

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LAYLAH ROBERTS

**A FOXY
LITTLE
CHRISTMAS**



MC Daddies Book 11.5

A FOXY LITTLE CHRISTMAS

LAYLAH ROBERTS

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Laylah Roberts

A Foxy Little Christmas

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For the Love of Sir
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Make me, Sir
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TRIGGER WARNING

Bondage, kidnapping, morally gray hero, spanking, and age play. All the good stuff!

SUNNY AND DUKE

2nd December

“DADDY, I CAN’T BREATHE.”

“What?” Duke gave her an alarmed look. “What do you mean?”

“I mean ... I can’t breathe.” She fanned her face with her hand. She was going to pass out.

Not. Good.

He glanced around frantically. “Fuck, we’re at least an hour away from a hospital.”

That they were. They were kind of in the middle of nowhere. Just snow and trees for miles. Oh, and a few other trucks and cars in the distance, with people doing the same thing they were.

Searching for the most magical tree they could find.

“I’ll call emergency services, get a chopper in here. Sit down. Maybe you should get in the car. How bad is it?” His face grew pale as he became more worried.

“Daddy, I don’t need a chopper,” she said.

“You can’t breathe!”

“But I know how to solve that.”

“What? How?”

“Take off ten of my fifty layers.”

He just stared at her for a long moment. “What?”

“You’ve got so many layers on me, Daddy. I can’t breathe.”

“Little Rebel,” he said in a low, growly voice. “Are you telling me that you scared me to death over wearing some extra layers that you actually *need*? Because it is *winter*. In *Montana*. And it’s *freezing*.”

His voice grew progressively louder, although no less growly.

Um.

Uh-oh.

She took a step back. Then another. Drat. She could kind of use some backup right now. If someone else were around, then Duke wouldn’t spank her ass.

And he looked like he really wanted to spank her ass.

She needed an intervention. Santa. Maybe one of his elves.

Was that really too much to ask for?

“I didn’t scare you to death, though, Daddy.”

“What?” He gave her a startled look.

“You’re still alive and breathing, so I didn’t scare you to death.”

He took another step forward, and she jumped back, convinced that she was about to get dragged into the back of his truck and have her ass spanked.

Instead, her feet went out from under her and she fell backward into the snow.

“Sunny!”

Shoot.

Okay. Now she was kind of grateful for her fifty layers.

“Are you all right?” Duke asked worriedly.

“Yep.”

He hauled her up.

“Your bottom?” he asked gruffly.

“It’s fine. Those extra layers padded my fall.”

“Did they? So it seems like putting on all those clothes was beneficial, wasn’t it?”

“Maybe to my bottom. Not to the rest of my body. Can we please take off some layers, Daddy?” she begged.

He frowned, but nodded. “All right. Let’s tidy you up a bit and take some off.”

Duke half-turned her so she stood sideways and patted the snow off her bottom.

Which was kind, she guessed. But he was rather enthusiastic about how hard he patted her bottom, though, and it seemed to go on a bit too long.

“Daddy! Are you getting the snow off my bottom or spanking me?”

“When I spank you, you’ll know.”

Yikes.

He unzipped her jacket, taking it off. Then he pulled off the woolen jumper she had on underneath. It was her favorite jumper with a picture of the unicorn on the front. But it was a relief to get it off, considering she wore two more layers under it.

Duke secured the jacket back on her. Then he reached into his truck and drew out her pale pink hat. It had two pom-poms on it.

One pom-pom was awesome.

Two was off the charts. Everyone knew that.

She already had her gloves on and the last thing he put on her was a scarf with a pom-pom on each end.

“Let’s go, Daddy!” She clapped her hands together.

They liked coming out here because it was quiet. And also because Duke wanted to chop down their own tree. She guessed it was a man thing.

And now he had a new truck to haul it home in. It was shiny black and huge. Sunny still thought it would have been better to have been pink. But Duke wasn’t really a pink sort of guy.

“Come on, Daddy!” she urged as he grabbed his axe. She tugged at his hand impatiently.

“Settle down, Little Rebel, unless you want me to add to the punishment you already have coming.”

“Me?” she asked, pointing to herself.

“Yes, you.”

“Why am I getting punished?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Were you not here just a few minutes ago? When you made me panic, thinking you were having an asthma attack or something?”

“But Daddy, you already spanked me for that. Were you not here a few minutes ago when you spanked my butt?”

“Someone is getting a bit too sassy for their panties.”

“Not me, Daddy! I am exactly the right amount of sassy for these panties.”

He shook his head, but she saw his lips twitch. She was sure of it.

“I did not spank your butt. I was getting the snow off it.”

“Then I hate to tell you this, Daddy. But you were doing it with far more enthusiasm than was strictly necessary.”

“Was I?” he murmured. “Well, you’re still getting an actual spanking when we get home. And if you keep complaining about that, then I have no issue with putting you over my knee in the back of my truck and smacking your bottom.”

Drat.

She sighed. “Okay, Daddy. Can we go now?”

“We still haven’t discussed the rules,” he told her.

“What rules, Daddy? I don’t think there are any rules when looking for a Christmas tree. I don’t think there are rules when you go looking for a Christmas tree. Oh, unless you mean that one that says we must have fun. Yep, that’s a good rule, Daddy. We have to have tons of fun.” She started tugging his hand again. “Let’s go, Daddy.”

“That is not the rule I’m talking about, Little one,” he said sternly. “Rule number one, you must be no more than three feet away from me at all times; unless I say otherwise. You must always keep your gloves, scarf, and hat on at all times. You do not touch my axe. And no running. Am I understood?”

“I don’t get to touch your axe? That’s a shame.”

He looked confused for a moment, then shook his head with a slight grin. “My actual axe, you brat. Now, do you understand?”

Sunny sighed. “Yes, Daddy. I understand. Now, can we go find the most perfect Christmas tree in the world!” She sang the last few words and he gave her an indulgent look.

“Of course we can, Little Rebel.”

“Yay! This is going to be awesome.”



IT WAS SUPPOSED to be awesome. Unfortunately, Daddy was being a big party pooper.

“Daddy, this is best tree ever.” She gestured toward the tree in front of them. And it was a beautiful tree, tall and thick. It would look amazing with her unicorn ornaments and pink tinsel on it.

“You said that about the last ten trees,” he replied dryly.

“Yes, and you wouldn’t let me have any of them, Daddy. Why are you being so mean?”

“Little one, this tree has got to be twelve feet tall. Do you know how tall our ceiling is?”

“Well, I’m hoping you are going to say fourteen feet?” she asked.

“Our ceiling is ten feet tall.”

Her shoulders slumped sadly. “So this lovely, beautiful tree wouldn’t fit?”

He shook his head. “I’m afraid not, Little Rebel.”

“I don’t think we’re ever gonna find the perfect tree, Daddy.” Her lower lip trembled sadly.

“Hey, look at me,” he urged.

She glanced up at his gorgeous face. He had one of those faces that was going to look even more handsome as he aged.

“What’s that look for, Little Rebel?” he asked as he reached out and ran his thumb over her cheek.

“Just thinking about how lucky I am to have you, Daddy.” She wrapped her arms around his waist and held on tight.

“You’ve got that wrong. I’m the lucky one.” He kissed her before drawing back to give her a warm look. “And we’re going to find the perfect tree. Don’t worry; we won’t stop until we do.”

She squared her shoulders. “Right, Daddy. We better get to work then. Operation: ‘Find A Christmas Tree’ is on.”

Thankfully, not even two minutes later, she found it. She wrapped her arms around it. “This is the most perfect Christmas tree in the world!”

She conveniently ignored the fact that she’d thought the exact same thing about the last eleven trees she’d found as well. This one was it. She just knew it.

“Please say it’s good, Daddy! Please!” She turned and gave him her best begging look.

“This one ... might just be it.”

Relief flooded her along with happiness, and she jumped up and down while clapping.

“Yay!”

“Okay, baby. I want you to stand over here while I chop it down, understand?” he said as he led her about five miles away.

All right, that was a slight exaggeration. But still, she was several miles away. Duke took her to an old stump where someone had obviously cut down a tree a while ago. He brushed off the snow and pointed to it.

“Sit. Stay.”

She sighed. Honestly, she wasn't Hatter. Yet, she sat and stayed. Sunny wasn't silly; she had a prime viewing spot to watch him chopping down the tree from there.

There was no way she was missing that.

A warmth filled her as she sat and watched him get to work.

Her man was hot.

Super hot.

She was so lucky.

The tree started to wobble, and she found herself suddenly sad. Okay, so she was swinging from one emotion to another. But she couldn't help but think that the poor tree didn't deserve to be chopped down just so she could have something pretty to stare at for a few weeks. Tears dripped down her face as it toppled with a bang.

“There, all done. I'll just ... Sunny? What the fuck? What's wrong?” Duke jogged over, landing on his knees in front of her. “Did you hurt yourself? What's the matter?”

“We cut down the t-tree.”

“What? Yes. Why?”

“I just feel bad. Poor tree was just here, living its life, and we came and cut it down.”

“Oh, baby.” The worry fled from his face, replaced by soft amusement.

“It’s not funny.”

“I know, Little Rebel. Come on. You’re just feeling a bit emotional at the moment, aren’t you?”

“I guess so. I don’t know why.”

“It’s because you’ve been watching those sad movies.” He frowned. “I think we need to put a stop to that.”

“Those movies are not sad. They’re romantic.”

“They make you cry. That’s not acceptable.” He’d come home late the other night to find her crying while watching one of the movies. She couldn’t help it. But Duke hadn’t been very impressed. And he’d banned her from watching that movie again.

“No more sad movies. Which one was it last week? That one where the dog died?”

“Oh my God! Please don’t remind me. No movie should ever have a dog dying or a cat. Or any animal. Unless it’s one of those horror movies where there’s a killer chihuahua on the loose or something like that.”

“I think we’re safe since I’m pretty sure there are no movies with a killer chihuahua,” he said dryly.

“You think I’m being silly, don’t you?”

“Nope,” he told her firmly. “I think you’re my gorgeous, beautiful, sweet Sunny. And I wouldn’t have you any other way.”

Aww. Wasn’t he just the sweetest?

“Come on, Daddy! Let’s get this sucker in the truck and head home. We’ve got some decorating to do!”

She loved Christmas. It was the most magical time in the world when wishes really could come true.

And this year, she knew just which wish she would make.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

7th December

“I THINK I’m going to become a matchmaker.”

Autumn glanced over at Brody to see his reaction to the Fox’s statement. The Fox was sitting in the middle of the sofa. His arms lay out across the top while she and Brody were curled into each side of him.

They’d just finished watching her favorite Christmas movie, *Love Actually*.

They’d each chosen a Christmas movie. First, they’d watched Brody’s pick. *Home Alone*.

Good choice.

The Fox’s movie was up next. Lord only knew what he’d choose. One thing she knew for sure, life with him wasn’t predictable. And it wasn’t boring. Sometimes, it was downright crazy.

But in the midst of it all, she and Brody were always ... always safe.

And they were loved.

Sure, some people might think they were nuts. They lived with an assassin. A semi-retired assassin who decided several years ago to only choose jobs where he got to take out bad guys.

But still ... there was no morally gray area with him. It was all kind of black.

However, she loved him. She loved Brody.

And they both loved her.

So screw what anyone else thought. This was her life. And she'd chosen to live it with the two men who meant everything to her.

"Um, what?" Brody sat up and adjusted his glasses as he stared at the Fox. As usual, his hair was messy, and he'd needed a haircut about six weeks ago. There was a stain on his T-shirt, which stated that: Nerds Do It Better.

They sure did.

The stain was probably butter from the popcorn he'd made earlier. Or it could be ketchup from when they'd had hot dogs for dinner.

"I think I'll become a matchmaker. You know, like one of those matchmaking elves."

Autumn gave Brody a questioning look. Her sexy computer genius shrugged.

"Matchmaking elves? Daddy, I'm not sure there is such a thing," she ventured.

"I'm sure there is," he said confidently.

That was her Fox. Her Daddy. Always confident. Always in charge.

Just the way she liked him.

Loved him.

"Isn't it Cupid who matchmakes?" Brody mused, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

She was worried about her Brody-bear. He looked so tired, even more so with the dark marks under his eyes. He was working long hours. A lot of the time, he worked from home. But lately, he'd been going into Callahan Security to work.

They had some things going on that he said he needed to work on there as it was better equipped.

Maybe you're distracting him too much.

Perhaps. Or it could be the Fox. He tended to be very distracting. But she hoped Brody would tell her if she'd been bothering him while he worked, she hoped he'd tell her.

Although he'd probably worry about hurting her feelings.

Drat.

She hoped whatever he had going on at work eased soon. She wasn't sure if the Fox had noticed how tired Brody was ... though he probably had, not much got by him. However, he wasn't always in tune with others' emotions and feelings.

Still, she knew the Fox wouldn't put up with this for much longer.

"Cupid!" the Fox said, sounding insulted. "Are you likening me to that chubby child with wings and a bow and arrow? Really, who would give a child a bow and arrow?"

"Um," she said hesitantly. To be honest, she thought if anyone would give a kid a bow and arrow, it would be the Fox.

"Everyone knows a child wouldn't have the strength or the coordination to handle a bow and arrow."

Right.

"You do realize you just called yourself an elf before, right?" Brody asked. "They're small, with pointed ears. How is that any worse than being a chubby child with wings?"

"Simple. Elves are make-believe."

Autumn gaped at him. She would not stand for that. "They are not, Daddy! Elves are real! Santa is real. Are you saying that Santa isn't real?" She let her lower lip drop out, and it trembled slightly.

The Fox's eyes widened, as he gaped at her. "No, I, uh, well, I'm not saying that at all."

Whoa. Had she flustered him?

She added a snuffle for good measure.

Suddenly, she found herself sitting on his lap. “Of course elves are real, Bunny. So is Santa.”

To hide her smile, she buried her face in his chest. Okay, maybe she was being a tiny bit naughty. But he didn’t need to know that.

“She’s having you on, Papa,” Brody told him.

Autumn gasped dramatically. What the heck? Why was he ratting her out?

Leaning back in the Fox’s hold, she turned to glare at Brody. “That’s against the code!”

Brody stared at her in surprise. “What code?”

“The Middle-Little code. You’re not supposed to tell on me, Brody-bear!”

“Oh, right. Shoot.” He fiddled with his glasses. “Um, Papa, Tutu was not teasing you. She was being truthful.”

She sighed. “Too late now.”

“Yes,” the Fox grumbled. “Definitely too late now. Teasing your Daddy like that is a very grave offense.”

She pouted. “But, Daddy—”

“Into the corner.”

“Daddy—”

“Off you go.” He set her on her feet and turned her to the corner.

“But, Daddy!”

Smack! Smack!

She wasn’t wearing a lot of clothing. Even though it was cold outside, the Fox kept it nice and warm in his lair. So she had on a cute, light blue dress with a bunny on the front that fell just below her bottom. And underneath, some panties with Thursday written all over them.

“Ouch, Daddy! That was mean!”

“Then you shouldn’t have lied to Daddy.”

“It wasn’t a lie. Just a ... um ... I was just teasing you.”

He pointed at the corner. “Time-out for five minutes. Then five spanks for arguing and trying to delay your punishment.”

Oh heck.

“Now, off you go.”

She was going. She was going.

Autumn rushed to the corner, spreading her legs and putting her hands behind her.

“You know what? I think you should have a naked Time-out,” the Fox said. “Strip. Then back into the corner.”

Autumn took her clothes off, then returned to the corner. It didn’t matter how many times they’d both seen her naked.

This still felt weird.

“Come here, Pup,” the Fox murmured. “You can suck on me while we wait for our naughty girl.”

What! That wasn’t cool. He knew she loved to watch the two of them together. He was just doing that to torture her.

Autumn shifted her weight from side to side as she heard the sound of rustling, like they were taking off their clothes.

Totally not fair.

“Stay still, Bunny,” the Fox said sternly. “That’s an extra two minutes for you.”

She groaned.

“Keep going, and you’ll be standing in the corner until I come down Pup’s throat.”

Which meant she would miss it all. Nuh-uh. Not happening.

So she stayed quiet and still. Even though she could hear Brody giving the Fox a blow job.

Not cool.

Her clit throbbed, and she was growing wet. All she wanted was to touch herself. Perhaps she could reach around a finger down to her clit. No one would notice, right?

She moved one hand.

“That’s another two extra minutes, Bunny,” Daddy told her in a low growl. “Put your hand back.”

Drat.

So not fair.

By the time the Fox released her from Time-out, her nipples were hard and she was so aroused it wasn’t funny.

Turning, she saw Brody on his knees between the Fox’s open legs with the other man’s cock in his mouth. He was moving his mouth up and down the Fox’s shaft.

Yum.

She really wanted in on that.

Brody was naked, but the Fox still had on his T-shirt. His pants were pushed down to reveal his dick.

That made it even hotter.

“Come here, Bunny,” the Fox said in a husky voice.

Most of the time, it was really hard to know what the Fox was thinking. He could push his emotions so far down they were unreachable.

Playing strip poker with him was just dumb because she never had a chance of winning. Neither did Brody.

Not that either of them really cared. Not when the outcome was the Fox fucking them both into oblivion.

Hopefully, like he was going to do now. Although she was being punished, so that did lower her chances of getting to come.

Which was just hogwash.

“What’s that grumpy look on your face about, Bunny?” the Fox asked as she grew close.

“Umm.” Drat. She didn’t want to tell him. But she also knew that she shouldn’t lie.

Brody drew back off the Fox’s dick to look up at her. The Fox turned to give him a firm look. “I didn’t say you could stop, Pup.”

Brody’s eyes widened, and he went back to giving the Fox a blow job. The Fox’s eyes turned to her.

She sucked in a breath. “I was just thinking that I really want to come.”

The Fox raised his eyebrows. “And that made you grumpy? Why?”

“Because I was naughty, and now I’m being punished. So I might not get to come.”

“Hmm. That would be true if you were really naughty. Lucky for you, you were only a little bit naughty.”

“Really?” she asked, smiling.

“Really. Come here. I want you to suck on my nipples.”

Ooh. Good. He must have forgotten about the five spanks he’d promised her. She took his offered hand, and he helped her kneel next to him on the sofa. Then she bent down and sucked on his nipples.

A small groan escaped him. “Fuck, baby. That’s it. Both of you. Suck me.”

So. Hot.

Then he lightly tugged on her hair. “Stop, baby. Pup, pull off me.”

She leaned back, sad to have lost his nipples. But perhaps that meant he was going to start touching her.

“Brody, go and get the candy cane plug and the gingerbread lube. Bunny, I want you to stand and face the couch. Then bend over with your hands on the couch seat.”

Oh, shoot!

That did not sound good. Brody moved away and stood, heading off to get one of the candy cane butt plugs.

“Why am I bending over like this, Daddy?” she asked as she got into position. He pressed her legs further apart before he ran his hand over her bottom.

“Why? Because I’m going to spank your naughty bottom as soon as I plug Brody. And then I’m going to use the lube on your pussy.”

“I don’t need lube.” She was already so wet that she worried it was coating the top of her thighs.

“But you like the taste of the gingerbread one, don’t you?”

What did that mean? How was she going to taste it when he was using it on her?

And yeah ... she did. And while there was a definite tingle when he used it on her, it only added to her pleasure.

“Autumn?” he asked, squeezing her ass cheek.

“Yeah, I like that one the best.” The Fox had found a place that made Christmas-themed lube. There was also candy cane, eggnog, and Christmas pudding. Yeah, that last one was as weird as it sounded. The eggnog lube was surprisingly nice. And the candy cane one was super sweet.

But gingerbread was definitely her favorite.

“Good.”

“Here you are, Sir.”

She glanced over to see Brody handing the Fox the plug and lube.

Yikes.

“Get into place beside Bunny,” the Fox ordered. “But I want the side of your face resting on the seat of the cushions and your hands reaching back to part your ass cheeks.”

Darn it.

What she wouldn’t give to watch that.

“Yes, Sir.”

She turned her head to watch Brody, whose face was turned to her. There was a squirting noise, and after a few seconds, Brody let out a small groan.

“Do you like my fingers in your ass, Pup?”

“Yes, Sir,” Brody replied.

“Such a good boy to hold your ass open for me to play with. Do you want more, Pup?”

“Please, Sir.”

“That’s good. Because you’re getting more. Now breathe in. And out.”

She knew that as Brody let his breath out, the Fox was pushing the plug into his ass.

Darn it.

She kind of wished that was her. Her clit was throbbing as Brody closed his eyes, his face filling with pleasure.

“That’s it. Good boy. You did so well. I’m just going to wash up, and the two of you are going to stand right here, understand me?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Of course you will. Because I’m in charge.”

As the Fox moved away, she rolled her eyes at Brody. Her playmate grinned. But it was half-hearted.

“Hey, you all right?” she asked, reaching out her hand to him.

“Sorry I got you in trouble, Tutu.” He bit his lip.

“I’m not.”

His eyes widened. “You’re not?”

“No. Because now we get to play together. Hopefully, we both get orgasms too. Never be sorry about orgasms.”

“Noted.”

“Are the two of you talking?” the Fox asked as he came back into the room.

“You didn’t say we couldn’t talk, Daddy,” she pointed out.

“Hmm. This is true. Carry on.”

That’s something she loved about him. The Fox didn’t linger on the small things. While he had an ego, he never thought he was more than them. And he didn’t have to make them feel small or inadequate to make himself feel like the big man.

In fact, he only ever lifted them up.

“You look damn good with a candy cane in your ass, Pup.”

Brody let out a strangled noise, his face growing red. And Autumn had to hold back a grin. Then she heard the squirting of lube again, and this time, Brody moaned in pleasure.

Ooh. What was happening?

“Daddy, what are you doing to Brody-bear?” she asked, trying to peer over her shoulder. But the Fox was standing between them.

“I’m putting gingerbread lube all over his cock and balls so you can lick it off.”

“Excellent,” she whispered. “Gingerbread-flavored Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen.”

Brody moaned again. “That was terrible.”

“Christmas tree and baubles?”

“No. Just nope,” Brody told her, panting heavily by now. “Sir! I need to come.”

“You don’t get to come yet.”

Brody groaned.

“Stay there,” The Fox commanded, then moving, he turned to her.

Oh heck.

His hand back over her ass, squeezing her right cheek, then her left.

“Spread those legs apart further,” he told her. “And put your forearms on the sofa so you’re leaning down more.”

She did as instructed as she heard him squirting out more lube. What was he going to do now?

And then his hand was between her legs; his fingers were running along her lower lips, coating them in lube. He flicked her clit several times, making her moan.

“Daddy!” she complained as he removed his hand.

“Yes?”

“You left me hanging!”

“Did I?” he asked.

“Yes, you did!” she said indignantly.

“Perhaps that’s because I meant to.”

She looked over her shoulder to find him wiping his hands with a washcloth that he must have brought back with him.

“You meant to?”

“There’s very little I do that wasn’t intentional. You know that, Bunny.”

Shoot. She did.

“Except fall in love with us,” Brody said. “Didn’t that interrupt your life plans?”

“My life plan was to remain an assassin. Killing people and living my life alone.”

“Then you met Sunny,” she said.

“Then I met Sunny. And I learned that I could care about someone. Someone who was all good.”

“And us?” she asked.

“You two brought color into my life. You both showed me how to love. And I plan to love and take care of you both for the rest of my life.”

Yeah. That's what she thought.

“But now ... it's five spanks for you, Bunny.”

“Drat,” she muttered.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

The Fox grinned as his girl grumbled. She was all about the orgasms. He got it. He liked orgasms as well.

But he also liked the lead-up. The play. He enjoyed taking care of his Pup and Bunny. Giving them what they needed.

Sometimes, what they needed most was to have him reinforce rules and boundaries.

Which is what he was going to have to do with his Pup soon. He was running himself ragged. And for what? To help Ink?

Maybe he should just make him quit. Or tell him he wasn't working anymore unless it was from home.

Hmm. Both were things to think about.

But not right now. Later.

Right now, he had a naughty Bunny to punish and a sexy Pup to fuck. He ran his hand down his Bunny's ass again. Her cheeks clenched.

"Relax, Bunny."

She groaned. "I think that's impossible."

"Do you trust me?"

Her breath hitched. "Yes."

It was likely more than he deserved with the life he'd led. Then again, maybe this was his reward for the hell he'd lived

through. Although the people he'd taken out had all deserved it.

Fuck. It was practically community service. He should get a reward.

His girl relaxed. Her trust in him was unconditional.

Something he would never fuck up.

Smack! Smack!

He slapped her left cheek, then her right. His hand left pink marks on her ass. Delicious.

Smack! Smack!

Right, then left.

He didn't spank her too hard. Yeah, she'd made him worry that he'd said the wrong thing. But it wasn't a serious issue. She'd been teasing him.

That was something that had taken some getting used to.

Teasing. Having fun. Laughter in his house.

For so long, all he'd had was coldness and dark. Now, he had so much warmth that he didn't think he'd ever be cold again.

After his last spank landed, he bent to place kisses along his girl's hot cheeks.

Delicious.

"Baby, I want you to lie down on the floor. Spread your legs wide."

She let out a small groan, but he stepped back and helped her stand. Turning her, he placed a kiss on her nose, then her lips, before landing another smack on her ass.

"Get into position."

"You're so bossy, Daddy."

"And you're not in position, which makes me think that I didn't spank you long enough. Or hard enough. I can certainly remedy that."

“I’m getting into position, Daddy!”

She hurried to lie on the floor and then spread her legs.

So beautiful.

“Stand up, Pup,” the Fox murmured. “Come here and look at our girl.”

Brody stood, and he drew him over, pulling him to his side with an arm wrapped around his shoulders.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” he murmured to the other man.

“Yes, Sir. So beautiful.”

“So precious. Ours.”

“Ours,” Brody repeated.

“Just like you are ours, aren’t you, Pup?”

Brody tilted his head to him, and the Fox took advantage. Really, did the other man expect he wouldn’t? It was a clear offering, and he was going to take it.

He wrapped his hand around the back of Brody’s neck and pulled him in so he could kiss him. It was hot, heavy, and delicious.

Fuck. He’d never thought to feel like this. So much so that it was almost an overload of his system.

He couldn’t imagine his life without his two babies. And he’d never have to. Because he would keep them safe.

No matter what.

As he pulled back, Brody leaned his weight against him. The Fox stood tall, taking it.

He’d take it all. Whatever his babies gave him.

“That was so hot,” Autumn said breathlessly.

Brody grinned down at her. “I know.”

“Right, my Pup. I want you to go make our girl all hot and bothered. Eat her out, make her scream. Can you do that?”

“Oh, yeah.” Brody immediately moved onto his hands and knees between Autumn’s spread legs. Placing his hands on either side of her body, he leaned over her to kiss her.

The Fox stripped off, then he grabbed the lube and started spreading it over his dick. He was going to take his Pup’s ass while he ate their girl.

Brody started working his way down her body until he settled on his stomach between her legs.

“Is he good at eating you, Autumn?” the Fox asked her in a low drawl.

Her eyes opened, and she glanced up at him in shock. Then a look of hunger filled her face, and she moaned. “Yes, he’s sooo good.”

“The two of you are so fucking beautiful together.” He lazily ran his hand up and down his shaft as he watched Brody push her higher and higher. “Are you going to come for him, Bunny? Come all over his face?”

“Y-yes!” she cried.

“That’s a good girl. Pup, get onto your knees,” he ordered.

Brody moved onto his knees and the Fox kneeled behind him to work the plug out of his ass.

Now Brody’s cries were added to Autumn’s.

Fuck music. All he needed was to hear his babies’ pleasure.

“Good boy. That’s it. Make our girl scream.” He finished working the plug from Brody’s ass and then spread the other man’s cheeks. “Such a pretty fucking asshole.”

“Sir,” Brody groaned as he ran a finger over his puckered hole.

The Fox slapped his ass. “Did I tell you to stop eating our girl?”

“Sorry,” Brody groaned before turning his mouth to Autumn’s pussy.

The Fox grabbed hold of his dick, then guided it into Brody's back hole.

Fuck. That felt so good. He didn't move slow, but he knew the other man could take him.

"Such a naughty boy. Perhaps you needed a spanking too."

There was a muffled noise of protest from Brody.

The Fox held onto the other man's hips as he drove himself deep with a moan.

"Please! Please!" Autumn begged.

"What do you need, baby girl?" the Fox asked gently.

"I need to come. Please!"

"Then come. Come now. But let me hear you."

He drove himself into Brody's ass. Fuck. It felt so good. Hot and tight. He knew he'd never get sick of this. Of feeling this way.

Autumn let out a cry of pleasure as the Fox leaned over his boy to nip the place where his shoulder and neck met. "Good boy, Pup."

A shiver ran through his boy as he lifted his head away from their girl's pussy. She was lying on the floor, panting.

"Come back here." The Fox sat back on his heels and drew Brody up so he was sitting on his lap with the Fox's cock buried deep inside him.

"Bunny, come and lick our boy's cock. Then he's going to fuck you."

"Ooh, goody," Autumn said, moving onto her knees so she could lean down and run her tongue over Brody's dick.

"Oh God. You're trying to kill me, aren't you?" Brody cried.

"Can you die from too much pleasure?" the Fox asked, moving his hands around to play with his boy's nipples.

"I think ... I think it's possible."

“Hmm, now that’s one way to kill someone that I haven’t tried. However, the only people I want to pleasure are the two of you, and since I don’t want either of you to die ... it might be the one way of killing someone that I’ll never try.”

Autumn drew her mouth away from Brody’s dick to glance up at him. “What about throwing someone from a helicopter into a live volcano?”

“Baby.”

She grinned up at him, clearly thinking that she had one over him.

“What makes you think I haven’t done that?” he asked.

Her eyes went wide as Brody stiffened.

“Daddy! Don’t joke.”

He hadn’t been. But he decided perhaps it was better to let her think he was.

Damn, he was good at this relationship stuff.

Really, he should write a book. It would be a best seller. Perhaps he could also give pointers on the best way to kill someone and hide the body.

Possibilities. Possibilities.

“Uh, Daddy?”

“Yes, Bunny?” he asked.

“You’ve got a weird look on your face. Are you okay?”

He grinned. “I’ve got my dick in our boy’s ass and I just watched him eat your pussy. Never better. Now, turn around on your knees. Arms down on the floor and present that pussy to our boy. No doubt his dick is about to explode.”

Reaching around, he tugged Brody’s dick with one hand as he continued to play with one of his nipples.

Brody moaned. “Sir, please.”

“Soon, Pup. I’m just going to play for a bit, then you can fuck our girl’s pussy. Aren’t I a generous Dom? Hmm?”

“Yes, Sir. You’re so generous.”

“I know,” he replied arrogantly before squeezing the other man’s dick lightly.

Brody’s ass tightened around the Fox’s cock, making him moan. Fuck. Him.

That felt so good.

He let go of Brody’s dick. “Get inside our girl. Fuck her good.”

Brody moved as the Fox held his hips, guiding him while staying buried deep inside him.

The Fox set the rhythm as he fucked their boy while Brody drove himself into their girl.

Too much. It was almost too much.

Not for him, of course. He could take anything. But for someone else, it might be.

“I need to come, Sir!”

“Not yet,” he commanded.

“Please,” Brody begged. “You have no idea how good she feels.”

“I have some idea.” He was so close. He needed to hold back, though, because he wasn’t ready for it to end.

Fuck!

So damn close. He drove himself into his boy and felt it come over him.

“Now, Pup! Come now!”

Brody let out a low grunt, and then he was clenching down around the Fox’s cock.

The Fox came, unable to hold in his cry of pleasure. It was one of the few times when he wasn’t fully in control of himself, but he also found that he just didn’t care.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

After cleaning up, Brody was moving slightly gingerly as he shuffled back into the living room.

Autumn was already sitting on one side of the Fox on the sofa. He glanced up, his gaze narrowing as he took Brody in.

“I think Brody-bear might need to sit on a cushion,” Autumn said. “Or an ice pack.”

“Did I hurt you?” the Fox asked.

“I’m fine. Really,” Brody insisted, as both gave him skeptical looks. “Just a bit stiff.”

“I want to check.” The Fox patted his lap.

“Um, what?”

“I said I want to check. Lay over my lap.”

“I don’t think I need to do that,” Brody said nervously.

“Bunny, will you go get the butt-numbing cream?” the Fox asked.

“Sure! Can I have some on my butt?” she asked.

“Why would you need any on your butt?” the Fox asked.

Autumn’s lip went out in a pout. “Because you spanked it, Daddy.”

“Yes, and you deserved that spanking. There’s no relief from a spanking when you’ve been naughty.”

“I think there should be a rule of no spanking at Christmas,” Autumn said.

“There’s another ten days until Christmas,” Brody pointed out.

“Technically. But really, the whole month of December is Christmas. In fact, any time after Halloween and before Valentine’s Day is Christmas.”

“So you’re saying you’d like to have a hundred and six days for Christmas?” the Fox drawled.

“It’s scary that you could just work that out in your head,” Brody told him.

“A hundred and six days sounds perfect.” Autumn climbed off the sofa. “So, can we agree to a hundred and six days of Christmas with no spankings, Daddy?”

“We cannot,” the Fox said. “But we could celebrate the twelve days of Christmas but with spankings instead of gifts. So, ‘on the first day of Christmas, my Daddy gave to me, twenty spanks with a birch.’”

“Daddy, no!” She gaped at him in horror.

“Then I think we better stick to one day of Christmas with spankings any time you earn it, huh?”

“Okay,” she said reluctantly. “But I want this to go down as a formal protest.”

“Denied.”

“Daddy, sometimes you’re just no fun.” She stomped off, and the Fox gave Brody a confused look.

“I’m not sure what she’s talking about. I’m always fun. The life of the party. There is no party without the Fox. That’s what they all say.”

Brody bit his lip to hide his smile. “Right, Sir. That’s what they all say.”

“I thought so. Come here, Pup. Let me check on you.”

“I really am all right.”

The Fox frowned at him. "I'm not repeating myself." He used the tone that said he wouldn't be argued with.

So Brody reluctantly walked over and lay over his lap. The Fox parted his ass cheeks.

Brody sucked in a sudden breath at the move.

"Relax, Pup."

Easy for him to say. He wasn't lying over someone's lap with his ass cheeks parted while they stared at his asshole.

"I can't relax."

"Do you need Bunny to suck on your cock while I examine you?" the Fox asked.

"I can do that," Autumn said.

Brody turned his head to watch her walk into the room. "I don't ... I just ... please, can we hurry this up?"

"Are you sure?" Autumn asked, coming to kneel on the floor by him. "I love sucking on your cock."

He knew she did. And it wasn't just about sex or pleasure. For Autumn, it helped center her. She found it relaxing.

"Thanks, Tutu. But I'm good right now."

"You're not good. You were walking around like you still had a candy cane plug in your ass. But with the bent end up instead of the straight one," the Fox told him.

Jesus.

He closed his eyes as Autumn leaned forward to kiss him lightly.

The Fox let go of his ass cheeks and Brody let out a sigh of relief. At least that part was over. But when he tried to move off the Fox's lap, the other man placed a hand on his lower back.

"Did I say you could move, Pup?"

"Um, no."

“No, I didn’t. I want you to reach back and part your cheeks while I apply this cream.”

“What? Um, I can do that.”

“I suppose you could. It would be kind of difficult, though. Still, you’re not going to, because I am. Now, part your bottom cheeks or I will have Autumn do it.”

“I can do that, Brody-bear.” She was practically bouncing at the thought.

Dear Lord.

“I’ve got it,” he mumbled, feeling his face growing red. This was kind of embarrassing. And yet, it was also sort of nice ... he had to admit that he liked being taken care of and being dominated.

It’s not that different from getting your ass plugged.

He guessed not.

Reaching back, he pulled his cheeks apart and held them there while the Fox applied a numbing cream. He hadn’t hurt him exactly. It was just that things had gone fast and hard.

Autumn climbed onto the sofa and lightly ran her fingers through Brody’s hair.

The Fox finished putting the cream on Brody’s asshole, then patted his bottom. “All done. You can get off now.”

Brody scrambled off his lap and pulled his boxers up before settling on the Fox’s other side.

The Fox grabbed the remotes. “Time to watch my favorite movie.”

“You never told us why you want to be a matchmaker, Daddy,” Autumn said.

“Simple,” the Fox replied. “I’m great at it.”

“Really?” Brody asked. “You’re good at it?” He wasn’t sure, but he figured that a matchmaker would have to have a good understanding of the human psyche. Perhaps even be empathic. Things that the Fox often wasn’t.

“Yes, look what I did with all the Iron Shadows men and their women. I totally matched them all up.”

Brody shared a look with Autumn. What was he talking about?

“What couples did you match up, Daddy?” Autumn asked.

“Ink and Betsy. Getting them together was all my idea.”

Hmm. It was?

“Millie and Spike. I gave her the money that sent her on the path to find out what happened to her sister.”

“That didn’t match her with Spike, though,” Brody pointed out.

“All right. Then you can’t deny I matched up Reyes and Emme.”

Sort of.

“I’ll give you that one,” Brody allowed.

“I think I should get some cards made up with my business details. Things like that.”

Autumn gave Brody a worried look. But Brody wasn’t really worried. The Fox often went off on these tangents.

“You’ve already got a full-time job, though, Daddy,” Autumn said.

“Taking care of you two?” the Fox asked. “Hmm. It is a fulltime job. But if I’m getting out of the killing business, I need some way to keep you two fed.”

“You have more money than a small country,” Brody replied. “Besides, I’m still working. I can support us if need be.”

The Fox frowned, and the mood in the room changed.

Uh-oh.

Autumn stared at him with wide eyes, shaking her head. Yep. He knew as soon as he said it that it had been the wrong thing to say.

The Fox grabbed him around the back of the head, turning his gaze to his. “You do not support us. That is my job.”

Sometimes, the Fox had very set ideas about things. Autumn had told him that it was because he was a badass assassin. Brody thought she might be right. But he also believed it was because of the way he was raised.

“I know,” he told the Fox. “And you do it really well.”

“Good. Just remember who is in charge, Pup.”

“I know it’s you, Papa.”

The Fox’s gaze lightened. “My baby boy.” He ran a finger over his cheek. “I think you’re working too hard.”

Crap.

He’d hoped that they wouldn’t have noticed how tired he was. There was a lot going on at work at the moment. And that meant that he could put in plenty of overtime.

And he had some things he wanted to get for Christmas presents.

“I’m not. I’m fine.”

The Fox frowned. “I’m going to talk to Ink about your hours.”

“No, don’t! I’m going to be working fewer hours now.”

“Are you sure?”

No. But he’d have to try. The last thing he wanted was for the Fox and Ink to have a chat about him and his work.

Not. Happening.

“Yep. I should be working less soon.” Drat, he couldn’t cross his fingers where they wouldn’t see him. He needed a distraction.

“I don’t think you can claim that you got Duke and Sunny together, though, Papa,” Brody told him.

“No, and I’m still not sure he’s good enough for my sweet girl.”

No surprises there. The Fox was protective of Sunny. She was like his little sister. Which meant no man would be good enough. Although Duke was a really great guy.

“What movie have you chosen, Daddy?” Autumn asked.

“Hmm? Oh, The Grinch.”

The Grinch?

“He reminds me of someone, but I just can’t put my finger on who.”

“Really?” Autumn asked. “I don’t know anyone who hates Christmas.”

“I know who it is,” the Fox said as he started the movie.

“You do?” Brody asked.

“Duke.”

“Duke?” Autumn asked. “How?”

“He’s The Grinch who stole Christmas because he refuses to come with us on a family vacation. He’s a Christmas hater.” The Fox shook his head. “I don’t know how my sweet girl can love a Christmas hater.”

Autumn opened her mouth, but Brody shook his head at her. It was better not to tackle that one.

SUNNY AND DUKE

8th December

“OoH, I love The Grinch! Can I watch it this morning, Daddy?” Sunny was sitting on a fluffy blanket on the living room floor, dressed in her Alice in Wonderland pajamas. Moody, the monkey, was in her lap while Hatter lay beside her.

Duke glanced over from where he was sitting on the sofa. “The Grinch?”

“Uh-huh, it’s on this morning. Please?”

“Okay, Little Rebel.” Duke gave her a soft look, and she grinned back at him.

She loved their Saturday mornings together. Cartoons, pajamas, and playtime.

It was even better today because they’d put up the Christmas tree last weekend. It looked so good in her living room. Even if she still felt kind of bad that it had lost its life for the cause. But Duke had promised her they would go and plant lots of new young trees in the spring to make up for taking this one.

So that made her feel heaps better.

There were unicorn ornaments all over the tree, as well as pink tinsel and fairy lights.

Perfection.

“What do you want for breakfast? Oatmeal?” Duke asked.

“Daddy!” she protested, giving him a horrified look. “Saturday mornings are pancake mornings.”

“Are they? Hmm, I must have temporarily forgotten.”

She sighed, nodding. “I was worried about this.”

His eyes narrowed. “About what?”

“It’s this thing that happens ... especially to Daddies.”

He crossed his arm over his chest. “And what’s that?”

“Forgettableness ... it strikes all Daddies at one time or another. It’s terrible. They forget that they promised to get their Little ice cream or take their Little to the toy store to buy them anything they wanted. Or give them a get-out-of-punishment free card. Just terrible.”

He snorted. “Forgettableness?”

“Yep. It’s a real problem in the Big community. Us Littles have been concerned for a while.”

“Is that so? And what do you Littles think the cure might be?”

“It’s really very simple, Daddy. You Bigs need to listen to us more.”

“Is that so?” he drawled.

“Uh-huh.” She nodded. “It is so. When we tell you that we haven’t had enough sugar, you need to give us more. And when we tell you that we definitely need to stay up past our bedtime, you have to let us. Really, Daddy. It’s not that hard.”

“You are such a brat.” He pointed at her, shaking his head. “Very sassy for a girl who is still owed a punishment.”

She gasped in horror. “Who, me? What did I do?”

“Do you not remember last weekend when you gave me a heart attack, thinking that you couldn’t breathe?”

“Oh no, I’m sorry, Daddy. I’m sure this is gonna upset you, but the statue of limitations has run out on that spanking.”

He blinked. “What?”

“There’s a limited time in which you are allowed to give a spanking after a punishment is earned, and that time has run out. You have twenty-four, maybe forty-eight hours tops, to give a spanking. Then the statue of limitations runs out.”

“Do you mean statute, baby?” he asked.

“Hmm. Let me think about that. Nope. I’m pretty sure I mean statue. That lady statue knows all of this stuff.”

He ran his hand over his face. Poor Duke, he looked so tired. He’d been working long hours lately. He’d even started bringing stuff home with him, which was unusual.

It was wearing him out. The tattoo shop was so much busier than ever that he’d even had to hire a new guy. Carson Cruz. Cool name. Mysterious guy. He was always nice to her, but a bit distant, as though he didn’t want to get too close. He rode a motorbike, and she’d often wondered if he was considering joining the Iron Shadows.

After they’d hired Carson, she’d thought that things might ease up for Duke, but he seemed as busy as ever. There was something about this time of year that made people want to get tattoos. And it would get even more hectic in the New Year.

“Uh-huh. It’s a well-known law. I’m surprised you don’t know it.”

“So am I,” he said dryly. “Since I know all the rules because I’m the one that made them.”

“Daddy, you didn’t make all the rules for Littles.”

“Nope. Just for you. And that one isn’t in there.”

She pouted. “But, Daddy, don’t you think it’s mean to punish me a week after I was naughty?”

“Normally, I would have punished you straight away,” he allowed. “But when we got home, you were excited to put up the tree. Then you weren’t feeling too well the next few days.”

Drat. She'd gotten a cold. She'd thought Duke's head would explode. But she hadn't gotten ill because she'd been cold getting the tree. That was just silly.

However, he'd coddled her as usual. Which she was not complaining about. But when she was sick, she didn't get spanked.

However, that didn't mean he forgot about any spankings she'd earned.

"I think I would like to add a statue of limitations rule to punishments."

"I know you would. But it's not happening. After your movie, you're getting your butt spanked." He got up. "Now, pancakes?"

"Yes, please, Daddy," she grumbled.

As he walked into the kitchen, she looked down at Moody. "This is so not cool, Moody. What do you think we should do?"

Luckily for her, Moody had the perfect plan.

Such a clever monkey.



DUKE WALKED into the living room carrying two plates of pancakes. He was actually somewhat upset with himself about bringing up punishing Sunny this morning. He could have let that one go. Sure, she'd scared the life out of him, but she hadn't broken a serious rule.

And she'd been sick for days after. Trying to look after her and cover everything at work had been tough.

The truth was ... he was fucking exhausted. But he just had to get through Christmas and New Year.

"What's going on here?" he asked, setting the plates down on the coffee table, which had been pushed to one side.

It seemed his girl had worked quickly once he'd left. She'd drawn off all the sofa cushions to build the sides of her hut, along with some pillows from the beds. Then, she'd added a couple of blankets on top to form the roof.

"Sunny?" he queried as he crouched down to remove a corner of the blanket.

"You can't see me! If I can't see you, then you can't see me. I am invisible!"

His eyebrows shot up. "Is that so?"

"Yes!"

"And why are you invisible?"

"Because if you can't see me, then you can't spank my bottom."

Ahh. Right. Duke sat on the floor next to her fort. "What if I said that I was rethinking the spanking and downgrading it to a stern scolding?"

She peeked her head out of the hut and glanced at him with wide eyes. "Daddy, what's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong. Why do you ask?"

"Because you've never once downgraded a spanking to a scolding or anything else."

"I think I overreacted. It's not really a spanking punishment. I'll give you a good scolding while you eat your pancakes. Come sit on my lap." He patted his thigh.

She chewed her lip as she slid out of her fort. "I don't know, Daddy. Your scoldings are almost as bad as your spankings."

"Oh, so you'd rather have the spanking?"

"I didn't say that," she replied hastily, plonking herself down in his lap.

Then she wriggled around. Shit. He sucked in a breath, trying to get his dick under control.

“You okay, Daddy?” She looked up at him with concern. “You sound like you’re in pain.”

Little brat.

She knew exactly what she was doing. “Oh, I sound like I’m in pain, do I?” He started tickling her, moving her off his lap onto her back on the floor as he continued to run his fingers over her.

She started screaming with laughter. “Daddy! Daddy, stop! Mercy!”

“There’s no mercy for you, naughty girl!”

“Daddy! I’m gonna pee myself!”

He stopped immediately, then jumped to his feet before picking her up. Setting her on his hip, he raced her to the bathroom and put her down in front of the toilet.

“Daddy, what are you doing?”

“You said you were going to pee yourself.”

“Only because you were tickling me! I don’t needs to go.”

“I think you better go, just in case.”

“Urgh, Daddy!”

He drew down the bottoms of her *Alice in Wonderland* pajamas and her panties, then pushed her lightly so she sat on the toilet. “Go.”

“You don’t need to stay, Daddy.”

He just gave her a stern look. It turned out that she’d definitely needed to pee. After she was finished, he helped her clean up and carried her back to the living room.

He sat on the floor with her on his lap and fed her semi-warm pancakes. When they were finished, she turned around, so she was facing him. The Grinch played on in the background.

“Are you all right, Daddy? You seem tired.”

“I’m feeling a lot better now with you in my arms. My beautiful girl. How did I ever get so lucky to get you?”

She licked her lips as she stared down at him. His gaze moved zeroed in on her lips as he wrapped his hand around the back of her head and drew her in for a toe-curling kiss.

As he was kissing her, his hand worked its way up under her pajama top to cup her breast.

“Duke,” she moaned. She pressed herself against his dick, which she could feel was already hard. He twisted her nipple, and she cried out with pleasure. “Please!”

“Fuck, baby. I need you. You’re going to take my dick into your mouth and suck. Then I’m going to eat you until you scream before I fuck you. How does that work for you?”

“Great. That works great.” She tried to slide out of his hold, but he tightened his arms around her. “Um, just to say, you need to let me go if I’m going to suck your cock.”

“I know,” he murmured. “I just don’t want to.”

Aww. That was so sweet. So was the way he kissed her. And then he shifted her off him and stood to strip off his pajama bottoms which was the only thing he was wearing. He then grabbed a couple of cushions to put back on the sofa and sat down. She moved over to kneel between his legs.

“Take my cock into your mouth, baby,” he commanded.

He didn’t have to tell her twice. She licked along the shaft before taking the head into her mouth and sucking.

“Fuck, yes,” he groaned.

God. He tasted so good. She wanted more.

Wrapping her hand around the base of his shaft, she held him steady as she drew her way up and down his shaft.

“Fuck. Fuck, baby. Come here.”

She made a negative noise in the back of her throat. She wasn’t done.

“Uh-uh. Come here.” He reached down and grabbed her, dragging her up his body so he could kiss her. Standing, he held her against his chest as he carried her into the bedroom.

He threw her onto the mattress before pulling off her pajamas. Kneeling next to the bed, he dragged her hips to the edge. His mouth started feasting on her. Hungry. Voracious. Greedy.

It didn't take long until she was close to coming.

"Duke, please!"

He drew his mouth away. "Come, baby."

"I want to come with you inside me."

There was a pause, and then he stood and picked her up.

Holy heck.

He drove her down onto his cock as he stood there, holding her up. So. Freaking. Hot. She clenched down around him with a groan.

"Duke! Oh my God!"

"Fuck, baby. You feel so damn good." He pulled her up and down his dick. She just held on and enjoyed the ride.

And what a ride it was. Sunny came with a loud scream. It felt like her entire body was shattering as he followed her over.

Then he collapsed onto the bed, holding her against him. She waited until her breathing had evened out before she leaned up on on his chest, staring down at him.

"Feeling better, Daddy?"

"Yep." He grinned.

She bit her lip. "You know, maybe the Fox's suggestion of a holiday wasn't such a terrible one. You could use a break."

"Trouble follows that man around. No, scratch that. He goes looking for trouble."

"Duke, he's not going to put me in danger. Besides, he'll have Autumn and Brody with him; he'd never put them in danger either."

Duke sighed. "Yeah, maybe you're right. But I don't think we'll have time for a holiday. The shop will only be closed for

three days over Christmas, and New Year's Day. Maybe another year."

That was sad. She kind of liked the idea of doing something with the Fox, Brody, and Autumn.

Well, at least they would come here for Christmas lunch. She shouldn't push Duke too hard. He was looking kind of stressed again.

"Everything will be okay, Daddy," she whispered.

"Of course it will be. I wouldn't let it be any other way."

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

1 2th December

CRAP.

Crap. Crap. Shoot.

Autumn looked down at her phone, chewing her lip nervously. The Fox was not going to be happy.

Which was precisely why Brody had called her and not the Fox directly. And now she had to be the one to tell him.

Just get it over with, Autumn. He's not going to be upset with you.

Still ... she hated upsetting him for any reason.

She still had a few hang-ups from her childhood, and sometimes they reared their ugly head. Displeasing people or causing issues was one of them.

But she forced herself to knock on the door of his office.

"Come in," he called out.

She walked in to find him sitting at his desk, reading something on one of the many monitors set up all over the walls. On one of them, she recognized the entrance to the tattoo shop that Duke and Sunny owned. In another was the playroom, where she'd just been playing before the phone call. The Fox liked to have eyes everywhere.

It wasn't often that she came down here. The Fox preferred that she and Brody stay out of this room and away from what he did.

She figured it was safer that way—for everyone.

“Bunny, you all right?”

She turned to find him watching her intently.

Drat. She licked her lips. “Brody just called me.”

The Fox raised his eyebrows. “He did? What did he call you about?”

His gaze moved to another monitor, where she saw Brody's office at Callahan Security. It was empty.

“Was he calling to tell you that he was leaving and about to head home?” the Fox asked.

“Um, no. That's not why he was calling.”

The Fox frowned. “What did he say, Bunny?”

“Um, well ... he, uh ...”

“Come here, Bunny.” It was said softly but with a definite stern note.

She walked toward him without thought, letting him pull her onto his lap.

“Right. Tell me.”

“He's still at work,” she blurted out. “And he said he's staying the night.”

She braced herself. Not that she expected the Fox to explode exactly. That wasn't his style.

Still, she wasn't anticipating the complete chill she felt coming from him. The tension in his body.

“Is that so?” he asked.

“Um. Yes.”

“He's staying the night?”

“Yes. He said that they’ve got a lot going on, so it didn’t make sense to come home late, then have to drive back in early in the morning. I mean ... I guess he has a point, Daddy. It would be dangerous to drive while tired.” And Brody hadn’t been driving for very long.

“I could have gone and gotten him,” the Fox pointed out. “Or he could have worked from home tomorrow.”

She winced. Both were good points.

“He’s working far too much lately,” the Fox muttered.

“Do you think he’s avoiding us?” she whispered.

“Avoid us? Why would he want to avoid us? He loves us, Autumn.” The Fox sounded completely confident.

Autumn felt unsure, though. What if he was sick of sharing the Fox with her? “Maybe it’s me he’s avoiding. Perhaps I’ve done something.”

The Fox let out a low growl and set her on her feet before standing. Then he grabbed her hand, drawing her out of the room and up the stairs until they reached the living room.

He walked her over to the sofa and pointed at it. “Sit.”

“Um, Daddy, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong is that our boy isn’t here where he should be. You’re upset. I’m not happy. So it’s time something was done about this.”

“Um, Fox, perhaps you should take a moment and just breathe,” she suggested worriedly. “I could get you a drink.”

“You will do no such thing. You are going to sit right there and watch one of those strange Christmas movies while you wait for me to return.”

“My Christmas movies are not strange,” she muttered. Okay, so she was focusing on the wrong thing. “They’re romantic and feel-good.”

“Everyone smiles far too much. It’s bizarre. And they don’t have any real problems.”

“I know, but that’s the point. I love the happy endings and all the beautiful towns they live in. It would be nice to live in one of those movies, don’t you think?”

“Bunny, me living in one of those movies would be like John Wick meets Mary Poppins.”

Shoot. He wasn’t wrong.

“You aren’t unfeeling and melancholic!” she protested.

“No. I am not without feelings anymore. Sometimes, they are quite inconvenient. Like right now.”

“Are you upset about Brody?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to go get him.”

Right. Okay. Shoot.

“What if he doesn’t want to go with you?”

He smiled. It was a slightly terrifying smile. “Bunny, as if I’d let that stop me.”

Gulp.

“Perhaps I should come with you,” she suggested.

“No. You’re going to stay here. It’s too late and cold for Little Bunnies to be out and about.”

“Um. Right.” Shoot. She still felt like she should do something, though. Maybe warn Brody?

But perhaps it was best he spent time with the Fox. Alone.

“Autumn?”

“Yes?” She glanced over at the Fox.

“What are you thinking?”

“Um, well. I was just thinking that, I ... um ... I might make some hot cocoa.”

“Do not lie to me. You know that sometimes I have trouble recognizing emotions. So I need you to tell me and not lie to

me.”

Well. Heck.

She glanced around. “Where’s Freddy?” She needed her emotional support stuffy.

“I’ll get him for you in a moment. Talk to me, Autumn.”

“I just ... I’m still worried it’s me.” She hated feeling so insecure.

“It’s not you,” he said firmly. “When I bring Brody back here, he can tell you that himself. Understand me? But this has nothing to do with you. Movie. Do not text or call Brody and let him know I’m coming. I’ll get Freddy for you.”

“I can get him.”

The Fox shot her a look that had her freezing.

“Or I can just stay where I am,” she muttered.

“Good choice, baby girl. I’m looking after you right now. You will accept it.”

So bossy.

But she stayed where she was and waited for him to return with Freddy Fox. Then kissed her goodbye, which was far more than just a brief peck on the lips. That was the Fox’s way. He danced to his own tune.

Hugging her toy fox, she settled in to watch a cheesy, sweet, romantic Christmas movie.

Lord, she hoped Brody was ready for the full force of the Fox.

Somehow, she didn’t think he was.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

Damn it.

Brody was so tired that his eyes were burning. Pulling his glasses off, he put them on his desk. He rubbed his eyes, but it didn't help.

"This is what is so important that you couldn't be bothered with coming home tonight?"

He yelped in shock and made a grab for his glasses. But instead of picking them up, all he did was knock them off the desk.

Shoot!

They clattered onto the floor and he slid off his chair onto his knees to reach for them.

But a big boot landed on the floor between him and the glasses. He followed that boot up and up and up.

"You know, while you're down there ..."

He groaned. "Fox, I'm not going to give you a blow job in my workplace."

"Who said anything about a blow job? I was thinking that you could turn around and offer up that ass for the spanking it deserves."

He stiffened. What? "What are you talking about? Why are you here? And could you please give me my glasses?"

The Fox bent down and grabbed his glasses. Then, putting his hands under Brody's armpits, he hauled him onto his feet. Finally, he set Brody's glasses down on his nose.

Now that he could actually see, when he took in the way the Fox was staring down at him ... he started thinking that he might have been better off blind.

The Fox had his arms crossed over his chest, glaring at him.

"Uh, you didn't answer me. Why are you here? How did you get in here?" The building should have been secured. Only approved personnel could get in. Which the Fox was not.

"Are you really asking *me* that?"

Yeah, he guessed it was a stupid question. The Fox could go anywhere he liked and no one could ever stop him. Even Ink's formidable security.

"Right." Brody fiddled with his glasses. "But why are you here?"

"To kidnap you, of course."

"K-kidnap me." Brody let out a shaky laugh. He trusted the Fox. Loved him. The Fox had shown how much and how fiercely he loved him and Autumn.

But still ... there were times when he could still make him a touch nervous.

"Why would you need to kidnap me?" Brody asked. He frantically glanced around but thankfully, he hadn't started working on his Christmas gift yet tonight. He was creating a robot for the two of them.

"Because you're coming home with me."

"Coming with you? Didn't Autumn give you my message?"

"Oh, she gave me your message. I didn't like it. I also don't like you using her to give me a message. Did my number fall out of your phone?"

“What? No.” He took a nervous step backward as the other man began to move forward.

Crap.

He might just be in trouble here because the Fox didn't look like he was about to announce that this was a joke.

Nope. The Fox looked like he was about to pounce.

“No? Then did you call me and I didn't answer?” the Fox asked.

“You always answer.”

“I do always answer, don't I? Even when I'm in the middle of blood and guts. So that cannot be it. So ... what's left, Brody? Why did you call Autumn and not me?”

Because he didn't want the Fox to order him home. “Um, well, I ... I'm busy at work.”

The Fox raised his eyebrows. “Busy at work? Looks to me like you're doing some surveillance. Shouldn't Frankie be doing the night surveillance?”

“Ahh, yes, he is. But there are some other things I need to do. Ink's one person down. Stone has some stuff going on. So we're busy.”

“Really? So busy that you need to spend the night? Ink is taking advantage.”

“No, he isn't!” he blurted. “I volunteered. He didn't ask me to stay behind.”

The Fox eyed him. “I don't like this.”

Crap.

“You're coming home with me.”

He shook his head. “I really think I should—hey! Fox! What are you doing?”

The Fox moved so quickly that Brody didn't have a chance to get out of the way. Suddenly, he found himself turned and pushed over the desk. The Fox didn't grab him harshly. But he was forceful.

Before Brody knew it, there were handcuffs around his wrists.

“Fox! You can’t do this!”

“Of course I can.”

He opened his mouth, but suddenly a gag was slid into his mouth. He made a muffled protest.

What the hell?

Was the Fox serious right now?

Again, without warning, he found himself lifted in the air and swung over the Fox’s shoulder.

Crap.

Sure, he didn’t have the muscled bulk of the Fox, but he was no lightweight either. And the Fox just picked him up like he weighed nothing.

Then they were moving. He made another muffled protest. Surely, the Fox wasn’t serious.

Right?

He attempted to wriggle off his shoulder.

Smack!

Brody froze. Had he just smacked his ass? This was not happening.

What if someone saw them? Probably the best thing for him to do was to stay quiet.

No way did he want anyone to see him like this. He also didn’t want anyone trying to confront the Fox. Because he knew for sure that the other man wouldn’t appreciate any interference.

The Fox was whistling as he left the building. Actually. Freaking. Whistling.

Dear. God.

He was losing it. He’d just kidnapped Brody from his place of work. The Fox stopped and let Brody slide off his

shoulder. Brody glared at the other man and tried to speak. Which was really dumb since the Fox couldn't understand any of what he was saying.

“What’s that? You’re mad? I shouldn’t have kidnapped you? It was inappropriate? I need to take the gag and cuffs off?” The Fox said, pretending to understand.

Actually, it seemed that maybe he could follow what Brody was saying.

He didn’t want to think about why the other man could understand so easily.

“Ahh, well ... I wouldn’t have to kidnap you if you were being a good boy and had been coming home on time. You have a bedtime. And a bed. And two people who want you in it. What you are not going to do is sleep on a lumpy sofa in your office and eat far too much pizza.”

The Fox glanced down at Brody’s shirt. He looked down at it, too. Damn it. How had that stain gotten there?

Suddenly, a finger landed under his chin, and his face was tilted back. “You are not taking care of yourself, Brody. I gave you time. I thought you might see what you were doing to yourself and to Autumn. But now, it’s time to step in.”

Wait. What? What did he mean, what he was doing to Autumn?

He tried to communicate that question, but either the Fox didn’t understand him or had just decided not to listen anymore. Since his only reply was to open the back door, putting his hand on top of Brody’s head to protect it while he shoved him inside.

What the heck?

The Fox grabbed his legs, unbalancing him, so he ended up lying on his side.

Then something tightened around his ankles. He tried to pull his legs apart, but they were bound.

The Fox had lost his mind! What if someone saw them? Why did he need to secure him?

Brody made more protesting noises as the Fox pressed something into his hand.

“This is a squeaky toy. Squeak it and I will release you. Consent is key,” he sang.

Dear. Lord.

Did he think that Brody wouldn't use it?

Then again, he wasn't exactly in any pain. The cuffs and rope around his feet weren't cutting off his circulation. He sighed. The worst was done now.

“Truth is, this has always been a bit of a fantasy.” The Fox patted his thigh.

Wait. It had?

Well, hell. Brody guessed he could put up with being kidnapped, then.

The Fox straightened and shut his door before he got into the driver's seat.

“Don't worry, baby boy. Soon, we'll have you home, where I can take good care of you.”

Um. What?

Brody wasn't convinced he liked the sound of that.

The Fox started his car. “I think I've been neglecting you lately.”

Neglecting him?

Um. No, no. He didn't think so.

“If I was taking proper care of you, then you wouldn't think you could get away with breaking the rules like this, would you? And you wouldn't try to communicate with me through Autumn, who, by the way, is wondering if she's the reason you're spending more and more time at work.”

Brody froze. His breath caught in his lungs as pain lanced through him.

Wait. What? What was the Fox talking about? Why would Autumn think that? It had nothing to do with her. Worry filled

him.

“Now, I don’t know why you are spending so much time at work lately when you could be home with us. Which should obviously be your preference since who wouldn’t want to be with us? But when we get home, you are going to tell me everything. You’re in trouble for trying to spend the night at work without discussing it with me. And for using Autumn to talk to me.”

Crap. How had Brody messed this up so spectacularly?

“Just relax, Pup. We will soon be home. I hate to tell you this, but I don’t think you’ll be sitting comfortably for a while. So you might as well just take a load off.”

Great. That was just what he wanted to hear.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

Autumn was pacing back and forth across the living room floor when she heard them return. She froze, staring in shock as the Fox carried a bound and gagged Brody into the room.

“What ... Daddy, what is going on?”

Worry filled her, but she pushed it down. This was the Fox. He would never hurt Brody. Or her.

“Why aren’t you sitting on the sofa, watching one of your movies?” the Fox demanded.

“Because I was worried and I couldn’t concentrate. Daddy ... what have you done?” she whispered.

“What was necessary. Come, we’re going to the playroom.”

He heaved Brody further up his shoulder.

“Daddy, I don’t think it’s a good idea to carry Brody down the stairs.”

“Why not?”

“You might drop him.”

“I haven’t dropped a body since I was younger than Ink’s twins.”

Holy. Heck.

Okay ... she guessed he knew what he was doing. But ...

“Brody isn’t a body, though, Daddy. He’s a person. That we care about.”

The Fox turned and studied her for a moment. “You really think I would drop him? Hurt him?”

Autumn sighed and shook her head. “I know you wouldn’t, Daddy. Sorry.”

Brody made a muffled noise, and she winced, thinking about how uncomfortable he must be.

The Fox smacked his hand down on Brody’s ass. “That’s enough out of you.” Turning, he moved down the stairs to the playroom. She had to hold onto the rail as her heart was racing with nerves.

And a bit of anticipation.

But ... perhaps she should leave the two of them to it. Maybe she should go to bed. She stood in the doorway and watched as the Fox slid Brody off his shoulder and onto his feet. Brody swayed for a moment and the Fox grabbed him, steadying him. He quickly undid the rope at his ankles and then the cuffs at his wrists, before he drew the gag out of his mouth.

She noticed Brody had a stain on his T-shirt, which said: *And yet, despite the look on my face, you’re still talking.*

“Right, strip off, Pup,” the Fox said. “Then into the corner with you. Ass out, hands on the back of your head.”

Brody nodded jerkily, stripping down and moving into the corner. She stared from him to the Fox, nervously shifting from foot to foot. Her thumb slid into her mouth as she tried to soothe herself. The Fox pulled a chair into the middle of the room. Then he grabbed a Naughty Pup paddle, a big anal plug and some lube, placing them on a small table by the chair.

He sat, but instead of calling Brody over, he turned to her.

“Come here, baby girl,” the Fox said gently.

She didn’t need any more encouragement. Rushing toward him, she moved between his open legs. He drew her thumb from her mouth before setting her on his lap.

“What’s the matter, Bunny?” he asked.

“Why did you tie Brody-bear up, Daddy?”

“Because I kidnapped him.”

She gasped. “Daddy, it’s not very nice to kidnap people.” She bit at her lip. “Not nice at all.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Sometimes it’s necessary.”

“But ... but Brody-bear is a good boy.”

“Of course he is. But he was being a bit naughty and now he needs to learn a lesson.”

“Are you going to spank him?” she asked.

“I sure am.”

“And put a naughty stick up his bottom?”

Brody groaned.

“Oh yes. I’m definitely going to do that.”

She nodded. “He probably does deserve that.”

“Yes, he does. So why are you looking worried?” the Fox asked in a surprisingly soft voice.

“I just ... I’m worried about why Brody-bear was working so much.” Why had he been distancing himself? She didn’t know what she’d do without the two of them. Autumn rubbed at her chest. She hadn’t had a panic attack in a long time.

Why was it happening now?

“Easy, baby girl. Just breathe in. Nice and slow. That’s it. Follow my breaths.” The Fox grabbed her hand and placed it on his chest.

“Does she need a paper bag? I can get one of my paper bags,” Brody called out worriedly.

“Yes! Paper bag! We need a doctor! Why don’t I have a doctor? I should kidnap Hack and lock him in the basement.”

“No doctor,” she said, patting his chest. “No bag. I’m all right.”

“Are you sure? What happened?” the Fox asked.

“I’m all right. I promise. I just got a bit, uh, upset.”

“You were starting to have a panic attack,” Brody said.

She stared up into Brody’s worried face. “I’m all good, Brody-bear.”

“You’re not.” He shook his head. “Is this because of me?”

“What? No!”

“Autumn,” he said sternly. “Don’t lie to me.”

Whoa. She didn’t think Brody could be that stern.

“I haven’t been working so much because of you. I promise. I love you. I’m so sorry you felt that way.”

“Oh no, I was being silly.” She felt like an idiot now. “It’s okay.”

“It’s really not. I’m not always good at this relationship stuff.”

She gave him a shaky smile. “Well, we’re buggered because, between the three of us, you’re the one that’s the best at this relationship stuff.”

“That’s not true. I’m great at this relationship stuff,” the Fox told them.

Brody winked at her, and she held back a giggle.

“I don’t ever want you thinking that I don’t want to be around you, Tutu.” He ran a trembling finger down her cheek. “That’s never going to happen.”

Biting her lip, she nodded. “Sorry. Sometimes, I just get worried. And you seemed to be pulling away ... I thought maybe it was something I did.”

“Not everything is your fault. And if I’m doing something to upset you, then you need to tell me. I’m not like your grandparents. You don’t need to be silent and unseen. You don’t need to be perfect. If I upset you, then tell me, yell at me, kick me in the shin.”

“I’m not going to kick you in the shin.” She gave him a horrified look.

“You should. I caused you to nearly have a panic attack.”

He kicked out his foot and then let out a cry of pain. Grabbing his foot, he started hopping around.

Naked.

She stared in shock as he bounced about.

Wow.

“This is kind of turning me on. Should this turn me on?” the Fox asked.

“It shouldn’t ... but I feel the same.”

He squeezed her. “Are you sure you’re all right, baby girl? No doctor?”

She blushed red with embarrassment. “Yes. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make it all about me. Definitely no doctor.”

The Fox kissed the top of her head, then lifted her from his lap, setting her down before moving over to Brody, who’d stopped jumping around and was now glaring down at his foot.

HE WAS SUCH AN IDIOT!

All he’d wanted was to do something nice, but he’d ended up messing it all up.

You should have told them what you were doing. Then, none of this would have happened.

Crap.

But there was a reason that he hadn’t ... because he wanted to do this himself. To prove that he could.

Yeah. And you made a big mess of things. Idiot.

“Brody-bear? Are you all right? Did you break your toe? Was it the bad fairies? Or evil Storm-Troopers? Magneto? Doctor Doom?”

He glanced over at Autumn, who was now standing and watching him worriedly. “Are you just throwing out names you remember?”

“Um. Maybe. Or was it the Joker hurting your toe, Boy Wonder?”

He shook his head. He wasn’t any sort of Boy Wonder. Just a pathetic nerd mucking everything up.

“It was just me. Being a dumbass.”

Autumn sucked in a breath.

“Boy Wonder, you don’t have a butt made of steel, so you might want to watch what you say,” the Fox warned.

Brody sighed. Sure. That was likely the sensible thing to do. But his brain was telling him that he deserved to be punished.

“Pup. Look at me.”

He shook his head.

“Pup. Look at me.”

Okay. Brody couldn’t ignore the command in the other man’s voice. He raised his gaze up to meet the Fox’s.

The Fox studied him for a long moment without saying anything. Then he nodded and took Brody’s hand, leading him to the chair. He also grabbed Autumn’s hand, bringing her with them. Then he pointed at the chair.

“Sit. Let me look at your foot.”

“It’s fine. There’s nothing wrong with it.” Brody didn’t deserve any fuss.

“Sit.”

Okay. Seemed that he was going to sit. He plonked his ass in the seat. Then the Fox grabbed a beanbag chair for Autumn, who sat facing him. The Fox crouched in front of him, poking at his toe.

“See, I told you it’s fine,” Brody said.

“Pup, if I need your input, I’ll ask.”

“Is his toe all right?” Autumn asked, giving him a worried look.

“I’m fine, Tutu. Promise.”

“Does he need an ice pack, Daddy? I can go get one.”

“No,” the Fox said firmly. “You stay there. I don’t want you running up and down the stairs when you’re Little. You know that. I need to put in a small freezer down here.”

Autumn nodded. “Yeah, Brody-bear gets lots of boo-boos.”

“I do not.” All right. Maybe he got the occasional one. He could be a klutz.

“It looks all right,” the Fox said. “Not swollen, so I don’t think it needs an ice pack. It is just a bit red.”

“See? Fine. I’m just a big old dork who kicks chairs,” Brody muttered.

“That’s enough,” the Fox said sharply. “Are you allowed to say things like that about yourself?”

“Um. No. But it is the truth.”

“It is not the truth,” Autumn added fiercely. “And you need to stop saying stuff like that. Daddy! I think Brody-bear deserves a hot bottom for speaking about himself like that.” She crossed her arms over her chest and nodded.

“Is that so?” the Fox asked, sounding amused.

“Uh-huh. It’s just as well you got his bad Pup paddle. You’re gonna need it. Otherwise, your hand would get awfully tired since he’s been so naughty.”

“I haven’t been that naughty. Papa kidnapped me!” Shoot. He was moving firmly into Middle headspace. Maybe even younger. That happened sometimes. Right now, he was feeling tired and stupid.

“I miss you, Brody-bear,” Autumn told him. “Why have you been spending so much time at work?”

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

“**Y**es, perhaps you can explain your need to work so much,” the Fox said in a low voice.

Brody let out a deep breath. “I needed the money.”

The Fox’s eyes widened. Of all the things he expected the other man to say, that wasn’t it.

“Money? You needed money? Don’t I ... don’t I provide everything you need?”

He thought that was something he excelled at, providing them with whatever they needed or wanted.

“What do you need money for? That limited edition Star Wars Lego set? You put that on your Christmas list to Santa, didn’t you?” the Fox asked.

“What? No! I don’t need money for things for me,” Brody told him.

“Then what for?” Autumn asked.

“How could you need money?” the Fox muttered as he started pacing back and forth across the room.

“It’s for my mom,” Brody told them. “My family.”

His family? His family needed money? The Fox thought about his mother’s house. Where his sisters lived. They were all safe with food in their cupboards. “I went through their finances. There’s money in all of their accounts. They don’t have a lot of debt. Do you want your mother to have a new

house? Why did I not think of that? Is the house too small? I shall find her a new one immediately.”

“What? No, Fox!” Brody jumped to his feet and rushed over to him. “My mom’s house is fine. She loves it there.”

“Then what is it?” Autumn asked.

“I just ... she raised all us herself. She sacrificed so much. And a few years ago ... she got cancer.”

Autumn gasped. “What?”

“There were a lot of bills. She had insurance, but it didn’t cover everything. I used all my savings to help pay for everything. So did all my sisters. She beat it and we paid it all off. She’s all right, Tutu.”

Autumn nodded, looking slightly tearful. “I’m so sorry, Brody.”

“I didn’t discover this in my research,” the Fox muttered, upset with himself. “I obviously did not go back far enough. That is not good enough.”

“Has the cancer returned? Are there more bills? I have some money saved, I can give it to you,” Autumn told him.

“No. She’s fine.” Brody kneeled next to her, taking her hands in his. “I promise, she’s all right. But I wanted to do something nice for her this year. So I was saving to send her on a cruise.”

“Ink pays you well, though, doesn’t he?” Autumn asked. “Why did you need to work so much overtime?”

“Um, well, I also wanted to send my sisters with her. And there was another reason I was spending more time at the office. I was, um, making your gifts.”

“Making our gifts?” Autumn asked, surprised.

“Yes, it was too tough to do it here. I didn’t have anywhere to hide it from you both.”

“What is it?” the Fox asked.

“I can’t tell you,” Brody exclaimed. “It’s a surprise.”

“I don’t really like surprises.” The Fox frowned.

“Ooh, is it a macaroni collage? I am excellent at those. I made one in school once for my grandmother. She didn’t really appreciate it though. But is it?” Autumn asked.

“No, it’s not,” Brody said with a sad smile. “But we could make one of those together.”

“Yay!” Autumn smiled up at him.

“So this was over money and a Christmas gift?” The Fox shook his head. “Why didn’t you just ask me for the money? And you could have worked somewhere here on your gift without us seeing. In your gaming room, perhaps.”

“Papa, you won’t let me pay for anything. Not for food or the bills. Nothing. I didn’t want to ask for more. And there isn’t exactly any privacy here.”

“He’s not lying, Daddy,” Autumn added. “You’re kind of difficult to hide things from.”

“But you should never hide things from me. I need to know everything about you both. However, I could have made an effort to let you surprise me. Even though I am not fond of surprises.”

Brody sighed, nodding. “I am really sorry. I should have said something.”

“YES, you should have, you ... you wombat!” Autumn said.

“Wombat?” Brody asked.

“They’re a really cute animal native to Australia. And I wish I could have thought of a sillier animal. Maybe you’re a lemur. Like King Julian! Although I feel like that’s an insult to lemurs and wombats.”

Brody grinned, and standing, he leaned down to pull her up so he could kiss her.

The kiss deepened, and she pressed in close. His hand moved to the back of her head as he ran his tongue over hers. A shiver ran through her and she moaned.

“While I usually like watching the two of you make out, we aren’t at the sexy part of the evening yet.”

Autumn drew back from Brody at the Fox’s words. She tried to smile, but it was slightly shaky. “Are you sure your mom is all right now? I really care about her, and the idea of something happening to her is scary.”

Brody wrapped his arms around her. “I promise she’s all right now, Tutu.”

“Sorry. I’m being silly. It’s not like she’s my mom.” She drew away and took in a deep breath. “Do you have enough money for her trip?”

Brody gaped at her. “She is your mom, too.”

“No, she’s not. But it’s nice of you to say so. She’s just your mom. Not mine.”

“Do you want her to be your mom?” the Fox asked fiercely. “Do you want a mom? I’ll find you a mom. I will go out right now and get you a mom.”

Autumn gaped up at the Fox. Then, to her shock, a giggle escaped her. That was not what she’d been expecting him to say.

He was going to get her a mom?

“Daddy, you can’t just get me a mom.”

“Of course I can. Put it on your Christmas list. I will get you one.”

“Santa can’t make me a mom,” she told him. “The elves don’t know how to do that.”

“Then it is time they learned. And Foxy Santa knows how to get you whatever you want.”

Yeah, he did.

Warmth filled her as she stared up at him.

However, this wasn’t something he needed to worry about.

“I’m good, Daddy. Really. I don’t need anything else but the two of you.”

“Autumn,” Brody said, looking awkward and nervous as he fiddled with his glasses. They were the only thing he was wearing, although he didn’t seem to realize he was still naked. “My mom would love it if you thought of her as yours as well.”

“You really think so?”

“I know so,” Brody told her. “And I wasn’t trying to exclude you both. I just wanted to do this myself. It seemed important at the time. I’m her only son. I wanted her to feel proud of what I did for her.”

“Your mother is not proud of you?” the Fox asked. “I will remedy that.” He started to storm off toward the door.

Brody took off after him. “Fox! Wait, what are you doing?” Brody grabbed hold of the Fox’s hand and stopped him just in front of the door.

“I’m going to tell your mother that she must be proud of you.”

“You can’t tell someone to be proud of someone else,” Brody told him.

“Why not?” The Fox sounded genuinely confused.

“Daddy, we’ve talked about this. Feelings are something you can’t control. And no one else can control yours. How would you like it if someone told you not to love us?” Autumn asked.

“I would kill the bastard.”

“Exactly,” Autumn replied.

“I’d cut out his tongue and dangle it in front of his face.”

“Urgh, right,” she said. “Gruesome, but okay.”

“And then I would cut open his insides and use his intestines to strangle him.”

“Papa, remember, Tutu doesn’t like when you get too gruesome,” Brody warned.

Oh, she didn't like it? Brody was the one who looked a bit queasy.

“Right. I apologize. So you are saying I can't tell Brody's mother to be proud of him?” the Fox asked.

“Brody's mom is proud of him,” Autumn said, wrapping her arm around Brody's waist. “He might not see it, but she's so proud of him that it practically shines out of her. All she does when he's not around is talk about how amazing he is.”

“She ... she does?” Brody asked.

“Well, why wouldn't she?” the Fox said. “You are amazing. Smart. Loyal. Gorgeous.”

Brody gaped at the Fox. Then he sniffled. “Right. Of course. Um, excuse me. I need the bathroom.”

“Uh-uh. You're not going anywhere. Group snuggle.” She wrapped her arms around his waist. Brody was still trying to get away when the Fox wrapped his arms around them both, squishing them tight.

“I ... can't ... breathe,” Brody said, wheezing.

“That's how you know it's a really good hug,” Autumn told him.

“It is?” the Fox asked. “Good to know.”

Brody groaned.

The Fox was going to hug them like this every time from now on. She just knew it. Autumn let out a small giggle.

“I was a wombat, wasn't I?” Brody said with a rueful smile.

“Total wombat,” she agreed.

“I don't understand the wombat reference. Are they foolish, bad at communicating, and have issues with their mothers?” the Fox asked.

Brody shook his head with a groan at the Fox's words while Autumn broke into more giggles.

“What? What did I say that was funny?” the Fox asked.

“Nothing, Daddy. You’re just a funny guy.”

“I am? Well, yes, I suppose I am.”

“I love you both,” Brody said. “I guess I was just trying to be a bit independent or something.”

“Seems like a foolish thing to do,” the Fox said.

“How much more money do you need?” Autumn asked.

Brody looked slightly uncomfortable. “Five thousand, I think.”

“Done,” the Fox said decisively. “Good. Now that’s over, let’s get to the punishment part of the evening.”

Brody sighed. “You don’t have to sound so happy about that, Papa.”

“Yes, Daddy. That’s quite mean to sound happy about spanking poor Brody-bear’s butt.”

The Fox’s eyebrows rose. “You think so?”

“I think so. He’d learned his lesson. Haven’t you, Brody-bear? You don’t need a nasty spanking.”

Brody nodded. “I have, Papa. I have.”

“You two know the rules. Break them and you get spanked.”

“The mean fairies did it, though, Daddy. They made him bump his toe. And surely, Daddy, a bumped toe is sore enough that poor Brody-bear doesn’t need a hot bottom on top of that.”

Brody nodded.

“What mean fairies? Who are these mean fairies?” the Fox asked, looking around. “I’ll take care of them.”

Um. Was he serious? Or was he joking?

Sometimes with the Fox it was difficult to tell.

“Urgh, there aren’t really mean fairies, Daddy,” she told him, patting his arm. “There’s no one to take care of.”

“Are you sure?”

“Well ... I’m pretty sure.” Now, he had her wondering.

The Fox suddenly grinned. “Of course there’s no mean fairies. I’ve banned them from the house. And no one goes against me. Which means it wasn’t the mean fairies that made Brody stub his toe. He got frustrated at himself and kicked the chair. Which is something else I should punish you for. Hurting yourself.”

“I don’t get that logic,” Brody muttered. “But I do feel bad for keeping stuff from you both. I just wanted to do something for the two of you. In secret.”

“You don’t have to work yourself to the point of exhaustion,” Autumn told him. “I’m worried about you. I think you need taking care of.”

“You’re right, Bunny,” the Fox said. “Tomorrow, both of you are going to spend time in Little headspace.”

“Little?” Brody asked.

“I haven’t spent much time with my baby boy lately. And I think you need some close watching and looking after.”

“Ooh, that sounds like fun!” Autumn jumped up and down. “Can we bake Christmas cookies? And listen to Christmas music? And drink hot chocolate?”

“Perhaps,” the Fox allowed. “But no eating all the cookie dough before the cookies get into the oven.”

“That was one time, Daddy! One time!”

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

“**R**ight. Punishment time. Then we’re going to bed. It’s past time that Littles were asleep.”

“I’m not a Little, Papa,” Brody protested. He was pretty tired, though. So he wasn’t entirely sure why he was protesting going to bed.

In fact, lying down sounded really good right about now.

“You’re *my* baby boy,” the Fox challenged. “And you have a bedtime. Back into the corner you go.”

Brody sighed and moved toward the corner. It wasn’t like he didn’t deserve this. Suddenly, the Fox wrapped his arm around him, drawing him back against his chest. “I love you, Brody. And you mean everything to me. And to Autumn.”

Warmth filled Brody, and he turned his head. The Fox kissed his cheek, then sent him to the corner with a smack on his bottom.

“Bunny, you’re going to sit on your beanbag and not interfere. Unless you’d like some corner time as well?”

“Not me, Daddy! Nuh-uh.”

Tutu didn’t like corner time. Then again, neither did Brody.

In fact ... did anyone ever like corner time? It was pointless, right? Just a way for Daddies to make them think about what they had done.

But why did they want to think about it? By then, they were already regretting whatever got them into trouble.

“Come here, my boy.”

He loved when the Fox called him his boy. It sent a shiver through him. Turning, he glanced down at his dick.

“Don’t embarrass us,” he whispered.

Yes, he still talked to his cock sometimes. It was the only way he had of keeping it under control. Not that it ever listened to him.

It was a very disobedient dick.

“Talking to your dick again?” the Fox asked with amusement.

Brody was aware of his face growing red. “Um. Maybe.”

“Does it ever work?” the Fox asked.

Brody sighed. “It does not.”

Autumn giggled. Brody turned and winked at her. “Doesn’t help that he finds the two of you so attractive.”

“Well, you can’t blame him for that,” the Fox said in a serious voice. But Brody was certain that his lip twitched for a moment.

Hmm. But that could just be a tic. Or indigestion.

Not that he’d ever known the Fox to have either.

“Right, over you come, my boy.” The Fox patted his lap. “Ten with my hand. Two with the paddle. Then it’s the plug.”

Awesome. Just what he wanted to hear.

He positioned himself over the Fox’s lap. There was something about being spanked in this position that made him feel vulnerable. It also threw him further into a younger headspace.

The Fox held him still with one hand on his back while his other hand landed on his ass.

Shoot. The Fox wasn't playing around. Six smacks landed in quick succession.

Brody's breathing increased, tears entering his eyes as his ass started to sting.

"No more overtime or trying to stay the night in the office."

Smack! Smack!

"You need to start getting more sleep and eating better."

Smack! Smack!

"And Papa is going to see that you do."

The Fox shifted, and Brody knew he was picking up the paddle.

"Right. Two with the paddle."

Before Brody had really braced, the paddle landed.

Shoot! That hurt!

"No more keeping things from us. I need to know everything in order to take care of you properly."

With another smack of the paddle, Brody released a shaky breath as several tears fell down his cheeks.

"Good boy," the Fox told him, rubbing his back. "You took your spanking well."

He did? At one stage, he'd started kicking his feet, and now he was crying.

"You're a good boy," the Fox soothed. "You were trying to do something good. You just forgot to take care of yourself along the way. Something that you do often."

Yeah. He knew he did that. He'd get focused on something and everything else would fade away. Including eating and getting enough sleep.

"Now, I'm going to put the plug in. Bunny, can you come over here and distract our boy?"

"Yes, Daddy! I thought you'd never ask."

The Fox helped Brody off his lap. He held Brody's hips while he steadied himself.

Standing, he drew Brody against him, stroking his back gently. "Good boy. You are doing so well." The Fox kissed away the remaining tears before dropping his mouth to Brody's.

He started out slow, then sped things up until Brody was moaning, leaning against him. His traitorous dick had hardened between them.

"Now, I want you to lean over and put your hands on the seat of the chair. Bunny, I want you to suck on our boy's cock while I feed him the plug. I can see his dick is already excited by that idea."

"It got excited about you kissing me," Brody muttered. For the first time since he'd stripped off, he realized he was naked while they were both dressed.

How had he not noticed that?

His hand moved down to cover his dick, but the Fox grabbed it, slapping it slightly.

"Uh-uh. No trying to hide yourself. Get into position."

Brody shuffled around, then bent over to present his ass. He seemed to do this a lot.

"Can we eat popcorn and butter tomorrow too? And make some more Christmas decorations?" Autumn asked.

"Of course," the Fox told her.

"Yay! I can make my watermelon lasagna for dinner."

Yikes. God, that sounded terrible.

"Daddy will take care of dinner," the Fox told her gently. "I don't like you using a knife. Now get your mouth around our boy's cock. No coming, though, Pup."

Of course not. That would be too easy.

Autumn's mouth closed around his dick, and he let out a sigh of pleasure. Then his cheeks were parted, and a slicked-

up finger entered his asshole.

He groaned. How the heck was he meant to stop himself from coming? He thought he'd rather take another spanking over this torture.

The Fox worked up to two fingers. And he knew just where to touch Brody to make his arousal grow as Autumn sucked his cock.

“That’s it, good job, Pup. Now, here is the plug.”

The Fox slid his fingers free of Brody’s ass before he started pushing the plug inside his ass.

Christ. It was freaking big.

Brody took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to relax. Autumn ran her tongue over the head of his cock before taking him deep into her mouth again.

Another moan escaped him. It was too much.

“Sir, I need to come.”

“You’re not to come, Pup. You’re being punished, remember?”

“I’d rather have another spanking.”

“Well, that’s not your decision to make, is it, Pup?”

Finally, the plug was seated inside, and he almost sighed in relief. The stretch was just on this side of burning, and he had to take a few deep breaths before he could slightly relax.

“Good boy. Is our girl treating you well?” The Fox reached between Brody’s legs to lightly play with his balls.

Brody sucked in a sharp breath. “Sir, please.”

“Please, what?” the Fox asked.

“I need to come. Please let me come.”

“Hmm,” the Fox said. “I don’t think you should be allowed to come. At least, not yet.”

Crap. That was what he was afraid of. At the sound of rustling, Brody looked over his shoulder to see the Fox

stripping off.

“Bunny, move away from Brody’s dick for a moment and come here.”

Brody breathed a subtle sigh of relief at the reprieve. He’d been about to start counting sheep or something to keep himself under control.

Sure, you were meant to count sheep to put yourself to sleep. but surely it had to work when you were on the edge of blowing your load. Right?

Maybe.

“Good girl,” the Fox told her.

Brody turned his head again to see the two of them kissing. Darn. He loved watching them together. Autumn was now naked and he took in her bare body. Beautiful.

Then the Fox pulled back and looked over at him with a heated gaze. “Right, get your mouth back on our boy’s dick, Bunny.”

Autumn nodded eagerly. She loved sucking on their cocks.

The Fox moved to the chair. “Move your hands, Pup.”

When Brody took them away, the Fox sat on the chair. His thick, firm cock was standing up and Brody felt his mouth water.

Seriously. The other man had a freaking gorgeous cock.

“Mouth on me, Pup. You’re going to suck me off while Tutu sucks on your cock. And you’re not to come until I tell you.”

Darn it.

He would totally rather have the spanking.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

The Fox blamed himself.

He obviously hadn't been doing a good enough job of taking care of his boy. He'd let him work too much. Get tired and run-down.

Brody could get focused on something and would ignore his own care.

So yes, the Fox blamed himself.

He had to do better.

But perhaps kidnapping Brody had been a bit over-the-top?

He thought about that for a moment.

Nah.

It was just the right amount of over-the-top.

His breathing increased as Brody worked his dick with his mouth.

Fuck. So fucking good.

The Fox ran his fingers through Brody's messy hair. He needed another haircut. But the Fox liked him this way.

His breathing increased. He heard Brody moan. His poor boy was already incredibly stimulated. It was going to be impossible for him to hold back.

Luckily for him, the Fox was nearly there. Brody's mouth was so warm and wet. It was difficult to resist.

“Bunny, pull off Brody’s cock. Good girl. Brody, stand up and come here.”

The Fox helped him stand. Then he turned Brody around so he faced away from the Fox.

“Bend over, Pup. I’m going to take this plug out.”

“Crap,” Brody muttered.

“Bunny, kiss our boy.”

“Oh, goody,” Autumn said.

As they kissed, the Fox worked the plug from Brody’s back hole. When it was out, he ran a finger over his hole, pressing it gently inside. “Feel okay, Pup?”

“Better than okay, Sir.”

“Think you can take me here?” the Fox asked.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy. Sit back on my cock. That’s it.” The Fox took hold of Brody’s hips, guiding him down so he was straddling his legs, his back to the Fox while he took the Fox’s dick in his ass.

“Shoot. Heck. That feels so good. I can’t ... I need to come,” Brody moaned.

So did the Fox, but he had more control.

Or he hoped he did. When Brody was sitting down completely, he started lightly biting along Brody’s shoulder.

“Bunny, make our boy come.”

Autumn moved between their legs, taking Brody’s cock in her mouth again while the Fox held him still on his lap.

“Oh. Ohhh. Please,” Brody cried out. “Can I come, Sir?”

“Come, my boy.”

Brody’s cries filled the room as Autumn took him deep. Shit. Brody clenched down around the Fox’s dick. He wasn’t going to last.

He moved in tandem with Autumn, fucking Brody’s ass.

So damn good.

When he came, it rushed over him, making him dizzy. He fought for breath. He'd never felt this way with anyone but the two of them. Sunny had brought warmth into his life. Then Brody and Autumn had added so many more layers that he knew he'd never feel cold again.

He drew Brody off his lap and turned him so he was cuddled in against him, his legs off to one side. The Fox looked over at Autumn. She was staring up at them both with soft eyes.

“Right, time for a shower,” the Fox said.

Brody grumbled. “Don't want a shower.”

“Not even if you get to eat our girl's pussy while I recover enough to fuck her?”

Brody stirred at that. “Well, no one mentioned a snack.”

Autumn groaned as Brody buried his face into the Fox's chest.

The Fox found himself grinning. That was something he did a lot now too. He smiled and actually meant it.

With the two of them, he never had to pretend. To get into a role. For so long, he'd lived role after role. However, now he knew who he was.

He was Brody's Papa and Sir.

He was Autumn's Daddy.

He was the Fox.

FOXY, PUP, AND BUNNY

Autumn leaned her hands against the side of their massive tiled shower as the Fox fucked her from behind, his hands on her hips.

Her breathing grew choppy. Her arousal was growing.

She needed to come.

“Please!” she cried.

“Not yet, baby.”

Foxy was so mean!

The Fox had cleaned them all before Brody dropped to his knees to eat her pussy.

When the Fox had slid inside her from behind, she’d been close to exploding. Now, Brody was still flicking her clit with his tongue while the Fox drove himself in and out of her.

Too much. She couldn’t take much more.

“I’m ... I’m ... please!”

“Not yet.”

So, so mean. She needed to complain to someone about this. Right after she came, she’d do that.

“I can’t hold back.”

“You can.”

“You have ... a lot more ... faith in me ... than I do.”

The Fox removed one hand from her hip to cup her breast, tweaking the nipple. “Do I?”

He did. Because she was right there.

Then she heard those delicious words.

“Come, baby girl.”

She screamed as she came, Brody lightly playing with her clit as the Fox gave his own yell and followed her over.

Wow. What a way to end the evening. From thinking there was something wrong to the Fox kidnapping Brody to punishment and orgasms.

Yum. Just yum.



“YOU NEED to learn to communicate better,” the Fox told Brody.

They were all cuddled up in bed. The Fox had dried them off before getting Brody dressed in a pair of Superman pajamas.

Brody had gone red at having the Fox dress him. He didn’t generally regress so far that he needed someone getting him dressed.

Autumn, on the other hand, liked being dressed by Daddy. She’d laid back on the mattress as the Fox had put on her fox onesie for her. Then he’d found Freddy Fox and tucked them into bed before heating her up a bottle.

Now, the Fox was sitting up, leaning against the headboard. She had her head on his stomach as she snuggled up to one side of him. Brody matched her position on the Fox’s other side.

And for some reason, the Fox had decided to give Brody a relationship talk.

“Yes, Papa,” Brody agreed. They had a nightlight on, so she could see the amusement on his face.

“Relationships do not thrive without proper communication. You have to learn not to be so secretive and not to keep things to yourself.”

Brody’s mouth dropped open and Autumn had to bury her face in the Fox’s abs.

“Well? Is that not true?”

“Um, yes, you’re right,” Brody agreed. “Communication is important.”

The Fox huffed out a breath. “I know. I’m excellent at this relationship stuff. Honestly, I really don’t know how people find it so difficult. Just make your intentions clear, keep the people you love safe and happy, and spank their butts on occasion. You know, I’ve changed my mind.”

“You have?” Autumn asked, confused. “About what?”

“About becoming a matchmaker,” the Fox stated.

“You are?” Brody asked.

“Yes. I think I should become a relationship counselor instead.”

Oh. Dear. Lord.

“Really?” Autumn asked before biting her lip to stop herself from bursting into laughter.

Brody shot her a look, and she tried to get herself under control, taking a couple of deep breaths. She really did.

But she could barely keep her composure.

“Yes. All those silly movies you watch, Autumn, where the people have this great miscommunication, could be easily fixed if they’d just come to me. I would tell them what they’re doing wrong. And what they need to change about themselves. And then they could go on, living a happy life.”

“Hmm,” Brody said. “I’m not sure that people like being told what to change about themselves.”

“Well, they should if they’re doing something wrong. Why wouldn’t someone want to be corrected?”

“Um, do you like to be corrected when you’re doing something wrong?” Autumn asked gently.

“Pfft. Irrelevant. I never do anything wrong.”

Right. She’d walked right into that one.

“Perhaps I can use my fountain of knowledge to help Duke. Lord knows he needs it. And my Sunny deserves the best.”

“Yeah, not sure that would go down well with Duke,” Brody told him.

“And he seems like a good husband to Sunny,” Autumn added.

“But he won’t go away on holiday with us. The two of you deserve a family holiday. And that means that Sunny must join us. And by default, that man she married.”

Autumn widened her eyes as she glanced at Brody.

“Uh, Papa,” he said. “It’s nice you want to give us a family holiday, but we really don’t need anything. I mean, if we want to be around family, we can go spend time with my crazy family. During the summer holidays, we’d often go to visit my grandparents in Colorado. It wasn’t that great. All of us were trapped in a car for hours. Lissy used to get motion sickness. Try travelling for seven hours trapped in a hot car with the smell of vomit.” He shuddered.

“My grandparents used to go on holiday down to Florida at Christmas time,” Autumn said. “But the weird thing was they would never take me to the beach. They said they hated the sand..”

“Well then, that sounds like you both need a decent holiday,” the Fox said.

“We could go away, just the three of us,” Autumn suggested.

“You know, tonight has given me an idea.”

“What?” Autumn asked, feeling alarmed. The Fox’s ideas were often outrageous.

“I’m going to kidnap Sunny and bring her with us on holiday.”

Yep. Outrageous.

Brody sat upright, looking as alarmed as Autumn felt. “Papa, you can’t do that.”

“Why not? It’s the perfect solution.”

“Daddy, you can’t kidnap someone,” Autumn told him, sitting up to face the Fox. “Not even Sunny.”

“Why not? I’m good at it.”

“It’s not that. It’s not right. Sunny wouldn’t be happy if you did that,” Brody said. “Neither she nor Duke would trust you again.”

The Fox frowned. “Really?”

“Trust us, Daddy,” Autumn told him, placing her hand on his chest. “Friends don’t kidnap other friends.” Good Lord. That was not something she thought she would ever say.

“You don’t want to upset Sunny, right?” Brody said. “That would scare her.”

“No.” The Fox frowned. “I wouldn’t ever want to upset Sunny. Fine, if you really think I shouldn’t, I won’t.”

They all settled back in, but for some reason, Autumn felt unsettled. And it finally occurred to her that the Fox didn’t actually want to give them a family holiday ... oh, that was what he told himself.

But she was sure that what he really wanted was to have that himself. He’d watched all those Christmas romantic movies with her, and he’d seen the family meals and holidays.

He just wanted what he had never had.

And somehow, Autumn needed to give that to him.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

“**T**hat’s the craziest idea I’ve ever heard.” Brody reached up to fiddle with his glasses.

The two of them were currently sitting on the living room floor, trying to create a macaroni collage.

But it was more complicated than it looked.

Well, at least or Brody anyway.

He could do anything when it came to computers, but somehow, he couldn’t glue some darn macaroni onto a piece of paper without getting glue all over his hands, on his face, and even up his left nostril.

Yeah, don’t ask.

“We can’t do that, Tutu.”

Autumn painted some more pieces of pasta to add to her masterpiece. She’d created a picture of Rudolph, and her artwork was awesome. While Brody ... had a lump of colorful macaroni and glue.

“All I’m saying is that we call her and ask. I found a cabin that’s available just before Christmas. We could go have a look at it. And then call Daddy and Duke to come see. Maybe it will convince them. It would give Daddy the family holiday he’s never had. We could even ask Markovich, Dahlia, Reyes, and Emme too.”

The Fox had been spending some time with Markovich and Emme. Emme and Autumn had even had a couple of

playdates. But things were moving slowly between them.

“I think they’re all going away together over the holidays.” Brody let out a sigh. “And Duke will never agree.”

Autumn pouted. “That’s not fair. Poor Daddy. He just wants to know what it feels like to go on a family holiday.”

Yeah, Brody had thought the same thing after last night’s conversation.

“Think about it, a cozy log cabin, the fire roaring, board games, and hot chocolate. Snow falling. It would be fun.”

Brody sighed. “I’ll call her. But you are aware that our butts will be toast for this, right?”

Autumn smiled at him, looking unconcerned. She would since she wasn’t the one who was sitting very uncomfortably today.

“And you’ll have to distract the lord and master. He’s being very ... attentive today.”

This was the first time he’d given them time to themselves all day. Earlier, Brody had to talk the Fox out of calling Ink so he could do it himself. Ink had told him, rather sternly, that he better not come into the office for at least three days or he was going to be in trouble.

Right.

Today, as soon as they’d gotten up, the Fox had dressed them both before making them waffles. Then they’d baked cookies while listening to Christmas music. It was early afternoon now, and they’d sat down to attempt some arts and crafts. But in his case, it was a lousy attempt.

“I can do that.”

He ran his fingers through his hair. Then he tugged.

“Ouch! Crap!”

“What’s wrong?” the Fox raced into the room and came over to Brody, studying him urgently. “Have you hurt yourself? That’s it, I am getting us a permanent doctor.”

“Papa, I don’t need a doctor,” Brody said quickly.

“I think Brody-bear glued his fingers to his hair, Daddy,” Autumn told the Fox.

“I didn’t ... did I?” Shoot. Maybe he had. He tugged harder and ripped out half his hair as he got his hand free. “Ouch. That freaking hurt. I’m just no good at this.” He smacked his hand down, then when he raised his hand, the picture was stuck to his hand.

Tutu giggled as he sighed.

“Well, I’m sure it was an excellent picture, before it was squashed,” the Fox said, moving forward to remove his hand from the picture.

“It wasn’t, Papa. It was crap.”

“Nothing you did could be crap, Brody-bear,” Autumn told him.

“I think I should just stick to gaming and computers. Anything artistic is not me.” He stared down at himself with a sigh. He was a mess.

Today’s T-shirt had a T-Rex on the front of it and the words: I’m REXY and I know it.

Autumn had given it to him for his birthday. He kind of loved it. Though now it was covered in glue and macaroni.

“Come on, let’s get you cleaned up; then it’s time for both of you to have a nap.” The Fox took his hand, pulling him to his feet.

“Uh, Papa. I’m a big boy. I don’t take naps.”

“When you have dark marks under your eyes, you take naps until they’re gone,” the Fox countered.

“Well, that sucks,” he muttered.

Tutu giggled.

The Fox turned to her. “You’re having a nap too, Bunny.”

“But, Daddy, I don’t have dark marks under my eyes.”

“No, but Little girls have naps.” He held out his hand to her and she took it so he could pull her up as well.

“Shouldn’t I tidy up the mess, Daddy?” Autumn asked.

“We can do that later. Before our movie time.”

“And popcorn?” Autumn asked.

“Of course.”

“And Christmas cookies?”

“Yes.”

“And hot chocolates?”

The Fox turned to look at her. “That’s a lot of sugar.”

“But it’s Christmas!”

“Not yet, it’s not.”

“I think the whole month of December, I should get to eat whatever I want.”

“Really? Is that a Christmas rule?” the Fox asked as he led them into Tutu’s nursery.

Autumn looked like she was going to lie before she sighed and shook her head. “No, Daddy. But it could be our rule.”

“I don’t think so,” the Fox told her firmly, pushing open the bathroom door. “I remember what happened when I let you eat cake for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. You vomited it all back up.”

“That was once, Daddy. I think the cake was off.”

Brody grinned at her as the Fox started the shower.

“Baby boy, you get in the shower and wash your hair while I get Bunny onto the toilet.”

“Hey, I don’t need to go to the toilet.”

“You drank three cups of coffee this morning,” Brody pointed out.

“Three? I only gave you two,” the Fox replied.

Uh-oh.

Brody grimaced at Autumn, who sighed.

“I might have, um, snuck another coffee, Daddy. But I needed it!” Autumn told him.

“You needed three cups of coffee this morning?” the Fox asked. “Why is that? Were you tired?”

“Um, yes.”

“So perhaps you need an extra-long nap now.” The Fox undid the back of the onesie Autumn was wearing and gave her a couple of sharp slaps to her bottom before putting her on the toilet.

Brody sent her another apologetic look, which she waved off. The Fox turned back to strip him off and help him in the shower.

Miraculously, he was left to wash his hair alone while the Fox put Tutu to bed. However, he soon discovered that getting glue out of your hair was not that easy.

As he was getting out, the Fox walked back in and grabbed the towel from him. The Fox briskly dried him off, being very thorough around his balls and cock.

Brody sucked in a sharp breath as his cock started growing hard.

“Behave,” he whispered to it.

The Fox just grinned at him. “I don’t think it’s interested in listening to you, baby boy.”

Brody sighed. No. It never was, the jerk.

To his surprise, Tutu wasn’t in her bed in the nursery. The Fox led him back to their bedroom.

“Bunny wanted to nap with you.”

Tutu was already in bed, her eyes sleepy, her arms wrapped around Freddy Fox as she sucked on her pacifier.

The Fox got Brody dressed in a pair of boxers that had Yoda on them. And then he drew back the covers of the bed. “In you get, baby boy.”

Brody climbed in and Autumn immediately cuddled up against him.

“Do the two of you want a story?” the Fox asked.

“Story! Story!” Autumn chanted after pulling out the pacifier. “But can I suck on Brody’s paci while you tell it?”

The Fox looked at Brody. Confused, Brody frowned. “I don’t have a paci.”

“Yeah, you do.” Autumn’s hand travelled down his chest to lightly cup his dick.

Oh. Right.

He cleared his throat. “Yeah, you can do that.”

“Goody.”

His eyebrows rose. She often liked to suck on the Fox’s cock before falling asleep.

But it was unusual for her to do it with Brody.

As she wrapped her mouth around his cock while the Fox started telling them a story about Santa Claus and the naughty elf who got himself a spanking, Brody knew there was no way that his cock was going to behave.

Or that he would sleep.

No way at all.



LATER THAT EVENING, while Autumn misbehaved in order to distract the Fox, Brody called Sunny and explained their idea.

Sunny loved the idea.

He’d really been hoping that she would be the voice of reason.

You should be the voice of reason.

Well, he knew that wasn’t going to happen.

Mostly because he wanted to give the Fox this as well.

They quickly came up with a plan. It really wasn't a good plan. So much could go wrong. But it was a plan.

Sorted, Brody ended the call and felt a sense of euphoria and nerves.

They were really doing this. He just hoped they could pull it off.

SUNNY

1 5th December

SUNNY SIGHED SADLY as she sat down on a seat in a quieter area of the mall. It was Friday, and she'd just finished up her Christmas shopping. She should be happy.

But instead, she felt a bit sad.

Duke had dropped her off at the mall earlier, and she still had about forty minutes until he picked her up so they could get to work.

So she thought she'd check her emails.

Three rejections! All right, so they weren't actual rejections. Just messages from people who owned cabins they rented out over the holidays.

All of whom had no openings for Christmas or New Year's.

Shoot. She'd known it was a long shot, but she'd been hopeful. Christmas was the season for miracles, right?

"Hey Sunny. Why so sad?"

She jumped as someone sat next to her ... someone dressed all in green with pointy shoes and pointy ears.

"Are you ... are you one of Santa's elves?" she asked breathlessly.

The elf turned, and she went bright red. “Oh, my God. Jonas, hi! Sorry, you must think me a complete idiot.”

Jonas was a regular client of Duke’s.

His face softened. “Sunny, girl, of course I don’t. It’s good if you think I’m one of Santa’s elves because none of the kids seem fooled.”

Hmm ... he wasn’t a typical elf, that was for sure. He had tattoos all up his arms and along his chest. She couldn’t see the chest tattoos right now, of course. But she knew they were there since Duke had been adding to them for the last two years.

“What are you doing here by yourself? Where’s Duke?”

“Oh, I’ve just been finishing my shopping. Duke’s coming to pick me up. Um, Jonas, why are you dressed as an elf?”

“Because I refused to dress as Rudolf,” he muttered with a scowl. “But I still look fucking ridiculous.”

“What?”

“A friend of mine manages this mall. The guy meant to be an elf is out sick with gastro. Anyway, long story short, I owed my friend, so here I am.”

Wow.

“That’s nice of you.”

He just snorted, looking unconvinced.

“And I think you make a great elf,” she told him loyally.

He just shot her a look. Yeah, maybe great was a stretch.

“What’s got you sitting here looking so sad?” he asked.

“It’s silly, really.”

He shot her a look, so she told him what she was looking for.

“Duke never mentioned wanting to go away for a few nights. I was under the impression he was busy as hell at the moment.”

“Oh, it’s a surprise.”

“Hmm. I’m going to get a friend of mine to call you. He’s got a cabin in the mountains. Be perfect for what you want, and he usually only rents it to friends and family.”

“Would he rent to me?”

“Course he would.” He grinned at her, then programmed her number into his phone before he stood. “Got to go. I’ll set it up so you can go take a look at the cabin. And don’t worry, I won’t tell Duke anything.”

Sunny smiled and waved. Things were looking up.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

“**T**his place is perfect,” Sunny said, clapping her hands.

Jonas had come through. His friend had messaged her last night, and they’d all managed to sneak out this afternoon.

“We need to go inside first,” Brody cautioned as they all stood outside, staring up at the large A-frame cabin that was nestled into the woods.

The ride up here had been a bit hellish. Sunny had ended up driving since he and Tutu weren’t the most confident drivers. Driving up a mountain covered in snow wasn’t his idea of fun.

So they’d met Sunny at the bottom of the mountain and got into her truck. Well, it was Duke’s new truck. He didn’t know how she’d convinced Duke to let her take it, but here they were.

“Let’s get inside then,” Sunny said. “I told Duke I was doing a run to Walmart for essentials, so I’m going to have to buy some toilet paper on the way home.”

Luckily, the Fox had gone out to do something so they hadn’t had to lie to him.

“Henry, the guy who owns this place, said the key would be hidden under a fake rock. He really shouldn’t leave his key hidden on the front porch. I learned that lesson a long time ago. Uh-huh. Here it is!” Sunny held up the key.

“Sunny, you’ve already been gone close to two hours,” Brody said.

“Oh, I’m sure it hasn’t been that long.” She glanced at her Mad Hatter watch. “Crap.”

“Don’t you think Duke will be getting worried?” Brody asked.

“He’s swamped at the moment, so time is getting away from him easily. I wouldn’t worry too much. I’ve got the others covering the desk for me. As long as we don’t linger I’ll be okay.”

Sunny moved inside, Autumn following her. Brody went back and grabbed the keys out of the truck. Sure, it was unlikely that anyone would steal the vehicle while they were in the middle of nowhere, but he didn’t want to have to explain to Duke that they’d left the keys in the ignition if that happened. As he was shutting the door, something ran over his bare hand.

Suddenly, he screamed and threw himself backward, shaking his hands frantically. As he was patting himself down, Sunny and Tutu ran out of the house toward him.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” Autumn asked, running her hands over him. “Where are you hurt?”

“I ... it ...” he heaved for breath. “Spider.”

“Oh no! Where is it? I’ll get it off you.”

“G-gone.”

“Come on. Come inside.” Autumn slid under his right arm, while Sunny moved around to his left.

Okay, so he felt a tad silly having them both help him walk. But he was feeling a bit weak as they led him inside. They sat him down on a comfy sectional, and Tutu pulled a paper bag from her handbag.

Thank God.

He took it and started breathing into it as Tutu rubbed his back.

“I’ll see if I can find him a drink.” Sunny jumped up and poured him a glass of water, rushing back with it.

When he had his breathing under control, Brody pulled the paper bag away from his mouth.

“Sorry,” he muttered, feeling embarrassed.

Sunny patted his knee as Autumn hugged him tight.

“Don’t be sorry, those spiders can be scary,” Sunny said. “They’re so creepy.”

They were! Super creepy.

“This place is really nice,” he said after taking a few sips of water. It was a large open-plan area with a big kitchen at the back and a staircase that led up to the second level.

“Once the fire is going, it will be magical,” Autumn said, turning around in a spin. “What do you think? Do you reckon we can get the Fox and Duke to agree to spend a few nights here?”

Sunny blew out a breath. “We might need to be tricky about it.”

“How tricky?” Brody asked nervously.

“As in trick them into coming. We could come up here on Christmas Eve, then call them and say that we’ve broken down, give them this address, and then! Ta-da. We’re here, the place is hired, the turkey is in the oven. Let’s stay the night! It’s a perfect plan.” Sunny wandered over to the window.

“That has disaster written all over it,” Autumn whispered to Brody who nodded.

“We’d be lucky to get away a second time without the Fox knowing.”

“Uh-oh.”

Both of them turned to Sunny.

“What is it?” Brody asked.

“It’s starting to snow,” she explained. “I think we better go. Duke won’t be happy if I drive in the snow.”

Brody was pretty sure Duke wouldn't be happy if he found out she'd driven up here anyway.

They all headed out, and Sunny placed the key back under the rock. Brody opened the front passenger seat and helped Autumn into her seat before climbing into the backseat.

Sunny stared down at the steering wheel. "Um, what happened to the keys?"

"Oh, shoot!" Brody said. "I took them out. I didn't want anyone to steal Duke's truck."

Sunny turned to grin at him. "Okay. Can I have them now, though? I kind of need them to start the truck."

"Sure." He patted his pockets and then a sense of doom filled him. "Shoot!"

"What is it?" Autumn asked, turning to stare at him in concern.

"I ... I had them in my hand when the spider. Oh no. Oh no." He opened the door and tried to jump out, only for the seatbelt to tug him back.

Urgh! Stupid seatbelt!

Sunny groaned. "You dropped them, didn't you?"

If only. He was pretty certain that he'd thrown them. They all got out of Duke's truck and started looking around.

Where are they?

The snow started coming down harder. Crap.

This was not good. Really, really not good.

"Well, this looks like a fun game. What exactly are we playing?" a voice drawled from behind them.

With a shriek, Brody jumped into the air and turned to see the Fox standing right there. His voice sounded amused.

His face looked anything but.

Crap.

FOX, PUP, AND BUNNY

The Fox attempted to keep his emotions in check.
However, it was a hard battle.

Strange. It had never been this hard before. But when he'd been alerted that his two babies had left his lair when they weren't supposed to go anywhere, he'd felt a surge of fear.

After ascertaining that they'd left of their own free will rather than under duress, he quickly turned around and started to follow them. They'd had a fair head start on him since he'd been about an hour away in the opposite direction.

"Daddy!" Autumn yelled, relief filling her face as she ran and threw herself at him.

"Bunny," he murmured, grabbing hold of her. He could feel her shaking with cold. "You don't have enough clothes on for this weather. What were you thinking?"

"Fox?" Sunny said hesitantly. He was still wearing his latest disguise, though his babies were no longer fooled.

"Sweet girl, you look cold as well. Brody, where are your gloves?"

"Oh, I, um, forgot them."

"What are you all doing out here?" the Fox asked.

They all glanced at each other.

"I want the truth." And then, he was bundling them back into his car and Duke's truck and they were all going home.

Where they were all getting their asses paddled.

What did they think they were doing sneaking out of home like that? And why was Sunny here with them?

“Well, we came to look at this cabin,” Sunny said. “We thought we could all stay here for a night or two over Christmas. We were just about to head home, only ...”

“I lost the truck keys,” Brody blurted out.

“How did you do that?” he asked.

“There was a spider.”

Alarm filled the Fox, and he moved toward Brody, grasping him around the back of his neck. “Are you all right? Did you have a panic attack?”

“Just a small one,” Brody muttered, looking down at his feet.

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of,” the Fox told him firmly. “Do you hear me?”

Brody nodded.

Frankly, he didn’t understand why both Brody and Autumn were ashamed of their panic attacks. It didn’t make sense to him. If you had a phobia or fear or something in your past that could trigger you, then it wasn’t exactly something to be ashamed of, was it?

“Of course it isn’t.” Autumn wrapped herself around Brody, kissing his cheek.

“You guys are just the sweetest,” Sunny said through chattering teeth.

“You’re all coming back in my car. It’s parked down the road.”

“Why did you park down there?” Autumn asked. She glared up at him with her hands on her hips. “Were you trying to spy on us, Daddy? That’s not very nice, you know.”

“Neither is sneaking out of the house without telling me where you were going.”

Both of his babies looked at each other guiltily.

“Um, how did you know we’d left?” Brody asked. “I thought you weren’t coming home until this afternoon.”

“Pup, you don’t think I have safeguards in place to watch over you when I’m not there?”

Autumn sighed. “You do l-love to spy on us.”

“Right. Car. Now. All three of you.”

“But we can’t!” Sunny said. “I need to find the keys for Duke’s truck.”

“We’ll leave it here,” he said. “The snow is getting heavier. And we won’t be able to find his keys in this snow.”

“But ... but I have to find them,” Sunny said urgently. “This is Duke’s new truck. He’s gonna kill me if I lose the keys.”

“He will not,” the Fox replied fiercely. “I would never allow that to happen.”

All three of them stared at him in shock.

“Turn of phrase,” Brody whispered to him.

Oh. Right. Of course.

“Fox, you know Duke wouldn’t actually kill me. Spank me every night for the next month, yes. Kill me, no.”

“It seems like you deserve those spankings. Although I will have a word with him about giving you some break nights.”

Sunny gaped at him. “Wow. That’s nice of you.”

“I would do anything for you, sweet girl.”

Sunny sighed, shaking her head. But she also grinned. That made it difficult for him to understand what she was thinking.

“What do we do? I need those keys,” Sunny said.

“We can keep l-looking,” Brody said, his teeth chattering.

“The three of you are not standing out in this weather looking for those keys. We are leaving,” the Fox said firmly.

“Fox, please.” Sunny gave him wide eyes.

Damn it. He would not cave.

“Does he not have spare keys?” he asked.

“Yes.” Sunny clicked her fingers, smiling. “At our place. If you could take me home, then bring me back—”

“Not happening,” he told her.

“But, Fox!”

“No, you’re going home and staying there. You’ll call Duke and tell him what happened. He can get a ride up here tomorrow.”

“But I can’t leave his truck here overnight! What if someone finds the keys and steals the truck?”

“Do you have a key to this place?” he asked.

“Um, yep. It’s under the fake rock.”

He nearly rolled his eyes. Of course it was.

“Inside. All of you. Call Duke. Tell him what happened. I’ll go get my car. You’re too cold to walk that far now.”

“Do I have to call him?” Sunny whined.

The Fox sent her a look.

“Well. I’m toast.”

DUKE AND SUNNY

“I’m so sorry, Sunny,” Brody whispered to her as they entered the house.

She sighed. “It’s not your fault.”

“Kind of is, though.”

Sunny reached out and took his hand. “Please don’t worry. It was my decision to take Duke’s truck. And it was also my decision not to tell him where I was going. So now it’s my butt that’s going to bear the consequences.”

“I’m not sure that any of us are going to sit comfortably tomorrow,” Autumn said with a wry grin.

“I should have realized that the Fox would know we’d left,” Brody groaned.

Yep. They all should have. The Fox was nothing if not protective of all three of them.

Sunny dug out her phone. It was a bit warmer in the house, but still not warm by any stretch. She moved around to keep herself from getting too cold.

And also because she was filled with nervous energy.

“Uh-oh.” She winced as she saw several text messages along with five missed calls from Duke.

She was in serious trouble here.

Taking a deep breath, she hit call on his name and moved further away from Brody and Autumn.

“Sunny, thank fuck,” he exclaimed, having answered on the first ring.

Okay, now she knew how upset he was. Duke tried really hard not to swear in front of her.

“I’m so sorry,” she told him.

“Where are you? Are you all right? I was just about to start calling hospitals. Did you have an accident in the snow, baby?”

“Um.”

“It’s all right if you did. I’m not worried about the truck; I’m only concerned about you. Are you all right? Did you hurt yourself?”

He was such a good guy.

And she was in such trouble.

You deserve it for worrying him.

“I’m fine, Duke. I didn’t have an accident.”

“Then, where are you?”

“Um, see, the thing is ... I came to have a look at this log cabin.”

“What? Why would you need to look at a log cabin? And on your own?”

“Um, well, I’m not on my own. I have Brody and Autumn with me.”

“Brody and Autumn,” he said slowly.

“Uh-huh.”

“Why do you have Brody and Autumn with you?”

“Because ... um ... they wanted to look at it too?” Shoot. She didn’t mean to word that as a question.

“Sunny, start making sense,” he said firmly.

“I know you’re busy and stuff, but the three of us thought that maybe renting a cabin for a couple of nights over

Christmas would be fun. It's really beautiful up here, Daddy. I think you'd like it."

"So that's what you've been doing? And you decided not to tell me. Did the Fox know you were going?"

"Uh, no." She glanced over as the Fox walked into the house. "But he's here now. Apparently, he was alerted when Brody and Autumn left the house."

"So they didn't tell him they were going with you either?"

"No. And he's not pleased."

"I bet. He probably feels much like I do right now since you lied and didn't tell me where you were going. I have some empathy for the man."

"See?" she said brightly. "You're already bonding."

"Sunny," he said warningly. "This is not all right. You do not go around behind my back like this. You do not go missing for hours. Much less a day when it's snowing. And you do not ignore my calls and texts."

"I really am sorry, Daddy."

"Oh, you will be."

Awesome. Something to look forward to.

"Where are you right now?" he asked.

"Um, still at the cabin."

"At the cabin? I'm guessing in the middle of nowhere?"

"About a third way up a mountain," she confirmed.

"You are not to drive in this weather. The Fox has his own vehicle? What about Autumn and Brody?" he demanded, going into overprotective mode.

"The Fox does. We left Autumn and Brody's car at the bottom of the mountain, as they weren't confident enough to drive up to the cabin. I drove your truck."

Duke let out a deep breath. "You realize you're grounded for a month."

Grounded? That was new.

“What does that mean?”

“We won’t go into it just now. But it involves no driving without my permission.”

No way!

“I’d rather have the spanking,” she muttered.

“Oh, you’ll get that too.”

She gulped. Then she looked up, aware that Brody and Autumn were watching her. They both grimaced, and she shrugged.

“Seems someone is in trouble,” the Fox said.

She jumped and turned, her hand on her chest. “Fox! You need a cowbell!”

“Why?” he asked.

“So I can hear when you’re coming toward me.”

“Pretty sure a cowbell would be considered an occupational hazard.”

She guessed it would.

“You’re getting grounded and spanked, hmm?” the Fox asked. “Interesting.”

“Uh-oh,” Brody muttered.

She sent Brody and Autumn an apologetic look.

“Give me the phone,” the Fox demanded.

Alarm filled her. The Fox was known to be zealously overprotective of her.

“Fox, I deserve to be punished. I lied to Duke about where I was going. And now it’s snowing, and he doesn’t like me driving in it, plus I’ve lost the keys to his truck in the middle of nowhere.”

“You what?” Duke asked.

Shoot. How had she forgotten that she was still on the phone with him?

“Um, sorry, Daddy. We lost the keys.” She sniffled, feeling terrible.

“Tell him it was my fault,” Brody said, stepping forward and fiddling with his glasses. “I’ll take the blame. He can get mad at me.”

“No one is allowed to get mad at you,” the Fox dictated. “Give the phone to me, sweet girl.”

Sunny shook her head. “Fox, I really think it’s best I talk to Duke. And Brody, he won’t get mad at you. I took his truck; it’s my responsibility.”

“Sunny!” Duke said sharply.

“Um. Yep?”

“Give the phone to the Fox.”

Her eyes widened. “That doesn’t sound like a good idea.”

“Why not?”

“Because you two butt heads.”

“Sunny, it’s snowing and you’ve lost the keys to my truck. You could be cold, scared, or sick, and I wouldn’t know because I can’t see you. So I want you to hand the phone to the one person there who can actually be relied on to look after the three of you. Especially since I can’t.”

Oh, crap.

Now she knew why he was so upset. Duke considered his number one job to be to protect and take care of her. She’d taken that away from him by lying.

Lord. She felt the tears drip down her face as she handed over the phone.

The Fox took it without a word. “You made my sweet girl cry!”

Shoot! The Fox’s voice had grown cold and quiet. He could often be irreverent, he loved to stir the pot. But he rarely

sounded angry. Or at least showed that he was around her.

She spun to him, reaching out retrieve the phone, but he stepped back. Brody and Autumn each wrapped an arm around her.

“Don’t worry, Sunny. Daddy will sort it.”

She gaped at Autumn in shock. He would?

“And on the plus side, he’s miles away from Duke. He won’t abandon us to go kill him,” Brody added.

Holy. Crap.

“Right. Yes. I agree. That’s what I was going to do.” The Fox ended the call and Sunny gaped at him.

“Did you hang up on Duke?” she asked.

“I was finished talking to him.”

Dear Lord.

Her phone started ringing, but the Fox pocketed it.

“I need my phone.”

“You’ll get it back later. The three of you are in trouble. Duke isn’t happy.”

“I know, but he has reason to be upset with me,” Sunny said, hoping to assuage the Fox’s anger.

“He certainly does.”

Her mouth dropped open. “Um, uh, you agree? With Duke?”

“That all three of you are very naughty and need to be punished for lying and risking your health and safety? Yes. I do.”

“This moment is historic,” Sunny muttered.

“The moment the three of you get your butts spanked? I hardly think that’s historic. It happens all the time.”

“Fox,” Brody groaned.

She looked up to find him growing red.

“All of you are coming back with me.”

“But Duke’s truck ...” Sunny said miserably.

“He’s going to come and get it tomorrow. Into my car. All of you. Now.”

DUKE AND SUNNY

By the time they were on the outskirts of Billings, both Autumn and Brody had fallen asleep.

The Fox had produced two blankets. Sunny was under one in the front seat while Brody and Autumn were cuddled up in the back.

The Fox had even produced a fox pacifier for Autumn.

That was so cute.

“Fox?” she asked.

“Yes, my sweet girl?”

“I really like Autumn and Brody.”

“That’s good. Because so do I.”

“Do you ... do you ever think you’d want to get married?”

He tightened his hands on the steering wheel. “There are various reasons why I can’t do that, sweet girl.”

Hmm. Sunny guessed there would be when you were an assassin with multiple identities.

“You could still have the ceremony. Even if you don’t register your wedding.”

He shrugged. “All of that means very little to me.”

“But what about to them?”

He shot her a look. “You think they would want that?”

Sunny shrugged. “I don’t know. They’ve never said anything to me. But maybe.”

He hummed, pulling into her driveway.

Brody stirred in the backseat. “Are we there?”

“We’re at Sunny’s house. Pup, stay here with Bunny while I walk Sunny in.”

He didn’t really need to do that since Duke was already stalking out of the house. She wondered how he’d gotten home without his truck. Then she decided she didn’t want to know.

Her guilt was a huge knot in her tummy.

The Fox got out, but Duke opened her door before he even rounded the front of his vehicle.

“Hi, Daddy.”

“Hey, baby girl. Are you all right?” He undid the belt and then lifted her into his arms.

“I’m fine, Daddy. I’m so sorry for worrying you.”

“Shh. We’ll talk about that later. Fox. I appreciate you bringing her home.”

Seriously. Was she in a different universe right now?

The Fox nodded. “We need to talk.”

They did?

“About what?” she asked.

“Later.” Duke nodded back before lifting Sunny higher in his arms and walking toward the house.

“Bye, Fox! Thanks for driving me home.”

“Anytime, sweet girl.”



RELIEF FILLED Duke as he sat on the sofa with Sunny in his lap, holding her tight.

“I’m so sorry, Daddy. I didn’t mean to worry you. I feel really awful.”

“I’m just glad you’re all right.”

Hatter jumped up on them, whining.

“I’m all right, Hatter. Did I worry you too? I’m sorry,” she said.

Hatter settled his head on her lap, and she scratched him behind the ears.

Duke grasped hold of her chin, tilting her face back. “I’m relieved you’re okay, baby. But that could have gone disastrously wrong. What if the Fox hadn’t followed you? What if by the time you’d called one of us, the roads had been closed due to the snow? Or you’d all got too cold?”

She bit her lip, staring up at him with teary eyes. “I’m so sorry, Daddy.”

“I know you are, Little Rebel. But the fact remains, I didn’t know where you were or that you were in trouble. You took away my job from me. I need you to be safe, Sunny.”

“I know. I shouldn’t have lied. It’s just ...”

“Just what?” he asked.

“Brody called me the other day to tell me that the Fox, well, he’s never really had a family holiday. I mean, before Brody and Autumn he didn’t really have a family at all.”

Duke stilled. He knew that. Though he guessed he hadn’t really thought about it or what it might mean for the other man. “That’s why he was so fired up for us to go on holiday with him a while ago?”

The five of them in an RV or two didn’t sound like a good time to him. But he knew a bit about the Fox’s life growing up. And none of it was good.

And the Fox thought of Sunny as family.

How would it feel to never have been on a family holiday? Duke understood that feeling a bit. He’d lost his family when he was eight. But at least he had a few good memories of

when they were alive. Mostly of his mom's laugh. And then Ink's family took him in. And they were amazing to him.

What would it be like if he hadn't had any of that?

Fuck.

"I can't go away on holiday right now, Sunny."

"I know. That's why we thought we could hire a cabin just for a couple of nights close to home and spend Christmas there."

"Aren't they all booked?"

"Not this one. It's a friend of Jonas's. You know, your client? I saw him in the mall the other day and he hooked me up with his friend who only hires the cabin out sometimes to friends or friends of friends."

"Jonas hooked you up?" Duke asked in surprise. Jonas was a good client, but he could be a hardass.

"Yep. He likes me."

Of course he did. Everyone loved Sunny. It was hard not to, with her happy personality. The goodness shone out of her. If she'd been able to thwart an assassin-for-hire's heart, Jonas was a piece of cake.

"So you want us to all spend the night there? Together?"

"Maybe just Christmas Eve? Or Christmas night?"

Or perhaps both nights. He should be able to do that if it meant so much to his girl.

And to show the man who'd proven again and again that he'd do anything for his 'sweet girl' what a family holiday was like.

Yeah, Duke had been short-sighted, and it was time to remedy that.

"Let me think about it. Right now, we need to get some warm food into you. I have some soup on the stove and I'll make some grilled cheese too. Then you're having a bath and going to bed."

“Aren’t you ... aren’t you going to spank me, Daddy?” she asked.

“Not tonight. You need food and sleep more. But we’ll be discussing all of this tomorrow.”

“Okay, Daddy. I really am sorry. Did you have to cancel appointments?”

“I just moved some around.”

“Oh, no.” Her eyes filled with tears again.

“Hey,” he said gently. “That’s not something to get upset about.”

“But you’re already w-working so hard. And I m-made it all harder.”

“Oh, Sunny.” Shit. He closed his eyes. If he hadn’t been so against a family holiday or if he’d told her what was going on with work earlier, then she wouldn’t have gone off like she had without telling him.

“Sunny, this isn’t your fault.”

“I-it is.”

“Listen to me. I know I’ve been working a lot lately. And I’m sorry you haven’t had as much of my time. I’m going to fix that. Okay?”

Sunny looked up at him. “How? You seem to be working a lot more than usual. I know this is a busy time of year, but you’re also bringing work home a lot. And I’m not complaining. I’m not. I know you’re good at what you do, which means lots of people will demand your time. It’s just ... are we having money trouble? Because if you need me to, I can get a second job.”

“Money trouble? Baby ... you think I’m working a lot because of money trouble?”

“I guess ... I was starting to wonder ... if we really need it, I can get a second job. I could do some landscaping for people. I’ve been looking into it and I reckon I could work Sundays —”

He cut her off by placing his hand over her mouth. He just couldn't take anymore.

"Baby, hush."

As soon as he removed his hand, she opened her mouth, so he put it back there. She glared up at him.

"I said, hush. You talked. It's my turn. Understood?"

She nodded, and he dropped his hand again.

"Now, I appreciate the offer, but there is no way in fucking hell I would ever allow you to get a second job."

"Allow me?"

"Allow you. And don't give me any lip about this being an equal partnership. It is *my* job to take care of you. To protect and provide for you."

"Duke, this isn't the fifties. I can do that for you too."

Yeah, he didn't think so. But he wisely kept that to himself.

"And you do. You take care of me in all the ways I need. But I'm a man. A biker. And a Daddy Dom. My girl will never wear herself thin trying to bring in the cash. I do that."

"So we are having money problems?" Her eyes grew wide.

"Sunny, we're—"

"Why didn't you tell me?" she interrupted him.

"Maybe I should go back to gagging you." He sent her a stern look.

She pressed her lips together.

"Listen to me. We are not having money problems."

She appeared unconvinced.

"The thing is ... the shop has gotten busy. Incredibly busy. And I thought that hiring Cruz would help, but he's just brought in more business."

"That sounds like it should be a good thing, but your tone says otherwise."

“It is a good thing. But we’re becoming too big for the shop. We need to hire more people, except there’s no more room for them.”

“We have to shift to another shop?” She bit her lip. “All right ... if that’s what we have to do. Do we have the money to do that?”

“We’d need to get a loan. I’ve got some money. But rather than move, I was actually thinking of starting a second shop.”

“Really?” She suddenly smiled. “Now, that’s a clever idea.”

“Thanks, I have them occasionally,” he said dryly.

“Aww, Daddy. Don’t put yourself down.” She wagged a finger in his face. “You have them more than occasionally.”

He caught her finger with his mouth, biting down gently.

“So you’re going to open another shop?”

“We are,” he said firmly.

“If it’s a ‘we’ thing, then how come you haven’t told me about this before now?”

He brushed her hair back off her face. “It’s my job to make sure that you sleep easy. No stress. No fears. I didn’t want to tell you any of this until I had the details worked out.”

“Oh, but it’s all right for you to be stressed and worried?” she challenged.

“Yep,” he replied firmly.

“I want to help, Duke.”

“You do help. By being you.”

“By being an added burden you have to take care of.”

“Now those are spanking words,” he growled. “That’s ten.”

UH-OH.

Why hadn't she thought before she'd spoken?

"Now, Daddy, I think you're being hasty," she said quickly as he moved her so she was lying over his lap rather than sitting on it.

Then, her pants and panties were being pulled down past her bottom.

This wasn't good.

Not good at all.

Smack!

She let out a small cry of shock. Shoot. Duke wasn't waiting for her to even catch her breath, was he?

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"You are not, nor could you ever be a burden."

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"And I will not hear another word like that! Understand me? Say it again, and it will be twenty."

Smack! Smack! Smack!

By the time the last spank landed, she was kicking her feet, her bottom sore and throbbing. He hadn't messed about.

Those spanks had hurt.

"I'm s-sorry," she said as he moved her back into the same position from before so she was facing him.

He cupped her face between his hands. "You are the most important thing in the world to me, Sunny. I'll walk away from the business tomorrow if I need to in order to show you that."

She shook her head, tears dripping down her face. "You don't. I already know it. I don't know why I said it. I just ... I don't want you to ever feel like you can't tell me something. Like you're worried I'm not capable."

"Hush, baby. I'd never think that. I need to protect you. That's who I am. But I will try to tell you earlier if something like this happens again, all right? I don't like that you were

worrying whether we were having money problems. That's on me."

"Well, I'm glad we're not. Because I've had my eye on this squishy Mad Hatter toy for a while now, and I was really hoping to get it for Christmas."

"We'll add it to your Christmas wish list, yeah?" He kissed the tears off her cheeks.

"Okay, Daddy."

His mouth then dropped to hers, kissing her slowly, sweetly, before he deepened the kiss.

Then he drew back to stare down at her. "My beautiful girl."

She smiled shyly. She didn't think she'd ever grow used to him telling her how beautiful she was.

"So, do you know where you want the new shop to be? Of how you want to run it?"

"Yeah, I have a few places to look at in the New Year. You'll come with me."

Darn right, she would.

"The tricky part is finding someone to manage the new shop. They'll have to have the same vision as me. I'll need someone I can trust."

"I could do it!" It was perfect. She knew what he wanted and he could trust her.

His face grew blank.

Unless he didn't trust her. Maybe he didn't think she could handle it.

Shoot. Her mouth went dry, and she cleared her throat.

"It's all right if you—"

"You work with me," he cut her off firmly.

"Um, I, but I'd still work with you."

“No. You work in the same shop as I do. I need you to be where I can see you. You are not working in a completely different location to me.”

“But, Duke, you’ll probably be moving between shops anyway.”

“Sure, maybe sometimes, but I want you to be in the place where I spend most of my time. And I would prefer that to be the shop closest to the Iron Shadows. So I’ll know that even if I’m not around, you’ll have back-up close.”

“All right. I’ll stay where I am, and we’ll find someone else to operate the other shop.”

“Damn right.”



DUKE TUCKED Sunny into bed and kissed her forehead.

“Daddy, aren’t you coming to bed, too?”

“I’m just going to check that the house is locked up. All right?”

“Okay, Daddy. I was very naughty today.”

Hadn’t they already talked about this?

“I know. But we’ve discussed this. Starting tomorrow, you’re grounded for a month. No going anywhere without my permission unless you’re going to work, where I will be taking you to anyway.”

“Yes, Daddy, but ...”

“But what?” he asked.

“Do you think Santa will still have me on his nice list? What if I’m on the naughty list? He might not bring me any presents!” she wailed.

“Hush, baby. Of course you’re on his nice list. You could never be on the naughty list, no matter what you do. My Sunny is a good girl.”

“Are you sure, Daddy?”

“I’ve never been more certain of anything in my life. My precious girl could never be on Santa’s naughty list.” He kissed her lightly. “Go to sleep, baby. Daddy is here, watching over you.”

It didn’t take her long to fall asleep, then he moved quietly out into the living room.

“I’m thinking about buying my sweet girl a unicorn for Christmas, so you might like to think about putting in a stable in your backyard.”

Duke sighed. But he wasn’t surprised. He’d had a feeling that the Fox would be paying him a visit.

He was sitting on the sofa with Hatter lying half on his lap.
Traitor.

“Great guard dog you make, Hatter,” Duke grumbled.

“Oh, Hatter and I became friends a long time ago.”

“And you’re not buying Sunny a unicorn for Christmas.”

“No?”

“No. They aren’t even real.” So why was he bothering to argue this point? Sighing, he sat on the armchair. “I’m surprised you wanted to leave Autumn and Brody alone tonight.”

“I have eyes on them. Want to see?”

“Uh, no. That’s all right.”

“I could set your house up so you have eyes on Sunny at all times.”

“Uh, I don’t think ... wait, do you have cameras set up in here? In my house?” he demanded.

The Fox just grinned.

“Fox?”

“I don’t think I’ll answer that. Makes it more entertaining when you try to figure out the answer on your own.”

“You can be a real asshole sometimes,” Duke told him without ire.

“I have to get in my kicks somehow. You know, you’d think regularly batter dipping your corn dog would—”

“Fox!” Duke said with a groan. “Can we stay focused? I want to get back to Sunny sometime tonight.”

“Right. What are we going to do about this? They can’t be allowed to go off half-cocked when they get a scheme in their head. It’s dangerous. And I can’t allow any of them to get hurt. So unless you want me to lock away all of them, we need to do something.”

Duke glared at the Fox. “This is why we have problems. You cannot keep threatening to take Sunny from me.”

Fox gave him a strange look. “I am not threatening to take Sunny from you.”

“You’re often saying how you will take her and lock her up. How is that not taking her from me?”

“I assumed you would come too.”

“Fox, sometimes you’ve threatened to take her because you thought I was upsetting her.”

“Isn’t that what big brothers do? Threaten anyone who looks at their little sister strangely, who upsets them? Even if they are her husband?”

Duke let out a breath. Shit. “I guess so. I just know that if you wanted to, you could take her and I’d never find her again.”

The Fox stared at him for a long moment. “I can see how that would be upsetting for you.”

“Thank you for acknowledging my feelings,” Duke said dryly.

“We don’t have to hug now, do we?”

“No!” Duke said. “Definitely not.”

“I promise to never take Sunny from you as long as you do not truly harm her. I might threaten it, but I will not do it unless I deem her at real risk from you.”

“That will never happen,” Duke said in a tight voice.

“Then you have nothing to worry about.”

Duke hoped not.

“You are a sensitive thing, aren’t you? I will have to remember that.”

Duke sighed and tried to keep his temper in check. “What are we going to do about what they did tonight?”

“Well, my two won’t be sitting very well tomorrow or the ensuing days. And I heard you plan on grounding Sunny ...”

Dear Lord.

Did he have to know everything?

“I meant, what are we going to do about that plan of theirs?”

“Ahh. That.”

“I’ll rent the cabin,” Duke found himself blurting out.

“What? Why?”

“So that we can spend a couple of nights over Christmas there. I can’t spare much more time.”

“And why would you want to do that? I didn’t think you wanted to go away on holiday.”

Duke knew he had to tread carefully to not hurt the Fox’s feelings.

Wait. What?

Since when did he care about the Fox’s feelings? Or consider he might have them?

Okay ... that was a bit of an asshole thought.

“The girls and Brody obviously want this. And we both like to give them what they want? Yes?”

“Yes. I always give them what they want. Except if it puts them in danger.”

“Right. So ... we’re in agreement?”

“This moment is historic. I don’t believe we’ve ever been in agreement. Except about your need to plant the parsnip—”

“Fox.”

“Right. Agreed. As long as you stop all this sex talk with Sunny. She’s like a sister to me.”

Duke groaned.



SUNNY SMILED as she slid down the hallway and got back into bed.

It seemed that she was still on Santa’s nice list since her Christmas miracle had just come true.

EPILOGUE

Christmas Eve

IT WAS the night before Christmas, and no one in the log cabin was stirring ... except for one Foxy Santa.

Dressed all in red, he moved around the house, checking on all the Littles and one Big.

Then, deciding they were all sound asleep, he slipped downstairs past the remains of their night before. The board games strewn on the table, evidence of hot chocolates and eggnog, along with far too much candy and chocolate.

Then he stepped up to the Christmas tree. It was done in figures of unicorns and foxes. Along with the occasional Batman and Spiderman.

Pulling his sack off his shoulder, he drew out gifts for them all, placing them under the tree. Next, he put two very special gifts in two of the stockings.

And there was a third big gift was out in the garage.

Sure, he'd heard Duke say that he wasn't to get Sunny a gift.

But since when did he ever let anything the big biker had to say sway him?

He was the Fox after all ...



THE NEXT MORNING, three happy Littles ran down the stairs. Duke followed them, trying to hide his smile.

While the Fox followed. He was excited as Bunny and Pup tipped up their stockings. Only for their faces to fall.

Bunny's eyes filled with tears and soon they dripped down her face. "We're on the n-naughty list!"

"What did we do? What did we do?"

Sunny gaped at them both before turning her desperate look at Duke. "Fix this, Daddy! Fix this!"

While Duke just stared at the Fox in shock.

Panic filled him. "You're not on the naughty list! Read the note!"

Brody pulled a note out of the stocking, reading it. Autumn was too busy staring at the lump of coal sadly.

"Tutu, it says we need to put them in glasses of water," Brody said.

They all moved to the kitchen, where Sunny helped them get glasses and filled them with water.

The lumps of coal quickly dissolved and Bunny and Pup reached into their glasses.

One of them pulled out a titanium ring in black with an image of a fox on the inside. The other drew out a classic gold ring with a huge solitaire diamond and the same fox engraved on the back.

They stared at him, and for once, he was at a loss for words. Then he looked at Sunny, who smiled at him brightly.

He cleared his throat. "Both of you are going to marry me."

They threw themselves at him, shouting, yes!

Autumn hugged and kissed him hotly, before spinning away to show Sunny her ring. Brody's kiss was longer and he grinned at the Fox before he turned away so Sunny could hug him too.

“I don't know why you both said yes; I wasn't actually asking.”

Why they all burst into laughter, he had no idea. But the Fox smiled.

Because in this room was his family. They were happy, they were safe, they were loved.

And he still had that gift in the garage ... the one with a horn ...