across my aching ass cheeks. Jaxon shifted his target to my upper thighs. I didn’t love the attention there, but the sting only fueled my arousal more.

Struggling to stay still, I bucked upward. “I apologize for being snarky, Sir.”

“I forgive you, Beck. Are you in a better spot yet?”

“Physically I... sort of like this,” I mused, trailing my fingers along his legs. “But I’m still thinking of all the ways you could give me a release.” I blew out a long breath. “Does your paddle have an orgasm setting?”

“No—but my hand does.” Jaxon wrestled my short-shorts down and off my body. His palm struck the sensitive juncture where my butt and thigh met before kneading into the warmed skin there. The pattern repeated with him shifting focus to my bottom cheeks. Pushing into his hand, I arched to meet each blow. He lowered me against his thighs, parting my legs with intention. Stroking his fingers against my sex, he pushed two inside my dripping wet pussy.

“Oh, god, Jax!” I cooed.

“Do you think you deserve an orgasm, pixie?”

“Yes, please,” I mewed, shamelessly begging him. “Please, Sir?”

“Good girl,” he praised. “I can’t deny you after you asked so sweetly.” Jaxon withdrew from my core long enough to position us on the floor.

“We’re in the *kitchen*,” I whispered as if it wasn’t obvious. Jax ignored my protest, dipping his head between my thighs and licking my clit. Deftly plunging two fingers into my heated core again, he used a gentle ‘come here’ motion while stroking his tongue on my pleasure nub. That combo was going to give me an orgasm on the laminate flooring. Needing something to hold onto, I settled for my own thighs as I trembled from the intensity. It had been too long since someone tasted me there. “Oh, *fuck...*”

Jax brought me to a screaming orgasm. I shouted his name, not caring that our friends were in earshot. I should have been embarrassed but his combination made me come hard and fast. Catching my breath, I released my trembling legs, placing my hands on the floor. I’d replay that earth-shattering orgasm in my head on repeat forever.

“Does location still matter to you, Beck?”

I shook my head as tears leaked from my eyes.

*Ugh. Why do you have to cry now?*

“Oh, pixie...” Jaxon moved us to lean against the table, bringing me into his lap with his arms wrapped around me. “What’s wrong?”

Emotions I hadn’t worked through in years flooded through me. I don’t know if it was from his handling or that he was paying attention but it no longer mattered. Memories of my parents’ divorce back in my early teens flitted through my head. Grief sank to the pit of my belly, a feeling that I should have embraced and worked through back then. But instead, I’d pushed it away. No one took care of me the way Aaron and Zoelle recently had. Their friendship was new in my life. They must have cared, otherwise they wouldn’t have offered their time and attention to me. Perhaps, in time, I could add Jaxon

to that list too? Sobbing from the sudden realization of how quickly the walls I'd built up around my heart were crumbling added another layer of embarrassment. It wasn't a pretty cinematic snuffle either, tears and snot dripping into my mouth as I cried. I was absolutely mortified.

"No one cries after the best orgasm of their life." I hiccupped, trying to calm myself down.

"Let it out, pixie." He rubbed my shoulders. "All of it."

My soul purged all of the bad shit I'd been holding onto for so long. Several minutes later, I gave one last shuddering breath. He stood up, helping me to my feet and assisting me into my clothes. "I don't cry a lot," I muttered when my head stopped spinning.

"When our bodies hold onto emotions and don't release them, it can build up either as tension, or stress—or something even worse." Jaxon blotted my cheeks with a napkin. "Do you feel better?"

"Yeah, a *lot* better. How did you know what I needed?"

"I didn't," he said bluntly. "You mentioned a release and we all get one in a different way. I'm glad you worked through it."

Still caught up in a storm of emotions, I struggled to regain my composure. "W-will you help me figure out what to do for dessert tonight?"

"Sure. Go wash your face. I'll ransack the pantry and the fridge."

"Thanks, Jax."

"You're welcome. I hope you let yourself relax this week. Try not to get caught up in your head with things. Just relax. Does that sound like a plan?"

"Yes, Sir." I flounced off to do as he said, though my burning bottom ensured my steps were a good deal slower than usual.

My heart and my head felt blessedly lighter. Jaxon had warned me about not wanting a relationship, but I was already caught up in the idea of being with him like a fish caught in a net.

## CHAPTER 2



*B*ecca

After dinner, dessert, and some time to ourselves the four of us met in the den. Aaron had lots of hidden-in-plain-sight implements cleverly woven into the decor of the room. My favorite game since arriving was finding unique items like the gorgeous spanking bench.

I sank into the plush cushions of the couch getting ready to watch a scene that had been pre-negotiated during dinner between Aaron and Zoelle. Jaxon joined me, sitting a polite distance away. It was better that there was some space between us, otherwise I wouldn't be able to keep my hands to myself.

After all the fun we'd had in the kitchen, between the ginger incident and the lovely orgasm from Jaxon, I'd gone upstairs and changed my outfit. Selecting a pair of soft teal sweatpants and a multicolored pastel tank top, I had thought carefully about my panty choices. My sexy pink, purple, and blue panties matched my bra. The thought of Jaxon taking me over his knee again and seeing my selections aroused me.

Aaron strapped Zoe to the spanking bench, shifting my focus there. She tested her bound limbs while he smiled down at her. I loved the way he watched Zoelle. Plucking a strange-looking object from the wall, Aaron tested it in his hand before striking the fullest part of her bottom. Intrigued, I watched as her milky white skin grew rosy.



“Is that an actual fly swatter?” I asked, my interest thoroughly piqued.

Jaxon bridged the distance between us, resting his arm on the back of the couch. “Yes, but it’s made of leather. It’s fun to play with.”

Nodding, I tried not to think about the subtle musk of his cologne gently wafting around me, an understated scent of cedar and sandalwood. It brought me back to the memory of him giving me an orgasm on the kitchen floor. Squirming slightly, I did my best to watch the scene in front of us. Mewls and sweet moans of pleasure fell out of Zoe’s mouth and there was something so taboo about watching her intimate moment on display. The intensity ebbed and flowed as Aaron spanked her with different implements and his palms. Her ass practically glowed from his attention there and I wanted mine to match it. Taking a few swallows from the soda can, I licked my lips. Everything about their connection in the scene turned me on. The way Aaron spoke, her reactions. I fought the urge to beg for the same treatment though not from Aaron but the handsome man sitting next to me.

Aaron handled the equipment before moving to the couch, settling Zoe next to me. She smiled at me before drinking water from her oversized sparkly bottle. She wanted me to relax on this vacation, and I was certainly going to try.

As I stole a glance at Jaxon, he cocked an eyebrow when he caught me staring. “Do you want a turn, Beck?”

Jaxon pinning me in place and the image of him spanking my ass until I came played in my head.

Suddenly, I seemed to have lost the ability to form words, so much had his intense regard flustered me. “Do you want to restrain me and have your way with me, Jax?” I finally countered, finding my voice.

“Sure.” Jaxon stood and stretched, rotating his head and his shoulders as if he was getting ready for a strenuous activity. “Pick an implement off the wall and bring it to me.”

My thoughts ran wild with the possibilities, but I also had no clue what I should be choosing. “I don’t know what I’m looking at.”

“You heard what I said.”

I picked a long black implement with leather at the tip. “I’ve seen this in movies but it doesn’t mean I know how it feels.”

“A riding crop is my favorite instrument to play with.” He winked. “It has a lot of sting to it, but it can also be handled like a cane depending on how you wield it.”

Liquid arousal pooled in between my thighs from the mental imagery of Jaxon taking a crop to my ass. Contemplating my choices, I saw a safer looking leather strap with a black handle. “What about this one?”

“Yes, it will sting but it has a heavier, thuddy feeling. It’s a good choice.” He nodded at the bench. “Take your pants off.”

Dropping my pants to my ankles, I stepped out of them then folded myself over the bench cushion.

Jaxon held up gorgeous cherry-colored leather bands with a long chain in the middle. “Have you ever been restrained, Beck?”

“No, Sir, but I’d like to be.”

He moved my hands to a better position, locking them together before doing the same to my ankles. “If your hands or feet go numb, what do you say?”

“Undo me?”

“You’re so cute. Yes, you can ask me to undo the cuffs, or you can call ‘red.’ Or your safeword.”

“Thank you for clarifying.” I tested my bound limbs. Thinking about restraints and actually *being* restrained were two entirely different things. Though I enjoyed rope and was eager to play with it, the cuffs were more restrictive than I’d anticipated.

I moaned as Jaxon snapped the crop against my right ass cheek. He tapped my bottom with the tip. “How do you feel about gags?”

“For you or for me?” Twin lines of fire bit into my upper thighs, followed by two more. A huge wave of pleasure pulsed through me. “Mm. I like that.”

“Have you ever been gagged, Beck?”

“No, but you probably wish I was right now.”

“Funny, but I want to hear what sort of sounds I can pull from your mouth.”

“Fuck.”

“Don’t make me repeat my question, pixie.”

“I have not been gagged, and it is not something I want.” I cleared my throat. “At least not right now.”

“Good. It’s important to have communication.” He snapped the crop against the expanse of my ass and I hissed.

“I’m nervous, Sir.”

The tip of the crop appeared under my chin, and he tilted my head up. His gorgeous green eyes darkened. I squirmed against the bench as he studied me, but I had nowhere to go.

“Good girl,” he praised. “It’s important to tell me what you’re feeling. What part are you nervous about?”

I swallowed hard. “Er, making stupid sounds or moaning.”

“The sounds you make won’t be stupid. If I make you moan, then I’m doing something right.”

“But what if I—”

“I expect you to be silent unless answering a direct question or calling out your safeword. Am I understood?”

“Ye-yes, Sir.”

He removed the crop from my chin, stepping into my line of vision. Then he yanked his shirt up and over his head, revealing muscled abs.

Jaxon ran his thumb across my lip. “You’re drooling. Do you like what you see?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good.” Four stinging kisses bit into the lower part of my ass.

In his skilled hand, the crop stung *so* much. Jaxon grazed my bottom with lighter strokes now, more pleasurable than the initial ones. I compared it to a rubber band being snapped across my wrist, but better. He changed implements then, picking up a leather paddle. He landed six blows struck against my left cheek, followed by six on my right, the searing sting leaving me screeching.

“What color are you, Beck?”

“Green, Sir.”

He changed focus to the lower curve of my behind. The paddle laid down harsh kisses upon my flesh, each bite of pain tinged with pleasure, my bottom warming in a most delicious way. Aroused but unable to do anything but stay in place, I struggled against the leather bonds. “Too much... stimulation!”

“What color are you at?”

“Is there something between green and yellow, Sir?”

“No, but we can take a minute. Breathe.”

Something about his tone brought me immense satisfaction. Jaxon checked on me, ensuring that I was okay as we played for the first of what I hoped would be many times. “I’m ready, Sir.”

Stingy leather bit into my upper thighs, flashes of pain blossoming into warm melty pleasure. Sounds I didn’t recognize slipped from my lips, yet more sharp taps from the crop leaving pure bliss in its wake. I rode the ebb and flow and listened to the way the implement struck my skin. Pain zapped my nerves, heat radiating off my ass.

*Smack. Slap. Snap.*

Jaxon kept me in the moment, endorphins buzzing through my body. He played some sort of magical song all across my ass and down my thighs. I relaxed deeper with every stroke, each one seemingly timed for maximum pain, which bloomed into

immense pleasure. My eyes fluttered shut as a dizzying rush of sensation swelled within me.

“Open your eyes, pixie.”

I obeyed, though it was surprisingly difficult, my eyelids suddenly heavy.

Blissfully unaware of how much time had passed, I smiled at him as his warm hand cupped my chin. “H-hello.”

“Hi, Beck. What color are you?”

I giggled. It seemed such a strange question, though I couldn’t understand quite why at that moment.

“Hey, Aaron,” he called across the room. “Come help me.”

Hands moved up and over my legs and arms, but I wasn’t in any sort of position to assist them. Jaxon and Aaron spoke softly, but their voices sounded like they were talking under water.

Zoelle’s soft voice sounded from somewhere far away. “I’ll grab the water and chocolate from the table.”

“Thanks, kitten.” Aaron touched my knee. “I’m going to put your pants on, Becca.”

“If you like them that much…”

Jaxon cackled as he rotated my wrists. “Oh, she’s *so* cute, man.”

“They’ll look good on you, Aaron.” I tried to understand what was so funny. When Aaron pulled my sweatpants up to my waist, I realized the meaning behind his words. The thought of him wearing my pants sparked another round of giggles from me.

“I’ve got her.” Jaxon lifted me into his arms. “Can you check her feet?”

“Wiggle your toes, Becca.” Aaron ran his hands over them and I did so. “Are you numb anywhere?”

“My brain.” I snorted.

“Nice work, Jax,” Aaron mused.

Jaxon carried me over to the couch, wrapped a warm blanket around me, and Zoelle handed me a huge sparkly cup with a lid on it.

“Thank you for bringing me here,” I gushed.

“You’re welcome,” Zoe said, amusement clear in her tone. “I’m happy you’re having a good time.”

I munched chocolate and drank water while wrapped up in Jaxon. I loved the attention, and the memory of the things he had done to me. We still had several hours before bed, and Zoelle and I planned to take advantage of that by making s’mores out by the firepit.

Taking a vacation had been the best idea ever.

\* \* \*

*Jaxon*

Becca and I found ourselves alone at the firepit long after Aaron and Zoelle had gone to bed. Those two had been wanting the opportunity to be by themselves for some time.

Becca swallowed some beer, keeping her eyes on me. “What’s the craziest thing that’s happened to you on a shift?”

“I’ve had some insane shit happen in the emergency department when I was a resident. You sure you want to battle me?”

Becca tapped her bottle against mine. “Well, what are the stakes?”

“I’ll tell you an insane story, and if you can’t top it, pixie—”

“I have to kiss you?”

“Do you want me to kiss you?”

“I don’t know,” she said with a shrug. “I just thought we were headed there. Let’s play a different game.”

“Weirdest foreign body in your patient and where.” I finished my beer. “Go.”

“A tire iron in the intestines.”

“You *lie*.”

“That’s the thing you measure the pressure with, right?”

“Oooh, you did lie, Nurse Pierce. A tire gauge measures tire pressure, and it’s much, *much* smaller than a tire iron.”

“Hmm.” Becca ran her fingers down my arm. “What’s the penalty for lying?”

“Do you mean punishment?”

The darkness didn’t hide the blush creeping across her features. “Yeah...”

“I’m not going to punish you for having a poor memory, pixie—especially when I’ve downed a six-pack of beer—but we can play more tomorrow if you want.”

“I only play when I know the rules.”

“We don’t know each other well enough for rules, Beck. You can always ask for what you want though.”

“Asking leads to begging, which will lead us down a totally different road. All I want to do is to have fun.” She stood up from her chair, and climbed into my lap, straddling my thighs. Becca leaned in close, kissing me, her tongue darting inside my mouth.

I slid my fingers against her scalp and tugged, breaking our kiss. She gasped, the most adorable fucking sound I’d ever heard. “Answer me, Beck.”

“You’re the first guy who’s ever handled me like he wasn’t afraid I’d break.”

“How do most men handle you, pixie?”

“They don’t, actually.” Her bottom lip stuck out in a pout. “I’ve wanted someone who would take charge for a long time. You sort of seem like you’d be into that.”

“Are you talking about dynamics?” I was not sober enough for *that* conversation. Not by a long shot.

Her face was illuminated by the fire, and she licked her lips. “I don’t know what I’m talking about. Can we have fun at the lake house as long as we’re here?”

“It’s pretty hard to have fun at the lake house when you’re not there,” I agreed.

She smacked her palms against my chest. “You know what I meant,” she sighed. “Uncomplicated sex.”

“You aren’t talking about sex right now.”

“So, you *don’t* want to fuck me?”

“I want to, pixie. But you need to give me some parameters.”

She went quiet for much longer than someone who was just considering a casual romp in between the bedsheets. She pursed her lips provocatively, and it took Herculean restraint on my end not to claim her mouth with my own and help her get to the point much faster.

“I want to be wrecked in bed. I don’t want to make one tiny decision there. Not one.” Becca pressed her body closer to me, and her perfectly round breasts rubbed against my chest. I wanted to squeeze them and play with her nipples. “The rougher the better.”

Of all the things that could have tumbled out from her pretty mouth, I hadn’t expected that.

“Oh, pixie.” I stood, but she slid down the front of my body to get out of my arms and her crotch rubbed across the front of mine. I barely remembered to take care of the fire like a reasonable adult. I offered my hand to her and she laced her fingers in mine. We rinsed out the bottles before turning off the lights and heading upstairs to the room I was staying in.

She tugged off her sweatpants, dancing them to her ankles before stepping out of them. I had seen all of her already, but I loved how she kept her eyes locked on mine. Becca grabbed the hem of her sweatshirt, slowly guiding it upward, peeking each of her breasts out from the fabric then removing it



completely. Her pretty bra was next, and she caught the cups of it in her hands, smirking while I watched. Becca ran her pointer finger along the edge of her panties. I was ready to tear them off, but stayed still as she dragged them to her thighs, lower to her knees and off.

“You are so incredibly beautiful, Beck.”

“Thank you,” she cooed. “Do you have condoms?”

Hooking up at the lake house hadn’t been part of my plan, so I hadn’t thought to grab any. “No, I don’t.”

“I’ll go ask Zoe.” Her clothing lay scattered around the bedroom and she seemed overwhelmed by the idea of getting dressed again. I yanked off my tee-shirt, putting it over her head and smoothing it down her body.

“Now you don’t have to be naked.” I winked.

“Thanks.” She gave me a coy smile. “Be right back.” Becca looked so damn sexy in my favorite light blue tee-shirt as her tiny form danced out into the hall.

\* \* \*

*Becca*

I knocked three times on Zoelle and Aaron’s bedroom door, impatiently waiting for one of them to answer.

“Is there an emergency?” Aaron called from somewhere in the room.

“No, I just need Zoe a second.”

“Hang on!” she yelled through the door, and then opened it up a crack and peeked through. “Trust me, I’m a doctor,” she said, reading the line aloud from the tee-shirt I was wearing. “Did you steal Jax’s shirt?”

“Shhh.” My next question would tell her exactly what Jaxon and I were up to, so I didn’t know why I had shushed her. “Do you have a condom?”

“Me personally?”

“Come on, Zoe,” I whined. “It’s been a long, *long* time.”

“Yeah, just a second.” She disappeared behind the half open door, returning in less than a minute with a whole buffet arrayed across her palm. There were at least a dozen condoms in different flavors and textures. “I, uh, didn’t know what you liked.”

“Thank you!” I grabbed every one of them and blew air kisses.

“Night, Zoe!”

“Have fun, Beck!”

Rushing to the room where Jaxon was staying, I hesitated a moment outside the door. I never jumped into bed with a stranger. He *had* been a stranger when he spanked me and gone down on my pussy, licking it with a fervor bordering on obsession.

*Fuck.*

I shook out my limbs, trying to get rid of my nerves. Twirling open the knob with flair, I strutted through the door, closing it behind me. Jaxon had taken his boots off, and given up his tee-shirt for my decency, but his jeans slung low on his narrow hips. I imagined what his body had looked like while it was obscured by clothing, but in the flesh it was better. I glanced upward to his incredibly muscled chest and arms. If he hadn’t taken up medicine, he could have been an underwear model. I hoped I wasn’t drooling.

Dumping the entire lot of condoms onto the bed distracted me from the glorious specimen of a man in front of me. “Courtesy of Aaron and Zoe.”

“Well, *damn*,” he said, whistling. “Strawberry flavored? Ribbed?” He rifled through the packs. “Pina colada? Mint? I didn’t think Aaron would buy something with the description ‘Minted for his pleasure.’”

“Upping the oral game?” I offered.

“A breath mint will probably have the same effect.”

“You want to find out?”

Dropping to my knees, I slowly crawled to his feet, keenly aware of his eyes on my body. Inside, I grinned. I'd never felt so empowered before.

He shucked out of his pants, his boxers following.

I rose up on my knees using both my mouth and hands to slide the condom on his thick cock. I admired it for a moment before taking his shaft in between my lips. Bobbing my head up and down, I licked and sucked like Jax was the best thing I'd ever tasted. I wanted to return the favor from earlier and risked a glance upward. He looked even hotter from this angle, and I smiled around his dick.

"It's like you stuck a dozen candy canes in your mouth before going down on me."

I slowly released him from my mouth, intending to say something smart but he tangled his fingers in my hair, flush against my scalp and led me back to his cock.

*Fuck!*

I didn't think I'd like to be grabbed in such a way, but the way he did it without a word turned me on even more. The pressure from his hand, his growled moans as I took him faster fueled my inner goddess like nothing else. Jax hit all my buttons, somehow knowing exactly what I liked.

"Do you still want me to fuck you, pixie?"

I sat back on my haunches and licked my lips, enjoying the view. "Yes, please."

Jaxon removed the green-colored latex and disposed of it. He stood at the edge of bed, towering over me. The man looked good enough to eat.

"Get up here."

"Nah. I'm comfortable."

Lifting me up with startling swiftness, he set me on the bed and flipped me over onto my belly. Leather being yanked through belt loops from his previously discarded jeans sounded over my shoulder, causing my pussy to clench from

the anticipation. Then two hot lines of fire struck the lowest curve of my butt, and I yelped in surprise.

“When we’re in the bedroom, I want you to do what I tell you to, when I tell you to do it. Am I clear?”

I glanced over my shoulder. “Yes, but it doesn’t mean I’ll do it right away.”

Jaxon slid his hand into my hair and pulled me against him until I was pressed to the hard lines of his body, my hands caressing his chest. “Beg me to fuck you.”

“I don’t beg.”

Jaxon laid me on my back upon the mattress then straddled me. He slapped his palm against my mound once, the biting pain enough to make me groan. The slow burn morphed into yummy arousal. “I’ll teach you. Open your legs.”

I obeyed, wanting everything he was ready to give me.

“If your legs close, all this stops. You can return to your room tonight with a dripping wet, unfucked pussy. Do you understand me, Beck?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He parted my thighs with the base of his palm, dipping his head to cover my clit with his hot mouth. My initial reflex was to slam my legs shut, so I gripped my thighs to keep them open. Jaxon’s tongue was going to *kill* me. He kept to the task until I was writhing, his mouth and tongue absolutely amazing as they teased my pussy.

*Death by cunnilingus.*

One of his fingers pressed into my slit, stroking along my pleasure spots. I clenched around the intruding digit, and he added another.

“Please... just fuck me.” My legs trembled from the exertion of keeping still while I was so close to an orgasm.

Jaxon continued pleasuring my tiny nub, waves of bliss crashing over my body.

“Please,” I begged in the sweetest tone I’d ever used. “Please, Daddy?”

Jaxon stopped everything. Climbing on top of me, he straddled my hips as he had done a little while ago. “You haven’t earned the right to call me Daddy yet.”

“I’m sorry,” I panted. “It slipped out. I’ll do whatever you want if you’ll just keep going.”

His hand shot out and locked around my throat. “I want to hear you scream in ecstasy, pixie.”

“Yes, please,” I murmured. I’d have practically agreed to anything at that point, my thighs already slick with my own juices.

Jaxon tore open a condom with his mouth, stopping only long enough to sheathe his cock, then pushing inside my pussy with one solid thrust.

It had been far too long since I’d had any sort of sex. Though I kept telling him that I didn’t want it to be complicated, it already was. He felt so fucking *good*, as if his damn cock was meant only for me. I moaned when he increased the speed of his hips, and again when he tugged my hair.

Jaxon pulled out, then dragged me to the edge of the bed. No one had ever manhandled me before. No one had ever considered my needs long enough to bother. He slid his cock into my sopping wet pussy, pumping in and out until nothing but my moans filled the room. Then he lifted me up and off the bed, pressing me up against the opposite wall.

“Ja-Jax,” I moaned. “I’m empty without you inside of me.”

“You’re so hot, pixie.” He thrust himself inside me again, working the new angle as he kept me in place.

I clawed at his shoulders as he set a punishing rhythm, but I loved every second of it. Licking any part of his body that I could reach with my tongue, I left a trail of wet kisses upon his skin.

Jaxon shifted his stance, somehow going even deeper inside of me as I scratched at his arms. “Jax...”

“Louder,” he demanded as the scruff of his chin brushed against my cheek.

I had been a cheerleader in high school, and I knew how to amplify my voice. I dusted off those long dormant skills and screamed like I was pumping up a crowd before a game. “*Jaxon!*”

He growled into my mouth, and I swore it was the hottest thing I’d ever experienced. Jax dug his fingers into my hips, moaning before he pulled out of me. Carrying me to the bed, he positioned me on my back. A naughty smile curved his lips, as if he wasn’t done with me quite yet.

Before I could ask him what he meant to do, he bent my legs back toward my head. Pressing his hands down on either side of me into the mattress, pinning me in place, he put his entire mouth to work on my pussy. The combination of the position, his handling of me, and the intensity had my head spinning, my heart pounding as my climax drew near.

I came so fast that I dissolved into involuntary, sputtering laughter. “Jax!” I giggled, my body and my spirit both as light as a feather. “What did you *do* to me?”

“I made you squirt,” he mused. “Glad you enjoyed it.”

Coming down from the endorphin rush, I laid there, trying to unwind, my limbs twitching with exhaustion. Jaxon went to the bathroom, probably to clean up while I tried to calm my thoughts. I wasn’t going to pick apart the insecurities suddenly haunting me. It wasn’t physical stuff but what it could lead to that was weighing on me. It was time to return to my bedroom before sleeping next to him started to sound good. Jax returned to my line of sight just as I was climbing off the bed.

“You can stay in here if you want to, pixie.”

I was panting, trying to catch my breath. “Thank you, but I really like... the bed... in my room.” It wasn’t quite a lie, but I wasn’t exactly being fully forthcoming either. Not yet, anyway. Having sex with Jaxon intensified our connection and I was on guard against false hope about where this might be leading

“This one is nice too.”

I picked up his tee-shirt from the floor and slid it over my head, finally catching my breath fully. “I take up a lot of space.”

*Why did I take his shirt?*

It was as if wearing his clothing was a silly bid to hide my true meanings. If we were only having uncomplicated sex, I should have gathered up my own clothes.

Suddenly, I needed to be anywhere but there, and I headed for the exit, my thoughts growing even more confused. I paused at the door, my palm flat against the jamb. The temptation to run right back into his arms was almost irresistible. “Goodnight, Jax.”

“Sweet dreams, pixie.”

I left with a lot on my mind, mainly focused on how Jaxon had pulled a title out of my mouth that I wasn't sure he was okay with, one I'd never thought to call anybody else.

*Daddy.*

Pairing all that with the hottest oral sex I'd ever experienced, I confronted the unavoidable conclusion.

I was falling for him. Hard.

All it had taken was one hot romp between the sheets, and Jaxon had spoiled me completely. I knew no one else would ever satisfy me the way he did.

The thought was thrilling and terrifying both.

## CHAPTER 3



*J*axon

I stretched my arms over my head and reluctantly got out of bed. Sunlight was just beginning to peek in through the window as the clock on my phone ticked over to six in the morning. I stumbled into the bathroom, washed my face, then walked back into the bedroom, intending to throw on clothes and get some coffee.

My little pixie was waiting for me, wearing my tee-shirt, her luscious form stretched across the covers. “Do you want morning sex, Jax?”

“Good morning, pixie.” I stared at her for a moment, admiring her tousled hair, messy from sleep. “Isn’t it a bit early for sex?”

“Morning sex is better in the morning,” she deadpanned, a slow grin curling her lips.

“Indeed. But I’d prefer some coffee first.”

Becca stripped off the tee-shirt, leaving nothing on but a sexy pair of teal panties. “You sure?”

*Uncomplicated, my ass.*

“As enticing as you look right now, seductively lounging on my bed, my brain works better when it’s caffeinated.”

“Your brain doesn’t need to be working to have sex.” She traced a finger over her collarbone, stopping at her nipple.



Becca pinched the dusky tip while she kept her eyes on me.

“Such a naughty little thing.” I ran my hand up her leg, stopping at her thigh and squeezing it. “Didn’t I do a good enough job satisfying your cravings last night?”

“You did an excellent job, Sir, but I’d very much like to start the day off on the right foot.”

“We can start it on the left then.” I cracked myself up. “We have plenty of time for sexy things later.”

Becca pouted. “Guess I’ll just have to misbehave and see what happens...”

“Misbehaving will lead to me putting you across my knee and spanking your perky bottom until it’s hot and blushing. Is that what you want instead?”

“No, Sir. Not instead.” She tapped her finger on the mattress. “Please?”

The idea of starting our day with earth-shattering sex *did* have a lot of appeal though I wanted to wake up more. Leaning forward, I moved my hand to her chin and kissed her. She opened her mouth, welcoming me. We kissed each other, tasting and sucking while she made the most adorable sounds of pleasure. “Take off your panties.”

“*You* take them off,” she challenged.

“Here’s how this is going to go.” I tilted her face up to meet mine. “I tell you to do something and you obey. If you don’t do it? Well, then you can march your dripping wet pussy out of my room.” I echoed the statement I’d made last night and hoped she understood that I was serious.

“So, you’re not going to spank me for not listening?” Her gorgeous hazel eyes were wide as she stared at me.

“No, pixie. Not right now. My response won’t always be with a spanking. But remember, you can ask nicely for what you really want.”

“I’ve been thinking about your belt since last night,” she admitted as she danced her panties down her thighs, then kicked them off. “Will you please use it?”

“I promise you’ll get it today. Can we take a raincheck?”

“Yes, Sir,” she cooed. “It was sort of scary to boldly ask for something that’s solely for my pleasure.”

“I’m proud of you, Beck. Now, let’s get back to the reason why you’re naked.” I kissed her again. “Do you still want me to fuck you sideways, or have you changed your mind?”

Licking her lips, her gaze coursed my body. “Please don’t think I’m being wishy-washy, Sir. I *do* want sex, but I came in here hoping for a spanking with your belt more. I’m more than willing to wait if you’ll tie me down, spank me, and then fuck me.”

I ran my thumb across her pink, pouty lips. “In that order?”

“Yes, please.”

“All right. Why don’t you go see what the coffee situation is and I’ll be down in a few minutes?”

“I can do that.” Becca smiled. “I think today is going to be lots of fun.”

“I think so too, pixie.” I helped her out of bed, and she shrugged my shirt on as I watched. “I’m not getting my tee-shirt back anytime soon, am I?” I teased gently.

“Nuh-uh.” She practically skipped out of my bedroom, shaking her ass as she did it. I laughed, her infectious, playful mood leaving me feeling lighter than I had in a very long time.

Becca was right. Today was going to be *lots* of fun.

\* \* \*

*Becca*

Aaron was at the table sipping from a mug almost as big as my head, his legs stretched across the bench while he read a paper. I loved the corner nook. It had a bench on one side, and a few chairs on the other.

After pouring coffee for myself and setting a new pot to brew, I joined him, sliding myself under his legs.

Nobody talked to Aaron before caffeine jolted his brain awake. “Good morning,” I said. “Is that your first cup?”

“Morning, Becca.” He greeted me with a smile. “It’s my second.”

“How’d you sleep?”

“Pretty well, but can we talk about how absolutely radiant you look this morning?”

I giggled. “I slept really well.”

“Good. Are you having fun?”

“I’m having the best vacation ever! Even better than when I was ten and my parents took me to Disney World. I didn’t know it was the last real vacation we’d ever go on and...” I cleared my throat. I was walking on sunshine until that moment. There was no reason for my childhood trauma to rear its ugly head, but it had, nonetheless. Though I tried to maintain my composure, I couldn’t help a tiny snuffle.

“Aw, Becca.” Aaron reached for me, but I scooted away from his hand.

“Stupid past. It’s... it’s nothing.” I tried not to think about those bad memories, and rested my head on Aaron’s shoulder.

He rubbed his fingers through my hair. “What’s been your favorite part of this vacation so far, sweetheart?”

“My answer may be, um, NC-17.”

“It’s fine. Tell me about something you did at the lake house that made your cheeks hurt.”

I raised my chin up to catch his gaze.

“I’m referring to the ones *above* your neck, brat.”

“I’ve had so many amazing moments already. You and Jax giving me what I need is way up there, but it ties with spending time with Zoe. She’s like the older sister I’ve always wanted. In her Little space, she’s the kid sister I prayed for.”

“That’s so sweet. I hope you tell Zoelle, she’d be thrilled to hear it. Whenever you get sad, pick out one of those moments to think about.”

I took several sips from my mug. “Sometimes it’s hard, but I will.”

We lapsed into a companionable silence, drinking our coffee side by side as the memories slowly faded from my mind.

“So, what’s been your favorite part of our trip so far, Aaron?”

“Dinner last night when all of us were sitting around the table, sharing a delicious meal and talking.” He stood up and poured another cup of coffee. “I’ve been so wrapped up in my career that I haven’t made enough time with my friends.”

“It seems like you set out to change that with this vacation. I hope we have a bunch more.” I grinned across the kitchen at him.

“You’re so sweet. I hope so.” Aaron returned to my side, sinking into the cushions.

“Good morning!” Zoelle bounced in from the den at the same time as Jaxon strolled in from the hallway.

“I made a fresh pot, Zoe.” I nodded toward the machine.

“Perfect!” She looked over at Jaxon. “Would you like a cup?”

“Yes, please.” He answered her but his eyes scanned my body, causing heat to rush over me. Everything he did turned me on.

“Hey.” I immediately forgot how to drink coffee, clumsily jamming the mug into my teeth.

“I’m a doctor, not a dentist, pixie. Be careful not to crack one of those pearly whites.”

“I always drink my first cup of coffee with at least one thoroughly tapped tooth,” I muttered at Jaxon, embarrassed over how flustered he got me. “It really intensifies the flavor.”

“Do we need to go upstairs, Beck? Your sass is showing.” Jaxon joined us at the table while Zoelle crawled across me to sit in Aaron’s lap.

I held a finger to my lips. “Shhh.”

“You can’t keep me quiet, pixie.” Jax gave a lopsided grin. “Let’s figure out breakfast first before we plan out the remainder of the day.”

“Can you maybe not be such a brat today, bestie?” Zoelle never asked me to be anything but myself so I was confused. Aaron and Jax looked on in silence.

“Do you want to talk privately, kitten? Everyone is getting their needs met this week.” Aaron nearly growled the question, his tone raising the hairs on the nape of my neck.

“No, I don’t want to talk privately.” She flipped her long golden-brown hair over one shoulder, but her long locks hit him in the face. As soon as she realized what happened, Zoelle gulped. “I’m not bratting, Sir.”

Aaron gestured to the far side of the kitchen. “Go stand in the corner, little girl.”

“I accidentally brush my hair across your cheek and now *I’m* the one in trouble?”

“You’re in trouble for your tone,” Aaron clarified.

“I don’t agree with what you’re saying,” she argued.

“Watch your *tone*, Zoelle Charlene.”

“I’m not fucking *Little* right now!”

Aaron started to rise, but Zoelle flung herself over my legs and off the bench. I stood as well, thinking that accepting Aaron’s rules for our time at the lake house upset her.

“This is all my fault.”

“What’s happening between Zoelle and me has *nothing* to do with you. Sit back down, please. It’s not your fault.”

“Of course it’s not Becca’s fault. Nothing is *ever* Becca’s fault.” Zoelle mocked Aaron’s accent, spinning on her heels. “I’m going upstairs.” She stomped across the room. “And I’m not coming back until I fucking *feel* like coming back.” She stormed up the steps, but Aaron was right on her tail.

I poured another cup, shaking my head over the drama. I was a terrible friend. It had been fun to tease Aaron seeing how far I could rile him, but it seemed I'd struck a nerve with Zoelle. My shoulders sagged, wishing I had talked to her more last night.

"Don't beat yourself up over what just happened, pixie." Jaxon shook his head. "It looks like you're upset."

"I was wrong."

"Get out of your head, pixie. Zoe is likely wanting attention but didn't know how to ask."

"Yes, you're probably right, but I'm still upset." I worried my lip with my teeth.

He sipped from his coffee, taking a few long swallows. "The whole point of this vacation is to relax and be yourself. To ask for things you might not normally ask for, whether it's a scene or attention, whatever makes you happy."

"I'm acting a lot more smart-assy than normal." I blew out a breath. "I've never had anybody to verbally spar with. It's fun, but it's worrisome."

He broke into a brilliant smile. "Verbally sparring with you is one of my new favorite activities."

"You better watch it. You're going to fall for my charms, Jax."

He scoffed, but stayed quiet. I craved a response to fill the silence. Sauntering across the kitchen to the table, I straddled his lap, lowering myself until my thighs brushed his cock.

Jaxon wrapped his hand around my throat. His gorgeous green-eyed gaze locked with mine. "Behave."

His growled tone and the intensity of his stare left me shivering. Not heeding the alarms suddenly blaring in my head, I pressed against him. "Why? It's not like you're going to fuck me in the kitchen."

"No, but apparently your attitude needs to be adjusted now."

I vacated his lap, intending to increase the distance between us, but he caught me around the waist. Hoisting me over his

shoulder with one smooth motion, he landed a multitude of slaps against my bottom cheeks. They landed fast and furious, hard enough to sting.

“Jax!”

“Let’s see if I can improve your mood, Beck.”

“Please put me down!” Jaxon ascended the stairs, but I protested with every step. “I’ll be good.”

“You *are* good, pixie, but you’re not getting down until I’m ready to put you down.”

*The man says the hottest fucking things.*

My body lit up with arousal, the liquid proof pooled into the gusset of my panties. Jaxon traced the outline of my pussy lips through my stretch pants, steadily increasing the firmness of his touch.

“Sir,” I purred.

“Tell me what you want.”

“Please, *please* adjust my attitude, Sir.”

“I intend to.” He brought me into the bedroom then; it was turning out to be my favorite spot in the lake house.

He dropped me on the bed, my back slapping against the firm but welcoming mattress and I gulped. I’d put on a brave, even defiant face downstairs in the kitchen, but with Jaxon smirking down at me, all my insecurities roared to the surface. “We don’t have to do anything anymore.”

He narrowed his eyes, as if trying to figure out my sudden hesitation. “You threw the challenge, pixie. Now, talk.”

I shook my head.

“One.”

I wasn’t sure what would happen if he continued counting but I was pretty sure it wasn’t anything good. Still, I pretended I didn’t hear him.

“Two.”

I bit down on my bottom lip, wanting to cave but wanting to fight. Why did I battle so hard?

“If I get to three, Becca—”

“We play hide and seek?” I asked hopefully.

“Are you avoiding the answer because you’re overwhelmed, or because you are in full- on destruction mode?”

Departing the bed, I slammed my feet into the floor. “You don’t know me well enough to ask me that.”

“Tell me what’s going through your head.”

I walked toward the door. “I can’t.”

“Please sit with me.”

“What will happen if I run?”

“I’m going to chase you and catch you. I was track and field captain in high school. So, I’m fast.”

“Oh, yeah?” Feeling braver than I actually was, I propped my hip against the doorjamb. “I was a flyer in cheerleading. I’m used to being caught.” I licked my lips. “But it’s what happens next that I’m more interested in.”

“I’ll bare your ass, and spank your perky little bottom until it’s red hot.” Jaxon stood up but didn’t approach me. “Then I’m going to strip off the rest of your clothing, lay you down, and kiss your sweet kitty until she weeps.” A strange whimper-moan tore from my mouth as he advanced, stopping about a foot away. “When she’s wet and ready for me, I’ll fuck every last drop of attitude out of you.”

Mesmerized by the mental picture playing in my head, I boldly stepped closer, toe to toe with him. Poking his shoulder, I cackled, “You’re it!”

I darted out of the room, but I could hear him growl at my antics. I scurried down the steps faster than I should have—and nearly slammed into Aaron.

“Wrong turn at the stairs,” I mumbled.

“What are you doing?”



“Testing out my speed in case the fire alarms go off?” I shuffled backwards, but he stepped toward me. “If you see Jax, please pretend you didn’t see me!”

“Are you asking me to lie?”

“Nope! We’re role-playing. I’m, uh, a spy on a secret mission. Thanks for keeping my cover.”

Aaron twirled one of his fingers, encouraging me to listen and face away from him.

Groaning, I shot a frantic look at the stairs, but they were empty. I pivoted on my heel. He bounced two slaps off my behind, causing me to wince. Between him and Jaxon I wasn’t going to be sitting down comfortably for the rest of the day, but the thought brought warmth to my body rather than anxiety.

“I’m sorry, Sir. I won’t run in the house,” I answered automatically. It was common sense—and one of Zoe’s rules. I knew better.

“Sounds like you want to appease me just so I’ll allow you to continue what you were doing.”

“Jax counted to three.” I looked down. “I’ll do one of your chores if you let me go.”

“Negotiating now?” Aaron clucked his tongue, turning me around to face him. “You must *really* be in for it. Go ahead, but no more running. You and I will have a talk later.”

“I’ll already be sore,” I protested.

“I didn’t say I was going to spank you.” Aaron rubbed his chin. “No matter. We can stand in the hallway and talk now.”

“I don’t want Zoe to get upset with me again.”

“I’ve instructed Zoelle to speak with you when she gets up from her nap. Unless you’ve changed your mind about you and me this week.”

“No, I haven’t.” Hugging him quickly since my window of time was shrinking for when Jaxon would come downstairs, I

smiled. “Thank you for understanding me. May I please leave?”

“Go for it but don’t break the lake house rules.”

“I’ll do my best to follow them!” Scurrying out of Aaron’s arms, I opened the basement door and descended as slowly as I could, hoping the noises wouldn’t give away my hiding spot. There were dozens of implements along the wall. Some I recognized but others were foreign to me. Voices rumbled above me, and I hurried to find a hiding spot. Ducking into the bathroom, I climbed into the tub and pulled the curtain shut.

## CHAPTER 4



*J*axon

Pocketing a condom, I checked my watch and gave Becca a five-minute lead. She would probably consider herself the victor if she could stay hidden, but I had an ally on my side. Aaron had descended the steps during my conversation with Becca. I let the minutes tick by then slowly walked downstairs. Waltzing through the hallway, I poked my head into the bathroom, den, and living room.

Strutting back through the kitchen, I raised my eyebrows at my best friend. “Hey, man. Have you seen a brat?”

“Two,” Aaron answered. “Which one are you looking for?”

“Beck but I’m wondering about Zoe as well.”

“Zoelle is napping upstairs.”

I tapped the door to the basement that was slightly ajar. “Do you think I should check the thermostat downstairs?”

“You absolutely should.”

“Thanks, man.”

I clomped down into the basement, not bothering to be quiet. I eyed the implements along the wall. There were so many different ones to choose from. I plucked a few from their places but something caught my eye. A wooden cane. That would get through to her like nothing else, leaving a solid reminder of how I expected her to act. I wanted well thought

out answers to my questions. It had been a long time since I'd been downstairs and I didn't see any obvious hiding spots while I surveyed the room. "Marco."

"Polo," Becca answered. Then, as if realizing her mistake, she exclaimed, "*Shit!*"

Crossing to the bathroom, I entered, but I didn't have to search any longer. My sweet pixie rustled the shower curtains and stepped out of the tub. Eyeing the thin rod clasp in my fist, she blinked several times.

"Hey, pixie."

"Hey, Sir." She sighed. "What's that in your hand?"

"It's a cane. Similar to a crop, but the sting is more intense."

Becca twirled several locks of her hair in between her fingers.

"I don't want to tell you the crap going on in my head."

"You have your safeword and your colors," I reminded.

"Unless I hear one of them, we're going to continue."

"Yes, Sir."

"Pull down your pants, bend over, and grab your ankles."

She paused a moment, staring at the cane, before moving into action. She shimmied her bright tie-dye lounge pants to her knees, and bent at the waist. Grabbing her ankles, she let out a few long breaths. "I don't wear panties a lot, but I thought the thong was hot."

"It *is* hot. Don't worry, your ass is about to be as well."

I flicked the cane through the air, snapping it on the fullest part of her curvy bottom cheeks. She flinched when it bit into her but the reaction hit a few seconds later. Her entire body shuddered, moans falling out of her mouth. Targeting lower along the seam of where her ass and thigh met, I let the cane kiss her soft skin. Her knees buckled but I caught her. I thought the pain or intensity might have been too much for her to process but her eyes rolled back in her head.

"Are you all right, Beck?" I ran a finger along her sex and she was dripping wet. I skated the tiny scrap of fabric of her thong

down her legs to her ankles and removed it along with her pants, leaving her naked from the waist down.

“Oh, god,” she cooed. “Why did you stop?”

Clucking my tongue against the roof of my mouth, I gave her a smile “Who’s a secret little pain slut?”

“I don’t care what you call me as long as you keep going.” Becca blinked her eyes up at me. “Please? It felt *so* good.”

Smacking my palm directly against her pussy lips, I let the burn build as I lightly spanked her soft, warm wetness. “I’ll give you what you want because you asked so nicely.”

“I’m sorry for being so *very* bad, Sir.”

“No, pixie. You aren’t bad. If I stop enjoying myself, I’ll let you know as long as you do the same.”

“I want to tell you everything, and it’s so fucking scary.”

“Tell me anyway.”

While I cradled her body, I kept one hand on top of her mound while she gazed up at me. Watching her body flying with endorphins was an incredible experience. I had a feeling she didn’t engage this side of herself with just anyone, and it was beyond humbling that she trusted me. Seeing her gorgeous hair fanned out against the fluffy white rug, I smiled at her wide eyes staring into mine, and the soft flush of pink suffusing her cheeks. She was stunning.

“You said you aren’t looking for a relationship, Jax.”

“I’m not.”

“But *I* am.” She bit down on her lip. “However, I’m willing to settle for whatever you’re willing to give me.”

“You shouldn’t compromise. Can I tell you something?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m giving you things that you’ve been seeking for a long time, but it doesn’t mean we’d be compatible in a relationship. I’m not saying we wouldn’t be, but there are a lot of factors playing against us. I work insane hours, pixie.” I stroked my

fingers along her pussy lips, loving how she squirmed under my touch. “We’re currently a flight away from one another. That’s not a deal breaker in itself, but my free time is limited. The dynamic you’re seeking requires not just communication and trust to ensure there aren’t any misunderstandings. It requires *time* too.”

“Would you ever entertain the idea of being in a committed relationship with me, Jax?”

*Fuck.*

“I like you, Beck. If I did decide to get into a relationship, I’d consider it with you. I am not in a spot where I can do that just yet.”

“Ugh. That’s worse!” She tried to shift away from me, but I pinned her arms above her head.

Scowling, she lifted her chin at me. “You’re saying you could want me, but not today.”

“Fun at the lake house while we’re at the lake house.” It was what we’d agreed to.

“Okay, so then what happens when I fall in love with you?”

It was a good question, an excellent question. And one I had no idea how to answer.

“I can’t predict the future. I want you to have fun on vacation, but if you don’t want to do this anymore, we can stop. You can withdraw your consent at any time.”

“And if I spend our entire vacation running around and being bratty?” She bit down on her lip.

I patiently allowed her to figure out what she was trying to say, but she didn’t continue. Taking a minute to fathom a guess, I finally threw out an answer. “If you run around, I’ll remind you there’s no running in the house. If that doesn’t work, then I’ll punish you until you listen.”

Her cute button nose scrunched up in the most adorable way. “What if you get annoyed?”

“I don’t think that will happen.”

She leaned on her elbows and I drew her into my arms so we were inches from one another. Becca kissed me hard, passionately darting her tongue into my mouth. “Will you please spank me and fuck me, Sir? I don’t want to think anymore.”

“Only if you promise to talk to someone if you get overwhelmed. It doesn’t have to be me.”

“Yes, Sir. I promise.”

Removing my belt, I loved the way the leather sounded as I yanked it through my belt loops. I struck the fullest part of her ass once. Instead of shying away from it, Becca pushed her backside up for the next one.

“Oh, Sir,” she moaned. “Please do it again.”

I landed two more strokes against her soft skin, long red lines appearing on her bottom cheeks. I kneaded my fingers into each one. I repeated the process twice more, admiring my own handiwork. Her hips lifted as if she was trying to meet the strap, and I shifted the target to the lower curve of her ass.

“Oh!” She writhed underneath my hand.

“Stop moving, or I’ll tie you down.” As soon as I gave Becca an option, I regretted my wording. I had a feeling she was going to choose the second one. From what I’d observed she liked to do things the hard way.

“Like this?” Becca moved to her knees, looking back at me to catch my gaze.

“Naughty little thing.” I slapped her right ass cheek once and strode to the closet. Aaron used to keep rope in there along with medical supplies.

*Bingo!*

I returned in record time, my arms piled high with rope along with a pair of medical shears.

She held her hands up to me, blinking innocently. I bound her until her body was wrapped in lengths of pretty purple and pink, testing the tightness as I went. I hadn’t tied anyone up in

a while, but I frequently tried new knots on myself. It was a guilty pleasure of mine.

“If anything goes numb, pixie, I want you to say ‘red.’”

“Yes, Sir.”

I finished the bracers around her arms, pinning them together, and shifted her body up on the bed so I could do the same with her feet. A beautiful pink blush crept across her cheeks. I knotted the last one around her feet. “What’s on your mind, Beck?”

“It’s so fucking hot when you manhandle me, Sir.”

“What else?”

Her huge hazel eyes studied me. “Were you serious about earning the right to call you ‘Daddy’?”

When the title fell out of her pretty mouth, it took all my self-control not to start planning a future with her. I spread my hands out. “It’s not a casual term of endearment to me.”

“May I call you ‘Daddy’ during sex?”

“You can use it when I’m fucking you.”

“What would I have to do in order to call you that title all the time?” She suddenly shimmied out of my reach like a frantic caterpillar with her limbs bound. The sight was so cute, but I could almost see the wheels spinning in her mind.

“You seem to be stuck in your head,” I observed and she nodded her agreement.

“Yeah, and I meant at the lake house. Please untie me.”

Wrapping an arm around her waist, I flipped her around and into my lap. Pinching her chin between my thumb and finger, I lifted it to catch her eyes. “I’m not done with you.”

“Why do you say such hot things?” Her lips parted, her soft tongue darting out to wet them.

“Listen carefully. I’d love to give you one orgasm after another until you are reduced to a lovely pile of bliss in my hands. But I want to understand what’s on your mind.”



“This is a whole new sandbox to play in. It’s a bit harder than I thought it would be, Sir.”

I kissed her cheek. “Restraints make you open up faster than a spanking. I’m thrilled you consider me a safe place for your feelings. It will get easier in time if you choose this sort of relationship. Would you like to continue now, pixie?”

“Yes, but I want my hands free.”

“You don’t get to touch me until I allow it.”

She pouted. “Please, Jax?”

“Nope.” I lifted her up and brought her to the exam table, positioning her on her back so that her head hung off the edge of it. I slid my boxers to the floor, stepping out of them and loving the way she watched.

“What can I possibly do in this position, Sir?”

I slid the strawberry-flavored condom on, stroking myself until I grew hard. Her wild hair fanned out from her face and she blinked up at me curiously.

“Open your mouth and suck me off.”

I had all of the leverage. Overcoming the awkward upside-down position with ease, she laid there while I fucked her mouth. One single tear fell, glistening on her cheek. I abruptly pulled away.

“Are you okay, pixie?”

“Please keep going,” she begged. “Please?”

I gave in to her breathy pleas and returned to the task while she stared up at me. I played with her nipples, pinching them, rolling the pretty dusky tips between my fingers until she moaned around my cock. Becca’s eyes suddenly blinked several times in a row like some strange Morse code signal.

Pulling out of her hot mouth, I groaned. “What do you want?”

“Please fuck me.”

I almost came just from her tone. Her lips were the same rose as the blush suffusing her cheeks.

*Adorable wrapped in sexy.*

I took her face between my hands and kissed her hard, sucking on her bottom lip. “Keep begging.”

“Please, please...” It was the sweetest sound I’d ever heard. “I promise to behave today if you’ll just fuck me.”

“I want you to be yourself. You already know what happens if you misbehave.” I wasn’t sure if the exam table would hold both of us. Pulling Becca into my arms, I carried her princess-style to the couch.

Setting her down, I lifted both of her legs onto my left shoulder. Running my hands along her soft skin, I took a moment to admire her beauty before thrusting roughly into her soaking wet pussy. She was more than ready for me. “Promise me you’ll enjoy yourself today.”

“Yes, I’ll do that,” she moaned and I thrust harder, increasing my speed.

The angle allowed me to penetrate her deeper. Seeing her restrained, unable to touch me at all lit up all the pleasure centers of my brain in the best way. I’d have to tell her how hot it was. Maybe we’d get to do it again before vacation ended. Hell, I had my own collection at home. We didn’t need to be at the lake house. I stopped any additional train of thought and focused on the moment. “Come on, baby. I want to hear you.”

“Faster, Daddy. Please!”

Our bodies smacked together and she clenched around my cock.

“Louder.”

“Yes, Daddy, *Yes!*”

As she came, her pussy spasmed around my cock, milking every drop from it. I followed her orgasm with my own release, sweat dripping off my brow. I barely remembered to set her legs down before I crashed next to her and pulled her to my side.

We lay there together, enjoying the heated silence of the afterglow.

I traced my finger down her cheek. “You’re so beautiful.”

“Talking to yourself again?”

“You sound like you’ve got some leftover attitude.” Releasing my pretty little pixie from her binds, I took my time, admiring the rope marks I’d left on her. I traced each one with my finger, then my tongue, licking the salt from her skin.

“If you keep licking me like a snow cone, I’ll get all worked up again.”

“Seems to be a perpetual state for you lately.” I winked before returning the balls of rope to the closet. Coming back to the couch, I strutted to her side, playfully kissing her once. “My bathroom has a huge jet tub. If you want to use it instead of the shower in your room, we can switch.”

Her eyes lit up. “Oh!” She rose from the cushions, dancing around me, wiggling her hips more than usual. “I have to get my stuff. I take *ultra-deluxe* baths.”

“Would you like me to get it started for you?”

She hugged me. “Yes, please.”

Becca scampered out of the room and up the stairs, giggling all the way.

She was so damn adorable, and it sparked a longing inside me I hadn’t felt before.

I wanted to be the daddy she’d always needed, but hadn’t known that she wanted. It had been ages since I’d had a little girl of my own, but the truth hit me hard: I was falling for her just as quickly as she appeared to be falling for me. It wasn’t what I’d been looking for on vacation, but she seemed to be breaking down walls I’d built up over the past decade with ease.

My heart wasn’t getting through vacation intact.

## CHAPTER 5



*B*ecca

I danced around the kitchen, singing silly made-up songs, and bumped my hip into Jaxon's.

"You are in a *much* better mood," he observed.

"Perhaps." He wasn't kidding. After everything Jax did to me, spanking me and fucking me, I was downright tame. Add in a luxurious bath and I was almost purring in bliss. Staring at the sexiest man I'd ever met in my life, I bumped him again as we made waffles.

"What's up, Beck?"

"Am I weird for only wanting to have sex now after getting my ass thoroughly spanked?"

Before he could answer my strange question, Zoelle shuffled into the kitchen and over to me.

Zoelle tapped my foot with hers. "Can I talk to you for a few minutes?"

"Yeah, of course." Holding the butter brush out to Jaxon, I put on my sweetest smile. "Will you please finish buttering the last of the waffles?"

"Yes, but then you'll owe me a favor."

"One favor, Jax. Name it, and it's yours."

"I'll cash it in when I'm ready, pixie."

“Mm-hmm.” I washed and dried my hands then followed Zoelle into the den. “What’s up, bestie?”

“Please forgive me for the way I acted this morning.” She looked at her feet. “I really needed some more private time with Aaron. Instead of telling him, I snapped until he gave me what I needed.”

“If you don’t want me to battle with Aaron anymore, I don’t have to. It’s just fun and makes me feel special because he responds.”

“I think you acted like that because you weren’t sure if he’ll follow through or not.”

I blinked up at her, slightly shocked. She really *had* been paying attention to me and things I’d shared since we had become friends. “Yeah, you hit the nail on the head, Zoe.”

“Do you want Aaron to spank you?”

“Uh, I’m not entirely sure. Maybe.” I played with a stray thread on my tee-shirt. “If I do, are you okay with him spanking me?”

“It was Aaron’s idea to invite everybody out here. We had a long conversation today. I don’t care if Aaron spansks you. I love you, and I want you to get what you need.”

“Don’t make me cry again.” I pulled her into a hug. “I love you too, babe. I have a sneaking suspicion Aaron probably has a plan in mind since I engaged in battle mode.”

Zoe patted my back. “I bet he does.”

“Let’s go eat. I used my Grandma Birdie’s recipe for the waffles, and I made whipped cream from scratch.”

“Yum! Can you, and me, and Leeann fix dinner tonight? Well, if she ever gets here. She told me the clinic has been so stressful since you left.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that’s true. It’s so peaceful working at a private office instead of the clinic. There’s no bureaucratic bullshit, or red tape to deal with. I hope Aaron expands his office. Then Leeann could join us and she’ll feel better too.”

“You *do* like her, right?”

“I like her a lot more now that you two are friends. I’m happy she’s coming to hang out this week. She deserves a break.”

“Aaron thinks Caleb is going to fall madly in love with her.”

“I hope so. Did Aaron mention anything about Jax?”

Zoelle studied my face, working her lip in and out of her mouth. “I don’t know. I think you and Jax are perfect for each other, but Aaron hasn’t said much.”

“I’m swooning over a guy I’ll never have.”

“No more thinking about bad stuff. We are on vacation, and we are getting everything we want this week.” She grabbed my hand in hers. “Let’s go eat!”

Grinning a cheesy grin, I met her energy. “All right. Let’s go!”

Heading back toward the kitchen, I squeezed her hand. Zoe was the best friend anyone could ask for. I wanted to see if I had a Little side as well, and the idea of spending time with her in a younger mindset appealed to me. I’d have to work up the nerve to actually engage in it.

Pushing my fears aside, I let out a long breath. It really was the best vacation ever.

## CHAPTER 6



*B*ecca

Aaron led me out onto the indoor porch off of the den. After breakfast had been enjoyed and cleaned up, Aaron had announced in a no-nonsense manner that he and I were going to have a talk. A few loveseats and ottomans were scattered around the room but the showcase piece was an ornate desk where I sat. He handed me a flowered notebook along with two sparkly pens.

I shook my head in disbelief. “Are you making me write *lines*?”

*Lines are boring!*

“What did you agree to, Becca?”

“I agreed for you to be my dom for the week.”

“The responsibility includes your safety. Running down the stairs at top speed could have resulted in an injury. Your well-being is a priority.”

“Yes, Sir,” I agreed half-heartedly.

“Write down fifty lines of, ‘I will follow the rules of the lake house’ along with fifty lines of ‘I will not engage in reckless behavior.’ Am I clear?”

He was mostly right, unfortunately. “I’m sorry, Sir. I don’t want to write lines. I promise not to run in the house anymore. I’ll follow the rules!”

“Since you refuse to listen during a punishment, we’re going to do something else first. Stand up and follow me.”

Getting to my feet, I reluctantly did what Aaron instructed and met him at a blank spot on the wall. My curiosity was piqued when he released me, pulling out his wallet and shaking two pennies into his hand. Placing one penny flush against the wall, he nodded toward it.

“Put the index finger of your left hand here.”

I frowned, but did as he instructed. He took my right hand in his and placed the second penny across from the first.

“Your right index finger goes on top of this one.”

“But, Sir—”

Aaron covered my mouth with his hand. “No talking. We’re going to stand here together until you’re ready to listen.”

*Don’t lick his hand.*

I laser focused on the task, but mentally struggled.

*Don’t lick his fucking hand!*

Swallowing hard, I stayed in place as did Aaron’s hand. We stood mere inches apart while I held the pennies under my fingertips. I counted to five hundred and twenty-seven in my head to pass the time. What did most people do while they stood facing a wall and doing nothing fun? There had to be something entertaining I could do while I waited. Risking a glance at him, I saw determination on his features and a set jaw.

*Serves me right.*

I was being punished by one of the most patient men in the whole world. It wasn’t meant to be exciting. Blowing out a breath, I lost count and started at zero. I desperately wanted the time to pass faster.

*How long is he going to keep me here?*

His presence, plus the closeness of his body, stirred strong emotion deep with me, healing some of my abandonment wounds. I barely spoke about how most of the time I felt like a



tiny child who would never get her parents' approval. I'd never be chosen.

*Everyone always leaves me.*

A slow but steady stream of tears had begun to run down my face.

Aaron dropped his hand, slid each of my fingers off the wall, and caught the pennies.

"What did you learn?" He wiped my cheeks with a tissue and pressed it into my hand.

"I have way more self-control than I thought."

"Please explain."

"I stopped myself from doing something that would have resulted in a bigger punishment."

Aaron cocked his head to the side and studied me. It wasn't often that I rendered him confused. "What did you almost do?"

"Lick your hand."

He let out a breath and shook his head. "No, it would not have resulted in a bigger punishment. This arrangement would have ended."

"I have impulse-control issues. Ones I've never had before." Tears poured down my cheeks. "I push buttons, and I suck! This is why everyone leaves me."

"There is a learning curve, sweetheart. You do *not* suck."

"Yes, I fucking do!" I pointed a finger at myself. "I don't listen. I keep begging for more. Listen, I'll just get a bus ticket and leave."

"Do you really want to go?" Aaron glanced at the watch on his left hand. "If that is what you want, I'll take you home."

Shaking my head, I kept my eyes on his. I wouldn't allow him to spend that much time bringing me all the way home. "I don't actually... want to leave. Can you just give me some time to myself?"

"Nope. I'm not going to do that."

I stepped out of his reach, but he caught my hand. I tore out of his grasp, and sank to the floor. Aaron knelt next to me, and wrapped his arms around my shoulders.

He stayed with me, not saying a word. So many other people in my life walked away, but *he* stayed. Unresolved issues with my parents, ones I thought I'd let go of after Jax spanked me the first night, poured out in heart-wrenching sobs. But there was more. There had been all the times I had censored myself in front of fake friends, and the crushing loneliness of being an only child without family around. Nursing school had been utter hell. The icing on that shit-cake had been not one person showed up for my graduation. I graduated in the top five percent of my class, which had been a huge accomplishment for me at the time, but no one was rooting for me. The memory cemented my biggest fear: I would always be alone.

I clung to his shirt, suddenly embarrassed at how I'd come apart in his arms. My emotions settled after a bit and the last shuddering breath slipped from my lips. "I'm mortified, Sir."

"No one is perfect right out of the gate." He helped me to my feet. "You've provided more insight, Becca. My words were harsh when I said this would have ended. I apologize."

"Maybe I'm not submissive, Sir."

"If you feel submissive, you are. No one dictates your life other than you." He rubbed my shoulders, comforting me. "My opinion is that you're scared to show your vulnerability. Zoelle and I struggled a bit with that very thing in the beginning of our dynamic."

"Thank you for explaining but I don't understand the difference between my reaction of licking your hand, and anything else I've done so far."

"If you *had* licked my hand while it was clamped over your mouth, my first reaction would have been to bare your ass and let my belt teach you a lesson. Since we haven't discussed harder limits and similar things beforehand... I was out of line."

"I'm a *brat*, Sir."

“Yes, sweetheart. I’m aware.” Aaron gripped my chin. “Add fifty lines of, ‘Brat is a term of endearment that means I am unique and special.’ Am I understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Work on the task I assigned you. I’ll come check on you in fifteen minutes.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“You’re welcome.” Aaron walked me over to the chair. He patted my head before leaving the room.

My heart filled with warmth as I wrote down the lines. Aaron had taken the time to punish me. He cared about me. I was *worthy* of his attention.

It would be a line I would repeat to myself often.

## CHAPTER 7



*B*ecca

Having Aaron and Jaxon around to adjust my attitude yesterday helped my overall mood as far as vacation went, but my emotions were still a lot to process.

Zoe and I had spent time in the hot tub since it ended up being a mellow sort of afternoon. Heavy rainfall spattered against the windows outside and into the lake, and the quiet lulled my brain. Sipping my chamomile tea, I curled up in the oversized window seat in my room reading.

A knock sounded on the door, and I set my book on the cushion. “Come in.”

Aaron strolled in and closed the door behind him. “Hi, Becca.”

“Hey, Aaron.”

He closed the gap between us, and my breath caught in my throat as Aaron sank down in the cushions next to me. I had his undivided attention, a notion that worried me as much as it piqued my interest.

“I’m proud of you for opening up this week.” He patted my knee. “You’ve struggled to share your needs, and I’m guessing you don’t share your wants often, either.”

“Thank you. It’s the first time I’ve ever mentioned any of my wants at all.”

“I’m happy this vacation gave you the opportunity to do so.” He reached behind me, plucking a gorgeous leather paddle embroidered with delicate flowers and vines from the wall.

“Are you going to punish me?”

“No, sweetheart. You asked for a spanking, but this is not a punishment.” Aaron patted his thigh, but I shook my head.

“But you’re, like, my boss.”

“If me being your boss was an actual concern, you wouldn’t have agreed to join me on vacation. Right?”

Sighing, I clamored across his muscled thighs. I hadn’t thought he worked out, but he was more solid than he appeared. “Yes, Sir.”

“Lower your pants. I don’t want to land this in the wrong spot.”

“You’ve got the leverage,” I answered with more sass than I intended.

“So much attitude in such a tiny package. Do you want me to punish you?”

“No, I don’t want to be punished, Sir.” I quickly shimmied my pants and panties to my knees.

Warming up my bottom cheeks with his hand, his palm connected with the roundest part of my ass then all the way down to my sit-spots. Being bared for his correction left me vulnerable in a way I hadn’t experienced with him before. Targeting my upper thighs with the paddle, the leather kissed the same spot over and over.

“Ouch!” I arched upward, but Aaron shifted our bodies and pressed on my lower back. He was more than strong enough to keep me in place.

“Stay still.”

“Or?”

“Or I’ll stop. You can stand in the corner while you think about what you actually wanted from me. When you’re ready to remain in one place, I’ll start again.”

Something about his authoritative tone pushed me into a more submissive mindset. “Please keep going, Sir. I’ll stay still.”

“Good girl.”

His praise turned me into a melty pile of goo. Aaron slapped the leather paddle across the entirety of my ass, each blow perfectly timed to allow pain to bloom into pleasure. Groans fell out of my lips along with tiny moans. He expertly wielded the implement. Bliss came in waves, rushing through my body and granting me such a deep sense of relief. Stinging leather kisses bit into my soft skin, but it felt divine. Despite my earlier embarrassment over asking Aaron for a spanking, the yummy afterglow was worth it. Several more rounds of strokes landed, and by the end of them I was nearly drooling, starbursts flying behind my eyes, my consciousness soaring upon the endorphin rush.

“What color are you, sweetheart?”

My voice seemed far away. “Becca.”

“Give me a *color*, Becca.”

“What?” It took me only a few seconds to process, or so I thought, but Aaron scooped me up, tucking me into bed under the fluffy blankets. He sat next to me, on top of the covers, one arm supporting my shoulders.

Aaron held a clear bottle to my mouth. Drinking the cool water took more energy than I felt it should have, but I downed a few good swallows.

“Hey, I brought lots of candy,” Jaxon announced as he strolled in. I didn’t know where he came from. The blissful fog cleared quicker than it had in the den the first time I played. He held a piece of Godiva chocolate to my mouth and I ate it.

“Mm.”

I wanted to say something to him, but a lassitude bordering on fatigue descended upon me, the mere act of speaking suddenly something I was much too tired even to attempt.

Jax popped another candy into my mouth. Murmuring approvingly, I ate it while curled up against two of my favorite

people. Jaxon fed me a few more chocolates while Aaron helped me sip water. I warmed up as the fog in my head fully cleared.

“Why does this keep happening to me?” I asked once I was coherent.

“My guess is that you’ve been denying yourself pleasure for a while, so you’re flooding your body with lots of feel-good endorphins.” Aaron had made an educated guess, but he was spot on. “I wouldn’t get too hung up on the why. You’re safe.”

“Thank you so much.” I pressed a sloppy kiss to his cheek. “Zoe is probably wondering where everybody went. I’ll be okay.”

“I left Zoe curled on the couch, wrapped up like a burrito,” Jaxon confirmed. “I told her you would be down in a little bit, Aaron. I’m happy to stay here with Beck.”

“Thanks, man.” Aaron clapped Jaxon’s upper arm before planting a kiss on my forehead. “Does your head feel better, Becca?”

“Yes, like, *so much* better, Sir.”

Aaron grinned. “Good. You’re absolutely glowing.”

“Thanks for everything. The vacation, the new job, your best friend.”

Clapping a palm over my mouth, I burrowed under the covers, embarrassed at my words. I heard Aaron and Jaxon talking, but I was doing my best to block them out. A cell phone was thrust under the blankets next to me, its flashlight feature on, and Jaxon shimmied himself into the makeshift fort.

“I-I didn’t mean wha-whatever you think I meant,” I stammered.

“You don’t have to censor yourself around me, pixie.” His finger tapped the end of my nose. “I’m really happy we met each other.”

“But you said you don’t want a relationship.”

“Not right now, but things are always in motion. Opportunities present themselves all the time if you look for them. Can we please not talk about relationships or any other baggage right now?”

“Now I’m *baggage*?”

Jaxon gently guided me out of the blankets, helping me back into my clothing. He let out a long breath. “That’s not even *close* to what I’m trying to say. This sort of misunderstanding is exactly why I haven’t been involved with anyone in a long time.”

“Should we just stop?”

“Your ears don’t seem to be working, so let’s see if this will help.” His hand wrapped around my throat, and he climbed on top of me. “Give Daddy one good reason not to fuck you sideways until all your silly overthinking stops.”

A dozen comebacks flitted through my head, but the truth of the matter surprised me. Jaxon knew exactly what I needed—and when I needed it—but that wasn’t the only consideration. “I’m worn out.”

Jaxon released me long enough to adjust me in his arms, holding me to his chest before laying me next to him. “It’s not all about rough sex, pixie. I thought your questions were coming from attitude. I see I was wrong about that—and I’m sorry for it. Do you want me to stay with you? We can watch movies or something until dinner. Or if you want to take a nap, I can leave you be for now.”

“Will you hold me while I nap?” It was the most vulnerable question I’d ever asked anyone. I dared not look and see the expression on his handsome face. “I mean, you don’t have to nap, and you can just leave when I start snoring, or—”

“I’ll lie here with you.” Jaxon tugged me closer, and I allowed my body to relax fully.

Being curled completely in his arms, tucked against his body, filled me with a warm contentment. “Thank you for understanding me...”

“You’re welcome, pixie.”



I laid there in silence, just listening to his steady, strong heartbeat, until the soft rain outside the window—and the safety of Jaxon’s arms—lulled me to sleep.

## CHAPTER 8



*B*ecca

After my blissful nap in Jaxon's arms and the release spanking from Aaron, I mellowed out completely. I changed my clothes, enjoying the peaceful calm.

Zoe and I were sitting at the kitchen table drinking hot cocoa, but she'd seemed spaced out when she'd sat down. I wasn't sure if something was bothering her, or if she'd gone Little. Finally, I tapped my fingers on the side of her cartoon kitty-cat mug.

"Hey." She smiled brightly. "I zoned out. What's up?"

"Is Leeann, uh, submissive?"

Zoelle chewed on her bottom lip, staring at me. "I don't know, but I think so?"

Leeann had acted like she was going to date Aaron when they worked at the clinic together, but she actually had a lot of other things going on at the time. Leeann hadn't treated Zoelle very nicely, at first, but the two of them had eventually agreed to put the past behind them. While Leeann and I worked fabulously as a team, I didn't truly know the full extent of her outside interests yet.

"Did you ask Aaron about it? She said they worked together at the hospital for a long time but I thought they were also friends."

“Yeah, they were something *more* than friends.” Shrugging, she took a big sip from her mug. “I don’t know all the details.”

“Let’s go find out.” Looping my fingers in hers, I tugged her off the bench. She had just enough time to set her cocoa down before following me. Peeking our heads into the living room, we saw Jaxon on the couch, hunched over the coffee table, aggressively typing on his laptop.

“Ooh.” Zoelle tsked. “Are you working, Mr. Jax?”

“Don’t tell Aaron.” Jaxon shut down his computer and pushed it aside. “Do you need something?”

“We were looking for Aaron but we had a question.” I pulled Zoe all the way to the couch. “Are you going to spank Leeann if she acts up?”

“I haven’t met Leeann yet.” He glanced between the two of us. “What are you trying to ask me?”

Zoe dragged the toe of her ballet slipper along the floor. “She was very mean to me. Even though I forgave her and stuff... she still has lots of guilt. I don’t know how she’ll act. Leeann hooked up with Aaron a long time ago. He asked me to let it go but sometimes thinking about it—the two of them together, I mean—bothers me.”

“Come here.” Jax opened his arms, and she climbed into his lap. “What part bothers you?”

“I hoped you wouldn’t ask me that question.” She sighed. “When I met her, she was so mean that it made her... *ugly*. I couldn’t imagine someone as wonderful as Aaron ever giving someone like her the time of day.”

“You must have forgiven Leeann if she’s coming on vacation with us,” Jaxon stated simply.

“There’s no room in my heart for hate, but thinking about her being here... gets me angry. If she does rude stuff, I’ll probably say something rude right back.”

Jaxon rubbed the back of her head as he held her, as if carefully choosing how to reply to her. “I think you should

trust that Aaron and I aren't going to let Leeann cause any trouble while she's here."

"I guess," she said with a soft sniffle.

"Do you think if Aaron spends time with her that he's going to fall in love?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Jax! He loves *me*."

"Good. It's settled then. There is no reason to hold onto your anger, is there?"

"If I ask my daddy to punish me for being hung up on it, he would." Zoelle cleared her throat as she came to the realization. "Damn. It's hard to do."

"You admitted it out loud, Zoe. If you can tell me, then you can talk to your daddy about it too."

"Thanks, Mr. Jax." Zoelle hugged him tightly.

"You're welcome." He scooted her off his lap. Then he reached for her, touching my hand. "How do *you* feel about Leeann, pixie?"

"We hung out a bunch, and she seems genuinely interested in being my friend. I thought she had a crush on Aaron, but it wasn't like that. Not really. She just missed their friendship, I think. Leeann hasn't had anyone in her life caring for her the way he used to. It actually makes me sad to think about." I frowned, recalling some of the more emotional conversations I'd had with Leeann in the past. "It was *really* brave of her to admit that the way she treated Zoe was wrong."

"Thank you for being honest." Jaxon stood up and collected his stuff. "I hope the two of you are off to find Aaron and share your feelings."

"Should we tell him you were working? 'Cause it *sorta* sounded like you were asking us to lie, Mr. Jax," Zoelle sassed. She had a little attitude going on that would likely not be unnoticed by Jaxon.

Jaxon immediately returned his belongings to the coffee table. He sank into the couch and crooked a finger at Zoelle. "Come here, little one." She crinkled her nose at him but moved to

obey, climbing into his lap. “I apologize for my poor choice of words, but I was only joking. Something important at work needed my attention. I’d never ask anyone to lie for me.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Jax. I should have asked you to clarify.”

He tapped his finger against her belly. “It seems like you have a bit of attitude stuck in here. Would you like me to take care of that for you?”

“Yes, please.” Zoelle fiddled with the hem of her tee-shirt as she stared at him.

Jaxon turned her around on his knee. “Let’s see if this helps.” He landed several slaps against each of Zoelle’s cheeks until she squeaked.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Jax! I might need... extra attention.”

“Hmm. I thought so.” Jaxon punished her sit-spots with his palm several times before moving his target to her full bottom cheeks.

His hand would leave a solid reminder, one I did *not* need. Watching him handle my best friend gave me a surprising sense of satisfaction though. I didn’t *want* Zoe to be punished, of course, but I loved the way he took care of her needs swiftly.

A bubbling cry fell out of Zoelle’s mouth. “I’m really sorry for making you punish me, Mr. Jax!”

“Shh, Zoe.” He rubbed either side of her butt then slowly turned her around, cupping her cheek in his hand. “This was not a punishment—just an *adjustment*.” Jaxon smiled and she wrapped her arms around his neck. “Do you want me to tell Aaron about your reservations?”

“No, thank you, Mr. Jax. I’ll tell him,” Zoelle promised.

“Do you feel better, sweetie?”

She nodded and smiled through her tears. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good.” Jaxon squeezed her tightly before helping her to stand. “Go talk to your daddy. I’ll check with him later, so be sure to do it now.”

“We’ll go find Aaron.” I held out my hand to Zoelle. She laced her fingers in mine and we hurried across the room.

“No running, girls.”

“We were power walking,” I assured him.

“Does my pixie need an adjustment of her own?”

I curtsied awkwardly. “No, thank you, Sir.”

We slowed our pace and shuffled out of the living room before he could reprimand us again.

\* \* \*

Upstairs in the bedroom, Aaron paced the floor, his cell phone to his ear. He held up a finger as we entered, and we dutifully waited for his call to be done. His master bedroom had the largest window seat I’d ever seen, a connecting bathroom, and a huge California king bed.

“Sorry.” Aaron pocketed his phone. “I was just talking to Caleb. He’s not likely going to be coming after all. His boss refused to approve the time off. What’s up?”

“Are you going to keep an eye on Leeann while she’s here?” I glanced at Zoelle. She was sitting on the bed swinging her feet, seemingly oblivious to my question to Aaron.

“I haven’t discussed anything with her.” He shifted his gaze to Zoelle. “Did you tell Leeann about our relationship, kitten?”

She shrugged. “Sorta...”

“When you asked her if she wanted to come and stay the week, what did you tell her?”

Zoelle shot a look to me, as if begging for some help. “I-I told her you are my dom, but nothing about you being my daddy.”

“I can call her and explain it, if you’d like me to,” I offered.

“You would do that?” Zoelle wrung her hands together and I let her work it out in her head. “Yes, please.” Her eyes darted to Aaron then. “I’m still upset about you and her...”

“It was ten years ago, kitten.” He sat next to her. “If you don’t want her to come—”

“Would you *please* just punish me?” Zoe implored him. “I need to get these yucky feelings out. Mr. Jax adjusted my attitude, Daddy, but it wasn’t enough...”

Aaron lifted his head to the ceiling, as if searching for patience. “Don’t interrupt me, Zoelle.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy.”

Aaron nodded to me. “Can you please call Leeann like you offered, Becca? She needs to be made aware of the dynamic in case she would like to change her mind.”

“Yup. I’ll go right now.” I hugged Zoe. “Hey, do you want to do shish kabob, sweet potatoes, and a salad for dinner? We have leftover cookies and brownies for dessert.”

“That sounds perfect.” She seemed stuck in her head, probably thinking about what was about to happen.

“We’ll be down in a little bit.” Aaron gave me a tiny wink, my cue to leave.

“Okay, see you.” I hustled out of the room, shutting the door behind me.

\* \* \*

*Jaxon*

I walked out of the bedroom, heading down the hall—and nearly tripped over Becca. She was crouched on her knees with her head pressed against the wall. She had a cute little crop top with cartoon kittens on it and a pair of soft gray yoga pants on. It was more clothing than I had seen her wearing in quite a while.

“What are you up to, pixie?”

She lost her balance and tumbled onto her butt. “Nothing.”

“Looked like... *something*. You want to try your answer again?”

“I don’t always have to answer you.” Becca crossed her arms over her chest and huffed.

“No, but you know better than to lie.” I held my hand out and helped her to stand. “Last chance to tell me.”

“I have to call Leeann.” She stepped around me, and I slapped my palm across her ass as she moved.

“Ouch!” Becca covered her behind with both hands and spun around.

“Out with it.”

“I’m embarrassed, Jax.”

I tilted my head to the side, not quite believing her since she didn’t seem to get embarrassed easily. “Just tell me.”

“When you’re within five feet of me all I can think about is you spanking my bratty ass and fucking me senseless.”

“You’re cute, trying to distract me instead of talking to me about whatever you were doing. Which, by the way, looked *suspiciously* like eavesdropping.” I gestured toward my bedroom. She followed without protest, and we sank into the small loveseat near the window.

Becca fidgeted with the tassels on a throw pillow and I patiently allowed her to gather her thoughts. “I was snooping, I guess. Zoe asked Aaron to spank her. I went to my room, put on a new outfit, did my makeup. But then I went into the hallway and heard Aaron punishing my best friend. It, uh, turned me on. Not that I wanted her to be sore or anything.” She shrugged.

“Honesty is important to me.”

“What if I don’t want to tell you the answer?” Her lower lip trembled. “I should be allowed to keep some thoughts private.”

“You have every right to keep your thoughts to yourself, but I will not tolerate lying. Ask me what I was doing in the hallway



as if I'm you."

Becca dropped her voice low as if trying to mimic mine. "What were you doing in the hall, pixie?"

"Something private, and I'd rather not share." I touched her knee. "See the difference?"

"But then you might spank the answer out of me!"

"You have ways of respectfully telling me no."

"There's a bigger issue on my mind, one I really don't want to tell you. But you need to know."

"Do you want to tell me before or after I wash your mouth out with soap?"

Her hazel eyes widened as large as saucers at my words. I stood up, patiently expecting an answer.

"Please don't soap my mouth." She twisted a piece of her hair around her finger, slowly getting to her feet. "I won't lie to you unless it's *really* important."

"There is never a reason to lie."

"Okay, I understand. But Aaron asked me to call Leeann and talk about the dynamics at the lake house. If you take the time to respond you'll be preventing me from following a direct order."

"You're right. Since you urgently need to call your friend, I'll insert the soap into your bottom instead. Have you ever had a soap stick suppository, pixie? It doesn't burn like the ginger. Instead, it irritates your insides until you can't hold it anymore and have to expel it."

"Uh." She worried her lower lip with her teeth. "I can call Leeann in a little while. You can fill my mouth with bubbles. It's fine."

"No, no." I took her hand and led her into the bathroom. "I insist on you following Aaron's request. I'm not going to be the reason why you get in trouble."

She watched me open up a fresh bar of ivory soap. Slicing off a few sticks with my utility knife that I typically carried on

me, I wet and rubbed the tip of each one. Rounding the entire stick so it wouldn't scrape her on the way in, I stopped at three.

"Thank you for your consideration, Sir." Her tone was anything but appreciative though.

"I'm surprised you aren't being just a little sweeter, pixie. You'll hold the soap in your ass until I let you relieve yourself. Have I painted a clear enough picture?"

"I guess." Becca shrugged. "I'm not entirely sure what it's going to feel like. I was so aroused after the ginger that I was wet for hours."

"I don't think the soap is going to work quite the same way, but we'll see." I sat down on the edge of the tub and patted my thigh. "Come here."

She obeyed faster than I expected her to. "Yes, Sir."

"Drop your pants and get across my lap."

Becca wasted no time, shimmying her pants to her ankles and off. She repeated the motion with her sexy panties, dropping them onto the floor in a heap. She got herself into the position I'd asked for, her perky butt at the perfect level to be spanked. I stopped myself from indulging the two of us, since she'd definitely get aroused from such attention and what I was about to do was for punishment and not pleasure.

"I want you to thank me for coming up with a creative solution to your problem."

"Gratitude is not on my mind, Sir," she said through gritted teeth.

"It will be." I snapped on a latex glove and spread lube onto her tight ring, pushing my finger inside for a moment. She clenched around my digit as I withdrew it. Inserting the soap stick in one smooth motion, I planted my finger deep inside of her tight back hole to hold it in place.

"I don't like it."

I left my finger in place longer than it needed to be, removing it with painstaking slowness. "Make your phone call."

“I hope she doesn’t answer.” Becca blew out a breath, reluctantly dialing the number. Leeann answered on the second ring. Becca cleared her throat. “Hey. Do you have a second?”

I pressed the second suppository into her asshole, allowing her to breathe through the discomfort. There was no doubt in my mind that the first one had already started working inside of her ass, the sensations inside her likely quite unpleasant already. Soap was an irritating agent and it would cause her discomfort. My hope was that it would remind her of what she’d agreed to, and lying would not be tolerated in any form.

“Do you know what a daddy dom relationship is?” Her hips gyrated against the tub. I bet she was trying to find a comfortable position while the suppository did its devilish work deep within her. I smacked my free hand against her ass until she stilled. “Yeah, like where there is a submissive who... oh? You’ve heard of it?”

Becca blew out a series of breaths as if she were overheated. I didn’t think she was aroused, but I bet I could change that. With my other hand, I used the position to my advantage and tugged on her clit twice.

“Mm,” she whimpered, her knees trembling. “Are you, uh, okay with that dynamic, Leeann?”

I moved the two of us to the small decorative stool from the corner, and I laid her across my lap. Popping the last stick inside, I inserted my finger knuckle-deep, intending to keep it there until the phone call ended.

“Oh, my god!” Becca squeezed my thigh. “Yes, yes. Aaron and Zoe are in that dynamic. One second.” She muted the phone call. “I can’t think straight!”

“Did you just yell at me while in the middle of a *punishment*?”

“No, Sir,” she said, backpedaling immediately. “I raised my voice so you could hear me.”

“How very considerate.” I teased her slit with my free hand, keeping my latex-covered finger firmly lodged within the tight ring of her ass. “You’re soaked. Are you enjoying this?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Naughty little thing.” I pushed another finger into her asshole, stretching her slightly.

“*Sir!*”

“Return to your conversation.”

“I’m not going to make it,” she whispered, but clicked unmute on her cell. “Hey,” she said brightly, but it was more than a little forced. “So, are you okay with that dynamic in front of you?” Becca nodded as if Leeann could see her. “Oh, great. Are you leaving soon?”

“Wrap it up, Beck,” I whispered.

“Wait! Did you say you’re not coming?” Becca shook her head back and forth. She sounded disappointed. Maybe she was upset with herself for worrying about the dynamics of everyone or overthinking something else that she hadn’t shared. “You need to quit that fucking clinic!” Becca nearly growled. “I know, I know. I’ll let Zoe know. Don’t cry. We’ll get coffee next weekend. Text me, okay? We can talk more tonight on the phone. Bye.” She tossed her phone on the small throw rug, her predicament almost forgotten.

I wiggled the fingers in her ass and her breath hitched in her throat. “What did she say, pixie?”

“Her leave time wasn’t approved even though she put in for it so long ago.”

“And?”

“Leeann had a daddy a long time ago, and he wrecked her heart. Scooped it right out of her chest and stomped on it. Now that she’s not coming, I feel extra bad, Sir.”

“I know you were excited but there will be other opportunities to come out here.”

“But me and Zoe already worked it out,” she sulked.

I smacked her perky bottom twice.

“Oh!” Becca jolted, but the slap hadn’t been hard. “I will try not to be upset. I really need the bathroom now.”

“I’m sure you do.” I acknowledged her need, but she wasn’t getting up until I allowed her. “What did this punishment teach you?”

“Not to eavesdrop. Not to lie. Can I get up?”

Sliding my fingers a little deeper, I pulled them almost completely out, then pushed them back in even faster, making her squeak. “Elaborate on what you said, pixie.”

“I shouldn’t have lied when I was clearly doing something sneaky. I apologize for not opening up, or at least speaking respectfully to you. I could have used my safeword if nothing else...”

“Yes, you can always call your safeword even if we’re not physically doing anything. We’ll talk about whatever is going on in your head.”

“I understand now, Sir.”

“Good girl.” Withdrawing my digits caused her to clench around my fingers as if wanting me to keep teasing her. As much as I wanted to slide something bigger up her needy asshole, I reminded myself this was not for her pleasure, or mine. “I’ll wash my hands and then you can relieve yourself. I’ll be waiting on the bed for you.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

I helped her to stand before doing exactly as I said. Nodding to her, I closed the door behind me, allowing her privacy. Her pussy had been sopping wet with proof of her arousal when I’d touched it and I planned on bringing her to climax after she’d taken her punishment so well. The thought brought a smile to my face. My naughty little pixie was so much fun to keep in line.

\* \* \*

*Becca*

Jaxon had driven me into a tizzy! I loved the way he moved his fingers inside of me while I was over his lap. Even with the uncomfortable burn from the soap, I was still turned on. Every single thing that man did aroused me. It was almost criminal how easily he got me so worked up every minute of the day and night.

Throwing open the bathroom door, I leaned against it, staring across the room at Jax. He was sprawled out on the bed wearing only his boxers and a tee-shirt. My mouth watered at the sight.

Jax pointed at the floor. “Drop to your knees and crawl over here.”

I tore off my clothes like they were on fire and raised my head as I approached. Out of all the commands he had given me during our budding relationship, it was my favorite. I hoped I looked more sultry than fumbling.

Jaxon stroked his cock through his boxers, a sly smile playing on his lips. He was so fucking hot.

“May I suck you off, Sir?”

“Not yet.” He dropped his feet to the floor on either side of me and wrapped his right hand around my throat.

He caressed my neck, then up to my mouth, a long finger sliding between my lips. It thrust deep over and over while my eyes pleaded with him. Finally, he took mercy on me, kissing me, his tongue claiming mine. He broke our kiss long enough to wrap his arms underneath me and tug me onto his lap.

“What else is on your mind, Beck? I don’t think your stunt in the hallway was only because of what you heard going on with Zoe.”

My blush was hot upon my face as I summoned the courage to say the words. “Since you put ginger inside of me I’ve been wondering what else will feel good there.” I swallowed hard.

“We have to wait a while because soap can dry you out and it won’t be any fun. But we can satisfy your curiosity tonight.”

“I’ve never really tried anal sex—well, not successfully—even though I’ve always wondered about it, Sir.”

“I’ll make it work.”

“But it *never* has.”

“Are you doubting me?”

“Not at all, Sir.”

“Good, then I’ll show you later.”

“You’re so annoying.”

“Maybe.” He waggled his eyebrows, the goofy side of him breaking through and making me laugh. “Let’s chill for a little while. I’m not done holding you yet.”

“Mm. Sounds good, Sir.”

Truth was it did sound so good to be in his arms and not worrying about the mundane stresses of my everyday routine. It almost felt like I’d fallen into the pages of a book, so far removed from the insanity I’d been experiencing at the clinic. I’d been longing for a real break but what I found was so much more. I promised myself I’d dedicate more time to self-care and hopefully I’d be able to convince Jaxon that I was worth holding on to... for life.

\* \* \*

*Jaxon*

Becca and I lay on the window seat together, my arms wrapped around her, talking about everything and nothing—the good, the bad, and the ugly. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d shared so much about myself in such a short amount of time.

I wanted my little pixie to be in my life. Though I was terrified to open myself up again to a committed relationship, I would take it one step at a time. As long as the correct boundaries

were set, the two of us could have a chance at something special. There were a lot of challenges to overcome though.

“Crap!” Becca rolled over so she was on top of me. Straddling my hips, she slapped her hands down on my chest. Depending on her mood, it meant she was either excited or upset.

“What did I tell you about smacking me?”

“You don’t understand. I was supposed to make dinner with Zoe! You distracted me.”

“Answer my question.”

Huffing, she sat up straighter. “You don’t like it, and you asked me not to. I apologize for hitting you.”

“I forgive you, but you’d better change that tone. Fast.”

“I feel bad, Sir. It wasn’t right to put the blame on you.”

“Good girl.” I guided her off my lap and stood up. “The three of us will whip something up in no time flat.”

“Thank you, Jax. Can we talk some more tonight?”

“Sure, Beck. I enjoy spending time with you.”

She dragged her foot along the carpet. “We don’t have to keep having sex.”

“Everything we do is fun, pixie. I enjoy just talking and relaxing with you as much as sexy time. Come with me.”

I tugged her out of the room by her hands. She giggled over my shoulder, and her laughter was contagious.

I wanted to make her laugh every day of my life.



## CHAPTER 9



*B*ecca

Zoe and I were upset to learn that Caleb wasn't joining us on vacation either, but hopefully we would get to meet him another time. All through dinner my mind was focused on Jaxon. I'd been lightly teasing him, touching him, kicking him under the table or whatever else I could think of to get him to notice me.

"I've asked you more than once to stop. I'm enjoying this espresso and I'm going to drink the whole thing," he confirmed with a stern glare. "We have all night to play, pixie."

Sighing, I rolled my eyes. After several more minutes of boring medical talk between him and Aaron, I stomped to the other side of the table and sat in his lap. Jaxon continued drinking his yummy-looking coffee drink, ignoring me. I knew better, but after having immediate repercussions all day, being told to wait felt like forever. Wiggling my butt against the crotch of his jeans did not get me a response. I scratched my nails lightly down his arm.

"Put the claws away." Jaxon threatened under his breath.

"If you play with the kitty, I'll do as you asked."

"I didn't ask, but you're about to find out what happens when you don't listen." He slid me off his lap. "Stay here." Jaxon shook his head. "Sorry, man, pressing matters to handle."

Aaron nodded but his eyes sparkled in amusement. “Appears so.”

I said nothing as Jax strutted out of the room. Zoe shot me a sympathetic look, but she didn’t say anything. More than once she had acted up to get Aaron’s attention while we were on vacation, so it wasn’t a stretch of the imagination that she had been thinking of doing something similar.

“Do you think Jax is mad at me?” I raised my head to catch Aaron’s eye.

“No, sweetheart. He doesn’t get mad typically. Just be careful what you wish for because Jaxon is extremely creative.”

“I understand.” Before I could ask Aaron anything else, Jaxon stalked into the room and over to me. He had something in his hand but I couldn’t get a good look at it.

“On your knees, kitty.” He pointed to the floor.

Intrigued and feeling a little guilty for interrupting his and Aaron’s conversation, I immediately knelt. “Yes, Sir.”

Clasping a stunning purple collar around my neck, he tested its fit with a thick finger. “Is it comfortable?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“We are going for a walk.” Jaxon attached a chain to the collar and tugged it once. “I expect you to behave. Am I clear?”

“I don’t think that’s in the cards for me today,” I spoke to the floor as I perched on all fours.

“You wanted my attention, kitty.” Jaxon leaned over and kissed my forehead. “Now you have it. Are you going to behave?” He repeated his question and I finally nodded.

“Yes, Sir.”

I’d battled for his attention constantly since meeting him. I was coming to the realization that everyone at the lake house cared about me in their own way. I wasn’t sure what would happen between Jaxon and me, but at the very least, the time spent with him showed me I was worthy of everything my heart desired.

Jaxon pulled once on the leash, and I followed at his heels. We traveled through the hallway, which seemed longer than usual. The arousal from earlier bloomed hot within me once more, slipperiness threatening to drip from the lips of my pussy. Stopping at the base of the steps, he helped me to my feet. "Follow me upstairs."

"Yes, Sir." I counted the stairs in my head as we ascended to the second floor to give me something to focus on. "I'm sorry for not allowing you to finish your conversation with Aaron."

"I accept your apology, but it wasn't necessary. Drop to your knees."

Jaxon proceeded to lead me in and out of each of the bedrooms, up and down the hallway several times until we reached his room. He tapped two fingers on the side of the mattress, ordering me onto the bed with nothing more than a gesture. I complied, eager to see what he had in mind for us. Jaxon removed my pants, running his hand along my body, admiring my curves. He did the same with my shirt and bra, leaving me clad in only black satin panties. Undoing the chain from the leash, he set it away from us, returning to kiss me. One of his best methods for dealing with my steady teasing was to fuck the attitude right out of me and I was happy for his choice.

Hooking a finger into the steel loop of the collar, he yanked me to him. "I'm about to give you multiple orgasms, and all I want to hear is you screaming my name. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Take off your panties."

I removed them faster than I had done anything else he had asked of me. "Yes, Sir."

"Get up on all fours, kitty."

"Yes, Sir," I repeated in the most respectful tone I could manage. Scrambling into the position he'd requested, I pressed my hands into the mattress and raised my ass in the air. The sound of him ripping open a condom was the last thing I heard

before he slid his thick cock into my pussy. I loved how he filled me completely.

“Sir,” I groaned.

“That’s right. I want to hear you.” Jaxon thrust in and out, the slapping of our bodies in rhythm as he brought me close to an orgasm. Reaching around the front of my body, he tweaked the peaks of my nipples, roughly handling them. I loved the delicious bite of pain inflicted on my sensitive buds. No matter what he did, every touch aroused me even more.

“Please, Daddy!” I begged as he pounded at my back. “Faster!”

Jaxon withdrew from my dripping wet core. I whimpered from the loss but he hooked a finger through the loop on the collar. He turned my head so I had to stare at him. “Don’t worry, pixie. I’m not finished with you yet.” He was going to make me come from the naughtiness of his decree.

Jax led me to the edge of the bed and I had no choice but to comply. Shifting my body so I laid on my back, he propped my legs upon his shoulders. Entering me hard and fast, he drove deeper than before, stroking hidden pleasure spots within me that I didn’t even know existed. I came hard, begging him for a reprieve, but he showed no signs of stopping anytime soon.

“I want every last drop of attitude to disappear. If we stop now, we’ll just be doing this again in a few hours.”

“Maybe I want to do it again in a few hours...”

“I bet you do.” Jax stood me next to the bed, bending me over until my belly pressed into the mattress. Taking me doggy-style, he paused long enough to squirt an icy cold gel into my most private hole followed by the tip of his thumb. Teasing the tight ring of my ass, he pushed in deeper.

“Please fuck me there instead,” I begged. His thumb withdrew from my ass. It was deliciously naughty, and I wanted more. “Please, Daddy? You promised.”

“Yes, I did but it will be on my watch.” Jaxon raised the lower half of my body off the bed, hitting a new angle, and fireworks

exploded throughout every crevice. I was ready to give him hell for not claiming my ass but it hardly mattered. Wave after wave of utter bliss flooded me. I screamed his name, long and loud. His hands gripped my hips as he released, and I wondered what it would feel like for him to come inside of me without the constraint of a condom. I'd made a mental note to bring it up when and if we entered into a relationship.

We crashed onto the bed, panting and sweaty, catching our collective breath after the intensity. I loved the quiet moments that followed, lying next to one another. The ringing in my ears settled, and I rolled onto my side.

"You are something else, Beck."

"In a good way?" I practically purred.

"Yes, pixie." He chuckled. "At this rate, I'm going to need a lifetime supply of Gatorade just to keep up with you."

Jaxon had given thought to the long term, a thought that frightened me as much as it excited me. "Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah." He stroked a knuckle down my face. "You are so fucking hot in that collar."

"I've never worn one before."

"Have you thought about it though?"

"Not until you put it on me. Does that mean you like me, Jax?"

"Yeah."

"A lot?"

"What's the real question?"

Forgetting to untangle from the sheets dropped me to the floor in a heap as I hurried to get away.

"Becca."

"Nope." Padding into the bathroom, I stole a towel and wrapped it around my body. Jax stood in the doorway, wearing his boxers but nothing else. He braced an arm across the jamb, prevented me from ducking out of the conversation.

“Don’t run away because you’re afraid, pixie. You’re skating around the heart of the matter.”

“My heart *is* the matter,” I said.

“I haven’t opened up to anybody the way I’ve talked to you the past few days. Take that for what it’s worth. I can’t predict the future, Beck, but our best friends are committed to each other. I see them staying together for the long haul. We’re either going to have to figure out a way to co-exist peacefully, or find another solution.”

I bit my lip, contemplating my response. He understood my brat in a way no one else had ever bothered to learn. He understood *me*. “So, if they get married, you’ll marry me out of what? Convenience?”

“Sure.” He stalked into the room, grabbed my hips, and jerked me to him. “I’m secretly lazy. You’re already in the friendship circle.”

“I don’t want some lame diamond ring. I want a moonstone setting in rose gold. I’ll be a fairy princess with the puffiest dress anyone could ever want.”

“Your head and your heart have purged a lot of crap on this trip, pixie.” He tapped both places as he spoke. “You’ve been working through a lot of emotions. I’m glad to be here to help you through them.”

“How do you always say the right thing?” I looped my arms around his neck, and he picked me up. The towel fell, but he didn’t bother to retrieve it.

Jaxon returned us to the bed. “I’ve got somebody feeding me lines.”

“I knew it.” I giggled. “Somehow, you seem to understand the things I haven’t said.”

“Let’s just have fun, pixie, and not overthink things.”

I poked his shoulder. “So, you *do* like me a lot.”

“Yes, Beck. And if I have to show you every day just how much, then I will.” He rolled me over and straddled my hips.

“Lucky me.”

“Mm. I’d say we’re both lucky.”

\* \* \*

Still wearing the collar that Jaxon affixed around my neck, I was curled up under blankets while thinking about him. It was two in the morning, and though I desperately wanted to go to sleep, my brain wouldn’t shut off. Deciding it would be better to join him in his room, I left the warm bed and padded to the door. Twirling open the knob, I gasped.

Jax stood there leaning against the doorjamb, his silhouette barely visible in the moonlight from the window. His hand was raised as if he were about to knock. “Hey, pixie.”

“Hey, yourself.” I stood in the darkness gathering the courage that seemed out of reach with him standing there. “I, uh, was on my way to tell you that I couldn’t find my bed and ask if I could sleep in yours.”

“Do you want me to go back to bed so you can?”

“No, Sir.”

Jaxon kissed me then, sliding his tongue between my lips, claiming me like I was the very air he needed to breathe. I moaned into his mouth, loving the way he tasted.

“Get on the mattress.”

“Yes, Sir.” I answered without thinking and stepped back to allow him to come in. He shut the door behind him. As I flipped on the light on one of the nightstands, I noticed a bottle of lube in his hand along with a few condoms and something else, a lone glove perhaps.

“Take off your clothes.”

Getting on my back, I disrobed as he approached. Jaxon donned a glove before squirting lube onto his pointer and middle finger. Thinking about his thick cock in my most private hole turned me on in theory but knowing it was about

to happen left me breathless. “You don’t have to take me there.”

“I’m going to give you what you were begging for this afternoon.” He inserted his digits, slowly turning them, allowing my body to stretch. I moaned as he wiggled them in and out a few times, a new pleasure igniting deep inside of me. I wanted to feel his cock, but his fingers felt so good.

“Oh, Sir. Please keep doing *that*.”

Jax continued teasing me for a little longer before withdrawing his fingers and snapping off the glove. I whined, unable to stay quiet.

“Just wait until I fill you with something bigger, baby.”

As he spoke, Jaxon pressed the head of his cock to the tight pucker of my asshole. He entered slowly, allowing my body to accommodate his thickness. It was a unique fullness that I’d never experienced before. He withdrew and entered again, stoking pleasure in the deepest parts of my body.

“Yes, please,” I begged. “Please keep doing *that* instead.” He slid his cock deeper inside my asshole while his other hand gripped my hips keeping me still.

“You are so tight, Beck.”

“Thank you,” I said, panting.

“Have I mentioned you’re fucking adorable?”

“Mm-hmm.” Then I added, “I like this.”

“That’s all you can muster up, pixie?”

“Can we please add anal into the rotation, Sir?”

He withdrew from my ass and smacked my upper thighs, allowing the heat to build in my flesh. “I’ve never met anyone quite like you.”

“Is that good or bad, Jax?”

“The best.”

Jaxon maneuvered me where he wanted, flipping me onto my belly, and entering me at a new angle. It felt even better the



second time as he sank fully into my ass.

“I’m almost... there.” He continued fucking me, thrusting slowly within my naughtiest hole.

“Yes, Daddy.” I balled up the sheets in my fists, needing something solid to hold onto, his cock threatening to drive me insane with arousal. How much pleasure could one man bring me?

“Do you want Daddy to come in your ass?”

“Yes, please fill me up, Daddy.”

Begging him to do something so naughty seemed to affect Jaxon deeply, his loud groan signaling his peak and I felt him release inside of me. The new sensation drove me wild. I wasn’t used to the feeling of being his dirty little whore, but I loved it. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw his entire face flushed, sweat dripping off his brow, and pure ecstasy radiating off his features. I’d do anything to see that side of him all the time. Beaming at him, I admired the way he looked, committing it to memory before facing forward once more.

His voice was slightly breathless as he said the words, “Told you I’d... make it work, pixie.”

I held up a thumb, so blissfully relaxed that I didn’t want to move. “I have the most fun with you.”

“Same, Beck.”

Lying next to him after he had done such delicious things to my body filled me with a renewed sense of satisfaction.

I wanted to fall asleep in his arms every night no matter what we had to do in order to push our relationship forward. At that moment, I was overcome by the strangest feeling, one I wasn’t at all used to.

I was falling in love with Jaxon.

I barely felt love for my parents; there was no way I’d casually tell a man I’d just met that I loved him. Yet, that’s exactly what felt right. Despite my insistence on keeping things

casual, I was falling head over heels for an almost perfect stranger.

I loved Dr. Jaxon Gray, a thought that pissed me off as much as it made me smile.

## CHAPTER 10



*B*ecca

I grabbed a strawberry daiquiri wine cooler out of the fridge along with a beer for Jaxon and searched the first floor. I found him on the porch off the den with Aaron and almost lost my nerve.

*Unworthy of love, attention, affection. A girl who nobody loved.*

Even suspecting Jaxon would probably hurt me and leave me brokenhearted like everyone else, I couldn't leave him alone. "Hey."

"What's up, pixie?"

"Wanna sit on the dock with me, Jax?" I acknowledged Aaron and then held out the beer to Jaxon. "I hear the sunsets are amazing on the lake."

"Sure. We just finished our conversation." He nodded to Aaron who stood at the same time. "We'll be outside for a bit."

"Have fun." Aaron walked with us as we traversed through the rooms, but we parted ways when he headed upstairs likely looking for Zoelle.

Jax opened the front door and gestured for me to go first. Stepping out into the crisp night air, I glanced over at him. He smiled and we walked out on the dock. The sun dipped below the horizon just as we reached the bench and sat down.

Drinking our beverages in companionable silence, I enjoyed the moment as much as any other time spent with him.

“I’ve had more fun with you the past few days than I’ve had in years, Jax.”

Draping an arm around my shoulders, he pulled me closer to him. “I’ve also had a lot of fun, Beck. Is there something on your mind?”

“No,” I scoffed. Though Jax was unfortunately right on the money. I wanted to profess my sudden feelings for him, but I was afraid. Fear never did me any good, so I let my brat out instead of explaining.

“Lying gets you punished.”

“Only at the lake house.”

“So, are you planning on lying to me when we’re home, Beck?”

“No. Maybe I’ll never ever talk to you again.”

“Aw, pixie. Talk to me now.”

“No!” Suddenly, I needed distance from both my emotions *and* his body. I shrugged off his arm, getting to my feet. Reaching the edge of the platform, I made a show of strutting along the wood.

“Come back here, Becca Madeline.”

I tugged at the hem of my sweatshirt and yanked it over my head, ignoring his use of my full first and middle names.

“Hey! Want to go skinny dipping?”

“Put that back on.” His stern tone should have raised a red flag. “The water is freezing this time of year and you’ve been drinking.”

“I drank like three wine coolers!” I removed each of my sneakers and socks until I was barefoot. “I was a lifeguard all through high school and college. I can swim.”

“I don’t care if you’re a mermaid. We don’t need to take unnecessary risks.” Jax abandoned the drinks and jogged along

the dock toward me while I stepped further and further away from him.

I should have paused, but my brat ignored the warning. “I’m just playing! I’m not going to dive—” Standing close to the edge of the deck, gesturing as I spoke, I stumbled and lost my balance, falling over the side.

*“Beck!”*

Toppling head over heels, I hit the ice cold water. My comment about being a lifeguard was true, but I wasn’t used to swimming in such conditions. Inhaling a bit of water instead of air—probably from the panic surging through me—my lungs burned. I fought my way to the surface and found something floating next to my hand.

*A life preserver! Thank God!*

It took me a few tries to grab it, and I managed to keep my head above water. I was going to be okay.

Jaxon pulled me to the dock via the ring, and his strong arms tugged me up and out of the water. I collapsed against his body, coughing and shaking. “Y-you saved my life again.”

“Take a few breaths. You’re okay now.” Jaxon rubbed my back as I relearned how to breathe.

I clung to the warmth of his body, shivering. “I was so scared,” I admitted, tears slipping down my cheeks.

“Let’s get you warmed up.”

Jaxon held me close, wrapping my sweatshirt around me as we returned to the house. I was brash, a feisty brat—borderline irrational at times—and considered myself quite resourceful, but falling into that water could have been serious trouble for me. If there hadn’t been a safety device out there, or if I’d hit my head on any number of the large rocks under the surface, it could have ended *very* badly.

“I’m sorry, Jax.”

“There will be time for that later.”

The light of the kitchen seemed too bright for my eyes. Aaron and Zoelle had been sitting at the breakfast nook talking to each other but they both stood up, rushing over to us.

“Becca fell into the lake. Can you please go and get her some warm clothes, Zoe?”

“Sure, I’ll be right back.” Zoelle raced off.

“Are you hurt?” Aaron closed the distance between us quickly, concern furrowing his brow.

“No-no, just re-really cold.”

“Did you lose consciousness?”

“Nah-no.”

“Her socks and shoes are outside.” Jaxon held me tighter. “If someone can go grab them, that would be great.”

“Zoe and I will go and grab them in a few minutes.” Aaron checked my pulse.

“Do you still have equipment in the basement, man?”

“Yes, anything you could need should be there.”

I wasn’t thrilled at the idea of being poked and prodded, but I knew I needed to be checked out.

Zoelle returned in record time, and handed Jaxon a small bag, which presumably had my clothes in it. “I grabbed a shirt for you too, Jax.”

Zoelle must have seen that his clothing was damp after holding me against him.

“You’re so sweet, Zoe.” He took the bag from her. “Thank you.”

“Let us know if you need anything,” Aaron offered. “The water is freezing this time of year. She could be hypothermic.”

“That’s n-not funny,” I managed to reply. But before I could say anything else, Jaxon carried me down the steps. Despite the stark clinical exam room on one side, the basement exuded warmth.

Though I hadn't spent much time down there, it was a nice space. Jaxon peeled off my clothing, drying me off with several fluffy towels. He helped me into new clothes then, taking an extra minute to throw on a pair of sweats and a tee-shirt.

"Vitals first, and then we can get under the blankets."

"Okay." My body shivered even with dry clothing. It would take a while for me to warm up.

Jaxon listened to my heart and lungs with a stethoscope, but he cocked an eyebrow at me. "Do you have a murmur, Beck?"

"Yes, but you're only the second doctor who's ever mentioned it. I thought it went away."

"It's there. You should mention it to your primary."

"I don't go to the doctor often."

Jaxon shot me a stern glare. "You *know* how important it is to take care of yourself."

I had a feeling we were talking about my physical health because raising my blood pressure, even if I was a little mad, would warm me up. "Just because it's important, Jax, doesn't mean I'm great at doing it."

"When you return home, will you please make an appointment?"

"Yeah, but only because I like the strict tone you're using with me."

"You must be warming up since your sass has returned. That's a good sign."

He checked my pulse and blood pressure, announcing the numbers as he went. Jaxon snapped on a pair of gloves. I wondered why but then I saw a glass thermometer and a tube of lube in his hands.

Balking, I shook my head back and forth. "No way."

"If your core temperature is low, we need to warm you up from the inside. You know this already."

“Your cock can do a better job of warming me up!”

“I need a number.” He ignored my suggestion.

I gulped audibly. “There’s no need to stick things in uncomfortable places.” I made the error of looking at his gorgeous face while he held the rectal thermometer in his hand. The instrument seemed to mock me, lubricant glistening upon it like tinsel on a Christmas tree. I glared at the rod. “I’m fine, Jax.”

“Do you want me to call Aaron? I’ll hold you over my lap, and *he* can check your temperature.”

“No.”

“Last chance to cooperate. Please roll over. Once we’re done, we can relax. Okay?”

I didn’t know what my problem was, it wasn’t the actual thermometer, but something was scaring me. I should have listened to Jaxon and moved away from the edge of the dock. Tears pooled in my eyes, and I tried to keep them at bay. Jaxon shot off a text message, likely summoning Aaron. No one was mad at me, and neither of them would care where the thermometer needed to go. Still, I wanted no part of it.

The basement door opened then, familiar footsteps hurrying down the stairs. Since I had gotten out of the water relatively fast, the chances of needing warm saline or other measures were slim-to-none, but I’d failed to cooperate with the order given to me.

Aaron snapped on a pair of latex gloves. “The faster we get a reading, the faster you can get some rest.” His normally casual, brisk tone had been replaced with a warm and comforting one.

Jaxon lowered me down from the table, holding me against his chest. He muttered sweet, comforting words as he sat down on a small black stool with wheels. Setting me across his lap, bottom up, he continued to soothe me.

“I’m not a baby!”



“No, sweetheart. You’re not a baby.” Aaron spoke calmly. “If you were brought to the hospital or the clinic, it would be done the same way. If your body temperature lowers too much, we have to take steps to warm you up so you don’t get really sick.”

I listened as Aaron reiterated what I already knew, but something pushed me into what felt like a Little mindset. One of them moved the blanket aside but not off of me, and lowered my sweatpants and panties. I knew the procedure wouldn’t hurt—and the whole ordeal could have been over with by now if I relaxed—but I was overwhelmed. I took care of everyone else, but no one had ever cared for me.

“I don’t want it done this way, Daddy! Please don’t do it!”

“Shh, Becca-bear.” Jaxon immediately recognized my mindset shift, probably without the additional title. He ran one hand through my hair while the other rubbed my back. “I’ll get you some hot chocolate as soon as we’re done.”

“No!” I kicked out my legs, but it was a fruitless attempt to stop the procedure. Two quick smacks bounced off my upper thighs, and I immediately ceased fighting.

“Relax, sweetheart. We’ll be done in a minute.” Aaron parted my bottom cheeks and pressed the glass rod inside my ass. He splayed his hand out, resting the thermometer between his fingers so I couldn’t push it out.

Whimpering, I longed for the whole ordeal to be over. I wanted to embrace my Little side with Zoe in a fun way, not during a serious situation. Maybe she and I could try it out tomorrow afternoon. The thought of spending time with her eased my worries, and I relaxed against Jaxon.

“Another minute, Becca,” Aaron announced. “We’re almost done.”

Lying across Jaxon’s lap, being held close to him, the heat of his body and his caring nature reminded me that our time at the lake house was coming to an end too soon for my liking. Tears dripped down my cheeks, but I was exhausted from all

of the emotions constantly being purged from me. Sniffling, I counted the seconds in my head. “Please take it out now?”

“Thirty seconds, Becca-bear.” Jax wiped a tear from my cheek with his hand. “You and I can stay down here tonight. After you’re settled, I’ll grab a few extra blankets for us.”

“Thanks, Daddy.”

He didn’t say anything about the title. It might have been a little jarring to him though since Jaxon had said I could use it in the bedroom. But at that moment, at least, we were very far from having sex. The glass rod turned as it was removed, making me groan despite my embarrassment.

“Ninety-seven point seven. Do you know what you normally run, sweetheart?” Aaron asked as my panties and pants were pulled back up.

“I don’t know,” I mumbled into Jaxon’s thighs, not wanting to look either one of them in the face yet. “Probably a little higher on a regular day.”

“If you still feel cold after a few hours, let one of us know. Otherwise, you should be okay under the blankets and with a warm drink.” Aaron deserved an award for having seemingly unlimited patience with me despite my outburst.

“Yes, I’ll do that.”

Jaxon helped me to turn onto my back before pulling me against his chest and wrapping the blanket around me. “I know you were scared, but you’re going to be okay.” He kissed my forehead.

“Thank you both for taking care of me.” I sniffled and brushed a few stray tears away from my eyes.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart.” Aaron snapped off the pair of gloves, disposing of them in the trash before heading up the steps. “I’m upstairs if you need me.”

“Thanks, man.” Standing with me in his arms, Jaxon carried me over to the couch.

“I’m sorry for being so difficult, Daddy.”

He laid me down upon the cushions and threw another blanket over me.

“We’ll talk about apologies tomorrow. Tell your brat to go to bed for the night.”

“She only goes to bed after a good orgasm.”

“I understand you’re shaken up, but you *need* to rest now.” He cupped my cheek. “Will you do that for me?”

Anything other flirty retort I’d been poised to respond with died upon my lips. “Yes, Daddy.” I turned from the intense scrutiny of his gaze. All I wanted was that cup of promised hot chocolate and blessed sleep.

“Good girl.” Jaxon planted a kiss on my temple, the rest of me buried in blankets. “I’ll go grab a few more blankets and the cocoa and be right back.”

I wanted to say something, but I was too tired. Jaxon had rescued me from the icy water, and he didn’t run screaming in the opposite direction when I bratted or poked him. He’d also allowed me to call him Daddy, which was something else we’d need to discuss in the morning. However, for the moment, a good night’s rest was the only thing on the agenda.

Snuggling deeper into the blanket cocoon, I said a prayer of gratitude for all of the amazing people in my life—and for the vacation of a lifetime.

## CHAPTER 11



*B*ecca

Zoe and I were hanging out in the den. She had been stuck to my side like glue all day.

“Please don’t go anywhere near the dock!” Zoelle bounced up and down on the balls of her feet. “You’re my best friend. You can’t get hurt again.”

“I was dumb last night,” I admitted. “I caught feelings for a certain green-eyed doctor, and I haven’t been able to think straight since. Those feelings made me act recklessly.”

“I bet he’d make a really good daddy.”

“Jax doesn’t want a relationship.” I sighed. “So, becoming my daddy would be an even bigger commitment. It’s not in the cards for us.”

“We watched cartoons and snuggled. Then he brushed my hair, and he made me popcorn.” Zoelle held up a finger for each of the items, ticking each one off. “Maybe he’ll change his mind?”

“I just met him.”

“So did I,” Zoelle insisted.

“Are you in your Little space or your Big space right now?” There was a sharp edge to my tone. Though it hadn’t been intentional, I didn’t like how I sounded. “I’m unsure how to talk to you.”

“This is the first time I’ve ever been comfortable letting my Little out in front of multiple people—and it’s sort of the bestest.” She smiled sweetly. “I want you to be okay, so I’m both right now.”

“Thank you, but you don’t have to be Big for me today.” I grinned at her.

“Okie doke. I appreciate that.”

I crossed my heart with my pointer. “I promise not to go near the edge of the dock again after drinking. I apologize for scaring you.”

“I forgive you.” Zoelle hugged me tightly.

Aaron strode into the den and wrapped his arms around the two of us while we were hugging. I hadn’t realized how much I missed affection from other people. He and Zoelle offered it freely, along with their friendship, and my heart fluttered with joy.

“I’ve got to run into town and take care of some errands, girls. Do you want to come with me?”

“I’d like to stay here with Becca, but I’d like to stay in my Little headspace, Daddy. Is Jaxon going with you, or could he, um, I mean, would he, um, watch me?”

“I’ll go ask Jaxon. What about you, Becca?”

“Um, I’d sort of like to be Little with Zoe.” I tugged on the bottom of my shirt. “My head went there a few times last night. I’d like to experience it for fun.”

In my heart, I already believed it would make me feel whole.

“Oh, yes!” Zoelle bounced up and down on her feet. “We will have the bestest time ever, Daddy!”

Aaron nodded. “All right. I’ll ask Jaxon to watch both of you.”

“What happens if Zoelle is left to her own devices while in Little space?” I asked sincerely.

“My little princess gets into a lot of mischief. I have a feeling the two of you together unsupervised would result in double

trouble.” Aaron kissed her cheek and patted my head. “Be right back.”

The two of us jabbered about movies and coloring books and other fun things like the craft kits Aaron had showed us, cackling with glee as we thought of all the activities we could engage in while we waited for him to come back.

“I can’t wait another second, Becca. Let’s go find my daddy!” She grabbed my hand and tugged me into the kitchen, barely missing Aaron. “What did Jaxon say?”

“No running in the house, princess.” Aaron took her free hand in his. “Jax is attending a conference call, but he will be done in a little bit. Can you behave for a few minutes until he’s free?”

“I know what the word *behave* means, Daddy.”

“I can spell the word behave,” I added.

Aaron seemed to weigh the options in his head, but he’d already stated that he had errands to run. “Okay. Why don’t the two of you go pick out a movie while you wait?”

I clapped excitedly. “We can make princess popcorn! Jaxon showed me his secret.”

Aaron checked his watch. “Hold your horses, girls. I’d like the two of you to patiently wait without any antics. Do you promise?”

I wasn’t sure how making snacks could lead to antics. “What happens if we don’t promise?” I questioned sweetly. Something mischievous must have shown in my eyes because Aaron wagged his finger at me.

“Then the two of you can stand in the corner until you promise to listen. That will lead to me being late and coming home even later.”

Zoelle shot me a pitiful look. She was probably hoping I wouldn’t act up to get that sort of reaction.

Slyly holding my hand behind my back, I crossed my fingers. “I promise, Aaron.”

Zoe giggled next to me, and I bet she saw what I did. Everyone knew crossing your fingers negated whatever you promised, meaning the opposite. “I promise, Daddy.”

“You’re both so sweet,” he praised then hugged us each in turn. I’d own up to my tiny white lie later. “I should be back by dinnertime.”

“We’ll listen to what Jaxon tells us to do.” I nudged Zoelle who bobbed her head up and down enthusiastically. “I’ll be in charge.”

“No, Jaxon is in charge. We’ll do something fun later. I’m sorry for leaving for a bit, but I’ll bring you each a treat.”

“Thank you, Daddy. I’ll color a picture for you.”

“Have fun, princess. See you soon, Becca.”

We waved at Aaron as he stepped out of the kitchen, and we kept waving as if he could see us until the front door shut behind him.

Giggling like crazy, Zoelle grabbed my hands. “Let’s jump on the couch!”

“We don’t actually *want* to get in trouble, Zoey-bunny.”

“Please call me Zoey-bunny *forever*.” She giggled and pulled my hand down. “Fine. We won’t jump. Come on! We can at least get stuff ready while Mr. Jax is stuck in a stupid meeting.” Zoe took my hand and we ran into the living room.

“Your daddy said no running in the house.”

“He’s not here!”

Part of me wanted to argue about how much better it was to behave, but it wasn’t the choice that held the most potential for fun.

*Besides, it’s not like Aaron will know we were running.*

I opened the huge cabinet and dropped Zoelle’s hand.

“Every princess movie *ever*!” I loved cartoon movies and frequently rewatched many of them, but an entire collection

sat there for us to choose from. It left us with so many different options.

“How about we both close our eyes and reach out our hands, and we’ll watch whatever we land on?” Zoelle offered as she scanned the titles.

“Yes!” I bounced up and down. “I love it!”

We selected movies randomly, set out all of the popcorn ingredients, including a large bowl for the popcorn, little cups to mix the chocolate, a bag of star- and heart-shaped multicolored marshmallows. Zoelle and I surveyed the kitchen counter and glanced at the clock on the wall.

“It’s been twenty whole minutes.” Zoelle frowned. “Should we go get Mr. Jax?”

I loved the way she addressed him in her younger space, and I’d have to ask him at some point if he wanted me to use such a title as well.

“No, he’s in an important meeting,” I reminded her.

Zoelle’s eyes sparkled mischievously. “Okay, I guess, but we can’t just stand around waitin’.”

“What are you thinking, Zoey-bunny?”

“My daddy has lots of pretty rainbow-colored ropes, and I think I could wrap it around you like a dress or something!”

“We probably shouldn’t touch it right now.” I glanced at the entrance to the den and crept into it as if Jaxon would appear at any minute and ask us what we were doing. “Maybe you can show it to me though?”

“Yeah, of course.” Zoelle trotted over to a huge ottoman near the couch. She flipped open the top and pulled out the most beautiful pieces of silky rope in vivid colors.

My mouth fell open, and I ran my hands along the strands. “It’s *so* soft.” We stood there admiring it, running our fingers through it. “There’s no harm in tying one of my hands.”

Zoelle knotted with flair, bouncing all around my torso and down my legs twisting it. She completed the last one, grinning



as she admired her handiwork.

Her happiness melted as she attempted to unravel the first piece. “Oh, no!”

“What?” I couldn’t move any of my limbs to help her. “What’s wrong?”

“Um, Becca, I think you’re stuck.”

“Just undo what you did.”

“It’s not working!” Zoelle tugged at the pieces.

“No, don’t do that, it will make everything tighter. Don’t worry,” I assured her, but tears fell down her cheeks anyway. “Zoey-bunny, don’t cry!”

Zoelle raced out of the den, sobbing. I heard her run through the kitchen and stomp up the stairs.

I blew out a breath and tried to wiggle my arms and legs to make the rope looser, but nothing happened.

*It’ll be okay.*

Zoelle would get Jaxon, and he would save the day.

\* \* \*

*Jaxon*

I ended the video conference call. No amount of telling my job that I was out in a remote location on my first vacation mattered. The meeting was mandatory. Suddenly the door to my room flung open, and I was met with a frantic bundle of Zoelle.

She dashed across the space to my chair, throwing herself into my lap. “I tied up Becca! Now she’s trapped!”

“Take a breath. Shh. Big breaths, sweetie.” She was hysterically crying and screeching, so in the interest of time, I scooped her up, found my medical shears, and hurried down the steps. “Where were you playing?”

“In the den!” Zoelle wailed.

I set her on the floor and took her hand. “It’ll be okay,” I assured her though I had no idea what I was about to find.

Then I discovered a pouting Becca, trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey on the floor.

“Please don’t be mad at Zoey-bunny,” she said from her spot.

“I’m *concerned* at the moment, not mad. Is anything numb, pixie?”

“No, not yet.” Becca’s lower lip wobbled. “We were... playing.”

I tested the ropes, trying to get a sense of where the beginning pieces were tied, but it was such a dizzying sequence of colors and knots that there was little to be done other than cutting them off.

“My meeting ran late, and I apologize for not getting down here sooner. I thought the two of you were told to wait.” I snipped several strands, and then a few more, freeing the bottom portion of Becca’s legs and torso. I pulled the extra bits of twine away, but none of them were salvageable so far.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Jax,” Zoelle said with a snuffle. “We got bored while you were working.”

“It was my idea to let Zoe use the pretty strands without anybody around.” Becca wiggled her toes, which led me to believe they *had* started to go numb.

“No, it was *my* idea in the first place,” Zoelle stated loudly.

I watched the two of them closely, trying to ensure I was drawing the correct conclusion. It seemed that... they *wanted* to get into trouble.

“And we were running in the house,” Becca added.

“Hmm.” I snipped the remaining bits and pieces until she was freed. “You went searching for trouble.” I laid the shears on the coffee table.

“Yeah,” Zoelle whispered. “We sure found some.”

“I’m disappointed, but I appreciate you being honest with me. Is there anything else you want to share, girls?”

“No, Mr. Jax,” Zoelle answered sweetly.

“I would like to answer you respectfully.” Becca blinked up at me, her pupils as wide as saucers. “Should I call you a different title?”

The title I wanted to hear from her lips had slipped out the first time we’d been in bed together, but it had been a naughtier moment, and not when she was in a Little headspace. No, she had gone Little last night when she was lying scared over my lap after falling into the lake. I hadn’t brought it up because I didn’t want to push, but she seemed to be asking my permission to be addressed by a very specific title.

I tucked a stray piece of her hair behind her ear. “When you are in your younger headspace, you may call me ‘Daddy’ or ‘Sir.’”

“There’s nothing else I want to share, Daddy.” Becca swallowed hard, and I wondered what was going through her head.

“Were you running in the house only when you came upstairs to get me, Zoe?”

“No, Mr. Jax. The first time was right after my daddy left.”

“Unless it’s an emergency, you know the rules.”

“I know.” She dragged the toe of her shoe across the floor. “I’m also sad because I ruined all the rope.”

“Rope is nothing but materials.” I lifted her chin in my hand. “You and Becca are more important than any material. Am I clear?”

“Yes, Mr. Jax.”

“Let’s go to the kitchen, girls.”

They followed me and I led each of them to an opposite corner.

“I thought you said if I broke a rule, I’d get spanked and *then* put in the corner?” Zoe huffed.

“Look at me, sweetie.”

She glared, but there was more to her attitude, as if she was upset I would not follow through with my original promise to her.

“Fix that look, and do it *quick*. Before it gets you into more trouble. Trust me when I tell you’re in enough of it already.”

Her features softened then. “I wanted to get in a little bit of trouble, but I reached my limit. Sorry, Mr. Jax.”

“Thank you.” I took her hand in mine. “You are going to be spanked, Zoe, but I need you and Becca to stay in one place for a few minutes.”

“Yes, Mr. Jax.” She released my hand before walking slowly to her corner.

I retrieved my pink leather paddle from upstairs and returned to see both of them standing with their hands behind their backs, patiently waiting for me. My small hairbrush-shaped implement would sting without pleasure if I wielded it right. Zoelle had an aversion to wood, and it was better to use the same item on both of them since they had acted up together. I dragged a low-sitting stool over to the center of the room and then a high-backed chair followed the same path as I executed my plan.

“Becca, come out of the corner and sit on the stool. Zoe, come over to me.”

Their eyes were wide as they surveyed the situation. I rolled up the sleeve of my shirt, making sure they were both watching.

Becca mouthed to Zoelle, “Oh, my god. We’re *really* in trouble.”

Zoelle said nothing as she reached my feet, and I set her across my lap as promised. “I’m really sorry, Mr. Jax.”

“Yes, little one, I’m sure you are.” I targeted her right thigh and then her left in turn, making sure each slap landed with precision.

“Ouch! It hurts!”

“I hope my punishment reminds you why it’s so important to follow the rules, Zoe.” I bounced the leather paddle once more for good measure on the lower part of her butt. She kicked out her feet but stayed in place. “Rules are meant to be followed so that no one gets hurt.”

“Yes, Mr. Jax!” she wailed, struggling against me.

Ignoring her protests, I continued on changing the focus to her bottom cheeks. She wanted a punishment, and I intended to see that she received one. I kept my promises, and hoped that would sink into her brain. Her bottom radiated heat through her leggings but my hand continued to deliver the spanking her actions had begged for. After several more rounds, she stopped fighting and cried out promises to behave.

I let her babble out apologies for a few minutes, rubbing her back as she cried. “Why did I spank you, Zoe?”

“I’m naughty!”

“No, little one. You are *not* naughty.” I slapped her right buttock hard with my palm. “Try again.”

“My behavior was naughty.” She sniffled. “I broke the rules on purpose, but I could have hurt Becca. And that’s worse.”

“You weren’t trying to hurt your friend, but you need to be careful. No more rope without supervision.”

“Yes, Mr. Jax.”

“Are you going to behave for the rest of the day?”

“I’ll do my best,” she promised.

“I’m sure you will.” Sitting her upright on my lap, I hugged her. She looped her arms around my neck and pressed against my chest. I let her calm down for a few more minutes before scooting her off my legs. “Your turn, Becca.”

Becca laid herself over my lap. Even though I had seen all of her, I left her leggings in place for my correction. Warming each of her cheeks with my hand, I then switched to the leather stinger. After I delivered a few sharp taps, she kicked out her feet just like Zoe had done. I brought the slapper down against

her upper thighs, across her bottom cheeks, and all the spots in between.

“Ouch! Daddy, it *hurts!*”

When she attempted to crawl off my lap, I threw a leg across both of hers without missing a beat, and disciplined her as she’d all but demanded. “Stay still.”

Over and over I toasted her perky buns until she cried out. “I’m so sorry, Daddy!”

“Do you think it’s safe to run in the house?” I asked her about the same rule.

“No, because we could have gotten hurt.”

“Was it wise to play with rope all by yourself?”

“No, Daddy. It looked so pretty, but Zoey-bunny could have accidentally hurt me really badly.” She sniffled. “Now all the rope is ruined.”

“The rope isn’t the issue, Becca Madeline. The issue is that you and Zoe were told to wait for me. I’m in charge this afternoon, a point that the two of you decided to ignore. “

“I’ve never been in this mindset before, and it’s a lot to process...”

“Yes, little girl. I understand all of that. Do you need a break for a little while?”

“No, Daddy. It’s just that... I’ve got lots of emotions in my head.” She wiped her eyes. “I’m really sorry for breaking the rules.”

“You’re forgiven. I’m not mad, but I wished you had both waited until I was downstairs so I could supervise your playtime.” I lifted her up to sit on my lap. “You and Zoe are going to stand in the corner while I make princess popcorn. I’ll construct a huge pillow fort, and we can all snuggle while we watch movies. Okay?”

“Yay!” Zoelle bounced up and down. “Yes, please!” She practically danced into her corner, and I swore actual sunshine beamed from her smile.

“Yes, Daddy.” Becca kissed my cheek. I set her feet on the floor and she shuffled to the corner as instructed.

Something about her sweet kiss combined with the title nearly wrenched my heart out of my chest.

*You’re falling for her—hook, line, and fucking sinker.*

She was utterly adorable, and I wanted to host playdates with her and Zoe, watching them interact. I wanted to be their safe space to let all their Big worries disappear. It felt so good, after all this time, to be needed. When I returned home to Chicago, I was going to feel the loss of her and Zoe listening to me all week, but at that moment, I didn’t care. I’d have moved the moon and the stars to see their smiling faces relaxed without worries or stress. It was what I had been missing for so long.

I had some planning to do. Even though I hadn’t made it known to anyone else yet, moving to New York had just become my top priority.

## CHAPTER 12



*J*axon

Aaron popped his head inside our blanket fort, surprising me and the girls. Becca and Zoelle were swaddled in fluffy, furry blankets. From the ginger way they both moved after their spankings, it was clear they were sore, but they had been *so* well behaved.

“Sorry it took me so long to get home, girls.” Aaron patted each of their heads. “Were you good?”

“Zoey-bunny and I ran all over the house,” Becca said sweetly. “We went looking for trouble.”

“Oh.” Aaron kissed Zoelle on the forehead. “What about you, princess?”

“I tied up Becca and ruined all your rope. I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“What?” Aaron raised his eyebrows.

“Conference call ran over.” I cleared my throat. “Tell your daddy what happened, Zoe.”

“Mr. Jax cut Becca out of the rope, and then he punished us.”

“I’m still sore,” Becca added.

“Sounds like quite the afternoon.” Aaron shook his head. “Is everyone in a better mood now?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Yes, Sir,” Becca cooed.



“I’m happy to hear that. I need to talk to Jaxon for a minute and then we’ll make dinner.”

“Becca and I can make dinner.” Zoelle beamed up at him. “We don’t mind.”

“I picked up chicken and ribs to grill. How about you and Becca make steak fries and come up with a dessert for us tonight?”

“Yes, Daddy. We can totally handle that.” She poked Becca.

“Yup!” Becca grinned. “Making dessert will be fun.”

“We’ll be in the kitchen,” I said softly before climbing out of the fort and following Aaron into the hallway. Once we were out of earshot, I further explained. “Zoe was upset about the rope.”

“I don’t care about the rope.”

“Yeah, I said as much. What’s up, man?”

“I mentioned the partnership to Caleb on the phone. He’s on board.”

“He’s going to move out of Boston after all this time?” We walked into the kitchen and I bee-lined for the fridge, grabbed a beer, and popped the top. “I’m surprised.”

“No, you’re not.”

“Okay, I’m not surprised... but something is off.” I sipped from the bottle. “Why are you on edge?”

“Emma also called me while I was out.”

*Shit.*

I remembered her uppity attitude the last time she had been around. We were graduating from Harvard and what should have been a special day was tainted with her presence. Aaron’s father didn’t bother to show up, but *she* had along with Greg, their older brother. Emma had congratulated Aaron, but mentioned it was unfortunate that he wasn’t valedictorian.

*It was Harvard.*

She had gone to less of a prestigious school in Australia, but at the end of the day, both she and Aaron had earned their MDs.

I handed him my beer and grabbed another. “What did your sister want?”

“My father’s dying.” He sighed. “She asked me to go to London and make peace with him before... well, you know.”

“Emma called you four years ago and told you the same thing. It turned out to be a triple bypass at the time, brought on by red meat and stress.”

He raked the fingers of his free hand through his hair. “Not this time. Probably looking at multiple organ failure beginning soon, depending on his response to treatment. Prognosis is three months, at best—or so she said.”

“Cancer?”

“Your guess is as good as mine.”

“I’ll go with you.”

“I haven’t decided if I’m going yet.”

“You have, or you wouldn’t have told me.”

Aaron grunted and downed half of the beer. “My father wrote me off years ago because I was my mother’s favorite.”

“Nope. You are *not* letting this derail our vacation.” I threw my arm around his shoulders. “What your mother did, or didn’t do, during her life had nothing to do with you.”

“Hearing Emma’s voice brought me to a dark place. She made me feel like I was eleven years old again, lost in a dysfunctional family who cared more about themselves than each other. I hate this, this pit in my stomach that I can’t get rid of. When I’m holding Zoelle close to me, or when everyone around me is having a good time, that pit gets a little smaller, but today? Today it’s worse.”

“Two of the sweetest women I’ve ever met are curled up in the living room. They would offer themselves in a heartbeat to help you work through it, man.”

For a brief moment, sorrow flashed through his gaze. It was something I hadn't seen in his eyes in a very long time.

"I wouldn't subject them to the places my mind has been," he offered sourly.

"Do you want to spank me?" I only barely managed to keep a straight face saying it.

Aaron let out a long breath and finished the beer. "Nah. You don't get off on pain. And it's sure as hell not going to do a damn thing for me."

"You told me Zoe trusted you enough to use her body thoroughly after your hellish experience at the hospital a while back. She must be into the sort of things you're thinking about?"

"Chaining the two of them together, plugging their asses, and whaling on them with my tawse until they are blissful piles of mush under my palm, then bringing Zoelle upstairs and fucking her sideways until she can't walk?"

"Sure, man. Why not?" Already picturing the scene he'd described in my head, it was impossible to keep the grin off my face. "We'll grill up some meat, let the girls make dessert, and after dinner we'll have a *grown-up* scene..."

"Do you think our brats are having a good time?"

The look on my best friend's face gutted me. I wanted to call his sister myself and tell her what I thought of her. He forced a smile, but the hollow tone showed something was still eating away at him.

"Everyone is having a wonderful time. You were so generous to invite us. I know I razzed on you about the practice, but we planned it in our heads for a long time. I want this as much as you do."

"You have no idea how much I've wanted to hear you say that." Aaron nodded. "It's a lot to ask from anybody. I'm demanding you and Caleb give up... just about everything."

"Hey." I took him by the shoulders, as if I were going to shake some sense into him. "No way. I have nothing in Chicago."

*Nothing.* No friends. No relationship. No family. All I've got is my position at the hospital, and I made it sound way more fulfilling than it is. Caleb has two ex-wives, toxic friendships, and the *worst* working environment in Boston. We aren't succeeding, Aaron. Yeah, we'll tell you that everything is okay, but it's not okay. We're not fulfilled by our careers, or by anything else."

"If you kiss me, Jax, I'm revoking my offer."

"You wish I'd kiss you." I released my hold, chuckling as some of the tension broke. "Whatever is going on with your family, we can deal with when I get to New York."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, man. I've got nothing to lose, and everything to gain."

"I let my career trump my personal relationships for such a long time. If we're all in the same office and living near each other, we can come up here more often. Or if you and Becca want to escape for the weekend, you can." He cocked an eyebrow. "You *do* want to be with her, right?"

"If I was looking for a relationship I'd pick Beck." I downed the beer and set out the needed tools for dinner.

"I'm so happy to hear that. Becca and I have worked together for a while. I'm thrilled she and Zoelle became such fast friends."

"Becca told me this was nothing but uncomplicated sex. Can you believe that shit?"

"I can but only because you keep repeating that you don't want a relationship." Aaron cocked his head to the side. "Is that still the truth?"

I was not going to answer him because he was spot on. "You heard her calling me Daddy last night, didn't you?"

"She's absolutely smitten with you. I don't know what the big picture looks like, but you moving to New York should shift things in your favor."

"There's the sappy, love-drunk fool I know." I winked, happy to see a smile finally break out across my best friend's face.

“We’re going to have fun tonight.”

“Thanks for dragging me back to earth. I shouldn’t let anyone get me to the level I was stuck at all afternoon. I was worried about taking it out on everyone else.”

“No worries, man. We’ll figure it out—like we do everything else.”

\* \* \*

*Becca*

After Jax and Aaron walked out of the room, I crawled over to Zoelle. “I know we’re having the best time being Little, but I have something serious to talk about.”

Her eyes drooped, along with her mouth. “Aaron is upset about something. I bet you saw it too. He probably doesn’t want to tell us since we’re having lots of fun.”

“Too bad what works on us doesn’t help him get into a better mood.”

“Yes, it does!” She brightened. “You’re so smart, Becca.”

“We’re going to spank Aaron?”

“No. You’re not getting what you said,” Zoelle groaned. “What works for us *does* work for him, because he’s the one swinging the paddle.”

“Oh!” I giggled. “Good idea. Why don’t we make a no-bake cheesecake along with the steak fries? During dinner we can talk about a joint scene.”

“Yes, we’ll totally mention it like we’ve wanted it, but we’ll really be helping *him* get those stuck emotions out.”

“*We’re* so smart.”

“Yes, we are!”

\* \* \*

Zoe, Aaron, Jax, and I had retired to the den after dinner since it had the largest amount of floor space, Jaxon directing us to a long bench. There was plenty of space on it for our bodies to be bent over it or placed in different positions on it. I'd been hyped up before dinner about a joint scene with Zoelle but something had shifted the air and I was nervous. Surveying the array of implements, toys, ropes, and other things laid out on the couch flooded anxiety through my system.

Aaron gestured to the army of kinky toys. "Look over all of the items. If you see anything that could be a hard limit, I'll remove it. If you don't know what an object is, ask me."

Zoelle pointed at something near Aaron. "Gags are a hard limit."

He lifted the item and held it out for her to see. "This isn't a gag, kitten."

I figured out the elaborate straps tightened around the waist, but the two strange shapes attached to them confused me.

He took her hand and bent her over the bench. She glanced over her shoulder, and I watched in rapt attention. He lubed everything. The longer phallic-shaped probe slid into her pussy, but the other one moved along the rope and slid in between her ass cheeks.

"Oh!" I threw my hands over my mouth.

Jaxon was at my back, and he reached across the front of my body, dipping his finger into my heated core. "You like that, Beck?"

"No," I squeaked, but he added another digit and I rose up on my toes. "I mean, *yes*. My brain picked the wrong word."

He scraped his teeth over my earlobe. "Do you want a matching toy?"

"Yes, Sir."

“There are always brand new toys at the lake house.” Chuckling, he selected a similar harness, though from this angle both probes appeared bigger. “Bend over.”

I obeyed, aware of both Zoelle and Aaron watching. The strap snapped around my waist, and the large bulb pressed into my tight back hole. It advanced a little at a time until it was fully seated. Before I could get accustomed to the stretching of my ass, the second curved plastic bit hooked inside my dripping pussy. “Oh.”

Jaxon chuckled. “Sit on the bench facing Aaron.”

I sat the way Jax ordered me to do so but with each step the two thick probes lighting up the nerves in my pussy and asshole, rubbing my insides and turning me on. It made it harder for me to move.

Aaron clamped Zoelle’s right nipple. Her head drooped and she moaned. He handed the other one to Jaxon who mimicked the action on my left nipple.

*Oh, no!*

I wanted to say something but the delicious bite of pain zinged through me. Zoe adjusted herself in what I imagined was a more comfortable position, the movement tugging on my own nipple.

“Zoe!” I yelped.

She blinked her eyes open, realizing that we were linked and her pupils went wide. “Sir!”

Aaron tugged on the chain, his sadistic heart obviously happy with our predicament.

“Zoe!” I protested loudly again.

Jaxon twisted each of my pebbled tips, licking them as I writhed against the bench. “Please keep doing that, Sir.” He obliged for less time than I wanted, clamping my right pebbled tip before handing the new set to Aaron who repeated it on Zoe’s left one. We were chained in two different spots, meaning every tiny motion would be felt in our nipples.

“Do we get to pick the implements, Sir?” I asked, not addressing either man specifically.

“Not tonight, Becca,” Aaron replied. “You have your colors and your safewords.” He stripped off his long sleeve tee-shirt, and I kicked Zoelle.

“He’s built, huh?” She jerked the chain.

“Ow.” I pulled in the opposite direction, tweaking her nipple. “I can do this all night.”

“Me too.”

Jaxon threaded the fingers of his left hand through my hair, the right through Zoelle’s. “As enjoyable as it would be to watch the two of you torture one another, that’s enough. No more pulling.”

“So, we can tug?” I inquired, but my voice took on a sassier tone than intended.

*Nothing new there.*

Jaxon fisted his fingers deeper, arching my neck upward to stare into his eyes. Starting at my earlobe, he licked a long line down my throat, his goatee scratching as he trailed along my soft skin. He continued over my collarbone, downward then bit the top of my breast.

“What do you say, pixie?”

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

“That was so fucking hot,” Zoelle murmured. “I’m not going to last.”

Aaron kissed her hard while Jaxon kept his hand firmly against her scalp.

I pressed my thighs together, one of the only body parts I could freely move, and ground my body against the bench.

“Please kiss me, Sir Jax?”

“Clever little brat. Keep using the title.” Jaxon kissed my lips once. “Have you ever heard of something called orgasm denial, pixie?”



Aaron watched me work through my answer, no doubt waiting to hear what I had to say.

“No, but that sounds... awful.” I glanced at Zoelle in question.

She shrugged. “The longer your climax is denied, the bigger the bang, so to speak.” She blew out a breath. “I didn’t think this was going to turn me on, but I’m already at the edge.”

Jaxon released his hold on us, glancing back and forth between the two of us. “You’re such sweet little things.”

Aaron tapped two spots on the bench. “Zoe, I want you on this side, Becca on this one. Stay standing unless I tell you otherwise.”

We stared at him, and then looked at each other. In order to get into the place he commanded we would need to work together, move in unison, and round the bench to the other side.

“That’s not possible,” Zoelle blurted out. “We can’t!”

Aaron reached in between her legs and though my view prevented me from seeing exactly what he did to her, her gasp and the trembling of her thighs said more than enough. “Find a way, kitten.”

“Yes, Sir,” Zoelle agreed, her breath coming faster.

We shuffled around the bench as if we had something precious—or extremely dangerous—strapped to our bodies.

Jaxon cracked up as we settled into place, bending over the bench as instructed. “I’m going to call that move the ‘brat shuffle.’”

Aaron smacked each of our bottom cheeks in fast succession, one after the other. When Zoe bounced on her heels, he scolded her. “Stay still, kitten.”

He spanked Zoe’s butt with his palm until my friend’s ass blushed. I admired the way the color suffused her bottom cheeks, and I found myself wishing mine were as red.

“Please, Sir?” Zoelle begged. “*Please*, can we hurry? My kitty needs you, Sir.”

Aaron fastened a collar around her neck and linked the nipple chain clamps to it.

“Please, Zoe, don’t freaking *move*,” I begged.

“Oh, man. You got her begging.” Jaxon chuckled. “Move to the left, Zoe.”

She tried to obey, but accidentally lost her balance, stumbling to the right. Unprepared for the other direction, I squeaked from the sudden flare of pain at my nipples even though the bite bled into pleasure. Fumbling to move at the same pace as Zoe, I panicked. I didn’t know what my expression conveyed, exactly, but Jaxon approached the bench and captured my face in his hands.

“You are overthinking, pixie.” Jaxon’s deep voice calmed me. “*Relax*. This is for fun.”

“I’m... overstimulated.” Tears fell down my cheeks, but I dared not move to brush them away. “Everything is firing at once, and it’s hard to think straight.”

“What color are you, Beck?”

“Yellow.”

Jaxon undid the clamps connecting to my nipples. “Breathe, pixie.”

“I’m sorry, Sirs. I’m wrecking the scene.”

“You’re not ruining anything, Becca.” Aaron rubbed my shoulders. “Bend forward a little so you can breathe.”

“Are you mad at me, Zoe?”

“No, Becca. I’m way too turned on to be anything but annoyed. Please, Daddy, can we go? Jaxon can take of Becca.”

“Do either of you need me?” Aaron rubbed once more before releasing me. “Otherwise, I’ve got a naughty little kitten over here who is just *begging* for a release.”

“We’re good,” Jaxon assured him. “I have it under control.”

“If that changes, let me know.” Aaron lifted Zoe up and over his shoulder. She whimpered pitifully. “Quiet, kitten. You’ll

get your release soon.” He headed toward the doorway to the kitchen.

“Have a good night, Zoe.” I called across the room.

“You too,” she replied sweetly, waving before she disappeared into the kitchen, her body bouncing with each step as Aaron strode away.

“Are you mad at me, Sir?”

“No one is mad. You never know how your body is going to react during a scene, especially an intense one. I’m removing the toys, breathe.” He popped the probes out of me, and I shuddered.

“Oh, Jax,” I moaned, spinning on my heel to face him. “I’m so... empty.” Clawing against his chest with need, I then pressed myself flush to his body.

“I thought you were overstimulated.”

“Please, Daddy? Please fuck me? I want you so badly.”

“Show me where.”

My face blazed at his words, burning even hotter than my ass. “Daddy’s choice?” I offered.

“You have thirty seconds to choose or you don’t get either one.”

I studied his face for a moment before bending over the bench and placing my hands on either side as wide as I could stretch.

“Please fuck my ass, Daddy. I love it when you touch me there.”

Jax growled against my ear and pressed a well-lubricated finger inside, preparing my newly used back passage for him. His thick cock entered me slowly, allowing me time to stretch to accommodate him. “Say it again.”

“I love it when you... fuck my ass, Daddy.”

He spanked my bottom with his free hand. “Louder.”

“Aaron and Zoe will hear us!”

“I’ll bring you to the cusp of an orgasm, baby girl, and leave you there until you beg me to fuck your ass harder.” He increased the speed, and I grunted.

“Please do me dirty, Daddy! Fuck my star—”

“Beck...” Jaxon lost his grip on my hips, laughing so hard he had to stop.

I was attempting to crack more jokes containing crass or gross puns for anal sex, but I was using humor to distract myself. Jaxon slid out of me then, leaning against my body, understanding without words that I wasn’t okay.

“Do *not* move. I’ll be right back.”

“I’m not really okay,” I admitted sheepishly.

“I can tell. Stay here.” Jaxon left, but returned in record time. Wrapping an arm around my waist, he stood me up to my full height.

“I’m sorry for not realizing what I really needed.”

“There is no need to apologize. I stopped because I couldn’t keep my rhythm while laughing, but then I realized your brain went nuclear.”

“Sir...”

“No more sexy stuff for the night, Becca-bear.”

He lifted me off my feet and brought me to the floor where he spread blankets there for us. Jaxon dressed me in a pair of warm pajama pants and his favorite tee-shirt. It had been washed and dried, but it still smelled like his cologne.

“But—”

“Close your eyes. I’m going to tell you a story. If you fall asleep, I’ll carry you to your bed. Deal?”

“Will you carry me to yours instead, Daddy?”

“Yes, baby girl.”

In his arms, I listened to the sound of his heartbeat while he narrated a magical story about three beautiful princesses who always found a way to get into mischief, including the day one

of them found herself tangled up in vines and a handsome prince swooped in and rescued her.

I relaxed until his soothing voice finally lulled me to sleep.

## CHAPTER 13



*J*axon

“Hey, pixie.” I strode into my room. Becca finally started staying overnight and it became her favorite place to hang out. “Do you want to go out to the spot at the lake I mentioned? I’ve packed snacks, and we can hang out for a while.”

“Are you asking me on... a *date*?”

Her beauty rendered me speechless on any given day, but the dimples in her cheeks and the sparkling in her huge hazel eyes after everything we’d experienced so far made her even more attractive. The scene we’d engaged in the previous night *had* been fun, even though it had ended by necessity somewhat prematurely.

“I might be,” I finally answered her. “That depends on how you end a date, pixie.”

She bit the inside of her cheek as she stared up at me. “I cut out early to avoid the awkward ‘do we kiss or do we fuck’ portion of the night.”

I tugged her up to stand. “What if I want to do *both* of those things?”

“You’ll have to convince me of your sincerity.”

“Done.”

“Okay, Jax. I’ll go on one date with you.”

“Nope. You love to twist words. Meet me at the front door in ten minutes.”

“What if I’m late?”

“Don’t be.”

“What if—”

“You have a punishment coming to you from not listening on the dock. I postponed it as a courtesy.”

“Thank you for your consideration.” Her face betrayed her sarcasm, though her tone was miles away from respectful.

“What should I wear?”

“What you’ve got on is fine, but grab your hoodie.”

“Will do.”

\* \* \*

“I don’t ever do this, Jax.” Becca sighed as she curled up on her side next to me on the blanket. I showed off my hiking skills by taking us on the small trail next to the lake. We were still within eyesight of the house.

“Hike?”

“I’d hardly call it a hike when we traveled, like, five hundred feet.”

“I spent years hiking in boy scouts, and you’re right.”

“You’re really good with rope and survival skills. I didn’t think you learned all of that in medical school.”

“You think I just waltzed into Harvard with my charm?”

Her face fell and I hated the defensive tone in my voice. She wasn’t questioning me or my worth like so many other people in my life. “No, I was saying there’s more to you than I realized.”

We were getting close to our last day at the lake house, and I wasn’t ready to let go of her yet. Not when my first order of business when I arrived home was to move mountains in order

to get my affairs in order to partner with Aaron. I wanted to offer her assurances, but if the plans fell through, I didn't want to hurt her any more than I would when we parted tomorrow. I was afraid her fragile heart might break if I was forced to say goodbye.

I touched her cheek, cupping her soft skin, and she raised her eyebrows.

"Sorry, pixie. My parents never saw my worth until Aaron showed it to them, and sometimes I forget other people aren't questioning me."

"I would *never* question your worth." She kissed me, her pretty pink tongue darting into my mouth.

I deepened our kiss. "You taste amazing, pixie."

"I was eating blueberries. We're going to make blueberry pancakes tomorrow before we leave, so I had to test them." She cleared her throat. "It's going to be great."

"Yeah." We stared at each other a minute, neither of us wanting to bring up the topic of what would happen afterward.

"What snacks did you bring, Jax?"

"Don't laugh. I *swear* they will taste good together." I opened the backpack and tugged out a thermos, as well as several plastic storage containers with glittery tops.

"Those are the prettiest containers I've ever seen."

"I borrowed them from Zoe."

We feasted on kettle corn mixed with nuts and dried fruit, sweet pear slices, chocolate peanut butter balls, and steaming hot chocolate. We fell into easy conversation despite the earlier heavy moment, talking about things I'd never shared with anyone. She pulled stories out of me and the afternoon cemented the fact that I wasn't going to be able to let her go easily.

Becca surprised me with how effortlessly she connected with me.



Once the snacks were consumed and the thermos drained, I sat up and reached for the bag. I plucked out an implement I only used on occasion. The strap looked harmless. Small, black folded leather with a short handle, but it stung worse than my belt. Though Becca loved pain, I'd have to get her into a different headspace to accept the correction.

"You're going to spank me out *here*, Sir?"

"Yeah, but don't worry, the bears won't get jealous."

"Bears?"

"I'm teasing; there aren't any bears in this small patch of woods."

"Can't you punish me later? I want to enjoy the afternoon."

"No. Pull down your pants and panties." I patted my thigh.

"Let's get this over with."

"Yes, Sir." She obeyed faster than I anticipated, lowering herself across my lap.

"Good girl," I praised, hoping the more positive reinforcement she received, the quicker she would follow instructions in the future.

*The future.*

What if she wanted nothing to do with me when I moved out to New York?

Becca hadn't minced words, even if her actions were in direct conflict with her expressed sentiments. Uncomplicated sex. No strings.

Then she'd curled herself around my damned heart and called me *Daddy*.

I slapped the strap across her right cheek, and she screeched.

"Ouch!" She lifted herself off my thighs. "Why did that hurt so much?"

"We aren't doing this for fun."

"Shit." She shook her head, and I landed another on the same spot. "Ouch! What the hell?"

“You will speak respectfully to me while I’ve got you across my lap. Am I understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I told you to put your shoes on and get away from the dock. Did you listen?”

“No, Sir.” She returned to the previous position across my thighs without being asked. “I never thought I’d do something so reckless.”

“You grabbed the life preserver like a boss, but you could have been seriously injured.”

“I’m really sorry.”

I laid the strap down across both sides of her ass, and she kicked her feet out. “You’ll get twenty-five.”

“Do I have to count?”

“No, pixie. Once I get to around ten, you likely won’t be able to keep track.”

“Y-yes, Sir.” She sucked in a breath and let it out. “Those first few didn’t count, did they?”

“No, but I want to make something clear to you. Once I’ve thoroughly punished your ass, it’s over. No guilt. No shame. We’ll be clear. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I targeted the soft juncture of where her butt and thighs met. The strap bit into her tender skin and she wailed. I lashed the tops of her thighs with several more stinging blows.

As tears poured down her cheeks, Becca promised she would never act up again if I stopped. She promised she would bake my favorite dessert every day for a month and drive it to my house.

I delivered swat after swat with the harsh leather band. It kissed every inch of her sweet behind with pure fire.

“It hurts so much, Sir!”

“We’re almost done.”

As predicted, halfway through she stopped making promises and lay listless over my lap. Once I reached the last two her bottom blazed with heat and glowed a deep, rosy pink. I rubbed my palm over each cheek, and she hissed.

“I don’t want to be punished with your strap ever again, Sir.”

“What could have happened if there wasn’t a life preserver next to me at the dock?”

She shook her head.

I slapped my hand once upon her heated flesh. “Answer me, Beck.”

“Or?”

“Do you need another round, sweetheart?”

“No one’s ever cared about my well-being, and after tomorrow you won’t either.”

“You don’t get to decide whom I care about.”

“You don’t want a relationship.” She twisted around until she sat in my lap, but it was as if she’d forgotten her burning tail for a moment. Becca shifted, trying to find a comfortable spot and winced.

“Lie on your tummy. Put your head on my thigh.”

She let out a long breath, but adjusted herself as I’d ordered. “Why are we even doing this?”

“I think you’re pushing me away because I’m leaving tomorrow. If you do it first, then I can’t hurt you.”

She got up on her knees, faster than I’d thought she could, and shoved me. Far stronger than her, I took each of her hands in mine, pinning them behind her back.

“*Fuck* you, Jaxon.”

“Am I right?”

“No!” She struggled anew, and I let her fight for a while. When I released her suddenly, she sagged against my body, her anger seeming to drain away.

“Are you ready to use your words, Becca, or are you going to curse me out again?”

She looped her hands around my neck, and I laid the two of us back down on the blanket. “You hit the nail on the head, but it’s too much to process right now. I’m really sorry for cursing at you.”

“I forgive you, pixie, but first tell me what could have happened on that dock.”

“I was horsing around by the water. If you hadn’t acted quickly, I could have drowned.” She ran her fingers along my beard. “I knew better, but I didn’t care because I wanted your attention. I promise not to be so reckless again.”

“Good.”

“It’s going to be really hard to go from having lots of eyes on me to not having anyone at all. Would you be upset if I immediately go and seek someone else to, um, keep me in line?”

“Any man worth his salt would be lucky to have you as his own.” I thought my tone was even, but she caught my gaze, brows furrowed as she looked at me.

“It sounds like the idea of me belonging to someone else makes you want to smash things.”

“While I applaud you for asking for your needs to be met, I don’t like the idea of you being with someone else.” I held her stare. The thought stirred a decided possessiveness deep inside of me. Someone else touching her, spanking her, being her daddy, boiled the blood in my veins.

“Can we lay here for a while and not talk, Jax?”

“Sure, Beck.” I fixed her clothing where it had bunched up, then I wrapped my arms around her and shifted on the blanket so we were snuggled up on each other.

If the partnership fell through, I’d work on another plan. Somehow, I’d find a way to get back to her, no matter what it took.

## CHAPTER 14



*J*axon

I circled the hallway one more time before I had to leave for the airport. Becca had herself holed up in the bedroom I had been staying in, refusing to open the door. I knocked again.

She cracked the door open enough to peek through. “What’s up?”

“You might experience a lot of intense emotions when you get home, pixie.”

“Zoe promised she’d help me if it happens. Thanks.” She shut the door.

I stared at the door for far longer than was appropriate. Becca had stated her intentions: A temporary arrangement.

*So, why does it feel like I’m leaving a piece of my damned heart behind?*

After a minute of weighing the pros and cons of what I was considering doing, I finally turned the doorknob and stepped inside, pulling it shut behind me. Approaching the bed, I noticed Becca’s eyes were red-rimmed from crying.

“If you’re trying to force me to say good-bye, it’s not going to happen, Jax.”

“Give me your phone.”

She unlocked it and handed it to me, betraying her words.

I added my name, along with my mobile and office numbers. If she was embarrassed to talk to her friends about things she couldn't put a name to, she could reach me. Sometimes after being held accountable for actions via repercussions for several days and then having no one around could cause intense sadness. I hated to think that she might feel that way, and didn't want her to go through it alone. I held her phone out.

"I'm not much of a texter, Jax."

"Things have a way of working out, pixie. Don't write me off forever."

"Mr. 'I don't want a relationship' is telling me not to be a stranger?"

"If I didn't have to get to the airport, I'd bust your ass one more time for that."

"Empty promises." She shrugged.

It took supreme restraint not to show her the truth of my words. I desperately wanted to explain my plan about moving, but I dared not give her false hope.

Checking my phone, I searched for a later flight. I had to be at the hospital at two in the afternoon tomorrow, so if I caught the very next flight, barring a crazy delay, I would be home in time to get to work. Boldly changing to a later departure time while hoping I read into what she wanted left me buzzing with emotions. Setting both our phones on the nightstand, I set my hand at the base of her throat. Her chin lifted defiantly, as I expected and I spread my fingers out, lightly squeezing.

"Flight's changed."

"J-Jax—"

I cut her protest off by kissing her, and she melted against me.

"There will be time for talking later."

"No."

"I'll leave your ass sore, and your pussy satisfied."

“Not happening.” But she pulled her shirt off, her actions betraying her words.

“I can switch it up, Beck. Let me leave your ass satisfied and your pussy sore.” I had been hoping to elicit laughter from the way I worded the statement but she rolled her eyes as a response.

“You said ‘no talking,’ Sir.”

As I kissed her hard to stop the words coming out of her defiant mouth, she clawed her nails down my shoulder.

Grunting from the sharp bite of pain, I pulled away. “Watch your claws, kitty.”

“Make me.”

She was going to battle me to the very last moment of our time together. I yanked my belt off and restrained her hands to the headboard. I removed the rest of her clothing along with my own, and fumbled in the nightstand for a condom. Ultra-platinum ribbed was the lone option left from our stash. I rolled it on and climbed on top of her.

Despite our insistence not to start anything between us, I was wrapped up in Becca Pierce in more ways than one.

If everything went according to plan, she’d be getting a new neighbor, and I’d be available to her on a regular basis.

My little pixie would get what she’d needed for so very long.

And so would I.

## CHAPTER 15



*O*ne week later...  
*Jaxon*

I knocked on the front door of Becca's house. She had texted me twice since our vacation, but I needed to speak with her in person. Her messages were lighthearted, and gave me no indication that she needed to work through any further emotions. I'd fallen for her during the trip, and had stopped just short of asking her to come home with me. Things had shifted in a short amount of time, everything moving in our favor. I'd sold my condo, jumped from the city of Chicago to a small-ass town in New York. I wanted a relationship with her if she would have me.

The door swung inward, revealing my little pixie standing with a baseball bat, and a scowl on her face. She was barefoot and wearing my tee-shirt. She'd slept in it every night we were on vacation, and I'd 'forgotten' to ask for it.

"What the hell are you doing here, Jax?"

"I miss my tee-shirt."

She took it off and threw it at me.

I pushed my way inside and lifted her up into my arms, but Becca fought me like a pissed-off hellcat. Returning her feet to the floor, I raised an eyebrow. "What is the issue?"

"You ignored me for *weeks*. You don't get to just show up at my house unannounced."



“I texted you this morning.” I didn’t point out that it had only been a week since we were together at the lake house, but she *was* exaggerating.

“Whatever.” Her scowl deepened as my palm twitched. “I told you uncomplicated sex and nothing else.”

“Was that before or after you called me Daddy?”

“You march your arrogant ass out of my house, Jaxon Gray.” Becca brandished the bat at my head. “March.”

I slipped the tee-shirt over her head, pulled one of her arms through, hefted the bat into one of my hands, fixed the other sleeve and smoothed it over her body, brushing her nipples subtly before returning the weapon to her.

“I’ll leave, but I live two streets over in case you want to get coffee sometime.” I shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant, but I wanted to scoop her up and make her beg me to fuck her. “I’m also working one office away from your desk.”

“*What?*” Her tone turned icy. “Explain yourself.”

“Sounds a lot like a demand.”

“How are you working in the same office as me? And how the hell did I not know?”

“The partnership with Aaron came through, so Caleb and I are both here. We’re quite the trifecta, pixie. See you Monday.” I opened her door with the intention of leaving, keeping my back to it, but she shut it with the bat. “Getting mixed signals here, Beck.”

“The only *signal* to get through your thick skull, Jax, is the one where you understand I want nothing to do with you.”

I slowly turned to face her. “If you wanted nothing to do with me, then why are you still wearing my tee-shirt and refusing to let me leave?”

Her right foot stomped twice, her mouth twisted into a grimace. She may have been utterly peeved at me, but she was still terminally adorable.

Though I attempted to stop it, a huge grin spread across my face.

“How dare you laugh at me!” She held the bat near my throat.

“I’m not laughing at you, pixie, but the last time you stomped your little foot at me, you found yourself in timeout with a very sore bottom.”

“Don’t threaten my ass, Jaxon.”

“I’m doing my best here. Believe me, none of my plans included falling for you and moving to New York.”

*Fuck.*

I combed my fingers through my hair, wishing I knew how to fix the mess I was in. I *never* got awkward around women... but she had me positively tongue tied.

Becca set the bat by the coat stand, reached around me and locked the door. “You’ve got one cup of coffee to explain yourself. You’ve had me in a tailspin from the first moment I saw you, stupid.”

“Your words are going to get you in trouble, pixie.”

“One cup,” she warned.

“It won’t take me that long.”

“Hmph.” Spinning on her heel, she strolled down the hallway, her steps relaxed, unhurried.

I followed her into the kitchen. The room was eccentric like her, but cozy. Becca had an elaborate cappuccino machine, one which had a special attachment for foamed milk, and she quickly fixed us each a fancy mug. I liked the low to the floor table with two huge beanbags for chairs, rather than a traditional setup. Still, I would have hung upside down from her ceiling if that was the only way to prove myself worthy of a relationship with her. I blew across the mug to cool the searing liquid, then took a sip.

“This is the best cappuccino I’ve ever had. What did you use, Beck?”

“Magical beans.” She sipped from her own mug, her huge hazel eyes darker than usual.

“My not answering you was a dick move, I know. I got caught up in the relocation process, finalizing all sorts of legal stuff on my end in order to partner with Aaron. There were lots of last-minute details at the hospital. They were pissed by my short notice, so I worked several twenty-four-hour shifts this week to appease them.” I took another sip. “I saw your messages, but I couldn’t carve out a few minutes to answer.”

“You told me to text.”

“I know.” I relaxed into the chair, watching her worry her bottom lip with her teeth. She paused the action and took a few more swallows of her drink. “Tell me what you want, and we can go from there.”

“What if I don’t know what I want?”

“Let’s start somewhere. Do you understand the dominant and submissive dynamic?”

“You want to be in charge in a relationship, and I’m supposed to submit to you.”

“There’s more to it, but we can talk about it later, pixie. I’d also love a little girl of my own.”

“I loved spending time in my Little space. One day I’d like a daddy, but I want to take it slow when it comes to that side of me.”

“Are there places in your life you wish you had more structure or discipline in?” I offered, trying to get her to give me a glimpse into what she needed. “Rules to follow which might help manage your time, or meet a goal?”

She set her mug down. “Rules never hurt anybody.”

“What do you think of punishments?”

“Meaning if you set a rule for me and I broke it, you’d spank me?”

“A spanking can be used as a punishment, but since you’re so into it, there are other methods.”

“Like the corner, or writing lines?”

“Yes, the corner can be a useful tool. Am I on the right track here, Beck?”

“I didn’t mean to coax a dom into my life, Jax.”

“You used powerful brat bait.”

“I neglected to mind the warning on the box. Whoops.”

We stared at each other for almost a full minute, the tension simmering between us, and I thought we were finally heading in the right direction. “I apologize for leaving you hanging. Next time, I’ll reply no matter what’s going on.”

“I accept your apology.” She blinked her gorgeous hazel eyes at me. “Did you really fall for me, Jax?”

“Yeah, Beck.” I set the mug on the table. “Crawl your sexy ass over here.”

“If I come near you, I’m not sure what will happen next. You’re forgiven, but I need time to think.”

“We can start slow, like you asked. No one expects perfection in the beginning.”

“Can you please leave now?”

I stared at her, shocked by her request. Out of all the outcomes that had played through my head on the way to her house, her asking me to leave hadn’t been one of them. “Sure, if that’s what you want.”

Getting to my feet, I walked out of her kitchen. The pitter-patter of her footsteps trailed behind me, and I unlocked her front door. Her small hand touched the knob, and we stayed in the moment, neither of us talking. I smelled coconut- and pineapple-scented lotion on her skin and swallowed hard, hating myself for making what felt like the wrong choices. So, I told her the truth. But it seemed like I should have said exactly what was on my mind before I left the lake house. No, before I left *her*.

“If you are pushing me away when you want me to stay, Beck, now would be a good time to tell me.”

“I’m embarrassed about the way I acted. I provoked you, a complete stranger. I slept with you more times than I slept with my last boyfriend.”

“By your standards, does that make me your boyfriend?”

“Funny, but no.” She sounded sad. “You offered me a preview of everything I’ve always wanted and now you’re saying you can give it to me. And I’m overwhelmed by the possibilities.”

“When I stood in the kitchen at the lake house watching you lick your sexy lips, I wanted sex. I wanted to restrain you. Spank you. You showed me so much more. I’ll give you space, but we owe it to ourselves to give *us* a chance.”

“If I let you in, Jax—” Her voice cracked, and her fingers tightened around mine. “You know what? Forget it. It’s easier to chalk up the lake house to one incredible vacation, and forget everything else.”

“You know how I feel about lying, pixie.”

“I’m not.” She blew out a breath. “There are things in my head I’m not ready to tell you, and so it would be easier to let you go.”

“You’re making me think you are more willing to take the risk.”

“I’ve missed your arms.”

“They are pretty special.”

“Damn it.” Laughter bubbled out from her. “I miss being in your arms when you carried me around. I miss *everything* about you.”

Her mask of defiant strength was beginning to crack. If she wanted nothing to do with me, she’d have burned my tee-shirt in the firepit, or destroyed it. Instead, she was wearing it along with a mouthwatering pair of yoga pants that had me thinking dirty thoughts about what was underneath her clothing.

I placed my other hand over hers. “Talk to me, pixie.”

“I talked to Zoe and Aaron when I was overwhelmed and alone, but they weren’t *you*. When I texted you, I should have

led with that.”

“To clarify, you’re only pushing me away because I’m willing to engage in an actual relationship and it’s scaring you. Am I correct?”

“I understand crazy schedules, and if you were in the middle of moving and working, I won’t hold it against you. I don’t scare easily, but yeah... you’ve basically got it.”

“The thought of letting someone into your life scares you because you’re worried I’ll leave you again.” We released each other and the door at the same time. I turned and cupped her cheek. “I am not perfect, but I won’t do anything to hurt you on purpose.”

“So, based on our conversation from before, you’re making a promise to hurt my ass, but not my heart? Tough swallow.”

“We all make a bad decision every once in a while. I’m no different, pixie, but give me a chance.”

“I promise to think about it.” She hugged me, and I wrapped both arms around her and kissed her forehead.

We stayed close to one another, not speaking. I missed the smell of her, the taste of her, the sound of her adorable laughter.

She let me hold her against my chest, telling me without words that she missed me. Until she broke away. “Later, Jax.”

“See you, Beck.”

## CHAPTER 16



*T*wo weeks later...  
*Becca*

I checked the office one last time. Satisfied that it was empty, I walked to Jaxon's office and tapped on the door. We had been pleasant and cordial to each other while working but I knew my sensual come-hither stares hadn't helped the stifling sexual tension between us. Hopefully, Jaxon would forgive me for the nonsense I'd spouted off to him at my house when he moved to our town. It had taken me a little while to process, but I wanted to be his girl since the moment I saw him. Time and space hadn't changed that.

"Come in."

"Hey. I picked up a drink for you."

He cocked an eyebrow as I sauntered over and set a cappuccino from the local coffee shop on his desk. "Thank you, pixie."

"Welcome." I sipped from my iced caramel macchiato, but I hoped my sassy stance with one hand propped on a hip showed a glimpse of what I was thinking.

"What's on your mind?"

"Are you busy?"

"Other than a conference call, nope."

"How long is it?"

“Fifteen minutes.” He glanced at something on the screen.  
“Well, if I can keep everyone on track it might be shorter.”

“Hmm.” I traced a line across his desk with my forefinger. “I could go wait in exam room two if you have nothing else to do tonight.”

Jaxon stood, instantly closing the distance between us. We were close enough that I could smell the icy mint from his gum. “Do you want to play doctor?”

My mouth watered from the utter naughtiness of his question.  
“Yes.”

“Get undressed.”

I hesitated a moment, but I wanted him to examine my body. I tugged my scrub top over my head and shucked out of the uniform pants. My practical shoes came off and then I was standing there in nothing but my silky black thong and a black floral embroidered bra.

“All the way,” he commanded, watching me take my time to undress fully.

I unclasped the bra, letting my breasts spill out into my hands. Topless, I danced the thong to my feet and handed it to Jaxon.

He stuffed it in his shirt pocket while keeping his eyes on me.  
“Wait for me in exam two. Don’t touch yourself.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I pivoted on my heels slower than usual, sauntered to his office door, and walked out. Luckily for us the janitorial crew wasn’t scheduled to be at the office until ten o’clock that night.

Which left plenty of time for the two of us to have some alone time.

\* \* \*

*Jaxon*



I finished the conference call in record time. Knocking on the door of room two, I didn't wait for a reply before stepping through and locking it behind me.

"I'm not a real patient, Jax. You didn't have to knock."

"Habit." I approached the bed, glancing over her gorgeous body all the way up to her sexy eyes. "When's the last time you had a physical?"

"No way," she grunted. "I'm not answering you. This is supposed to be for fun."

"Okay." Grabbing a blood pressure cuff, I started with one of the easier vitals, documenting them as I read them out loud.

She raised her eyebrows, and it seemed to be sinking in that we were actually going by the book this time. Her naughty medical exam would be accurate in more ways than one before I morphed it into sexier kinky fun.

I examined her ears, her nose, and felt around her head and neck. "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

She crossed her arms and pouted. "I wanted a kinky doctor, not whoever this boring guy is."

"Every time you refuse to cooperate you'll get ten lines of a yet to be determined phrase in your notebook at home. Tread carefully, because I like wordy sentences."

"I don't follow your rules, so you can't assign me a punishment."

"No more tiptoeing around the elephant in the room. If you don't want to be in a relationship with me, then quit poking the bear. We'll finish your exam because you are desperately overdue, but that will be it. No more bratting. No more repercussions. I'm here for the long haul, but you need to decide if you think we're worth it."

"Lake house Jax would have flipped me over and spanked me till I agreed to be his girlfriend."

I pinched her chin in between my thumb and finger. "I've had some time to think even though I didn't know what I wanted before. I want to be with you now, if you'll have me."

“You didn’t move out to New York for me,” she insisted. “You only moved here to be at the office with your buddies. I’m never picked first.”

“You can ask Aaron if you think that’s true, but I’ll tell you what I said to him. I told him that even if the partnership didn’t come to fruition, I was moving. Chicago held no fulfillment for me. None. I moved out there for the opportunity at the North Star, but I wasn’t living. You want to believe that you had nothing to do with my decision, fine, but I’ll spend the rest of my life proving that you did.”

“You’re saying all the right things, Jax.”

“I read romance novels for fun, pixie. *Those* women know how to craft a promise.”

“I asked for some hot medical play.” She giggled. “I didn’t say it had to be a lifelong commitment.”

“One has nothing to do with the other. Will you be my girlfriend?”

“Hmm.” Becca tapped her chin as if she had to think about the answer. “What if I want you to be my boyfriend instead?”

“I’ll compromise, but only because you’re so damned adorable.” I grinned, loving how easily she caved and happy that we were finally together. “Now, open your mouth and stick out your tongue.”

She rolled her eyes, but did as I asked. We continued on with the ‘boring’ part of the exam. I ran my hands along her arms, listened to her heart and lungs.

Hovering my hands over her perky breasts, I gave one a squeeze. “Do you do monthly self-checks on your breasts?”

“Yes, but I need a second opinion.”

“Lie against the table and raise your arms over your head.”

She did so faster than she’d done anything else I had requested so far, and I took each of her perky mounds in my hand. I checked them thoroughly, and tweaked each of her pebbled nipples.

“*Oh*,” she groaned. “You should check them with... your mouth too.”

I could scarcely deny my little pixie anything she asked of me and her cute request was no different. I popped her right nipple into my mouth, twirling my tongue all around her full bud before releasing it. “That one seemed okay. Let’s check the other.” Her eyes followed me as I repeated the process on her other sensitive peak, licking and sucking harder than I had on the first one.

“What’s your professional opinion, Doctor?” She was breathing heavily as she stared.

“Everything seems normal so far.” I dragged my pointer finger to her hip, skating it down to her thigh before tapping it once. “Put your feet in the stirrups.”

I banked on her knowledge of the exam rooms, and she’d picked this one for a purpose. Her eyes darted to mine, but she scooted to the edge of the table. I placed an electronic thermometer box in her line of vision, but the probe container showed bright red.

“No, no,” she protested and tried to close her legs, but they were splayed open for me to see all her private places. “You don’t have to check my temperature.”

“It’s standard.”

“Not with *that* one!”

“You’ve had bigger things up your ass.” I sheathed the metal rod with a plastic, pre-lubricated cover, and stuck it into the tight ring of her ass. The one I’d claimed more than once at the lake house. She ground her hips against the table, and I twisted the rod slowly.

“Take it out!”

“Stay still.” The thermometer beeped and displayed her temperature on the box. “Ninety-nine. We should check it with a glass thermometer later to make sure you aren’t coming down with something.”

“Maybe we should check yours and see how *you* like things up *your* behind.”

I rose up from the stool, and carefully weighted the challenge I was about to throw out.

“You seem a bit agitated, pixie. I have some straps to keep you in place while I continue the rest of your exam.”

“There’s no restraints here in the office.” Becca relaxed against the table as if she’d won the round. “I would have found them at some point.”

“I’ve got them, pixie. You’re about to see them up close and personal.”

“Wait! I believe you. You don’t have to get them, Sir.” Becca changed her tune, but she’d already thrown down the gauntlet.

“Breaking out *titles*?” I clucked my tongue against the roof of my mouth. “I must be close to acting out a wicked fantasy of yours.”

Locating the four-point system, I looped it around the table and pinned each of her limbs in place. I surprised myself with how easily the stirrups allowed for the Velcro loop to hold her.

“Sir,” she mewled.

“Shh, pixie.” I returned to the stool between her legs, sinking down onto it. “I’m willing to bet you haven’t kept up on your annual Pap either.”

“No!” She tugged at her limbs. “It’s always so uncomfortable, and the doctor always hurts me. She never listens to me! You’re not doing one today.”

“Breathe.” I waited for her to follow my breathing pattern and she eased herself into a more relaxed state. “I hate that you were faced with a doctor who didn’t listen to your needs, or try to accommodate you in another way. I’m cashing in the favor you owe me, but I promise we’ll go slow. If you feel pain, you tell me immediately.”

“You’re not a gynecologist,” she reiterated. “You don’t do Pap smears.”

“I do them all the time, especially when my patients have trouble finding a doctor they trust.” I rubbed my hand along her leg, stopping at her thigh and squeezing it. “Do you trust me?”

“Ye-yes, Sir.”

“My hope is this exam will help you see how things should be done. That they don’t have to be bad at all. So next year you’ll think of this instead of all the awful ones in your past.” I gathered the needed supplies as we spoke. “I’ll use the smallest speculum manufactured.”

“Remind me never to make a bet with you or offer you favors. Ever.”

“Think of something funny.”

“When I thought Aaron was trying to wear my pants at the lake house,” she chuckled as she remembered.

I used her distraction to slide the speculum inside of her pussy, opening it as needed.

“Or when I acted out an entire scene from *Taming of the Shrew* using only goldfish crackers. Oh!” She giggled. “When Zoe and I were in the hot tub on the last day of vacation.” Becca giggled, caught up in her memories. “Aaron called us ‘Brat Stew.’”

While she laughed again, I swabbed and collected what I needed.

“Good girl.” I planted a kiss on her inner thigh. “That part is done.”

“It didn’t hurt,” she said lightheartedly. “You’re a really good doctor.”

“Thank you. It can be uncomfortable but it shouldn’t be painful.” I eased two fingers inside her core, manually palpating the area. She tensed her muscles around my digits. “Relax.”

“I know what you’re about to do.”

“Bear down.” As soon as the practical bits were out of the way, I planned on doing things that were *not* part of a standard medical exam. Becca inhaled and let out a long breath. I slid a digit inside the tight ring of her ass and continued the exam. “Almost done.”

“Can you be my doctor?”

I withdrew my digits from deep inside her body and disposed of the gloves. “Nope. Unequal power exchange, conflict of interest, and the power of persuasion stacked against us, pixie.”

“Strange choice of words. Isn’t our dynamic about unequal power?”

“Interesting, but not exactly.” I rotated my neck on my shoulders. She had a point but personal stuff existed far away from an office. “Consent in a relationship is different from doctor versus patient consent.”

“Can Aaron be my doctor even though he’s my boss?”

“He doesn’t pay you directly since he found an office manager, but you probably would want a different physician.”

“You’re in full-on doctor mode,” she sassed. “I like it.”

“Mmhmm.” I slapped my palm against her exposed lips in between her legs and she jerked all of her limbs. “Do you want an orgasm while you’re tied down to my table?”

“Whatever the doctor thinks is best.”

Smacking her dripping wet pussy, I dipped a finger inside. Her head lolled back against the table, and her eyes fluttered shut.

“Do you like it when I touch you here?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I skimmed over her clit, and tugged it between my fingers.

“Beg.”

“What?”

“Beg me for a release.”

She shifted as much as the bonds would allow. “I don’t remember how.”

“Are you sure you don’t remember?” I flicked her tiny pleasure nub.

“Ohh, Sir.” She struggled against the table. “*Please* help me beg.”

Clever little thing. Licking a line from her clit to her pussy, I delved my tongue around the hood while she moaned. I donned a new glove, but both of her holes were slick enough without additional lube. Two fingers curved against her g-spot while my pinky slipped lower, inside her asshole. Her legs jerked but she was trapped.

“Sir!”

“Beg.”

“I’m going to come...”

“Not yet you’re not.” I paused the action. “Beg me.”

“Please?”

I pinched the sweet juncture of where her ass and thigh met with the fingers of my other hand. “Sweetly.”

“Please make me come, Sir?” Becca begged. “I’ll behave, at least for today.”

I cracked up. Her adorable honesty threw me for a loop. “My silly little pixie.”

“Sir?”

“Come on, Beck.” I returned to the task at hand; the combination of my fingers and my mouth along with the restraints tore loud moans from her lips. She thrashed against the Velcro but she had nowhere to go. I increased the speed, plunging my fingers in and out rougher than I had before. Lifting my head to watch her, I winked. “Come for me.”

She squirted doing as I commanded, coming hard while screaming my name.

“Good, *good* girl.” I withdrew from her intimate places and disposed of the gloves. Returning to her side, I rubbed her feet, undoing each of the bonds, rotating her ankles.

“You spoil me, Jax.”

“I plan on doing it for a long time.” I moved up to her wrists and did the same. “How do you feel?”

“Much better.” Her eyes sparkled. “I have some things I’d like to tell you, but I don’t want to do it here.”

“Come home with me. I’ll order food.” I kissed her lips once. “Do you like Thai? Aaron spoke highly about this place near the house, and I haven’t gotten a chance to check it out.”

“It’s one of my favorite takeout places. Yes, everything on the menu is amazing.” Becca touched my cheek. “How did you manage to take something I do every day and spin it into something so good?”

“You asked for a physical. I simply obliged.”

“That’s not exactly what I wanted.” She tilted her head. “But I’m not complaining.”

“About time.”

I cleaned up the room, disposed of the remaining garbage and retrieved her clothing. She had things on her mind, but I hoped the distance between us could be bridged by a few conversations.

Hopefully, it was the exact topic she wanted to talk to me about. Some people who had abandonment issues like she mentioned had a push-pull style when it came to their relationships; self-sabotage was evident more than once while we were on vacation. Her bratting style stemmed from the very heart of the matter. I hoped she’d shed more insight on it as well as our current status.

Because I wasn’t going to let go of her again.



## CHAPTER 17



*B*ecca

I arrived at Jax's house, my scrubs replaced with my faded bootcut jeans, a short sleeve scoop neck tee-shirt in a dark purple-gray, and my zip-up fleece.

Endorphins buzzed through me from earlier, and I sauntered to the front door.

"Hey, Beck." Jaxon called from behind me. "The restaurant was busy. Were you waiting long?"

"Hours."

"Just because my hands are full at the moment doesn't mean they will be in a minute."

I reached out to him, and he handed one of the bags to me. Once I freed his hand, he slapped my ass.

"Still worked up from before. Huh?"

"No," I pouted but he saw through my ruse. "Not worked up at *all*, Sir."

"Uh-huh." He opened the door and gestured for me to go inside first.

His home showcased warm tones of red, brown, and orange. They were colors I wouldn't have thought about using together, but they definitely worked. We entered the kitchen. It was smaller than mine, but showed plenty of room to cook and

entertain. The color scheme of blues and grays was cooler than the rest of the house but was inviting nonetheless. Glancing at the cute little breakfast nook, I smiled. It reminded me of the one at the lake house.

“I don’t think you’ve ever been quiet this long, pixie. Are you okay?”

“Yes, I like your house. It’s so comfy.”

“Thank you.”

I set the food on the counter and we fixed our plates. Sliding into the bench seat, I busied myself with the noodles, suddenly interested in the flavors.

“What didn’t you want to tell me at the office?”

“I’m terrified you’ll break my heart.” I finished the whole sentence without stammering only because I’d practiced in the mirror from the moment Jaxon had left my house two weeks ago.

“If I have the ability to break your heart, pixie, that means I’m capable of love too. I would *never* make a false promise, but I think the potential outcome outweighs the negatives here. Don’t you?”

“Many of my ex-boyfriends told me I’m immature because of the beauty I find in simple things. They called me horrible names when I bratted.”

“They refused to see how special you are, Beck. They missed out on the opportunity to spend time with you. You deserve *so* much better.”

“When you strapped my ass outside for not listening to you, that was a one-hundred percent real punishment. Right?” I set my fork down. “Even though we didn’t have rules?”

Jaxon picked up his can of soda and took a drink, studying my face. “You didn’t have rules on vacation, but there are times when you need to listen for your safety. That was one of those times. The way I responded then is the same way I’d respond in the future for a serious infraction.”

“I was sore for days.”

“You’re skating, pixie.”

“You spanked me a bunch of times, but the strap was the worst.”

“In case it took me a while to figure out how to make this move happen, I wanted you to remember how important you are.” Jax twirled a long noodle on the fork and fed it to me. “You battle for me to prove it to you.” Before I could protest, he fed me another bite. “I won’t back down when it comes to that. No matter how hard you push against it.”

I opened my mouth again, but he brought another heaping forkful to my lips. The food tasted so good, the spices and flavors perfectly balanced. He fed me several more bites.

“I’ll do whatever it takes to show you every day for the rest of my life how serious I am about being your daddy.”

I climbed into his lap. “Even if it means spanking my bratty ass every day?”

“Yes, pixie.” He waggled his eyebrows at me and kissed me. “*Especially* then.”

“I love you,” I half whispered, then buried my head in the crook of his neck. It was a phrase I hadn’t said to anyone except for maybe Zoe in a long, *long* time. Refusing to look at him, I decided I’d stay on his lap and never leave.

“Look at me, pixie.”

“My eyes are closed.”

Jaxon took my chin in his hand, lifting it upward. “I want to see your gorgeous eyes, Beck. Open them for me.”

I did so reluctantly, staring into his eyes as he’d requested. “Yes, Daddy?”

“I love you.” He kissed me softly. “It means the world to hear that you feel the same way.”

My heart filled with warmth from his sentiment. No one could predict the future, but he and I were destined to be in each other’s lives. And if we both committed one hundred percent

to each other, then everything would work out the way it was supposed to.

I loved the attention he'd lavished on me at the lake house, and couldn't wait to spend more time together in both my Big and Little spaces. I couldn't wait to be his little girl.

He was a sexy doctor, my attentive boyfriend, and also a stern but playful daddy, all wrapped up into one amazing man.

And he was all mine.

The End

## AFTERWORD

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We've been friends for two years, but last night Aaron York took my temperature.

The embarrassing way.

I was running a slight fever and he's a medical professional, but we both know that isn't the real reason Aaron pulled my panties down and slid the thermometer in while I squirmed and blushed.

Now I'm waiting in his office, bare and on display for a very thorough, intimate examination.

But it's not because he's my doctor. It's because he's my Daddy.

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### *Marked by the Alpha*

Dani had always been a lone wolf and she had no desire to join a pack, but that didn't matter to a true alpha wolf like Mason Daniels. When he finds out that human hunters have been threatening Dani, he puts his mark on her.

Unfortunately, the hunters are foolish enough to disregard his mark, and Dani is captured. After Mason and his pack rescue her from certain death, Dani is given no choice about joining Mason's pack for her own protection. She soon learns that Mason is fully prepared to spank her bare bottom as often as is necessary to teach her to respect and obey him.

With more hunters closing in and the pack under threat, Mason begins to realize that he must claim Dani as his mate for life—whether she likes it or not—before his need for her drives him mad. At the same time, she is forced to learn her role in the pack and come to terms with her instinctual need to submit to Mason as her alpha and her mate.

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### *Devon's Discipline*

Following the tragic loss of her parents, Devon Dawson has turned to alcohol as a way to cope with the grief and her college grades are dropping fast. Things seem to have hit rock bottom when she is called into the office of Professor Matthews and scolded like a naughty schoolgirl. The handsome professor informs Devon that he'll be keeping a close eye on her and warns her that if he feels it necessary, he will not hesitate to spank her soundly.

It isn't long before Devon ends up over Professor Matthews' knee for a hard, bare-bottom spanking. But even though he treats her like a wayward child, she finds herself inexplicably drawn to him. It seems sometimes as if he can read her most intimate thoughts, and there is a mysterious, supernatural power about him which she cannot ignore.

With the help of his firm hand, Devon begins to put her life back together. By the time she realizes that she is falling in love with him, she is in too deep to turn back. She craves his touch and wants him to take all that she has to offer, but when she discovers the truth about him, she wonders if he will be able to protect her from his own dark desires.

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### *The Medic of Brighton Creek*

Returning to her hometown for her best friend's wedding, Mikayla Turner doesn't expect to run into her teenage crush, handsome paramedic Sam Brighton, within a matter of moments. But after her car runs off the road in a snowstorm, she seeks help at the nearest house and is shocked when it is Sam who answers the door—still as sexy as she remembers him.

Sam patches her up and lets her stay at his home until the weather improves, but he makes it clear that there will be consequences should she choose to disobey him during her stay. Mikayla has grown up in the years she's been away, but she still finds herself craving Sam's dominance, and she is unable to resist putting his warning to the test. After Sam takes her in hand and bares her bottom for a sound

spanking, Mikayla has never felt closer to him, and though it leaves her blushing, his thorough, intimate medical care makes her feel safer and more loved than she's ever felt before.

When the local doctor takes some time off, Sam steps in to help out and he asks Mikayla to stay and serve as his receptionist. She agrees, but she can't help worrying that Sam's attraction to her is short-lived and that one day he will tire of her and push her away. Will self-doubt drive Mikayla to leave Sam and her hometown forever, or can she face her fears and learn to trust the man she loves?

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***Rules of the Pack***

Alisha Knight is a down-to-earth woman who just so happens to have her sights set on the beta of a large werewolf pack. But despite the way her body reacts to his powerful presence, bitter experience has shown her that a wolf pack is no place for a human girl.

As his alpha's trusted second-in-command, Phil McKenna takes his responsibilities seriously, even when that means taking disobedient females over his knee for an attitude adjustment. Though he is smitten with Alisha, the feisty little human friend of his alpha's mate, humans and wolves don't usually mix well and her presence could easily put both her and the pack in danger.

Yet try as he might, Phil can't keep his hands off Alisha. His fearsome urge to mark her, claim her, and dominate her completely is only increased when her defiant attitude earns her a hard, bare-bottom spanking. But when the pack is attacked by a cunning, vicious enemy and Alisha's life is put in grave peril, Phil must decide if he is ready to cast aside caution and take her as his mate.

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***Brody's Little Brat***

When Kara Mitchell—a curvy college student who gets tattoos to hide her insecurities about her body—becomes overwhelmed with keeping her life on track, her boyfriend, Brody, decides it is time for him to take on a new role. From now on, he'll be the firm but loving daddy who builds her up when she is down on herself, takes her over his knee for a bare-bottom spanking when she needs an attitude adjustment, and brings her to the town doctor for an exam when she is ill.

Kara soon learns that no matter how often she acts like a rebellious teen, her daddy is always ready to rein her in and then comfort her in his arms. But will the stress that comes with balancing an adult life with her teenaged headspace eventually overwhelm her, or will her daddy prove that he is capable of guiding her through anything and everything that comes her way?

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***Rekindled (included in Ladder 54: Five Firefighter Romances)***

Dakota Channing returned to the sleepy little town of Big Banks hoping to gather the courage to explain to her ex-husband why she ran away. What she ends up doing, however, is bidding on a date with him at a charity auction. When she wins, she soon finds herself over his knee for the spanking he should have given her years ago, and as she lies naked and bound with her well-punished bottom sore both inside and out, he leaves her in no doubt that she still belongs to him.

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### ***Her Bossy Daddy***

When the stern, handsome Irishman who has become her online daddy dom moves to New York to start a new job, Lacey Porter is shocked to discover that not only has he been hired by the company where she works, he will actually be her boss.

Though the idea of being taken over her strict daddy's knee for a bare bottom spanking when she's been naughty leaves Lacey's panties soaked, the thought of such a thing finally happening in real life is as terrifying as it is exciting.

Liam O'Connell wastes no time in making it clear to Lacey that he is in charge now, and when she fakes an illness to stay home for the day she soon finds herself blushing crimson as her temperature is taken in the most embarrassing manner possible. Once the reading confirms her deception she learns the hard way that little girls who lie to daddy get their bottoms punished inside and out, but when she is sent to work sore and plugged Lacey's arousal is undeniable.

Over the coming days, Liam sets about teaching Lacey what it means to belong to a firm but loving daddy, and being held in his arms after he has claimed her properly is better than she ever dreamed. But when a rival grows jealous of their romance, will her scheming ruin Liam's career?

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