



STUFFIE  
HOSPITAL  
LONDON

A  
*London Little's*  
**DRAGON**



**ELLIE ROSE**

A London Little's Dragon: A Stuffie Hospital Romance

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A London Little's Dragon

A Stuffie Hospital London  
Romance

ELLIE ROSE

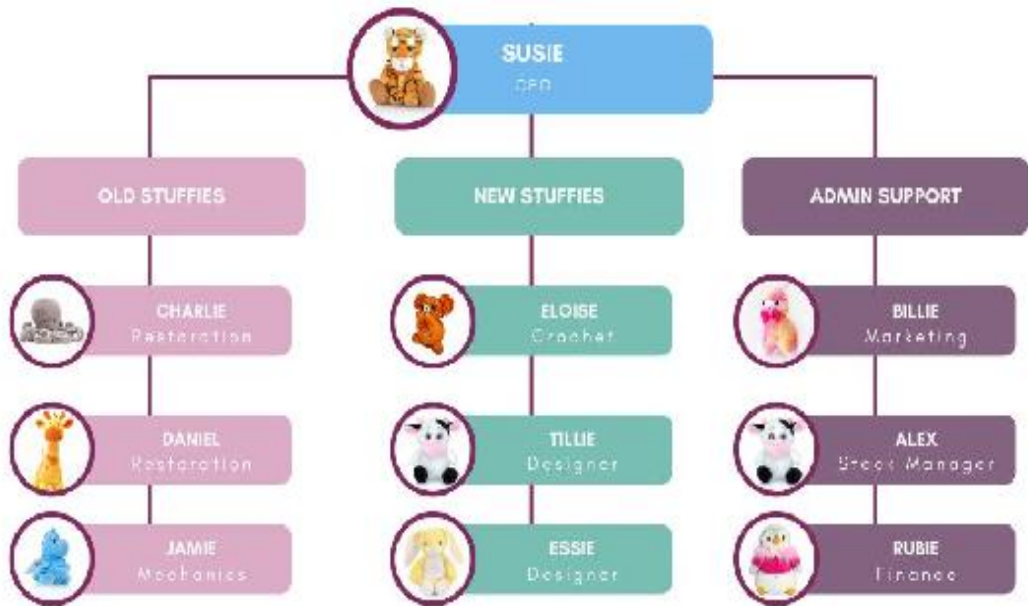
*For my friends. I am blessed with the best of them.*

# AUTHOR NOTE

Please be aware that this story references previous toxic relationships (off page, and before the events of book). I hope I have treated Jamie and Marian's experiences and emotions with the care that they and you deserve.



# STUFFIE HOSPITAL LONDON



# CHAPTER ONE

Being stranded at the side of the motorway, just outside London, was not fun. In fact, less than not fun, it was downright alarming.

Jamie stood on the hard shoulder and glared at his bike.

For the most part, she ran smoothly but for some reason, it had chosen today of all days to break down.

He crouched down by the fuse box, to see if he could work out what was wrong with her, and tried very fucking hard not to cry.

This was the last thing he needed after this weekend. All he wanted was to get home, jump into bed, and screen cartoons on the projector in his room; and instead, he was stuck at the side of a busy road, on the way back from his ex's wedding.

Jamie wasn't even entirely certain why he'd attended the wedding. The invite had come in the post and all his friends had just assumed that he'd be fine with watching the woman who broke his heart walk down the aisle to the man she'd left him for. And being the people pleaser that he was, he hadn't corrected them. He'd faked happiness and delight, and tried very hard not to flinch when she'd said in the patronising tone—that she knew he hated—that she was proud that he was able to be happy for her.

If anything, he was still pissed off with her: for breaking his heart; for losing him his home; and for ruining LittleSpace for him. Cartoons were pretty much all he could cope with sans tears. His stuffies were in a bag at the bottom of his wardrobe, and each time he tried to get one out, he found rogue tears running down his cheeks and he had to put them back.

Luckily, that didn't extend to working on other people's stuffies though, which was just as well considering his job as the mechanics specialist at Stuffie Hospital London.

He looked up from behind his bike as a van pulled up behind him on the hard shoulder, and a woman in a leather jacket jumped out.

“Hey, you okay there?”

Her voice was like butter; soft and warm, and it made him feel prickly in return, all hackles up. Soft, buttery voices made him think of soft Dommies with kind hearts and strong hands, and the ability to stomp his heart into itty bitty pieces. He took a deep breath before he could throw a sarcastic comment her way. It wasn't her fault his ex had hurt him, and he wasn't going to be a dick and take it out on her.

“I think one of her fuses has blown.”

“Ah fuck,” the woman ran her hand through her hair. “I don't think I've any spares on me, but I own a garage in Peckham, so I can give you a lift and fix it there, if that would help?”

“I mean, are you sure?”



She grinned. “Definitely. It’s an easy enough fix, and I’ll only charge you for the work, rather than a breakdown service that would turn up here in Gods know how many hours and cost the earth. I’d take a photo of your driver’s license and send it to my business partner before I let you in my van though.”

“Of course! That would be amazing; thank you so much.” To Jamie’s horror, he felt a rogue tear escape down his cheek. He dashed the back of his hand across his eyes and tried to gruffly cover it. “I’m sorry; it’s been a long weekend.”

“Looks it.” She strode over and offered him a hand up. “I’m Marian, and I’m a pretty good listener, if you wanna talk about it on the way to the garage.”

He met cool grey eyes that should have felt cold, but there was something in them that loosened another tear and he cleared his throat hurriedly. “Yeah, maybe. I’m Jamie.”

“Well, Jamie, let’s get your bike in the back of my van, and we’ll get moving.”

Luckily, there was plenty of space in the back of her van, and she had hard points on the side that allowed her secure Jamie’s bike so it wouldn’t wobble or fall about.

“Just got back from dropping off a BSA Firebird that I restored,” she explained. “Hence the space in the van.”

There was something, just a little something, that stirred in Jamie’s chest. Marian seemed kind, funny, and she repaired and restored motorbikes for a living.

He snuck a look at her as she strode to the van’s cab and climbed in. She walked with confidence, no hesitancy

whatsoever. It felt oddly reassuring.

He, however, was awkward as all hell, getting all tangled in the seatbelt when he got into the cab, until she took it and did it up with a quirked eyebrow that threatened to undo him.

When they rejoined the motorway, they sat in silence at first. Jamie didn't quite know why it felt so awkward. Perhaps it was the fact that after such a long and difficult weekend he'd had to be rescued, and the last person to rescue him from a difficult situation had been his ex, and look how that had turned out.

But as much as he wanted to hold himself back, there was something that told him that Marion was safe.

“So,” she said, breaking the silence. “How did you end up there?”

And all of a sudden, despite the fact that he'd only just met her and that he really did know nothing about her, Jamie found himself telling Marian all about it.

Well, perhaps not quite everything. He wasn't quite ready to explain exactly what the dynamic of his relationship with his ex had been.

The last thing he wanted was for this lovely woman, this lovely, cool, gorgeous woman, to look at him in disgust or confusion. He wanted her to like him, and his previous experiences had implied that most women weren't interested in a guy who wanted to call them Mommy.

But he told her about how he'd fallen in love, and moved in with her, only to have her kick him out when she found someone new.

Marian swore at that. “That wasn’t very nice of her.”

And for some reason, even though Jamie knew that he agreed with her, he found himself defending his ex. “Well, it was her place first, and I didn’t really want to sleep in the living room and hear them having sex next door.”

The look she shot him, a momentary flicker of her gaze off the road and onto him, said that he wasn’t convincing anyone.

“It was shit,” he admitted. “We broke up and I had to find somewhere new to live. If it hadn’t been for work...”

“Work?”

He blushed then. “I’ve never been great at saving money,” he admitted. “I’m too impetuous, and end up spending it almost as fast as I earn it. But when work found out what had happened, they loaned me the money for a deposit, and only took it back in small increments over the following year. And one of my colleagues, Daniel, insisted on being my guarantor for the apartment I found.”

Jamie smiled at the memory. There were a couple of other Littles at Stuffie Hospital London, but Daniel definitely gave off Caretaker vibes. And even though he’d been embarrassed at the situation, everyone had been so so lovely. Tillie and Alex, who had been inseparable then, and were even more inseparable now that they were dating, had helped him move, and spent the entire weekend coming up with more and more inventive ways for him to layout his furniture.

“Where is it you work?”

“I’m a mechanics specialist at Stuffie Hospital London. We repair old bears and cuddly toys, and give them a new lease of

life.” He felt himself enthuse and ducked his head, embarrassment washing over him again. “I love my job.”

He could hear the smile in Marian’s voice. “I can tell; and besides, what Little wouldn’t love working with stuffies?”

Her words shocked Jamie into sitting up straight and looking directly at her for the first time since he got into the cab. “I...I...” He could feel his pulse skyrocketing, and his breathing quickened, even as he fought to get it under control. “I mean, I don’t know what you, what even is—”

Marian’s hand moved from the gearstick to hovering above his knee, as if she wanted to squeeze it reassuringly, and then moved back. “I’m sorry, I just... I know Stuffie Hospital—I went to school with Susie—and I just assumed.” She tucked her hair behind her ear, and he realised that she was nervous too. “That wasn’t okay. I’m really sorry.”

Swallowing once, twice, he shook his head to clear his mind, and then said quietly. “I mean, you’re not wrong. I just didn’t think that people would be able to guess like that.”

She nodded towards his helmet, where a family of cartoon dogs peeked out from the inside. He’d forgotten about that sticker.

“Oh.”

“It’s okay,” that buttery voice was reassuring now. “I get it.”

“You get it.” Jamie didn’t believe that for a moment. “You know what it’s like to be vulnerable and share your innermost childish dreams and hopes, the way a Little does.”

Marian paused, and then nodded. “I had a Daddy Dom for a while.”

Huh. He hadn't expected that. “Do you have one now?”

The laugh she let out was almost a bark. She sounded more bitter than amused. “No, I don't have a Daddy Dom anymore. Mine wasn't...my Little didn't quite recover from that.”

Impetuously, he reached out and touched her shoulder. “That's terrible; I'm so sorry.”

Her smile was wistful. “It's okay; my journey took me in a different direction instead. Made me realise that rather than wanting a Caretaker of my own, I'd rather be someone else's Caretaker, and make sure that they never go through what I went through.”

“But how do you...? I mean, are you a switch?”

He watched the curve of her neck as she leaned to look behind her before taking a left onto the junction.

“Not really. I mean, I think I probably was once, but these days subbing doesn't really hold any interest for me. I've processed what I went through, made my own safe spaces. Now I want to be able to create and hold a safe space for other people.” She paused, and then looked at him as they waited at a set of traffic lights. “How about you? What is it that you want?”

Jamie didn't even hesitate.

“A safe space.”

## CHAPTER TWO

Marian's garage was not too far off Peckham High Street, and as the van pulled in, Jamie found himself wriggling in his seat.

They'd listened to music for much of the rest of the journey, each of them occasionally sneaking glances at the other one, and when they arrived he found that he was pretty conflicted about their time together coming to an end.

"The garage isn't technically open now," said Marian. "Considering the time." It was gone nine. "I can open it up and sort your fuse now, or if you wanted, you could crash at mine and I'll get it sorted for you tomorrow morning, before you have to get to work."

She looked at him directly, not shying away from the invitation she was making.

"Crash at yours?"

Her grin, when it came, poleaxed him. It spread across her face like a slow sunrise, until her features were lit up with joy. "I'm blunt, it's the autism. I'm saying that I'd like to sleep with you, if you're interested."

That flustered him and he didn't know where to look. "I mean..."

“It’s also totally okay if you don’t want to; and if you don’t feel comfortable waiting for me to sort your bike, you can train it home now, and come pick it up after work instead.”

“I’m interested.” His words were quiet, but sure.

It made her smile widen and he realised that he might actually do just about anything to see her smile like that. “How about you come up, I throw together some food for us both, and we can talk about what we’d like to do whilst we eat?”

Jamie nodded. “That sounds like a plan.”

She lived in the apartment above the garage, in typical crowded London style, and he loved the fact that her place felt light and airy. There were bits of metal and machinery decorating the walls, and he liked the fact that she’d found art that echoed her love for cars and bikes.

There was one particularly fascinating piece that he stood in front of for about fifteen minutes, until she came and stood next to him.

“It’s beautiful,” he said, because it was. Somehow it took everything that made up a bike, and made it fly. Even static on the wall, it seemed as if it were flying.

“It’s the thing I love about bikes,” Marian said. “The fact that they make you feel so alive.”

He nodded.

“What do you fancy for dinner? I can do some chilli udon noodles. You veggie?”

He shook his head.

“And you’re good with spice?”

He nodded.

She laughed, the sound filling the space. “We gotta get you talking more.”

“I can talk,” he protested, but his laugh intermingled with hers as she took his hand and led him to the couch to sit.

“You sit there whilst I prep.”

Watching her cook was mesmerising. She moved from fridge to counter to cupboard to oven without a moment of slowing down. It was like a dance—a marriage of woman and food—and he could see that she adored cooking.

She talked as she cooked, a never-ending river of words bubbling along as she chopped and mixed and wielded her wok.

As she finished, she beckoned him over to lay the table for the two of them, and when she brought the bowls over for them, she said “Good boy,” and he thought he might expire.

The food was delicious—spicy and flavourful—and there was momentary silence whilst they ate. Momentary, because after a few minutes, Jamie ventured a question. “Do you have an idea of what you’d like to do this evening?”

She nodded, her eyes flicking to his and then away again. “I’d like to create and hold a safe space for you. What we do within that space is up to you and—” she added before he could interrupt, “I mean it when I say it’s what I like most. I get off on knowing that I can help someone get to their happy place. So where’s your happy place? What do you like to do there?”



Jamie thought about it for a few moments. “I’m not entirely sure,” he admitted. “I mean, I know some of the things I’ve enjoyed in the past, and I know what I’d *like* to try, but I’ve never managed to stay in my happy place for very long.” The sigh he released sounded sad, even to him, and he took a bite out of a big chunk of broccoli to disguise it. Only the broccoli had been soaked in chilli sauce and he ended up almost spluttering all over the table.

Marian chuckled as she passed him some water. “You okay there?”

He nodded, coughing hoarsely. “Yeah.”

“Well, why don’t we start with the basics: are you subby?”

Jamie had never had a reputation for being a brat, but the look he shot her definitely had a bratty undertone.

She laughed. “Okay, definitely subby. Do you have a preference for what you’d like to call a Domme?”

Mumbling his reply earned him a tut and a shake of the head.

“Come on, use your words properly please.”

“Mommy.”

Softness rolled over her face like clouds across a spring sky. “I thought that might be the case. Good boy for telling me.” She reached over and patted his hand.

“And if you can imagine your perfect happy place, where would that be?”

“I get a bit overwhelmed sometimes,” he said, shy words spilling hesitantly from his lips. “So sometimes being

blindfolded helps keep me in the moment. And I like making my Domme come.”

Her gurgle of laughter was addictive. He wanted to hear it again.

“And how about orgasms for you?”

Tripping over the words, he explained, “It’s not that I don’t like orgasms, of course I do, but I’d rather teeter on the edge and let that feeling last for ever. As long as I can please you.”

“Oh my sweet boy,” she leaned forward and took his face in her hands. “You’ll please me.” And then she kissed him and everything that had been buzzing around in his head for days, weeks, months, all went silent.

Everything was her. The scent of her hair, her softness, the scratch of her nails as she ran her hands through his short hair.

When she pulled away, he followed her lips, almost keening, desperate for another taste.

“Glass of milk first, and we both wash our hands,” she said. “I’m not risking chilli on your tongue.”

That made him laugh, and then they were kissing again, moving backwards until she was against the frame of the door. She pulled back, breathless. “Come on, be a good boy for Mommy and have your milk before bed.” And then she pulled her top up and over her head.

Damn, he was hard.

She was all soft curves, bountiful breasts threatening to spill out of her bra, and he longed to trace their outline with his tongue. But she leaned back, raised one eyebrow and he

found himself pattering over to the fridge, saying “Yes Mommy,” like a good boy should.

Jamie could feel her eyes on him as he drank the glass of milk. He wanted to gulp it down, but instead he slowly turned on the spot and looked at her over the rim of the glass.

When he was done, he turned to put it on the counter behind him, and when he turned back, he could see Marian walking into her bedroom, stripping as she went.

As each item of clothing hit the floor, his cock hardened, and his balls tightened up under him, until she was stood there in just her bra.

She was a goddess, and he had every intention of worshipping her.

Jamie followed her, and followed each and every instruction she gave him.

“Jeans off.”

“Shirt off.”

“On the bed.”

“Lie back.”

And each time, his obedience was rewarded with a smile and a “good boy”.

Finally, when he was lying in front of her, she said, “Safewords?”

“Traffic lights please, Mommy.”

“Red for?”

“Stop.”

“Yellow for?”

“Pause and check in.”

“And green for?”

“Go go go.”

She straddled him then, the heat between her legs rubbing against where his cock strained in his boxers. It was all he could do not to haul her into his arms and kiss her.

Clearly, she clocked this, because she asked for his hands, and he gave them to her instantly.

“I think I’d like to tie you up, boy. How do you feel about that?”

His cock twitched and then there was that gurgle of laughter again.

“As much as I’d like to take that as agreement, I think I need a bit more than just your cock saying yes. What do you say?”

“Yes please, Mommy.”

Her eyes darkened with desire then, and she swallowed. “Damn if you’re not the most darling thing. Okay sweet boy; cuffs or rope?”

“Rope please, Mommy?” And when that sweet sound of rope sliding between fingers arose, he closed his eyes and let his head fall back so he could take it in.

She didn’t tie him up immediately, but rather teased him with the rope, running it back and forth across his wrists, his chest, his cheeks, until she deftly caught his left hand and trussed it up. His right hand followed until they were both

caught against the headboard, and he could barely move them at all.

Marian ran her finger between the rope and the wrist, testing how tight it was tied, and when he opened his eyes momentarily, her look of satisfaction almost did him in.

“Right. Now for a blindfold I think.”

Reaching across him, her bra brushing his face, he felt a soft sound and then a scarf covered his eyes.

Leaning back, he let himself fall into the darkness. Let it swallow him up. Something silky danced across his face, and he realised that it must be her hair, spilling over him.

“Mommy.”

“Yes, baby boy?”

He paused. His instinct had been to say ‘I love you’, but he knew that that wasn’t right, that it was too soon. But still, he felt...

“Are you okay, Jamie?”

“Yes, Mommy. Just, you will look after me, won’t you?” He could hear the anxiety in his words, worried that it was too much, too demanding.

“Oh darling.” She leaned forward until he could feel her lips ghosting his. “I will always look after you. You are precious and you are mine.” And then she nudged his head backward and moved up the bed until he was dizzy with the scent of her above him.

“Would you like to lick me, darling boy?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“Beg me.”

It was as if her words had unstoppered a waterfall of his own. “Please Mommy, oh Gods, please please please may I lick you. I’m dying to taste you. Desperate to taste you. *Need* to taste you.” And he was still talking as she lowered her pussy onto his lips.

He felt like he was drowning in her, alternating between licking and sucking her clit, using his nose to nudge against it when she shifted so his tongue could enter her.

She tasted divine. Like the finest nectar of the Gods.

And just as with that, he felt like he was drunk on her.

He worshipped.

And she took his worship as her due, riding his face, taking her pleasure from his mouth and tongue as tribute.

Her fingers intertwined with his, tied above his head, and he thought he might come, just like this, just from having her enjoying herself like this, touching him like this.

And when she came he thought he might expire, thighs tightening, trembling about his ears as she gasped out her pleasure in a different key.

She wasn’t done with him though. Straddling his waist, pussy perfectly nestled atop his cock, despite the layer of cotton between them, she took off the blindfold and he came blinking into the light.

“Hey there, darling boy,” she said. Her hair was all mussed up, ginger waves riotously curling about her, and her lips were

pink and full and he longed to kiss them. “You made Mommy very very happy.”

“I did?”

Her throaty chuckle asserted that yes, she had had a most excellent time indeed. “So much so, my good boy, that I think you deserve a reward.” And then she leaned behind her and in one swift movement, undid the clasp of her bra.

Her breasts were heavy and rounded and he felt himself struggle to try and sit up, but she hushed him and pushed him back down. “Now now, darling boy, no fussing.”

And then she leaned over him and moaned as her nipple met his lips. “Here you go.”

She didn’t need to say another word, he sucked the tight nub into his mouth and she gasped. One breast, and then the other, and then back again, he lavished them with attention, sucking and flicking with his tongue, and at one point a tiny nip that had her grinding against his cock.

He thought he might explode any moment, but he loved even more the fact that this wasn’t about him, or his pleasure. This was all about her, all about being a good boy for Mommy, and making her feel good.

But when she came a second time, the heat from her pussy scalding his cock through his boxers, her nipple in his mouth, and her hand gently stroking his hair, he followed her over the cliff into bliss.

Afterwards though, he felt almost ashamed of his lack of self-control, and wouldn’t look at her when she said his name.

“Jamie. *Jamie.*”

She tapped the side of his face, just to make him turn to look at her, but he gasped and she saw his need in his eyes.

“Say it.”

“But, Mommy...”

“*Say it.*”

“I’m a bad boy, Mommy.”

“Yes, you are, but you’re *my* bad boy. And what happens when my bad boy comes before I tell him to?”

He knew that this was the point where he could back out of it, where he could close off and not tell her what he really wanted, but her eyes were full of kindness and affection and...

“Bad boys get slapped and bad boys get spanked.”



## CHAPTER THREE

The first slap was gentle, more gentle than he wanted, but when she looked down at him, he said “Green green green, Mommy. Please, Mommy, more.” And she nodded at him.

The second one was sharp and took his breath away and had his cock surging back to life with a speed that surprised even him.

He turned his head and kissed the palm that had kissed his cheek.

“Again?”

“Yes please, Mommy.”

Then he was biting his lip as the third slap shocked him with its fierceness.

And then she was undoing the rope about his wrists with trembling, eager fingers, and beckoning him forward until he was on all fours beside her.

“Count them off for me, boy, and thank me.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

The spanks started harder than the slaps had, and soon he was mumbling words and numbers and thank yous in a jumble of sounds that echoed even as his balls bounced and his cock bobbed beneath him.

Each spank felt—just as the slaps had—like a kiss.

Like she knew exactly what he needed.

Like she was giving him the space he needed just to be.

And then her hand was reaching beneath him, pausing just beyond his tip and until he surged forward, desperate to feel her skin against his.

She moved it away and laughed, a laugh that was both mocking and comforting.

“You want this, do you, boy? You want my touch?”

“Please, Mommy.” His head was starting to spin now, the high from subspace making his movements slow down and last forever. “Please, Mommy, I need you.”

Marian spanked him again, hard. “But you were a bad boy...”

“I’m sorry, Mommy, I’m so sorry, I won’t be a bad boy again!”

“You promise?”

“Yes Mommy, I promise,” and then her hand was round his length, her thumb sliding across his slick tip, and he buried his face into the pillows and tried beyond tried to keep his orgasm at bay.

It was almost as if she knew exactly what would make him come, because each time she’d back off, edging him just a little bit more. Just like he’d asked her to.

“You make such beautiful desperate noises, darling boy,” she said. “Mommy’s desperate Little boy.”

He didn't know how long she edged him for; it could have been minutes, it could have been hours. But when she finally brought him so close he could almost taste the pleasure, she leaned forward, her breasts stroking his back, and said, "Not tonight, there's a good boy."

And he squeezed his eyes closed and took deep breaths and kept himself right there on the edge, until he could feel the orgasms ebb away into nothingness.

Jamie collapsed on the bed, curling up into a ball, and she took him in her arms and held him.

"You did so so well, my darling boy. I'm so so proud of you."

He lay there trembling in her arms, letting her words sooth his soul.

Marian pulled him close into her, and he felt her legs slide into place next to his, like they were two pieces in Tetris.

"Thank you, Mommy," he whispered, and she kissed his shoulder and held him tight all night.

When he awoke the next morning, she was nowhere to be seen, and for a moment, he thought she'd left for work without waking him, but then she came in with toast cut into dragon shapes, an airtight container, and a dragon stuffie.

Jamie looked at the dragon stuffie, and for the first time in a year, when he picked it up his heart didn't feel like it was breaking. He didn't feel like throwing up. He didn't feel like crying.

He felt happy.

“This is for me?”

Marian smiled at him. “He’s been sat waiting for his owner for far too long. I’m glad he gets to be yours,” she said, and leaned in to get a kiss.

He beamed up at her, and then wriggled so he could kiss her back. “Morning, Mommy.” And he picked up the dragon stuffie, and cuddled it to him, burying his face in its softness.

He had a stuffie. A new stuffie that promised good memories and delight.

“You’d best hurry up and eat; I can probably drop you at work before the garage opens, and then I can bring your bike by at the end of the day.”

He looked at her, wide eyed, and she stopped talking.

“Oh fuck, I just assumed—” she flushed red and he realised that she was embarrassed. “It’s fine, I’ll speed it up, and then you can go and—”

“—hey.” Jamie interrupted her gently. “Rewind a second; did you make me a packed lunch?”

“Yes?” she looked nervous, as if scared that she’d messed up.

“Thank you, Mommy,” he said, and this time it was his turn to kiss her. His hands were in her hair and he held her close. “That makes me feel really cared for, and cherished.”

“Yes, but I shouldn’t have assumed...”

“Shouldn’t have assumed what?”

“That you’d want to do this again.”

He paused and thought for a moment. “Well, in this case, you would be correct.” Jamie ducked his head and blushed. “You said last night that I was yours.”

“You are mine.” Her words were quiet, but they held a ring of truth that made him smile. “Not in a creepy controlling sense, but in an I’ve got you kind of sense.”

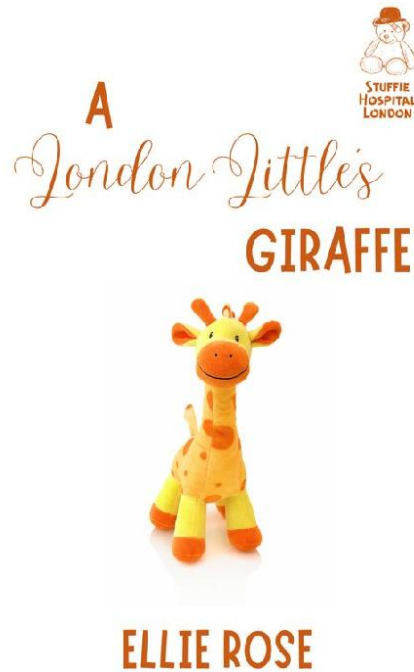
“I think I’m going to like being yours,” he said. “Because it feels like love.”

She kissed him and touched his cheek affectionately. “Good, because I intend to love you very much.”

And holding his dragon in his arms, Jamie believed her. She was his safe space.

The End

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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Here's to many more adventures at Stuffie Hospital  
London!!

# ABOUT ELLIE

Ellie Rose is a queer author who writes fluffy and steamy Little romances. Her books are kinky, queer and neurodiverse, and always have a Happy Ever After!

When she's not writing, she can invariably be found reading in her princess tent, surrounded by a mountain of stuffies, or dancing in a silent disco for one in her living room.

Follow Ellie on [Facebook](#), join her Facebook group [The Shenanigans Squad](#), and sign up to her [Newsletter](#) to keep up to date with everything Stuffle Hospital!

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