

MADDOX

DADDIES OF THE SHADOWS BOOK 5

KATE OLIVER

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TRIGGER WARNINGS

This book is a Daddy Dom, little girl, age play romance. Age play falls under the BDSM umbrella. The MMC in this book is a Daddy Dom and the MFC identifies as a Little. This is an act of role-playing between the characters. This is a consensual power exchange relationship between adults. In this story, the female characters wears pull-up. There are also spankings and discussions of other forms of discipline. There is also talk about adult diapers and the MFC uses a pacifier, a bottle, and sippy cup in this story.

Please do not read this story if you find any of this to be disturbing or a trigger for you.

PROLOGUE

MADDOX

Why had he agreed to host Sunday dinner at his place this week? Sunday dinners were usually at his Pop's, but since Pop was in the middle of building a new house, the entire family was taking turns hosting the family dinners. Only, when he'd agreed—okay he hadn't even actually *agreed*, just been told that they would all take turns hosting—he hadn't realized how much he would enjoy the squeals and laughter of all the women in his family filling the walls of his home, and how much it made him want to hear those noises in his house more often.

He loved being around his brothers and their women. Even Pop had finally allowed himself to love again. It felt so different having them all over at his place. He found that the house felt warmer and more like a home instead of just a place to crash when he wasn't working.

"We have an announcement," Knox said, loud enough so everyone who was talking amongst themselves could hear.

The dining room quieted, and everyone focused on Knox and his fiancée, who was also his Little girl, Addie. Reaching out for his beer, Maddox sat back in his chair, waiting to hear whatever exciting news they were going to share. He knew it had to be exciting because Addie was bouncing in her seat

with a big grin on her face.

Addie looked up at Knox who gave her a nod and then looked back at everyone sitting at the table. “We set a wedding date!”

All of the women around the table squealed loudly while Maddox and several of his brothers let out whoops of excitement.

Clapping her hands, Addie bounced in her seat so much that she nearly fell, but Knox caught her and gave her a stern look that had her settling down slightly. Maddox couldn’t help but chuckle. His soon-to-be sister-in-law was the most adorable Little. Although, if he were being honest, all of the women in his family were adorable Littles.

“We decided we didn’t want to wait a long time for the big day, so the wedding will be in six weeks,” Knox told them.

All of the women started talking at once, asking questions about dresses, tuxes, and color schemes. Bringing the rim of the beer bottle to his lips, Maddox took a swig and looked around the table. He was a lucky man to have the family he had, and he was happy that most of his brothers had found their happily ever after.

Over the past year, four of his brothers and even Pop had found love—and it wasn’t just any love. They’d found their Littles. And being around those Littles so much had made him feel a constant ache that he tried to push away, but it kept coming back. He wasn’t good in relationships. That was one thing he knew about himself, but that didn’t mean he didn’t long for the feeling of a warm body snuggled up to him each night or the look of absolute devotion cast in his direction by a sweet Little who loved him completely.

Maybe one day he would find his own happily ever after, but he wouldn’t hold his breath. Even if he did find someone he could see a future with, it was unlikely the woman would be able to handle him long-term. Even when he had a tight rein on himself, he knew he could still be overwhelming and difficult to deal with.

For the time being, he would celebrate the love his brothers and Pop had found and spoil the hell out of all the Littles that surrounded him. At least it would help satisfy the caretaker side of him.

Pop held up his beer bottle. “Cheers to Knox and Addie!”

Holding up his beer, Maddox grinned at his brother and soon to be sister-in-law. “Cheers!”

BRYNN

“Goodnight. I’ll see you tomorrow,” Brynn said as she tapped the countertop to get her coworker Beth’s attention.

“Night,” Beth said, waving as she dumped the three-hour-old pot of coffee down the drain.

Pulling her coat closed, Brynn walked out of the twenty-four-hour diner, shielding her face from the rain as she walked a block and a half toward the bus stop, checking behind her every few steps to make sure she was alone. Her feet were screaming at her with each step she took. Spending twelve hours walking around in a pair of old Converse wasn’t exactly kind to her tender soles. But she needed the money, and when someone offered her an extra shift, she certainly wasn’t going to turn it down.

Five long minutes later, the bus came to a stop, and she sighed with relief as she sat down in one of the empty seats. Taking the bus was always an interesting adventure and was still something she was getting used to. After all, up until a couple of months ago, she had never ridden on any sort of public transportation. Luckily, tonight it was quiet. Something she really needed. She could hardly wait to get home, strip off her grown-up clothes and adult persona and change into something that would make her feel small and relaxed. Maybe she’d even take a bubble bath with some of her bath toys and then put on something cute and comfy.

When the bus came to her stop, she took a deep breath before stepping out into the dark street. She hated going home in the dark. Not only was it

cold outside, but the dark seemed to make everything scarier. And whenever she felt scared, she slipped into her Little mindset. Something she knew wasn't safe, but it was how she coped when she was afraid or hurt.

It always felt like there was someone lurking behind her as she walked from the bus stop to her run-down apartment. It was really time she looked into buying some pepper spray or something. Although, if she were ever attacked, she'd probably just panic and freeze. It was just what she did. Even though her ex had attacked her multiple times, she'd never done anything other than freeze. Maybe knowing some sort of self-defense might make her feel better about walking two blocks from the bus stop to her place in the dark. Sliding her thumb in between her lips as she walked, Brynn suckled, looking for whatever comfort she could find while walking as quickly as her short legs could move.

As soon as the porch light came into view, she sighed with relief and pulled her thumb from her mouth so she could get her house key from her pocket. Home sweet home. Some people might look at where she lived and cringe, and she had at first, too, when she'd looked at it. But it was a place where she was safe to be herself, and she was away from *him*. He had no idea where she lived and, for once in her life, she was living her best life ever. Well, okay, maybe not her best life ever. It would be pretty sad if this was the best her life could ever be. But it was a hell of a lot better than it had been over the past few years.

Closing the front door behind her, Brynn locked the main lock and the two deadbolts she'd had installed when she'd moved in. Just the sound of the metal engaging into the lock made the stress that had been building all day start to dissipate. Freedom. Free to be herself and regress.

Hanging her purse up on the hook in the entryway, she headed straight to her bedroom and pulled her jacket off to hang it neatly on the hanger in her closet. Sometimes she wished she could just throw her clothes on the floor like the women in movies often did but it had been drilled into her as a kid to keep everything neat and tidy at all times.

Keep your shit out of the way. I don't want to see any of it. I shouldn't even know you exist here when I look around my house.

She'd heard that from her aunt on more than one occasion, and it became a habit she couldn't seem to let go of even though she so badly wanted to.

Turning toward her bed where her favorite stuffie was propped on her perfectly fluffed pillow, Brynn smiled. "What should I wear tonight,

Peaches?”

Peaches didn't respond or even blink her eyes at the question, so Brynn turned back toward the closet and started sifting through the row of clothes.

“Aha! Peaches, our matching onesies are clean. Wanna match tonight?”

She glanced back at the bear for approval. When Peaches didn't turn her down, she clapped her hands excitedly and pulled the snap-crotch onesies from the hanger. The onesies were yellow with bumble bees and honey pots printed all over them. Brynn had lucked out and found the matching set on a website designed just for Littles, and it had been on clearance, so even though it had still cost more than she should have spent on it, she couldn't pass it up. That had been a huge splurge, but it was so worth it since she got to be twinsies with Peaches.

After heading to the large dresser in the corner of her room, she opened the top drawer, found a pair of ruffly socks, and then looked through her stash of cute panties, trying to decide if she wanted to wear a pair under the onesie. Deciding against it, she carried the items to her bed and pulled Peaches into her arms.

“I missed you today,” she whispered, hugging the soft stuffie to her chest.

Even though her bear didn't reply, she knew Peaches had missed her too. They were besties. Like Thelma and Louise. Bert and Ernie. Monica and Rachel.

Brynn took her time getting the bear changed from the tutu dress she'd put on her the night before into the onesie. Once she was satisfied with her dressing skills, she set the bear back on the bed and then stripped out of her own clothes. It was her favorite part of the day. It felt like with every piece of clothing she removed, a little piece of her grownup headspace disappeared, and soon the only thing she felt was Little.

Brynn pulled the onesie over her head and danced around awkwardly as she tried to snap the buttons at the crotch. She had a love-hate relationship with that piece of clothing. She loved how it made her feel, but she hated trying to snap the buttons by herself. It would be so much easier if she had a Daddy to do it for her.

Shaking that thought from her mind, she finished fastening the material and then sat on her bed and pulled on the ruffly socks. They were so cute, and they always made her smile as she adjusted the lace.

“Well, Peaches, what do you want to do tonight? We could build a block castle, or we could have a tea party, or we could play Barbies.”

Picking up the bear, she held the bear's mouth up to her ear.

Grinning, she pulled the bear away and nodded. "Barbies it is!"

After carrying Peaches out to the living room, she set the stuffie down on the couch and then went to the cabinet in the corner of her tiny dining room and opened the doors. The cabinet held all her toys and games. As much as she would love to have an overflowing toy box that was visible and easily accessible, Brynn had hoped to make friends and have them over for a girls' night sometime, and having to explain her Little side to them wasn't something she really wanted to do. Not that it had really been an issue. No one had been to her place since she'd first gotten the key, and she still had no friends. Not really anyway. She had a few coworkers who were nice to her, but they'd never actually hung out or even really talked outside of work.

Brynn pulled out the bin of Barbies she'd found at a thrift store, carried them into the living room, and sat down, crossing her legs in front of her.

She picked up her favorite doll, she started brushing her hair and then changed her outfit before moving on to the next doll until they were all freshly styled and dressed. The next two hours were spent playing house with Peaches and her Barbies.

Letting out a yawn, Brynn looked up at the clock and groaned when she saw that it was already eleven. She had an early shift at the diner the next day, and then she had to go to her other job at another restaurant for an evening shift, so she knew she needed to get to bed.

"I don't wanna go to bed, Peaches. I want to play. It seems like I never get to play for very long," she mumbled, feeling pouty.

After slowly putting her toys away, she carried her bear to the bedroom, set her on the bed, and went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and use the toilet before she went to bed.

When she was done with her business and had done the awkward dance to snap the buttons again, she went back to her bedroom and plugged in the twinkling string lights she kept on every night for bed so she didn't have to sleep in the dark. After turning off the bedside lamp, Brynn crawled into bed and arranged the sea of stuffed animals, then pulled out her tablet and her favorite pacifier from the drawer of her bedside table.

Sliding the pacifier between her lips, she found the app she used to read ebooks, chose the latest age-play book she'd been reading, and sighed as she settled into the deliciously naughty story. It only took a few minutes before her eyes started feeling too heavy to keep open and she could no longer focus

on the words in front of her. When the tablet almost fell out of her hands, Brynn turned it off and set it on the table next to the bed, then pulled Peaches into her arms as she suckled on the soft nipple of her pacifier until she fell fast asleep.

Wiping her hand over her forehead, Brynn collected the measly tip from her last table for the night and sighed. A ten-hour day split between two restaurants, and she'd only made a little more than sixty dollars in tips. She didn't expect to make a fortune in tips at the diner, but the other restaurant she worked at, Franko's, was an Italian bistro, and she'd thought she would make better money there. Unfortunately, it seemed no matter how hard she tried to impress her tables, the tips just weren't very good.

"Hey girl, what are you doing tonight?"

Turning around, she smiled at Laura, the only person at Franko's who had been friendly with her since she'd started working there six months ago. "Oh, uh, I'm just heading home."

Laura was sweet and always willing to help Brynn with a table whenever she needed it and in return, Brynn had covered numerous shifts for her whenever she'd been too hungover to show up to work the next day. Laura loved to party, and she also loved to talk about how much she loved to party.

"Why don't you come out with me and a few of my friends tonight? We're going dancing."

Biting her bottom lip, Brynn automatically answered without even thinking about it. "Uh, no, I can't."

Tilting her head to the side, Laura pursed her lips and stared at her for a long moment. "Why not? What are you doing tonight other than going home by yourself? You always turn me down. Come on, it'll be fun!"

She hated that her coworker was right. She loved to dance and dancing in her living room with Peaches was a bit boring sometimes. Peaches just stared at her and judged instead of joining in with her. So rude. Mulling over the idea of going dancing, Brynn nibbled on her bottom lip. This might be a chance to actually have a friend. She hadn't had many friends in her life.

Plus, in the months since she'd become single, she hadn't gone out or done anything social other than going to work and going to the grocery store.

Part of that was because she loved her time in Little Space and didn't want to give any of it up, but part of it was that her social anxiety made even the idea of going out make her palms start to sweat and her jaw clench. She also didn't want to run into Collin. So far she'd been successful in making it so he couldn't find her.

"You told me you love to dance. Come on. Whenever you want to leave, you can, but at least come out for a bit," Laura insisted.

Her resolve to go home and submerge herself into Little Space was slipping. Dancing did sound fun. Although when she'd told Laura how much she loved to dance, she hadn't told her that most of the time when she danced, she was in a tutu and had pigtails in her hair while moving to the beat of music from *The Secret Life of Pets*.

But then again, Brynn hadn't told anyone about that side of her. The only person who had ever known about it was Collin, her ex, and that had been a huge mistake.

"Okay, fine. But I'm not staying long."

Clapping her hands, Laura did a little dance and grinned. "Awesome! We're meeting some of my girlfriends there in like an hour, so you have enough time to go home and change. I can pick you up on my way, just text me your address."

Nodding, Brynn went to the back of the restaurant, clocked out, and grabbed her coat and purse before walking outside to the bus stop. What had she gotten herself into? She was already regretting her decision to go. She'd definitely need to have a drink to loosen up a bit.

By the time she got to her place, she only had twenty minutes to change and get ready before Laura would be there to pick her up.

"Sorry, Peaches. I don't have time to play tonight, but as soon as I get home, we'll snuggle," she told her bear as she stripped out of her work clothes.

Looking in her closet, she frowned. She didn't really have any going-out clothes to wear. When she'd left Collin, she'd left with only the clothes on her back and had to start a whole new wardrobe, which was a challenge since money was so tight. Over the past six months, she'd spent what little extra money she had on cheap day-to-day clothes, stuffed animals, toys from thrift stores, and Little clothes from the clearance sections of the websites.

Sifting through the hangers, she spotted the black baby-doll dress she'd found at a thrift store. Even though it was black, it was the perfect dress for

when she wanted to feel cute while in that headspace. It was short-sleeved and form-fitting on the top but flared out into a puffy skirt which, if she spun too hard, would show off her panties.

Smiling to herself, she grabbed the dress and then found a pair of black cotton panties. Once she was dressed, she went into the bathroom to check her makeup. Luckily she usually only wore a few swipes of mascara and some lip gloss, so the only thing she did was add another swipe to her lashes. Her wildly curly hair was up in a high ponytail with loose curls framing her face. Not wanting to deal with the mess of tangles, Brynn used her fingers to fluff up her curls a bit and then wrapped a black ribbon around the base.

When she returned to her room, she picked up a pair of cheap ballet flats that offered no comfort but were cute and matched her dress.

After opening the message from Laura letting her know that she was parked out front, Brynn grabbed her ID, house key, and some cash. She put them in the deep pockets of her dress before heading out the front door. Butterflies swarmed her tummy as she climbed into her friend's car.

“Yes, girl! Let's go dance!” Laura sang out.

Giggling, Brynn looked over and felt her eyes go wide as she took in the skimpy outfit Laura was wearing. Where were they going? She looked like a nun compared to Laura who was wearing a barely there backless sequin dress that barely covered the very tops of her thighs and showed a healthy amount of cleavage.

“Am I overdressed?” she asked.

Laura laughed and shook her head. “Not at all. You look like a school teacher. The guys will eat you up at the club.”

She cringed, but before she could think about it for too long, Laura took off down the street while turning the music up at the same time.

You can leave at any time. You can leave at any time.

She had her phone and could order a car to take her home if she didn't want to stay but, for the time being, she was going to make the best of it and dance her booty off.

MADDOX

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Maddox asked as he turned to his grumpy brother.

Hawk looked over at him with a smirk and then lifted his glass to his lips. “I’m here to spend time with my brother. Is that so bad?”

Shaking his head, Maddox rolled his eyes. “You’re here because you got tired of hiding away in your lair and needed to get out, but you don’t want to actually socialize with anyone so you’re up in my office instead of down in the club.”

He expected his brother to argue, but to his surprise, Hawk just grunted his response.

It was Thursday night and Shadows was busy. Maddox almost always stayed at the club during open hours, even if he was up in his office most of the time. He liked to keep an eye on things and be available if something came up or one of his employees needed him. The club ran smoothly without him having to do much, and he knew he was lucky to have the staff that he did. It made his job a hell of a lot easier.

“You know if you worked on your charming personality, you might actually meet someone and not be so lonely,” Maddox said before taking a drink from his glass.

They were standing outside of his office, leaning over the railing so they could watch the crowd down below. Maddox had the club designed so the first floor could accommodate everything, including several VIP rooms, and

the second floor was essentially a balcony that wrapped all the way around the club so you could see the first floor at any angle. He had his office up there, another office for the club manager, a meeting room, and a private bedroom with an attached bathroom for the times he didn't want to drive home after closing.

“Who the fuck said I was lonely?” Hawk snapped.

Maddox chuckled. “No one, bro. No one. Maybe you should get a dog from Beau? Have something to look after.”

Letting out a sigh, Hawk stared down toward the dance floor. “Think I'm too damn grumpy for a dog to like me.”

Maddox shrugged. “Nah. Dogs will like anyone. Just give it treats and head pats, and it will love you.”

Looking down at the dance floor, he watched as people moved and gyrated with each other. Some you could tell were drunk, and some were trying a bit too hard to impress whoever they were with, but for the most part, everyone seemed to be having a good time.

A mess of curls caught his attention as the body attached to those curls moved aimlessly with her arms flailing around. His lips immediately pulled back into a smile. He watched her move for several minutes and realized she was dancing all by herself, although he didn't really know if what she was doing could be called dancing. Whatever it was, she seemed to be having a great time. Her rhythm was off from the music, but that didn't stop her.

He continued to watch the woman, unable to tear his gaze away. She didn't quite fit in with the crowd. Not that she wasn't beautiful, because she was. She was fucking gorgeous. But she was different from the rest of the women down there. She wasn't trying to impress anyone. It seemed like she was moving her body to her own beat.

“What the fuck is she doing down there? Is she fighting off a bee or something?” Hawk asked, breaking his attention away from the woman.

Looking over at his brother, Maddox furrowed his eyebrows. “What?”

Hawk pointed down to the woman Maddox had just been watching. “That woman down there. She looks like she's fighting off a swarm of bees or something.”

Maddox couldn't help but laugh as he returned to watching the woman dance. It really did look like she was swatting something away from her, but it was so damn adorable he found himself mesmerized as he watched her. “I think she's just having a good time dancing.”

Hawk grumbled something under his breath but didn't say anything more as Maddox forced himself to pull his gaze away from the woman and scan the entire club.

Every few seconds, he found himself searching her out on the dance floor again. People just seemed to move out of her way as she swayed. He wondered if she was there with any friends, but since he'd first spotted her, he hadn't seen her talk to anyone or stay close to any one crowd of people. It bothered him that she might be there alone. The thought of her being there with a man bothered him even more.

"Hey, boss," one of his bartenders said as he approached.

Turning toward the man, Maddox lifted his chin. "Hey, what's up?"

"One of the taps is clogged. I tried to get it cleared, but it still won't pour any beer."

Running his hand over his hair, Maddox nodded. "Yeah, that one has been all messed up this past week. Every time I think it's fixed, it clogs up again. I'm going to have to call the distributor to come replace it. Until then, offer the IPA at the same cost."

Hawk's deep voice interrupted their conversation. "Maddox, something's going on down there."

Turning around, Maddox peered down to the first floor and immediately saw the woman he'd been watching trying to pull her elbow out of a man's grip. He could tell the man was yelling at her but the music was too loud to hear what he was saying.

"Eric, tell security to meet me down there," he snapped to his bartender as he started moving toward the stairs. He knew without even looking back that Hawk was right behind him. His brother might be a curmudgeon, but he was still a good man and wouldn't just stand by while a woman was being assaulted.

By the time they reached the first floor, he couldn't find either the woman or the man. Ivan, his head security, stomped toward him and pointed toward the front entrance of the club.

"She got free and stormed out and he followed," he called out.

Without a word, Maddox strode toward the front of the club and out of the entrance, looking right and then left, immediately spotting the small woman and large man about a half a block away.

"Leave me alone!" she cried out.

"I know you fucking have it, you bitch! Where is it? Huh? Tell me! I'll

fucking kill you, Brynn, I swear to god, I'll kill you, bitch!" he screamed at her.

Before Maddox could even yell out, the man grabbed her by her arms and started shaking her as he screamed in her face.

"Hey!" Maddox shouted as he started running toward them with Hawk and several of his security following.

The man looked at them, releasing her from his grasp as Maddox and Hawk approached.

"What the fuck do you want?" the guy asked, looking the men up and down with a scowl.

"Get the fuck away from her. She obviously doesn't want you around!" Maddox snarled.

The guy raised an eyebrow and looked at the shaking woman who had shrunk back as far as the sidewalk would allow and then turned back to Maddox. He knew the guy was planning to hit one of them. He just didn't know *who* it was he was planning to hit. As the guy yanked his arm back and made a fist, Maddox smiled. Grabbing onto his fist as it moved forward, he twisted his wrist until the guy was screaming in pain and then released him, throwing a right hook into the guy's face.

"Fuck! My eye! You'll fucking pay for this! You're a dead man. Dead!" he shouted as he started backing up, one of his hands covering his eye while blood dripped from his nose.

Maddox stepped forward, making the other guy turn and run. "I dare you to kill me, motherfucker!"

The guy continued running and then turned the corner at the end of the block.

"Follow him!" Maddox yelled to his security as he approached the woman.

Coming to a stop in front of her, he studied her as she ran her hand up and down her already bruising biceps and then swiped at the tears falling down her cheeks with the other.

"Hey, sweetheart, are you okay?" he asked.

The woman let out a sob and practically threw herself into his arms, her entire body trembling against his. Wrapping his arms around her, Maddox held her and let her cry for several minutes, slowly stroking her upper back.

"Shhh... I got you. I got you, sweetheart. Breathe. Good girl."

He could feel her hands gripping his shirt as though she was trying to

hold herself up, and he was pretty sure there would be a wet spot from her falling tears, but it didn't matter. She could soak his shirt with her tears if she needed to.

After several minutes, her breathing evened out and then suddenly she was pushing him away from her, backing up several steps, her eyes wide and blinking.

"We won't hurt you. I own the club and saw him grabbing you inside. Are you okay? Do you know him?" he asked.

Her pale-blue eyes lowered from his, and he wanted to reach out and cup her chin so she could look at him, but it was obvious she was already scared of him, and he didn't want to make it worse.

"I'm fine," she mumbled as she backed away, wrapping her arms around herself.

The rain had stopped, but it was still chilly out and she didn't have a coat on.

"Come back inside and let's put some ice on your arms," he offered.

Shaking her head, the woman looked up at him with tears in her eyes, and it truly felt like his heart cracked right down the center. It wasn't the time or the place for him to be having the thoughts that he was, but the dress she was wearing with a pair of cute ballet flats screamed Little to him, and the expression on her face made him want to pull her into his arms and comfort her like a Daddy would.

"I'm fine. I'm going to go home. I have a car coming to get me," she said, looking from Maddox to Hawk and then back to Maddox.

Three of his security came jogging back toward them, shaking their heads.

"We couldn't catch him. He hopped into a car three blocks down and drove off," one of the men told Maddox.

Nodding, Maddox sighed. "Who was that guy? Is that your boyfriend? What's his name?"

The small woman stared at him wide-eyed for a long moment before she finally blinked. She was frightened and cold and here he was interrogating her.

Asshole.

"Let me or one of my guys drive you home," he offered.

He hated the idea of her getting into a car with a stranger. That would never be allowed if she belonged to him. He would always make sure she had

safe means of transportation.

Shaking her head, she swiped at the tears streaming down her flushed cheeks..

“He’s not my boyfriend. Not anymore. I shouldn’t have come out tonight. I should have gone home like I wanted to. Why did I let her talk me into coming? I shouldn’t have come,” she murmured, her eyes staring past him with a glazed-over expression.

Reaching out, Maddox put his hand gently on her forearm. “What’s your name? I’m Maddox Black. This is my brother, Hawk, and those guys are on my security team for the club.”

Her blue eyes moved from looking over his shoulder up to his face, and then she sucked in a breath. A car pulled up to the curb behind them, and without a word, she started walking toward it.

“Wait! Please let me give you a ride. You’re in no condition to drive home with a stranger. I know that sounds ridiculous considering I’m also a stranger, but I own this club and there are people who can vouch for me here,” he said, stepping in front of her before she could get in the car.

He watched her bring her thumb up to her mouth and brush the tip over her lips before quickly dropping her hand to her side. “Thank you for helping me. I need to go.”

He stared down at her, unsure of what to do. He couldn’t force her to accept his help. The Daddy side, the caretaking side of him, wanted to pick her up in his arms and carry her up to his office where he could ice her arms and hold her for as long as she needed. He wasn’t her Daddy though, and she was already scared out of her mind. Forcing her to do what he wanted wasn’t a good idea, even if it was for her own good.

As she sidestepped him and climbed into the backseat of the small sedan, her piercing eyes stayed on his until the car pulled away from the curb.

Realization hit him and he turned to his brother. “Fuck! I didn’t even get her name.”

BRYNN

Tears continued to fall the entire ride home. It took everything inside of her not to slide her thumb into her mouth for comfort, but she was in the car with a stranger and she needed to be a big girl. At least until she got home.

How had Collin spotted her? Where had he come from? And where the hell had Laura disappeared to almost as soon as they got onto the dance floor? They were dancing together and having a good time and then Brynn turned around and Laura was gone. She needed to text her to make sure she was alright, but first she needed to get home. Going out had been a bad idea.

Thank goodness the owner of the club had seen what had happened and had come to her rescue. Even if he had been a bit intense. He certainly hadn't been hurting in the looks department, but despite his supermodel hot appearance, there had been a fire raging inside those eyes that made her shiver. And his brother, Hawk or whatever his name was, he had been just plain terrifying. The man had scowled the entire time and that had been enough to practically make her pee herself from fright.

But Maddox... Wow. He was a man she would most likely see in her dreams for a long time. Whoever his wife or girlfriend was, they were damn lucky. She was pretty sure she could still smell his cologne lingering on her from him being so close, and the scent in itself relaxed her. It made her feel safe in a way. Kind of dumb, though. How could a smell make a person feel safe?

As badly as she had wanted to take him up on his offer to ice her arms or

accept a ride home from him, she hadn't known if she could keep her Little side from surfacing, and being humiliated on top of being attacked was not something she wanted to experience all in one night. Or at all, really. The only reason she was keeping her Little at bay at the moment was because the driver wasn't talking to her and she was sitting in the backseat by herself where she was able to fidget with her thumbs to keep her hands busy.

When the car pulled up to her apartment, Brynn quickly thanked the driver, ran up to her door, and shut herself into the safety of her home. As soon as she locked the deadbolt, she let out a sob.

After her breakup with Collin, he'd called and texted her relentlessly, and in the months since she'd left him, she'd been able to avoid running into him. The two restaurants she worked at were places she knew he would never go because he hated Italian food and he hated crappy diners. He thought he was too good for places like that. If he only knew.

Even though she'd never been to that club with him before, she should have avoided clubs altogether. They were the places he liked to frequent so he could find an easy lay, even when they had been together.

After walking into her small bedroom, she picked up Peaches and hugged the bear to her chest, letting the fake fur soak up her tears. That bear had more tears in her fur than Brynn would've liked to admit, but having something soft to cry into always seemed to help.

"Never again, Peaches. No more going out. Maybe I shouldn't try to make friends. They wouldn't understand this side of me anyways, and they'd think I'm a freak like Collin did. Maybe you will be my only friend."

When Peaches didn't respond, Brynn set her down and then grabbed her phone and sent Laura a text.

Are you okay? You disappeared and I didn't see you again after that.

Brynn set her phone down, went to her dresser, and dug out a pair of footie pajamas with a drop seat to wear to bed. They were soft and fuzzy and they made her feel like she was being hugged by a giant stuffie when she wore them. Maddox's face came into her mind, and she wondered what it would be like to really be hugged by him. He had held her briefly when she'd thrown herself at him without thinking, but it wasn't really a hug. He had been trying to comfort her. But still, it felt so good.

His arms were huge, and he had to have been at least a foot taller than she was. When he was holding her, she felt warm all over and... safe. Yeah, she had definitely felt safe. She had no idea what came over her when she'd

grabbed onto him, but all she knew was he had come to her rescue and her Little was right at the surface, needing someone strong to reassure her and make her feel like she was protected.

Biting her bottom lip, she stripped out of her clothes and pulled on the onesie, instantly feeling more settled as the fabric caressed her skin. All she needed now was her pacifier and maybe a movie to help her relax and go to sleep. It was already after eleven at night after all.

Her phone beeped and she picked it up to read the response from Laura.

Hooked up with a guy. Do you think you can cover my shift tomorrow?

Staring at the screen for a long moment, Brynn tried to swallow the lump forming in her throat. Was that all she was to Laura? Someone to cover her shift whenever she needed? Why had she even invited her out if she didn't actually want to hang out together?

The next day was her only day off in three weeks, but money was tight, and the only way she was able to afford the crappy place she rented was by working as often as possible. She would be an idiot if she didn't take the offered shift. But she had really been looking forward to spending the entire day at home submerged in Little Space for more than a few hours.

Letting out a sad sigh, Brynn responded and told Laura she would work her shift the next day. There would always be other days off to be Little.

Turning on her twinkle lights, she smiled at them before crawling into bed. She loved those darn lights. They always made her feel happy at bedtime. And safe.

Brynn turned off the bedside lamp and then reached into the top drawer for her pacifier, but her fingers brushed against her small vibrator. Biting her lip, Brynn pulled out the toy and unzipped her pajamas down to her pussy. Maddox's face instantly came to mind as she touched the toy to her clit, and even though she felt so naughty for doing it, she fantasized about him between her legs instead of the toy. Somehow, she knew he was a man who knew how to please a woman.

The vibration instantly had her moaning and arching her chest toward the ceiling as she circled her clit. It had only been a few days since she'd last played with herself, but for some reason, her entire body was buzzing with need.

She knew it had to do with the tall, handsome man who'd come to her rescue and who had major Daddy vibes she'd picked up on. She doubted he actually was a Daddy. It was highly unlikely. Besides, it seemed there were

very few Daddies and Littles in the world in general. But even if he wasn't a Daddy, the way he seemed to want to protect her made her picture him as one. And picturing him as a Daddy, as *her* Daddy, quickly had her crying out his name as her pussy spasmed and pulsed through her orgasm.

Brynn pulled the toy away from her sensitive clit, set it on the nightstand so she'd remember to clean it the next day, grabbed her pacifier, and quickly drifted to a sleep filled with dreams of a tall, handsome, kind club owner.

She was exhausted, her feet hurt, and the nonstop text messages from Collin since she'd run into him a few nights before were really starting to wear on her. They were even worse than the texts he had been sending her before. And now, instead of getting off work and going home to take a nap and slip into Little Space for the rest of the day, she was standing at the bus stop to go to her second job to cover a shift for Laura. Again.

The nonstop rain in Seattle was matching her mood as she watched the city pass by as she rode from one part of the city to the other. She hoped she'd have enough time to go into the bathroom and straighten herself up before she had to clock in for work because, even though she loved the dreary weather, her curly hair did not, and she was pretty sure all the moisture had made it look like she'd put her finger in an electrical socket.

Stepping off the bus, Brynn tried to shield herself as much as she could from the weather as she walked as quickly as possible into Franko's. At least it was a Saturday shift she was covering. It would be busy so she'd likely make some decent tips.

"Brynn, you're late!" Franko called out as she walked through the kitchen to drop her belongings off in the break room.

Looking up at the older, balding man, Brynn tapped the screen on her phone and looked down at the time.

"Laura's shift doesn't start for half an hour," she replied as kindly as she could.

She really didn't like Franko. He was grumpy and treated his employees like they were idiots. He also gave her creep vibes whenever they were alone somewhere in the restaurant. But she needed the job, so she was always more polite to him than she wanted to be.

Peering down at her, he frowned and wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. She wanted to gag, but at least he didn't prepare any of the food. That was something to be grateful for.

"Yeah, well, I need you to start your shift right now. We're slammed, and Steve called in sick," he barked back.

Letting out a sigh, she nodded and took her stuff back to the breakroom. She'd have to pop into the ladies' room as soon as she had the chance to check her hair. After pulling out the black button-down shirt that was her required uniform for Franko's, she slid it on and quickly did up the buttons and tucked it into her black skinny slacks.

As she walked back out to the kitchen, she grabbed one of the waitress aprons and tied it around her waist, and then clocked into work.

"Take tables seven and twelve. Paris has too many tables to juggle," Franko called out from his office.

Nodding, Brynn headed out to the dining room to let Paris know she was taking over those tables. She knew the woman would have a little fit about it. No matter what the circumstance, she seemed to complain about it.

"Hey! Franko told me to take over tables seven and twelve for you. I can take the next couple of tables that walk in too if you need to get a break," she said as cheerfully as she could.

"I don't need a break, and I don't need you to take the next customers that come in," she snapped back.

The urge to bring her thumb to her lips was strong, but she forced herself to grab some silverware and start rolling it into the cloth napkins.

"Okay, well, I'm just trying to help. We can rotate who takes incoming customers," Brynn replied as steadily as she could before walking away to check on the tables she was taking over.

It didn't take long before she had a handful of tables and the afternoon quickly turned to evening and the dinner crowd started coming in. Even though being in crowds of people made her feel uneasy and she found it difficult to trust people enough to be herself, for some reason, when she was at work, she was able to swallow all of that down and put on a bubbly persona so no one would ever know that side of her.

After walking back to the kitchen, Brynn loaded up the large round tray with plates of steaming hot food to deliver to one of her tables. Lifting the tray, she used her shoulder to help balance everything and walked out.

"Corner," she called out so no one would bump into her.

Making her way to the table, she hadn't noticed Paris beelining directly for her. By the time she noticed the scowling woman walking toward her, it was too late to sidestep and she had to stop abruptly to avoid running right into her.

"Table five wants you to serve them. I don't know why they'd want *you*, though," Paris sneered.

Glancing over at table five, a table that sat larger groups, she noticed it was a table full of men. Men she didn't know. Until she locked eyes with one of them and realized the man staring back at her was Maddox.

Letting out a deep breath, she nodded. "Oh, uh, okay."

Before she could look back at Paris, the woman started walking and ran right into Brynn, elbowing her hard in the side as she passed. The sharp pain made her yelp, and at the same time her arms buckled under the weight of the tray, causing plates of pasta to go crashing to the floor.

"Oh, crumbs!" she cried out as she immediately sank to her knees to start cleaning up the mess.

"What the hell did you just do?" Franko demanded as he came storming into the dining room.

Brynn started picking up broken plates and piling them on the tray with trembling hands.

"Jesus Christ! You're useless!" he snapped.

When she reached out to pick up a piece of glass, she let out a cry as it slipped across the palm of her hand, slicing it open. Grabbing onto her hand, she sucked in a deep breath, trying to keep herself from letting out a sob.

She saw several large bodies moving toward her out of her peripheral vision. When she looked up and realized it was Maddox and some of the men he was with, she panicked and scrambled to her feet to run into the ladies' room to get away from it all as she felt her Little coming to the surface.

MADDOX

Holy shit.

What the fuck had he just seen? When he and his brothers had sat down at Franko's for a boys' night dinner, a snooty little waitress had approached their table and practically had a pissy fit when Maddox asked her the other woman's name and told her he wanted the waitress who had completely invaded his thoughts over the past several days.

Brynn. What a beautiful name for a beautiful woman.

He'd laid eyes on Brynn almost as soon as they'd walked into the restaurant and could hardly believe his luck. Even Hawk had silently nodded toward her when he spotted her.

Then, when the bitch of a waitress stomped off, it was obvious she said something to the sweet little doll that had upset her, but then, to top it off, he watched as the woman elbowed Brynn so hard she dropped a whole damn tray of food. The bitch was lucky she was a woman because if she had been a man, she'd have been on the ground getting the shit kicked out of her for doing that to his woman.

Whoa. Not your woman. Not yet.

It was chaos, and if Maddox hadn't been so worried about Brynn, who'd captured all of his attention, he would have gone after the sleazy man who was berating her as she tried to clean up.

The final straw had been when she got up and ran to the bathroom. He needed to step in and help her. She was obviously upset and also injured, and

his Daddy side needed to take care of her. Hopefully she would let him.

“Hawk, take care of him and get her belongings. Wolf, come with me,” Maddox said.

Both his brothers nodded while his other brothers split up, some following Hawk and some going with Maddox and Wolf.

“Guard the bathroom door. Don’t let anyone come in,” he said before pushing the door open and stepping inside.

The sight before him as he walked into the restroom practically broke his heart. There she was, standing at the row of sinks, staring down at her bleeding hand with tears falling down her cheeks and the thumb of her other hand in her mouth. She was sucking her thumb. Like a Little would.

“Brynn?” he said softly, trying not to scare her.

“Owwie,” she whimpered around her thumb.

Her pale blue eyes looked so incredibly sad as she stared down at her bloody hand. Nodding, he stepped closer to her.

“That is an owwie. We need to have it looked at. Can you show me so I can see?” he asked gently.

It seemed as though she was in Little Space, though he still didn’t know for sure that she was a Little. It was kind of hard to deny, though.

“Owwie,” she whimpered again, holding her hand out.

“Yeah, owwie. Let me see,” he said, reaching out to take her hand in his.

She continued to hold her hand close to her body, not letting him see. He needed to get her attention in a way that she would feel safe to show him. It was obvious she was scared.

“Let Daddy see, Princess. Right now, Little girl,” he said with a hint of sternness in his voice.

Almost instantly, she held her hand out for him, letting out a soft whimper. “Owwie.”

He couldn’t see any remaining glass in the cut but it was hard to tell for sure. She needed to have it checked out by a doctor, and the cut was wide enough that he was pretty sure she would need stitches.

“Aww, baby girl. It’s going to be okay. Let’s run your hand under some water to clear off some of the blood,” he told her, moving her hand closer to the sinks.

She raised her eyes up to his face and gasped, immediately pulling her thumb from her mouth.

“Shh, it’s okay. Do you remember me?” he asked.

Slowly, she nodded her head.

“Good. What’s my name?” he asked.

“Maddox Black,” she whispered.

Offering her a smile, he nodded. “Good girl. That’s right.”

She returned his smile with a snuffle and a small, sad smile of her own and then hissed when the cold water ran over her hand.

“Owwie,” she muttered.

“I know. I’m going to get you to a doctor to get you all fixed up.”

Brynn shook her head. “No. I don’t like doctors. They’re mean.”

He so badly wanted to chuckle. Yeah, it was pretty much impossible that she wasn’t a Little. And he was pretty sure he was dealing with her Little right then.

“I promise he won’t hurt you. I’ll stay with you the entire time. My brothers are getting your belongings. Do you have a car here?”

She shook her head again. “I ride the bus. I have to work, though. He’ll fire me if I leave. I can wrap up my hand.”

He hated how sad she sounded. Defeated. But he would make damn sure she didn’t get fired. Not that he even liked the idea of her working there. The boss was obviously an asshole. And she rode the bus? That wasn’t going to fly with him.

“You won’t get fired. Is there someone you want to call? Your parents? A boyfriend?”

Maddox didn’t know why he asked that other than wanting to know if she had a boyfriend or not. He knew the guy from the other night was her ex, but it didn’t mean she didn’t have someone else in her life. And the thought of someone else in her life didn’t sit well with him. Because he was already picturing himself as the man in her life. And that was why he really needed to check himself. They didn’t even know each other, and he was already thinking about waking up next to her every morning.

“No. I don’t have anyone. My parents died a long time ago, and the last boyfriend I had was the guy from the other night,” she answered.

Grabbing several paper towels, he nodded as he folded them up and placed them on her palm.

“I want you to keep that there. Are you okay to walk, or do you want me to carry you?” he asked.

Her eyes widened as she looked up at him, and it seemed as though her Little was suddenly gone and the adult side of Brynn was standing in front of

him.

“Oh, uh, I’m fine. I’ll just wrap it up. How did you know I worked here?” she asked, her eyebrows drawn together.

“I didn’t. It was luck running into you again. You’ve been on my mind since the other night,” he answered honestly.

Her eyes widened in surprise. “Why?”

Shrugging his shoulders, Maddox studied her. “You’ve captivated me, Little one.”

The pure shock on her face at his pet name confirmed his suspicions of her being a Little.

“How...”

“I just knew,” he answered.

“Do you think I’m a freak?” she asked, her lips trembling.

Reaching out, he cupped her chin, rubbing his thumb gently over her jawline. “No, sweetheart. I’m a Daddy.”

She visibly swallowed and stared up at him as he continued to hold her chin. Her face was so adorable. Heart-shaped with wide blue eyes, a cute little button nose that had a sprinkle of freckles spread across the bridge down to her cheeks, and the most naturally plump lips he’d ever seen.

“I should get back to work,” she finally murmured as they stared at each other.

He shook his head. “You can’t go back to work. You need stitches and you need your wound properly cleaned. I have a doctor friend I can take you to. He’s not scary, I promise.”

Brynn glanced down at the paper towel in her palm that already had blood spots seeping through and then looked back up at him.

“I’ll go to the free clinic. I can’t afford to go to a regular doctor. I don’t have insurance,” she told him.

Fuck. This Little girl was struggling bad and he hated it. She needed him, and he wanted to take care of her in every way possible.

“You don’t have to worry about any of that. I’ll take care of it. Come on, unless you prefer I carry you?”

He had to make her agree to go with him because it would drive him crazy to wonder if she was okay.

“But...” she said, trailing off.

She was searching for excuses not to accept his help, and he knew it. She was a strong woman, that much was obvious. But she was also a lost Little

girl who needed a strong Daddy to lead her.

“No, but. Unless you feel unsafe with me, there’s no reason for you not to let me help you,” he said firmly.

“Promise the doctor is nice?” she asked in a small voice.

“I promise. And he’s treated many Littles, so he knows how scary it can be,” he replied.

Brynn nodded, but he could still see her reluctance. “Okay.”

Maddox headed for the bathroom door and opened it to find Knox blocking the doorway.

“Can you call Tate and find out if he’s at the hospital or if we can bring her to his house? She needs stitches,” he told his brother. “And did Hawk get her stuff?”

Hawk came into view and handed Maddox her purse and jacket. All of his brothers were standing near the bathroom door, waiting.

“Her boss will happily pay her for the time she needs to be out due to this accident,” Hawk said with a smirk.

Basically, what Hawk was saying was that he’d scared the owner so bad he’d probably peed himself and was more than happy to pay her instead of facing a broken nose or worse.

“Thanks. Be out in a minute,” he said.

He set her purse on the counter and held up her jacket. It was worn and threadbare. Hardly a jacket that would keep her warm. He would fix that but first he needed to get her stitched up.

“Careful with your hand,” he reminded her as she slid her arms into the jacket.

“Who are all those guys with you?” she asked.

“They’re my brothers.”

She thought about that for a moment and looked up at him. “None of you guys really look alike.”

Maddox shrugged. “Just because we don’t share DNA doesn’t mean they aren’t my family. Sometimes your true family are the people who choose to be your family.”

Taking her good hand in his, Maddox led her out of the bathroom to where his brothers were standing.

“Tate is at his house. He said you could bring her by,” Knox told him.

They all walked toward the entrance to the restaurant and Maddox sent the scowling waitress a wide grin as they passed by, his hand firmly wrapped

around Brynn's.

“Have a great day! I'm sure I'll see you again,” he told her casually.

Several of his brothers chuckled as her eyes went wide with fear. Maddox was not the kind of man to physically harm a woman, even if she was an evil bitch. But he was the type of man who would make her life hell for hurting someone he cared about. And even though he'd just met Brynn, he cared about her. He would get his heart broken for sure, but he was already in too deep to back out.

BRYNN

What in the blue moon was she doing?

The man she'd fantasized about before bed for the last several nights in a row was escorting her out of her job. And he was holding her hand! His massive one dwarfed hers and she wondered what it would feel like to have the palm of his hand on her bottom.

Shuddering, she forced those thoughts away.

The entire day seemed like a blur, and all she really wanted to do was go home, put on a pair of comfy pajamas, slide her pacifier into her mouth, and snuggle with Peaches...or maybe with Maddox Black. What had he meant he'd run into her by pure luck? Had he wanted to run into her? That was silly. He was like Tommy Hilfiger underwear model hot. The ones that strutted around in those tight boxer briefs with a sock stuffed in the front. She would bet her last stuffie that he wouldn't need to stuff a sock in his underwear, though.

The seven men who were following them were just a little more than intimidating. Especially the big hairy one and the bald scowling one she'd seen the first night she'd met Maddox.

"I'm sorry you guys didn't get to have dinner," she said softly, her bottom lip trembling.

Shoot. It was her fault. And by the looks of it, all of the men with Maddox liked to eat. They were all brick houses full of muscles and so many tattoos. In a way, Maddox stuck out from the rest of them. He was wearing

slacks and a button-down shirt, similar to the outfit he'd had on the other night while the other men were wearing jeans and boots.

If it weren't for the sharp lines of a tattoo peeking out of the wrist of Maddox's dress shirt, she wouldn't have known he had tattoos. If only she could see all the ink on his body... She'd sure like to trace those lines. With her tongue.

Stop it! You're being ridiculous and pervy!

"We'll eat later. Your health and safety are more important. Do you need me to carry you? You're limping," Maddox said as he looked down at her.

Before she could answer him, the man had her in his arms bridal-style like she weighed nothing as he continued to walk out of the restaurant and toward a big pickup truck. Wrapping her arm around his neck, she met the eyes of one of the guys who was with him. He was tall, just as tall or maybe even an inch taller than Maddox. His eyes were so dark they looked black, and he looked like someone who might kill people for a living.

"I'm Angel," the man said.

Huh. She wasn't so sure that was a fitting name for him. Then again, if he did kill people for a living, maybe the people thought he was their angel as they were dying.

Without even thinking about it, Brynn turned her face into the crook of Maddox's neck to hide from Angel. Even though he sounded friendly, she didn't know him, and she'd learned a long time ago to keep a wall up.

You don't know Maddox either, dummy, but you're letting him carry you around like a baby.

Well, yeah, that was true. But she felt safe with him. For whatever reason, he seemed like he kept showing up to save her. It had only happened twice, but still.

"It's okay, princess. Angel means well, he's just scary-looking," Maddox murmured into her ear.

Princess. That word caused a shiver to run through her. She really was a princess. Even if it was only when she was at home by herself with her dress-up clothes on.

"You guys go ahead and go eat while I take her over to Tate's. I'll catch up with you later," Maddox said.

She was relieved he was sending the rest of the men away. It wasn't that she thought they would hurt her, but they made her nervous, and when she was nervous, she slipped into Little Space. Not something she wanted to do

around a bunch of strangers. It was bad enough Maddox had seen her sucking her thumb and talking baby talk.

“She’s too little to sit in the front seat without a booster chair,” one of the men barked as Maddox set her down in the passenger seat of his truck.

The man was taller than all the rest of the men and had a full beard. He looked like a beast, but a handsome beast.

Maddox stepped back and studied her and then plucked her up from the seat and opened the back door to set her in the back seat.

“I’m not too little. I’m an adult. I can ride in the front,” she told him, narrowing her eyes.

How embarrassing. He was putting her in the back like she was a child in front of all of his brothers. If she had been in her smaller headspace, she probably would have loved it but she was a grown woman. Kind of.

“I’ll get you a booster seat for next time, princess, but this time you gotta ride in the back for safety,” Maddox said as he casually belted her into the seat.

The man who looked like a beast nodded approvingly, and she couldn’t help but shoot him a glare. The beast just grinned at her. Hmph. Rude.

As they drove through the city, Brynn wasn’t sure what to say to Maddox. He was essentially a stranger and was helping her because he felt bad for her. And yet here she was, fantasizing about him doing dirty things to her like some sort of hussy.

She could hardly believe he’d talked her into seeing a doctor. All the times she’d been to the doctor in the past had been terrible. It didn’t help that she was terrified of needles. Obviously, she wasn’t all that terrified, considering she was willingly letting Maddox take her to get stitches.

“It’s going to be okay, princess. Dr. Tate is very kind and he’s a Daddy. He’s helped my brothers’ Littles with their owwies too,” he told her, glancing back at her in the rearview mirror.

Her eyes widened and she sat forward, staring at the side of his face. His brothers had Littles? Like, as in Littles or actual children?

“He’s helped their kids?” she bravely asked because she was nosey and wanted to know exactly what he’d meant by that. Somehow she already knew the answer but she wanted to just verify.

Maddox chuckled. “No, they don’t have kids. They have Little girls, just like you.”

“They’re Daddies too?”

“Yeah. They’re all Daddies too. My Pop is as well. I guess it runs in the family,” he said, chuckling.

She leaned back against the seat and realized he must have turned on the seat warmer for her because she could feel herself practically melt against the heat.

“Close your eyes, princess. We’ll be there in about ten minutes. You probably need a good, long nap after everything you went through today,” he said.

Instead of arguing, Brynn leaned her head back and she sighed, closing her eyes as he’d told her to do. It was so easy obeying Maddox.

“We’re here,” he said softly.

Opening her eyes, she realized she had actually drifted to sleep, but now the truck was parked in front of what looked like a mansion and Maddox was standing outside with the back door open, waking her up. And then she realized her thumb was lodged in her mouth. Yanking it free from her lips, she stared up at him, wide-eyed, afraid he might get mad she’d done that or make fun of her, but instead, he smiled softly.

“Suck on your thumb as much as you need to, princess. I know it’s comforting for you. Although, a pacifier might be better for your teeth,” he said as he reached in to unbuckle her.

His arm brushed against her nipple, and her body instantly reacted as a shiver ran through her and her nipples beaded against the thin material of her bra. Sucking in a deep breath, she darted her eyes everywhere except his face, not wanting to see the disgust on his expression, knowing she was reacting to him.

“What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Maddox demanded, running his hands over her body.

“What? Hurt me?” she asked in confusion.

“You winced. Did I hurt you? I’m so sorry,” he rushed out, his eyebrows furrowed as he studied her.

Shaking her head, Brynn felt her cheeks heat. What was she supposed to say? You didn’t hurt me, you wrecked my panties when you rubbed against my nipple? Yeah, she couldn’t say that. She would surely die of embarrassment if she did.

“I’m fine. It’s... just my hand. It hurts. Yeah, it’s my hand,” she answered nervously.

His large hand reached out and captured her chin, tilting her face so she

was staring up into his viridescent eyes. Dang, those babies were mesmerizing.

“I know you just lied to me, but I’m going to let it slide for now because we need to get your hand taken care of,” he said with a raised brow.

Instead of saying anything, she nodded and wrapped an arm around his neck as he pulled her from the car and settled her on his hip. It was so strange being carried that way. It made her feel extra small and taken care of, but she also knew she needed to put a stop to it because it would be so easy to get used to being cared for like that.

“I can walk,” she insisted.

“I know,” he replied as he continued carrying her up the walkway to the front door where he rang the doorbell.

Almost instantly, the door opened, and a middle-aged man greeted them.

“Come in, come in. Let’s get this Little one checked out. Knox said she cut her hand on glass?” he asked.

Maddox nodded, and when she started wiggling to get free from his hold, he narrowed his eyes and shook his head. Huh.

“Tate, this is Brynn. Brynn, this is Dr. Tate,” Maddox introduced as he walked into the foyer and finally set her on her feet.

Without thinking, she moved as close to Maddox as she could, practically plastering herself against his side as she peeked up at the doctor.

He was a handsome man with masculine features that would make women swoon, but there was a gentleness in his gaze that made her relax a little.

“It’s nice to meet you, Brynn. Let’s make your hand feel better and then we can see what kind of stickers I have for you being such a brave girl,” he told her.

Her ears automatically perked up at the mention of stickers, and she found herself following the older man, though her uninjured hand was wrapped around Maddox’s index finger. Looking up at him as they walked together, she caught him winking at her with a smile.

She really needed to get it together before she completely fell for this man. That had been her biggest mistake with Collin. He’d come into her life, and in the blink of an eye, she had been completely infatuated with him, allowing him to rule her entire life. And if she were totally honest with herself, she had enjoyed that he’d kind of taken over when they’d first gotten together, but then he’d turned emotionally abusive, guilting her into doing

whatever he wanted. She'd been so blind and stupid, and that couldn't happen again. No. She needed to put some distance between her and the man she felt so drawn to.

Letting out a silent breath, she let go of his finger and continued following Dr. Tate while keeping her eyes forward. In her peripheral vision, she could see Maddox look down at her, but she forced herself not to meet his gaze. She had to stay strong because he was a man who could completely destroy the safety wall she'd built up over the past six months. Daddy or not, she couldn't risk letting a man walk all over her again.

When the doctor opened a door, she expected that she would walk into an exam-like room. White, sterile, and cold. But when she walked through the door and everything in front of her was pink, she gasped.

Looking up at Dr. Tate, she knew her mouth was hanging open, but he just smiled down at her.

"I thought you'd feel more comfortable in here while I fix your hand," he told her.

Brynn looked up at Maddox, who was also smiling down at her, and she felt her resolve slipping away. So much for being a big girl. These two men were helping her to cope with her owwie while in the headspace that made her feel the safest.

"Is this your Little girl's room?" she asked.

"It will be one day. I just haven't found my Little girl yet," Dr. Tate said with a hint of sadness in his voice.

She felt bad for him. It was obvious he was a good man. Kind and thoughtful and definitely good looking. He needed a Little. Too bad she didn't have any Little friends she could fix him up with because she totally would.

"Why don't you show Maddox some things you'd like to play with while I go get everything I need?" the doctor said.

He quickly disappeared, and she suddenly realized she was alone with Maddox and he was standing so close to her, she could smell his cologne. The same cologne she'd been sniffing on her dress from the night they'd met before going to bed each night.

"What's your favorite thing to do in Little Space, princess?" he asked.

She took a moment to look around the beautiful room. Everything was pink and white and all the furniture was oversized. Her eyes landed on the crib that sat in one corner of the room, and she wondered what it would be

like to sleep in a crib. How safe and how Little it would make her feel to be confined until a caretaker got her up. It looked so comfortable and soft. Maybe she needed to save money for a crib of her own.

Yeah, right. It would take you ten years to save enough money for one.

Moving her gaze to another corner of the room, she ran her eyes over what looked like an oversized changing table, complete with a pad on the top of it and a basket of supplies sitting on one corner. She noticed dozens of diapers stacked neatly on the shelves underneath the table. Huh. She'd wondered about diapers before. Had even read books where the Little wore them and wondered if she'd like them. They looked soft and comfy.

Resisting the urge to walk over and run her hands over the diapers, she moved her gaze to where a rack of different bins that were filled with toys sat against the wall.

"I like the dollies over there," she said in a small voice.

It was so easy to fall into Little Space in this room and though she knew she needed to keep a wall between her and Maddox, she also knew she needed him to help her while she got her hand stitched.

"Dollies it is," he replied, pulling several dolls from the bin.

He walked to the center of the room and sat down on the plush carpet with his legs spread.

"Why don't you come sit and we'll play with the dollies while Dr. Tate looks at your hand?" he offered.

Biting her bottom lip, she studied the man that was sitting in the middle of the room in a pair of pressed slacks and a button-down dress shirt who was much too large to be sitting on the floor, and she knew she was totally and completely screwed.

MADDOX

She stood in front of him, hesitating, using her uninjured hand to hold the towels to her cut hand. He couldn't blame her for it, though. He knew he was coming on strong. That was what he did. It was a problem. Once he saw something he liked, he went after it, and it became an obsession for him.

When he was a teenager and his Pop taught him to fight, he practiced non-stop, at all hours of the day and night until Pop would force him to take a break. The same thing happened when he'd had his first girlfriend. He wanted to spend all of his time with her, thought about her constantly, and when he wasn't with her, he would check on her all the time until finally she'd told him he was too much for her to handle. It had broken his vulnerable teenage heart, and even though now he knew she hadn't been the right woman for him, he had never taken a chance on a relationship again.

Once he'd graduated school, he and his brothers had started working in the dark shadows of Seattle, getting vigilante justice for innocent people. During that time, he'd made enough money to buy his club, and of course he'd become obsessed with that. And that had been his entire focus for the last several years. That and his quickly growing family.

But he could see himself being sucked in by Brynn and he didn't know how to control it. He already wanted to be a part of her daily life and make her entire world so much better than it seemed to be. He needed to slow down, though, before he scared her off completely. Damn, it would be hard. She was a Little after all, and seeing all his brothers find their own Littles had

been making Maddox realize just how lonely his world was.

Slowly, Brynn lowered herself to the floor between his legs, keeping a slight distance between them. He resisted the urge to reach out and pull her onto his lap.

“Okay, here we are. Look what I found for my good Little patient,” Tate said as he carried in a tray.

Tate set the tray on the small art table, picked up a juice box and a package of Teddy Grahams, and brought them over to hand to Maddox.

“Thank you,” Maddox said as he took the items.

Brynn studied the snacks with interest, and he quickly worked to put the straw into the juice box. Holding it up to her mouth, he waited, hoping she would let him hold it for her. To his disappointment, she reached out and took the juice box.

“Okay, Brynn, I need to examine at your hand and clean it so I can look really close to make sure there’s no glass still in there. Can you be a brave girl and hold out your hand for me?” Tate asked.

She raised her gaze to Maddox and he noticed how terrified she looked. It made his chest ache. Lifting his arms, he took a chance and picked her up under her armpits, pulling her so she was sitting on his lap with her back against his front.

“You can do it. I’m right here with you. Let’s figure out what we should name the dollies while he looks at your owwie,” he whispered into her ear.

He was pleased when she relaxed against him and gave a slight nod before extending her trembling hand to Tate. As soon as the doctor took her hand in his and started examining her, Maddox picked up one of the dolls.

“I think this one looks like a Stan,” he said.

Brynn giggled and his heart felt as though it was going to explode.

“You can’t name her Stan. Stan is a boy’s name. That’s silly,” she said through her fit of giggles.

Chuckling, he handed her the doll.

“What do you think we should name her? Steve? Oh, I know, George,” he said, snapping his fingers.

She burst out into another fit of giggles and he was thrilled that she hadn’t even flinched when Tate started cleaning her wound.

“You’re so silly. You should never name any dollies. They would hate their names,” she told him as she inspected the baby doll.

Shrugging his shoulders, Maddox chuckled. “I’m a terrible namer. I guess

you have to pick names for these cute little dolls.”

He watched as she studied both of the dolls closely, turning them over in her hands to look at their outfits.

“This one is Ruth and this one is Fiona,” she finally said, holding each one up as she declared their names.

“Perfect names,” Tate spoke up.

Maddox and Brynn both looked up at the doctor.

“All done,” he added.

Bringing her injured hand close to her, they both looked at it all wrapped up in bandages and then looked back at Tate.

“I was able to use glue instead of thread stitches. She needs to not use that hand for a few days. Meaning no work for at least that long. If you return to work within the next week, that hand needs to be bandaged to keep bacteria out. You can take this one off tomorrow as long as you’re careful with your hand. The glue stitches are waterproof but if you flex your hand too much, it can split the cut open again.

“You’re a lucky Little girl. It could have been much worse. Next time something falls and breaks, wait for help to pick it up. Deal?” Tate asked her with a raised brow.

Her head bobbed slowly as she continued to stare at her hand. “I have a second job though. I’m not sure they will give me time off. If I wear a glove over it, would that work?”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Maddox looked down at her. “Where else do you work?”

“Uh, the diner over on tenth,” she answered quietly, her eyes seemingly avoiding his.

She was working two jobs? That was too much for a little thing like her. She needed to be coddled. Put down for naps and never have to worry about money or work if she didn’t want to. When she wouldn’t meet his eyes, he sighed and looked at Tate.

“Thanks, Doc. I owe you,” Maddox said as he helped her to her feet.

“You don’t owe me. I’ll forever be in your and your brothers’ debt,” Tate replied as he slapped Maddox on the back.

He noticed Brynn looking up at both of them in confusion but he wasn’t going to explain why Tate owed them. They didn’t know each other well enough for that kind of conversation.

When they were back out in his truck, Maddox turned to look at her in the

back seat.

“You need someone to take care of you for the next week,” he told her.

Her pale blue eyes studied him for a long moment before shaking her head. “I’ll be fine. I can do stuff one-handed. Besides, if I’m not going to be working, it will be easy not to use my hurt hand.”

He wanted to argue. He wanted to tell her he would take care of her. That she could come stay with him and she wouldn’t have to lift a finger, but they were still strangers and even though she tried to hide it, she had a protective wall up around her. A wall he wanted to break down and make sure she never felt the need to protect herself again because that would be his job.

“Do you have someone who can come check on you each day at least?” he asked.

The moment he asked the question, he knew her answer would be a lie. Her eyes told him the truth but her mouth told him the lie. “Yeah. Sure. I’ll call a friend.”

Frowning, he turned back around to face the steering wheel, feeling like he’d hit a brick wall. She wasn’t his. He couldn’t demand her obedience or her honesty. And if she were his, her butt would be red for lying to him. “What’s your address?” he finally asked.

She hesitated for a moment before she rattled off the address, and he immediately felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. He knew that area of the city. He knew it all too well, and even he wouldn’t walk around those streets unarmed.

Fuck. What the hell could he do? Not a goddamn thing, that’s what.

Well, that wasn’t totally true.

As he drove toward her apartment, Maddox began formulating a plan in his mind that would at least help him sleep at night. Even if it did make him a total fucking stalker.

When he pulled up to the address she gave him, he ground his teeth together to stop himself from demanding she come home with him.

“This is your place?” he finally asked.

Looking at her in the rearview mirror, he mentally kicked himself for his tone when he saw her wince and lower her eyes to her hands. She was ashamed, and he’d made her feel that way. Fuck.

“Yep,” she answered as she opened the back door.

Jumping out of the truck, he jogged around the front and got to her in time to help her down.

“Thanks, Maddox. For everything. Sorry you got stuck taking care of me today. I can’t really repay you,” she said, her eyes focused on his chest instead of looking up at him.

Reaching out, he cupped her chin, so she had to look at him. “I don’t want repayment. I helped you because I wanted to. Because I like you and taking care of you makes me feel good. I’d like to spend more time with you, Princess.”

She took a step back so he wasn’t touching her any longer and lowered her gaze again. He hated when she did that. Was she scared of him?

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. Thank you again,” she said before she turned, walked up her steps, and unlocked the front door to let herself in.

It crushed his soul to watch her walk away from him, but even though she’d just rejected him, he knew that Little girl needed a Daddy. Someone who would take care of her and put her needs first, and he was that person. He just had to figure out how to convince her without scaring her away.

Pulling his wallet from his pocket, Maddox pulled out a business card and rushed up to the front door before she could close him out.

“Brynn! Take this. If you need anything, call me. Day or night. Okay?”

She stared at the card he held out for a long moment before she reached out and took it from him.

“Okay,” she whispered.

Nodding, he backed away from the door. “Make sure to lock up.”

Brynn offered him a small smile and closed the door. He stood and waited until he heard the deadbolt engage before he went to his truck and headed toward his house.

What a fucking day.

As soon as he pulled into his driveway, he saw Angel walking out of his house toward him.

“Hey, brother. Is Brynn okay?” Angel asked.

He wasn’t in the mood to talk to anyone right then. Instead, he wanted to go inside, have a drink and lick his wounds, but maybe if he told Angel, his brother would tell the rest of the family, and then he wouldn’t have to answer a bunch of questions. Although he suspected all the Littles in the family would be asking questions. They were nosy like that, and they wanted to befriend every Little they could.

“Yeah. She’s fine. I just dropped her off at her house. On Belmont,” he replied.

Instant recognition hit Angel's face, and Maddox knew his brother would understand. That area of town was where they'd both sold drugs as young teens. They knew how dirty and dangerous it was, especially for a single female. The thought of her in that run-down apartment all by herself made him want to punch something.

"And you just dropped her off? What the fuck? Have you lost your mind?" Angel demanded, his dark eyes almost black.

Narrowing his eyes at his brother, Maddox nearly swung at him, but at the last second restrained himself.

"You think I wanted to fucking leave her? She didn't want me there. I offered to take care of her. I couldn't force myself into her damn house."

Angel was silent for a long moment before he cleared his throat. "So what are you going to do?"

"What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going to take care of her and keep her safe from a distance. Now either get on board or get off my ass," he snapped.

Holding his hands up in defeat, Angel nodded. "What do you need me to do?"

BRYNN

What had she done?

Walking away from the sweetest, most intense, hottest man she'd ever met? How ridiculous was that? Like, how could she give up a chance like that?

Collin McCormick. That's how she gave up the chance. Collin had been hot at one time. Intense. Sweet. All the things Maddox was, but he'd quickly turned into an abusive asshole who only cared about himself, his money, and his gang. How the hell had she not seen that he was not only a gang member when they'd first met, but the leader of that gang? She must have been blind. They often say love is blind. Apparently that was true.

Changing from her work clothes into her pajamas with one hand proved to be much more of a task than she'd expected. By the time she had a nightie and a pair of high-waisted cotton panties on, she was out of breath and covered in a fine sheen of sweat.

Her phone beeped with a text message and when she sat down on the edge of her bed to look at it, she could hardly believe what she'd read in the message from her boss at the diner.

Take the next three weeks off paid. Heard about your hand. Let me know if you need anything.

What? How the heck had her boss at the other restaurant heard about her hand? And offering her three weeks off paid? The boss at that restaurant was even cheaper than the owner of Franko's.

Maddox.

How was he able to get her bosses to agree to pay her for three weeks? Was he some sort of mobster? Maybe he was. He was covered in tattoos and seemed to have a lot of money and connections. So it really was a good thing she'd given up her chance with him. She couldn't get involved with another gangster. She'd seen how that kind of life went. No, thank you. Being considered a possession by someone was not something she wanted to experience again. If she were going to fall for someone, she wanted it to be real and raw and unlike anything she'd ever experienced before.

Picking up the business card he'd handed her, she stared at it for a long time, debating on calling him to ask how he got her bosses to agree to give her paid time off. But then if she talked to him, she would ache to talk to him again and then she would go love blind.

Stuffing the card back into her purse, she flopped back onto her bed and sighed. What was she going to do for the next three weeks without having a job to go to? She was completely, one hundred percent free to do whatever she wanted.

A slow smile spread across her face. Three weeks submersed in Little Space sounded like heaven, and even though she could only use one hand, she could make it work.

Letting out a squeal of excitement, she sat up and grabbed Peaches, hugging her to her chest.

"You hear that, Peaches? We get to play as much as we want for a while!"

Even though Peaches never responded, Brynn was pretty sure the bear smiled back at her.

Letting out a deep sigh, she stretched her body as she woke up from one of the most peaceful night's sleep she'd had in years. The only thing missing was the man she'd been dreaming about all night long.

She was pretty sure the reason she slept so well was because he had been in her dreams all night, and it had truly felt as though he'd been there with her, but the other part of it was that she wasn't stressed about having to go to work the next day. No alarm, no having to worry about making it to work on

time or the bus schedule or any of the things she constantly stressed about.

If the urge to use the bathroom wasn't so strong, she would have stayed in bed a lot longer. After pushing herself to standing, she padded to the bathroom and awkwardly used the toilet. It was more of a challenge than she'd expected, but then again, the cut was on her dominant hand and learning to use her non-dominant one wasn't easy.

When she was finished in the bathroom, Brynn went into the living room and looked around, feeling excited for the day ahead. Maybe she would drag all of her toys out into the open and make a mess for once. Maybe she wouldn't worry about cleaning up after herself because there was no one there to get angry with her for not doing it.

Well, maybe that was too big of a step. But perhaps she could neatly set her toys out in the living room in the corresponding bins.

The thought of her bins made her think about the beautiful nursery she'd been in just a day before. That crib. It was so gorgeous, and it had been in her dreams. Maddox had been tucking her in for a nap, standing over her with a look of adoration on his face. Whatever Little ended up getting to claim that room as her own would be a very lucky woman.

Letting out a sigh, she went to the kitchen, grabbed a box of her favorite sugary cereal, carried it back to the living room with her, and sat down on the couch, cross-legged. Dry cereal and cartoons. The perfect morning. The only thing missing was a sippy cup of milk.

Cartoons were her favorite. Sitting on the couch with Peaches nestled up with her while eating dry cereal. It was like a dream come true. It was something she didn't ever get to do when she was constantly working double shifts. The only thing that was missing was the ridiculously hot guy she'd been fantasizing about.

She still couldn't believe he was the one who saved her after she'd cut her hand. Her mind slipped from Little Space as she wondered about him. What was with that guy? Was he some kind of mafia guy or a gangster? She didn't know, but he was definitely something she hadn't expected. He was soft and gentle, but he was also very intense and demanding, and his brothers were something she did not want to mess with. They were terrifying.

She was kind of upset with herself that she hadn't taken him up on his offer to take care of her because what an amazing time that would be, having him fussing over her. She knew if he took care of her for even a day, though, she would fall so hard. And she couldn't do that again. Collin had fucked up

her entire world. She'd learned as a child not to trust anyone, and when she'd finally given her trust to Collin, he'd stomped all over her heart and spirit. No, depending on anyone was definitely a bad idea.

She never understood how someone could be so loving in the beginning and then completely turn into a whole other person. He'd begun treating her like property he didn't give two shits about unless he wanted something. She was just someone he could treat like crap and use for his benefit. No, she didn't want that again. That had been a hard lesson. It had been a lesson that lasted years, and she promised herself she would never go through something like that again.

Focusing on the TV, she wiped her mind free of thoughts of Collin and Maddox and just enjoyed the cartoons on the screen. It was so fun to submerge herself in that headspace. It wasn't something she'd ever been able to do freely when she'd first discovered she was a Little. She had been with Collin, and when she'd told Collin she thought she was Little and tried to discuss it with him, it had turned out horribly.

After that, she'd had to hide her Little from him. For years she'd been afraid of what he might do or say. The few times he'd actually caught her in Little Space, she'd been subjected to days and days of being screamed at, put down, belittled and sometimes physically abused. She couldn't go through that again, so she'd decided she would be Little by herself. And that was okay. She enjoyed it. But the thought of having someone like Maddox taking care of her, tending to her needs, was definitely something that made her feel a longing inside she hadn't felt in a long time.

The sound of her doorbell ringing caught her off guard, and she realized she had been completely spacing out. She looked down at herself in her Little nightie. She couldn't answer the door like that, and who the heck would be knocking anyway? Maybe they'd go away when she didn't answer. Whoever it was surely didn't need to talk to her. She didn't know anyone that would come to her house, and the only person who knew where she lived was her coworker. Oh yeah, and Maddox. But he wouldn't show up. Right? Her heart started pounding in her chest. Was that excitement she felt?

After several seconds, the doorbell rang again. Getting up ever so slowly, she crept to the door, trying to be as quiet as she could, not wanting whoever it was to know she was there. Standing on her tiptoes, Brynn peeked out of the peephole, and what she saw on her doorstep made her furrow her eyebrows. It was two delivery people with an enormous looking piece of

furniture. They must have had the wrong house.

She opened the door just a crack so they could only see her face.

“Hi, are you Brynn?” one of the men asked.

“Uh, y-yes,” she answered.

“We have a delivery for you from Maddox Black.”

Opening the door farther, she narrowed her eyes and put her uninjured hand on her hip. “A delivery? What are you talking about? I didn't ask for a delivery.” She was so confused.

“Maddox Black asked for the delivery and instructed us to set it up for you. Would you like to call him?” one of the men asked.

Brynn peeked around him to see what exactly it was that he was standing in front of and gasped when she realized what it was. It was a large box with the picture of a crib on the side of it. It looked so similar to the crib she'd seen at Doctor Tate's house that she couldn't believe her eyes. Why would Maddox send her a crib? That was crazy.

She stared up at the two men who were staring back at her, waiting silently for her answer. What was she supposed to say? Could she send it back? But it looked so pretty even from the picture on the box.

“Why did he send this?” she asked.

The two men stared back at her with blank expressions on their faces.

“Ma'am, we don't know. We're just the delivery men. Do you want us to deliver this or not?” the first man asked.

She really didn't like his attitude. How rude.

Looking at the crib again, she knew she couldn't turn it down. It was perfect. The most perfect crib that she would have wanted if she had dreamed it up herself.

Why would he send her a crib though? Letting out a sigh, she nodded and opened the door a little bit farther.

“Yes, you can set it up. Go ahead and set it up in the living room, I guess. I don't think it would fit in my bedroom. I have too many things I would have to move around first,” she told them.

The men didn't blink an eye at her outfit or the fact that she still had Peaches clutched to her chest. Thankfully, they didn't seem to care.

The second man smiled at her. “We can move stuff around in your bedroom if you'd like to make room for this. Mr. Black told us to set it up wherever you would like and move furniture as necessary to make it so that it was placed exactly where you want it.”

Mr. Black. Huh. Was he some kind of boss that everyone just did whatever he told them to do?

“Oh well, I would really like it in my bedroom, but I have dressers in the way,” she said quietly.

Both men nodded, leaving the crib, they stepped inside.

“No problem, ma'am. We can take care of that. You just tell us where you want everything, and we'll move it wherever you want,” the second man said.

She liked him. He was much nicer than the first guy. Minutes later, there was so much room in her bedroom she couldn't believe it. It was interesting watching the two men who had endless muscles moving stuff around without even wasting a breath. She would have died of exertion.

After the dressers were moved around, they left the room and returned with the large box and then left and returned with two huge clear containers full of pretty-looking bedding and stuffed animals.

“It will take us about a half an hour to set it up. You can go relax if you'd like, and we'll come find you when it's done,” the nice one said.

Nodding, she disappeared into her living room and waited—extremely impatiently—until the man came out and told her she could come see. She could hardly believe her eyes as she stared at both her queen-sized bed and the beautiful crib in her bedroom. It didn't leave a ton of room in her bedroom, but it didn't matter. It was perfect.

She would have her queen size bed for when she felt big and her crib for when she felt Little. Although, most nights at bedtime she never felt big. It seemed that the later the day got, the more Little she felt.

Maybe she should just get rid of the queen-sized bed. But then again, how could she keep this crib? It had to have cost a fortune. And why did he send it to her in the first place? She had made it clear to him that she was not interested in anything more, and if she accepted it then that would make it so he thought she wanted something, or did he expect something from her by giving it to her?

No, she couldn't take that chance. She didn't want to owe him anything. She would just have to call him and tell him to come take it back. She couldn't do that yet though. She wanted to lie in it at least once and to feel what it would be like to be confined by the four slotted walls like a Little girl.

She couldn't imagine anything that would make her feel any smaller.

“All right, ma'am. You're all set. Is there anything else we can do for you while we're here?” the second man asked.

She looked at him and furrowed her brows in confusion. What else would she have them do? They were just there to deliver a crib, weren't they? "No, there's nothing else I need you to do. Thank you so much. I'm so sorry, but I don't have any money to tip you. I wasn't expecting this."

The nicer man held up his hands. "No problem. Mr. Black already took care of the tip. We hope you have a good day, ma'am."

She was really glad they were leaving because being called ma'am was grating on her nerves. She was much too young to be called that.

As soon as the men left, Brynn ran right into her bedroom and stared at the crib. It was so gorgeous. There were ruffled blankets and several pillows making it look so inviting. In the corner, there was a big stuffed unicorn with a small envelope pinned to it. With trembling hands, she reached out and unpinned it. For whatever reason, Maddox Black seemed to have a thing for her, and she didn't know how to feel about that. She would definitely have to return the crib, but not for a while. Her hands shook as she opened the letter. On the inside, in male handwriting, it read.

Princess Brynn, I noticed you were looking at the crib at Tate's house, and I thought you needed something even more beautiful than the one in his room. I hope it makes you feel safe and secure. – Maddox

Setting the note down on the crib, she stared at it for a long time unsure of what to do. She so badly wanted to just jump into the crib and arrange all of her stuffies on it and then snuggle up and take a nap. Letting out a sigh, her shoulders sagged. She'd already liked the man and then he went and sent her this.

After returning to the kitchen, she grabbed a glass of water and took several drinks at the sink while staring at the wall, lost in her thoughts. Should she call him and thank him? Should she call him and yell at him, or should she call him and tell him to come get it? She really wasn't sure.

It thrilled her that he'd thought of her and noticed how much she'd loved the crib. She had never said anything about it out loud. She had just looked at it for a long time when she'd been at the doctor's house and, somehow, he'd noticed. It seemed like he'd noticed everything about her.

Even when she had been with Collin, he hadn't been that vigilant. He had called her pretty and said nice things, but he had never really seen her or noticed the things she loved. It seemed like the things he'd given her were the things that he thought she *should* love.

Brynn set the glass down and walked back into her room. She couldn't

help herself. As she climbed into the crib, she couldn't believe how soft the mattress was. It was absolute heaven, and as soon as she grabbed the unicorn, she could smell Maddox's cologne all over it. Had he personally picked out the toy? She suspected he had. It seemed like he would be the type of Daddy who would be very hands-on and want to do everything himself.

Taking in a deep breath, she sighed contentedly and closed her eyes, quickly drifting off to sleep.

MADDOX

Yes, he had sent her an expensive crib in hopes she would reach out to him and take him up on letting him take care of her. Was he probably crazy for thinking such a thing? Absolutely. But she called to his Daddy side in a way no other woman ever had. And while he'd sworn off relationships over the years, he also just hadn't met anyone who had made him want one.

Casual flings had gotten him by. He'd even had some casual ongoing age-play relationships but they were never emotional relationships. He gave the Little what she needed from a Daddy while he got his Daddy side fulfilled and had some hot sex along with it. It had been beneficial for both parties, but it had been a while since he'd had any of those encounters. The last one had kind of put him off from hooking up with anyone else. She'd gotten upset when he'd wanted to stick to their casual agreement, and somehow he'd ended up with three slashed tires one night.

Now, the only thing he could think about was Brynn. What her favorite cartoon was or her favorite color or what she loved to eat. His mind was constantly wondering about her. And while he had been wondering about her, he had also driven by her crappy little apartment a couple of times—okay maybe more like seven or eight times—just to feel close to her and to make sure she was all right. Not that he really needed to. A bodyguard had been sitting by her house since he'd dropped her off there. Maddox didn't trust that neighborhood, and he didn't like her living there by herself. He also hadn't been able to find out the identity of her ex-boyfriend, and he worried about

the shitbag going to her house.

“Are we sparring or are we staring off into space? Come on, dipshit, get your mind in the ring,” Beau said, throwing a punch into his shoulder.

Shaking thoughts of Brynn out of his mind the best he could, he pulled his arm back and swung on his brother, hitting him in the jaw. A moment of surprise crossed Beau’s face before he schooled his expression and they both started throwing punches back and forth. It was their therapy. It had been the only therapy Maddox had agreed to when Pop and Ma had taken him in. Talking to a therapist had done nothing to keep his inner demons at bay, but kicking the shit out of one of his brothers? Yeah, that was the best therapy in his opinion.

All of the men knew how to fight and while a few of them were stronger with their technique, all of them could be lethally dangerous in a fight. When they sparred together, though, it was their way of bonding and growing closer as a family as well as learning how to be in sync with each other when they were working on the jobs that required them to hurt bad people.

Both men were sweating and out of breath by the time they called it quits. It was an amazing feeling and he loved the euphoric high after a good workout. But as soon as his arms stopped, his mind went back to Brynn, and Beau, being the observant motherfucker he was, didn’t hold back his questions.

“Have you talked to her since you dropped her off?” he asked.

Using a towel, Maddox wiped the sweat from his face and shook his head. “No. I had a gift delivered to her yesterday, but I haven’t heard from her.”

Beau groaned. “What did you have delivered? Please don’t tell me you bought her a car.”

His family knew him too well. When it came to a woman he had feelings for, he would give her anything to make her feel happy and safe. Hmm, maybe he should buy her a car so she wouldn’t ride the bus anymore. Not that he planned to let that happen anyway.

“No. I sent her a crib. She saw the one in Tate’s nursery when we went to his house and she couldn’t seem to stop staring at it. I swear, every chance she got she was peeking at it again. So I bought her one that was even more beautiful and had it delivered.”

His brother stared at him in disbelief. “Are you even sure she’s a Little? What if you totally freaked her out?”

Shooting Beau an exasperated look, Maddox picked up his phone and checked to make sure he hadn't missed any calls or messages from her. Not that he would have because he had the sound turned up high so he would have heard if something came through.

"Yes, I'm sure. She was sucking her thumb and talking baby talk when I went into the bathroom to help her, and then when we were in the nursery, she was playing with dolls. She's definitely a Little. I think she's a very young Little actually. And that makes me hate her being alone even more. She might need more care than the other Littles in our family," he told him.

Beau seemed to think about that, a look of concern spreading across his face.

"Maybe you need to go over there and check on her. If she is as Little as you think, she may not be taking care of herself well while she's hurt," Beau replied.

He stared at his brother for a long moment. Beau wasn't usually one to suggest something like that but, then again, when it came to the health and happiness of a sweet Little girl, he guessed all of them were pretty overprotective.

"I don't want to push too hard. I asked her if I could take care of her for at least this week while her hand was wrapped up but she said no."

"Yet, you sent her a crib," Beau said with a smirk.

Shrugging his shoulders, Maddox rubbed his forehead. "I thought she'd at least text me or something to tell me she got it and that would open up the lines of communication. I don't have her phone number."

Beau reached out, snatched Maddox's phone from his hands, and started tapping on the screen before he held it up to his ear.

"Colt, it's Beau. Can you track down Brynn's phone number for Maddox? We'll text you her address."

Mentally kicking himself, Maddox cursed himself for not thinking of that.

"Uh-huh. Yeah, I know. He's a dumbass. Okay, love you too, bro," Beau said into the phone before pulling it away from his ear.

"Dude, did you just call me a dumbass?" Maddox asked.

Handing the phone back to him, Beau shrugged. "If the shoe fits. Send Colt her address. Where does she live anyway?"

Maddox sent the text to Colt and then answered Beau's question.

Beau's eyes practically bugged out of his head. "Jesus, fuck! You let her go home by herself there? Even I wouldn't walk around that neighborhood

unarmed.”

“What stupid shit did Maddox do?” Hawk asked as he walked up to them.

“His girl, the one from the restaurant, she fucking lives in the slummiest part of Seattle and he just dropped her off and left her,” Beau said in disbelief.

Okay, Maddox was ready to throw a punch at his brother. A really fucking hard one too.

“I’ve had a bodyguard sitting on her house since I dropped her off, fucker,” Maddox snapped.

Beau smirked at him while Hawk stared at the both of them with a look on his face like he’d wished he hadn’t walked in on their conversation.

“She needs security cameras set up around her place but I can’t exactly just send people over there to install them. She rents the place,” he told them.

His brothers both seemed to think about that, and to his surprise, Hawk spoke up. “Contact her landlord and make him an offer he can’t refuse. Use your pretty boy charm on him.”

As much as it annoyed the hell out of him when his brothers called him a pretty boy just because he was the only one who wore suits out of all of them, what Hawk said was perfect. He grinned at Hawk. “You know, for an ugly motherfucker, you aren’t all that dumb.”

Hawk rolled his eyes and scoffed, grumbling under his breath about smashing heads together, but Maddox was too distracted by the sound of his phone. Picking up the device, he read the message from Colt.

Colt: *Here’s her phone number. Not a safe part of town. Hope she doesn’t live alone.*

For fuck’s sake. Sometimes his brothers could be a bunch of annoying bastards.

On his way home from the gym, he checked in with the security company he was using to keep an eye on Brynn’s house. As they had since they’d started, they informed him that no one had come or gone from her place. It bothered him that she didn’t seem to have any friends or family coming to check on her. He didn’t like that. She should have a whole slew of people who cared about her wanting to help.

Resisting the urge to send her a text as soon as he walked into the house, Maddox went upstairs and stripped off his gym clothes. Turning on the taps, he waited for the water to heat up before stepping under the spray of water pulsating onto his shoulders.

In the week since he'd first met Brynn, he'd stroked his cock more times than he could count but it didn't seem to help. Every second she was on his mind, his cock was hard. Reaching down, he ran his hand over his shaft. Closing his eyes, he slowly stroked his cock as he pictured her on her knees in front of him letting him fuck her perfect little mouth. He wanted to hear the sounds of her whimpers and groaned as his seed shot into the water when he thought about watching her gag on his cock as she stared up at him. Yeah, she was just fucking perfect. He just hoped he could show her that he was the Daddy she needed.

Once he was clean, he turned off the shower and wrapped a towel around his waist, unable to wait another minute before sending her a message.

Maddox: *How's your hand, Princess?*

He stared at the screen, hoping to see the bubble of dots appear but when they didn't, he sighed and threw his phone onto the bed.

She probably thinks you're crazy and is already working on a restraining order.

After toweling himself off, he tossed the towel into the hamper and got dressed. Maybe he should go over to one of his brothers' houses and visit with them and their Littles. Being around the Littles would at least make him feel happy. They always made him feel happy. Even when they were being the sneaky little brats they could sometimes be.

Just as he was pulling on his socks, his phone pinged.

Brynn: *It's a challenge doing everything one-handed.*

Brynn: *How did you get my phone number?*

Brynn: *The crib... It's beautiful but I can't accept it.*

Frowning down at his phone, he started to type a response but stopped and hit the call button instead. After three rings, she finally picked up.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Princess."

"Hi," she replied in her Little voice that absolutely shook him to the core.

"Do you like the crib?" he asked.

He heard her let out a sigh before she spoke. "It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen but it's too much, Maddox."

“Well, I guess it’s a good thing I only asked if you liked it and not if it was too much. Now, how’s your hand? What are you struggling with?”

She giggled. “Oh, pretty much everything. Do you know how hard it is to use utensils with a hand you aren’t used to using? I made a mess of my applesauce.”

This time he chuckled. “Maybe you should have worn a bib. Or better yet, let me come help you. I have two working hands, you know?”

“Thank you. I’ll be okay, though.”

He could hear the wavering in her voice. She’d been hurt before and she was afraid to let him in. Afraid to let him help her. But why? What was it exactly that she was so afraid of?

Wanting to keep the conversation going, he changed the subject.

“Have you slept in the crib?”

When she didn’t answer him right away, he worried she’d hung up, but then he heard her breathing through the phone.

“Yes. I have. I couldn’t resist,” she said softly.

A smile tugged at his lips and he loved knowing she hadn’t just left it untouched. If only he could have been the one tucking her into bed.

“I’m glad you couldn’t resist. It’s the perfect bed for you. I hope it makes you feel safe and cozy.”

“I can’t keep it, though, Maddox. I... I...”

“I’ll tell you what, Princess. Use it for as long as you want and we will revisit the conversation another time, okay? For now, it’s all yours to use and play in. Deal?”

She let out a long, dramatic sigh that had him grinning from ear to ear.

“Okay,” she finally said.

“Thank you. I like knowing you’re enjoying it,” he replied as he sat down on the edge of his bed. “Have any of your friends or family come to help you?”

“Uh,” she said.

“And please remember that I don’t like being lied to, Little girl,” he added firmly.

This time when she let out a sigh, she sounded defeated, and he hated that. Why weren’t her loved ones coming to help her? Surely she had friends. She’d said she’d gone to Shadows with one of her friends that night. Although he really didn’t like that her friend had left her alone in the club.

“I don’t really have anyone,” she said so quietly he almost didn’t hear.

It was loud enough to break his heart though, and all he could think about was how much she needed people to love her. And he knew just the people. He'd just have to convince her that she wanted him first.

BRYNN

God. His voice was like honey on a sore throat. Thick and soothing with a touch of sweetness. And she'd be lying to herself if she said she hadn't been excited when he'd texted her. Although she had no idea how he got her phone number. It didn't really matter anyway. She suspected Maddox Black was a man with resources and could get whatever information he wanted.

Talking to him... just wow. He made her feel so Little and they were having a mostly normal conversation. Well, okay, maybe not normal, especially since he'd suggested she wear a bib when eating but still. It felt normal to her.

She hated that she admitted to him that she had no one, though. How pathetic did that sound? Obviously he was a man who had tons of people in his life, and then there was her, who not one single person had checked on since she hadn't been at work. Not even Laura. Maddox was the first person she'd heard from.

"I'm sending you some dinner tonight. Make sure you check the peephole before answering your door, understood?" he asked

Wait. What? Why was he sending her dinner? Why was he sending her anything at all? He was obviously a well-off hottie who could have any woman he wanted so why was he being so nice to her? She didn't understand.

"Oh, you don't have to do that. I can make something," she said quickly.

"Little girls shouldn't have to cook for themselves. Especially one-handed. It's not safe. Pizza should be easy enough to eat with either hand."

Her tummy grumbled at the mention of pizza. It was her absolute favorite food but yet she couldn't remember the last time she'd had pizza other than the cheap frozen pizzas she bought from the grocery store when they were on sale.

It was amazing how just that comment made her slide into Little Space and feel so small. Collin had never said things like that to her before, so really, other than by herself, no one else had ever helped her fall into that headspace. But it seemed like every encounter she had with Maddox caused it and it felt different than when she was in it by herself. It felt better. More exciting. More everything.

What would it be like if he were there with her for dinner? Would she still feel Little? Or would it feel weird? Would he judge how crappy her apartment was? His disapproval had been obvious in his voice when he'd dropped her off the other night but it wasn't the best part of town either.

"I can't eat a whole pizza by myself. Do you, um... do you want to come eat with me?" she asked.

Shit! Had she seriously invited him over? What was she thinking?

"I mean, you don't have to. It's just so thoughtful of you to send me dinner. I can put the leftovers in the fridge," she said quickly.

Maddox chuckled. "Brynn."

"Yeah?"

"I'd love to come eat with you. I'll be over in an hour. Sound good?"

Oh, god. Oh, god. Oh, god. Maddox Black was coming to her house. Shit! She needed to clean up.

"Yep, sounds great," she replied, looking around to see what she needed to get done in that hour.

"Okay. Don't answer your door without checking that it's me first," he said firmly.

"Okay. Bye!" she said, leaping off the couch to get to work putting all of her toys away.

She'd dragged out all of her bins and set them neatly in the small living room against the wall but now she didn't want them out for him to see. It was one thing for him to know she was a Little but it was another for him to see all her toys.

"Eeeek! What the heck was I thinking, Peaches?" she squealed as she frantically looked around to make sure she wasn't missing anything.

After cleaning up all of her visible Little items, Brynn went into her

bedroom and one handedly pulled off her Bubble Guppies nightgown that she'd gotten from a thrift store out of the kids section for only four dollars. She searched through her closet for something more appropriate to wear. Being so small, she was often able to shop in the kids section which was awesome for finding cheap clothes that made her feel Little.

Settling on a pair of bright yellow leggings and a light pink oversized knit sweater, she quickly got dressed and then went into the bathroom.

"Ugh! My hair is a rat's nest. Shoot," she said to her reflection.

Tugging the ponytail holder out of her hair, she did her best to put it back up in a messy bun on the top of her head, hoping it would give off the boho chic vibe instead of the I-haven't-washed-or-brushed-my-hair-in-a-week vibe.

Just as she finished flicking a thin layer of mascara onto her eyelashes, the doorbell rang and every single butterfly in the entire world felt like it was waking up in her tummy.

"Shit, shit, shit," she murmured as she made her way to the front door. "Be cool, Brynn. It's just dinner. Don't fall for him. He's being nice because he's a nice guy but don't fall for him."

Standing on her tiptoes, she peeked out of the peephole to make sure it was him like he'd told her to, and doing just that small task as instructed made her feel like such an obedient Little girl. After unlocking the deadbolt, she opened the door and practically gasped when she saw him standing on her doorstep in clothes that were made for his body.

Muscles and tattoos everywhere as he held the pizza box in one hand and a paper bag in the other. Looking him up and down, she felt her panties dampen. His jeans hugged his sculpted thighs, and the navy blue T-shirt he was wearing was tight enough to show just how buff he was. And his tattoos. They seemed to go on for days. Her mouth was watering and it wasn't the delicious smell of the food causing it.

Realizing she'd been gawking at him for a bit too long, she smiled sheepishly. "Hi. Uh, come in."

He smiled down at her, and she could have sworn his eyes twinkled when he did that. She was definitely blushing, and there was nothing she could do about it. He was just so...wow. As he stepped into her tiny entryway, he towered over her, making her feel extremely small compared to him. Then again he had carried her around like she'd weighed nothing.

"Oh, I can take that," she said, reaching for the pizza.

Maddox just shook his head. “Not a chance, Princess. Your hand is hurt. I’ll set it in the kitchen. Besides, since I’m here, I get to take care of you for the night. At least as much as you’ll let me.”

Her entire body heated at that thought. Him taking care of her could mean so many things. It could be as simple as bringing her dinner or as hot as him fucking her until she lost her voice from screaming. Either one sounded pretty good to her right then.

Keep it cool. Don’t fall for him. He’s just a friend. Just a friend.

Uh, huh. Yeah. Even she knew she was talking out of her ass to herself. Maddox cleared his throat, and she realized they were still standing by the front door.

“Come in. Make yourself comfortable. I have, uh, I have juice if you want some, or water. I might have some cheap wine,” she offered.

He followed her to the kitchen and set the box and bag down on the counter and then turned toward her with a gentle smile on his face.

“Brynn,” he said.

“Hmm?”

“Relax. Breathe. Good girl. I’m just here to have dinner with you and spend some time with you if you’ll let me. Okay? Nothing will ever happen without you wanting it to happen. Understood?”

She understood and she believed him. Something about him made her feel safe but the problem was, she wasn’t sure what she wanted or didn’t want and that was confusing the hell out of her.

Nodding, she offered him a smile. She really liked when he’d called her good girl. Maybe yellow pants were a bad idea. She wasn’t sure if yellow would hide the wetness down there or not.

“I understand,” she murmured.

“Good girl,” he crooned.

Shit. She was really fucked. Her pussy was practically a sopping mess, and he’d only just walked in the door. Could he smell her arousal? She was pretty sure she could smell it. Thankfully he seemed to take the lead, and she didn’t have time to think about it much longer.

“Why don’t you go sit down and let me get us all situated to eat. Deal?”

She knew it was more of a command than a question but she appreciated that he made her feel as though she had a choice. And really, she did have a choice, but it was obvious he wanted her to obey.

“Okay. Plates are up there and napkins are in that drawer,” she said,

pointing to everything.

Maddox listened and nodded and then slowly reached out and brushed one of her loose curls away from her face. His fingers just barely brushed against her cheek, but the heat from his skin warmed her entire body, and she practically melted against him.

“That’s a good girl. Relax. Go sit. I’ll bring you some nummies in a minute.”

Biting her bottom lip, she moved out of the small kitchen and went to sit on the couch in the living room to wait for him.

His voice eased her anxiety and she found herself wanting to please him. Without realizing it, she slid her thumb into her mouth and then quickly pulled it out. She needed to keep herself in the right headspace while he was there, otherwise she could so easily slip into Little Space and she wouldn’t be able to resist him taking care of her.

“Alright, Hawaiian pizza for the princess and meat lovers for me,” he said as he came into the living room carrying two plates.

Her eyes widened when she realized he had a glass plate in one hand and one of her pink plastic princess plates in the other. Crap. He’d found her Little dishes.

She reached out to take the plate from him but he didn’t hand it to her. Instead, he sat down on the couch next to her and placed his plate on the coffee table before he used a plastic fork to pick up a piece of cut up pizza from her plate.

“Open,” he said.

She should have argued with him. She should have told him she could feed herself, because really, she could. She did have one good hand but the firm set of his jaw and the stern look in his eye had her opening her mouth for a bite.

The cheesy, gooey goodness of the pizza made her moan as she chewed up the small piece he’d fed her. “Oh, that’s so good,” she told him.

He grinned and held up another bite. “It’s from my favorite pizza place in Seattle. I’ll have to take you to the actual restaurant sometime. It’s even better when it’s fresh out of the oven.”

Heat rose to her cheeks at the idea of going out on a date with Maddox Black. Would it be a date? Maybe he was just being nice as a friend.

“Oh, I almost forgot our drinks,” he said, standing from the couch.

It only took him a few strides to get to the kitchen and back, and when he

held out one of her sippy cups for her, she stared at it for a long moment and then moved her eyes up to him.

“It’s okay, Princess,” he told her with an encouraging smile.

You’re safe to be Little in front of him. He’s a Daddy. He wants you to be Little. He’s not Collin.

She wasn’t sure if she would ever get over the trauma Collin had caused, but when she looked up into Maddox’s kind eyes, she really wanted to try.

Reaching out, she took the cup from him and brought it to her lips before slowly taking a pull of cold water through the spout.

“That’s a good girl,” he said when she set it on the table.

Good girl. She would never get tired of hearing that. It was music to her ears and made her want to be *his* good girl.

The rest of dinner went smoothly and they kept their conversation light. It was a bit challenging not to slip into total Little Space around him with the way he constantly tried to take care of her. When dinner was done and Maddox had cleaned up, even loading their dishes into the crappy dishwasher, he seemed to hesitate before leaving. If she were being honest with herself, she really didn’t want him to leave, but they still barely knew each other.

“I’ll call you tomorrow,” he told her as they stood in front of her doorway.

Blushing, she lowered her gaze from his. “Oh, you don’t have to. I’ll be fine.”

He reached out and cupped her chin, forcing her to meet his eyes. “I know I don’t have to. I want to. Sleep well, Princess.”

And then he leaned forward and pressed his lips to her forehead, causing every nerve inside of her body to ignite. Just that simple move made her turn into a pile of goo, and for a second, she reached out and grabbed onto his shirt to keep him from stepping away from her. She wanted his warmth and his scent surrounding her for as long as possible. When she released his shirt, he stepped back just a bit, staring down at her with those beautiful green eyes, and she nearly crumbled and asked him to stay.

After a long moment of silence between them as they stared at each other, Maddox cleared his throat and reached out to brush a wild curl away from her face. “Goodnight, Princess.”

As she closed the door behind him and locked up, she could hardly believe she’d just spent the evening with Maddox. He seemed so different

from Collin, yet there were still similarities that scared the crap out of her. One of those similarities was how charismatic they were. Smooth like silk and easy to talk to. But with Collin, once she'd gotten to know him, it had all changed, and she didn't know if that would be the same with Maddox.

While heading to her room to change out of her damp panties, Brynn noticed the screen on her phone lit up. Smiling to herself thinking it was probably Maddox texting her, she picked up the device and opened the messages.

I will find you. You can't hide from me forever. I know you have it, and I'm going to make you regret ever taking it, bitch.

Her hands started to tremble, causing the phone to fall from her hands and hit the carpeted floor.

Why wouldn't he leave her alone? He didn't want her, that much was obvious. Maybe she needed to pick up and move to another state. Go as far away from Washington as she could. New York, maybe? But she knew he had a reach all over the country. How long would he keep looking for her? How long before he gave up and moved on to some other poor woman? She hated the thought of someone else falling under his spell. No one deserved that kind of abuse.

Letting out a deep breath, she forgot about changing and crawled into bed, clutching Peaches to her chest as tears began to fall.

Why couldn't life just be easy? Why couldn't she have the fairytale that the women in the books got to have?

Because you're trash and you've always been trash.

She hated hearing that voice in her head. Her aunt's voice. Always putting her down and making her feel like she was worthless.

Closing her eyes, she slid her thumb into her mouth and sighed as visions of Maddox started running through her mind. Those visions immediately relaxed her, and within minutes she was fast asleep.

MADDOX

Spending time with her was making it harder to stay away. Leaving her in her shitty apartment to tuck herself into bed all by herself nearly killed him. It was obvious she had done everything to make the place as nice as possible. It was spotlessly clean. He'd half expected to see more of a peek at her Little side in her décor, but nothing had really given away the fact that she was a Little other than the dishes that were stashed in the cupboards.

He hadn't gone into her bedroom or bathroom though, so it was possible she kept all of those things in those rooms. Then again, she was working two jobs, which indicated to him that she was struggling to make ends meet and maybe she couldn't afford toys and clothes for that side of her.

It had been difficult not to ask her a million questions about her Little and about the asshole that had been assaulting her the night they'd met. Colt had been trying to find information about the guy, but it was pretty hard to do based on just his face on surveillance cameras. Maddox had hoped the camera would have caught a glimpse of his ID when he'd first walked into the club, but his new bouncer hadn't even asked the guy for it. He'd just let the asshole walk right into his club. That bouncer was now looking for a job elsewhere because checking IDs was a requirement to get into the club, no matter how old the person looked.

As soon as he got home from her house, he went into his home office and pulled up his laptop, going to Addie's website first. She sold handmade Little clothes on her website and they were beyond adorable. He could hardly wait

to see Brynn in one of the onesies he was adding to the cart.

Grabbing his phone, he pulled up Colt's name and pressed the call button.

"What's up, brother?" Colt answered.

"I want cameras set up around her apartment. Front, back and side. I'll deal with her landlord if a problem arises, but it needs to be done as soon as possible. I don't like her being there alone," he told him.

"Isn't there a bodyguard watching her place at all hours?"

"Yes, but I want to be able to see it too," he replied.

Colt was silent for a moment and Maddox was ready for whatever crap his brother would throw his way. He was over the top. A stalker. Possessive. Crazy. Whatever his brother was going to say, he didn't care. She was his, and he wanted to protect her under all means necessary.

"Okay. I'll get on it first thing tomorrow. I have all the equipment and I'll see if I can get a couple of Damien's guys to help install it," Colt said.

Pulling his brows together, Maddox wasn't sure what to say to that. He'd expected an argument. But he was glad his brother was on board. That made things a lot easier for him.

"No comments about me being crazy or a stalker?" Maddox asked.

"Nah, I get it. We have to do what we have to do to protect the women we care about. Even if they may not appreciate it at the time."

What did his brother mean by that? Colt didn't have a Little of his own, but the way he'd said that made it seem like there might be someone he cared about. They were all open with each other and if Colt were dating someone, surely they would all know.

"Were you at her house tonight?" Colt asked, cutting through his thoughts.

Damn his nosy-ass brothers. That was the one downfall of all of them living on the same block. They could be as nosy as a bunch of hens.

"Yes. I brought her dinner. We talked. I kept it casual. She doesn't trust me yet. Someone hurt her, and I have a feeling it's the asshole that was putting his hands on her at Shadows. I have to show her that she's safe with me," he explained.

Colt grunted. "The other Littles are dying to meet her."

Maddox chuckled. "Yeah. I know. I've been getting a text from at least one of them each day asking if she can come over for a playdate. I want to invite her over to play with the other girls, but I suspect her Little is younger than the rest of them."

“I’m sure that’s fine. Lucy goes pretty young sometimes, and you know she would love Brynn.”

That was true. Lucy’s age did range a bit when she was in Little Space. For all he knew, they might become the best of friends.

“I need to go to work. Thanks for helping me out. Call me if anything comes up,” he said.

When he’d opened Shadows, his intentions had been for it to be just a normal nightclub, but it hadn’t taken long before the word got out to all of their Daddy, Mommy, and Little friends that there was a nightclub that would be friendly toward them. It became a safe, no-pressure place for single caregivers to meet a Little in a vanilla environment.

He’d ended up providing wristbands to anyone who requested them at the door, which indicated that they were a part of the lifestyle. Pink and blue bands to indicate they were a Little and green ones for the caregivers. This made it so people in the lifestyle could easily find each other in the club without the vanilla patrons ever realizing it.

Standing on the balcony above the dance floor, Maddox watched the crowd of people, dancing, drinking, and having a good time. He loved his club. He was proud of it. It was a safe place for people to come have a good time. At least it was as safe as he could make it. That didn’t mean creeps didn’t slip in from time to time like the fucker that had hurt Brynn.

Pulling out his phone, he checked the time and wondered if she would still be awake. It was nearly ten o’clock but she didn’t have to work the next day, so maybe she’d be up. She had mentioned that she was a bit of a night owl when they’d been chatting over dinner.

He quickly typed a message and hit the send button before he could think about it too hard.

Maddox: *I really enjoyed tonight, Princess. I’d like to spend some more time with you and take you out on an actual date. You call to me more than anyone has in years.*

Keeping the message open, he watched, hoping to see the three little dots pop up. Several seconds later, the bubble popped up and then disappeared again. Furrowing his brow, Maddox sighed and watched the screen for

several minutes, waiting for anything to pop up. When it didn't, he slid the phone into his pocket and headed toward the stairs. Might as well keep his mind busy with work so he didn't grab his keys and drive to her house to check on her.

Walking toward the bar, Maddox nodded to several customers who were regulars at the club and participated in the lifestyle. It was one of the things he loved so much about being a Daddy. It felt like all the caregivers were one big family watching over the Littles. If there was ever a need for him to step in and help with someone's Little, he would do so without hesitation because they would do it for him in return if he had a Little.

You have a Little. She just doesn't know she belongs to you yet.

"Hey, stranger."

A small hand reached out, touching his bicep, and for some reason, Maddox cringed. Turning around, he offered a tight smile to the woman. Lyla. One of the women he'd played with casually over a year ago. She'd wanted more with him than he'd been able to give her, even though in the beginning she'd told him she'd just wanted a casual relationship. Things hadn't ended well. He'd basically had to just stop responding to her messages, and it had still taken weeks for her to stop calling and texting him.

"Hey, Lyla," he said, stepping back a bit so her hand fell from his arm.

"I was hoping to see you tonight," she said in that forced fake voice she liked to use.

"Oh, yeah? I'm working, Lyla."

Her face fell into a pout, and he wanted to shake his head and walk away, but he knew she would follow him if he did. It was strange because even though she was a Little, her reactions to things had always felt fake and forced. Not like Brynn who couldn't help but express her Little side.

"Maybe we could go up to your office and play? I've been a very naughty girl lately," she told him, batting her overly done eyes at him.

"Sorry to hear that but I'll have to pass. Have a good night, Lyla."

Turning around, he took a step toward the bar and stopped in his tracks when she yelled after him.

"You're a terrible Daddy! You don't deserve to have a Little! I don't know what I ever saw in you in the first place!" she shouted.

Thankfully the music was loud enough that only the few people that were close to them could hear her little tantrum. With a deep breath, Maddox stalked toward her, stopping only about a foot away.

“I am not a terrible Daddy. Both you and I know that. You’re just pissed because I didn’t want more with you than the casual relationship we’d both agreed on in the beginning. I was crystal clear with you that it would be casual and nothing more. You need to move on and go find someone who wants something with you,” he ground out.

Her eyes narrowed, and he could see the anger radiating from her head. If steam could have come out of her ears, it probably would have.

“You’re a jerk, Maddox Black. You made me fall in love with you and then kicked me to the curb,” she yelled back.

Raising his eyebrows, he stared down at her. “We played a total of four times and never hung out or went on any dates. I have no fucking idea how you’re under the impression I made you fall in love with me, and I certainly didn’t kick you to the curb. Now, move along before I have security escort you out of the club.”

Lyla scowled up at him, and then, to his shock, she turned around and stomped off through the crowd. Letting out a relieved sigh, Maddox went over to the bar to check on his bartenders and lend a hand serving drinks for a bit, hoping for a distraction from thinking about Brynn.

It didn’t work. The woman was imprinted on his mind. She was the one he hadn’t known he’d been looking for, and he would do whatever it took to make her his.

BRYNN

She'd picked up her phone at least a hundred times to reply to Maddox, but every time, she ended up putting her phone down. Something inside of her wanted to tell him about the message she'd received from Collin, but then she reminded herself that Maddox wasn't responsible for her. He wasn't her protector. She was living in the world alone, and she would have to figure out what to do about Collin all by herself.

Sleep had evaded her. Every time she closed her eyes, visions of Collin screaming at her came to mind. Name calling, threats, blame, and everything else he used to say to her. Tears came and went through the night and by eight the next morning, she felt like a zombie. Her eyes felt scratchy and her face felt dry and stretched. She was a mess.

Dragging herself out of bed, Brynn went into the bathroom to relieve her bladder. When she stood in front of the mirror, she winced. She looked as bad as she felt. Turning on the faucet, she washed her hands and then splashed some cold water on her face. Not that it helped. She looked as though she had two black eyes and her skin was red and puffy from crying.

Maybe a shower would help but she didn't have the energy for that, so she put that thought aside and went back to her bedroom. After the text she'd gotten from Collin the night before, she hadn't felt like sleeping in the crib, so she'd crawled into her bed. But now, more than anything, she wanted to feel Little. Aiming for the crib, she stopped in her tracks when she heard what sounded like a drill.

Tiptoeing out of her room, she heard the noise get louder and louder the closer she got to her front door. Without thinking, she swung the door open to see what was going on and collided with a large man with his arms reached up above his head as he used a drill above her front door.

“Ooof!” she cried out as she stumbled back, falling onto her bottom.

That was going to leave a bruise. But she would deal with that later. Who the hell was this guy, and what the fuck was he doing?

“Fuck, I’m sorry,” he said as he stopped what he was doing and set the drill on the ground next to him.

When he squatted down and reached out to try to help her up, she realized she’d seen him somewhere before. But where?

Pushing his hands away, she scooted back farther into the entryway of her apartment.

“Who the hell are you and what the hell do you think you’re doing?” she demanded, scowling up at him.

He was really a tall guy, and even squatting down he seemed to be looming over her, but his expression was gentle, and he was really quite handsome. Not handsome like Maddox. No one was handsome like him. But still, the guy was definitely the type you’d want to take a double or triple look at.

“I’m Colt. I’m Maddox’s brother. I’m here with a couple of other guys installing security cameras at Maddox’s request. This neighborhood isn’t safe. You need better locks too; I’m surprised he hasn’t already fixed those.”

Her mouth was definitely hanging open. Was this guy for real? Then again, Maddox had sent her a crib after only meeting her twice so most likely he was totally being for real. Was he just wanting to spy on her? She was so damn confused.

“Little one, you look exhausted. Are you sick?” Colt asked, reaching out and resting the back of his hand to her forehead.

Smacking his hands away, she shot him a glare. “I’m fine, thank you very much. And I don’t need cameras. Is your brother crazy or something? He just comes into my life and sends me expensive gifts and does whatever he wants to my apartment?”

“He might be a bit crazy, but only in the best way possible. You’ve captivated him, and I haven’t seen him like this with another woman since high school. Now, stop changing the subject and tell me what’s wrong. You look ill. I’m calling Maddox.”

Before she could protest, Colt had his phone up to his ear and he was talking to Maddox.

“I’m fine! I’m not sick!” she snapped loudly.

Realizing she was still on the floor on her bottom, Brynn climbed to her feet and immediately swayed. With one arm, Colt reached around her waist and pulled her into his side.

“Shit. Hurry up and get here,” he snapped before he pulled the phone away from his ear.

When he picked her up in his arms and carried her bridal style into her living room, she couldn’t have been more shocked.

“What are you doing?” she squealed.

“I’m taking care of you until Maddox gets here. When did you eat last? Have you had any water this morning? Why are you swaying?” he asked as he set her down on the couch.

She glared up at him and went to stand but she froze when he raised his eyebrows and pointed a finger at her. “Stay.”

Okay, what the bubbles was actually happening? Letting out a huff, she crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back against the couch cushions. “You’re not very nice.”

“I’m very nice, thank you very much, but when a Little girl is obviously not feeling well, I expect her to obey me. I don’t think you want me to report back to Maddox that you were being naughty, do you?”

Staring up at him in disbelief, she stuck her tongue out. “He’s not my Daddy.”

Colt snorted and shook his head. “Maybe not officially, Little one, but I assure you, he is going to be your Daddy one day. You just have to let him in. Maddox won’t give up on you, though. He’ll wait as long as it takes for you to realize he only wants what’s best for you.”

Wowza. How was she supposed to process that? He really wanted to be her Daddy? But why? He was so hot and kind and he could have any woman he wanted.

“He doesn’t really want to be my Daddy,” she replied.

Shrugging, he sat down on the coffee table across from her, and she really hoped the beat-up table she’d purchased from a thrift store would hold up under his weight. “He really does. I don’t know how to explain it to you without it sounding crazy, but Maddox has somehow convinced himself that he doesn’t deserve a Little of his own because of how obsessive he can be

with her. He is intense and over the top, but his heart is in the right place. He will give you all the attention in the world if you want it. And honestly, until he found you, I didn't think he would ever find someone he truly wanted. But he wants you.

"He's a great guy and I'm not saying that because he's my brother. You just have to give him a chance. If you don't want him though, you should be upfront so he doesn't get his heart any more invested than it already is."

Biting her bottom lip, she watched Colt and could tell he was being completely honest with her about Maddox. "I'm scared."

Nodding, Colt reached out and brushed a wayward curl away from her face. "Being scared is understandable, but if you like him, maybe you should give him a tiny bit of a chance. He's a true Daddy all the way to his core, and all he wants to do is take care of you, protect you, and see you smile. I also think we would be pretty lucky to have you as part of our family."

Huh. Maybe Colt wasn't so bad. He seemed to be loyal to his brother, and she liked that about him.

"Brynn?" Maddox called out as he entered her open apartment.

"In here," she said.

As soon as he appeared in her living room, the whole world felt right again. Thoughts of Collin disappeared, and she felt safe.

"What's wrong, Princess? Are you sick? Why didn't you call me? I would have come right over," he said as he sat down on the couch next to her.

Before she realized what was happening, she was lifted and set down on Maddox's lap.

"She was swaying when she tried to stand up. She doesn't feel hot but she looks ill," Colt said.

She shot a glare at Colt, but he smiled and winked at her. "Sorry, Princess. Not going to lie to my brother about the health or safety of his girl."

Damn him. Colt was making it difficult to dislike him.

"Yeah, lying to me would be a very bad idea, Little girl," Maddox said with a raised brow before turning toward Colt. "Can you call Tate and ask him to come check on her?"

Her eyes widened as she moved her gaze from man to man. "No, I don't need a doctor. I'm not sick. I just... I didn't sleep last night. Why is your brother here installing cameras? Are you spying on me?"

He stared down at her, seeming to study her face for a long moment.

“I’m going to go back to what I was doing. If you need anything, let me know,” Colt said as he rose from the coffee table.

As soon as he was gone and had shut the front door behind him, Maddox stood, lifting her in his arms with him.

“What are you doing?” she asked worriedly.

“I’m going to get you changed, and you’re going to tell me why you couldn’t sleep, and then I’m going to put you down for a nap.”

Wait. What? He was going to change her? Had he not heard her ask what his brother was doing there?

Shit. She was still in the same clothes as the night before. After the text she’d received from Collin, she hadn’t had it in her to change into pajamas.

“I... I...”

“Princess,” he said when she trailed off. “I promise not to hurt you or do anything you don’t want me to do, but you look exhausted and you need to rest. Will you let me take care of you? Please?”

Could she do that? Let him in? It would be a big step. A really big step. But since the first time they’d met, he’d been nothing but kind and respectful and, as tired as she was, it was becoming harder by the second to stay in her adult headspace. Maybe letting go and letting him take care of her was just what she needed.

Take a chance. Not everyone is like Collin.

Letting out a deep breath, she nodded and relaxed when she was rewarded with a breathtaking smile from Maddox.

“That’s my good girl,” he said softly.

Oh, fairy farts. She was seriously going to fall for this man. There was no way to avoid it, and she knew it, but that didn’t scare her as much as she thought it would.

Maddox walked into her bedroom and set her on the edge of the crib.

“Look at me, Princess,” he commanded softly.

She immediately obeyed, looking up into his gaze.

“Do you know what a safeword is?” he asked.

“Yes. It’s used to make a scene stop.”

Nodding, he smiled. “That’s right. But a safeword can be used even if it’s not a scene. So if at any time you need me to stop, back off, or take a break, you say red and it all stops. It doesn’t matter what we’re doing. We could be talking and if you are uncomfortable, you say red and we stop and take a step back. Understood?”

Hmm. She liked that. It gave her all of the power in the end. She could stop it at any time for whatever reason, and somehow she knew without a doubt Maddox would respect the safeword.

“Okay.”

“Good girl. Unless you use the safeword, I expect you to obey me. We’re not going to do anything beyond what I already told you we were going to do, but I expect your obedience. Understood?”

Nodding, she found herself slipping into a much smaller headspace.

“Yes, Sir or Yes, *Daddy* would be a good answer,” he said firmly.

Oh, sugar plums. Even as tired as she was, her pussy was awake and well because her clit was suddenly pulsing.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

She wanted to call him Daddy. Really bad. But she was still scared.

“Good girl. Now, tell me why you couldn’t sleep last night? Did something happen after I left?”

Without realizing it, she slid her thumb between her lips and nodded, avoiding eye contact with Maddox until he knelt in front of her so they were level with each other.

“What happened, baby girl? I wish you would have called me. I would have come over,” he told her gently.

Shaking her head, she suckled on her thumb and looked around for Peaches. Maddox looked in the same direction and then back at her.

“What do you need, baby? You need a stuffie?”

Nodding, she pointed toward her bear. “Peaches.”

Rising up, he reached over to her regular bed and grabbed her favorite stuffed animal before

handing it to her. Clutching it to her chest, she met his eyes when he knelt again.

“Thank you,” she mumbled around her thumb.

“You’re welcome, Princess. Can you tell me what happened last night?”

Shaking her head, she suckled faster on her thumb.

“Not feeling vocal right now?”

She nodded and pointed toward the nightstand where her phone was sitting and Maddox seemed to understand what she was asking for because without hesitation, he grabbed her phone and handed it to her.

It was difficult to unlock it and maneuver to her messages with her injured hand but when she got to the text message, she shuddered as she

handed him her phone.

She watched his eyes move over the screen and shrank back farther into the crib as his expression changed from concerned to terrifyingly dark and lethal.

MADDOX

Someone was going to die and it was going to be very fucking messy.

Gripping the phone tighter, Maddox raised his gaze to Brynn's and realized she'd scooted back farther onto the bed with a terrified expression. Fuck. He needed to rein it in for her. She needed his gentle side. It was obvious that text had freaked her out, and he would take care of that, but she needed him to ease her fears, not make them worse.

"It's okay, Princess. Stay right there. I'll be right back. I'm taking your phone with me, okay?"

Her eyes moved from his face down to her phone and then back up to his face before she nodded.

"That's my good girl. Stay right there," he said.

He was out of the apartment in seconds where he found Colt still working on the camera wiring. His brother seemed shocked by his abrupt appearance, and then he must have realized something was wrong because all of his attention was suddenly on Maddox.

"What's wrong?"

"I need you to track down this number. Find where this person is. Who he is. Any fucking information you can get," Maddox said as he handed the phone to Colt.

Knowing his brother would take care of what he needed, Maddox went back inside and found Brynn exactly where he'd told her to stay.

"That's such a good girl. Thank you for staying put. Come here, baby,"

he said, holding out his arms.

She hesitated just briefly before she got on her hands and knees and crawled toward him. Lifting her from the crib, he sat on the edge of her bed and wrapped her up in his arms.

“I’m going to take care of it, baby. Whatever it is, I will make sure you’re safe,” he said softly.

Lifting her head from his chest, she stared up at him with the saddest eyes he’d ever seen, and it killed him to see her like that.

“Who is he? Your ex?”

She nodded and sucked harder on her thumb.

“Is he dangerous?”

She nodded again.

“A criminal? Gang member?”

Another nod.

Fuck.

“Baby, do you have something of his? Something that could incriminate him and his gang?”

Brynn stared at him with those beautiful pale blue eyes and slowly nodded.

Shit.

“Okay... Okay. Brynn, baby, I need you to try to talk to me. Or can you show me what you have?”

“Don’t want you to get hurt. He’s scary,” she whispered.

Reaching out, he cupped her chin and stared deep into her eyes. “Not as scary as *I* am when it comes to someone I care about.”

He felt a shiver run through her body, and he hoped she understood that he wasn’t bluffing. There was always someone out there bigger and scarier but when it came to his family or the women in his family, and in his mind, Brynn was already a part of that, he was the fucking devil in disguise.

She started moving, and he realized she was trying to climb off his lap. Loosening his arms, he watched as she moved toward her closet and got down on her hands and knees and started moving clothes and shoes to the side. When she lifted up a small square of carpet, he stood and walked up behind her, watching as she lifted the carpet pad as well.

Slowly, she pulled out something small and black from under the carpet and rose to her feet. As she turned around, she swayed, and Maddox quickly lifted her off her feet and carried her to the crib, setting her down on her

bottom.

“No more walking until after your nap. You’re exhausted,” he told her.

Lifting her hand, she held up the small device for him to see. A thumb drive. Taking it from her delicate fingers, Maddox stared down at the drive and then looked at her.

“There’s some really bad shit on here, isn’t there?”

A nod.

“Stuff that could hurt some people?”

Another nod.

Letting out a sigh, Maddox offered a reassuring smile. “Be right back, baby girl. Stay there.”

He strode out of her room and opened the front door again, looking for Colt, and then spotted him standing at his truck with his laptop sitting on the open truck bed.

“Hey,” he called out. “I need you to find out what’s on this thumb drive. Whatever it is, it’s what he wants.”

Colt raised his gaze from the screen to look at the small device. “She doesn’t know what’s on it? Why does she have it?”

“She’s non-verbal right now. I need to get back to her. Let me know what you find.”

“Oh, fuck. Yeah, man, get back to her. I got you,” Colt said, looking toward her front door with his eyebrows drawn together.

“Thanks,” he replied as he jogged back into the apartment.

Stepping into her bedroom again, he took a second to take her in. She looked so lost sitting in the oversized crib with her thumb in her mouth and that ratty bear clutched to her chest. He needed to get her a pacifier. But more importantly, he needed to make her feel safe and get her to a safe place until he figured out how dangerous this guy could be.

“Hey, Princess,” he said softly to alert her that he was back.

She raised her gaze to his but didn’t say anything. Squatting down in front of the crib, he gently ran a hand over her thigh.

“Baby girl, I want to take you to my house for the time being until we figure out what to do about your ex. Even if he hasn’t found out where you live yet, he will eventually, and I don’t want you here when that happens. Do you think you can trust me enough to come stay with me? If not, I can arrange for you to stay with one of my brothers who has a fiancée living with them who is also Little.”

Her eyes widened and he hoped it was because she hated the idea of staying somewhere else besides with him.

“Can you try to be a big girl for a few minutes and talk to me?”

Slowly, she pulled her thumb from her mouth and nodded. “I don’t want you to have to deal with all of this. He hasn’t found me yet, and he’s been sending me those messages on and off for months.”

Motherfucking bastard.

“I don’t have to deal with this, Princess, but I want to and I’m going to, because even though we don’t know each other well, I really want to be your Daddy and get to know you. I want to take care of you and protect you. I know this seems crazy. I know it seems fast, but I also believe that when you know, you know, and I fucking know you’re my Little girl. So, do you think you can trust me enough to let me help?”

“I live on the same block as all of my brothers and several of them have Littles of their own who live there, and if I’m being honest, they can hardly wait to meet you and have a playdate. But if for any reason, you ever felt unsafe with me or anything that made you uncomfortable, you can go to any of them and they will take care of you and make sure you’re safe.

“I also think you need a Daddy to give you the safety and care that you’ve been missing. Please trust me, Princess? I promise I will never harm you.”

She stared at him for a long moment, chewing on her bottom lip. Reaching out, he used his thumb to pull it free from her teeth. Stroking her cheek, he waited in silence while she thought over what he’d said.

“He could kill you. He’ll kill me if he finds me,” she whispered.

“He’s not going to find you or lay a finger on you ever again. I won’t let that happen. And I’m not worried about me. I’ll kill him before he kills me.”

“Are you in the mafia?” she asked.

The question caught him off guard and made him chuckle. “No, Princess. I’m not in the mafia. I own the club and I do some contract work with my brothers. It’s not legal contract work but I’m not in the mafia. I don’t hurt innocent people.”

Her eyes widened slightly. “But you do hurt people?”

Letting out a sigh, he nodded. She needed to know who she was dealing with. She’d been in a relationship with a gangster, so it was obvious that living on the wrong side of the law wasn’t necessarily a deal breaker for her.

“I only hurt bad people. People like him. People who hurt other people,” he explained as briefly as possible.

“Like a vigilante?” she asked.

Nodding, he smiled. “Yeah, baby girl. Just like that. I never hurt innocent people, and I never hurt women or children. I hurt people to protect them.”

Suddenly, she burst out into tears and launched herself at him, wrapping herself around him. “Thank you,” she cried.

Holding her in his arms, he stood and sat on the edge of the bed, rocking her back and forth, running a hand up and down her spine to soothe her.

He had so many questions. What the fuck was on that thumb drive? Why was she thanking him for what he did with his brothers? What had happened to this beautiful, sweet woman, and how the hell could he fix whatever had caused her so much pain?

“Shhh. I got you, Princess.”

When her sobs turned into sniffles, he pulled her back so he could look at her. She wasn't a pretty crier, but he still found her absolutely adorable. A beautiful woman and an adorable Little. Perfect. And he was going to make her all his even if he had to spend a lifetime proving to her that she was meant for him and he was meant for her.

BRYNN

She was about to take the biggest risk of her life, but something inside told her it would be the best risk of all. There was no telling what was going to happen with Collin, but she knew down to her bones that Maddox would do anything to protect her and she felt the sincerity of everything he'd told her. He wanted to protect her. He wanted to be her Daddy. And she wanted that too. She wanted to know what it felt like to have a real Daddy and not just one that lived in her fantasies.

Letting out a deep breath, she nodded. "Okay. I will go with you."

His lips pulled back into the biggest grin she'd ever seen on him, and it was breathtaking. He was a gorgeous man and she still didn't understand why he was interested in her, but she also didn't want to question it right then because he was dangling the carrot in front of her and she was starving.

"But what about the crib? It's so pretty," she said, looking back toward the bed she'd fallen in love with.

"I'll have the crib and everything with it moved to my house. I'll take care of everything. But for now, I need you to tell me what's important to be packed, and then, when we get to my house, you can be in Little Space as much as you want."

"I can pack up stuff," she offered.

Shaking his head, Maddox rose and set her down on the bed. "No. Every time you stand, you start swaying. Tell me what you need and I'll pack it. No standing or walking until after your nap."

Well, crap on a cracker. He was kind of strict. And she didn't hate it. No, her pussy loved his bossiness. But her naughty side really wanted to stomp her foot. Maybe another time though. She wasn't quite ready to be in trouble.

"I need clothes and my toothbrush and hairbrush and shampoo and conditioner. And Peaches."

He looked down at her with an amused expression and she realized he probably didn't know who Peaches was.

"My bear. She's my favorite," she muttered.

Nodding in understanding, he grabbed the bear from the crib and handed them to her.

"You hold those while I go get some stuff together. No getting up. Call out if you need me."

He disappeared from her bedroom and she heard him opening drawers in the bathroom and opening and closing cabinets. Suddenly, she remembered what she had in one of the drawers in the bathroom and leapt from the bed to run into the bathroom where she found Maddox pulling her rainbow suction cup dildo from the drawer.

"Oh, fudgesicles!" she squealed as she stared at the toy with wide eyes.

Maddox looked from the toy to her and smirked. "I'll make sure to pack this, Princess. You won't need it though. Now, if you don't get your cute bottom back on the bed, you're going to be in trouble."

Heat rose over her entire body, and she hesitated, looking from him back to the toy. Could someone die of embarrassment? She was pretty sure it was possible. Was her heart still beating? Maybe a little too fast.

"Get moving, Little girl," he said sternly.

Letting out a squeak, she hurried back to her bedroom and practically jumped onto the bed.

"Any other toys we need to pack?" he called out from the bathroom.

"N-no!" she stuttered, hoping he wouldn't open her nightstand.

But she did want to bring some of her pacifiers with her, and those were in the same drawer as her other toys. Before she could crawl over to grab the pacifiers, Maddox walked in and tilted his head with his eyebrows raised.

"I find it hard to believe you don't have any other toys, but that's okay. Daddy will order all kinds of toys to tease you with. But not until you're ready for that."

Holy moly. She wanted to die of embarrassment, but she also swooned a little that he added it wouldn't happen until she was ready. Where the hell

had this man come from?

“What else? Do you have clothes and toys for your Little? Anything super special that you want to bring?”

She spent the next hour telling him what she wanted to bring. The one time she tried to get up from the bed to help, he pinned her with such a stern look that she'd stayed planted on her bottom the rest of the time.

Sheesh. For being so easy-going and handsome, he had really mastered his stern Daddy look.

After he took several bags of belongings out to his truck, he carried her out of her apartment on his hip and opened the front passenger door of his truck where she noticed there was a booster seat.

When she looked at him with alarm, he grinned. “You need a booster seat to sit in the front.”

She wanted to argue that she didn't, but she also loved the idea of being strapped into a special seat just for her. “You got this for me?”

He nodded. “Yes, Princess. I told you I know what I want and who I want, and I didn't know when you would use it but I wanted it for the time that you did. Keeping you safe will be my biggest priority. Understand?”

And just like that, the thick brick wall she'd built around herself slowly started to crumble.

The drive to his house was quiet. She was too engrossed in her own thoughts to talk. When she'd first read books about age-play, she had instantly fallen in love. And then the more she read, the more she realized she was a Little. But the one thing she hadn't ever figured out was how Little she was, and now, sitting in a booster seat, she was actually wondering if she was a super young Little.

Would Maddox want her if she were a younger Little? Maybe that's what he preferred. She was too embarrassed to ask but based on him buying a special seat for her, she kind of suspected he didn't mind.

“Did you eat this morning, Princess?”

Shifting her attention to him, she shook her head. “No. I had just gotten out of bed when I heard the noises of the drills and went to check it out. Why were you installing cameras by the way? You didn't know about Collin threatening me until after you came over.”

Glancing at her and then looking back at the road, he sighed. “I grew up in this area. I know how bad it is. It's dangerous even for a grown man to walk around without some sort of protection. I couldn't stand the idea of

something happening to you. How long have you lived there?"

Squeezing Peaches to her chest, she rubbed her chin over the matted fur.

"When I first left Collin, I didn't have anything. I left in the middle of the night without anything. I went to a woman's shelter and stayed for several weeks while I found jobs and saved enough money to afford somewhere. It was all I could afford, and the owner let me move in without an application or background check, and they were fine with taking cash for rent. I didn't want him to find me so I used my mom's maiden name on my job applications."

She noticed his hands tighten around the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white, but when he spoke, his voice was soft. "You will never go through anything like that again. I will never let it happen. I promise."

The need to suck her thumb was strong but she refrained, wanting to stay in her grownup headspace for this conversation.

"That isn't something you should promise. You don't know what the future holds for either of us," she said quietly.

"I don't make promises I can't keep, Brynn. If things don't work out between you and I, which won't happen in the first place, you will be taken care of. I will make sure of it. If I die, my family will make sure you're taken care of. That is a promise."

Wowza. This man was so damn intense it was a bit scary at times. It felt as though he was already thinking they were a couple and that they would be together for the rest of their lives, while she was still trying to play catch up to where he was. How could he possibly be so sure about her?

"When we get home, I'm going to feed you, get you changed into some jammies and lay you down for a nap. After your nap, we will have a long talk about what you need from me as your Daddy," he said matter-of-factly.

Nibbling on her bottom lip, Brynn started running her hands over Peaches' fur. "Are you my Daddy?"

He reached out and tugged her lip free with his thumb, and she fought the urge to open her mouth and suck on it. Just barely.

"I'd like to be. If you'll give me a chance," he answered.

His house was freaking gorgeous. Not just like a cute little house type

gorgeous. It was like a freaking dream. Collin had a nice house that she'd lived in with him. It was practically a mansion but it was cold and sterile. Nothing homey about it. But Maddox's house was completely different.

All of the houses on his block were beautiful, actually. And when they pulled down the street to where he lived, he pointed out each house and told her which brother lived there. Not that she would remember. There were so many brothers.

But when he pulled up into his driveway, she could hardly breathe. It was painted in a beautiful navy blue color with stone accents all over.

When he came around and opened the passenger door, she reached out to undo her seatbelt but he stopped her by placing a hand over hers.

"Little girls aren't allowed to unbuckle themselves. That's my job," he said before proceeding to unfasten her belt.

Before she realized what was happening, she was being lifted from the truck and carried up the walkway to the front door. Looking around, she hoped no one in the neighborhood saw her being carried on his hip like a small child, but then she remembered that several of his brothers had Littles, so maybe they wouldn't think it was weird if they saw. It didn't matter though because she didn't see anyone outside.

Keeping hold of her under her bottom, he quickly unlocked the front door and stepped inside, not giving her a chance to take everything in as he continued walking farther into the house until they were in a large kitchen.

"Anything you're allergic to?" he asked as he settled her onto a barstool.

"No."

Nodding, he started moving around the kitchen while she craned her neck left and then right, trying to look at everything she could. It was interesting because his house was definitely one of a bachelor but it also felt so comfortable and loved. The kitchen was open to the large living room where there was an enormous flat screen TV mounted to the wall, and in front of that was a beautiful microfiber sectional couch that looked like it could seat fifteen people.

There were also decorative pillows and throw blankets on the couch and several pieces of art hanging tastefully on the walls. She was already in love with his house and she hadn't even seen much of it. The chaise lounge part of the couch looked like the perfect spot to curl up with a blanket and a book.

"Open," he said.

Turning back toward him, she looked at what he was holding in his hand

and couldn't help but smile. It was a peanut butter and jelly sandwich but it was cut up into hearts.

"That's so cute. How did you do that?" she asked, reaching out to take the sandwich from him.

Maddox pulled his hand away and shook his head. "Let me feed you. Open."

When she obeyed, he smiled approvingly, and she knew right then that she would pretty much do whatever he said just so she could always see that smile.

"I have a cookie cutter that I used to cut them out," he told her as she chewed.

She had no idea how but that sandwich was the best tasting sandwich she had ever eaten. Maybe she was just thinking it was because he had made it, but whatever the case, she ate every single bite he gave her plus several grapes and two strawberries.

"Ugh, I'm so full. My tummy is gonna burst like a balloon!"

"Oh, no! Not a balloon! I hope not a water balloon! I don't have my rain gear on," he said with faux fear.

Bursting out into a fit of giggles, she stuck her tongue out at him. "You're a silly billy."

Before he picked her up from the stool, he booped her nose. "Not as silly as you are, Princess. Come on, let's go get you down for a nap."

Letting out a yawn, she used her fists to rub her eyes. "But I'm not tired. And I haven't seen your whole house."

Giving her an exasperated look, he shook his head. "Yeah. I can tell you're not tired at all. I'll give you a tour of the house as soon as you wake up."

By the time they were at the top of the stairs, even she could feel herself getting drowsy. When he walked into the bedroom at the end of the hall, she knew it was his. It smelled like him, and she instantly relaxed against his chest.

"Potty time before your nap. Do you need a diaper or pull-up before I lay you down?"

Her eyes widened. Did she? Could she? She wasn't so sure she was ready for that. Did he have those things if she said yes? No, she couldn't say yes. He might be grossed out if she did, and who would even put it on her? She didn't know how to do that. Would he put it on her? That would mean he'd

see her pussy and was she ready for that?

“Relax, Princess. You don’t have to think so hard about it. Will you be able to take a nap without wetting yourself?”

She nodded, pulling her thumb up to her lips. Just the idea of what he’d asked seemed to make her slip right into a different headspace.

“Okay. Go potty then, and after your nap, we can discuss if those are something you might want or need in the future. Can you go potty by yourself or do you want my help?”

Sheesh! He certainly didn’t seem to have any qualms about taking care of her in the most basic ways. And she really loved that. But she wasn’t quite ready for that. Maybe after they had their discussion.

Looking back to the toilet and then up at him, she shook her head. “I can do it,” she mumbled around her thumb.

He chuckled. “Okay, Princess. I’ll be just right outside the door. Call out if you need me.”

MADDOX

He was moving too quickly and he knew it, but at the same time, she didn't seem to be frightened by that. If anything, she seemed unsure how to answer him about some things, and he wasn't sure if it was because she was afraid of something or if she truly wasn't sure what she wanted. Whatever it was, he planned to talk it out with her later that day. For the time being, he needed to put her down for a nap and then call Colt and see what he'd found on that thumb drive.

The sound of the toilet flushing brought him out of his thoughts, and without thinking, he walked into the bathroom, wanting to make sure she didn't fall. She was exhausted, and he worried about her walking by herself. Getting her on a regular sleep schedule would be one of the first things he would be doing with her.

“Ooof!” she squealed as she yanked her leggings up.

“Shit, sorry, Princess! I was just coming to make sure you didn't fall on your way to the sink. I didn't see anything.”

It surprised him when she started giggling. “It's okay. You just startled me. Good thing I'd already peed because otherwise you might have scared the pee out of me!”

Throwing his head back, he burst out laughing. “Oh, baby. You're so damn cute.”

“No, I'm not.”

His smile faded and he narrowed his eyes. “I know you didn't just say

that. Talking badly about yourself is never allowed. That will be one of your rules. Got it?"

"It's the truth, though," she muttered.

Maddox stepped forward, picked her up, and set her on the vanity so she was closer to his height but still a good six inches shorter.

Cupping her chin, he lowered his face so he was only inches from hers.

"You disagreed that I think you're cute. You are cute. Adorable. Beautiful. Sexy. You are all of those things and more. I never want you to doubt it, and I can see the doubt in your eyes right now but I promise you this, Princess: I will make it my mission to show you and make you understand just how fucking perfect and precious you are so you never ever doubt it. But until then, it is a rule that you're not allowed to say negative things about yourself. Understand?"

Slowly, she nodded as much as his hand holding her chin would allow. "Yes."

"That's my good girl. *Yes, Daddy* would be better but we'll get there."

He quickly helped her wash her hands and then carried her back into his bedroom. All of the belongings they'd packed were still in his truck so he opened his dresser and pulled out one of his softest T-shirts. He hated that she was still in the same clothes from the night before. That bastard had made her so fearful she hadn't even changed.

"Since your clothes are still in the truck, how about wearing one of my T-shirts for naptime?"

He was standing close enough that he noticed her pupils dilate before she quickly nodded. His cock twitched in his jeans, knowing she wanted to wear his shirt. It might be a bit possessive of him that he liked it so much, but he didn't care. He wanted to possess her. To own every inch of her body, and he wanted her to own every inch of his.

"Can I help you change or do you want to do it?" he asked.

Her hand still had the glue stitches, and she'd told him how hard it was to change her clothes but he wouldn't force it. Not yet.

"Um, well... Can you...?" she asked quietly.

She was struggling to ask for what she wanted, and he knew it was because she was still unsure, but he was proud that she had taken him up on his offer to help her.

"What's your safeword?"

"Red," she said firmly.

“Good girl. If at any time you want me to stop helping you with this and need me to leave the room, you say red and I will stop and leave immediately.”

As she nodded her head, he noticed her squeezing her thighs together and he so badly wanted to ask her what was making her sweet little pussy so needy. Was it him calling her his good girl? Or was it that he was going to see her without clothes? Whatever it was, he was so fucking happy to see that he was affecting her in the same way she affected him.

“Arms up,” he instructed.

Ever so slowly, she raised her arms and waited as he lifted the hem of her sweater up and over her head. The threadbare bra she wore barely covered her perky, lush breasts, and he made a mental note to order her some supportive undershirts so she wouldn’t have to wear a bra anymore.

He lowered the shirt over her head, letting it fall to her hips before he reached behind her and up the back of the shirt to unhook the bra.

“Slide it down your arms,” he said.

She quickly obeyed, letting the bra drop to the floor.

“Oh, I’ll get it,” she said, trying to stand.

Maddox placed his hand on her shoulder to stop her. “It’s okay, Princess. I’ll get it later.”

Her blue eyes looked down at the material on the floor and then back at him before she slowly nodded. What was she worried about? Was she embarrassed about how worn it was or was it something else? The one thing he did know was his poor girl needed to learn that she was safe with him no matter what.

“Lie on your back,” he said.

As soon as she was lying flat, he reached for the waistband of her leggings and tugged them down, revealing a pair of worn but adorable cotton panties.

“Good girl. Crawl up to the head of the bed and get under the covers. We left Peaches downstairs, so I’m going to go grab him.”

Brynn gasped. “Peaches is a girl, Daddy!”

Her eyes widened at the same time he froze, both of them realizing what she’d called him. Fuck. He was a goner. She was going to be his, even if he had to tie her to his bed for the rest of her life. Okay, he wouldn’t actually do that, but fuck. She was it for him. He hoped she could deal with him and his obsessive ways. Somehow, though, he suspected she would soak up all the

attention he wanted to give her because it was obvious to him that she'd felt unloved for a very long time.

"Daddy is silly. I knew she was a girl. What was I thinking?" he asked, lightly smacking his forehead.

She giggled, and the tension of her calling him Daddy was gone.

When he returned with the bear in hand, she was already nearly asleep with her thumb lodged in her mouth.

"Here, Princess. Sleep well, baby girl," he whispered.

Lowering his face to hers, he pressed his lips to her forehead and then left the room, leaving the door ajar slightly so he could hear her if she needed him.

"Dude, we need to have a meeting," Colt said when he answered Maddox's call.

"Uh, okay. It's that bad?" he asked.

"It's fucking worse than bad. Is she asleep?"

"Yeah. She just went down for a nap."

"I'll be there in a few. I'm bringing Hawk with me," Colt said before disconnecting the call.

Within minutes, his brothers were standing on his front porch. Maddox stepped outside and looked from Colt to Hawk and knew it was definitely not good.

"That drive had the names of women and even underage girls that were meant to be kidnapped and sold on the black market. Whoever that motherfucker is, he's involved in a huge human trafficking ring. There was also a list of women they'd already sold and to who but most of them were sold overseas."

Maddox's skin began to crawl as the rage inside him went from a slow burn to a full blown torch.

"What the fuck?" he replied.

"Remember when Declan had us searching for his sister's best friend, and we never found her?" Hawk asked.

Maddox nodded. "Yeah. Tessa Murphy."

Declan was the head of the Irish mafia on the west coast, and they'd

worked with him on several occasions. Maddox wouldn't say they were close friends but they had a good working relationship and had each other's backs when needed. The woman they'd looked for was one of the few women they'd never found. It haunted all of them that they hadn't been able to help.

"Her name was on the drive. She was sold to someone in New York. The only information along with it is a bank account number and a first name. I already sent the information to Declan so he can have his associates in New York start looking for her.

"There was also a list with names and addresses. All women. Wives and daughters of some of the richest men in Seattle," Colt explained.

Maddox paced back and forth, his mind racing. "It's a kidnapping list so they can hold them for ransom. But they won't ever release them. They fucking kill them. Remember that guy that was on the news a few months ago? He paid the ransom, and then his wife turned up at the bottom of the river the next day."

"That's what we came up with too. But the question is, who the fuck is her ex? The phone number was a burner phone, so I wasn't able to find anything. And how long has she had this drive?" Hawk asked.

"I don't know. She was scared out of her mind last night when she got the text from him, and she didn't sleep all night. She was mostly non-verbal when I got to her apartment. When she wakes up from her nap, I'll ask questions. We need to wait to turn the information in to the authorities until I talk to her. There might be a reason she hasn't turned it in yet," Maddox told them.

His brothers nodded.

"I got the cameras up and functional, so we will still keep watch on her place," Colt told him.

"Okay. She's staying with me in the meantime. I need some supplies. I'll order stuff online but I need some things right away."

Hawk smirked at him and shook his head. "Send me a fucking list. Fuck, these Littles are making me soft."

Maddox and Colt snorted.

"I don't think anyone is going to get the idea that you're getting soft. Maybe try not to terrify her when you meet her properly for the first time," Maddox said with a grin.

Hawk could be... gruff. He had a heart of gold and was loyal to a fault, but some people couldn't see past his grumpy, harsh, growly exterior to find

out how amazing he was.

“Just send me the list, asshole,” Hawk growled.

Colt looked between them, grinning like a fool as they bickered back and forth.

“I’ll go with you. I need something to keep myself busy,” Colt said to Hawk.

“Thanks. I’ll text you a list and call you once I get more information from her,” Maddox said.

Just as Hawk and Colt were walking down his driveway, his brother’s fiancée Kylie came walking up. He loved all the Littles who’d joined the family in the past year, and they all had a naughty side, but Kylie was by far the naughtiest. She was a perfect match for Ash.

“Hey, sweet girl. What are you doing out and about?” he asked, looking to see if Ash was outside with her.

The women weren’t allowed to be outside by themselves when they were in Little Space but they’d all been known to break that rule a time or two.

“Just about to leave and drop off some online orders at the post office. I saw you carry a woman inside. Is that Brynn? Can I meet her? Oh, can she come over for a playdate with me and the other girls?” she asked, bouncing on her toes.

Chuckling, Maddox reached out and pulled her into him, hugging her tightly. “Oh, sweet girl. You’re such a little pest. Depending on how she’s doing tomorrow, I’ll let you know. She’s exhausted, so she needs to rest today. But I need you to do me a favor.”

Looking up at him with wide eyes, she smiled. “What?”

“Here is my credit card. I need you to have Ash take you to the mall and I need you to buy anything and everything she might need. Clothes, shoes, accessories, hair products, whatever you think she might need. She’s about the same size and height as you. No spending limit.”

“Eeek! Really? Oh my gosh, that’s so sweet of you! If I didn’t love my Daddy so much, I might have fallen in love with you. But I’m so excited she found you. You’re gonna be the best Daddy ever! Eeek! No spending limit!”

Maddox let out a bark of laughter as Kylie hopped up and down with his credit card in her hand.

“Get yourself a few things too. Okay?” he asked.

“Yes!” she squealed, pumping her fist in the air. “Bye, Uncle Maddox!”

“Bye, Little girl. Drive safe and do not go to the mall by yourself.

Understood?"

"Yep! Love you!"

"Love you too, brat."

BRYNN

She was so warm and comfy she didn't want to open her eyes. Partially because she didn't want to wake up from the dream she'd had about Maddox Black coming to her rescue and taking her home with him and then telling her that he wanted to be her Daddy. If she kept her eyes closed, maybe the dream would continue.

"Hey, Princess," Maddox said in that deep velvet soft voice that he only seemed to use around her.

Popping her eyes open, she looked around and realized she wasn't at her apartment. She was in a big bedroom, a bedroom that smelled just like him.

Holy macaroni. It wasn't a dream!

She heard him moving closer so she turned her head to look up at him walking toward her.

"Hi," she whispered shyly.

Had all of that really happened? She'd been so exhausted when he'd shown up at her house, but the memories slowly came back to her. Giving him the thumb drive. Sucking her thumb. Him changing her into his shirt. His shirt! Oh, the lovely shirt that was so soft and smelled like him. She would just need to figure out how to keep that shirt forever so she could sleep in it every night for the rest of her life.

"Hey," he said with a soft smile as he sat on the edge of the bed. "You napped for almost three hours. How'd you sleep?"

"Really good."

Nodding, he reached out and brushed some of her curls away from her face.

“I brought up a snack and some juice for you. I figured sitting in bed and snacking would be nice while we talk and get things figured out,” he told her.

Her tummy turned to knots. She wasn’t so sure she was ready for whatever it was he wanted to talk about. As it was, she couldn’t believe she’d given him the thumb drive and shown him the text Collin had sent.

“Relax, Princess. There is nothing for you to be worried about. First, I have some questions about the information we found on the thumb drive, and then I want to talk about you and me. I want to know everything I need to about what you want and need as a Little. Deal?”

She nodded and took a deep breath. “Okay.”

“That’s my good girl,” he said with a wink.

Okay, if he kept calling her that, she would give him whatever information he wanted.

Maddox reached out for her and helped her sit up, situating pillows behind her so she was supported. Then, to both her shock and excitement, he handed her a sippy cup filled with a purple-colored liquid. She was dying of thirst and couldn’t stop herself from lifting the spout to her lips to drink down what she found out was grape juice. Her favorite. Come to think of it, she’d told him that the night he’d come over for dinner. Coincidence? Somehow she didn’t think so.

When she pulled the cup away from her mouth, she set it beside her and looked up at him. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Princess. I want you to drink more while we talk.”

“Okay.”

He nodded approvingly and sighed. “Do you know what was on the drive?”

Looking down at her hands, she shook her head. “No. Not really. I mean, I have an idea. But I never looked at it. He made references to it being a hit list, but I never asked because he would have freaked out.”

She felt so stupid. How had she stayed with him for so long, and why had she put up with the years of emotional and sometimes physical abuse from him?

“Do the police know about the thumb drive?” he asked.

Shaking her head, she grabbed Peaches and held her tightly. “No. I tried to think of a way to get it to the police. The good police, I mean. But I was

afraid somehow it would get in the wrong hands so I kept it, hoping that if they didn't have the drive, they wouldn't have the information they needed.

"He doesn't know for sure that I have it, but a couple of weeks before I left him, I hid it in a flower pot outside the house under some dirt and he went crazy looking for it because he had the only one. The night I left, I left in the middle of the night when he was out with his friends. I dug up the drive and took it with me. He's been threatening me ever since."

Maddox was quiet after she finished speaking. She looked up, worried that he was mad at her or thought she was as stupid as she felt, but instead, his expression was concerned.

"I'm so fucking sorry you had to go through all of that, Princess. Did he hurt you? Did he put hands on you?" he asked darkly.

Biting her bottom lip, she lowered her eyes from his and gave a slight nod and then startled when Maddox suddenly stood and started pacing.

"He's fucking dead. I'm going to take care of him so he never fucking bothers you again, baby. Never again. You will never know that kind of pain for the rest of your life. He's a dead man," he snarled.

Maybe she should have been scared. After all, she could practically feel the rage radiating from him, but instead of feeling scared, everything inside of her seemed to settle and relax because she knew she was safe with Maddox. He might be deadly to the rest of the world but not to her. And it was crazy that she knew that, but she just did. She knew he would die protecting her if he had to.

She didn't want him to be angry right then, though. She wanted him close to her. Needed him close to her. So she did the only thing she could think of that might break him out of his rage.

"Daddy," she said softly.

Maddox immediately stopped pacing and looked at her, his whole expression changing when he met her eyes. He moved back over to the bed and sat, reaching out for her and hooking his hands under her armpits before pulling her out from the blankets to his lap.

"When you call me Daddy, my whole fucking world stops, and the only thing that exists is you. You don't even understand yet that you are the center of my universe. You calm the storm inside me," he told her, nuzzling his face in her hair.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she savored the feeling. It was like every time he touched her, he couldn't get enough, but then again, she

couldn't either.

"It's like you're The Hulk and I'm the only one who can calm you," she said as she remembered the movie she'd watched.

It was silly, but when she'd watched that movie, she'd swooned over The Hulk.

Maddox ran his hand up and down her back and smiled. "Yeah, baby. I think you're right about that."

"Was there really bad stuff on the drive?" she asked after several silent moments.

He nodded, clearing his throat. "Yes, baby. There was some really bad stuff on it. Remember how I told you we help people? We had a contract to find a woman, and we haven't been able to find her. We've run into numerous dead-ends. Her name was on the list.

"They're running a huge human trafficking ring, and it has all kinds of information about the women and the men who purchased the women. There were underage girls on the list too."

Tears pricked her eyes, and she buried her face into his shirt as she let out a sob. Maddox started rocking her, whispering gentle words to her, but she didn't know what he was saying. She couldn't hear it over her crying.

After several minutes, she lifted her head, looking up at him. "I knew it. I fucking knew it. I was with him at a big mansion one time. It was where the gang met up and partied and did whatever it was they did. I only went there a couple of times, and the last time I was there, I saw several young-looking women being brought in, practically needing to be carried by whoever was escorting them in because they were so high.

"They looked so young and I asked him about it. I shouldn't have. I knew I wasn't supposed to ask questions, but I needed to know. He freaked out and...he..."

Her breathing became labored as she tried to get it out, but Maddox started shushing her gently.

"Shh. Baby. I need you to breathe in slowly and out slowly. Shh. It's okay. You didn't know, and you were worried about those girls."

Nodding, she tried to follow his instructions to breathe. "I was. I didn't know what to do. He threw me against a wall and I blacked out. When I woke up, I was at our house and he was gone. That's when I started planning to leave. I knew where the drive was but I never knew what was on it. So a week later I hid it, and then several weeks after that, I left. I left with nothing.

I didn't care if I had to sleep on the streets, I just knew I needed to get away. I planned to stay in my apartment for a couple more months, and then I was going to move as far away as I could afford."

His arms tightened around her. "You're not going anywhere, Princess. If you want to go somewhere, I'm going with you. But you're going to be safe. I'm not going to let anything happen to you."

She clung to him, knowing he meant every single word of that.

"Do you think I'm stupid?" she asked.

He pulled her away from his chest, narrowing his eyes. "No and I don't like that you even think you need to ask that. If you think that about yourself, I'd like to remind you about the rule of not talking or thinking badly about yourself.

"You're not stupid, Princess. You are brave and smart, and you deserve so much more than you got. You are so fucking precious. He is the one who's stupid. More than stupid. And he will pay for what he's done. He touched my girl, and no one gets away with that."

"I wasn't your girl then," she whispered.

"Yeah. You were. I just hadn't met you yet."

She stared into his emerald-green eyes and sighed. His face lowered until his lips brushed against hers. It was gentle at first. Several slow kisses as his hand roamed up and down her back, the other hand cradling the back of her head while she clung to him, her arms around his neck and her fingers running through the short strands of hair on the back of his head.

When his tongue pressed against her lips, she obediently parted them, letting him in to explore her mouth as she explored his. The longer they kissed, the more desperate it became, bruising, almost, but she couldn't get enough, and her clit ached to be touched.

He sucked her tongue into his mouth, nipping at it, and with each nip, she squirmed a little more in his lap, whimpering and moaning into his mouth. Both of them were out of breath as he pulled back and stared down at her, resting his forehead on hers.

"You're going to drive me insane, Little girl."

Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she worked to calm her breathing and heartbeat. "The feeling is mutual."

His lips pulled back into a grin, and she couldn't help but grin back at him as they stared at each other in comfortable silence.

"I want to know all about your Little side. What you like, what you might

want to try, what your limits are. I want to know every single thing about you, Princess.”

A shiver ran through her as she squeezed Peaches even tighter. It was time to be brave and share all of herself with him. As scary as it was knowing he'd be able to completely destroy her heart if he rejected her, she knew she wouldn't be happy suppressing that side of her in a relationship again. She needed to be Little like she needed air. It was part of her to her very core.

“Okay. What do you want to know first?”

“How old do you think your Little is?” he asked.

That was a hard one. She wasn't really sure she knew the answer. “I don't know. I thought maybe around five or six, but then as I started exploring it, I realized I was definitely younger, so I thought maybe two or three. But then I saw the crib at Dr. Tate's house and the changing table and...”

She was too embarrassed to tell him just how much she'd been thinking about the crib and changing table after that day. Of course, she'd gotten the chance to use a crib after Maddox had one delivered to her, and she absolutely loved it even though she hadn't even pulled up the side rail yet.

“And you loved them but you're scared to go that Little?” he asked.

Maybe being a Daddy meant he was a mind reader because she couldn't have said it better.

“Yeah,” she whispered, resisting the urge to bring her thumb to her mouth.

“Princess, I would love to take you to any age you feel. And sometimes you might feel more Little than others. Sometimes Littles go to a much younger age when they're home alone with their Daddy, and then when they're around their friends, they might play at a little bit older age. There is no right or wrong answer to that question.

“Honestly, I would love for you to be super Little when we're at home. I need to be needed, and I love being able to be super involved in everything surrounding my Little girl. I know for some, it can be hard to let go and truly submerge into that Little of a headspace and do things that might feel embarrassing at first, but it would be my goal to make it so it became second nature between us. Does that make sense?”

He was offering her the world, and while she was scared to death to plunge into it, she also wasn't going to turn it down.

MADDOX

Holding her on his lap, he knew she was where she was meant to be. His lap would be her own personal throne for the rest of her life if she would have him. And damn, he was already thinking about engagement rings and weddings. But he needed to take it one step at a time. She was afraid to open herself up to him, and even though he was proud of her for the things she had shared with him already, he knew he needed to be careful not to push her too far.

“I am a strict Daddy, though,” he told her. “I will give you rules, and I will hover over you so much that I will notice every single rule you break, and I will punish you for it. But I have a feeling that might be something you need.”

She visibly shuddered, and he knew he was right about his suspicions.

“What if I can’t regress that far? What if I try and I hate it? Or if I’m bad at it? I’ve never had a Daddy, so I might be awkward or not act right. I just know I have these feelings inside me, and I love being Little when I’m alone, but I don’t know how I would be with a Daddy,” she rushed out.

“Breathe, Princess. You and I get to make our relationship however we want it. You decide you don’t want to go that Little, we adjust. You decide you need to go even Littler, we adjust. You hate having me as a Daddy, we’ll figure out what I’m doing wrong to make you hate it and I’ll adjust. There is no one size fits all.

“My brothers and their Little girls all have different dynamics. Some of

them have more rules than others. They all have different limits and needs. And what they all have, that is up to them to decide. Understand? You hold all the cards here, and my job as your Daddy is to play the game to your rules. And then I make you follow my rules within the game. Does that make sense?”

She relaxed in his arms, and he felt himself relax too. He was getting through to her. Whatever that asshole had done to her in the past had damaged her, and it would be his job to undo all of that damage and teach her how a loving, respectful, and kinky relationship should be.

“Tell me what your hard limits are, baby.”

Squeezing her bear to her chest, she sighed and looked up at him. “I don’t want to be hit in the face. I don’t want to be humiliated. I don’t like being called names. Being ignored if I did something to upset you would really hurt me. Same with being screamed at. If you sleep with other women, I don’t want to ever know.”

He tightened his arms around her and barely held back the growl he was feeling.

“First of all, my cock will never touch another woman again. The only pussy I will think of, touch, lick, bite, fuck, and worship will be yours. I will never entertain another woman, and I will never ever do anything to make you feel jealous or insecure. I will always be open and honest with you, and I will never hide stuff from you. Okay?”

It felt like a knife twisting in his gut when her bottom lip trembled.

“Pinky swear?” she asked in a small voice.

Smiling down at her, he held up his pinky. “Pinky swear.”

She linked her pinky with his and smiled up at him, her eyes filled with tears. How a man could have ever cheated on her, he had no fucking clue, but she would never have to worry about that again. He was hers just as much as she would be his.

“Pinky swears are sacred, you know,” he told her.

She nodded. “It’s more binding than a blood oath.”

“Exactly,” he said, leaning forward to kiss her forehead. “You will never have to worry about me hitting you anywhere except your bottom and maybe your pussy, but you might find that you enjoy that. And I would never, ever humiliate you. In the beginning, regressing and having me take care of you in some of the most basic ways might be embarrassing, but I promise to try to help you feel comfortable. Okay?”

Their pinkies were still locked and she nodded and wiggled their hands. “Deal.”

“Good girl. Now, I already told you the rule about talking or thinking badly about yourself. If you’re ever thinking bad things about yourself, I want you to come tell me so I can reassure you. Rule number two, always be honest with me. Lying to Daddy isn’t allowed and I won’t ever lie to you. Understand?”

“Okay,” she whispered.

“Good. Rule number three, you will have a set bedtime each night and naptime each afternoon for at least an hour. You will also eat three meals a day and some healthy snacks in between if you’re hungry.”

She nodded.

“Rule number four, you will always be safe. Meaning you will no longer ride the bus or take Ubers. Daddy will drive you wherever you need to go.”

Her eyes widened. “You can’t drive me everywhere. You have a job and a life.”

“My life now revolves around you. I have employees to manage my club, and my family will understand that you come first. That’s how it works with all of us. Our Littles come first, always.”

“Oh,” she replied, her mouth gaping open as though what he’d said was totally shocking.

“Rule five, you always obey Daddy, but if there is ever anything that scares you or is a limit, you say your safeword and we stop everything and talk as adults.”

“You won’t be mad if I say my safeword?” she asked, looking down at her bear.

Reaching out, he cupped her chin so she had to look at him. He needed her to understand how serious he was.

“I will never be upset that you say your safeword. I would be more upset if I found out you needed to use it and didn’t. You will never be punished or made to feel bad for using it. It’s there for a reason, and that reason is to keep you safe. Remember rule four?”

Her pale-blue eyes were swimming with tears, and he hated that she had been fucked up so badly by her ex that she felt emotional over being treated right. Another reason that motherfucker would pay dearly.

“Rule six, no touching your pussy. The only reason you should ever have your fingers between your legs is when you wipe after going potty or you’re

washing yourself but, honestly, I will be doing both of those things for you most of the time anyway,” he told her.

He watched as her eyes turned saucer-size, and she let out a little squeak of noise.

“You’re...uh...gonna...wipe me?” she asked slowly.

“Baby girl, I’m going to do everything. I want to take care of you in every single way. Sexually, emotionally, mentally, physically. Every way possible. Besides, you might be in diapers most of the time anyway. Especially at home. But if you decide diapers aren’t for you, then yes, I’ll come in the bathroom with you and wipe you after you’re done going potty.”

“Oh,” she whispered, her cheeks turning pink.

“Does any of that scare you or feel like a limit to you?” he asked.

She shook her head slowly. “No. No. I don’t think so. A bit terrifying but also kind of...”

“Exciting?” he asked.

“Is that weird?”

“Look at me, Brynn.”

It pleased him that she immediately lifted her gaze to his.

“Nothing that happens between us is weird as long as it is consensual. Some Littles get turned on in Little Space from things like that, and some Littles separate their Little completely from their sexual side. There is no right or wrong. Whatever you like or need, I’m here to give it to you. No matter what, whether you’re Little or big, I’m always Daddy. I will never stop being Daddy. It’s just that sometimes I will Daddy your Little girl side, and sometimes I will Daddy your grownup side. Either way, I will be your Dom. Understand?”

He kept his eyes on hers but he could feel her shifting her thighs on his lap to squeeze them together. His cock instantly started thickening, knowing that his sweet princess was turned on. It was taking extreme control not to spread her out on his bed and feast on her pussy until she passed out.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” he asked.

Her eyes sparkled up at him and a slow smile spread. “Yes, Daddy.”

“That’s my good girl.”

“What kind of punishment would you give me if I broke the rules?” she asked nervously.

“Well, a lot of the times it would be a spanking. I would use my hand or a

wooden hairbrush or possibly my belt depending on the severity of the infraction. Time out would be one. Writing lines. Early bedtime. Orgasm denial. Daddy can think up all kinds of things to teach his girl a lesson.”

He smirked at her as he watched her squirm and squeeze her thighs together again.

“Does the idea of being disciplined turn you on, Princess?”

Pulling her bottom lip between her teeth, she glanced up at him and then back down to her hands before slowly nodding.

“That’s good to know. Sometimes Daddy might spank you for pleasure but make no mistake, when you are truly in trouble, your bottom will not enjoy it. Okay?”

“Okay, Daddy,” she whispered, squirming against his cock.

Fuck. There was no way she couldn’t feel his cock pressing against her bottom. It was hard as a rock and painfully pressing against his zipper.

“Baby, stop wiggling. You are fucking killing me,” he ground out, putting his hands on her hips to still her.

A moan escaped her lips and his resolve to go slow disappeared into a poof of dust. Picking her up, he laid her on the mattress and put a hand on either side of her head as he hovered over her.

“You like teasing Daddy? Do you think that’s a good idea? To tease me?” he asked, staring down into her eyes.

She was practically panting as her chest rose and fell. Her legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him closer to her so his cock was pressed against her core.

“Please. I just. I need something. Please, Daddy,” she whispered.

“Such a needy Little girl, aren’t you?”

Yeah, he was just as fucking needy as she was though. Her head bobbed up and down as she used her uninjured hand to roam his chest over his shirt.

“Once I take you, Brynn, once I stick my cock inside your tight little pussy, there is no turning back. We may as well get a fucking marriage license now because once I fuck you, I’m never letting go. I’m not kidding, Brynn,” he told her.

He expected her to panic. To push him away or tell him to get away from her. But instead, she moaned and pressed her chest up to his.

“Okay. Yes. Please. I want to be yours. Show me how it feels to be yours. Make me yours,” she purred.

Shit. She was awakening the beast inside of him that had been hibernating

for so long.

In one swift move, he pulled away from her, grabbing her thin panties at the same time and ripping them away from her body.

Pulling his shirt over his head, he hovered over her again and then slammed his lips onto hers. She kissed him back just as urgently and together, their bodies began grinding against each other.

When he pulled his mouth away, they were both panting, and he watched as her eyes moved over his chest and stomach.

“You have so many tattoos,” she whispered, tracing her index finger over the lines. “And scars.”

Her eyes widened at the last part as her finger stopped on a scar that was lifted. He would tell her all about his dark past another time, but for now, he needed to feel her and claim her.

“Are you sure you want this, Brynn? Are you sure you want me?” he asked.

She looked up to his gaze and nodded. “I’m sure. I’m scared you’ll hurt me, but I’m sure that I want you.”

Shaking his head, he pinned her with a firm gaze. “I will never fucking hurt you, baby. You’re mine, and I will always take care and protect what’s mine.”

“Take me, Daddy. Please. I need you,” she whimpered.

Every last ounce of strength he had was gone, and he knew he would never deny this woman anything she wanted.

Pulling away from her, he stood and started unbuckling his belt as he stared down at her with her knees bent and together, hiding her pussy from him.

“Spread your legs. I want to see what belongs to me. Keep them spread,” he said as he unbuttoned his jeans and stepped out of them.

Slowly, she spread her legs, exposing her bare pussy to him, and he almost exploded in his underwear. Her lips were so plump and pink, glistening with her arousal. Tucking his thumbs into the waistband of his underwear, he pulled them down, allowing his cock to spring free.

He heard her take in a sharp breath as she stared at his cock. “You definitely don’t need a sock in there.”

Freezing in place, he tilted his head and furrowed his eyebrows. “What?”

Her eyes widened as though she’d just realized she’d said that out loud. “Oh, uh, nothing.”

She giggled and he couldn't help but grin down at her. He was ruined for any other woman. That much he knew for sure. He just hoped she'd be able to deal with his intensity.

BRYNN

Holy macaroni, this was really happening, and she had no idea how the hell his cock was going to fit inside her without splitting her in half.

Even though they were both so aroused, she knew without a doubt that he'd meant every word of what he said about once they did this, it would be forever. She had no idea how he could mean that since he barely knew her but, somehow, she suspected he might know her better than she knew herself.

And now he was staring down at her wet pussy like it was Christmas morning and she was the best gift he could have ever gotten. But then again, she was staring at his cock and could feel herself salivating.

"Daddy," she whimpered.

It felt like he was taking forever when really, it was just that she was so damn needy for him she couldn't wait another second.

"I know, baby. I know. But I want to make sure you're good and ready before I fuck you because I don't want to hurt you and I'm also not going to last long."

Yeah, well, she wasn't either. Honestly, she probably would have come when she'd been sitting on his lap if he'd let her grind on him a little more. All that talk about rules and discipline and him taking care of her so intimately had gotten her worked up.

Maddox reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out a condom and a bottle of lube. She didn't really think she'd need any lube as wet as she was, but his cock was also enormous so maybe it wouldn't hurt to add a little more

wetness.

She watched as he poured some of the gel onto his fingers and then rubbed them together to spread it around before he knelt onto the mattress and gently parted her lips before massaging it onto her pussy.

“Oh, shit,” she cried out as his fingers brushed against her clit.

He chuckled and pulled his hand away, making her let out a sound of protest.

“Shh, I just need to wipe off my fingers,” he crooned.

Disappearing into the bathroom, she heard water running and then he was right back by her side. Suddenly, her pussy started feeling warm and even more sensitive than it had before.

“Daddy, what was that?”

“It’s warming lube, baby girl. It will make your pussy warm and relaxed so when I put my cock inside you it won’t hurt as much,” he told her as he leaned down to hover over her.

Oh. How thoughtful of him.

Before she could thank him, his mouth lowered to her nipple and began sucking, making her cry out as she wrapped her hands around his head and buried her fingers in his hair. Her hips bucked as he licked, sucked, and bit each one while massaging the other between his fingers.

It was ecstasy. Could she come just from nipple play? She was pretty sure it was possible because her pussy ached for release.

“Oh, god! I want to touch you,” she said, trying to reach for his cock.

Maddox shook his head as he looked up at her from where his mouth was settled on her nipple. Lifting his head, he blew on the wet peak, making it bud even more.

“Baby, if you touch my cock, I will fucking explode like a rocket launcher, and I want to be inside your pussy when I do that.”

“Then fuck me, please, Daddy. Please, please, please. I need you,” she cried out, running her hands over his chest.

“Keep your injured hand down. I don’t want you hurting it,” he growled.

Quickly moving that hand to her side, she stuck out her bottom lip in a pout. His raised brows quickly had her tucking her lip in.

“Does my Little girl need her bottom warmed before I fuck her? Because she seems awfully demanding and pouty.”

“No, no. I don’t need a spanking, Daddy. I just need you. Please.”

He quickly rolled on the condom and then lined his hips up with her

pussy. She closed her eyes and braced herself for him to enter her, but instead, she was surprised when he started rubbing her clit in circles with his thumb.

“Ohhh!” she cried out.

“You do not come until I say,” he said firmly.

Crap. How the heck was she supposed to hold off? She was barely hanging on by a thread, and he wasn’t just lightly teasing her clit. No, he flicked it and pinched it while at the same time licking her nipple.

“Daddy, please, please, please,” she whimpered as she wrapped her legs around his hips, trying to pull him into her.

“What, baby? What does my princess need?” he asked, not letting her move him.

“You! I need you and I need to come! Oh, god!”

He chuckled as he intensified the movement of his thumb. Between the warmth, his thumb on her clit, and his mouth on her breasts, she was a ball of neediness.

Her orgasm was so close to the edge that she was praying she could hold off because she had no doubt she would be in trouble if she came without his permission. It was getting harder and harder by the second though.

“Come for me, baby,” he commanded as he pinched her delicate pearl.

As soon as he said it, her orgasm crashed through her, making her scream over and over again as she clawed at his chest with her good hand. Her entire body convulsed, her pussy tightening in search of something to fill it.

The entire time, he continued to tease her clit, and as her orgasm started to subside, Maddox nudged the head of his cock into her pussy, stretching her around him. Since she was already a pile of putty under him, her relaxed body allowed him to inch in without terrible pain.

Opening her eyes, she nearly giggled when she saw how pinched his face was. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

Shaking his head, he stared down into her eyes as he pressed in and pulled out several times, inching in farther with each small thrust. “Trying not to come, baby. You’re so goddamn tight. Fuck,” he ground out between clenched teeth.

He was right about that. She was so tight around him, and even though she was completely relaxed, she felt so extremely full and stretched to the max.

It took several minutes before he was in completely to the base of his

cock, and she could swear she felt the head up in her belly.

Maddox cradled her head between his arms, making it so she was staring up into his gaze as he slowly pulled out and thrust in with a bit of force, the ridge of his cock rubbing against that ultra-sensitive spot inside her pussy.

“Oh!” she cried out.

“Fuck, baby. You fit me so damn good,” he said tightly as he started thrusting with a bit more force.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she tightened her ankles around his thighs and clung to him as he fucked her deeply and thoroughly.

Could she be in love with this man already? It sure felt like it, but that would be bananas.

“Daddy! Oh, oh! Please!” she cried out as her second climax started building with rapid force.

“I know, baby. Fuck, I’m not going to last long. Shit! Come for me. Come all over my cock,” he nearly yelled.

She exploded around him as he started thrusting wildly, shouting out his own orgasm. As he calmed down, he wrapped himself around her, hovering his entire body over hers making her feel warm and safe.

They stayed like that for a long time, and at some point, she nodded off because she woke up to the feeling of him pulling out of her, making her instantly miss their connection.

“Stay right there, Princess. I’m going to go run you a bath.”

A bath? That sounded quite nice. She liked that idea. Maybe he would even climb in with her. Would it be too needy of her to ask? Even though he told her he was obsessive and would hover constantly, she was pretty sure her neediness would annoy him at some point because she didn’t want to even be in a separate room from him anymore.

He was only gone a moment and then she was suddenly being lifted from the bed and carried bridal style into the attached bathroom. She could really get used to this being carried around thing. Not only did she not have to walk but being pressed up against Maddox’s naked chest was no hardship.

She was surprised when he’d stripped naked just how many tattoos he had. Not only were his chest and arms covered but he had some large pieces on his legs too. The man was art. Maybe he’d let her color some tattoos on him. The thought made her giggle.

“What’s so funny, Princess?”

“Just thinking about your tattoos and how pretty of a tattoo I could draw

on you.”

He set her on a towel that was spread out on the vanity. How thoughtful considering it would have been cold on her bottom if he hadn't done that. Putting his hands on either side of her thighs, he leaned in close until he was only an inch or so away from her face and she could swear she'd stopped breathing.

“You can tattoo me all you want, Little girl. My body belongs to you now,” he said, his eyes boring into her.

Holy crap on a cracker. This man was smooth. Even though she'd just had two orgasms, her pussy was already preening for more of him.

“And I belong to you?” she asked quietly.

He slowly nodded, keeping eye contact with her the whole time. “Exactly right, baby. You belong to me. Not as a piece of property but as my queen, my girl, my baby, my princess, and my treasure.”

Blinking several times, she forced herself to take in a breath before she passed out from heart failure. This man...he was...just wow. Just wow was the only thing she could think of because every time he spoke, he seemed to break down her wall just a little bit more.

“Will you take a bath with me?”

A smile spread across his lips as he stepped back and lifted her down from the counter. “Baby girl, there will probably never be a time for the rest of your life that I'm either not in the bath with you or in the bathroom while you take a bath.”

Maybe she was losing it or maybe she was desperate for someone to love her but instead of that sounding scary or creepy, she found it reassuring. He was willing to give her all of the attention she wanted and needed, which according to Collin had been way too much. But this man seemed to want her to need him.

Maddox lifted her by the hips and set her in the water, keeping his hands on her until she sat down.

Once she was settled, he climbed in behind her and pulled her up against his chest, wrapping his arms around her front.

“Thank you for giving me a chance,” he said thickly.

Resting her head against his chest, she looked up at him. “Please don't make me regret it. I barely survived Collin, and I already like you more than I ever liked him.”

He lowered his face to hers and pressed several soft kisses to her lips. “I

will never make you regret it, Brynn. I want to make you the happiest woman in the world.”

Nodding, she relaxed completely and closed her eyes. “You already make me happier than I ever remember being.”

MADDOX

After getting her dried off and dressed, Maddox took her downstairs and made her some soup for lunch along with some sliced strawberries. He also gave her milk in her sippy cup, though he was looking forward to bottle feeding her at some point. He was pleased when she let him feed her. She was the sweetest and most adorable Little he'd ever met, and he had a feeling she would spend a lot of time in Little Space at home, which was just fine with him. He loved being able to take care of her.

The doorbell rang just as he was rinsing the dishes, and she looked over at him with alarm.

"It's okay, Princess. It's just my brothers. I had them go get a few things for me."

She nodded, though she still seemed anxious.

"I'll go grab the stuff and send them away, baby. I don't want you to be upset," he told her, coming around the island to where she was sitting.

"It's okay. They're your brothers and you trust them, so I know they are safe," she said.

Nodding, he leaned forward and kissed her forehead. "You will always be safe around my family. Remember, all of us guys are Daddies."

"Okay," she said quietly.

Leaving her on the stool, Maddox went and opened the door, blocking his brothers from walking in. "She's sitting in the kitchen finishing her milk. If you so much as say anything to embarrass her or scare her, I will shoot you

without hesitation. Got it?” he said quietly.

Hawk and Colt looked at each other and then back at him and burst out laughing.

“Yeah, yeah. We got it. Fuck. You act like we’re a bunch of goddamn animals,” Hawk said, pushing past Maddox.

The only reason he let him was because deep down Maddox knew his brothers would never hurt his girl. They might be scary-looking men but they all had all of the Littles’ best interests in mind.

Following Colt and Hawk into the living room, they both looked back at him with concern. Looking around his brothers, he realized Brynn was nowhere to be seen. Panic filled him and his stomach tightened into knots.

“Brynn!” his voice boomed.

“And you think we’re going to scare her?” Hawk said as he shook his head.

“Shut the fuck up and help me find her,” he snapped.

All three of them spread out around the house. Maddox’s heart felt as though it was going to beat out of his chest as he looked in the dining room and then out in the garage. As he walked back into the house, Brynn opened the guest bathroom door and stepped out, her eyes going wide as soon as she saw Maddox.

“Baby! Shit! Where were you?” he asked frantically.

Colt and Hawk were at his side almost instantly as they all stared at her for an answer. She looked nervously at all three men as she pulled her thumb up near her mouth, a sign that she was scared or nervous.

“I had to go potty,” she said quietly, peering up at Maddox from underneath her lashes.

Her bottom lip trembled slightly, and he felt like a total ass. Stepping forward, he hooked her chin with his index finger and leaned down, kissing the tip of her nose.

“I’m sorry, Princess. I got scared when you weren’t where I left you. Daddy messed up. I didn’t mean to upset you,” he said softly.

“He’s kind of an ass sometimes, Brynnie Bear. The next time he acts like a dick, come to Uncle Hawk’s house, and we’ll plot a way to get back at him,” Hawk said with a smirk.

To Maddox’s surprise, she looked at Hawk and giggled. “Kay.”

Maddox relaxed slightly when she reached out and grabbed hold of his hand as she stared up at his brothers, a smile now spread across her face.

“Baby girl, I need to fill my brothers in on what you told me about the thumb drive. Uncle Hawk and Uncle Colt brought some toys for you, so how about if I set you up with some things to play with while we go talk?”

She looked up at him worriedly and shook her head, tightening her grip on his hand. “Wanna stay with you.”

Understanding filled him. She was definitely in Little Space and needy for her Daddy. Nodding, he leaned down so he was eye level with her and smiled.

“Good girl for telling me what you want. You can stay with Daddy. Let’s all go sit on the couch,” he said.

Brynn nodded and walked toward the living room with her hand in his, and he felt like the king of the world. All of the sadness and bullshit he’d endured in his past was so worth this miracle coming into his life.

By the time his brothers left, Brynn was exhausted from going over everything again with the men. She clung to Maddox the entire time, which pleased him more than it should have but also, he worried about her. He wanted to make sure he did everything right in getting her the help she needed to heal from the trauma of what she had gone through. Maybe he should look into a therapist for her. He knew of a good one that was age play friendly.

“Baby girl,” he said as he walked back into the living room after letting his brothers out.

She looked up from where she was sitting on the couch with her thumb lodged in her mouth. He really needed to give her a pacifier. It couldn’t be good for her teeth to always use her thumb for comfort.

“Here’s what’s going to happen for the rest of the day,” he said, squatting down in front of her. “Daddy is going to get you changed into a pull-up and some footie pajamas so you’re nice and comfy and then we are going to veg out on the couch for the rest of the day and watch movies and snuggle. You’re exhausted, and Daddy needs to hold his girl. Sound like a plan?”

She started fidgeting and he could see the uncertainty on her face but it was his job as her Daddy to take care of her, even if it meant pushing her out of her comfort zone.

Pulling her thumb from her mouth, she stared down at her hands as she spoke. "I've never worn one before. You might think I'm a freak or make fun of me."

Reaching out, he hooked her chin with his index finger so she was meeting his gaze. "I would never ever make fun of you or think you're a freak. Do you think I'm a freak because I want to take care of you so deeply? That I want you to depend on me for everything?"

"No. I love that you want to do those things," she whispered.

Smiling, he nodded. "That makes me happy. I would never make you do anything that is a hard limit. If it's a hard limit, you tell me and we never visit the subject again, but if it's not, I think we should try it."

Even though he could still see the uncertainty, she slowly nodded. "Okay, Daddy."

"That's my brave girl. And if you feel scared or need it to stop at any time, what do you say?"

"Red."

"Good girl. Come on, let's go get you changed."

He stood and then lifted her off the couch to carry her upstairs to his bedroom where he had Colt leave all the bags.

"Where did all this stuff come from?" she asked as he pulled out a package of adult-sized pull-ups with adorable little bunnies printed all over them.

"I had Hawk and Colt go get me some things from a store that caters to age players," he told her as he pulled out a pair of footed pajamas and a pacifier.

Her eyes widened. "They bought me pull-ups? Oh my god, I'm going to die of embarrassment. They probably think I'm a freak."

Dropping everything on the bed, he moved over to her and cupped her face. "Hey, calm down. Baby girl, they are Daddies. They may not have Littles of their own, but they are Daddies too, and they have been with Littles that play at all ages. They love them all, and they don't judge. No one in my family judges. We all believe in taking care of our Little girls however they need it. Remember what I said about everyone having different needs?"

She nodded. "Promise they won't think I'm weird?"

"Baby girl, I promise. They already adore you," he told her.

"I really liked Hawk. He's funny and sweet," she said absently.

Maddox nearly burst out laughing at that. "Those are two things I've

never heard my brother described as but if you say so, Princess.”

Brynn giggled and then turned her head to look at the pile of things he’d dropped on the bed.

“It’s so cute,” she said, reaching out to touch the pull-up.

“Yeah. They make a lot of cute things for Littles nowadays.”

“Do you expect me to use it?” she asked nervously, pulling her hand away from the material.

“I expect you to do what makes you feel comfortable. I won’t force it unless that’s something you want me to do. Okay?”

“Kay,” she said quietly, pulling her thumb up to her mouth again.

Maddox grabbed the pacifier he’d set on the bed and went to the bathroom to wash it off. When he returned to the bedroom, Brynn was touching the diaper again. He’d suspected since he’d first known she was a Little that she was a much younger Little than the other women in his family, but she hadn’t realized it yet. It was possible that her age range while in Little Space would vary as well, and that was perfectly fine with him. Whatever she needed was what he was there to give.

“Here, I want you to try this,” he said, holding the pacifier up for her to see.

She slowly pulled her thumb from her mouth and peered at it before she opened for him as he pressed the soft nipple between her lips.

“Good girl. Lie back for me,” he said, taking her by the hand to help her lie back.

He quickly got to work removing her panties. The faster he got her changed, the less time she would have to worry about it or panic. Picking up the pull-up, he fluffed it up and then helped her slide each foot through the holes, pulling it up her thighs and over her hips.

Once he had it settled in place, he smiled down at her as she tried to squeeze her legs together with the thick material in between.

“Feel okay?” he asked.

She nodded but didn’t say anything with the pacifier in her mouth. He noticed that she seemed relaxed and not as nervous as she’d first been.

As he worked to remove his T-shirt from her and replace it with the footed pajamas, he spoke quietly to her, reassuring her of what a good girl she was and how proud he was of her. When he finished, Maddox picked her up and carried her on his hip into the bathroom where he pulled out a hairbrush and some hair bands.

“Can Daddy brush out your hair?” he asked.

Pulling the pacifier from her lips, she shrugged. “My hair is so tangly that it takes forever and it hurts to brush it out. I can do it.”

Maddox shook his head. “I’ll do it, baby, and I’ll be extra careful. I had the guys pick up some detangling spray. I kind of figured with as curly as your hair is, it would help me so I don’t hurt you.”

Tears filled her eyes and she practically launched herself off the bathroom counter into his embrace.

“You’re the best Daddy in the world,” she said, sniffing.

Pressing a kiss into the side of her neck, he held her against him and stroked her back, cherishing the moment with her in his arms. He didn’t know that he was the best in the world but he hoped to be the best in *her* world.

BRYNN

Good lord.

If someone had told her a week ago she'd be in a strange man's home, in a pull-up and dressed in pajamas, crying her eyes out in his arms because he wanted to brush her hair, she would have laughed in their face. But there she was, clinging to him and hoping that if this was all a dream, she would never wake up.

It should have felt so awkward being changed like a helpless toddler but it didn't. He never made it feel awkward or creepy. He just took care of her in the most natural way possible, and she loved the feeling of the padding between her legs. She really hadn't expected to like it, but it was comforting. It also put her in an extreme state of Little Space. She wasn't quite sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing. The one thing she did know was that she felt more at peace than she'd felt in years so she wasn't sure how it could possibly be a bad thing.

Maddox held her for several minutes until her sniffles quieted and then he sat her back on the counter and set his hands on either side of her, trapping her in his space.

"You deserve the best, Brynn. I plan to always be the best Daddy I can be. I will annoy the fuck out of you with all my hovering sometimes, but I will always strive to be there as your man and your Daddy."

Her heart squeezed in her chest. Was she in love with this man? Was that even possible this quickly? It seemed way too fast, but at the same time, in

the week since she'd first met him, he'd been more caring and gentle with her than Collin had ever been.

As he pulled her hair out of the messy bun, she braced herself for the pain she usually experienced when messing with her hair. When she didn't feel any pain, she opened her eyes to find him concentrating on the messy bun as he delicately removed the hair band. Once her mass of curls were free, he started spraying the detangler into her locks, using his free hand to block her face from the spray.

"You're really good at this," she told him.

Maddox smiled as he started brushing through her hair. "I had sisters. I learned how to do all kinds of things to a girl's hair."

"Where are your sisters now?" she asked, thumbing the pacifier between her fingers.

"They both died. My biological sister was killed by my dad when I was ten and my sister that I was blessed with when I joined my current family was killed by a gang," he said quietly.

Jerking her head toward his, tears filled her eyes. "Maddox, that's terrible! Oh my god. That's the saddest thing I've ever heard."

He nodded and continued working the brush through her hair. She hated that he wasn't meeting her gaze.

"I wasn't able to protect them, Brynn. So when I become too overbearing or too protective, just know it's because I won't ever let anything happen to the people I care about again."

Reaching for him, she pulled his hands away from her hair and wrapped her arms around his neck, squeezing him against her as hard as she could. The brush clattered against the counter as he wrapped his arms around her tightly.

It was beginning to make sense. Two people he loved dearly just disappeared from his life in an instant, which made him become obsessive over the things he cared most about.

"Daddy," she whispered.

Maddox released her, and she swore she saw tears in his eyes, but he quickly cleared his throat and blinked them away.

"Where is your dad now?" she asked.

"Dead. I killed him. He killed my mom first and then my sister. I wasn't home when he did it. When I got home, he was waiting for me to kill me too but I got the gun away from him and shot and killed him."

A sob broke loose from her, and Maddox immediately stepped forward and started wiping her tears.

“Don’t cry, Princess,” he crooned.

“H-how c-could someone do such a t-thing to their family?”

Shaking his head, he continued wiping her falling tears. “I don’t know, baby girl. I’ll never understand why. My dad was abusive to all of us for years before that happened. He was a sick man and, for whatever reason, my mom always made excuses for him.”

“Is that why you do the jobs that you do?” she asked quietly.

He nodded. “Yes, baby. No one deserves to have a loved one taken from them. Women are constantly preyed upon in the world, and I can’t stand by and not try to do my part in stopping it. But make no mistake, Brynn. My most important job now will be protecting you and keeping you safe. No one will ever take you from me.”

Nodding, she reached up and ran her fingers along the stubble of his chin. “That’s why you’re so obsessive.”

“Yes. When I obsess, I don’t miss anything. I’m on guard and I know exactly what’s going on. That might mean I need to know where you are at all times, and it might be that I have a bodyguard following you everywhere during the times you aren’t with me, but it’s because I can’t relax unless I know you’re safe.”

Holy moly guacamole. This man definitely had her heart in the palm of his hand.

“Daddy, if you need to obsess, be overbearing, overprotective, or whatever with me, I’m okay with that. It means you care and you want what’s best for me and want to keep me safe. And it will make me feel cared about for once.”

“Where are your parents, Princess?” he asked, studying her closely.

“My parents died in an accident when I was little. I don’t even remember them. I was raised by my aunt who made it very clear she was unhappy with being stuck raising me. She ignored me as much as possible. I met Collin in high school, he was in his twenties already, and my aunt adored him for some reason. Probably because she saw it as a way to get rid of me. She basically told me to move in with him when I was a sophomore because she was tired of raising me. So I moved from one lonely home to another and I never heard from my aunt again.”

“Jesus, fuck, Brynn. Baby,” he said, his eyes filled with emotion. “Look

at me, Little girl.”

She immediately obeyed, staring up into his captivating eyes.

“You will never, ever feel alone again. You can spend every fucking waking minute with me and I will never get tired of you. If anything, you will be so damn sick of me being all up in your bubble that you’ll get pissed at me, but I don’t give a shit.”

Giggling, she shook her head. “I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of your attention.”

He leaned forward and kissed the tip of her nose.

“Does it make us fucked up that we want to spend so much time together?” she asked.

Maddox raised his eyebrows. “Is my Princess supposed to swear?”

Uh oh.

“I didn’t swear, Daddy. I asked if it was trucked up that we want to spend so much time together.”

Maybe he’d believe her. Or have pity on her because they were having an emotional discussion.

“Trucked up, huh? I don’t think that’s what you said,” he said with a smirk.

“You cussed first! It’s not my fault I repeated it. Little girls follow their Daddies’ lead after all. Yep, that’s it. I was following the lead, Daddy. You know, you shouldn’t cuss in front of me if you don’t want me to cuss,” she rambled.

It was worth a shot.

Shaking his head, he chuckled and brought his hand up to his forehead, scrubbing it down his face. “Oh, baby, I have a feeling you are going to run circles around me. For the record, no swearing.”

Lifting her good hand, she saluted him and then giggled, getting another head shake from her Daddy.

“All right, Little girl. Enough serious talk. Time to be Little and let me take care of you,” he told her.

Nodding, she grinned and reached for the hairbrush so she could finish brushing out her hair.

“No, baby girl. Daddy’s gonna do it.”

Maddox took the brush from her and got to work.

She couldn’t help but giggle at that. Of course he wouldn’t let her lift a finger even if she wanted to.

“What’s funny, Princess?”

“Oh, nothing, Daddy.”

“Mmhmm, I’m sure it’s not nothing, but I’ll let it slide because I love seeing you smile,” he said. “There, all done.”

All done? She hadn’t felt a thing.

Turning herself around on the counter as best as she could, her mouth dropped open when she looked at her reflection. Her curls had been combed out beautifully and pulled up into pigtails at the top of her head.

“Oh, Daddy, they’re so cute!”

He chuckled and nodded. “Just like my girl. Come on, let’s go get a snack and find a movie.”

Before she could try to get down by herself, Maddox lifted her and settled her on his hip as she clutched Peaches in one arm.

Halfway through the movie, Maddox got a text message, and he paused what they were watching.

“Baby girl, my brother Ash and his Little girl want to stop by for a minute. I had her pick up some stuff for you. I asked her to go to the mall and get some things,” he told her.

Her eyes widened. She would never get used to this man spoiling her.

“Should I go change?” she asked.

He shook his head. “No, baby. Most likely Kylie will be in her Little Space. She usually is around Ash because she knows he will keep her safe. And remember what I said about always being safe around my family? That counts for when you’re in either headspace. All of the women come in and out of it, and we all love and accept them either way. We encourage them to be Little as much as they want.”

She was nervous, but also, with as much as Maddox had been explaining things and reassuring her about his family, she somehow knew he wouldn’t steer her wrong. But sometimes women could be catty and mean. Like her bitch of a co-worker. Although maybe she should be thanking her since it helped Brynn and Maddox get together.

“Okay, Daddy. But, will they know I have a pull-up on?”

“Probably not. Your pajamas are a bit big for you so it’s not noticeable.

But I'm sure Kylie wears pull-ups from time to time too."

"Okay," she said, pulling Peaches under the blanket that was covering her.

Maddox smiled and leaned over, pressing a kiss to her temple. "I can see you're going to need to actually meet my family before you realize you don't have to hide anything."

He quickly typed a message into his phone, and within minutes the doorbell rang, making her startle. It would take some time to get used to the fact that his entire family lived so close.

She waited as he went to answer the door, and she could immediately hear the sound of a bubbly and excited woman talking fast.

When her Daddy reappeared with another tall, tattooed, and intimidating man and a tiny woman bouncing on her tiptoes, Brynn held her breath as their eyes all landed on her.

"Oh my gosh, you're so beautiful!" the woman squealed as she skipped over to the couch and sat down right next to her. "I'm Kylie. That's my Daddy Ash over there. You're Brynn? Uncle Maddox has told us all about you. You're so pretty. Oh my gosh, I love your pajamas. Daddy, I want pajamas like these. Oh! Maybe I can get a matching set and we can be twinsies and have a sleepover!"

"Breathe, Little girl," Ash said firmly.

Kylie sucked in a deep breath and stared at Brynn as though she'd won the lottery.

"My Little girl is always excited to make a new friend. She'll calm down eventually," Ash said, looking at Brynn with a smile.

She smiled back and then smiled at Kylie. Whatever fears she'd had about being Little in front of his family were mostly gone, especially since it was obvious that Kylie was in her smaller headspace.

"I hope you liked everything I picked out for you. Uncle Maddox said I could get some stuff too so I got us a matching outfit. I would have gotten more but Daddy said I couldn't spend a bunch of Maddox's money," she said with a pout.

"Little girl, unless you want your bottom to be hot and sore, I suggest you put the lip away. It was kind of Maddox to let you buy some stuff for yourself in the first place," Ash said.

Brynn wanted to laugh at how quickly Kylie popped her bottom lip back in and then smiled up at Maddox.

“It was very nice. Thank you, Uncle Maddox,” she said.

Maddox stepped forward and leaned down, pressing a kiss to the top of Kylie’s head. “You’re welcome, brat.”

“Come on, Kylie. Let’s go home. I need to get you fed and in the bath before bedtime,” Ash said, walking around the couch and picking Kylie up.

Brynn watched them and found herself smiling. It was obvious the two were perfect for each other and head over heels in love. She wanted that with Maddox.

“It was nice to meet you, Brynn. We’re all thrilled to have you in the family and we hope you’ll feel up to coming to Sunday dinner. It’s at Pop’s house this week,” Ash told her.

Kylie’s head bobbed up and down as she clapped her hands. “Yeah! You can sit by me!”

Ash smiled and shook his head. “I think she will probably sit by her Daddy, Little girl.”

“Oh. Yeah. Well, we can play after dinner,” Kylie said thoughtfully.

Looking toward Maddox, she found him watching their interaction with a soft smile pulling at his lips. When he met her gaze, she was rewarded with a wink, and she practically melted inside. Yeah, she was definitely falling in love. Not only with Maddox, but his family too, and she’d only met a few of them.

MADDOX

His Little girl was getting more and more comfortable as time went on. He knew she still had fears, but he hoped little by little he was reassuring her about every single one of them.

The one thing that was still weighing heavily on his mind, though, was the fact that her ex was still out there. She was completely safe within the walls of his home, but that didn't mean that other women were, and he couldn't stand that thought.

After Ash and Kylie left, it was nearly six o'clock, so he made dinner while letting Brynn go through the dozens of bags Kylie had brought. He kept hearing squeals of excitement and oohs and ahhs as she sifted through everything. Then she came into the kitchen and wrapped her arms around his waist, thanking him several times for being so sweet and thoughtful. If she only knew this was only the beginning.

When dinner was done and the dishwasher was loaded and running, he took her upstairs and stripped off her pajamas, leaving her naked except for her pull-up. Her nipples had beaded as soon as the air touched them, and he struggled to keep himself from taking them into his mouth, but she was still in her Little headspace and, unless she wanted to enjoy sex in that headspace, he would never cross that line.

Kneeling, he tugged her pull-up down and then told her to go sit on the potty. He thought it was telling that she never even asked him to leave the bathroom so she could pee. It took her several minutes to go but he was

proud of her when she did, and he watched as her cheeks turned pink when he started pulling toilet paper from the roll to wipe her.

As much as he needed her to be around him, it seemed that she needed the same, and that suited him just fine. He loved taking care of her and making her feel Little. She was the perfect Little girl, and he had definitely been correct in thinking she fell at a younger age. She wasn't quite a Baby but she was definitely in the Toddler years.

"I have the crib coming and some other things. We will get the bedroom across the hall turned into a nursery for you. I'm thinking you can nap in your crib during the day and sleep with Daddy at night."

She nodded and smiled. "You don't have to get all of that for me. I feel so bad that you're spending all of this money on me. I didn't expect it. I can't give you anything in return."

Cupping her chin, Maddox stared down at her firmly. "You are giving me everything in return, Brynn. Everything I could have ever dreamed of. And I love being able to spoil you. You're long overdue to be spoiled, so don't ever feel bad or think that you aren't giving me anything in return. Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy. Thank you," she said quietly.

"Come on. Let's get some new jammies on you and get you into bed and then I'll go make you a bedtime bottle."

Her eyes widened but she didn't say anything, instead he saw the sparkle of excitement in her baby-blue irises.

After getting her into one of his T-shirts to sleep in—which was probably going to become a regular thing because seeing her in his clothes made his cock hard—he got her settled into his bed and then made her a bottle filled with a nutritious protein shake. It was obvious she was underweight and in need of some vitamins.

Pulling her into his arms, he held the bottle up to her lips and kissed the top of her head when she opened her mouth and accepted it, immediately suckling on the soft nipple. It only took a few minutes before she was fast asleep. Pulling the bottle free, he replaced it with her pacifier and settled her into his bed, tucking in all of the blankets around her and making sure Peaches was in her arms.

After turning on the baby monitor his brothers had picked up, Maddox left the room, taking the receiver with him so he could hear her in case she woke up. He headed downstairs to his office, pulled out his phone, and group-called all of his brothers.

“Have any information, Colt?” Maddox asked.

“Actually, yes. I have a lot of information. Starting with the fact that it looks like Brynn’s signatures were forged on a bunch of wire documents,” Colt told them.

“What do you mean? How do you know they’re forged?” Hawk asked.

“I don’t know for sure, but I was able to pull up some signatures on her private bank account and they are very different from the ones on the wires. The problem is, the account that the wires were coming into is also only in her name, but it’s a newer account. So it’s probably a good thing she was too scared to turn the thumb drive in because they would have most likely arrested her too,” Colt answered.

Shit. Not only was she in danger from Collin but she was in danger of being framed too.

“How do we prove that she’s innocent?” Maddox asked. He had no doubt in his mind she was innocent. The bastard had used and abused her to his benefit until she couldn’t take it anymore.

“I contacted Kane Scott. He’s Damian Scott’s brother. He’s an ex police investigator now in business for himself as a private investigator. He lives in Oregon now, but he’s leaving for Seattle first thing tomorrow. He’s bringing his Little girl with him. He’s going to start investigating that part so we can focus on finding Collin and whoever else we need to find,” Colt explained.

Maddox knew Kane Scott. He had been a member of Beau’s gym, The Cage, when he’d lived in Seattle, and Maddox had sparred with him dozens of times. He was a good fighter and someone you would want on your side in a situation like this.

“I’m pretty sure I tracked down a warehouse the gang is using for making drugs. It’s in the outskirts of the city. Hawk, Angel, and I are going to go check it out tonight,” Colt told him.

“Do you need any of us to go with you? We can get all the girls together at one of our houses so more of us are there,” Knox offered.

“No. You guys stay with them. They don’t need to be worried about what’s going on. We’re just going to check it out for now,” Hawk answered.

Maddox grinned. “You guys, our brother is getting soft. Brynn even said she thought he was funny. Can you fucking believe it?”

“Fuck off,” Hawk grumbled into the phone as everyone else laughed.

“Any idea where Collin might be hiding out?” Maddox asked when the laughter died down.

“Not yet. Angel and I checked out the house Brynn told us about but came up empty. There was very little furniture in there. You might want to ask Brynn how furnished it was. We didn’t go inside the house, but we aren’t totally sure there aren’t women in there,” Colt explained.

“I’ve already put her to bed, so I’ll ask in the morning,” Maddox replied.

“Are you bringing her to Sunday dinner this week? Lucy is dying to meet her. I had to threaten to spank her ass to keep her from showing up unannounced at your house to meet her after hearing from Kylie that she’d already met her,” Wolf grumbled.

“Kylie is already planning their first slumber party,” Ash chuckled.

“As long as she’s up for coming to dinner, I will. She’s never been around people who care about her, so it’s all new to her, and she’s still nervous about being Little in front of people which is totally understandable. I think meeting Kylie eased some of those fears.”

“She’ll learn quickly that we already love her because she’s a part of you now,” Beau said.

Beau was the only one of the brothers who was Leo’s biological son. But far from being jealous or resentful of the other boys who’d joined the family, he’d welcomed them with open arms from day one. He was a lot like his father. He did the same for all the Littles who’d come into their lives too. They’d all had each other’s backs from the get go.

“She needs all the love she can get. She had a rough life,” he said.

“That’s why you two will be the perfect match. She needs the attention you want to give. And you need her to need you. I could tell the day I met her that she was your perfect match,” Angel said.

Angel was intuitive in a weird way that none of them had ever understood. He was the quietest of them all, and he seemed to sense things that no one else did. He was also one of the most lethal of all the brothers. People never saw him coming when Angel came for them. It was how he’d gotten his nickname Angel.

“Hey, thanks for helping me get everything for her. I didn’t want to leave her,” Maddox said.

Several of his brothers grunted.

“Her crib and dressers are coming so I’ll need help getting them into the nursery,” he added.

“We got you, brother,” Hawk replied.

Yeah, Hawk was becoming putty to these girls. It was past due time for

him to find a Little of his own. One that could put up with his caveman, grumpy attitude and put him in his place when needed. Lord help the woman his brother fell for. She would need all the help she could get.

“Let me know what you guys find out tonight. Make sure you strap up and wear vests. Don’t do anything crazy yet,” Maddox said.

“Okay, Dad. Any other rules?” Colt asked sarcastically.

Maddox snorted. “And if any of you happen to capture Collin during any of this, you keep him alive. The only person who is going to kill him is me, and it’s going to be very fucking long and painful. He hurt my girl, so I’m going to hurt him until he’s begging me to kill him.”

Keeping Brynn out of the nursery while Maddox and his brothers put together all the furniture was a challenge. She was like a kid on Christmas, peeking into the door every ten minutes. Finally when Maddox felt like it was safe enough for her to come in, she squealed and clapped her hands as she walked from the crib to the rocking chair to the dresser, and then to the bookshelf. Turning around, she noticed there was a white changing table and gasped. She walked over and ran her fingers along the edge. It was beautiful. More perfect than she could have ever imagined.

Hawk, Beau, and Knox all seemed to love watching her too. Even though he’d put her in a pull-up that morning and a cotton baby-doll dress, he’d also put a ruffled diaper cover over her pull-up so she’d feel more comfortable around the other men. She was the cutest Little girl he’d ever seen, and her reactions to everything were so authentic and innocent.

When his brothers left, Brynn walked over to him and threw her arms up around his neck, pulling him down for a kiss. It was gentle in the beginning but it quickly turned heated as she tightened her arms and opened her mouth for him to explore.

“Why don’t we take this into our bedroom?” he asked when he finally pulled away.

She nodded rapidly and practically ran from the nursery to their bedroom, making him chuckle as she started stripping off her clothes and dropping them in a trail along the way. He loved seeing her so carefree. Since they’d first met, it had been apparent that she was afraid to make any kind of mess,

so seeing her let go and leaving her clothes lying on the floor made him happy. In any other situation, he would have scolded her for not letting him strip her naked, but he was so damn happy she was becoming more comfortable with him.

“Come here, Brynn,” he said firmly.

She turned, completely naked in front of him and stared up at him with the sexiest expression he’d ever seen, and it took everything in him not to pounce on her. No. He wanted to take his time with her this time. He wanted to spread her wide open on his bed and eat her until she screamed. Then he wanted to do it again.

“Here. Now,” he commanded, pointing in front of him.

Brynn walked over to him tentatively, stopping a few feet in front of him. Reaching out, he tugged her forward until she was only inches from his chest.

“Kneel,” he said softly.

Without hesitation, she lowered herself to the floor, kneeling at his feet but keeping her eyes on his. Leaning down, he captured her chin.

“You’re going to be a good girl and do exactly what I say, otherwise I will punish you. Understand?” he asked.

Her tongue darted out, and she tightened her thighs together, a sign that she loved the kind of control and domination he provided for her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered.

He smiled down at her. “Good girl. Widen your legs. Don’t hide your pussy from me.”

She scooted her thighs wider, exposing herself to him as she sat on her heels.

“Such a good girl. If I reach between your legs, am I going to find you wet, Brynn?”

Her breathing quickened and her chest rose and fell faster as she nodded. Reaching out, he gently tugged on one of her nipples, making her whimper and lift up off her heels slightly.

“Answer me with words,” he told her.

“Y-yes, Daddy,” she stammered, her eyelids fluttering as he tugged the other nipple.

“Look at me, Brynn.”

Her eyes flew open and she stared up at him.

“Always remember that even though you’re down there, you are my fucking queen and I worship the goddamn ground you walk on. Make no

mistake who holds the power in this relationship, baby girl, because it's you."

A slow, lazy smile spread across her lips and she nodded. "Yes, Daddy."

"I need to taste you. Up," he said, holding out his hand to help her stand.

When she was up on her feet, he lifted her, carried her to the bed, and set her down on the edge. Maddox yanked his shirt off and unlaced his boots as quickly as he could, kicking them off to the side and leaving him in just his jeans and underwear.

"Lie back and spread your legs as wide as you can. Daddy's starving," he told her.

BRYNN

She felt like a volcano that could erupt at any second. Her entire body was on fire and her pussy was so wet it was dripping down her thighs.

Never in her life had she knelt in front of a man, but she found it to be one of the hottest things she'd ever done. Of course she felt submissive to him, completely naked and kneeling while he was fully dressed and towering over her. But damn, she also felt so powerful as she watched all of the emotions and arousal on his expression.

And when he told her that he worshiped the ground she walked on. Holy cow. Yeah, she was toast.

Lying back on the bed, she obediently spread her legs, knowing he would be able to see just how wet she was. She didn't really care though. She knew Maddox loved it, and she so eagerly wanted to please him.

She watched as he knelt on the floor in front of her and pulled her closer to the edge of the bed so her bottom was nearly hanging off the edge, and then he leaned close to her pussy and inhaled through his nose deeply.

"You smell like honey. I bet you taste even better," he said before lowering his face to her pussy.

"Oh!" she cried out as he captured her clit with his teeth.

Releasing her clit, he ran his tongue from there all the way down to her ass and then back up again before thrusting his tongue inside her pussy. She was pretty sure her eyes were rolling into the back of her head as her body convulsed each time his mouth came into contact with that sensitive pearl.

“Daddy!” she cried out as an orgasm started building to the point of no return.

“Come as much as you want, Princess,” he said, his teeth vibrating against her clit as he spoke.

When he brought up his hand and slid a finger inside her and started thrusting while at the same time sucking on her clit, she screamed and bucked as she came, slapping her good hand on the mattress as she bucked her hips against him.

As soon as her orgasm subsided and she was breathing heavily, trying to calm down, Maddox started licking and sucking again while adding a second finger to her pussy. She didn’t think she could come again so soon, but as soon as he curled his fingers and started massaging that delicate spot inside her, she found herself in the middle of another orgasm, this time even more powerful than the last.

“Fuck! Oh, fuck! Daddy! Daddy!” she screamed.

He held her down so she couldn’t move her hips to get away from the sensation of his mouth on her, making her orgasm last for what felt like several minutes.

When she finally settled down, Brynn could barely keep her eyes open, but she so badly wanted to please her Daddy. She’d yet to touch his cock or put her mouth on him.

“Daddy, can I taste you?” she asked softly.

Maddox chuckled. “Baby girl, I don’t think you’ll be able to hold your head up to be able to taste me.”

She grinned. He wasn’t wrong about that. She felt like a big bowl of Jell-O.

“Maybe you can fuck my mouth?” she asked.

His eyes widened. “You want that, baby?”

Nodding, she reached out her arms for him. “Please. I want to taste you.”

His pants and underwear were off within seconds, and he was moving her so her entire body was along the side of the bed.

“Turn your face toward me,” he instructed.

Maddox stood at the edge of the bed near her face and when she turned her head toward him, his cock was right at her mouth. Reaching up with her good hand, she grasped the thickness and stroked it several times before opening her mouth.

He moved forward slowly and she forced herself to relax her jaw to let

him in. There was no way she'd be able to get the entire thing in her mouth but she would sure try.

When his hand came down and touched her pussy, she startled and then relaxed when he started circling her clit with his fingers. As she relaxed, her throat opened slightly, letting him in a bit farther before he slowly pulled back and thrust in again. Moans escaped her as he started lazily fucking her mouth while teasing her pussy at the same time.

Soon she was moving her head forward to meet his thrusts until he hit the back of her throat while another orgasm built inside her. Her moans grew louder and louder until she was bucking her hips against his hand while sucking his cock as though she needed it to survive.

“Fuck!” he snapped, pulling his cock from her mouth.

In the blink of an eye, she was picked up and flipped over so she was on her hands and knees.

“Take your weight off your hands and drop your chest forward, baby. I'm going to fuck you hard, are you ready?” he growled.

Bobbing her head, she wiggled her ass for him and then yelped when he spanked her right cheek, then the left.

“Such a naughty girl. I can't wait to spank this perfect ass until it's glowing and hot,” he muttered as he pressed his cock inside her slick pussy.

“Oh! Daddy! Oh, god!” she cried out as he filled her.

She wasn't ever sure she wouldn't be surprised by the size of his cock as he slid inside her, stretching her to capacity.

“Such a good fucking girl, Brynn. Goddamn, your pussy was made for me. This pussy, this is mine. No one will ever fuck, kiss, lick, or worship this beautiful pussy again, you understand me?” he asked.

“Yes!” she cried out, rocking her ass back to meet his thrusts.

His hands were bruising on her hips as he gripped them, but she didn't care about that. If anything it added to her arousal. The way he could touch her so gently sometimes and so roughly other times, it was as if he knew exactly what she needed and when.

“You're going to come with me, baby,” he growled.

“Yes!”

“Good girl. Such a good girl. One day Daddy is gonna fuck your tight little asshole and make you come that way,” he said as he increased the speed of his thrusts.

Her pussy tightened around him as she envisioned submitting to his cock

in her ass, and she quickly started screaming out her orgasm at the same time he shouted out his own.

When he stilled, she collapsed flat onto the mattress with a moan as she tried to catch her breath. Maddox rubbed her back as they both calmed their breathing for several minutes.

“I’ll be right back, baby girl. Stay right there,” he whispered.

She wasn’t going anywhere even if the smoke detectors went off. Her legs probably wouldn’t hold her up.

“Kay,” she mumbled into the bedding.

The last thing she remembered hearing was Maddox chuckling as he walked to the adjoining bathroom.

“Come on, baby girl. We need to get you ready for a nap,” Maddox announced.

It wasn’t like it was a surprise. He’d told her fifteen minutes before that she had fifteen minutes to play before naptime. They were going to Sunday dinner at his Pop’s house and Brynn was feeling a bit out of sorts. What if they didn’t like her? What if his Pop didn’t approve of her? What if the other Littles thought she was weird? There were so many what if’s that she couldn’t even think straight.

“Brynn,” he said in a firmer tone.

Shaking her head, Brynn continued to stack the block castle she’d been working on for the past two hours. Since she’d moved in, packages of toys had been arriving for her. She’d never seen so many toys in her life.

“Brynn Kathleen, it’s time for your nap,” he said.

She should have known by the warning in his voice that he meant business, but she completely ignored that warning and shook her head again. “I’m not done,” she said as she stacked another block.

“I’m going to count to three, and if you’re not on your feet by three, you’re going to be in big trouble, Little girl,” he warned.

That’s when she should have started getting to her feet. But she didn’t.

“One.”

Nope. She wasn’t done with her castle.

“Two.”

Another block.

“Three. That’s it,” he said as he walked over and swooped her up from the floor.

Brynn started kicking her feet as he carried her over to the oversized rocking chair and sat down, positioning her on her feet in between his thighs. She clawed at him and tried to push away to get back to her blocks but he held her tightly.

“Let me go!” she pouted.

“Nope. Little girls who don’t listen to their Daddies get their bottoms spanked, and then they go into timeout with their red hot bottom on display,” he said as he tugged down her leggings.

She immediately reached for the hem of her pants and tried to tug them up, and Maddox calmly grabbed her hands and pulled them away.

“You can make this harder if you’d like, Princess, but if you fight me, I’ll get the hairbrush and use that after I use my hand. Your choice.”

Like she’d made any good choices in the last few minutes. Why start now?

Smacking at his hands, she tried to get away from him, but the hold he had on her was too tight. Putting both palms on his chest, she pushed as hard as she could to get out of his grasp which worked, except she lost her balance and was going to fall on her butt. To her surprise, her Daddy grabbed hold of her before she hit the floor and pinned her with a stern look.

“The hairbrush it is,” he said as he sat back down, pulling her between his legs again.

He quickly opened the drawer of the small table next to the chair and pulled out a mean-looking wooden hairbrush. That was the moment that Brynn realized she was in deep. Had she dug herself that deep on purpose? She wasn’t sure, but one thing she did know for sure was that her poor bottom was going to be very sore.

“Daddy, I’m sorry,” she said, hoping to gain some brownie points.

“You definitely will be once we’re done,” he said calmly as he tugged her leggings down to her thighs.

This time she kept her hands at her sides, not wanting to make it worse than it already was, but she couldn’t help but shift from foot to foot nervously.

“I’ll take a nap, Daddy. I will. I’ll go right now.”

Tucking his thumbs in the waistband of her pull-up, he stared at her as he

pulled that down to her thighs as well.

“Yes, you will take a nap. Right after I’ve reddened your bottom and you’ve spent some time in the corner to have a think,” he replied.

In one swift move, she was over his knees, and when she immediately started kicking her feet, he lifted one of his legs over hers, trapping her completely. She was really in a pickle.

“What’s your safeword, Brynn?”

Safeword? Would she need it? Oh, fudge. She’d really stepped in it this time.

“Red, Daddy,” she whimpered.

Maddox had one hand wrapped around her waist, keeping her securely against him, and her upper body was dangling down by the floor. Knowing her bottom was completely on display for him made her cheeks flame.

“Good. You may use it if you need it,” he said right before he brought his hand down onto her bottom.

The instant sting of his palm made her start wiggling wildly as she tried to free herself from his grasp, but then his hand came down a second time and a third catching her off guard.

“Owwie! Daddy, I’m sorry!”

Maddox didn’t acknowledge her apologies, but continued to spank her bottom, covering what felt like every inch of her poor cheeks and the tops of her thighs.

She had no idea why she’d disobeyed him, other than the fact that she was nervous about dinner with his family. She had also been feeling anxious about the whole Collin situation. Maddox hadn’t told her much except they were looking into it and getting close to finding him. She worried about her Daddy getting hurt and didn’t want his family to get hurt either.

“Owwie!” she cried out as his hand came down on one of her sensitive sit spots.

Tears filled her eyes as the sting became nearly unbearable. Not enough that she wanted to use her safeword. No. That wasn’t it. She needed this. She knew spankings could be an emotional cleanse for Littles and maybe that had been why she’d disobeyed. Maybe deep down she’d wanted a spanking.

A sob broke free and even though her body continued to fight the spanking, her mind accepted it and tears began streaming down her face. It felt as though years of pent up emotion was pouring out of her, cleansing her entire body.

When her body finally gave in, she went limp over his knees and the spanking stopped almost immediately. Maddox started rubbing her punished bottom.

“That’s my girl. Let it out. I’m proud of you, baby. How are you doing?”

If she hadn’t been in the middle of sobbing, she probably would have laughed at that question.

“O-okay,” she whimpered.

“Good girl. We’re almost done. Six smacks with the hairbrush and then you can finish up in the corner. After that, Daddy will snuggle you and rock you to sleep.”

That sounded like heaven. The second part anyway. The first part had her crying harder, but she nodded.

“’Kay.” She sniffled.

Smack!

As soon as the hairbrush came down, she screamed and began struggling again. His hand felt like a cotton ball compared to the brush.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

She started sobbing again, knowing she’d gotten herself into this, and even though her bottom would be sore for at least a year, she still didn’t feel as though she needed to use her safeword.

“Two more,” he said.

Smack!

Smack!

She heard the brush hit the floor as she was pulled up into his arms. Clinging to him, she cried harder than she could ever remember crying.

“I’m sorry, Daddy!” she sobbed.

“Shhh. I know, baby. I know. You’re completely forgiven. I’ve got you,” he crooned.

He held her for several minutes, running a soothing hand up and down her back as she cried. It was the most amazing feeling, being held by the man she was in love with who held her accountable and followed through on his word. It was possible he’d spanked her because he’d known she’d needed it. He sometimes seemed to know her better than she knew herself.

“Such a good girl. Now, I want you to go over and stand in the corner for five minutes. I’m going to go make you a bottle, and you are not to move

from the corner while I'm gone," he said as he set her on her feet.

She immediately reached down to pull up her pull-up and leggings but Maddox stopped her.

"Leave them down. You need to stand with your bare bottom on display," he said.

Well, fudge.

Gingerly waddling over to the corner, she sniffled as she looked back at him, but he just nodded.

"Good girl. Five minutes," he told her.

She hadn't realized five minutes could feel like an eternity when you were staring at the corner of a room. Fudge nuggets, it really sucked.

MADDOX

He was so damn proud of his girl. Something had been bothering her all day, but every time he'd asked, she'd said she was fine. But when she decided not to listen to him about naptime, he knew something was off. And he suspected that as soon as he got upstairs, pulled her out of the corner and got her situated in his arms, she would finally tell him.

Some Littles acted out because they enjoyed being naughty and getting their bottoms spanked, and some Littles acted out when something was bothering them and they needed a way to release whatever built-up emotion was going on inside their head. He suspected that Brynn was one of those Littles that acted out for both reasons depending on her mood. Maddox was glad he'd watched her so closely from day one so he could tell the difference.

When the bottle was mixed, he went upstairs to find his Little girl exactly where he'd left her. With her nose in the corner and her bright red bottom on display. Sitting down in the rocking chair, he set the bottle aside and called her over. As soon as she was within arm's reach, she practically jumped into his embrace.

"I'm sorry I was naughty, Daddy," she said, burying her face in his neck.

"I know, baby. But now the slate is clean and we move on, okay? Daddy never holds a grudge against his girl."

She nodded and pulled her face away from him. Her cheeks were blotchy and still wet from crying. Reaching over, he grabbed some tissues that were sitting on the side table and began cleaning her face. When he finished, he

got some clean tissues and held them up to her nose. “Blow for Daddy.”

Her eyes widened and she brought her hands up to his, trying to take the tissue from him.

“No. Let Daddy take care of you, please. Blow,” he encouraged.

She obeyed, though she looked a bit unsure about it. Oh well. She would get used to it. Reaching out, he tugged her pull-up up gently.

“Step out of your leggings, baby. You don’t need those on for naptime.”

Once her leggings were off, he pulled her onto his lap and cradled her like a baby in his arms. He loved that he was able to do that.

“Wanna tell Daddy what’s been bugging you all day?”

Her eyes searched his for a moment before she sighed and nodded. “I’m afraid your family won’t like me. And I’m worried about you getting involved with Collin and his gang. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Bingo.

Staring down at her, he saw the worry in her expression, and he kicked himself for not realizing it sooner. He was just throwing her into the family, and she was nervous. She’d never had a family who loved her before, and now she was about to have a whole slew of people who did. But she didn’t know that yet.

“First of all, it isn’t possible that my family won’t like you. You’ve already met a few of them, and they already adore you. Kylie is practically planning your entire social life with her and the other girls. My family believes in chances. They will always give someone the chance to be a part of the family and will love them like family as long as that person wants to be there.

“Second, I don’t want you to worry about me when it comes to Collin. I’m highly skilled in what I do, and all of my brothers will back me. Plus, we have other men who help us if we need it. But from the information Colt is finding, it seems this gang might be much smaller than first anticipated. We just need to have all our ducks in a row before we storm in and take over. But you don’t need to worry. If anything ever happened to me, Pop would make sure you’re taken care of for the rest of your life. I’m not going to let that happen though because I just met my happily ever after and I plan to spend the rest of my life with you.

“I’m so in love with you, baby girl. I know it’s happening fast, but I feel your soul. It matches my soul. You’re the person I am going to love forever, and I don’t plan on going anywhere. You’re stuck with me.”

She smiled at that. “You really love me?”

Nodding, he dipped his head down and kissed her forehead. “Completely and utterly in love.”

“I love you too, Daddy. So much. I don’t care if it’s happening fast. No one has treated me the way you do, and I feel it inside me that the person I know today will be the same person I know in ten years. I guess I was afraid that if Pop didn’t approve of me that you wouldn’t want me. I know how much you respect him.”

Rocking back in the chair, he picked up the bottle and brought it to her lips. “That is something you’ll never have to worry about. I think Pop will love you the most. I want you to rest, baby. When I wake you up, we will go over there a few minutes early before everyone else shows up so you can meet him one on one, okay?”

She nodded, though her eyelids were already drooping as she sucked down the bottle.

When he woke Brynn, she whimpered and sucked her pacifier harder, refusing to open her eyes. It was adorable, and he wondered if he should let her sleep since she was obviously still tired. But getting her first family dinner over with was important so she could stop worrying about if she would be loved in his family or not.

“Princess, it’s time to wake up. Does Daddy need to turn into the tickle monster to get you up?” he asked, running the tips of his fingers over her bare thigh.

“Mmm!” she whined, burying her face into Peaches.

“That sounded like a yes to me.”

Maddox started tickling her thighs, and she instantly began giggling and thrashing around, trying to get away from his fingers.

“Daddy! Stop,” she said, giggling.

He chuckled and continued to move his fingers over her body in places he knew she was extra ticklish.

“Daddy, I’m gonna pee!” she cried out.

Laughing, he pulled his hand away. Brynn was silent, her face still buried in her bear.

“Come on, Princess. Let’s get you to the potty and then Daddy will get you dressed.”

Turning her head, she peeked up at him with a worried expression.

“What’s wrong, baby?”

“I accidentally tinkled in my pull-up,” she whispered.

Reaching out, he stroked her cheek and smiled softly. “That’s okay, baby girl. That’s why Daddy puts you in pull-ups. Sometimes Little girls have accidents. I’m proud of you for telling me. Come here,” he said, holding out his arms.

She let go of Peaches and scooted over to him, letting him pick her up. After settling her on his hip, he rubbed her back as he walked toward the bathroom.

“Daddy will get you cleaned up and changed into a fresh, dry one and then I’ll get you dressed.”

Brynn nodded, resting her head on his shoulder. “I love you, Daddy. Thank you for always taking such good care of me. You make it so easy for me to be myself without feeling guilty.”

After setting her on her feet, Maddox knelt in front of her and tucked his fingers into the waistband of her pull-up to tug it down her legs.

“I will never ever make you feel guilty for being the most precious Little girl in the world. No matter what, even if you need a different kind of care in the future because you decide you want to play at a different age, it doesn’t matter to me. I love you for you, Brynn.”

She seemed to relax at that which was his whole intention. Reaching for a package of baby wipes, he used several to clean her pussy and bottom before holding out a new pull-up for her to step into.

“Hold Daddy’s shoulders,” he instructed.

When he had her fully dressed in a pair of black leggings and a pink oversized knit sweater, she smiled and looked at herself in the mirror, turning around to check out her backside.

“No one will notice, Princess. Your sweater is long enough to cover your entire bottom,” he reassured.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome, Princess. Come on, let’s go meet Pop.”

She looked unsure, but when he held out his hand, she immediately reached for it. Since Pop’s house was still being built on the same street as the rest of them, he and his Little, Claire, were living in a rental a few blocks

away.

Maddox got her loaded into his truck, securing the five-point harness of her booster seat. When she sucked in a breath as he reached between her legs to fasten the belts, his cock hardened and he knew he would never get enough of this woman. She was his drug.

“Did you really have to put me in my booster seat to drive three blocks?” she asked when he pulled up in front of Pop and Claire’s rental.

“Absolutely, Little girl. I’ll never risk you getting hurt. I don’t care if we drive next door to Beau’s house, you’ll get buckled in.”

He couldn’t even hide his amusement when she rolled her eyes at him.

“Daddy, you are a silly billy. What could possibly happen between your house and Beau’s house? He lives right next door.”

Shrugging, he schooled his face and looked over at her. “An earthquake could hit and if you’re not buckled you could hit your head on the roof of the truck; a tornado could come through and the truck could get pulled up into it; a hurricane could come and sweep us away.”

She stared at him with her mouth hanging open. “Yeah, because we get hurricanes here in Seattle.”

“Never know. Not worth taking the risk of my girl getting hurt.”

Even though she was staring at him like he’d lost his mind, he could see the corner of her mouth pulling up into a smile.

“You’re crazy,” she muttered.

“I already told you I was, and I’m crazy about you. Now, quit stalling and let’s go meet Pop.”

BRYNN

She was clutching onto Maddox's hand so hard that her knuckles were white and she wondered if she was hurting him. He didn't seem to be in pain as he walked her up to the front door and knocked.

Almost instantly, an older man answered, but he was nothing like she was expecting. While he was probably in his fifties, he looked much younger. He was covered in almost as many tattoos as Maddox and he was just as large and muscular as all of the guys in the family she'd met. The only thing that showed his age was his salt and pepper beard and hair. He was really quite handsome in that intimidating bad boy way.

"I've been waiting for you," he said, staring right at Brynn.

She gulped and took a small step back, trying to use Maddox as a shield.

"I'm Leo but everyone calls me Pop. You must be Brynn. I've heard so many wonderful things about you. My Little Claire is dying to meet you. I'm so happy you're here. Come in. Let me get you some juice," Leo said, waving her in.

"Hi, Pop. Not gonna even acknowledge me?" Maddox asked as he led Brynn into the house.

Leo chuckled and winked at Brynn. "Hi, son. Nice to see you. Now, Brynn, what kind of juice do you like?"

Maddox shook his head and rolled his eyes, making her giggle. Maybe Pop wasn't so scary after all.

"Grape is my favorite but I like any juice," she said softly.

“Grape is Claire’s favorite too. I’ll get you both some juice. She should be down in a minute. She was just finishing cleaning up her playroom.”

Her eyes widened and she looked up at Maddox.

“I told you, baby girl. We’re all Daddies,” he whispered in her ear.

“Oh, she’s here! Eeek!” a feminine voice said from behind them.

Turning around to see the person, Brynn smiled as the woman started running across the living room.

“No running!” Leo barked.

The woman came skidding to a halt and then fast walked the rest of the way. “Oops, sorry, Daddy!” she said, giving him an innocent look.

Leo grumbled something about a Little girl needing her bottom warmed but the woman ignored him and walked right up to Brynn.

“I’m Claire. I’m so happy to meet you. I’ve heard all about you from Kylie and some of the guys. You’re so beautiful. Oh, I’m just so excited,” she said as she danced on her toes.

Brynn smiled back at her, her nerves instantly relaxing. “I’m Brynn. It’s nice to meet you.”

Leo slid two cups across the counter and when Brynn looked at them and saw that they were both sippy cups, her eyes widened. Looking up at Maddox, he smiled down at her.

“If you’d like a regular cup, I can get you one, but the other Littles all drink out of sippy cups too,” he said quietly.

Right then, Claire picked up one of the cups and started sucking down the juice. When she pulled it from her lips with a pop, she smiled at Leo. “Thank you, Daddy!”

“You’re welcome, baby girl,” he said, his gaze so full of love for Claire that even Brynn could feel it.

“Hello!” a female voice called out.

Over the next ten minutes, a stream of people came into the house and Brynn felt like she was in a whirlwind. Addie was the beautiful curvy woman with dark blond hair, and she’d come with Knox, who was tall, tattooed, and seemed to only have eyes for Addie. She’d already met Kylie so it was nice to see a familiar face. Emma was smaller and quieter than Kylie but she seemed super sweet and friendly. Emma was with Beau, who she understood to be Leo’s biological son. And then there was Lucy, who was tiny and seemed to cling to her Daddy, Wolf, for the first several minutes. Brynn wondered if Lucy might be as Little as she was.

Then there was Hawk, Angel, and Colt. Hawk smiled down at her when he saw her and then wrapped his arms around her, giving her a big bear hug.

“Hey, Brynnie-Bear. Is your Daddy being nice? Remember my offer to come over and plot against him,” he told her, giving her an extra squeeze before letting her go.

She giggled and looked up at Maddox, who was shooting his brother a glare.

“You know, I might need to take you up on that, Uncle Hawk. He’s really a curmudgeon sometimes,” she said bravely.

Maddox’s glare went from Hawk down to her and then back up to Hawk.

“You’re turning her against me!” he snapped.

Both Brynn and Hawk burst out laughing. Wrapping her arms around her Daddy’s waist, she stared up at him.

“I’s just teasing you, Daddy. You’re the best Daddy in the whole wide world,” she said softly.

Maddox’s glare immediately dissolved, and his expression turned gentle and adoring. “And you’re the best Princess in the world. But I might have to spank you later for ganging up on me.”

Her mouth dropped open, and she looked at Hawk. “No fair! Why doesn’t he get spanked? He started it!”

Hawk raised his eyebrows at her. “Traitor.”

She giggled and stuck her tongue out at him.

“Besides, I’d like to see the person who tries to spank me. I’ll be the one doing the spankings, thank you very much,” Hawk added.

“Dinner is ready,” Leo announced.

Brynn looked to Maddox, who held out his hand and led her to the table. To her surprise, Lucy walked up to her and smiled. “Can I sit by you at the table?”

She seemed timid, and she was still clutching Wolf’s hand, but Brynn was touched that she’d asked.

“I’d love that,” Brynn replied.

Lucy grinned and looked up at Wolf, who was smiling down at her.

When all of the men helped the women get seated and started dishing up their plates with food, Brynn watched in amazement. It was like they were all in sync with each other, taking care of their Little girls first. Even the single men helped. Angel brought out sippy cups full of juice and milk for all the women, Hawk helped Kylie get her napkin in her lap, and Colt helped Addie

reach for the salt and pepper.

It was that moment Brynn realized this wasn't just a dream. Maddox wasn't some fake Daddy trying to lure her in just to disappoint her later on. This was truly their lives. They lived and breathed it and took care of each other.

"It's a lot at first," Lucy said quietly.

Nodding her head, Brynn looked over at her. "It's amazing to watch."

Lucy smiled. "It is always like this. They all take care of us and love us."

"They never change?" she asked quietly.

Shaking her head, Lucy reached for Brynn's hand. "I know it's scary, but these men are good. They love all of us. And we love all of them. All us Littles are like sisters and I'm really excited to have another sister in the family."

Tears filled Brynn's eyes, and she couldn't stop herself from throwing her arms around Lucy to hug her.

"Sorry. I just... Thank you," Brynn said when she pulled away.

Lucy grinned. "Don't be. We are always here for each other."

Nodding, she looked up at Maddox who was smiling down at them. "Ready to eat, baby girl?"

"Yes," she said as a smile pulled at her lips.

She had a feeling that smile would be there for a long time.

"I want to make a toast before we eat," Leo announced, holding up his glass.

The men held up their various glasses and beer bottles while the women lifted their sippy cups.

"To our newest member of the family, Brynn. We're so happy you're here, sweet girl. And to all of us. I love all of you and I'm so proud of you. To all of us and the ones we've lost that can't be here today."

"Cheers," everyone repeated.

MADDOX

“Declan Gilroy called,” Colt said.

All of the men were on a group call after Colt sent a text saying he had some news. Declan ran the Irish mafia on the West Coast of the states. His cousin Cullen ran the Midwest out of Chicago and another cousin, Ronan, ran the East Coast out of New York. Together, the three of them ran pretty much everything across the country. They were the most powerful and rich of all the known mafias in the US.

“And?” Maddox asked.

“And there is a shipping container that is supposed to go out tonight, supposedly full of girls that are being sent to another country. He’s offered his men to help us if we want to go in since it will be likely that Collin will be there to make sure everything goes smoothly,” Colt explained.

Maddox’s mind reeled. Could it be a setup of some sort? But as of yet, Maddox and his brothers hadn’t made themselves known to Collin and his gang.

“Let’s go get this motherfucker and save these girls,” Hawk sneered.

A chorus of agreement sounded over the phone.

“I’ll call Pop and see if he can take all the Littles overnight,” Wolf offered.

“Yeah. Okay. Thanks. Brynn might be nervous about that since she doesn’t know everyone as well, but she can’t stay by herself,” Maddox told them.

“She’ll be fine. Pop adores her, and the girls are all smitten too. Just tell her it’s like a big slumber party,” Beau told him.

Maddox grunted.

“Lucy and her seem to fall close to the same age when they are in Little Space. I’m sure Lucy will cling to her as soon as Brynn gets there,” Wolf added.

Yeah. He thought the same thing. The way Lucy and Brynn had seemingly become besties in a matter of minutes at dinner had warmed his soul. His baby girl finally had a true friend. And Lucy needed as many friends as she could get. It was a win-win.

“Let’s meet at the gym at seven. I’ll have the SUVs ready to go. Knox, you have arsenal?” Beau asked.

“Fresh shipment last week. I’ll bring plenty,” Knox answered.

“Do we need to call in extras?” Colt asked.

Over the years, they had brought on a few trusted men to help them with jobs when they needed extra backup. The men were guys they’d met in the underground fighting ring when they were young who didn’t give a fuck about the law.

“If Declan is bringing his army, I think we’re good. Can you get a hold of him though and find out where he wants us to meet him?” Maddox asked.

“Will do.”

Maddox hung up the phone and sighed. He had to go tell Brynn the plan. He knew she would worry. She didn’t like the idea of him going against her ex, but she also had no idea how dangerous Maddox was. She only knew how dangerous Collin was because he had showed her his scary side. It was Maddox’s mission for her never to see *his* scary side, because he was confident that side was even more terrifying than Collin’s.

His family always said he had a big heart and that he loved hard. And while that was one hundred percent true, he could also be ruthless to the people who hurt the ones he loved. And not only had Collin hurt someone he loved, he hurt the person he loved the absolute most, and for that he would pay dearly.

Maddox headed upstairs and peeked into the nursery where Brynn was playing with blocks. He really needed to order her some more because they seemed to be one of her favorite things to play with.

“Can I help?” he asked, lowering himself onto the plush carpet.

Brynn grinned at him and nodded. “I’m making a castle. A princess

castle.”

He chuckled. She loved everything princess. It was fitting, considering she was his princess.

“Of course you are. It looks lovely. Is that the moat where the alligators keep all the outsiders from getting in?” he asked.

She looked at what he was pointing at and scrunched her face. “No, silly. Those are bushes. Sheesh, Daddy. We might need to get you glasses. Anyone can clearly see those are bushes.”

He stared down at the hot pink blocks, trying to figure out what it was that was so clear, but he decided to just agree with the princess.

“Oh, I see it now. They are bushes. Wow! Good job, baby.”

Brynn shot him a look that told him she knew he was bullshitting her but she didn’t say anything and continued building.

“Baby, I need to talk to you. I just talked to my brothers and we got some information about Collin,” he told her.

Immediately she stopped what she was doing, giving him her full attention. He could already see the worry on her face.

“There’s something going down tonight at the port. It sounds like they’re planning to put a shipping container full of girls on a boat to another country,” he told her.

He hated telling her that, but he would never lie to her, and he also felt it was important that she know the reason they were going to the port later that evening.

“Oh my god,” she muttered, bringing her hand up to her mouth.

Reaching out, Maddox pulled her toward him so she was sitting between his legs, facing him. “My brothers and I and some other guys we know are going to go there tonight and put a stop to it. Who knows how many girls could be in that container?”

When she didn’t say anything, he continued, “You and all the other Littles are going to go over to Pop’s and have a slumber party. By the time you wake up tomorrow morning, we’ll be back.”

Shaking her head, Brynn reached up and wrapped her arms around his neck, climbing up onto his thighs and wrapping her legs around his waist.

“I don’t want you to get hurt. Or your brothers. I just want it to all go away,” she said with a trembling voice.

Wrapping his arms around her, he stroked her back. “We are going to be fine, baby girl. But if we don’t take him down, you’ll always be in danger

and he will continue hurting other women.”

“What about the police? Can’t you tell them what’s happening and they can go to the port and arrest them?” she asked.

Closing his eyes, Maddox hated how scared she was. It was his job to make sure she never had to be afraid.

“Baby girl, you told me yourself that he knows people in the police department. It’s possible that if we tip off the police, nothing happens and these women get shipped off. I don’t want that to happen, and I’m sure you don’t either.”

Pulling her head off his shoulder, she looked at him and shook her head. “No. I don’t want that to happen.”

“I need you to be a good girl for me and do what I’m asking. Go to Pop’s and have a fun sleepover with the girls. They’ve all been through this before, so they will be able to comfort and reassure you,” he told her.

“I’m scared. I don’t think I want to go to the sleepover. I’ll be a mess, and it’s better if I’m alone so I don’t annoy them.”

Cupping her chin, Maddox tilted her head back and stared into her gaze. “You would never annoy them. They’re your friends and now your family. They love you, and they will understand that you’re scared. I won’t be able to fully concentrate on what I need to do if I know you’re here alone. Knowing you’re safe at Pop’s, being taken care of, it’s the only way I’ll be able to focus.”

She let out a long breath and then she nodded. “Okay, Daddy.”

“That’s my good girl. I need to do a few things and get a bag packed for you, and I want you to take a nap while I do those things.”

“Like I’m going to be able to sleep,” she muttered.

“Okay, how about this? You don’t have to take a nap, but how about Daddy gets you all comfy in his bed with Peaches and turns on a movie for you to watch so at least you’re resting.”

She nodded. “Kay.”

His baby girl was back in her headspace. He hoped with her falling back into her Little Space she’d worry less about what was going to go down later on.

“Come on. Let’s go potty and then I’ll get you all tucked in,” he said, lifting her to her feet.

After leading her into the bathroom, he knelt in front of her and pulled down her leggings and pull-up. Since he’d first put one on her, she hadn’t

been in panties at all, and she hadn't even missed them. It seemed that even when she was in an adult headspace, she still enjoyed that reminder between her legs that she was just a Little girl. Maddox planned to order a package of actual diapers for her because he sensed there were times that she wanted to feel even smaller, which was perfectly fine with him.

She sat on the toilet, her feet dangling in the air as she tried to go. It usually took her a few seconds to relax and let go with him in the bathroom with her, but he didn't mind. She could take as long as she needed.

As soon as she was done, he reached for the toilet paper, pleased that she hadn't even attempted to reach for it. That was something she was also still getting used to, but he was pretty sure that, deep down, she loved how intimately he took care of her.

When they were finished in the bathroom, he took her into his room and helped her up onto the tall bed, handing her Peaches once she was all settled. Grabbing a pacifier off the nightstand, he held it up to her mouth. She was quieter than usual, which bothered him, but he knew the reason why so he didn't probe her. He hoped that getting lost in a fun movie might get her mind off things.

"I want you to stay in bed, okay? Daddy will take the baby monitor so if you need anything, just call out for me."

Her big, sad blue eyes made him ache inside. He hated seeing her so worried. But this had to be done. If he didn't take care of Collin and the gang he was running with, she would always be in danger, and that was completely unacceptable.

"I love you, Princess. Everything is going to be okay. Trust me?"

She nodded.

"Good girl. I'd never steer you wrong, baby."

"Kay," she said around the pacifier.

Brynn fidgeted the whole ride to Pop's, which wasn't long but the way she was pulling at her clothes and scratching at her skin was worrying him.

When he parked, Maddox turned to face her. "Look at me, Princess."

She immediately met his eyes, her bottom lip trembling, and it felt as though his heart was being ripped right out of his chest.

“Daddy is going to be fine. I promise you that. I won’t let there be any other outcome because returning to you will be the one thing I’ll be focused on. I need you to be strong for Daddy and believe what I’m telling you. Can you do that for me?”

Nodding her head, she reached out and grabbed his hand. “Yes, Daddy. I’ll be strong. Just promise me one thing?”

“Anything, baby. Name it,” he said, squeezing her hand in his.

“Make sure he’s never able to hurt anyone again.”

Nodding, Maddox smiled. “Oh, baby. I’m going to make sure he never breathes again, don’t you worry about that.”

BRYNN

Her Daddy walked her into Pop and Claire's house, his arm wrapped around her shoulder as she clung to him. She knew he had to do this. Collin had to be taken care of, otherwise she would always be in danger and other people would continue to get hurt. She just wished it could have been someone else that was running into the face of danger.

He knelt in front of her, unzipping her coat and pulling it off. "I expect you to get into plenty of shenanigans with the other girls. Don't take it easy on Pop just because he's old."

Claire and Brynn giggled.

"Hey! I resent that," Leo said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Maddox chuckled and winked up at her. "I love you, Princess. I'll be here in the morning when you wake up. Remember what I asked?"

Nodding, she stared down at him, doing her best not to lose it in front of him. "I'll be brave and strong for you, Daddy."

Grinning up at her, he nodded. "That's my girl."

Watching him leave was torture. It took everything in her not to run after him and climb up into his truck. Leo stood next to her on the porch as she watched him drive out of the neighborhood.

Letting out a deep sigh, she ran the back of her hands over her eyes to wipe away the tears threatening to fall.

"Maddox is the toughest of all my boys. He might come across as easygoing and lovable, but make no mistake, he is the most dangerous one of

all when it comes to protecting those he loves. He'll be fine. All of them will. They are well trained and they don't go in unprotected," Leo told her.

Looking up at the older man, she could tell he wasn't just saying all of that to make her feel better. They were his sons after all. He didn't seem worried, so maybe she shouldn't be either.

Before she could think of how to respond, several trucks pulled up and the other Littles started getting out with the help of their Daddies. First Addie walked up and hugged Brynn excitedly.

"Our first sleepover! It's gonna be so fun! I brought makeup and nail polish! We can give each other makeovers!" she said excitedly.

Knox shook his head as he walked up behind his Little girl. "She's been bouncing off the walls since I told her you guys were having a sleepover."

Brynn giggled and then was practically knocked off her feet when Kylie came barreling at her, throwing her arms around her in a hug.

"I brought matching pajamas for all of us! Me and Addie made them!" Kylie squealed, bouncing up and down on her toes.

Suddenly, Brynn felt excited about the evening to come, and she hoped it would be a good distraction from her worrying all night.

Emma showed up next and then Lucy was carried in on Wolf's hip with a pacifier in her mouth.

Wolf stayed the longest, giving Pop a list of rules for Lucy. No using knives, no using the oven, no going outside by herself, no playing with fire.

Pop gave him an exasperated look. "Do you honestly think I don't know all this stuff? I have a Little of my own for god's sake! Besides, what fun is it if I don't let them set off fireworks?"

The women all giggled as Wolf's face paled.

"Pop," he said warningly.

Shaking his head, Pop pushed Wolf toward the door. "I got it. They're in safe hands. You know I love these girls just as much as all of you. I would never do anything to let them get hurt, but just to make you feel better, I'll wrap Lucy up in bubble wrap and duct tape her to the couch after you leave."

Wolf grumbled but hugged and kissed Lucy before walking out of the house and leaving all the women alone with Pop.

"Alright girls, what do we do first? Set off fireworks or have a knife throwing contest?" Pop asked.

They all burst out giggling.

“Have you heard from any of them?” Brynn asked Pop as she walked up to him in the kitchen.

He was making dinner while they were supposed to be up in Claire’s room playing.

“No, baby girl, but I probably won’t until they show up here in the morning. They leave their cell phones at the gym and carry burner phones with them so their locations can’t be traced. How are you doing?”

Leo was in the middle of cutting up vegetables but stopped and put the knife down, facing her.

“I’m okay. I just had to go to the bathroom and decided to come down and check. What are you making? It smells yummy.”

He grinned down at her. “I am making my famous spaghetti. How about you be my assistant? Can you break lettuce apart for the salad?” he asked.

“Okay!”

Once her hands were washed, he set her up at the small island, ripping apart lettuce and using a butter knife to cut up baby carrots to throw into the bowl.

“I’ve never seen my son so happy, you know. He’s always been pretty happy but it’s totally different now. He’s found his purpose and his passion, and that is you,” Leo told her.

Smiling to herself, her heart felt as though it swelled inside her chest. “I feel the same way. I’ve never felt loved by anyone. Not even my aunt, and definitely not Collin. I thought maybe I was just unlovable or something, but he makes me feel so loved. I hope I can always make him feel the same way.”

“You will. I can see how much you love him. But I want you to know how much all of us love you, Brynn. He’s not the only one.”

Swallowing thickly, she nodded. “Thank you.”

Leo walked over and wrapped his arm around her shoulder, kissing the top of her head. “How’s the cutting going?”

Holding the butter knife up with a scowl, she shook her head. “Terrible. This thing can’t cut a carrot worth crap. I need a sharp knife.”

He chuckled. “Sorry, Little one. Giving you a sharp knife would be a death sentence. My son would kill me. You’re lucky you even get to use a butter knife. I almost gave you one of Claire’s plastic knives.”

She burst out giggling. “You men are over the top, but I don’t want it any other way.”

As she looked up at Leo, she could have sworn his eyes were a bit misty, but he quickly cleared his throat and smiled. “Me either, sweet girl.”

“Here’s all the candy I brought, but we have to keep it hidden so Pop doesn’t take it away,” Kylie said, opening her oversize purse.

Brynn wasn’t even sure there was anything in the purse besides candy, but who was she to say no to chocolate?

Leo was in the kitchen making popcorn for the movie they were going to watch so he couldn’t see them from where he was. One by one, each of them reached in and grabbed a handful of candy, hiding it under their blankets.

They’d set up an enormous sleeping area in the living room for all of them to sleep, and that area was filled with stuffies, pillows, and blankets. It was so comfy and fun to be in the middle of a group of women she could now call friends and family.

The sound of footsteps had them all quickly making sure all the candy was concealed before he walked back into the room.

“What movie did you girls decide on?” he asked.

“*Moana!*” they all said in unison.

Chuckling, he handed them several bowls of popcorn and then sat on the couch behind them and started navigating to the movies.

Once the previews started, they all settled down in their spots and munched on popcorn. Somehow they would have to sneak bites of the candy, but the lights were low enough that Brynn didn’t think it would be too difficult.

“So are you girls going to continue to hold out on me or do I get some candy too?” he asked.

They all burst out in hysterical giggling as Kylie passed him her purse.

MADDOX

Standing in the back room of The Cage were Maddox and his brothers, Declan and his underboss Killian, along with about thirty of their men, as well as Kane and Damian Scott. All the men had already strapped on bulletproof vests and had an array of their favorite weapons secured on their bodies.

“Do we all understand the plan? Are there any questions?” Maddox asked.

Heads shook as he looked around the room. Every single one of these men were highly trained, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t risk involved. There was always risk, but Maddox had always believed staying ahead of the risk was how you stayed alive.

“Kane, Damian, you guys good?” he asked.

Both men nodded before Kane responded, “Good. I’ve already been in contact with my old partner. He’ll wait for my call to bring in a SWAT team.”

Maddox climbed into an SUV with one of Declan’s drivers, Knox, Wolf, and Hawk, while everyone else got into other vehicles. “I fucking hate being away from Brynn. I feel like my skin is crawling,” he said once they started driving.

Wolf chuckled. “Yeah, now you know how we feel.”

“What are you going to do when you go back to work?” Hawk asked.

“She’ll come with me. I’m going to turn the apartment area of the club

into a room for her so she can go to work with me and I can put her to bed while I work.”

Knox, Wolf, and Hawk all exchanged glances before they started laughing.

“You are fucking sprung. You might be the Daddy, but she’s the one running shit,” Hawk said.

Leaning forward, Maddox smacked Hawk in the side of the head. “Just you wait, asshole. Just you fucking wait. You’ll be on your knees when you meet your Little.”

Hawk grunted but didn’t say anything. None of them spoke for the rest of the ride to where they would be dropped off by the driver.

“Thanks, you guys,” Maddox said as the SUV came to a stop.

“No need to thank us. She’s our family too,” Knox said before they opened the doors and climbed out.

The port was full of shipping containers, so the men spread themselves out throughout the area. Declan knew the logistics of the entire port since he often ran guns out of there. Being the mafia boss definitely had its perks. He had just about everyone in the city in his back pocket to give him what he needed.

Declan’s voice came over the earpieces they all wore. “It’s container one-one-three-two-nine, port number seven. It’s a red container.”

Maddox and Hawk stuck together, moving in unison as they made sure to stay hidden. Once everyone was in place, they waited. They were early, not wanting to take the chance of their arrival being seen by a member of the gang who might show up before to scope out the place. Standing with their backs to the side of the container that concealed them, both men had a gun in hand ready to go at a moment’s notice.

“If anything happens to me, I need you to take Brynn in and take care of her,” Maddox said quietly.

Hawk shook his head. “Nothing is going to fucking happen to you.”

“I know, but I’m saying if it does, I need you to take care of her.”

“You know I will. We all will.”

Maddox looked at his brother. “I know you all will but she needs a Daddy. Someone who is a solid figure in her life and will give her rules and boundaries and will take care of her. Promise you’ll do that.”

Letting out a sigh, Hawk nodded. “I promise. I’ll take care of her if something happens to you.”

“You can’t fuck her, though. Or touch her. I’ll fucking haunt you from my grave if you do.”

Hawk let out a low growl. “Jesus, dude. I’m not going to fuck your girl. She’s yours. I would never do that.”

Nodding, Maddox sighed. “Okay. I’m just saying.”

“Just shut the fuck up and pay attention to the job. You’re not going anywhere, asshole.”

He couldn’t help but smile. His family would always have his back. But Hawk was right. He wasn’t going anywhere because he’d found the woman who was meant to be his.

It was after midnight when Maddox heard the sounds of tires crunching on gravel. From where Maddox and Hawk were stationed, they couldn’t see the incoming vehicles, but from the sound of the brakes he was pretty sure one of the vehicles was a semi-truck.

“One semi and two SUVs,” Colt said through the earpieces. Colt was stationed a bit farther away with his laptop monitoring the port from drone cameras he’d sent up high enough to remain undetected in the dark sky.

Within minutes, he heard the sounds of male voices shouting instructions to each other, and it took every ounce of restraint for Maddox not to run out into the open and shoot Collin between the eyes. He had to wait, though. If there were women being moved from a truck to a shipping container, he didn’t want them to get hit in the crossfire. Instead, he would stick with the plan and wait until they were in the shipping container where they would be safest during a gunfight.

It felt like hours passed as they listened to men shouting for the women to move faster. Soft feminine cries could be heard, making the rage inside Maddox turn into a ticking time bomb.

“Forty-three women. Eight men from what I can tell. Collin is there,” Colt said.

Maddox and Hawk looked at each other, waiting to hear the sounds of the shipping container close. That sound was their go. Both men pulled their masks over their faces.

“I love you, brother,” Maddox said.

“I love you too,” Hawk replied.

The sound of metal slamming against metal rang through the air.

“Go!” Colt shouted.

Running in the direction of the voices, Maddox immediately started searching for Collin.

“Hands up! Get your hands up!” Hawk and several other men started yelling as they closed in on the group of thugs.

His brothers and the Irish ran out from every direction, surrounding the criminals in the open area they were standing. Some of Declan’s men were aiming rifles at them while others pointed their handguns toward the group.

“Hands up!” Maddox shouted, looking around for Collin.

The men froze for only a moment before they pulled their guns and started shooting wildly, seemingly unaware of what direction they were being closed in on from. As soon as the first gunshot rang out from the gang, Maddox’s men started shooting back in self-defense, dropping several people on the spot with bullets to their legs. The men had been instructed not to kill anyone until Collin was singled out. The only person who would kill Collin would be Maddox.

Maddox finally spotted Collin and took off after him with Hawk on his heels. To his surprise, Collin started running, weaving between containers at full speed, followed by Maddox, who was in much better condition.

As he inched closer, Maddox put his gun back in his shoulder holster, knowing Hawk would keep his gun drawn in case Collin started shooting. He needed his hands free to grab him. Pushing himself harder, Maddox inched closer and closer until, with one final spurt, he was close enough to grab the back of Collin’s shirt and yank him to the ground.

Collin pointed his gun toward Maddox from where he lay on his back in the dirt, his eyes wide as he stared up at both Maddox and Hawk.

Maddox stood staring down at the coward, laughing sardonically as he pulled his mask off. “Remember me? The one you said you were going to kill? Here I am. Have at it.”

As Maddox stared down at Collin, who was on his back on the ground, he could see the fear in his eyes, though he was trying to mask it with a scowl. Taking several steps closer, he tilted his head down to keep eye contact with Collin until he was only a couple of feet away. “Go ahead. Pull the trigger.”

As soon as Collin’s finger twitched, a gunshot rang out and the pistol he was once holding was now on the ground as he screamed in pain, clutching

the hand Hawk had just shot.

Squatting down, Maddox grabbed Collin by the hair, dragging him to sit up so he was forced to look at him. “You hurt my girl. You threatened her life. You threatened my life. And now, I’m going to end yours. But not until I make you suffer like you made Brynn suffer.”

Collin’s chest rose and fell rapidly as blood seeped from his hand, scowling up at Maddox. “You’re mad over that bitch? That white-trash bitch? She’s fucking worthless!”

Letting go of his hair, Maddox stood and watched as Collin tried scooting away from him, but Maddox took a step closer each time he moved back. “See, that’s where you’re wrong. She’s not worthless. She’s my everything, and that was your biggest mistake. Hurting what’s mine.”

Collin started sputtering, his eyes going wider as he tried scooting farther back, but in one swift move, Maddox leaned over, pulling the syringe from his pocket and stabbing it into Collin’s neck. “Night-night, bitch.”

Standing up, he turned to Hawk. “Nice shot.”

Hawk shook his head and chuckled. “You really are one crazy son of a bitch. Should I tell Brynn about you telling him to shoot you?”

“You tell her, and you die.”

Knox and Ash came running up, followed by Wolf, Angel, and Beau.

“Come on. We need to get him out of here before Kane calls it in to his old partner,” Beau said.

Wolf picked up Collin, threw him over his shoulder, and carried him toward the waiting SUV that would take them to one of their warehouses where Declan and his men had gone ahead to meet them. They had about five hours before they needed to be back at Pop’s for when the girls woke up, wanting their Daddies. Plenty of time to make Collin regret his choices before they ended his miserable life.

He could hardly wait to get to Pop’s and get his hands on his Little girl. Back at the gym, Maddox and his brothers showered and changed into clean clothes. The last thing they wanted to do was show up covered in blood and scare the Littles.

Tossing his soiled clothes into the bin that would be burned, Maddox sat

down to put his boots on. Meeting eyes with Beau, he sighed. “How much of the truth do I tell Brynn? I hate the idea of keeping anything from her.”

Knox walked into the locker room and sat down on the bench. “You tell her what you think she can handle. Just keep the gruesome shit out of it. She doesn’t need to think about that.”

Beau nodded. “Yeah, what he said. When Emma and I got together, I asked her how much she wanted me to tell her or if she didn’t want to know anything. I’m sure Brynn will ask, especially since it had to do with her specifically.”

Maddox suspected she would want to know too, and he trusted her enough to tell her, but he worried she might think of him as a monster, and that was the last thing he wanted. He was supposed to be her knight in shining armor. She was always supposed to feel safe with him. And now she was out of danger and the entire gang was currently behind bars. All except Collin of course.

Hawk slapped him on the back as he walked into the room. “Let’s go see Brynnie-Bear.”

Smiling up at his brother, Maddox stood and walked out of the gym with his seven best friends. His life couldn’t get any better. He had his family, his business, and best of all, he had Brynn. She was his everything and he could now focus the rest of his life on making her happy and helping her heal from the wounds that bastard and her aunt had created.

BRYNN

She was exhausted and counting down the seconds until her Daddy got back. She hadn't slept a wink all night, even though all the girls around her were snoozing away. She hadn't wanted to wake anyone by getting up in the night, so she'd stayed awake for hours, praying Maddox and his brothers were all safe.

Daylight was just starting to peek through the windows, which meant he could show up anytime. It was practically torture waiting.

The sound of the front door opening and closing softly had her sitting up. The other women were all still sleeping, so she pushed the blankets back as quietly as she could and got to her feet to tiptoe toward the front door. The second she saw Maddox and Hawk coming down the hall, she ran toward him and leaped right into his arms.

"Oh my god. You're safe. Hawk is safe. Where is everyone else? Are they okay? Is he dead? Did he hurt you? Is he going to come for me? I didn't sleep all night. I couldn't. I was so worried," she rambled.

Maddox hugged her to his body as she clung to him. "Breathe, baby girl. Breathe. I'm here. We're all safe. Angel has some surface wounds but he's fine. A bullet grazed his shoulder. He's fine and already home."

Lifting her head from Maddox, she stared at his face, ingraining every feature into her mind. Turning her gaze to Hawk, she released Maddox's neck and reached for him. When he stepped forward and pulled her into his arms, she hugged him tightly.

“I’m so glad you guys are safe. Is Daddy okay?” she whispered in his ear. Hawk nodded. “He’s good, Brynnie-Bear. He did great tonight.”

The sound of Maddox growling had Hawk handing her back to him which she didn’t mind. She never wanted to let go of her Daddy again.

“What happened?” she finally asked.

She was dying to know. Was Collin dead? Did it make her a bad person to wish he was? Maddox carried her into the small family room at the front of the house where no one was sleeping. He sat down on the couch, pulling her onto his lap with him. Hawk came in too and sat on the other end of the couch.

“We had some help tonight from the Irish mafia and a couple of friends who have worked in law enforcement. The Irish don’t traffic women. In fact, they try to do everything they can to stop trafficking throughout the world so they were more than willing to step in. It was also kind of personal because a friend of one of the Irishmen was on that list. They’re still working on tracking her down based on the information on the drive.

“We waited for them to show at the port and when they did, they started a gun fight.”

Brynn gasped, looking wide eyed from one man to the other.

Maddox gently stroked her back. “We had on bulletproof vests, baby girl. We were protected. Besides, their aim sucked. Collin tried to run and we chased him through the port while the other men were getting tied up. Our friend Kane, who used to be a detective, reached out to his old partner, letting him know a shipping container of trafficked women and the gang members were at the port. Meanwhile, we took Collin to a different location.

“The members that were arrested will face three to five years in prison per woman that was in that container. There were dozens of them. They will also be charged with possession since we gave Kane the location of their drug manufacturing warehouse plus gun charges. They’ll be gone for a long, long time.”

Meeting his eyes, she couldn’t stop herself from asking the question. “Is Collin dead?”

Nodding his head, Maddox kept his gaze locked on hers. “Yes, baby. He’s dead.”

Her entire body relaxed and tears filled her eyes. She was finally free. Throwing her arms around his neck, she moved so she was facing him and straddling his lap. “Thank you, Daddy.”

His arms closed around her. “I love you, Brynn. I’ll do anything to protect you. You’re my world.”

Pulling back so she could look at him, she smiled. “What about the guys who were arrested? Won’t they tell the police that Collin is missing or you guys took him?”

Hawk cleared his throat. “They all think it was set up by him. That he was the one who had them ambushed as a way to be brought into the Irish mafia. No one is going to look for him, and if they do, he will never be found.”

Letting out a sigh, she looked from Hawk to Maddox. “You guys won’t get caught? It’s really over?”

Maddox nodded. “It’s really over, Princess. If anyone starts looking into it, Declan and Killian will handle it, but that won’t happen.”

It felt surreal. Even though it had only been a few months since she’d gotten away from Collin, it had felt like years. All the hiding, using her mother’s maiden name, always looking behind her whenever she was out. It had been exhausting, and then Maddox swooped in and took over, saving her and stealing her heart all at once.

A sob broke loose unexpectedly, and her Daddy instantly pulled her into his chest, stroking her back. “Let it out, baby girl. I know it’s a lot.”

Nodding, she continued to cry, her tears falling onto his shirt. She stayed there for a long time, letting the tears flow as her Daddy comforted her. It really was a lot but it was in the best way possible.

When she pulled away from his chest, she noticed Hawk was gone from the room and they were left alone. “Can we go home, Daddy?”

His eyes lit up and he grinned, nodding. “That sounds like the best idea ever. I need to snuggle with my girl, and since neither of us slept last night, I think it’s a good day to stay in bed all day.”

Sniffling, she nodded, playing with the front of his shirt. “Can we maybe do stuff in bed too?”

Maddox chuckled and brushed a piece of hair away from her face. “I’m sure that can be arranged. But first you have to tell me how much candy Pop let you eat.”

Shrugging nonchalantly, she smiled. “None, Daddy. He made us eat vegetables all night long. It was really mean of him.”

“Uh huh. I bet he did.”

“Yep. That’s my story and I’m sticking to it, Daddy.”

He reached out and tickled her under her armpits. “Yeah, yeah. I know

about the pact the girls have about what happens at Pop's stays at Pop's. You're lucky I'm too tired to spank your cute little butt for fibbing me."

Well, a spanking didn't really sound so bad actually. She was kind of craving one in fact. But she wouldn't rat Pop out, so she'd just have to find something else fun to do to get spanked.

Shouldn't be too hard.

It had been nearly a week since her Daddy had picked her up from Pop's house. There had been a lot of tears over that time. A lot of times she would be doing something mundane and remember that she was free of her past and burst into tears. Maddox had been concerned at first and even mentioned taking her to a therapist, but she'd thrown a fit about that and gotten her bottom spanked for throwing a toy at him during that fit. When her bottom was hot and red and her walls were broken down, she'd explained to him that she didn't need a therapist. She just needed exactly what he was giving her. A good firm spanking and the reassurance that he loved her.

Now, for the first time in her life, she was going to have lunch with her girlfriends. Well, her Daddy would be there too. He was driving her to the restaurant and picking her up, and she was pretty sure he'd be in the car waiting outside for her. She was also pretty sure there would be bodyguards inside the restaurant watching them. And as crazy as all of that might have sounded, she actually loved knowing that she would always have someone protecting her.

"You're sure you don't want me to come eat with you?" he asked as they pulled into the parking lot of Franko's.

Maddox had suggested she quit her jobs at the restaurants and then offered to help her enroll in classes to get her GED. He'd told her that once she got that if she wanted to take college courses, he would pay for it. When she told him she didn't want him to pay her way through life because she didn't want to be a burden, he'd made it clear that his only goal in life was to make her life the best it could be.

Then he took her to the bank the next day, where they opened a checking account under her name only, and magically, the day after that, there was one-hundred-thousand dollars in the account. She told him she would never

touch it, and he informed her that he didn't want her to because he would still pay for everything, but he wanted her to have that in there for her own peace of mind. The man was crazy, and she was completely and utterly in love with him.

“Yes, Daddy. I'm sure. It's a girls' lunch. Meaning no boys.”

Maddox smirked at her from the driver's seat. “Good thing I'm a Daddy and not a boy.”

“Dadddyyyyyy,” she whined, though she was grinning.

“Okay. Okay. Daddy will let you go have your girl time. Text me when you're done and I'll be here.”

Tilting her head, she was the one smirking this time. “Yeah, like you're actually going to leave the premises.”

He chuckled and leaned over, cupping her chin. As he lowered his face to hers, her breath caught and the butterflies in her tummy went wild. She would never get tired of this man. He was so damn perfect for her.

He kissed her gently several times, stroking her chin with his thumb. “I love you, Princess. Have fun.”

“I love you too, Daddy,” she whispered.

Climbing out of the SUV, she waved at him as she walked into her old job. She'd already let the owner know she wouldn't be returning, and he'd been so damn polite it was practically sickening. He'd even told her he would still pay her for the full three weeks. Whatever Hawk had said to him that day, she needed to make sure to thank that big grump. He really was misunderstood.

Addie, Kylie, Emma, Lucy, and Claire were already sitting when she walked in. They were all grinning at her as she sat. “What?”

The women started giggling all at once.

“Maddox and Brynn, sittin' in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g,” Emma sang.

She felt a blush rise to her cheeks, but she couldn't stop the smile that spread. Her smile, though, quickly disappeared when she saw Paris walking toward them. As soon as Paris saw Brynn, her smile turned into a scowl.

As Paris approached the table, Brynn saw Maddox walking toward her out of the corner of her eye.

He held up her purse and smiled. “Baby, you forgot your purse in the car.”

The look of complete shock on Paris's face practically had Brynn falling out of her chair with amusement.

He handed her the purse and then leaned down and pressed several kisses to her lips. When he straightened, he looked around the table at the rest of the girls and then noticed Paris standing there. His face hardened. "They'd like a different server."

Paris's eyes looked as though they were going to pop out of her head, and Brynn had to stifle a giggle.

Maddox smirked. "Oh, and uh, how's that rat problem in your apartment complex? I heard it's pretty bad. Then again, they do tend to live in dirty places."

Brynn exchanged wide-eyed looks with the other women at the table as Paris let out an audible gasp and then spun around and stormed away.

Looking up at him, Brynn tilted her head. "Daddy, you didn't."

Furrowing his eyebrows, he leaned down and kissed her forehead. "I don't really know what you're talking about, baby. But I'm going to stop by Franko's office before I leave and make sure Paris doesn't get anywhere near your food. Love you. Be good."

And before she could say anything more, Maddox walked through the kitchen door to the back as if he owned the place. A few minutes later he walked back out and gave her a thumbs up and a wink before walking out of the restaurant.

"He is insane," Kylie said. "It's so freaking hot!"

They all started giggling loudly and when they finally composed themselves, Addie spoke up. "I have a question for you all, which is why I wanted to get together for lunch today. I didn't realize this was where you'd worked before, Brynn, so I'm sorry."

Shrugging, she smiled. "It's okay. Besides, we got a show with our lunch."

Grinning, Addie nodded. "We sure did. Anyway, I was wondering if you all would be my bridesmaids?"

Loud squeals and clapping had other patrons looking at them but it didn't matter. They were all so excited, and Brynn could feel something settle inside her soul. She really did have friends. Her life couldn't possibly get any better.

Addie was practically beaming at them all. "I'll take that as a yes."

They all nodded.

"Is Ava going to be your maid of honor?" Kylie asked.

"Yes, that's the plan. Colt said she hasn't been looking well, but she hasn't said anything to me," Addie said, her expression falling a bit.

Brynn looked around the table in confusion. “Who is Ava?”

“Oh, she’s Addie’s bestie since, like, forever. She moved away several months ago, though,” Kylie replied.

Okay, now she was really confused. “How does Colt know she hasn’t been looking well?”

Addie smiled softly. “Let’s just say your Daddy isn’t the only one with stalker tendencies. I think Colt’s been in love with her since the night they met at Shadows. He doesn’t know that I know what he’s been up to, though, so don’t say anything. I kind of want to kick him in the balls for stalking my bestie, but I also want to hug him for keeping an eye on her, so I don’t want him to stop.”

Huh. That was juicy information.

“Shall we order?” Emma asked as a different server appeared at the table.

Grinning, Brynn nodded. The next hour was filled with non-stop laughing until her cheeks hurt, but it was totally worth it, and Paris had been nowhere to be seen for the rest of their lunch. When they went to pay, the server smiled and informed them that lunch had already been taken care of by a Mr. Black. Go figure.

EPILOGUE

MADDOX

“Come here, Little girl.”

Brynn looked up from where she was playing with her dolls on the floor of his office at Shadows. Scrambling to get to her feet, she smoothed her dress down and skipped over to where he was sitting at his desk. “Yes, Daddy?”

He grinned and reached for her, pulling her onto his lap. “I need some Princess Brynn cuddles.”

She giggled and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his face all over. “Better, Daddy?”

Nodding, he stared down into her eyes. Those baby blue eyes were his home. “Couldn’t be any better than this, Princess.”

Giving him a sideways smile, she wiggled her bottom on his lap. “Nothing would make it better?”

His cock stirred in his slacks as she started grinding against him. She was so damn insatiable. It was only a matter of time before he’d have to start popping a blue pill just to keep up with her. Then again, when it came to her, he wasn’t sure he’d ever need help getting hard.

“Are you being a tease, Little girl?”

She twisted and grabbed hold of his biceps, turning her body so she was straddling him. “I would never tease you, Daddy.”

Reaching around, he cupped her bottom, pulling her closer and lifting his hips so his cock pressed against her pussy. “You’re so damn perfect for me, Brynn. When do I get to change your last name to Black?”

Brynn didn’t know it yet but he’d already picked out an engagement ring and was waiting for the perfect time to ask her to be his wife.

Gliding her hands from his biceps to his chest, she moved her hips, rubbing her panty-covered pussy along the length of his cock. “Tomorrow?” Her voice was breathy, and he knew as soon as he touched her between her legs he’d find her panties to be soaked.

Tightening his grip on her bottom, he rolled his head back to rest on his chair. “Don’t tease me, Brynn. I’ll take you to the courthouse first thing tomorrow morning.”

A smile spread on her lips and she nodded. “Okay. But first, can you fuck me, Daddy?”

Holy shit. She was ready to marry him any time he wanted. He wouldn’t actually take her to the courthouse though. No. He would give her the wedding of her dreams. She would feel like a true princess as she walked down the aisle toward him. “Say please.”

She gave him her best pouty look. Something she used often when she wanted something. He almost always gave in.

“Please, Daddy? Please fuck me.”

Sliding her back on his lap, Maddox unbuckled his belt and undid his slacks. Lowering his underwear, he let his cock spring free and smiled when she gasped. She was so good for his head. Both of them.

“Stand up and take your panties off. Leave them on my desk and go to the couch.”

He helped her to her feet and held her hips until he knew she was steady. Standing, he walked over to the couch and lowered his pants and underwear to his thighs and then sat on the plush leather cushions. Brynn wasn’t far behind, a blush spreading across her face.

Reaching out for her, he pulled her onto his lap again so she was straddling him. “I want to watch you ride my cock. I want to see you as you come all over me.”

Her body trembled as she rose up on her knees and hovered over his cock. He held it at the base for her and braced himself for her tight pussy. As she

slowly lowered herself over the head, he wasn't sure how long he'd be able to last. Watching his cock disappear inside her was a special kind of torture. It was a sight he never wanted to forget for the rest of his life.

Her slick juices made it easy for her to lower herself to the hilt, and then she paused, her hands resting on his chest. "God, it feels so good. I feel so full."

"You feel like heaven is what you feel like. You're torturing me, Little girl."

She giggled and slowly started moving her hips, circling and rubbing her clit against the base each time. Her moans and whimpers filled the room as she picked up the pace. Grabbing onto her hips, Maddox lifted her almost to the tip and then lowered her, lifting his hips to meet her.

"Daddy!"

Her orgasm was building. He could feel it in her body and with the way her head rolled back as she enjoyed the sensations.

"I know, baby. It feels so fucking good. You are so damn beautiful." He should have stripped her naked so he could see her dark pink nipples bounce in front of him as they made love, but he'd needed her too badly to waste that kind of time.

"Oh! Oh!"

Thrusting his hips up several times, he felt his own orgasm getting close. "Good girl. Fuck my cock, baby. That's it. Come for Daddy."

Her cries turned to screams almost instantly as her pussy pulsed around him, her body continuing to buck and thrash. Maddox squeezed her hips as his balls tightened, and he threw his head back as he exploded inside her pussy.

Brynn collapsed forward on his chest, breathing heavily against him. Her pussy still pulsed, milking everything from him. Wrapping his arms around her, Maddox held her close, whispering soft words about what a good girl she was and how much he loved her.

BRYNN

She hated having to crawl off his lap but they couldn't exactly stay like that

all night. They were in his office at Shadows after all. He often had employees come up when they needed something. That would be embarrassing. At least he kept the door locked at all times when it was just the two of them in there. He was overly protective like that. It was one of the things she loved about him. If he wanted to keep her wrapped up in a safety bubble, that was okay with her.

It was also Saturday night, and now that things were back to normal and no one was in danger, Maddox's brothers and their Littles would be at the club, so she was excited to go down and hang out with her friends. It still felt so weird to think of them as friends, but they were. The five women were in a group chat, and the men all ended up making a blanket rule that the women were to be off their phones by eight in the evening because they were constantly messaging each other. It was so fun.

"I love you, Princess. Always and forever. Never doubt that, okay? I know you're not used to someone loving you and wanting you but I do and I always will. Okay?"

That was another thing she loved about him so much. He was always reassuring her. It would take time to fully believe it but when she really dug deep, she knew he meant every word.

"Are we really gonna get married tomorrow?" she asked, raising her head from his shoulder.

Maddox stared up at her lovingly, his expression relaxed. "No. We're going to get married in a big, beautiful wedding where you feel like the princess that you are."

"Oh. Well, that sucks."

Throwing his head back, he laughed. "In a hurry to marry me, baby girl? We're not even engaged yet."

Brynn narrowed her eyes. "That's because you haven't proposed to me yet, silly. Maybe I will propose to you. Then we'll be engaged."

Raising his eyebrows at her, Maddox squeezed her hips. "Don't even think about proposing to me, Little girl. Your butt will be so sore you won't sit for a week if you do that."

Her mouth dropped open. Holy moly he was intense sometimes. "Okay, I won't. Sorry, Daddy. I was just being silly."

Lifting her off his lap, he sat her on the couch and stood to pull up his underwear and slacks. When he walked away from her toward his desk, she started to panic inside. Had she upset him?

“The reason,” he said, reaching into one of the desk drawers, “you’re not allowed to propose to me is because I’m going to propose to you.”

She watched with her mouth hanging open as he walked over to her with a tiny box in his hand and then knelt in front of her.

“You’re my princess. I’ve been waiting for the right time to do this. I wanted it to be perfect because you’re perfect, and I want you to have the fairytale, but I think we are both eager to start our lives together so, Brynn, will you be my wife and my Little girl forever?”

Before he could even open the box, she jumped at him, wrapping her arms around his neck and causing him to lose his balance, falling backward onto the carpeted floor with her on top of him.

He chuckled. “Is that a yes?”

She was grinning so hard her cheeks hurt, and all she could do was bob her head up and down. “That’s a hell fucking yes!”

Maddox’s eyes widened. “No cursing. Don’t make me spank you right when we get engaged.”

Giggling, she leaned down and started pressing kisses to his face and then sat up and gasped when she saw the gorgeous ring. It was perfect. He knew her so well. A princess-cut solitaire that was practically as wide as her finger.

“It’s so pretty!” she squealed, holding her hand up to the light.

“Just like you,” he said, stroking her arm. “Shall we head downstairs and announce it to the family?”

Nodding, she climbed to her feet and went over to his desk where her panties had been left. It felt weird wearing panties. She’d much rather be in the comfort of her pull-ups, but she was too nervous about someone noticing them under her clothes so she’d asked if she could wear panties to the club. Maddox had agreed, but he kept her on a strict potty schedule when they were there so she didn’t have an accident.

After picking them up from his desk, she turned to go into the restroom to put them on and straighten her hair, but Maddox was like a brick wall in front of her.

“No panties. Those are going in my pocket so I can smell them any time I want tonight. I also like the idea of you walking around without them.”

Before she could argue, he plucked the cotton panties from her fingers and leaned down to kiss her.

It felt odd walking down the stairs with no underwear, but she also found it arousing. No one else would know except her and her Daddy. It was pretty

freaking hot.

“You’re here!” Kylie squealed as they walked up to the group.

Brynn giggled and took turns hugging all of the women. When they were all hugged out, Brynn brought her left palm up to her face and wiggled her fingers at them with a grin. They all erupted in squeals and screams as they reached for her hand to check out the ring. Looking up, she met Maddox’s gaze and grinned at him.

“We need to see this under better light!” Addie announced. “Let’s go to the ladies room.”

Maddox was instantly at her side, and she couldn’t help but giggle. “We’ll be okay, Daddy. We’re all going together. We’ll only be gone a few minutes.”

She could tell he didn’t love that idea but nodded anyway and pressed a kiss to her temple and patted her bottom as they walked away from the table.

The next several minutes in the bathroom were full of oohs and ahhs as they all stared at her ring and asked a million questions like if they’d set a date yet or not.

“Once these men latch onto us, it’s like they don’t want to wait to make it permanent,” Emma said.

Lucy giggled. “Yeah, because they’re afraid some other Daddy might steal us from them if they don’t tie us down quick enough.”

The women all giggled. They loved how possessive their men were. It was pretty freaking hot.

“We better get back out there before our Daddies come searching and we get our butts spanked for taking too long,” Kylie said. “I already got a spanking before we came, I don’t need another one tonight.”

Somehow none of them were surprised she’d gotten spanked already. She was quite sassy and naughty, but Brynn was pretty sure she loved to be a brat just so she would get spanked.

Walking back out to the table, Brynn searched out Maddox and froze when she saw a woman standing way too close to him and staring up at him with a seductive look in her eye that made Brynn want to puke.

“Who is that?” Brynn whispered.

Her friends all shook their heads.

“I don’t know, but she just touched Maddox,” Lucy said, her eyes narrowed at the woman.

Every bit of insecurities came rushing back to Brynn as she watched the

woman reach out and rub Maddox's arm. He instantly backed up and shook his head. Realization hit her that he wasn't welcoming this woman's attention and, based on the scowl on his face, he wasn't happy that she was standing in front of him. He didn't want that woman.

I love you, Princess. Always and forever. Never doubt that, okay? I know you're not used to someone loving you and wanting you, but I do and I always will. Okay?

His words came rushing back into her mind, and she went from panicking to being pissed. He was obviously not interested in the woman's company just by his body language, but she didn't seem to get the hint. Well the hint was about to be a lot more obvious.

Stomping forward, her friends following on her heels, she walked right up to Maddox and smiled up at him.

"Can we help you?" she asked the woman.

Maddox wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her into him. "Lyla was just leaving."

The woman gasped and narrowed her gaze at Brynn and then up at Maddox. "You didn't want me but you want her? That's ridiculous!"

Stepping out from under his arm, Brynn came to a stop only inches from the woman. "I don't know who you are, but you're not wanted here. You need to leave before we have you removed from the club."

She was proud of herself for being so forceful. Especially since she had no idea if she could actually get someone removed from the club, but Brynn was pretty sure her Daddy would do it if she asked.

The woman looked up at Maddox with a pouty expression. "Maddox, really? You're going to let this," she jabbed a finger into Brynn's shoulder, "bitch talk to me like that?"

Her vision blurred and turned red, and before Maddox could even say a word, Brynn jumped on the woman, taking her to the ground. Sitting on top of her, she grabbed a handful of her hair and scowled down at her.

"The only bitch is you, and you don't fucking talk to my man! He's mine. Not yours! Mine, and I don't share, bitch!"

The woman grabbed onto Brynn's biceps, and they were suddenly rolling around on the floor. It was probably only for a few seconds but it seemed like longer, and then suddenly, Brynn was dangling in the air, kicking her legs wildly.

"Put me down! I wasn't done kicking her ass!" she yelled.

The person who had grabbed her turned her around, and she realized it was Colt.

He smiled. "Easy there, tiger. You kick me in the balls and I'll make sure you don't sit for a week."

Furrowing her brows, she stuck her tongue out at him. "You're supposed to be on my side, Uncle Colt! You're being a big butthead."

Colt chuckled and shook his head. "I am on your side, Princess. Which is why I'm making sure you don't get arrested for assault."

"She touched me first."

Brynn could see several large men carrying the woman out of the club, screaming and kicking, with Maddox shaking his head as he spoke to the men.

"I'm going to put you down. Promise you won't run after her?"

Glaring at Colt, she gave him a sharp nod. "Big meanie butt."

He laughed again and set her on her feet, giving her bottom a sharp swat. Reaching back, she rubbed her butt, shocked that he'd actually spanked her, but then he leaned down so he was close to her face. "If being a big meanie butt is what I have to do to keep you safe, I'll be the big meanie butt. But just so you know, it's only because I love you, brat."

Of course he had to be all sweet when she was being completely unreasonable. Crossing her arms over her chest, she tried not to let his words affect her, but they did. Every time one of Maddox's brothers told her they loved her, it affected her.

"I love you too," she grumbled. "Meanie butt."

Maddox walked toward her and she was sure she was going to be in big trouble. She had caused a scene in his club and he was probably embarrassed of her.

When he got to her, he picked her up and squeezed her to him. "I'm so fucking sorry. I should have banned her from the club before now. Can you forgive me?"

She hugged him back, shocked that he was apologizing. Shouldn't she be the one apologizing? "I'm sorry I caused a scene."

Pulling her away from him, he stared down at her and shook his head. "You didn't cause the scene, baby. She did. She wouldn't take no for an answer. I should have banned her a long time ago, but she'd never really done anything until now for that to happen."

Smiling up at him, she stood on her tiptoes to kiss him. "I guess we're

even.”

Cocking his head, he furrowed his brows. “Even?”

“Yep. You took down my ex and I took down yours.”

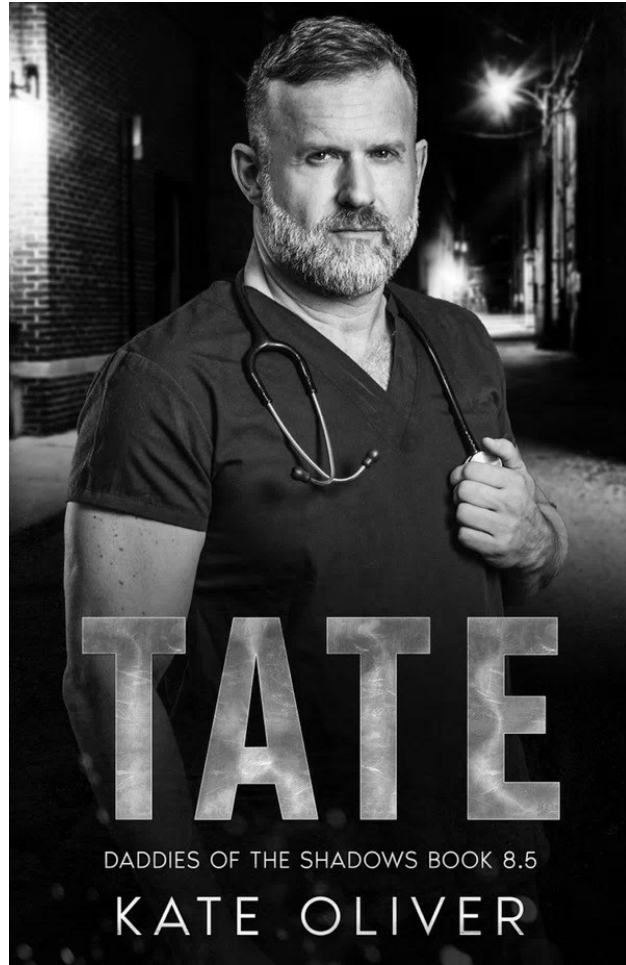
Throwing his head back, he burst out laughing. She started giggling right along with him. When they finally stopped laughing, Maddox leaned down, running his hand along her jaw as he kissed her deeply.

“I love you, Daddy,” she whispered when he released her mouth.

“I love you too, soon-to-be Mrs. Black.”

She could hardly wait for that day, but it really wouldn’t change anything in her mind because she was wholeheartedly his just like he was wholeheartedly hers. Life was good. So damn good.

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