



GUARDING

Gabby

USA Today Bestselling Author

Pepper North

GUARDING GABBY

A SANCTUM NOVEL



PEPPER NORTH



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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The following story is completely fictional. The characters are all over the age of 18 and as adults choose to live their lives in an age play environment.

This is a series of books that can be read in any order. You may, however, choose to read them sequentially to enjoy the characters best. Subsequent books will feature characters that appear in previous novels as well as new faces.

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CHAPTER 1



“**I**t’s always so great to see you!”

Gabriela waved goodbye to her friends and headed toward her car. The private party had been a great escape but now she had to deal with the masses in the hip area. Her heels clicked on the sidewalk as she wove through the crowd that had gathered in the popular city spot on Friday night. She caught a few second glances and knew she looked familiar to some. Thankfully as Gabriela hurried past, no one figured out who she was.

The idea of losing her freedom bristled. Just because she brought stories to life on screen didn’t mean people had total access to her. She heard a whisper behind her and turned to see a man walking in the shadows behind her. Gabriela quickened her pace, feeling her heart rate escalate.

Turning the corner, she spotted her car. She beeped the remote to unlock it and opened the door, breathing a sigh of relief to have avoided detection. A hand smacked against the paint, forcing the door closed. Her heart immediately raced in her chest as she went on full alert. Whirling, she gripped her keys as a possible defense to see who that hand belonged to.

“Gabriela Morales.” An unfamiliar masculine voice recited her name. Fright ran down her spine at the look in his eyes. Pure hatred spewed from his gaze.

Her hand tightened on the remote, triggering the alarm. Lights flashed, and the horn honked repeatedly as she backed away from the dark figure.

“Hey! Are you all right?” a young man’s voice called to her.

“No! I need help!” Gabriela shouted without taking her eyes from the man staring at her.

“There will be a time where no one can help you,” he hissed before turning and disappearing into the shadows as the young man clattered to a stop beside her.

“Need me to call the police?” he asked, obviously enjoying playing the role of protector.

She struggled to turn off the alarm. The racket played havoc with her nerves. “No. I’m okay. You scared him off. Just probably a guy trying to rob me.” Gabriela tried to calm her thudding heart.

His gaze locked on her face, and recognition dawned on his.

Damn it! Get out of here. Quickly, she thanked him before opening her door again.

“You’re her. Gabriela Morales. You should not be out here alone,” he lectured her sternly before grinning. “Can we take a selfie? My friends will never believe that I met you.”

Quickly, she smiled for his camera and jumped into her car. Watching the road behind her, Gabriela took several sharp turns trying to lose anyone who might be trying to follow her. Finally, completely on edge, she fled to her home in a gated community.

Huddled on her couch with PupPup in her arms, Gabriela wondered what she should do. Finally, she called her agent.



In the morning light, everything looked less scary. Maybe she’d just overreacted. Now with the gardener outside and her housekeeper bustling around, she scolded herself for the sleepless night.

When the doorbell rang, Gabriela straightened her back and shoulders. Her agent had chewed her into little bits for taking such a chance. She had promised to send someone over in the morning to assess the threat.

“Miss, there is a big man from a security firm at the door. He says your agent sent him,” her housekeeper reported.

“Yes, Jayna. Send him in.”

Gabriela stood to greet the visitor and about swallowed her tongue when she discovered just what qualified as big to Jayna. He was massive, with biceps bigger than her head. She tried not to check out the rest of him, staring deliberately at his face. As he walked forward, he seemed to fill the room.

“Good morning. I’m Gabriela Morales. I’m afraid I may have wasted your time. In the light of day, I feel like I’ve overreacted,” she admitted.

“That’s usually how people feel. I’m Kole Jeffers, the owner of Guards, Inc. Your agent contacted me to come talk to you. Since I’m already here, let’s sit down and you can tell me what’s going on,” the man answered her smoothly.

She liked that he didn’t automatically dismiss her. She was used to men expecting her to be an airhead, since she was attractive. Gabriela nodded and motioned to the couch as she chose an armchair.

“Tell me what happened last night.”

“I don’t want to see this in the tabloids,” she stated quickly. She’d learned quickly that they would publish anything.

“My services are completely confidential. Nothing you share with me will go further than this room,” he promised.

Gabriela quickly ran through everything, trying to keep her emotions out of it. She failed when she admitted, “He scared me. The malice in his gaze felt like he wanted to harm me—badly.”

“That isn’t the usual demeanor of a street thug. It felt personal?” Kole asked.

She shivered in reaction to that question. “So personal.”

Kole made some notes on his phone and asked, “What else has happened? Has the staff reported any lurkers around the property? Any break-ins? I found two police reports from the last two weeks reporting visits to this residence when the alarms went off.”

“I’m sure that was simply the staff forgetting to close the door thoroughly. Or it could have been me. Those things happen.”

“They don’t,” Kole said bluntly. “Have you noticed anything missing?”

“No.”

“But you haven’t actively searched the premises to know someone didn’t take something?” he asked.

“Well... No. I didn’t see anything obvious. The TV is there. No one took my jewelry box.” Gabriela struggled to think what else someone would have wanted. “I don’t live lavishly. I’m not even here most of the time.”

He made a note about that as well before commenting, “You will probably find something else missing. When you do, I need to know what it is.”

Gabriela nodded in agreement, and he continued, “What else? I understand you’re an actress. Any problems at work?”

“A few things have gone missing. That’s not too unusual on set. People want souvenirs.” Gabriela tried to make light of the disappearances.

“What was stolen?” he asked, watching her face closely.

“On the set? A collar-style necklace from a BDSM scene can’t be found.”

Kole didn’t react to the reference at the kink contained in the movie. He obviously understood because he simply noted it and moved on. “What else?”

“A set of lingerie I wore in two different scenes vanished.”

“On the same day?” He zeroed in on specific information.

“No. Two different days.”

“Has the studio investigated or taken any steps?”

“They put up additional cameras—one outside my trailer and in other spots. As far as I know, nothing has shown up,” Gabriela reported.

“But you haven’t asked?” Kole probed.

“No. I assumed they’d let me know.”

“Are you going to the set today?” he asked.

“No. I wasn’t needed for filming for a couple of days. I’ll head back this afternoon for the next month.”

“Call the studio and inform them I will accompany you.”

“You’re going with me?” she squeaked.

“Yes. I’ll be blunt. I don’t know, but what you’ve told me is concerning. I’ll pull up a camera close to the incident last night. The footage should demonstrate whether it was random or not, as you suspected. I’m going to check your car for a tracker planted on your vehicle during one of the break-ins. If you counted all your lingerie, I bet you’d find at least one set missing from here. This is personal, sexual, and targeted.”

Gabriela stared at him. “But why? I’ve done nothing to warrant this.”

“Someone knows where you live, where you work, and your hours. They’ve gotten past the security at your gate and on set. This isn’t a teenager in love with a movie star. This is targeted and cunning.”

“You’re trying to scare me.”

“Do you need to be scared to take this seriously? I’m simply listing the facts. Your agent was wise to call me.”

His impassive face gave nothing away. No emotions. No thoughts. This was simply a job for him.

Needing to poke holes somewhere in his assessment of the threat, Gabriela lashed out. “You’re going with me? The

owner of the company? Are you the only one on your payroll?"

"No. I don't usually go out in the field. I make exceptions only for the biggest clients or those I wish to help."

"So, I'm a big name? You can use me to get more star accounts?"

"I do not need additional stars to protect. There is a six-month waiting list for my services. I will never reveal your name or ask you for a reference, Little girl."

"Little girl?" she spewed. "Don't treat me like a teenager!"

"Little girl is not a reference to your age but to your sexual orientation," he said bluntly.

Completely taken aback, Gabriela stared at him. How did he know? She didn't practice age play. The paparazzi would eat her alive. "I don't know what you're talking about," she stated firmly and stood to end the conversation.

"Sit down, Gabby. Don't panic. You already have my promise that I'll never reveal any information I know about you. My reputation as a security expert requires that. My Daddy side would put myself in front of a raging bull before I'd ever jeopardize you for being Little."

"I think you are mistaken," she said quickly. "Thank you for stopping by. Please bill me for your time."

Kole didn't stand. "I will step away from your protection detail when someone equally proficient takes my place. Until that time, I will work to keep you safe."

"You can't just decide that you're working for me and I don't have to agree."

"I'm sorry I panicked you. I should have realized how far you have your Little side locked down. If it makes it easier to work with me, I promise to never bring it up again," Kole said, leaning forward.

Gabriela didn't know what to say. She had no idea how this man knew so much about her. It scared her he'd known exactly what to ask about the thefts on site and at her house.

The encounter last night had been frightening, but the other things she'd tried to dismiss in her mind seemed as important to him. She knew she had to do something. Fear after last night's encounter would make her look at everyone suspiciously. She didn't want to lead a recluse's existence.

"Investigate the camera idea. Let's see what you find happened over the course of the evening. If he accosted several people in the area, it's nothing personal," she suggested firmly.

"And if he didn't?" Kole pushed.

"If you can prove to me that the break-ins resulted in someone tracking my car and that he targeted me, then I'll need to ask for your *professional* services." Gabriela stressed the one word to express how she needed him to interact with her. "No more talk about your assumptions regarding my lifestyle."

"I will not bring up Littles and Daddies until you do," Kole promised.

"That works perfectly, because I'll never say those words."

"Take me to your garage and I'll check for a tracker on your car," Kole instructed.

It took two minutes and a fancy app on his phone to locate and remove the tracker attached to the rear tire well of her sports car. The second on the SUV she had purchased as an alternative to the low-slung two-seater took even less time. Kole held them out for her inspection each time as he removed the small devices.

Gabriela wrapped her arms around herself, shivering. "I can't believe this is happening."

"I'll go pull up video surveillance and return with my gear. Call the studio and notify them I will return with you," Kole directed, standing a short distance away from her.

She could feel his heat and the radiating force of caged power that emanated from his body. Struggling to process what all this meant, Gabriela wanted to ignore the impact he had on her physically but couldn't. Her nipples budded and

wetness gathered between her legs. He didn't even need to touch her to evoke a response. What was wrong with her?

"Gabriela? I need you to stay inside until I get back. Can you do that for me?" he asked softly.

Nodding her agreement, Gabriela turned and led the way from the garage. She walked with him back inside and slumped in the same chair she'd occupied when they'd first sat down to talk. Her world felt completely different now. She couldn't excuse everything as random events.

"Remember. Stay inside. I'm going to talk to your staff before I go. I'll be back in a couple of hours. You could pack if you haven't already," he suggested, somehow knowing she'd worry too much if she just sat here for two hours.

"Got it."

She let him get to the doorway before saying quickly, "Thanks, Kole."

"This is what I do and I'm really good at it. I'll keep you safe," he promised.

CHAPTER 2



Kole Jeffers pivoted on his toes with military precision, revealing one more detail about himself to her observant nature. The room felt empty without him as if his large presence had pushed back the furniture, leaving a hole. Gabby couldn't forget the feelings that had swamped her from standing close to him. His sheer mass was overwhelming. *What did he do? Bench press compact cars?*

Dragging her thoughts from the size of his biceps, Gabriela wished all this would go away. When he'd pulled that first tracker off, she'd watched over his shoulder to make sure he didn't plant it there. It was extremely obvious the tracker had been there. She could see the clean spot where it had been attached to the car. Splattered with the same mud that decorated the underside of the bumper, she had no doubt that it had come with her to town through the rainy, messy streets.

Whoever did this could have found her no matter where she was. Thank heavens for the good Samaritan who'd come running to help. What did that man want? She shivered as a flashback of his face burst into her mind. Those eyes so filled with hate...

"Stop it!" she announced to the empty room.

"Miss? Are you okay?"

"Yes, Jayna. I'm fine. I'm going to pack for my next trek to the movie studio. Could you bring me a glass of iced tea to the bedroom?"

"Of course."

Maybe the caffeine would help her focus on getting ready. Gabriela grabbed her phone and walked toward the bedroom. Grabbing her suitcase, she packed the things she would need. PupPup looked at her from his cushy place on the pillows.

“I don’t know what to think, PupPup. I’m glad I’m going back to the set this afternoon. Knowing someone was in this house is creepy.”

The stuffie looked back at her with sympathetic eyes. PupPup always knew what she was thinking and feeling. Of course, he had to ask about the voice he’d heard.

“That was Mr. Kole Jeffers with Guards, Inc. He’s one massive dude but seems to know his stuff. He had already researched and knew the alarm had triggered two police visits. PupPup, he found bugs on my cars.”

She paused for PupPup to react. “I know. It’s frightening. That’s probably how that guy found me last night.”

After gathering the fancy lingerie sets she chose to feel special in character, Gabriela threw in a few pairs of cotton panties and stretchy sports bras to relax in after a long day of filming. She added several pairs of yoga pants and T-shirts and a few casual dresses to wear for early morning makeup calls. She’d lived on a movie set for the last few years, so this was all normal procedure for her.

Last, she grabbed her electronic tablet and opened the drawer of her nightstand to throw in her vibrator. Sometimes easing the tension in her body was the only way to get to sleep when she was wound up after a long day of filming. Gabriela stared at the empty spot in her drawer.

Where was it? She combed through the back of the drawer, knowing it couldn’t be back there, but maybe? It was not. Gabriela yanked open the bottom drawer. No! Racing around the bed, she checked in the other nightstand before sitting down on the mattress in horror.

That’s what the intruder had taken. Gabriela couldn’t image anything more intimate for someone to steal. Sick to her stomach, she tried to figure out what to do. She’d promised

Kole she would tell him if she discovered anything had been taken. "I can't tell him that."

"What can't you tell me?" a deep masculine voice asked from the doorway.

"Aaaa!" A quick shriek burst from her lips as she bolted to her feet. Her heart pounding, Gabriela grabbed a lamp as she pivoted to face the threat at the door.

"Whoa, Gabby. It's me." Kole held his hands up to prove he was harmless, and she scoffed inside at that joke as she relaxed. The powerful man would never be helpless, even if unarmed.

"You scared the crap out of me. How did you get back here, anyway?" she asked.

"The gardener let me in. You'll want to alert him he shouldn't do that anymore. I called your name, but you didn't hear me. Figuring you were getting ready to head to the movie set, I came on back."

"Next time, knock on the front door or ring the bell," she said grumpily as she took deep breaths to calm down.

"It was a good test of the security around here, but I apologize. I didn't mean to scare you."

Gabriela waved off his concern. "Let's go out into the living room and you can tell me what you discovered."

"If you're finished packing, I'll carry your suitcase to the door," he offered.

Her gaze immediately flew to the stuffie still resting on her pillows. "No. That's okay. I'm not quite finished yet. I'll follow you," she instructed, walking toward his bulk in the doorway and hoping he'd get the hint to back up.

Thankfully, he did. Gabriela suspected Kole anticipated people's moves and motivation often. He seemed to know what she was going to do several seconds before she moved. Once in the living room, she breathed a silent sigh of relief before turning to face him.

“What did you discover was missing? Or did he leave you anything?” Kole asked in a tone that didn’t allow her to just brush it off.

“Nothing. Don’t worry about it. Did you find a camera that showed the guy?”

“I did. Do you want to see the footage?” he asked.

“Is it going to freak me out? I don’t need anything else to panic about today.”

“I’ll give you the highlights. He appeared in several cameras as he walked directly toward your car. He looked at his phone frequently to stay on a designated path. Then, he stopped at your car and looked in the windows before melting into the shadows. Many people walked by him and he didn’t move: older people, women alone, couples. When you appeared, he moved toward you.”

“What do you think he was going to do?”

“I don’t know. Whatever it was, it wouldn’t have been good,” Kole said bluntly.

“You’re not helping. You’re supposed to tell me it’s all going to be all right,” Gabriela said, bristling.

“Do you want me to lie to you?” Kole asked in a gentler tone as he stepped closer.

Gabriela whirled around to look out the windows into the backyard, giving herself a bit of space as tried to control the panic growing inside her. She felt so vulnerable. Someone could be out there. “What am I going to do?”

“Your agent has hired me to protect you. Nothing will harm you.”

Looking over her shoulder to see he’d moved closer and was standing directly behind her, Gabriela shivered and wrapped her arms around herself. “I’m so scared. He took my vibrator.”

“I figured.”

“Is there anything you don’t know?” Gabriela whispered.

“I know I can keep you from harm, if you’ll let me,” Kole assured her.

Turning back to face the powerful man, Gabriela nodded and stepped forward to close the gap between them. Leaning against his warmth, she dropped her forehead to his chest. His arms folded around her and pulled her tighter against him. She could hear the thud of his steady heartbeat. His body felt like coiled steel—primed and ready to fight anything. She’d known him less than a day and she felt safer with him than she’d ever been before.

“Just tell me what to do,” she whispered.

“Gabby, you’re going to fight when your fright wears off. It’s extremely important you go when I tell you to move and stay when I tell you to.”

“I’ll do it. Do you think we can get this guy and put him in jail where he can’t harass me anymore?” Gabriela asked.

“Yes.”

“That’s it? Yes?” she questioned.

“Yes.”

CHAPTER 3



Kole loaded her suitcases and cosmetic bag into the back of the rideshare he'd called. When he had everything set, he squeezed his duffle bag into the last bit of space. Gabby hovered at his side as he gently guided her backward to close the hatchback.

“Let’s get in.” He opened the door and waved her inside before crowding in next to her. Kole wasn’t taking any chance she could be taken while he circled the back of the car.

Gabriela faded into the corner of the SUV, not making eye contact with the driver. Kole reached over and fastened her seatbelt before securing his own. He answered the rideshare driver’s friendly banter with yes or no answers until she stopped asking anything.

“Are you going to be able to get on the plane with me?” Gabriela leaned over to ask.

“Supposedly, everything is taken care of. Your agent called the studio and gave them my number. They contacted me while I was out.”

When they arrived at the private airport, Kole unloaded the bags as he kept an eye on Gabriela who walked toward the staff waiting for them. As she walked up the stairs to enter the cabin, he grabbed his duffle and jogged forward, calling, “Gabby.”

Instantly, she froze and turned to look at him in surprise. As he joined them, she quickly pulled herself together and

introduced him. “Edward, Vince, this is Kole. He’s...” She looked at him wildly, trying to figure out what to call him.

“I’m her security detail. Is anyone else on the plane?” Kole asked without waiting for their reaction to having a second person on board.

“Hi, Kole. The pilot is on board. He’s in the cockpit. We’ll get your luggage stowed,” Vince told him cheerfully.

Motioning to the duffle Kole held, he asked, “Can I take that for you?”

“This stays with me,” Kole refused before looking at Gabriela. “I’ll go check out the plane.”

“Oh, okay.” She felt like a total idiot. Of course, she shouldn’t wander away from him.

“Security detail?” Vince looked at her with concern. “Is there something going on?”

“Just a few strange events. Kole will be with me for a while until we figure out what’s going on,” Gabriela explained.

The two men looked at each other before Edward commented, “We’ll be vigilant for anything strange.”

“Thanks, guys. I’m sure it’s nothing.”

Kole returned to her side as she finished that statement. “All’s clear. Come on, Gabby.”

She allowed him to usher her into the plane and took her normal seat she always rode in. Kole sat across the aisle and stashed his duffle under the seat.

“Can you call me Gabriela?” she whispered.

“Probably not, but I’ll try to remember. How well do you know these guys?”

Shaking her head at his blunt response, she focused on his question. Kole was going to do what Kole wanted to do. “They’ve transported me back and forth for the last three months. They’re good guys.”

“Perfect. I’m glad it’s always the same crew. Buckle up.”

Automatically, she followed his instructions and in just a few minutes, they’d gotten clearance and the plane taxied down the runway. Gabriela leaned back and ran lines in her head. She didn’t particularly hate flying but was always glad to be in the air or back on the ground. The runway part was not her favorite.

When the pleasant chime sounded, she explained to Kole as she reached for her seatbelt, “That means we can move around.”

His immense hand closed over hers. “Keep it fastened while you’re in your seat.”

She persisted and his hand tightened. “Kole, this isn’t like a commercial plane. There’s more freedom here.”

“You’re safer with your seatbelt fastened.”

“Here, Gabriela. I’ve got your ice water,” Vince said as he handed Gabriela an insulated cup with her name on it.

“Thanks, Vince. Do you have any fruit or cheese? I’m starving.”

“Coming up in a jiffy. Now, what can I bring you, Kole?”

“Water is great. Thanks.”

“I’ll bring you some snacks as well.”

“Thanks.”

When the steward moved away, Gabriela said, “I didn’t even think. Did you get lunch today?”

“Don’t worry about me, Gabby. I’m self-sufficient.”

A bit put off by his response, Gabriela added, “And a good packer, I guess. I have two suitcases and a carryon. You’ve got one small duffle.”

“I don’t need to dress up as you do. Jeans, T-shirts, socks, equipment, and I’m good to go.”

“Underwear, too,” she said without thinking.

Kole just looked at her and changed the subject. “Tell me how you got into acting.”

“How did you?” Vince joined the conversation as he returned with Kole’s water and a platter of fruit, cheese, sliced meats, and crackers.

As he efficiently balanced everything on a small table between them, Gabriela explained, “My English teacher always had us act out scenes from the books we were reading instead of just slogging through the classics. It really made the story come to life. Some students hated it. I loved every moment. She talked me into trying out for a play and I found I was good at memorizing lines.”

“More than that. You’re amazing at making the character seem real,” Vince commented.

“You’re too nice. I love getting into the story.”

“The interest in this movie is incredible. It’s going to be a blockbuster for sure,” the flight attendant added.

“It has gotten a lot of attention.”

Vince returned to straighten the galley, leaving them to snack on the feast he had prepared. Gabriela plucked a small cluster of grapes from the tray and popped one into her mouth as she watched Kole load lean roast beef onto a cracker and eat it. He was hungry. While she’d packed and gotten ready, he’d packed, found the camera footage, and settled his living space to be gone for who knows how long.

“Are you married?” blurted from her mouth.

“No. I’ve never found my Little girl.”

“You have a daughter?” she asked without thinking.

“No. My Little girl. My submissive.”

She stared at him, struck by his honesty. Unable to stop herself, she whispered, “You are a Daddy?”

“Of course.”

Gabriela ate a few more grapes. Peeking at him, she found Kole watching her with an expression she didn’t understand.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I’m trying to figure out if you knew Daddies and Littles actually existed.”

She shook her head before she could stop herself. “No. I’ve read about them in books. This script...”

“Tell me about the movie.”

“It’s based on a famous author’s scorching hot romance. The book has skyrocketed in attention.”

“Sounds like the movie is going to be popular,” Kole suggested.

“It could be amazing.”

“What’s it about?”

“You want to know what the romance book is about?” she asked in surprise. Most men weren’t too interested in chick reads.

“Definitely. I enjoy reading.”

“Not romance novels,” she scoffed.

“Sure. And military science fiction, mystery, thrillers. I love anything that has a good story.”

Mind-boggled, she stared at him. “No way.”

“You judged a book by the cover and thought I only watched action adventure and martial arts movies?” he joked.

“Well, maybe?”

“Tell me the name of the book,” he requested, pulling out his phone and pulling up a bookseller’s website.

Feeling her face heat, Gabriela answered, “Daddy’s Little Enchantress.”

He typed in the name and clicked it without saying another word. Setting his phone down on his tray, he helped himself to more food.

“Are you really going to read that?”

“Definitely. Either alone or with a Little girl.”

She didn't think she could be more surprised, but she was.
"Read it with someone?"

"Bedtime stories are always fun. What part do you play?"

"Esmeralda."

"The enchantress?" he guessed.

"Yes."

"And the Little girl. I bet you are spectacular."

"The director and producer are pleased."

"What do you think of the leading man?" Kole probed.

"He's very famous."

"That didn't answer my question. Is he good for the role?"

"I'm sure the audience will feel wrapped up in the magic,"
Gabriela hedged.

"But he's not Daddy material to you," Kole stated.

"No. But the author approved him. She must see something in him I don't. Don't get me wrong. He's an amazing actor."

"He's just not your Daddy."

"That could never happen." Gabriela heard those words come out of her mouth and stared at him hard, understanding exactly what she had just inadvertently admitted. She'd danced around his references to her as a Little girl without confirming or denying them. Now, he'd boxed her easily into admitting the truth.

"Don't worry, Gabby. I won't share anything I learn or observe about you. Besides, I already knew."

"How?"

"People have different types of radar. Maybe someone you know can pick out someone who's gay. Another may detect people having depression. Or someone having an affair. I think it depends on you, your interests, and how you're wired."

"So, because you're a Daddy..." Her voice trailed off.

“Exactly.”

Gabriela helped herself to a piece of cheese and a cracker. That kept her from having to say anything else as her mind whirled around the inside of her skull. She'd known Kole for less than a day and already he'd figured out the secret inside her.

She'd worried when she'd accepted the role that people would know her deepest, darkest fantasies. Then the allure of being undercover tempted her to go for it. How could she hide her truth in plain sight other than under the disguise of acting the part?

When her hand hesitated over the last of the grapes on the platter, Kole urged, “Eat. There are plenty of things here for me to enjoy. The grapes are yours.”

Smiling her thanks, Gabriela picked up the bunch and settled back in her chair to enjoy them. She worked hard to maintain her toned body. Grapes were her favorite cheat treat. Sweet enough to enjoy as dessert, they were supposedly good for her as well. Vince always made sure there were grapes on board when she flew.

Picking up her phone, Gabriela went through her messages and emails. She normally stayed off social media, leaving that to a paid specialist. Curious to see if the film had gathered an audience as they dropped teasers for their enjoyment, she opened one site. Scrolling through the comments on one post featuring a photo of her on set, she discovered an anonymous comment that sent a shiver of concern down her spine. Instantly, she got out of that app.

“Something wrong?”

“Just a mistake to check my social media feed. There are always haters there.”

“I'll have my staff comb through the latest posts and see if there's anyone we need to check out. Do you have someone who takes care of that for you?”

“I do. The Reynold Social takes care of all that for me,” Gabriela reported.

“Send an email introducing me to your contact there and copy me.”

Without thinking, she went to follow his directions. And hesitated. “I don’t know your email.”

“Give me your phone,” he directed.

Finding her contacts, he added his information, filling all the fields in before closing that section. He called the Reynold Social group himself before handing the phone back to her.

“Do you want me to call you so you’ll have my number?” she asked.

“I’ve already got it. Thanks.”

“Oh, right, from my agent.”

“Let me refill your water. Are you both still working on the tray? Need anything else? More grapes, Gabriela?” Vince asked, picking up Gabriela’s bottle and waving at the almost empty tray.

“No, thank you, Vince. Water would be good. Those cameras are wicked on dehydrated skin,” she commented.

“We can’t have that. Sir? Anything else?”

“I’m good. Thank you.”

Vince removed the tray and table from the aisle with ease and headed back to the kitchen area to stow everything and refill her water. With the aisle cleared, Gabriela stood and tucked her small purse under her arm before walking to the bathroom. Dawdling there to give herself a bit of time away from the magnetic man with her, Gabriela checked her makeup and brushed her hair.

After freshening her lipstick, she stared at herself in the mirror trying to detect how Kole had known she was Little. She hadn’t even known that about herself until she was in college and sat in a psych classroom. The professor discussed sexual kinks and the atmosphere in the large auditorium was electric. The students were so focused on the lecture that a pin drop would have echoed.

A few expressed their judgements of certain kinks, but everything fascinated Gabriela. Who could decide which was right and which was wrong? As long as it didn't hurt anyone—well, other than the person who'd chosen to be flogged or pierced by needles—who was she to criticize?

The professor hadn't talked about age play or Daddydoms and Mommydoms for long, but he'd portrayed it as a sweet and spicy relationship chosen by people who needed to escape from their responsibilities they had in real life or craved punishments with a caregiver aspect. Or for the opposite role, people who were dominant but nurturing at the same time.

She'd searched his references and the internet for more information on age play and had discovered it was popular in romance novels. Diving down that rabbit hole, Gabriela had worn out three sets of batteries in her vibrator. *Thank goodness for rechargeable ones.*

A flash of that empty drawer popped into her mind, and she hurried from the bathroom. The plane bounced a bit with turbulence as she got close to her seat.

“Sit down, Gabriela. The pilot just alerted us that there is turbulence outside,” Vince called.

“On it!” she answered and gasped as a stronger lurch knocked her to the side.

“Gotcha.” Kole wrapped his arms around her and guided her away from the other seats she would have collided into.

Landing on his lap, Gabriela stared at him in shock for a few seconds before realizing she needed to get off him. “Oops, sorry!”

“The turbulence is too rough to move. Relax. I'll keep you safe,” Kole told her. His arms locked around her, holding Gabriela's body to his. It would have taken dynamite to get her out of his embrace.

Scared, she looped her arms around his neck, clinging to him for support as the smaller plane rocked and rolled for a second.

A flash of lightning illuminated the cabin. Kole's face was calm and relaxed. She fed off his energy and felt her pulse slowing as she relaxed against him. Resting her head on his wide shoulder, Gabriela closed her eyes. She pressed her hand to his chest to feel the thud of his heart.

CHAPTER 4



This is not a smart idea. Kole knew he should buckle her back into her seat but the risk of her being jostled or bruised was high. He tried to think of anything other than how perfectly she fit in his arms. Tracking the carbs in the meal he'd just eaten and devising a plan to keep her safe on the large movie set, he tried to keep his focus on Gabby as a job. His body had other ideas.

When she relaxed completely against him, Kole concentrated on her breaths landing on his neck. Slow and steady made him suspect she was asleep. The soft snore that followed this decision confirmed it. Gabby was out.

The ride settled down quickly. Kole knew she had not slept well after the encounter with the aggressive man. He held her securely in his arms, allowing her to get rest. When the pilot came back, Kole warned him to be quiet with a finger pressed to his lips. The man smiled and nodded. He continued to the bathroom at the rear of the plane and walked silently back to the cockpit on his return.

“We’re getting ready to land,” Vince whispered a couple of hours later.

Kole nodded and slowly rubbed Gabby’s back. “Gabby girl. You need to wake up now.”

“Mmm,” she mumbled and rubbed her face against his chest.

“I’m sorry, Gabby. You have to open those pretty eyes now. We’re about to land.”

“Land?” she echoed and pushed herself up with a hand on his hard abdomen.

“Kole?”

He watched the wheels in her mind turn as she blinked at him. When everything fell into place, her mouth formed an O. “Corn nuts! I’m so sorry.”

Unable to stop his amusement, Kole laughed. “Corn nuts?” he repeated.

“I can’t cuss. I’m really bad at it.” It dawned on her that she still cuddled against him. “Oh! Let me get off you.”

When she moved to slide off his lap, Kole simply lifted her and set her down in her seat. He fastened her seatbelt and handed Gabby her water. “Take a drink, swallow, and then take three deep breaths.”

Following his directions, Gabby looked at him with gratitude as she seemed to push the last of the fogginess from her mind. “Thanks.”

“Anytime.”

Quickly, she checked her makeup and brushed her hair as they landed and taxied to the spot they could deplane. She was completely awake and put together by the time they came to a stop.

Kole suspected she didn’t have much down time on the set and there was always pressure on her to be perfect. That was a heavy burden on someone. Add in the threat of someone menacing her, and Kole couldn’t imagine how on edge she was. He vowed to find a way to allow her to relax as much as she had in her sleep.

He inhaled sharply at that thought. That wasn’t a security guard’s plan. That was pure Daddy. She was his. Kole glanced across the aisle to find her watching him. Her gaze darted away and came back to mesh with his.

“Why didn’t you set me in my seat when the turbulence ended?”

“You needed sleep,” he told her. “You were comfortable. I didn’t want to wake you up.”

“Oh. That makes sense, but it couldn’t have been comfortable for you. I’m sorry.”

“I’m not. Cornnuts?” he asked, distracting her.

“No one in my house was allowed to cuss. My momma would have whooped me good with a wooden spoon if I’d dared to laugh. My dad broke a tooth on a cornnut. That became his favorite thing to say. I guess it stuck.”

“I like it.”

“It’s in my contract that I don’t cuss. I’m okay with that. It’s good for my social media profile.”

“I’m opening the door. Whenever you’re ready. Your driver is here,” Vince reported.

“I’ll go first.” Kole laid down the law, stepping into the aisle first.

As he walked down the short path between the seats, Kole carried his bag in front of him so it wouldn’t run into her. He stopped deliberately before turning to exit through the door to make sure she was behind him. Seeing her a few steps behind, he turned the corner and stepped through the opening, blocking it with his bulk as he looked around. A black SUV waited for them a short distance from the stairs. A hang tag dangled from the rearview mirror, cluing him in that it was from the studio.

“Okay, Gabby. It’s safe.” He walked down the stairs and turned to offer her a hand.

“Thanks, Kole. What did you expect, a shootout at the airport?” she teased as she waved to the familiar driver and called, “Hi, Jerry.”

“I’ll never take anything for granted when it comes to your safety,” he said easily. Within minutes, Kole and the driver had their luggage transferred over to the vehicle as Gabriela waited out of the sun inside.

As they joined her inside the car, Jerry cheerfully announced, “The set hasn’t been the same since you left, Miss Gabriela.”

“What happened while I was gone?” she asked, smiling at his reflection in the mirror.

“From the parking lot, I don’t get to see anything, but the grumbles from everyone I’ve taken back to the airport say there were a ton of retakes while you were gone. The director isn’t getting what he wants on film.”

“Oh, that’s not a good thing to hear,” Gabriela commented.

Kole could hear the tension in her voice and noted her fingers twisting on the car seat between them. Covering her hand with his larger one, he squeezed lightly to reassure her. “I’m sure they just needed you back on the set to have everything fall into place.”

“Wow! That’s some positive thinking,” she said with a smile.

He could tell she didn’t think he knew what he was talking about, but she relaxed slightly. Her hand ceased its fidgeting on the upholstery. She watched out the window and leaned closer as they went through a gated area. There was a flurry of activity everywhere. It looked like mass chaos, but Kole suspected it was actually a well-choreographed ballet.

“Where are the living quarters?” He leaned sideways to talk quietly to Gabby.

“There are a few areas. The different disciplines are all together because we have varied hours. Most of the actors are in that secluded area over there,” she said, pointing to a gathering of trailers a short distance away on the right side of the road they traveled.

“Where is the filming?”

“It depends. The exterior of the mansion is over there. They film the gardens and arrivals in that area. The interior is set up inside. See that enormous building over there? That’s for shooting the inside scenes,” Gabby explained to him.

Kole sketched out the area in his mind, trying to orient himself to the filming area. There were so many people roaming everywhere, it would be a nightmare to secure. Impossible. He would need to stay close to Gabby, even if that meant he slept under her trailer.

“What do you think?” she asked.

“We’ll come up with a plan to keep you safe,” he reassured her quietly. She nodded and seemed to leave it in his hands.

“Miss Gabriela? Are you in trouble? I’ve never seen you with a guard,” Jerry asked, obviously eavesdropping.

“You’re so sweet to worry about me, Jerry. I’m fine. Kole is just for show. You know all the big stars have bodyguards,” she told him.

“You’re going to be bigger than all of them,” he promised her. “I hear a lot around here and the director is happiest about your scenes. He calls you a natural talent.”

“You’ve just made my day, Jerry.” Gabby grinned at the driver. “But I bet you tell everyone that.”

“Not me,” he grinned back. “We’re here. I have directions to drop you off at the boardroom before taking your guy here to the trailer to stow your things.”

“We stay together, Jerry,” Kole corrected him firmly. “Swing by the trailer first, please, and we’ll stow everything in Miss Gabriela’s trailer. Then you can drop us off for the meeting.”

Jerry looked at his watch and nodded. “I have time for that.”

Within a few minutes, Kole had everything stowed inside her trailer. When asked, Gabby had scanned the interior space and declared it looked just as she had left it. Kole would search the premises thoroughly before they relaxed inside. After returning back to the vehicle, Jerry drove them to the boardroom.

“I don’t know if you can come inside with me,” Gabby whispered to Kole.

“I need to make sure it’s safe inside. Use the excuse that you’re introducing me to the people inside,” Kole suggested.

“Smart. Okay.”

Kole easily dismissed the driver as a threat. The older man treated his client as a treasured family member. The driver wouldn’t harm a hair on Gabby’s head. But he was an excellent source of information, seeming to listen to everything that happened on the set.

A few turns and they arrived at a small building without windows. Kole slid from the vehicle and helped Gabby exit as well.

“Thank you, Jerry,” she said gracefully.

“Any time, Miss Gabriela. Stay safe now with your bodyguard. Do what he says. I’ll look forward to seeing you around the set,” Jerry told her.

Kole steered Gabby toward the entrance. He tried the doorknob and found it locked. Knocking, he waited.

“Who the hell are you?” a gruff man greeted him.

He felt her peek around his body, pushing him slightly to the side. Kole yielded to her silent request and turned to give her room to see the man who opened the door. “It’s me, Gabriela, Seymour. This is my...”

Knowing she struggled with how to introduce him, Kole filled in, “I’m Kole with Guards, Inc., a security company.”

“What? You’ve gotten a bodyguard? Come in, Gabriela, and tell us what’s happening.”

Kole was pleased to see his aggressive demeanor disappear as the weather-honed man stepped back to usher them inside. Kole scanned the room, finding two other men inside. Both polished and well dressed, he assessed they wouldn’t get their hands dirty to harm her. Stepping forward, Kole beckoned Gabriela inside.

“Sorry, Seymour. I should have texted.”

“Come talk to us. We’re glad to see you and curious about this big muscle guy,” he said, eyeing Kole’s biceps.

Kole pulled out a chair for her at the table. With her seated, he stepped back into the shadows to wait and watch.

“I’ve had some break-ins at home, an aggressive man in person, and Kole found trackers placed on my car. My agent felt I needed some protection. This is Kole Jeffers,” Gabby explained.

“Good for her. We want you safe.”

Kole recognized the man speaking. He was renowned for funding high-grossing films. Everyone wanted the funds that Theodore Stevens could offer. The prestige of obtaining his funding was like winning the lottery in the moviemaking business.

“Thank you, Mr. Stevens,” Gabby said with a genuine smile. Kole could tell she liked him.

“We’ve got a problem,” Theodore stated bluntly.

“I’m sure I can master the part,” she rushed to assure him as her body stiffened in alarm.

“You are not the problem,” the third man spoke.

Kole saw her shoulders relax a bit before she asked, “What’s the problem?”

“Your character is completely believable. You shine in your scenes as a Little. I, however, look like a stiff idiot,” the third man admitted.

Controlling his expression with the ease from years of practice, Kole caught on immediately. This was the leading man. The actor hired to make the dominant role in the spicy novel come to life. Kole had met a lot of Daddies through the years. This guy didn’t scream Daddy from his demeanor. He didn’t even whisper it.

“I don’t understand, Isaac,” Gabby said quickly. “Is there something I can do to help?”

“Infuse a Daddy personality in me. I need to study someone who is actively participating in the role,” Isaac stated.

A muscle in Kole’s jaw twitched as he controlled his smile of amusement. That might work if he had the correct mentor. The man was an actor. A good one based on the success of his films.

“We’ve got a guy arriving after your flight. Be prepared for him to interrupt filming—especially in the beginning as he gives Isaac pointers. We’ll start filming in the morning. Be in makeup at six,” Seymour requested.

“Will do.” Gabby stood and turned to look at Kole. He could see the wheels in her head spinning as she processed all the information she’d just gotten.

He followed her outside and allowed her to lead the way toward her trailer as he scanned the area. There were a lot of people on the set today. It appeared they were assembling sets for the filming tomorrow. Gabby moved easily past employees, greeting most by name. The smiling responses clued him in that she was well-liked. He, however, got some strange looks. When they reached her trailer, Kole stepped ahead and held his hand out for the key.

“Kole. I’m sorry. My head’s so topsy-turvy, I didn’t introduce you to everyone,” she said quickly.

“No problem, Gabby. I’m here to keep you safe, not make friends. The key?”

“What do you think...” Her voice slammed to a stop, and she looked around to make sure no one was listening. After handing him her key, she followed him into her trailer.

“Kole! Someone was in here. The suitcases have been moved.”

CHAPTER 5



As small as the trailer was, Kole could virtually see the entire space after climbing the stairs. It was easy to spot what had alerted her. His duffle bag was now sitting on the table. Her suitcases were moved slightly from the position next to the couch to more in the center of the walk space. He moved past her to look in the bathroom and check the small closet. “It’s clear now. Who else would have your keys?”

“Virtually anyone. This is the studio’s trailer. There have been dozens of actors living in this one over the years. I doubt if they ever change the locks,” she said, stroking her hand through her hair. She could feel herself trembling.

“PupPup!” she cried and ran forward as she noticed the zipper on one suitcase wasn’t quite closed.

After desperately pushing things away to make room to lay the suitcase down, she toppled it over and opened it completely. Gabriela wrapped her arms around herself and rocked back to sit on her heels. Her stuffie. He was gone. She’d known immediately that he was missing.

Kole dropped to his knees beside her and methodically went through her suitcase, checking to see if the stuffie had migrated somewhere else during the trip to the set. She ignored the fact that he touched her lingerie and personal things like two boxes of tampons. None of that mattered.

“Gabby? Are you sure you packed him?”

“He was the last thing I put in the suitcase. I double-checked to make sure he was in there before zipping it up like

I always do. I locked it, and he was safe inside,” she said numbly, feeling tears course down her cheeks.

Gabriela held herself together only by sheer force of will. She stared into the overflowing suitcase that seemed so empty now. “I can’t function without PupPup. I can’t sleep without him.”

“I want you to call your housekeeper and have her look in your bedroom.”

She seized her phone and called. The kind woman was gone for several minutes as she looked everywhere. PupPup wasn’t in the bedroom.

“He’s not there,” Gabriela told him and sank into a chair.

Gabriela couldn’t keep her eyes from closing in grief. PupPup had slept with her for years. A present for her fourth birthday, she loved him so much.

“A child’s toy,” she said, stating the truth, sure no one would sense the depth of her pain from that description.

“A stuffie is a precious thing.”

Rage flaring, Gabriela opened her eyes to glare at him for making fun of PupPup’s disappearance. To her surprise, he looked... sad. Like a splash of cold water on the fire blazing inside her, Gabriela’s anger vanished.

Silence fell between them.

A knock on her door made Gabriela jump. Kole held a hand up and walked forward to answer the door. He returned with a thick pad of paper. “The latest version of the script, according to the young man that dropped this off. He was just handed the copies to deliver and just arrived here on his moped, so he didn’t see anything. I’ll go find out where the security office is. Lock the door behind me.”

Quickly, she sprang to her feet to follow him to the door. He cupped her face for a moment before he disappeared through the door. Gabriela locked it and returned to try to lose herself in the script changes. Her arms felt so empty. Finally,

she grabbed a decorative pillow from the couch and squeezed it to her chest.

Finally able to concentrate, Gabriela immersed herself in the script. There were subtle changes, but most would be simple to memorize. She dedicated time to learning the scenes that were completely revamped. To her relief, it didn't seem like they were back to starting at ground zero, but simply making a few targeted alterations.

Her phone buzzed, dragging her attention away, and Gabriela looked at the screen to see a message from Kole. She hopped up and opened the door for him.

“Did you find anything?” she asked.

“I found where the footage is stored.”

“Great. Could you tell who'd been inside?” she asked, hearing the hopefulness in her voice.

“Turns out, it's stored nowhere.”

“What? They assured me the cameras were operational after the previous stuff was taken,” she said, feeling her face heat with anger.

“They're operational. They film but it isn't saved anywhere. The pictures display in the security office. It's one of forty screens. If the guards don't see it, there's no proof.”

“That makes *zero* sense.”

“I agree.” Kole walked to his duffle bag and messed with the zipper for a minute before sliding it open. He pulled out a few small items and a medium-size camera lens. “I'll record the entrance, inside and out from now on, after I change the lock to something only you and I can open.”

She moved forward to peer into his bag. It was filled with equipment. “Why didn't they take that?” she asked.

“It's too heavy to carry without struggling and they couldn't get it open,” he suggested.

“Do you even have clothes in there?”

“An extra pair of jeans and a T-shirt.”

Gabriela kept her eyes on his face. *No underwear?* Didn't he wear underwear? She didn't need to know that. He was walking around with all his dangly bits, well, dangling. She pushed that mental image out of her mind.

"You have stuff in there to change a lock and you don't have underwear?" she demanded.

"Some things are important to take care of you. Others aren't."

The twitch of his lips gave his amusement away. It was absolutely the last straw. She bent her knee and turned to pull off her stylish sandal. Launching it at his head with a primal shriek, she needed to hurt him as much as she was hurting inside. When he dodged the missile easily, she switched feet and threw the other one.

Kole deflected the footwear with a swipe of his arm. "Little girl. That's enough of that."

"Don't call me Little girl. I don't have a Daddy. Not even a pretend one here on set, obviously. Now, my stuffie is gone. And I just found out the people that are supposed to be protecting me have fake cameras out and no one even cares."

When Kole got within her arm's length, she struck out, trying to force him away. He easily controlled her actions, making her even angrier. She was sputtering mad by the time he had her pinned against his hard body with her back against his torso. His hand wrapped around her throat and held her securely against him.

"Stop fighting, Gabby. I'm in your corner, remember?"

"And that corn nut nickname! No one calls me Gabby."

"I do."

That simple answer stopped her. "Why?"

"Because a Little girl can't have a stuffy name like Gabriela. That's for other people who don't know you."

"They took my stuffie," she whispered as the fight evaporated from her.

“I know, sweetheart.”

“Are you going to get PupPup back for me?”

“I don’t know, Gabby. I’m going to try to solve this mystery. I don’t want to lie to you.”

His soft words completely undid her. Tears coursed down her cheeks.

“Baby.” Kole turned her gently in his arms and scooped her up. Effortlessly carrying her to a chair, he sat down with her cradled on his lap.

Gabriela turned to bury her head against his neck. She inhaled, absorbing the natural scent of his warm skin. Not artificial, like woody soap or citrusy deodorant. That was subtly all there. She preferred the scent under all that.

“I’m sorry. I’ll pull myself together,” she whispered, not moving, wishing she could freeze time to capture this moment.

“You don’t need to pretend with me, Little girl. I know you’re hurting. I know you’re scared. Someone out there isn’t playing by the right rules. I’m going to find them. I’m going to stop them,” he promised fiercely.

“Okay.”

He squeezed her closer and pressed a kiss to her hair. “You are very brave, Little one.”

“Why did they take PupPup?”

“That was personal. It wasn’t to resell to some perv out there who collects celebrity underwear. Someone did that to scare you and shake you up.”

“They were successful.”

“I know. You have to keep in mind, they’re not going to hurt PupPup. He’s hidden somewhere safe in case they need him again to get to you. Right now, he’s as scared as you are, but he’s unharmed.”

“Right now,” she repeated, reading between the lines of his statement.

“I’m going to do my best to figure this out before something happens to him.”

“Okay.”

CHAPTER 6



By the time darkness fell, Kole had replaced the lock and added security cameras to the interior and exterior of the trailer. The efficiency with which he worked assured Gabriela he had done this a lot. She noted he avoided installing anything in the bedroom but made sure the hallway was covered. Gabriela tried to memorize where he'd hidden the lenses but despite a few reminders, she kept losing them.

“How can you see those?” she asked as she searched a wall.

“I know what to look for and I put them in. It's okay if you forget where they are. That makes you less likely to give them away to anyone else.”

She nodded, knowing he was right. “Are you interested in dinner? They'll still have something hot for a few more minutes.”

“I could eat. It's important for you to keep your energy up as well.”

“I think I'd just be sick. I'm going to take a shower and go to bed,” she answered.

“I'll get out of your way.” Kole picked up his duffle and walked to the door. “What time are you up in the morning?”

“About five for makeup and wardrobe. Where are you sleeping?” she asked.

“I'll find a spot where I can watch your door,” he answered easily. “Lock this after me.”

“What? You can’t sleep outside. There are snakes and wild animals out there. I’m sorry, I’ll call and find you a place.”

“I’m not going to leave the immediate area, Gabriela. Don’t worry about me. I’ve slept in worse places,” he assured her.

“Not going to happen, Kole. I think that table area becomes a bed. It can’t be too comfortable,” she suggested.

“It will be fine. I’ll go grab some food for us.” He hauled her suitcase into the bedroom and heaved it onto the bed so she could unpack.

“Lock the door behind me. When you’re finished in the shower, let me back inside. I’ll watch the outside cameras while I’m away to make sure you’re okay.”

“Thanks, Kole.” Gabriela waited until he shut the door firmly behind him and then locked the door and attached the security chain he’d installed.

She stared at the barrier between them, knowing somehow that he was looking back at her. Pressing her hand to the door, she sent thanks out into the heavens that he was the one who had gotten the call from her agent and come personally.

“Go, Gabby,” he ordered sternly through the door between them.

Delighted that she was right, Gabriela turned and headed for the mammoth job of unpacking. She had packing and unpacking down to a science by now. In twenty minutes, she had finished.

Hesitating, she looked longingly at the shower. She really wanted to jump in and then go to bed, but Kole wasn’t there. Gabriela felt uncomfortable about getting naked and then having someone come into the trailer. The water made a racket in the small space. Would she even hear someone?

Her phone rang in her hand as she debated whether to call him or not. Her heart racing, she bobbled the phone before stabilizing it to answer. “Kole?”

“Hey, Gabby. I didn’t want to scare you. I’m outside with tacos.”

That word was enough to make her appetite roar into life. “Tacos?” she said, quickly opening the door to find him standing there with an industrial-size tray of something that smelled amazing and a jug of salsa.

“They just brought this out, and the room was empty. They’ll just throw it away in an hour, so I just brought the whole thing.”

“What? No margaritas?” she teased.

“Sorry. I don’t drink.”

“Never?”

“Never. It’s not something I enjoy, so why drink it? I don’t care if others have margaritas, of course, but they weren’t serving those. Now, tacos... I can eat my weight in tacos.”

“That’s a lot of tacos,” she pointed out, feeling herself grin at him.

Kole just test-lifted the pan of tacos. “Not my weight, but it will do.”

“Put that down,” she urged, waving at the small countertop.

“I knew the smell would make you hungry,” Kole teased as he followed her directions. In a flash, he had a paper plate in her hand and the lid removed from the tacos.

“We can’t eat all those,” she pointed out.

“We don’t even have to try,” he assured her. “Take two to start with.”

“You’re going to be bad for my waistline,” she caved, adding two to her plate.

“You’re perfectly fit. If it sounds better, make it a salad,” he suggested, stealing the lettuce from a couple of others and adding that to her plate.

“Ooo! Good idea.” She found a couple of forks in the drawer and dropped everything off at the table before diving into the refrigerator. “I have two diet sodas in here.”

“I’ll stick with water,” he said as he loaded his plate with tacos.

She eyed the paper plate as he carried it gently to the table, cradled in one large hand. He grabbed an insulated drink tumbler from his duffle bag and filled it with cold water from the sink. As an afterthought, he stopped and nabbed the salsa jug as he returned.

“I keep watching that magic duffle to see what you’ll pull out of it next.”

“Eat, Little girl. You didn’t need to wait for me.”

Gabriela picked up one taco and took a bite. The taco shell spilled part of its ingredients on her plate, making the salad idea even better. “I don’t know who can eat a taco without making a mess.”

“The key is salsa.” Kole opened one taco slightly and poured salsa between the filling and the shell before picking it up. He took a bite and miraculously everything stayed in place.

“That’s amazing.” Gabriela tried it on her other taco. Taking a bite, her eyes widened as she pulled the rest away from her mouth all in one piece.

“Bodyguards have the best secrets,” he said, nodding at her.

“I guess,” she mumbled around her bite.

“No talking while you’re chewing. I don’t want you to choke.”

Gabriela waited until she’d swallowed before adding, “And it’s bad manners. Sorry.”

“You can be yourself here, Gabby,” he assured her before polishing off his taco with a second bite.

“Maybe we can eat that tub of tacos,” she said with admiration.

“Taco comas for us tonight,” he said, lifting his second specially prepared taco.

Feeling silly, she lifted the shell in her hand and tapped it against his, as if they were imbibing the best champagne. “Cheers!”

“Cheers, Gabby. Now eat.”

Gabby enjoyed the simple meal. Eating the taco in pieces as a salad and the one that held together, each was delicious. She lost track of how many tacos he consumed. His manners were perfect as he inhaled the tacos with enjoyment.

When she set her fork down, Kole said, “It’s late, Gabby. Go take your shower. I’ll clean up here and get my bed set up.”

“Okay. If you’re sure. I think there are extra pillows and sheets in the cabinets above the table,” she said, pointing.

“I’ll check it out. Don’t worry. I can sleep anywhere.”

Reluctantly, Gabby stood and went to the bedroom to grab the large T-shirt she usually wore to bed. It was soft with a few holes, proving the number of years she’d worn it. Heading to the bathroom, she heard the water rushing in the sink and knew Kole was cleaning the kitchen. She felt guilty, leaving the work to him, but followed his instructions.

When she finished, the front of the trailer was dark and silent. “Good night,” she whispered.

“Good night, Gabby. Sleep well.”

She nodded and headed for the bedroom, hesitating at whether to close the door or leave it open as normal. Not wanting to give him the wrong message, she closed it and turned the flimsy lock. Crawling into bed, she reached automatically for PupPup and cried again when she remembered he had been stolen. Gabriela wrapped her arms around her tear-soaked pillow and closed her eyes.

CHAPTER 7



A soft click woke him up about two hours after she went to sleep. He'd heard her toss and turn for a while before the room became quiet. Now, Kole froze and assessed his surroundings trying to pinpoint the noise. The quiet sound of cloth reached his ears next. He sat up. "Gabby? Are you okay?"

"It's so hot in here," she moaned, fanning the bottom of her nightshirt to get some air.

"Leave the door open so the cool air can get in there," he suggested. "You're perfectly safe."

"I miss PupPup. He scares all the yuckiness away," she whispered.

"I'm sorry, Little girl. Do you have another stuffie to sleep with?"

"No. PupPup always slept with me."

"Let me see what I can do." Kole stripped the pillowcase off the extra pillow he'd found in the cabinet. He grabbed a small cushion that had decorated the couch and placed it inside the fabric. After tying the material in the middle, he stretched the corners up into cat ears. He stood and walked closer to her, holding the creation out to her.

"This isn't PupPup, but meet KittyCat. Try holding on to her and see if she keeps all the bad dreams away," Kole suggested.

She hesitated, rubbing her toes on the carpet. “Um... I hate to ask.”

“Want me to stretch out with you for a while?”

“Would you mind? Nothing scary will risk messing with you.”

Without saying a word, Kole stood and followed her to the small bedroom. The space felt even more confining with this enormous form inside. The room was cooling, but Kole could feel the trapped air that had woken her up. When she walked to the left side, he moved to the right. Settling on the bed, he waited for her to sit and then stretch out on the edge of the bed. He noticed she held KittyCat between them like a barrier.

“Go to sleep, Little girl,” he suggested.

She nodded in the dark, and he smiled at her sweet nature. Kole didn't understand how he knew this woman was the Little girl he'd searched many years to find. Life had brought them together when she needed him the most.

He evened out his breathing, making his inhales and exhales long and deliberate. Within a few minutes, she matched his breath. He felt her body relax on the mattress and a short time later, she drifted to sleep. Only then did he allow himself to doze.

Kole knew the exact second she moved toward him. Scooting into the middle of the bed, Gabby rested her head next to his. She paused there for about ninety seconds before curling over him. Her cheek settled on his shoulder as her arm wrapped across his torso. Kole shifted slightly to wrap his arm around her, and a happy-sounding sigh escaped from her lips.

He held his breath, waiting for her next move. He'd showered after her and wore only a pair of athletic cut snug boxers. The feel of her skin against his was exquisite. Forcing his body not to react to her closeness, Kole practiced his breathing. Usually, he was able to focus, allowing him to drop into sleep. But her delicate scent toyed with his senses and his control. Finally, he won, pushing everything out of his mind and joining her in sleep.



A soft kiss pressed to his jaw woke Kole up. He opened his eyes, expecting to see her still asleep, but her gaze met his boldly. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you up. I just needed to thank you for helping me sleep.”

“You were restless by yourself.”

She grinned impishly, taking him totally by surprise. He’d never seen this side of her. “You make a good stuffie, but you’re a bit hard. Maybe more tacos?” she suggested, tilting her head to the side.

Without consciously deciding, he wrapped a hand around the back of her head and urged her forward until their lips met. She wiggled against him, moving toward the kiss to press her mouth fully to his. Parting her lips, she deepened the kiss. He stroked down her spine, cupping her pert bottom to lift her a bit higher. When her tongue traced the inner surface of his lips, Kole groaned as she wiggled against him happily. *She enjoys playing with me.*

Eager to amuse her, Kole tightened his arms around her and turned sharply over, trapping her underneath him. Immediately, he deepened the kiss, taking control. Her playfulness melted into heat. Gabby wrapped one leg around him as she brushed her fingers through his hair to tug. He lifted his head to check he hadn’t misread her desire.

“No!” she protested and lifted her head to rekindle the kiss.

Sure she wanted him, Kole kissed her the way he’d wanted to the first moment he’d seen her. She stilled below him for a brief moment before meeting his passion. Exploring the sweetness of her mouth, Kole loved her response. Her tongue teased and twisted around his.

Beep, beep, beep!

The electronic sound of the alarm harshly disrupted their intense focus on each other. Kole lifted his mouth from hers and stared down at Gabby. “You are mine, Little girl.”

“Yours? We haven’t even... You know.”

“You were mine the minute I saw you. If you’re honest, you know that.”

He watched her face change and knew the actress in her had taken over. Kole would make sure in future days that she understood he could see through the talented persona she cultivated.

“Oh, I don’t know about all that. I am glad you’re here to keep me safe. And who could resist...” She waved a hand down his body. “All that?”

“You can hide, Gabby, because we’re out of time. Next time...”

“Oh, you’re right! I have to be in makeup in just a few minutes.” She rolled out of bed and darted into the restroom.

Shaking his head, Kole stood and made the bed. He walked toward his abandoned bed and passed the bathroom just as the door opened. Kole stopped and wrapped his arms around her. Nuzzling her shoulder, he lifted her and turned in a partial circle to switch their positions.

Kole watched her look over her shoulder as she walked into the bedroom. Her beautiful, deep brown eyes were as big as saucers as she took in the effect of their play on his body. When she shut the door, severing their connection, he turned and headed for his clothes. It would be a while before he could go to the bathroom.

To his surprise, she almost beat him dressing. Reappearing in a wrap dress and flip-flops, she almost bounced with energy.

“Ready to go to work?” he guessed.

“Ready!”

“You should eat breakfast,” he directed.

“I’ll grab a smoothie at the food station on my way to makeup. Gerard makes great ones.”

“Let’s go.”

He walked beside her as she guided him to the commissary building. Kole watched her greet people by name and studied the reactions of everyone as they interacted with Gabby. Everyone appeared genuinely glad to have her back. She was like a ray of sunshine.

The only time he saw her smile falter was when her co-star invited her over to meet a man sitting at an isolated table with him. Shadowing her, Kole followed her and stayed within hearing distance.

“Hi, Isaac. Who’s this?” Gabby asked.

“This is the expert brought in to work with me. Terrence, I’d like you to meet Gabriela Morales who plays Esmeralda in this production.”

“Nice to meet you, Gabriela,” the handsome man said with a smile.

“Terrence has given me all sorts of motivation and guidance on the scene today. I’m eager to get in there and try them,” Isaac said with enthusiasm.

“Maybe we should run through the lines together before we get on the set,” Gabriela suggested.

“I want you to react naturally. Let’s see how it goes. We can rehearse it to death if something doesn’t work,” Isaac countered.

“O-Okay,” Gabriela agreed hesitantly.

“Gabriela! I need you in makeup. Come on, beautiful!” a man called from the doorway.

“Oops. I have to go. See you in a few,” she said, waving goodbye as she hurried away.

Turning to Kole, she said, “I’ll be fine in makeup. You can drop me off and go get something to eat. I’m sorry I didn’t have time to introduce you to everyone.”

“Don’t worry about me, Gabby. I’ll be within viewing or earshot.”

Gabriela nodded before joining the makeup artist waiting impatiently for her. She tried to keep from blushing as he questioned her.

“Who’s the beefcake? His muscles have muscles.”

“That’s Kole. He’s my bodyguard.”

“Ooo, you picked a good one. He’s definite eye candy.”

“My agent hired him,” Gabriela said quickly.

“She has good taste. Come on. Let’s get you ready to shine. I’ve got the latest script if you want to look over it while I work my magic. The scoop is they’re filming the bedroom scene today.”

“Thank you, Edwin. You’re the best.”

“I know. You’re welcome, Gabby.”

“Could you call me Gabriela?” she asked.

“Muscle guy calls you Gabby.”

“I know, but no one else. I’ve always been Gabriela,” she tried to explain. Having Kole call her Gabby felt okay. With anyone else, it was wrong.

“You got it, girl. Ixnay the Abbygay,” he joked in pig Latin.

“Thanks,” she said, leaning back in the chair as she opened the script to refresh her memory. The bedroom scene. Just where she wanted to start with Isaac in pure Daddy mode.

CHAPTER 8



The filming over the next few days was pure magic. With a few tweaks in Isaac's performance, sparks had flown as the couple interacted. The silence on the set was deafening as the director called cut, wrapping up the most intimate scenes of the movie. Dropping out of character, Gabriela stared at her leading man in shock.

Thunderous applause suddenly surrounded them on all sides. She joined in to celebrate. Isaac walked forward to wrap his arms around Gabriela and twirl her in a celebratory circle.

"We did it!" he cheered.

"That was amazing," she complimented. "You totally had the Daddy thing down."

"And you made me believe I was a Daddy. The heat in the theaters after that scene will make the air conditioners work overtime," Isaac celebrated.

"I can't wait to see those scenes all put together but... Wow!" the director complimented as he walked forward to join them.

"What are we filming tomorrow, Seymour? There's a discipline scene that I want to run through with Terrence," Isaac asked.

"The break-up scene is next. Let's keep the emotional rollercoaster going," the director answered.

"Got it." Isaac ran off to find his Daddy coach.

“Go rest, Gabriela. Isaac got it perfect for these scenes. He’s gotten stronger each day. You, however, have mastered this role from day one. I know it’s draining. Take some time to yourself tonight,” Seymour suggested. “Tomorrow will take all your talent to tear everyone’s heart to pieces.”

“Thanks. I’ll do that.” Her mind was already focused on the emotional rollercoaster.

Turning, Gabriela was almost out of the stage area when she felt the adrenaline rush collapse. A powerful arm circled her waist, supporting her. She looked up into Kole’s face. “Sorry. I’m running on empty.”

“I can imagine. Let’s get you to the trailer where you can relax.”

“I have to report to wardrobe first to return this outfit. What time is it?”

“Almost six. You’ve had a long day. Let’s get you rehydrated and fed.”

“That sounds wonderful. Oh, thank you, Joe.” Gabriela smiled at the stagehand who handed her a bottle of cold water as they walked.

Kole intercepted it and surreptitiously looked it over before cracking open the bottle to sniff and take a drink as they approached their destination. When it passed his inspections, Kole handed it to her. “Drink. It’s okay.”

“Do I really need to be worried about what people are going to hand me? He’s been around the filming since we started,” she asked, gesturing with the open bottle.

“Probably not. I’m not concerned about what that guy has done to it as what someone else might have,” Kole explained.

“If someone has done something to the bottle, I don’t want you to be hurt,” Gabriela stated firmly.

“I won’t be.”

“You’re not a superhero with undefeatable powers,” she scoffed.

“I might be.”

Gabriela stared at him for a second, trying to decide if he was making fun of her or if he really thought he was invincible. The twitch at one corner of his mouth solved that mystery. “Oh, you. Let me put my clothes back on and we can go back to the trailer. I really want to get all this makeup off.”

No matter how many films she'd ever get to star in, Gabriela never expected to get used to the layers of makeup they applied to make her look fresh and natural. She scratched idly at her jawline as the wardrobe assistant, Sarah, retrieved her wrap dress from the lockers.

“Would someone else have picked it up?” the young woman asked cautiously, coming back empty-handed.

“What? No. Is my dress missing?” Gabriela asked, turning slightly so Kole would hear from his position at the door. “Where else could you have stashed it during the filming?”

“That's the only place, Ms. Morales. I'm very careful to put things exactly where they're supposed to go. Otherwise, it's chaos in here,” Sarah said, waving a hand around at the packed area.

“I'm sure it will show up,” Gabriela said, trying to be positive as Kole moved to a position behind her. “In the meantime, what should I wear back to my trailer?”

She turned to Kole, about to ask if he'd run back and grab her robe. Gabriela froze at the sight of Kole's naked chest. Instant heat gathered between her thighs as his muscles flexed while he turned his T-shirt right-side out. A gasp sounded beside her, and she glanced at Sarah who looked like she could drool at any moment.

“Here, Gabby. This should be dress length on you,” Kole suggested.

“Thanks?” Gabriela said hesitantly as she took the garment behind the screen to take off the adorable, short negligee she'd worn for the scene.

A few seconds later, she pulled the still warm T-shirt over her head. Inhaling, she enjoyed his scent that clung to the

material. Tugging it down, she discovered he was right. It reached to her knees and billowed around her. Definitely, the soft material felt better than the scratchy lace. She sighed with delight.

“Thanks, Kole,” she said as she walked back out to join him, only to find a gaggle of wannabe groupies around him.

Spotting her, Kole walked forward, navigating carefully through his admirers without seeming to notice their interest. He was focused solely on her. *Of course. He’s being paid to watch you.*

“Ready?” he asked, already guiding her toward the door.

“That group gathered quickly,” she observed, hearing the cattiness in her tone.

“I don’t know where they came from. All of a sudden, everyone needed something from wardrobe. Is it usually so busy in there after filming?”

“Not usually,” she shared. “Thanks for the T-shirt. I was going to send you back for a robe, but this was easier.”

Gabriela allowed herself to scan his form. Outside in the sunlight, there was no way anyone could miss how fit he was. She stifled a laugh as one of the stagehands ran into his coworker while paying attention to Kole instead of everything around him.

“You without a shirt is distracting people,” Gabriela observed, trying to keep herself from smiling.

“Good. Keep them off-kilter, and we can see what’s really happening.”

“This is just another job for you, isn’t it?” Gabriela felt a stab of dismay.

“Let’s talk when we have you safe in the trailer.”

The last few minutes of the walk passed without either speaking. Tired after long emotional days of filming, Gabriela focused on not tripping over her own feet. When they reached the trailer, she watched Kole unlock the door. She tried not to notice that his back muscles rippled as he twisted the key.

Sex on a stick.

He signaled her to go first and followed her closely up the stairs. The second the door was locked, Kole caged her against the wall. His forearms pressed on either side of her head, leaving his face inches from hers. “Seeing that man trying to be your Daddy killed me today, Little girl. It gets harder every day. I may not survive this assignment,” he admitted in a harsh voice that revealed his emotions.

He seized her mouth with his and deepened the kiss immediately when she gasped in response. Seducing her as he explored her, Gabriela could do nothing but hold onto his broad shoulders as heat swirled around them. When he drew back slightly, they were both breathing hard.

“Remember when he touches you that you’re mine, Gabby,” he growled.

His gaze held hers, waiting for a response. Her heart pounded in her chest as she tried to find some bit of untruth in his gaze. Gabriela found only heat, passion, and something else. That something else made her rise onto her tiptoes to press her mouth back to his.

Kole’s response wowed her. As he devoured her mouth, he boosted her up slightly. Ripping his lips from hers, he demanded, “Wrap your legs around me, Little girl,” before turning his attention back to kissing her.

Without a second thought, Gabriela followed his directions. Linking her feet behind his trim waist, she gasped when he shifted slightly. His thick shaft pressed against her dampening panties. The hardness brushed over her most sensitive areas. Immediately, she wiggled to feel more.

“Gabby, I’ve been tested lately. I’m clean.”

“Me, too.”

Gabriela tightened her arms to pull his head down for another kiss. Even talking about intimate safety was sexy with Kole. The chemistry of the kiss exploded between them. When he ripped his mouth away, she tried to pull her thoughts together but could only stare at him in absolute shock at the

heat he'd built inside her so quickly. She hadn't known him for long, but Gabriela knew the impact he would leave on her would last forever. That should have scared her—but it didn't. Tightening his arms around her with a groan, Kole stepped back from the wall. He took a second to double-check that the door was locked and grab a small pouch from his magical duffle before carrying her down the hallway to the bedroom. Pressing kisses to her neck and shoulders as he walked, Kole held her as if she were a precious treasure. Gabriela clung to him, wishing this would never end.

He hesitated at the foot of the bed. Meeting her gaze directly, he said, “Gabby girl. Tell me if you're not ready for this. Once we've made love, I'll never be able to let you go.”

She looked at the face of a man who had been a stranger just a short time ago. He'd stepped into her life as if he were supposed to be there. “Make me yours, Kole.”

“Daddy, Gabby. Can you call me Daddy?” he asked.

“I haven't ever called anyone that. You know, in real life, not playacting,” she told him.

“Call me Daddy,” Kole repeated.

“Daddy...” Her voice trailed off. She didn't know what to say to follow that.

Kole didn't wait for any additional words. Propping one knee on the bed, he leaned forward to lay her gently on top of the comforter. Rising a bit to look over her, he growled, “I love you dressed in my clothes.”

“It smells like you,” she whispered before adding daringly, “but I think it needs to come off.” Taking hold of the hem, she wiggled, trying to pull it up.

“Hold still,” he ordered and wrapped his hands around the material, tearing it straight down the middle.

Gabriela gasped as the cool air-conditioned breeze reached her skin. The heat from his gaze quickly warmed her from the inside out. She loved the almost physical sensation of him looking at her.

“Mine.”

Kole kissed away her grin at his possessive claim. She wrapped one hand around the back of his head to hold him close as she clung to him. When he released her lips, she held her breath as his gaze focused on its next target.

His searing kisses down her throat made her feel like no one had ever touched her before. Kole played her body like an instrument made just for him. He seemed to know exactly where she needed to feel his touch next.

He cupped her plump breast, caressing the sensitive underside with his fingers. Her slender frame made her breasts appear larger in comparison. She'd never forget how her last lover had expressed his disappointment in her form. The lasting sting faded instantly as she watched his face. There was no mistaking the appreciation in Kole's eyes. He appeared to love everything about her body.

Gabriela was used to men wanting her because of her career. She had felt like a notch that others wanted to conquer and scratch off their to-do list. Kole wasn't one of those men. He was like no other.

“Off! This needs to be off,” he declared, boosting her up to strip off the material still fitted on her arms. When she was completely bare, he settled her back on the mattress and studied her once again.

“Damn!” he uttered before bending down to kiss her.

Thoughts of the past faded from her as he forced her to focus on the pleasure he lavished across her body. He caressed her as if she were the most precious thing on earth. Kole tasted her nipple with a swirl of his tongue, making her inhale sharply before pulling the taut peak into the heat of his mouth. She writhed under him as he tasted and nibbled.

Cupping her other breast, she offered it to him, needing to feel his touch there as well. Before she realized what he was doing, Kole had her hands trapped above her head and pressed firmly to the pillows. She struggled for a few seconds against his solid hold before he distracted her with kisses all over her.

When he lifted his devastating lips from her once again, Kole shook his head. “Daddy’s in control, Little girl. Don’t try to rush me. I’ve waited too long to find you.”

Her stammering response fell on deaf ears as he continued his caresses. Controlled, she abandoned her efforts to return the pleasure he bestowed on her and concentrated on the sensations he built inside her. She rubbed her thighs together, feeling the heat and wetness gathering between her legs. Pushing her hips up, she pressed her mound against him.

Immediately, Kole shifted. Inserting his leg between hers, he allowed her to grind her pelvis against the hard muscles in his thigh. “Sweet Gabby. I’ll make the need feel better soon.”

“I need you,” she panted.

He stroked a hand over her abdomen to trail his fingers over her bare mound. The light touch sent shivers of pleasure through her. It was electric.

“More. I need more,” she begged.

He slid his hand between her body and his thigh. She instantly pressed down against the mattress to give him space to touch her. When Kole shifted backward as his fingers explored her intimately, Gabriela held her breath as he kissed a path from her navel to her cleft. She didn’t realize he had let go of her hands for several seconds. Immediately, she caressed his shoulders.

“Hands, Gabby.” He raised his head to meet her gaze directly. The stern warning made her act.

Without hesitating, she tossed her hands over her head, holding them pressed to the pillow.

“Good girl.”

He pressed her thighs apart, revealing her intimately to his view. “Beautiful,” he praised and lowered his head to taste her.

Frozen in place, afraid to move in case he would stop, Gabriela felt his tongue trace a path from the top of her cleft, over her sensitive clit, and finish at her opening. She watched him lift his head to swirl his tongue over his full lips, savoring

her flavor before lowering his mouth to her pussy once again. This time he lingered in all the right places until she writhed in place.

Kole clamped a hand over her thigh to tether her before pressing two fingers into her body. Seeking all the pleasure spots inside and out, he built the fire inside her until she couldn't wait any longer.

“Please.”

“Come, Gabby,” he urged against her before resuming his exploration with his fingers and tongue. One finger curled inside her and the tip pressed firmly over a very sensitive spot inside her channel.

She felt herself freeze for a split second before the explosion of pleasure inside her ignited. Gabriela panted at the intensity of the feelings that flowed over her. Kole gentled his touch, but never stopped until those zings of excitement faded.

“Daddy, please!” she begged, wanting him to feel as good as she did.

“Please make love to you?” he suggested.

“Please make me yours,” she answered, wanting that more than anything she'd ever desired.

The heat flared even hotter in his gaze. Without saying another word, Kole pushed himself to stand between her legs. Instantly, she missed his fingers filling her. He distracted her completely from that sensation as he unfastened his belt and unzipped his pants.

She stared at the large bulge that pressed through the opening. There was no denying that Kole was massive everywhere. She bit her lip half in desire and half in concern. Could she take him?

“I'll fit, Little girl. I'll make sure of that,” he promised, and she nodded before feeling her cheeks flame as she realized he could read her intimate thoughts.

“There are no secrets between a Daddy and his Little girl.”

She nodded, earning a precious “Good girl” from him.

Focusing intently on his body as he pushed his pants and underwear over his powerful butt and thighs, Gabriela couldn't help staring when he stood to step out of his shoes and clothing. It was like there was an elephant in the room and she couldn't pull her focus away. She knew it was rude to stare but...

“Eyes on mine, Little girl.”

“Sorry!” she squeaked and focused on his face, testing the range of her peripheral vision as he grabbed a condom from the pouch and rolled it over his thick erection.

He crawled onto the bed, moving upward to trap her underneath him. Kole kissed her deeply, allowing her to taste her own flavor from his skin. She lifted her hands from the bed and then froze.

“Touch me, Gabby.”

Eagerly, she wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders to hold on to him for stability as he stroked his fingers down the center of Gabriela's body. His knees on either side of her thighs kept her from spreading her legs as she wanted. Gabriela could only hold her breath and wait as he stroked over her bare mound and traced her cleft. She knew how he could make her feel. A shiver of need ran through her.

“Mmm, Little girl. Are you ready for me to make you mine?”

“Now, please.”

He wrapped his fingers around her thigh and lifted it as he shifted his legs. Guiding her calf around his waist, he settled between her spread legs. Kole guided the broad head of his cock to her opening and pressed inward. Never rushing, he slid himself inside her body.

She clung to him. Feeling the stretch of her channel around him, Gabriela tried to relax, but each inch forward glided over something that thrilled her. It felt like she'd never been with anyone else. He simply wiped the small number of partners she'd had out of her mind and replaced them with this. She closed her eyes as the feelings overwhelmed her.

He pressed a soft kiss against her lips as if he could sense her emotions. “Just let me take care of you, Gabby. That’s all I want to do.”

She nodded and relaxed her muscles. He was in charge.

“Good girl,” he praised. Lifting her other leg, he wrapped it around his body and slid the last inches into her.

Pausing for a few seconds as they both regained their breath, Kole pressed his forehead against hers as he held her close. When she tilted her head to press her lips to his, Kole moved.

A moan of pleasure burst from her lungs. She clung to him, her hands tracing over his powerful frame as she pressed kisses against his skin. His hand slid under her bottom and lifted her slightly.

“Ohh!” That slight move changed everything. Bliss filled her mind as his strokes pushed her into another climax.

“Damn, Gabby. You feel so good around me,” he growled into her ear, pushing her arousal a notch higher.

Unsure what to say to this man who’d inserted himself into her life when she’d needed him most, Gabriela treasured that compliment. She wanted to return the thrilling sensations he lavished on her. Kissing and touching him everywhere, she tried to show him how turned on she was by literally everything he did.

“We’re good together, sweetheart,” he assured her as if he could read her thoughts before turning his attention back to cultivating the passion swirling inside her as their bodies crashed together with growing urgency.

When he finally shouted her name into the darkened trailer, Gabriela knew she would never be the same. He’d changed her. Their bodies, slick with sweat from their exertions, rested wrapped around each other as their heart rates slowed. Lying her head on his chest, she listened to the thudding beat and closed her eyes, unable to keep them open any longer.

“Nap, Little girl. I’ll get us food later,” he promised, and she allowed herself to drift into sleep.

CHAPTER 9



The cast and crew looked shocked. Kole scanned the crowd and tried to note any expression that looked different. That could be the person targeting Gabby. Now with the director talking, the range of emotion on their faces varied from relieved to anxious and even angry. A few looked decidedly green.

“I can’t believe they’re closing down production for two weeks and sending everyone away,” Gabby whispered into his ear. “There are a lot of people not here.”

“They’re smart if it’s as rampant as it appears,” Kole mentioned and nodded to a man who looked pale as he stood on the edge of the crowd, slightly apart from the others. Almost on cue, the man turned and stumbled away from the group.

“Oh, no!”

Kole contained his smile at her heartfelt sympathy toward a man she probably didn’t know. He turned his attention to the final instructions from the director. An idea popped into his head and he pulled out his phone to check directions and distance. That would work.

As he guided Gabby away, the crowd dispersed to gather their belongings. He helped her into the trailer before saying, “I have an alternative for us. Would you like to see my home? It’s about eight hours from here by car. We’ll be more comfortable there than in the hotels they planned to scatter everyone else across.”

“Safer, too,” Gabby answered. “You live close to here?”

“I have a home in a community—SANCTUM. Friends of mine established it and have settled there. The last nails went into my room a few months ago.”

“Are you going to live there permanently?” she asked, leaning against the wall.

“Eventually. I should warn you, it’s an age play community. All the founders are Daddies who wanted to create a secure place where their Littles could be safe to live as they wished.”

“You have a Little?”

He looked at the tears that had gathered instantly in her eyes and kicked himself. Stepping close, he shook his head as he brushed her hair back from her face. “I have a Little now. No others.”

“But have you had a Little before?” she pushed. “Is that why you built your house there?”

“I built my house there because that’s my dream. To have a Little girl who can enjoy the safety and security of being at SANCTUM. I wouldn’t take just anyone there. Protecting the other Littles is very important. I want to take you there.”

“Really? You think I’m the one you want to have with you there?”

“Yes.”

He could tell his simple answer made more of an impact on her than any elaborate explanation. She was his. Kole stepped forward to wrap his arms around her and pull her close. When she rested her head on his shoulder and snuggled close, he closed his eyes to treasure the intimacy that grew between them.

“Isaac could never be a Daddy, even with coaching. Most of the audience watching won’t recognize the difference, but I can. It’s hot, but it’s not this,” she whispered.

“This is just the tip of the iceberg, Little girl.”

He squeezed her a bit closer and dropped a kiss on her hair. “Shall we gather our things and head home?”

Gabby lifted her head and nodded. “That sounds wonderful. I’m having trouble thinking of my house as home after the invasion.”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. SANCTUM is safe.”

“Anywhere with you feels protected.”

“I’m glad. Come on. Let’s grab our stuff.”

“Did you ever unpack?” she teased, looking around to spot his duffle sitting zipped and ready to go.

“Nope.” Kole kissed her laughter away before shooing her into the bedroom.

He lifted the suitcases onto the mattress for her to fill before gathering the rest of the tacos and other perishables from the fridge. Kole alerted Gabby he was leaving before carefully locking the door behind him. As he walked to the dumpster near the catering area, he listened to the conversations that swirled around.

People were mingling around the common areas. Most stood a precautionary distance apart, but some huddled to whisper confidentially. The biggest subject was who was sick and what were the symptoms. The bug seemed to cause extensive stomach problems that had even resulted in a camera man being admitted to the hospital. Eventually, all the camera operators had caught the illness.

Hard to film without a crew.

Keeping his distance, Kole used the hand sanitizer now scattered everywhere before returning to the trailer. “Just me, Gabby,” he called through the door before opening it.

She met him at the door. “I’m almost finished packing.”

Pausing, she turned to face him with KittyCat cuddled against her body. “I don’t want to abandon PupPup here. I think he made it to the set. He’ll think I don’t love him anymore.”

Kole walked forward and wrapped his arms around her. Using any spare time he had, he'd looked everywhere for the stuffie. The culprit who'd taken him had the pup hidden in his personal effects. Gabby had been brave without her cherished toy, but leaving with him unaccounted for would be the biggest challenge.

"I know you miss him, sweetheart. How about if I go look around one more time before we leave? I can arrange for transportation while I'm searching," he suggested.

When she nodded eagerly, he turned and opened the door.

"Do you think you can rent a car?" she asked, looking worried.

"No need."

Kole and Gabby looked through the screen door to see Jerry. He stood a distance away from them and looked so ill. Kole cursed himself for not noticing him faster. Balancing his attention between Daddying and guarding Gabby was a challenge he'd have to conquer quickly.

"Jerry. You don't look good," Gabby observed in concern over Kole's shoulder.

"I've just told the transportation director that I've been hit with this crap. I've doused the keys with hand sanitizer. I'll set them on the concrete here for you. The car is parked over there. If you don't mind driving, take the car to the hotel yourself. I told the director you'd be okay since you have the big guy with you, Gabriela."

"Kole will take care of me," she assured him before adding, "I'm worried about you."

"They'll keep checking on me. I haven't been in the car for twenty-four hours, so it should be okay, but the crew is wiping it down for any germs," Jerry reported.

"We're heading to my home instead of the hotel," Kole told him.

"Just let the director know..." Jerry sprinted off to the left, out of sight, with his hand over his mouth.

“I hate this,” Gabby said shakily.

“We’ll be okay. Do you know the director’s number?” he asked.

“I’ll find it and call while you get the keys,” she promised.

“Do you still have time to look for PupPup?” Gabby asked in a trembling voice.

“Definitely. I’ll be back in thirty minutes. I’ll have to stay away from people to avoid infecting you. Then we’ll need to leave.”

“I understand. Don’t get sick. I’ll be okay without him.”

“I’ll try my best to find him,” Kole assured her. He locked the door as she called the director. He didn’t expect to find the stuffie, but she needed him to look for it.

When he returned, she’d nodded sadly and reported she was finished packing. In under fifteen more minutes, he had Gabby’s luggage restowed in the trunk and they were on their way to SANCTUM. She settled back against the seat after they cleared the filming compound and soon fell asleep. Kole tried to memorize the sight of her curled up on her side in the big passenger seat with one hand extended over the console to rest on his arm.

As he followed his phone’s GPS leading him to the coordinates stored in the device, he reviewed all the incidences proving someone was preying on Gabby. He’d made some inquiries to find out who else had been off set while his client had been home. To his surprise, the number was untrackable. So many people rotated in and out of the set as they were needed, the amount who could have left during that time period was more than thirty.

Kole had taken a quick photo of the list and would investigate further. He wasn’t sold on the fact that the person who’d taken personal things from Gabby, tracked her movements, and approached her so menacingly was a crew member. Surely, she would have recognized someone who worked on the set when he’d gotten close to her downtown.

Lost in his thoughts with the adorable scenery next to him, the miles raced past. When she squirmed in her seat and started to wake up, he scanned the area for a place to use the restroom and stretch their legs. A billboard for a familiar fast-food place appeared and listed a site at the next exit.

“Kole?” Gabby murmured sleepily as she looked around.

“Hi, sleepyhead. You can call me Daddy. I’m glad you slept well. I shouldn’t have kept you up last night.”

He loved the faint blush of pink that appeared on her cheeks at his reference to their lovemaking. “Car rides always make me zonk out. I’m sorry,” she apologized.

“No problem, Gabby. I’m teasing you. Want to stop to potty?” he asked.

“Please.”

As he pulled off the exit, she asked, “Should I call you Daddy at SANCTUM?”

“If you’re ready for that, Gabby. It’s up to you. I’d love for you to call me Daddy,” he assured her.

“There will be other Littles?” she asked as he parked.

“A whole crew of them. How about if I tell you about them when we get back in the car?”

“I’d like that,” she said enthusiastically as she reached for the door handle. Gabby jumped when he wrapped his hand around her thigh.

“Daddy takes care of the door. Wait for me.”

“Oh!” She nodded and watched him circle the car to open her door.

“Good girl. Hold my hand.” Kole’s heart melted a bit more as she readily linked her fingers with his.

CHAPTER 10



When they got back in the car armed with burgers, fries, and drinks, Gabby looked at the fun kids' pack he'd ordered for her. "I thought they'd look at us funny or tell us I was too old," she admitted.

"Not at all. Does it have a toy?" Kole asked.

Opening it quickly, she drew out a swirly straw. "Look! This is so loopy. I wonder if it works?"

"Try it. The chocolate milk is yours."

"I can't believe you got us both milk," she said, shaking the sealed container as if she were an old pro.

"Milk is good for your bones," he answered.

"And your muscles?" she asked, playfully poking his bulging bicep.

"Definitely."

Gabby placed the straw in the narrow neck and tried it. "Neat! Watch me, Daddy!" she said, holding it so he could watch the chocolate mixture zip through the straw.

"That's fun, Little girl. Eat some food as well," he urged, arranging his fries between them and unwrapping his burger.

"I've got my own fries in here, Daddy," she reported proudly as she set her milk in the cupholder to free her hands.

"You'll know where more are if you want to steal them."

She smiled at him happily. Gabriela was used to watching her calories. Thank goodness she was naturally slim so she didn't have to deprive herself completely of any treats. She had dated men in the past who always pushed salads or fruit on her when she really wanted a steak. Those guys didn't last long.

I guess I'll keep Daddy.

Wiggling happily in her seat, Gabriela popped a fry in her mouth and chewed happily. "This is so good. I haven't eaten French fries in forever."

"Everyone needs a cheat meal once in a while," Kole declared, eating three at the same time.

"I think so, too. I wonder how much we're alike. What's your favorite color?"

"Gray."

"No way! That's so boring! Mine is fuchsia."

"I bet you look especially pretty in that shade. Favorite type of books?" he probed.

"Naughty ones," she admitted.

"Perhaps I should read one to you."

Her face heated, and she knew she was totally red at the thought of hearing the story aloud—and in his voice. Oh, cornnuts! He would know what kind of books she read.

"You don't like to be read to?" he asked, glancing over at her.

"It's not that. It's just..."

"I'll know you read Daddy books?" Kole suggested. "I already know that. I bet we've read some of the same ones. Have you read the one about the Little girl whose car breaks down and she has to walk miles in bad shoes to make an interview?"

"I love that one. He takes such good care of her," Gabriela said without thinking.

“I plan to care for you with the same dedication,” he promised.

“Um. I’m not as Little as she was.”

“Not now, but I bet you’ll need your Daddy’s complete care from time to time.”

Changing the conversation immediately before her mind could come up with all the ways he could care for her like the doctor did to Zoey in the book, Gabriela asked, “What’s your favorite vegetable?”

“I have a lot. It’s easier to tell you I don’t like lima beans or spinach. In a smoothie, they’re okay.”

“You put spinach and lima beans in smoothies? Remind me never to try one of yours.”

“I’ll make sure you love your bottles,” he assured her.

“You mean like a thermal cup?”

“No, sweetheart. I mean bottle.”

An image popped into her head of Kole, cuddling her on his lap as he fed her. Her breath caught in her chest. *He really wants to be my Daddy.*

“Breathe, Little girl. I won’t rush you if you don’t want to be super Little at first.”

“It’s not that,” she said, fiddling with her straw. “I just haven’t ever done that. It’s kind of scary to let myself be that young.”

“But you’ve fantasized about it?” he asked softly, taking her hand in his. She noticed he made sure to keep his focus on the road, while glancing over at her. Gabriela could tell he was assessing her reactions.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Are you going to make fun of me?”

“No.”

Kole guided the car off the highway and onto the shoulder of the deserted side road so he could turn fully to look at her. “I will never make fun of you, Little girl. Remember, I’m the

one who started the conversation. I want to take care of you as my precious Little.”

“Can you slide your seat back?”

Without asking a question, Kole glided his seat away from the steering wheel as far as possible. When he was in position, she carefully climbed over the console, making sure she didn't knock over the drinks or his remaining fries. Settling on his lap, she cuddled against him. The feel of his arms around her and the heat of his body reassured her this wasn't a dream.

“Are you okay, Gabby?”

“I'm okay. I just needed to be close for a few minutes. Talking about Little stuff is scary.”

“And exciting,” he suggested, flexing his hips slightly to press his hardening shaft into her hip.

She blushed and curled up a bit more as his hands stroked gently over her. Gabriela didn't want him to think she wasn't affected, too, so she pressed a kiss to his throat. He hugged her tightly.

“Whenever you get scared, I'm here,” Kole shared.

“I just don't want to disappoint you,” she whispered.

“You could never disappoint me, Gabby. No matter what. We'll explore things together and try whatever we think or dream of together. If we like it, awesome. If we don't, that's okay, too. We'll never know if we don't try it together. I want to be the man you experiment or act out your fantasies with. Okay?”

“I just tell you what I want to try? I don't know if I can.”

“I know it's tough. At my house, I have a suggestion box in the middle of the coffee table. If you don't want to tell me, you can write a note and drop it in,” he shared.

“And you can, too?” she asked, leaning away to look at him.

“Yes. I can, too.”

“I like that idea.” She reached around and stole a few of his cooling fries. Gabriela popped one into her mouth before feeding him two.

“Is everything okay now?” he asked.

“Yes. I’ll be brave.”

“Me, too,” he teased.

“Just wait. You don’t know what I’ll put in the suggestion box.”

“I don’t, but I can’t wait to see what your mind comes up with.”

“Are you always so awesome?” Gabriela asked.

“You won’t think so when I spank your bottom.”

“You’d spank me? For what?” she demanded, levering herself up to look at him.

“If you put yourself in danger by not following my directions. Or you broke one of our rules.”

“We don’t have any rules, Daddy.”

“We don’t have any rules yet, Gabby. We’ll do those tomorrow because you’ll be too tired tonight. Now, I think we need to finish our lunches and get back on the road to SANCTUM. I believe the Littles have something planned for you.”

“Something for me? Like what?” Gabby asked as she carefully maneuvered herself over the console once again.

“I think they’re planning a bonfire to welcome you. It’s easy. We just show up and relax with all the other people who are at SANCTUM tonight,” Kole assured her.

“What do I wear to a bonfire?”

“Shorts and a T-shirt. Add a bit of bug spray depending on the season and you’re set.”

“We just sit around? Isn’t that boring?” Gabriela asked as he made sure her seatbelt was fastened and pulled his own across his body.

“Nothing is ever boring at SANCTUM. Don’t worry. You’ll have fun. Want to hear about the people you’ll meet?”

“Yes, please.” She unwrapped her burger and took a big bite as Kole started the car and steered it back onto the highway.

“Well, let’s see. I bet Shelby will be standing close by as we drive through the gate. She was the first Little to move into SANCTUM with her two Daddies, Jeremy and Beau.”

“She has two Daddies?”

“She does. She needed them both. Like smart Daddies, they learned to take care of her together. They have a very sweet relationship.”

“Does everyone have two Daddies?”

“Just Shelby. There are other women Littles and there are two male Littles. One is a rodeo rider, so I don’t know if Nicky will be there,” Kole shared.

“A rodeo rider? They’re so buff and athletic. Are you sure he’s not a Daddy?”

“Yes. You will be, too, when you meet Nicky and his Daddy, Lance. The other is Ace. I think he and Ali are with their Daddy on vacation now,” Kole continued.

“I’m not sure I’ll remember everyone’s name,” she worried.

“That’s okay. They’ll figure out something to help you.”

“They sound like nice people,” Gabriela commented.

“Most Littles are. There are, of course, some who are focused only on themselves. I haven’t seen anyone selfish at SANCTUM. They all get along and enjoy each other.”

The miles drifted by quickly as Kole described all the people who lived at SANCTUM. Afraid she would mix people up, she made a list on a clean napkin with a pen she found in the meticulously clean glove box. Kole let her ask questions until she ran out of them.

“We’re almost there, Daddy. It says five more minutes,” she said, looking at the navigation app on his phone.

“That stone fence over there is a part of SANCTUM.” He pointed out her window at the high fence.

“I noticed that a long time ago,” she protested.

“SANCTUM has room for lots of Daddies and Littles.”

“I guess,” she muttered, leaning forward to look closely.

“The Littles have been busy,” he said with a smile. “Look at the gate.”

CHAPTER 11



Gabriela couldn't believe her eyes. A hundred tissue flowers were taped to the arch to welcome them—all different sizes and colors. Tears filled her eyes. They'd done all this in an incredibly short time. And just for her.

She knew she was going to love it here. Quickly, she took a picture to remember this feeling before asking, "Can we go in, Daddy?"

Just like magic, the door swung open. Kole navigated inside and paused at the top of the hill inside as the gate closed behind them. The solid clunk seemed to reverberate through the quiet fields.

Gabriela had just spotted the house closest to the gate when a cute blonde dashed out onto the deck, jumping and waving at the car. Two well-built men followed her outside. "That's Shelby, right?"

"You got it. Let's stop there before we head to the house," Kole suggested.

In a few seconds, he parked the car in their driveway. "Let me," he reminded her.

"Kole!" Jeremy greeted him. "Let your Little out of the car before Shelby explodes."

The men chuckled at that accurate description as the petite blonde practically danced with excitement. Kole rounded the hood and pulled the door open to help Gabriela out.

Suddenly shy, she backed up to stand against Kole's immense form. He simply wrapped an arm around her torso to reassure her as Shelby skipped forward. Gabriela watched her face and knew the minute Shelby recognized her.

Stopping in her tracks, Shelby stuttered, "Y-You're her. I mean, you're the person—the actress—who's the Little in that book. You're actually Little?"

"Hi, Shelby. I'm Gabriela. If it's okay, I'd like to be just a regular person in here. Out there, I have to be an actor, but I hoped here, you'd just let me be myself."

"Of course, you can be yourself," Shelby agreed, rushing forward to wrap her arms around Gabriela.

Of course, to do that, she had to wrap her arms around Kole as well. Shelby stepped back to meet Gabriela's eyes. "You chose a good Daddy."

"Thank you, Shelby. I appreciate you helping Gabby meet everyone," Kole said.

"We have a party planned. It's going to be epic. Daddy Beau thinks it's going to rain, so we're having the party at the house closest to yours. That's Deke and Hannah. Do you like dogs?" Shelby asked.

"I love dogs and cats, well, about any animal except turkeys. They're mean. One chased me around the yard when I was young," Gabriela shared without meaning to tell an entire story.

"That's awful. We don't have any turkeys around here now. We'll put them on the unwelcome list," Shelby declared, seeming automatically on Gabriela's side.

Gabriela stepped away from Kole's support to whisper, "Could I use your bathroom?"

"Come on!" She grabbed Gabriela's hand and rushed her into the house. A dog and a cat welcomed her, but Shelby shooed them out of the way. "She'll talk to you later, guys. The guest bathroom is at the end of the hall."

“Thank you.” Gabriela practically ran down the hallway. Her Daddy had offered to stop several times, but Gabriela just wanted to get here. She hadn’t realized how much she had to go until she stood up.

As she came back down the hall, she heard someone singing softly. Peeking in the door, she saw Shelby sitting at a table. “Thank you,” Gabriela said.

“Oh, you’re welcome. Want to see my nursery? Come on in. I bet you want to see yours,” Shelby suggested.

“Oh, wow!” Gabriela walked in and turned in a slow circle. “It’s like what I’ve dreamed about—only more beautiful.”

“Thank you. My Daddies made it for me.”

When Gabriela turned back to look at Shelby, the other woman asked, “Do you want everyone to call you Gabby or Gabriela?”

“Only D... Kole calls me Gabby,” Gabriela said, just catching herself from saying Daddy.

“You can call him Daddy. I have two, so I call them Daddy Beau and Daddy Jeremy if there’s a possibility I’ll confuse someone, or myself!” Shelby told her with a laugh.

“I’m just getting used to calling him Daddy.”

“Soon you won’t think of him as any other name,” Shelby assured her. “You can come play with me here any time you want. I can’t wait to see your nursery.”

“Do you think I have one?”

“Oh, yeah. There’s no doubt about it,” Shelby assured her. “Where else will they check your temperature or give you vitamins?”

“In the kitchen or the bathroom?” Gabriela suggested, confused.

“You can tell me later. My money’s on your nursery,” Shelby said confidently.

“Little girls?” a deep male voice called.

“We’re coming. I stopped to show Gabriela my nursery,” Shelby explained as they met the large man in the hallway. “This is my Daddy Jeremy.”

“I’m looking forward to getting to know you, Gabriela. Your Daddy is worried about you.”

“Oh. I left without getting permission,” Gabriela said as she rushed back to Kole.

Once outside, she flew to his side and wrapped her arms around his waist. “Sorry. I had to use the restroom,” she whispered in his ear.

“You’re very safe here, Gabby, but I still want to know where you are.”

“Where’s our car?” she asked, looking at the empty driveway.

“It will be back in a minute. Beau drove it over to Mitch’s house to have him scan it for trackers I didn’t find. Look! There is it,” Kole pointed out.

“You scanned the car for trackers before we left?” Gabriela asked.

“I did. I didn’t find any,” Kole admitted, watching Beau park the car.

“What did you find?” Kole asked the handsome man.

“Two. One below the gas tank and one in the trunk. It might have fallen off Gabriela’s suitcase,” Beau said quietly as Gabriela shrank against Kole’s mass for support.

“Thanks, Beau.”

Gabriela looked up at Kole. “Do we need to leave?” she asked.

“No, we’re safest here. They had to be small or my equipment would have caught them. I’d bet they only have a rough idea where we are. No one can get into SANCTUM without us knowing.”

“Do we need to cancel the party?” Shelby said sadly.

“No. The party is still on,” Beau assured her.

“Yay!” Shelby cheered and waved her hands around like she had pompons.

Unable to resist the fun, Gabriela joined in, shaking her imaginary pompons with enthusiasm. She peeked over her shoulder to see Kole’s reaction and had to grin back at him as he also pantomimed being a cheerleader—a very muscular one. His willingness to be silly and have fun shouldn’t have surprised her. Much to her delight, Kole was always more than she expected a security-focused bodyguard would be.

When the moment passed, Gabriela laughed as she slipped her hand into his and loved the squeeze he gave her fingers. “Can you take me to see your house?”

“Our house. And yes. Let’s go. What time’s the party?” Kole asked.

“You’ve got two hours,” Beau informed them. “Just enough time for our Little girl to take a nap.”

“I don’t want to nap. I’m not tired at all. Can’t I go with Gabriela to see her nursery?” Shelby pleaded.

“Not this time. You can play with Gabriela tonight. Say goodbye, Shelby,” Jeremy told her with a tone that shut down any possible argument.

“Fine.” Shelby pouted as she walked forward to hug Gabriela. “I’ll see you tonight. Thanks for being my newest friend.”

Surprised by how much she already liked Shelby, Gabriela hugged her back. Gabriela usually was cautious about new people. Did they want to be around her because they genuinely liked her or did they want to use Gabriela’s connections to advance their careers? There was no question with Shelby. She was simply that sweet.

Kole shepherded Gabriela into the car. She looked around suspiciously as he circled the car to get in, wondering if there were any other hidden devices inside. Everything looked perfectly innocent.

She waved goodbye to Shelby and her Daddies as Kole pulled away from the house. “What color is your house, Daddy?” she asked him when they were on a tree-covered path.

“It’s blue. I chose a color that rivals the sky on a sunny day. It feels like a cheerful house,” Kole explained. “It’s getting dark so you won’t get the full effect, but tomorrow in the light you’ll see what I mean.”

“I like happy houses.”

“There it is. Up ahead on the left.”

“It’s a pretty blue,” Gabriela complimented.

“Let me park and we’ll go inside so you can look around.”

In a few minutes, he’d pulled into a spacious garage that housed a quad runner in one bay. Gabriela stood looking at it as he got the luggage out of the car. She’d never ridden on a motorcycle or anything like that.

“We’ll go on a ride tomorrow if the weather holds up,” Kole told her, setting the luggage inside the door.

“That looks like fun. Um, don’t we get to go inside?” she asked as he closed the door into the house.

“We’re going through the front door, Little girl.”

Kole wrapped an arm around her waist and guided her out of the garage and up the front path to the large door. She admired the big windows, but the entrance needed something.

“You need some flowers.”

“Definitely. You can help me with that,” he suggested and punched a code into the door, triggering a click as it unlocked. Kole pushed the door open before turning to her.

“Allow me,” he said gallantly and scooped Gabriela up in his arms. He carried her over the threshold and held her close as she looked around. “Welcome home, Little girl.”

She pushed at his chest. “Down, Daddy.”

When she stood on her feet, Gabriela stepped back to lean against his powerful body as she took in the beautiful space. From where she stood, Gabriela could see through the main space of the house to an expanse of windows that lined the back. The view had to be gorgeous during the day.

The interior was in shades of gray with splashes of color. At the far side, a family room with a large sectional sofa beckoned her to come curl up and watch TV or read. The kitchen looked like it was made for people to actually cook in there. Even to her untrained eyes, she could see the decorator touches like a pot filler by the stove and a huge refrigerator.

She turned to eye Kole's bulk and asked, "Something tells me you can cook."

"Damn right I can, Little girl."

"I'm not too bad," she said hesitantly. Gabriela didn't like cooking, but she hated doing the dishes.

"Not happening. Daddies take care of their Littles. You can color pictures while I man the kitchen. That fridge looks totally boring."

"That doesn't seem fair. I could help."

"Only on special occasions. Like if we want to make cupcakes for Shelby's birthday."

"Or if I feel like cooking," she added stubbornly. Gabriela didn't know why she kept talking. She didn't even like to cook.

"No means no, Little girl."

Overwhelmed by the long drive and the abrupt halt to filming, Gabriela snapped. "You know you don't get to make all the rules. I don't have to do anything you say."

"That's where you're wrong, sweetheart. You have to do exactly what I say."

"Or what? You'll spank me?" she challenged, putting her hands on her hips.

“Yes. I think this is a good time for you to understand what being a Little girl implies. Daddy is in charge.”

Without thinking, she wrinkled her nose at him. That was obviously the last straw.

Kole picked her up and carried her under one arm to the large ottoman in front of the couch she'd thought looked so snugly. He sat down and stood her in front of him. “Gabby, do you want me to be your Daddy?”

“Not if you're going to spank me,” she retorted, thinking this was the easiest quiz ever.

“Do you want to be my Little girl?”

That one was tougher. “Yes, but...”

“There are no buts. Being a Little girl comes with certain things built in. Think back to all those books you've read. What happens when a Little girl doesn't do what she's told?”

“She gets... She gets spanked.”

“Why?”

“Because her Daddy loves her.”

“Exactly.” Kole's gaze held hers.

“Oh!”

“I knew the minute I saw you that you were the Little girl I'd dreamt of finding. I thought you felt the same way about me,” he said softly.

“I do. I can't imagine not having you in my life now. Not just because of the mean guy stuff out there, but because I love being with you,” she admitted.

“I love you, Little girl.” Kole pulled her down onto his lap and squeezed her tight in a bear hug.

“I love you, Daddy,” she whispered into his ear.

He rocked her for several long seconds before kissing her deeply. Patting her bottom, he instructed, “Stand up, Gabby.”

Knowing what was going to happen, she rose shakily to her feet. Kole didn't explain, just simply unfastened her jeans

and tugged them over her hips to her knees. His fingers looped under the stretch lace of her scanty thong and dragged it down her thighs.

He steadied her with hands on her waist and asked, “Why are you getting a spanking, Gabby?”

“Because I argued with you?”

“Yes, and...”

She hesitated before answering, “Because Daddy is in charge. He keeps me safe.”

“Stretch out over my knees, sweetheart.”

Slowly, Gabriela allowed him to move her into position. Dangling over his hard thighs, she covered her face, trying not to cry.

She jumped at the sound of the first swat landing on her bare flesh and felt the sting of his hand. Before she could react, another landed on her bottom and another. The sting changed to a burning sensation as the punishment landed on her small buttocks and the tops of her thighs. Gabriela tried to twist to the side, but her Daddy held her securely on his lap.

Tears coursed from her eyes and dripped to the rug below her. So many things had happened. PupPup was missing. There were threats. That scary man. Meeting the man who rocked the solid foundation she’d built to hide her true feelings.

Somehow, she ended up on his lap, sitting on her hot bottom as he cuddled her tight against his powerful body. She heard his soft, encouraging words and let them sink into her brain. Her Daddy was here. He would take care of everything. Gabriela didn’t need to be strong. Gabby could rely on him.

Her eyes closed. She felt him slip off her shoes and tug the clothing that clung to her legs over her feet. Wrapping her tightly in his arms, Kole carried her a small distance to the couch. When he settled back against the cushions, Gabriela pulled her legs in toward her chest. Curled into a ball on his chest, she listened to his strong heartbeat and steady breath. The throw he spread over her felt so soft on her skin. After

grabbing a handful of his T-shirt to hold her Daddy close,
Gabby fell asleep.

CHAPTER 12



“Sweetheart? Can you wake up?”

“No,” she mumbled, happy and warm where she lay.

“You don’t want to miss the party with the other Littles, do you? Shelby would miss you horribly.”

“Shelby?” Gabby blinked her eyes open. “We didn’t miss the party?”

“They’re just starting to gather. Come on. Let’s get your face washed and you redressed, and we’ll go join them.”

“I have to look like a mess,” she bemoaned, pushing her hair from her face as she sat up. Gasping as her punished bottom pressed into his jeans, Gabby looked at him in surprise.

“It’s good for you to remember your spanking. Little girls sometimes forget and repeat negative behavior.”

“I’m always going to be good now,” she promised.

“I’m glad to hear that but I know you’ll be stretched over my legs again. Some Little girls liked to be spanked even with they’re good to have the release of all the emotions.”

“I do feel better,” Gabby admitted. “I know you love me and you’re going to take care of me.”

“I am. There’s one more lesson for you to learn before we join the others,” he said, shifting her back to rest against his chest. Efficiently, he stripped her shirt and bra off, leaving her completely naked.

“No more spanking?”

“No, sweetheart. Pure pleasure. Drape your thighs over mine,” he instructed and waited.

Processing his request, she peeked behind her at his face and realized he could see perfectly down her body. At the feel of his hand on her ribs, she turned back around and watched him cup one breast in his hand. She sighed in delight as his thumb brushed over her nipple.

“Everyone is waiting, Gabby. You don’t want them to come ring the doorbell,” he suggested.

Her eyes flew to the open blinds at the front of the house. Anyone could see into the house if they came to the door. She reached for the soft throw he’d discarded on the couch, but he held her firmly against him.

“Knees over mine. You’ll have to be fast, Little girl.”

She spread her legs quickly. “What...”

Gabby didn’t finish her question as her breath caught in her throat. Kole smoothed a hand up the inside of her thigh to cup her pussy. Her arousal skyrocketed.

“Daddy?”

“I think you need one more release—maybe two—before the party.”

He stroked through her pink folds, and heat instantly built between her legs. “You’re very wet, Little girl. Maybe you liked your spanking.”

“No. I mean... No, I didn’t like my spanking.”

“Your body did. Look how wet you are,” he pointed out, lifting his fingers away to show her juices that clung on the digits.

She watched as that hand came closer and he painted her juices on her lips before lifting his fingers to his mouth and licking off the remainder.

“Mmm, you are sweet,” he complimented before moving his hand back between her thighs. “Let’s see if Daddy can help

you come.”

Spreading her wide for his touch, Kole circled her opening and traced upward to brush over that sensitive bundle of nerves hidden there. When she squirmed, he whispered, “So sensitive. I think you like your Daddy’s touch.”

She felt his lips press a kiss to the curve of her neck as he played between her legs. He squeezed his hand around her breast, reminding her he touched her everywhere and tweaked her nipple between his thumb and finger. Tapping on her clit, Kole continued to layer sensation after sensation on her body, until she squirmed on her sore bottom. That prickly feeling added to her excitement.

“Ahh!” Gabby cried out suddenly as he thrust two fingers into her, pushing her over the edge.

“That’s my good girl. Again.”

“But they could come.”

“Again, Gabby,” he instructed firmly.

She’d learned not to ignore that tone. Quickly, he pushed her arousal back up, playing her body as if he’d mastered it completely. Gabby seized on that thought. He did control her.

Protesting when he glided his fingertips from her opening, she froze as he trailed them lower. Instantly, she tried to pull her legs together but halted when he warned, “Gabby.” Gabby closed her eyes in embarrassment as he circled her small entrance with a fingertip.

“Daddy will take care of you here, too, Little girl. Tomorrow morning, I’ll slide a thick thermometer into your bottom to make sure you’re healthy. It will feel so cold.”

He released her breast to stroke over her abdomen. She tried to hold still as he slid those fingers through her juices to wet them before seeking pleasurable spots to explore.

“It will fill your bottom.” He drew her attention back to his other hand as he pressed his fingertip into that ring of muscle. “You are so tight, Little girl. You’ll have to wear a plug to stretch you before Daddy can love you here.”

He added, "I've ordered a special vitamin treatment for you. It will get here tomorrow evening, just in time for me to insert it."

"Insert it?" she repeated, trying to keep her focus on his words. Her mouth suddenly felt dry, and she licked her lips, tasting herself and shuddering in reaction to the erotic flavor.

"It's a thick liquid that will go in your bottom. I'll measure a portion in a large syringe. Don't worry, there's no needle. It just has a long tip that I'll insert deep into your bottom before I push the solution inside you. According to the company, sometimes it burns a bit. They recommend Daddies give their Little girls an orgasm before tucking them into bed. You'll be brave for Daddy, won't you?" he asked, pushing his finger deep into her bottom.

"Daddy!" Her body shook with spasms as the picture he created in her mind combined with his touch to push her over the edge once again.

"Good girl."

Kole gathered her in his arms and stood to carry her through the house into the master bathroom. Carried away by the swirl of pleasure inside her, Gabby sagged in his arms. She gasped as he sat her on the cool marble of the vanity.

He wet a washcloth with warm water and washed her face, erasing all the makeup and tear tracks. "Spread your legs, sweetheart."

She watched him wipe her slick juices from her upper thighs before making her shiver with sensations as he cleaned her pink folds. Finally, he leaned her back to whisk across that small entrance between her buttocks.

"You're not really going to give me medicine there," she suggested.

"Very definitely. Little girls do best with bottom medicine. Don't worry. You'll get used to Daddy's attention," he assured her as he pulled a brush out of a drawer to tidy her hair.

Gabby didn't know how that would ever happen. She didn't have time to ponder that as Kole lifted her from the cold

surface to stand in front of the toilet. “Go potty,” he instructed.

“Aren’t you going to leave?” she asked.

“No.”

“Oh.” Needing to go, she dropped to the seat. When she’d finished, Gabby looked for the tissue.

“Daddy’s got you.” Kole waved a wad of tissue in his hand before helping her stand up and lean over slightly. He efficiently wiped her clean as she tried to stand still. His touch kept those pleasurable feelings at the forefront of her mind.

“Dress or leggings?”

“Dress?” she answered, thinking of the things in her suitcase. “I’ll need my makeup, too.”

“Not in SANCTUM. Here, you’re just yourself.”

Gabby remembered Shelby’s clean face and realized this was probably another rule Daddies had for their Littles. She hadn’t been out in public in forever without putting on her professional face. “There won’t be pictures, will there?”

“Only ones in crayon and colored pencil,” he assured her as he guided her into the bedroom. “Sit here and I’ll grab clothes for you.”

When he left the room, she wriggled off the bed to stand next to it. She was afraid she’d get the comforter wet as her body calmed from the two orgasms he’d coaxed from her. She never came that fast.

He returned, carrying a pink dress and something white. “This came from your nursery. I wanted to have some clothes there just in case I found my Little. Since I didn’t know what size you’d be, I just ordered a few things that would fit a range of sizes.”

“I need a bra,” she pointed out.

“Not here.”

She didn’t argue but allowed him to pull the garment over her head. Once it was smoothed down, Gabby was amazed

how well the smocked material molded and flowed over her. It was stretchy and comfortable.

“This is pretty, Daddy. I need panties from my suitcase.”

His hand dipped under her dress to cup her pussy. “You’re too wet for panties, Gabby. They’ll just get soaked. Daddy brought you pull-ups.” He unfolded the lightly padded garment and knelt at her feet.

She’d already stepped in the first leg opening when her mind processed what the garment was. “It’s a diaper?”

“No, a pull-up. Diapers will be for home with Daddy only.”

As she thought through all his straightforward statement included, Kole helped her step into the other side and pulled the garment up to smooth over her hips. He patted her bottom with a smile.

“Perfect fit. Let’s go party.”

CHAPTER 13



Gabby followed Kole out the front door. She could hear voices and laughter as well as the smell of wood burning. Squeezing Kole's hand, she followed him a short distance. They turned the corner to see a bunch of people sitting in lawn chairs and standing talking around a large firepit. A few dogs cavorted around everyone's feet.

"Gabriela!" Shelby rushed over to hug her. "Let me introduce you to some amazing people. It didn't rain so we get to be outside."

When Gabby clung to her Daddy's hand, Shelby whispered, "It's okay if you want to stay with your Daddy."

She turned to the group and waved them over. "Come meet Gabriela."

Gabby tugged on her sleeve and requested, "Gabby suits me best here."

Shelby grinned at her and nodded. "This is a special place where you can be someone that no one else gets to see."

When Shelby turned back to the Littles who'd gathered behind her, she announced, "Gabby would like everyone to call her by that name, okay?"

"Sure. Hi, Gabby. I'm Priscilla. Mitch is my Daddy. He's the tech expert for SANCTUM."

"Hi, Priscilla. I'm so glad your Daddy found those bugs on my car," Gabby thanked her.

“I got to smash one,” Priscilla announced proudly and demonstrated her stomping skills.

“I’m sorry someone is bothering you. If you ever need to talk, I’m Lindy. I had some bad guys after me. My Daddy is Josiah. He took care of them for me.”

“Thanks, Lindy. My Daddy is a pretty good listener, but I might take you up on that,” Gabby said, beginning to relax. These women were delightful and seemed honestly glad to meet her.

“I’m Samantha. I own a candy shop downtown if you ever need the escape a superb caramel provides. As you can see, I obviously eat too many.”

Gabby smiled at the plump woman, who seemed older than the others. “I like caramels. They’re my favorite.”

“Have you noticed all our Daddies are the hottest?” Kenzie asked, laughing.

“If you’re going to gossip about Daddies, I better join the men,” Kole suggested. He looked directly at Gabby to make sure she was okay with him leaving her with the Littles.

“I’m good, Daddy. Shoo, so I can talk about you,” Gabby said and smiled as the Littles all laughed happily. She could tell immediately that she didn’t need to worry about this group being catty or treating her differently because she was an actress.

Soon, Gabby was debating whether a marshmallow should be blackened or carefully toasted to a golden brown with Hannah. A large mastiff stood next to them, very willing to devour any marshmallow they decided wasn’t perfect. Gabby knew that PupPup would have loved the sweet dog named Lollipop.

That thought made her sad. Gabby stared into the fire, trying to recover her composure.

An older man stopped to check on her. “Are you okay, Gabby? Want me to call your Daddy over?”

“No. I’m okay. I was just sad for a moment. Someone stole my stuffie. He’s a puppy. The dogs reminded me of him.”

The silver fox looked concerned and said, “I’m so sorry, Little girl. Stuffies are family. You must miss him a lot.”

Hannah immediately wrapped her arms around Gabby to hug her.

“Someone took your stuffie? That’s horrible,” Hannah said, looking horrified. “Do you have another one?”

“I don’t. Well, Daddy made me one, but it’s not the same as PupPup,” Gabby admitted sadly.

“Is Kole looking for your stuffie?” Shelby asked.

“Yes. I don’t think he’ll find him. There’s something happening. Someone is taking my stuff and there was this really angry guy who approached me. A guy walking past scared him off, but he frightened me. He looked so angry.” Gabby shivered, remembering the hate shining from his gaze.

“That is scary. Want to borrow Lollipop? She’s a good guard dog,” Hannah offered.

Gabby smiled as the massive animal immediately returned to Hannah’s side when he heard his name. “I think Kole’s my guard dog,” she suggested with a laugh, trying to lighten the mood.

“Woof!” Lollipop seemed to agree with that suggestion, making everyone giggle.

“You’ll be safe here. Our Daddies don’t allow anyone to mess with us,” Samantha said with confidence. The handsome older Daddy kissed her on the top of her head before heading toward the men.

Gabby followed his progress and saw him talk to Kole before gathering the men around. In a few minutes, one of the handsome men walked into the house. That must be Deke, Hannah’s Daddy.

“Little girls. No more s’mores. Come roast a hotdog before the sugar makes your noses fall off,” Jeremy directed when Deke rejoined them with a large tray piled high.

“Sugar doesn’t do that,” Samantha protested.

“It does if you’re so sweet I take a bite of you,” her Daddy warned.

“Maybe I like that,” Samantha teased.

“I like spanking your bottom, too. Want to come get a hotdog or should we just skip ahead?” he asked.

“I’ll take a hotdog,” Gabby said quickly.

“Don’t want another spanking, huh?” Shelby teased.

“No way.” Then, realizing what she’d just admitted, Gabby felt her cheeks heat. Hopefully, they couldn’t tell in the fire’s glow.

“Sorry, Gabby. I shouldn’t have embarrassed you. We’ve all seen each other spanked when we’re bad. You look more relaxed than you did when I met you earlier,” Shelby apologized. “Spankings always make everything but my bottom feel better. I had guessed you’d been spanked.”

“Is it bad that I liked it?” Gabby whispered to the Littles gathered around.

“No!” resounded from each of them.

“No hotdogs?” Kole looked confused from behind Gabby, drawing their attention.

Hannah started giggling and one by one, the Littles all joined in.

“Just as I thought. The sugar has rotted their minds. Come on, Shelby. Decide whether you want to roast or burn your weenier,” Jeremy said, handing her a roasting stick with three hotdogs already loaded on it.

“I can’t eat three!” Shelby answered.

“Two are for your Daddies.”

Jeremy passed each of the other women a roasting stick with two. “Roast and chat. Be nice to your Daddy, or Daddies,” he suggested before walking away.

“Weenier!” burst from Samantha’s mouth when he was five steps away, and the Littles roared with laughter as they carefully heated the hotdogs.



Kole ushered Gabby through their front door. “Shower and bed for you, Little girl.”

“That was so fun, Daddy. I wasn’t hungry, but everything tasted so good.”

“Fresh air always makes me hungry.”

“I guess. You ate three hotdogs and part of mine,” Gabby marveled.

“You can help me work out tomorrow.”

“Is there a gym somewhere near here?”

“I have some stuff in the basement. That should give us enough of a workout. Do you like to run or jog?” Kole asked as he knelt at her feet to take off her shoes.

“Run, but not like fast or anything,” she answered hesitantly. “Is that jogging?”

“Maybe?” he answered, shrugging his shoulders. “Either way, it’s good exercise. Did you bring some sneakers?”

“I have them in the bottom of my suitcase, unless the jerk stole those, too.”

A knock on the door made them both turn around to stare at it. When Kole opened it, they found Samantha and her Daddy, Ben, on the stoop. Samantha held out a caramel-colored teddy bear to Gabby. “Daddy carries these in his patrol car for anyone who needs one. This one is really lonely and needs a forever home. Can he sleep with you?”

Kole opened the screen door as Gabby rushed forward to accept the gift with tears in her eyes. Pulling it against her body, Gabby hugged it close before remembering her manners. “Thank you. He’s so soft.”

“Thank you, Ben,” Kole said. “And to you, Samantha, for putting these two together.”

“You’re welcome. I’m glad you like him,” Samantha answered with a smile.

“Come on, Little girl. It’s past your bedtime.” Ben urged Samantha back to the waiting patrol car.

Gabby noticed the vehicle was marked with the word Sheriff on the side. Samantha was obviously in safe hands. Feeling even more secure to be at SANCTUM, Gabby waved with one hand while she hugged her new bear friend with the other. When they were out of sight, she allowed Kole to coax her away from the door so he could close it. “That was so nice of them.”

“It was. I was going to suggest we go shopping for a stuffie tomorrow.”

“I like him so much. He needs a name.”

“Why don’t you think about it as we get ready for bed? Teeth first.” With an arm around her waist, he urged her to the large bedroom and into the bathroom.

“I just realized I haven’t seen the rest of the house,” Gabby said, stopping just inside the bathroom doorway.

“Can the tour wait until tomorrow?”

“I guess.”

As Gabby brushed her teeth and took a quick shower with her Daddy, she worried. Finally, when he draped one of his T-shirts over her head to wear as a nightgown, she confessed, “I’m going to worry about monsters if I don’t see the rest of the house.”

“Then we’ll take a quick tour before going to sleep.” He lifted her to sit on the mattress and grabbed a pair of his socks out of a drawer. “The basement might be dusty. No need to get your toes dirty.”

His over-the-calf athletic socks reached to her thighs, and she felt super Little as he lifted her to stand next to him.

“Damn, Little girl. You make me want to eat you up. You’re so cute,” he growled. “Let’s go check for monsters.”

She skipped next to him as they walked down the hallway. He announced the rooms as he opened doors and flipped on the lights so she could look inside.

“Guest room.”

“Guest room.”

“Hall bathroom.”

“Laundry room.”

“Linen closet.”

“Everything is so straight. Don’t you ever toss things inside?” she asked, interrupting his room announcements.

“Unfortunately, I haven’t been here very much. I’ve immersed myself in my work. Let’s keep going.”

“Family room.”

“Kitchen.”

“Pantry.”

“You need snacks,” she observed, seeing the sparse contents.

“I’ll go shopping. You’ll have to help me with the list.”

When she nodded, he continued. “My office.”

“The stairs down to the basement. Be careful.”

“It’s all open down here,” she observed as she stepped down to the concrete floor.

“Right now, I use it for my workout space. It could be a play space for you as well.”

“That sounds fun.”

“There’s one other place I think you’ll feel is fun. Let’s make a loop around the stairs so you’ll know everything is safe. Then we’ll go upstairs and I’ll show you the one place I skipped.”

“But we walked all through the house,” she protested.

“Not quite.”

“I like the treadmill. It’s fun to walk on one. Have you ever tried walking backward?”

“No. That sounds dangerous, Little Girl.”

“Not if you go really slow, Daddy!” she said with a giggle that made him smile. Gabby loved his reactions when she just let herself be who she really loved being. There was no mistaking he enjoyed her as an actress but treasured her as a Little. She hugged his arm.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” he asked with concern in his voice.

“I’m good. Just enjoying being here with you.”

“I love having you here to make it a home instead of just a house,” he answered, pulling her into his arms to squeeze her tight.

When she yawned against his chest, he stepped back to retake her hand. “Let’s go upstairs. I’ll show you the last room and then you can go to sleep.”

When he returned to the bedroom, she was very curious. “Let’s look in here,” he suggested and opened a door she’d assumed was an extra closet.

“Whoa!” she muttered as he turned on the light. “Shelby said you had a nursery, but I didn’t believe her.”

“*You* have a nursery, Little girl. We can change anything you wish.”

“It’s amazing.”

She walked inside and turned in a circle. She would never have realized this was here until she saw it. Gabby liked that it was private and close to her Daddy. Taking a tour of the nursery, she ran her hand over the smooth wood of each piece of furniture. The solitary chair in the corner made her look back at her Daddy. There was no mistaking this was the naughty chair.

“We’ll put together some rules tomorrow so you’ll make wise choices and avoid sitting in the corner,” he told her.

“I could practice my lines,” she said without thinking through what the result of telling him it wouldn’t really be a punishment could be.

“Look at the seat of the chair. That will keep you focused on where you are.”

Gabby stared at the hole in the chair, and the rounded head that was positioned below it. “Oh!”

She didn’t doubt he could elevate it to press against her in a very intimate spot. That would be distracting. When she turned to look over her shoulder, he nodded solemnly.

“I don’t think you’ll need to sit there often, do you?” he asked.

“No.” She shook her head, half excited by the idea and half afraid of it.

“Here’s a toybox. I didn’t order a lot of toys because I didn’t know you yet. I did get a couple of puzzles and some coloring books.”

“Are there any colored pencils?” she asked, darting forward to look inside. “There are—a lot!”

“I’m glad you’re excited by them.”

“Daddy? There are diapers over there.”

“Diapers and pull-ups like you wore to the party. You’ll wear them when you’re super Little.”

“Is that what you want?” she whispered.

“I want you to be yourself, whether that’s you on a film set, running through the leaves here at SANCTUM, or wrapped in Daddy’s arms as I rock you.”

She looked over at the wide rocking chair. Two could sit in there easily. A picture flashed through her mind of cuddling close to her Daddy on his lap as he rocked her. She was drinking...

“You explore here and I’ll go make you a bottle. It’s just what you need to relax after a long day.”

“Did you read my mind?” she whispered.

“No, sweetheart. I’m just imagining things like you are.”

While he was gone, Gabby looked into the closet and found a couple more stretchy dresses, some leggings, and a few baggy shirts. There was a locked cabinet tucked into the wall with a medical symbol on it. She abandoned it when it wouldn’t open.

Wandering to the high table with drawers and shelves holding the diapers and other things, she opened the top one and slammed it shut. There was all sorts of medical equipment in there. The second drawer was no better. An enema bag and an extensive set of butt plugs filled the space. Her bottom clenched automatically at the implications of those items.

“Shut that drawer, Gabby. That’s for Daddy to use to keep you healthy. Not for you to play with.”

She slammed it shut as well and jumped back. “Sorry, I was just exploring.”

“You’re fine, Gabby. Now you know what’s in there. It won’t be scary when I open those drawers.”

“It still looks scary.”

“But not monster scary,” he pointed out.

She shook her head, unable to make that decision. Drawer scary or monster scary? Which was worse?

“Come on, sweetheart. Let’s see if Daddy can help you get to sleep.”

Kole guided her over to the rocking chair and set a bottle filled with a milky white mixture on the small table next to him. Leaning forward, he scooped Gabby up into his arms and cradled her on his lap. “Try this for me, sweetheart. See if you like this formula. It comes highly recommended by the Littles of SANCTUM.”

Reassured that the others drank from a bottle, Gabby tried it. She liked being here in SANCTUM where she didn't have to worry about paparazzi peeking in the windows or searching through her trash. Here, she was safe and secure. "Mmm."

"Good, huh?"

"Mmm," she repeated, relaxing into her Daddy's arms as she pulled the sweet drink through the nipple. Gabby closed her eyes when he started rocking her. This was so nice. Warm, protected, nourished.

CHAPTER 14



Kole slipped out of bed the next morning as Gabby slept deeply. It was already well past the time he usually woke up, but he didn't want to disturb her. She might protest, but Gabby needed some dedicated slumber to refill her reserves. He had a feeling she hadn't slept well for a while before her agent had contacted him.

Grabbing a cup of coffee, he headed into his office to check his email. He put out several fires at Guards, Inc. There were always more requests than he had the staff to cover. He needed to expand.

An advertisement in the paper didn't get the right applicants. The last time, despite the requirements listed, he'd waded through applications from eighteen-year-olds who thought it sounded cool to be a bodyguard. Of course, they all wanted to be assigned to someone rich and famous and they had no training at all in how to protect themselves, much less someone in danger.

He didn't dismiss them entirely by age because sometimes a jewel would emerge from the pebbles. A young man with extensive training in martial arts had just started an unusual internship. Kole had high hopes that he would develop the skills needed to excel at this challenging job—and be able to resist the temptations that came with being this close to a client.

With a groan, he ran his fingers through his hair. Like he could talk now. Kole had never become personally involved with a client. It wasn't smart for the bodyguard and could be

dangerous for the person who needed protection. In a threatening position, clients often fell for their bodyguards.

He knew it was different for himself. Kole had been in the game long enough to understand his own protective instincts. He'd frequently felt them in effect as he worked with clients.

This was different. He recognized in Gabby all that he'd ever searched for in a Little girl. She was it for him.

Could she make that distinction? Had she just fallen for him because he kept her safe?

“Daddy?”

Kole looked up at the sound of the sleepy voice. “Hi, Little girl. You slept well last night.” He opened his arms, and she instantly stumbled toward him, rubbing her eyes as she tried to wake up. Kole lifted her onto his lap and leaned back in his office chair.

He kissed the top of her head as she snuggled close to him. “Good morning, sweetheart.”

“I woke up and only Toffee was there,” she mumbled against his chest.

“Toffee, huh?”

“He told me his name this morning. I guess he decided to stay with me.”

“Toffee knows when he has it made. He's a superiorly smart stuffie.”

“I still miss PupPup. Toffee and I talked about it this morning before he told me his name. He understands that I love PupPup and I've promised him I can love two stuffies,” Gabby shared, hugging the cuddly bear close. “Do you think there's a chance I'll get to see PupPup again?”

“If there's a way, PupPup will find his way back to you,” Kole promised.

She nodded against his chest and yawned again. “I need some coffee.”

“No coffee for Little girls. That's in the Daddy rule book.”

“No coffee. That might be in the mean Daddies’ rule book, but you’re a nice Daddy, right?”

“No coffee for Little girls,” Kole repeated, keeping himself from smiling at the sheer cuteness of her attempt.

“Tea?”

“Nope.”

“A soft drink?”

“Nope.”

“I’m going to have a headache,” she threatened. “I’m used to caffeine.”

“Then it’s time to cut out that addiction.”

“You drink coffee.” She pointed to his empty mug.

“Decaf.”

“That’s just wrong.”

He couldn’t prevent a smile from curving his lips at her woebegone tone. “How about if we wean you off so you don’t get a headache?”

“Better plan. I like that. Let’s try that one,” she suggested, pressing a forearm against his chest to smile at him.

“I thought you might like that idea. Let’s get dressed and I’ll make breakfast.”

“I’m not hungry.”

“You’re not? Maybe we need to check on you.”

He set Gabby on her feet and rose to take her hand. Leading her back into the bedroom, he steered her into the nursery. “Let Daddy make sure you’re feeling okay. Put Toffee in the crib.”

“I’m fine,” she assured him as she followed his directions and even tucked Toffee in under the soft comforter. “I won’t get a headache if you let me have some caffeine.”

Kole boosted her up onto the changing table and laid her down. In a flash, he had a wide belt wrapped across her torso.

“What’s going on?” she asked, struggling a bit.

“Calm down, Gabby. I didn’t want you to fall off the table. I know this is new to you.” Kole opened the drawer and pulled out the large thermometer. He shook it down and set it safely out of her grasp before dipping his finger into the jar of lubricant. Wrapping his other hand around her ankles, he lifted them straight up until he had her bottom raised off the padded top. Shifting her feet above her head, he exposed his target.

“What? No!” Gabby said urgently as he spread the lubricant around the tightly clenched opening usually hidden between her buttocks.

“Try to relax, Gabby. This won’t hurt you a bit,” he assured her as his finger pushed inside her body. Kole could feel her attempts to push the invader out, but he pressed inside and held his finger deep inside her.

“Pull it out. Don’t, Kole. This isn’t funny.”

“When you settle down, I’ll spread the lubricant around inside so the thermometer will slide in easily. You’ll get used to my finger in your bottom.”

“That will never happen.” She refuted his assertion as she wiggled to get away.

“We’ll practice,” he promised and rubbed his finger around to all the inner surfaces as she digested that statement.

“Practice?” she repeated.

“Yes. All good. Let’s try the thermometer next.”

He slid his finger from her body and wiped it clean before quickly pressing the thermometer deep inside. “That’s almost perfect.” He checked the time on his watch.

She shivered on the table.

“I know. The thermometer is cold, isn’t it? There’s no way for Daddy to warm that up for you without messing with the results.”

She clamped her lips closed and turned her head to the side, giving him the silent treatment. Kole knew that wouldn’t

last long. Ten minutes would feel like forever for a Little girl who loved to talk. To her credit, Gabby made it three.

“Take it out already,” she demanded.

“Ten minutes, Little girl. Watch your tone or I’ll know your body is off-kilter and needs some special bottom treatment.”

“What does that mean?”

“Little girls who have tummy upsets, like being irregular, often get grumpy. Does your tummy feel okay?”

“My tummy? Irregular? Oh! No. I’m fine. No problems there.”

“Hmm,” he said speculatively. “We’ll see. I have all the tools to help you feel your best.”

Kole could tell the minute she remembered what was in the drawers. Her mouth rounded into an O and she shook her head urgently.

“You wouldn’t want to give me an enema,” she said quickly.

“Of course. Daddies take care of their Little girls in all ways. I can guarantee you at least one Little girl here at SANCTUM is feeling much better after their Daddy treated their bottom this morning.”

“No!”

“Definitely, yes. You can ask them later this afternoon. I think we’re all going on a picnic together,” Kole shared.

“I can’t ask them that.”

“Of course, you can. They’ll tell you the truth.” Taking advantage of her distraction, he adjusted the thermometer a bit deeper as she forgot to push against him.

“Stop that.”

“You’re going to convince me you’re not feeling well, Little girl,” he warned.

“Maybe I don’t want to be a Little girl.”

“You don’t get to pick and choose. You’re either Little or you aren’t. There isn’t any question in my mind that you are a Little girl. Are you questioning it?”

He held her gaze as she struggled to find the right answer. Finally, she shook her head. “Good girl. Now, can you tell Daddy the truth? Does your tummy hurt?”

“Maybe a bit, but it’s not bad.”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. Will you trust me to help you feel better?”

“I don’t want you to use that thing.”

“The enema bag? We can try something else first if you’d like.”

She nodded eagerly. “Please.”

For the remaining few minutes, he talked to her about what they could make to take to the picnic. They decided to go pick some ripe tomatoes from the garden and slice those. Kole was intrigued to find out she added a sprinkle of sugar to her fresh tomatoes when it was available instead of salt.

“I’ll have to try that, Little girl. Time to see what your temperature is.”

Slowly, he slid the thermometer from her bottom. He could feel her watching him as he rotated the device to read the results. A few tenths above normal. A tummy upset could easily explain that. Quickly, he slid a suppository into her already lubricated bottom then cleaned the remainder of the slippery substance away.

Lowering her feet to the padding, he released the strap across her body and helped her sit up. “Let’s go wash your face. Did you potty earlier?”

“Yes. Before I came to find you.”

In a few minutes, he had brushed her hair and cleaned her face. They returned to the nursery to pick up Toffee. “Want to play with Toffee in here while I make breakfast? It won’t take too long.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

He took his time putting together a meal of French toast and orange juice as he listened for the sound that would tell him the medicine had worked. When the toilet flushed for the third time, he went to check on her.

“You okay, Little girl?” he asked as he stepped into the nursery.

“I’m good,” she answered with rosy cheeks.

“Ready to come eat breakfast?” he asked.

“Yes. Suddenly, I’m really hungry.”

“How about French toast?”

“Yum!”

She beat him into the kitchen and climbed into her booster seat without asking any questions. Kole strapped her in safely and returned to put two pieces of golden toast on her plate.

As he sliced it up for her, he asked, “Butter and syrup?”

“Just a bit of powdered sugar,” she requested, and stabbed her fork into a piece before waiting for him to sprinkle it over the top.

He didn’t ask questions, simply joined her at the table as he noted her positive response to his treatment. Travel, stress, and new surroundings played havoc with Little girls’ systems, obviously.

CHAPTER 15



“Do you all have rules?” Gabby asked hesitantly when all the Littles sat around in the meadow enjoying the beautiful weather.

“Oh, we all have those. And punishments,” Hannah assured her.

“We all probably have close to the same ones,” Shelby predicted. “Number one, always remember Daddy loves you.”

“Number two, do what Daddy says without hesitation,” Kenzie added.

“Your mouth is open,” Samantha teased.

“I thought my Daddy was overly protective,” Gabby admitted.

“Nope. They are all like that. Well, not all Daddies. Just especially the ones who settled here in SANCTUM,” Shelby assured her.

Gabby plucked a dandelion and blew the seeds to give herself some time to think. She’d struggled with the structure that Kole had created for their relationship. Her personality was normally aligned with her artistic talents. She was focused, positive, and looking for new challenges.

The recent events had totally upended her life. She didn’t know who was safe and constantly fought her inner desire to hide from the world. The only constant who she could count on was Kole. She looked over her shoulder to find him watching her.

“Go sit on your Daddy’s lap, Gabby,” Hannah suggested. “You’ll feel better. I’ll go with you.” The kind woman stood, offered Gabby her hand, and pulled her up.

“You all don’t mind?” Gabby asked, looking at the other Littles.

“Of course not. Everyone needs their Daddy,” Samantha assured her.

She followed Hannah to the grouping of men. It was easier having Hannah go with her. Then she didn’t feel like she was interrupting. The men were not fazed by their appearance. From their smiles, she knew they definitely were happy to have her join them. Kole scooped her up on his lap and gave her a kiss before letting her relax against his powerful frame. Instantly, she felt safe and grounded.

Sitting back, she watched and listened to the Daddies interact. They all seemed to be connected with each other in some way. Gabby could tell Kole had known Jeremy for several years but didn’t know Ben Underwood as well. They definitely enjoyed each other’s company. It was a good feeling to be where everyone supported each other.

The ring of a phone surprised her, and she jumped. When it sounded for the second time, she figured out it was Kole’s phone coming from behind them.

“Sorry, sweetheart. I should get this,” he apologized and reached for his phone in his back pocket.

Gabby scooted forward a bit so Kole could grab his phone. The voice on the line was not clear to her, but the tone was unmistakable. Something was wrong.

Kole wrapped his arm around her waist and lifted them both to standing. Kissing her temple silently, he motioned for her to sit down in his chair.

As she watched, he walked far enough away she couldn’t hear his conversation. Quickly, the men tried to distract her.

“Gabby, what do you think of SANCTUM?” Ben asked.

Trying to multitask, she kept her eyes on Kole as much as possible as she answered, “I like it here a lot. I can’t believe it exists.” Kole shook his head and looked angry.

“Have the Littles been friendly?” Mitch questioned.

“Oh, everyone is super nice. I haven’t ever gotten to talk to other...”

Kole’s “Damn it!” reached their ears. Gabby could see he was looking at something on his screen.

“Littles,” Gabby finished and stood.

“I need to go talk to my Daddy,” she announced and ignored their attempts to keep her there with small talk. She reached Kole as he disconnected from the call.

“Daddy?”

“Hi, sweetheart. I’m sorry I swore. I’m afraid we have to go back to the set.”

“Really? Are they ready to film again? I should carry my phone with me. I bet they tried to call me first,” she said, turning to run back to his house.

“They called me because something was wrong. Let’s go back to the house and I’ll tell you everything.” He held out his hand for hers. As soon as she interlaced her fingers with his, he turned to wave at the men.

“We’re headed back. I’ll be in contact.”

“Let us know if you need backup,” Beau called.

Kole waved his hand that he understood. He walked at a brisk pace back toward their house. When they were fully out of range, he squeezed Gabby’s hand. “Okay. I’m not going to sugarcoat this. That was the set security. They had some vandalism last night. Several things were destroyed, including a couple of your costumes and parts of the set.”

“That’s awful! Why did they call you?” Gabby asked.

“Something was pinned to your trailer door with a note.”

“What?”

“PupPup.”

“Is he okay?”

“I’m not going to lie, Gabby. He’s in rough shape.”

“We have to go get him. Maybe he’ll be okay.”

“We’ll head out as soon as we change clothes and pack a bag.”

“I want to see the picture, Daddy.” Gabby squared her shoulders and pulled him to a stop.

“You don’t.”

“Really? I think I do,” she said, putting her hands on her hips.

“Gabby. I’m not being mean. I’m not being a stern Daddy. I’m telling you, as someone who loves you, you don’t want to see the picture.”

That made her stop and think. She took each statement one by one. Kole wasn’t ever mean. He was a stern Daddy, but he never lied, so maybe he wasn’t reacting from that role. When she got to the third line in the replay, she peeked up at him. “You really love me?”

“I do. I have never lied to you. The picture is disturbing and I don’t want you to have that image in your mind—ever.”

She placed her hand back in his when Kole offered it. Gabby looked down at her outfit and compared it to the fancy clothes she usually wore. She didn’t look much like a famous actress here. They walked a couple of steps before she drew him to a stop once again. “I really love you, Daddy. Thank you for caring about me—even if I look like this.”

Kole pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply before whirling her around in a circle. “You knock my socks off wearing my T-shirt and knee socks, Little girl.” He stopped and kissed her once again.

Gabby clung to him, wrapping her arms around his neck. When Kole lifted his head, Gabby whispered, “Can we go get PupPup now?”

“Definitely. Let’s go pack. We won’t be able to get there before it’s dark and I don’t want you in the car for eight hours there and eight hours back,” Kole said definitively.

“But we could...”

“No. We pack a few things so you have clean clothes and whatever you need to be your professional self.”

“You’re right. I can’t go like this,” she said, waving a hand at her shorts and another of his T-shirts. “I should have just waited to unpack.”

“We’ll come back here, sweetheart. You don’t want to live out of a suitcase here for two weeks while we wait for the filming to continue,” he reminded her gently.

“Can we get there before it gets dark?” she asked, peeking at his watch.

“Probably not. We’ll make a decision about whether we want to stop on the way or stay the night in your trailer.” He held up a hand when she started to answer him now. “Let’s see how tired we both are before we make that decision. Okay?”

“Okay. I’d like to get to PupPup if we can.”

“I know you do. It’s possible we’ll get there too late to talk to the person who has PupPup. They’ll take good care of him until we get there,” Kole promised.

“Maybe we shouldn’t have left,” she said sadly.

“We didn’t have a choice. And remember, we still don’t know that PupPup was there when we left.”

“I guess. I can’t wait to see him.”

“He’s going to look different,” Kole warned.

“How?”

“I don’t know, sweetheart. We’ll have to wait to see him together.”

After laying out an outfit that would be appropriate for her to arrive in her role as an actress and that wouldn’t wrinkle too much on the trip, Gabby packed a bag for Gabriela. She could

feel herself sliding from the mindset of Little girl and back into her professional demeanor. Suddenly, tears tumbled down her cheeks.

“Hey, Little girl. What’s wrong? PupPup is in a safe place. We’ll get him back.” Kole wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. He wiped away her tears.

“That’s not it,” she said through her sobs.

“Tell me what’s making you so sad.”

His stern voice compelled her to share. “I love being Gabby and hanging out here. I don’t want to go back and be Gabriela.”

“Oh, sweetheart. You can always be Gabby when we’re alone. I’m sure as an actress you guard your private life from the media and your fans. This is similar to your life before we met. Maybe someday you’ll decide you only want to be Gabby, and we’ll stay full-time at SANCTUM. But if I’m not wrong, you love acting. It’s in your blood.”

“I would miss it. It’s what I’ve always wanted to be.” She straightened up a bit and scrubbed the moisture from her cheeks. “I can be both Gabby and Gabriela?”

“Of course you can. And I’ll be a bodyguard and a Daddy. I’ll warn you. My Daddy rules are going to apply when you are Gabriela as well. I can’t turn it off and on. You’re always my Little girl.”

Gabriela nodded. That’s how she wanted it. She wanted him in her life. “Okay.”

“Good girl. Now, let’s go wash your face and you can slather on all that makeup that Gabriela likes to wear.” He steered her into the bathroom and snagged a washcloth from the rack. Efficiently, he washed her face with warm water and dried it with a hand towel.

As she dipped her hand into her cosmetic bag, he added, “I’ll look forward to tonight when I wash your big girl face off and see my Gabby girl.”

When she looked at him in the mirror, registering that concern shone from her eyes, he clarified, “Don’t get me wrong, I love you equally as much when you’re Gabriela. It makes no difference to me if you’re shimmering in sequins or roasting hotdogs at the firepit. But I’ll always call you Gabby because you’re my Little girl.”

“I like it when you call me Gabby. I’d just prefer no one outside of SANCTUM calls me that,” she said, feeling her rising panic subside. He really did love her—all sides of her.

“That makes SANCTUM even more special. Your best friends live there.”

Gabriela beamed at him. Her Daddy did understand her.

CHAPTER 16



Rousing at the sound of the tires rumbling on gravel, Gabby sat up and looked around in bewilderment. “Are we there yet?”

“No, sweetheart. I’m afraid we got too late of a start. I don’t want to fall asleep at the wheel. We’ll stay here for the night and finish the trip tomorrow after breakfast,” Kole told her as he pulled into a parking space in front of the office window.

“Here? Wouldn’t it be safer to be somewhere... Nicer?”

“A fancy hotel where Gabriela would stay is too easy to predict. This place is small, but clean and safe. You can walk right into the room. With luck, no one will even see you.”

“Oh. That makes sense.”

“I’m going to lock you in here. Stay alert,” he ordered and exited the car.

She heard the beep and the click of the locks. His tone alone was enough to keep her eyes open. She knew he hadn’t taken her inside to avoid her being recognized.

Drawing her legs up, she wrapped her arms around her calves as she swiveled her head, looking in all directions. There were a few people moving in and out of rooms, plus a couple in the parking lot leaning against a car, making out. Gabby looked away, giving them some privacy. She jumped when Kole reappeared in the window.

“Just me, sweetheart,” he said as he slid back into the car. “We’re in the middle of the row down there.”

“Okay.”

Within a few minutes, he had her inside with the shades drawn. He moved quickly and efficiently to pull all the necessities out of the car. Once inside, Kole locked the door and added his special touches to secure the door and windows. Exhaling the breath she didn’t know she was holding, Gabby felt better.

“It’s so funny. I’ve never been afraid of anything. Now, I’m scared in all sorts of situations,” she admitted.

“Don’t let them win, Little girl. We’re going to catch whoever this is and put them away. You’ll live your best life with your Daddy and he’ll rot in prison.”

“What has he done? Really? It might just be the guy I saw downtown. Maybe it was just a coincidence? Just an unbalanced guy living on the street?”

“That’s a hell of a coincidence when we find tracking devices on your vehicles. But it could be right. It pays to stay on your toes, Little girl.”

“Or with you,” she suggested.

“The best thing of all. Stay with me. Now, shower and bed. You’re tired and we probably have a long day tomorrow.”

She stood quietly as he removed her clothing and laid each piece neatly on the desk behind him. Gabby looked up when his hands closed around her shoulders and squeezed slightly. “Daddy?”

“I hate that this is happening to you, Little girl. I wish I could take this all away for you. We have to be on guard when all I want to do is toss you on the bed and fuck you until you can’t think of anything else.”

Feeling brave, she cocked her head slightly as she reached one hand out to stroke over the bulge pressed against the fly of his jeans. “So, you choose this place to be safe. Why don’t we take advantage of it... Daddy?”

He wrapped one arm around her bottom to lift her feet from the carpet. With one hand cradling her head, he held her in place as he devoured her mouth. Gabby returned each kiss with the same passion. This was the best thing that had ever happened to her. She wanted him to know how much she cared for him. Clinging to his body with her arms around his neck, Gabby encircled his hips with her legs.

Kole groaned as her warmth pressed directly against his shaft. Lifting and lowering her, he stroked his denim-enclosed erection against her core. The rough fabric made her shiver, and the heat built inside her.

Just as she was about to demand more, Kole leaned forward, holding her carefully against him, to pull off the bedspread and toss it away to land by the door. "Hold tight to me, Little girl."

Gabby tightened her legs around him and locked her forearms together behind his neck to support her weight as he crawled on his knees and one hand onto the mattress. Slowly, he lowered their bodies to the mattress in a display of brute power coated with gentleness.

Kissing her neck, he trailed hot caresses down the center of her torso. The stubble of his day-long beard prickled in an entirely good way. A taste of pain with her pleasure. Gabby loved it.

"Daddy, make love to me."

"I'm getting there, sweetheart. There's no way I'm rushing this. I plan to savor you for a long time," Kole told her, meeting her eyes. "Right now, I'm doing some research."

He rubbed his beard softly over the swell of her breast, inching his way from the top around the side and then to her most sensitive under slope. Her fingers tightened on his shoulders, and she arched her pelvis toward him as the heat inside her continued to build.

"Hmmm," he hummed against her skin before his lips sealed around her nipple.

Gabby froze as the vibrations of his hum surrounded her sensitive peak. She wiggled against him, half trying to speed him up and half hoping he'd never stop. When he changed tactics and pulled her nipple and some of the swell of her breast into his mouth, she writhed below him, enjoying the sensuous treatment. When it became too much, she tugged at his hair.

Kole met her gaze with a knowing smirk. He was well aware of what he was doing to her.

“Stop playing with me and make love to me,” she demanded.

“I don't even have my T-shirt off, sweetheart. I don't plan on rushing this.”

She nodded to agree with him. He was in charge. Kole pressed his muscular thigh between her legs. Instantly, she rubbed herself against him. The rough fabric against her felt so good. Gabby had never been wild during sex. She always held back some of herself. Kole wasn't allowing her to do that this time.

Releasing her other nipple with a pop, Kole backed up slightly so he could trail passionate kisses over her abdomen. After pressing his mouth just above the cleft of her pussy, Kole lifted his head and inhaled her scent. His nostrils flared and the desire on his face deepened, carving lines around his mouth as he seemed to struggle to hold himself back.

“I need you, Kole,” she whispered.

“You're mine, Gabby,” he growled in a low, guttural voice she almost didn't recognize.

“Yours. I'm all yours!”

Dropping to his knees at the bottom of the bed, Kole held her thighs up and apart. His gaze focused on her most intimate space, seeming to memorize the picture he'd created. “Damn, Little girl. You're pretty.”

She felt the corners of her lips tilt up at his compliment, but soon forgot her amusement as he licked from the top of her pussy to her drenched opening. His tongue plunged deep into

her as he held her firmly in place. Controlling her movement, Kole lavished pleasure on her body with obvious delight.

His appreciative noises added to the sensations buffeting her. Gabby wrapped her hand around his, needing to hold on to him. To her delight, he linked his fingers with hers. She loved the extra connection.

He pushed her arousal up until she writhed under his attention. When he sucked on her clit, she exploded with a cry of ecstasy. Her whole body shaking, she tried to hold herself together. Kole lightened his touch before lifting his mouth from her pink folds. He pressed a fiery kiss to her inner thigh before standing.

Reaching over his head, he grabbed a handful of his T-shirt and yanked it over his head. Kole discarded it to the side without a glance. His gaze focused completely on her. Gabby felt like she could feel his eyes glide over her. Slowly, he unbuckled his belt and pulled it free with a yank.

She watched him wrap it around his fist and felt something ignite inside her. Wondering what was wrong with her, she propped herself up on her elbows to watch him carefully and swallowed hard when he whacked the tail end of his belt on his open palm.

“Daddy...”

“What enormous eyes you have, Little girl. It’s okay to be aroused at the thought of feeling leather against your skin.”

“I’ve never. It makes me feel funny inside.”

Kole nodded before growling, “Good Little girls earn rewards.”

“I’ve been good,” she rushed to remind him.

“I think you should turn around, Gabby.”

When she hesitated, unsure what he wanted, Kole explained, “On your hands and knees, Little girl.”

Quickly, she moved into position and looked back over her shoulder to make sure she was doing the right thing. He lifted his chin in silent approval as he reached out to smooth a hand

over her bottom. “I can’t leave any marks on you, Gabby. Let me give you a few light strokes with my belt and then I’ll reward you more later.”

“Kinda like a raincheck?” popped out of her mouth before she could stop it.

With a chuckle, he nodded. “Just like that, Gabby. A raincheck for more. Put your head down, Little girl.”

The moment she settled down on her forearms, he popped her displayed bottom with a stroke of the leather belt. Fire followed by heat exploded on her skin. She felt her juices gush and knew he could see how turned on she was. Before she could gather herself, another landed on her skin.

With a curse, Kole threw his belt aside and ripped open the fly of his jeans, grabbing a condom from his wallet before pushing the heavy material over his hips. She watched him roll the protection over his thick erection, loving the sight of his hands moving on his body. Gabby wet her lips, thinking about tasting him.

“You are going to kill me,” he pushed through gritted teeth before grabbing her hips and towing her to the edge of the bed.

In one swift lunge, he filled her, driving the air from her lungs as her head reared back in reaction to the flood of sensations. He paused there for a moment and she peeked over her shoulder. The unbridled passion etched on his face made her inhale sharply.

“Being inside you feels like home, sweetheart. I plan to live here,” he warned before pulling himself out and slamming back inside.

Pushed forward, Gabby felt him tug her back into position. She loved how he overpowered her. Kole was in control. She grabbed handfuls of the sheet below her and pushed back, silently urging him on. That seemed to destroy the last of his control. His body powered into hers. Never forgetting her pleasure, he adjusted his angle to find the one that made her gasp and explode around him. Over and over, he forced her to orgasm, playing her body as if it was an instrument.

When her mind couldn't handle any more, she pleaded, "Now, Daddy. Come with me."

With a roar, he thrust rapidly into her heat and snarled his completion into the air. His body curled over hers as he slid one hand under her stomach to support his added weight above her. Pressing a kiss to her shoulder blade, he squeezed her tight against him.

"Mine."

She nodded against the sheets. No argument existed to refute that claiming. He was hers and she was very definitely his.

CHAPTER 17



After seeing that Gabby had a delicious breakfast in her tummy, Kole finally resumed their travels. The area of the movie set was locked down with security. Gabriela was forced to prove her identity repeatedly as they negotiated the path to her trailer. Kole parked a short distance from the trailer instead of pulling close to the door.

“You trying to make me work off that omelet?” she joked.

“No. Just protecting you. A message was painted on your door. I don’t know if they’ve covered over it, but I didn’t want that to welcome you back. Stay here and let me go look.”

With a pointed look for her to follow his instructions, Kole opened his door and walked toward the trailer. A man rushed up to talk to him with a bucket and a few things balanced in his hands.

“Screw this. I want to see what they said.”

Gabriela barreled out of the car door and jogged toward the men. The sharp look she got from her Daddy told her next time, he wouldn’t be as soft with that belt. She squeezed her thighs together at the memory as she turned her head to read.

You can’t escape from me!

A cold shiver zinged down her spine and she stood up straight in case someone was watching. Gabriela wasn’t going to be afraid. Well, not as long as Kole was nearby.

“You should have waited in the car.”

“Where’s PupPup?” she demanded, ignoring Kole’s statement.

“The stuffed animal was taken to wardrobe,” the painter shared helpfully.

“Thanks.”

She overheard Kole ask why the police hadn’t taken the stuffie as evidence and the answer that security hadn’t called the police as she walked toward wardrobe. She soon heard the sound of jogging steps behind.

“Little girl,” he warned quietly.

“I know. I should have waited for you.” Gabriela glanced at him, trying to assess how angry he was with her. To her surprise, he wasn’t.

“Let’s get PupPup.”

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Stepping inside, Gabriela looked around. It was tidier now. Without the constant usage of the costumes on set, everything was stowed in its designated spot. No one seemed to be there. “I’ll go check in back,” she told Kole.

“*I’ll* go check in back. You stay here,” he ordered in a tone that told her to nod immediately.

Left alone, she looked around. If PupPup was brought here, someone would have stored him some place obvious. She started to open drawers and cabinets. Bits of ribbon and lace in this one. A rack of different shaped scissors there. An array of padded shapes for garment...

“PupPup!”

Gabriela pulled the cherished stuffie out of the drawer and hugged it to her chest. Rocking back and forth, she celebrated being reunited with her precious doggie. When her heart rate had slowed after the excitement, she held the stuffie out to make sure he was okay.

A blue ribbon circled his neck like a fancy dog collar. There was even a small disk on a loop like a dog tag. Her

finger traced over the addition.

“I thought that was a pretty innovative way to put his head back on. I added some stuffing as well,” Sarah said from behind her.

“They beheaded him?” Gabriela said, feeling tears fill her eyes as she stared at the wardrobe assistant.

“Practically. The security guard who dropped him off said he’d been stabbed onto your door. The cut in his neck was almost all the way through. I put some reinforcement fabric underneath and added the ribbon to cover the mark. I could feel how much he’d been loved and knew he was special.”

Gabriela rushed forward to hug the woman. “Thank you so much! I’ve had PupPup forever. He means the world to me.”

“I’m glad I could help.”

“Let me tell Kole I found him.” Gabriela turned and called, “Kole! I have PupPup!”

There was no response.

“He must have had to go out the back,” Gabriela suggested, confident he’d be back in a minute. Then, addressing Sarah, she asked, “Why are you still here?”

“I got a light case of the stuff going around. I couldn’t travel for a few days. By the time I was well, everyone had left except for a few key people. I stayed to work on a few projects and get everything put back in place so we’d be ready to go when filming restarted,” Sarah explained. “I wouldn’t have stayed if I knew there was someone violent around here.”

“Will you leave now?” Gabriela made small talk as she stood at the door, looking for Kole. *This is so unlike him.*

“They’re starting to call people back, so I’m staying with a friend at night. Soon there will be enough people around that no one will try something weird.”

Sarah walked toward Gabriela and asked, “Don’t you think he’s been gone too long? Maybe we should go look for him?”

“I’ll go. You have things to do. Thanks for fixing PupPup. I owe you a huge favor,” Gabriela said before walking into the tall racks of clothes, hats, and other wearable bits.

The area was large—the size of a warehouse. She called Kole’s name again and shook her head when he didn’t answer. Gabriela would give him a piece of her mind when she found him. Maybe she needed to wield the belt next time. That thought made her laugh out loud.

Finding herself at a dead end, she turned around and froze as everything inside her warned her to be careful. A man stood in front of her. He wore a baseball hat pulled low on his head and she couldn’t see his face well. Leaning heavily on a cane, his body radiated anger as he loomed in front of the only way out.

“Hi. I’m Gabriela. I don’t think we’ve met. I was looking for Kole,” she said, calling Kole’s name as she said it.

“I’ve taken care of your bodyguard. He’s not going to help you.”

“Does he need to help me?” Gabriela asked, trying to be brave. “Are you the person who put the tracker on my car?”

“Flouncing around in all those bits of lingerie, playing at being a Little girl for everyone to drool over in the movie theater. No wonder people kept stealing those costumes for souvenirs,” he spat at her.

“Oh, you didn’t take them?” she asked, backing up a few steps. She wanted to keep him talking.

“No. I’m no sinner.”

“Sinner?” she repeated, trying to figure out what he was saying.

“Jezebel. Making yourself a whore for entertainment.”

She cringed back at his venomous tone. “I’m an actress. I’m paid to play a part in a movie,” she reminded him.

“I never would have allowed my Little to be in a movie. Some things should be private.”

“You’re a Daddy? You have a Little girl?” she asked as she looked for a weapon or some way to escape. That rack was higher than the others. Maybe she could scoot under there.

“Don’t even try it, Little girl.”

“I’m not your Little girl,” she said firmly, struggling to keep the quiver of fright from her words.

“Definitely not. You need to be taught a lesson, though. Little girls who misbehave must be punished. I’m going to take care of that.” He lifted the bottom of the cane to slash it toward her.

“Only my Daddy gets to punish me. That’s the way it works, right? No one could punish your Little girl but you. You’d never give someone else permission to do that.” Gabriela tried to talk her way out of this.

“Your Daddy is... not available now.”

“You didn’t hurt him, did you?”

“He decided you weren’t worth the trouble. I explained to him all your sins and he left. He won’t come back.”

Gabriela’s head spun with frantic thoughts. What had this man done to Kole? She grabbed at something to keep him occupied. Why had security even allowed him to be there? “What do you do on the movie set?”

“I work in personnel. I have access to all your records. I know your bank account number, your measurements, your address, everything in your file.”

Horrified that the studio employed this man and gave him access to all her personal information, Gabriela missed him moving forward. When she looked up, he loomed in front of her, giving her the perfect view of his face. It was the man who’d accosted her downtown weeks ago.

She cowered back against the shelves behind her, blindly tucking PupPup into what she hoped was a safe spot. Her fingers brushed a metallic handle. Feeling along the shaft, she deduced it must be an umbrella. Maybe she could hold him away with that.

A movement caught her eye. She tried not to show any reaction at seeing Kole covered with blood, steadying himself against the shelving. He put his finger on his lips and crept closer.

“Is that goon of yours behind me? I guess this time, I’ll have to kill him.”

The man whirled around and moved faster than Gabriela would have ever believed possible. Striking with a vengeance, he lashed out with his cane. She heard the thud as he hit Kole’s hard body.

“Sarah! Call the police,” she yelled. Without thinking of running, Gabriela pulled the umbrella from its storage spot and ran behind the man. Striking him repeatedly over the head with the implement, she tried to give Kole time to fend him off.

Wham!

Staggering back, the man slammed into a rack of formal wear. His head fell back to strike the metal frame. Like the villain in a cartoon, his eyes rolled back in his head as he slid down the support to crumple on the floor.

Frozen in place, Gabriela watched him carefully for any sign of consciousness. Kole didn’t hesitate. Pulling a belt off a hanger, he secured the man’s hands and knotted his shoelaces together. Only then did he sit heavily on the concrete.

Darting to his side, she dropped to her knees before cupping his bloodied face. “Kole! You’re covered in blood. Are you okay?”

“I deserve the stitches that head wound will earn me. I allowed myself to be distracted by a bee buzzing around. As I tried to avoid getting stung, he snuck up behind me and whacked me with something. My head says it was heavy. It must have been a lucky blow. It completely knocked me out.”

He lifted a hand and felt the back of his head. “I’ll tell them to use staples.”

“How bad is it?” She stood to look around and gasped. “We need to get you to a hospital. Give me your phone.”

“Are you calling security? Because we need to deal with that first.”

“The police are on the way.” Sarah’s shocked voice came from behind them. She spoke to the dispatch person who had kept her on the line and requested an ambulance as well.

“Are you okay?” Sarah asked a couple of seconds later, studying the scene in front of her.

“I’m fine,” Kole answered.

“He’s not fine. He’s covered with blood and can barely balance himself to walk. How did you even have the power to land that cross shot?”

“That was an upper cut, Gabby girl. We need to work on your boxing skills,” Kole said, trying to be funny.

She hated the sound of his usually powerful voice shaking with more than just laughter. Gabby grabbed a shirt from the nearest shelf and wiped off his face. The blood kept oozing from the wound.

“Put pressure on it, Gabby. That will keep it from bleeding.” He waited until she followed his instructions. “Thank you, sweetheart.”

The sound of sirens grew. Sarah told the dispatcher they were close and listened to her response before adding, “I’ll go let them in.”

CHAPTER 18



In the following months, a judge sent Gunther Hamilton to a mental health institution for evaluation. The police officer handling her case told Gabriela that he would spend the rest of his probation there before transitioning back to his home. Unable to share much, he'd hinted that the man who'd attacked her had restarted the medication he'd stopped taking months ago. Of course, the studio had rushed to tell her they had not been aware of his violent tendencies, nor had he ever treated anyone with anything but respect.

What they didn't know was Gabriela and Kole knew what had triggered Gunther's conduct. Assigned to the set of a Daddydom romance, Gunther had not been able to handle the memories of his lost Little girl. Each day that Gabriela made the character come to life was another stab of heart-wrenching memories.

The mystery of the missing clothes remained unsolved. While Gabriela knew that the appropriation of souvenirs from the set was common, Kole remained vigilant for any lingering threat. Combining a bodyguard and a Daddy didn't result in a laid-back guy who stopped looking out for possible bad guys. She wouldn't change a hair on his hard head. Gabriela felt safer and more loved than she ever had before.

Gabby looked across at the handsome man wearing a tuxedo. He seemed tense. "Can you relax a bit at the award show? No one can attack me on live TV."

"I didn't think anyone would attack you on an empty studio lot, but I was wrong," Kole reminded her.

“I’m sure Gunther is much better now,” she said quickly. “This is the last evening before we can escape to SANCTUM. I can’t wait to introduce everyone to PupPup.”

“The Littles will be glad to see you. They’re waiting to watch your movie until you’re there. Expect a party bigger than this,” he suggested as the limo pulled into the line to reach the red carpet.

“That will be so much fun, but kind of embarrassing. Playing the role of a Little while a bunch of Littles watch may be cringe worthy.”

“They love you and will think you are amazing,” he assured her, and she felt the truth of that statement etch itself on her mind.

“They do love me.”

“This crowd loves you as well. Who knew that a movie with a gorgeous Little and her well-coached Daddy would be so successful?”

“Someone smart did. It’s been amazing, hasn’t it? All the fans are embracing this life choice. Even if it isn’t for them, they’re more open to it and accepting,” Gabriela said with a smile as she waved at the women frantically trying to get her attention.

One held up a stuffed puppy. It wasn’t as worn after years of love as PupPup was, but the woman hugged it to her chest after seeing Gabriela’s wide grin. Sarah had obviously leaked the story of the abducted stuffie to the press when the news of the arrest became public. A well-known toy maker had raced into production and a line of PupPups were now the rage. They couldn’t make them fast enough.

“Look! PupPup is more famous than I am,” Gabriela said, pointing the woman out to Kole. “It’s a good thing Toffee doesn’t have a jealous puff of stuffing inside him. Those two are having a brilliant night together watching the show.”

“They were definitely enjoying the award show’s preview when we left,” Kole agreed.

“I wish I could see their faces when we step out onto the red carpet,” Gabriela said wistfully. “We’re next.”

“I might have set up a camera.”

Gabriela’s squeal of excitement made the limo driver lose his usually stoic expression as he turned to make sure everything was all right. Just then, the door opened and a handsome security man in white gloves reached a hand inside to help her out. Smiling happily at Kole’s news, Gabriela stepped gracefully out of the limo and captivated both the crowd and the photographers with her excitement.

Kole exited as the symphony of camera clicks sounded. He stood by, watching the crowd as Gabriela basked in the adoration of her fans. When the guard shut the door, that was their signal to move on down the pathway. He moved closer to the undeniable star of the show.

Gabriela reached a hand out to Kole. “Come on, the leading man is behind me.”

Kole knew the roar that followed as the next door opened wouldn’t sound as loud as the one that had heralded her arrival. Isaac Young might be a well-known screen hottie, but Gabriela had an extra bit of star quality. She sparkled on the screen.

My Little girl.

He schooled his face to keep anyone from reading his thoughts. Gabby would have just as much radiance wearing his T-shirt as a dress with sandals. Her adorable face was just as gorgeous without the professionally applied makeup.

Thank goodness her dress didn’t even hint at the skin underneath. Her bottom was still quite red after the fit she’d thrown about taking a nap. Cradled in his lap on the leather sectional in their hotel suite, she had slept hard with a cooling mask on her eyes. She’d never admit it, but she’d felt much better afterward.

“Who’s your escort, Gabriela?”

“This is the very handsome Kole Jeffers,” she called back to the reporter.

“What movies does he appear in?”

Kole shook his head silently.

Gabriela answered for him. “He’s my bodyguard turned fiancé.”

She lifted her hand to display the gorgeous ring they had selected together. Kole knew she would choose something that would be fitting for a well-known actress. He’d also bought a simple gold band that matched his. She would wear that at SANCTUM after their marriage.

“Kole owns Guards, Inc. They’re the best,” Gabriela added with a proud smile.

Leave it to a Little girl to turn the attention from her stunning achievements to her bodyguard. Feeling the next person getting close, he guided her further down the line.

Later, he stood to kiss her when the announcer called her name as the winner. There had never been a doubt in his mind that she wouldn’t receive the coveted prize. As he stood in the back while she answered questions and posed with the shining trophy, Kole enjoyed watching her be so happy. He planned his strategy for helping her unwind when they got home.

She’d have to watch the video first, of course. He’d massage the ache from her feet after wearing those sky-high heels. His hands would definitely need to extend the massage to her calves and higher. By her third orgasm, she’d forget she was Gabriela and be his Gabby once again.

Until her next film wowed the movie world.

EPILOGUE



Standing in front of the sleek building labeled Guards, Inc., Gabriela tried to peer into the mirrored windows. She couldn't see anything, much to her chagrin. After asking her Daddy for weeks if she could see where he worked, finally, Kole had taken her to see the office.

“Come on, sweetheart. All the guys can't wait to meet you,” Kole said, opening the door.

She stepped inside to see two lines of hard-bodied, tough-looking men forming a path for her to walk down. “Wow! This is quite the reception.”

“Welcome to Guards, Inc.,” one said with something that resembled a smile.

Instantly, Gabriela knew they needed some fun in their lives. She smiled at them all, pleased as punch at the silly idea she had come up with. Stealthily, she brushed her pocket, hoping it wasn't bulging too much for them to notice as she greeted everyone.

“Hi! You'll have to tell me your names a few times, but I'll do my best to remember everyone,” Gabriela announced as if Kole would bring her often.

She heard him sigh and tried not to smile. The bodyguard in him didn't want to expose her to the danger that intrinsically went with the type of jobs the firm performed. He wanted her safely insulated from any threat.

That was not how Gabriela planned for their lives to be. She wanted to be part of Kole's entire world, just as she would

take him into her acting environment. They would always have SANCTUM to escape from everything.

“Kole? Will you show me around?” Gabriela asked with a smile.

“Of course, Gabby. Let’s start with the reception area. Let me introduce you to our receptionist.”

With Kole escorting her around the building, she visited everyone’s workspace and offices, as well as the conference rooms, the tech areas, and the employee lounge. At every place, she found interesting places to hide a small figurine of a soldier, like one of the royal guards in Great Britain.

Gabby had brought fifty, but she could have put hundreds around the building. She planned to bring more every time she visited. *How long would it take someone to find the first one and would that person tell the others?*

As they were walking past the lounge, a man said hesitantly, “Hey, there’s a guy in the coffee jar.”

She zeroed in on the conversation, straining to hear the responses.

“Right. I’m sure there’s a man in the coffee jar.”

“No, really. Look!”

“Um, guys, there’s one...”

She hated that they moved through a doorway and she couldn’t hear more.

“This is my office, Gabby,” Kole said, ushering her through the door.

When his phone rang, she wandered around, checking out the decorations and the pictures on the wall of Kole and famous people. *Wow! He knows more stars than I do.*

She watched him walk over to close the door before finishing his call. As he slid the phone back in his pocket, Kole looked at her and asked, “How many more do you have?”

Instantly, she was alert. “How many?” she repeated.

“Let me see one,” he firmly requested, holding out his hand.

Without argument, she pulled one out and placed it on his palm.

“A toy soldier?” he asked.

“It’s a guard, Daddy. Like a royal guard. See his fuzzy hat?”

“Of course. A guard. You know you’re going to drive the guys crazy as they search for where you’ll stash them next,” Kole said quietly.

“Probably. Do you want me to pick them all up?” she asked. She might remember all the places she’d set one down.

“Not on your life. They need to be on their toes and observant.”

Gabby rushed forward to wrap her arms around his waist and hug her Daddy tight. “Does that mean I get to visit your office again?”

“Unless we’re involved in something dangerous, you are welcome any time, sweetheart.”

“Thanks, Daddy.”

“Let’s get out of here,” he suggested and led her through the building.

Gabby tried to keep her face straight as they walked through the hallway, hearing men calling to each other.

“There’s one on the shelf in the conference room.”

“I found one in my desk drawer.”

“Who put a soldier in the toilet roll?”

“It’s a guard.”

“A what?”

They’d almost made it to the front door when one guy stepped in front of them. He waggled a finger at her before snickering with delight, making Gabby burst into laughter. “You just made a bleak day much more fun. Thank you.”

Kole stuck out his hand to shake the other man's. "Jorge, just wait. You'll find yours someday. She'll be just as precious."

"Hopefully, she'll see your wife's movie." The tall, swarthy man turned back to Gabby. "It was spectacular, Gabriela. I hope it will make finding my perfect match a bit easier."

"My fingers are crossed for you, Jorge," she said with a smile as she leaned against Kole.

That was not the first time she'd heard people make a comment like that. The conversations about Littles and Bigs had created quite the buzz everywhere. Talking was always the first step to opening minds.

Thank you for reading Guarding Gabby - A SANCTUM Novel!

Don't miss future sweet and steamy Daddy stories by Pepper North? [Subscribe to my newsletter!](#)

I'm excited to offer you a glimpse into Daddy's Waiting, the book that introduces the ABC Towers series! If you're tempted by hot Daddies who will risk everything to keep their Littles safe, this adventure is for you. Here's what others have said about it:

5.0 out of 5 stars

Great series starter!

A fabulous story with just a bit of suspense. Sweet yet kinky series starter that makes me excited to read the rest. Great premise with a bit of kink!

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Amazing!

As always this book's a complete delight, that made me happy. Thanks for another great read MS.Pepper you're the greatest!

5.0 out of 5 stars

Great Read!

Excellent storyline, great characters. This new series is super. Sexy Daddy, a troubled Little and a happy ever after. Just a lovely story.

Daddy's Waiting

Chapter One

"Ms. Townie is here, Mr. Edgewater."

"Please send her in, Sharon," Easton requested, standing and circling his desk to greet the prospective interviewee. He couldn't prevent the smile on his face as Piper Townie entered.

Dressed in a knee-length brown skirt with a copper blouse that highlighted her brown eyes, Piper looked like she had stepped out of a marketer's dream ad. Nothing flashy or eye-catching, Piper had pulled her brown hair up at the nape of her

neck and wore stylish pumps with a small heel. She looked efficient and capable.

“Ms. Townie, please come in. Thank you for interviewing with me today,” Easton greeted Piper.

“Mr. Edgewater, I am very glad to meet you. I must be honest, I wasn’t expecting to speak to the head of the company today,” Piper confessed, with a hint of a nervous tremor in her voice.

“You can thank my current administrative assistant for the change in plans. Please come in and take a seat,” he encouraged.

“Thank you,” she murmured politely before sitting exactly where Sharon had sat two days before.

“Sharon flagged your application for my consideration. The two of us have worked together since Edgewater Industries had been merely a dream. When she announced she needed to leave for personal reasons, Sharon decided she needed to find her replacement. So far, she has sent me exactly one applicant. You.”

“That’s... intriguing.” Piper finished her sentence after a brief pause.

“I thought so, too. What can you tell me about yourself?” he asked, sitting back in his chair.

“I’m a dedicated employee. I work hard and am conscientious about my duties.”

“Why are you leaving your present job?”

“I would like to pursue new challenges,” she answered with a completely expressionless face.

“That’s the first lie you’ve told me. Try again,” he prompted.

Piper froze, and Easton could tell an internal battle had begun inside her brain. Finally, decision made, she answered, “Thank you for your time.” Piper stood and held her hand out.

“One reason my company has succeeded is that I have the ability to tell when anyone is lying,” Easton explained, ignoring her outstretched hand. He did not stop her as she walked toward the closed door.

Halfway there, Piper turned and looked back at him. “Anyone?”

He smiled at her inquisitive nature. “Anyone.”

“That’s quite a power,” she answered with a twitch at one corner of her mouth.

“Try me. Tell me two true statements and a lie.”

“Like the old game?” she questioned, arching one eyebrow in amusement.

“Exactly.”

Piper walked forward to rest her hands on the back of the chair she’d vacated. She hesitated before ticking three statements off on her fingers. “My most prized possession is a stuffed bear. I’m afraid of the dark. I really need this job.”

“True. True. True. You forgot to lie.”

She stared at him in shock before shaking her head slowly. “I’m not scared of the dark.”

“Someday you’ll tell me the full truth. But I can wait until you trust me,” Easton commented softly before changing the conversation. “Would you come sit down and finish the interview? I think Sharon may well be right this time as she always seems to be.”

“Is there anyone who can fool you?”

“No.”

Piper pivoted and returned to her previous seat. “I left because I accepted the wrong man’s proposal and he’s sworn to never let me go. When he invaded my parents’ home to leave me a message, I knew he was a threat to them as well.”

“Truth once again. You need a safe place to live and work,” Easton suggested.

“Yes.”

He smiled inwardly as she adopted his one-word answering style. “Thank you for telling me the truth. Let me tell you how I can help you.” Easton explained the benefits package he could offer her and the bonus of a small apartment in a very protected space—in the B tower of the office complex.



“Oh, employees can rent a room there?” she said in relief as she sagged against the back of the seat.

“I provide space, free of charge, for Littles who work for the company. It is my way of protecting them.”

“Littles?” Piper repeated. Her hackles rose as she stared at him in disbelief. What message was she sending out that all these men kept picking up on?

“Yes.”

“Like children?” she asked, trying to lead the conversation in another direction. “Isn’t that against the law?”

“No, I only employ those eighteen or older here. My suspicion is that you have known you’re a Little for a long time. I take it from your defensive posture that your former fiancé called himself a Daddy?”

Piper stared at him in shock. *How does he know all of this?*

“Not all who call themselves Daddies have the caring, nurturing capacity that role demands. Some pervert that title to take away a Little’s power. Never allow anyone to do that.”

Finding herself unable to lie to him for something other than the simple reason he would immediately know, Piper clutched at the situation. “I prefer to keep my private life and my career separated.”

Piper’s mind raced as she tried to digest his word. *Pervert. Are there Daddies who don’t use their Little’s fantasies for their gain?*

Mentally, she shook her head to concentrate on the man before her. Forcing her hands to relax in her lap, she tried not to give away any secrets to this extremely observant man. To her relief, he shifted the conversation.

“Understandable. If you would like, Sharon will give you a tour of the apartment available before you train with her,” Easton suggested.

Tensing, she curbed her body’s instant reaction to his gentle smile. Why was she responding so quickly to this man’s acceptance? Forcing herself back into proper interview demeanor, she asked, shell-shocked, “That’s it? You’re hiring me to be your administrative assistant?”

“If you would like the job, it is yours. I think we would work well together. Sharon will stay on for one week to assist in the transition. Then she has offered to be a phone call away if you need her.”

“Yes. That sounds amazing. I’ll take the job, thank you.” She smiled at her new employer, feeling relief flood her body. *Please let this be the answer I’ve searched for! Let me be safe here.*

“You are very welcome, Piper. Welcome to the Edgewater Industries family.”

A jingle at the door drew both of their attention. “I have the key to apartment five eleven. It’s available tonight. Let’s take a walk, Piper,” Sharon suggested.

“O-Okay.” Piper stumbled at the fast pace of her life changing. Standing, she looked back at Easton Edgewater. “Thank you, sir. I’ll work very hard to be, if not the best assistant you’ve ever had,” she paused, looking at Sharon before meeting her new boss’ gaze, “at least an extremely strong second place.”

“I will see you later this afternoon.” He accepted her promise with a nod.

Piper followed Sharon out of the office and to a different elevator than she had ridden up that morning. Sharon fit a small key on the ring she held into a slot and the door opened

immediately. As they stepped in the mirror-lined car, Sharon pushed the button labeled L. Piper noticed that there were only three: T, L, E. She quickly translated Lobby and Easton, correcting herself to Mr. Edgewater.

Forcing her mind away from the mesmerizing man, she asked, “What does T stand for?”

“Tunnel. This is the key to Mr. Edgewater’s private elevator. You are not to invite anyone else to ride with you—other than Mr. Edgewater, of course.”

“I understand,” Piper murmured as she thought, “A private elevator?”

The doors opened to a quiet corridor and Sharon gestured at the glass exterior doors a few steps away. “Outside those doors is Mr. Edgewater’s parking spot. Your parking spot will be next to his if you ever need it. Most days, I bet you’ll choose to walk across the grounds from your apartment in B tower to this A building. Let me show you how you can avoid bad weather or if it’s dark. We’ll come back by the outdoor path.”

“Will I need to be on call twenty-four hours a day?” Piper asked in concern.

“No, you need only work from eight to five with an hour lunch break. If, however, you wish to arrive early or leave late, this is another option for you,” Sharon answered smoothly as she pressed the T button. “We do have torrential rain and a trace of snow from time to time.”

The elevator opened to reveal a brightly lit vestibule feeding into a passageway to their left. Sharon beckoned her into the tunnel and set a quick pace to the next building. Along the brightly colored walls, pictures of the history of Edgewater Industries hung along with highlighted employees from the many departments that filled the three towers. The impression was that the company treasured its employees.

Everything kept turning out better than she’d dreamed. Piper was glad she had comfortable shoes. The tunnel was longer than she expected between buildings. Walking

underneath one massive tower to another gave her a greater feeling of their size. Finally, they came to another wide opening. A painted 'B' on the wall announced their destination.

“Here’s your new home. Normally, you’ll need to put the pink key in the elevator and press your forefinger to the reader. We’ll put you in the system when we reach your new apartment. I’ll press my finger instead this time. We’ll double-check that everything works before we leave,” Sharon reassured her.

“Thank you. The security here is quite extensive.”

“It is. Mr. Edgewater protects his employees. Especially in this building.”

Before Piper could ask why this building in particular, the elevator doors opened and the women stepped inside. Sharon inserted the key again and pushed the fifth floor button. The car moved smoothly upward as Piper watched the numbers flash as they rose.

“Here we are. Your new apartment is five eleven. It’s to the right.” Sharon led the way.

“I didn’t ask if you preferred a furnished or unfurnished apartment. This one has the basic furniture inside. If that doesn’t work for you, I can move you to an empty one,” Sharon assured her as she opened the door with the gilded numbers 511.

“It’s lovely,” Piper said in amazement as she looked around the small apartment. The first large room was open with a kitchen in one corner and living space filling the others. A large, overstuffed couch and chair invited her to come sit down and relax. The kitchen island separated the cooking space and, while small, even had a dishwasher, to her surprise.

Without waiting for Sharon, Piper walked to the hallway. To the left was a bathroom with a tub/shower combination. She peeked behind a set of louvered doors and found a stacked washer and dryer. To the right, the bedroom beckoned. It had a large bed with a railing at each side of the headboard that

seemed to roll into the wall. Tearing her eyes away, she noted the immense dresser with a padded top and no mirror. Perhaps the last resident had a destructive cat?

“I’ve never seen a queen-sized bed with a railing around it,” Piper mused. She tugged the edge by the nightstand. It glided down the side of the bed. Piper pushed it back into the wall to allow herself access to the interior of the bed.

“A new safety feature,” Sharon commented smoothly.

Piper sat in the immense chair by the window. “It’s a rocker. I’ll love to sit here and read,” she mentioned.

“Perfect. You’ll love the light that streams in this side. There are office buildings beside the apartment, so be sure to close your windows,” Sharon cautioned.

“Good reminder. I must admit I’m amazed by this apartment. I had been living on my parents’ farm recently. This is completely different.” Piper tried to keep her tone light but knew her eyes shone with tears when she thought of Gabriel having those she loved as possible targets.

“I’m glad you found your way to Edgewater. Perhaps a new beginning is just the thing you need,” Sharon remarked softly.

“Thank you. Is it okay if I move my suitcases in tonight? I can start work now. I know I only have you around for a week,” Piper asked, eager to get started.

“Let’s get your fingerprint in the apartment system and we’ll walk back to the main building by the outdoor path.” Sharon led her over to a pad by the door. She typed a few strange letter combinations and a green glowing fingertip appeared.

“Press whichever finger from either hand on the pad. I always advise your non-dominant hand. That’s usually the one you use to carry something. This way you don’t have to juggle.”

Piper stepped up to the glowing display and pressed her left thumb to the screen. She stepped back when Sharon

approached again. Watching over the other woman's shoulder, Piper jumped when the screen flashed to red.

"Now, press a finger that you want to use as an alert that something is wrong," Sharon instructed.

"Is this a dangerous neighborhood?" Piper blurted apprehensively.

"No. It's incredibly safe here. There are guards at the entrances and security patrols on the grounds. Our highly classified contracts require heightened entry screening. More important, Mr. Edgewater wishes to ensure everyone's well-being. You'll find he takes care of his employees. Easton lives here himself."

"Really? In this building?"

"No, his apartment is attached to his office so he can easily go back and forth if needed. Now, choose a finger you'd never naturally press against the screen," Sharon encouraged.

Piper stepped back to the screen and carefully pressed her middle fingertip to the screen. At the sound of Sharon's laugh, she looked over her shoulder to see the other woman's relaxed expression. "It seemed appropriate?" she said with a shrug.

"Mine is exactly the same finger. I think we're going to get along fine. Great minds and all of that! Come on. Let's go get started. You've got a lot to pick up."

Sharon handed her the keys and opened the door. When Piper had relocked it, she led the way back to the elevator. As they reached the elevator, a plump blonde emerged through a nearby door marked STAIRS.

"Hi, Regina. This is Piper. She's moving in after work."

"Hi, Piper. Welcome! I'm in five twenty-three if you need anything or just want to chat. Everyone is super friendly here. I'm off to pick up something for Mr. Walker that I left in my apartment. Knock if you need some help getting stuff upstairs. I'm trying to lose a few pounds." Regina gestured at the stairs.

"I could use some exercise, too," Piper laughed. "But after I lug everything upstairs."

“Good plan!” With a wave, Regina rushed down the corridor.

Reassured that she’d have at least one friendly person on the floor, Piper smiled to herself. She’d loved seeing Sharon smile, too. It seemed she had a nonprofessional side as well.

Riding to the lobby this time in the elevator, Sharon had her practice using her fingerprint and her key to make sure it worked. Like magic, pressing her fingertip to the screen called for the doors to open. Sharon waved her across the lobby and stopped to introduce her to the guard sitting at the large reception area just inside the doors.

“Piper, you’re in luck. You get to meet our head of security. This is Knox Miller,” Sharon said, smiling at the enormous man behind the counter.

“Hi, Piper!” His voice was low and gravelly, the perfect match for the muscled man. He hit a few keys on the computer and looked at her. “You’re staying in apartment five eleven and working for Mr. Edgewater. Hold still for a photo.”

He paused for a few seconds as she processed his words. When she smiled automatically for a photo, he lifted a small eyeball camera. “Thank you, Piper. I’ll process your ID badge and have it here at the desk after work. If you have things to move into your apartment, ask at the desk for help. We always have powerful guys around to help.”

“Thank you, Knox. I appreciate the help. I’ll be sure to talk to the attendant here at the desk.”

“My pleasure. That’s what I do around here. I’m sure we’ll run into each other frequently,” he said, stroking his thick black beard.

Piper nodded and turned to look at Sharon. She felt like he knew all about her. Not much would escape the sharp eyes of the security head.

“Shall we continue the tour?” Piper asked.

“If you’ll excuse us, Knox, we’ll be on our way.” Sharon stepped away with a wave.

“Of course. See you soon, Piper.”

Want to read more? [One-click Daddy's Waiting!](#) This book is available from your favorite bookseller.



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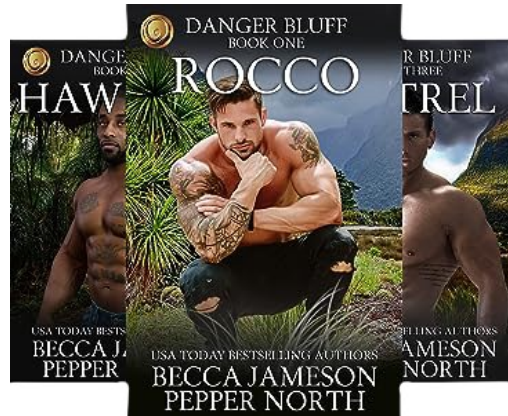


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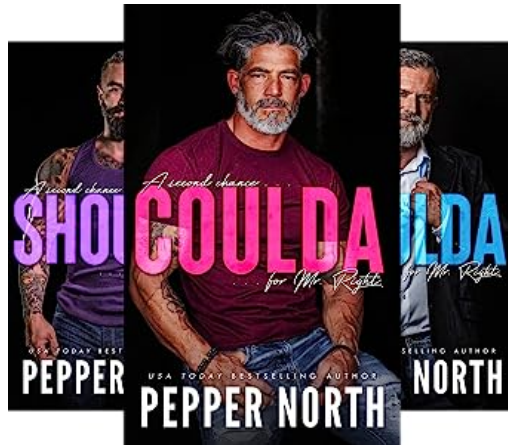
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Danger Bluff

Welcome to Danger Bluff where a mysterious billionaire brings together a hand-selected team of men at an abandoned resort in New Zealand. They each owe him a marker. And they all have something in common—a dominant shared code to nurture and protect. They will repay their debts one by one, finding love along the way.

Available on Amazon



A Second Chance For Mr. Right

For some, there is a second chance at having Mr. Right. Coulda, Shoulda, Woulda explores a world of connections that can't exist... until they do. Forbidden love abounds when these Daddy Doms refuse to live with regret and claim the women who own their hearts.

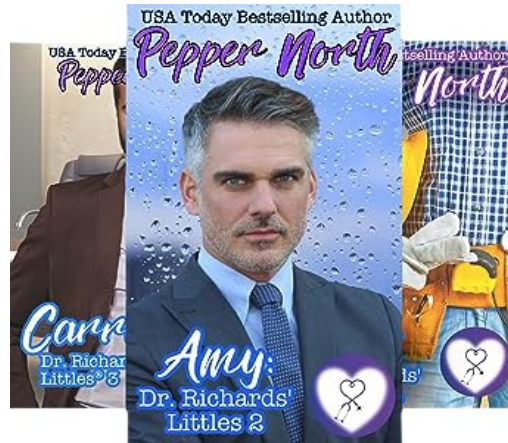
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Little Cakes

Welcome to Little Cakes, the bakery that plays Daddy matchmaker! Little Cakes is a sweet and satisfying series, but dare to taste only if you like delicious Daddies, luscious Littles, and guaranteed happily-ever-afters.

Available on Amazon



Dr. Richards' Littles®

A beloved age play series that features Littles who find their forever Daddies and Mommies. Dr. Richards guides and supports their efforts to keep their Littles happy and healthy.

Available on Amazon

Note: Zoey; Dr. Richards' Littles® 1 is available FREE on Pepper's website:

4PepperNorth.club

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SANCTUM

Pepper North introduces you to an age play community that is isolated from the surrounding world. Here Littles can be Little, and Daddies can care for their Littles and keep them protected from the outside world.

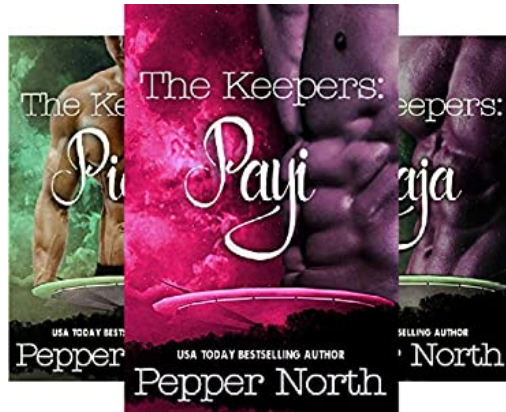
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Soldier Daddies

What private mission are these elite soldiers undertaking?
They're all searching for their perfect Little girl.

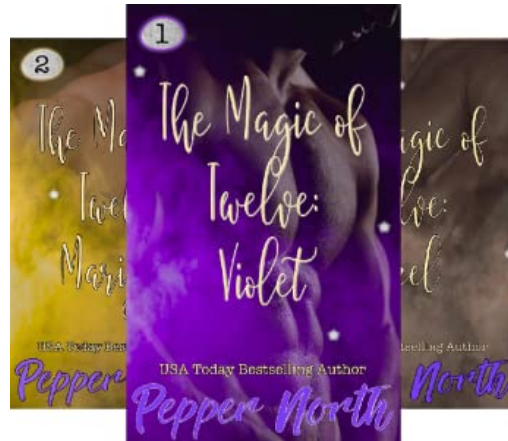
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The Keepers

This series from Pepper North is a twist on contemporary age play romances. Here are the stories of humans cared for by specially selected Keepers of an alien race. These are science fiction novels that age play readers will love!

Available on Amazon



The Magic of Twelve

The Magic of Twelve features the stories of twelve women transported on their 22nd birthday to a new life as the droblin (cherished Little one) of a Sorcerer of Bairn. These magic wielders have waited a long time to take complete care of their droblin's needs. They will protect their precious one to their last drop of magic from a growing menace. Each novel is a complete story.

Available on Amazon



Ever just gone for it? That's what *USA Today* Bestselling Author Pepper North did in 2017 when she posted a book for sale on Amazon without telling anyone. Thanks to her amazing fans, the support of the writing community, Mr. North, and a killer schedule, she has now written more than 80 books!

Enjoy contemporary, paranormal, dark, and erotic romances that are both sweet and steamy? Pepper will convert you into one of her loyal readers. What's coming in the future? A Daddypalooza!

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