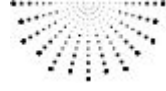


BAYLEIGH RAE

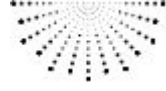


LAS VEGAS LITTLES BOOK SIX

JILLY



LAS VEGAS LITTLES BOOK 6



BAYLEIGH RAE

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This book is a work of fiction. Names, places, locales, and events are either a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, places, and events are purely coincidental.

TRIGGER WARNING

Throughout the series, it has been made clear that Jilly had endured something very traumatic. In this story, you will find out what that was. If rape is a trigger for you, please read this warning before deciding whether to continue with this story.

While rape is not ever shown on paper, or even mentioned outright, it is inferred in several places at the beginning of this story. Proceed with caution.

LAS VEGAS LITTLES READING ORDER

The prequel: <https://books2read.com/u/mB5zWD>

A Little Singles Day Saga: (Rawhide Ranch crossover)
<https://books2read.com/u/mK6y0B>

A Little Las Vegas Christmas:
<https://books2read.com/u/mg1xy0>

Margo: <https://books2read.com/u/mg1xy0>

Mariah: <https://books2read.com/u/m0qoKA>

Jade: <https://books2read.com/u/mBVkBD>

Ellie: <https://books2read.com/u/meXrKl>

Tessa: <https://books2read.com/u/b5wMe1>

PROLOGUE



Jilly

“Jilly, are you ready? We’ve been seeing each other for a long time now, and this is the date we set to talk about what happened to you. Before we start, I want to remind you that you don’t have to talk about it if you aren’t ready.”

Jilly stared straight ahead. She knew what day it was. She’d had it circled on her calendar for months, and as it got closer, it had been looming like a noose around her neck. But she’d picked this day for a reason. This day was two years since the bad thing. The first year was a blur. She’d spent most of it in a nearly catatonic state, and if she hadn’t met Luna, Margo, Mariah, and the others, she’d probably be dead by now.

She’d been in a dark place, in her tent under the bridge, when they’d come to her and asked her to come stay with them in an abandoned hotel they’d found on the far end of the strip.

She’d said no. She hadn’t wanted to be around people and she’d known she had nothing to offer them. They hadn’t taken

no for an answer. They'd scraped together enough money to get a cab and lifted her off the ground themselves, piling her into the car. She remembered laying her head in Luna's lap, but the rest of it was a blur.

For months, they'd taken care of her the best they knew how, even if that meant just letting her sleep and making sure she ate every once in a while. Then, they met Baze. He bought the casino they were squatting in, and instead of kicking them onto the streets, he fell in love with Luna and adopted the rest of them, so to speak.

He'd provided them not only with food and shelter but security and rules. He'd nurtured their Little sides and taken care of their real needs. For Jade, that had meant a hair appointment to take care of her long braids, and for Jilly it had meant months and months of therapy. Her life had changed so much. She lived with her friends in the penthouse of the resort Baze had bought and was currently in the middle of remodeling into a premier destination resort for Bigs and Littles. Some of them had moved down a floor after they'd found Daddies of their own, and now it was just Baze, his wife Luna, Ellie, Sam, and her in the penthouse.

But she was thriving. She no longer spent her days catatonic, and Baze always made sure she took care of herself. None of them knew what she'd gone through, and she knew she could never truly move on until she was ready to face her trauma head on and speak it out loud. Maybe then she would feel ready to leave the safety of the penthouse. Maybe someday she'd even find a Daddy of her own.

"Jilly." Her therapist, a hippie woman named Soleil who kind of reminded Jilly of her own mother—what little she remembered of her—snapped her fingers in front of Jilly's

face, trying to get her attention. “If you want to talk about something else, we can. How was your week?”

Jilly frowned, thinking about the question. Had anything noteworthy happened? She couldn’t think of anything, but even when it did, it usually happened *around* her, not *to* her.

Blinking slowly, she shook her head. “No. Nothing happened. I’m ready to talk.” Her voice cracked, and she lowered it to a whisper. “It might take me a while.”

Soleil nodded. “That’s okay, Jilly. I blocked out my entire afternoon for this. We talked about that, remember? You can talk as long as you want, and afterward you can stay as long as you need.”

Jilly nodded. She vaguely remembered making that plan a long time ago when this date had seemed like an abstract idea, too far in the future to ever really get here.

But somehow it had.

“I need...” Jilly looked around the room, trying to remember what else they had planned.

“Here you go.” Soleil passed her a large wicker basket, and Jilly surveyed the contents. A soft, oversized throw blanket. A box of tissues. Two bottles of water. A bar of her favorite chocolate. A peppermint candle. Matches to light said candle. A bottle of ibuprofen because sometimes crying gave her a headache. And Franklin, her favorite stuffed frog that Baze had given her the first night they met. Baze had packed this basket for her, on the instructions of Soleil based on the plan they’d made long ago.

The contents of the basket made her feel prepared. They reminded her that she was loved and cared for.

Unfolding the blanket, she spread it across her lap. She lit the candle and took two ibuprofen preemptively, just in case because she knew that as soon as she started talking, she would also start crying. Grabbing up Franklin, she pulled him to her chest and hugged him tight, drawing a fortifying breath.

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out. Where did she start? “My dad was a biker. Well, actually he was a doctor, but somehow he was part of a motorcycle club in Redding, California, called the Rising Suns MC. I grew up around bikers, big, burly, scary-looking men with hearts of gold. They were always around. Some of my dad’s best friends. His brothers. When things got bad and my dad got sick, they took care of us, with more kindness and generosity than any of his doctor friends. When my father was on his deathbed, and he knew he didn’t have much time left, he told me two things. He told me to get out of California. He wanted me to start over somewhere where I wouldn’t be wading through memories every day, and he told me ‘if you ever get into trouble, find the bikers. They’ll take care of you’.”

It was a foreboding sentence, and she choked on it as it came out, knowing now that it had been bad advice, knowing it had been the worst thing that had ever happened to her and, god willing, the worst thing that ever would.

She was tempted to stop there. To chicken out and tell Soleil that the rest would have to wait for another day. But as tempting as that was, she also wanted to get it over with.

She must have sat in silence for longer than she realized. Soleil’s soft melodic voice broke through the noise in her brain. “You can do this, Jilly. You can keep going. Tell the story. Say it out loud, and it will have less power over you.”

They talked about that a lot. The power trauma could have in your life. The way it locked into your body, and stayed, even when you didn't realize it was there.

Sometimes, when she sat in silence at the end of a long day, she could feel it lingering. Pulsing through her body. She could never quite get away from it. Maybe today would be the day that changed.

Licking her lips, she stroked Franklin's soft fur and pulled the blanket to her chin.

"I planned on going farther than Vegas. I planned on heading to Arizona, then New Mexico, and eventually heading east."

"You've mentioned that," Soleil said lightly, gently urging her forward. "But it didn't turn out that way, did it?"

Jilly shook her head.

"I didn't have a lot of money, other than the insurance money I'd gotten when Dad died. So I lived a simple, nomadic life. I camped in nice campgrounds and showered in gyms. Everything was going fine. And one night, while I was in a luxury campground outside of Vegas, my tent was robbed. All my money and most of my stuff was gone. I didn't even have enough money to book the campground for a second night. But, I had a tent, so I found some public land and set up camp. I packed up every day and went into town to shower and look for work. But soon my gym membership ran out, and they started a logging project on the public land. I had no money, and nowhere to go, so I headed to the strip hoping to find a job bussing tables. I slept in a tent in a park and packed it up every morning before I could get caught. One night there was a big storm, and the inside of my tent got soaked. I was shivering,

soaked, and hungry. I was so hungry.” Jilly paused to take a breath before continuing.

“And I remembered what my Dad had said. I didn’t want to ask for help, but I thought about the men I’d grown up around and how they would have bent over backwards to help a young woman in the same position I was. So I walked to a bar not far from the park, one I always saw motorcycles parked outside. That day there were only two.” The tears were falling swiftly down her face now, threatening to choke her, but she kept going.

“And I took my dad’s advice. I walked in, with my head held high, walked up to the scariest-looking one, explained my situation and asked for help. Within minutes I had a hot meal and a cold drink in front of me. The bikers left me alone. No conversation, no questions, they never even asked my name. And I should have known better. Hindsight being twenty-twenty, that should have been my first clue. But I was so cold and so hungry.”

Jilly paused, hugged her frog, and took a sip of water. “They’d drugged my drink. I wish I could say I don’t remember anything after that, but I do...”

CHAPTER ONE



Jilly

“Mister Daddy,” Jilly said, as she pushed her way past the security guard and into Baze’s office.

Baze, who was on the phone, hung up immediately and turned his attention to her with a warm smile. “Jilly! How was therapy? I’m so sorry I couldn’t pick you up afterward like I planned. The closer we get to opening, the more problems arise, it seems. Anyway, all the fires are put out. How was it? Can I do anything for you?”

Jilly, suddenly nervous, hesitated. “Well, you said if I needed anything after, or if I wanted to do something special...”

“Anything,” Baze promised. “Name it. I’m so proud of you. We can do anything you want.”

“I want a tattoo.”

It was obvious from the shock on Baze’s face that that wasn’t an answer he’d been expecting.

“I... uh... was thinking more along the lines of a special dessert or something,” he stammered.

“You said *anything*,” Jilly reminded him, stubbornly.

He swallowed. “Indeed I did.” He frowned, and stood, walking around the desk to lean against its front. “A tattoo, huh? Of what, exactly?”

Jilly shrugged. “I think I’ll know when I see it. I just wanna go look around.”

Baze heaved a sigh. She didn’t blame him. He had seven Littles in his care, or he had, until they all up and got Daddies of their own. Now it was really just herself and Baze’s own Little, and wife, Luna. But if he let Jilly get a tattoo, odds were Luna and all their friends would want them too. Normally, that would make Jilly bow down and back off, but she figured that that was their Daddies’ problem. What she did or didn’t do was between her and Baze. And mostly, really, it was up to her.

“This is what I want,” she said forcefully, giving him a look to remind him of his own promise. Anything she wanted, and, well, this was it.

“Right now, today?” Baze questioned. “You don’t want to think about it for a bit?”

“Right now, today. Will you take me?” If he said no, she fully planned on going by herself, even though the thought terrified her.

“I’ll take you,” Baze conceded.

Reaching for her hand, he led her out of the room, down the hall, into the elevator, and onto the main lobby floor.

The lobby looked drastically different than it had even a week ago. Soon they would be opening to the public. That fact made Jilly as excited as it scared her.

When they reached the door, Baze called his limo driver, Mack, around to retrieve them.

When Mack pulled up, Baze didn't wait for him to come around; he opened the door himself and let Jilly enter before following her and buckling them both in.

“To the promenade, Mack.”

The promenade was a hidden corner of all sorts of gems between several major strip hotels and one of Jilly's favorite places to people watch, but she didn't remember ever seeing a tattoo parlor there. Still, Baze knew the strip better than she did.

Mack rolled the limo to a stop in front of a popular older hotel and came around to let them out.

“Should I wait here, Sir?”

“No, Mack. Go ahead and head home. We might be here a while.”

As the limo pulled away, Baze took her hand, and guided her through the growing crowds. They walked past restaurants, bars, souvenir shops, and even a bowling alley that doubled as a concert venue until finally they stopped in front of a bright pink tattoo parlor with a sign in the window lauding it as “the home of the twenty-dollar tattoo.”

It had seemed like a good idea in the limo, but now that she was here, she was questioning herself. Tattoos were forever, and aside from that, they hurt.

She'd probably regret not getting one. That truth propelled her forward. As Baze pulled the door open and held it for her, a bell jingled overhead, announcing their arrival.

* * *

Axel

For as busy as the rest of the promenade was, the tattoo shop had been eerily dead all day. He was just about to call it and pack up for the day when the doorbell jingled, announcing a customer.

He looked up from the tattoo he was sketching just for fun and froze when he saw her. He'd had a record number of Littles through his door in the past several weeks. Some were obvious right away. They came in wearing childish clothes, sucking binkies or clutching stuffies, while others were more subtle—he couldn't tell until he was talking to them.

The one who was currently walking toward him showed no obvious outer signs aside from the stuffed frog she held in a death grip against her chest. Her long brown hair was combed into a loose ponytail, flipped over one shoulder. She wore jeans that were ripped in the knees in that way that was now somehow stylish. Her shirt was a bright pink tee with butterfly sleeves and a French tuck, and she wore white Keds on her feet.

Nothing about her screamed Little, but somehow he knew she was.

She'd been hurt; he could sense it. But there was also a strength pushing to break through, stuffed down beneath the

surface.

“Good afternoon.” He greeted her with a warm smile that most people said was his best feature. “What can I do for you today?”

Before she could answer, a smooth-looking businessman in an obviously designer suit stepped up behind her, placing a hand on the small of her back.

“Are you Axel?”

The fact that this suave gentleman, whom he was absolutely certain he’d never seen before, knew his name, gave him pause. Then he remembered it was on the door.

“That’s me,” he said with a grin, sticking out his hand for the man to shake. “I’m Axel Browning.”

“Baze Patrick.”

Axel recognized the name immediately. How could he not? The local man was a billionaire hotel mogul. If Axel remembered correctly, his most recent purchase was the worn-down casino at the far end of the strip that was currently being renovated into some sort of kinky-lifestyle resort for people who shared Axel’s same proclivities.

He wanted to check it out when it was finished, but he didn’t have a Little to share the experience with, and it didn’t seem like a place for singles. That was one reason. The other reason was his men. He never tried to hide who he was, but there were parts of him he didn’t advertise either. If they found out what he was into, they’d likely never let him hear the end of it.

“Nice to meet you,” he said to Baze. “Can I interest you in a tattoo today?” He didn’t look the type, but Axel had learned years ago, decades even, to not judge a book by its cover.

Some of the most buttoned-up, straight-laced, by-the-book clients he'd ever met had some majorly fucked-up ink happening beneath their clothes, and lots of it.

But Baze just laughed and stepped backward, confirming his earlier suspicion. "Oh no, not for me. This is Jilly. And she wants a tattoo to celebrate something special."

"She does? Oh, that's wonderful. What are we celebrating today?"

He waited to hear, but the young lady had gone mute.

Her face was white as a sheet, and as she stared at him, she took a step backward.

"Little lady?" he asked, his eyebrows furrowing, "Is that right? Were you wanting a tattoo?"

"Jilly?" Behind her, Baze also seemed alarmed by the sudden silence. Crouching to kneel beside her, he caught her face between his hands and forced her to meet his gaze. "Jilly? Are you all right?"

She obviously wasn't.

"Jilly, what's wrong?"

The young woman looked from Baze to Axel and back again. "He's a... biker." She whispered the word as if it were a dirty one.

Axel was confused, and Baze seemed to be as well. "Really? I thought he was a tattoo artist."

This seemed to bring her out of her fog. Turning to him, she asked, "Are you a biker or a tattoo artist?"

Axel grinned proudly. "Why thank you for asking. I'm both."

Beside her still on his knees, Baze whispered. “Why is that important? Why does it seem like it’s upsetting you?”

When she didn’t answer, he continued, “This is the man who tattooed Tessa and Dax.”

“Ah yes,” Axel confirmed, remembering the unforgettable pair he’d tattooed several weeks back. “I am that man, and I remember them well. Are they friends of yours?”

Jilly took a step forward, her voice barely above a whisper. “Tessa was my roommate. But she found a Daddy of her own and moved out. Well, she found two of them.”

The way she talked, Axel got the distinct impression that a Daddy of her own was something she didn’t yet have.

His gaze shifted between her and the man she was with. There was a closeness between them, even an intimacy, like they knew each other well, but there was also distance. Whatever their relationship was, he was certain they weren’t in a romantic one. Interesting.

The Little girl, Jilly, Baze had said her name was, seemed scared and on the fence, like she might chicken out if given half a reason. He wanted to keep that from happening.

“You know, your roommate, she was a bit scared too, mostly about the tattoo gun. When I showed it to her and told her how it worked, she felt better. Would you like me to show you as well?”

With a brazen confidence, Jilly shook her head dismissively. “I’m not afraid of the tattoo gun.”

“Oh I see. Then what are you afraid of?”

Jilly cocked her head to one side and frowned before answering. She said, “I don’t really know,” but he could tell it

was a lie.

He had the distinct feeling that the thing she was most afraid of was him, a thought that he found deeply unsettling. That would make it harder to keep her from leaving. But he would try. The shy girl with the sweet smile and the long honey-brown hair had caught his interest.

“What kind of tattoo were you thinking of getting?”

She sighed. “I don’t know that either. I know what I want it to feel like, but not what I want it to look like.”

“Okay... well, what do you want it to feel like?”

She met his gaze, and he noticed that she was visibly trembling. He hated that.

“I want to acknowledge that I’ve been broken, but also that I’m capable of putting myself back together. I want it to show that I’m building something new and beautiful out of the pieces that were left behind. I want it to have the significance of a phoenix rising from the ashes, but I don’t want a phoenix, because that wouldn’t feel like me. And I want words, but I don’t know what I want them to say, exactly. Something meaningful but not overdone.”

Axel nodded, an idea beginning to form in his brain. “Jilly, what would feel like you? Is there anything that is special to you, something you love or a favorite animal?” He looked pointedly at the stuffie she had clutched under her arm. “Would a frog make it feel like you?”

Her eyes lighting, she nodded. “I love frogs. Like a lot. But frogs aren’t very powerful or strong or meaningful. They aren’t... fierce.”

Her word choice cemented in his brain. “Jilly, I have an idea that I think you will really like. Would you mind just

waiting for a few minutes while I sketch it out and then we can see what you think?”

Looking unsure, she nodded, and Axel picked up his trusty sketch pad and a fresh pencil. As he began to draw, Jilly shifted back and forth on her feet in front of him.

Axel sketched with one eye on the pad in front of him and the other on the sweet girl clutching the stuffed frog. And thank goodness it was stuffed. Had it been real, she probably would have squeezed the life out of it with how tight her hold was. He could tell his presence, and the fact that he was a biker, scared her, but also intrigued her. If he hadn't been able to bond with her over having tattooed her roommate Tessa, she would have been out the door in a flash. He was glad she wasn't. Something about her intrigued him, too. He thought about her quiet strength, and the shadow of fear peeking out from beneath it while he sketched. He was almost done as he turned his attention away from her and back to his art. He would make whatever changes she asked for, but he wanted it to be perfect on the first try. He wanted to... impress her. Deciding that the picture—a sweet little frog poking its head out of a kintsugi teacup that was using a lily pad for a saucer—was as perfect as he could get it, he turned his attention to the wording beneath it, pondering what font style he might want to use. Opting for an easy-to-read, precise brushstroke font, he went to work, putting emphasis on certain words. While he wrote, he snuck another peek at Jilly, who had finally settled enough to sit on one of the chairs in his waiting area, swinging her feet nervously, squishing her frog to her chest. Baze sat beside her. What was the connection between the two of them anyway?

It didn't matter. She was almost too scared to look Axel in the eyes, or even let him tattoo her. It's not like he had a

chance to get to know her outside this interaction. It's not like he ever had a chance of being her Daddy. Shaking his head from side to side as if to clear the thoughts, he grabbed up the paper and gave it one last once-over before stalking to where she sat.

Drawing a deep breath, more nervous about a tattoo design than he ever remembered being, he held it out.

Her hand trembled as she took it. Her eyes were squeezed shut as if she were afraid to look or maybe as if she wanted to be surprised and see it all at once. Beside her, Baze hummed appreciatively, his gaze meeting Axel's with an approving nod. Both of them turned to Jilly and waited.

* * *

Jilly

Her eyes popped open. She stared at the paper in her hand with a sharp gasp. The frog peeking out of the broken but put back together teacup looked adorably cutesy and tough at the same time, if that was even possible.

“The teacup is kintsugi, an old Japanese art that believes in taking things that are broken and using them to create something beautiful,” Axel explained, wanting to be sure she understood the significance of what he had created.

“It's perfect,” Jilly breathed, her voice soft and full of awe. “And the words...”

Her voice cracked.

Though she be but Little, she is Fierce, were the words he had chosen, with *little* and *fierce* in bold pink ink and capitalized. “I can change anything you want me to change,” he assured.

“No!” Jilly gasped, hugging the paper to her chest as if to protect it. “You can’t change anything. It’s exactly perfect just the way it is!”

“I agree.” Baze nodded solemnly.

“The words up the price a bit,” Axel offered apologetically, even though he knew Baze could afford it.

“Whatever it costs, I’m sure it will be worth every penny.”

“Can we do it right now?” Jilly squealed, hopping to her feet.

His chest tight with a mixture of excitement and anticipation, Axel led her to his station.

CHAPTER TWO



A^{*xel*}

Clutching her frog in one hand and Axel's design in the other, Jilly plopped down in the leather chair and lay her arm on the rest, forearm up.

"Sweetie," Axel said gently, his fingers curled around the edge of the paper she was still clutching, "I'm gonna need this."

Her face fell as she tried to hide her disappointment. "Oh, but... I wanted to keep it."

Axel softened, his brow furrowing. "Well, I suppose I could trace it and let you keep the original."

"Yes, please, if it's not too much trouble."

The way she said it, like she was truly afraid it might be, squeezed his heart. She had no idea he'd be willing to walk barefoot over burning hot nails just so that he never had to hear that sadness in her voice again.

"It's really no problem," he reiterated with a tug on the paper. This time she let it go.

He rolled across the room and traced over it quickly, hating being away from her, even for a moment.

And then he was back, prepping the skin, and tracing the design onto her arm. He could freehand and did so often, but there was something about her that made him unduly nervous, and he didn't want to mess this up.

Unsure of what to say, he hummed while he loaded the gun with a fresh needle and readied his ink. He was going to do as much color as he could on this first session, but he already knew it might take more than one. Not that he minded.

“All right, little one,” he said, the endearment slipping out before he could stop it, “it's go time.”

Her eyes bugged, and her jaw tensed. Baze peeked around the corner. Axel sighed. “Your Daddy can come back here and watch if he wants.”

“Oh, he's not my Daddy. Well, kind of. Never mind. It's a long story. But can he? It's not the needle I'm scared of... but...”

It wasn't the needle, it was him. He could hear what she wasn't saying, and although it broke his heart, he didn't push. Instead he turned and waved Baze over, signaling for him to bring a chair.

Baze rolled up beside them on a hard plastic chair on wheels and situated himself on the opposite side of Jilly from where Axel was working.

“I was just explaining how you're kinda my Daddy, but kinda not,” Jilly said when he reached her. “Well, no I wasn't, but I was gonna. Is that okay?”

Axel glanced up to see Baze wave his arm in the air as if to say “go ahead”. “Be my guest.”

“Baze is my house Daddy. That’s what we call him. He takes care of us the way a Daddy would, but he’s really only Luna’s Daddy. We were all living in an abandoned hotel when Baze found us. He and Luna fell in love right away. And he could have just taken her and swept her away, but instead he bought the hotel and took us all in. Now, he’s fixing it up to be this super fancy resort for Littles and Bigs, and we all live in the penthouse. Well... no. That’s not true anymore. Margo and Mariah and Jade and Tessa all live a floor down with their own Daddies now, and it’s only Baze and Luna and Tessa’s twin sister Ellie and her Daddy Sam, who is the Manny who takes care of us while Baze is off doing important work, and me. I’m the only one left without a Daddy of my own, and that feels weird sometimes, but Baze says not to worry about it. He says I can stay as long as I like because we’re family now.”

“That’s right. And I meant it.”

Axel’s breath hitched. He’d heard the whole explanation, but the only thought running through his head was that Jilly did not have a Daddy of her own. Yet...

What if she didn’t want one? Forcing his heart to start beating properly, he pasted on a warm smile. “That’s an incredible story, and your house Daddy is a very generous man. You’re a very lucky Little girl.”

“I know it,” Jilly readily agreed, but there was a sadness hidden beneath her words.

“Is it hard being the odd one out? Do you want a Daddy of your own?”

She sighed and shrugged. “I thought I did. I almost had two, but I wasn’t ready. Or they weren’t right. Maybe both. Probably both.”

Axel nodded sagely, and pulled the paper away, checking his design once more. It was as perfect as it could be. Picking up the tattoo gun, he set it against her skin, starting at the top of the frog's head. "It's gonna hurt," he warned. "The best thing to do is distract yourself with whatever you can. Would you like me to turn on some music?"

She cocked her head, considering, then slowly shook it from side to side. "Could I... would you talk to me, or would that mess you up?"

"I can talk," Axel confirmed, joy filling his heart. "I might get quiet sometimes if I'm trying to concentrate hard, but I should be able to keep up a conversation."

"Okay."

"Get ready," he warned again as the hum of the tattoo gun filled the space between them.

* * *

Jilly

"Ouch!" Even though he'd warned her several times, the pain still surprised her. It wasn't the pain itself so much as it was the constantness of it and the noisiness of the process. She'd been ready to have a full conversation with him, but now her mind was blank. She could only concentrate on the pain.

"What age is your Little, Jilly?" he asked, probably to distract her. She gasped and blinked, forgetting the pain.

The question jarred her out of her pain-addled brain and she quickly answered. "Four maybe. Sometimes five. But

sometimes Littler.” Her eyes narrowed as she thought of the time she spent totally helpless and dependent on her friends, even after Baze had rescued them.

Axel didn't respond in any way to her admission. She wasn't even really sure he'd heard her. His eyes were dark and narrowed as he squinted at the work he was doing on her arm. An errant curl fell in his eyes and she suppressed the urge to push it out of the way. His hair wasn't curly, but just long enough for it to curve into a wave. It fell to his chin, held out of his eyes by a black bandana. He was handsome in a rugged, gruff, and almost scary way. And he was a total Daddy. He'd admitted as much to her friend Tessa, but even if he hadn't, she would have known. That part of him intrigued her more than any of the Daddies she'd met around Utopia ever had. But, he was also a biker. Even before he admitted it, she'd known. Everything about him screamed it, even if he hadn't worn the leather vest with the patches proclaiming him to be so.

Bikers had hurt her. She had spent years avoiding them. Why was she so drawn to this one?

In some way she couldn't put her finger on, Axel reminded her of her father. Reminded her that deep down she knew not all bikers were bad guys. In fact, most of them weren't. She'd trusted the wrong ones, and she was afraid to do it again. No matter how much this gruff sexy man intrigued her, she had to protect herself. She couldn't be a part of the world she'd grown up in. Never again.

But as far as today, she was here in his chair for several more hours at least. She might as well use that time to get to know the enigma of a man in front of her—if only to use him to put some space between her and her fears. When it was

done, she'd make sure she never saw him again, and he'd never be the wiser.

CHAPTER THREE



Jilly

Frowning as she made her way down the long corridor of offices and conference rooms, she reread the text from Soleil, her therapist.

Meet me in Conference Room 2B for today's session.

Jilly had no idea why Soleil would want to meet her at Utopia instead of at her office, and the conference rooms were tucked in a part of the resort she rarely visited.

When she reached 2B, Soleil, dressed in a tank top and broomstick skirt with a dozen necklaces around her neck and rings on every finger, was waiting for her outside the door.

“What’s going on?” Jilly asked with a frown. “Why are we meeting here?”

Soleil smiled and giggled—a sound that was tinkling and melodic.

“Two reasons. One, I have something different planned for this session, and I want you to be as comfortable as possible. And two, Baze offered me a job and I accepted. You are

looking at Utopia's new on-site, kink-friendly educator and therapist."

"Kink friendly?" Jilly questioned. She and Soleil had never gone too far into her Littleness or the dynamic she had with Baze, oddly enough, but sometimes she let things slip and Soleil always just took it in stride without flinching, judging, or giving the third degree, so Jilly supposed the new position made sense.

"Yes, Jilly," Soleil answered, "Kink friendly. Kink-centric, even."

Jilly frowned. "What does that mean?"

"Why don't you come on in, and I'll explain."

Jilly followed her in, amazed at how much the room had already been transformed. Instead of the same blue-and-gray decor that ran throughout most of the hotel, this room was painted a cheerful yellow. Peaceful watercolors had been replaced with thought-provoking abstracts. The couch was black and fluffy, covered in pillows and colorful throws, and there was a second couch on the opposite wall. Bookshelves flanked the side walls, displaying a rainbow of colored spines, and candles were everywhere.

Jilly loved it. It looked just like Soleil's old office, which wasn't Jilly's style, but she was used to it. The familiarity brought comfort.

Sitting down, she grabbed a chunky throw and threw it across her legs.

Soleil sat on the other couch, leaned forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and smiled at Jilly.

“So, how have you been? Last week was a big one for you. How did you feel after and how have you felt since?”

It was a loaded question. Her last appointment had only been a week ago, but it honestly felt more like a lifetime. So much had happened since she'd last walked out of Soleil's office.

“I got a tattoo!” Jilly exclaimed, pulling up her sleeve to show off her inked forearm. “And the tattoo artist was a biker!”

Soleil's interest was piqued; it was evident from the way her eyebrows jumped up her forehead, but her face remained stoically expressionless.

“Tell me more,” was all she said.

So Jilly did. “Well, I almost walked out when I saw that. It was so scary, but he did tattoos for Tessa and Dax and Beau recently, and Tessa talked about how he was good and nice and... what was that expression you used? Oh yeah, kink friendly.”

“Your tattoo artist was kink friendly?”

He was more than likely kinky himself, but Jilly didn't say that either. She just shrugged. “I couldn't tell too much, but he definitely gives out a vibe. And Tessa and Dax said he was wonderful and laid it on pretty thick for them.”

“But not for you?”

Shaking her head, Jilly frowned. The way she was asking it almost seemed as if she was upset that he hadn't laid it on thick around Jilly. Truth be told, Jilly kind of was too.

“No, not for me. I don't think I would have handled it well if he had.” Jilly flushed, picturing the scenario going down

differently than it had.

“You’re blushing.” Soleil called her out. “What are you thinking about?”

“Nothing. What does kink-centric therapy entail?” Jilly changed the subject.

“You sure you don’t want to tell me why you’re blushing? Because once I answer your question, there’s no going back.”

Jilly had no idea what that meant. All she knew was she did not want to talk about the fact that Axel had made her feel things she’d never felt, or the fact that he was starring in her dreams every night. She nodded. “I’m sure. What’s your thing?”

“Kink-centric therapy means that, in my new position here at Utopia, as a top-heavy switch, I can use unconventional therapy methods. Jilly, have you ever heard of a therapy spanking?”

Jilly gulped. She hadn’t. At least not until a few weeks before when Tessa had told her that Beau had performed one on Dax. “Those two words shouldn’t be allowed to go together,” she quipped.

“*Au contraire*,” Soleil retorted. “They go together quite well. I’m sure you already know how effective physical discipline can be, in large part due to the adrenaline, dopamine, and serotonin they produce as well as the therapeutic release tears can provide.”

“Yeah, I guess.” Jilly crossed her arms over her chest, avoiding eye contact. For the first time, she noticed the paddles hanging above the bookshelf. Those were definitely new.

If Soleil noticed Jilly becoming closed off, she ignored it. She fixed a shrewd gaze on Jilly. “It sounds like you made some good progress after our session last week, but these kinds of things aren’t fixed overnight.”

Jilly squirmed. She had a feeling she knew where this was going, and she wasn’t sure how she felt about it.

“I think, Jilly, that you still have some major hindrances to work through and a lot of guilt over what you see as your part in what happened. Do you think that’s accurate?”

Shame burned her cheeks. Saying no would be lying. The truth was she beat herself up every day for what she saw as herself being stupid and naive. And as much as Axel intrigued her, he also terrified her. She would love to look at a sexy, hot, interested guy and feel something other than fear, but so far it hadn’t happened.

All of her friends had paired off with Daddies of their own and moved out. And Jilly didn’t know if such a thing would be possible for her. Last month, she had turned down not one Daddy, but two. She’d ended up introducing Beau and Dax to her friend Tessa, and the three of them had fallen in love. While she was happy for them and thought it was a perfect match, it still made her pause to think about how quickly she ran away and how panicky her reaction had been. She wanted to move past these feelings, she really did. Swallowing around the lump in her throat, she breathed out slowly. “It’s accurate,” she conceded.

Soleil flashed a beaming smile—the same one she always gave when Jilly had what she considered a breakthrough no matter how small. “I know it is. I want you to think about what you have to gain from moving past the guilt and fear.”

“I already know that I need to. I just don’t know if I can.”

“I understand that. And I don’t want you to think that I’m pressuring you. My honest, professional opinion is that you have a lot to gain from a therapy spanking session. I think it could be really good for you.”

“Do I have to decide right away? Does it have to be today?”

“It absolutely doesn’t. You can think about it for as long as you like.”

“Okay.” Jilly leaned back against the fluffy couch and pulled the chunky throw up to her chin. She trusted Soleil. And she knew that what Soleil was saying was true. The physical pain of a spanking could work wonders. Biting her lower lip, she folded her hands in her lap. “I don’t really need to think about it. I’ll do it. So how does it work?”

“Well, we would set a day and time and negotiate just like you might do in a club. We’d go over your preferences and limits, and then we would talk about what you hope to get from it. Jilly, therapy spankings are quite different from punishment ones. They can be intense in their own way, of course, but a lot of people consider them a great stress-relief tool.”

“Okay. So... like today?”

“It doesn’t have to be. We can set an appointment for later in the week or wait until your next scheduled session.”

Jilly grimaced. She did not like the idea of having to wait. Waiting for a spanking was the worst and she didn’t think not being in trouble would change that. She glanced at the clock.

Soleil followed her gaze. “You’re my only appointment today. You can take all the time you need.”

Jilly breathed a sigh of relief. She didn't need time. "Oh, thank heavens. Okay, I'll do it. Today please."

"You don't want time to think it over?"

Jilly shook her head emphatically.

Soleil stared at her with her mouth pulled into a flat line and her eyes narrowed skeptically. Finally, she nodded. "All right. We can start negotiations then."

Soleil stood and crossed to her desk, pulling out a yellow legal pad and a pen before taking her place across from Jilly once more.

"What are your limits? If there is anything you would be uncomfortable with, that is a hard no, you need to say so now."

Jilly wracked her brain. She knew she'd had this discussion before with Baze, and even with Knox when he'd stayed with them while Baze and Luna were on their honeymoon, but it felt different this time. She'd never been spanked by a woman before—never even considered it—and she had no idea what to expect from a therapy spanking. She mulled over her options and only one thing stood out.

"I can only be bared when I am not exposed, so like once I'm in position or whatever, my pants can be lowered, but they cannot come off fully." She flushed as she spoke the condition out loud and gulped. "Is that okay?"

"Of course it's okay, Jilly. If you're uncomfortable, you won't be able to get what you need out of this session. Is that all?"

"I think so?" Jilly frowned. Because the majority of her spankings were for discipline, she wasn't used to having this much control.

Soleil seemed to sense that and started to ask more pointed questions. “Is there a position you don’t like, or one you prefer?”

Jilly shrugged.

“How do you feel about over the knee? I know OTK is more intimate so it’s fine if you aren’t comfortable with it, but due to the emotions I plan to pull from you during this, it is my preference.”

Jilly’s cheeks burned at the thought of going across the petite woman’s lap, but what Soleil was saying made sense. “I think that would be okay,” she whispered.

“All right. Good then. Next, I want you to think about implements and how you react to them. Are there any that have a positive effect on your headspace? Are there any you really don’t like? If you were to pick three implements for me to use, what three would you pick?”

Jilly’s stomach clenched. She did not want to have to pick the implements she was being spanked with, but she could see again why Soleil was asking. Headspace would be the most important aspect of this spanking. The wrong implements could screw everything up.

“A hairbrush makes me feel the Littlest,” she admitted. “And I really don’t think a belt would work for this. A cane maybe, but not a rattan one; that’s a limit.”

Soleil beamed. “Good, Jilly. That’s very good input.”

“I don’t have any more,” Jilly admitted. “I don’t want to pick a third one. Can you?”

“I can. In fact, I think that will be better. This spanking will work best if you don’t have all the control, but I needed

you to make the decision to give it to me. And you did! Very good, Jilly. I'm impressed."

"Will you tell me what you're gonna use?" Jilly asked, not acknowledging the praise.

"Of course." Soleil rested her elbows on her knees and leaned forward, tapping her chin thoughtfully. She sat up, and her gaze flitted around the room before landing on the paddle on the wall. "That one," she declared decisively. "That will cement in your brain that this is different than the other spankings you have received. But that is a heavy paddle. Combined with a cane and a hairbrush, that might be too intense. Would you be okay if I switched the hairbrush for a spoon?"

Jilly shuddered. Truth be told, a spoon made her feel Littler than a hairbrush, but she was more familiar with the hairbrush as it was Baze's implement of choice. But maybe different was the ticket in this case. She nodded. "That's fine. So, is that it? Do we begin?"

"Not quite yet."

Soleil stood and set the pen and paper in Jilly's lap.

Jilly looked down at it, confused. "What's this?"

"Homework."

"Homework? I thought we were doing this today!"

"We are. But first, homework. I'm going to leave the room for five minutes and during those five minutes you're going to freewrite. I want a list of all the limitations you are still struggling to move past and all the fears in the back of your head. Anything you think you could benefit from having addressed during our session, no matter how small or silly it may seem, I want it on that paper. Do you understand?"

Still standing in front of her, Soleil caught Jilly's chin between her fingers and held her gaze. Jilly gulped, suddenly seeing the sweet therapist in a whole new light.

"Yes, um... yes—"

"Ma'am will do," Soleil said with a wink, patting her head as she left the room.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jilly whispered, but Soleil was already gone.

Sighing down at the legal pad on her lap, Jilly picked up the pen and poised it above the paper, but she didn't know what to write.

There are no silly feelings, she reminded herself.

What do you want out of this? Soleil's voice echoed in her head.

Power. Strength. Courage. Closure. The ability to move on. To be fearless. To be able to face my fears. To reconcile my childhood experience with bikers with my bad experience in adulthood. To not be afraid to have a Daddy of my own.

Once she started writing, it was hard to stop. It was also hard to believe that she could get any or all of these things from a spanking, but that was kind of the point. Quitting because she was afraid it wouldn't work was not being fearless. So just going through with this one thing would actually be a way of achieving the things she wanted to get out of this. Clinging to that thought, she continued writing and though she tried to push thoughts of Axel from her mind, it was him she kept coming back to.

Axel. She wrote his name on the bottom of the page in tiny letters. What did she write next to it? What did she want in

relation to him? She didn't know. Her tongue peeked out from between her lips as she stared at the four letters that made up his name.

To not be afraid, she wrote next to it. *To see his world*. She'd sworn she'd never set foot in a club again after her last experience, but since she'd met him, she'd felt a niggling of curiosity in the back of her mind that she couldn't seem to shake.

Daddy? She wrote beneath his name in script so small it was illegible. That was okay. Soleil didn't need to read it. It wasn't a real hope. It was just a thought she wanted to move past. Because even if she faced her fears, even if she stepped into a club again, even if she was able to conquer the urge to hide every time she saw a burly man in a leather jacket, Axel couldn't be her Daddy. That was ridiculous. Wasn't it?

* * *

Jilly

Soleil sat across from her once more, scrutinizing Jilly's list without saying a word. Occasionally, she'd hum or nod, but that was it. Finally, she set the pad on the desk and stood. Jilly followed her with her eyes as she flitted across the room to a cherry armoire that was nearly identical to the one in Baze's office and had been in nearly every room in Rawhide—apparently Baze was following their lead here.

Soleil disappeared behind the wide doors, only visible from the waist down, reappearing moments later clutching a spoon and a black Delrin cane. She set them down next to Jilly

on the couch and crossed the room again, standing on her tippy-toes to pull the paddle off the wall.

When she turned, clutching it in her hand, with a stern and determined expression on her face, gone was the flighty, sweet hippie with the melodic laugh that Jilly had been seeing for almost a year now. In her place was someone totally new.

Jilly shuddered, her gaze darting toward the door. Was it too late to back out?

She thought about all the words scrawled in black ink on yellow paper and how easy it had been to fill the page. No, she couldn't back out.

She needed to have this experience and get whatever she could from it.

With the paddle in hand, Soleil sat beside Jilly on the long couch.

She looked over and smiled, and for a brief moment Jilly caught a glimpse of the woman she knew, the one who'd helped her get this far.

“Are you ready, Jilly?”

Jilly gulped, but she wasn't afraid. Excited, nervous, unsure what to expect, but not afraid. “Yes... yes, Ma'am, I'm ready.”

“Wonderful.” Soleil offered her hand, and Jilly took it, finding herself tipped facedown over the other woman's lap in an instant.

Her stomach clenched, and she forced herself to take deep breaths. This was only scary because it was new and she didn't know what to expect.

Soleil's hands were different than Baze's as the young woman held her tightly in place. Softer and smaller for sure, but they held a threat of their own.

“Okay, Miss Jilly. How long this takes depends on you. I'm going to take my cues from you and not stop until I think you've gotten what you need to from it. Your safe word is red. I will occasionally ask what color you are. I assume you are familiar with the stoplight system?” Soleil's soft voice was serious and no-nonsense.

“Yes, Ma'am,” Jilly breathed.

“Okay, I'm going to start slow and build. It may feel at first like it's not going to work, but I need you to trust me and trust the process. Do you think you can do that?”

“I'll try,” Jilly promised.

“That's all I ask.” Soleil cleared her throat. “Now that you are in position, I'm going to lower your shorts. I'll spank over your panties for a while, and then, eventually those will come down too.”

Jilly gasped, her cheeks burning with shame as Soleil hooked her fingertips under the waistband of Jilly's shorts.

“Wait!” Jilly yelled, not knowing what to do. How was she supposed to tell her therapist that she would find a pull-up, not panties under her shorts? They'd never discussed kink before today; not really.

“What is it?” Soleil stopped short, her hands resting on Jilly's shorts-covered bottom.

“I'm uh... I'm not wearing panties. It's um... I'm a Little. I wear a pull-up mosta the time.”

“Oh.” Soleil sounded surprised but recovered quickly. “Is that all?”

“Ummm... yes?”

“Well, that’s not a big deal. Really, I wouldn’t be working in a kink resort for Littles if I couldn’t handle a simple pull-up. No big deal. I just misspoke. Are you okay to continue now?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Jilly answered, sighing with relief.

Without a word, Soleil snuck her hands back under Jilly’s waistband, and dropped her shorts.

“It is going to be much harder to make an impression over a pull-up,” Soleil mused.

“I’m sorry,” Jilly squeaked, already feeling like this was a mistake.

“No problem. It will just have to come down sooner than expected.” And then she gave a swift tug, and Jilly was bare. Or at least her bottom was. The bunched-up diaper rested just below her sit spots.

Jilly shivered. Suddenly this felt a lot more real.

Soleil picked up an implement, and soon Jilly felt the cool bowl of the wooden spoon rest on the center of her left cheek.

She sucked in a breath as Soleil tapped lightly against her skin. First the left side, and then the right.

It didn’t hurt, she barely felt it. Soleil tapped again with a bit more force this time, and Jilly wondered if she knew what she was doing. She opened her mouth to ask, but before she got so much as a sound out, the spoon smacked hard against the center of her right cheek. *Thwack!* It smacked again. She decided right then and there that Soleil probably knew what

she was doing. It sure seemed like she did. On the physical spanking level at least. The therapy side remained to be seen.

The force lessened as the pace increased until Soleil was smacking a steady rhythm across her backside. “First off, Jilly, I want to tell you that I’m proud of you. You’ve come a very long way since we first started seeing each other, and even though this is going to get intense, I don’t want you for a second to think that I don’t see that or that it isn’t being recognized and acknowledged. You have put in the work. The purpose today is to try to push you over the finish line, to put truths in place of lies, and to cement your plan for moving forward into the life you deserve.” As she spoke, she spanked

Jilly’s bottom began to tingle. More noticeably still, she began to sink deep into Little space. Was that where she needed to be? She wasn’t entirely sure.

“Tell me you hear me and you understand,” Soleil commanded.

“Yes, Ma’am, I understand.”

“Good. Now, I’m going to continue with the spoon until you’re good and pink and all warmed up, and while I am spanking, I want you to think about everything you wrote down on that piece of paper, and I want you to call out the lies so we can work on replacing them with truths.”

Jilly drew a shuddering breath as the spoon bounced across her bottom. The tenderness was starting to build and her bottom ached. Each whack of the spoon stung and thudded, and she was hyper-aware that they’d only just begun.

“I don’t hear any words coming out of your mouth,” Soleil scolded after the tenth stinging swat.

Tears burned Jilly's eyes. She'd written goals and things she wanted to believe on that paper, not lies. The fact that Soleil still knew she had lies taking up residence in her brain daily unnerved her. They were the things she never spoke out loud, and she didn't want to start.

She remained silent, and Soleil smacked the spoon against her thighs, below the spot where her diaper rested.

"Jilly," she warned, "I can just spank your thighs until you cooperate, if that's what you want."

"Noooo!" Jilly cried. "Okay, okay, okay!"

"Start talking. Speak those lies so we can turn them into truths."

"I deserved what they did to me for being so stupid!" Jilly blurted out the first thing that came to mind. *The big lie*. The one she knew wasn't true but that still lingered in the back of her mind every day, no matter how much she told herself otherwise.

The spoon stopped. The couch shifted. There was a clanking noise as implements were changed out, and Jilly braced herself, instinctively knowing that Soleil had grabbed the paddle.

Throwing her hands back to cover herself, she protested, "You said you were gonna keep using the spoon!"

"And I was, but then you pulled out the big guns, so I needed to do the same."

Soleil captured Jilly's hands and pinned them in the middle of her back. She held them for a second and then let go. "Keep your hands there like that. I'd hold them for you, but I'm going to need both of mine."

“Ughh, fine,” Jilly grumbled.

“Now, say the lie again.”

“I deserved it,” Jilly whispered. The words hurt to say. There was a part of her that still believed them.

“Did you, Jilly?” The paddle smacked hard across the center of her bottom, the pain starting small and blooming outward.

“Arrgh!” she cried. “That hurts!”

“As much as the lies you are telling yourself?” Soleil countered. “You did not deserve what happened to you. No one deserves that, and there is nothing you could have done that would make that statement true.” Every other word was punctuated with a hard smack of the paddle that left Jilly breathless and reeling from the pain. And yet, already, she could see that there was something cathartic happening deep inside her.

“Replace it with a truth,” Soleil commanded. The paddle fell again, once on each side, and Jilly breathed through the pain, searching for something to say.

“I didn’t deserve it,” she finally whispered. “They are bad men. They should be in jail.” As soon as the sentence left her lips, Jilly felt relief whoosh through her. It was the first time she’d placed the blame solely where it belonged or considered any kind of consequences for them. She was sure it was too late, but just acknowledging that they deserved it was liberating somehow. When the paddle hit, she welcomed the pain, allowing it to cleanse her.

It stopped and rested across her bottom as she panted.

“Jilly, you’ve just had some sort of breakthrough, haven’t you?” Soleil asked gently.

Jilly blinked, surprised that the other woman knew and afraid to admit it, lest it stop the spanking before it had truly begun. The realization, or breakthrough as Soleil called it, felt good, and she wanted more.

But she couldn't lie. "Yes," she admitted softly. "Please don't stop."

Soleil answered with a musical chuckle. "Oh don't worry, I don't intend to. There will be plenty more of those before we are finished. I'm impressed though. I didn't expect it to start so soon."

Jilly preened under the odd praise, and arched her back, pushing her butt toward the paddle.

"Tell me another lie," Soleil encouraged.

This time Jilly was ready. "I don't deserve to move on," she whispered thickly. "Also that I can't. Every time I start to feel okay, something will always drag me back, and if I start to feel too good, I might make the same mistake again."

"But you didn't make a mistake, did you Jilly? You did as you'd always been told. You were a good girl. They are the ones who made a mistake."

Good girl. She clung to the simple words. She heard them often enough, but this was different. It wasn't about doing her chores or making her bed or following the rules that had been set out for her. It was about who she was. Deep at her core, and it acknowledged that she had been doing as her father had always told her. Her stomach clenched at the thought of him, and her heart squeezed. She barely noticed the thud of the paddle repeatedly against her backside.

She tried not to think of him anymore. She was always filled with shame when she did, like he would have been mad

at her for what happened. Only now, with Soleil's paddle laying a steady rhythm of burning swats across her bottom, did she realize how ridiculous that was.

Her father would have been upset, not at her, but at those who broke the code of a brotherhood he'd lived by. She could hear his voice in her head, and the voice of his brothers from the club, the men she'd grown up around.

"Those boys are not bikers," they'd say. "They bring dishonor to the custom of the Brotherhood. They besmirch the good name of men like us, the ones who would do anything to help."

Jilly whimpered as the memory of his voice filled her head. She could hear it like he was standing next to her.

"Bikers are scary and bad!" Another lie broke forth from her lips.

The paddle stopped falling. She heard Soleil's thoughtful hum behind her. "Are they?" she asked. "Is that what you really think? I don't think it is."

Tears pricked Jilly's eyelids. She couldn't stop them from falling hard and fast. She felt filled with shame and cleansed from it at the same time.

"N-nooo," she blubbered. "It's not true, and I don't believe it! Those guys were scary and mean and bad, but most bikers are good. They help. They protect. Like my father did."

Soleil stayed silent, as if she knew Jilly had more to say. She did.

"I'm mad that they took that away from me," she whispered. "I grew up around that life. It's all I knew. It was my home and it was my safe place and my happy memories, and they took that from me."

“You can take it back.” Soleil’s voice was gentle, but firm. It was... empowering.

Jilly felt empowered. She could claim the truths she was speaking out. She could take back everything she had lost. She could move forward. The lies, the ones she’d told herself for so long, felt like distant memories.

“It’s working!” she whispered reverently. Awestruck.

“I can tell,” Soleil agreed.

“Please don’t stop,” Jilly begged. As amazing as she felt, she knew she wasn’t done. There was more work to do, more lies to confront, more fears to overcome, and she knew she was hovering on the edge of being able to claim the future she deserved.

“I won’t stop,” Soleil promised. “But I am going to switch to the cane. Your bottom is very red and I think, numbing to the pain. The change in implements will wake up the nerves and help bring you over the finish line.”

“Okay,” Jilly agreed tearfully. She was afraid the cane wouldn’t be as effective; that by switching, she would lose her groove somehow and wouldn’t ever get to the proverbial finish line Soleil kept talking about. The paddle had certainly done its job. What if the cane didn’t?

She had that thought right up until the first line of fire laid across her ass bringing all the sleeping nerves to life. The pain was like no other.

“Eeee!” She shrieked.

“Tell me another lie!” Soleil hollered over the top of her cry.

She racked her brain. She pictured the list she'd written in her mind. She remembered every word, but only one seemed to stick out. Only one seemed to matter.

It was her deepest fear, her biggest shame. She could see that now, though she'd never let herself realize it in the past. Because it was a want. And she never allowed herself to want. She didn't deserve to want; that was how she'd felt.

She was lucky to have survived, lucky to have friends who took care of her, lucky to have a House Daddy who had gotten her the help she needed.

If she wanted something, she wasn't grateful enough. Wanting made her feel selfish. Wanting made her feel weak.

"I want a Daddy!" she cried. It wasn't a lie. There was no truth to turn it into. It was the truth, and it filled the room as the cane raised lines of fire across her bottom.

"I want a Daddy!" she repeated. "I deserve a Daddy! I deserve to be happy like my friends!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Soleil cried triumphantly, punctuating each cry with a piercing blow from the cane. "You deserve it all, Jilly! If you want it. Do you want it?"

"I want it. I want a Daddy. I want Axel." The last line came out below a whisper. She wasn't sure she spoke it at all; maybe she just mouthed it. But that was okay. She wasn't ready to speak that desire out loud. It was her special secret.

"I'm so proud of you, Jilly," Soleil's voice was warm with praise. "You did so good, better than I could have imagined, and faster too. How do you feel?"

Jilly, floaty and limp over her therapist's lap, paused to take stock. "I feel... amazing."

Soleil righted her pull-up and shorts and helped her into a sitting position on the couch. “I’m so glad. I had a feeling this would work for you.”

“It did. It really did. It’s crazy how good it worked,” Jilly gushed. “I feel like a whole new person. Like I could take on the world. Like I wanna do something epic. Like I’m ready to start my life.”

“Slow down there,” Soleil warned as she stood and bustled around the room, putting the implements away. “That’s the adrenaline talking. You’re on a high now, but it will drop. You need to drink water, eat food, and wrap yourself in a cocoon for the rest of the day,” Soleil instructed, shaking a finger in Jilly’s direction. “Go straight up to the penthouse, and do not do anything crazy.” She stopped and narrowed her eyes, her expression pensive. “Do I need to call Baze and make sure he reinforces my instructions?”

Jilly shook her head. She felt like she could solve all her problems and take her life back; it didn’t mean she actually knew where to start.

CHAPTER FOUR



*A*_{xel}

“Hey, Prez, you see that email I forwarded you?” Ace, the schoolteacher who acted as their office manager, asked as soon as he walked into the clubhouse that evening.

The clubhouse was really a bar owned by Ace’s foster brother, King, but it served as their headquarters most of the time. If they had official business they carried it out in the back rooms, where their clubhouse had been built on years ago, but at any given hour on any given day, King’s Tavern was packed full of Axel and his men, the Sin City Saints.

When he walked in just after five p.m., having closed up shop early because the promenade was dead, mostly due to the extreme July heat, they had just started to gather. King was behind the bar of course, and Ace was sitting at a table in the corner, nursing a cold one.

Bear was in the kitchen, where he usually was, and the rest of them would start to roll in shortly after a full day at their day jobs. Being a biker was their passion, but it didn’t pay the bills.

Axel rolled up to the bar where King already had a cold one waiting. He popped the top off and carried it over to where Ace was sitting. “What email?”

“We’re needed in court next week. Preteen girl facing her attacker. It’s on a Monday so not everyone will be available.” Ace sighed. “It’s the sister of one of my former students. So I’m taking the day off to go.”

Axel sighed. Their work with BACA—bikers against child abuse—was some of the most important and rewarding work they did. It was also the hardest. These court days were gut wrenching. The fact that people could do such horrific things to innocent children turned his stomach. It was hard to sit in court and listen to it sometimes. But they did it for the kids.

“You know I never check that email,” he grumbled. “That’s your job. But I’ll be there, just text me the info.”

“Will do, thanks.”

“Delivery!” The front door swung open, and Lizzie, the perky redhead who worked for her family business and oversaw all their liquor deliveries, poked her head in. “It’s hotter than Hades’ sauna out there!” she exclaimed, lifting the hem of her top to wipe her brow. “Are you guys gonna come help me unload this or are you just gonna watch me die of heat stroke trying to do it all by myself?”

Axel rolled his eyes. Lizzie was nothing if not dramatic.

He stood, and his chair caught on his vest and clattered to the floor. “We’re coming,” he grunted. “C’mon, Ace.” He slapped his friend on the back of the head. “Be a gentleman.”

Ace always acted weird around Lizzie. Axel didn’t know why, nor did he care.

“I’ll help too,” Bear said, coming out of the kitchen.

Lizzie held the door open, and they hauled in box after box of beer and liquor, carrying them to the back storage room.

King signed for the delivery and Lizzie was on her way, swinging her ass as she walked out the door, as she always did. They watched, as they always did.

Axel chuckled as the door swung closed behind her. “That girl is something else.” Lizzie was too much of a brat to be his type, but he liked her because she seemed to have a Little or at least a Middle side that was itching for a Daddy. He’d always secretly thought Ace would end up filling that role, but so far it had never happened.

He wasn’t even sure Ace was actually a Daddy. He knew *he* was, and all of his friends had moments where he could see that side of them come out, but it wasn’t something they talked about... like, ever.

They were as close as brothers, and they talked about everything else, but their sex and personal lives were not included in that. They were all single, with Bear being divorced and King being widowed. That was all he knew.

Axel finished his beer and walked behind the bar to grab another. When the bar was packed, he wouldn’t do that unless King needed his help, but right now they weren’t even open.

“So, what’s everyone got going on tonight?” he asked, leaning over to rest his elbows on the bar.

“It’s Monday. Family dinner,” Bear said, popping his head out from the kitchen.

Axel nodded. “Need any help?” Family dinner was a long-standing tradition of theirs to all eat together around a table every week and catch up on each other’s lives, like a family would. New members often mistook the tradition of family

dinner for a regular club meeting at first, but it was so much more than that. Sometimes club business crept into the conversation, but they tried to save that for their actual meetings. Any other night, they straggled in, eating as they pleased at various spots around the club, but on Monday nights, they ate together. It was a hard and fast rule that had only been broken twice in their history, and only in instances of emergency.

“I’m good,” Bear answered. “We’ve got a while still.”

“Let me know if you need me later. What’s on the menu for tonight?”

“Fried chicken. Mashed potatoes. Biscuits. All the fixings.”

Axel’s mouth watered. Bear’s fried chicken was his ultimate comfort food. He could practically taste it now.

But they wouldn’t eat until they were all here, and there were still three of them unaccounted for. Slim, Lucky, and Bandit would come in later. They were the younger members with busy social lives and demanding jobs.

“You can come help me get this booze put away,” King grunted, hefting a box onto the bar and starting to unload it.

“Gotchu.” Axel stood and started to head toward the back, but before he got even one step there was a knock on the bar door.

They all froze in their tracks and looked at each other. “Was that... a knock?” Bear asked from the kitchen.

“Who knocks at a bar?” Ace grumbled. “And can’t they read? It’s Monday. We’re closed.”

“Just ignore it,” King grumbled. “They’ll go away.”

But Axel couldn't let it go. Who knocked on a bar door? When their closed sign was up? It was no secret that King's was a biker bar and their unofficial headquarters. What if someone needed their help?

Setting his beer down on the bar, he stalked toward the door, and peeked out the blinds on the window. He didn't see anything, but something told him that whoever it was hadn't gone away.

Frowning, he pulled open the heavy metal door. His jaw dropped when he saw Jilly standing there. She looked different. Older somehow, and more wise, less timid. Her brown hair was pulled into a braid, and the timid air she'd had when he first met her was gone. She had no stuffed frog, or stuffed anything for that matter, with her, but sure as the tattoo he'd put on her forearm it was her.

At a motorcycle bar. Uninvited. As happy as he was to see her, this was no place for a sweet Little girl like herself. What was she thinking?

"Jilly." His mouth set in a straight line, and his eyes narrowed as he positioned his body so that his men couldn't see who was at the door. "What are you doing here?"

Her confidence faltered at his reaction, and she looked down at the ground. "I... wanted to see you."

"I'll be at the tattoo shop tomorrow." He started to close the door, but she stopped him, grabbing it and holding it in place.

"I know, but... I wanted to see your club too. Please. I need to. I need to talk to you, and it needs to be here."

She was being cryptic. He didn't like that.

“A motorcycle club is no place for a Little girl,” he growled.

“Pfft,” Jilly huffed. “I grew up in motorcycle clubs. I took my first steps in a bar just like this one. That’s why I need to come in. I need to remember who I am.”

She wasn’t making any sense, but he could tell she wasn’t going to back down. He sighed. If he let her in now, while they were closed, and it was just him and three of his brothers, it was better than her coming back when it was packed with a gruff clientele and open. Or worse, when he wasn’t there to protect her.

Grudgingly, he stepped aside and held the door open, allowing her to enter.

She beamed at him and bounced inside, with him on her heels.

The door closed behind him, and he leaned against it, glaring at his brothers whose eyes had widened with interest at her arrival.

“Well, what, or rather *who*, do we have here?” Ace pushed to his feet and walked toward Jilly with his hand extended.

Axel leveled him with a death stare, but he didn’t seem to notice.

“I’m Jilly!” she answered gleefully, tucking her hand into Ace’s.

“Well, hello, Jilly, welcome to our humble abode. And how do you know Axel?”

“He gave me a tattoo!” Releasing Ace’s hand, Jilly turned her arm over and offered it for his inspection.

Ace grabbed it and peered, his gaze darting from the tattoo to Axel, who wanted to kill him already just for touching her.

By this time, King came out from behind the bar and Bear from the kitchen. They gathered around Jilly, looking from the tattoo to Axel with knowing smiles.

“That’s a nice tattoo,” King said finally. “Looks very meaningful... but, what brought you here tonight? We aren’t even open. It’s members only.”

The last part was said with no malice, just a meaningful glance in Axel’s direction.

“Oh. Sorry... I just... it’s a long story.” Jilly sighed dramatically and flipped her braid over her shoulder.

“I like a good story,” Ace mused.

“We got nowhere else to be,” King agreed.

Axel growled, a low and feral rumble escaping his throat before he could stop it. “Don’t you have booze to put away?” he reminded, menacingly. “And Bear has chicken to fry.”

They must have seen from his face or heard in his tone that he meant business because they grudgingly retreated with raised brows and knowing chuckles.

Ace stayed in front of Jilly with his arms crossed over his chest. “I got nowhere to be.”

Axel scowled and took a step toward him. “Beat it.”

With surprise in his eyes, Ace finally left, retreating to his table in the back corner to nurse what was left of his beer.

When they were as alone as they could be, Jilly looked up at him. “You didn’t have to send them away. I wanted to meet your friends.”

“A biker bar is no place for a Little girl,” he stated, repeating his earlier protest. “Why don’t you tell me why you’re here so you can be on your way?” He didn’t really want her to leave, of course, but he also didn’t want her to stay.

Jilly hesitated, shifting from one foot to another. “Are you mad? You seem mad.”

He instantly softened, his chest heaving with a defeated sigh.

“I’m not mad. I’m just... surprised. And like I said, this really isn’t the place for a sweet Little girl like yourself.”

“And like I said, I grew up in bars like this one, around men like your friends. They were good men, and I’m trying to remember that. For my own sanity, and because”—she trailed off, blushing—“because I want to get to know you.”

Dammit. His cock hardened, and his heart swelled with hope. He pushed his lusty and romantic thoughts away and forced himself to stay focused.

“You keep saying that, about needing to remember who you are. Now explain that.”

She recoiled, her face twisted into a grimace. “Couldn’t we just hang out for a bit? Maybe talk a little? Couldn’t you be a gentleman and offer me something to drink? It’s hot as balls outside, and I walked here.”

She’d walked? From Utopia? The resort she lived at was over two miles away, and it was 110 degrees outside. Still, he didn’t want to offer her a beverage because he didn’t want her to stay. He’d be gentleman enough to call her a cab home, but that was it.

Before he could say as much, King appeared between them with an ice cold lemonade in a frosted cup and pressed it into

Jilly's hand.

With a pointed glare at Axel, he stalked away.

Jilly took a sip and smiled. "Oh yum, that's so good. And so cold. Could we sit down and talk?"

Between her and his men, Axel had had about enough. He grabbed her arm and steered her toward the door. "The only thing I'm interested in talking about is what you mean by those things you keep saying and why you showed up here unannounced on a Monday evening when we're not even open. So you have two choices. We can go into a back room away from these eavesdropping fools, or you can leave and I'll see you tomorrow at the tattoo shop."

Jilly, who'd shown no distress from the moment he opened the door and seemed like a completely different person from the Little girl he'd first met, stammered, her eyes wide with fear.

"I can't... I don't want to go in a back room. Please can we stay out here? I'll answer your questions, I promise."

His eyes narrowed. His plan had been to get her away from the others, mostly for his own privacy, but also because he'd go mad if any of them showed the slightest bit of interest, but there was no mistaking the panic in her response.

She was being reasonable with her promise of compromise. Now it was up to him to do the same.

"Fine. We'll talk over here." He steered her to a small table in the back corner, on the opposite side of the bar from where Ace sat and pulled out her chair.

She smiled gratefully but winced when she sat, like a Little sitting on a freshly-spanked bottom. The thought made him equally pleased and insanely jealous of whoever had done the

spanking. He was tempted to ask, but for the sake of his sanity decided he'd better not.

“Okay, so you grew up with bikers?” he prodded, remembering her adverse reaction to him at their first encounter.

“Hey, Prez, want another cold one?” King called out, leaning over the side of the bar.

Axel scowled. “A lemonade will do,” he answered coldly.

Jilly stayed silent while King carried out a second lemonade and set it down in front of Axel with a flourish.

He stayed until Axel turned an accusing glare in his direction. “What, are you waiting for, a tip?”

King smiled. He was getting way too much enjoyment out of Axel's misery. “Well no, but a thank you would be nice.”

Axel sucked in a breath, about to tell King where to shove it, but deflated when he caught Jilly staring at him expectantly.

“Thank you,” he growled. “Now, beat it.”

King turned on his heel and left, and Axel turned his attention back to Jilly.

“Now, you were saying? You grew up with bikers?”

* * *

Jilly

Jilly sucked in a breath, her resolve weakening under Axel's keen gaze. This had seemed like a good idea at the time. But she hadn't foreseen that he would be so angry or so

demanding. She thought she'd come in, meet his brothers, maybe get a tour of the clubhouse, and just get to know him better, and that eventually she might share a bit of her history with him.

She hadn't expected to be interrogated. Still, she had kind of busted in unannounced and uninvited, and as she had learned earlier, during her therapy session, talking about these things could be unequivocally empowering.

"My dad was a biker," she finally explained, "in California. His club was called Rising Suns. I grew up hanging out there since I was still in diapers." She sucked in a giggle then, because it was a funny statement now that she was back in them, sitting on a diapered bottom as she spoke, but she wasn't going to admit that or explain the irony to Axel, so she continued, "The club president was my godfather. Those guys were my family. They helped me with my homework, celebrated my achievements, fed me ice cream when life broke my heart. They stood with me at my father's funeral, and they would have stood with me through life if I had stayed. But I couldn't. After my dad passed away, it hurt too much. I needed a fresh start. My Dad wanted me to have one."

Axel nodded. "I can understand that. So, this is the first time you've been to a clubhouse since you left California?"

Jilly looked away, her cheeks burning in shame. She stayed silent, letting the question hang in the air between them as she gathered the courage to answer.

It's not my fault. I'm a good girl.

"I wish that were true," she finally admitted. A tear formed in the corner of her eye, and she rubbed it away with her knuckle. She didn't have to look at Axel to know that he could

see where this was going and that he was ready to kill someone.

“Look for the bikers. They’ll always help you.” Her voice cracked. “That was what my dad told me. But... he was wrong.”

Axel slammed a fist against the table, and she jumped.

“Who hurt you?” he demanded.

Suddenly the room leapt into action, the men who had been lingering over their work pretending not to eavesdrop flanked him, their expressions equally as murderous.

This time he didn’t shoo them away.

“What happened?” His voice broke.

Jilly shook her head. She couldn’t relive it again. Not here, not with them all staring at her.

“What happened?” This time it was Bear who spoke up, slamming his fist into his cupped hand.

“Please,” Jilly whispered, “please, I-I can’t.”

“That’s okay.” Ace pulled a chair from a neighboring table and sat in it, backwards beside her. “Can you just tell us who?”

She shook her head. “I don’t know. I was trying to block it out. The clubhouse though, it was on the opposite side of town, out of the way a bit, off the beaten path, down a gravel road off the highway.”

“The Vipers,” Axel muttered. Behind him, Bear and King nodded.

They looked like they had revenge in mind, and Jilly flashed back to her childhood, to the few times she’d seen the

same expression on the faces of her father and his friends. It never ended well.

“It doesn’t matter,” she swore. “It’s not important who.”

Axel didn’t look convinced. Jilly didn’t know what else to do so she just kept talking. “I’m okay,” she insisted. “I wasn’t for a long time, but I am now. My friends took care of me when I couldn’t take care of myself, and when we met Baze, he got me into therapy. And it helped a lot. More than I could ever explain. I had”—she trailed off, her cheeks burning at the memory of what had brought her here—“a session today, and it was really good. Probably the most positive one I’ve had. And when it was over, I just wanted to come here. I wanted to get back a portion of what had been taken from me. And I wanted to see you again, Axel. I’ve been thinking about you since we met, but I was scared to admit it. I didn’t think I could talk to a biker again, much less willingly come to a club and sit drinking a lemonade, but I had to. I had to see you. I wanted...” she stopped abruptly, realizing she was pouring her heart out not only to him, but to an audience of strangers.

As if he too had only just realized this, Axel waved them away.

They left, congregating in a huddle behind the bar, speaking in hushed whispers.

Jilly watched, her stomach knotting with unease. “They aren’t gonna do anything stupid are they? Not on my account?”

Axel’s answer was noncommittal.

“The Vipers are bad guys. Our sworn nemesis. Their bad actions cancel out our good ones, and they give a bad name to all the legitimate clubs in this town.”

Jilly nodded, but before she could answer, the door to the bar pushed open and three burly looking bikers shoved through it. Her heart sped up, but she noticed the insignias on the front of their vests matched Axel's. They were members of this club, not Vipers. They were his brothers. Friends, not foes.

She watched as they barreled toward the bar where King popped open a cold beer for each of them, nodded to where she and Axel were sitting, and spoke in hushed tones.

"Ignore them," Axel commanded. "I'll introduce you later. But you said you came to talk to me, so talk."

Jilly swallowed hard. This had all been easier when she was imagining it from the safety of her therapist's couch, ready to take on the world. But of course, the reality was different, and the adrenaline was starting to wear off.

"You intrigued me too," Axel said softly, breaking through her panic. "And I could tell you were scared. And at first, I thought you were with Baze. But when you explained... I was glad you weren't. Then still, I told myself I'd never see you again, unless you got a bug up your butt to get another tattoo or needed a touch up. I thought about maybe going to Utopia once it opened, just to see if I would see you, but I quickly nixed that idea. Seems like it's more for people who are already paired off. And my men don't know I'm a Daddy. Not even sure they know what one is, so there's that. So yeah, I pushed you out of my head. I told myself to forget about it. That my attraction was stupid and unrequited... but now here you are."

"Here I am," Jilly repeated.

"Not sure what to do with that."

Jilly wasn't sure what to do with it either. Even before her trauma, she'd never been so forward. But now, after years of letting life pass her by, she was filled with an urgency she couldn't ignore.

Soleil had told her to go home, rest, take care of herself, and to not do anything drastic today. Obviously, she hadn't listened. Did she regret it? Not yet.

"You're a Daddy," she finally said, "and I'm a Little."

Axel chewed on his bottom lip. She could see the desire in his eyes. "Seems that way."

"I like you. I think you like me. We should get to know each other better."

"She should stay for family dinner!" Ace called out from where he'd migrated to a stool at the end of the bar.

The other men collectively gasped, and Axel scowled. "If you are wanting to get to know me better, and thinking of me the way a Little thinks of a Daddy, don't you think you could trust me enough to get away from all these nosy busybodies? We could prop the door open. God knows if you so much as whimper, these guys would hear it. Buncha nosy ninnies."

Jilly giggled. Axel made a good point. If she was thinking of him like a Daddy, she did need to trust him enough to be alone in a room with him. "Okay. But keep the door open."

"Scout's honor." Axel jumped to his feet and stood in front of her, offering his hand. She took it, and he helped her up, leading her down the hall to the side of the kitchen, past the bathrooms, and into a large room with a plaque on the door that said headquarters.

The room was larger than she'd imagined and broken into many smaller rooms. She wondered what would be behind

those doors, but she wasn't ready to find out. Axel led her to a couch in the center of the room and sat down facing her. Before she could join him, he jumped up, grabbed a wooden chair from a discarded table nearby and dragged it to the door, propping it open as promised.

When he returned, Jilly beamed at him.

“Thank you,” she said as he retook his place across from her on the worn leather couch. She looked around the room, spotting a kitchenette, a few tables that matched the ones out front, several recliners, and several file cabinets. “What do you guys do back here?”

Axel shrugged. “Well, King and Bear live here”—he gestured toward the rooms she'd wondered about—“so, they do everything. The rest of us hang out in the front mostly unless we need to discuss official business. Or we might just chill, play video games, watch TV, eat cereal, whatever.”

Jilly nodded. There wasn't much to say to that, and the awkward conversation hit a lull.

“What's family dinner?” she asked, remembering Ace's invitation.

“Just what it sounds like,” Axel muttered, a hesitation in his tone she didn't understand. “We do it every Monday.”

“Oh.” She instantly understood that it was a sacred ritual, not something to be joined by outsiders. And yet, they'd invited her. Was it because they felt guilty about what had happened to her?

“I don't need to intrude,” she said. “I should probably get going soon, anyway.”

“The invitation means they like you.”

“I don’t care what they think,” she insisted. “Your opinion is the only one that matters to me. If you want me to stay, I’ll stay. If you want me to go, I’ll go.”

* * *

Axel

“Stay.” His breath hitched on the invitation, recognizing the significance of it. They never had outsiders at family dinner. Even when King’s wife had been alive, she’d only been to family dinner a dozen times, and it had been her idea. Bear’s ex had only been once in their three years of marriage. Axel wasn’t even dating Jilly, and she’d gotten an invitation.

The fact both pleased and enraged him. Did Ace have his eye on Jilly too? He’d kill him. Dead. On the spot. Brotherhood be damned.

Recognizing the darkness of his own thoughts, Axel frowned. Was it just because he liked Jilly so much, or was the rage because of what had happened to her and the fact that he couldn’t do anything about it?

He wasn’t sure, and he needed not to dwell on either. Jilly was here, to see him, by some unexpected miracle, and he vowed to give her the attention she deserved.

He looked at her and repeated the invitation. “Stay.”

Her eyes sparkled, and she slipped her hand in his. “I’ll stay if you want me to, but don’t feel like you have to say that just because Ace did.”

“I don’t, I promise.”

“When is dinner?”

Axel pulled his phone from his pocket and glanced at it. “Probably about half an hour now that everyone’s here.”

“Who are the others? I haven’t met them yet.”

“Well, there’s Slim, Lucky, and Bandit.” His eyes narrowed. “Stay away from Bandit.” The youngest member of their club was a real ladies’ man, and Axel would hate to have to break his fingers.

Jilly giggled. “How did y’all get your nicknames? Why is Ace Ace, why are you Axel? If I named you, I’d have called you Ink.”

“I’d prefer you call me Daddy,” he teased with a wink.

Jilly gasped.

Axel grinned and rubbed his chin, his eyes smirking. “Couldn’t resist. But in all seriousness, I’m only Axel because every president before me was also Axel. It’s tradition. Ace is Ace because he likes poker a bit too much, but also because he’s super smart. Bear’s called Bear, because... well, look at him. King is because he’s been here the longest, and his late wife, Lorna, she was our queen. She kept the place running and took care of us.”

“What about Lucky, Slim, and Bandit?”

“Lucky is called that because he is. Boy has nine lives, and he wins everything. He spends at least an hour a week just finding random things to enter, and he wins all the time. Slim is called Slim... well, because he’s not. But we didn’t name him that. He came with that name. And Bandit... well, because he’s always stealing hearts.”

Jilly smiled at his explanation. “I still think Ink is a better name for you.”

“And I still think Daddy is even better.”

Her eyes twinkled, and he squeezed her hand. They were totally having a moment, so of course it was interrupted by Ace pounding on the door. “King says it’s time to clean up for dinner. Wash your hands and help us move tables!”

Axel sighed. As the boss, he could tell them to do it, but he always helped. Seniority wasn’t as important as camaraderie and teamwork.

“Looks like we need to go join the chaos,” he said with a grin as he stood and pulled her up with him.

“I really need to go after this,” she said sadly.

Axel nodded. “I’ll take you.”

Her eyebrows shot up. “On your motorcycle?”

“Not without a helmet and the proper gear. I’ll get a car.”

“Oh.” She looked relieved but still oddly disappointed.

He guided her toward the kitchen where they washed their hands before he joined the men, pulling small tables together to form one big one at the center of the room.

Jilly offered to help set the table and carry out food, but none of them would let her. Ace pulled out a chair to the side of the head of the table where Axel always sat.

Axel scowled, wishing he’d thought to do so first. Not willing to let her out of his sight, he sat down beside her, watching as the table was set and food was carried out.

King set out two huge trays of perfectly fried golden brown chicken, one on each end, and Jilly sniffed the air

appreciatively. “That smells delicious.”

Biscuits came out next, traditional and cornbread both, followed by green beans with bacon and mashed potatoes and gravy, along with baked beans and coleslaw. On Mondays, they feasted.

Finally, all the food was brought out, their lemonades were refilled, tops were popped on fresh beers for the other men, and the rest of them took their seats.

Lucky, Slim, and Bandit hesitated, seeming a bit taken aback by Jilly’s presence, even though he knew they’d been informed of the invitation. He could relate. It felt weird having her there to him too. Weird but nice.

“Thank you for having me,” Jilly said to the room at large.

Her thanks was met with muttered embarrassed recognition as the men waited for the signal to dig in.

“Okay, you know the drill. Phones out, facedown center of the table. This is family time. No distractions.”

Seven phones clattered to the middle of the table, and when he cocked his head at Jilly, letting her know she was in no way exempt from the rule, hers joined them, the bright pink-and-green glittery case sticking out like a sore thumb as they passed the trays of food around, family style. Each time a tray or bowl reached Axel, he dished up first himself and then Jilly before passing it on.

He’d just offered her baked beans, which she’d begged off of, holding her stomach, swearing she had more food than she could ever eat, when Ace piped up from the far end of the table, “Hey, Jilly... I think your phone is vibrating.”

Her eyes met Axel’s in question, and he wavered. If she was his, answering her phone during family dinner would be a

hard no. But she wasn't his—not yet. She had a family and others to answer to. Reaching across the table, he flipped over her phone and angled the screen toward her. From where he sat, he could see that it was Baze. He could also see that it was not the first time he had called.

Jilly seemed to notice that at the same time he did. Her eyes grew wide, and she snatched the phone from his hand, jumping up as she answered it. He followed behind, listening.

“Hi! Oh, I missed a bunch of calls from you? Sorry about that. I put my phone on vibrate for therapy and never took it off.”

She stopped pacing and leaned up against the wall. “Where am I? Ummm...”

His gut knotted. Not once had it occurred to him that she had come here by herself without telling anyone where she was going, but it should have.

“Yes, Sir, I know. I should have told you I was leaving the premises. Yes, Sir, I know I can't leave Utopia without permission. I just forgot. I'm sorry. Yes, Sir, I'll come home soon. You'll send a car? Where am I? Ummm...”

Her cheeks flushed, and she hesitated. It was obvious she didn't want to disclose her location. It was also obvious she was already going to be in a heap of trouble. Axel was filled with conflicting emotions. On one hand, he was now even more furious that she'd shown up here because apparently she'd done so without telling a soul, something that, given her past, she knew was dangerous. He was glad she was going to be in trouble; if she was his, she wouldn't sit for a week, but he was also filled with rage at the thought of anybody dealing with her that wasn't him.

Unable to listen to her sputter apologies any longer, he held out his hand, and waited.

She met his eyes, her mouth dropped open, she swallowed, and then without a word to Baze, she handed Axel the phone.

“Mr. Patrick,” he barked into it, “hey, this is Axel. We met last week at my shop, Sin City Ink. Anyway, just wanted to let you know Jilly is with me. And don’t worry about sending a car. I’ll bring her home, right away.”

“Axel. Is Jilly at your shop?”

Axel huffed, his gaze cutting to Jilly. “No, sir, she’s not. She showed up at our clubhouse this evening. And if I’d have realized that she did so without your permission or without telling anyone where she was, I’d have sent her right on her way. As it is, we just sat down to dinner.”

“Well, I’m sorry about that, Axel, but I need Jilly to come home now. We’ve been worried sick about her. Not to mention, she’s broken several rules and put herself in danger. She’s in a whole heap of trouble.”

There it was again. That word. That thought of anyone but him touching her. Jealous rage blinded him. “She’s mine,” he growled into the phone before he could stop himself.

“I beg your pardon?”

Turning away from both Jilly and his men, who had all stopped eating to stare at him, he centered himself and spoke into the phone with as much restraint as he could muster. “I agree that she made some serious mistakes and did things that could have been dangerous, though make no mistake she was never in danger, not with me or any of my men, and she definitely deserves some serious consequences for her actions, but, sir, I really am not comfortable with the thought of anyone

but myself meting those out. I know that sounds crazy, but it is what it is. Jilly and I... well, there's something between us and I'd like to explore it, starting with blistering her bottom for the choices she made today."

Beside him, Jilly squeaked, and threw her hands over her mouth to cover her surprise. He turned and winked before giving his attention back to Baze on the other end of the phone.

"Have you talked to Jilly about this?" Baze asked, skeptically. "She has a past... she might not be comfortable. For that matter, I'm not sure I am."

"All due respect, sir. I'm not asking. I'm giving you the respect of telling you, but the only person whose permission I'll be asking is Jilly's."

"Understood. Put Jilly on the phone please."

With a brusque nod, Axel handed the phone to Jilly, once again stuck listening to a one-sided conversation.

"Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir. Okay. Yes... I think so. That sounds fair. Yes, Sir. Okay, thank you."

Finally, she hung up and looked at Axel. "He's sending a car. He said I had to come home. But..." She looked to the floor, shuffling the toe of her sneaker against the wood. "He said you could come with me. And that you want to be the one to punish me, that you insisted on it, and he's only okay with it if I am."

Axel nodded. "That's what he basically said to me too. Are you?"

Jilly let out a soft sigh and lifted her head to meet his gaze. "Oddly enough... I think I am."

Axel nodded, a vision of Jilly, ass up across his lap, impairing his senses. “Let’s go then.” He took her hand, and pulled her out the door, pausing only to stop and grab his phone from the pile at the center of the table.

“Hey!” Ace called, as Axel headed for the door, “what about family dinner?”

“Save me a plate!” He couldn’t have eaten right then if he wanted to.

CHAPTER FIVE



*J*illy

This was moving at warp speed. But after years of barely moving at all, of basically being a stagnant lump, she wasn't sure she cared.

The idea of Axel being the one to spank her was nerve-racking and overwhelming but listening to him claim the honor over the phone, basically telling Baze that the only opinion that mattered was hers, had been hot.

When he all but dragged her out the door, holding her chin in his hands once they were away from his men, lecturing her and telling her just how much trouble she was in... well that was hot too, even if it was also scary.

"I can't believe you left home without telling anyone where you were going, without telling anyone that you were even leaving, and your first thought was to go to a biker bar, to talk to someone you'd met one time!"

"I knowww," Jilly wailed. Her stomach was hurting, and she felt like she was going to be sick. She couldn't ever

remember being in this much trouble all by herself. She and her friends got into it together sometimes, but she'd never messed up so badly all by herself. "I just wanted to talk to you," she whispered. "I wasn't thinking."

"Well, you will be. You'll be thinking while you're over my knee getting your bottom blistered, and you'll be thinking about this day for a long time to come."

Forever. She'd think about this day forever, for reasons other than the impending punishment. It was a pivotal day in her life, made all the better still by the fact that Axel was acting the way he was: like a jealous fool.

A limo pulled up in front of the club, and Axel turned to her startled. "He sent a limo?"

Jilly shrugged. "It's what he always sends."

"Jesus. I am certainly not in Kansas anymore." Axel whistled through his teeth and muttered under his breath.

When the car stopped, he started to pull open the door for her, startled when the driver, Baze's personal driver, Mack, jumped out and opened it for both of them.

"Hi, Mister Mack," Jilly said shyly. She felt self-conscious because she was pretty sure Mack knew that she wasn't supposed to be at a biker bar. "This is Axel," she added, sure to remember her manners.

Mack raised his brow a hair and nodded astutely. "Miss Jilly. Mister Axel," he said with a bow.

Axel blinked, and Jilly giggled as she slid in. After a moment, Axel joined her, looking around in awe. "This thing is huge."

"This is the small one," Jilly informed him.

“I could get used to this,” he said, then shook his head. “Who am I kidding? No I couldn’t. I need the wind in my hair and the open road.”

“You’re a biker,” Jilly agreed. “And... a Daddy?” She frowned and chewed on her bottom lip. “Maybe my Daddy.”

“Maybe,” Axel agreed. “I hope so, but let’s see how the evening goes. Which reminds me, before we get to Utopia, let me ask you again, little one, do I have it? I’m sick at the thought of anyone else touching you, even Baze, and I really can’t stomach anyone else dishing out the punishment you have coming, but you said it just a second ago, yourself. I’m not your Daddy... yet. I’d like to be, but I don’t want to rush that just because the thought of someone else’s hands on you makes me want to gouge their eyes out and shove them up their ass.”

Jilly giggled, then blanched at the graphic imagery he described. “You have my permission,” she said, and then added, “but I’m really nervous. I’ve never gotten into such big trouble before.”

Axel raised one brow and frowned at her with his head cocked to the side. “Really? Not ever?”

“Not all by myself,” Jilly amended. “Sometimes my friends and I get into trouble together, and that can be big, but myself, it’s only ever small trouble.”

“Until today.”

“Until today.”

“What made today different?”

“Well...” Jilly hesitated, shifting on her seat. She didn’t want to tell him, but there was zero way he wouldn’t be able to tell once he got her pull-up off. “I already got spanked today. I

wasn't in trouble, though. It was a therapy spanking, at my therapy appointment," she rushed to explain.

"Therapy spanking," Axel mused. "I've heard of the concept. How was it?"

"It was amazing. So cleansing and relieving. Afterward, I felt absolutely amazing, like I could do anything, and face all my fears."

"And so you ended up at my club."

"And so I ended up at your club." She sighed. "My therapist told me to stay home and do self-care. She specifically said not to go anywhere and not to do anything crazy."

"You didn't listen." He paused a beat, leaning forward to brush a stray hair out of her eyes. "Do you regret it?"

"Not for a minute. Not a second of it."

His wicked grin flipped her tummy. "You will," he promised, just as the limo rolled to a stop at the front entrance to Utopia.

This time he remembered to wait for Mack to get the door, and when it opened, he got out first and helped her stand. "Ready to face the music?" he asked. "I don't imagine that House Daddy of yours is too pleased with either one of us."

"Yeah." She took his hand and sighed, marching toward her fate. "Still totally worth it."

To her surprise, Baze was waiting for them in the lobby.

He sized them up, his scrutinous gaze on her. "Are you okay, Jilly?"

She half expected Axel to attack, but to her surprise he took a step back, and waited.

“I’m okay, Mister Daddy, really.”

“It’s unlike you to leave the resort alone, especially without telling anyone where you are going.” He glared at Axel like the fact that she had done so was somehow his fault.

Jilly stepped in front of Axel, as if to protect him. Both men scoffed and chuckled, and Axel stepped to her side.

“I had therapy today, and it was intense. Soleil said I had several breakthroughs. And one of those breakthroughs was that I do deserve a Daddy of my own. I knew who I wanted that to be, so I went and found him.”

Baze’s eyebrows shot to his hairline. “That’s... very brave. Still dangerous and unwise, not to mention against the rules, but also brave. I’m impressed. Not that that’s going to save you.” He took a step toward her and took her hand. “Axel says he wants to be the one to punish you, and that he would ask your permission. Did he? Is that okay with you?”

“It is and he did.”

Baze nodded while frowning. “This is very unorthodox. I’ve never given one of my girls over to a stranger to spank for breaking my rules.”

Jilly scoffed. “You let Ryan spank Jade before he was her Daddy.”

“I did, but I was in the room, supervising.”

“That’s different. Ryan was a new Daddy. He didn’t know how to spank.”

“That’s true,” Baze conceded. “Does Axel?”

Axel, not about to let Jilly continue to speak for him, stepped in front of her. “I’m an experienced Daddy. I’m a member of several local clubs and kink groups, and I’ve had a Little girl of my own in the past.”

“Noted. But I’m still not comfortable with it, especially given Jilly’s history.”

“I can respect that. Can we agree to let Jilly make the choice and that we will both respect whatever she decides?”

“Of course. Jilly, honey, it’s up to you.”

Jilly gulped. She wasn’t used to having this much power, and she had no idea what to do with it. She felt like she would be comfortable one-on-one with Axel, but she also felt like she shouldn’t be, like it was too soon, and Baze was right to worry. Ultimately it was her choice, but she didn’t want to upset either of them.

“We don’t need supervision,” she finally decided. “But, could you maybe stay close by?”

“I promise. Now one more question. Would you be more comfortable upstairs in your room, or would you like to use one of the rooms down here? Either way, I’ll stay close by.”

This one was easy. “My room,” Jilly answered with no hesitation. She wanted the comfort of her own bed and blankets and Franklin the frog. Plus, if things got a tiny bit romantic afterward, she didn’t want to be in some random bed. Not that she thought things would get romantic afterward... she just kind of... hoped.

“All right. Then let’s head upstairs. You know the girls are going to be all sorts of curious when you march into your room with a man. Especially since they know you’re in trouble.”

Jilly shrugged. That didn't matter. Her heart fluttered in nervous anticipation as they crossed the lobby to the elevator bank and rode it to the penthouse floor. When it stopped, Baze pushed the button to still it and checked in with her. "You sure this is what you want? It's okay to change your mind."

She didn't want to change her mind. "I'm sure, Mister Daddy."

"All right then. I'll be right in the next room. Holler or bang on the wall if you need me. Promise?"

Sensing how important it was to him, Jilly nodded solemnly.

Finally the door opened, and Baze stepped off. Axel grabbed Jilly's hand, and they followed with her leading the way down the narrow hallway to her room.

* * *

Axel

The door closed behind them, and he looked around. The room was a pink-and-green princess room, covered in frogs and flowers, with a double bed in the middle, a changing table, a dresser on one wall, and a small loveseat tucked in the corner next to a small desk.

"I used to share with Margo and then Tessa and now I'm all by myself," she explained.

"More privacy that way, anyway," Axel mused, pacing the room as he acclimated to his surroundings. "I'm not sure what you're used to, but since you picked me, and I intend to be

your Daddy, sooner rather than later, we're going to do things my way." In truth, it had been a long time since he'd had a Little girl of his own, and he wasn't quite sure what his way was, but she didn't need to know that. Stopping short, he sank down onto the loveseat.

"Jilly, come here." He pointed to a spot on the ground in front of him.

She whimpered and danced in place. "I will," she whined, "I promise, but can I use the restroom first?"

Feeling like a fool for not thinking of that, he nodded. "Go. Of course you can."

She raced to the attached bathroom, and he followed. When the door closed, he pushed it open to find Jilly standing near the toilet, shorts around her ankles, wincing as she wrestled with pushing down the pull-up she was wearing. She stared at him with a deer in the headlights look. "Wh-what are you doing?"

"Helping you." Axel shut the door behind him and crossed the room in a rush, ripping at the sides of the pull-up, until it fell onto the floor.

"Why did you do that?" Jilly covered herself with her hands.

"Well, you're not going to be wearing it when I spank you, and I'll put a fresh one on you afterward and help you into your jammies." He pushed her hands out of the way. "Daddies help their Little girls," he said, gently pushing on her shoulders until she sat down on the toilet. "Now use the potty, and I'll help you wipe."

Jilly looked horrified. "I don't need help!" It was obvious this was new to her, and given her situation with Baze, it was

unsurprising, but to Axel it was nonnegotiable.

“Daddies help their Little girls,” he repeated, but he stepped back to give her space, leaning against the door while she relieved herself. When the stream ended, he was back in a flash, gathering toilet tissue on his hands. “Open your legs,” he instructed. “Daddy needs to clean... you.” The phrase “your pretty little pussy” had been on the tip of his tongue, but they weren’t there yet.

Jilly gawked, but she quietly obeyed, parting her legs to make room for his hand. He wiped her front to back, threw the tissue in the toilet and flushed before helping her up. He pulled up her shorts and rebuttoned them just for the sake of affording her a modicum of modesty before they began; she would have none left by the time they were through.

He helped her wash her hands and washed his own, and then resumed his place on the loveseat with Jilly standing in front of him.

“Jilly...” He paused and frowned. “Jilly... may I call you Jillian?”

Her soft startled gasp made him worry that he’d crossed a line, but eventually she nodded. “You can, but just so you know, I don’t let anyone else.”

“Ah, I see. Well, I’m honored. And I’ll only use it when you’re in big big trouble, like you are now, okay?”

“Yes... Sir.” It was obvious she longed to call him Daddy, and he longed to hear it. But that sort of thing couldn’t be forced.

“Jillian, do you understand why you are in trouble?”

She trembled when she sighed. “I made bad choices.”

“Unsafe choices,” he corrected. “When you leave home without telling anyone where you are, no matter where you’re going, you potentially put yourself in danger.” He paused, his brow furrowing. “Do you have a location app on your phone that Baze or any of your friends can see?”

“No?”

Axel shook his head in disbelief. He didn’t want to judge the guy; he was sure Baze was doing the best he could, and he was grateful for him, but a location app was a safety precaution. The bare minimum in his opinion. “We’re going to fix that before I leave here tonight.”

“Okay... yes, Sir.”

“I’m glad you came to see me, Jilly, and I’m glad you seemed to know that we wouldn’t hurt you, but that was still a big risk. Little girls and biker bars don’t mix.”

She looked like she wanted to argue, but she sighed and nodded. “Okay.”

He could lecture her all night, but he preferred to do his lecturing while he spanked, and he was anxious to get the show on the road.

“Any limits?”

Jilly blinked, her eyes wide as if she’d never considered the concept, but he knew that wasn’t true.

“This is discipline so we don’t need to talk about things like touching and penetration, because they don’t apply here, but normally these are things you would need to consider.”

“I can’t,” Jilly said simply. “I can’t consider them. I’ve never had to. I don’t know what my limits will be because I

don't know how I'll react to things. What if I say something is okay and then I freak out when it happens?"

"Then you safeword, and we talk about it."

"I think... I want to be okay with touching. It sounds nice. I might like it." She swallowed hard.

Axel licked his lips. This was harder than he'd imagined. He'd never played with someone with Jilly's history. He'd never had a Little with such a traumatic past. He could be patient with her, but he didn't know what to expect.

"Let's just get through your punishment." He frowned. Broken safety rules were a big deal and required more than just his hand as an implement. He had a play bag in his apartment above the shop, but nothing with him. Looking around the room for inspiration, he spotted a sturdy wooden hairbrush on the dresser and pointed to it. "Bring me that."

Spinning, Jilly looked where he was pointing. Her face fell when she spotted the object of his request.

"Have you ever been spanked with a hairbrush before?"

She emitted a soft sigh. "Yes. All the time. I'm pretty sure that's why Baze got them for us."

He bit back a chuckle. "Smart man. Get it please."

Jilly stalked across the room to do as she was told, placing it in his hand when she returned.

He turned it over, inspecting it. It was clear it had been chosen with spanking in mind. "This will do. Okay, little one. Normally, when I punish my Little girl, I would want her nude, but since you aren't quite officially mine, we can skip that step this time. But it's the only thing we are going to skip.

So, tell me what you did wrong, and ask me for your spanking.”

Jilly gasped, her perfect lips parting into a soft pout. Her cheeks flamed, and she looked down at the floor.

That wouldn't do. Grasping her chin between his fingers, he gently lifted her face until she had no choice but to look him in the eyes.

“I made a lot of bad decisions, and I didn't tell anyone where I was going, and I didn't ask permission, and I wasn't being safe. I'm really sorry. Will you please punish me?”

Axel nodded, pleased.

“Yes, little one. You will be very thoroughly punished for your transgressions, and you will surely think twice before making the same mistake again. Now, lower your shorts and place yourself across my knee.”

If she protested, he'd have placed her over his knee himself and lowered them for her, but he was pushing her to see where her limits would lie. He could tell she was embarrassed, but not a word of protest came from her lips as she obeyed.

When she was bottoms up over his knee, he manhandled her into the position he wanted, scooting her so that her ass was directly over his cock, and looked down at his canvas.

Her perfectly round bottom bore evidence of her earlier spanking. It was tinged with pink and bore the lines of a cane in several places along with a few tiny poke bruises. He'd have preferred to start with an untouched canvas, but at least he knew she could take a spanking. With one finger, he poked at the largest bruise. It disappeared under his fingertip.

“Ouch,” she murmured.

“You have a bruise there,” he informed her.

“I’m not surprised. Maybe we should put this off to a different day.”

“Ha!” he scoffed. “Not a chance. I’m going to warm you up with my hand, and then I’m going to blister your behind with the hairbrush until I’m convinced you’ve seen the error of your ways.”

She whimpered. The sound was music to his ears. He may have a tiny bit of a sadistic streak.

“Let’s begin.” He lifted his hand and brought it down with a loud smack.

* * *

Jilly

This felt different. Sure, so had the spanking she’d gotten in Soleil’s office, but this felt different still.

She hated being in trouble. But at least when she went along with her friends’ escapades she was never alone in her misery. This time she was sure they were probably listening at the door, delighting in her impending doom.

She knew deep down of course, that neither Baze nor Sam would allow that, but she couldn’t stop picturing it.

“You need to let people know where you’re going. If there’s a rule in place that you don’t leave the resort without permission, then you follow that rule. You’re safe with my men and me, but you didn’t know that for sure. You got lucky.

If you were mine, and you pulled a stunt like that, you wouldn't sit for a week. You still might not."

Axel smacked his hand against her bottom in a steady rhythm. She tried to focus on his words, but all she could think was that his hands were larger than Baze's. One swat seemed to cover her whole cheek. They were also harder and more callused. Each swat seemed to reawaken the earlier burn. Her ass was tender from her session with Soleil. The hairbrush would tear her up, but she knew she deserved it. She couldn't believe she had been so stupid.

"Naughty girls will always get their bottoms spanked," Axel lectured, as his hand moved lower, covering her sit spot and the tops of her thighs.

"Owiiee," she cried, softly.

"It's a spanking. It's supposed to hurt. If it doesn't, then I'm not doing my job," he returned smugly, continuing his assault.

"Yes, Sir." As soon as she agreed, he stopped.

"Due to your therapy session, you don't need much of a warm up."

Knowing what that meant, Jilly tensed, squeezing her eyes shut. They popped open when Axel rested both hands across her bottom, softly kneading the skin with his fingers. A tingle shot through her nether regions, into her core. What was that?

"Mmmm," she whimpered, her legs parting of their own accord.

Axel responded with a chuckle. "You like that, when I touch you, don't you?"

Before she could respond, a single digit slipped between her legs, sliding up the length of her soft folds.

With a gasp, she slammed her legs shut. It was pure instinct, but Axel immediately recoiled.

“Oh god, baby, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that. I couldn’t help myself for a moment. You were so open, and your pussy was glistening with your arousal, and... that’s no excuse. I’m sorry. I’ll go get Baze.”

“What?” Jilly twisted her upper body to stare at him over her shoulder. “No! Why?”

He looked taken aback. “Because I broke your trust. I didn’t control myself, and I wasn’t acting like a Daddy should.”

Her respect for him grew in that moment, but he had the wrong idea. She shook her head. “No! I... it’s okay. I’m not mad. I was just surprised. I’ve never... I’ve never felt like this during a punishment.” Her cheeks burned. “I’m sorry. I can’t believe this is happening. I know I’m not supposed to like it. I don’t like it, truly, but... my body has other ideas. I’m so embarrassed.” Horrified, she started to cry.

“Baby, oh no, sweetheart. Stop. You haven’t done anything wrong. This is okay. In fact, it’s normal. I’m excited too. Can’t you feel my erection?”

Jilly stilled, and blinked, taking stock. Sure enough, there was a hard bulge underneath her belly. “Oh! I... I didn’t notice.”

“When two people are attracted to each other, arousal at touching doesn’t go away just because it is discipline. When I spank your bottom, watching it turn pink under my hand, hearing your soft whimpers of pain, and seeing the way you

squirm over my lap, of course it turns me on. That's okay, as long as I remember that this isn't about me. This is about a naughty girl who deserves to be punished for her bad choices so she remembers to do better in the future." He paused. "The same goes for you. It's okay to feel aroused. But you need to focus on the correction, and make sure you learn your lesson. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir. I will. I promise," she answered, thankful for his patient explanation. She had so many questions still, but they could wait. She wasn't ready to ask them.

Axel seemed to come to the same conclusion. He shifted, and she knew he had picked up the hairbrush.

There was no warning before he smacked it across the center of her bottom, hard. The smack took her breath away. The hairbrush was heavy, and the wood surface seemed to sting and thud at the same time, leaving a deep pain that she knew could last for days, even without bruising. The second swat fell before she even had a chance to cry out, and soon he was raining a symphony of smacks across her bottom, covering every inch of spankable surface.

"You, of all people, should have known better, Jilly," he lectured as he spanked. Tears pricked her eyelids. It was a low blow to use her past experiences against her like that even after assuring her that they were not her fault, but she knew he was right. She of all people should have known better.

"I'm sorry!" she whispered, but he ignored her and continued ripping her a proverbial new one with his words.

"Come to find out, your therapist told you not to go out. She told you not to do anything crazy. You were supposed to come to the penthouse, relax, and take care of yourself. Do

you want to know how I feel about Little girls disobeying doctor's orders?"

"Mmm mmm." Jilly did not like the sound of that. Technically it wasn't a rule, but she could see that it would not be something Daddies would like. This Daddy in particular was not pleased with the prospect.

She wanted to agree with him, but to her, the end justified the means. If she had listened to Soleil, she would not have faced her fears. She would not have gotten to know Axel. She would not be here now, with him as her almost-Daddy. As Luna would say, *worth it*.

As if he could hear her thoughts, he paused long enough to voice the same ones.

Her ass had gone beyond sore and tender to on fire, but the numbness was starting to set in. Of course, this was not her first rodeo. She knew well enough that eventually it would wear off and the pain would be beyond what she could imagine. But for now, it gave her a reprieve that allowed her to focus on the lecture Axel was imparting.

And Axel never stopped lecturing. She didn't know if that was his norm or if he was just determined to impress upon her how badly her choices could have ended up. Whatever his mission, if his end goal was to turn her into a sore and sorry blubbering mess, mission accomplished.

"I'm sorry!" she cried, as he laid into her sit spots with that stupid brush. "I won't do it again. I'll never leave without permission, and I'll always tell someone where I'm going, and I'll listen to my doctor and my therapist and everyone!" she cried desperately. Unlike her bottom, her sit spots were not numb.

“Will you? Do you think you’ve learned your lesson?”

“Yes, Daddy! I learned, I promise! I’m sorry!” It just slipped out. They’d been hovering on the edge of it all night, with him referring to himself as a Daddy, and them acknowledging that that was where they wanted to go, but until just then, she’d stopped short of actually calling him Daddy. If he noticed, he didn’t immediately react, and she quickly picked up her hollering just to glaze over the fact that she’d misspoken.

He finished her off with six more hearty swats, three on each side, and finally, he put the brush down.

“Your bottom is very red, little one.” He rested his hands on the torched skin and slipped his fingertips between the V of her thighs. “And your pussy is very wet. I think you liked your spanking.”

“Nooo! I didn’t! No more, please no more!” She threw her hands back to cover her bottom, and Axel just moved them out of the way.

“Relax, little one. No more. We’re all done.”

“I didn’t like it,” she grumbled. “My body just reacted. That can happen. You said.”

“Ah,” he conceded with a chuckle, “so I did. My body reacted too, little one. And that’s okay. In fact, any other time, I might be tempted to take advantage of that fact, but it’s too soon, and I want to make sure you feel this spanking for a good long while, so we are just going to have to power through.”

“Ugh.” She lifted her head and groaned, but secretly his answer pleased her. Aroused or not, she wasn’t ready for anything else.

“Are you okay, considering?” Axel asked. “That was a big spanking, but you took it very well.”

Jilly shuddered. Already she could feel the adrenaline fading away, and the numbness wearing off. “I’m okay, but... can I have a hug?”

That was all she said, and the next thing she knew she’d been scooped upright and was sitting on his lap with his arms wrapped tightly around her upper body.

“Mmmm.” She snuggled against his chest, breathing in the scent of him. He smelled like fresh ink with an undertone of mint and citrus and a hint of hops. “Thank you for caring enough to punish me and making sure I learned my lesson. Thank you, Daddy.”

This time it wasn’t a mistake, and this time he didn’t let it slide right by. “Daddy, hmmm? Are you ready for that?”

She nuzzled against his chest. “It seems crazy, and I know it’s fast, but I think I am.” She got suddenly self-conscious. “Is that okay? Are you ready?” She didn’t want to rush him into anything, but he was the one who’d insisted on spanking her, effectively cutting Baze out of the picture.

“Most definitely,” he assured her. “I think I’ve been ready since the moment you first walked through the doors of my shop, clutching that silly stuffed frog, announcing that you wanted a tattoo of something ‘fierce’.”

Crinkling her brows, Jilly twisted away from him. “Franklin is not silly!”

“Oh, sorry. My mistake,” Axel teased, his eyes twinkling with mirth. “That was it for me. That’s when I knew.”

Jilly sighed happily. “So is that it? Are you my Daddy now? Is it official?”

“Yes, I suppose it is. Which means we have lots of things we need to discuss, like how fast you want to go, where you want to live, how we’re going to handle rules if you live with me, and how we’ll handle them if you continue to live here for a while. Limits. Safe words. Expectations, et cetera.”

Jilly’s face fell. That was a lot to consider and most of it hadn’t crossed her mind. The upside to all of it was that she would get to spend more time with Axel while they figured it out. “Maybe I could come by the shop or the club tomorrow so we can start figuring it out!”

“Tomorrow?” Axel’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “Oh no, little one. Not tomorrow or the next day, or the next day, or the day after that either. Not for at least a week. You, my little princess, are grounded.”

“Grounded!” Jilly exclaimed, aghast. Had Baze ever grounded them before? If he had, she couldn’t remember. “What does that mean?”

“Well, it can mean a lot of different things in a lot of different cases, but this time it means you’re not leaving the resort, nay, the penthouse, without express permission from me.”

Her jaw dropped open. She hadn’t expected that, but it made perfect sense. The punishment certainly fit the crime. “But... I hafta leave the penthouse for meals! We eat downstairs for almost every meal!”

“I’m granting ahead of time permission for that, but I still expect a text before each meal to let me know, and one when you return.”

“Do I get to see you?” Her lower lip trembled. Being grounded, she could deal with, but finally getting a Daddy of

her own only to have him ripped away and not be able to see him surely counted as cruel and unusual punishment. A tear fell from her eye and ran down her cheek. Axel wiped it with his finger and pressed his lips against the spot where it had landed.

“I have club business to take care of this week, but I’ll try to come by. You aren’t grounded from your phone so we can call and text and FaceTime. We will be talking lots, because we have lots to discuss.”

She was sort of appeased by his answer, but it still sucked. Of course, it was a punishment, so that was sort of the point, wasn’t it?

Her stomach growled, and Axel looked alarmed. “Crap. You missed dinner.”

“I can have cereal or something.” She sighed, thinking of the feast she’d left behind.

Axel shook his head. “Absolutely not. Cereal is not dinner.” Shifting, he pulled his phone out of his pocket and pushed buttons, seemingly punching out a message before tucking it back in his pocket.

“What did you do?”

“Texted Ace. He’s on his way with two plates.”

“Oh.” The idea of a biker making a personal food delivery to the penthouse made her nervous, but she did like Ace, and she knew Baze felt the same way as Axel about cereal for dinner. He barely even let them eat it for breakfast. Besides, fried chicken and mashed potatoes sounded way better than Cheerios. “Thank you.”

“No problem. He’ll text when he gets here. In the meantime, little one, it’s getting late. Would you mind if

Daddy helped you get ready for bed?”

CHAPTER SIX



*A*_{xel}

Giving a spanking to a sweet, trusting Little like Jilly was intimate enough, but getting her ready for bed was far more so. He wondered momentarily if it was too much too soon, but they'd made it official. Daddies helped their Little girls get ready for bed.

Still, he held his breath while he waited for her answer, already formulating a backup plan in his mind. He was figuring he could skip a bath, let her put on her own pull-up, then help her into her jammies and brush her hair. Her teeth would have to wait until after they'd eaten.

Her eyes shone with trust as she looked up at him, and he knew her answer was going to be yes. Jilly had waited a long time for a Daddy, not because no one had been interested but because she hadn't been ready, and it hadn't been right. Now that she was allowing herself to have the things she'd deprived herself of for so long, she saw no reason to go slow. While he was okay with that, he'd been around long enough to know that a mood like that, unchecked could create a sort of sub frenzy. He'd have to watch her closely to make sure that didn't

happen and to help her keep balance. The grounding would help with that.

“I want your help,” she told him. “But I don’t need a bath, and I don’t think I’m ready for that yet.”

He smiled, pleased. Seemed like she was managing balance well enough on her own.

“That is just fine, little one. There’s no rush. Let’s get you into a fresh pull-up and get jammies on you. Do you have a favorite pair?”

Jumping off his lap, Jilly ran over to the dresser and pulled open the bottom drawer, rummaging through it until she came up with a soft pink nightgown covered with green frogs.

He chuckled. “That’s perfect. Bring it to Daddy.”

When she reached him, he hefted her into his arms only to carry her back to the changing table.

“Where are the diapers?” he asked as he laid her flat on her back on the cushioned pad.

She pointed down, and he found them in a box in a cubby beneath the changing table, along with wipes and powder.

Grabbing them, he set them beside her and wondered what the point of a changing table was when dealing with pull-ups. It certainly didn’t make the changing process any easier.

He said as much out loud, and Jilly blushed. “There’s diapers too. We just don’t use them much. Baze doesn’t change us, so the pull-ups are easier. And we mostly use the toilet anyway.”

“I see.” He reached down and found a diaper, lifting her legs to slide it under her bottom. “There we go, much better.”

Jilly whimpered and covered herself. “Does it bother you?”

“Does what bother me?”

“That I wear a pull-up?”

“Not at all. Does it bother you?”

Jilly shrugged. She’d never wanted to say anything to Baze, and she didn’t feel the need to declare a much younger or older Little age the way Ellie and Jade had, but she’d always felt like she fell on the higher end of the two-to-four range.

She hadn’t said anything because it wasn’t that big a deal, and she didn’t like being different from her friends, but it was also hard to imagine a big, bad tough biker like her Daddy changing diapers every day. Surely he had more important things to do.

But her shrug seemed to catch his attention, and though he went through the motions, wiping her pussy and powdering it, fastening the sides of the diaper, as soon as he finished, he pulled her into a sitting position and leaned forward with one of his hands resting on the pad on either side of her. “Jilly,” he pressed with a warning tone, “this is important. How do you feel about it?”

She swallowed past the lump in her throat. Somehow admitting that she didn’t really want to wear a diaper was harder than any of the other things she’d said today.

She shrugged again. “I like pull-ups okay. I like being the same as my friends, even though it’s really uncomfortable in the summer. I don’t think I could do diaper-diapers all the time though. I don’t feel that Little, and I don’t like the idea of having to rely on someone else that much.”

That got an expressive reaction. His smile flattened, his eyes darkened, and his eyebrows shot up. “You don’t have to wear a diaper if you don’t want to. That’s fine. But make no mistake, little girl, you will rely on me. For everything.”

The stern intensity with which he spoke took her breath away. It was scary to think about relying on him, or anyone, that much, but he seemed to want her to, and that made it okay.

Plus, his delivery was freaking hot.

“Okay, Daddy.” She nodded. “I understand.”

“Good girl. Now what about this diaper? Shall we take it off? Do you have panties you could wear instead?”

She hadn’t even thought about panties. She didn’t have any, and she didn’t really want to take off the diaper that Axel had put on her. “I don’t have panties. And I think a diaper or pull-up at night is okay. I’m not that big.”

“Fair enough. All right. Arms up.” He pulled off her shirt and the sports bra she wore underneath before pulling the nightgown over her head. When she was dressed, he lifted her into his arms and carried her over to the loveseat, sitting down and placing her gently on her bottom on the floor in front of him before picking up the hairbrush he’d used to blister her now-burning bottom.

“This is a very versatile instrument,” he teased, seconds before running the bristles through her long locks.

“Yeah, well... this is the intended use. It’s in the hairbrush rule book. You are breaking the rules, Daddy!” Jilly clapped her hand over her mouth, surprised at herself. Where had that even come from? She had never been so sassy, not of her own accord. “Sorry, sorry, sorry!” she sang out in a rush.

Axel stopped brushing and set the brush down, turning her around to face him. “What are you sorry for, little one? What just happened?”

He looked genuinely confused, and that made Jilly feel confused. “I was sassy,” she explained, “and rude.”

“Nonsense. You were delightful. Is that kind of talk normally not allowed? Does Baze not like sass?”

“I dunno. I just never am. But I don’t think Baze cares. He’s married to Luna, and she is extra sassy.”

“Well, I don’t care either, as long as the timing is right. I think it keeps things interesting.”

“Oh.” Jilly blinked. “I don’t know if I like being sassy. It was funny for a minute, and then it made my tummy hurt.”

“Well, that’s okay, too, little one. Just be yourself. That’s who I want. Just Jilly, whoever she is.” He turned her around and continued brushing her hair until his phone dinged, alerting him to the fact that Ace was downstairs with their dinner.

“Be right back.” He jumped up and left the room. She peeked out and saw him talking to Baze in the hallway. The second he stepped onto the elevator, Luna and Ellie rushed into her room, nearly knocking the door off its hinges in their haste.

“Jilly!” they cried in unison. “Where have you been all day? And who was that hot baddie biker that just left your room?”

Jilly giggled, excited to share her news with her friends. “That,” she said, giving an excited spin, “was Axel, my new Daddy.”

Her friends fell speechless. Jilly couldn't think of any other reason for a biker to be hanging out in her room for over an hour, but apparently Baze hadn't filled them in on the drama of the day. Or maybe they were just shocked to see her finally taking her life back.

She watched as Luna's eyes narrowed into slits. Her hands curled into fists at her sides. Jilly's stomach clenched. Maybe it was none of those things? She'd expected her friends to be happy for her, but they didn't seem to be. Ellie's expression was softer than Luna's, but she was definitely not happy.

"Jilly," Luna said carefully, taking a step forward, "we've never really asked you about what happened back then, before we met you, but we didn't need to. We know it was bikers. And now you're hooked up with one? Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"Oh." Jilly's whole body sagged with relief. Of course her friends were just looking out for her. They had been the ones to nurse her back to health and care for her for months afterward. "Don't worry, it's okay. Not all bikers are bad guys. In fact, most aren't, and Axel is one of the good ones, I promise."

"Okay. Well that's good." Luna unclenched her fists, but it was easy to tell she was still conflicted. "Still, I don't like it. Nobody saw you all day, and nobody knew where you were, and you didn't call, and you didn't answer when we called, and then you come back, and you have a new Daddy that none of us have even ever heard of before today?"

Beside Luna, Ellie, the quieter one who was more like Jilly herself was in demeanor, nodded her agreement.

"You've heard of him. And I've met him before today. He's the one who did Tessa's and Dax's tattoos. And mine."

“Oooh,” Luna sang softly. That shut her up. The biker who tattooed Dax and Tessa was somewhat of a legend amongst her friends. Tessa had regaled them all with tales of the hot burly biker, who according to her, was a total Daddy and had even admitted as much.

“Oh. My. Gosh!” Ellie exclaimed.

“Girl. We want details. We need to hear everything.”

“I can’t tonight. He’s coming back. Baze interrupted our dinner and made me come home, so I haven’t eaten. Axel just went down to the lobby to pick up the food he had delivered.”

Her friends looked epically disappointed. Jilly grinned. “I’ll tell you everything tomorrow. Apparently, I’m grounded, so I’ll have all the time in the world.”

“Perfect!” Luna cried, throwing a triumphant fist into the air. “I mean, not the grounded part, that totally sucks, sorry, but I can’t wait to hear everything. Ooh, I should text Jade and Tessa and Margo and Mariah too. They’ll want to hear everything also. Eep! I can’t believe our sweet, innocent Jilly went and got herself a Daddy.”

Jilly rolled her eyes and shook her head at Luna’s excited teasing just as the elevator dinged, signaling Axel’s arrival.

“Oh crap on a cracker!” Luna cried, using a phrase she’d stolen from Margo. “He’s back! ByyyeEEEE!” She and Ellie ran out giggling, passing Axel in the hallway.

He came in looking amused. “I’m not even going to ask what that was about. Join me in the kitchen. We’ll heat these up, and after we eat, I’m going to have to put you to bed and get back to the club. Something’s come up.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

They ate quickly and quietly with Jilly squirming in her seat. The pain in her bottom had returned with a vengeance. She was surely going to be sleeping on her tummy tonight, but she wasn't even upset about it. Today had been the best day she'd had in years.

After they finished eating, Axel cleaned up before carrying her to her room, tucking her into bed, handing her Franklin, and securing the covers tightly around her bed.

“Goodnight, Jillian,” he whispered, kneeling by the side of her bed.

“Goodnight, Daddy.” She giggled because it still felt unreal to say that.

“About that...” Axel paused, his expression serious. “I’ve been thinking about it, and the way I see it, we’re not officially official yet.”

“We’re not?” Jilly cried, heartbroken.

Axel shook his head. “Not until we seal it with a kiss.” He leaned toward her and pressed his lips softly against hers. In that moment, all the hurts of her past seemed to fade into the distance. All that mattered was her and him and their future together.

CHAPTER SEVEN



*J*illy

Being grounded sucked.

In truth, it wasn't as bad as it could be. Her friends could still come over, and they had because they all wanted all the dirt. She could watch TV or play on her phone or do whatever she wanted, as long as she stayed in the penthouse, and she got to talk to her Daddy lots.

Jilly and Axel texted almost all day every day, starting when she left the penthouse to go downstairs for breakfast each morning.

Good morning, Daddy, may I please go downstairs for breakfast?

Of course you can, princess. Thank you for following your restriction and asking.

He called her princess half the time, and she loved it. Growing up she'd been the princess of her father's MC, and the nickname reminded her of that. Not that she was the

princess of Sin City Saints, but the nickname made her feel like she could be, and she liked the feeling.

She texted him when she finished breakfast and went upstairs.

I'm done, Daddy. Heading back to purgatory.

He always sent her a laughing emoji, told her she was overdramatic, and reminded her to be good and do her chores.

She'd text him again when they headed to lunch.

Headed to lunch, Daddy. I hope you are having a good day and doing lots of tattoos!

I am, princess. Enjoy your lunch. Eat your veggies!

She'd text when lunch was over. *Heading back upstairs, Daddy. Yes, I ate vegetables. Ugh.*

He'd send back a smiley face emoji and a thumbs up. *Have a good nap! Talk to you later!*

He'd told her he would come to see her, but so far he hadn't. He had to work, and there was some super-secret clubhouse business keeping him busy. He didn't say what, and she didn't ask.

She always texted him when she went down to dinner. *Heading to dinner, Daddy! Miss you!*

And he always texted back. *Eat all your veggies! Talk to you soon!*

She'd started to rush through dinner now, because without fail, when she texted him that it was over and she was heading back upstairs, he'd send a selfie of him kicking back with a beer, indicating that he was done with work for the day.

Sometimes they would text for hours, and a couple times they video-chatted.

They'd gotten to talk about all the important new-dynamic stuff, well most of it anyway. They talked about implements and limits and rules and expectations, and even sex and physical intimacy. That had been hard to talk about over video, but it was important. Sex was a raw topic. Complicated and messy. She'd been hurt in a way that had left her broken, but with Axel, for the first time, her body was having reactions she hadn't had in years, and fantasies of them being together and the things he might do to her played on an endless loop in her brain.

And something happened that she never expected—she actually fantasized about being naughty. Her ache from two big spankings in the same day faded, and when the feeling went away, she missed it. She'd actually liked being sore and tender. It was a constant, ever-present reminder of how much her life had changed and how lucky she was to have a Daddy of her very own—especially a Daddy like Axel.

She found herself trying to figure out how to get spanked again, but that didn't seem fair or good, and truth be told, she had no idea how to be purposefully naughty in a fun way. Yes, she kind of wanted to be punished, but she didn't really want to upset her Daddy. She actually sat down and tried to write a list of ideas in her journal, but everything seemed too naughty or too dumb. She had no choice but to call in the expert.

Margo. She and Margo had been close from day one, with Margo being her first roommate in the house. Margo was fiercely loyal and protective, and super-duper naughty. According to Margo, spankings were her love language, and she needed a lot of love. Margo was the queen of not-too-

naughty naughtiness. She was the queen of very-naughty naughtiness too.

When Jilly texted on Thursday afternoon, Margo came right up. Baze and Luna had gone out on a day date, and Ellie and Sam were taking advantage of having the penthouse (almost) all to themselves.

Margo rushed up right after her nap and hustled into Jilly's room, locking the door behind her and throwing herself down belly first on the center of Jilly's bed. Bending her arms at the elbows, she placed her hands palms up and laid her chin in them, looking up at Jilly with large round eyes full of curiosity.

“So, what's up?” She paused and frowned. “Is that new Daddy of yours behaving himself? Because if not, I will beat him up.”

Jilly laughed hysterically at the mental image of the five-foot-one curly-haired redhead with freckles beating up—or trying to beat up—the six-foot-two, burly biker with biceps the size of his would-be attacker's head.

“Hush!” she cried, smacking Margo's arm. “No need to beat anybody up. Axel is the perfect gentleman. It's me. The problem is me.”

“No way!” Margo waved her arm dismissively. “You're perfect. How could you possibly be the problem?”

“I am. I don't even recognize myself. It's like... I've been plodding along existing for so long with no real idea who I was. I was kind of like a robot. And now, I've come to life.”

Looking intrigued, Margo grinned like the Cheshire cat. “I like it. Tell me more.”

“Well...” Jilly traced a heart on the bedspread with her finger, hardly able to believe what she was about to ask. “How do I... be naughty? Like fun naughty, not super-bad naughty?”

Margo sat up straight on the bed, folding her legs crisscross applesauce in front of her. “Why do you want to be naughty?” she asked aghast.

Jilly could feel her cheeks flaming. She felt terrible admitting how she was feeling, but if anyone could understand, and help her understand, it was Margo. “I think... I think I like being spanked,” she finally admitted in a barely audible whisper.

“Crap on a cracker!” Margo yelled, using a forbidden phrase that Jilly knew she’d have to report to her Daddy Knox later. “Shut the front door!” When she was done yelling and being shocked, she leaned forward and patted Jilly’s hand with a warm, motherly smile. “Don’t worry, honey. You’ve come to the right place. Now let’s figure out how to get you spanked.”

Jilly rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t deny the jolt of excitement that zipped from her belly straight to her nether regions at the idea that whatever she and Margo planned, it would work.

“Okay, so first, what about doing something obvious, like not going to bed on time? That’s an easy enough way to get a guaranteed result.”

Jilly frowned. “It seems like it could backfire. What if he just gave me an earlier bedtime?” Jilly’s evenings, from right after dinner up until bedtime were precious, and she couldn’t risk having less time with Axel.

“That’s a good point. You’re smart. Okay, what about just not doing your chores?”

Jilly sighed. She'd already thought of that, but it seemed like it would be more of an affront to Baze than it would be to Axel, even though Axel would insist on being the one to punish her. Baze did a lot for them and only asked them to clean up after themselves in return. She didn't want him to be a pawn in her mission to get spanked. She shook her head. "Too risky. I would just end up with extra chores, and it affects Baze more than it does Axel. I don't want to do that."

"Yeah. I can respect that. Well, what about other rules? Have you and Axel set any up yet?"

"Kinda. Mostly similar to what I already had. Plus a lot of rules about safety and respect. And many that would be impossible to break when he's not here. Besides, I don't really want to break a rule. I want to be fun naughty. I just don't know how."

Margo nodded, slowly tapping her chin as she considered. "Let's see... you could tie his shoelaces together! That's an oldie but a goodie!"

Jilly wasn't so sure. "What if he gets hurt?"

"Then... extra spankings for you?" Margo wiggled her brows. "I don't see a problem here."

Jilly did. "What if he falls and puts his arms out to break his fall, and breaks his arm, or his wrist or whatever? Then he couldn't even spank!"

"Oh." It was clear from the crestfallen expression on Margo's face that she hadn't considered that. To Margo, a Daddy who couldn't spank was practically a fate worse than death. Except, dead Daddies couldn't spank either, so maybe the two were even.

“Back to the drawing board!” Jilly ordered with a teasing grin.

“Okay... hmmm... what if you... hid all his clothes?”

“I haven’t even been to his apartment yet. I don’t even know where he keeps his clothes.” Jilly sighed. “I’m grounded until Tuesday. And I don’t know if I can wait that long. Is there anything I can do long distance? Without leaving the penthouse?”

Margo frowned. “I mean you could say naughty words. But that would break a rule and be disrespectful, so I don’t think that’s what you are going for.”

“No,” Jilly said firmly. “I want to do something more like a prank.”

“Okay. Got it. Let me think on this for a minute. There’s got to be something you can do. What if you.... no that wouldn’t work...let’s see, you could... nope that would be pretty hard to do far away without a partner in crime. I mean normally I’d volunteer myself, but I feel like Knox should probably meet Axel before I get in trouble for pulling pranks on him. Damn though because that was a really good idea. I was thinking you should decorate his bike. Pretty basket, pink streamers, hello kitty horn, you know, the works. But you def can’t do that while grounded.”

Jilly grinned. The idea wouldn’t work now, but it was exactly the reason she’d come to Margo. “We’ll have to save that one for later. Definitely.”

“I know. It’s good, right?” Margo squealed. “I’m totally down to help with that one when the time comes.”

“I’ll take you up on that,” Jilly promised. “But what can I do now?”

Margo shook her head. “I’m not sure there is anything. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh my gosh, I just had the best idea! Oh wow! This will totally work!”

Squealing, Margo typed furiously on her phone, looked down at it, frowned, whispered crap on a cracker, threw it down on the bed, and ran from the room.

When Jilly caught up to her, she was in the play area digging through the art supplies. “Okay, this just might work!” Margo yelled triumphantly when Jilly reached her.

Jilly stared at her blankly, blinking furiously. “Okay, great. What is it?”

“Homemade glitter bomb! We might need to watch some videos on YouTube to get the execution just right, but we can totally pull one off with everything we have here. Then just stick it in an envelope and slap a stamp on it, and voila! Glitter explosion!” She bounced on her heels. “Of course, it would be faster to just order one, but it wouldn’t come very fast. But, if we make one right now and I run it downstairs, we could get it out in tonight’s mail. We won’t be able to do, like, a super-advanced one, but it should get the job done.”

Jilly imagined Axel opening a sweet handmade card and getting covered in glitter. “I love it!” she yelled, hugging Margo around the neck. “I knew you’d come through! Let’s do it right now!”

They grabbed cardstock, markers, and vials of glitter as well as glitter glue and sat down to work. Jilly did most of the actual creating while Margo watched videos of people getting glitter bombed on YouTube and provided creative instruction on how to achieve mass sparkle explosion.

While there were all sorts of videos on how to glitter bomb someone, including ones that would actually explode, shooting glitter ten feet into the air, they were working with limited supplies and a time crunch, so they decided to keep it simple. Jilly knew how to make a popout card, so she constructed one that held a pocket full of glitter that would pop out and dump all over when it opened.

“This is genius,” she giggled as she glued the glitter pouch into place.

“You better hurry though. Sam and Ellie will come out of their room eventually. We need to finish before they do,” Margo warned.

“Or before Baze and Luna come home,” Jilly agreed. She put the finishing touches on the card and carefully slid it into an envelope. Margo had already looked up the address to the tattoo shop, and painstakingly wrote it in spiky print on the front.

Jilly had just finished sealing the envelope and was about to add the stamp when her phone buzzed. Expecting it to be a text from Axel, she grabbed it, her smile fading when she read the incoming text. It was from Soleil, wondering where she was and if everything was okay because she was late for her therapy appointment.

“Oh crap!” she cried, slamming her phone down on the table as she jumped up.

“What? What’s wrong?” Margo looked up in alarm.

“I forgot about my therapy appointment! I’m late! I gotta go!”

“Therapy? I thought that was on Mondays!”

Jilly sighed. Soleil had wanted a follow-up mid-week after Monday's session—a session she hadn't told her friends the details of.

“Gotta go!” she cried again as she ran out the door.

CHAPTER EIGHT



A^{*xel*}

The guys had all but pushed him out the door tonight. He knew why. He knew what they were doing, and he knew why they didn't want him involved, even if they hadn't said any of it. It was obvious in the whispered plotting, the pointed stares, and the way they would all shut up when he walked in a room. As the president, he'd never condoned violence, but sometimes there was just no way around it. It seemed like they had decided that this was one of those times. He couldn't say he disagreed.

He also couldn't say he minded being sent away. The week had been grueling, both with club business and work, and he hadn't seen Jilly since tucking her into bed on Monday night, despite promising that being grounded didn't mean she couldn't see him.

With the tattoo shop handed off to his apprentice Noah for the evening and the bar and clubhouse off limits, he'd decided to take the break, grab dinner for two and head off to Utopia to see Jilly.

After Monday night's food delivery, he'd gotten in good with the doorman, so he brushed past the man with a nod and a smile and rode the elevator up to the penthouse.

He knocked on the door, and Ellie answered it.

"You're Jilly's Daddy," she said, craning her neck to stare up at him. "Jilly's not here."

Axel's heart dropped. She was grounded. She wasn't supposed to leave the penthouse without his express permission, and he hadn't given it. Hell, he hadn't even been asked to give it.

His blood boiled as a thousand-and-one highly-improbable scenarios rushed through his head, several of which included her being kidnapped by the Vipers. He pulled out his phone to make sure he hadn't missed an emergency text from her on his way over.

Nothing. She hadn't texted since she'd returned from lunch.

"Where is she?" he asked, his voice full of urgency. From what he knew of Ellie, she was the Littlest of Jilly's friends, so probably the most sensitive and fragile. He tried to keep that in mind, but he couldn't keep the frantic edge out of his voice. Ellie, however, didn't seem worried at all.

"Don't know," she answered, shrugging nonchalantly. "I was... taking a nap, and when I woke up, she was gone."

"Where's your Daddy?" he growled. Sam was the manny. It was his job to keep track of the Littles in Baze's absence.

"He's still sleepin'. I think I wore him out," Ellie said with a giggle.

Axel did not think it was funny. Sam was supposed to be watching the Littles, even if it was only his and one extra, not getting laid and napping.

“Wake him up,” he growled, no longer worrying about whether he scared her or not. It was a good thing too, because sure as shit, she began to cry. And not soft quiet tears either. Loud wailing ones. Her whole face scrunched up, her mouth fell open, and he swore that the tears weren’t even touching her face, just flying into the air around her. He didn’t even care.

“Whoa, hey! What is going on here?” Baze cried, coming up behind Axel and pushing past him to get to Ellie. Still holding Luna’s hand, he scooped Ellie into his arms and turned to glare at Axel. “What is the meaning of this?”

Axel softened, grudgingly. “I didn’t mean to make her cry. It’s just that Jilly is missing, nobody knows where she is, and your Manny is asleep on the job. I came up here to spend time with her and bring her dinner, and she’s not even here.”

“Well, she’s grounded, right? Isn’t she supposed to text you before she goes anywhere?”

“She is. She didn’t.”

“Oh.” Baze’s stunned look told him everything he needed to know. This was un-Jilly-like behavior, and he was right to be worried. Frowning, Baze set Ellie on her feet, wiped her tears, and patted her diapered bottom. “Go wake your Daddy.”

Luna stayed glued to his side, looking worried. “What can I do, Daddy? I wanna help.”

“Start calling everyone. Find out if anyone has seen or heard from her since lunch.”

“Okie-dokie!” Luna scampered off.

Baze tried to reassure him, “I’m sure she’s fine. Hey, didn’t you have her install a location app on her phone?”

“Oh, right.” Axel felt stupid for not having thought of it sooner.

After pulling his phone from his pocket, he brought up the app and pushed some buttons before scowling down at the screen. “It says she’s here. Somewhere on the premises.”

“Well that’s good news. It means we’ll find her. Did you call her phone?”

“Uh... no.” Axel closed his eyes and shook his head at his own stupidity. Apparently he didn’t think logically when scared out of his mind. “I’ll do that now.” He did and waited for it to start ringing. It rang all right. On echo. He fumed as he realized it was in the other room.

Baze started to look worried too, a fact that did not help Axel relax. “I’ll call all my men. I’ll check with the doorman and the driver, and chef Graham, and Pastor Ryan, Knox, Dax, and Beau. We’ll find her, and I’m sure she’ll have a good explanation.”

At this point, Axel didn’t care what her explanation was or whether it was good or not. When he found her, assuming she was okay, he was going to hug the literal guts out of her and weep with relief, then once he was sure she was fine and in one piece, he was going to strip her naked, plug her bottom, and whip her butt with his belt until she saw the error of her ways.

Baze was nodding into the phone, his features etched into a frown when Luna came skipping into the room, her phone under her ear. “Margo says she’s at a therapy appointment!” she announced.

Baze hung up on whoever he was talking to. “Therapy, of course. She usually only has therapy on Mondays but Soleil wanted to do a follow-up appointment to check on her after Monday’s appointment. I totally forgot. She must have, too.”

“Yup!” Luna confirmed. “Margo says they were... uh... coloring, and then Jilly got a text and jumped up and ran out. She forgot her phone, too.”

“Yeah, we noticed,” Axel said dryly. Then he sighed because he knew he was being a dick. “Tell Margo thank you.”

“Margo, Jilly’s Daddy says thank you,” Luna blabbed into the phone. Then she walked off giggling, still talking to Margo. “I know, right? Who knew? O.M.G, that’s gonna be so funny!” Her voice faded as she walked down the hall into her bedroom, shutting the door behind her.

Baze looked at Axel. “Well, crisis averted, looks like.”

“Yeah,” Axel grunted. His heart was still racing.

“Did you want to go down and meet her after her appointment? It’s on the first floor past the conference area.”

“No, thank you. I think I’d rather just wait in her room for her, if it’s all the same to you.”

There was a small part of him that wanted to scare her—even if just a fraction as much as she’d scared him.

* * *

Jilly

It was better to ask forgiveness than permission. Luna and Margo's oft-uttered phrase rattled around in her head as she left Soleil's office, even though it really didn't apply in this case.

She couldn't believe that she'd run out with her phone, making it so that even when she remembered just as she entered Soleil's office, she was unable to send a text and explain herself. She'd been beside herself almost the whole session, and it hadn't gotten any better when Soleil heard what had transpired after her last session.

Well, okay, maybe it had gotten a bit better. Soleil had been upset for the same reasons Axel and Baze had, but Jilly could tell she was also secretly pleased with Jilly's bravery and progress.

Still, all Jilly had been able to think about during the session was how she was going to explain herself to Axel and whether or not it was too late to tell Margo not to mail the glitter bomb, since she was definitely getting spanked anyway. She sighed as she stepped onto the elevator and hit the button for the penthouse floor. Knowing Margo, it was already too late.

The penthouse apartment was empty when she got there. No surprise there; they'd probably gone to dinner. She just needed to find her phone, use the restroom, send Axel a text explaining what had happened and letting him know she was heading down to the cafeteria to eat, and then she'd join them.

Grabbing her phone from where she'd left it on the table, Jilly headed for her room at the end of the hall, where she beelined for the bathroom. She was so intent on her mission, still crafting the text message to Axel in her head.

“Hello, Jillian. I see you made it back safely from therapy. Did you forget to do something, like let me know you were leaving?”

Her Daddy’s voice was hardened with something that sounded close to anger, but recognizable. She spun on her heel when she heard it.

“Daddy” she cried, running to throw her arms around him, so happy to see him she didn’t care how unhappy he was. “Oh my goodness! You scared me! Don’t do that! I think I peed a little!”

She felt his whole body deflate when she hugged him and realized how worried he must have been.

Still, when he pulled back to look at her, mirth lit his eyes. “You peed a little?” He chuckled. “Well, I guess it’s a good thing you were wearing a pull-up, and that I hadn’t given you these yet.” Reaching down on the loveseat beside him, he handed her a package of big-girl panties, pink and green and decorated with frogs.

She squealed. “Oh my gosh! I love them! Thank you, Daddy! I’m gonna go put them on right now.”

“Don’t bother.” He grabbed her arm as she turned to go, and she noticed his voice had deepened, taking on that scary tone again.

Turning to face him, she swallowed hard. “I guess I’m in trouble, huh?”

“I guess.”

She let out a resigned sigh, ignoring the jolt of excitement that coursed through her. “I’m sorry, Daddy. It was an accident. I forgot I had an appointment, then Soleil texted to see why I was late, then I ran out without my phone, then

when I got downstairs, I remembered I needed to text, only I didn't have my phone. And then I was so stressed through the whole session because that's all I could think about."

"I see. Well, I got off early and decided to surprise my girl with dinner and presents, and when I arrived, imagine my surprise. Not only were you not here, but you hadn't texted or called like you're supposed to, and no one knew where you were. Sam was asleep, and I made Ellie cry, and I think Baze was about to strangle me, and all I could think was that you were hurt or in danger somewhere."

Her face fell. She felt terrible. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I was okay, promise."

"Yeah, we figured that out. But only after we tried tracking you and calling you, and finally Luna calling Margo and hearing you were at therapy."

For a moment, Jilly wondered if Margo would let the glitter bomb detail slip, but then she realized there was no way. She had nothing to worry about. On that end anyway.

"Am I in big trouble?" Jilly whined.

"Oh, that's a pretty safe bet."

"It was an accident!"

"One that could have been avoided." He squatted down and looked her sternly in the eyes. "Do you have any idea how worried I was?"

Before she could respond, he grabbed her up in a big bear hug and lifted her off the ground, squeezing so hard she was gasping for air.

"Daddy! Daddy! I can't breathe!"

“Sorry,” Axel said, sheepishly, setting her back on her feet. “I’m just so relieved you’re okay. I really thought something bad had happened.”

Jilly felt awful. She knew right then and there that she would stop arguing about accidents and submit to the punishment she surely had coming.

She’d wanted a spanking, right? She’d spent half her day plotting to get one...

Be careful what you wish for....

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said again. She didn’t know what else to say. She had a huge knot in the pit of her stomach, and she just wanted him to stop looking at her like he’d thought he would never see her again and get on with the punishment so they could both start to feel better.

But he just kept staring. For a full minute that felt like the longest of Jilly’s life. Finally he nodded.

“You remember your safewords? And when you are and aren’t allowed to use them? And the limits we’ve put in place and all the conversations we’ve had this week?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good. Then, strip.”

Jilly balked, blinking hard. They’d talked about this. It shouldn’t have shocked her, but it did, for a moment. Then, she quickly obeyed, leaving her clothing and her pull-up in a pile on the floor at her feet. “Um... may I go potty first?”

“Be quick.”

She half expected him to follow her like he had last time, but he didn’t. She rushed through her business as quickly as

she could, washed and dried her hands, and ran out to face the music.

CHAPTER NINE



Jilly

Standing in front of her Daddy, completely naked and exposed, was nerve-wracking, but she resisted the urge to cover herself as Axel's gaze flitted down the length of her, lingering first on her breasts and then her pussy, which she knew was already glistening with the evidence of her arousal.

Axel shook his head, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "Naughty girl. You're wet, and Daddy hasn't even started to punish you yet."

Jilly flushed. It seemed like she was always wet these days, but she didn't say that.

Axel stepped toward her, licking his fingers with his thick tongue before he reached her, his arm extended to cup her mound. Her mouth parted with a moan of pleasure as he slipped one finger between her slick pussy lips.

"Tut tut," he whispered, shaking his head. "No pleasure for my naughty girl tonight. If you're real good though, maybe I'll let you suck Daddy's cock."

Jilly squirmed, blushing. It was like he was inside her mind, going through the fantasies she'd been playing on repeat all week.

“Daddy,” she moaned.

“Tell me how naughty you were and ask me for your punishment.” His word choice did not escape her, the fact that he'd chosen to say punishment instead of spanking. Her stomach clenched as she wondered exactly what he had in store for her.

“Daddy,” she said, taking a step toward him, “I know I'm supposed to text you before I leave the penthouse. I'm very sorry I forgot. That was naughty of me. Will you please punish me so I remember to do better?”

“Go bend over the bed.”

She quickly did as she was told, listening for his footsteps as they moved around the room behind her. He was opening and closing drawers, obviously looking for something, but what?

She didn't have to wonder long as he leaned over her body to whisper in her ear. “Naughty girls who disobey punishments get their bottoms plugged. Where is yours?”

They'd talked about plugs in their many discussions, but she hadn't expected this. She had a plug of her own, but it had only been used once. Her stomach knotted at the memory.

“It's in the closet,” she whispered. “In a basket on the top shelf.”

“Good.” He walked away then, across the room to the closet. She heard the door creak open and the rummaging as he reached for the top shelf. He must have found it because the closet door closed, and he was again behind her. The only

sound in the room was the popping noise the cap on a bottle of lube makes.

“I prefer silicone plugs myself,” he mused, “but this will do.” Hers was metal and cold when he parted her cheeks to press the tip against her bottom hole.

She whimpered. She’d fantasized about this too, but the reality was different.

“This is what happens to naughty girls who disobey Daddy,” Axel said, giving a push that breached the barrier of her most private place. The plug was cold, stretching her as she opened around it. He pushed slow but steady, forcing her to take it all at once.

The stretching pinched the skin, filling her uncomfortably as he gave one final shove, putting it all the way in until the jeweled metal base was nestled between her cheeks.

Just like before, the discomfort of having something sticking out of her bottom, the feeling of knowing it was there because she’d been naughty, filled her with shame.

Unlike before, this time the shame that filled her also turned her on.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she whimpered. “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“I know, little one. Daddy understands that this was an accidental disobedience, not a deliberate one, but disobeying a punishment, even accidentally, will not be tolerated. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

He smacked hard across the center of her bottom, jarring the plug, pushing it deeper inside her. “You’ve earned yourself

an extra day of grounding, little girl. To make up for the day you didn't follow it. Mess up again and you'll get an extra week."

"I won't mess up again! I'll be good!" Jilly vowed to make it true, even if it meant not leaving the penthouse again until Wednesday, when her grounding would be over.

"I know you mean that, little one, but Daddy has to make sure. I'm going to teach you a lesson now, baby, and it's going to hurt."

"Yes, Daddy."

His hand fell hard again. First on her left cheek and then her right. It hurt, but so good. Arousal shot threw her, and she shuddered. How naughty was she to get turned on when she was being punished?

As if he shared her thoughts, Axel nudged her legs apart, widening her stance. "I want to see your pussy glisten with your juices while I spank you. Naughty girl, you like it when Daddy takes care of you, when he punishes your naughty little bottom inside and out, don't you?"

She couldn't lie. There was a part of her—a big part—that did like it.

"Y-y-yes, Daddy."

"Let's see if you like it when I'm marking your pretty bottom with my belt."

Jilly hid her face in her hands, allowing the shame to wash over her, knowing that she probably would like it. She liked everything this man—Axel, her Daddy—did.

He continued to warm up her bottom with his hand, peppering the surface with all-over swats that held no rhyme

or rhythm. The strength and placement varied, and he was quiet, letting his hand do the talking for him. If this spanking was anything like the last, that wouldn't last past the warmup. Her Daddy was very good at a lecture.

He spanked until she was dancing in place, her feet stomping against the floor with each new swat.

And then he stopped. Her bottom ached and throbbed when his hand left it. She heard the click of his belt being unbuckled, the soft sound it made as it whooshed through its loops, and she wondered why she'd never looked at his belt. Was it black or brown? Thick or narrow? Was the leather real or synthetic? She couldn't picture what she was to be spanked with, and that made her nervous.

Black, she decided. Definitely real leather. Medium thick. The mental image made her feel better, though she knew the peace wouldn't last once the leather was lashing across her bottom.

Baze always went easier on her than the others. So had Knox, the few times he'd spanked her when he took over while Baze was on his honeymoon. Even Derek, at Rawhide Ranch, had handled her with kid gloves. Her friends always made sure of that. For years she'd been treated like she was made of the most fragile glass, ready to shatter at any moment.

Axel never treated her like that. Oh sure, he was fiercely protective and strict, even possessive and a tiny bit jealous, but he treated her like a whole person. Maybe because he'd really only known the brave and healing version of her, while her friends had been party to the worst of it. But while she'd always been immensely grateful for her friends' fierce and relentless protection, she was also grateful to finally feel like a whole person: one who had been broken but was healing. That

was what Axel did for her when he treated her the same way he would have any other Little.

“Have you ever been spanked with a belt, babygirl?” Axel leaned over her, his breath hot against her ear.

“No, Sir. I mean... no, Daddy.”

“Remember your safeword. It’s a punishment, so no getting out of it, but if I need to make an adjustment or switch to a different implement, I will. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Her bottom clenched and her pussy tingled. She just wanted him to start already.

“You’re getting twenty,” he informed her, his voice gruff.

She held back a sigh of what might have been relief but also disappointment. Twenty sounded easy, like a walk in the park. She got more than that just for skipping a chore or not going to bed when she was supposed to. For something Axel seemed so upset about, twenty gave her that fragile-glass feeling. Maybe Axel didn’t see her all that differently after all.

That thought flew out the window the first time the leather whipped through the air, only to connect with her backside in a stinging pain that took her breath away. She’d never felt anything like it. Never imagined anything like it.

“Eeeee!” she cried, rising up on her toes, reaching back in a desperate attempt to cover herself, blocking more blows.

Axel simply grabbed her hands and moved them out of the way, placing them at her sides.

“These stay here. Tuck them under your belly if you have to, but if you do that again, I’ll start the count over, no matter where we are,” he warned.

“It hurts!” Jilly cried.

“It’s supposed to. Maybe it will help you remember next time, because I take this rule very seriously.”

“Yes, Daddy!” Fingers clenching the bedspread beneath her, she pressed her face into the mattress and wept, bracing herself for the next swat.

Thankfully, it came fast. And as the pain came, she noticed that it faded to a delicious dull sting just as quickly, even though she could feel the line of fire rising up across her bottom.

“That was two,” Axel informed her unnecessarily. “Count the rest.”

The instructions weren’t out of his mouth before the third fell. “Three,” she cried, panting through the burn. “Four!”

“Five!” she yelled when it came again.

“You’re doing good, babygirl.” It seemed silly to be so pleased by a few simple words of praise when she was getting her ass handed to her on a silver platter, but his encouragement did the trick.

“Six!” She beamed through the pain. She was doing well. Her Daddy would be proud of her. The pain would be worth it, and the lesson would be learned.

“Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!”

The second half was harder to take, simply because she knew it was almost over instead of just beginning. Each excruciating lash of leather just called attention to how many more she still had to suffer through.

The pain had her rising up on her toes, gasping for breath, even as she welcomed it. Yes, it hurt, but wasn’t that exactly what she had been wanting? “Eleven!” she cried.

Axel waited until her feet were flat on the ground before he continued.

“When you disobey Daddy, especially a punishment, you’ll get your bottom plugged and worn out with Daddy’s belt,” he said as the belt lashed across the lower part of her bottom again.

“Twelve!”

“Next time I’m sure you’ll be more intentional. I know it was an accident, but you scared Daddy.”

“Thirteen!” Tears pricked her eyes as guilt swelled. Axel was a good Daddy, the very best she could have imagined, and her safety was obviously most important to him. It had been an accident, but she felt awful for making him worry.

“Yes, Daddy,” she blubbered, the tears now falling freely. “I’m sorrrryy!”

“I know you are, sweetie. We’re almost done. Keep counting.”

The belt fell another five times in quick succession.

She counted them out loud, each one, even though her nose was running along with her tears, and she could barely speak through her own cries.

“Last two,” Axel said, leaning forward to rub circles on her lower back and aching bottom. “Almost done, babygirl.”

She drew a deep, fortifying, shuddering breath, and braced herself.

She thought she was ready, but when the belt lashed across her tender sit spots, she couldn’t help but scream. “Ahhhh! Nineteen! Ahhhh! Twenty!”

Axel dropped the belt and gathered her into his arms, holding her tightly. “You took that so well, babygirl. All done. All over.”

It didn't feel over. Her ass was stretched and full from the plug and throbbing. Her face was wet with tears, and there was a lump in her throat from crying so hard. But, she was thankful. Thankful for the sore, stretched bottom, thankful for the cleansing tears of release and the ache in her pussy that let her know she wasn't broken, as she had often feared. Most of all, she was thankful for her strict, possessive, worrywart of a Daddy.

She leaned into his chest and breathed in his scent, letting it calm her.

Finally, when her tears stopped falling, she looked up at him, with wide eyes. “Can you take this plug out of my bottom now?”

Axel hummed as if considering, then shook his head.

“No, babygirl, not yet. There are a few parts of this night left, and I want you to have a hot, plugged bottom for all of them.”

She sighed, only truly a little unhappy with his answer. “What parts, Daddy?”

“First, my naughty girl, you're going to get down on your knees and suck my cock, and when you're finished, we're going to sit and have the dinner I brought.” He paused and softened, checking in with her. “Are you all right with that? We talked about it, but it's different in real life.”

Instead of answering with words, Jilly sank to her knees and unbuttoned his jeans with trembling hands.

“Mmm,” he moaned.

She pushed the denim down to his knees and rested her hands on the waistband of his black boxer briefs.

There was a moment of trepidation before she pushed them down, revealing his swollen, at-attention cock, but when she saw it, she had only wonder and arousal.

Swallowing hard, she gripped it with one hand around the base, and bent her head forward to give the tip a tentative kiss. The skin was silky smooth.

“Go as slow as you need to,” Axel said.

She didn’t need to go slow. Licking slowly around the head, she took him deeper into her mouth, cupping his balls with her free hand. She looked up at him to make sure she was doing it right.

Axel widened his stance and tipped his head back with a low moan. Jilly smiled. Maybe it wasn’t rocket science.

It didn’t seem to be—it really seemed like Axel was enjoying everything she was doing, so she just continued. He was soft and thick and filled her mouth completely. She loved the feel of being on her knees for him with his cock in her mouth. It made it seem real, like he was for sure hers. She quickened her pace when he moaned again, taking him greedily, slobbering all over his cock as she jerked him in and out of her mouth with her hand wrapped around his girth. She could taste his salty pre-cum and knew he was close to the end.

Tightening her grasp, she used her free hand to massage his ball sack, and this time when he moaned, it was feral. His hips jutted out, pushing his cock farther into her mouth.

“Oh, babygirl,” he moaned. “Take it all. Daddy’s gonna come in your sweet little mouth.”

“Yes,” she whimpered around the mouthful of cock.

His stance shifted and his back went rigid. His hands clenched into fists at his side. He unfurled them and wrapped them in her hair, using her long locks as leverage as he guided her mouth.

Finally, he came. Hot, sticky, salty-sweet cum filled her mouth, rushing down her throat as she swallowed quickly to take it all. She wanted him to be proud.

She waited until he stopped shuddering, until every drop had been milked from his cockhead, and until he was panting and breathless. Then she finally released him, rocked back on her heels, and looked up at him with hope in her eyes.

“Did I do good, Daddy?”

He looked down, blinking hard as if in shock that she even needed to ask, then took her hands and helped her up, gathering her against his chest. “Oh yes, babygirl,” he murmured, pressing soft kisses all over her face. “You did so, so good. Daddy is so proud of you.”

Jilly beamed.

* * *

Axel

“That was amazing,” he praised, holding Jilly tightly on his lap, spoon feeding her bites from the dinner he’d brought over. It was now cold of course, but neither of them cared. “It was also probably the fastest I’ve come in my whole life.”

Jilly swallowed her bite and giggled, covering her mouth with the back of her hand. “I’m tired of going slow. I feel like I’ve been stuck in a sandpit for two years. The farthest I’ve gone ever is in the last two weeks.”

Axel nodded slowly. “I think I know what you mean. After something traumatic happens, or well, anytime, really, it’s easy to get stuck in a rut.” He felt like he’d been in one too, though he couldn’t pinpoint the cause. Work and the stress of his own business. Being president of the club, a bad breakup, and financial strain due to starting a business had probably all contributed.

“I’m tired of bein’ in a rut!” Jilly declared. “Life is too short. The last two weeks I feel like I’ve gotten a new lease on life. Honestly, I don’t wanna waste a minute.”

Axel looked at her, blinking as his brain raced. He’d planned on taking his time with Jilly, going slow. Everyone had told him it was for the best. But it wasn’t what Jilly wanted, and it wasn’t what he wanted either.

“Marry me,” he said. “At the end of your grounding, move in with me. And let’s do it. Let’s just throw caution and past hurts to the wind and move forward with our lives, together. Without looking back.”

“Yes!” Jilly screamed, jumping off his lap so quickly he barely managed to rescue the tray of food that had been precariously balanced there. “Oh my goodness, are you for real?”

A fresh wave of tears sprang to her eyes, and Axel realized that he could have handled it better. Setting their dinner on a nearby end table, he stood, only to sink down on one knee in front of her. He took her hand in his and spoke from his heart.

“Jillian, baby, I didn’t plan this, and I don’t have a ring or some big romantic gesture, but what I do have is my word. I promise to spend every day loving and taking care of you. I promise to protect you from the bad parts of life as much as I can and to hold and comfort you when I can’t. And I promise to take your hand and always keep moving forward with you by my side if you’ll let me. Will you? Will you marry me?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Jilly jumped up and down three times, once with each screamed yes, and then finally jumped into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist.

He pulled back to plant a kiss on her lips. “We can take as long as we need for the actual wedding. I want to make sure it’s the wedding of your dreams.”

She shook her head. “I don’t wanna wait forever. I wanna get married soon! I don’t care if we go down to the courthouse!”

Axel furrowed his brows into a frown. “No courthouse wedding. This is Las Vegas. There is literally no need for that.”

“Oh. Right.” She frowned. “I don’t really wanna get married at the courthouse or a chapel. Well, except maybe the one at Utopia with Pastor Ryan, but...” She scrunched up her nose. “Could we... Do you think it would be okay to get married at the clubhouse?”

Axel blinked. “You want to get married at a bar?”

“Pleaaasee,” Jilly whined. “It’s where I took my life back, and it’s bigger than the tattoo shop, which would be my second choice. It’s pretty bare, so it would be easy to decorate, and it already has chairs for the ceremony and tables for the

reception. Please, please pleeeeeease. We could do it on a Monday,” she added hopefully.

“You want to get married on a Monday... in a bar,” Axel repeated dumbfounded.

She nodded, and he sighed. “All right. If that’s what you want.”

“It is!” She kissed his nose with such exuberance she nearly headbutted him in the process. “Oh thank you, Daddy! Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

She jumped out of his arms and rushed about the room while he watched in befuddled amusement.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m getting dressed, of course. I hafta tell all my friends. And I need to check with Pastor Ryan and see if Chef Graham can make a cake, and maybe we should call King and make sure it’s okay if we have it there and see if Bear can cater it. And all my friends will wanna be bridesmaids but that’s okay, because your guys can all be groomsmen. And hmm... maybe Knox and Sam and Beau and Dax can be ushers, but we probably don’t need many of those. Oh I know, Beau and Dax can help with decorating! And Baze can walk me down the aisle...” She jumped into a pair of panties from the package he had given her and pulled a random dress over her head.

Axel watched, his head spinning.

“I was thinking, we could get married... let’s see, today is Thursday. So two weeks after this coming Monday?” She finally looked at him. “Daddy! Why are you just sitting there?”

“Huh? Oh. Sorry.” He was reeling with how fast everything was moving. Not that he minded. As soon as he

stood, Jilly pulled the door open and ran out into the hallway, screaming.

“Guess what everyone! We’re engaged! I’m getting married!”

“What! Oh my god, really? Congratulations!” he heard Luna scream as he ran to catch up with Jilly.

This was not exactly how he’d pictured the night ending, but he was okay with that.

CHAPTER TEN



*A*_{xel}

After the initial announcement and all the excited bouncing and screaming and revelatory congratulations, the Littles, Jilly included, had gotten on the phone to tell their friends, and soon the penthouse had been flooded with Littles and Daddies alike. The Littles had been twitching with excitement, clamoring to meet him, but the Daddies had been more subdued with their well-wishes, considering he hadn't even met many of them yet, and he'd endured several veiled threats. Not that he minded; how could he? They were protecting one of their own. If anything, it put him at ease and made him like them more. They were a tight-knit family just like he and his men, and it meant that Jilly would have twice as many people protecting her now.

Finally, after they'd made plans and everyone had agreed on their roles and they'd gone over the details a thousand and one times, Baze had given them all a wedding-planning reprieve by pointing at the clock and announcing that it was time for the girls to get ready for bed. The Daddies had gathered them up and gotten on their way, while Sam and Ellie

and Baze and Luna had excused themselves to their respective rooms for the evening. It was just Axel and Jilly once more.

He'd stayed a while longer, just talking, finally removed the plug she still had nestled between her cheeks beneath her frog-printed underwear, changed her from a dress to a nightgown, and tucked her into bed, promising to come over the next evening.

As he rode back to the club, the events of the evening fresh in his mind, he couldn't help but smile, forgetting all about why he'd been avoiding the club tonight in the first place.

Pulling up to King's and parking in the back, he dismounted his bike with a grin on his face, excited to tell the guys about his impending engagement and ask them to be his groomsmen. He'd ask his brother, who lived an hour away in Arizona to be his best man, and he was pretty sure Jilly had decided to ask her therapist, Soleil, to be her maid of honor. Neither of them wanted to choose one of their friends over the others, and this way, they avoided that problem.

Pulling open the back entrance so that he came in from the clubhouse instead of the bar, Axel took a deep breath, and stepped inside.

The scene that greeted him was one he'd never wanted to see. His men were all there, huddled around two chairs. He didn't have to get any closer to see who was in those chairs, or that they weren't there of their own accord, but he did anyway.

Snake and Spider, twin brothers who were on the bottom of the totem pole of the Vegas Vipers, the rival MC club whose members were the ones who had hurt Jilly, sat tied to chairs, beaten and bloody, barely conscious, both having taken quite the beating at the hands of his men.

Snake and Spider were certainly the stupidest of the group, and the most vile, but as far as who had actually done the deed, he'd have put his money on the leaders, not the grunts. "Sure you got the right men?" he snarled, looking down at Snake's bald head in disgust.

"Yeah," Bear grunted, "We're sure. We started down at the Viper's Den, made a ruckus at the lower levels, roughed 'em up a bit, got interrupted by the leaders, Vinny and his guys, and were prepared to take them out too, until they gave up their own men. Seems they were getting sick of these guys' shit too, because I didn't have to work very hard to convince them. As I dragged them out the door, Vinny spit on them and told them to not come back. He said you could even get rid of their Viper tattoos if you wanted, seeing as how you're a tattoo artist and all. Personally, I vote for carving it out of their skin, but ya know, we could go with the more civilized approach."

Axel had originally wanted nothing to do with this, but the new details piqued his interest. Violence wasn't his thing, normally, but these men had hurt his Jilly, brought dishonor to their own club, and motorcycle clubs as a whole, and basically were just scum of the earth. Besides, a little creative tattoo cover-up wasn't violence, was it?

"Get my supplies," he barked, pulling up a chair. "And a razer while you're at it. I think Spider here needs a haircut."

Beside him, King furrowed his brow. "What are you gonna do, Prez? You sure you don't wanna rough 'em up a bit more? Personally, I vote for castration."

Axel snickered as Bandit ran up with his spare tattoo kit. He smiled slowly as he prepared the gun, including loading and sanitizing a new needle, because he was a professional after all, and looked Snake dead in the eyes as he yanked up

his sleeve, revealing the coiled up snake with the Vipers insignia beneath it. “I’m gonna cover it up with some nice rough, dark, deeply painful lettering that will tell everyone exactly what kind of guys they are. The worst kind.”

King, starting to get the picture, nodded his approval. “Sounds good, brother.”

Snake lifted his head to glare at them both and yanked his arm away from Axel, nearly sending both him and his chair toppling in the process.

“I’ll take care of that. Don’t you worry about it.” Bandit came up swinging, pummeling Snake right in the nose with a fierce uppercut. Blood spurted, and Axel scooted his chair out of the way while Slim tied his arm down.

Squeamishly, Axel ignored the blood and got to work, using thick, messy lettering to cover the snake and insignia with the word he’d picked out. RAPIST. When he was done with that, he stood and did the same thing atop the man’s bald head before standing and walking away in disgust.

“Uh... what about the other guy?” Bear called after him.

“You can do the honors,” Axel snarled. “Just make sure you change out the needle for a fresh one. God only knows what kind of diseases those two have.”

Lucky smiled, his face lighting up with an evil grin. “You got it, brother! Anything else you want us to do?”

Axel turned and gave one long look at the men who had hurt his Jilly as his belly filled with rage. Turning on his heel, he crossed the room in long strides, and pummeled each of them right in the face. He heard the crush of bones as their jaws shattered.

Then he turned and walked through the swinging doors to the bar, calling over his shoulder. “Do whatever you feel led to, boys. But don’t kill ‘em, and make sure you avenge my fiancée!”

He heard their gasps of surprise as he walked to the bar and pulled a cold beer from the cooler, popping the cap off. Suddenly he was very thirsty. Apparently a touch of violence did that to a man.

* * *

It was past two a.m. when his brothers strode back into the bar after having dragged out two bloody, branded ex-vipers and dropping them in the center of town. Bear and Bandit had stayed behind doing clean-up and joined him in the front just as the others returned.

King didn’t say a word, just walked to the back and came back with seven cold beers and an opener. He handed the bottles out one by one and threw the opener in the center of the table, where they passed it around. When they all had their beers open, King leaned back in his chair and sighed. “I know you don’t condone violence, Prez, but sometimes there’s no other way.”

“Agreed,” Axel said. “They must really be scum if Vinny kicked them out. Not like the vipers are pillars of society themselves.”

“For real,” Bear grunted. “Although I’ve actually heard they were trying to clean up their act. Well, most of ‘em, anyway. Not those guys. And good riddance.” He grinned. “Lucky had a good old time doing that tattoo job on Spider.

Shoulda heard the big, bad viper crying like a baby for his mama by the time we were done with him. Pussy.”

“I appreciate you guys. Really,” Axel said, rubbing his beard with his hand. “And I can’t say I’m mad about what went down. But can we please talk about something else? I’m gonna have a hard enough time getting these images out of my head.” Axel shuddered, and they all laughed. His squeamishness was a running joke between them.

“Hey, Axel, didn’t I hear you call Miss Jilly your fiancée as you ran from the room?” King asked.

“That’s right, you did. We are getting married two weeks from Monday. I’d like you all to be my groomsmen, and... Jilly wants to have the wedding here.”

“Here? In a bar? That’s not very romantic.” Bandit furrowed his brows.

Axel sighed. “Don’t I know it but try telling her that. She’s already got the whole thing half planned out. Oh, and, Bear, she wants you to cater. I think she’s hoping for your fried chicken.”

Bear wiped his brow and nodded. “I can do that, long as you aren’t inviting hundreds of people.”

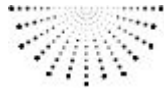
Axel leaned back in his chair and did math in his head. “It’s probably around thirty. Less than fifty for sure.”

“All right then.” King’s slim head bobbed. “That’s doable. Whatever the princess wants, she shall get.” He raised his beer in the air and motioned for the others to do the same. When seven bottles clinked together, King said, “To Axel and Jilly. From this day forward she is one of us, and what you do to one of us, you do to all. She’s under our protection now, boys, spread the word.”

They all answered with determined nods, echoed “To Axel and Jilly,” and finished off their beers.

Axel just sat back in his seat, thankful for his men. They’d taken Jilly as his from the moment they met her, before he even had, and he was thankful to them for helping him give her everything she’d been missing from her childhood.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



Jilly

Tuesday came fast when there was wedding planning to do. She was thankful for that distraction. It had made her grounding and her countdown to moving in with Axel go by faster. Now, she had Axel's truck loaded with all of her things; well most of them. Baze had tried to get her to take everything, but she didn't really need the furniture. A backpack full of her most important possessions was on Axel's back, and Franklin was tucked under her arm.

All of her friends were crying. It was the first time any of them had moved farther away than down a floor. That was making it harder. But Axel had promised she could come every day while he worked if she wanted, and Baze had promised to send a car for her whenever she wanted. He'd even given her the number for Mack's direct line before squeezing her tightly and making her promise to call him if she needed anything, day or night.

Her friends all said their goodbyes, crying on her shoulder, telling her over and over how much they'd miss her, and how

they couldn't believe that out of all of them, she was the one to actually move away. They were acting like she was moving across the country instead of two miles down the road. When they got to the second round of tearful hugs, Ace hopped in the truck and drove off, shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "See you when you get there!" he yelled out the window as he pulled onto the strip.

This was supposed to be the part where she hopped on the back of her Daddy's bike, sparkly pink helmet and all, and rode off into the proverbial sunset; her future was waiting after all, but Jilly hadn't planned for this part. She'd been so excited to move in with her Daddy, she hadn't realized how hard it would be to leave Baze and all her friends. Just when their tears started to dry up, hers began.

"Great—look what you guys did," Margo grumped, rubbing her own eyes with her fists as she leaned against Knox's chest.

"Well, at least now we know she's actually gonna miss us!" Luna cried. "She'd been so stoic through the goodbyes, I was beginning to wonder!"

Tessa and Ellie nodded their tearful agreement while Jade and Margo clung to each other, crying again.

Finally, Axel, who had, up until this point, been extremely patient and tolerant of the emotional rollercoaster and matching theatrics, sighed. "I hate to be the one to break this up, but Noah has class at five, so we need to get this show on the road."

His announcement elicited a fresh round of noisy cries from Ellie and Mariah, while Margo stepped up to him, shaking her fist. "You better be good to her, or I'll come after

you. Mark my words and don't forget them. I will come after you."

"Stand down, Margo," Knox admonished, while Jilly, thankful for her fiercely loyal and protective friend, gathered Margo in one last hug, sputtering laughter as she squeezed her tightly.

"I mean it," Margo said in a low growly whisper only meant for the two of them to hear. "If he steps even one foot out of line, I'll... I'll..."

"You'll what?" Jilly sputter-laughed her response as Margo leaned in even closer, squeezing even tighter, lowering her voice even more.

"I'll send him a real glitter bomb," Margo swore, leaving Jilly gasping with laughter as her stomach fluttered in anticipation. In all the excitement with the wedding planning, she'd completely forgotten about the glitter bomb she and Margo had made and sent. If he'd gotten it, Axel hadn't said anything, which meant he hadn't gotten it, because he would never ignore an excuse to spank her, especially not for something fun like that. Which meant it could come today. It could be waiting at the shop right now. Anticipation fluttered in her belly.

"I want pictures," Margo whispered. "Or better yet. Videos."

"I'll try, I promise," Jilly swore.

Margo stepped away, and Axel cleared his throat. "Come on, little one, we best get on the road. We've got a busy day of unpacking ahead of us, but you can come back here tomorrow if you want." He climbed on the back of his bike, put on his helmet, and held out hers.

Jilly put it on before another round of tearful goodbyes could get started, and away they went.

* * *

Axel

It took one hour to unload the truck, another hour to feed them both lunch, and finally it was time to start unpacking and show Jilly around her new home. Because of her grounding, she hadn't yet seen the place, aside from a few pictures Axel had sent the night after they got engaged.

The small apartment above his tattoo shop wasn't much, especially compared to the opulence Jilly had been living in for the last year, but it sure beat a tent under a bridge—her previous abode. Besides, despite everything that Baze had done for her, and given her, Jilly wasn't materialistic. That was what Axel reminded himself as he gave her the grand tour. He couldn't believe how nervous he was to show her his home. No, he corrected himself, their home. He wanted her to be comfortable and like it as much as he did.

“So, uh, here's the living room, and it opens up into the kitchen with a small dining area. I don't usually eat there, but I think I may have to change that now that you're here.”

“It's just like the penthouse!” Jilly exclaimed.

Axel smiled at her optimism. The layout of the living area was the same as she was used to but it was about a quarter of the size.

“Can you cook?” Jilly asked. “I think I’m really gonna miss Chef Graham’s food.”

Axel grimaced. “I do all right.” He’d never seen much point in cooking for one, so he didn’t do it often, but he could. He was capable. He didn’t even know what kind of food she liked, aside from the usual Little favorites, mac and cheese and chicken nuggets. He’d have to stock up on both.

“I get a lot of takeout from the club to be honest. Never had much of a reason to do any cooking myself.”

“I get that, and I’d be okay with eating Bear’s cooking any day.”

He nodded and continued the tour. “Here’s the bathroom.” The bathroom was his favorite room of the house, and the one he was most excited to show off. With a place this small, one would expect a tiny bare-bones lavatory but this one had double sinks, a clawfoot tub and garden windows as well as a privacy screen that sectioned off the toilet from the rest of the room.

Jilly squealed when she saw it. “Ohhh. This is bigger than the bathtub at Baze’s!” She looked up at him shyly. “Maybe you could give me a bath tonight... or... maybe we could take one together?”

His cock hardened and need pooled in his belly. “I think we could make that happen,” he grunted, resisting the urge to readjust himself. “C’mon, I’ll show you the bedroom, and where you can put your stuff.”

She followed him as he finished up the tour, showing her the drawers he’d cleared out for her, and the space in the closet, along with all the hidden storage.

“I have to get to work soon. Noah can’t stay too much longer. You can come with me to the shop or stay here and get settled. Up to you.”

Jilly’s smile had a tone of mischief or something he couldn’t quite place. Her eyes sparkled. “I think I’ll come with you.”

“Are you sure? It might get boring.”

“Oh, I’m pretty sure it won’t.”

She was acting strangely, he swore it, but the truth was they hadn’t spent too much in-person time together yet, so maybe she wasn’t. He didn’t really know. Still, he felt like he was on high alert as he took her hand and led her down the stairs to the shop. They entered in the back, stepping through to the main area just in time to see the mailman leaving.

“Oh good, you’re here,” Noah said as he looked up from the pile of mail he was thumbing through.

“Yeah, you can go whenever. Thanks for filling in.” He nodded toward the pile of mail in Noah’s hand. “Anything good?”

“The electric bill, something from the state that looks like it might be for a license renewal, the local nickel ads, the newest issue of *Inked* magazine, and this.” He handed Axel a large, thick, off-white envelope.

“What’s this?”

Noah shrugged. “Dunno. There’s no return address, but it’s a local postmark. Maybe like a wedding invitation, or an invite to some fundraiser or something. I dunno, but I gotta go. See ya tomorrow, boss.” He set the rest of the pile down on the front counter next to the register, and left, leaving Axel holding the mysterious envelope.

He looked up at Jilly and noticed she had her phone out, and was holding it up in front of her, like she was about to take a picture or video.

“Whatcha doing?” He nodded at it.

“Oh, I was just gonna make a short video, sort of like a virtual tour to send the girls so they can see where I live now,” she said, and he thought her voice held an odd tone of innocence. Why hadn’t she filmed the apartment? She wasn’t gonna live at the tattoo shop.

He shook off his suspicion, unsure where it was coming from. Nerves because he just wanted her to be happy, and he wasn’t sure she would be? Or the sinking realization that he was moving in with someone he really barely knew?

Turning his attention to the envelope, he ripped it along the seam, and pulled out a handmade card. It had a frog and a motorcycle on the front. He looked up at Jilly, to find her not even trying to pretend she wasn’t filming.

“Did you do this, princess? Did you mail Daddy a sweet card?”

“I dunno!” She giggled, bouncing on the balls of her feet. “Open it! Open it!”

“I will, but what’s the occasion?”

Another shrug, another giggle. “Oopen it!”

Smiling indulgently, he did. Bright colorful letters popped up from the center. Before he could read them, he was blinded by an explosion of pink glitter. In his eyes, his mouth, up his nose, and definitely in his beard. It went without saying that it was also all over the shop.

Jilly howled with laughter.

“Princess,” he growled, wiping specks of sparkle from his eyes.

“Yes, Daddy?” She blinked innocently.

“Run!”

He’d have caught her too, if the bell above the door hadn’t chimed, announcing the arrival of a potential customer.

The young woman in jeans and a Las Vegas T-shirt with a birthday sash around her middle and a tiara on her head blinked. “Uhhhh,” she stammered as she took in the sight in front of her. “Um, I’d like to get a tattoo?”

“We’re closed,” Axel told her, walking to the front of the shop to turn over the sign. “Come back in an hour.”

“Okay.” She left the shop, looking bewildered. Axel had no idea if she’d be back or not, and right now, he didn’t care.

He took the steps to the apartment two at a time, hollering Jilly’s name the whole way.

When he got there, she was kneeling on the couch, stripped naked.

The sight of her stopped him in his tracks.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he whispered. “And so, so naughty.”

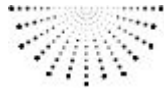
“Am I in trouble, Daddy?” Jilly asked sweetly.

The expression on her face told him that she wanted the answer to be yes. “So. Much. Trouble,” he swore, trying to look fierce. He knew it was a lost cause to keep the smile off his face, and it was hard to look intimidating when your whole body was covered in pink glitter.

“C’mere,” he growled.

She wasted no time, and when she reached him, he flipped her over his shoulder, and strode into the bedroom, shutting and locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER TWELVE



Jilly

Anytime a Dominant was angry, and a Little was naughty, the Little should at least attempt to be contrite. But that was hard, when the angry-looking Daddy couldn't keep the smile off his face, and he was sparkling.

He tossed her off his shoulder onto the bed and leaned over her. She reached up and stroked his beard. "You're so pretty, Daddy."

He lost it then, exploding into laughter. "You got me, little one. You really got me good. When did you do that?"

"It's what me and Margo were working on when I realized I was late to my therapy appointment. By the time I got home, she'd already mailed it."

"Would you have told her not to?" he asked, thinking about how upset he'd been that night.

"It crossed my mind, but no, probably not."

He shook his head. "Why did you do it?"

Jilly's eyes widened. Her whole body flushed. Telling Margo she liked to be spanked was one thing. Telling Axel was another.

"I'm just a brat, and I wanted to be funny," she lied.

She could tell he didn't believe her, but he didn't argue. Instead, he sat up, grabbed her around the waist, and flipped her facedown across his lap. "Well, let me show you what happens to Little brats who think they're funny," he said, slapping her hard across the center of her ass.

"They get cookies?" She twisted her head to look at him over her shoulder.

He picked a speck of glitter out of his beard, caught it on his fingertip, and pressed it onto her bottom.

"Cookies." He scowled. "I'm gonna spank your whole bottom until it matches this here piece of confetti."

Jilly cringed. Of course they'd gone with the dark-pink confetti instead of the light. Margo had been afraid that the light wouldn't show up in his beard. Neither one of them had considered he'd use their choice as a color palette to determine her trouble. Oh well, lesson learned. He smacked her again, and she shivered with anticipation.

He used his hand, hard, again and again, and there was no way the glitter had stayed in place Jilly realized after the first couple swats. It had to be long gone by now. Was he planning to go from memory, pick more from his beard to check the results, or had the whole thing just been a mindfuck?

The question went out the window when Axel's hand slipped between her thighs, cupping her mound.

Moaning, she pushed against him.

“Greedy Little brat, aren’t you?” He used his fingers to give her pussy a smack. Arousal ricocheted through her.

“Daddy!” she gasped. “That is not my bottom!”

“It certainly isn’t.” He smacked her again.

Hot pulsing desire shot through her core, leaving a constant dull ache.

“Did I forget to mention that naughty little brats also get their naughty pussies spanked?”

She whimpered. Getting her pussy spanked didn’t sound good at all, but somehow it was. So, so good. He did it four more times, and each time sent her skyrocketing into oblivion. She couldn’t come yet, she hadn’t even been spanked yet, not really, and oh, how she wanted to.

“Daddy,” she moaned.

His fingers slipped inside her, first one and then two. He strummed her like a violin. Her body tensed, hovering on the edge of bliss.

“Daddy, no,” she whimpered, warning him.

“No? No, what? No, you don’t wanna come?”

“I dooooo... but not yet.”

“That’s not up to you. I’m going to take your orgasms tonight, little one. As many and how often as I want, and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

And then he proved it.

She screamed as the release shot through her, as his fingers worked their magic inside of her, as the pad of his thumb stroked her sensitive clit.

She lay there in the aftermath, blissfully satiated and utterly mortified at how fast she had come. In her defense, it had been a long time, and Axel was so, so good.

“You okay, little one?” Axel asked, rubbing soft circles on her lower back and bottom.

“Mmmhmmm.”

“Good.” He lifted his hand, and before she could process what was happening, brought it down hard across the center of her bottom. It felt different, with the adrenaline of her orgasm still coursing through her veins. Like it hurt, but also she barely felt it. She was floaty, as if she were watching it happen from somewhere outside her body.

The detached feeling only lasted through the first several swats. By the tenth, she was starting to feel it.

“Naughty girl!” Axel lectured playfully. “Glitter bomb? Really? Did you think that was funny? Daddy is going to be picking glitter out of his beard for a month! And I think I still have some in my eyeholes. And my nose. Probably my ears too. A month from now, I’m going to sneeze, and a piece of glitter is gonna come out with the snot.”

Jilly was trying to feel bad, but she couldn’t. And then he pushed her legs apart and started touching her again.

Her reaction was immediate as her nerves still felt like they were wrung out and on fire from her last release.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” she gasped as he played with her. “Oh! Oh! Nooo!” He was like a sorcerer whose magic trick was to steal orgasms from his victims. Hers came hot and fast on the heels of the one before it, leaving her breathless and panting once more.

“I... didn’t know I could do that!” she cried.

“You are a very good girl,” Axel praised. “So needy and ready for Daddy.”

“I’m good, now?” Jilly quipped. “I thought I was naughty.”

“One can be both,” Axel responded. “And you are, which is exactly how I’m going to treat you. Pain for my naughty girl”—he smacked her aching pussy, sending an aftershock of arousal through her—“and pleasure for my good girl.” He touched her again.

Her pussy hummed with pleasure. She whimpered. She couldn’t take another orgasm, she swore it.

But when he shifted her onto her back and off his lap, lowering his lips to her private place, kissing her entrance softly before sliding his tongue inside her, he proved her wrong.

“God!” She pounded the bedspread with her fists. “Oh, Daddy!” Her hands found their way into his hair, clutching handfuls of it close to his scalp. Her hips lifted off the mattress, seeking more of him. She came again, soft tears running down her face as she did. It just felt so good, and she was so, so happy, but also so tired.

He looked up at her, with a devilish grin on his face. “What was that? Two? Three? Four?”

“Enough! It was enough!” she cried.

He just shook his head from side to side, gathering her ankles in his hand, and lifting her legs and hips off the bed. The diaper position. She knew it well.

“Smack!” He managed to hit her bottom and pussy at the same time. She gasped, and strained to get away, but he was too strong. Also, she didn’t really want to.

Her cries were like the mewls of a newborn kitten as he laid a volley of smacks across her lower ass and upper thighs. Most of them landed right in the middle—her sit spots.

She could feel the skin heating, her ass getting more and more tender. Her pussy was throbbing for more of his touch, while her brain screamed that she didn't want it, couldn't handle it.

Thankfully, he seemed content to focus his attention on her ass for a while. She wondered how close the skin was to matching the glitter that was falling from his hair and beard with every move he made.

He seemed to be putting more force behind each swat now, or maybe it was just the fact that the position she was in stretched her skin taut.

This was what she wanted, she reminded herself, resisting the urge to struggle from his grasp. If he stopped too soon, the relief would be fleeting, the disappointment imminent.

She breathed through the volley of smacks, wishing for a reprieve.

Finally it came. Sort of. He flipped her back onto her stomach so that she was flat on the bed and shoved her legs far apart.

He slipped his hand underneath her, poising one finger at her clit and slipping two inside her.

His other hand smacked hard across her lower bottom, catching the v of her pussy in the crossfire.

“Oh!” she cried as the waves of sensation warred with each other. “Oh! Oh!”

“Don't come, babygirl. Don't come until I say so.”

She slammed her lips together, gritting her teeth, nearly biting her tongue in the process.

Wave after wave of delicious pain tinged with excruciating pleasure commanded her. She wanted so badly to obey, but...

A thin sheen of perspiration clung to her brow. The hot fire of desire filled her veins, heating her from the inside out. Her whimpers escaped through her pressed shut lips of their own accord.

She was barreling toward release, and her Daddy's touch was relentless.

"Daddy," she cried, "please!" She didn't want to come when he'd told her not to, but soon she would have no choice. He stopped spanking. He stopped touching. His hands rested one on each cheek as he pulled them apart.

Her breath caught. What would come next? His hair tickled her bottom as his beard scratched against her tight hole. His tongue jetted out from between his lips, licking over the rim of her most private place before teasing its way inside.

She was not okay with this, but yet she was. They hadn't discussed this, but maybe they had tiptoed around it in their discussions of butt stuff.

She wanted him to stop. Shame burned her cheeks. Partially because of what he was doing, mostly because she actually liked it.

"No! No! No!" She pounded her fists against the mattress.

He stopped immediately. "Are you okay?"

She didn't answer.

"Red, yellow, or green?" he asked, using the stoplight system they'd gone over on one of their many preliminary

discussions.

Her throat was dry—suddenly parched. She could hardly do more than croak. Words wouldn't move past the lump in her throat.

That wasn't acceptable. He smacked her thigh with the flat of his hand. "Answer me."

Red-hot mortification slammed into her chest like an elephant had sat on it. Oh god. "Green," she gasped.

Should she have? She didn't know. She only knew that she wanted, no she *needed*, to feel him again.

"Say uncle, little girl. Tell Daddy you're sorry and you'll keep the glitter on paper where it belongs next time," he growl-whispered a split second before his tongue found her again.

God. Shock flooded her system. Her body went rigid. Was she allowed to come? He hadn't said so. What had he said?

She shifted through the fog of her arousal-addled brain. "Uncle!" she cried. "I'm sorry! I won't make no more glitter bombs! Glitter belongs on paper—nowhere else!"

"Good girl." He stopped abruptly. The mattress shifted beneath her as he eased off the bed.

She felt the loss like a dagger to her heart. What was he doing? Was it over—just like that?

She twisted her head and looked for him but he was out of sight. And finally he came into view, fully naked now, wearing only a condom, with his cock standing at attention. The air whooshed from her lungs. She'd seen it once before, but this was her first time to get a glimpse of the entire package in all his naked glory.

“Wow,” she giggled, rolling onto her back to get a better view. “I hit the Daddy jackpot.”

Muscled abs gave way to strong Adonis muscles. Thick muscular thighs framed his cock. His pecs rippled under a dusting of dark hair with flecks of white in it. He took a step toward her and glitter fell from his beard, only to catch on his treasure trail, reminding her of why they were here in the first place.

She reached for him as he approached, and he obliged, covering her body with his.

She gripped his strong shoulders, wrapping her legs around his. His cock brushed her pussy, making her tremble.

He stopped short, looking at her with concern. “Are you good, princess? It’s okay to change your mind. We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do.”

She appreciated how tender and caring he was, how selfless. But she couldn’t have stopped if she wanted to. And she didn’t want to.

She needed this, today, with him. She wanted to start their new life off together right. And she wanted to make new, healing, joyful, delicious memories.

“Daddy,” she whispered urgently.

“Yes, princess?” He brushed her cheek with one crooked finger.

“I. Want. You. To. Take me.”

He smiled, a smile that started slow and coy, before spreading to cover his whole face, showing off his sparkly white teeth. “Happy to oblige.”

His cock pulsed and throbbed against her. She used the leverage from her legs around his waist to pull him closer. His lips closed over hers and with one slow powerful thrust, he entered her.

“Oh, baby, you feel so good. Your pussy curves to Daddy’s cock.”

This was the moment she’d feared; but when he filled her, she felt only happiness and rightness. He was hers. She was his. They were one.

Arching her back to push her hips toward him, she took him deeper inside her. He took control then, executing each thrust with perfectly timed precision. He seemed to know just when she would be ready for more.

His hair fell in his face as he rode her, rocking his hips in time with a song only he could hear.

She hadn’t thought it possible to come as many times as she had and still be ready to come again, but she was.

Was she allowed to?

He lowered his head to kiss her deeply, entwining his hands with hers.

“Come with me,” he whispered, seeming to read her thoughts again.

How is he always doing that?

She shook her head. She couldn’t come again. She was wrought out, wasn’t she? She had to be!

But he shifted, rubbing against her clit when he did.

She screamed. Holy crap, she wasn’t.

“Come with me,” he whispered. His eyes dilated, then closed. His chest heaved under the weight of deep breaths. His shoulders squared, and his back went rigid.

Still holding her hand, he raised it to his lips, kissing the back of it as if she were the queen.

And then he too came. His eyes popped open as the release pushed through him. He held his breath as he spilled his cum. “Baby,” he whispered. “That was so good. You are so good.”

Jilly could barely catch her breath. Her body was hot and sweaty. Her bottom burned, her pussy quivered. She drew a deep gasping breath. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

He chuckled and rolled, collapsing on his back beside her.

“I could honestly go to sleep right now, but that girl, the customer with the tiara, she’ll be back any minute. I really should get dressed and go to work.” He rolled onto his side, propping up on his shoulder, and looked at her with sad eyes.

“It’s okay, I’m okay, go!” She waved her hands as if to shoo him off.

He groaned but sat up and leaned over, reaching for his discarded clothes.

She watched a strip show in reverse as he pulled off the used condom, discarded it into a nearby trash can, shimmied into his boxer briefs, and then added his jeans. He pulled a plain black tee over his head and topped it with his ever-present leather vest before sitting again on the edge of the bed to put on his socks and boots.

He gave her a kiss then jumped to his feet and rushed from the room.

Jilly frowned. Did he think that counted as a goodbye? If so, he had another think coming.

She sat up on the bed, gathering her bearings, and prepared to get dressed and chase him down.

Before she could, he burst back into the room with a broom and dustpan in one hand and a roll of duct tape in the other, thrusting the items in her direction.

She took them, dubiously. The broom was pretty self-explanatory, but the tape? She frowned. “What’s this for?”

“When you are dressed and able, you need to come downstairs and clean up the mess you made. You’ll be able to sweep most of it up, but if you roll the tape around your hand, sticky side up, you’ll be able to get pieces that fell in areas you can’t get with the broom.”

“Oooh.” She nodded. “Okay. Thank you, Daddy.”

“And you better do a good job because each time I find even a stray speck of glitter, you’ll be treated to the same treatment you got tonight.” He leaned over and brushed a kiss across her cheek. “Bye, little one. See you downstairs.”

He left, and Jilly sat naked on the bed, clutching the items in her hands, his promises echoing in her brain. With a giggle, she stood and searched for her phone. She just had to tell Margo about this and get ideas for her next prank.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



*A*_{xel}

“Okay, so chocolate cake with raspberry filling and chocolate ganache, traditional white frosting, and fresh pink roses as the decoration. Two tiers for the guests, plus one for you to save, but there aren’t too many guests so make the tiers smaller. Does that sound right?” Chef Graham, Mariah’s Daddy and the head chef at Utopia rattled off the things they had discussed as they sat at a table in the dining room of the resort.

“That sounds perfect,” Jilly said with a happy sigh.

“I’m good with whatever Jilly wants,” Axel replied. “The details aren’t important to me. I just want to show up and marry my beautiful bride while surrounded by our friends and family.”

“All right, good.” Graham smiled indulgently at Jilly, tucking his pad into the front pocket of his jacket.

“Glad it’s all coming together,” Baze said smoothly from the other side of Jilly. He stood. “Now, Graham, were you going to come to the clubhouse with us to see the space? It needs to be today while they’re closed. I’ve got a car ready to

take a group of us over. I think it's me and Luna, Ryan and Jade, Dax, Beau and Tessa, and you and Mariah if you'd like. Jilly and Axel are going to ride over on his bike of course."

"I can come, but I'll need Mariah to stay here and hold down the fort, help Grant get the dinner prep going."

"Great. I was hoping you'd come and meet Bear. He's doing the catering, per Jilly's request, but it's at least three times as many people as he's used to cooking for at once, so I figured if you met him and knew the plan, you could provide back up if needed. Be his sous chef."

"Anything for Little Miss Jilly, here. When are we heading over?"

Axel looked at Baze. Baze looked at his watch. "As soon as the others get here. Should be about ten minutes. This meeting went faster than I anticipated."

"I know what I like," Jilly said with a shrug.

Axel put his arm around her shoulders, pulling her in close. His phone rang, and he pulled it out of his pocket. It was King, wondering where they were. Baze may have overestimated how long the meeting would take; Axel had underestimated.

"We'll be there soon," he said when he answered.

"Uh, Prez..." King stammered into the phone, "you better come now."

Axel's heart pounded. There was something in King's voice he didn't like. He needed to make sure Jilly and her friends weren't following him into a dangerous situation. "On my way."

When he hung up, he looked at Baze, his eyes boring into the other man's in hopes he would understand the things Axel wasn't saying.

"I'm needed now. Jilly's gonna have to ride with you. I'll see you all over there in a bit." *Stall a few minutes. I'll call you if it's not safe to come.*

He saw the light flash in Baze's eyes as he understood the unspoken message. He pulled Jilly into a side hug, with his arm tight around her and nodded. "Jilly can ride with us; that's no problem. It will be fun, just like old times."

Jilly frowned. "But I want to go with you, Daddy! Why can't I?"

He ignored her question, gave her a quick kiss on the lips, reminded her to be a good girl, and turned on his heel.

As soon as he was outside, he ran to his bike and hopped on. His men needed him.

He took a back way and made it to the club in record time. Well, what was left of the club, anyway.

Taking in the hot flames and billowing smoke engulfing the building that was once their clubhouse, he swore to himself. Hopping off his bike, he did his best to stay out of the way of the firefighters who were trying to contain the flames and searched for King.

When he saw him, standing away from the blaze at the edge of the lot with his arms crossed over his chest and tears in his eyes, he ran.

"What happened?"

King shook his head. "I was making lunch. Bear was still sleeping. It started out front. They think it was arson."

“Arson? What? Who?” Axel sputtered questions he knew the answers to.

Revenge for their pound of flesh. This was why he didn't generally condone violence. It started wars. “Fuck,” he swore, feeling responsible even though his men had acted on their own.

“You're okay, though? Where's Bear?” Panicked, he looked back at the flames.

King put a hand on his shoulder. “He got out. He got a call and took off walking. It's too noisy with the hoses. He'll be back.”

“Phew.” Axel sighed with relief.

King shook his head, his face a blank mask. The bar had been everything to him.

Axel searched for words of comfort but there were none. They had all lost today, but King most of all.

A shrill shriek pierced the air, followed by “Crap on a cracker!” Several “Oh my gods,” and one “What the hell?”, and Axel looked over to see Baze's limo parked on the side of the road, the group of men and Littles barreling toward him. Crap. He'd forgotten to call.

Jilly reached him first. He held out his arms, and she flew into them, crying into his chest.

Baze was right behind her. “Axel. I'm so sorry, man. Do they know what happened?”

Axel shook his head, answering Baze with his eyes as the others reached them.

“Oh, man,” Knox grunted. “I'm sorry about your clubhouse, man.”

“It wasn’t just a clubhouse. It was a bar and restaurant. It was King’s legacy of his wife, and King and Bear lived in the back.”

“I’ve had the clam chowder here,” Baze offered. “Can confirm it’s the best in the state.” He turned to Knox and Graham. “Load up the girls. Take them back to the penthouse. I’m gonna stay here and try to sort some things out. See if I can help.”

Axel wondered what Baze could possibly do to help, but then he remembered that the man was a billionaire. Billionaires threw money at problems.

He looked down at Jilly who still had a death grip on his waist. He kissed the top of her head and pulled her body away from his. “Jilly, honey, I need you to go back to the resort. Daddy needs to be here right now. I’ll come get you as soon as I can.”

Her lower lip trembled, and a tear ran down her cheek. He remembered the wedding, and felt even worse, but there was nothing he could do about that now. It wasn’t even at the top of his list of problems to solve.

Margo took Jilly by the shoulders and led her away.

Knox looked at both him and Baze. “You two take as long as you need. We got the girls.”

Graham, Ryan, Beau, and Dax nodded agreement.

“Thanks, guys, I appreciate it.” Axel was coming to love Jilly’s found family as much as his own. To Baze he said, “you should go too. There really isn’t anything you can do.”

“Really? Cause it sounds like two of your guys just lost their homes, and I have a hotel with a shit-ton of empty rooms.”

Axel looked over at King, whose brows raised in interest, and sighed. “You’re right. Thank you.”

Baze shooed off the other men who had been waiting to see if he was coming with them or not.

“I want to help however I can. And it goes without saying that money is no issue.”

Axel shook his head. “You don’t need to do that. I’m sure there’s insurance.” Though if the cause were arson, as suspected, it could take a long time for the insurance to go through, but that wasn’t Baze’s problem.

“Nonsense. You’re Jilly’s family, so your family is my family.”

Axel couldn’t find a way to argue that, and before he could respond, Bear walked up behind King and Ace. Bandit and Slim rode up on their motorcycles.

Their jaws were on the ground as they dismounted and pulled off their helmets.

“Well, isn’t this the cherry on top of the shit sundae that is this day?” Ace cursed as he watched the smoke rise into the sky.

Pretty sure their clubhouse and King’s home and livelihood going up in flames was more than just a cherry, Axel gave him the side-eye. “What’s the ice cream?”

“I lost my job. Somebody outed me to the district, and they decided I wasn’t fit to be around kids.”

“Fuck. Can you fight it?”

“I could, but not sure I want to. I’m tired, man.”

“We lost our jobs, too,” Lucky piped up, pointing at himself and Bandit. “Someone’s coming for us. I think we all know who.”

“I’m so sorry,” Axel said, feeling guilty even though it wasn’t his fault.

He glanced over at Baze, who it was clear was listening in. He expected Baze to rescind his offer when he learned they weren’t innocent victims in all this.

Instead, Baze took a step closer, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “Does”—he waved his hand—“all this... have to do with Jilly?”

Axel wasn’t sure what Baze knew about Jilly’s past. He knew that she had one for sure; he was the one paying for her therapy, but if he knew the details, Axel would be surprised.

Still he couldn’t deny it. Lying, especially to family, was against his code of honor, so he nodded. “It’s not our usual M.O., but... extenuating circumstances, and all that.”

Baze also nodded. “I’ll do whatever I can. Your guys need a place to stay, they got it. They need jobs, they’ve got ‘em. Hell, if you can promise me no illegal activity, honestly, I can probably give King a bar in my resort and provide a clubhouse.”

Axel blinked, unsure how to respond to that kind of generosity.

“Who’s this guy?” Bear scoffed.

“This is... Jilly lived with him. He rescued her and her friends off the streets and put them up in the resort he’s renovating.” He’d done so much more than that, but Axel kept it simple.

“Baze Patrick.” Baze stuck his hand out, and after a moment, Axel’s men took turns shaking it, and after he had all their names, Baze continued, “I know it’s a lot to process right now, and I know you’re all in shock, but I believe I can help. So I’m just gonna lay out my offer, and you can think about it. When you’re ready to talk, Axel knows where to find me.”

The men, including King, huddled around him, their arms crossed over their chests, their stance widened. Axel could tell they were interested but that they also couldn’t imagine what the billionaire in the designer suit at a smoldering dive bar on a Monday afternoon had to offer them.

If Baze noticed their suspicion, he didn’t let it faze him as he outlined his plan.

“Well, for starters, my resort isn’t open for business yet, and I have a floor reserved for staff and friends. So it’s no problem for me to put King and Bear up for as long as they need. In fact, if you’re worried about further retaliation, I can put up as many of you as need it.” He looked at Axel. “It’s no secret where you work and live. I’d prefer you and Jilly came back to Utopia for the time being, just to be on the safe side. I’ll give you a master suite. I know it’s not ideal, but I just want to be sure Jilly is safe.”

Axel nodded. “No, you’re right. It makes sense.”

“I’ll take you up on that offer,” Ace said. “Not sure how I’m gonna afford rent without a job.”

Slim frowned. “I live with my mama. Been taking care of her since my dad died a few years back. I hate to think of putting her in danger, but I also don’t know if I can leave her alone.”

“She can have a room too,” Baze answered. “Done.” He smirked. “But just so we’re all clear, the resort I am opening is a kink-lifestyle resort. So you have to be okay with that or at least good with pretending you are.”

“It’s fine with me,” Ace spoke up first. “Might even be interested in learning a bit more, since Prez here seems to be into it.”

“I’m cool with it,” King confirmed. “My Lorna and I were no strangers to a bit of kink in the bedroom from time to time.”

Axel blinked. He was learning things about his men he’d never imagined knowing.

Slim slowly nodded. “It’s no skin off my nose how other people live their lives. And my mama was a wild child back in her day. I don’t think she’ll have an issue.”

“I’m in,” Bear said simply.

“Great. I’ll text Beau and have him get rooms ready.”

“What can we do for you?” King asked. “I don’t want to be a freeloader.”

“I’m getting to that,” Baze promised. “I have a sports bar on the main floor with no chef or manager and no name for that matter. It will be yours. I can have my lawyer draw up the paperwork today.”

King sputtered. “I can’t let you give me a room and then an entire bar!”

“With what you did for Jilly, and how good you’ve all been to her, I think you can,” Baze said pointedly.

King’s jaw ticked, but he couldn’t argue that. “Thank you,” he said finally.

“Wow. That’s... that’s amazing, man,” Ace said.

“For the rest of you, I still have a ton of job openings, so there’s lots to choose from, but I’m thinking security. It’s a main need, and not one everybody can do.”

“I’m in,” several of his men answered at once.

Ace frowned. “I’ll do whatever you need or want me to, but this”—he motioned at his thin frame—“isn’t exactly going to scare people off.”

“You were a teacher?” Baze questioned. “What subject?”

“Biology.”

Baze smiled. “Congrats. Your new job title is Director of Aquatics at our new state-of-the-art aquarium. I mean, if that’s okay with you.”

Ace blinked. “It’s perfect. Thank you.”

Axel couldn’t believe Baze’s generosity. He solved all their problems with a few words, and he didn’t stop there.

“It seems like you all need a place you can lay low for a while. I propose you make the basement of the resort your new clubhouse. I’ll feel safer knowing you’re there and nobody will ever suspect that you are.” Baze grinned. “They can’t retaliate if they can’t find you.”

He was right, Axel realized. It was highly unconventional, but it was the perfect solution, at least for the time being.

He looked at his men. They all nodded.

“We accept your generous offer.”

“Well then, I think this will be the start of a beautiful, mutually-beneficial friendship.”

He reached into his inner pocket and pulled out several business cards, handing one to everyone except Axel. "I'm going to leave you to it, but call me when you are ready to head over."

They took the cards and thanked him, but it was obvious their minds were on other things.

"Guess Monday night family dinners are over for a while," Bear grumbled.

Baze stopped in his tracks. "That's right. Jilly told me about that. That's a tradition you guys have isn't it?"

King gave a short nod. "My Lorna, rest her soul, started them years ago, when she got sick. We continue in her memory, and we never miss it." He looked at the bar, now no more than a pile of bricks and cinders. "Guess that's just one more thing that was taken from us today."

Baze shook his head. "Traditions are important, especially in times like these. How would you feel about an extended family dinner tonight? All your people and all of Jilly's. Sort of a get to know you thing?"

Axel stayed silent and let his men take the lead. He watched as they communicated silently with each other. Finally King stepped forward and stuck his hand out to Baze with a decisive nod. "Well, we do need to eat."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN



Jilly

“Extended Family Dinner should be fun,” Luna said, as they set the table with twenty-one places.

Jilly, lining up napkins beside each plate, didn’t respond.

“It was really nice of Baze to give them jobs and places to stay,” Mariah added.

“And a sports bar!” Tessa exclaimed. “My Daddies are really excited about it. Baze is the best.”

“It’s kinda cool that they’re gonna have a secret clubhouse in the basement.” Jade added a glass at the top left of each plate. “Jilly,” she prompted, “don’t you think it’s great that it’s all working out? I mean, it sucks what happened, but it’s so lucky that Baze can help.”

Jilly heard all their chatter, but she hadn’t said a word. She couldn’t. She felt frozen. But she didn’t want to worry her friends and make them think she was going to go mute again and spend months or longer unable to move. That wasn’t the

case, and she knew if she didn't talk soon, they would start to worry.

She set the last napkin down on the table and blurted out the only thing she could. "We're gonna have to cancel the wedding! It's in a week, and there's no way we can do it now! Everything is too messed up, and we were supposed to have it at the bar!"

Her friends all stopped what they were doing and gathered around her, trying to help.

"You could still do it in a week, just not there," Mariah offered.

"I don't know," Jilly wailed. It was hard to think that she should go through with having it now when all their lives had been turned upside down. "I hafta move again, and Bear doesn't have a kitchen to cook in, and there's just no time. And... I don't wanna do it in the chapel here. Sorry, Jade."

"Dude. I don't care where you have it. No skin off my nose. I just want you to be happy. How can we help?"

"I don't know," Jilly wailed, sinking onto the floor. "It's all too much to think about." She shook her head. "I'm sad because I don't wanna wait, but also, now I don't wanna not wait. I can't ignore everything happening and expect people to ignore their problems and make it all about me. That would be selfish."

"You're not selfish, Jilly." Ellie put her arm around her and leaned close. "It's okay to be sad when things don't go the way you wanted them to."

"It's just such a small problem in the scheme of things. And I don't know what to do. I can't get married in a week, and no matter where I do it, I can't get married where I wanted

to, cause it's gone forever. I just... I don't know what I want to do now."

"Well you don't have to decide tonight," Margo piped up. "In fact, you can't, so maybe you should do something to take your mind off of it."

Jilly shrugged. She wasn't really in the mood to do anything.

"I got the stuff for the bike prank," Margo sing-songed.

Jilly perked up. "You did? Where is it? Can we do it now? Do we have time?"

"Well, Axel, Baze, and King are all in the conference area with the lawyer. Bear and Ace are down in the basement checking out the new digs and figuring out what they need, and Slim and Bandit are helping get Slim's mama settled into her room. Plus we still have an hour before dinner. So yeah, now is probably the perfect time."

"Let's do it!" Jilly said.

Margo grinned. "I'll go get the supplies. The rest of you, if you wanna help, meet us in the parking garage near Axel's bike."

* * *

Jilly

Decorating Axel's bike was the perfect distraction, and it felt good to be being naughty with her friends again.

“Jilly!” Mariah teased, as she tied pink sparkly streamers to Axel’s handlebars, “I’m surprised at you! When did you get so naughty?”

“When she discovered she liked being spanked by her Daddy!” Margo howled.

“Welcome to the club then!” Mariah exclaimed.

“The club, huh? Is it a club like Axel and the guys have?”

“Oooh it could be!” Margo’s eyes lit up. “We could call it Club Naughty, and we could have a clubhouse and everything.”

“I like the idea of a club,” Luna interjected, “but I’m not so sure about a clubhouse. We’d have to ask my Daddy where we could put it, and a naughty club doesn’t sound like the kind of club you wanna tell Daddies about.”

“She makes a good point,” Jade said.

“We could have meetings in the courtyard,” Margo offered.

“Except when it’s ten thousand degrees outside,” Ellie argued.

“Or when Utopia is open. There will be people walking through, and some of those people will be Daddies,” Jilly pointed out.

“Rats. She’s right.”

“You should just do a virtual club,” Jade said sensibly. “You can have a group chat, and like have meetings on Zoom. It will be a lot harder for you to get caught that way.”

“She’s right too.” Margo sighed. “It’s a good thing Jade is so old and sensible.” She put emphasis on the word *old*,

teasing Jade about being a Middle.

“This is our first official, non-official meeting,” Jilly declared. “First order of business—turn Daddy’s bike pretty!” She slapped a big shiny bow, like the kind you put on a present on the front of it.

“What’s our second order of business?” Mariah asked.

“Oh I know! I know! I know!” Tessa bounced on her heels and threw her hand up in the air like she was waiting on someone to call on her.

“Yes, Tessa?” Jilly obliged.

“The second order of business should be deciding wedding stuff!”

“Sissyyy,” Ellie whined, “we’re trying not to think about that! That’s the whole point.”

“I know, but I just had the *bestest* idea. I’m serious guys, it’s like the best idea ever.”

“Fine. What is it?” Margo huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Well, Margo, you and Knox have been talking about getting married, and me and the Daddies are like seconds away from setting a date, and Sam and Ellie aren’t married, and Jilly’s prolly gonna change her date, right? Soooo... what if we all get married together? Like what if we have a big, humongous, quadruple wedding?”

Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to stare at her. “That’s... that’s like genius!” Luna cried.

“That makes me wish I wasn’t already married,” Mariah grumbled.

Jade frowned. “That could be fun, but I’d say it’s up to all the brides. You all need to agree, and then you need to get all the grooms on board.” She was always the voice of reason.

“I’m in!” Margo exclaimed.

“I’m in,” Ellie said softly.

“I’m totally in,” Tessa announced.

They all looked at Jilly. “Hmmm... I dunno.” She tapped her chin and pretended to consider for as long as she could then smiled. “I’m just kidding! I’m totally in! It’s the only thing that’s made me feel better about having to postpone! It’s a perfect idea, Tessa, I love it! Thank you for thinking of it, and for being willing to share your special day!”

“You’re welcome!” Tessa cried. “Now, we just hafta get all the Daddies on board.”

She knelt down and affixed one final bejeweled sticker to the hubcap of Axel’s bike before straightening and stepping back to look at it. “Looks pretty good. I think we’re done. What do you think, Jilly?”

“I think... he’s gonna kill me... and I’m gonna love it.”

* * *

Jilly

She looked around the room, barely able to hear herself think over the various conversations going on around her. Extended Family Dinner was a huge success. Everyone was as happy as they could be given the day they’d had, and new friendships

were forging all around her. She even thought Knox might be joining Axel's club.

The wedding proposition had gone over like gangbusters. Dax had been as excited about it as they all were, and Beau just said "the more the merrier". Baze quipped about saving money by doing four weddings at once, even though she knew he didn't care one iota about money when it came to doing for the people he loved. Sam seemed a bit overwhelmed at the prospect but said he would do whatever Ellie wanted, and Knox was just happy that Margo was finally going to have to set a date.

They even managed to hammer out some of the details over dinner. They knew that Chef Graham would make the cakes and he and Bear would work together to make the food. They all agreed on pink as a base color scheme, with splashes of each Littles' favorite color throughout.

Jilly knew there were still so many details to sort out, and that they wouldn't agree on everything, but she was just so thankful and excited.

Her found family and Axel's blended together perfectly with a tragedy making them one overnight. And it had all started with an unconventional therapy session that she would be thankful for for the rest of her life.

Dinner came to an end slowly as people straggled to their feet, and everyone pitched in to make the cleanup go faster.

Finally every dish was washed, dried and put away, the trash was hauled out to the dumpster, the leftovers divided out between whoever wanted them, and the tables and chairs restored to their normal arrangement.

Axel said goodnight to all his men and all the Daddies, and each of her friends hugged her tightly before making their way upstairs.

When they were the only ones left, Axel hugged her tightly to his side. “Baze wants us to stay here tonight. I told him we had to run back to the apartment to get our things and Franklin.”

He slipped his hand in hers. As they made their way to the crossbridge that would take them to the elevators, Jilly remembered her prank. She smothered a giggle as her stomach knotted in anticipation.

Since Utopia wasn't yet open to the public, the parking garage wasn't very full, and Axels' bike was on the first floor.

Jilly held her breath.

“What is this?” Axel yelled when he saw it. He dropped her hand and turned to face her. “Jillian Nicole, did you play another prank?”

“It wasn't just me, Daddy.”

“Oh you had help, did you?” He shook his head. “Well, let's see what you and your friends got up to.”

Axel walked all the way up to the bike, and Jilly watched as he paced a circle around it.

“Hmm,” he said when he saw the sparkly streamers dangling from the handlebars. “Mmmm,” he said when he noticed the strips of bedazzling jewels covering his seat.

“Well,” he said when he noticed his helmet covered in glittery pink stickers that spelled out Daddy. “Glitter again, really?”

“Sorry,” Jilly sing-songed, not sorry at all.

Axel paced all the way around, taking in every pink, sparkly, ridiculous detail.

“Isn’t it so pretty, Daddy?” she squealed. “Don’t you just love it?”

“It’s certainly something,” Axel answered, choosing his words carefully. “And I love you...”

“So much that I’m not in trouble?”

“So much that you are, because looking at this, I think that’s exactly what you wanted.”

Striding over to where she stood with two long steps, he grabbed her hand and dragged her over to examine her masterpiece. At least, that was what she thought, until he bent her over the pink-bedazzled seat, pulled down her pants and started spanking her backside, hard.

“Owwie no, Daddy stop!” she cried, but she couldn’t manage to sound remotely like she meant it, and he didn’t stop.

“Naughty brats get their bottoms spanked bent over Daddy’s motorcycle,” he said, as he laid dozens of swats across every inch of her ass. The jewels they’d affixed to the seat dug into her chest.

“I’m sorry,” she said, even as her pussy wept for his touch.

He paused the assault on her bottom to nudge her cheeks apart and touch her between her legs. “Funny, you don’t feel sorry.”

She heard him unbuckle his belt and braced herself for the lashing that never came. Instead, he dropped his trousers, grabbed a condom from his wallet, put it on, and entered her from behind.

Jilly gasped at how different the position felt. Each thrust filled her to the hilt; she could feel herself stretching for him. She could already feel the burn of arousal rushing through her veins and knew she wouldn't last long.

“Now, princess,” he scolded gruffly as he thrust into her, “this is Daddy's bike. It is supposed to be black, not pink and sparkly. Promise Daddy that you'll learn your lesson and never do this again.”

“Yes, Daddy! I promise!” Jilly cried as her orgasm built, even though she and Margo already had plans to do it again, and they'd already purchased extra special supplies for the occasion. After all, their wedding day didn't count in that promise, right?

THE END

To read A Little Las Vegas Wedding, preorder Dirty Daddies 2023, out October 17th, [here](#)

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Bayleigh Rae is the sassy alter ego of a USA Today Bestselling Dirty Daddies Author.

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Don't ask her who she is because she won't tell you. Okay, she might... if you ask nicely. She's really bad at secrets.

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