

The Snuggle Street
Daddies

Saving Daisy's Sprinkles



HALLE SHINE

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Saving Daisy's Sprinkles

Snuggle Street Daddies

Book 1

Hall Shine

Shine Books

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Edited by S.D.

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I'd love to stay in touch with everyone who enjoys my books. And I would also love to say a big thank you for reading...

Would you like some spicy, super-cute free stories?

If so, sign up for my newsletter. As well as your free stories, I'll let you know when my new books are out and we can have plenty of fun along the way too.

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All my love,

Halle Shine

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Publisher's Note & Trigger Warnings

Saving Daisy's Sprinkles is the first book in my Snuggle Street Daddies series of books. Each book is a standalone story with a new couple.

This book is an Age Gap, Age Play novel with plenty of piping hot steamy scenes, spanking, and a delicious sprinkling of k!nk.

We have an innocent twenty-one-year-old Little and a stern but warm hearted older Daddy who are the perfect recipe for one another.

There is a little bit of drama from the female MC's manipulative manager, but generally this is a low angst book with a well earned and heartwarming HEA.

If any of these things don't sound right for you, please do not read. Otherwise - go for it!

To my readers...

Be Who You Want To Be, And Be Happy Doing It

- Halle Shine

Chapter 1

Daisy was bouncing around all over the compact kitchen and waving her arms from side to side to emphasize just how tasty her new pasta dish was. This was Daisy's style. Food meant the world to her, and it always had done since she was a kid.

Now twenty-one years of age, food was just as important as ever to Daisy. In fact, food was her whole life. Being one of the most up and coming social media chefs was something that made Daisy feel super-proud. She had worked hard to gain her following, and was determined to get the benefits of healthy eating habits out there to the world.

But that wasn't to say that it wasn't hard work.

Far from it in fact.

As Daisy finished explaining the intricate details of her latest pasta sauce, Daisy could hear her voice cracking a little bit. She was tired, and often after a long day's filming she would find her voice straining.

Come on, keep going.

Look happy. Sound happy.

I need to go viral on this one...

Daisy finished the take and immediately reached for a glass of water. As she gulped the water down, Daisy felt the sweat dripping off her bleached blonde surfer babe

hair. It was hot in the studio, and the lights were extra bright too. With her high cheekbones and toned body, Daisy looked great on camera and it was undeniably part of the reason why her TikTok, YouTube and Instagram channels had proven so popular.

Daisy was wearing a *Daisy's Kitchen* t-shirt in crisp white, accompanied by a pair of tight red and yellow striped chinos. It was a good look, one that would pop on camera that was for sure.

The idea to produce merchandise had been Max's, and although it meant it limited what Daisy could wear on camera, Daisy figured it was good for earning some extra money and getting her name out there into the world even more.

In fact, sometimes Daisy would get paranoid that her popularity was based more on her looks and image than on her recipes. This thought sometimes even made Daisy a little bit sad. With food being such a passion for her, Daisy wanted to be known for her skill in the kitchen rather than just the fact that she was all kinds of cute.

Still, Daisy didn't like to complain.

And like her manager Max said, without the social media Daisy would have to get a regular job and would never be able to get the big recipe book deal she was chasing.

Daisy took a look around the studio. It was a small studio apartment in the heart of one of the city's hippest districts. With its exposed brick walls and sleek, modern kitchen design it really looked great.

Truthfully, Daisy didn't know how she was able to afford to rent it, but fortunately for her it was up to Max to sort these kinds of things out.

Finances weren't exactly Daisy's strong point, so the fact that she had a manager to do all of that for her really took a load off Daisy's mind.

‘Daisy, two minutes and then we’re going to film a promo. Got it?’ Max said, calling out from the other side of the studio as he tapped away on his laptop. ‘Energy! Energy! Energy!’

‘Okay, got it!’ Daisy shouted back, wincing a little. ‘No problem!’

Daisy’s throat was really starting to feel sore, but she knew that she had no other option but to plough on. The thing with producing content was that it was a never-ending process. There was no such thing as a maximum amount that could be made, it was literally limitless!

Daisy looked at her cell phone to take a look at how her recent uploads had been doing. The most recent video was of Daisy attempting to make a jackfruit hoagie while balancing on a skateboard. It was kind of dumb, Daisy knew that – but Max told her that this kind of gimmick would keep the viewers engaged and entertained.

‘Wow, one hundred thousand views!’ Daisy gasped.

But her smile didn’t last too long as she scrolled down and saw some of the comments underneath. There were plenty of very positive comments but amongst them there were quite a few nasty and insulting comments too. These were the comments that Daisy would always remember, the ones that would plague her mind late at night.

Daisy had always been a sensitive soul, ever since childhood. She knew it was crazy to feel so emotional about anonymous online comments, but Daisy just couldn’t help it.

‘*Urgh,*’ Daisy sighed, putting her cell phone down and pouring another glass of water for herself. ‘Why are people so... *poopy?*’

Daisy called out over to Max and asked if she could have a longer break, but Max replied and said that there was

simply no time to spare. Daisy would have loved even a twenty-minute break to head out onto the busy street outside and grab a smoothie or even a little caffeine for a treat.

But what Daisy would have truly loved to have done was taken a full hour off to get some rest and relaxation in. Daisy couldn't help but let her mind wander and consider exactly what she would get up to if she had the time...

Coloring a big book of dragons, elves, and handsome princes?

Making pretend with a big box of wooden kitchen toys?

Maybe even having a story read to her before a long nap?

All of these options sounded utterly dreamy to Daisy. But Daisy knew that for now at least, they were off the cards. Even so, Daisy's desire to have fun and let herself bask in her Little based activities was hard to shake.

Ever since she could remember, Daisy had known that she was different to most people. Being a Little wasn't what defined her, that honor went to being a chef. But her identity as a Little was still super-important to Daisy.

Littles wanted to play, to relax into a world of Little fun with their toys, craft, story books and games. Littles wanted to be cared for, they wanted to be looked after by a big, strong Daddy – and if this involved some strict discipline too, then that was all the better!

Daisy had all of these desires herself. But with being so busy on an almost 24/7: 365 basis, it made things tricky to say the least. The idea of finding a Forever Daddy to nurture her, punish her when she was naughty, and to offer a whole ton of other naughty benefits was something that just seemed out of reach.

'At least I've got you, right Beet?' Daisy said as she crouched down and opened up his rainbow-colored

backpack. 'My *bestest* stuffie for life!'

Beet was a beetroot-colored bear. Daisy had owned the stuffie since she was eight years old and happened to see Beet in a vegetable farm store during a road trip with his parents. They had been inseparable ever since, and Daisy took Beet *everywhere* she went.

Max was never keen on seeing Beet out of the backpack though, his thoughts being that it wouldn't be good for Daisy's public image if people knew she was a Little. Daisy didn't like this, but grudgingly followed Max's advice.

Anyway, Daisy would still always make sure to check in on Beet and provide him with little snacks and snuggles.

Nothing could ever *truly* come between a Little and her stuffie!

'Let's go!' Max called out, beckoning Daisy over to the other side of the studio. 'Now let's make this promo *pop!*'

Daisy walked over toward Max and couldn't help but notice that Max was wearing a very shiny new necklace. It looked like it had diamonds in it. There was no way it was real, it just couldn't be!

Still, Daisy knew that Max liked to hustle and had a ton of other clients on his roster too. Maybe the diamonds were real? Either way, Max was looking pretty fancy in his designer t-shirt and slicked back multi-colored hair.

'Okay, Daisy, we're calling this the Knife Swipe Challenge,' Max said, passing Daisy four incredibly sharp Japanese chopping knives. 'Trust me, this one will go nuts on TikTok. Just try not to cut yourself!'

Max let out a long, hard belly laugh. Daisy giggled, but inside felt nervous. She really didn't want to mess around with knives this sharp, they could be super-dangerous.

But more than that, Daisy really didn't see how this had anything to do with food. There wasn't a fruit or vegetable in sight.

'Max... I... um...' Daisy said, not knowing how to express her uncertainty.

'Yeah, yeah, *where's the food?*' Max laughed, dismissing Daisy's concern. 'Don't worry. The more hits we get, the bigger the book deal will be. But speaking of deals, I need your log-in details to make a money transfer. We've got a big promo deal on the horizon. It could be *the one.*'

Daisy nodded and gave Max the details, but all she could think about was getting back home and making some dinner for herself and Beet too.

* * *

Back at her apartment after another long day of promos, TikToks, and a longer video for her YouTube channel, Daisy was barely able to stay awake. Daisy could feel her eyes shutting, her eyelids heavy and at the point of needing matchsticks to prop them up.

'I'm... *done?*' Daisy said, looking over to Beet. 'Can you write this recipe book for me?'

Daisy had been desperately wanting to finish her recipe book for so long. It was her passion, and she knew that if she could just carve out enough time to really focus on it then she would be able to produce something brilliant.

But that was easier said than done.

Daisy got up from her small kitchen table and went over to the refrigerator. Opening the door, Daisy saw that there wasn't much in there at all. Down to her last fruity juice box, a half-eaten pasta from two nights ago, and a barely edible old banana, things weren't looking too rosy.

In fact, it wasn't just the refrigerator that was looking a bit on the bare side. Daisy's apartment was still pretty much as unfurnished as it had been when Daisy moved in well over six months ago.

With the sad old couch and ancient TV set and not a whole lot else, it really didn't look like the kind of place that Daisy's viewers and followers would have imagined that she lived in. In fact, it was the total opposite to the studio apartment that Daisy filmed in most days.

The irony wasn't lost on Daisy either.

But Max said that it was far more important to spend the money on the studio than it was on Daisy's own place. Daisy didn't really understand why she couldn't just live in the studio. It was an actual apartment after all. But Max had explained that it was down to some kind of deal she had agreed over the place only being used for a business, or something like that.

'Well, at least we have our pens and paper!' Daisy said, walking back to the table with a juice box. 'Maybe when this book is done and sold to a publisher, we can get ourselves a new place?'

That was very much Daisy's dream.

But right now, that dream felt as far away as it ever had done.

Before Daisy could do any more scribbling down of her new risotto recipe, she felt his eyes close again. The recipe book would have to wait, it was time to snuggle down on the old couch with Beet and get a much-needed nap.

Because Daisy's day wasn't done yet, there was still the small matter of meeting her fellow Little friends at The Cuddle Castle later on that night...

* * *

Despite her hectic schedule and the fact that her nap turned into a two hour snoozefest, Daisy was happy to have made it to the club.

With its flashing lights, jumping party tunes, and totally happy and welcoming atmosphere it was always a great place to hang out.

Daisy was at the club with several of her friends. Nicki, Britney and Emma were all still out on the dancefloor, each one of them having the time of their lives as they boogied the night away as hunky Daddies watched on and talked amongst themselves.

The Cuddle Castle was maybe the one place where Daddies and Littles could come together and express themselves totally naturally. Not everyone appreciated the way that Daddies and Littles chose to live, and some people could even be judgmental and horrible. But there was none of that kind of attitude in The Cuddle Castle. It was a truly safe space where everyone could just be themselves.

But as much as Daisy loved being at the club, she couldn't escape the fact that something wasn't quite right. It didn't make any sense to her though, she should have been having a great time...

I'm with my friends.

The party is popping off!

But... I don't feel so good...

Daisy waved over to her Little friends and pointed toward the outdoor chill-out garden. It was time to take herself out of the noise and upbeat energy for a moment and clear her head.

Daisy didn't want to admit it, but in that moment she really would rather have just stayed at home and carried on sleeping. But after working so relentlessly for the previous two weeks, Daisy had wanted to make the most of her night off and socialize.

There just didn't seem to be enough time to fit everything in that Daisy liked to do. It wasn't just nights out partying, but other things as well. In fact, in the last three weeks alone Daisy had missed out on several playdates, paint parties, and even a big picnic in the park. As a Little these were activities that Daisy loved to do, but because of her schedule it just hadn't been possible.

Daisy loved to have fun, and right now it certainly didn't feel like she was having anywhere near enough of it.

As she sat down on the bench and looked up to the night sky above, Daisy actually felt like crying. She was *exhausted*. She felt totally burned out. She was...

Who the hot desert is that?

OMG, that's one smoking hot Daddy.

And he's walking over here for some reason...

Daisy didn't know where to look. She felt sure that the Daddy was walking over in her direction, and he was so big and gruff looking that it was making Daisy feel all tingly down in her special place.

With greying silver fox hair that was cut immaculately into a smart style, this was no ordinary Daddy that Daisy might expect to see out partying. The man's large, clearly muscular body was perfectly housed inside a finely tailored suit and Daisy also couldn't help but notice the man's perfectly polished shiny black shoes.

This man was a gentleman of some style. And much to Daisy's surprise, he was headed straight in her direction.

But what does he want with a silly social media chef like me?

Chapter 2

Rock considered his literary agent to be a good friend. In fact, Rock looked upon his agent as one of his oldest, most loyal friends in the world. But that didn't mean that he enjoyed business dinners with him. Far from it, in fact...

'Edward, I've told you, the book will be done when it's done,' Rock said, clenching his jaw in frustration. 'And no number of five-star meals or complimentary opera tickets is going to speed that process up!'

Rock shook his head in a half-serious, half-playful irritation.

'It's been so long though, Rock. Years in fact!' Edward Lock said, his tone equally as exasperated as Rock's had been. 'You know I have your back all the way, but I'm not going to stop riding you until you turn in a new manuscript. Just think of your poor readers. They want that new Rock Carver novel and they want it ten years ago!'

The pair of them laughed. This was how it always played out when Rock came into the city to have dinner with Edward. Both of them were naturally dominant, alpha male types.

Edward was one of the top literary agents in the business and his reputation was enough that a recommendation from Edward was like a gift from the Gods as far as a

writer was concerned. In fact, Rock had been Edward's first big success as an author...

'Like I said, it will be done when it's done,' Rock smiled, doing his best to hide the concern in his voice. The truth was that the manuscript was no nearer to completion than it had been for years. 'Anyway. Let's see what this whiskey menu looks like. I feel like something to take the edge off.'

Rock was forty-six years old and should have been in the prime of his writing career. But despite several best-selling books in his back catalogue, Rock was experiencing the longest dry patch he had ever known. The words just hadn't been coming to him for longer than he could remember.

So instead of touring the world to packed out book shops and auditoriums, Rock was now living a far more sedate life as a college lecturer upstate. The money was good and the slower pace of life allowed Rock to live a little bit more freely.

When he wasn't helping students with the first drafts of their novels, Rock would find himself out hiking, rock climbing or generally doing any kind of physical activity in the great outdoors.

It was a far cry from the years when Rock's books were selling like hot cakes, and he was in demand for every exclusive party and opening night in the city. That all seemed like a distant memory to Rock now, but he felt pretty comfortable with it.

And now that the fine, Japanese whiskey was being served up, Rock and Edward's attention began to finally turn from the professional to the more personal...

'So, tell me, Rock,' Edward said, his green eyes flickering with mischief. 'Any girls taking your fancy on campus?'

‘As you know, faculty-student relationships are strictly prohibited,’ Rock said, slowly wagging his finger. ‘But to answer more broadly. No. Nothing. Not a single girl in town has grabbed my attention in a while. Maybe I’m just too old for all this.’

‘Come on, don’t give me that bullshit,’ Edward said, his finely coiffured black hair shining under the restaurant’s expensive lighting. ‘You’re a big beast of a Daddy. That flame doesn’t go out. Trust me, I should know!’

Rock laughed. It was a big, wholesome belly laugh too. Edward had always had a serious appetite when it came to Littles. Although he had been single for a while, Edward had the kind of growling, snarling desire to spank cute little butts that was probably unmatched across the whole city.

And despite Rock’s protestations to the contrary, Rock did still feel the urge to bend a girl over his lap, pull her panties down and dish out a good old-fashioned spanking.

‘Don’t think I don’t see that look in your eye,’ Edward smiled knowingly. ‘Just you wait until we get to the club. I’ll give you fifteen minutes before you’re eying up a delectable babygirl to make yours for the night.’

‘Don’t fucking bank on it,’ Rock said, his defenses up. ‘I’ll come to the club, but that’s only to catch up with some of the guys. And anyway, the last thing you should be doing is trying to set me up with some girl. I need my time and mind clear to finish this Goddamned novel you won’t stop hassling me for!’

The two Daddies laughed. They were back in their old groove. This was always the case when they met up, Rock and Edward’s bond going back so long and so deep that they would never not be the best of buddies.

Edward may have been a couple of years older, but it was like they had the kind of bond that people who had come up in school together had. The pair of them had been through a lot together. Some of it good. Some of it not so good too.

Rock sipped on his drink and contemplated the evening ahead of him.

Fuck. There will be cute girls out tonight.

But I'm not going there.

Maybe I won't ever go there again...

Rock couldn't help but remember his last proper relationship. It had been at the height of his fame, and at the time Rock felt like he had found his perfect match. Certainly, that was the way it had felt at the time. Sadie was a good girl, full of spark and sass – just the way Rock liked it.

But cracks began to show in the relationship as Rock's runaway book success meant he was busy all the time and jealousy from Sadie began to creep into their relationship.

It was as if Sadie couldn't deal with the fact that Rock's time was in demand. Sadie began to grow more and more suspicious of Rock's newfound friends and fame, gradually even becoming convinced that Rock was running around town with other girls.

The truth was that Rock had at times been *tempted*. Some of the cutest Littles in the city – and beyond – were practically throwing themselves at him. And being away from home and often in big, lonely cities only added to that temptation.

But the truth was that Rock had never once strayed. Despite the offers, Rock had always been able to turn down the advances and stay loyal to Sadie.

Sadly, Sadie just didn't see it this way.

In the end, Sadie's jealousy turned to paranoia, toxicity, and a whole ton of arguments that never seemed to be resolved. The breakup was sad, difficult, and actually prompted Rock to take up the offer of a lecturing job upstate.

The breakup with Sadie had left an indelible mark on Rock.

There had been cute girls since Sadie, but nothing serious. Nothing even approaching serious in fact. But short-term hookups had never really been Rock's thing. Just like the novels he wrote, what Rock craved above everything else was a deep, substantial connection.

'Damn, this whiskey is *good*,' Rock said, breaking himself out of his own daydream. 'Hey, do you remember that time at Spank Bar in LA?'

'Holy hell, yeah! *Whiskey and Paddle Night*,' Edward chuckled. 'Boy oh boy, I'd love to do that again.'

'I might even finish this book to help make it happen,' Rock said, warming to the theme and forgetting any thoughts of Sadie or past mistakes. 'It was such a shame the movie deal never worked out. Shit. That's life though, right? We fall, we get up again.'

'Exactly, that's the Rock Carver spirit,' Edward said, raising his glass to toast. '*Rise and fall, we get up and go again!*'

The two Daddies continued to drink. The whiskey was good. Maybe *too* good. But before either one of the men consumed too much, Edward's mind was back on thoughts of The Cuddle Castle...

'My man, I'm going to call an Uber and get us to the club,' Edward said, holding his cell phone in one hand and his whiskey glass in the other. 'And don't even

attempt to back out now. You're in the city for one night. Let's keep this party going. Just like we used to. We'll show those young gun Daddies how two *real* Doms hit the club.'

'Man, I don't know,' Rock said. 'I know I said I'd go, but...'

'But nothing. The only butts I want to hear about are the round, peachy kind we'll both be spotting at the club!'

Edward roared, his infectious laugh proving impossible to resist.

Rock had to hand it to Edward – he was one charismatic and compelling guy. Perhaps this was the reason that Edward was such a successful agent, but it always seemed like he knew exactly what to say in order to get his own way. Rock wasn't complaining, after all it had been Edward who had helped put his novels into the world and sell so many copies across the globe.

Still, Rock really wasn't sure that he wanted to go to a club.

It will be packed.

Noisy. Sweaty. Silly girls acting out.

But Edward wants to go...

'Screw it, I'm in. Let's go,' Rock said, the look of delight on Edward's face making it all worth it. 'But don't you go running off and leaving me after fifteen minutes. I know most of the guys there will have their girls with them, so I can't rely on them for company. I need you as my one source of good conversation, okay?'

Edward nodded, but it was clear that his mind was already in the club.

It was time to drink up, hop into the Uber and haul ass over to The Cuddle Castle NYC...

* * *

'A beer please. Screw it, make it two,' Rock said, his gravelly voice in full-on grouch mode.

The Cuddle Castle was as busy as expected. And as loud as Rock had known it would be. With the most poppy dance music blaring at an almost unbearable level, Rock wanted nothing more than to be back at home with a roaring fire and a black and white detective movie on his wall mounted television.

Not only was Rock predictably unimpressed with the club, but as he had predicted Edward had already vanished into the night. The last Rock had seen of Edward was when an admittedly very cute girl in electric-blue hotpants approached him with a shiny red paddle.

Good for Edward.

I hope he tans that girl's ass good and proper...

Rock took his drinks from the bartender and immediately made his way out of the main club room and toward the outside area. Rock figured he would give Edward the time it took him to finish the two beers before he headed back to his hotel room.

Although knowing Edward like he did, Rock was betting that he wouldn't see Edward again for the rest of the night. Still, if that meant that Rock could head home relatively early then he wasn't going to complain too much.

As Rock took a seat on the large bench, he found himself thinking about work. But not his novel. Instead, Rock was thinking about the lectures he was scheduled to give that next week at college.

Teaching was something that Rock had never imagined he would have enjoyed anywhere near as much as he did. There was something very satisfying about passing on his love for literature onto his students. Some of the students had a lot of talent when it came to their own writing too, and Rock enjoyed the process of guiding them, helping them to avoid the pitfalls that many young writers fell into.

Maybe it's the Daddy in me.

Well, if I can't have a girl at least I have my students...

But as satisfying as it was to offer his help and life experience to students, it wasn't the same as having a Little to call his own. Rock knew that, and it was a feeling that just wouldn't go away.

No matter how deep Rock tried to bury his feelings on the subject, he knew that somewhere inside him there was a desire to administer discipline in a way that only a Daddy could.

Rock quickly finished off the first beer. It was a nice German lager that he'd had many a time before. But as he was about to sink the second beer, Rock's eyes fell upon something, or rather *someone*, very new indeed...

Who the hell is that?

She's cute as hell, but she looks sad.

That's a girl in need of some wise words...

Rock got up from the bench and walked across the outdoor area toward the girl.

The closer Rock got, the cuter the girl became. She was young and had the kind of perfect complexion and razor-sharp cheekbones that a catwalk model would die for. But more than that, the girl had a body that was slender and athletic too, with just the right amount of curves to make her quite a spectacular proposition.

‘All okay here, girl?’ Rock said, towering over the downcast Little. ‘You look like you could do with some cheering up?’

‘I feel crappy,’ the girl said.

‘And do you have a name?’ Rock said, a firm tone in his voice. ‘I’m Rock.’

‘*Um*, yeah, my name’s Daisy,’ Daisy said, looking up at Rock with her sparkly blue eyes. ‘I haven’t seen you here before.’

‘Clubs aren’t my thing,’ Rock said, sitting next to Daisy and placing his big hand on Daisy’s slender shoulder. ‘And I think we *both* need to get out of here. How about I take you back to my suite and tuck you in for a good night’s sleep? No strings attached. Just a bedtime story and a sound night of sleep.’

Rock could see that Daisy was thinking it over.

There was something about Daisy that seemed different to the other Littles in the club. Everyone else seemed like they didn’t have care in the world. But Daisy had something on her mind. Something that was stopping her from enjoying herself to the best of her ability. Rock didn’t like to see that in anyone, but especially not in as sweet and sexy a girl as Daisy.

‘I think I’d like that a lot,’ Daisy said. ‘But one question.’

‘Ask away,’ Rock replied, intrigued by what Daisy might want.

‘Can I bring my stuffie?’ Daisy said, pointing to the purple bear poking out the top of her backpack. ‘I can’t sleep unless Beet is with me.’

‘Of course you can. I’m a Daddy, I know how important stuffies are to their girls,’ Rock said.

Daisy's face filled with the brightest smile Rock had seen all night. It was a lovely sight. It was also the first time in as long as he could remember that Rock had felt that *connection* he craved with a girl...

Calm down.

This isn't about me.

This is about helping the girl...

'Great. On your feet then,' Rock said, the firmness in his voice clearly noted by Daisy who immediately rose to her feet. 'It's time to put your butt to bed. And I don't expect *any* sass about it either. You need a good night's sleep and I'm going to ensure you get one too...'

With that, Rock escorted Daisy out of The Cuddle Castle.

It was time to go back to the hotel and show this girl exactly what an experienced Daddy could do to help her get a good night's rest and recuperation.

And in the morning? Well, who knew what might happen...

Chapter 3

The Uber ride back to Rock's hotel room was lovely. Daisy felt comfortable enough to snuggle up against Rock and close her eyes as the car made its way through some late-night traffic toward the hotel.

With the car heating set to high, it was enough to make Daisy nearly fall asleep on the journey. But Daisy felt too embarrassed to go to sleep just yet – there was no way she was going to do that with someone she barely knew. Not yet anyhow!

'I want to wait until tuck-in time,' Daisy said, looking up at Rock.

'That's up to you, kid,' Rock replied, his huge body the perfect thing to snuggle up to for any car ride. 'Don't worry about it. If you fall asleep, I'll carry you up to the suite.'

Daisy felt her heart skip a beat.

There was something so masculine about Rock. The Daddy vibes coming off Rock were so strong that Daisy couldn't help feel a little bit aroused as well as tired. In fact, the longer that Daisy was up close and personal with Rock in the car, the more turned on she got. This could be a problem...

What if he can tell how turned on I am?

Rock might get mad.

He might... spank me.

Daisy felt herself blushing as she imagined all the ways that Rock might punish her for getting aroused in the car. After all, this hadn't been a sexual thing. Rock had merely offered to take Daisy back to his for a tuck-in and bedtime story.

And anyway, Daisy knew that she had no time to be getting herself involved in a relationship. The way Daisy's schedule was working out over the course of the next few weeks, things were only going to get busier and busier.

Daisy let out a long sigh. Something that didn't go unnoticed by Rock...

'Talk to me. Tell me what you're thinking,' Rock said.

'I... I... I think I might want to take a break from work,' Daisy said. 'But I'm worried what my manager might say.'

Daisy felt her voice wavering as she spoke. It felt scary to even speak the words. Daisy knew full well that Max wouldn't react well to any idea about time off or taking an extended break. As much as Max had done for Daisy's career, Daisy was starting to wonder whether Max had her own best interests at heart.

'*Grrrr*. You shouldn't be afraid, girl,' Rock said, an irritated tone in his voice. 'You're *his* boss, not the other way around. A sweet girl like you should never be afraid to make her own schedule.'

'T-t-t-thank you,' Daisy said, the authoritative tone in Rock's voice bringing out Daisy's submissive side. 'I'm just so tired all the time. I really just want to focus on my recipe book. And real cooking too!'

Daisy kept talking.

It felt good to let it all out.

And it felt even better to do it while snuggled up in Rock's warm, manly embrace. Daisy knew that she could never express herself like this to Max, and could almost predict word for word what Max would say in response – *and it wasn't good.*

But with Rock it was different.

Rock was listening to every word that Daisy was saying. And with Rock's rock-hard chest and strong arm for comfort, Daisy felt more comfortable in opening up and talking than she had done for a long time.

It may have been a cold and windy night outside of the car, but the feeling inside was the total opposite. The more Daisy talked about her career, the more she could see that she had been pushed in a certain direction by Max. In fact, Daisy couldn't remember the last time she even made a normal cooking video.

'I... just... want to feel *happy* with my work,' Daisy said, getting a little bit emotional as the truth hit home. 'I know it might sound silly to you, but I see my recipes and cooking as an art form. And if all I'm doing is wacky videos and promotional stuff, I'm not really able to feel any true connection. Does that make sense?'

Rock seemed to take a big, deep breath before replying.

'It certainly does make sense,' Rock replied. 'I know a thing or two about being a frustrated artist, believe me on that. It's important that you do what makes you happy, girl. But we can talk about that another time. We're nearly at the hotel now and you're one tired Little. It's time to get you inside and safely tucked up in my king-sized bed...

* * *

Rock's hotel suite was fancy with a capital F. With high ceilings, antique furniture, and huge windows that looked out onto the city skyline, it was the kind of suite that wouldn't have looked out of place on an HBO drama or expensive movie.

'*Wowie*, this place is... something else,' Daisy said, wondering just how rich Rock was. 'Is this where you always stay?'

Rock laughed.

'It depends how much my agent wants to butter me up,' Rock replied, removing Daisy's jacket. 'You got a little bit wet from the rain. And it's late. And you need to sleep. No more questions. It's time we got you into bed.'

Daisy felt herself blush.

The way Rock was handling this was making Daisy feel very excited. Part of Daisy was desperate for Rock to make a move on her.

Rock wasn't the usual kind of person Daisy would meet in The Cuddle Castle. Rock was obviously a man of refinement, sophistication, and being from outside the city she was far more attuned to taking a step back and slowing things down.

As far as getting hot and heavy went, it really didn't look like that was on the cards. Not that night anyhow. But that didn't mean that Daisy was any less aroused...

'I'm a bit shy about taking my clothes off,' Daisy said, conscious of the moistness at the front of her white cotton panties. 'I... um... can you look away while I change?'

Rock smiled.

'Of course, I wouldn't have it any other way,' Rock said, taking a step to the side as she opened the double-doors into the master bedroom. 'You strip down to your pants

and hop into bed. I'll be in when you give me the green light.'

Daisy smiled and scooted past Rock and into the bedroom. Rock closed the doors to allow Daisy full privacy as she got undressed. There was no denying now that Rock was different from most men. And Daisy *liked* it.

He's so chivalrous.

I feel safe.

But also super-duper tired, so...

Daisy looked at the huge bed and immediately felt her body relax. It was going to be significantly more comfortable than the bed at her apartment. Daisy could tell from the plush duvet and silky soft bedsheets that this was going to be one relaxing night of sleep for her.

Daisy removed her clothes and felt a sense of warmth from the room. The hotel room was *perfectly* cozy. As Daisy stood on the soft carpet underneath, she realized that her special place was still a little bit on the excited side.

Why can't Rock burst in and ravage me?

I'd let him if he wanted to....

But...

Daisy felt conflicted. she couldn't recall the last time she felt anything like this attracted to a Daddy. Rock ticked all the boxes as far as looks went. He was big, strong, and had the most handsome face a Little could ever dream of.

On the other hand, Daisy really didn't want to fool around with a Daddy in the knowledge that there wasn't enough time for a relationship. Not only that, but Rock lived upstate.

Long distance relationships *never* worked out, certainly not in Daisy's experience anyhow.

'Okay, you can come in,' Daisy said, fully intending to immediately jump into bed.

But as she heard Rock begin to open the large, heavy door, Daisy tripped and found herself lying face down on the floor. This was totally embarrassing!

'I, um, I, fell!' Daisy said, blushing intensely as Rock towered over her.

'I need to put your clumsy little tushy to bed, babygirl' Rock said, shaking his head in disapproval. 'Here, I'll lift you up.'

The sensation of Rock lifting her up felt electric. Daisy knew she was far smaller and infinitely more slender than Rock, but the ease at which Rock picked her up was something else.

The fact that Daisy was wearing nothing but her panties also made the moment feel even more electric. The feeling of her mostly naked body pressing up against Rock's finely tailored shirt with the muscles underneath was almost too much for Daisy to handle.

Fortunately, Rock put Daisy down onto the bed and quickly wrapped her up inside the duvet before Daisy's arousal could get too far out of control.

'It's so comfortable!' Daisy said, smiling as Rock made sure to tuck her in around her feet and then all the way up both sides too. 'But what about Beet?'

'Way ahead of you,' Rock replied, reaching into his trouser pocket and pulling the stuffie out. 'I saw him poking out the top of your backpack and figured he would be a non-negotiable in this situation.'

Daisy smiled as Rock placed Beet down next to her face.

‘Now why don’t you two get comfortable and I’ll read us all a nice bedtime story,’ Rock said, reaching over to the bedside cabinet and picking up his Kindle. ‘Don’t worry, I’ve got enough stories on here to last a lifetime!’

As Rock began to read, Daisy could feel herself getting drowsy again. The bedroom was warm, the mattress was soft but also offered enough support, and with Beet alongside her it felt like Daisy was in the safest place on earth.

In fact, as Rock read the story, Daisy could feel herself relaxing in a way that she hadn’t for a long time.

Rock’s story was about a naughty dragon who just wanted to have fun all day but didn’t practice her fire breathing enough so got into trouble with the older dragons. It was a sweet story that of course had a happy ending – but Daisy was enjoying being read to so much that she wanted another story.

‘I want another!’ Daisy said, kicking her feet and letting in a blast of colder air. ‘I want another story *now!*’

‘I think that story was more than enough for a tired girl like you,’ Rock replied, a hint of firmness in his voice.

‘No! I want more!’ Daisy said, a giddy energy in her voice.

‘Enough!’ Rock barked. ‘You will be grateful for that story or I’ll be left with no choice but to spank that bottom of yours.’

Daisy was shocked into silence. Rock sounded like he meant it.

‘Good, that’s much better,’ Rock said, seemingly realizing the effect of his words on Daisy. ‘You’re tired. You need to sleep. What kind of man would I be if I let you stay up too late?’

Daisy felt too embarrassed to speak. Daisy was aroused and her mind was all over the place. Daisy felt turned on,

intimidated, and totally cozy all at the same time. It was a good feeling, one that definitely explained why her friends who had found their Forever Daddies were always so happy!

‘Now if you’re a good girl, I’ll read you a story in the morning,’ Rock said, standing up from the bed and giving Daisy one final tuck-in. ‘Give me a shout if you need anything, I’ll be crashing on the big couch for the night.’

With that, Rock leant over and planted a kiss on Daisy’s forehead. All Daisy could do was smile back at Rock and then close her eyes as Rock walked out of the room.

‘Night night,’ Daisy said, her voice soft and sleepy.

‘Night night, girl,’ Rock said, stopping at the door and turning the light out. ‘Sleep well.’

Rock shut the heavy doors behind him and Daisy found herself very quickly drifting off into a deep sleep.

Please please please let me dream about Rock!

A naughty dream too...

I think I like him. And I think he might even like me.

But before Daisy could conjure too many sexy images of Rock in her mind, she was fast asleep. It had been a super-busy last few weeks, and Daisy was finally getting the rest she needed. And it was all down to Rock.

Chapter 4

Rock shut the door behind him and walked through into the kitchen area of his suite. With its stainless-steel surfaces and high-end coffee machine, it was the kind of place that Rock could easily have seen himself working on his new novel.

Well, that was if Rock ever actually got back to working on his novel properly. Life just hadn't fallen in a way that made Rock want to write in a very long time. Still, it was always nice to remember the feeling of sitting down with his laptop and hammering away onto the keys late into the night and sometimes even until the sun came up.

Hmph. Perhaps not tonight.

But... someday soon.

Maybe.

Rock poured himself a glass of water and gulped it down in less than five seconds. He was seriously *thirsty*. There had been something spicy in his meal that evening, and Rock couldn't quite pick out the flavor accurately.

Whatever it was, he was certainly feeling a little dehydrated – a fact that was also probably down to the whiskey and beer he had consumed too.

As Rock walked to the couch in the suite's open living space, he paused outside the closed bedroom door. Being careful not to make any noise, Rock leaned in and listened out for any sounds of Daisy rustling around.

Nothing. Not even the slightest peep could be heard coming from the bedroom. Daisy was clearly out like a light. Rock smiled and felt pleased with himself.

‘She ain’t your girl though,’ Rock muttered to himself as he walked back over toward the large black couch. ‘Don’t go getting any ideas either.’

Rock sat down on the couch and had a quick scan over his emails. There was nothing of importance waiting to be read or responded to, just a couple of emails from the pain in the ass college Dean.

It was time for Rock to practice what he preached and get some sleep. While Rock felt like his time with Daisy was going to be limited, he wanted to make sure that when morning came, he was ready to enjoy each and every second he had in the company of the hottest girl in the city.

* * *

‘*Urgh.* Fuck,’ Rock groaned, his stiff neck feeling like an ancient, creaking ship’s mast as he sat up from the couch. ‘That girl better be worth it!’

Rock stood up from the couch and stretched his arms above his head. Wearing only his black Calvin Klein Y-fronts, Rock felt a sudden urge for caffeine. And water too.

As Rock waited for his espresso to pour, he attempted to tease out the stiffness in his neck. Rock had arranged to go climbing with Jax that week and knew that given how competitive things got between them, he would need to be working at full fitness to stand a chance of keeping up with his good Daddy friend.

With the espresso cup full to the brim in one hand and a tall glass of ice-cold water in the other, Rock hauled his

body over toward the large stainless steel table.

The combination of the caffeine and the H2O worked wonders for Rock, and soon enough he felt like he was ready to tackle the day.

There was no sight or sound of Daisy yet, but Rock was more than happy to let the Little sleep. After all, that had been the whole point of this arrangement. Daisy clearly had been neglecting her sleep and without Rock's intervention was only headed one way, and that wasn't good at all.

Rock picked up his cell phone and tapped out a message to Edward...

Good morning. Do I even need to ask whether you went home with a girl last night? Let me guess... blonde, blue eyed, and with a peachy ass you could spank until dawn? Anyway. I'm headed back upstate today. I'm not promising anything, but I feel different somehow... there could be an update on my novel sooner rather than later. Take it easy my friend, Rock.

Perhaps to Rock's surprise, it wasn't long before he received a reply from Edward. In Rock's mind, Edward was probably still frolicking with whoever he'd hooked up with the previous night. But Edward being Edward, there was always work to do...

Great news, Rock. I knew you'd be back on the keyboard and firing out another bestseller in no time. And is it any coincidence that this news follows a sighting of you leaving the club with a girl of your own? I'll leave that for you to ponder. Must dash, I've got meetings with three senior editors, a CEO, and then... a rather cute pop star

who wants to write an autobiography. Speak soon, Edward.

Rock smiled and put his phone back down on the table. It was always a great time to hang out with Edward in person. They'd been through so much together, and it was a sign of the depth of their friendship that no matter how long it went between real life meetings, they were always able to pick up their back-and-forth banter like they had never been apart for longer than a week.

But did Edward have a point about Rock's sudden uptick in writing inspiration having something to do with Daisy? Rock wasn't sure, but he couldn't deny that it got him thinking for a moment.

But Rock's thoughts were abruptly interrupted by the sound of some very loud snores coming from the bedroom.

'Surely that can't be the girl?' Rock chuckled, surprised by the sheer volume of the snoring. 'Only one way to find out.'

Rock got up from the table and walked over toward the double doors that lead into the bedroom. Taking care to open them very slowly and carefully, Rock peeked his head inside the bedroom.

The sound very much *was* Daisy snoring.

But more than that, Rock found himself totally entranced by the sight of Daisy's mostly naked body on top of the bed, her slender but toned legs splayed wide with only her tight panties protecting her modesty.

Holy hell.

That body...

That ass...

It was clear that while Daisy may have still been fast asleep, her body and mind was very much working. The sight of Daisy's hard, pink nipples was unavoidable as she let out a dreamy moan of pleasure in between her snores.

But as hot a sight as Daisy was, Rock knew it wasn't his place to be looking.

As carefully as he could, Rock shut the doors and took a moment to compose himself. Daisy's body was absolutely perfect - slender and petit yet toned and athletic too. It was *exactly* that kind of physique that drove Rock crazy.

But just as Rock's own manhood was beginning to wake up, he scanned his eyes across toward the kitchen table and saw his phone flashing. Maybe it was a message from Jax about their rock-climbing day?

Sadly, the message wasn't from Jax.

In fact, it was from precisely the last person that Rock wanted to hear from...

Rock, I need you to confirm with my secretary that you intend to meet your new requirements. You need to be taking at least four extra student-lecturer responsibilities on per week. This is NOT a request. I hope my message is understood. Dean Earl Houser.

Rock rolled his eyes and for a second felt tempted to toss his cell phone right out of the window and down onto the punishingly hard city street below.

Earl Houser, or Dean Houser as he insisted on being addressed as, was a royal pain in the ass. Full of ego, arrogance, and hellbent on turning the college into some kind of corporate hell hole, Houser was making life

uncomfortable for any member of staff who didn't toe his exact line.

And Rock very much fell into that category.

The old Dean had been far more understanding of Rock's need to take his time and work on his writing. This was how liberal arts colleges had always been run. But Houser had other ideas. And ever since their first meeting, it had been crystal clear to Rock that the two of them were *not* going to get along.

'Well, if he thinks I'm replying on my day off, Houser can sit on a dick,' Rock said, angrily tossing his phone onto the couch.

'Bad moment?' Daisy said, her soft voice startling Rock. 'Sorry! I don't want to disturb anything!'

Rock turned around and immediately felt his spirits lift. Daisy looked angelic, having got up and put on a t-shirt that went down to her knees. But it was her sweet smile and sparkly blue eyes that grabbed Rock's attention, practically lighting up the suite on their own.

'Nothing, nothing at all to disturb,' Rock said, sounding as convincing as he could. 'Just a pain in the ass spam email. You know, right?'

Daisy giggled. It was clear that this girl was smart and didn't believe a word that Rock was saying.

'And when I say spam, what I mean is my pain in the ass boss,' Rock said, waving Daisy over toward him. 'But enough about me. You look rested. I hope the bed was to your liking?'

'It was. I had a super-duper sleep,' Daisy said, blushing a little bit. 'But the bed was almost too big for just one person.'

Wait...

Is the girl flirting with me?

This can't happen.

'Yes, well, that as may be,' Rock said, putting on a formal, controlled voice. 'A good sleep is only part of the solution though. We need to get some nutritious food in you. And as good as the breakfast at the hotel is, I have a far, far better idea. Come on, get freshened up and I'll show you where the big men get their morning feed. Come on, hurry along. I want you ready in two minutes flat.'

Daisy smiled and immediately sprung to action without questioning Rock for a split-second. Rock felt his Daddy urges going into overdrive. It felt good to give out orders, to care for a girl, and especially if that meant a trip to his favorite breakfast spot in the city... *Oliver's Oats*.

* * *

'Wow! I've never seen so many different kinds of porridge!' Daisy cooed, her voice full of excitement. 'I always thought porridge was a boring Daddy breakfast. But now...'

Rock rolled his eyes and felt amused but happy that Daisy was so enthusiastic about being in *Oliver's Oats*.

'So, guys, what can I get you?' Oliver said, standing tall and strong behind the counter. 'I'm guessing you'll be going for your usual, Rock?'

'You can bet on it,' Rock replied. 'Jumbo oats, oat milk, blueberries, strawberries, banana, and a little dash of Maple syrup.'

Rock's stomach was rumbling just at the thought of tucking into the oats. He looked over to Daisy and could see that maybe the sheer choice on the menu might be a little bit overwhelming for her.

‘Don’t worry girl, I’ve got this,’ Rock said, putting his arm around Daisy. ‘Oliver, Daisy will have a bowl of jumbo oats with oat milk and give her the full fruit selection with... a squirt of chocolate sauce too.’

Daisy jumped up in delight. Rock immediately knew that he had made the right selection.

‘Okay guys, take a seat and I’ll bring it over when it’s done,’ Oliver said, flashing a knowing smile at Rock.

Oliver was a Daddy Dom too, and him and Rock had been friends for some years now, dating back to the opening day of Oliver’s Oats in fact.

‘I love it here,’ Daisy said, looking around at the shelves full of oats in large glass cases. ‘It’s like super minimalist, but comfortable and with a really cool style.’

‘You know your stuff,’ Rock said. ‘It’d definitely been designed with Daddies in mind, that’s for sure! But it’s good to see that it meets with your approval too.’

As Daisy continued to look around and take photos on her phone, a thought occurred to Rock...

‘So, girl, tell me why you don’t have your own café or restaurant?’

‘It’s complicated,’ Daisy said, a little bit downcast. ‘Max, my manager, says I need to put all of my focus into my social media. He says that’s where the real money and profile is’

Rock nodded but couldn’t help feeling somewhat suspicious of this so-called manager. As far as Rock could see, it suited the manager to keep Daisy earning money online rather than actually working in a real environment and keeping the money herself.

Something didn’t quite add up.

This manager hadn't made a good impression on Rock based off what Daisy had said about him, both the previous evening and that morning in the café.

Rock couldn't quite understand how Max thought it was appropriate to work Daisy so hard either, especially when it was clear that Daisy was close to breaking point in terms of tiredness.

But Rock didn't feel like it was his place to speak out on Max. For now at least he would keep quiet and simply enjoy the breakfast. Speaking of which...

'The oats are... *up!*' Oliver said as he placed two piping hot bowls of artisanal oats down on the heavy oak table for two. 'Enjoy!'

As Daisy eagerly devoured the porridge, Rock couldn't help but think about how exhausted Daisy had been when he met him at the club. Try as he might, Rock couldn't let go of his suspicions over Max either. The whole situation wasn't right, and Rock decided that it was time someone did something about it.

But before Rock could say anything, Daisy decided that it was time for her to speak out on her own feelings...

'Thank you so much for bringing me here,' Daisy said, licking her perfectly plump lips. 'After doing so much social media stuff, to be honest I was beginning to lose my love for food. Which is something I really never-ever-ever thought I would say. Poop. I'm actually a bit sad that after this I have to go back to doing all those silly videos for Max.'

This was the last straw as far as Rock was concerned.

Something had to be done, and Rock knew that he was the Daddy to do it.

'Girl, the way you speak about food reminds me of how I used to talk about writing,' Rock said, his voice full of

passion. 'You need a break from this social media nonsense.'

'But Max says-'

'Frankly I don't give a damn what Max says,' Rock replied, almost snarling with anger. 'Max and his stupid videos can be put on pause. You're coming with me to the campus. For a few weeks at least. Let's call it a month. You can finish off that recipe book, really make it the best it can be. And while you're upstate, we can visit restaurants and cafes and you can decide exactly what kind of place you want to open. I won't allow such a talented girl to squander her talent. And that's *Daddy's Orders*.'

Rock suddenly became conscious that his heart was racing. With each thump of his heart, Rock waited on bated breath for Daisy to respond. It felt like a lifetime, and even more so as Daisy nervously looked at her flashing cell phone screen.

But then, in a moment that Rock would never forget, Daisy put her phone away and took a big, deep breath.

'Yes. Yes-yes-yes!' Daisy squealed, in her enthusiasm almost sending her porridge bowl flying across the room.

'Perfect. We'll pick up some clothes and essentials, then I'll drive us upstate,' Rock said, placing his hand on the table right next to Daisy's, their fingers touching up against each other. 'Next stop, Larkridge College campus.'

But as excited as Rock was, he knew that things weren't about to get any easier.

With the chemistry between him and Daisy already bubbling under the surface, Rock had no idea how long he could keep a lid on his desires.

Things were about to get very complicated indeed...

Chapter 5

In the moment that Rock spoke the words to Daisy, everything felt surreal. Daisy hadn't quite been able to believe what it was she was hearing. On the one hand, it sounded like an absolutely wonderful opportunity to break free and rest, relax, and get her love of food back.

The thought of being upstate in the great outdoors was something that made Daisy feel upbeat, positive, and full of hope. Daisy had been watching a YouTube channel that focused on growing vegetables and fruit and then using them to make all kinds of super-delicious dishes.

Perhaps Rock would even let Daisy try this in his garden?

The mere thought of not having to maintain her relentless filming schedule was enough to make Daisy want to burst out in tears of joy too.

But on the other hand, there was Max, Daisy's manager, to think about. Daisy suddenly realized that she was actually a little bit afraid of Max. This wasn't a nice thing to realize, but Daisy just put it out of her mind. After all, she was with Rock and felt as safe as safe could be.

Ultimately, it hadn't been a difficult decision. Daisy's heart was pumping, and her adrenalin was coursing over her body at a million miles an hour. When Daisy uttered the words, the look of delight on Rock's face made the decision seem even more like it was the right one.

Any thought of Max was long gone, and the prospect of spending time with Rock out of the city was filling Daisy's heart and soul with pure joy.

After finishing off breakfast at *Oliver's Oats*, Daisy and Rock went back to her apartment to pick up her stuff. Daisy felt a little bit embarrassed by how sparse her apartment was, but fortunately Rock wasn't one to be judgmental...

'Hey, I thought it was just Daddies who dug the minimalist vibe?' Rock said as he ran his hands along the worktop in Daisy's apartment. 'I guess you weren't kidding when you said you liked the setup at *Oliver's Oats*?'

Daisy giggled. she found Rock's dry sense of humor to be so funny. Daddies were known for telling goofy jokes all the time, but Rock's slightly more reserved style and deadpan delivery really hit the spot for Daisy.

Jeezy-wheezy. Hot and funny too?

I think I might want him to be my D-

Don't even think it...

Daisy blushed at even the slightest thought about what life could be like as Rock's special Little. The firm, guiding hand. The stern reprimands. The *spankings*!

Just thinking about it was making Daisy feel excited.

But it wasn't just that aspect of being with Rock that Daisy appreciated. Although they had only just met, there was something truly special about the way that Rock had instinctively read Daisy's feelings about food, her career, and her workload.

Daisy was used to Max and Max's friends always pushing her to work harder, do *more*, never take a moment to herself and reflect.

But Rock was different.

Rock was genuinely only thinking about what was best for Daisy in any given situation.

Even the way that Rock stepped in and helped out with Daisy's porridge order was heartwarming and reassuring. It was enough to make Daisy go weak at the knees and *all tingly* somewhere else too.

'Come on now, we haven't got all day,' Rock said, breaking Daisy out of her daydream. 'And remember, I want you packing light. No need for all the iPads, games consoles, and other tech that you Littles seem to love so much.'

Daisy blushed. But she wasn't feeling shy. It was more a feeling of embarrassment...

'I... I... don't really have anything like that,' Daisy said, her voice sounding sad. 'Max says I don't have enough money to spare. I need to keep reinvesting it?'

Rock frowned.

'That doesn't make any sense to me,' Rock said. 'But, on that topic... I might not have all of the latest technology back at home, but I'll see what we can do. Now, no more talking. Let's get you packed up and we can get out of town.'

Daisy smiled. She could feel herself relaxing into her submissive side. But it wasn't like things were with Max at work. This was different. Rock was simply looking after Daisy, and all Daisy wanted to do was get ready and let Rock take her away for a nice, long break.

Daisy knew that Max wouldn't be happy when she found out, but that was something to deal with later. Rock would know what to do if Max was angry, Daisy was sure of that.

Saying no to people had been a problem for Daisy for as long as she could remember. Growing up, her parents moved around a lot and one of the upshots of this was that Daisy was always the new kid in school at the beginning of each year. What this resulted in was that Daisy never forged the type of longer-term bonds that made her comfortable in her friendships.

So each academic year throughout junior high and then high school it was always the situation for Daisy that she felt like she had to put her best foot forward and be as amenable as she could. And if that involved saying yes to things that she may not have been entirely sure about, then that was precisely what she did.

Often, Daisy would even find herself in trouble for going along with something, even if she knew it was something that she didn't want to – or shouldn't – have been involved in.

Daisy had confided this to Max one night at the end of a long shoot, and it was beginning to dawn on Daisy now that maybe Max had used this knowledge for her own advantage from time to time.

But as Daisy finished off packing her stuff, she was determined to stay close to Rock and follow her instructions. Max might not be happy with her decision, but with Rock by her side Daisy hoped that everything would be okay...

* * *

Daisy watched as Rock slung her suitcase into the car's trunk. With the sun shining and a cool breeze in the air, it felt like a perfect early autumnal day.

'Now, let's move,' Rock said, stopping in his tracks as she saw Daisy worriedly looking at her phone. 'Girl. I said *let's*

go. What's up?'

Daisy didn't know how to respond to either Rock or indeed Max. Daisy looked again at the last of Max's messages...

Don't you DARE leave. If you give a shit about your career, you'll be at the studio in an hour. We've got a lot to get through and right now your dumb crybaby attitude is costing everyone, including you, a shit ton of money. I'm not fucking around. Do not disappoint me. Max.

Daisy didn't know what to do.

In fact, such was the severity of Max's messages Daisy was suddenly having doubts about even leaving with Rock at all. As she looked at the phone screen and read the series of angry messages from Max, Daisy felt hopeless, lost, and a little bit scared too...

'I... I... I... don't know what to say,' Daisy said, her bottom lip trembling and her eyes beginning to tear up. 'It's... Max... he's... mad at me!'

Daisy flung herself into Rock's embrace and held on as tightly as she could manage.

'Give me your phone,' Rock said, his voice tender but also making it clear that he wasn't requesting the phone, he was insisting upon it. 'Let me see *exactly* what's going on.'

Daisy handed Rock the phone and then immediately snuggled herself back up against Rock's wide, strong chest. Daisy could feel Rock's body tensing up and was momentarily worried that Rock was angry with her.

But Daisy needn't have worried.

Rock was about to make it very clear as to whose side he was on...

‘I’ve never met him, but I’ll say it: I don’t like this Max guy one fucking bit,’ Rock said. ‘And I’ll be damned if I’m going to let him push you around like this.’

Without a second’s delay, Rock switched Daisy’s phone off and handed it back to Daisy.

‘Problem solved,’ Rock said, a kind smile on his face as he opened the passenger door for Daisy. ‘The drive is a couple of hours and I want to hear all about your favorite foods. You can even try and think of some new dishes you’d like to try out. I’ll be your test subject!’

Rock’s words meant so much to Daisy.

As they pulled away from Daisy’s apartment block to a car stereo soundtrack of some classical music, Daisy felt good – certainly a lot better than she had in quite some time.

But Rock wasn’t quite ready to let Daisy relax on the journey just yet...

‘Girl, what you need is a complete social media detox,’ Rock said, the prominent bulge in his pants very clear due to the angle of his seat. ‘If I suspect that anything outside of messaging friends is going on, there will be trouble. Am I understood?’

Gulp. Is he talking about... punishments?

Does Rock want to... spank me?

OMG, I might just... explode.

‘I need to hear you say it, Daisy,’ Rock said, his voice sounding impatient, like he didn’t appreciate having to ask twice. ‘Do you understand?’

‘Y-y-y-yes, I understand,’ Daisy said, her voice full of nerves, excitement, and anticipation. ‘T-t-t-thank you,

Da...

Daisy stopped herself just in time. She couldn't quite believe that she had been about to call Rock *Daddy*.

Daisy could sense that things were about to go up a notch between her and Rock. And it excited her. It excited her *a lot*.

'Good. I'm glad to hear it,' Rock said, breaking the silence. 'Now, let's go. We'll refuel with caffeine and warm milk in about an hour. I know the perfect place.'

Their road trip was about to begin, and Daisy couldn't wait for their first diner pitstop!

Chapter 6

The drive out of the city and upstate was a joy.

Rock could tell that Daisy was still suffering from burnout, so was happy enough to see Daisy drifting in and out of sleep during the journey.

But when Daisy was awake, the conversation flowed as smooth as hot butter off a knife.

Rock couldn't believe just how much him and Daisy had in common. Yes, they were very much polar opposites in many ways but there was a clear and undeniable common thread between them.

As Daisy talked about her all-consuming passion for food, Rock thought back to his own childhood where he would spend hour after hour working on his own stories.

Rock hadn't had much growing up, and money was tight in the Carver household. But one thing Rock's parents always made sure of was that Rock and his brothers had enough paper, pens, and books.

Reading and writing was such a big passion in their home that it was no wonder that out of the three brothers, one was a book reviewer, one a screenwriter, and of course... Rock was an author.

Rock couldn't help but look back on those early years with a slight sense of regret. Somewhere along the way, Rock's massive success as an author had seen him lose

his spark. The breakup with his former Little had been a huge blow, but it was more than that. Something had been missing for a long while.

But speaking to Daisy and hearing just how enthusiastic she was for the art of making innovative, fun, and tasty food was enough to get Rock thinking that his own passion for writing might come back one day in the not-too-distant future.

‘Daisy, we’re nearly home,’ Rock said, cringing at little at his choice of words. Yes, it was home to him – but as far as Daisy was concerned it was just somewhere she was staying. ‘I mean, home to me. You know what I mean.’

‘*Mmmmm*,’ Daisy said, her sleepy eyes opening as she stretched her arms up and out from her body. ‘How long was I asleep for that time?’

‘Only about forty-five minutes,’ Rock said, chuckling and pleased that Daisy didn’t seem to have heard his misstep. ‘Something tells me that I might need to dig my old alarm clock out from storage. You’ll be getting enough sleep with me, but there’s no way I’m allowing you to spend all your time snoozing in bed!’

Daisy smiled and picked up her half-full juice box and took a long sip on it.

‘Wow! Is this... *your* house?’ Daisy said, her eyes now fully open as Rock turned off the tree-lined road and pulled up into his driveway. ‘It’s... *big*.’

Rock looked at Daisy and saw that she was blushing.

‘Well, yes it certainly is *big*,’ Rock chuckled. ‘But don’t be too impressed. It’s owned by the college. As a big draw for the university, I get to stay there rent free. I’ve even tried to buy it from them a couple of times, but something’s always got in the way.’

'I don't care who owns it,' Daisy giggled. 'I can't believe I get to stay here with you!'

Rock put his hand on Daisy's knee and smiled warmly.

It felt good to see how enthusiastic and positive Daisy was being. They hadn't even stepped foot inside the house yet, but Rock could see that Daisy was already feeling more relaxed and tension-free than at any point since they had met.

All that was left now was getting Daisy inside and settled down.

'Come on, I'll give you the full tour,' Rock said, smiling as he watched Daisy running and jumping into a big pile of Fall leaves that had been swept up together. 'Careful, you'll have Mr. Saul from next door after you if you make too much of a mess!'

'But I love it so much!' Daisy squealed. 'Tree lined streets, big comfy houses, gardens, I love it all! It's like a dream!'

Rock watched and took in every moment of Daisy's innocent and joyful enthusiasm.

God damn, she's cute.

She's as sweet as pumpkin pie and probably twice as naughty.

I need to keep my urges under control...

'Inside, now. That's an order!' Rock said, probably over-correcting too much and putting on his gruffest voice.

With that, Daisy hopped to attention and followed Rock in through the old oak door and inside the house.

'Well, this is the entrance hall. Obviously,' Rock said, standing in the open plan area and proceeding to point Daisy in the direction of each room. 'We've got the main living room, the rumpus room, the kitchen, my study.'

Then upstairs we've got the usual bedroom and bathrooms. You'll have your own bathroom and bedroom of course.'

Daisy nodded along, but Rock could see that Daisy's attention span was struggling to keep up with all the information. Daisy had a look of pure Little delight on her face and it came as no surprise when Daisy took her stuffie Beet out of his backpack...

'Beet! Look! This is our home for the next few weeks!' Daisy squealed with joy. 'Please can I go up and guess which my room is? Please? Pretty-pretty-pretty-super-cherry on top *please?*'

Rock let out a big laugh that echoed around the entrance hall.

'Of course you can,' Rock said. 'The whole house is yours. Well, apart from my study. You don't go in there unless it's with me, got it?'

'Got it!' Daisy said, her lithe body already half-way up the curved, hand-carved staircase. '*Waah!* This is *soooo* exciting!'

Rock listened as he heard Daisy discover the guestroom.

With the sound of Daisy excitedly jumping up and down on his bed, Rock thought it best to allow Daisy some time to get fully acquainted with his new surroundings.

As far as Rock was concerned, it had been a long journey and after the mediocre coffee on the road, he was more than ready for some of his own specialty coffee beans.

* * *

Rock sipped the last drops out of his second triple espresso. He was starting to feel hungry too but decided

to wait for Daisy to come down before planning what to eat.

The kitchen looked nice and clean and tidy, just how Rock had left it. The only difference being that the campus cleaning lady had stacked up Rock's mail on the large kitchen table.

'*Urgh.* That can wait,' Rock said, not remotely interested in reading any of the mixture of junk, bills, and campus news that had landed on his mail mat in his absence.

Far more interesting to Rock was the message that had just flashed up on his cell phone screen from his Daddy friend, Jax...

Yo! Mr. Carver. Tell me what's new. I NEED to hear more about this girl. And before you say anything - yes I do need to know if you've got your hands on her yet. I know you play your cards close to that damn chest of yours, but you need to open up and let me live vicariously through you! Still good for climbing tomorrow? Z.

Rock smiled wryly. He loved and cherished his relationship with Jax. Jax was a retired race car driver who was the very definition of a risk taker – as the scar on his cheek from a high-speed crash testified.

The pair of them loved to push each other when they went rock climbing and given their similar age it was also a close-run thing as to who would come out on top.

Typically, Jax would win the speed climbing challenges whereas Rock would more often than not triumph in the trickier technical climbs. Either way, they always had a good time together and even more so when they hit the bar afterward for some well-earned beers.

But this time, the beers might have to be put on ice...

Hey, Jax. Of course I'm still on for the climbing tomorrow. I wouldn't miss it for the world. But... I'm going to need to take a rain check on the beers afterward. The girl is going to keep me busy, and you can make of that what you will. Seriously though, I can't wait for you two to meet. She's a good girl, I can tell. Special even. Later my friend. Rock.

Rock laughed as he imagined the look of sheer frustration on Jax's face as he read the message. Jax loved to know *exactly* what was going on, so to receive such a tantalizing message would be driving him wild.

That being said, Rock couldn't deny that he was looking forward to meeting up with Jax tomorrow. Daisy would certainly be a hot topic of discussion, and Rock wanted a fellow Daddy to talk to.

Rock had felt attracted to Daisy in a kind of clothes-ripping, butt-spanking, all-out action kind of way from the first time he clapped eyes on Daisy in The Cuddle Castle. This attraction had only got hotter and more intense since then.

Even on the journey upstate, Rock was looking over to a sleeping Daisy and imagining the kinds of things they could do together.

Maybe it was the fact they were driving through the lush countryside, but Rock's mind soon became fixated on a particular kink of his... outdoor sex.

The very possibility of both him and Daisy being butt-naked in the wild, dense woods together had been enough to make Rock's dick rock-hard for a vast portion of the journey.

Rock had even imagined all manner of scenarios playing out between him and Daisy. As much as he knew that this was about helping the girl out rather than anything romantic, Rock's mind had veered into the most erotic, full-on fantasies imaginable.

This was why Rock knew that spending time with Jax would be beneficial. Without going into detail over the nature of his fantasies, Rock would at least be able to run some things by Jax and try to work out the best way of keeping things professional between him and Daisy.

Well, that was Rock's plan anyhow.

Rock knew that Jax would almost certainly try to encourage him to get physical with Daisy – after all, as a former race car driver Jax was always very much one for living life in the fastest of fast lanes.

Before Rock could let his mind settle back into racy thoughts about Daisy, he was brought back into the real world by Daisy herself...

'Wow, this kitchen is... a *dream!*' Daisy said, walking into the kitchen with Beet under her arm. 'It's triple the size of my kitchen. Maybe four times the size!'

'Well, you're certainly welcome to treat it as your own,' Rock said, smiling. 'In fact, I *insist* you do. Starting tomorrow I want to see you trying out new recipes, cooking up a storm, and generally being as happy a girl as you deserve to be. There's one rule though. And this is a rule that *cannot* be broken.'

'W-w-what is it?' Daisy said, sounding genuinely nervous.

'The rule is... I must always have a sample to try!' Rock laughed, rocking back in his chair. 'No sample, and there will be a punishment to follow.'

Daisy blushed, and Rock felt a surge of power run through his body. This felt good. It felt *seriously* good in

fact. Daisy looked adorable in her red hoodie and short baby-blue shorts.

The idea of unbuttoning Daisy's shorts and pulling that peachy butt over his lap was making Rock feel like every inch the Dom he had once been. Daisy seemed to *want* to submit to him, and Rock was enjoying every moment of it.

'I do have one thing to confess,' Daisy said, a guilty look on her face. 'Well, kind of confess...'

'Spit it out,' Rock said, his voice firm and commanding. 'Let's start how we mean to go along.'

'Well... I kind of *nearly* went on social media,' Daisy said, blurting her words out. 'But I didn't. I *promise* I didn't! I just wanted to say that I thought about it. I hope that's okay.'

Rock took a moment to consider. It wasn't great that Daisy felt so attached to social media, but on the other hand it was good that she'd managed to resist temptation. Even better was the fact that Daisy had the courage to admit it to Rock...

'*Hmmm*. I see,' Rock said. 'We'll done for telling me. That's good. I'm proud of you for resisting temptation too. This might just work out even better than either of us could have hoped for.'

Daisy smiled and seemed delighted by Rock's approval.

Rock stood up from the table and put his heavy hand on Daisy's shoulder. It was dawning on Rock that as beneficial as he could be for Daisy, the same might very much be true of the reverse too.

The only problem Rock could foresee between them was successfully keeping a lid on their burgeoning heat...

Chapter 7

The next few days were fun with a capital *F*.

Daisy was enjoying life around campus so much that she was almost tempted to start looking at application forms and grade point averages. Well, not quite. The academic side was never really Daisy's strong point, but it was certainly true that campus life suited her.

Whether it was taking long walks with Rock or exploring on her own with only her backpack and Beet for company, Daisy was truly enjoying the feeling of letting go of her relentless filming schedule.

In fact, Daisy couldn't remember the last time she felt so happy. It was as if a giant weight had been removed from her shoulders.

There were cafes to try out, woodlands to explore, and Daisy was even noticing how many potential Littles there were on campus too. She hadn't plucked up the courage to approach anyone yet to see for sure, but it certainly felt like the kind of open-hearted place that would be welcoming for a Little.

Spending time with Rock was wonderful.

Daisy felt safe with Rock, and loved the way that Rock would guide her, offering good advice and probing questions when it came to Daisy's plans for the future.

Rock's approach was different to Max's approach, that was for sure. It was becoming clearer and clearer to Daisy that Max was all about the here and now, pushing Daisy to do whatever would get results in the short term. Rock had a different philosophy, focusing on asking Daisy what she would want to be doing in six months, a year, or even further down the line.

But it wasn't just Rock's friendly but firm guidance that Daisy appreciated. Daisy couldn't help but notice just how admired and respected Rock was by the students on campus. Even the students that Rock didn't teach seemed to hold him in high regard.

It was kind of awe inspiring for Daisy.

But nothing would top the moment when Daisy was walking across the main lawn between the college cloisters. The fall breeze was whistling around the open courtyard and the busy and bustling students were holding their books up close to their heavy, thick coats.

Suddenly, as Daisy and Rock were in the middle of talking about a new recipe idea that had come to Daisy in the middle of the night, they were approached by an enthusiastic but nervous looking student...

'Excuse me, sir,' came the voice of a young man, perhaps a freshman or second-year student. 'Mr. Carver, please can you sign this?'

'Why, of course,' Rock replied, not showing any emotion. 'This is a first edition. Where did you pick this up?'

Rock was signing a copy of his most famous novel, Grand Condor Hotel. It was in good condition, but Daisy could see some signs of aging on it. Either way, it felt incredible to watch the look of awe in the young student's face as Rock signed the copy.

'You're... kinda are the reason I write,' the student said, clearly nervous. 'But, whatever, thank you so much! I'm

such a dork!

Rock shook his head.

‘You’re not a dork, you’re choosing your path, and I’m glad that my book inspired you,’ Rock said, kindly minimizing the student’s embarrassment.

With that, the student left with the book and a huge smile on her face.

‘Wow, that was something else,’ Daisy said. ‘The students just *love* you!’

‘I don’t know about that, but I do think I’m pretty well respected,’ Rock said. ‘I never thought I’d end up teaching, but that’s life. I’m comfortable with how things turned out.’

‘But what about a new book?’ Daisy said. ‘I know you’ve sold millions of copies of your other book. It’s crazy that you haven’t published anything in so long!’

Rock shook his head and laughed.

‘Girl, life isn’t always that simple,’ Rock said, placing his arm around Daisy’s shoulder. ‘Life is full of complexities. Writing a novel isn’t like posting an Instagram update! But you don’t need to worry too much about stuff like that. You’re here to unwind, rediscover your own passion. Don’t you go concerning yourself with problems. Understood?’

Daisy could tell from Rock’s tone of voice that he wasn’t messing around. But Daisy also could see that Rock felt a little bit sad about not having published a book in so long.

And after all that Rock was doing for her, Daisy wanted to do a little something in return.

Rock sounds... a little sad.

I need to cheer him up.

And I know how...

‘Pretty please can I have a hot chocolate?’ Daisy said, making her best puppy dog eyes. ‘It’s this fall breeze! Even in my coat I’m feeling a little chilly.’

Rock growled, but he evidently felt like a hot drink himself.

‘Sure, kid,’ Rock said. ‘I’ll allow it. You wait here while I queue up at the Tea Truck. I’m sure they’ll do a perfect hot chocolate to go alongside my English tea.’

This was perfect.

Daisy watched as Rock strode over towards the Tea Truck and took his place in the queue. Rock towered above the students, his physically imposing frame even putting some of the football jocks in the shade.

He’s so... sexy.

But this isn’t about that.

This is about doing something good in return for Rock...

Despite knowing it was against the rules, the sight of Rock being preoccupied by the queue for the hot drinks was too good to resist. Daisy had been itching to look at her cell phone all morning and if she was going to have a chance to do so, now was the window of opportunity.

Daisy leant up against a lamppost and turned her body slightly away from Rock. This was perfect. With Rock’s view of Daisy obscured, she snuck her phone out of her pocket and immediately made a beeline for TikTok, then Instagram, and then YouTube.

Because Daisy had signed herself out of her accounts, she wasn’t inundated with messages or updates. This meant that she was simply presented with all the latest viral videos. Daisy felt very naughty as she looked at the

phone – but there would be no consequences as long as Rock didn't spot her!

Daisy found herself scrolling like a maniac before long. It was like all of the social media she had missed over the last few days was suddenly being uploaded into her brain at a billion miles per hour.

Daisy almost felt dizzy with excitement. The fact that she knew she was doing something that was against Rock's rules was also probably part of the reason for why she felt so giddy.

'Oh, shoot!' Daisy said, glancing over toward the queue and seeing that Rock was in the process of paying for the drinks. 'Act subtle. Act innocent!'

With one swift move, Daisy put her phone back in her pocket and turned to face in the oncoming Rock's direction.

Phew. Got away with it.

I feel naughty, but...

What Rock doesn't know won't hurt him!

* * *

The rest of the day was pretty relaxing. Daisy and Rock had gone back home to have some quiet time.

Rock spent an hour in his study doing some reading and corresponding with an overseas author.

Daisy meanwhile opened up a new set of coloring pencils and quietly beavered away doing illustrations of some of her favorite meals being eaten by a series of cuddly bears.

Once Rock was finished with his work, he changed into his rock-climbing clothes and headed out to meet with

her friend Jax. Daisy couldn't help but notice just how athletic Rock looked. Out of his normal smart suit and trousers, Rock looked every inch the professional athlete.

Long, strong legs? Yup.

Broad shoulders that looked like they could carry three Littles at once? You bet.

And the fact that Rock was looking so fit and healthy in his mid-forties was just even hotter as far as Daisy was concerned. There was something highly arousing about seeing Rock in his snug thermal t-shirt and short, looser-fit black shorts.

But as hot as Rock had looked on his departure, he looked even better upon his return...

'Rock! You look... *muddy?*' Daisy said, bursting out into laughter at the sight of Rock's mud splattered legs and face. 'Did you make a boo-boo and fall off a rock and into a muddy puddle?'

'*Grrrr*. No, I certainly did not,' Rock said, shaking his head in mock anger. 'What I *did* do, was beat Jax at his own game and manage to make several incredibly tricky jumps.'

'Well done!' Daisy said, full of awe and admiration of this incredibly sexy, rugged man who was standing before her. 'You could probably beat anyone at anything, if that's what you wanted. You're *sooooo* strong and big.'

Daisy felt herself blush. Had she gone too far? How would Rock feel about her being a little bit on the flirty side?

Suddenly, Daisy didn't know what to say or even where to look.

Rock looked muddy, sweaty, and his biceps were looking extra-swollen from all the arm work he had done when he was out climbing.

'Time for me to hop in the shower, girl,' Rock said, breaking the tension momentarily. 'No peeking.'

Daisy gasped.

Is Rock... flirting back?

OMG I don't know if this is good, bad, or totally insanely great?

Gulp... this might get out of hand...

Daisy knew in that moment that there was something happening between her and Rock that was about way more than just a social media detox.

Daisy sat at the kitchen table and listened to the shower go on.

The very idea of Rock being in the bathroom, naked and standing underneath a powerful jet of hot water was enough to make Daisy want to pull her shorts down and play with herself right there and then.

Daisy couldn't remember the last time she had felt lust like this for a Daddy. Daisy knew that she connected with Rock on a personal level, but the physical side of things was spiraling out of all control – and fast.

Daisy could feel her clit tingling in her panties. It wasn't a lazy, vague sensation either. Daisy was feeling her clitty throb. And the harder she tried to not think about Rock's wet and soapy naked body the more aroused Daisy got.

But suddenly, the sound of the shower came to an abrupt end.

'Girl! Get here right this second!' Rock shouted, his voice full of genuine anger and frustration. 'Ten... nine... eight... **HERE! NOW!**'

Daisy felt like she was in serious trouble, but she had no idea why or what for.

Without thinking, Daisy sprung up from the kitchen table and knocked over her carton of new coloring pencils. With her coloring paper flying across the kitchen in her wake, Daisy ran toward the bathroom.

Daisy suspected that she was about to find out *exactly* what Rock was angry about. But two things remained unclear – what did it have to do with Daisy, and what would the consequences for her be?

Chapter 8

‘Three... two... one!’ Rock bellowed, the sight of a panicked Daisy poking her head into the bathroom doing little to calm Rock down.

Grrrr.

This girl is in trouble.

Big, butt-stinging trouble at that...

While he was queuing to buy the drinks earlier that day, Rock had noticed Daisy acting a little suspiciously. Maybe it was the natural born author in him, or maybe the Daddy, but Rock’s senses had told him that something was amiss.

But, at the time, Rock had decided not to pursue it. After all, what could Daisy have possibly been doing?

They were having a great morning, and the last thing Rock wanted was to interrogate the girl now that she appeared to be losing the fatigue and stress that her overburdened life had given her.

During his afternoon climbing with Jax, Rock had explained Daisy’s situation with her manager, the exhaustion she felt, and the idea behind her coming to stay upstate.

Rock had also explained that Daisy would be fully off social media for the duration, something that Rock passionately felt would be of great help to Daisy.

Jax had agreed that this all sounded good. But there had been a hint of caution in Jax's words too – as far as Jax was concerned, it would be easier to put a Daddy on Mars than it would be to keep a girl off her social media accounts for more than a day or so.

Perhaps it shouldn't have come as a surprise to Rock then when he received a message from Jax a couple of minutes ago informing him that all of Daisy's social media accounts had brand new videos uploaded, status updates, and even the promise of more to come over the coming days.

This wasn't good.

In fact, it was enough to make Rock angrily slam his phone down on the marble bathroom worksurface. It was a miracle that his own phone hadn't been shattered. But rather than take his anger out on his phone, there was a far more deserving target standing right in front of him.

'Eyes up and pass me a towel,' Rock said, aware that Daisy's eyes were very much pointing in the direction of his naked, wet lower half. 'Now!'

Daisy jumped to attention and did exactly as she was told.

Rock wanted to thrash her butt right there and then. But before he did that, Rock wanted to find out exactly what was going on, and hear it from Daisy's own mouth too...

'We said you would *not* go on social media, didn't we?' Rock said, wrapping the towel securing around his waist. 'But you went against the rules, did you not?'

'I... I... I... it was just a quick look,' Daisy said. 'Then I logged in just for a second. Not long. Honestly!'

'*Grrrr*. That is no way to behave, and you will need to be punished,' Rock bellowed. 'We can talk about it in more detail later. But right now the only thing that will suffice is

a good, hard spanking. Do you understand, and do you agree to this course of action, girl?’

‘Y-y-yes, sir,’ Daisy said, her voice trembling and her cheeks flushed bright red. ‘I’m sorry! I know I messed up.’

‘Enough, no excuses,’ Rock said, towering over Daisy and feeling every inch a Daddy Dom. ‘Tell me your safeword. I’ll push you hard, but I will *always* respect your safety and sense of wellbeing.’

‘BMX,’ Daisy said, twiddling with her fingers, too embarrassed to look at Rock in the eye.

‘As in the bike?’

‘Y-y-y-yes, D... *Daddy*,’ Daisy stammered, uncertainty in her voice.

‘Good, well let’s not waste a single second longer,’ Rock decreed, sitting down on the bathroom bench before taking Daisy by the arm and bending her over his lap. ‘Shorts and panties... *off!* I need to see these cheeks if I’m going to be turning them red.’

Keep it together, man.

This girl needs discipline, not lust.

But the cheeks are just so damn... peachy.

Rock steadied himself and focused his mind.

It was genuinely important that Daisy was given a proper spanking. Daisy had gone against the rules, knowingly and fully in the hope that she wouldn’t get caught out. Rock knew that Daisy wouldn’t have admitted to it – if she was going to, she would have already.

It was time to administer a painful reminder that rules existed for a reason, and anyone guilty of stepping beyond them was in line to be treated accordingly.

‘Now remember, you have your safeword should you need it,’ Rock said, firmly affixing Daisy in position on his lap. ‘But from this point onward, I will be giving you the full force of my hand on your bare butt. Am I understood?’

‘Yes, Daddy,’ Daisy said, her voice full of nervous trepidation at what was ahead for him.

Rock knew that as a first spanking, this was an important moment. It had been a while since he had delivered a punishment, and he wanted to make sure he got it just right.

‘We’ll begin with ten spans. They will be hard and fast,’ Rock said, his voice controlled but full of serious intent. ‘And off we go!’

Rock pulled his hand back and brought it down onto Daisy’s perfectly rounded left cheek. He quickly followed the first spank with another equally hard one to Daisy’s right cheek.

Rock saw no reason to hold back and continued the spanking, alternating between each cheek and delighting in the sight of them wobbling with each swat of his hand.

‘Awwwwww! Daddy! It hurts! It hurts!’ Daisy cried out, her cheeks looking suitably reddened from the initial burst of spans.

‘Quiet. If you insist on speaking, I want to hear you thanking your Daddy for your punishment,’ Rock roared, the feeling of referring to himself as Daddy filling him with a combination of pride, desire, and an intense wish to spank this Little’s round tushy even harder.

Rock continued the punishment, and to her credit Daisy did thank him for each spank, even though she was clearly in pain.

‘And one more for good luck!’ Rock roared, delivering the final spank onto Daisy’s glowing cheeks. ‘Naughty girls

who tell lies get their bottoms heated up. I hope this makes that fact much clearer for you from here on in?’

‘Y-y-y-yes it does, Daddy,’ Daisy whimpered, her voice quiet and subdued. ‘I’m really sorry. I mean it. I deserved every spank. I promise I’ll do better.’

Rock could tell that Daisy meant what she said. It had been a tough first punishment, and Rock could tell that being spanked wasn’t something that Daisy was used to in reality - even if she did probably fantasize about it.

In fact, Rock felt pleasantly surprised that Daisy had managed to make it until the end without using her safeword. Daisy had done superbly well. And now it was time to give the girl some much needed - and deserved - aftercare.

‘Good job we’re in the bathroom,’ Rock remarked, reaching up to the mirrored bathroom cupboard and pulling out a big pot of skin cooling cream. ‘A few dollops of this should have that little bottom of yours feeling nice and cool in no time.’

Rock began by dotting the cream down on various points over Daisy’s throbbing butt. Then, with enough of the worst afflicted areas covered, Rock began to gently massage the cream into Daisy’s skin, gradually working it out over the full expanse of her pert backside.

‘That feels... nice,’ Daisy said, almost purring in softly spoken delight.

‘No talking, just relax,’ Rock replied, conscious that Daisy wasn’t the only one who was enjoying this.

Rock could feel his rock-hard cock pressing and straining up against his towel. Could Daisy feel it too? Rock wasn’t absolutely sure either way, but it was difficult to imagine that Daisy wasn’t totally unaware of it.

‘Now come on, you can come with me and have a snuggle with your stuffie in my big bed,’ Rock said, lifting Daisy up and carrying her over his shoulder, out of the bathroom, and down the hallway toward the master bedroom.

* * *

Rock was lying on top of the duvet cover with a snoozing Daisy lying under the cover next to him. With her stuffie wrapped up in her arm, Daisy looked truly adorable.

Damn, this babygirl is something else.

How the hell has a Daddy not made Daisy his yet?

Fuck. That’s not what this is about. Focus.

Rock had been jotting notes for his new novel as Daisy had slept. It was the most new material he had managed to produce in quite some time, and it felt good to be putting pen on paper in the old fashioned way.

‘W-w-what time is it?’ Daisy said, opening her eyes and smiling broadly at the sight of Rock lying next to him, albeit on the other side of the covers. ‘I think you spanked me to sleep!’

Rock laughed.

‘Well, there might be *some* truth in that,’ Rock said. ‘You took it so damn well too. I guess that means there’s potential for a harder spanking *if* you step out of line again.’

‘Or maybe even if I don’t,’ Daisy said, blushing furiously and burying her head back underneath the covers.

Rock couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight and sound of Daisy giggling underneath the duvet.

Even if his intentions were to keep this as a more formal arrangement, Rock was beginning to realize very clearly that it was going to be a difficult – if not totally impossible – task to do so.

‘Okay, okay, enough!’ Rock said, trying to sound serious and gruff but failing. ‘It’s time for you to get up and out of bed. I have work to do.’

‘Writing?’ Daisy enquired, poking her cute face out from underneath the covers. ‘Like, a new novel?’

‘Yes. It turns out that having a girl in my house might not be such a pain in the ass,’ Rock said. ‘You might just be inspiring me. But, whatever. It’s time for you to explore some of the campus by yourself. See what inspiration you find. Who knows, you might even make some new friends.’

Rock was pleased to see Daisy jump up out of bed and scurry out of the bedroom and to her own guest bedroom. The sight of Daisy’s naked body leaving was a pleasure and a pain in equal measure. Rock wanted Daisy’s body, there was absolutely no denying his feelings on the matter now.

But more than anything else, Rock felt a sense of Daddy pride at the fact that the girl was looking, sounding, and acting a whole lot more positive now that she was letting go of her hectic city schedule and social media fixation.

As for Rock, it was time to get to work.

This new manuscript wasn’t going to write itself, after all...

Chapter 9

The spanking had given Daisy more than just a nicely toasted pair of butt cheeks. There had been something incredibly soothing and settling about being flung over Rock's strong, broad lap. The feeling of helplessness, total surrender and submission was indescribably awesome as far as Daisy was concerned.

And just as Rock had instructed, Daisy had taken herself out of the house and was wandering around the main campus area, seeing for herself just how nice a place it was.

The contrast with the city was quite obvious.

Gone were the skyscrapers, loud cars and millions of people all jostling for position. In their place were beautiful old buildings that had stood the test of time and an eclectic mix of friendly and chilled out looking students.

This is... nice.

I feel so relaxed, it's almost... weird.

Hmmm, who's that?

Daisy's attention had been caught by a young-looking student who was wrapped up in a green puffer jacket with a bright red scarf and matching bobble hat. There was something about her... she just looked like a Little.

Maybe it was the way she looked. Or maybe it was the fact that whoever she was, she seemed to be having a super-fun time with two toy airplanes. The way she was making them fly and then crash land into a big pile of fallen leaves looked so wholesome that Daisy couldn't resist – she simply had to go over and say hey...

'Hey?' Daisy said, unable to contain her smile as she approached. 'Could I... maybe play with you?'

'Hey! Yes! I'd love that! The name's Trixie by the way. What's yours?'

'Daisy, oh and this is Beet,' Daisy said, turning to show Beet poking out the top of her backpack.

'Awesome! My little stuffie BFF is inside, working on some wicked-cool new science experiments!' Trixie giggled, handing Daisy one of the wooden airplanes.

Within no time at all, it felt like the pair of them had been friends for life. As Daisy has strongly suspected, Trixie was very much a Little. But one thing that did take Daisy a little bit more by surprise was that Trixie wasn't a student.

Trixie was actually a member of staff. Something of a child prodigy, Trixie may only have been twenty-two, but she was one of the leading researchers in her field of science on the East Coast.

'Woah, that's so impressive!' Daisy said. 'I don't get science at all. I...'

'Yeah?' Trixie said, whizzing her airplane across the skyline.

'Well, I'm taking some time out,' Daisy said. 'But I love cooking. Food. Recipes. Scrummy-yummy-in my tummy food. That's my thing.'

The two new friends continued to play and have fun on the well-maintained lawn. They were having so much fun

together that both Daisy and Trixie began to enter into Littlespace. It was a wonderful thing for Daisy to experience – and it was always extra special when it happened with a fellow Little for company.

The two new BFFs were having such a good experience that time seemed to fly by. They didn't have a care in the world, and both felt free to express themselves as naturally and unselfconsciously as they wanted.

But out of nowhere, Trixie suddenly stood up straight, a worried look on her face...

'*Urgh*, watch out – it's the Dean!' Trixie said, suddenly hiding her airplane behind her back. 'He's got a real bug up his stinky butt. I try and stay out of his way. I don't think he likes Littles much...'

'*Hmmm*,' Daisy replied, hiding her wooden airplane too. 'My... Daddy... has spoken about the Dean too. I don't think he likes the Dean much either!'

'Your Daddy sounds like a nice man,' Trixie said. 'Do I know him? Does he live nearby?'

'Tee-hee! I think you definitely will know him,' Daisy giggled. 'It's... Rock Carver.'

'*Woweee!* Rock Carver is your Daddy?' Trixie giggled. 'Swoon! I know a few other Littles on campus who will be disappointed to hear that the great Rock Carver has found his Little.'

'Well, it's all very new at the moment,' Daisy replied, attempting to play it cool, but failing to hide her delight. 'I mean... he really is *everything* I'd ever want!'

Daisy and Trixie were suddenly dancing and jumping up and down together in total joy. It felt so good to refer to Rock as being her Daddy that Daisy was struggling to contain her excitement even the tiniest amount.

What was equally nice was to see how positive and sincerely happy Trixie was. Sometimes people could get jealous or defensive in a situation like this, but Trixie's good heart was clear for Daisy to see.

'Does Rock spank as hard as I think he does?' Trixie snickered.

'Harder!' Daisy replied, bursting into laughter as she turned around and shook her bottom with glee.

Daisy could see the Dean glaring at her and Trixie, so abruptly brought her booty shaking to an end. But the dour Dean couldn't stop either Daisy or Trixie feeling great. This had been a happy day, and a brilliant surprise first hang-out for the pair of them,

The two friends giggled together and watched as the mean-spirited, grumpy looking Dean entered the building opposite, no doubt on a mission to kill someone else's vibe too.

'Anyway, I do have some research to get back to,' Trixie said. 'But let's exchange numbers. If you're going to be around for a while longer, I'd love to hang out some more. Maybe even have a sleepover'

'*Squeeeeeee!* I would love that more than anything,' Daisy cried out in joy, taking her phone out and duly exchanging numbers with her new friend.

Trixie waved goodbye and walked back into the science building.

Daisy felt happy and relaxed. Campus life was fun and made her feel good. And there was only one person to thank for that.

It was time for Daisy to go home and show Rock some appreciation for what he had done for her so far...

* * *

Daisy took a shortcut back from the campus center and after nearly getting lost in a compact but dense section of woodland, she popped out onto the right road.

‘Home!’ Daisy giggled, pulling a thin, twisty twig out of her shoe. ‘Now it’s time to see what my hunky Daddy is doing.’

But just before Daisy crossed the road to go to Rock’s house, she took a minute to drink in her surroundings.

Daisy loved the quiet, disconnected feel of being in a sweet, safe and happy street. The sight of an old couple from a few doors down quietly getting on with some gardening together nearly melted Daisy’s heart there and then.

‘They’ve probably never heard of TikTok, let alone been on a strict upload schedule,’ Daisy said, watching on as the couple laughed and joked with each other. ‘So happy. So *free*. I think that’s the life I want too...’

Daisy hadn’t signed back into any of her social media accounts. She had also put her phone on airplane mode so that she wouldn’t get any messages from her manager, Max. It felt like the right thing to do. Daisy didn’t want to be rude to Max, but the last thing she needed was a ton of angry messages landing in her inbox. This was Daisy’s time to chill, and she was determined to make the most of it.

As Daisy crossed the road and entered the house, she felt full of joy.

Daisy wasn’t the only happy person in the house though...

‘Girl! One thousand words!’ Rock bellowed, his shirt unbuttoned to reveal a seductively sexy amount of

pectoral muscle. 'I've written one thousand *brand new* words! I'm talking about *my new novel*.'

'Woo-hoo!' Daisy replied, unable to resist her urge to run right up to Rock and bury herself in his warm, strong chest.

There was suddenly an unspoken but undeniable moment of friction between the two. A Daddy and Little having a cuddle was one thing, but the sparks flying in this moment were something else.

With a gentle and loving touch, Rock lifted Daisy's chin and leant down to plant a kiss on her soft, wet lips.

Daisy felt her body come alive.

Rock's slightly stubbly mouth made a perfect friction against Daisy's smooth, delicate lips. Daisy's entire body reacted instantaneously, with the warm place between her legs going from zero to one hundred in less than five seconds flat.

As the pair continued to kiss, Daisy loved the sensation of Rock's tongue entering her mouth, wrapping itself around, up and down, and swirling against her own tongue.

Daisy began to feel breathless.

With Rock's hands reaching down and squeezing on her svelte waist, Daisy wanted nothing more than for Rock to totally take control and have his way with her.

But at the same time, Daisy didn't want to rush things and risk ruining what had been a perfect build up of heat between them.

What if he thinks I'm being a baby?

He can have any girl she wants, I don't want to disappoint him...

But I should at least say something...

'D-D-D-D-Daddy, I...'

'Don't worry, kid, you're safe with me,' Rock said. 'We won't do *anything* you don't want to.'

Daisy smiled. It was an incredibly comforting feeling for Daisy to know that Rock was always thinking about her wants and needs too. It made Daisy feel safe. And it also turned her on even more...

'Daddy, let me do something for you,' Daisy said, pulling away from the kiss and sliding down onto her knees so that her face was directly in line with the thunderous bulge at the front of Rock's smart chinos. 'I've been waiting to see this...'

Daisy unzipped the front of Rock's chinos and rummaged around inside until she was able to pull out Rock's magnificent cock.

Daisy knew it would be big but was still surprised at just how impressive it was. Long, thick, and as hard as iron... this was going to be fun to play with!

Daisy began by gripping Rock's shaft with both hands and using her mouth to lick, suck and slurp over Rock's bulbous head.

'Now swallow,' Rock grunted, his arms moving over Daisy's shoulders and swiftly pulling her t-shirt off. 'Show me how much you want me.'

Daisy loved the way Rock was speaking to her. He may have been a respectable college lecturer and bestselling author, but Rock was a Daddy Dom too, that much was clear...

'Fuck. That's good. That's it, girl,' Rock groaned as Daisy just about managed to take Rock's full eight inches into her mouth.

Daisy could sense that Rock wasn't too far away from release. Daisy wanted to make it last on the one hand,

but on the other she couldn't resist the urge to press ahead and get her man to orgasm as quickly as her pleasuring skills would allow.

Daisy increased the speed of her bobbing, using her hands to pull on Rock's heavy, big balls.

Then, in something of a blur, Daisy suddenly felt Rock's entire body stiffen up. Rock grabbed Daisy's head and firmly held it in place as he thrust his cock deeper inside her mouth and gave Daisy his full load of hot, salty seed.

Daisy felt ecstatic to know that she had given Rock so much pleasure. Just from the sound of Rock's heavy breathing, Daisy could tell that she had given Rock a great time.

'You can stay, girl. You can *definitely* stay,' Rock said, his legs slightly unsteady as he moved back onto the couch and took a seat. 'Sit next to me. *Now.*'

Daisy eagerly hopped up onto the couch next to a satisfied Rock.

But if Daisy thought that the fun and games were over, she was wrong. Before Daisy knew what was happening, Rock reached over and pulled Daisy's shorts right off, taking the panties with them.

Daisy's soaking wet pussy was glistening, and Rock wasted no time before getting down to business. Spitting in his hand for lubrication, Rock leant over and worked Daisy's clitty before dropping his head and beginning to work his majestic tongue over her clit, her lips, and deep inside her.

'Oh... my... *Daddy!*' Daisy said, her voice trembling with excitement.

It barely took a minute, but as Rock ate Daisy to satisfaction, Daisy felt like she was in paradise. Rock

clearly knew what he was doing, but it was the chemistry between them that was truly getting Daisy off.

‘Good girl,’ Rock said, sitting upright and smiling. ‘I’m thinking as a prelude to a chill evening, we both hop into the shower together. How does that sound?’

‘It sounds perfect!’ Daisy cooed.

‘Shower and then a cozy evening together,’ Rock said. ‘And that’s *Daddy’s Orders*.’

If Daisy thought the fun was over for the day, she was very much mistaken. Even the thought of being in the shower with Rock was enough to get Daisy’s throbbing clitty on the edge of release again.

Coming to stay with Rock was beginning to feel like the best decision Daisy had ever made – it may have been a risk to drop things in the city so abruptly, but so far it felt like a gamble that was totally paying out - with plenty more rewards in store.

Chapter 10

The kitchen was a hive of activity. Daisy was busy hustling and bustling as she rummaged through the ingredients drawer looking for some spices and herbs that she could use to come up with a perfect autumnal dinner for her and Rock to devour.

Rock watched on and smiled as Daisy chopped up some fresh basil with the kind of knife skills that were *way* beyond his own far clumsier standards.

The girl's talented.

Far too talented to be wasting it on silly videos.

Daisy needs to be working in a kitchen, honing her damn craft.

Rock was determined to not get too serious about things though. It was simply nice to share his kitchen with someone else. When it came to hanging out with his Daddy friends, be it upstate or back in the city, dinner was almost always in a restaurant. The truth was that Rock didn't use his kitchen much, often resorting to takeout if he didn't have any evening plans.

As well as enjoying the upbeat and energetic vibe coming from Daisy, Rock was also very pleased with himself too. For the first time in as long as he could remember, Rock had made some serious progress with his long overdue new novel.

Rock wasn't going to start getting too far ahead of himself, but it was beginning to feel like this damned novel might actually see the light of day one day in the not-too-distant future.

This made a big change from how things had been going over the last few years. Every time Rock had got into even the tiniest bit of routine, something had happened to knock him out of his stride.

The most recent problem was that of Dean Houser. Rock didn't know exactly what it was that the Dean was so pissed off about, but it felt like the Dean wouldn't be happy until Rock was as miserable as possible.

Part of Rock felt like Houser wanted to force him out of his job. It made no sense to him though. The students appreciated Rock, he tried his best to make a fun and safe learning environment, and he was always willing to take time out to speak to them one on one about their work.

Pffft. Whatever.

Houser can kiss my ass.

Tonight is about having fun with the girl.

Rock looked up from his notebook and inhaled. The smell of the oregano and other fresh herbs as they were being mixed into a big bowl of colorful salad was a delight. With some piping hot baked potatoes in the oven too, this was shaping up to be one hell of a meal.

'Okay, I think we're all set,' Daisy said, spinning around to face Rock. 'All we have to do is wait for the roasted jackfruit and we'll be ready like a teddy.'

'*Ready like a teddy?*' Rock said, arching his brow.

'Just a little catchphrase!' Daisy giggled, taking a seat at the table. 'It was the one thing I actually enjoyed about

doing all those videos all the time. Having fun with words and being inventive is kinda cool.'

'Sure is,' Rock laughed, thinking of his own experiences as an author. 'Seeing as we've got a few minutes, I think it's time we had a real talk about what went down between us.'

'Oh no, is it bad news?' Daisy said, a look of worry on her sweet face. 'I thought you liked it as much as I did!'

Rock reached over and stroked Daisy's hair.

'Girl, I absolutely loved it,' Rock said. 'We've got zero worries there. Trust me. No, I mean we need to talk about it and establish some rules, boundaries, and just make sure that we both feel as safe and comfortable as we can. This is still new for both of us, and I want to make sure we take every step we need to.'

Rock could see that Daisy was heeding his words carefully. This was good to see. Sometimes Littles could be way too flaky about setting down ground rules and having serious moments. But Daisy was different to the other girls that Rock had met over the years, that much was obvious to him.

'Where shall we start?' Daisy said. 'I've never done anything like this before. When I had a Daddy before, he said we didn't need to bother with stuff like this.'

'That's the kind of shit that I can't stand,' Rock said. 'But don't worry, I'll always look after you. Here, sit down next to me and we can go through this contract together.'

Rock proceeded to open up his laptop and show Daisy a Word document that listed various different kinks, plus a space for Daisy and him to type out a little bit more information that might be relevant.

In fact, pretty much everything was covered in a way that was both detailed and also simple to understand. After

each going through the contract and checking the various kinks they were into, it was time to talk a little bit more about their favorites...

‘I’m too embarrassed!’ Daisy giggled. ‘You might think it’s... weird or something?’

‘Daisy, I command you to speak,’ Rock said. ‘Embarrassed or not, you don’t need to worry. You simply have no choice in the matter!’

The pair of them laughed. Rock listened as Daisy explained how she had always had a thing for playing with food during sex. It became clear to Rock that this was something that Daisy had spent an awful lot of time thinking about, and yet hadn’t experienced that much of in real life.

‘Don’t worry girl, I’m sure there’s plenty of fun we can have trying it out,’ Rock said. ‘But I might never look at a banana the same way again!’

‘Daddy!’ Daisy squealed with delight, hiding her face behind her fingers. ‘You’re so naughty!’

With the contract promptly signed and saved on Rock’s laptop, it was also time to eat. It smelled absolutely otherworldly, and as Rock and Daisy brought the various dishes onto the table, it was shaping up to be a wonderful evening.

Over dinner, Rock also made it clear that as far as he was concerned, this was very much a monogamous relationship. If Daisy was his girl, then he wanted Daisy to know that she was the only girl in town.

Daisy felt the same too and also confirmed that she wouldn’t be doing anything with anyone else.

‘Does this mean I can... *officially*... call you my Daddy?’ Daisy said, a hint of nerves in her voice.

‘Sure does, girl,’ Rock said in between devouring his perfectly baked caramelized jackfruit. ‘Now, less talk and more eating. We’ve got a movie to watch and a roaring fire that will need tending to.’

As they finished off their meal, Rock’s mind was briefly flung back to the heartbreak of how things ended with his last Little. But rather than feel worried that the same thing would happen again, Rock only felt a sense of pure optimism and contentedness flow through him.

Great food, a perfect girl, and now a movie.

What more could a Daddy want?

* * *

It turned out that Daisy enjoyed the meal and the hot fire so much that she wasn’t able to make it beyond the first fifteen minutes of the movie.

Rock didn’t mind though.

The feeling of a warm and soft Daisy all snuggled up to him on the couch as he watched the action movie play out was just perfect.

The fire was fully loaded with chopped logs and there was more than enough in the black metal wood burner to last for the duration of the movie.

Rock was enjoying the movie, but he couldn’t prevent his mind from wandering at times. The feelings that Rock was developing for Daisy were real. He could tell that this wasn’t a phase or a passing crush. It was something deeper.

Rock wasn’t the kind of Daddy who fell in love with every flirty Little he came into contact with. In fact, Rock would often find that girls annoyed him. They were either too silly or simply didn’t have enough about them to handle

his intensity or commitment to his novel writing and teaching.

But this girl is different.

Daisy's got his own things going on.

She just needs to find a way to make the best of her talent...

Rock was brought back into the real world from his daydreaming by the sound of a large explosion coming from the television set. Despite the fact that Rock had seen this movie at least eight times over the last few years, he was always taken aback by how action packed it was.

But just as Rock was settling back into another helicopter chase, he saw his phone flashing with a message from one of his Daddy friends in the city. It was Mitch, and it seemed like news of Rock's arrangement with Daisy had spread quickly...

Well, well, well! Who'd have thought it? Rock Carver cohabiting with a new girl. I assume you have already put my contract template to good use? But just as importantly... have you broken the paddle out on his butt yet? Jokes aside, I'm happy for you man. We should all get together at The Cuddle Castle next time you're both in the city. I'm sure your girl would love to meet Nicki and her friends. Have a good night, Mitch.

Rock smiled as he tapped out a quick reply to Mitch. They'd known each other for quite some time and had always gotten along well. Mitch was a sex therapist who specialized in kink and for a while now had been the official therapist at The Cuddle Castle. With his girl Nicki alongside him, they made a great pair.

‘Looks like you’re not waking up any time soon, huh?’ Rock said, putting his phone down and looking over to a sound asleep Daisy. ‘Shame. I could quite easily get myself in the mood for some Daddy and girl fun.’

But as horny as he was, Rock knew that Daisy needed her sleep.

The improvements that Daisy had seen since getting into her new way of living were already helping her to see things a lot clearer. There was some way for Daisy to go before she truly found a better path, but Rock was determined to stick with her every step of the way.

And now it was time for bed.

Rock paused the movie and carefully picked Daisy up and carried her to the bedroom. After a quick tuck-in to make sure that Daisy was nice and snug alongside her stuffie, it was time for Rock to head back and finish the movie.

Life was looking up for Rock.

And although he may not have had rough and tumble fun with Daisy that evening, there was always the following morning to look forward to...

Chapter 11

The sun crept into the bedroom and as its morning light hit Daisy's face, her eyes opened and she awoke from a truly wonderful night's sleep.

There was no sign of Rock, although Daisy could hear some rustling and clanging of kitchenware in the distance.

'Beet, I think we set a record for a night's sleep!' Daisy said, sitting up in bed and feeling fresher than a day-old flower. 'Daddy's rule about no phones in the bedroom is so great. No blue lights flashing and interrupting our rest. I actually *love* it!'

Daisy was feeling nice and snug in just her panties. With the large metal radiator along one wall, the room was nice and toasty. Speaking of toast, Daisy's nose picked up a strong scent coming from the kitchen – and it wasn't a good one!

'Daddy? Is everything okay?' Daisy called out, springing up and out of bed before running down the hallway toward the kitchen. 'It smells like... burning!'

Daisy came to a sudden stop and couldn't help but giggle at the sight of Rock clumsily juggling two slices of badly burned toast while at the same time struggling to balance a large jug of freshly squeezed orange juice.

'I don't know how the hell you do it!' Rock said, a sense of real grumpy frustration in his voice. 'Anyone who says

food prep is easy needs to try fucking doing it themselves!’

Daisy was rolling about in laughter. Rock was trying his best, but really wasn’t cut out for this kind of thing. He may have been a one-time bestselling author, but as far as his culinary skills went, Rock was very much a beginner-novice.

‘Here, let me help!’ Daisy said, just about composing herself for long enough to take the burned toast from Rock and set it down on the kitchen table. ‘Was this for me?’

‘Yup,’ Rock said, standing with his hands on his hips. ‘Now how about we switch roles? I’ll jump in the shower and you can rustle us up a Daisy Special?’

‘Tee-hee! Yes, that *does* sound like a good idea!’ Daisy said, tears still in her eyes from laughing so much.’

‘Enough of the sass though,’ Rock replied, clearly still flustered from his big breakfast disaster. ‘Don’t think because I’m no expert chef that I won’t show you my expertise with the paddle!’

Daisy gulped. That sounded scary to her. Taking a spanking was one thing, but a big flat paddle was a whole other level of Daddy-inflicted pain.

It wasn’t long after Rock had gone for a shower that Daisy was putting a selection of fruits together with a soya yoghurt that Rock had in the refrigerator. A sprinkling of pomegranate seeds was just the perfect addition – and it gave Daisy a great idea for a fun new breakfast recipe too.

But just as Daisy was busy scribbling down her idea, her eyes were rapidly drawn away from the scrap of paper and toward a hulking, naked Daddy approaching her...

'D-D-D-D-Daddy! You've got no clothes on. And you look... so *big*,' Daisy stammered, the sight of a nude and aroused Rock walking toward her proving a highly arresting sight. 'W-w-w-what's going on?'

But Rock wasn't in the mood for much talking.

Still dripping wet from the shower and with his hard cock bouncing up and down, Rock got within touching distance of Daisy and simply picked her up and tossed her over his broad, muscular shoulder.

'It's time we took this to the next level,' Rock grunted, bringing his wet hand down on Daisy's butt, with only the slim material of her panties to protect her. 'I've tanned this butt, now it's time to *own* it.'

Daisy felt her head spin with excitement.

The sensation of being carried on Rock's shoulder was enough to do it all by itself, but knowing how hungry Rock was for her body was sending Daisy wild with excitement.

This is... really... happening.

My Daddy is going to make me his.

I've never felt so turned on before...

Rock entered the bedroom and threw Daisy down onto the bed.

Daisy looked on as Rock towered over her, his dick throbbing and his entire body looking every inch the kind of physique that was used to scaling mountain faces.

'You won't be needing those little panties,' Rock barked, reaching down and pulling Daisy's crisp white briefs right off her body. 'In fact, you won't be needing anything apart from my hands all over that perfect body.'

Daisy had never felt so submissive. She knew she was in bed with a big, strong, more experienced Daddy – and Daisy absolutely loved it.

Yes, Daisy felt nervous and knew that Rock was likely to push her in ways that she hadn't experienced before. But Daisy was so much into the moment that all she wanted was for Rock to use her body *exactly* however he desired.

'Turn over, show me that ass,' Rock said. 'Good. Now hold that position. I'll be back before you know it.'

'W-w-what?' Daisy said, her voice full of excitement and nervousness.

But Rock didn't respond as he walked out of the room.

Daisy was on all fours with her naked tushy and pussy on display. Daisy felt very naughty and she was tempted to pleasure herself – but she knew that Rock wouldn't take kindly to that.

This was *very much* a situation where the only one calling the shots was Daddy.

Daisy gasped when Rock reentered the room and was holding lube in one hand and a banana in the other.

'I hear you like to have fun with food,' Rock said, a wicked smile on his face. 'Now spread those cheeks for me.'

Daisy gasped as she felt Rock squirt a generous amount of lube over her exposed pussy lips. But her gasps soon turned to moans as Rock playfully began to push the banana up against her wetness.

'OMG... OMG... I can't believe this is happening,' Daisy squealed in delight.

'You'd better believe it!' Rock roared, spanking both of Daisy's butt cheeks in turn as he pushed the banana deeper inside her. 'That's deep enough for now.'

With that, Rock left the banana plunged into Daisy's special place and walked around to position himself next to Daisy's head.

‘Turn your head and open that mouth nice and wide,’ Rock commanded, his firm tone sending Daisy wild with lust. ‘You’ve got one hole filled up, now it’s time to fill your other one too.’

It wasn’t long before Rock was thrusting his cock in and out Daisy’s willing mouth, grabbing Daisy’s ears for extra grip. The feeling of having her entire body being put to work by her Daddy was extra-special for Daisy and she could tell that Rock was having a great time too.

Soon enough though, Rock wanted his own slice of Daisy’s pie.

Rock slowly but surely pulled the lubed banana out of Daisy’s pussy and immediately pressed his own oiled-up cock against Daisy’s throbbing, glistening opening.

‘I want you to push back on me,’ Rock instructed, his voice clear and commanding as ever. ‘All the way.’

It was a good job that Daisy had been warmed up, because the sheer girth of Rock’s cock would have been hard to handle otherwise.

As Daisy pushed herself down the full length of her Daddy’s manhood, she let out a long groan of pure pleasure.

‘Let it all out,’ Rock said. ‘And you’d better make sure you’re holding on to something. It’s time to make you mine.’

Daisy gripped the bedpost and immediately felt the force of Rock’s thrusts. Each and every stroke was pushing Daisy’s button, the sensation of Rock’s cock filling her up and working over her G-spot was something that Daisy had only ever read about or discussed with her Little friends.

But now that Daisy was experiencing the pleasure for herself, she could truly see why it was so special. Daisy

knew that she was being taken by a master. It felt great to be giving her body to someone so magnificent and in control as Rock.

As the strokes increased their speed, Daisy could sense that it wouldn't be long before Rock crossed the point of no return.

Wanting to impress her Daddy, Daisy began pushing back in time with Rock's strokes. The effect of this was that both of them were soon working in total unison and it was no surprise to Daisy when Rock let out a long, deeply satisfied moan.

'Fuck. That feels *good*,' Rock grunted, his breathing heavy and his powerful hands gripping Daisy's slender waist.

The sensation of Rock's seed entering her was something that felt even more satisfying than Daisy could ever have anticipated. Daisy felt proud to have given her Daddy so much pleasure and wanted the feeling to go on forever.

'Please may I make myself cum now?' Daisy said, feeling every inch the submissive Little she was.

'No. You absolutely cannot,' Rock barked. 'Because... I'll do it for you.'

With that, a still heavy breathing Rock rolled Daisy onto her back and put his still hard cock inside her. Daisy groaned in pleasure at the feeling of Rock's big, hard dick pressing up against her G-spot.

'Hold on for as long as you can, girl,' Rock said, a wicked smile on his face. 'Every extra second gets you bonus Little-points.'

But it was a hopeless task. Within a minute, Daisy's legs were trembling and she was experiencing the longest, most earth-moving orgasm of her life.

The physical sensation of Rock being so deep inside her was incredible. But what truly did it for Daisy was the mental stimulation of knowing that it was this particular gruff, hunk of a man who was giving her the most pleasurable experience of her life.

As Daisy lay back on the bed with Rock next to her, no words needed to be spoken.

The sex was hot.

The feelings were *all* there.

This was turning into something very special indeed.

* * *

After a brief nap and then a quick shower to freshen up, both Daisy and Rock soon found themselves busy with their own thing.

Rock was in his study, furiously tapping away on the keys of his laptop. It turned out the *hottest* of hot sex was pretty inspirational when it came to the creative side of Rock's brain.

Meanwhile, Daisy was busy jotting away some ideas for new recipes inspired by the changing of the seasons. Maybe, just maybe, Daisy thought she might have a recipe book ready to show agents and publishers in the next few weeks. It was a long shot, but with the way things were going anything was possible.

Daisy looked over toward her phone and saw a message flash up from her new friend Trixie...

Hey! I hope everything is super-cool with you. I've been busy doing some prep work for a new experiment I'm working on. I hope you and Mr. Carver haven't been

doing anything too naughty (hee-hee-hee!) Let's meet up soon and you can spill the beans! Trixie XXXXooooooo

*Hi Trixie! I'd love to meet up. I'm a little *tired out* at the moment (*GIGGLE!*) but definitely we should do something super-duper soon. Your experiment sounds awesome, you can tell me more when we hang out. Got to go - I'm only allowed on my phone sometimes, so don't want to arouse any suspicion and get my booty spanked! Daisy XoXoXo*

Daisy put the phone over on the other side of the room. It was good to message with her new friend. But what was even better was living totally in the moment and working on her passion.

With Rock doing the same in his study, Daisy couldn't help but imagine how this could potentially work out in the longer term. The way things were going, Daisy was beginning to consider whether Rock might be *the one*.

Rock's strong. He's protective. He knows what I need.

Rock's the kind of Daddy I've always wanted.

Is he... my Forever Daddy?

Chapter 12

‘Hell, I love this weather,’ Rock said, handing Jax a cold beer. ‘Fall but with a warm sun in the sky. I could get used to it.’

Rock and Jax clinked their beers together.

It was indeed a warm fall afternoon, and both Rock and Jax were feeling relaxed and in the mood to chill. Rock had been making excellent progress with the novel over the last few days and had even emailed his agent Edward a copy of the new chapter he had written.

Jax meanwhile was feeling extra upbeat. Although he was long retired as a professional race car driver, he had been in very low-key talks with a new racing team. There was something about the prospect of a final comeback tour that was proving difficult for him to resist.

‘Well if anyone can do it, it’s you,’ Rock said, taking a slug on his beer. ‘Damn, this is good.’

‘What’s even better is seeing how happy the girl is making you,’ Jax said, his bicep bulging as he held his beer aloft. ‘Her Little friend Trixie is pretty cute too!’

What made things even better for Rock and Jax was that not only were they enjoying a quiet afternoon beer, but they were doing it with a pair of Littles playing a few meters away from them.

The play park was just on the campus border, and both Daisy and Trixie were having a ball as they slid down the metal slide with their stuffies. They were singing, dancing, and showing off all of their best moves as they tackled not only the slide but the other parts of the climbing frame.

‘Are they in Littlespace, or?’ Jax said.

‘I *think* so,’ Rock replied, a little uncertain himself. ‘I’m still learning the ropes again after so long out of the game. Either way, it looks like they’re having a great time. Long may it fucking continue too.’

‘That’s so great to hear, brother,’ Jax said, a look of deep respect in his eyes. ‘You just have to let it happen.’

Rock knew that this made sense. But as happy as he was, Rock couldn’t deny that he still felt the remnants of the pain caused by the way his last relationship ended.

With the writing going so well again, Rock knew that his career might skyrocket, just like it did all those years ago. Would Daisy be able to cope with the extra demands on Rock’s time – or would history repeat itself all over again?

It wasn’t something that Rock wanted to contemplate, but he knew that with Daisy and his relationship getting deeper he would have to face up to the potential that something could go wrong.

‘Rock, I know that look,’ Jax said, putting an arm around his friend. ‘Talk to me, man.’

‘It’s just... you know after what happened with Sadie all those years ago,’ Rock said. ‘Forget my feelings, I don’t want to put Daisy through a breakup. What if she can’t handle my career? Just like Sadie couldn’t?’

‘We’re talking about two entirely different girls here,’ Jax said as he cracked open a new beer and handed it to

Rock. 'Daisy has her own career. If anything, she'd love the extra time to work on her own stuff even more. Everything you've told me about Daisy so far says that she'd be cool with it.'

'Damn, you really know what to say to make a grouchy old Daddy happy,' Rock said. 'I hope you're right too. I don't want to jinx anything but...'

'I know, I know,' Jax said, not needing to hear Rock confirm anything out loud. 'Like I said, you're a lucky guy. Girls like Daisy don't come around all that often.'

The two Daddies toasted again. But their relaxed vibe was given a rude awakening when Rock glanced at yet another email from Dean Houser.

'Jesus. This guy's a Grade-A asshole,' Rock said, reading Houser's email. 'He's basically trying to overload me with work so that I quit. It's so fucking obvious what his game is. I've only just hit a new groove on my novel and this jerk wants me to spend my time doing another department's admin work?'

'Houser can swivel,' Jax said. 'You do you and let that dork worry about admin. You're Rock *freakin'* Carver. This place is lucky to have you on the staff.'

Rock laughed in appreciation. Jax was a great friend. Truly one of the best men that Rock had ever met – and someone who Rock would have loved to see find his own Forever Little to settle down with.

But right now, Rock had too much going on in his own life to matchmake for Jax. Rock would however take Jax's advice... Houser could indeed *swivel*.

Life was about living, having fun, and taking risks.

And with two happy Littles having fun across from them, both Rock and Jax were happy to keep sinking beers and letting the world turn.

* * *

On the way home from the play park, Rock and Daisy had taken a detour through the woodland shortcut. With the leaves crunching underneath their feet, both Rock and Daisy were having the best time together.

‘Weeee! Look at this, Daddy!’ Daisy giggled, picking up a big pile of leaves and tossing them right up in the air. ‘Ha-ha! I bet I can cover you in leaves next time!’

‘Don’t you dare, girl!’ Rock reprimanded, unconvinced that he wanted a pile of leaves falling down on him from a great height. ‘I’m not kidding around either.’

But Rock could see that Daisy was in a mischievous mood.

‘I’m being very serious,’ Rock continued. ‘You may be in Littlespace, but you still need to listen to what your Daddy tells you. And I am making it *absolutely clear* that I do not want to be covered in leaves.’

But Daisy continued to pick the leaves up and toss them in the air. Judging from the look on her face, Daisy knew exactly how bratty and disobedient she was being and wasn’t about to quit any time soon.

With each and every leaf that fell on him, Rock’s grouchiness was increasing. Something had to be done, and it had to be done fast...

‘Final warning, girl,’ Rock said, noting that Daisy had just picked up an especially plentiful pile of autumnal leaves.

But Daisy didn’t heed Rock’s words. Far from it, in fact. Daisy bent down and picked up an even bigger pile of leaves and proceeded to throw them up in the air, directly over Rock’s head.

That’s enough.

Outdoors and in public or not...

This brat has to learn a lesson!

Rock wasted no time in grabbing Daisy by the arm and marching her over toward a grand old oak tree.

‘Stand still and hold your hands against the trunk,’ Rock barked. ‘You’re getting a hard spanking right here and now. A spanking you won’t forget either.’

‘But Daddy! What if someone sees?’ Daisy cried out, suddenly realizing the error of her ways.

‘You should have thought about that when you disobeyed me!’ Rock bellowed, his voice full of menace. ‘Now let’s get those butt cheeks of yours on display.’

Rock yanked Daisy’s jeans down to her ankles and quickly followed that up by pulling Daisy’s rainbow-colored panties down too.

With Daisy’s pale, milky butt on display, Rock couldn’t wait a second longer and he launched into a flurry of fresh-air-fuled spanks.

‘*Awww-eeeeee!* That’s stinging my tushy!’ Daisy cried out, pleading for mercy.

But Rock was having none of it. Daisy’s pleas would fall on deaf ears. As far as Rock was concerned, the fact that they were outdoors was not going to be factored into the severity of the punishment. This was a real spanking, and Rock would deliver it just like any other.

‘*Yoooooow!*’ Daisy squealed, her bottom shaking and Rock finished up another burst of accurate spanks onto her hot tushy.

‘Learned your lesson yet, girl?’ Rock growled, his cock hard and his hand warm. ‘Or do you need another ten just to make sure?’

'I... I... I... don't know, Daddy,' Daisy whimpered, the sight of her red-hot booty only motivating Rock to continue the spanking.

A further twenty spanks ensued until Rock was fully satisfied that Daisy had been suitably punished. It was a thrill to conduct the punishment outdoors - that of course being one of Rock's most intense kinks.

But Rock didn't forget his duty as a Daddy either.

'Come on, it's time to get you home for some love and care,' Rock said, pulling Daisy's panties and jeans back up before picking Daisy up and carrying her the remaining way through the woods and back to the house. 'There's a pot of cooling cream that has your name written all over it.'

'Thank you, Daddy,' Daisy said, her voice quiet and serene. 'I think I deserved that.'

'You certainly did,' Rock said. 'But you took it like a brave little girl. And that's something to be proud of. Once we've got the cream on that flaming hot butt, I'll make us a hot drink each and we can relax and play a game. Your choice too.'

'Thank you, Daddy,' Daisy smiled, a tender look in her eyes. 'You're the best Daddy a Little could ever ask for - even if my bottom does feel on fire!'

Rock felt genuinely proud of Daisy. Daisy had taken the spanking, owned her mistake, and was now showing Rock just what a perfect babygirl she was. Rock was developing seriously strong feelings for Daisy.

In fact, Rock was developing the kind of feelings that might want him to never let Daisy leave and return to the city. But that could wait. For now, all Rock could do was get his Little home.

As Rock strode towards home with a special Little on his shoulder, his mind was in a good place - and he was ready to keep it that way.

If only you too knew how special I thought you were girl.

I've never met anyone like you.

And maybe one day soon I'll tell you too...

Chapter 13

Before Daisy knew it, two weeks had come and gone in a flash.

Life on campus was like a dream come true in so many ways. Outside of the fact that Daisy loved living in a big house as opposed to a tiny apartment, there was the glorious surroundings outdoors too.

Fall in the city could be a cold, damp time. But somehow in upstate things felt different. Daisy didn't mind the downturn in the weather – all it meant was that she knew she had a big fire to look forward to when she got home.

Daisy felt inspired to see how hard Rock was working on his new novel. There was something so sexy about having a Daddy who cared so much about his passion and was willing to put the time into it to make sure that every little detail was on point.

The only thing that Daisy wished was that Rock would let her read some of his new book!

But as Rock kept saying, the only time Daisy would be reading the book would be when it was ready to download from the Kindle store.

Daisy did kind of get Rock's stance. Daisy herself was working hard on her new recipe book and was pretty secretive about the exact nature of the book too. This was easier said than done though as with all the

practicing she was doing in the kitchen, there were *definitely* plenty of hints on full view.

All in all, Daisy was finding that her and Rock were a perfect blend together. They both worked hard in their respective fields, and then once work was done they would come together and have a wonderful time.

There had been *plenty* more spankings and stern discipline. Daisy would always have her mischievous streak and no matter how hard Rock tanned her tushy, Daisy could never resist a practical joke or an opportunity to act a little bratty – even if it meant being bent over a couch or tree trunk and given twenty sharp smacks.

The sex was never anything less than hot either. Daisy was enjoying how open-minded Rock was to trying out the various different kinks Daisy had checked off on their contract. Although, that being said, it was still the case that Daisy's number one kink was playing with food – and this had certainly provided enough fun times between them...

'*Hmmm*, I wish Daddy was here now,' Daisy said, suddenly feeling the urge to have some naughty fun. 'But Daddy does need his Daddy buddy time too.'

Daisy picked Beet up and gave him a big squeeze. The pair of them were sitting at the kitchen table with a big pile of coloring pens and paper. Daisy had been trying out some illustrations that she thought might go well with her recipe book, and so far had produced some nice images.

'Beet, I think we're getting closer to finishing this,' Daisy said, a quietly satisfied smile on her face. 'I think Daddy is going to be very proud!'

Daisy looked over toward her phone and saw a message from Trixie flashing up on the screen...

*Hey! I was thinking... should we take a trip to the city soon? I've got some meetings at the Science Center, and we could combine it with a trip to The Cuddle Castle? Could be a lot of fun so let me know, okay? Trixie
XXXXXooooooo*

Daisy smiled. Her and Trixie had become superb friends and it was always good to hear from Trixie – in fact the only time that Daisy even looked at her phone now was if she had a message to read and respond to.

A trip to the city.

I do miss The Cuddle Castle.

But... what if I see Max?

Daisy very much felt uneasy about the prospect of running into her manager, Max.

The fact was that Max had sent several emails and messages to Daisy, but Daisy hadn't opened a single one of them. Daisy felt scared of what they might say and also didn't even tell Rock about them because she knew that Rock would make her be a brave girl and face up to them.

The truth was that as much as Daisy had been enjoying being offline and not having to maintain her uploading and filming schedule, the threat of having to return to that way of life was always at the back of her mind.

Living in Rock's house was incredible, almost like a dream. But Daisy knew that at some stage she would need to have a reality check and make some real plans for the future.

Still, that could wait.

With Rock out scaling dangerous, craggy rock-faces with Jax, Daisy had the house to herself and she wanted to

make the most of her time. With that, Daisy typed a quick response to Trixie and got back to work on her illustrations.

* * *

An hour later and Daisy was feeling highly satisfied. A stack of colorful, fun illustrations on one side of her and three brand new recipe ideas jotted down on the other side. This was a *perfect* morning's work.

Daisy also wanted to make sure that Rock knew how hard she was working, so took a quick photo of the kitchen table and sent it along with a sweet message too...

*See, Daddy - I'm a good Little! I've worked sooooo hard!
And I even left you one of my homemade coconut-crunch
cookies too. Hope you're having fun. I'll help you clean all
the dirt off when you get home. Your girl, Daisy
XoXoXoXoXo*

Daisy knew that Rock would be too busy to reply, so went to put her phone away. But as she was walking toward the kitchen worktop to make herself a fresh orange and kiwi juice, Daisy couldn't resist having a quick look at one of her social media profiles.

Daisy didn't understand why she was doing it. Maybe it was curiosity. Maybe it was because she had no one in the house to talk to. Maybe it was just an old habit...

'OMG! What the...!' Daisy exclaimed, totally taken aback by what she was looking at.

Daisy was faced with a series of notifications from angry fans all wanting to know where the new content was. The

comments ranged from angry to outright horrible insults and super-mean comments.

'W-w-w-why are they saying these things?' Daisy stammered, immediately logging into another social media account and seeing the same thing repeated again.

This was crazy, and totally not what Daisy had expected to see. Daisy knew that everyone was entitled to an opinion, but so many of the comments totally crossed a line...

Daisy you LOSER! Way to let your fans down! Consider me UNSUBSCRIBED!

Used to think I could rely on you. I guess maybe you're just an LOSER?

I heard she got cancelled? Maybe the rumors are true???
GROSS!

Daisy was shaking with upset and worry as she continued to scroll. Each new comment or DM hit her hard. Daisy knew that she should put the phone away and block it all out, but the severity of the messages was getting to her in a big way.

What Daisy needed was to have Rock with her in that moment. Sure, Rock would probably have been angry at her for even checking her phone, but at least he would have put a protective arm around Daisy.

I... just don't get it.

What did I ever do to them?

Why are they so mad?

Daisy began to feel herself panicking. There were way too many messages to respond to individually, and that wasn't even taking into account the hundreds of comments either. If only Daisy could explain that she was just taking a break for her own health, people would surely understand and be okay with it.

But not having her Daddy with her to take control, Daisy did the one thing that she knew she shouldn't. Daisy messaged her manager, Max. Daisy knew that Max was annoyed with her for taking time off but figured that Max might at least be able to say or do something to calm the situation down and make all the cruel comments go away or at least stop for a while.

It didn't take Max long to respond to Daisy's message, but his response wasn't exactly what Daisy was hoping for...

You know, I could have told you this would happen. There's only one thing that can put it right. You need to get back to your filming schedule and that needs to happen ASAP. I put time, energy and money into making you have this profile, the least you could do would be to repay that and keep your end of the deal up. Let me know when you're good to go and I'll have the cameras ready to roll. Do not take too long thinking about this. Max.

Daisy didn't know how to respond to this message.

It didn't seem fair to Daisy that Max was somehow blaming her for all the horrible comments and trolls attacking her. But on the other hand, Max was an expert who had taken Daisy from a small number of followers to the way higher level she was at now.

'This is hard, Beet,' Daisy said, her eyes filling with tears.
'I just don't know what to do...'

Daisy couldn't decide which course of action to take. She valued her reputation and had always enjoyed having online fans. The thought of alienating them all forever was tough to take.

But on the other hand, Daisy had been enjoying herself so much since going offline.

Either way, a decision had to be made.

Time was not on Daisy's side and whether her Daddy was home or not, Daisy knew that she needed to do something – and *fast*.

Chapter 14

Rock was pissed off. Like, *seriously* pissed off. The rock climbing with Jax had been fun for as long as it had lasted. But only about an hour in, Rock had received an email summoning him to see Dean Houser.

Rock would have ignored the email, but something about the seething, angry tone of it made him reconsider.

After all, as much as Rock didn't respect Houser, he did acknowledge that he was his boss and it was wise to not overtly go out of his way to anger him.

'I have to bounce, I'm afraid,' Rock said, shaking his head in disgust.

'*Urgh*. I hate Houser almost as much as you at this point,' Jax said, wiping the sweat from his brow. 'I'll drive you back. Trust me, my 911 can shift.'

'I don't doubt it,' Rock said, wiping his face with a towel. 'I've got a bad feeling about this meeting. Houser's been trying to ride my ass for months. But this feels... *different* somehow.'

Without further ado, Rock and Jax hopped into Jax's Porsche 911 and made it back to campus in record time.

With the sound of Jax's car roaring away into the distance, Rock took a moment to compose himself before he entered the Dean's building.

The Dean's Residence was the oldest building on campus and had been maintained to a very high standard with a recent refurbishment – no doubt using up plenty of the budget that could have gone toward improving the student accommodation.

Rock was not looking forward to this meeting, and that was putting it mildly.

Okay. Let's get this shit over with.

Just keep it cool.

Whatever you do... stay fucking cool.

Rock took a big breath and walked through the heavy mahogany entry doors and made his way toward Houser's office. Rock stood outside the shut door and knocked.

No answer.

Rock knocked again.

And then another knock.

'Jesus. Where is this asshole?' Rock muttered, feeling angry at the possibility that Houser had taken him out of his rock climbing and then not even bothered to show up.

'You may enter,' came the voice from inside Houser's office.

Rock rolled his eyes. Another Houser power game. It was getting very old indeed and Rock wasn't sure how much longer he could deal with this situation.

Stepping inside the office, Rock waited as Houser stood with his back to him as he picked a book off the shelf. The office itself was pretty much a standard college office. Wall to wall shelving full of books. A comfortable and tasteful couch in one corner. A large desk.

But the one thing that separated this from a normal office was the large, gold-framed portrait of Dean Houser than hung on the wall. It was grotesque and spoke to

Houser's enormous ego that he would even contemplate such a thing.

When Houser turned around, Rock noticed that his mostly bald head was looking shinier than ever. Not only that, but Houser's strands of remaining hair were looking thinner than ever too.

Just shave it all off, man.

Own it.

Houser didn't speak. He just stood and looked toward Rock.

Rock sensed that Houser was toying with him. But the fact that Houser was still not speaking was beginning to border on very strange behavior indeed. What the hell was Houser expecting Rock to do?

Houser was a fifty-five-year-old man in a senior management position, he should have been far, *far* better than this.

Then, with the atmosphere getting tangibly intense, Houser focused his grey-blue eyes on Rock...

'You've had a good run, you really have,' Houser said, taking delight in the sound of his own voice. 'But like your publishing record, all good runs come to an end.'

'Wait, what the hell is this?' Rock interrupted, not appreciating Houser's tone. 'You call me here out of the blue, and you're going to start talking down to me like this? It's not acceptable.'

So much for keeping your cool.

Fuck it. This asshole has gone too far...

Rock was angry. He wanted to tell Houser exactly what he thought about him. It was time to put this arrogant sonofabitch in his place.

But Houser had other ideas, and he had plenty more to say too...

‘Calm down, darling,’ Houser sneered. ‘All I’m saying is that you need to rethink your approach. You need to work harder. Do more around the place. Be a good boy and play by the rules. You’re not the hot shot author so much now, and I’m not the soft, drooling Dean who hired you.’

Rock was seething with anger.

This was simply not acceptable. In all his years working at the college, Rock had never faced criticism like this. He *did* work hard and the students appreciated him. This was Houser talking out of his ass for his own reasons, whatever they were.

But Rock knew that he had to keep his anger under control. The last thing he wanted to do was make a tricky situation a hundred times worse. Instead, Rock attempted to reason with Houser. Surely that had to be worth a shot?

‘Dean, respectfully, I do work hard,’ Rock said, ensuring to keep his voice calm and in control. ‘My student appraisals are amongst the best in the faculty. Hell, they’re amongst the best in the whole damn college.’

But Rock’s words were falling on deaf ears.

Not only was Houser unmoved, but it seemed like he had something else he wanted to get off his chest.

‘We can work this out,’ Houser said, moving closer to Rock. ‘We’re both adults. I’m sure we can come to some kind of... *arrangement*.’

Houser ran his thin, spindly fingers up Rock’s arm and grinned a horrible, sleazy smile. Rock felt totally repulsed and immediately backed away.

‘Fine, have it your way,’ Houser said, clearly furious at his advance being knocked back. ‘See how long you last.’

There are authors who would do anything for your job. And if I have anything to do with it, that's exactly what will be happening!

Rock was livid. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Not only was this incredibly unethical, but it was the clearest sign yet that Houser's problem with Rock had *never* been to do with his work - it was all part of some twisted plan to sleaze onto him.

'You know what, you can go to hell,' Rock said, turning and storming out of the office, slamming the door behind him to the sound of Houser's cringe-making high-pitched laugh.

What had started out as a wonderful morning had suddenly turned into something else altogether. This was the last thing that Rock needed.

The only comfort Rock had was the thought of going home to Daisy. If anyone could make Rock feel better, it was his special girl...

* * *

Rock was seething with pent up anger on the walk home from the Dean's office. He simply could not believe what Houser had done or how he had behaved.

In all his years in academia, Rock hadn't personally witnessed anything like the way Houser had just acted. It was enough to make Rock want to hand in his resignation and never step foot in a college again.

But as mad as he was, Rock knew that Houser was out of line and there would surely be a way of showing this to some kind of disciplinary committee or the board of directors. Something had to be possible. Despite feeling like giving in, Rock truly didn't want Houser to win.

I should have kept my cool.

But Houser kept pushing me and pushing me.

Houser's lucky he doesn't have a busted lip...

Rock kept consoling himself with the fact that upon his arrival home he would be met by Daisy. In all likelihood, Daisy would have a fresh snack or tasty new treat to present to Rock for a taste-test. It might not totally solve the situation with Houser, but it would at least be a pleasant distraction from what had just gone down.

Upon arriving home, Rock swung the front door open and called out to his darling girl...

'Daisy! Daisy! You'd better have a sweet little cake for me to eat!' Rock said, doing his best to sound as positive and happy as he could. 'If you haven't made a cake, I might just have to put my mouth to work on your booty-cake!'

Rock laughed a big, bellowing laugh.

But rather than hearing any response from Daisy, all Rock could hear was silence. This was strange. All the lights were on. There was no note or message from Daisy to say that she wouldn't be home.

However, as Rock walked through the hallway and into the kitchen, he was met by a sight that immediately wiped away his optimism.

'What the hell is going on here?' Rock barked. 'You'd better not be doing what it looks like you're doing!'

The guilty look on Daisy's face said it all.

Rock stood before Daisy with his hands on his hips and a furious scowl on his face.

Daisy was sitting at the table with her phone in one hand and Rock's iPad in her other. Not only was Daisy on her

social media accounts, but she appeared to be frantically typing responses, comments, and uploading videos.

‘Aren’t you even going to attempt to explain yourself?’ Rock said, his voice booming across the room. ‘Answer me!’

‘But... I... it... I...,’ Daisy said, all the while still typing on her phone and even holding the iPad up to take a selfie. ‘I can exp-’

‘No! Enough! You’ve quite clearly gone against every damn rule we’ve agreed upon,’ Rock roared. ‘And for all I know, you’ve been doing this the whole time! Is this what you do? Wait until I’m safely out of the way before going behind my back and carrying on with all the social media crap that got you all strung out?’

Daisy looked tearful, but she still wouldn’t stop touching her phone.

‘Get to your fucking room!’ Rock bellowed, this time the severity in his voice prompting Daisy to spring to his feet and run at a hundred miles per hour to the safety of his bedroom. ‘Bring me back that phone! Now!’

But Daisy didn’t stop to give her phone back.

Instead, Rock heard Daisy slam the bedroom door and click the lock.

That disobedient, bratty little girl...

This was the last fucking thing I needed.

What the hell am I meant to do now?

Rock was livid. After going through the terrible meeting with Dean Houser, the last thing that Rock had anticipated was coming home and finding Daisy like some zombie on her phone, manically typing comments and doing the exact thing that made her so unhappy before.

'Breathe. Take a moment. Don't make things worse,' Rock said to himself, trying his best to calm down. 'The girl can wait. But right now it's time to burn some of this anger off.'

Without further ado, Rock changed out of his clothes and got into his running gear. It wasn't going to make his problems go away, but a hard and fast 5KM run would sure as hell help clear his head.

Rock would run, and run *hard*.

And then on his return home he would sit down with Daisy and find out exactly what was going on. Well, that was the plan anyhow...

Chapter 15

Daisy flung herself onto her bed and buried her face in the pillow.

Daisy simply couldn't believe how uncaring and over the top Rock's reaction was – he hadn't even given Daisy a real chance to explain herself.

Suddenly, Daisy was wondering whether Rock was the man – or Daddy – that he had previously shown himself to be. But Daisy didn't have time to wallow in her upset, no matter how sad she felt.

Every second that Daisy wasn't online and trying to sort this whole mess out was a wasted moment. In fact, Daisy couldn't quite believe that Rock didn't understand this himself. Sure, Rock was older. But that didn't mean that he had no concept of how online culture worked for influencers and content creators.

'Beet! Why was Daddy so mean to me?' Daisy sobbed, sitting up on her bed and bringing her stuffie in close for a snuggle. 'You should have seen how angry he looked. It was like he just didn't care about how upset I was!'

Daisy's eyes were streaming, and her cheeks felt flush with a growing sense of anger too. Not only had Rock not given her a chance to explain, but Rock had also seemed on the verge of losing his cool in a way that was borderline scary for Daisy.

I'm not the one who needs to apologize.

Rock does!

If he wants to be my Daddy, he has to respect me!

Daisy could feel herself getting angrier and angrier.

But with each second that passed, her phone kept lighting up with more and more notifications. Whether it was people replying to her comments or new followers leaving mean comments, it suddenly felt very overwhelming.

Daisy was seething about Rock's suggestion that she had been online the whole time too. That was simply not fair and made Daisy question Rock's feelings for her.

'If he really loved me, he would never accuse me of lying like that,' Daisy muttered, frantically typing out a response to another cruel troll. 'A true Daddy would trust his Little. *Urgh*. I hate this!'

Then, with her fingers trembling as she typed, Daisy picked up her phone and sent a message to Max...

You were right. I was silly and stupid and dumb for leaving the city and messing everything up online. My fans deserve better and I'm going to come back on the train today. Please will you help me fix this, Max? Daisy

Daisy wasn't sure that it was the right thing to do to message Max and say that she was coming back to the city. But Daisy knew that something had to be done. There was no way she could resolve the chaos by herself, and judging from the way that Rock had reacted he certainly wasn't going to help.

As she got up from the bed and began packing her bag, Daisy paused and looked around her room. There were colorful pictures and brand-new recipes pinned up on the

wall, and even a photo of her and Rock having a hot chocolate together at the campus café.

Daisy felt sad. She wanted to cry. But Daisy knew that she had to be strong.

It had been great while it lasted, but maybe her and Rock just weren't meant to be...

* * *

The train journey back to the city was one of the worst experiences that Daisy could remember. The carriage was full to bursting with standing room only which made even attempting to keep up with all the comments and online activity difficult enough.

And to make matters even worse, only ten minutes into the journey Daisy's phone battery ran out.

The rest of the journey was *horrible*. The heater was set to maximum, and with everyone coughing and spluttering it felt like exactly the kind of environment where Daisy was going to pick up a nasty cold, or worse.

Daisy was beginning to have serious doubts about her decision to leave so abruptly.

Was this the right thing to do?

I mean... what choice did I have?

This is Rock's fault as much as it is mine!

So with that thought in mind, Daisy simply leaned up against the door and closed her eyes. she would be back in the city in an hour or two and could set about sorting this whole mess out.

Daisy hoped that Max wouldn't be too angry with her. After all, it wasn't as if Daisy had done all this on purpose. At worst, it was a silly decision that went a bit

wrong. With Max's help, Daisy convinced herself that everything would be okay.

Upon arrival back in New York, Daisy made a beeline toward Max's new apartment.

Max had only moved in the previous month, so Daisy hadn't had a chance to see it yet but she remembered the address well enough from a recent bit of paperwork she had completed.

'*Woah*, this looks... expensive,' Daisy said as she stood at the building's entry door.

Certainly, the snooty doorman didn't look overly impressed with a bedraggled and scruffy looking Daisy. But, grudgingly, the doorman held the door open and allowed Daisy inside.

As Daisy took the elevator up to Max's floor, she cast her mind back to her childhood. Daisy moved around so much as a child that she genuinely had lost count of how many schools she had attended. One year she moved schools three times and by the third school had pretty much given up on even trying to make friends.

This unsettling legacy from Daisy's childhood had followed her into adulthood too. Daisy was always keen to please new people. The last thing Daisy ever wanted to do was upset anyone or give them a reason to be mean to her.

With this in mind, Daisy began to think of excuses to give to Max about why she had so suddenly dropped out of her recording schedule and abandoned social media.

I need Max to believe me.

He's the only person who can make this right now.

And I just don't want him to be mad with me...

As the elevator pinged at Max's floor, Daisy stepped out and was greeted by the sight of Max, standing outside his apartment door.

'Giles let me know you were on your way up,' Max said, a cold tone in her voice. 'You're lucky he let you in looking like *that*.'

Daisy felt her bottom lip tremble. Max wasn't being very nice, and Daisy could tell that this wasn't going to be as easy and plain sailing as she had hoped.

'I'll make you a drink, it looks like you could use one,' Max said, casting a judgmental eye over Daisy. 'How does vodka and OJ sound?'

'Just OJ please,' Daisy replied, her voice wavering. 'I... I... I'm sorry about what happened.'

Max paused and looked back toward Daisy. With his silk flower-print shirt and new diamond earring, Max certainly looked like someone who should live in an upscale apartment like this.

Daisy looked around and noticed the expensive art on the walls, the enormous TV screen and equally extravagant sound system next to it. In addition to the art and the gadgets, the rent on the apartment must have been costing Max a fortune.

Even the view was something that Daisy knew came with a huge price tag attached to it. Not many people had a perfect view out over the park like Max did. Daisy began to wonder exactly how Max was paying for everything, but her thoughts were suddenly brought to an abrupt end...

'Drink this,' Max said, handing Daisy a glass of OJ with ice. 'We need to have a serious talk. What you did was so fucking uncool. You left me in the shit. Not to mention all those fans you pissed off. You know that can't happen again, right?'

Daisy didn't particularly like the way Max was talking to her, but she didn't want to cause any upset given the situation she was in so listened quietly.

'Things are going to have to change,' Max continued. 'I've got your best interests at heart, you know that. You can still have a great career. It's not too late to turn things around. But we'll need to revise how we do things.'

Daisy felt like this was her moment to speak up and show Max that she could be relied upon to not mess up again. Even though she felt nervous, Daisy thought back to how Rock had given her more confidence to voice her opinions.

With Rock's training in mind, Daisy began to talk...

'I agree things need to change,' Daisy said, summoning up her biggest, most courageous voice. 'I'm going to stay in the city for three days and film a month's worth of content. I'll do an apology video too. But after that I'm going back to Rock, my Daddy. We can see what we do after that, but-'

'You just don't get it, do you?' Max interrupted, a cruel smile coming over his face. 'You obviously didn't check the fine print of those contracts you signed. I legally control all your videos, your finances, and even have your bank login details.'

'No! No! That's not fair!' Daisy pleaded, tears welling up in her eyes.

'I own you!' Max laughed. 'And no, it's probably not fair. But life ain't fair. So here's what's going to happen. You will stay in the city, and you will be filming *indefinitely*. All day and every day if that's what I need from you. I'll pay you a weekly salary. I might even give you a Christmas bonus if you're a good... *girl*.'

Daisy was speechless.

This wasn't part of Daisy's plan. It was far, *far* from it.

During the train journey and without a working phone to occupy her, Daisy had come to the conclusion that Rock had been right all along. But Daisy's loyalty and not wanting to let Max down meant that she still wanted to do some filming, just enough to make things right.

But Max saw things *very* differently.

And it terrified Daisy to think that Max had such control over her. It wasn't just the money side of things either, but all of the videos that included her recipe ideas too. Daisy had poured her heart and soul into them, especially the earlier videos where it was all about the cooking.

Daisy was totally distraught and didn't know what to do.

In that moment, she needed Rock beside her, protecting her. But Daisy also felt a sense of total shame and disgust in herself. How could she have been so stupid as to run away and leave without saying anything to her Daddy?

Yes, Rock had been super-angry. But Daisy felt like she should have at least given Rock a chance to explain himself. What hope of that now?

Daisy felt like Max's prisoner.

She didn't know what to do or what to say.

All Daisy could think of was Rock's strong, comforting embrace making her feel better. But in that moment, Rock felt a million miles away.

Chapter 16

The note left by Daisy wasn't exactly a novel. In fact, it was barely a sentence. In just a few hastily scribbled words, Daisy had told Rock that she was going back to the city and might be a couple of days. To say that seeing this note bummed Rock out would have been an understatement.

Rock knew that he had overreacted to seeing Daisy on the phone.

But at the same time, Rock maintained the fact that Daisy absolutely should not have gone against her word and logged back onto social media.

It had been clear from the dazed and zombie-like look on Daisy's face that being online wasn't good for her, and it was this that truly sent Rock into his rage.

The thought of Daisy reverting back to the place she was in when Rock first met her was something that Rock didn't even want to contemplate.

Rock knew that it took a lot of discipline to get Daisy's mind off the online stuff, so the thought that she had reverted back to it wasn't good at all.

But, on the other hand, the one saving grace was that based on her note, Daisy was only going to be away for a couple of days. It suggested that Daisy was at the very least only seeing this as a temporary diversion from her new way of thinking.

However, the two days quickly turned to three – and then four – and then five. It had been nearly a whole week since Daisy had abruptly packed her bags and ran back to New York City.

Rock was at home, sitting at the desk in his study and attempting to make some progress on his novel. Since Daisy had cut and run, all of Rock's newfound energy and passion for his new book had evaporated. He wanted to work on it and was desperately putting the hours in too.

But the words simply wouldn't come.

It was like Rock's entire inspiration was bound up with Daisy being around him.

Rock was angry at Daisy for being so childish as to run out after an argument. But he was sad at his perfect girl not being with him.

What made things even worse was the fact that despite being online with new uploads and videos, Daisy wasn't answering any of Rock's messages. It made Rock question whether Daisy was trying to ghost him, or whether this was some kind of punishment being dished out for losing his temper with her.

All in all, Rock just didn't know what to think.

If Daisy walked in that door now...

I'd spank her to hell and back!

Who am I kidding... I miss that girl so much.

As Rock leaned back in his big, vintage armchair, he took a sip on his glass of whiskey. The whiskey had been a gift from Jax, a bottle that he had picked up while doing some work in Scotland.

In theory, it was a tippie that Rock would have relished. However, with Daisy not around and also the stress of the

situation with the Dean, even whiskey was losing its appeal.

‘Fuck. I could just drink the whole damn bottle,’ Rock lamented, putting the glass down on the polished desk. ‘But I wouldn’t enjoy a single damn drop.’

Rock *hated* feeling like this.

This wasn’t how his life was meant to be. Since Daisy had burst into his life, Rock couldn’t recall the last time he had felt so consistently good about things.

But now it seemed like a dark cloud was hovering over Rock – and with several more hours until night, it was shaping up to be another miserable afternoon alone in the study.

Rock took another sip of the whiskey and as he felt it slipping down his throat, he stared at the computer screen. It wasn’t looking good.

‘Did I really just spend an hour writing this... *crap?*’ Rock grumbled, his mood darkening. ‘And now I’m talking to myself. That’s just great!’

Before Rock could chastise himself any further, he heard a knock at the front door. For a moment, Rock considered the possibility that it might be the Dean coming over. After what had happened in the Dean’s office, this really wasn’t a thought that Rock could contemplate, and he felt tempted to simply ignore the knocking.

But... the knocking at the door continued.

And continued.

‘Jesus! I’m *coming!*’ Rock bellowed, his patience seriously fraying. ‘One damn second!’

Rock stomped his big, heavy feet out of the study and down the hallway toward the front door. To his relief, Rock

could see from the vague outline of the person on the other side of the frosted glass that it wasn't the Dean.

But that begged the question... who was it?

For a brief moment, Rock thought it might just be Daisy. His hopes were dashed however when he opened the door and was faced by Trixie – a worried looking Trixie too...

'What's up?' Rock said, standing to one side and gesturing for a concerned seeming Trixie to enter. 'Something tells me this is to do with Daisy...'

Rock took a step back so that he wasn't too up close and personal with Trixie. Rock knew he could be an imposing, intimidating figure for Littles and didn't want to make Trixie feel any more uneasy than she already looked.

Trixie was wearing her white lab coat underneath her jacket, which suggested to Rock that she had come over to the house in something of a rush. That wasn't a good sign, and Rock just had to say something to make Trixie speak...

'Okay, okay, how about some milk and cookies?' Rock said, walking toward the kitchen and beckoning Trixie along too. 'I could do with something to crunch on. I'm sure you could too, you look like you've run here?'

Trixie sat at the kitchen table and waited for her milk and cookies. Rock noticed that Trixie was fiddling with her fingers, every part of her appearing to be on edge.

'It's okay, you can talk freely,' Rock said.

'B... B... But I don't want to get Daisy in trouble,' Trixie said, breaking her silence as she took a sip of oat milk from the big red mug.

'You won't. Don't worry about that,' Rock said. 'Daisy is my girl and if she's in trouble, I *need* to know. Don't you worry about a thing. Now... *speak*.'

Rock was being firm, but also sensitive to how uncertain Trixie appeared to be. Fortunately, his carefully authoritative tone worked and Trixie began to speak.

‘Well, the thing is...’ Trixie said. ‘Something’s just not as it should be. We were messaging and...’

‘Go on.’

‘Well...,’ Trixie said, crunching on a cookie. ‘It’s like this...’

Trixie went on to explain that the pair of them had been messaging on and off. Daisy hadn’t seemed happy at all, and without directly saying it was to do with Max, it *definitely* seemed that way to Trixie.

Trixie had started to ask questions, wanting to know exactly when Daisy would be returning from the city – and it was at this point that the responses from Daisy had dried up. Trixie had even tried calling Daisy, but the calls were going to voicemail.

‘That doesn’t sound good,’ Rock said, his arms folded and his mind running wild with possibilities. ‘I don’t like it. I don’t like it at all.’

‘Did I do the right thing in talking to you?’ Trixie asked, her voice trembling. ‘I don’t want to be a tattle-tale.’

‘No, you absolutely made the right call,’ Rock said, taking two more cookies out from the large glass jar and handing them to Trixie. ‘Here, take these. If you don’t mind, I have some thinking to do.’

‘No, not at all, I have to get back to the lab anyhow,’ Trixie said, managing a little smile as she got up from the table. ‘Will Daisy be okay?’

‘If I’ve got anything to do with it, then yes she will,’ Rock replied, wanting to sound as reassuring as he possibly could. Rock could see that Daisy meant a lot to Trixie, and didn’t want her to worry any more than she clearly already was.

But beneath Rock's calm, composed exterior was one worried Daddy...

* * *

The Oil Bar was one of Rock and Jax's favorite bars. With its sophisticated but well-worn upholstery and fine selection of craft ales, it was a perfect Daddy-style hangout.

Rock had spent the remainder of the afternoon pacing around his house. Trixie's arrival and subsequent concerning words about Daisy had played on Rock's mind. There was no way to know exactly what was going on in Daisy's head, and that was a big part of the problem.

Rock knew that it may well have been the case that Daisy's filming schedule was so hectic that he might just have put his phone on mute. Sure, Daisy liked Trixie and they had become good friends – but friends or not, Daisy might just have not had time for him at that moment.

But something still didn't add up.

Maybe it was his Daddy-sense, but Rock had a strong urge that something was amiss. And he was determined to find out what.

Perhaps Jax's call had come at just the right time. The prospect of spending a couple of hours with Jax in *The Oil Bar* was too good to turn down. Jax was a great sounding-board, the kind of cool and collected thinker in a crisis that Rock could do with having around in that moment.

Speaking of Jax, Rock was just about beginning to wonder exactly where he was. They had arranged to meet at seven thirty and it was now nearly eight...

That son of a gun is probably paddling some cute girl.

Not that I blame him, but...

Just at this moment, a swaggering Jax entered the bar.

Rock stood up from his stool and the pair embraced. Jax was wearing a black t-shirt tucked into a pair of grey-black jeans with boots to match. He looked cool as hell, but Rock wasn't about to let his buddy off the hook for being late.

'You're lucky I don't make you pay for the rest of the evening,' Rock joked, playfully punching Jax's arms. 'But for a millionaire ex-racing driver that wouldn't even be a thing, right?'

'Says the millionaire bestselling author? Gimme a break!' Jax laughed, firing back with his own playful shot to Rock's rock-hard stomach. 'Anyway. We both know that there's a situation going on with Daisy. What gives?'

Rock explained the situation – or as best as he knew of it – to Jax, who listened patiently. Jax was a great listener, something that came from his time sitting in the race car for hours on end as his team delivered instruction after instruction to him via a headset.

Jax had a knack of knowing what information to take on board and what to dismiss – and he was never scared of sharing his opinions afterward either.

'Brother, you need to fight for your girl,' Jax said. 'You say you don't know exactly what's going on. Well, what *do* you know? You know that this manager asshole is... well, *an asshole*. You know that Daisy doesn't want to be doing all this filming anymore.'

'Yeah, I suppose...'

'Suppose? No. You *know* this,' Jax said. 'I'm not going to even try and tell you what to do, but you need to follow

your instinct. It's served you well before. I say let it serve you now too.'

Rock nodded and both he and Jax toasted their beers.

There was time for some more drinks. Rock had a lot to think about, but there was nothing he could do that night. The beer and the whiskey saw to that.

All that remained was for Rock to listen to Jax's advice and follow his gut. Daisy was Rock's girl – and Rock wanted to make sure that Daisy was as happy as she could be.

Right now, every bone in Rock's body was telling him that this wasn't the case and something needed to be done.

But Rock was stressed about the Dean's threats too.

It was time for more booze. Thinking could wait.

Tomorrow would be a new day, and the night was made for drinking...

Chapter 17

The music was pumping, the studio lights were set to a stronger power-level than existed on the face of the sun, and Daisy was struggling to maintain any kind of enthusiasm.

With Max working Daisy to make content clip after content clip, the words coming out of Daisy's mouth were becoming totally meaningless. This wasn't about Daisy's passion for food now, it was just nothing more than empty content to draw in clicks and ad revenue.

But with Max barking orders and a couple of Max's hangers on milling around, Daisy very much felt outnumbered. Any indication of rebellion on Daisy's part wouldn't have been a good idea. Daisy simply didn't feel like she had any power or any control over what was going on.

The feeling of having no control sucked. But Daisy felt like she was all out of options – she had to follow Max's instructions and simply hope that the nightmare would end sooner rather than later.

Just keep going.

Keep smiling.

Hold back the tears...

Daisy was putting a brave face on things, and that was an understatement. The schedule was more punishing than

ever, and it felt to Daisy like she was making content non-stop.

But worse than that, it didn't even feel like she was making content for herself. All the work felt like it was for Max. The fact that it was Daisy in the videos, Daisy's name on the YouTube and TikTok channels was just a side-issue. For all intents and purposes, this was about making money for Max.

In truth, Daisy was hating every single second.

But Daisy knew that she had to keep on going and doing exactly what Max wanted otherwise Max might never give her access to her finances again. By being a good girl now, Daisy figured that Max might trust her again in the future.

The reality was the Daisy was terrified that Max might simply permanently shut her out of her own bank accounts. Daisy had heard about things like this happening to other content makers before. The horror stories were enough to make anyone scared.

Daisy felt alone and totally isolated.

While Daisy wanted to reach out to Rock, she was scared of how Rock might react. Daisy had told Rock in the note that she was only going away for a couple of days. But it had been over four days now and she hadn't returned.

Rock could have given up on her.

Or worse, Daisy worried that Rock could have met someone new to take her place.

This might have seemed over the top to think like this in any other situation, but Daisy didn't understand why Rock hadn't simply driven to the city to find her. After all, weren't Daddy Doms supposed to be all super-protective and possessive?

'Hmmm, if Rock is my Forever Daddy, then why isn't he here with me now?' Daisy said, snuggling up to Beet on a brief break from filming. 'Why does *nothing* make sense anymore?'

It was at this point that Max walked into the room.

Max looked angry. With his brand-new diamond earring flashing under the studio light and his gold watch looking equally flashy, Max was quite obviously enjoying spending the money that Daisy had earned herself.

'Break's nearly over,' Max said, his voice cold and flat. 'We've got a lot to get through and I want you to bring your A-game this time. No half-assing it. Got it?'

'Y-y-yes, Max,' Daisy said. 'Please can I have a juice box? I'm thirsty.'

'Fine, don't say I never do anything for you!' Max replied, his mock anger coming off as cruel and taunting. 'I'll be back in a moment.'

As Max left the room, Daisy noticed that Max had left her phone on the shelf. Max had been looking after Daisy's cellphone during filming and seemed reluctant to hand it back.

Daisy decided that this was her chance.

Max would be back with the juice box in a few minutes, so if Daisy wanted to send some messages to Rock and her Little friends, now was the time to do it.

Daisy sprung up from the couch and grabbed her phone. Daisy's first instinct was to message Rock, but she was worried that she might make a fool of herself or say the wrong thing.

I don't want Rock thinking I'm some dumb Little.

I need to show him I'm strong.

I need to...

Daisy decided that she would message Trixie first and let her know that she was okay. They hadn't messaged much in the last couple of days, and the last thing that Daisy wanted was for Trixie to think that she was giving her the silent treatment.

To be honest, it had struck Daisy as being a bit odd that Trixie hadn't been messaging her either. But, on the other hand, Trixie always had a lot going on in the science lab so maybe it made sense.

Daisy typed a quick series of messages to Trixie but just before she could write to Rock, Max reentered the room and pretty much snatched the phone out of Daisy's hand.

'I'll look after *this*,' Max said, handing Daisy the juice box. 'After all, we don't want you getting unnecessarily distracted, now do we?'

Daisy shook her head.

Daisy may have managed to squeeze in a message to Trixie, but the fact that she hadn't managed to get in touch with Rock made her feel sad. Part of Daisy wanted to stand up and snatch her phone right back from Max. But Daisy knew that she wouldn't do this.

Confrontation just wasn't Daisy's thing.

'Come on, up!' Max said. 'You can drink that juice later. We're behind on our schedule and you need to get changed out of those clothes and into your outfit.'

'My outfit?' Daisy said, not sure what Max was talking about. 'But-'

'But nothing!' Max replied. 'Trust me. I'm your manager. I know exactly what's good for you. Now, hurry up. We've got some *naughty* footage to record!'

Daisy gasped but she didn't say anything.

Stunned into silence, Daisy's heart felt sad.

As Daisy followed behind Max, her only wish was that the day could come to an end as soon as possible.

What does Max mean by naughty fun?

I don't like the sound of this.

I don't like the sound of this at all...

* * *

Daisy was finally done for the day. And she was glad that there was at least no more filming to do, even if that meant she had to work on writing a blogpost to go live the following day.

'Urgh. I'm no good at writing stuff like this,' Daisy sighed, her mind still distracted by the embarrassment she had felt at filming in nothing but a pair of skimpy bikini top and gold shorts earlier on. *'Beet, I don't think I can keep on doing this.'*

Daisy and Beet were back in their apartment.

They were sitting at the small kitchen table with a big blanket over them. Max had apparently cancelled the heating so that more money could be invested into buying a new camera for them to film on. Well, this is what he had told Daisy anyhow. Daisy was beginning to have some serious doubts about whether Max was truly looking after her money well at all.

This just doesn't feel right.

I don't think Max is a good man.

But I feel... trapped.

Daisy wanted to burst into tears. Cold, tired and hungry wasn't a good place to be – and especially when Daisy cast her mind back to just how happy she was living in

Rock's house. The roaring fire, the fully stocked kitchen, the endless supply of Daddy-snuggles.

'I give up,' Daisy said, her voice full of sadness. 'This blog can write itself. Come on Beet, let's watch a movie in bed.'

Daisy picked Beet up and the pair of them walked into the bedroom. It was so cold that Daisy didn't even change into her pajamas. Instead, Daisy simply got under the covers and wrapped both her and Beet up as tightly as she could.

Daisy tried to warm up, but it was difficult with the whole apartment so chilly. Even the prospect of watching a movie didn't seem appealing.

Lying in bed with no motivation and feeling physically and emotionally drained, Daisy's mind cast back to one of the moves her family made as a child. It had been across from the West coast to the East, and Daisy remembered how the new house didn't even have a working heating system for the first three weeks. Each night had been a long, horrible experience of shivering so hard it wasn't possible to get to sleep.

No, no, no, stay positive.

Life is different now.

I have friends, security, a... Daddy.

But Daisy knew that her positive thinking was only worth so much.

Right now, she felt like her life was about as far from perfect as she could possibly imagine. Something had to change, she had to somehow work out a way of escaping from Max's clutches and getting control of her money back at the same time too.

Daisy remembered how when the family had moved to that cold, miserable house they had all eventually

decided to sleep in the same bed until the heating issue got resolved. That had actually been kinda fun.

‘I wish we had Daddy here,’ Daisy said, holding onto Beet extra tightly. ‘*Hmmm*. Speaking of Daddy...’

Daisy didn’t have her phone with her – it was with Max.

But Daisy *did* have her Kindle. And maybe this meant that she could be closer to Rock without actually speaking to him. After a quick search, Daisy found Rock’s most well-known novel and downloaded it.

It may not have been a movie, and Daisy was definitely worried about it being too grown up for her, but Daisy was desperate to feel a sense of closeness to Rock and figured this might just be the way to do it.

But just as Daisy touched the screen to begin reading, the Kindle’s battery warning flashed, and it turned itself off. This was the last straw for Daisy.

Everything that *could* go wrong *was* going wrong.

Daisy’s return to the city was turning out to be a total nightmare – and to make matters even worse it was the type of nightmare that Daisy simply couldn’t see a way out of.

Daisy needed her Daddy to protect her and keep her warm.

But instead, Daisy was cold, alone, and feeling like there was no hope for the future.

Chapter 18

The house didn't feel the same without Daisy, and nothing that Rock could do would even get close to changing that.

Having arrived back from the bar feeling a little on the drunk side, Rock decided to rustle up a late-night snack to make himself feel better.

'If only I knew someone who was good with food, *huh?*' Rock muttered, clumsily banging into the corner of the solid-oak kitchen unit. '*Pfft*. Whatever. I'm a grown-ass man. I can make a fucking sandwich.'

Rock picked up the bread knife and began angrily cutting away at the large sourdough loaf.

Next up for the chopping board was a large tomato that Rock just about managed to slice without removing his own fingers in the process too.

'*Grrrr*. No *freakin'* cheese,' Rock said, opening the refrigerator and seeing pretty much a barren wasteland aside from a couple of bottles of pale ale and a milk carton. 'Oh well, tomato sandwich it is.'

Rock put the sandwich on a large white plate and wandered toward his study. Rock sat down on his work chair and instinctively turned the computer on.

It was late.

Rock was drunk.

But his instinct to work on his novel was still there. It was almost like a defense mechanism for him. Things may have been going all to hell with Daisy, and with Dean Houser too, but Rock reasoned that if he could at least get some words on the page then that would go some way to helping him carry on like everything was normal.

'Fuck, this is terrible,' Rock said, suddenly realizing that the tomato in his sandwich was probably a good two or three days past its best. 'Damned Little. It's all her fault.'

Rock knew it was wrong to feel angry toward Daisy. He was simply lashing out. But there was something that was becoming clearer and clearer to Rock, and it wasn't a comfortable feeling to sit with either.

Rock cast his mind back to when his former girl, Sadie walked out and ended their relationship.

It had always been the narrative in Rock's head that it was Sadie who couldn't handle the change in Rock's status when his book really took off and changed his life. Rock had always been more than happy to lay the vast majority of blame at Sadie's door.

But gradually over the years, Rock had known on a subconscious level that it wasn't quite that simple. Being in a happy relationship with Daisy had helped to clarify that further – but now Daisy was gone, Rock was refining his version of events even more.

I was so arrogant back then.

Always thinking of me and my success.

Maybe Sadie just had to prioritize herself...

Rock sat at his desk and stared at his off-color tomato sandwich.

Was it possible that Daisy had grown tired with Rock's self-obsession over his career? After all, even in their

short time together, Rock had devoted a lot of time to working on his manuscript.

Perhaps it was possible that Daisy didn't appreciate this, that she wanted to be the undisputed priority in Rock's life. And following this line of thinking, maybe this was why Daisy headed back to the city and was now ignoring Rock.

'Does the girl... just not *want* to be with me?' Rock said, running his fingers across his keyboard but not typing a word. 'Just like Sadie, Daisy had enough and needed to break away from me...'

Rock felt an overwhelming sense of devastation come over him.

Maybe Daisy had a lucky escape and got out early.

Rock could now see just how arrogant and cocky he had been in his younger years. No wonder Sadie left him in search of something more, and something better too.

At the peak of his career, Rock had once thought that the good times would never end. It was this arrogance that led to Sadie walking out and Rock blindly assuming that she would come running back. It never happened, and Rock had allowed that to cast a shadow over him for many years.

If the same thing was happening all over again with Daisy, Rock decided that the only real option he had was to face up to the truth as early as possible and accept it.

Daisy was gone.

Daisy wasn't coming back.

The only thing left to do as far as Rock could see was to accept this and let Daisy walk away.

Rock didn't want to cause Daisy any more pain. If Daisy truly didn't want to hear from Rock, then Rock decided

that it was only right to not attempt to contact Daisy again.

'I think it's time for one last beer,' Rock said, getting up from his chair and walking out of the study and toward the kitchen. 'One beer. One new chapter on the book. And then bed.'

* * *

Rock decided that rather than one more beer, he would take all three cool beers from the refrigerator and have them on his desk as he worked. In theory, this was fine – but in practice it simply led him to spend more time thinking about Daisy, Sadie, and pretty much every other person he had met in his whole life.

Why do I screw every relationship up?

I even screwed things up with my father.

I didn't even resolve things with him before he passed...

Rock remembered how him and his father had enjoyed a close relationship all the way through childhood until, quite abruptly, his mother and father divorced when Rock was seventeen.

There was no great drama, no infidelity, no violence – simply two adults who had drifted apart over the years finally deciding that enough was enough. But Rock had found it hard to handle. He was still a teenager and had the emotions that went hand in hand with that stage of life.

The upshot of the divorce was that Rock decided he no longer had much interest in being around his father on the weekends or during the holidays. Instead, Rock poured his time into writing. It was time well spent but

looking back Rock could see that he would never get that time with his father back.

Rock knew that his father had been ill earlier in his life and beaten it, so in the months after Rock's novel began to go stratospheric he didn't think too much when he heard that his father was ill again.

Sadly, Rock's father was dead within two weeks. Rock had to live with the knowledge that he didn't see his father before he died – there was no turning back the clock and no way of changing things.

It was a regret that Rock buried deep inside of himself. Looking back with hindsight, all of the partying that came when his book began to sell and win awards was probably a way of holding his emotions over his father at bay.

This tactic worked in one sense. But it was hard to argue that it didn't negatively affect Rock in many other aspects of his life. In fact, Rock sometimes felt that he was still living with the pain of it all.

'Fuck. *Another* beer it is,' Rock said, reaching over to the final bottle.

But before Rock could open the drink and hear the comforting fizz of an open bottle, he heard a loud knocking on the door.

'Who the hell is this?' Rock said, angrily getting up from the chair and stomping through toward the front door. 'If that's you, Houser... God help me!'

Rock could feel his blood boiling. He was angry, confused, and hurt all in one. Rock wanted to lash out. He wanted to do something – *anything* – to take away from the pain of Daisy no longer being in his life.

'You?' Rock said, opening the door to Trixie. 'What do you-'

But before Rock could even finish his sentence or invite Trixie in, the Little was already inside the house and ready to talk...

'OMG... I can't believe it took me so long to work this out!' Trixie said.

'Work *what* out? You're not making any sense, girl!' Rock replied, not in the mood for riddles.

'Daisy's last message to me,' Trixie said. 'It seemed weird. Like, not really written in her normal voice. At first, I thought she was maybe tired. Or using a voice app to convert it to text. But then I sent another message and asked a question that only Daisy would know the answer to...'

'Go on...'

'And Daisy, or rather *not Daisy*, got it wrong!' Trixie replied. 'Daisy isn't the one who's been messaging me. I think someone, and I'm guessing that horrible manager of hers, has been controlling Daisy's phone!'

Rock could feel the anger building up inside him.

That motherfucker Max.

I knew he was bad news.

This can't stand. Not on my watch...

'If Max is controlling Daisy's phone, then who knows what kind of hold he has over her,' Trixie said, speaking so fast that she was almost tripping over her words. 'We need to do something! Daisy needs her Daddy's help!'

Rock's first instinct was to get in his car and drive to the city right there and then. But he knew that he'd had way too much to drink to even contemplate such a thing.

'I don't suppose you can drive?' Rock said, looking at Trixie.

'Sorry, Rock, I'm strictly two wheels,' Trixie replied sadly.

Then it hit Rock. Jax had a private driver who was available 24/7. As long as Jax wasn't being driven somewhere for a late-night booty call, then that could be the answer.

One quick call later and not only was the driver heading over to Rock's house, but Jax was coming too. All three of them would go to the city. There was no telling exactly what Max was up to, and it may well have been the case that Rock, Jax, or Trixie could hold the key to sorting this mess out.

The one thing that Rock was certain of was that something had to be done and there wasn't a single second to waste. Rock was determined to get his girl back and vanquish Max from Daisy's life for good.

'I just hope we're there in time,' Rock said as he stood outside with Trixie as they waited for the car to arrive.

'You're her Daddy, you'll make it right,' Trixie replied. 'I just *know* you will.'

Rock nodded. But beneath his stoic exterior, his heart was racing. They had identified the problem, but solving it was a whole other matter.

Rock wasn't able to dwell on things for too much longer as he heard the sound of Jax's car coming around the corner and parking up in front of his house.

'New York City, here we come,' Rock said, his voice strong and determined. 'It's time to write some wrongs and get my girl back where she belongs – in my arms.'

Chapter 19

Daisy had not enjoyed what little sleep she had managed to get.

The fact that her alarm had gone off at five AM did little to cheer her up. Apparently, Max had arranged an extra-long day of filming, and it was going to be the beginning of *at least* one whole week of early morning starts.

I don't know how much longer I can do this.

Maybe I should just run away?

From Max... from the city... from everything.

Daisy finished off brushing her teeth and gave her face a splash of water to try and wake herself up a little bit better. The apartment was cold and even in her clothes from the night before, Daisy still felt the chill running over her body.

'Maybe a shower will at least warm me up,' Daisy said, looking over to Beet who was sitting patiently on the bathroom chair. 'That's if the hot water is still working!'

Fortunately, the shower still worked and the water was nice and hot. It was good that at least one thing was working out in Daisy's favor, but she couldn't shake the feeling that her life was absolutely not okay as it was currently proceeding.

Daisy wanted to be having fun.

Whether that fun was hanging out in The Cuddle Castle, coloring and playing with Trixie, or having wholesome and naughty times with Rock... all Daisy knew was that these things were sadly absent from her life currently, and she didn't really see how that was going to change as things stood.

After cleaning her body with soap, Daisy hopped out of the shower and very briskly dried herself off using her large, fluffy towel. So as to avoid getting all cold again, Daisy quickly hustled to her wardrobe and put on a thermal t-shirt and her thick, thermal panties too. The t-shirt and panties were a bright red set and Daisy knew just how cute she looked...

'I wish Daddy was here to see me,' Daisy sighed. 'Maybe it just wasn't meant to be...'

Daisy felt glum.

Despite the fact that her time as Rock's special Little had been relatively brief, to Daisy it was already feeling like a long-lost golden era. Daisy had been able to do everything she loved to do...

Cooking.

Coloring and playing.

Even indulging in her special kinks...

But the prospect of that happening again felt like it was getting lesser by the second. Each new video or silly promotional trick that Max was forcing her to do made Daisy feel less connected with the passions in her life.

Daisy wanted to tell Max that she wouldn't do any more for him. But that just wasn't how things worked in life. Daisy knew that Max had complete control of her money and without a supply of money being fed to her, Daisy knew she would be out on the street.

‘Come on, Beet... let’s try and have a good day,’ Daisy muttered, really and truly not believing a word she was saying. ‘Who knows, Max might decide to be a bit nicer to me if I work as hard as I can?’

Daisy got changed into her t-shirt and neon green dungarees. It was time to hit the street outside her apartment and make the twenty-minute walk over toward the studio.

‘Brrrrrrrr! It’s cold!’ Daisy said, shivering as she stepped out onto the sidewalk. ‘And it’s barely dawn either. I don’t feel safe. Please protect me, Beet!’

Daisy was genuinely concerned about walking alone at this time of the day. The streets seemed pretty much deserted, but that also meant that bad guys could be lurking behind every corner.

Daisy also knew that as much as her stuffie was always there for her, if push came to shove then Beet wasn’t exactly in a position to fight anyone away.

‘Okay, here goes,’ Daisy said, taking a big breath and beginning to set off westward toward the studio.

But before Daisy could get very far, she heard the sound of a loud car engine heading in her direction. With its blacked-out windows and bright, halogen lights the car was menacing and made Daisy cower behind a trash can.

I don’t like that car.

I don’t like it at all.

And I like it even less that it’s headed right for me...

Daisy closed her eyes and hoped and prayed that the angry, super-charged car would drive right past her and continue on its journey.

But Daisy didn’t need to worry.

The car was heading right for her, and that was a *good* thing...

‘Girl! Come out from behind that trash can,’ Rock shouted, jumping out of the car as it screeched to a halt. ‘That’s a direct command from your Daddy, so unless you fancy a paddling right here in the cold morning air, I’d do what I say!’

‘Daddy?’ Daisy said, coming out from behind the dirty trash can. ‘I... I... what’s going on? Why are you here?’

Before Rock could answer, Daisy watched as Trixie and Jax got out of the car too. Daisy didn’t know precisely what was going on, but she knew one thing for absolutely certain – she was super-happy to see her friends.

‘Daisy!’ Trixie cried out, running over to Daisy and giving her a big hug.

‘Hey, save some for me,’ Rock said, his hulking body looking an appetizing target for Daisy to snuggle into in the cold weather. ‘Even better, get in the car with us and we can talk over what the hell has been going on.’

‘Daddy, it’s been awful,’ Daisy said, close to tears. ‘Max has been so mean and so stinky to me that I almost can’t believe it’s even real.’

Daisy saw Rock’s facial expression harden.

Daddy’s angry.

But not the good angry... he’s mad.

I think he might be about to put Max in his place...

Before Daisy could get any colder, she got into the large SUV with Rock and the others. It was time to explain exactly what had been going on and then see what Daddy had come up with as a plan for sorting the whole mess out...

* * *

‘I cannot fucking believe it,’ Rock said, his voice full of genuine anger at Max’s mistreatment of Daisy. ‘I knew he was controlling and manipulative, but this is something else.’

‘It’s worse than we thought,’ Jax said, a concerned look on his face. ‘But that doesn’t mean we can’t still put this asshole face first into a trash can.’

‘Agreed,’ Rock said, putting his arm around Daisy and bringing her in close. ‘Tell me, girl – where were you filming first up today?’

Daisy had just about stopped shivering, but was still finding it hard to speak due to the sheer adrenalin rush of seeing her Daddy again.

‘It’s okay, breathe,’ Rock said, gently rubbing Daisy’s back. ‘Take your time. But also make sure to say exactly what you were scheduled to be doing. It could help us with our plan.’

‘Y-y-y-yes, Daddy,’ Daisy whimpered, attempting to compose herself as best as she possibly could.

‘Here, have some of this juice,’ Trixie said, handing Daisy a multi-colored juice box. ‘I brought it especially for you. I finished my one less than ten minutes into the journey here!’

Trixie laughed and this helped to take some intensity out of the moment. Daisy even giggled a little bit too. Then, after taking a sip on her juice, Daisy began to explain what was in store for her that day.

‘First, I’m meant to meet at the recording studio,’ Daisy said. ‘Then I think I have a recording session in the park. Like an early morning thing. I’m meant to be wearing

hotpants and offering free donuts to strangers. It sounds tacky and horrible. I *really* don't want to do it...'

Even talking about it was making Daisy feel upset.

And this didn't go unnoticed by Rock.

'Don't worry, you'll be doing no such thing,' Rock said, his voice brimming with determination and certainty. 'This will all have been sorted by then. Okay, here's what I suggest. We drive you directly to the park. You can message Max and say you'll meet him there instead of the studio. Then, simply wait for me to make my move.'

'What are you going to do, Daddy?' Daisy said.

'It's better if you simply focus on yourself,' Rock replied, a firm tone in his voice. 'I don't want Max getting suspicious. It's time that this utter creep gets his just desserts. The last thing we want is for him to get suspicious and then run away like the cowardly bully he is.'

With that, the Jax's personal driver put the car into gear and the gang headed toward the park.

Daisy didn't know how the situation would play out, but she did know that she had a Daddy who loved and cared for her.

Rock was determined to free Daisy, it was written all over his face - and now in his actions too.

Daisy knew that whatever happened next, she had a Daddy who cared for her enough to lay it all on the line and try to make things right.

Chapter 20

The park was quiet. Eerily so. It may have been the cold weather, the time of day, or just one of those things – but there weren't many people around at all.

The trees looked beautiful in their autumnal coloring, and with the time-sensitive park lights still on from overnight, there was a dramatic feel to the place.

Rock was hunkered down as inconspicuously as he could manage. Sitting on a park bench with his heavy-duty overcoat keeping him warm, Rock's back was to Daisy.

But that didn't mean that Rock couldn't hear exactly what was being spoken just a few feet away from him...

'Daisy, I've been thinking,' Max said, a cruelly controlling tone in his voice as he spoke. 'If you really impress me. And I mean, *really* go the extra yard, then I might give you a raise of... say... ten bucks.'

Rock felt himself bristle as he listened.

The fucking asshole.

How dare he treat my girl like this.

But I have to wait... sit quiet until the perfect moment...

Rock felt his anger building as Max continued to taunt and tease Daisy. It was a total abuse of power, one so severe that Rock could barely believe it.

In that moment, Rock felt such a strong empathetic connection to Daisy that he wanted nothing more than to stand up and crush Max with his bare hands.

But Rock wasn't just waiting for the right moment, he was waiting for a message from Trixie and Jax to come through. Upon hearing about the way Max had taken control of Daisy's finances, they had all decided that something else would need to be done.

A different approach would need to be taken, one that would give Max no option but to relinquish control and hand back all of the passwords and login details to what was rightfully Daisy's hard-earned money.

The wait was an agonizing one for Rock – and it must have been even worse for Daisy too...

'You're nothing special,' Max said, his words making a listening Rock's skin crawl. 'I could have any girl I wanted. If anything, you should be paying me! Ha! I really do crack myself up.'

Rock's fists began to squeeze tighter and tighter. He was close to losing it completely and beating Max to a pulp. But just before Rock could do anything, he felt his phone vibrate. It was Trixie...

Details secured. Email hacked. We've got proof of a ton of tax evasion, financial mismanagement, blackmail, and even evidence of selling illegal substances. We've got the butt-head where we need him! Trixie

Rock grinned. This was going to be a good moment, and he didn't want to waste a single second more listening to Max wax lyrical about himself. This jerk was about to get his comeuppance...

'You might want to shut the hell up,' Rock said as he rose from the park bench. 'And I don't mean maybe.'

'Who the hell are you?' Max said, spinning around with a smug sneer on his face. 'Like I'm going to listen to some park bench bum?'

Daisy giggled in delight, but this only seemed to make Max angry.

'What's so fucking funny?' Max snapped. 'You think I'm scared of this *loser*?'

Rock smiled. Max was angry, emotional, and about to be delivered a killer blow...

'If you're not scared of me, you should be,' Rock said. 'Girl, over here.'

Daisy immediately ran over to Rock and took her place by his side.

Rock loved the feeling of putting his arm around Daisy and showing Max that things were about to change – and not in a way that Max would like...

'I've got proof of your financial misdeeds. Concrete evidence,' Rock said. 'And a whole heap of other evidence too. Now what I'm going to need is for you to give me all of Daisy's details. Your time controlling her is well and truly over. You're already in enough legal trouble as it is, you don't want to make things worse. Trust me. I have the money to pay for a hundred lawyers to bury you in litigation for years.'

'B-b-b-but... this can't be...,' Max said, a panicked look on his face. 'You asshole! You little shit, Daisy! How could you do this to me?'

'Respect the young girl!' Rock said, gripping Max's collar and yanking him up onto his tiptoes. 'Show some manners and decency for once or I'll toss you into the

park lake and let the ducks have you as their personal play toy.'

Max struggled to free himself from Rock's grip, but he couldn't get close to it. It was clear that there was only one alpha in this situation, and that was undoubtedly Rock.

'Fine! Fine! Just get off me!' Max said, squirming and squealing as he helplessly flapped around.

'So you agree to hand all banking and financial control back to Daisy right this second?' Rock said, squeezing Max even harder. 'And more than that, do you apologize to her for all the hurt and pain you've caused?'

Rock knew how important it would be to Daisy for her to hear Max own his terrible behavior.

Given Daisy's insecurities from childhood, Rock wanted to make sure that Max made a clear statement confirming that Daisy was worth way more than the ridiculous videos she'd been made to perform in...

'I'm sorry. I'm really fucking sorry,' Max said, a look of shame on his face. 'But... whatever. Just put me down. I've done what you've asked.'

'Is this enough, Daisy?' Rock said. 'I'll keep this rat dangling until you're satisfied.'

'It's fine, Daddy,' Daisy said. 'I've heard enough.'

Rock did as Daisy requested and dropped Max to the ground. But just as it looked like Max was about to get up and run away, Daisy stepped in front of him and blocked his path.

'Before you go,' Daisy said, a calm and focused tone in her voice. 'You were horrible to me. And all I did was try to work hard and put my love of food out there for people to see. I don't think you should ever work as a manager

again, because no one in the world deserves what you put me through.'

Max shook his head and ran away into the distance.

'And don't come back!' Daisy shouted, her voice now full of emotion. 'Daddy, thank you so much for rescuing me. I don't know what I would have done without you.'

'Same, girl. Same,' Max said. 'I think it's time we met up with Jax and Trixie and had some breakfast. Know of anywhere good around here?'

'I know just the place!' Daisy replied, a big smile on her face.

* * *

The Littlest Waffle House was Daisy's favorite breakfast spot in the whole of New York City. With its funky décor and absolutely lip-smacking delicious pancakes, it was the place to be for a tasty breakfast.

'I hope you don't mind the music too much,' Daisy laughed, bopping her head along to the nursery rhyme soundtrack coming out of the speakers. 'I kinda love it!'

'Me too!' Trixie said, rocking in her seat as she eagerly anticipated delivery of his second stack of maple syrup covered pancakes.

'I think I could do without the music,' Jax said, rolling his eyes. 'But these damn pancakes are *insane*. I assume you agree, Rock?'

Rock mumbled in agreement.

Rock's mouth was full of what was his third serving in less than fifteen minutes. Kicking ass and rescuing his girl was hungry work as it turned out.

Oh, and the fact that Rock's hangover was kicking in was probably an extra motivational factor in getting as many carbs inside him as was humanly possible.

'Yup. Music... nope. Food... totally,' Rock said, washing his last pancake down with a big slurp of black coffee. 'Guys, is it okay if me and the girl have a moment alone?'

Jax and Trixie exchanged a knowing look. It was time for them to leave Rock and Daisy to sort some things out.

'Jax, we can play on the pinball machine,' Trixie said. 'I bet I beat your score!'

'Don't bank on it, girl,' Jax said, shaking his head in disbelief. 'I don't think you have *any idea* who you're playing with...'

'Daddy, I think they might... *like* each other,' Daisy said, giggling as she watched Jax and Trixie head over to the cupcake-themed pinball machine.

'I think we should keep our noses out,' Rock said, struggling to hide his smile. 'But... there's one matter of the heart we do need to speak on. And that's me and you. I think-'

'Daddy, I love you!' Daisy blurted out, cutting right across Rock. 'You can paddle me for interrupting but I love you, I love you, I love you!'

Rock growled. But then he burst out into a big smile.

'And I love you too, girl,' Rock said, sitting up and reaching over to plant a big kiss on Daisy's delightful forehead. 'I've hated being apart. And I *never* want that to be the case again. *Ever*. But only if that's what you want too?'

'That's *all* I want!' Daisy squealed in delight. 'I want you to be my Forever Daddy. I think that's what I've wanted since you first came and talked to me at The Cuddle Castle.'

Rock felt his heart swell with a mixture of pride, happiness and an all-encompassing desire to always be there for his girl.

Daisy needs me.

And I need Daisy too.

This is what life is all about.

The pair of them embraced and neither wanted to let go. In fact, it took the final serving of pancakes to split them up.

As Tom the café owner placed the stack of sprinkles and cream covered pancakes down on the table, his large arms bulging from the sheer weight of the extra-large portion, both Rock and Daisy knew that they had found their true happiness.

‘Daddy, if I’m extra good can I have the last pancake?’ Daisy said, fluttering her long eyelashes.

‘Yes, you can,’ Rock replied, a sly grin on his face. ‘But know this... for every pancake you’ve eaten today, I’m going to be giving you ten full-force spanks on that butt of yours later tonight!’

Daisy giggled and blushed – and Rock smiled as he felt his manhood growing inside his pants at the thought of getting his hands on Daisy once more.

Daisy and Rock were reunited, in love, and ready to recommence Daddy and Little activities.

But while they were still in the city, there was still one or two matters that needed clearing up...

Chapter 21

Daisy was thrilled to be back with Rock and knowing that Max was out of her life for good was such a great feeling.

Jax had also confirmed that he had sent the evidence of Max's misdealing and criminal activity to a Daddy friend who worked in the police. This was the right thing to do, and hopefully Max would have plenty of time to consider exactly where he had gone wrong in his life and how he could live better in the future. Well, that was the hope anyhow.

Jax was attending some business with his financial management team and Trixie was meeting up with her Little friends Nicki and Britney. The plan was for everyone to get together later on and have some fun at The Cuddle Castle.

This suited Daisy as it meant some much needed one-on-one time with Rock.

But as much as Daisy would have liked to let Rock ravage her and show her exactly what she had been missing over these last few days, Daisy did actually have something else planned...

'You booked us a table *where?*' Rock said, momentarily taken aback.

'La Zizou,' Daisy giggled, knowing exactly how shocking that must have sounded given that La Zizou was arguably

the most in demand restaurant in the whole city, and had been for many years.

‘But how did you get us a table?’ Rock said, in such a state of shock that he actually stopped dead in the middle of the sidewalk.

‘Not telling!’ Daisy laughed, squealing with delight as she saw the puzzled look on Rock’s handsome face. ‘But all will be revealed!’

‘You’re close to a spanking, girl!’ Rock said, his frustration at not knowing exactly what was going on getting to him. ‘But... I’ll allow this to play out.’

The truth was that Daisy had needed to call on some special help to get the table at La Zizou. And that special help came in the shape of Rock’s literary agent Edward Lock.

Although she knew it was very naughty, Daisy had been reading Rock’s new manuscript and loving every single word. Daisy maybe wasn’t an expert when it came to matters of literary fiction, but she knew a good book when she was reading it – and Rock’s *definitely* fit that bill.

So just before leaving to go back to the city, Daisy had emailed the manuscript over to Edward.

Daisy knew that usually Rock wouldn’t send work out before it was one hundred percent ready, but Daisy truly felt like this was so special that Edward just had to see it. Rock may have sent the odd chapter draft or idea to Edward, but nothing like an unfinished manuscript.

Daddy would go nuts if he knew.

Super-serious spanking kinda nuts.

Gulp! He might just be about to find out too...

As the pair of them entered La Zizou, Daisy decided that she would keep the truth about sending the manuscript under her hat for as long as possible. After all, they had only just made up and were both feeling so happy. Why risk that over something that might not come to anything?

‘Wowzers, this place is... fancy!’ Daisy said, her eyes wide open as she took in the plush interior of La Zizou. ‘I don’t think I’ve seen anything as elegant as this outside of a movie!’

‘Yeah, it’s pretty damn incredible,’ Rock said. ‘But honestly, I’d be happy anywhere if you were by my side, baby girl.’

Daisy felt all warm and fuzzy.

To hear Rock speak to her like that was something that Daisy would never, *ever* tire of.

What Daisy had realized very early in her time with Rock was that he had the kind of protective, firm aura that a true Daddy should – but as well as that, Rock was more than capable of being a big softy too.

‘But... love and romance to one side, I for one am ready to introduce you to the delights of the La Zizou menu,’ Rock said, pulling a chair out for Daisy to sit on.

Daisy smiled.

‘Thank you, Daddy,’ Daisy said, a sneaky grin on her face. ‘You might want to turn around...’

With that, a confused looking Rock turned around and was faced with the sight of a positively ecstatic Edward Lock.

‘Rock Carver... what a *shock* to see you here!’ Edward said, his over-the-top delivery making it perfectly clear that the whole thing had been planned.

‘What... is... going... on?’ Rock said, bemused. ‘Is this down to you, girl?’

‘I think it’s best that Edward explains,’ Daisy giggled.

‘Yes, I think that’s best,’ Edward said, a huge smile on his face. ‘Your special girl sent me something. And that certain something has just been sold for a huge advance!’

‘Wait... not...you didn’t... but it wasn’t *ready*,’ Rock said, the look on his face a mixture of joy, confusion and even a little bit of frustration. ‘I don’t know whether to kiss you or paddle you!’

‘I’d suggest both!’ Edward laughed, taking a seat at the table and then explaining how Rock’s manuscript had been the subject of a five-way tug of war between the major publishing houses in New York. ‘Rock Carver, you are well and truly *back*. Not that you ever went away, my friend. I always knew you’d produce another masterpiece. And this one could well be your best yet.’

‘Edward, thank you,’ Rock said. ‘Thank you for sticking with me over the years. It can’t have been easy.’

‘Rock, we’re friends. Daddies stick together, you know that,’ Edward replied, eagerly picking up the menu and scanning it for his favorite dishes. ‘I think you absolutely need to stick with Daisy. She brings out the best in you. Creatively and as a person. This girl’s one of a kind.’

‘She certainly is,’ Rock said, putting his hand on Daisy’s knee and giving it a friendly squeeze. ‘I’ve learned a lot from you, babygirl. And I want to keep on learning. *Together*. How does that sound?’

‘It sounds perfect, Daddy,’ Daisy said. ‘Please can I have three deserts? They all sound so good!’

‘Three deserts? You can have one,’ Rock said. ‘We’ve got a long day and night ahead of us, I don’t want you having

a total sugar crash!’

The three of them laughed, and as they ate their food and talked, spirits were high. But Daisy could sense that Rock wasn’t entirely relaxed – and she knew why too.

‘It’s Dean Houser, isn’t it?’ Daisy said.

Rock nodded. As stoic and controlled as Rock was, Daisy could see that the problem with Houser wasn’t getting any better. In fact, when Rock did begin to speak on it, it became clear that the situation had only gotten worse.

‘That’s not fair! He’s the worst Dean in the world!’ Daisy said, stomping her feet on the shiny, super-polished floor underneath the table.

‘Ah... *Houser*,’ Edward said, a knowing look on his face. ‘I might just have some news for you on him too.’

‘Yes?’ Rock said, arching her eyebrow.

‘I’d heard on the grapevine that you two were having some issues,’ Edward said. ‘You know me, I hear *everything*. Well as it turns out, Houser has been bullying and sleazing onto colleagues for years. He’s a bad egg and exactly the kind of bully that has no places at colleges – or *anywhere* for that matter.’

‘Okay, I’m listening,’ Rock said, intrigued as to where Edward was going with this.

‘I’ve got some contacts on the college board of directors,’ Edward said. ‘Trusted people. The kind of long-term friendships where the trust goes both ways. I told them my concerns and they were disgusted. They’ve done some digging and have decided to remove Houser from his position.’

‘Wow! Daddy! That’s awesome!’ Daisy squealed.

‘Houser deserves it,’ Rock said. ‘I came so close to quitting. I love inspiring students, and he nearly took it

all away from me.'

'But here's the thing,' Edward said. 'Houser doesn't know yet. He's actually speaking at an academic conference in the city today. Perhaps you should pay him a visit and break the good news...'

Daisy looked at Rock.

Rock looked back at Daisy.

This day was going from strength to strength. It was time to pay Dean Houser a visit – but only after desert had been served!

* * *

The conference room was packed with all of the leading Deans and college board members from across the country. It was exactly the kind of environment that Dean Houser enjoyed being in – it was a perfect place for him to luxuriate in his sense of self-importance and power.

But Daisy knew that Rock was about to put a stop to all of that.

'Rock? What on earth are you doing here?' Houser said, the arrogance in his voice palpable. 'Shouldn't you be struggling away with that so-called *manuscript* of yours?'

Houser laughed, but his attempt to impress the fellow Deans didn't go down well. Daisy saw that they were not impressed by Houser and his cruel, dismissive tone.

'With respect, I think I'm doing just fine,' Rock said. 'You, on the other hand...'

Daisy stood and listened as Rock explained to Houser exactly what the situation was. Rock could have been a *lot* crueller than he was. In fact, Daisy was shocked to see just how calm Rock was being. This may have been his

chance for revenge, but being a true Daddy, Rock still had his standards to maintain.

The same could not be said for Houser however...

'You think you're so smart,' Houser said, his voice teeming with fury. 'Well, let's see how smart you really are!'

With that, Houser launched a punch in Rock's direction. Daisy gasped, but she needn't have worried. Rock simply stepped out of the way of the punch and watched as an off-balance Houser crashed into the drinks table, covering himself in horrible mixture of white and red wine.

Houser was soaked, his white shirt stained as he and sat on the floor in disgrace. Daisy giggled in delight and watched on in awe as Rock stepped toward a flattened Houser and towered over him.

Daddy's so big and strong.

But he's smart and creative too.

He's like a superhero!

Daisy wasn't sure what Rock was going to do next. Houser was an easy target now, totally helpless and with a despondent, pouty look on his face.

'I'd offer you a hand up, but you might try and punch me again,' Rock said, shaking his head. 'But thank you, Houser. You've given me a great idea for how to finish my novel. You're quite the inspiration.'

With that, a triumphant Rock took Daisy's hand and they walked out of the conference room.

With Max and Houser both out of the picture, there were no longer any barriers for Rock and Daisy. The path was clear for them both to achieve their dreams and live happily together as Daddy and Little.

It had been a day of good news and celebration so far.
But the day was far from over...

Chapter 22

Everyone was having a great time at Jax's penthouse. With its high ceilings, glass walls and open-plan rooms, it was a great place to enjoy some beers, high-spirits, and celebrate what had been a spectacular success of a day.

It was nice to see some familiar faces that Rock hadn't seen in a while. Catching up with old friends and being in the city was great, in fact.

Now that his situation at college was sorted out, and his book too, Rock decided that he wouldn't be a stranger to the city for so long again.

That said, not everything at the party was totally to Rock's liking...

'Here's to Rock!' Jax said, standing on the glass staircase that led up to his master suite. 'Three cheers to Mr. Bestseller!'

The gathering of Daddies and Littles all raised their glasses and toasted to Rock. Rock felt himself blushing. It had been a long time since he'd had this kind of focus on him, especially as far as his writing was concerned.

Rock would have to get used to it. But in the meantime, his torment wasn't quite over yet either...

'Speech!' Mitch called out, laughing at Rock's obvious discomfort. 'Speech! Or the beers are on you all night!'

Mitch knows I hate public speaking.

But I'm not paying for the beers all night, so...

Deep breath and here goes nothing.

'Fine. Fine,' Rock said, trying to hide his annoyance but failing. 'Dr. Mitch Michaels everyone. The only therapist who likes to drive his friends to needing therapy!'

The room burst out into laughter and Mitch acknowledged the joke with a big smile.

Rock may not have especially enjoyed all the attention being on him, but he would have to get used to it all over again ready for when his new novel was published.

But first of course Rock would need to actually finish it. Sure, what he had written had been strong enough to cause a highly competitive auction between publishers, but that would count for little if the ending didn't do it justice.

Rock however felt confident about his work for the first time in a long time, and that was down to his girl, Daisy. It was time to tell the world exactly that too...

'Sometimes a girl changes everything,' Rock said, speaking to the crowd but focusing his gaze directly on Daisy. 'And I can consider myself incredibly fortunate to have met my special girl. Daisy, thank you for changing my life. None of this would have happened without you.'

Everyone cheered, and it genuinely felt like the kind of moment that Rock would remember for the rest of his life.

'Okay, now everyone quit staring at me and get back to having fun!' Rock bellowed, happy to see everyone listen to his command and resume the party. 'Daisy, a word please.'

'Yes, Daddy?' Daisy said, her angelic face perfectly lit underneath the exquisite lighting of Jax's penthouse. 'Is everything okay?'

‘It is, but I have a question,’ Rock said, his voice serious. ‘I’ll just spit it out. Would you consider moving upstate and living with me... for good.’

Rock waited for a response.

For once, Daisy’s face was hard to read and Rock couldn’t help but think it was all too overwhelming a moment for his girl.

Holy hell. Why isn’t she answering.

Was that too soon?

Has today all been too much for Daisy to handle?

‘We can always come back to the city,’ Rock said. ‘I’ll have book promotions to do, and you can do some of your filming too. We can make it happen in a way that actually works for us. We’ve both learned from our past experiences. But I say that us living together is a risk worth taking...’

‘Daddy! Of course I want to!’ Daisy said. ‘I was just trying to think of the best way to say it. It’s not easy having a famous author as a Daddy!’

‘However you say it would be perfect for me,’ Rock said. ‘Anyway, how do you think the prospect of making food for you makes me feel? I can barely make a stew and I’ve got an online chef sensation as a girl!’

The two of them laughed. The truth was that their own individual success was what made them such a good match. Rock knew that he had his writing, and Daisy had her recipes.

There was no jealousy, insecurity, or rival ambitions. Both of them had their goals to work to, and when all was said and done at the end of the day – they had one another.

Rock and Daisy embraced and kissed. As Rock’s tongue briefly entered Daisy’s sweet mouth, the heat between

rose at triple-speed. As incredible as their emotional connection was, there was no denying that physically Rock and Daisy were a perfect match too.

‘Easy now!’ Edward laughed, walking past them and toward Jax, Mitch, and Ace. ‘We’ve got a long night ahead of us for that kind of thing!’

Rock pulled away from Daisy and growled.

Edward was right, of course. The Cuddle Castle had plenty of fun rooms to explore, and Rock knew in that moment that both he and Daisy would be making the most of them later that evening...

* * *

To say that The Cuddle Castle was jumping would have been an understatement. In fact, there probably wasn’t a club or bar in the whole of New York City that was as full of fun and good spirits as The Cuddle Castle that night...

‘Weeeeeeee!’ Daisy squealed, her face full of unadulterated joy as she slid down the neon green slide in the play room. ‘Daddy! Daddy! Look at me!’

Rock smiled and waved as he watched Daisy crash land into the big, dense ball pit. It was good to see Daisy enjoying herself with her friends from the city. Nicki, Britney and Emma were all positive souls who made great Little buddies.

With Trixie there too, it was truly a fun experience for Daisy. And the best thing about it was that there wasn’t a camera or phone in sight. Daisy was enjoying herself without thinking about making content or a filming schedule.

‘I think you’ve found your match,’ Jax said, putting his arm around Rock and handing him a beer. ‘I mean... who

else would even get you inside a playroom? Come on, it *must* be love!’

Rock chuckled. But Jax wasn’t wrong. Far from it, in fact.

I think it’s always been love.

I think... I think...

I think I’ve just thought of the perfect closing moment for the novel.

‘I know that look, the author is thinking!’ Edward said, joining them. ‘And if that means words get typed onto the screen tomorrow, then I’m all for it!’

The three men laughed and enjoyed their beers together. But it was time to take themselves out of the playroom and into the special Daddy bar area. There was far too much noise and excitable girls flying around for them to concentrate and have a proper conversation.

As they sat down at the large round table with some suitably comfortable and Daddy-friendly armchairs, Edward revealed that he had more big news...

‘About what we discussed,’ Edward said. ‘I talked with some of my contacts, and they’re incredibly interested in Daisy’s recipe book idea. So as far as I’m concerned, I’d love to take Daisy on as a client and see about turning her into the biggest and best version of herself that she can be.’

‘Hell yeah!’ Jax said, taking a big gulp on his beer.

Rock was delighted to hear this news too. He knew that Daisy had the determination, talent and desire to succeed. In fact, it reminded Rock of him all those years ago before his first book was published.

Daisy had experienced online success, but if she had a successful cookbook then her whole world would open up and change.

Rock knew how powerful a moment like this could be, and as excited as he was he wanted to ensure that Edward totally understood the terms and conditions that he would need to stick to when representing Daisy...

‘But no crazy social media stuff, right?’ Rock said. ‘Just like we discussed. It has to be all about the food for my girl.’

‘I wouldn’t have it any other way,’ Edward said. ‘I think between the two of you my hands are going to be full over the next couple of years. I won’t have time for *anything* else...’

‘Well at least we’ll be two single Daddies together,’ Jax said, a wry smile on his face.

Rock could see that both Jax and Edward were now turning their attention to the cute single Littles in the club. That meant it was time for Rock to make an exit and find his own girl.

There was a new kink room in the club that catered to food and messy play, and it had Daisy’s name written all over it...

Chapter 23

The morning after the fun and games at The Cuddle Castle, Daisy woke up next to her Forever Daddy, and life felt like it couldn't get any better.

The guest bedroom at Jax's penthouse was a large, airy space that had all the signs of luxury amongst the minimalist styling. Everything was all white. White bed, white sheets, thick and fluffy white carpets. Even the rare vases and sculptures were all white.

But amongst the expensive design and antique artefacts was something that Daisy knew she could walk away with for free. And that was her Forever Daddy...

Daddy's... sooo hot.

Squee! I just want to... touch him.

I want to please him however he wants to be pleased...

Daisy watched as Rock's chest slowly lifted and fell in time with his breathing. Rock was still fast asleep. It had been a late night, one of the biggest nights that Daisy could remember in a very long time.

What Daisy also couldn't forget was the fun that she and her Daddy had experienced in the food and messy play kink room at the club. Daisy had loved every second of her Daddy ordering her to suck and swallow, put her body on display, and be a good submissive Little.

In fact, it was even making Daisy wet just thinking about it.

Daisy lifted the soft, cozy cover up and looked down at the sight of her nipples hardening.

‘I was about to say good morning,’ Rock said, his left eye opening and looking in the direction of Daisy’s perfectly pert breasts. ‘But it seems like you want to say good morning to me first in your own special way...’

Daisy turned to face Rock and within seconds, both of their bodies were intertwined together. Daisy moaned gently as Rock reached down and traced his fingers over her thin strip of pubic hair.

The thrill of waking up and being pleased by her Daddy was enough to send Daisy right up to the edge, and fast too.

‘Daddy... I might... cum,’ Daisy said, breathlessly.

‘That’s fine, just let it happen,’ Rock said, his other hand reaching around and squeezing Daisy’s pert ass cheeks. ‘Consider this your morning treat!’

Daisy giggled and then let Rock continue working her his wet fingers over her clit and inside her hot pussy.

It wasn’t long before Daisy came, and then in turn set about returning the favor as she slid down the bed and took Rock’s cock in her mouth, bobbing up and down as she also squeezed and pulsed her fist around the base.

‘Fuck. Fuck. That’s... *it*,’ Rock grunted, his warm seed shooting into Daisy’s mouth. ‘*Wow*. I wasn’t expecting that this morning.’

Daisy scooted back up to the top of the bed and the pair of them lay there together.

A Daddy and his special Little in perfect morning harmony.

As far as Daisy was concerned, life was *exactly* how she had always dreamed it could be. Except this wasn't a dream or fantasy, this was really happening.

But as fun as the early morning steam had been, Daisy had an idea for later too...

'Daddy, you know we're taking our road trip home later today?' Daisy said, a devilishly naughty look in her eye.

'Yes? Why do I sense you're about to suggest something absolutely filthy?' Rock said, half-growling and half-smiling.

'Well... how about we find a secluded woodland on the way?' Daisy said, a big smile on her face. 'After you did my food thing last night, it's only right that both of our favorite kinks get to happen.'

'You know, I think I might just keep you around,' Rock said.

'I love you, Daddy,' Daisy replied, snuggling up to Rock.

'And I love you, girl. Now, how about we make breakfast... *together?*'

This was music to Daisy's ears. she was feeling extra-inspired and with Rock as her sous-chef, Daisy was ready to prepare a breakfast fit for a King Daddy and his Perfect Princess Little.

* * *

SIX MONTHS LATER

Daisy was in the kitchen at home when Rock burst out of his study with a huge smile on his face. The fact that Rock was looking so happy wasn't unusual in itself but

there seemed to be something *extra* going on with him – and Daisy wanted to know exactly what that was...

‘Daddy! You know I’m busy working on perfecting this new protein nut bar recipe,’ Daisy said, brattily stomping her foot. ‘This *better* be important!’

‘Watch the sass, girl,’ Rock said, clearly not impressed by Daisy’s foot-stomping. ‘But, *yes*, it is important. Well... if you consider Amazon Studios buying the adaptation rights to my new novel important...’

Daisy couldn’t quite believe it.

This was *huge* news!

‘Daddy! That’s *incredible!*’ Daisy squealed, jumping up and down and sending splashes of sticky toffee spread flying across the kitchen as her wooden spoon shook in the air. ‘I’m so happy for you!’

‘It couldn’t have happened without you,’ Rock said, walking over and planting a big kiss on Daisy’s forehead. ‘We’re a team. When one of us wins, we both do. That’s how we do it. So... how about a trip to the city this weekend to celebrate? The Cuddle Castle is having a big Friday night party.’

‘Yay! And can Trixie come too?’

‘*Hmm*. Funny, I was going to see if Jax wanted to come as well,’ Rock said. ‘But listen to me girl – no interfering! If they’re going to get together, it has to be on their terms. No playing cupid, got it?’

‘Yes, I understand,’ Daisy said, grinning mischievously.

‘Oh yes, I spoke to my buddy Striker and his Little Emma is DJing at the club this weekend too apparently.’

‘Silly Daddy, Emma *always* DJs on a Friday!’

‘Hey, what did I say about that sass?’ Rock said, firmly squeezing Daisy’s butt in his huge hands. ‘I’ll book us a

hotel. But first I need to call Edward to talk some more about this Amazon Studios project.'

With that, Rock smiled and walked out of the kitchen and back into his study.

Daisy felt *so proud* to be Rock's Little.

Having a successful Daddy was one thing, but Rock always made sure that he shared his success with Daisy. The same was true the other way around too, of course.

Daisy was still buzzing with excitement from the news that she had secured a three-book deal with the help of Edward. Now it was simply a question of keeping up the hard work and working on making the tastiest, most wholesome recipes the world had ever known.

The last six months had gone by in a flash.

Living with Rock upstate was everything that Daisy thought it would be. They worked hard in the day, had fun at night, and were both understanding of each other's commitment and passion for their talents.

Rock had even allowed Daisy a free rein to redesign the kitchen.

Daisy had called upon her interior designer friend Nicki to help with the design and now couldn't have been happier with her kitchen workspace. It took some convincing to persuade Rock that a Little-themed kitchen was indeed the way to go, but as soon as Rock had sampled the first batch of cookies from the new kitchen, he suddenly forgot all about his concerns.

The truth was that although it had been a huge risk to take up Rock's offer that first night they met, Daisy knew that it had absolutely been a risk worth taking.

In fact, it wasn't even a close-run thing.

Daisy and Rock had always been destined for one another – and no amount of toxic interference from the likes of Max or Dean Houser was ever going to stop them, even if it felt a little dicey at certain points in time.

Rock is everything a Little could want.

No, even better... he's everything that I could ever want.

As far as Daisy could see, the perfect Forever Relationship was just like a great recipe. The ingredients had to be there, the timing too, and most of all the combination of flavors had to be *just right*.

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