



HALLOWEEN TRICKS  
WILL STILL GET  
YOU SPANKED

DADDY'S LITTLE  
~~TRICK~~ Treat

ELYSE KELLY

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~~TRICK~~ Treat

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*She can run, but she can't hide from me...*

*Not for long, anyway.*

Daddy always gets his little girl, my Little Red Riding Hood.

And when the chase ends, and I finally get my wolfish paws  
on every sinful curve of her body...

Well, let's just say all these Halloween tricks may have earned  
Kelsey more spankings than treats.

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Also by Elyse Kelly.

Find Elyse Kelly.

EKB

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## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

Welcome to my world of Smutlandia!  
Please remember this is just a book, not a dick.  
So, don't take it so hard.  
Now, relax and enjoy the smut!  
XO, Elyse ☐

# **DADDY'S LITTLE TREAT**

---

ELYSE KELLY



# 1

---

KELSEY

Daddy: Can't wait to see you tonight... Red. 😞

**R**ed? *What does that mean?*

I lean back in my office chair and stretch my arms over my head. Logan's never called me *Red* before, so I'm guessing it has something to do with our evening plans. But I can't dwell on it if I want to get out of here on time. And I don't want to keep Daddy waiting.

*Or do I?* Maybe that'll earn me a spanking, which I'm all too happy to receive.

*Focus, Kelsey. Think about spankings later.*

My muscles have grown tight and stiff from sitting at my desk for the past two hours, as I've worked tirelessly on a risk assessment for a new client. As a senior security analyst for one of the biggest firms in town, this job keeps me busy and often chained to my workspace.

I'm massaging my neck, loosening the tension, when I hear a melodic chime through my computer's soundbar. Checking my email, I see that an admin is asking for my help with the finicky printer on the second floor. Yes, she *should* contact the IT department and not me. But Cindy knows I'll respond faster and always try to help. I reply with a list of troubleshooting ideas, letting her know I'll come down there if none of them works. I've just hit *send* when I hear two sharp raps on my door before it's pushed wide open. That's normal around here, as everyone knows I have an open-door policy.

*Maybe I should change that so I can get some work done...*

Another analyst, Courtney, pokes her head inside. “Hey, girl. You busy?”

“Just wrapping up. I have to send out this assessment, and then I’m done for the day.”

“Oh, yeah. I noticed your calendar was blocked off for this afternoon.” Courtney steps into my office, then settles into one of the chairs in front of my desk. “Planning to get a head start on the Halloween weekend?”

“Yep!” I can barely contain the eagerness in my voice as I attach my report to the email I drafted for my client. *And send!*

“The kids must be excited. This is your first Halloween together, right?”

“It is. And they’ve been so cute about it, constantly talking about their costumes and what candy they want. Logan’s mom is picking them up from school so they can spend the night with her. She spoils them rotten.”

Courtney gives me a wicked grin. “Oh, does that mean you and Logan are stealing some alone time this evening?”

I laugh nervously. “If only. We’re actually going to a Halloween party.” My nose scrunches at the thought.

Courtney’s mouth gapes as she stares at me. “You? You’re going to a Halloween party. With costumes? And people?”

I feign excitement. “I sure am!” She gives me a deadpan look, and I drop my fake smile, returning to my normal tone. “I know it’s not exactly my thing—”

“That’s an understatement,” Courtney mumbles.

I raise a single eyebrow at her. “But... I *am* trying to step outside my comfort zone.”

“I’m guessing a certain gorgeous handyman has something to do with that.” She wiggles her eyebrows up and down as she grins.

I bite my lip when warmth spreads across my cheeks. “Perhaps...” My stomach flutters with butterflies when I think

about Logan.

“Well, you *do* seem more outgoing since the two of you got together.”

My mouth twists to one side as I look toward the ceiling. “I suppose I am,” I reply wistfully.

It’s not that I’m awkward around strangers. It’s that new places and experiences can give me anxiety. I don’t know what to expect, and I don’t like surprises. I’m much more relaxed socializing with people I know in familiar spaces, so I tend not to seek out new things. Noisy environments can stress me out, especially since I’m neurodivergent and sensitive to certain sounds and smells.

But Courtney is right. I have started to try new things since I met Logan. He makes me feel safe, reassures me that my reactions are completely normal, and he doesn’t make a big deal about it if I’m ever uncomfortable and want to leave. I never feel bad asking him for what I need. And that’s something I’m not used to.

“Logan has helped me in ways I didn’t know I needed. It’s like I’m a different person with him in my life. More confident and even a little adventurous.”

“Or maybe you’re finally comfortable being yourself.” The corners of her mouth tip up into a genuine smile. “I wish I could find a guy like that—or anyone who looks at me the way he looks at you.”

“You’re too sweet.” I remember the first day we really had a chance to talk. It was the kids’ parent-teacher meeting at school. We flirted like teenagers in the back of that classroom, passing notes and whispering jokes to each other. I couldn’t stop staring at Logan’s muscular body and captivating blue eyes. It turned out I wasn’t the only one who liked what they saw.

But I was stunned when he asked me out a few days later. He was tall and beautiful, like a Greek god. The other moms practically threw their panties at the poor man. Yet here I was, all curves and wild curly hair. I hated the extra weight I

carried, from my large, heavy breasts to my wide hips and extra-plump ass. I worked hard to stay in shape so I could keep up with my daughter, but I couldn't seem to shed the pounds in my problem areas. So I hid them as best I could and tried not to let my size bother me.

But Logan quickly made it clear he didn't see a problem with any part of me. He praises my body and worships every inch of it, encouraging me to show it off. He's proud of how I look and wants everyone to know it.

I'm lost in my thoughts when Courtney asks, "I'm guessing the kids are getting along well then?"

"They're as thick as thieves and always up to something."

"Sounds about right for two six-year-olds. So, what's the game plan for tomorrow?"

"They'll be attending their own Halloween party at the school, followed by a trunk-or-treat in the parking lot."

"That sounds fun. What are they going as this year?"

"We're doing family costumes and dressing up as characters from *Toy Story*. I'll be Bo Peep, and Logan'll be Woody. Tommy can't wait to be Buzz Lightyear, and Katie is going as Jessie, the cowgirl." I log out of my computer before rising from my chair. "Speaking of, I need to get going. I have most of it, but I still gotta pick up the Woody costume I ordered and a few other things. Then, I need to get ready for tonight."

Courtney stands and heads for the door while I gather my belongings and follow behind her. "And what's the plan for tonight?" A mischievous grin spreads across her face. "This *is* an adult Halloween party, right? Surely you have something a little... sexier you'll wear?"

"Maybe. You'll just have to wait until Monday to find out."

She responds with a playful pout before we say our goodbyes. I walk to my car with a shy smile, wondering what kind of costumes Logan picked out for us. I hope tonight will

be fun and that I'll get a special reward from Daddy for being his good little girl.

“Hey, boss. I’m sorry to cut out early. I must have some kind of stomach bug or something.” Mike clutches his abdomen with a pinched expression.

“Yeah, alright. Go on and get outta here. Take care of yourself.”

“Thanks, Logan. Hopefully, I’ll see you Monday.”

I give his shoulder a reassuring squeeze before he hustles to his truck.

*Fucking hell.* This is not the day I need to be a man short on this project, especially going into the weekend. *Halloween* weekend at that, when everyone wants to clock out early and start their festivities. Me included. But I guess we’re all staying late so we can keep on schedule and finish this remodel on time.

I’m eager for this fucking workday to end. My thoughts have been consumed with plans for tonight, and I’m looking forward to attending a party hosted by my best client, Kyle Tibideaux. Not only is he a kind man, but he’s hired my company to work on several of his multi-million dollar homes over the past year, even footing the bill for airfare when we’ve worked on his vacation properties.

He’s ridiculously wealthy but also down-to-earth and incredibly generous, always doing good deeds for others in town. He even invited my entire staff to his annual Halloween bash. It’s an over-the-top event hosted at his primary residence, a mansion at the city’s north end. He spared no

expense on this elaborate affair, and I've heard the decorations and entertainment are top-notch.

But that's not what I'm excited about.

I'm anxiously anticipating taking Kelsey to the party. I'm so damn proud of her, seeing how much she's grown in our short time together. I like to think I've had a hand in that, but I know it's mostly her. She just needed someone to love her and show her it's okay to be who she is. That she's perfect and doesn't have to be someone she's not, simply to make other people happy or more comfortable.

I know she also struggles to love her body the way I do, and no amount of reassurance will make that disappear. But I seize every opportunity to show her I appreciate all her luscious curves. So, tonight, I'm going to show her off proudly at one of the biggest events in town. Kelsey's smart, witty, and beautiful. She's all mine, and I want everyone to know it.

That's why I insisted on picking out our costumes. I knew if I let her make the call, we'd end up dressed in something boring and baggy that would hide her gorgeous figure, like sweats or a potato sack. But one thing I love about Halloween is that it's an excellent time to be a little naughty. And it's also the perfect excuse to get Kelsey into an outfit that accentuates her body and boosts her confidence.

It didn't take me long to come up with costumes that represented us as a couple: Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf. With her sweetness and effortless sex appeal, she's the embodiment of the fairy-tale character. And being near her turns me into a wolfish villain, dying to get a taste of her. Of course, devouring her every chance I get has nothing to do with filling my stomach and everything to do with satiating another appetite.

Fuck, I'm getting hard just envisioning her wearing that little red dress and fur-trimmed cape.

"Hey, Logan. Can I get some help over here?" My mind is pulled back to the present by Greg, one of my employees. I mentally berate myself for getting distracted, knowing there's a mountain of work to be done. As much as I'm looking

forward to tonight, I need to focus if I have any hopes of making it to this party. And precious daylight is burning.

I move to where Greg is standing with a drill and hold a cabinet for him while the rest of my crew finishes the flooring. Things are coming together, but as I glance at my watch, I know I'll be late getting home. Once the cabinet is in place, I step away to make a quick phone call, and Kelsey picks up on the first ring.

"Hello?" There's something off about her voice. With that one word, I can detect tension in her tone.

"What's wrong?" I'm immediately concerned.

"Nothing, it's just... Well, I just got home." If I was there with her, I'd see her chewing the corner of her bottom lip. She does that when she's uneasy.

"Okay... Did you get everything you needed for tomorrow?"

"Yes, that's all taken care of." I hear her blow out a loud breath into the phone. "But I'm in our bedroom."

I chuckle to myself. *Now I know where this is coming from.*

"I see." I can't help the devilish grin on my face. "Guess you found your costume." I laid it out on the bed this morning so it would be ready for her when she got home.

"Logan, you can't be serious. You want me to wear... this?" I can picture her picking it up between two fingers and holding it out in front of her.

"You don't like the story of Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Of course I do. But I don't remember her wearing something like this in the version I read."

"Well, this is *our* version... *Red*." I almost groan, picturing how sexy she'll look as the blood-red dress contrasts with her light brown skin. "You'll be gorgeous in that costume."

"I'll be fat." Her words wipe the smile right off my fucking face.



“What was that, Little Girl?” I growl into the phone, walking farther away from my men so I won’t be overheard. “That’s not how we talk about ourselves, now is it?” There’s a pregnant pause, and my hand itches to spank her.

“No, Daddy, it’s not,” she finally huffs. Yet the subtle whine in her response intensifies my urge to punish her. “But I don’t know if—”

“No *but*s,” I cut her off. “Are you arguing with me, Little Girl?” There’s a dangerous edge to my voice, and I envision her eyes narrowing and her pupils darkening. Kelsey’s a good girl submissive, usually obedient. But she likes pushing my buttons. And I like it too.

After a brief moment, she snickers, “Maybe I am, Daddy.”

“I’d be careful if I were you, baby. Or you might get more tricks than treats.”

“Tricks, huh? If you mean spankings, then I’ll take those treats. I mean, *tricks*.”

I laugh inwardly. Because what else can I do? “What am I going to do with you?”

“Spank me?” I can hear the smile in her voice, and it settles me, knowing her concerns are alleviated, at least for the moment. “Or, maybe you’ll tie me up with your favorite rope and tease me.”

I tsk my tongue. “Little Girl... you’d better behave, or you’ll get nothing but a throbbing wet pussy and no orgasms.”

“You’re no fun,” she grumbles. “Fine, I’ll be a good girl. Why are you calling, anyway?”

I cringe as I prepare to tell her the news. “I hate to do this, but I have to work late tonight.”

“Late? How late?” The worry’s back. I can hear it and I feel like the biggest asshole.

“Late, late, baby. I’m sorry.” There’s another pause.

When Kelsey speaks again, her voice has an obvious strain, but I can tell she’s trying to hide it. “Why? Is something

wrong?”

“Mike went home sick today, and we’ve already had several unexpected delays on this project. We’ve used up all the contingency time I had built into the schedule, so we’ve gotta stay a few extra hours tonight so we can meet our deadline.” I hear her swallow on the other end of the line. “I’m doing my best to pick up the slack, but we’re running behind. I promised the client we’d have the remodel completed by next Friday, and we’re almost there. But we need to get to a certain point in the project tonight so my guys can avoid working this weekend. They all have kids, so I can’t take them away from their families on Halloween weekend.”

*And I don’t want any angry wives threatening to kick my ass either.*

“I’ll need to come home to get cleaned up and changed before the party, but I’m not sure what time that’ll be. Think you can head over without me? And I’ll meet you there as soon as I can.”

I’ve known Kelsey long enough to also know that walking into an unfamiliar environment like this on her own could trigger an anxiety attack. So I won’t pressure her into going ahead of me. I just hate the thought of her sitting at home alone when she could go without me and possibly have a good time. She’s been doing so well managing and coping with her social anxiety. I know she can do this and be just fine. But it’s her call, and I’ll support her decision.

“Yeah, I can do that.” I don’t detect any significant trepidation, but I’m positive she’s nervous. “I know Chloe will be there with her boyfriend, so I can hang around with them until you arrive. At least that’s two people I’ll know,” she titters. “I promise I’ll be fine.”

Fuck, I love her. This isn’t easy for her to do. It’s not easy for a lot of people to do.

“I’m proud of you, Little Girl.” I hear her quiet, contented purr through the phone. “Enjoy yourself. I’ll be there before you know it.”

“Don’t keep me waiting, Wolfie. I’d hate for this little red dress to go to waste,” she teases in a sultry tone, one that makes my cock twitch in my pants. “Better come find me.”

Before I can respond, she ends the call, and my determination to get shit done is suddenly heightened. The sooner I get out of here, the sooner I get to my Little Girl. She needs to see how big and bad this wolf can be when he’s hunting his prey.

**M** *y tits are gonna fall outta this dress. What was he thinking when he picked it out?*

That's a rhetorical question because I know exactly what Logan was thinking, or at least what he was thinking *with*. But I can't be mad at him. I'm thankful I have a man who loves me fiercely and always thinks I'm beautiful—no matter what I'm wearing.

Yet, despite the way that I reassured him on the phone that everything was fine, I'm still filled with nerves as I park my car for the valet in front of the stunning home where the party is taking place. I've never seen anything so beautiful. And festive. If all the cars I saw parked along the drive and down the street are anything to go by, I'd say the event is in full swing. But I push away the thoughts of how many people are inside—strangers just waiting to judge me—and focus on catching up with Chloe and Matt, who I'm hoping are already here.

*Batman* opens my door, and I exit the vehicle, smoothing my hands over my dress. He smiles appreciatively as his gaze rakes over my body, but I cast my eyes downward, letting him know I'm not interested.

*Better watch it, Batman. The Big Bad Wolf doesn't share his toys.*

I mindlessly tug at the hem of the low-cut dress in a fruitless attempt to lengthen it past my upper thighs. I rarely wear anything short, but I'm trusting Logan wouldn't select

something he didn't think would look good on me. My toned calves are accentuated by strappy black heels as they clack against the pavement on my way to the front entrance. And there's a slight breeze circling my feet where my red cloak barely kisses the ground. I run my fingers along the fur trim of my hood, focusing on the surprisingly smooth, soft texture. As I remove the covering from my head, I'm pleased by how the caramel highlights of my dark curls gleam under the porch lights.

Yes, this is a revealing costume and not one I would've chosen for myself. But I feel confident and sexy, just as Logan knew I would. I never should have doubted that Daddy would take care of me. He always knows what I need, even before I know I need it.

With my shoulders pulled back and a lift of my chin, I continue up the stairs of the elegant mansion. The music can be heard from the main road, but I don't let it deter me as I cross the covered porch leading to the front door. A sign directs guests to let themselves in, which is understandable since no one could hear a doorbell with the "Monster Mash" blasting through the home.

As my thumb presses the release of the handle, my heart leaps into my throat when an oversized black spider descends from the ceiling, heading straight for my face. I shriek and duck, then laugh at myself when I realize it's fake. Glancing around, I notice only good-natured smiles, likely from others who fell for the same gag. My cheeks flame, and I'm grateful my golden-brown skin hides my embarrassment.

The host has gone all out decorating the double staircases and extravagant chandelier of the two-story foyer. Fake cobwebs are draped everywhere, and the largest bowl of candy I've ever seen rests on a marble-top table in the middle of the room. And those aren't the fun-sized treats either. No, these are full candy bars, a trick-or-treater's dream come true.

Struggling to resist my favorite, I reach for a Mr. Goodbar. But I stop myself when I spot a slender brunette in a skintight catsuit, complete with a tail and pointy ears. Her sleek look appears effortless, with a grace and sex appeal I could never

achieve. I turn away from the huge crystal bowl, deciding against the chocolate, until I hear Logan's voice echoing in my mind, and I stop midstep.

He'd chastise me for being so critical and comparing myself to another woman, any woman for that matter. Daddy frequently reminds me that no one is allowed to bad-mouth his Little Girl, and that includes me too. The image of his gorgeous face with a flare of contempt in his eyes makes me smile, considering it comes from good intentions and his unconditional love. I grab the candy bar and shove it in my clutch for later because Logan would want me to enjoy the treat. *I want to enjoy the treat. So I will.*

*And anyone who wants to judge me for it can kiss my fluffy ass.*

Ahead and to the right, costumed guests mill around a decorated archway. I saunter toward them, my mouth falling open when I gaze at the ballroom on the other side. This place is more impressive than I first realized. And the music heard from outside is coming from a live band playing on a stage at the back of the room. There are Hollywood-worthy props decorating the space and life-size figures of villains from popular scary movies, including Chucky, Michael Myers, and Freddy Krueger. I'm staring at an eerily realistic Jason Voorhees mannequin when I sense someone behind me. Turning, I find *Willy Wonka* smiling warmly at me, so I return his gesture.

"You must be Kelsey." His gentle, brown eyes and rich, baritone voice are inviting, melting away some of my initial tension.

I grin at him. "How'd you know?"

He extends a gloved hand for me to shake. "Logan asked me to take special care of Little Red Riding Hood. I'm Mr. Tibideaux."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, sir. Thank you for inviting me into your lovely home."

“The pleasure is all mine, dear.” Logan told me Mr. Tibideaux is in his late-sixties, but he’s a kid at heart and loves to have fun. His costume and this party attest to that. “I enjoy sharing my favorite holidays with people, and the more friends I have to share them with, the better.”

“That’s very kind of you, Mr. Tibideaux. I mean, *Mr. Wonka*.”

He’s winking at me when someone calls out his name, and he turns toward the speaker. He assures me we’ll catch up later and encourages me to enjoy one of the numerous buffets located throughout the home.

I agree. Food sounds like a great idea, but a stop at the bar would tamp down the uneasiness threatening to rise back up. I don’t drink often, so I’m unsure of what to order, and the young woman behind the coffin-shaped bar notices my hesitation.

“Would you like to try a spooky cocktail? Tell me what you like. Strong? Sour? Sweet?”

“Definitely sweet, please.”

“Then, it’s the Witches Brew that you want.” I watch as she concocts a bright-green drink with pineapple juice, simple syrup, melon liqueur, vodka, and Blue Curacao. “Taste this and tell me what you think.”

I tentatively sip the neon beverage, my eyes widening at the delicious, fruity flavor. “This is fantastic!”

The pretty bartender smiles and shrugs. “Just a little sorcery of my own.” She declines my tip, so I thank her before stepping aside to enjoy my cocktail. I give the alcohol a moment to work its magic before heading to the nearest buffet table in search of food and Chloe.

There are dancing bodies everywhere, with people mingling around the perimeter of the ballroom. I finagle my way through the crowd, relieved when I recognize two guests standing next to a series of tables topped with platters of hors d’oeuvres. Dressed as Wonder Woman and Superman, they blend in with the rest of the partygoers when I scan the crowd.

But I'm grateful to see Logan's office manager smiling at me as I approach the couple.

"Holy shit, Kelsey! You look amazing," Chloe exclaims.

A hint of confidence surges through me from her compliment. "You think so?"

"I know so. Doesn't she look great, Matt?" She elbows her date.

He doesn't glance my way, keeping his eyes glued to Chloe as he pops a stuffed mushroom into his mouth. "I am *not* dumb enough to fall for that. I've only got eyes for Wonder Woman." He places an endearing kiss on her cheek, making her glow with adoration.

"He's quite a charmer, isn't he?"

I nod at Chloe, keeping my thoughts to myself. No one is as appealing as Logan Montgomery, charm or not. But I'd never say that to her. I love seeing the two of them together, and I'm happy they're so in love.

"So, Wonder Woman, huh? Do you have a Lasso of Truth too?" I'm impressed with the details of their costumes.

Chloe pivots her hip toward me to display the coil of rope attached to it. "If only it were real, then I'd for sure have some fun tonight." We laugh, then chat about our weekend plans while picking at the food on the tables. My anxiety ebbs away, and I relax, finally beginning to enjoy myself.

"What I want to know is how you plan to punish Logan for being late," Chloe declares, lifting a well-manicured eyebrow.

I tilt my head to the side, and my brows wrinkle. "What do you mean?"

"Come on, everyone knows you don't keep a girl waiting. Especially one as hot as you."

I brush off her compliment. I'm a grown-ass woman, and I still don't know how to take it when someone says something nice to me.



“It’s true,” Matt agrees with a wicked grin. “Maybe he needs a reminder.”

“I don’t know about that,” I counter with a shake of my head. “I understand how important it is for him to complete jobs on time. I wouldn’t want to get in the way of that.”

Chloe pats my arm and leans in close. “Girl, you’re overthinking this. Have some fun and get into character. Make the Big Bad Wolf do a little chasing.” She does an exaggerated double wink, causing me and Matt to snicker.

I consider her words, and the thought of my possessive Daddy stalking after me sends a jolt of arousal down my spine. Logan’s primal side is sexy, and I can’t resist the temptation to provoke it out of him, even if it means he might punish me later.

*Or perhaps that’s what I’m counting on.*

The conversation moves to another topic, but Chloe’s suggestion occupies my thoughts. It’s a bold move coming from me, but I suspect a little boldness will amplify Logan’s desire, even more so than this skimpy red dress.

Suddenly, a pair of strong arms snake around my waist from behind. The touch is familiar and comforting, and I’m keenly aware my Daddy is embracing me. I lean into him, inhaling his woody cologne while every ounce of tension seeps away. He kisses my neck, and I shudder, turning my head to meet his piercing blue gaze. His lips part in a mesmerizing smile.

“Oh my, what big teeth you have,” I tease him.

Heat flashes in his eyes, and he smirks. “The better to eat you with, my dear.” My thighs clench at his innuendo. He leans in closer, tightening his embrace. “I missed you, Little Girl,” he whispers into my ear, and I melt. “You’re a vision to behold, but I knew you’d look incredible in this outfit.”

I turn in his arms, looking him over. The coarse brown fur of his costume covers his body from the neck down, hiding his muscular physique. But the wolf mask sits atop his head,

showing a face more handsome than that of any A-list celebrity.

“You don’t look too bad yourself, Wolfie. It’s a shame you left me waiting so long, though,” I pout. “I was wondering when you’d show up.”

Logan bends down to plant a kiss on my lips. “I’m sorry, baby. I got here as soon as I could. I swear.”

I know he’s sincere, so I let him off the hook with a lift of my now-empty glass. “How ‘bout you make it up to me with another Witches Brew cocktail?”

He smiles and takes my glass. “You got it, gorgeous. I’ll be right back.” He gives me a parting peck before disappearing into the crowd.

When I’m sure he can’t overhear me, I grin at Chloe and Matt. “Let the games begin.” With a conspiratorial wink at both of them, I dash off in the direction opposite Logan.

*The chase is on.*

When I return to the buffet table with a fresh drink, Kelsey's nowhere to be found. Being of average height, she could easily blend into the crowd, so I figure I might've just lost sight of her. Springing onto my toes, I look around but don't see her red cape or caramel-highlighted curls anywhere.

*Where'd she go?*

I see Matt munching on coconut shrimp at the other end of the table, so I head to where he stands. "Looks like I need the help of two superheroes," I mutter, my head snapping to the right when I catch a glimpse of red cloth. But it turns out to be a woman in a she-devil costume. "Have you guys seen Kelsey?"

"She's in the bathroom."

"She stepped outside for some air."

Chloe and Matt speak simultaneously, but they obviously don't have their stories straight. They laugh at each other, leaving me confused.

"You're both shitty liars. Now, what's going on?" My eyes narrow with suspicion.

Chloe swipes the green cocktail from my hand as a delighted smile breaks across her face before she takes a sip. "This is really good," she quips, obviously buying time.

"Chloe..." There's just enough growl in my tone for her to take me seriously. This is the voice that excites Kelsey, but

other people find it intimidating.

Chloe frowns. “No need to be a grump.”

I sigh and force myself to relax, not wanting to come off as a jerk to my sweet office manager. “I’m sorry. I just don’t like not knowing where Kelsey is. I get worried.”

Chloe looks thoughtful as she takes another sip of the pilfered drink. Then, she grins. “You’re a wolf, aren’t you?” she asks, gesturing to the party around us. “Why don’t you try *chasing* your prey?”

Matt snickers into his beer, and it takes a second before I catch on to what she’s saying.

*My Little Girl is playing a game with me. Well, I won’t keep her waiting.*

“I guess I better hunt down Little Red Riding Hood, then,” I declare, already scanning the crowd. “If you’ll excuse me.”

Chloe and Matt share a secret smile, and I wonder if it was them who put Kelsey up to this game of cat and mouse. If so, I’ll be sure to send my gratitude because this is going to be fun. And when I get my hands on my Little Girl, I’m going to enjoy every second of punishing her.

*Fuck, I can’t wait.*

I’m on a mission now, scavenging this huge mansion. And the party isn’t restricted to just the ballroom. There are people in the salon, where *A Nightmare on Elm Street* plays on the biggest flat-screen TV I’ve ever seen. But Kelsey’s not here, or in the library, or on the back patio.

I clench my jaw as I continue searching the house, but I’m not irritated. I just need my Little Girl. I haven’t seen her all day, and the brief moment holding her in my arms wasn’t nearly enough. Fuck, the sight of her in that costume turned my cock to steel. I knew she’d look amazing in it, and I was right. Even if she doesn’t think so, my baby has perfect curves, and I plan to worship every inch of them later tonight.

I just have to find her first.

I see a flash of red and her playful grin out of the corner of my eye. But with hundreds of bodies milling around, she slips away again before I can make it through the crowd to catch her. It's exhilarating and fucking torturous at the same time.

Mr. Tibideaux appears in front of me, making small talk that I try to focus on. But I spot Kelsey again over his shoulder as she's talking to a woman I recognize to be her hairstylist. She's so close now, but she must know I can't step away from my conversation to pursue her. I'm aching to pull her into my arms, and when she glances my way, her sultry smile tells me she knows it. Then, she skims her fingertips along the plunging neckline of her dress, right over her cleavage.

*You're gonna pay for that, Little Girl.*

She knows exactly what she's doing, the temptress. My blood runs hot, and I manage to choke out an excuse to get away from our gracious host. But Kelsey is committed to the game. She manages to slip away when one of the Tomlinson sisters blocks my path. Which one, I don't know, and I don't care.

She's short, with long blonde curls that tumble down her back and alabaster skin. She's dressed as a bunny with a headband with long ears atop her head, but the rest of her costume is merely white lingerie.

"Hey! You're Logan The Handyman, aren't you?" I'm annoyed by her phony coyness when she uses my username from all of my social media sites.

But I'm a gentleman, so my polite smile is automatic when I respond, "Yes, ma'am. That's me."

I never expected to become so popular on social media—I'm just a single dad with a remodeling business—but posting a few videos where you've forgotten to put a shirt on can get the attention of a lot of people. Most of the time, when they recognize me, they want to say *hi* and tell me how much they love my content, especially the ones with my son, Tommy.

I had no idea how many women would react to those. Before I knew it, I went viral on more than one platform.

Overnight, I was pushed into the spotlight, and thirsty women from all over couldn't get enough. I started receiving comments about my looks, which admittedly inflated my ego a bit. But I never had an interest in pursuing anything with my admirers, even before I met Kelsey. And now that I have her, I wouldn't dream of it.

"I'm so excited to meet you. I'm your biggest fan." She bats her fake eyelashes at me in a terrible attempt to be coy again. "I'm Leslie."

She steps closer, invading my personal space and brushing the tips of her fingers across my chest. She's so short she has to tip her head back to look into my face. I awkwardly take her hand, giving it a shake and making damn sure not to accidentally touch her breasts as I do so. The last thing I want to do is encourage her flirtatious behavior because I recognize the heated look in her eyes. She wants me. But I damn sure don't want her.

"Nice to meet you, Lily," I politely reply, struggling to keep a smile on my face while I glance over to the bar, only to find that Kelsey is gone yet again.

*I'm going to make her ass red later for all this running away.*

My cock is pulsing with need for her, yet instead, I'm stuck talking to some stranger who's looking at me as if *she's* the predator and I'm her prey. It's almost ironic, considering I'm dressed as a wolf, and she's a bunny.

"It's Leslie." I can see right through her plastic smile.

"Of course."

"You know, Logan, your video helped me repair a leaky faucet I was having trouble with. It was so helpful and easy. Although I have to admit it wasn't the home DIY tips that made me start following you." I'm never sure how to respond to these comments, but at least she's not being as forward as some of the others. "You're totally gorgeous, but I'm sure you already know that. Maybe you'd have some time to help me do some remodeling... now that my divorce is finalized."

I force myself not to cringe. It seems my assessment of her was premature. She's *exactly* like the others, a fact that's emphasized when she rests her hand on my arm.

"In that case," I say, dramatically grabbing a savory puff pastry from the buffet table, which forces her to release my arm. "I'd recommend you call the office on Monday for a consultation."

"Oh?" she pouts, yet moves closer. "I was hoping you'd do the consulting yourself. Perhaps starting with the bedroom?"

*Fuck, she's brazen.*

Frustration builds inside me as I've had enough of this conversation. I want to go find my Little Girl, who I'm sure craves me as much as I do her. But instead, I'm stuck in this seemingly endless exchange with a woman who undoubtedly wants sex. My need for Kelsey is becoming fucking unbearable, and I'm starting to get pissed off. I'm so ready to take her home and tear off that sexy costume that I'm about to say *fuck this party* and call out for her like a madman. The only thing hotter than Kelsey in her Little Red Riding Hood outfit is seeing her naked in our bed and coming on my dick.

*I need to find my Little Girl. Now.*

The gracious smile has disappeared from my face. "Look, Liza. I'm in a relationship." The woman huffs, clearly disappointed. "And there is nothing and no one who could ever take me away from my woman. Now, if you're really interested in those home repairs, then I'm happy to help you. Otherwise, let's pretend this conversation never happened." I pause, giving her the opportunity to save face, but she surprises me and asks for more information about a home remodel.

However, she doesn't provide many details about her actual needs. Instead, she giggles at my barely amusing dad jokes and continues to undress me with her eyes. Pissed at myself for being too cordial, I'm suggesting again that she call the office to schedule a proper consultation when warm, delicate hands slip beneath the back of my costume and glide

over my skin. My body thrums with energy as I recognize this touch.

“Wolfie, have you been looking for me?” There’s a soothing cadence to Kelsey’s sultry tone that makes my heart stutter.

My smile is ear to ear when I turn to find my girl *finally* within arm’s reach. I whip her around to stand in front of me, the action forcing Leslie to retreat a few steps.

“Leslie, I’d like you to meet my better half. This is Kelsey.”

The woman’s expression shifts to annoyance, but I couldn’t care less now that I have my prize. Kelsey’s curves make my cock so hard it’s painful. And I can tell she feels it too, from the way she tenses as I press myself into her lower back. Even through our clothes, there’s no hiding what she does to me.

“Lovely to meet you, Leslie.” Kelsey sounds sincere, but no one knows her like I do. I saw that flash of possessive jealousy in her eyes when I turned around. It’s hot as hell knowing she feels that way about me—and the feeling’s mutual.

“I think I’ll go mingle. You two have a nice night.” Leslie purses her lips before tossing her hair over her shoulder. I can’t bring myself to feel too bad for her—I didn’t lead her on. I already have the perfect woman. I brush a strand of curly hair off my Little Girl’s forehead.

“If I’d known being hit on by another woman would bring you to me, I would’ve tried that from the start, instead of chasing you all over this damn mansion.” I laugh, kissing her gently on the temple. I open my eyes and my smirk quickly disappears when I see her deadly glare. “I’m just kidding,” I assure her. “You know I’d never do that.”

“Is that so?” The corners of her mouth twitch as she fights off a smile.

“I only have eyes for you,” I declare, kissing the tip of her nose. “As do most of the men in this room.” It’s not a lie. If I



hadn't been preoccupied with hunting Kelsey down all night, I'd have been busy keeping guys' eyes off her ass instead.

“And most of the women have their eyes on you, Wolfie. Just like your little friend *Leslie*,” she says the woman's name in that mocking tone of hers.

“Don't they know I'm taken, Red? Even if my little vixen has made me chase her all fucking night.”

Kelsey ducks her head, but the lust in her eyes is unmistakable when she looks at me with her pretty doe eyes. “Are you saying that Daddy didn't enjoy the hunt?”

I arch an eyebrow. “Oh, I enjoyed our game. But I've caught you. Let's go home so that I can *eat* my prize.” I don't wait for her response before grabbing her hand and leading her through the crowd. I'm motivated by need, and the anticipation is making me half-crazy.

*It's time to teach my Little Girl a lesson she won't soon forget.*

**M**y plan to keep Kelsey in sight goes up in flames as soon as I remember we drove here separately. *Fuck.* Showing up late has proven to be a pain in my ass.

The valet parked my car halfway down the block, but Kelsey's vehicle is across the street. I keep my hand at the small of her back as I walk her to the host stand. After she hands over the valet card from her purse, I grasp her arm, spin her around, and pull her hips flush against mine. She inhales a shuddering breath when I lean in close, our lips only an inch apart.

"It's a shame we drove separately. I'd make you ride my fingers all the way home until your cum drips onto the seat."

Her eyes dart around, looking for any passersby who might overhear me. I lift her chin and force her gaze back to mine. When our eyes meet, my lips press to hers, and I hold us in place for a brief moment, savoring our kiss. Fire races through my veins as Kelsey's lips part for me, allowing my tongue to slip inside and relish her sweet taste.

Her hands go to the back of my head, bringing me closer as our lips work against each other. Warmth spreads through my chest, and I break away when the urge to lift her skirt in front of everyone—anyone—becomes overwhelming. Kelsey whimpers as she leans forward, stretching her neck to reach me.

"We'll finish this at home, Little Girl. Drive safely."

The attendant pulls Kelsey's car up, and I force myself to step away as she gets behind the wheel. She takes off while I wait for my truck, shifting my weight on the balls of my feet. As soon as I'm inside and the door shuts, I'm flying down the driveway as if I could catch up with her. My stomach is tight with anticipation that refuses to relax until our house comes into view. Knowing the kids aren't coming home tonight only ratchets up my urgency to get Kelsey inside and naked as quickly as possible.

I park behind her and jump out before I've barely killed the engine. I rush over and she's just closed the driver's door when I scoop her up into my arms. Kelsey rewards me with the joyous sound of her startled laugh.

"Put me down, Logan! You're gonna drop me." She giggles. Her demand is made from over my shoulder as I rush up the steps. But it's her second comment that earns her a hard swat to her delectable ass. "Ow! What was that for?" I rub the sting away, resisting the urge to bite her juicy flesh.

"You *know* what, Little Girl. Daddy's always got you, and you damn well know better than to think otherwise."

Her silence confirms her assent, and I set her on her feet. My brief explanation does as I intended and reminds her of the kind of man she's with. She apologizes with sensual, lingering kisses along my jaw while I fumble to open the door. Once inside, I tap the door shut with my foot before pinning Kelsey to the wall and crashing my mouth to hers. Our tongues tangle, and her ample tits tease my pecs as her chest presses to mine. My grip tightens on her ass and I rub my aching cock against her soft stomach.

Gently catching her lower lip between my teeth, I pull back to gaze at her gorgeous face. She's lust-drunk when she praises, "Thank God for our new house."

"Why's that, baby?"

She smiles wantonly. "Because this one has a playroom, Daddy."

*You read my mind, Little Girl.*

Kelsey rocks her hips against me, her core rubbing across my hard cock. A frenetic buzz skitters along my skin, and I shudder, loving that she's become bolder these last few months. My lips cover hers again, and I slide my hand up her thick thigh, beneath her skirt, and into her lace panties. Her head tips back, and she moans her pleasure while my fingers tease her slit. She's already so fucking wet, and the urge to drive my cock inside her sweet pussy overwhelms me. But I have plans for us tonight. So I will myself to stop and pull my hand away. I do, however, allow myself a sample—a little treat of licking my fingers clean. And Kelsey's pupils darken as she watches me.

“So, you wanna use the playroom tonight? Huh, Red?” She nods, staring at my lips. “I like that idea. How ‘bout I give you a head start? You have three minutes to get your sweet ass in our playroom before Daddy comes to find you. Better hurry.”

She takes off with a playful giggle, but I stay in place, watching her go. Her cape flares out behind her, and I feel like a wolf stalking his prey.

*I can't wait to eat her up.*

I know I don't make it the full three minutes before my patience gives, and I rush after her. I'm headed straight for our favorite part of our new home: a small space off the master suite that we converted into our playroom. There are various pieces of equipment in here, including a St. Andrew's cross and chains hanging from the ceiling that act as the ideal anchor for a set of handcuffs. But what I want to use tonight is my newest purchase, a steel-framed spanking bench covered in black leather. She'll be gorgeous as fuck as she takes blows across her perfect ass.

When I walk into the playroom, Kelsey's bent over, pulling off her heels. She's naked, and I'm treated to one hell of a view as I watch her ass shake while she unbuckles the straps of her shoes. I rub my throbbing cock through my pants, but I don't dare pull it out yet. Because if I do, there's no way I could resist her, and we need to have some fun first. When she straightens, I step farther into the room. Kelsey senses my

presence and turns to look at me, revealing the excitement dancing in her eyes.

“On the bench,” I command, nodding toward it with a lift of my chin.

Always a good girl, Kelsey moves to where I’ve directed her without hesitation. I praise her while I walk to the cabinet in the corner of the room to retrieve four lengths of red cotton rope. She lifts her head to watch me as I restrain her wrists and ankles to the bench. After finishing the last tie, I stand and trail my fingers up her smooth thigh. Goosebumps rise to the surface of her skin as I continue over her supple ass and along her spine, before fisting her thick, silky hair. Squatting in front of her, I gaze into her eyes, which are utterly gorgeous and full of adoration as she stares back at me.

“Are you ready for your punishment, Little Girl?”

She whimpers, but she’s not afraid. It’s a needy sound. “Yes, Daddy,” she breathlessly replies.

I kiss her hard, knowing she likes it rough, then nip her bottom lip before I pull away and stand. I don’t use the face rest because a little discomfort will do her good, and it’ll just get in the way if I want her to choke on my cock later. Besides, punishment isn’t supposed to be comfortable, and this’ll make the experience more intense for her. She needs to be hyperaware of every spank, every lick, and every caress I give her body.

I lazily pace around the bench, occasionally stroking her skin, knowing the anticipation makes her squirm. The waiting is difficult for me too, but the payoff is well worth it. Slipping out of my wolf costume, I toss it onto the floor, remaining only in my jeans before I approach Kelsey’s naked body from behind. She tugs at the ropes, but she and I are both aware her efforts are futile. Her arousal coats her swollen pussy lips, so I know she’s thinking about what’s coming next.

*My Little Girl is ready. And so am I.*

I roughly palm her luscious ass cheeks, loving the feel of her supple curves in my hands. Forgoing the paddle or riding

crop this evening, I hold my breath as I deliver a sharp, swift blow to her plump, round ass. Kelsey lets out a startled shriek, and I chuckle before giving the other side a hard smack. She gasps, but no other sound escapes her lips.

*That's fine. We're just getting warmed up.*

I spank her again and again, watching her spectacular ass bounce as I continue to use my bare hand. I consider switching to another tool like a flogger or cat-o'-nine-tails, but I want the intense connection I get when my palms touch her body. There's something about the sound and sensation of skin meeting skin that sets my blood ablaze.

Before long, she's crying out with each strike, the sound equal parts pain and pleasure. Her flesh is warm now, and the dim lighting hints at the redness coloring her cheeks. She hasn't safe-worded, and I'm keenly aware of how much her body can take—though I'm going easy on her tonight—but I pause to offer a loving caress before sliding my hand between her parted thighs.

“You're soaked,” I pleasantly observe. “Does my Little Girl like being spanked?” It's a rhetorical question, but hot as fuck to hear her say it.

“You know I do.” She attempts to push back against my hand, despite being tied down.

Without warning, I deliver another swat, harder than the ones before. She squalls, pulling at the ropes as she arches her back. Her sweet, musky scent surrounds me, and I'm ready to come on her ass right now.

“Daddy's little slut is so needy, isn't she? What am I going to do with you?”

“Fuck me,” she begs, and I grin so widely that my cheeks ache.

“You'd like that, wouldn't you, Little Girl? But I don't know if you deserve it. After all, you ran from me tonight. Maybe you should make up for some of my frustrations.”

Her delayed response tells me she's biting her tongue to keep from expressing something bratty, most likely concerning

my arrival time at the party. I'm pleased, though a touch disappointed our *finishments* are coming to an end. But that only means we're moving to the next phase of our playtime, for which I'm more than ready.

Finally, she concedes, "Tell me what you want, Daddy."

"You're such a good girl for me." I bend down, gripping her heated cheeks—*fuck, her ass is sexy*—and languidly lick her dripping pussy. Her satisfied moan turns to one of frustration when I leave her with a parting smack, before moving to the front of the bench. After untying her wrists, I free my throbbing cock, and Kelsey doesn't wait to be told what to do. Rising from her elbows to her freed hands, she savors my precum before taking my dick into her mouth. Swirling her tongue around the tip, she lowers her head until I brush the back of her throat.

*Damn, she's good at this.*

I groan and fist her long hair, grounding myself as pleasure floods my veins. She's so fucking eager to please, sucking my dick like she can't get enough. It's sensual and erotic, making my balls tighten as I approach orgasm.

I step back with a curse. "Fuck, Kelsey." I'm panting, trying to catch my breath. "You almost swallowed my cum, baby."

She peers up at me with a sinful grin. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

My eye twitches while I return to my position behind her, where I hurriedly shuck the rest of my clothes. "It is," I growl. "Because the first place I'm coming tonight will be inside of that tight cunt of yours."

I line myself up at her entrance, gripping her hips and driving forward until I'm buried balls-deep inside her. We both cry out, and her legs tremble against me. She's wet and tight, and I settle into a punishing rhythm, pounding myself into her hot little pussy. The bench skids along the floor, but I move with it, rutting into my girl like the wolf I pretended to be this evening.

Her gasps and moans fill the room and the mellifluous music of her pleasure spurs me on. I give in to the urge to spank her again, and she calls out my name when she comes in response. Her pussy quivers around my hard cock, and I'm gratified upon seeing her cum on my dick. I thrust faster, my vision whiting out when I'm finally catapulted into my own release. A deep groan escapes me as I come, and I toss my head back to the ceiling.

Her pussy clenches around me when she says, "I want all that cum, Daddy. Give it to me." Sweet words from her pretty little whore mouth shoot a blissful shiver down my spine.

*My Little Girl is fucking perfect for me.*

Once my breathing returns to normal, I reach down to untie her ankles. She limply rests across the bench with a euphoric smile stretched along her gorgeous face. I gather her into my arms, carrying her into our bedroom, where I turn down the covers with one hand before lowering her onto the mattress. She looks up at me through hooded eyes as I bend to press a kiss to her forehead.

"Stay right here."

Occasionally, after our sessions in the playroom, Kelsey feels vulnerable and insecure, no matter how much I worship or praise her. So I always take the time to show her I love and care for her, and appreciate the gift she's given me with her submission.

I wet a washcloth with warm water, returning to her side to carefully clean her up. The first time I tried this, she was embarrassed, but I insisted she allow me to take care of her. I won't ever let her self-consciousness keep me from doling out proper aftercare. Now, she enjoys this level of intimacy we share and offers me a smile of gratitude, albeit a sleepy one.

"Just rest. I'll be right back." I traipse down to the kitchen for a glass of apple juice and bring it to her. It's her favorite bedtime drink, but she rarely indulges.

"You spoil me, Daddy."

I chuckle while she sips her drink. "Until my last breath."



I climb into bed as she sets down her glass and turns off the lamp on her nightstand. I'm ready to fuck her again because she's so damn irresistible, but I refuse to be selfish and opt to hold her instead. I know this is what she craves, and honestly, I do too. Feeling her soft curves and silky hair allows me to rest easy at night, knowing she's mine.

Just when I think she's fallen asleep, I hear her hushed melodic voice. "In case I don't tell you enough, I love you, Logan." Sleep is evident in her slowed cadence, but her sincerity makes my heart swell.

"I know, baby. I love you too."

Kelsey snuggles closer and laces our fingers together against her chest. "Before I met you, I was afraid to trust anyone because it never worked out. I was happy to be divorced, but I was heartbroken that someone could hurt me the way my ex did. He made me feel like loving me was a burden, and I was too much trouble. I never wanted to experience pain like that again. So it seemed safer to guard my heart and avoid relationships altogether."

I want to throttle that prick every time she mentions what he did. *Fucking asshole.*

"Baby, that's not—"

She tightens her grip on my hand and interrupts me. "No, I know it's not true, and you're different than any man I've ever met. You really do enjoy taking care of me, don't you?" I can hear a sliver of doubt edging in.

"Of course I do, Kelsey." I squeeze her in my arms.

"I'll always love you for that. And so many other things." She brings our clasped hands to her lips and kisses my knuckles.

"I'll always love you too, Little Girl."

"Best Halloween ever, Daddy." This time, I can hear the smile in her tone.

"Good. Now, go to sleep... Red." She giggles when I nibble her neck.

With a contented sigh, I close my eyes and inhale her warm vanilla and cocoa butter scent. No other words are exchanged. We've said everything we needed to say. Kelsey may have been let down in the past, but that's something I'll never do. She's mine now, to take care of forever.

*Until my last breath.*

## **THANK YOU!**

From the bottom of my heart, thank you for reading my book! I'm just a true Southern girl, reading and writing books, asking you to love me. I hope my mix of romance, with a dash of swoon, and a pinch of smut, brings a smile to your face and a tingle to your fun bits.

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# CHAPTER 1

“**S**hit, shit, shit,” I hiss as I rush to the front door of my daughter’s elementary school.

It’s parent-teacher conference night, and for once, I meant to get somewhere on time. But just as I was leaving, my coworker came to me, almost in tears, and begged for my help because she found a glitch in her program that messed up all of her numbers. Since I was the only Senior Business Analyst left in our department, I stayed late to help her, which led me to this moment right here: running through the Kedron Elementary School parking lot while trying to juggle my keys, coffee cup, and oversized purse. My only saving grace is that I decided to wear my flats this morning, instead of my ankle boots.

A cool September breeze blows my curly brown hair across my face, temporarily blinding me just as I make it to the door. With a frustrated groan, I tuck my coffee cup into the crook of my arm and try to get one hand free to brush my hair away. However, I’ve never been very good at balancing hot liquids, and it immediately tips over, splashing a near-scalding Americano on my hand and causing me to drop my car keys.

Completely fed up with this bitch of an evening, I can’t stop the following words that spew from my mouth. “Fuck me in the asshole!”

“Well, if you insist.”

The stinging of my hand is forgotten as I nearly jump out of my skin at the sound of a deep, baritone voice coming from

right behind me. I stare at the door handle two feet in front of me and lament over how close I was to avoiding making an absolute fool of myself this evening. Not only did an adult overhear my exclamation, but I'm on *school grounds*. So some poor, innocent child could've overheard my... well, let's just call it *colorful language*.

After I spend a full three seconds contemplating every decision I've made in my life that's led to this point, I screw my eyes shut, take a deep breath, and turn my head so I can respond over my shoulder. "Dear God, please tell me you're not the principal." My face is scrunched, and my words are hushed as I now realize people are within earshot.

There's a beat of silence before the other person fails to hold back an amused huff, then says, "Young lady, I think you better come to my office."

*Seriously! Well, let's just skip the lube and foreplay so you can really make it hurt!*

My heart practically stops, and I whip around, my eyes popping open. "I'm so sorry! But I can explain! You see, I—" My words die on my lips as I finally get a good look at the person—scratch that—the *man* standing behind me.

He's about six feet tall, and since I'm average height, I have to tilt my chin up to make eye contact with him. And what eyes they are! They're a deep blue, almost like the summer night sky, and they have me spellbound as they assess me in an intrigued manner. His cheekbones are high and sharp, like a model's, and his lips are perfectly shaped and curled up on one side. Another breeze floats by and teases his fashionably cut, thick, russet hair, ruffling the longer strands on top of his head.

My gaze drifts down past his neck—side note, how can a *neck* be hot? Jesus, did this guy step out of a wet dream?—to see the tiniest bit of a black tattoo creeping across the top of his right collarbone. His chest and torso are solid, obviously toned and muscular, but with a rounded softness to him that screams he'd give the best naked snuggles. I vaguely wonder what his workout regimen must be to maintain that type of



physique. Maybe he's a runner or does free weights? Either way, he's got a sexy dad bod I want to get my hands on.

I'm finally snapped out of my trance by his rich, throaty laugh. I blink several times to bring myself back to the present, and the gorgeous man runs a hand through his wavy locks. "Nah, I was just messing with you. I'm not the principal." When his mouth settles into an easy smile, I get a flash of his straight, white teeth. Before the embarrassment of being teased sets in, he reaches around me to grab the door handle. "Here, let me get that for you."

I pause for a second to assess him, trying to gauge his intentions. Then, blowing more hair out of my face, I walk inside the building and sass him, "You're a jackass, you know that?"

He bellows a laugh and shrugs. "I've been called worse." Just as I brush past him, he leans down to whisper in my ear. "But still, you better be careful with that dirty mouth of yours, baby girl. There are tiny, little, innocent ears around here that pick up on everything."

Our proximity lets me feel the heat of his body and smell the soft, woody scent coming off him. His cologne, plus the warmth of his breath next to my ear, sends a delicious shudder along my spine.

I tuck my chin into my chest as a blush rises up my neck, making my cheeks burn in a way that rivals the dull sting on my hand. With my head down, I peer up through my lashes and my mouth opens, allowing my words to smoothly roll out as if he pulled them from me, "Yes, sir. I'll be more careful."

He makes a strangled noise and mutters something that sounds like: "*Fuck me.*"

Unsure if I heard him correctly, I lift my head with a blink. "I'm sorry. I didn't hear you. What did you say?"

He has a slightly bewildered look on his handsome face, but he quickly shakes his head and schools his expression. Clearing his throat, he answers, "It was nothing. Never mind. Let's just get inside."

I step farther into the building and grimace under the harsh fluorescent lights; my eyes have always had a difficult time adjusting from dark to light.

I think our conversation has ended, so I'm a little surprised when the man asks, "What classroom are you headed to?"

"My daughter, Katie, is in Ms. Knight's class." I finally slip my keys inside my purse and adjust the strap to sit properly on my shoulder.

"Oh," he says, perking up a bit. "That's actually where I'm headed too. My son, Tommy, is in Ms. Knight's class."

"You're Tommy's dad?" I look at him again, and something clicks in my brain. If I picture him in a baseball cap, I definitely remember the man. "I remember you now," I say aloud. "Didn't our kids play T-ball together last spring?"

"Yeah, that seems about right," he agrees with a thoughtful nod. "I do remember seeing you and your husband at the ballfield a few times."

A sour taste enters my mouth, and I click my tongue. "That was my *ex-husband*," I clarify. I don't want to be associated with that thunder cunt any more than I have to be, so I'm always sure to correct people when they have the wrong assumption.

Now it's his turn to blink. "Oh, I'm sorry."

I purse my lips, lift my chin, and flip my hair over my shoulder. "No need to be sorry because I'm certainly not. Trust me, it's a *wonderful* thing that we're not together. Haven't been in a long time."

He cocks his head and hums a noncommittal sound. His dark-blue eyes assess me in a new, indescribable way that sends a thrill of excitement through me.

With a faint cough, I flick my gaze to the side, praying he can't see the effect he has on me. "What's your name again?" I ask. "I'm sure we were introduced at T-ball, but I'm terrible with names."

"Logan," he responds, reaching out a hand.

“Right! Logan!” I return the gesture. His palm is warm and almost engulfs my own. “I’m Kelsey. Nice to meet you again, Logan.” After two pumps, I try to pull away, but he keeps his grip firm and steps closer to me.

The scent of cedar and mahogany surrounds me again, causing my heart rate to quicken. Logan’s eyes darken as his eyelids droop. He gives me another easy-going smile, and, with a husky voice, he says, “Pleasure meeting you again too... Kelsey.”

# CHAPTER 2

As we walk to Ms. Knight's classroom and chat about our kids, we discover that Katie and Tommy are good friends. They've been to most of the same birthday parties and enjoy a lot of the same activities during recess.

"I didn't put it together at first, because when I ask Katie about her friends, she just says *he* or *him*." I laugh.

Logan chuckles with me. "She's playing it cool and keeping it vague. I like her style."

I'm still laughing when I step into the classroom, breaking the silence as almost every head in the room turns to look at me. Clearing my throat, I dip my chin in silent apology and make my way to the open seats I spot in the back row.

When I look up again, I see everyone has ignored me in favor of staring at Logan—the gorgeous man who I thought was right behind me but is, in fact, still standing at the door. And *staring* isn't the right word; they're more *ogling* him. Most of the other parents in the classroom are moms, so they straighten up in their seats when they notice fresh meat has entered the arena.

As I glance around, I count that Logan's only one of three dads, and they aren't nearly as attractive as he is. So, it makes sense that all of these women are taking notice of a tall, good-looking man who's involved with his child. He's every mom's wet dream.

I expect him to break away from me now that we've arrived at our meeting, but surprisingly he sticks close by.

When we walk past Ms. Knight—the young, baby-faced teacher who, according to her back-to-school email, is excited about her first year of teaching—we nod and say, “Good evening.”

She smiles politely and greets us back, although I see her eyeing Logan with something more than *politeness*. I almost want to warn her about not hooking up with someone tied to your workplace, as that shit never turns out well. I shudder as I remember when I slept with a coworker during my first job and how he stuck to me like a barnacle for months afterward, until he eventually found a girlfriend.

Finally, Logan and I slide into two tiny, kid-sized chairs at the back of the crowd. I shift awkwardly in the seat, trying to get my entire ass cheek on the small plastic square. Maybe I could’ve fit when I was twenty-one, but after having a kid and turning thirty-three, it doesn’t seem like my curves are working for me at the moment.

Glancing over at Logan, it appears he’s having a similar problem but with his legs. If he places his feet flat on the ground, his knees knock into the desk, but if he straightens them out all the way, he bumps into the chair in front of him. So he’s stuck with bending his knees at an uncomfortable angle. It must be the atmosphere of the school, but a juvenile giggle erupts from me as I watch his face twist in discomfort.

Upon hearing the sound, his eyes dart over to me, and he relaxes his expression. “You think they could’ve sprung for some actual desks or something for this meeting, right?”

I open my mouth to reply, but I’m cut off by a sharp clap. Ms. Knight stands at the front of the class and says in a high-pitched voice, “It looks like everyone is here now. Welcome, parents, to the first parent-teacher conference of the school year! I’m so excited to meet all of you, and I look forward to discussing ...”

I prop my head on my hand as I tune out most of Ms. Knight’s speech. After a few minutes, she passes back several sheets of paper. I’m circling important dates as I read when a small object lands on top of my stack. Blinking twice, I look

over to see Logan staring intently at the teacher, with his brow furrowed and a hand over his mouth. However, what gives him away is the right corner that's missing from his top page.

Biting my lip to suppress my smile, I unfold the small square to see a crudely drawn picture of a man with circle glasses, slicked-back hair, and a bushy mustache. Underneath the drawing, the phrase *Ned Flanders?* is printed in long, scratchy handwriting with an arrow pointing up and to the right. Following the direction of the arrow, I see Logan drew a portrait of one of the other dads who, in fact, *does* look like Ned Flanders from *The Simpsons*.

A bark of laughter escapes me, and I attempt to cover it up with a cough. A few people turn around to give me an annoyed look—including Ned Flanders, which makes me laugh harder—but I slap a hand over my mouth, so there isn't any more sound, just my body shaking in the tiny plastic seat.

I turn to Logan, who's grinning at me, and give him my best scathing glare even though I know it's not effective. "Look what you made me do!" I hiss at him.

He shrugs casually and leans back in his chair, shifting his feet under the desk. Unfortunately for him, he's forgotten how small the desk is because he slams his knee into the top and lets out a loud groan. "*Fuck!*" he grunts, grabbing his knee.

I snicker at him, considering this his karma. "You know, maybe if you—"

"Is everything alright back there?" Ms. Knight asks loudly. She's giving both of us a look that screams *shut up or get out*. She may be young, but she has the *teacher* look down pat. Some of the other parents are amused and smile with raised eyebrows at our childish behavior. However, one mom seems to be glaring at me a tad *too intensely*, and I shift awkwardly in my seat.

Ignoring her, I nod at Ms. Knight and reply, "We're alright. Sorry about that. Please continue."

As she goes on explaining her late-work policy, I flip over the note to the blank side. *You got us in trouble!* I scribble

across the top before sliding it to Logan.

I see him grin from the corner of my eye as I find myself anxiously awaiting his reply. When the paper falls to my desk, I scramble to open it.

*At this rate, you really will end up going to the principal's office,* he wrote.

*If I go down, you're going down with me, jackass,* I write back.

We've run out of space on the strip of paper, so Logan leans over to give me a verbal reply. In a hushed voice, he says, "You'd really tattle on me, baby girl?"

Goose bumps cover my body from head to toe. My lips twitch, and I whisper, "I mean, we're in school right now, so it's only fitting, don't you think? And at this rate, the both of us will probably get in trouble." I try to sound serious, but I don't think I'm succeeding. I can barely form a coherent sentence when he's this close to me.

"Even if we're kicked out of here, I'd make it up to you."

I raise an eyebrow. "Oh yeah, and how would you do that?"

He smirks, and my stomach flips. "I'm sure I can think of something *both* of us would like."

*Oh my God, I think I came in this kiddie chair. Is he really flirting with me?*

Kelsey.exe takes a full ten seconds to reboot after that epiphany, and once my brain is firing at full capacity again, giddiness bubbles up inside me. I've been so busy with Katie and my demanding job that I don't have much of a dating life. And it's been years since my ex has even uttered a flattering word towards me, so I'm not exactly used to flirting. But here and now, *Logan*, of all people, is hitting on me, and it makes me... excited. I forgot how fun this could be.

"Hmm," I hum, letting my lips curl up into a small smile. "I just might let you."



Logan's own smile grows wider and more sincere. He looks like he wants to say something further, but Ms. Knight claps her hands again and concludes the meeting. All of the parents, including me, stand and stretch their cramped legs.

I look at the clock, and I'm alarmed at how late it is already. Katie was supposed to be picked up from her after-school program twenty minutes ago. I know they'll make an exception because of the meeting, but my girl gets grumpy when her schedule is disrupted.

"I gotta go get the princess," I comment aloud, throwing my purse over my shoulder and picking up the now-empty coffee cup. Glancing over at Logan, I giggle at him one last time as he struggles to get out of the tiny seat. "I hope I'll see you around, sir. Tonight was fun." With that, I weave through the crowd to make it out the door. The woman who glared at me earlier shoulder-checks me as I walk past her before she addresses Logan. I suppress my eye roll and continue on my way.

I think I hear him call after me, but my mind is already a million miles away as I wonder if Katie got all of her homework done and what we'll have for dinner tonight or if I have enough time to do a load of laundry.

Joking around with Logan this past hour or so, and acting like a young teenager again has been fun, but now I have to put all that aside and be the responsible adult my daughter needs. I'll have to swoon over the sexy guy with the ridiculously hot dad bod another day.



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Bella's life was perfect until the boy she loved with all her heart walked away with no explanation, vanishing into thin air. Now he's back and still as gorgeous and sexy as the day he left. And with just one smoldering look, she knows she won't be able to tell him no. But if she's honest with herself, does she even want to?

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#### **SENTINEL: SATAN'S DISCIPLES MC BOOK 1**

Bad girls don't get what they want, Emma. Bad girls get punished... I thought coming to this unknown town in the middle of nowhere would keep me out of

trouble, that it would be the perfect place to hide and start a new life. Instead, I found myself a different kind of trouble. The kind of trouble that makes good girls like me want to be all kinds of bad.

### **DAD BOD DOM: DAD BOD 2.0**

He may look a little soft, but don't let his DAD BOD fool you! With just one look, this Daddy Dom will have you on your knees like a good little girl! And there's no escaping the sexy, single dad who sets my panties on fire with his Southern charm and killer smile. But I know something those thirsty moms at the playground don't know. I get the dominant, protective side of Logan Montgomery that he saves just for me when I'm a good girl. Because when I'm a good girl, I get *Daddy*.

### **ROOM FIFTEEN: TIED UP WITH THE DARK**

Dark, mysterious, and lethal... That's how most people describe the three men in my bed. And yet, to me, they're my salvation. I asked them for a simple favor, but what they demanded in return was something far more profound, something that would indefinitely tether the four of us with an unbreakable bond.

My fate was sealed in Room Fifteen.

And I will forever be theirs.

### **PUCK ME: NY STORM HOCKEY SERIES**

Alex is used to getting what he wants, but he can't have Chloe. The smart, sexy, nerdy analyst refuses to give the hockey f\*ckboy the time of day. He thinks being her brother's best friend would count for something, but all she sees is a cocky NHL defenseman known for wild nights and casual sex. But Alex swears he's done with all of that, and Chloe is his new weakness. He just has to convince her it's true.

### **GAMBLE: DIRTY SINNERS MC**

Gamble is a Sinner who doesn't play; he only wins. He can be ruthless and deadly when he needs to be. Except when it comes to her—Dove. He refuses to lose her for a second time and let her get away from him. She will fly again, his little bird. She will be his. His Dove.

### **HOPE FOR ME**

Tris Bailey almost got away with it but instead found herself sentenced to mandatory community service. But she's not prepared for the program director, Carter Jensen—aka Mr. Sunshine—to turn her world upside down and make her feel things she swore she'd never feel again. Now, Tris must find it in her heart to let go of her past hurt or risk losing the man she never planned on but knows she can't live without.

### **COMING IN HOT**

The man Harper hates the most just crashed her dream date. So, how did she end up in a secluded cabin with Vince for the next two weeks instead of being on a yacht for the Fourth of July like she had planned? Now, she's stuck with her nemesis - who also happens to be her brother's best friend - in Sycamore Mountain, North Carolina. And the man she thought she wanted nothing to do with is now lying in bed with her after the hottest night she's ever had.

### **MR. ARROGANT: A BILLIONAIRE ROMANCE**

Eden's new boss is the sexiest man she's ever seen... but she just might have to kill him. And right when she's about to give in to all the sexual tension that's been

brewing between them, Chase proves he really does deserve to be called nothing less than Mr. Arrogant.

### **TRIPPED UP**

Reese came to Kismet Cove hoping her Singles Week vacation would end with at least a few good memories and some potential dating prospects. But nothing could have prepared her for Mr. Life of the Party, Connor Wolfe, who's gorgeous and everything she's not, pushing her to her limits in the best of ways. So, what happens after a week of explosive chemistry and sexy hidden rendezvous?

### **WANTING MY BEST FRIEND**

Noelle is in love with her best friend, Max, who's been by her side since the first grade. But they're all grown up now, and it's time to move on to the next chapter of their lives. Will telling him how she feels run him off? Or will she get a sweet surprise and find out Max feels the same way?

### **TANGLED IN TINSEL**

When Quinn moves to the city for her new job, she never dreamed she'd run into her old friend, Mason. It's obvious ten years has done her high school pal a lot of good, and the once awkward teen is now warming cold fronts with all his gorgeous hotness. But he's keeping a secret that Quinn isn't too sure about, one that's bound to leave her tangled up. Guess she'll have to wait until Christmas to find out what he's hiding...

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Elyse Kelly 

PANTY MELTING ROMANCE WITH A HAPPILY EVER AFTER.