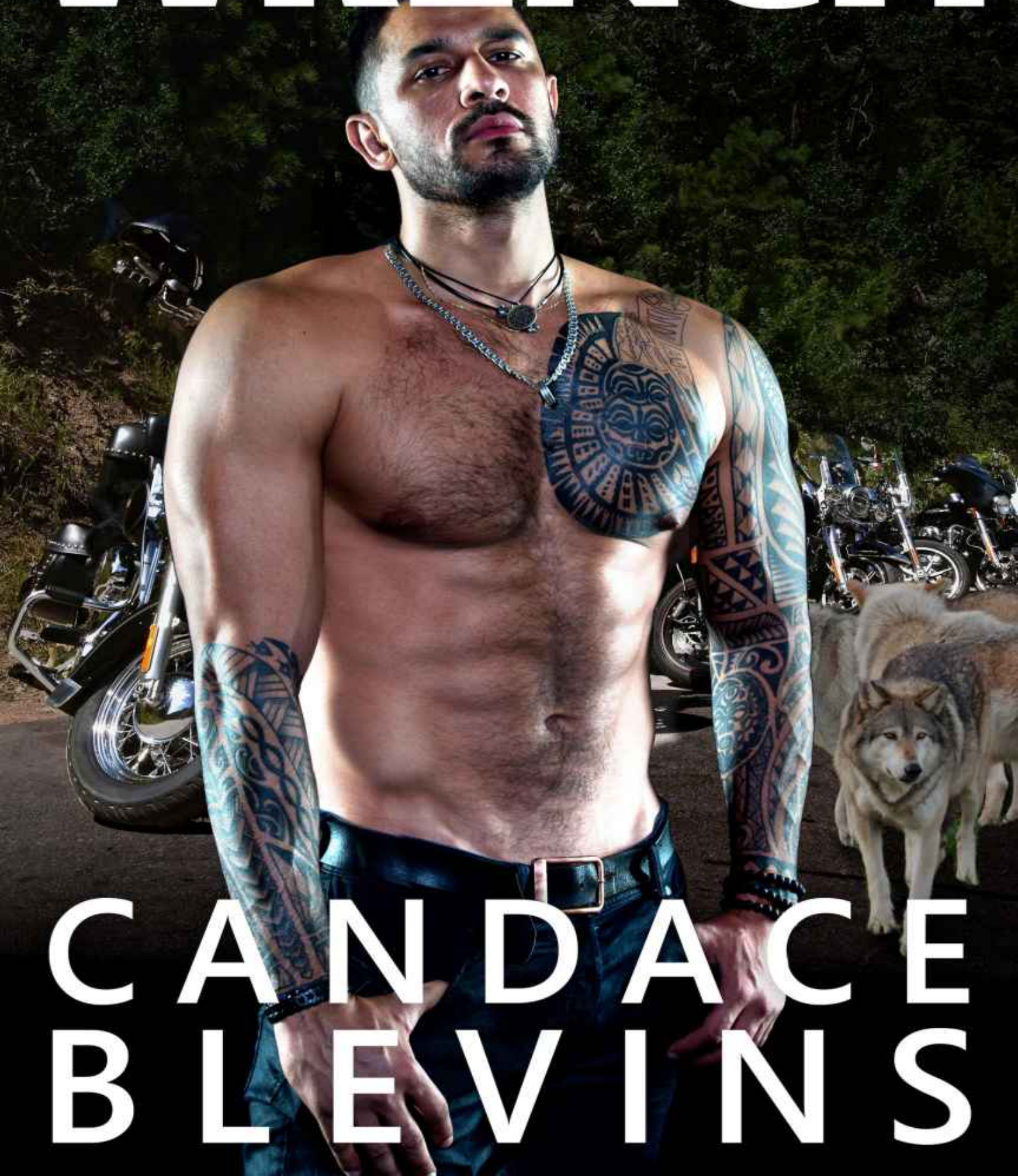


Rolling Thunder Birmingham

WRENCH



CANDACE
BLEVINS

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Rolling Thunder Birmingham

**C A N D A C E
B L E V I N S**

KALEIDOWORDS
Publishing

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CHAPTER ONE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Blurb

A motorcycle club kinky daddy paranormal romance...

Wrench recently moved to the Birmingham RTMC chapter from Mobile after his sister went through a nasty breakup and needed him. He's good friends with Khan, who has more house than he needs, and who welcomed both Wrench and his sister to live with him.

The nearest neighbor is two hundred yards away, but with the help of his werewolf hearing, Wrench hears a ruckus, goes to investigate, and finds an all-girls party happening with an unwelcome male guest. He runs the asshole off, and his neighbor invites him to hang out for the rest of the party.

Tori, short for Victoria, long ago stopped using her trust fund, and eschewed society and all forms of materialism. She lived without electricity for so long after the battle, now that it's finally restored, she still doesn't have it. Her small house is paid for, and she makes enough money finishing sheetrock a few weeks a year to pay for the food she can't grow or kill. No attachments, no outside responsibilities, and that's the way she likes it.

Until the biker from next door comes into her life and throws everything upside down. How does he know she's always wanted a daddy, but is too scared to let one all the way into her life? And how does he manage to do just that before she even realizes he has?

Prelude

Wrench

“I need to move to Birmingham.”

My chapter president had known it was a possibility for a few days, but I was finalizing plans now, and I needed his okay. I didn't especially want to leave Mobile, but if my sister got herself killed, I'd never forgive myself.

“Things still gone to shit with your sister?”

I nodded. “Khan says he has room for us.” The motherfucker had bought a house with a fully soundproof basement, and his ready-made torture dungeon had come with a whole lot more house than he'd ever need.

“Is she still wanting to stick with the boyfriend?”

I rolled my eyes. “He's a grifter and a scam artist, and he had her totally snowed. I mean, she's looking for her one-true-owner, and she was sure it was him, but it's looking like he'll do at least three or four dimes, and she's realistic enough to know he can't own her from inside prison.”

“You talked to Mad Dog?”

“He said they can always use more mechanics. If you sign off on it, he'll fold me in.”

“He know the boyfriend's business associates might cause problems?”

“I’ve been upfront about everything. LEO’s gonna be watching me, the rest of the scam team, and god knows who else, but other than one job Mad Dog has for me when I first arrive, I’ll just be working in the bike shop to start. I’ll have to go in serious disguise for the job, but otherwise, they can look all they want.”

“If you’re living with Khan, they’ll look harder at him.”

“He says it’s not a problem. They’ve been looking harder at him for a while, but have backed off in recent months. Some bitch in the vice squad decided she wasn’t going to rest until she took him down, but after she arrested him three times and nothing stuck, the club’s attorney filed harassment charges against the vice bitch on Khan’s behalf, and managed to get an injunction that says she’s supposed to leave him alone. The rest of the vice squad seems to be doing the same.”

“I knew he’d been arrested and beat the charges a few times, hadn’t heard that last part. Good for him.”

I blew out a breath. “Tempe wants me to talk to the girl her motherfucker was arrested with. The rape kit confirms they had sex, and she wants me to find out for sure if it was rape or consensual. If she still insists once I’m up there, I figure I’ll pay a wolf not associated with the club to do that. Engineer a random encounter, maybe.”

“So long as you understand you need to stay far, far away from her.”

“I’m hoping Tempe will realize it doesn’t matter by the time I arrive. He fucked someone besides her when he’d promised monogamy. For her purposes, shouldn’t matter if it was consensual or not.”

“You’ve met him, what do you think?”

I shrugged. “Only met him a handful of times. Could go either way. He was a sadistic fuck. Maybe he was with the new bitch because he was grooming her to be his next slave, or maybe it was for a scam, and maybe she’s crying rape to keep from catching charges for the stolen vehicle, or maybe he just

decided to grab her and rape her, like the little bitch says. Either way, he was caught with a stolen vehicle, an illegal fully-automatic weapon, and with a two-weeks-past-eighteen little cunt who's crying abduction and rape. Even if she drops the charges, he's going away a long time."

"Temperance and Dominic? What were your parents thinking?"

I resisted the urge to glare at him. I don't talk about my family, but the question had come up often before I'd morphed from Dom to Wrench. "They're fundamentalists who believe men have dominion over women. My mother was biblically submissive to my father in our day-to-day lives, and I don't want to know what that meant behind closed doors. Our names were supposed to be a reflection of our position. My other sisters are Shiloh, Modesty, Purity, Chastity, and Celeste. So far, Tempe is the only one who's gone off the deep end with the sex stuff." Unless you counted Modesty becoming a lesbian as going off the deep end, but I thought that was more about an inability to trust or become intimate with men. One sister wanted men to control everything, the other wouldn't let a man control anything.

"And you," he said.

Okay, yeah, I suppose I'd gone off the deep end as well. "They don't know about my sexual proclivities. Joining the MC was enough to get me ejected."

"Will you try to see your family, once you're back in Birmingham?"

I shook my head. I'd been bitten at nineteen and returned home at twenty with presumably enough control to be around humans, and I'd scented the damage my father inflicted on my mother. My wolf had nearly overridden my control and killed him, so I'd had to move to another city to make sure that didn't happen. Mom would never leave him, so their relationship was beyond my control.

“Not my parents. My mom might want to see me, but she won’t go against my father’s wishes, and that door has permanently closed. If my sisters want to sneak off and spend time with me, I’d love to check in with them, but I don’t want to create a drama shitstorm. Modesty might want to see me for a meal, but she mostly keeps me and Tempe away from her girlfriend and her friend group.”

He sighed. “We’ll miss you, but I’m not going to hold you here. What’s your timetable?”

“You know me, I’m a minimalist, so it won’t take much to pack my shit. I’ll work the rest of the week, move over the weekend, take a few days to get Tempe situated at Khan’s place and try to get her shit worked out, and then start with the bike shop in Birmingham, hopefully late next week.”

Chapter One

Months later

Wrench

I was outside, standing on the roof of Khan's motherfucking mansion, looking at an owl's nest not forty feet from my window, trying to see inside without disturbing the nestlings or alarming their parents, when I heard voices from the neighbor's place.

Her modest little house is about two hundred yards from where I was standing, with a small forest between us, but my wolf easily heard the ruckus.

"I don't care who you are," a woman said, calm as a cucumber without shouting. "You aren't welcome, and if you don't leave I'll shoot your motherfucking ass."

And then a man's voice. Pompous and condescending, so I didn't like him despite the fact I knew nothing about him. "The likelihood you can afford bullets now that you've refused your granny's money? Yeah, I'm not too worried about being shot. Open the goddamned door or I'll tear it off, and I'm guessing you won't have the money to fix it if I destroy it, right?"

Wait, she was inside the house, and I could hear her that clearly? Something wasn't right, so I walked away from the owls, leapt off the edge and grabbed the tree I'd climbed to get

here, made my way down it, went out our front gate because the walls around Khan's property are fucking massive. I jogged down the road, turned down the driveway, and then came in through the woods until I was close enough to the house to see what was going on.

The neighbor had seven cars parked at her house, when there was usually just the one.

So, she was having a party, and one of her guests had a boyfriend who'd come to retrieve her, most likely.

Though, running back through the conversation, I figured ex-boyfriend was more likely. The neighbor was standing on the porch with a rifle, and the man was standing on the ground with a hammer.

Honestly, hammer versus rifle when the gun isn't loaded? Hammer will win every time. It'll also win when the owner of the rifle doesn't really want to shoot.

I stepped out of the woods from off to the side, well out of range of anything that might come out of the rifle in the direction it was currently pointed, and casually said, "Ya'll are raising a ruckus with your shouting. What seems to be the problem?"

"No problem," the man said. "My woman's in the house, and I need to take her home."

"You need to go fuck yourself, is what you need to do," said the woman on the porch. "She doesn't want to see you, doesn't want to think about you. Go fuck your new girlfriend and forget KiKi was ever in your pathetic little life!"

His lip snarled. "Pathetic? I'm driving a Jag, and what are you reduced to? That junker of a truck wasn't made in this fucking century. Does it even run?"

"My truck is none of your concern."

Hers was likely the ancient Toyota Tacoma, though I'd have guessed right around the turn of the century, rather than before. The other cars, besides the Jag, were a Benz, a

Maserati, two Beemers, and an Audi. One of these things doesn't belong, indeed.

The woman in front of me was pretty, but not *society beautiful*. Her nails weren't done, her hair was in a ponytail, and she wore cut-off jean shorts with a layered top that completely worked for her smokin' hot body, but she looked nothing like the pictures I'd seen of her — because Khan had researched everyone who lived on his road, and I'd looked through the files.

“Ma'am?” I said. “Why don't you go inside, and I'll talk to the gentleman and explain why he needs to leave.”

She nodded and walked backwards to the door without turning her back on us. One step to the side to get behind the partially open storm door, and then another step backwards, and she finally closed the solid wood front door. So she was security smart, she knew how to safely handle a weapon, and had balls. I was impressed.

And now it was just me and the I'm-rich-and-that-makes-me-better-than-you asshole with a hammer.

I was shirtless, wearing jeans and sneakers, without a weapon, but I wasn't worried about his hammer.

“I'm just the neighbor,” I told the man. “I got no stake in this, but the gun previously pointed at you told me it's clear you aren't welcome here. If that's a houseful of women who think you're the absolute wrong choice for whoever you want back, you have to know this isn't the place to mount your big romantic gesture, right?”

He sighed. “I fucked up, and you're probably right. I'll go. If you talk to them, please tell my Kiki how sorry I am.”

I watched him drive away, and the front door opened. Six women came streaming out, and these were the society bitches I'd thought my neighbor was.

“Who's Kiki?”

A bleach blonde with obviously fake eyelashes lifted her hand a few inches, and I gave her a wry grin. “He’s sorry. I convinced him this wasn’t the place or the time for a big romantic gesture.”

“I was kinda hoping you’d beat the fuck out of him.”

I shrugged. “I use words first and violence as a last resort. I doubt he’ll be back tonight, so I’ll head home.”

“They’re throwing me a celebration because apparently, *everyone* knew he was an ass but me.”

“We haven’t seen Tori in *ages*,” another said, “and when we found out Kiki was staying here to hide out because no one knew where Tori lived, we all came to throw her a party!” She was clearly already into the booze, and the highball glass in her hand wasn’t my first clue.

“Come out back!” another said. “We’re doing Texas Tea, but with Chambord in place of the rum because KiKi isn’t a fan of rum.”

“Texas Tea?” I asked.

“Yeah, it’s like Long Island Tea, but with whiskey too, because five liquors isn’t enough, right? But with the swap we make, it has vodka, gin, triple sec, tequila, Chambord, and whiskey. Oh, and we do a splash of sprite instead of coke.”

“Which technically makes it a black widow with whiskey added, rather than a Texas Tea with all the substitutes you have to list,” said another woman, this one a striking brunette with legs that needed to be wrapped around someone — just not me. She had high maintenance written *all* over her. She looked me over from my head down to my feet and back up to my face. “Tori said you live in the mansion next door? What do you do?”

“I told ya’ll they’re in a biker gang,” Tori said. “I met the other one when he first moved in, and I traded him eggs and veggies for meat a few times, but he mostly keeps to himself. He walked over and checked on me after a big storm once, and

helped me clear some fallen trees, but that was when he and I were the only two people living out here.”

The brunette rolled her eyes and asked me, “Can you believe she’s living out here in the sticks without fucking electricity? We’re out back because it’s too damned hot inside the house.”

“I got enough of a solar system to run a small fridge and keep my phone charged,” she told me. “They don’t understand what it means to scale your life down and simplify.”

“Leave her alone,” KiKi told the other women. “She’s one of us, even if she doesn’t live like us anymore. We’ve all made choices that have brought us to where we are now, and she seems happier than any of the rest of us cunts, so maybe she’s figured out the true meaning of life, and we’re just too fucked up to see it.” She looked back to me. “I can see the biker, now. Bad-ass. Thanks for handling him for me. I’m glad we didn’t have to shoot him to make him go away. I convinced my parents I wouldn’t need a protection detail out here, and fuck if I didn’t need to be rescued.”

She turned and walked back into the house, and I looked to my neighbor to tell her I would head back home, but she said, “I’m Tori, by the way. You’re welcome to stay. Thanks for handling our problem for us. I like to think I can take care of myself, but shooting coyotes and deer is different than shooting people, and I wasn’t sure I could do it.”

“You can’t shoot someone outside your house unless they’re actively threatening you. In all likelihood, you’d have gotten away with it because he was holding a hammer, but if a DA had it out for you, they could still prosecute because you were on the porch and he was so far away. Inside your house? They could be bringing you cookies and being neighborly, but if they’re in your house without an invitation, the castle doctrine kicks in and you can shoot them no matter their intentions.”

The back patio was like a little paradise, with tiki torches lit, and nice outdoor furniture under what I was pretty sure

were several repurposed sails, one of them clearly from a *huge* sailing vessel.

I accepted a drink, told the woman who'd made it for me it was good — and it really was — and eventually made my way off to the side, to sit by Tori while her friends danced and hung on each other, and one appeared to be broadcasting live on social media off to the side. I made sure I wasn't in her shot, and kept an eye out for her to move so I would be, but she seemed to be intent on showing the dancing and partying behind her while she talked to the camera.

“I used to be one of them, but I'm not anymore,” Tori said, her voice quiet. “I still love them, but it's a lot, all of them at once. I never imagined they'd *all* show up when I told KiKi she could hang out here a few days until she gets her own place.” She took a sip of her drink. “I keep whiskey and vodka on hand, one for drinking and the other for making extracts of the herbs I grow, but not much, so they had to go back out for all the ingredients, and ice, and even the highball glasses, which they tell me are mine, now. I remember when I could drop that kind of money and not think twice about it, but now I live on less than that a month, most months.”

“KiKi saw the truth though, didn't she? Are you happier now than you were?”

“Absolutely.”

I ran through what I knew of her — raised by a single mother, who lived with *her* mother, who was widowed, so Victoria Arnoult Morgan was raised by two women, groomed to be the future CEO of the corporation her grandmother had run for nearly thirty years since the death of her husband. The mother had interned all over the company while in college, and had been installed as head of marketing after graduation, had moved up to CFO a few years later, and eventually took over the helm as CEO when the grandmother had stepped down into what she called semi-retirement, but she was listed as the head of the marketing department, which probably just

meant fewer hours and less stress, but nothing close to retirement.

“You went to high school with them?”

“It was a boarding school, but I didn’t live there. Some of them did, others were like me, and we went home at night. Looking back, I can see that the kids there on a scholarship, the ones we made fun of, were *so* much better than us, though we thought the opposite, at the time.”

“Money shelters you from the realities of life. You were shielded, they were not. It isn’t that they were better, just that they’d had life lessons you hadn’t. The same is true of you and your friends — living without money has taught you things they don’t even know that they don’t know.”

I wanted to know more about this woman. What had made her turn her back on her family’s money and live out here? What had changed in her since she’d moved? What stayed the same?

But rather than ask such personal questions, I told her, “I’ll leave you to enjoy your friends. I don’t have a card on me, but I’d like to invite you over for a swim. Tomorrow evening, maybe? I should be home from work by six. I can cook steaks on the grill and find something to go with them.”

“I’ll come up with something to go with them. I have more squash than I know what to do with, and tomatoes, too.”

“Okay then, we’ll swim first, and then eat? My sister and Khan might be around, but they should mostly leave us alone.”

Chapter Two

Tori

Fuck me, but the biker was hot.

I've been a member of an exclusive BDSM club in Birmingham since long before I simplified my life. The monthly fee is outrageous, but when I talked to one of the Doms who owns the club about why I needed to close my membership, he told me it wouldn't be good for me to lose access to what the club provides for me while I'm going through so many other changes, and he'd given me a five year membership, no fees required unless I want to rent a themed room for private use, and usually the Dom handles that, so I'd been going for years without having to pay.

Honestly, some nights there are way more male doms than female subs, and I think he just didn't want to lose one of us, but I'm good with that.

The point is, unless this biker was kinky, he wouldn't work for me, but *something* about him called to me, so I'd go next door and swim. I have a Dom radar that works amazingly well, so maybe something in me recognized he might work? Just any Dom won't do, though. My needs are pretty specific. I do a lot of playing at the club, but so far, only a few men hit for my specific kink, and once they realized I'm no longer part of the society they are very much a part of, they were no longer interested in anything more than playing at the club.

The feeling was mutual, though. Any man who thinks jewelry and expensive wine is the way to my heart totally doesn't get me.

So, I'd give the biker a chance because he didn't seem to think my lifestyle a shock to the system, and because I was curious to see if my attraction for him was purely because he's hot, or whether my subconscious had recognized something else.

Plus, I swim in the creek that runs through my property about sixty yards from my house to stay cool in the summer, but I hadn't been in a swimming pool in a long time. I swim in my Teva sandals in the creek. It'd be nice to swim barefoot. Not that I wanted the responsibility or cost of a swimming pool, but it'd be a treat to relax in one.

Kiki went apartment hunting the next day, which meant I had the place to myself, and I was thankful for it. After years of living alone in the woods, having people around was stressful. Plus, I had lots of veggies that needed canning before they went bad.

Canning vegetables is a lot of work. You can't can fried squash, but you can parboil the diced pieces and can them to be fried later, so I went to work cutting them up and preparing them for canning, and I set some aside to cut and fry before I went next door.

I also cooked some tomatoes and canned them without any seasonings, and made spaghetti sauce with tomatoes, spices, and store-bought mushrooms before canning it as well. I'd add meatballs or some other protein when it came time to eat it in the winter. And while I was at it, I made up a batch of chow-chow and canned it, too. I make mine with tomatoes, onions, garlic, cabbage, celery seed, vinegar, and sugar, because I'm not a fan of bell peppers. I make my own vinegar, and the celery seeds and sugar were storebought, but everything else was from my garden.

My little nine hundred square foot house thankfully has a nice unfinished basement, and that became my pantry — so

my friends hadn't seen what it takes to truly live like I do, thank goodness. They had an inkling, sure, but at least I hadn't had to watch them pawing over my food storage and making ignorant comments about it. People served them their food — they had zero clue about what it took to feed themselves without a staff. I couldn't fault them for it, though. I'd been like that once as well.

My little house has two bedrooms, and my second bedroom is my closet. I'd gotten rid of the vast majority of my clothes, but hadn't been able to part with my entire wardrobe. I occasionally show up at society functions when Gran insists, and she always buys me something new because in her eyes, it would be horrific for me to be seen publicly wearing something I'd already been photographed in, so I don't keep the extra clothes for big society events because she's actually right about that — don't go to those kinds of things unless that's your world. It isn't, anymore, but I can fake it for Gran a couple of times a year.

Some of my closet was club wear, some was fetish wear, and a portion was just memories, I guess. Most everything I wear on a day-to-day basis is in the closet in my bedroom, or in a chest of drawers I found at the Salvation Army store — jeans and jean shorts or cut-offs, shirts, sweatshirts, flannel shirts, and sweaters. Also some lightweight summer dresses for staying cool in the heat, and I chose one of them to wear over my bathing suit, when it was time to walk next door with my two covered glass containers, since I'd opted to bring some homemade chow-chow as well as a huge bowl of fried squash. He'd said his housemates might be around, and it seemed rude not to bring enough to feed them as well.

He was waiting at the gate for me, and he opened it and let me in with a smile. "I appreciate punctuality. You look gorgeous in that dress. Here, let me get that for you — you brought enough for a small army."

He looked pretty yummy as well, in swim trunks and no shirt, abs to die for, and a hairy chest I wanted to run my fingers through and rest my cheek on. I didn't imagine him

fucking me — no, I imagined him holding me, cradling me to his chest. It's fucked up. I know.

“You said your housemates might be around, so I brought enough for them, if they want some. It's just fried squash, and I brought some of my homemade chow-chow. If you've marinated the steaks they may or may not work with it, but if not, it makes a good contrast to them in small quantities.”

“Wow, I haven't had homemade chow-chow since...” he trailed off. “My mom used to make it. It's been a while since I've been home.”

“Mine doesn't have bell peppers, so it probably won't taste like your mom's.”

“All the better. I'm not a fan of peppers in any form. I don't mind some spicy foods — ginger or cinnamon, for instance, but something about peppers doesn't work with my system. My mom always made me a batch without them.”

“Wow, she must've loved you a lot.”

“I was the only boy, and my dad made her cater to me more than for my sisters, but let's not talk about my fucked-up childhood. Did your houseguests all make it home okay?”

“Yes. Kiki left around noon to go look at apartments, and I expect she'll be gone in a few days because life without an air conditioner is not under any circumstances acceptable for her. I'm actually surprised she hasn't moved herself into a hotel somewhere. My guess is she'll go to the mall after she's through with her apartment hunting, and stay there until the temps come down a little this evening.”

“I love your outdoor space. Khan has an outdoor room of sorts, but it's too concrete for my tastes.”

He walked me around the house and into the backyard, rather than walking me through the house, but we went into the kitchen from a back door and put my things into a massive refrigerator. I'd bought a small refrigerator/freezer designed to go in campers, and I have an extra chest freezer now, stocked with meat, but it's also made specifically to not use a lot of

electricity. When it isn't full, I put bottles of water in the extra space, because that helps keep it cold and cuts down on the electricity needs as well.

So this freezer seemed excessive, and yet, it was stocked nearly full of food, so they clearly needed the space it provided.

"I don't see a bag with a suit," he said, "so I assume you have your bathing suit on?"

"Yes. It seemed simplest."

He opened a different refrigerator, and this one proved to be completely filled with different kinds of beer. "You want a beer? Or I can mix you a drink, or we have most all the colas, and several kinds of juice."

"Do you have root beer in there? I don't normally ask for that because hardly anyone does, but that has to be the best-stocked beer fridge I've ever seen."

He chuckled. "We do, and my sister recently organized it so everything's alphabetical within a type, which means I can actually find what you're asking for."

"Type?"

"Boring beer at the top, then Khan's mega-dark beers no one wants but him, the stuff I prefer below that, and our unusual choices on the bottom." He squatted, legs bent so he was practically sitting on his heels, and reached towards the left of the bottommost shelf. "Hmmm. Bayou Bootlegger Hard Root Beer. I think I might want to try one, too. He grabbed four root beers, stuck his six bottles into a small cooler with a blue icepack already in it, and motioned towards the back door.

"Khan has bottle openers mounted on the spot we place the cooler, and a few other places around the pool, so we should be good."

"Crap," I said. "I knew I was forgetting something. I didn't bring a towel."

“I’ll get one for you. I don’t usually bother with them. The sun dries me just fine.”

I shook my head. “I don’t actually bother with them at home when I swim in the creek, either. I’m fine. It’s a social thing, you know? I’m okay without one.”

“Lots of society’s rules are bullshit,” he said. “Some are important, like washing your hands before you eat, dressing cool in the summer and warm in the winter. I use a towel in the bathroom after a shower because you don’t dry off quickly in an air-conditioned house, but in the sun? Seems silly.” He touched my cheek and aimed my face up, so I had to look at him, and everything inside me fucking melted. “You never have to pretend to follow those bullshit rules with me. I wasn’t raised with most of them, and only learned them later. You were raised with them and figured out as an adult how ridiculous they are. We come at it from two different angles, but we both see it.”

“How do you know how I was raised?”

He released my face and smiled. “It’s a biker club, not a biker gang, but we’re careful about our safety, and that means learning about the people who live close to us. I know you have a trust fund you choose not to touch, and you’ve lived in this house nearly three years. Before I met you, I figured you’re doing something under the table for cash since you aren’t touching your bank accounts, but now I’m not so sure about that because you have a damned impressive setup, and you clearly aren’t just doing lip service to living off the land. It’s none of my business, and I’m not asking you to share the details of how you live out here in the middle of nowhere without an income, because I could see it for myself. Somehow, you’re bringing in, what? Five to eight hundred dollars a month? Maybe not that much. It doesn’t matter, though. Like I said, none of my business.”

“I finish sheet rock for a guy who builds houses. He only needs me when he has a house at that point, and then I work long hours to get it done as fast as possible for him, which is

why he keeps calling me, even though I charge more than other people do for the same work and insist on being paid cash, which means he can't write it off on his taxes. I do a good job, I don't leave a mess, and I'll work twelve to sixteen hour days so he can turn the house over as soon as possible, and that's important to him, because unless it's a custom job, by the time he pulls me in he has a shit-ton of money invested and won't get it out of the house until it sells."

"That feels really specific. How did that come about? Did you already know how to finish sheet rock?"

"One of my professors offered extra credit for students who volunteered with Habitat for Humanity with him, and the first Saturday I went, the guy finishing sheetrock was gorgeous, so I asked him to show me how to help him. I ended up having that professor for three semesters, and I spent a lot of Saturdays helping build houses — and then usually took the sheetrock guy out for drinks and a fuck that night." But that was more information than he probably needed, so I tried to get back on track. "Gran required me to volunteer twenty-four hours a month when I wasn't in school. I'd mostly volunteered at the hospital during summers in high school, but I signed up with the local Habitat for Humanity my second summer back home from college, and got to know some local builders. I volunteered on a build after I was in my house, and got to talking to one of them, and it all just kind of worked out, I guess."

"So, you make several thousand dollars in a few days' hard work, sporadically, and don't work the rest of the time?"

I nodded. "He usually builds three or four decent-sized houses a year. Not mansions, but not small — around three thousand square feet. The year after the riots, he built twelve houses, all around fifteen hundred square feet, but I only did half of them. If he has something come up when my garden is coming in, he knows I'll be off every third day or so to bring in the harvest and get it canned." We went out a different door than the one we came in, and this one put us out so I had a good view of the pool area, and it was *magnificent*.

“Damn, this is nice. I know he got the place for a steal, but it still takes a lot for upkeep and maintenance. Being a biker must pay well.”

I took a few moments to appreciate the artistry of the Greco-Roman columns situated around the huge pool to make an outdoor space separate from the forest around us. The sexy biker had been right about the outdoor room under a fancy roof right out of ancient Rome — it was lovely, but it was a *lot* of fucking concrete.

And marble, if I wasn’t mistaken, and I rarely am about that kind of thing.

I pulled my dress off, draped it over the back of a partly upright recliner, ran to the deep end of the pool, and dove in.

The water was perfect, and I opened my eyes and swam underwater to the shallow end. My hair is a lot shorter than I kept it when I was all about my looks, but it’s still long enough for a ponytail and my favorite updos. I came out of the water with my face up, so my hair would fall away from it, and looked at my mega-hot neighbor.

“When I asked your name last night, you changed the subject. I’ve waited for you to offer it, but you haven’t. What am I supposed to call you?”

“Friends call me Wrench.”

A biker named Wrench? I took a wild stab and asked, “Because you’re a mechanic?”

“It’d be easy to say that’s why, since I *am* a mechanic, but it doesn’t feel as if we should start with even casual lies, so I’ll tell you that isn’t it.”

“What, did you kill someone with a wrench?”

“Not something I’d admit to, if that were the case.”

He walked down the steps and looked a bit like a Greek god with his abs and chest and arm muscles. Was he saying he’d killed someone but wasn’t going to admit to it? Or was he saying it was dumb of her to say it as an unasked question,

because no sane person would admit such a thing to a neighbor he'd just met.

“Sorry, it was the first thing that popped into my mind. That was rude. I apologize.”

He swam to me, cupped my cheek in his hand again, and looked into my eyes. “Stop apologizing, little girl.”

It was an order. A gentle one, but still an order, and a combination of his tone of voice and the words he chose set my world on fire. My heart sped, pushing heated blood into my nipples and clit, and *everything* throbbed and pulsed. My knees went weak, and I grabbed his arm for balance even though the water wouldn't have let me fall.

His smile told me that'd been a test, and he was happy with my reaction. “You ready to talk about it now, or is it too soon?” he asked.

“No need in denying it, is there? We both somehow recognized it in each other. Last night, the way you sat with me, the way you talked to me? I'd hoped, but it seemed too good to be true.”

“Age range?”

Well, that got right to it, but I was okay with it. “I bounce all over the place. In a scene, I'm an adult with a baby fetish, and not an actual baby, right? But outside of a scene, I can be anything from an infant to somewhere around kindergarten age, or sometimes older, but that's where I seem to stay the most.”

“Always baby fetish in a scene, or old enough to understand language?”

“Oh, old enough for language. I've never really considered the actual age. Not walking yet, but crawling, whatever that is. Baby bottle, but also some soft foods.”

I hoped he didn't ask about diapers yet, and thankfully, he shifted to a whole different set of questions.

“That would mean only light punishment within a scene?”

“No, because I’m an adult with a baby fetish, so harsh punishments when called for within them, and sometimes heavy play. Outside of a scene, though, mostly light punishment unless I do something that calls for more, and then it’s okay to morph me a little older.”

I took a breath and offered information on my own, so it didn’t feel as if he had to pull it out of me. “I don’t consider myself a masochist. I need the age play, and punishment is part of that, but I don’t crave the paddle or the whip — it’s the *correction* I crave, and I can’t explain it, but that’s what my therapist took years to work me around to understanding.”

“Kink-friendly therapist?”

“Yeah.”

“You still seeing this therapist?”

“No, and the pronoun you’re looking for is *she*. I knew I needed a woman, so I couldn’t try to put my daddy fantasies on a male therapist.”

Chapter Three

Wrench

It'd occurred to me the night before that a woman who'd grown up without a father figure might be looking for a daddy. I hadn't intended to check that theory out right off the bat, but fuck if she hadn't responded to it like a baby desperate for a daddy to tell her what to do.

This woman had turned her back on society and figured out how to live on the land all by herself. She probably made around ten to twelve thousand dollars a year which likely paid her gas and water bills, items at the grocery store one can't provide from the land, insurance for her house and truck, and other incidentals. Her house was paid for, so she didn't have a mortgage. Also, she was healthy and fit, so she managed to feed herself with plenty of nourishing food. The wolf scented *all* human, without any of the poisons most young people put into themselves: artificial colors, toxic preservatives, and other chemicals that have no place in our food supply.

More than that, her eyes were clear and she had a good head on her shoulders. A good upbringing, good education, and now a Thoreau-like understanding to boot? And to top all that off with a daddy kink?

She was quite possibly my perfect woman, custom made just for me, and I needed to be careful not to fuck this up.

“You do a damned good job of taking care of yourself. I get that you don't need a man to come in and rescue you. I

fuckin' respect the life you've made for yourself. It's a lot of hard damned work, and I fully understand what it takes to even partly live off the land, instead of depending on society."

"I still buy plenty of stuff — salt, sugar, whiskey. Sometimes I buy corn chips to dip into my homemade salsa because it's a *huge* pain in the ass to make them. I buy my clothes and shoes, batteries and solar panels, along with other solar-powered doodads."

"But you buy them with money you've earned with muscle and grit."

"I sold my Porsche Cayenne and bought the Tacoma from our mechanic, which is why it's lasted this long even though it's old. It was pretty cheap, considering, so I had enough left over to buy the house and fourteen acres of forest. Technically, since I'd bought the Cayenne with my trust fund, that allowed me to buy the house, but once I decided not to touch those funds again, I didn't. I sold things I'd already bought, though. My privilege from earlier in life gave me an easy start that most don't have."

She sank down into the water, pushed off with her feet, and then floated to her back. "Relationships before I went off on my own were a lot of fun, with a lot of private time as a little girl. Most of it, actually, but when out by myself without him, I was my normal bitch-on-wheels self. One guy I dated for a while, when we did things socially with other people, it was... I don't know how to explain it. He took care of me enough we both felt it, but my friends just thought it was sweet."

"And since you've remade yourself?"

"I'm still a member of *The Red Room*. I tried to cancel my membership because it's fucking expensive, and they comped me a five-year membership and told me we'd talk at that time about how to move forward. I go there for scenes, and there are several men I've played with and enjoy spending time with while there, but I keep it to the club. The few times I let someone see how I live in the real world, it was a disaster."

“Right, but the kind of men who pay to belong there are never going to understand who you are and why you’ve made your choices.”

She went vertical in the water again, treading water, and met my gaze. “That’s it exactly.”

I grinned. “You want to give me a cheat sheet, or do I need to figure out what needs to happen to earn the title we both want to hear come from your lips?”

“I don’t think you need a cheat sheet. You seem like a bright enough guy.”

“I’m supposed to ask about hard limits now, but I don’t expect to bump up against anything extreme for a couple of weeks, maybe months, so we can talk about those later. If there’s something one would expect a little girl to be okay with that you aren’t, you should tell me now, though.”

“No scat play, and that means diapers as well. Make sure I have access to a bathroom if I need it, even when diapered. Cages and big cribs are fine so long as I can ask to go and be let out. Also, being punished for using bad words during a scene is hot, but expecting me not to cuss a blue streak when I’m in the middle of handling adult responsibilities is just fucking annoying. Baby formula has bullshit ingredients not fit for babies, much less adults, so if you want to do bottle play, find something at least moderately healthy.”

I smiled. Every time she opened her mouth, I liked her more. “Organic whole milk work okay for you?”

“Perfect.”

“Birth control?”

“Pill.”

“I’m clean. You?”

“Last tested eight months ago, but the club requires condoms so I haven’t been exposed since.”

She spoke truth, which was good, but werewolves can't catch diseases, so I was only asking because she didn't know about that. "I believe you. I'm clean as well. It's been a few months since I was tested, but I haven't engaged in activities that put me at risk. Do you trust me to go without, or do you need me to get tested again?"

A hesitation, and then, "I trust you."

I'm pretty sure you're supposed to have at least kissed before you get to this point, but what the hell, we were doing this all out of order, so I'd kiss her now to seal the deal. I swam forward, pulled her back towards the shallow end enough she'd be able to touch with her head out of the water, and then gave her the kind of kiss she needed — gentle and commanding, with enough muscle to hold her where I wanted her, because I could see the little girl needing her very own daddy through her eyes and all the way down to her soul.

* * * *

Tori

His kiss threatened to turn me inside out, and I didn't know whether to hump his leg or cry in relief that this man understood me. I didn't *need* a daddy, but I'd wanted one all my fucking life.

When the therapist had helped me understand why I have a daddy kink, it hadn't made my wants and desires go away, but had validated them and in some ways, made them even more intense.

No one would ever give me what had been stolen from me by a mother who's convinced she'll never need a man other than the gigolos she pays for sex, or the man she contracted with for his sperm — and whom she still to this day will not share the name of. I haven't spoken to her in years, and won't unless she changes her stance on that.

And yet, I haven't sent my DNA in to those places that will tell you about siblings and cousins, either. Mostly because I'm afraid my real father will either be so perfect, it will hurt worse that he was never part of my life, or that he'll be a total jackwipe, or that he'll be dead of some horrid disease that's a ticking timebomb for me as well.

All I knew about him was that my mother had contracted for his sperm to be deposited into a cup in the presence of her doctor's head nurse, and that the contract had stipulated he would be contacted if his blood, bone marrow, or other body parts were necessitated due to health reasons for the child, and that he agreed to owe my mother one million dollars if he had any contact with his daughter, even after she reached the age of majority.

I also knew my mother had only allowed already fertilized female eggs to be implanted in her because she did not want a son under any circumstances.

I have lunch with Gran once a week, and she no longer tries to convince me my mother meant well. We both know Mom's a selfish narcissist of a cunt who can't see past her own wants and desires to understand I'm a person with feelings who'd like to know who my father is.

Or maybe Gran just knows Mom has issues, and not those specific ones. I'm aware of all of it, though.

Meanwhile, back to that kiss, and oh-my-fucking-god, he turned my world every which way, and I didn't even try to talk when he finished because he scrambled my fucking brain.

"You can call me whatever you want when we're relaxed and informal. When we're in a scene, and you're smart enough to know when things shift, you'll call me *Sir* at a minimum, but if you want to up that to something else, you may. When not in a scene, you can use *Sir* or another term of respect or endearment if you wish, but it isn't necessary." He kissed my nose. "You with me, baby girl?"

Fuck yeah, I was all over that. “You scrambled my brain with that kiss, but yeah, I’m with you. Do you think we can play hide and seek?”

He nodded, and I asked as fast as I could, “Can I hide first?”

“Of course you can, baby girl. How long do you want me to count?”

“Ummm, sixty seconds? Not sixty real fast, but a whole minute because I don’t know where to hide here, so it might take me a little while to find the most perfectest spot!”

“You’re going to drip water, so I’ll know where you left the concrete.”

“Oh, I can be tricky.” I stepped back. “Face the house and close your eyes!”

* * * *

Wrench

I saw her reflection in the door at the back of the house, and she used her arms to lever up and out of the water, she put a foot beside one of her hands, and stood. Not many humans can manage that so easily — she was strong and clearly had excellent balance. I counted out loud and put a *Mississippi* in between each number until I got to twenty, but I continued to count slowly enough I thought it was pretty close to a minute when I hit sixty.

“Ready or not, here I come!” I announced, and then went looking for her. My nose told me her general direction, but I followed the wet footprints to the edge of the concrete and wandered around a little before I ‘found’ her hiding behind a huge hickory tree.

“You found me! Now you get to hide! How long do you want me to count!”

“Thirty seconds, but you have to put a Mississippi between the numbers, and you have to go slow, baby girl.”

I kissed her nose and took off running as she started counting.

I climbed a tree on the other side of the backyard, barely inside the forested area, and watched as she searched for me. I didn't let her get too frustrated before I sneezed, and she looked right up at me.

And yes, I can sneeze at will. If you tickle the hairs in my nose, I'll sneeze. It's crazy, and if something threatens to make me sneeze I can stop it by squeezing my nostrils together, but it's still sometimes a pain in the ass, and sometimes convenient. Today, it was the latter.

“I found you!” She sang out. “But up in a tree is cheating!”

“Not so long as I can do it safely, and little girls can't climb very high and still be safe. No taller than the top of your head, right?”

She looked doubtful, and I dropped down from the branch that was a good bit higher than the top of my head. Not something most humans would do, but it wasn't terribly far out of the realm of possible.

“Are you getting hungry, baby girl?”

“I am. Can we eat now, please?”

“We can. I don't have any coloring books, but I'll be sure to get some before you come back. Do you like to color?”

“I do! I like coloring pencils, and crayons, and sometimes markers. Do you let little girls use markers?”

“Only when they've been really good, and only outside — never inside the house. We'll start with crayons and see how you do before we try colored pencils. I allow watercolors outside, and fingerpaints, too.”

“Oh! I love watercolors!”

“And I love baby girls who love to play. I’ll get some sidewalk chalk, too. I should make a list.”

We were back to the house by then, and Tempe was in the kitchen. “I’m warming the barbecue from last night,” she said. “You want some?”

“No thanks. I’m going to throw some steaks on the grill. Tempe, this is Tori, short for Victoria. Baby girl, this is my sister Tempe, short for Temperance.”

Tempe’s gaze flew to my face at the nickname, and I grinned to tell her she hadn’t heard wrong. “I don’t suppose you have some sidewalk chalk in your crafting supplies? Or maybe some crayons?”

“I have regular chalk in colors, because I use the different colors to mark different parts of the sculpture, so I can be sure to keep my proportions right. Want me to get it?” She looked at Tori. “Hopscotch might be fun. I have a jump rope too. Want to run up to my craft room with me to see what else you might want to play with?”

Tori looked at me, and I touched her nose and kissed her forehead. “My sister has her own kinks. You can trust her not to fuck with you because she knows.”

She looked back to Tempe. “I *love* to jump rope, and chalk would be great. I’m not allowed markers or colored pencils yet.”

“Well, we’ll grab what you might want to play with, and then check to make sure you won’t get in trouble with them before I actually give them to you. Deal?”

Chapter Four

Tori

Tempe let me stay in little-girl mode for our quick trip to her crafting room and back, and I was mega-impressed with her sculpture. We only came back with the chalk and jump rope, because her watercolors are the professional kind in tubes, and that was too complicated for the *little* who lives inside me.

She took her food off somewhere else when it was heated, so it was just Daddy and me in the kitchen while he heated the squash casserole I'd brought, cooked the steaks, and got us seated and ready to eat.

Our meal was incredible, not just because the steaks were mouthwateringly perfect and went exactly right with the squash and chow-chow, but because my new Daddy cut my steak for me, gave me milk to drink, and then let me have ice cream with sprinkles and hot fudge sauce an hour after we ate. Later, he sat on the concrete and showed me how to draw a square so it looked like a box, and then made a really long and hard hopscotch course that went the entire length of the pool. We swam some more, and when he told me it was time to get out and dry off, I shook my head and said, "No."

The big-girl part of me knew we needed him to prove he could be our daddy, while the little girl part of me wasn't finished swimming yet.

“Oh, you’ve been so good today, have you used up all your good girl power, and now the naughtiness is just too big?”

“I want to swim!”

Wrench has muscles, but he doesn’t look like a big bouncer at a club or anything. That didn’t matter though, because he picked me up like I was truly a naughty toddler, walked up the steps with me, sat on the side of a lounge chair, situated me so my upper body was across the lounge chair, my ass was over his thighs, and my legs were dangling down so the tops of my bare feet rested on the concrete.

And without saying a word, he pulled my bathing suit bottoms down and gave me ten *hard* spanks with his hand.

“Being naughty when it isn’t a safety issue will get you ten spanks, but anything related to the pool turns direct orders into a potential safety problem if you don’t do as you’re told, and that means you get twenty more, usually with a belt, but you didn’t know, so you’ll get them with my hand today, but you should know it will be worse in the future, now that you know, little girl.”

Wrench spanks fucking *hard*, and my first spanking from him was everything it needed to be. I screamed and cried, apologized and begged, but he didn’t back off.

He didn’t disappoint me.

My new Daddy hadn’t ruined everything by talking about safewords, either. *I hate them.* They get brought up left and right at the club, and I get there are legalities, but here, with my probably outlaw biker who may or may not have killed someone with a wrench? I didn’t know if he’d stop if I said an established safeword, and I didn’t want to know.

“I’m sorry, Daddy!” I said when he finished. “I’ll be a good girl! Please don’t spank me anymore!”

He turned me in his arms so I was sitting in his lap, my bathing suit bottoms still nearly down to my knees, and he pushed them the rest of the way off before he held me to his chest. “I’m so glad you’re sorry, baby girl. Punishment’s over

and the slate's wiped clean, but I need you to walk into the pool so I can tell you it's time to get out, and you get out because you were told to. Can you do that for me?"

Fuck me, but yeah, I could do that. The humiliation of it, especially without my bathing suit bottoms, had my heart racing with the promise of what might come next, but it was more than that.

It was me having to freely show my acceptance of his correction, being required to show him I'd learned my lesson with my red ass showing. Even if his sister and other housemate were watching, and I didn't think they were, but it would've been okay to have to do that in front of them. I'd been defiant, and he wasn't going to let me get away with it.

It was starting to get dark by then, probably approaching nine o'clock at night, and he must've asked his sister to bring towels out and I'd missed it, because he wrapped one around me when I walked out of the pool on my own, and sat with me in his lap again.

"That's my good girl. So well behaved. Do you need to go home, or would it be okay for you to stay with Daddy tonight?"

He'd asked what he might have to do in order for me to call him that, and he apparently thought he'd done so. I considered it maybe two seconds before I knew in my heart he'd earned the title, and not just because of the spanking, but because he'd played with me, and then because he'd made me get back in the pool after the spanking. The spanking had been important too, though.

"I can stay, Daddy. I finished all my chores and put everything away, today. I already let KiKi know I might not be home until morning."

I usually like to make sure my soaker hoses have come on and done their job before the sun comes up, but I could doublecheck to make sure my garden was fine when I got

home tomorrow, presumably after breakfast, if all continued to go well.

“I have so many fun games for us to play in my bedroom,” my new Daddy said. “Let’s take your bathing suit top off and leave it in the screened-in porch to dry with your bottoms. I’ll take my swim trunks off and leave them, too, so we don’t drip water through the house.”

“My hair will drip, Daddy.”

“That’s okay, baby girl. We can put a towel around it, but if it drips, it’ll be okay.”

Wrench’s dick was soft when he took his bathing suit off, and I assumed he was a shower and not a grower, because even soft, he was almost scary big. I only managed a quick glimpse before he wrapped a towel around his waist though, and he herded me into the house.

I didn’t get to see much of the house as we walked through, but that was okay. Wrench’s room was downright spartan, but it fit him. The bed was wrought iron and substantial, an antique that likely hadn’t been cheap, but it wasn’t fancy. Sturdy and practical — that was exactly right for my new Daddy. Also, he’d be able to tie me to it in all kinds of ways, and damn if my clit didn’t throb even *more* at that idea.

Everything in Daddy’s room was well made with obvious craftsmanship, and I had to ask, “Do you know the craftsman? This dresser and chest are both a work of art. Simply made, but these didn’t come from a factory.”

His smile told me he was pleased. “I made them. I was homeschooled. Mom took charge of most of the booklearning, but our father taught us how to field dress a deer, fish, skin a raccoon, and other fun things. I took to woodworking, and he sent me to a cabinetmaker to intern with him two afternoons a week, starting when I was fifteen.”

“You do beautiful work. You prefer working as a mechanic? Steel over wood?”

“Woodworking is a hobby. It’s relaxing, turning wood into furniture. It wouldn’t be if it was my job. Bikes and cars come to me broken and I fix them. It can be stressful at times, but mostly, I enjoy it even though it’s my job. Plus, I work with my brothers. The club is a family.”

“Will they accept me?” And would he want them to? Would I want to be accepted by them?

“If you want to be accepted, certainly. We’ll hold off on that until we get to know each other better, though. We just swam, so you probably don’t need a bath. Do you need to condition your hair? I can get something from Tempe.”

Holding off on meeting the other bikers sounded like a good plan. I liked the idea of just having the fantasy of my new Daddy be something private. But he’d asked about my hair, so I told him, “No. It isn’t dyed, so I don’t have to baby it. It’ll be a mess in the morning, but I can wash and condition it once I’m home. A ponytail holder and a brush would be nice though.”

* * * *

Wrench

I texted Khan, **Tori needs a ponytail holder and a hairbrush. I can come get them, or one of you can bring something. LMK.**

I’ll bring what she needs.

I’d brought Tori’s dress in, but I tossed her one of my shirts. “Put that on, baby girl. Khan’s bringing a ponytail holder.”

She slipped into it, and I told her, “Good girl.” She was perhaps five foot seven inches tall, and my shirt fell to her mid-thighs. *So. Fucking. Sexy.*

My wolf loved having her in our shirt. He wanted her to smell like us, and he also understood that her putting it on so quickly meant she wasn’t arguing she was ours. He isn’t

usually so quick to want to claim a woman as ours, but I saw this as a good thing, because the two of us were in agreement on this: Tori needed to be ours for a lot longer than just tonight, but tonight was a good start.

I stepped into my jeans and zipped them but didn't bother with the button. "What color did you have it dyed, before?"

"A lighter blonde with even lighter highlights around my face, usually, but I had brilliant blue streaks in it a few times, to match my eyes. Gran *hated* colors in it, so I either hid them or had them bleached out before one of her big galas."

"And how does she feel about it when it's this shade?"

Her eyebrows drew together ever-so-much, and I smelled unhappiness, along with the memory of stress and anxiety, without those things having the power to intrude any longer.

"Gran expected I'd take over the company. She's disappointed in my mom for only having one child, and disappointed in me for not diving into the family business and letting it control my life, but she's grooming a few young women she thinks have promise, and she'll decide which of them will eventually take over when it's time for mom to retire, but honestly, I figure that will be Mom's decision, not Gran's, because Mom isn't going to step down until she has one foot in the grave. That company is her life. Without it, she'd have nothing else."

That had absolutely nothing to do with her hair color, but I understood she was telling me her Gran felt the same about her hair as she did about Tori's other decisions — disappointed in her granddaughter's choices.

"She'd have you."

She shook her head. "Mom doesn't have me. I have lunch with Gran once a week, but other than Gran's galas, I haven't been in the same room with my mother since long before I stopped using my trust fund."

Khan stepped into the room, handed me a hairbrush, and showed two ponytail holders to Tori. "My little bunny is kind

of tied up at the moment, little Tori, but she said for me to bring you this one,” he held one up that was nearly the same color as her hair, “and this one,” he held a larger one up in a sky blue the same color as her dress had been, and it had a few ribbons and textured pieces sprouting off it, so it was decorative.

“Oh! Tell her thank you! It’s so pretty!”

“I’m sure she would tell you it was no trouble, if she’d been able to come. We’re both happy you’re here and seem to be having a good time with Wrench.”

I knew Tori and Khan had met when he’d first moved in, and that he’d helped her clear some felled trees after a storm last year, and then more recently, he’d found an escaped duck and returned it to her. I hadn’t seen the ducks the night before, but I put that thought aside, handed the hairbrush to Tori, and smirked at Khan. “A little tied up? Really?”

He shrugged and smirked back, but he had a kind smile when he turned back to Tori. “I have to be at work before two o’clock tomorrow, so we’ll do breakfast fit for a princess at eleven, and I hope you can come.”

“Oh! That sounds exciting! Thank you, Mister Khan!”

“I see you have something to sleep in. Do you need anything else, little Tori?”

“Oh no, I think I have everything I need.”

* * * *

Tori

How many men would be okay with their sister’s boyfriend saying they had their sister tied up? These two men seemed like close friends, and I wanted to know more. How long had they known each other? Had they killed people together?

I *really* hoped they hadn't. Killing people is wrong, and yet, lots of people had died during the riots. If they'd had to kill the rioters and looters to save innocent people, I wouldn't hold that against them. I managed to keep from having to, but only because I hid out in my woods when the marauders had come through our area — but I'd done so while holding onto my gun, and I'd have shot them if they'd found me.

However, I don't have anything to steal, and my house is so tiny, the plunderers hadn't fucked with it. I hadn't had living room furniture at the time, so I think they must've looked in the window, seen an empty room and the cheap plastic table I was using to eat on back then, and had moved to a house with shit to plunder and destroy. I'd hung a tablecloth in front of the door going down to the basement, and pushed my table up close to the wall, hoping they wouldn't realize there was a door, so I could *maybe* keep them from seeing my food stores, but they never made it that far, thankfully.

They'd killed the family who'd lived in the mansion Khan has now, as well as the elderly neighbors who'd lived across the street. Probably others, but I hadn't checked on anyone else, after I'd found two houses with dead people. Instead, I'd gathered more food and water, more ammo for my rifle, and gone back to my safe spot in the woods.

It's still there, the little hut I built with found wood on my land, barely big enough to sit up in, and to stretch out enough to lie down, hidden away in a dense part of the forest. I feel comfortable knowing it's there, even though I haven't used it in two years. Later, when I bought my ducks and built them a coop, I'd used the scrap lumber left over to shore the inside up, but outside, it was still all tree limbs and rocks, so it blended in with the boulder that acted as the back wall.

While I'd hidden away, scared for my life while listening to gunfire and shouting a hundred and fifty yards away, I'd only had two mags, so when I used one I could load the other, but then I'd have had to stop and reload the mags with ammo before I could shoot again. Thankfully, I hadn't had to shoot the first round, but after the riots, I'd bought four more mags,

and now I had a fully loaded one in the gun plus five extra mags loaded with ammo. KiKi's ex had been wrong about me not being able to afford ammo. I can kill a deer from a hundred yards away now. *I've practiced.*

“What’s put that serious look on your face, baby girl?”

I stopped thinking about ammo and focused on the blue ponytail holder in my hand. “Sorry Daddy, I zoned out for a minute. Was there a lot of fighting where you were, during the riots?”

“Not as much as there was here, but yes. When your hair is properly conditioned, I’ll brush it for you, but I don’t want to hurt you, so you should sit on my bed and brush the snarls out while I go down to the kitchen and mix some olive oil and coconut oil to rub on your skin, so it doesn’t dry out.”

* * * *

Wrench

I’d find out what happened to her during the big battle another time, because that’d likely been what she’d been thinking about when she got so serious.

She was in *little* mode now, and she didn’t seem to want to come out of it, so I wouldn’t push her to talk about big-girl things.

Khan had muttered under his breath for me to meet him in the kitchen when he was far enough away Tori wouldn’t hear, so I made my way there and started putting together the oils while he stood at the door and looked out into the backyard.

“Motherfucker!” he turned to look at me. “First damned date, and she’s calling you *Daddy*! What was it you kept telling me about not going too fast?”

“Tempe was coming out of a long-term relationship. That was different.”

“The fuck it was.”

I didn't say anything, and he sighed. “Okay, so maybe it was. Still, you need to look around and take in the landscape before you dive in too deep, brother.”

“You know she's a trust fund kid who grew up and turned her back on not just the money, but that entire way of life. It's been *years* since she's touched any money she didn't earn herself. Even if she changes her mind and starts using it again, I can't see her ever going back to being a society darling. It's like, we had completely opposite beginnings, and yet, we've come to similar places. I don't mind having money for the things that are important to me, but I still don't give a fuck about what society thinks I should have. She's turned her back on other people's money, and she has the ability to make enough income to support this lifestyle she's chosen. Will she do it forever? Highly doubtful because it's a lot of fucking work, but I can't see her ever going all the way back. She'll find a happy medium.”

“And you want to help her do that?”

“Not my place, so no. I'll give her emotional and moral support while she figures it out, though.”

“Okay, motherfucker. See if you can't get her to breakfast tomorrow. I'll have Tempe in bunny ears and a cute little dress, and you should see about making sure your little girl wears something princessy. Your sister has it all planned out, and I'm inclined to humor her.”

I smiled. “She wants me to be happy. Thanks for helping.”

He shook his head as if he didn't know what to do with me, and he clapped me on the back and walked out. I collected the bowl with the oils I'd mixed, and headed back to my little girl.

Chapter Five

Tori

I had my hair tangle-free and into the pretty ponytail holder when Daddy returned.

“The shirt comes off now, baby girl, and you need to lay on your belly so I can rub this into your back. Lift your arms so Daddy can take the shirt off.”

He’d already seen me naked, but my nipples still went all perky as shit for him when the shirt brushed over them on the way off. I went straight to my stomach because I wanted to show him I could obey without having to be told to do something twice.

And then got almost giddy inside at his, “Good girl.”

His hands were like magic on my upper back, but I wanted them *lower*. Not five minutes into it, I told him, “My bottom needs massaging, Daddy.”

“It needs it more than you know, baby girl. We’ll get there.”

It took him at *least* another ten minutes to massage his way down to my ass cheeks, and then only another two minutes before his oiled fingers were probing my asshole.

“Daddy! No! That’s wrong!”

“Nothing Daddy does is wrong, baby girl. I had to punish you earlier, and that means Daddy relieves himself in your

bottom instead of your cookie, tonight.”

“My cookie?” *Please god*, let him call it something else.

“What do you call your little girly pleasure center?”

“It’s my special private place, Daddy.”

“Okay then, we only get to play with your special place when you’ve been a good girl. Tomorrow morning, I’ll show you how that feels, but tonight, Daddy needs relief, and your special private place doesn’t get any attention, so Daddy will need to use his little girl’s bottom. It’s going to hurt, but I’ll try to be gentle at first.”

The truth is, when I’m not in babygirl mode, I hate anal, but when a loving Daddy is sorry he’s having to hurt me? *Fuck*, it works for me.

I’d seen him soft, and his dick was impressive even then, so I was a little concerned. I wanted to twist around and get a look at it now, but every time I tried, his hand landed on my upper back and kept me on the bed.

A few minutes later, my asshole was thoroughly lubed and I knew what came next. “Please don’t hurt me, Daddy!” I yelped, and I tried to push up again.

His huge hand landed between my shoulders. “Put your legs together and arch your back, baby girl. Grab the bars of the headboard and don’t let go. I don’t want to have to spank you again.”

“I want to see your pee-pee, Daddy! If it’s too big, it won’t fit!”

He chuckled. “Little girls aren’t supposed to see boy parts, *especially* not when they get big. It isn’t right. Don’t make me have to blindfold you and spank you. Be good for Daddy.”

He leaned to the side, I pulled my legs together, and then he settled back over me, his legs now around the outside of mine, and then a finger was back in my already lubed ass.

No one had ever gone in my ass with my legs together, and I soon discovered if I squeezed them together *really* hard, I could give my clit a little sensation, but I wasn't sure it would be enough to make me orgasm.

“You can squeeze later, baby girl. I need you to relax for me now.”

One finger turned into two, and even I couldn't tell if my moan was from pleasure or complaint. He added a third finger, and I squealed a little and shouted, “Daddy!”

The finger went away and the smooth head of his dick was suddenly at my entrance.

“Back arched, baby girl. You'll be able to relax it in a little while, but stick your butt up into the air for Daddy while you keep your thighs touching the bed.”

He pushed hard, and a noise I'd never heard come out of my mouth filled the room, because the head cleared that tight ring of muscles and he kept going several more inches, and it felt as if I was being fucked by a damned baseball bat.

“Daddy! It's too much! It hurts! It burns!”

He moved his hands to my shoulders and massaged them again. “Ssshhhhh. I know it does. We'll just stay like this a few minutes so you can get used to me before I go deeper. Arch your back again, and make sure you keep holding onto the bed, sweetheart. If you let go, I'll have to spank you again. Breathe all the way in and I'll count to ten, and *then* you can blow it out really hard for me, okay?”

I breathed in until my lungs were full, but he said, “A little more, baby. More air in your lungs.”

I sucked even more air in, until it almost hurt, and he said, “Good girl.” And then he started counting like he'd done when we played hide-and-seek, really slow while adding a *Mississippi* between. By the time he got to ten, my chest burned, and I blew out rapidly, but he pushed down on my chest as I did and kept saying, “Blow more. *More*, baby girl. Keep blowing out until your lungs are completely empty.”

By the time he let me breathe in again, my asshole was still spread wide, but the pain had gone from an eight to a two. He let me breathe normally for a dozen breaths, and he said, “Again, baby girl. Breathe in and in and in for me.”

This time, when he finally let me breathe out, he slammed his dick the rest of the way inside me, and I screamed on the outbreath because he was fat as fuck and I’d *never* been opened so wide — not even with the ridiculously wide butt plug one of my faux-Uncles had insisted on when I’d been a bad girl.

“Oh, what a good girl you are, taking all of Daddy’s cock up your little bottom. Squeeze me tight, baby girl.”

I breathed all the air out and sucked in more, and panted through the pain. “It’s too big, Daddy! Please take it out!”

“I know it hurts, and squeezing me for ten seconds will help you figure out how to relax around me, so squeeze as hard as you can while I count to ten, Baby Girl.”

This time, when he said my nickname, it felt as if it’d turned into an official name. Something had changed between us during his instructions for how to breathe while he’d slammed his entire fucking length into my asshole, and now I was *officially* his Baby Girl.

“It hurts, Daddy! Please help me!” I wailed, and it wasn’t just lip service. He was truly too much for me and I needed help. I wasn’t pretending at *all*.

“I’m trying to help you, Baby Girl. Squeeze really tight around Daddy’s cock.”

“Daddy’s cock?” Okay, that part was lip service, but I couldn’t help myself.

“Oh no. Little girls don’t say that word. You call it a pee-pee, right?”

“Yes, Daddy. I’m sorry. Your Baby Girl forgot.”

I squeezed my ass muscles around him and it hurt worse for a few seconds, but then it suddenly didn’t. Oh, it still hurt

and burned like fuck, but it was bearable. It was a good hurt, and damn if I didn't want him to start moving already.

But I had to keep squeezing and be still until he got to ten, which took fucking-*forever*.

“Okay Baby Girl. Relax for me. I'm going to pull almost all the way out and go back inside, but just once, and we'll see how it goes. You're learning all about how Daddy moves inside you, so we have to take it slow, at first. Thank Daddy for taking time to help you learn.”

“Thank you for teaching me, Daddy! Your Baby Girl wants to please her Daddy!”

And damn if I didn't mean every fucking word of that.

But then he pulled out and slammed home, and a scream came out of my chest I wasn't expecting. My asshole spasmed around him, my bowels rippled and cramped, and I tried to bow my back to pull my asshole into the bed and away from him.

“Oh, my poor babygirl. Learning can be hard, I know. Squeeze around me again, and then we'll try it twice in a row.”

He made me arch my back and stick my ass up again before he'd start the count, and he went just as slow, counting all the way to ten.

And then fucked me hard and fast *twice* — all the way out to the edge of his cockhead and then slamming back into me, all the fucking way.

I screamed through it again, and he massaged my back.

He put one of his legs between mine, then the other, and I suddenly felt even more vulnerable. I hadn't expected to like them together, but I had.

“Spread your legs wide for Daddy, so wide it feels like you're trying to do the splits. So wide it hurts a little, Baby Girl.”

When I did, he pulled back on my hips, so I was nearly on knees and chest, my torso a few inches off the bed, and then he fucked me for real, fast and hard without stopping, hammering into me, pounding me. I screamed, I begged for relief, and I very nearly yelled out *red*, the universal safeword everyone in the scene knows, but I was afraid he'd stop if I did, and that would ruin the illusion my new Daddy was in control and I was just a kid who couldn't stop him no matter what.

And I *knew* it was an illusion. I don't know how, but in my heart, I knew if I screamed a safeword, he'd stop, but I loved him for not bringing it up. He knew I went to a BDSM club and that meant I understood how safewords work, so there was no need in having that part of the pre-scene talk.

And the truth was that, as bad as it hurt, I didn't want the control to stop the scene. Plus, it was hot as fuck.

When he finally came deep inside my ass, I needed an orgasm in the worst sort of way, but I can't come from anal alone.

“Oh, you were so good, Baby Girl,” he said, barely breathing heavy despite fucking me like a lust-crazed caveman for at *least* ten minutes. “You need a reward. Relax right here and don't move while I wash up real fast.”

I heard the sink running for several minutes, and then he was back, opening a drawer and reaching inside — and he was wearing damned shorts when he returned, so I still didn't get to see his cock.

“Babygirl will wear a special plug up her bottom tonight, so she doesn't leak out any of Daddy's special magical juice.”

The plug was big going in, but nowhere near my new Daddy's thickness, which I still hadn't seen, but I imagined a huge baseball bat — minus the handle — rising from his balls when he was hard.

He slid the plug in fast, and I yelped at the intrusion and then whined a little because it held me open and I figured I

was probably stuck with it for a while, but he massaged my ass and thigh muscles, and I quickly relaxed.

“You were so good, Daddy’s going to make a tiny exception to the rule and make sure you find relief tonight. It’s only because it’s our first night, and because you didn’t understand the consequences before you were bad. You’ll know in the future though, right?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

No orgasms the rest of the day if I was naughty? Well, I’d just be naughty at ten till midnight, then.

“Tiny little naughties will mean twenty-four hours with no orgasm. But if you’re really bad? It could be from two days to a whole month without one, Baby Girl. I hope you never have to go a whole month.”

Well *fuck*, I hoped for that, too. What would constitute something so extreme? And I should’ve known that, with *this* Daddy, doing something wrong ten minutes before the day ended wasn’t going to get me around his consequences.

“Your safety is the most important thing, so if I catch you in a car without your seatbelt on, or not being safe while you hunt? You’ll be in big trouble, even if you aren’t being a baby girl at the time.”

“Thank you for explaining, Daddy.”

“We’ll talk about the rules more later. Roll over and pull your legs up like when you get your diaper changed, Baby Girl.”

I expected he’d use his fingers, but he started with his mouth, and I swear my new Daddy has the most talented tongue *ever*. He used his fingers around my clit while his mouth was on my special private place, and then he moved his mouth to my clit while his fingers went inside me.

Did I need permission to orgasm? I wasn’t sure, so I did what I could to make sure. “Oh, Daddy! I think I need to do something!”

He lifted his mouth enough to talk but I could feel his breath and the vibrations of his voice on my clit. “Of course you do, Baby Girl. We call it coming, and I need you to do it now. *Come*, Baby Girl. Come around Daddy’s fingers.”

His lips sealed around my clit again, the rough part of his tongue laved over it, and stars exploded behind my eyes. My pussy spasmed around his fingers, and my bottom hole squeezed down on the plug filling my ass. Everything released all at once, and I flew through a cloud of bliss and euphoria, screaming, “Daddy” over and over until everything faded to nothing, and I either passed out or fell asleep.

* * * *

Wrench

Fuck me, but this woman was going to be the death of me. I thought I’d come so hard some of my soul had leaked out, but I’m pretty sure her orgasm was even more intense.

I cleaned both of us up, put some gentle nipple clamps, a small bullet vibe, and the tub of baby wipes on my side table, pulled a sheet up over my little Tori, climbed into bed, and rearranged us so she was spooned into my front.

How long could I manage our relationship without her seeing my cock when erect? It was a fun little game I’d started years earlier. Originally, I’d learned not to let women see it before I fucked them, because three had gotten up and walked out. It isn’t just that it’s big, it’s also grotesque —misshapen and ghastly, like something from a horror porn flick, if there was such a thing. The head is bigger on one side than the other, like a yellowjacket stung it and it swelled all out of shape, and the shaft is crooked so it arches off towards the swollen half, which makes it look even more curved than it actually is.

It’s both fat and long, and Khan *loved* having me help him train slaves back in Mobile, because he’d have them tied

down, knowing they were about to take two cocks, and then they'd see us side by side, both of us longer and fatter than anyone had a right to be, and they'd fight their bonds, but it was useless, because once Khan had them gagged and bound, nothing could stop us, and either they'd agreed to those stipulations, or the Concilio had taken away their autonomy and given Khan total authority.

But with my own little precious treasures, it'd become a game to *maybe* let them see me soft, but to hold off on letting them see me when hard at least until I'd been in all three holes and they knew they could handle me. With Tori, I could see myself having fun with it longer term because she enjoys games so much. This would be a *really* long game of hide and seek, and I couldn't wait to see how far I could take it.

I've never taken someone's ass first, but something told me this particular little girl needed a Daddy who was strict and rough on her, but also took good care of her. She'd have to respect me *and* love me, and that meant taking charge in a big way.

Plus, if she was regularly hanging out at BDSM clubs, she was no doubt used to being ass fucked. Probably not by someone my size, but she wasn't a newbie, so I wouldn't treat her like one.

I *would* follow her lead as to how often she wanted to play babygirl games, at least to start. As Khan said, I didn't know her well enough for this, but I wasn't going to put the brakes on. This was happening, and we'd figure it out as we went.

The nipple clamps I'd picked had pink bows on them, and a big pink bell dangling from them, and they were only tight enough to stay on. She'd know they were there, but they wouldn't bite terribly.

I already had pastel cuffs and collars, the soft leather dyed somewhere between pink and lavender, but if we were going to go with blue, I'd buy pastel blue from the same leatherworker.

There were coloring books especially for littles, and I'd order them, but in the meantime, she'd get normal ones, made for kids. I had tiaras, but something told me she'd be happier with a crown of flowers rather than diamonds — faux or real. I also had pacifiers with a big ball on them, rather than the sucky part, so it turned them into a ball gag. The black one was used for naughty girls, and the ball on it was big enough to make a jaw ache. My pastel pink one had a ball only big enough to be safe without hurting a little girl's jaw.

I went to sleep thinking of everything I needed to get for my new little girl, and dreamed of all the things I'd do to her.

Chapter Six

Tori

I awakened the next morning in Daddy's arms while it was still mostly dark outside, the sun about to rise, based on what I could see through the window.

I stretched in Daddy's arms, and he kissed the top of my head from behind me. "Daddy needs relief, and Baby Girl needs her Daddy to claim her special place, doesn't she?"

"Yes, Daddy, but you were so big last night! I'm afraid you'll go too deep!"

"I know, Baby Girl, and I probably will, but we'll figure out the right angle, so Daddy can fit all the way inside."

Some of my friends hate having their cervix hit, but it can work for me under the right circumstances, so I hoped he'd help figure out how to make it work. I was pretty sure he isn't *actually* a foot long, but it'd felt like it when he was in my ass. If I was as short as KiKi, it wasn't likely he'd have made it so far into my colon without doing some serious damage.

His hands stroked up to my breasts and talented fingers massaged them a few seconds before zeroing in on the nipples, and I moaned and pressed back into him with my bottom. I felt the fabric of his shorts between us, and wanted to complain, but I didn't.

He'd said little girls couldn't see erect pee-pees, and he apparently meant it. I'd thought he was a *shower* when I saw

him flaccid, but he was clearly a *grower*, because his cock had been bigger than a normal hard one when it was soft, and he'd been *huge* when he went into my ass.

“Your nipples need some decoration, babygirl. Roll to your back a second, and then you can go back to your side.”

The nipple clamps were completely adorable, with pink bows and a pink bell on each, and they squeezed just enough I could feel them without being actually painful, and *all* my girly bits throbbed in reaction.

“Oh, Daddy! They feel naughty!”

“Not naughty, Baby Girl. Nothing between us like this is naughty, it's how we show we care about each other, it's how we grow even closer. Roll back to your side now, and be a good girl who gets her special private place filled up first thing in the morning.”

He rolled me over, lifted my right leg and hooked it over his arm, and the next thing I knew, he was pressing inside me, opening me, and he fucked me hard and fast without letting me get used to him, but he thankfully wasn't going all the way in.

“Daddy! Oh! Daddy! I think I might need to come already!”

“Not until Daddy says you can, Baby Girl.”

He touched my clit with something, and a second later it began vibrating *right* on my clit, and thankfully he ordered me to come, because I would've exploded in pleasure whether he'd given permission or not.

I squirmed and moved and danced around on my side while the orgasm cascaded through me in waves and pulses, and I screamed my bliss while Daddy went all the way in, fucking me harder and faster, slamming into my cervix but it was perfect, because he owned me all over again.

When my orgasm waned, he slowed a little and moved the vibe so he circled my clit with it, rather than holding it right on

it.

“We aren’t through, Baby Girl. I’m going to put a pillowcase over your head while you roll to your back and I resituate us. Reach up and hold onto the iron bars. If you let go, I’ll spank you on your private place and then have to finish up in your bottom, and I’m betting you’re really sore there and don’t want that right now, so make sure you behave. You want more orgasms, don’t you?”

I absolutely wanted more orgasms, and I told him so.

He draped the pillowcase over my face as I rolled to my back, and Daddy pressed his cock back inside me, looped my legs over his arms, and then put his hands near my shoulders before he removed the pillowcase. His head was above mine, looking down, and he said, “You can let go of the bars if you want, and you can touch anywhere on me you can reach without having to move your shoulders too much.”

He went too deep and I squealed, and he pulled out and went in shallow a few times, changing his angle before he went deep again. I yelped and tried to scoot up the bed, but he pulled me back and went in shallow another half dozen times before moving so he aimed up, towards my belly button, though I was sure the head of his cock was far past it. It didn’t hurt as bad, but it still hurt, and he went shallow again. “It’s okay, babygirl, no more going deep until you’re about to come. No pain right now. Today, it’s supposed to feel good.”

And he proceeded to give me long, slow strokes, each one taking me closer and closer to bliss, and I never wanted it to end, but eventually, when I was screaming about how badly I wanted to come, he slammed all the way in again, and he’d been right — I could handle all of him while I was on the edge of an orgasm.

“Please, Daddy! I need to come!”

He leaned up, pulled one nipple clamp off and then the other, and said, “Come, Baby Girl.”

I'd gotten used to the nipple clamps, and having them off made me feel them more. I'd been on the edge of an orgasm anyway, and it was like popping the cork off a champagne bottle, the way my pleasure exploded out of me.

And this time, he came when I did, filling me full, trusting me not only to be disease free, but to be up to date on my pill.

I'm meticulous about taking it at the same time every day, though. No babies for me when it's all I can do to keep myself alive and fed and mostly happy with who I am.

* * * *

Wrench

I let her take a shower before I put her back into the dress she'd worn over and then held her hand and walked her next door so she could check on her garden and change clothes for breakfast.

She showed me around her place in the daylight, and I was impressed. A small house, but it was plenty big for a single person, and it was flat-out adorable despite being practical. It was clearly a working homestead, but even so, her outdoor living space could've gone into any high-society publication showing how to create a homy, luxurious atmosphere for your country house. It had been all dreamy and fantastical at night, but it was cozy and comfortable during the day.

And I realized why I hadn't seen the ducks the night before when she opened an impressive coop, and five ducks came waddling out. I'd known she had them, but somehow, my wolf had missed them. My gaze landed on the firepit, and I remembered smelling the wonderful aroma of cedar and maple.

"I've never had duck eggs. How do they compare to chicken eggs?"

“Less moisture and more protein. They’re more nutritious, and the shells can be fucking hard to break, so there’s less spoilage. The shelf life is also longer. Ducks provide eggs all winter long, too.”

“Looks like you have two breeds?”

“Yeah, I started with five Welsh Harlequin and lost three to predators in the first couple of weeks. The Ancona are a lot larger and supposedly safer from predation, but I changed my entire setup, and I haven’t lost any of either breed since.” She looked around. “The outer perimeter fence is just chicken fencing and pretty cheap, but putting it eight feet high keeps the foxes out, and I’m pretty sure that’s what got two of my three birds who were killed. They stay in the run or the coop when I’m not outside with them and able to keep an eye out, and in the coop at night while I sleep.”

The run was three feet tall and four feet wide, wood on the sides and what looked like a triple layer of chicken wire at the top, and it was made like a maze, or like a feeder line at the bank, going back and forth. It would allow them to walk and travel about eighteen feet, at a guess, while keeping them safe from predators, but I could also see that it was movable, so she could keep them from wearing down the grass, and so there’d be new bugs to eat when she moved it. A pulley system would lift the whole thing up in the air, and then she could move it and put it down again somewhere else. *Smart.*

The fencing to keep them off her furniture when they free-roamed was only about two and a half feet tall, but I could see the taller fencing off in the distance.

“How much free-range space do they have?”

“Enough I don’t have to supplement with much feed, but I have line-of-sight to the entire area from most of the backyard and garden areas. I can’t necessarily see the ducks, but I’d see a predator. I mean, probably not an eagle or hawk or owl until it’s too late, but a fox or coyote, I notice in time to run them off.”

I got a better look at her garden area, and realized the ducks had access to it as well when they were free-range.

“Do the ducks help keep the bugs out of your garden?”

“Absolutely.”

We’d had chickens while I was growing up, so I understood how it worked, but the ducks seemed more civilized, somehow.

“Are they mean? Friendly?”

“Oh, they are total pets and I’ll never be able to eat them unless I’m starving. Both breeds are known for their easygoing nature, but I had no idea how cuddly they can be.”

I left her to her chores, and I went home, climbed on my bike, and made my way to the Walmart fifteen minutes away, since nothing closer was open at seven in the morning. I bought a giant teddy bear, and little kid dishes with cute little patterns, along with one that had compartments to keep the individual foods from touching. I bought glass baby bottles and took the time to buy the right nipples to go on them, and adult diapers. I didn’t think we were ready for them yet, but it wouldn’t hurt to have them on hand.

I also bought crayons, coloring books, watercolor paints, bubbles and a bubble machine, wooden blocks, sidewalk chalk, a jump rope, a hula hoop, and a dozen sizes of balls appropriate for playing with in the pool. I added a few sippy cups in different colors and patterns, and looked at the tea sets, because there wasn’t a doubt in my mind that Tempe was planning some kind of tea party. I bought a really nice set, meant for adults, and then I went to the headbands and tiaras section.

Tempe regularly wore various bunny rabbit headband things, and I wanted Tori to have something to wear on her head, but what? I found a hair clasp with a flower made of some kind of crepey fabric, and a head band with a big floppy pink polka-dotted fabric bow. I also found what the description called a flower tiara, though the flowers were made of beads

and were small, I thought it would look good on her. I bought everything I thought she might like and figured I'd show them all to her and decide on the one she seemed to most like.

I started to find her some pajamas to wear, something both sexy and little-girlish, but I wasn't sure how far she'd come with her fashion sense. She'd gone from wearing elegant couture to jeans, but somehow, I doubted her jeans came from Walmart. She'd be fine in my shirts until I could find suitable filmy pajamas to put her in.

I went home, put the plates and bottles away in the kitchen, put the box with the tea set on the counter so Tempe would see it, stowed everything else away in my room, and went to Khan's weightroom to get a workout in.

When Tempe and Khan emerged from their wing, my sister was wearing the headband with the floppy bunny ears that hung down, and an adorable little summer dress. Khan had taken to telling her how to dress, and it was sexier than a sister is supposed to be, but they were happy so I kept my mouth shut.

She was wearing flesh-colored leggings under the dress, and I assumed that meant she didn't want Tori to see whatever damage Khan had done to her legs.

"Thanks for getting the tea set, it's perfect! She isn't, like a vegetarian, right?"

"She's been killing deer and squirrels to eat, so I'm guessing not."

"Last night went well? She's coming back after she does her morning chores? Should you go help her with her chores?"

"I don't know, should I? I mean, she's a grown woman who's been taking care of herself just fine, and she clearly wants a Daddy, but how far do I push? I'm thinking I let her keep taking care of herself, and just do the Daddy stuff as it pertains to her time here? But not where she's basically mistress of her own domain?"

She looked at me a few seconds, considering. “That’s probably a good place to start, but you eventually need to talk to her about that kind of thing. It’s happening mostly organically now, right?”

“We said just enough to get the basics out of the way — birth control, condom use, hard limits, but she never mentioned a safeword, and I haven’t brought it up. She’s a member of a really exclusive BDSM club in town, so we both know she’s aware of how to use them, and I get the feeling she’d prefer we not talk about it, so I left it alone.”

“You going to let her have one?” Khan asked.

“If she isn’t the type to abuse it, probably. I’m pretty sure she doesn’t want the power of a safeword, though.”

“What do I need to know about her?” Tempe asked.

And that was my sister. She wasn’t asking for gossip, but what she needed to know to make Tori feel welcome, and to stay away from anything that might make her uncomfortable.

“Sounds like her mom got herself artificially inseminated after choosing a man she thought had good genes. Tori has asked for his name, the mother refuses to give it. Also, there was apparently a clause that if he has any contact with the daughter, before or after 18, he’ll owe the mother a million dollars. Tori hasn’t spoken to her mother for years, and doesn’t intend to unless she changes course on that. She was raised by her mother and grandmother, and she has lunch with her Gran once a week. Her Gran is disappointed by Tori’s choices, but still loves her. Once Tori decided to stop using her trust fund, she hasn’t touched it again. She sold an expensive car and bought the house and land, and the Toyota truck, with the proceeds. She works for a home builder, finishing sheetrock. He pays her well when she works, but he only builds a handful of houses a year. She has an extensive garden, and she cans the harvest into mason jars. She mostly only buys salt, sugar, spices, and the occasionally junk food splurge item at the grocery store. She has gas and water, but no electricity. She has enough of a solar setup to run a refrigerator made for a

camper, a chest freezer, some fans, and to charge her phone, tablet, and laptop. She has unlimited data on her phone, and that's her only internet access, though she can set it up as a hot spot for her other devices."

"And her Daddy kink?" Khan asked. Tempe had needed to know the everyday stuff, but my brother pushed straight to the sex. No surprise there, but talking about it would be good, to help sort things in my own head.

"She says she isn't a masochist, but needs to know Daddy's rules are law. She's kind of flexible with her preferred age, depending on the situation. She was clear that during sexual contact, she's an adult with a little girl fetish and not an actual little girl, so harsher punishments are okay, but when we're just playing around outside of sex, it needs to be more about the little girl than the adult."

Tempe stopped organizing the items she was gathering to set the table with, and looked at me. "So she was raised with a silver spoon and is now against anything materialistic, and is damned close to living off the land, and you were raised with very little material items and taught to live off the land, and you now own more motorcycles than any one person will ever need, are no longer interested in homesteading under any circumstances, but still decry having a whole lot of material goods other than your bikes?"

I shrugged. "Somehow, it works. We grew up knowing what Thoreau had to figure out as a grown man, and she's managed to learn it as a grown woman. Living with nature, understanding shit most people in this day and time don't have a clue about."

Tempe nodded. "And which I tried to flee from, but I'll never be normal because I understand how ridiculous fashion and trends and all the other social niceties are, but I can at least have fun with it, where you can't, and it isn't likely she will again."

"I think the little girl in her might like to. I bought some flower things to go in her hair, and I won't bother with the

rhinestone tiaras I already have. She seemed to like the nipple clamps with the pink bows, so we'll see how it goes."

She looked at Khan, back to me, and used a gollum-like voice to tell me, "My master gives me the nasty clamps with the metal teeth, he does."

I laughed. "Then that's probably what you need, sister dearest. Come give me a hug and then we'll get started on breakfast. Want to let me in on your plans?"

Chapter Seven

Tori

Khan was at the gate waiting for me when I arrived, and he pointed to a keypad. “Put in the four-digit number of your birth year, followed by the day without the month, then four zeros, and hit the green button.”

I did as he said, and the gate slid open.

“If someone forces you to let them in, give them the code with only two zeros at the end. The gate will open, but we’ll know you’re with a hostile, so as soon as we can secure your safety, we’ll detain them so they can’t hurt anyone.”

“You expect someone to force me to let them in?”

“No, but if you spend any time with me at all, you’ll discover I create safety checks for every scenario I can manage. You should also know I receive an alert on my phone anytime the gate opens and closes, and which code was used. For now, you should only come when Wrench invites you, but I can easily foresee a time when you’ll be welcome to come swim when no one’s home, without calling ahead first. Baby steps, though. What’s in the bag? It smells good.”

“I got a good deal on a huge case of apples last fall, and I sliced them and canned them. I opened a can this morning and made apple fritters to go with our meal.”

“You don’t have to bring food every time we invite you, but I look forward to sampling your fritters.”

He stopped walking halfway up the long drive, when the house still wasn't in view, and turned to me. "My Tempe is going out of her way to be accepting of your kinks. If she goes too far, talk to her about it when Wrench isn't around, so it's just between the two of you. Also, she has some pretty extreme kinks, and if you're going to be hanging around, you'll eventually figure them out. I hope you can be as accepting of our kinks as we'll be of yours. For my part, I can be Uncle Khan if you want, or I can just be Khan, and relegated to a place outside of your *little* games with Wrench. I'm good with it either way, but I don't plan for there to be anything sexual between you and me. That isn't to say it might work out that way if *everyone* wishes it to happen, but I don't foresee it happening at this time."

Wow, talk about direct, but I appreciated his frankness. "It's new, still, and Wrench and I are kind of ad-libbing how we're going to work. I don't really know how to answer your questions yet, other than to say thank you for letting me know you won't be uncomfortable if you're drawn into our..." I sighed. "I hate calling it play, because I want it to be real, you know? But I guess that's what I have to call it. As for whatever your kinks are? I've been around a little of everything, and I'm uncomfortable with extreme sadism and masochism, where it takes weeks or sometimes longer to recover from a scene, with scat play, and with scarification, but I'm good with most everything else."

Khan tilted his head. "Well, we don't do scat play, so there's that."

Ah, so they hit on two of the things I'm uncomfortable with. *Shit*. "If Wrench is okay with whatever you're doing to his sister, then I'm sure I will be, too. I can tell you love her, and that means a lot in any extreme relationship."

"Okay, but if something hits you as wrong, you need to come to me or Wrench to voice your concerns. Don't talk to Tempe about them until you've spoken with one of us first. Deal?"

I blew out a breath. He wasn't asking me not to talk to her, only to check in with them first. "Yeah. I can do that."

He nodded. "Okay. If you want to jump on my back, I'm a sprinter, so I can give you a wild ride to the house."

I wasn't terribly sure about it, but he was trying, so I nodded, and he turned and squatted down a little, so it would be easier for me to climb on his back. He rearranged the bag in my hand, so I held it closer to his body and it wouldn't swing around, and then he took off.

Khan is tall and kind of lanky — and gorgeous, but clearly not a Daddy-type, so I wasn't attracted to him. But he held me like he knew how to give rides, and he was *fast*. I screamed and laughed like I was on a roller coaster, and when we made it to the screened in room at the back of the house, Wrench was there waiting for us, and he pulled me from Khan's back into his arms, holding me on his hip like a toddler, a huge smile on his face.

"You are beautiful when you laugh, Baby Girl. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, Daddy! Khan gave me a ride and it was so much fun!"

"I can see that. Tempe has the watercolors out, would you like to use them, too? Or you can use crayons, if you don't want to mess up your pretty dress."

"Oh, watercolors would be awesome, Daddy!"

He walked me into the screened-in room, and Tempe had an easel up and was using honest-to-god *real* artist's watercolors to paint a fucking beautiful landscape with trees all around it and a gorgeous sky above. The sky and some of the trees were painted, the stream at the bottom looked like it should be making rushing sounds, and she was working on the rocks I was guessing would be the basis for a waterfall in the middle.

I could only stare, but she turned to me with a smile. "I can put colors onto a pallet for you to use, so you don't have to

mess with the tubes, or we have the simple kind of watercolors you're probably already used to." She lifted a piece of paper from the table and showed me a picture of a tree with the ground below it, mountains in the distance, and the sky above. It was all watery without any details, but it was beautiful, and I should be able to recreate it, even in kid mode.

"I can put these colors on a pallet for you?"

"Could you!?"

She smiled and started squirting tubes onto a pallet-shaped piece of plastic with little indentions for each color.

"Breakfast will be ready in about fifteen minutes," Wrench told me when he sat me in a seat across from Tempe and tied an artist's apron around my neck. "You have brushes and paper towels, extra water. Do you want some juice to drink while you work?"

"No thank you, Daddy. I don't want to spoil my breakfast." I looked back to Tempe. "I love your bunny ears! Yesterday, they were all flopsy, but today they're standing up like you're on an adventure! How many do you have?"

"Khan keeps buying them for me. I have no idea how many I have. He puts them on me, and I wear them because I'm his special little pet."

Ah. That made sense.

"He sounds like a wonderful owner! How hard are these watercolors to use? I've only used the kind that come in little squares and circles?"

* * * *

Wrench

I'd already made the bacon and sausage, and they were in the warming oven. The regular oven was preheated, and Khan pulled the biscuit dough from the fridge along with the eggs. I

took the dough from him and started rolling it, cutting circles from it and putting them on a baking pan, and rerolling what was left.

Khan cracked eggs into a bowl, and I talked him through adding the whole milk, salt, and white pepper while he beat them.

“Okay, now put the bacon grease in the pan, and set the heat to seven. I can handle them from there.”

“I can cook eggs, motherfucker.”

“Yeah, you can turn them into leather. They’ll be light and fluffy when I cook them.”

He opened the container of apple fritters, and the warm, yeasty smell of the dough along with the scent of organic apples wafted into the air.

And yeah, a wolf can tell organic from the chemically grown kind. Most commercial orchards spray the blossoms just as the petals are dropping, so there are no bugs inside the apples as they form and grow, but it changes the chemical composition of the fucking apple from the damned beginning.

“Why are our cooks out on the porch painting pretty pictures while we make breakfast?” Khan asked.

“Because we’re caretaker Doms, for some fucking reason. Sometimes, I think the Masters with slaves who cater to them have it right, but it doesn’t fucking work for me. I want to take care of my babygirl, and that means I cook breakfast on days like today.”

“Yeah, there’s that. I take care of my pet, so it’s different but the same.”

“You told Tori she can call you Uncle Khan?”

He nodded. “She said the two of you are still ad-libbing how this is going to work between you, and basically thanked me for giving her the option.” He sighed. “She also said she has an issue with extreme S&M, and I told her Tempe will accept her kinks and I hope she can accept ours as well, but if

something strikes her wrong, she's to come to you or me to voice any concerns before she talks to Tempe. I didn't order her not to because I didn't think it would do any good, but she agreed to come to us first. She also said if you're okay with whatever I do to your sister, she probably will be, too."

"But she said that without understanding what you do to my sister." I'd nearly taken him apart when I found out he'd nailed my sister's tits to a fucking board. Six nails through her tits, and it'd taken nearly two damned months before the scent of pain didn't roll off her anytime someone hugged her, or she bumped into something, or she moved a certain way.

But he'd needed something really big to start them out, and she'd basically dared him to do it, so in the end, I had to be okay with it, even though I really wasn't.

He didn't intend to do it again, but he kept poking smaller damned holes into her. I knew about her nipples and clit hood because the shape of the jewelry showed when she was in a bathing suit. I could see the piercings in her tongue, and the recent industrial piercing on her ear seemed particularly painful when he played with it. I could scent other piercings, and it was probably best I didn't know where they were, but there were lots of them, so a good guess was that he was lining her labia with holes so he could lock her pussy up. He'd done so with a prior slave, and I'd thought it a novel idea when it'd been someone else's sister.

But Tempe had called herself a maso-slut since she was seventeen, and she'd had *years* to see how far she could go with it and stay alive. She's landed in the hospital several times after a scene, and only said one of those times hadn't been worth the high of the scene. At least Khan wasn't going to put her in the hospital. *Probably*. He was careful to give her antibiotics when called for, and he'd given her a fucking tetanus shot as part of the damned tit-nailing scene. He had an eye towards keeping her safe while he beat her and poked holes in her, at least.

“I’ll handle it if Tori comes to me,” I told him. “If she goes to you, it’ll probably be best to pull me into the conversation, but I trust you to think on your feet and deal with it.”

Tempe had set the table so we could have a tea party while we ate breakfast. The tea set was cleaned and set out at the place settings, and she’d folded the thick, fancy napkins into a fleur-de-lis lily shape that stood up in the center of the plates.

The tea was already made and was in the warming oven with the bacon and sausage, so it would be warm but not too hot to drink, according to Tempe. She’d been very precise in how it was made, so the water was hot but not boiling, and the teabags were only in for a specific time. Also, it was in a sealed container in the warming oven, so it wouldn’t lose its aroma, and she was going to have to heat the teapot we were using before she’d be able to pour the tea into it, when it was time. *Damn*, but tea shouldn’t be that complicated.

While I dealt with the eggs, Khan put whole milk into the cream thingie that came with the tea set. The sugar was already in the other cute little container.

God, two supposedly badass bikers having a damned tea party with our submissive women. If this got out, we’d take a lot of shit from our brothers.

I smiled at the thought, because most of them would get it, even if it isn’t their thing. I never thought I’d see Squatch go all googly-eyed over a girl, but it warmed my heart every time I saw him looking at Kitty. And fucking Frost with an ice-cold heart with his Shy? Damn if it wasn’t a miracle the two of them had figured their shit out.

They’d still give us shit for the tea party, though.

“You have to make sure Tempe doesn’t post pics of this on her social media,” I told Khan.

“Too late, asshole. The table has already made it onto her IG account.”

“*Fuck*. What good is having total control if you don’t use it?”

He laughed. “She’s already so restricted around the club rules. She can’t show pics of me, identifiable or not, she can’t talk about when I’m home or when I’m away, she can’t show anything with a motorcycle, or anything that in any way identifies the club. She very nicely asked if she could post a picture of the table, zoomed in so you can’t see the kitchen or the backyard through the door, and I gave her permission. We’ll deal with any fallout from our brothers.”

On top of the club rules, Khan had rules against her showing the inside of the house, the pool area, the outside of the house, or the front gate. She could shoot pics that showed the woods or the lawn, or a little bit of concrete outside. Inside, she could show pics with a boring wall behind her, or with the background blurred so you couldn’t pick up any details. The only exception was that she could post images to her heart’s content inside her craft room, since she was starting to sell some of her pieces.

When I pulled the eggs off the eye, Khan went to the door to tell the girls to come in.

I dumped the eggs into the bowl Tempe had put a post-it note on that said “EGGS GO HERE.” I put the paper in the trash and pulled the covered container of sausage from the oven along with the tray of bacon, and put them into the bowls Tempe had similarly labeled before tossing those post-it notes in the trash as well.

I put another serving bowl in the same style on the table, and when Tempe and Tori came in, I asked, “Is this okay to put Tori’s apple fritters in?”

Tempe looked at the bowl, looked at the cabinets, and then looked back to me. “Yeah. That works. It looks good and smells great. You did good, big brother.”

“Oh my god!” Tori said. “This is abso-perfect!” She threw her arms around Tempe. “Thank you! A tea party for breakfast!”

“Your Daddy has something for you.”

Oh, *fuck*, I’d almost forgot. I grabbed the fancy box Tempe had given me to put the hairbows and clips I’d bought into, and showed it to Tori. “Pick what you want to wear for our tea party, Baby Girl.”

She took her time looking at every piece, and finally held the hairclip with the huge polka dotted bow up while telling me. “This matches my dress the best, Daddy. Is there a bathroom close, so I can see to put it on?”

I walked her to the little half-bath right off the kitchen, and watched as she put it in, took it out, put it in again, took it out, put it in again, took it out.

“One more time, Baby Girl.”

She sighed and rolled her eyes, and put it back in the second way.

I turned her towards me and kissed her forehead. “Rolling your eyes at me isn’t nice. Apologize, Baby Girl, and then I think there might be something else you want to say to a Daddy who bought you all kinds of pretty hair things to choose from?”

“I’m sorry I rolled my eyes at you, Daddy, and OMG! Thank you so much for my pretty hair things!” She threw her arms around me. “I have the best Daddy ever!”

I picked her up and settled her on my hip again, walked her to the table, and sat her in the chair Tempe had told us would be Tori’s.

God, but my sister could be bossy for a slave — though Khan was turning her into more of a pet, and I suppose pets can get away with more than slaves. It seemed to be working for them. Khan let her get away with a little attitude for things like this, but only up to a point, and when he used a certain tone of voice with her, she jumped to obey as quickly as possible.

I truly didn't need to know what would happen if she didn't obey, though. That was between the two of them.

* * * *

Tori

Our breakfast tea party was the absolute *best*. The *little* in me had needed to be coddled and seduced and taken care of more than I'd realized. She got scenes with the handful of men I played with at the club, and I'd convinced myself that was enough, but this wasn't a scene — it was fucking breakfast, and it warmed my heart so much I nearly needed to cry, but I was too happy to mess our tea party up with emotional tears.

Tempe showed everyone how one must hold their teacup, and Daddy did as she said, but Khan ignored her and drank it like the biker he is. It was badass, but I wanted to see if I could get him to do it right.

“No, Uncle Khan, that isn't it. Like *this*.” I exaggerated my fingers and took a dainty sip, and he shook his head, but held the teacup like I showed him — and then proceeded to down the entire thing like it was a shot of whiskey.

His smile made it completely okay, and then he added to it by saying, “Since you called me Uncle Khan, little Tori, I'll try to hold it right.”

Tempe lifted his other hand, kissed his knuckles, and put it back down. He gave her an affectionate smile, and she practically beamed at him and then tilted her head so one of the bunny ears wiggled just so, and he laughed and told her, “Little bunnies who are teased get their sores little body parts violated all over again.”

His words were like gasoline on a fire for my clit, which hadn't been at all active before, but I suddenly hoped Daddy would want to take me to his room and use me in all the *best* ways after breakfast.

Khan gave Daddy a knowing look, and Daddy only tilted his head back to Khan, as if acknowledging something. I had no idea what that meant, but I decided maybe someone should change the subject.

“Tempe showed me how to paint a tree with the sky in the background, Daddy! Next time, I’m going to add mountains, too!”

“I can’t wait to see it after breakfast, Baby Girl. Do you want to swim after our tea party breakfast? Or do you want to paint some more?”

“Maybe we can go to your room for a little while, and *then* swim, Daddy?”

“Does Daddy need to pay attention to his babygirl’s special private place?”

My face went hot and I looked down, and Tempe said, “Oh, having your special private place played with is the best, isn’t it!? It’s one of my absolute *favorite* things.”

I met Tempe’s gaze and told her. “You don’t need the flesh-colored leggings around me, Tempe. If you can accept all of me, I’ll figure out how to accept all of you.”

Tempe shook her head. “Some things, little girls shouldn’t be exposed to. Maybe when you’re in big girl mode, but never when you’re like this. Darkness has no place in our morning, little Tori. Thank you for bringing happiness into our kitchen. Truly, I’m happy to have you here.”

And that did it. The tears came forth, and I waved my hands at my face and said, “Happy tears. Happy tears! Thank you so much! I just want to accept you as much as you are me!”

“And I’ll let you do that, but not this morning. Here, let me give you some more of our peach preserves for your biscuits. You’re running low.”

Daddy had torn my biscuits up to put the gravy on them, and then buttered the ones I’d eat whole, and put the preserves

to the side and shown me how to put a little on the biscuit and take a bite of it, so there wasn't much to fall off at a time, but I'd used a whole lot of preserves for each bite.

"Thank you, Tempe."

"Yes," Daddy told her. "Thanks, little sister."

She smiled at him, and I could tell by her smile she was going to be mischievous. "You're welcome, brother dearest."

He laughed and sat back in his seat, and Tempe looked back to me to tell me about a new Pixar movie she'd seen the previews for. "If your Daddy won't take you, I will."

"Of course I'll take her if she wants to go," Daddy told Tempe, and then looked to me. "Or we can wait until it's available for streaming, if you don't want to be a *little* in public."

"I'd love to go, but maybe as a modified little? I don't know. No one's ever offered to take me to a movie specifically for my *little* self, Daddy."

Chapter Eight

Tori

A few days later, I looked over my outdoor dining area with a critical eye, trying to see it as Tempe would. Kiki had a four o'clock appointment with her therapist and then was going for drinks with a new guy she'd met, so it would just be the two of us for dinner, and I'd been clear this was dinner between adult friends, and told her there would be alcohol involved.

Apparently, it was good I told her that, because she needs permission from Khan before she can eat or drink anything. He'd already given her approval to eat whatever I fixed, but she'd have had to text him for permission to drink anything besides water, tea, or juice.

She arrived in denim shorts with fashionable rips and holes and worn spots, tight on her hips but mostly loose around her legs, and an adorable top that only came a few inches below the bottom of her boobs, showing off her mega-defined ripped abs. I wondered what her Master must make her do to get them, because it didn't seem like the kind of thing she'd strive for.

But what I saw first were the cane marks on the fronts of her thighs, along with what I was certain were marks made from a loopy johnny. When she turned, I saw that the back was worse. The shirt was a racerback, so I could also see clear whip marks on her back.

“The whip had knots?” I asked.

“Yep. It’s one of my favorites.”

The look on her face told me she wasn’t going to apologize for who she is, and I knew this was a test, of sorts.

“Thanks for letting me see all of you. I mean, sure, I want to cringe and ask if you need ice, but you’ve accepted me, and this is me accepting that you won’t engage in this unless it’s your kink. I get that our itches and wants and needs don’t always have to make sense to other people.”

She took the final four steps to me and hugged me. “Thank you. This isn’t as bad as it gets, it’s just what I happen to look like right now. I was serious about not showing my marks around you when you’re in *little* mode, though. I like the happy you bring to us, and my darkness has no place there.”

“I don’t know about that,” I told her, thinking it through. “It’s like the yin-yang symbol, maybe, so the black has a spot of white, and the white has a spot of black, because nothing is all good or all bad. I’ll let you decide what to show me when I’m *little*, and you’re right that the little girl in me might have more trouble understanding, but I’ll try to keep her from asking the questions a child would usually ask.”

She laughed. “See? That’s what I’m talking about. Kids can’t see owies without seeing them as owies. It might not be possible if we swim together when you’re in *little* mode, but when we’re dressed, I’ll try to keep it hidden.”

“But not like this, at my house, two women having dinner together.”

“Right. No hiding when we’re like this. Also, Khan usually makes me wear skirts and dresses, and he let me wear shorts over here, and it feels downright decadent. So thanks for that, too.”

The main room of my house is basically the living room for the first two thirds when you walk in the door, and the back third is split between kitchen on the left and dining room on the right, with a wall sort of blocking the kitchen from the

living room, but it was completely open between kitchen and dining room. We were standing in the center of the rear part, and she looked around and said, “I didn’t know what to expect, but I really like this. Stylish without being fancy, completely practical, but aesthetically pleasing.”

I smiled. “Thanks. I have us set up to eat outside. The venison steaks are due to come out of the oven in a few minutes, and I have netted domes over our food outside to keep the bugs off.”

The timer went off as I said it, and I walked to the oven, put my mitt on, and pulled the steaks out. I cut into one to check it, and then plated both steaks and handed one to her. “Everything else is outside.”

“I’ve heard all about your ducks, and I can’t wait to meet them!”

“After we eat,” I told her. “Your brother said you grew up with chickens?”

I had my largest fan blowing on the table, so the ninety-degree day wasn’t so bad in the shade provided by the repurposed sails that created a roof of sorts for the outdoor living space I spent more time in during the summer than I spent in the house.

“Oh, this should be in a magazine, it’s so perfect.”

“Thanks. I’ve lucked up with most of it. I started with the biggest sail, not expecting my friend’s dad to just *give* me his old one when he bought a new one, but he wouldn’t let me pay him for it. Then, as other people have bought new, they’ve just offered me the old one, as if I’m doing a favor, taking it off their hands. I found the table and chairs at an estate sale, but I bought the other furniture during a Memorial Day sale at one of the big furniture franchise places. It was a splurge, but totally worth it.”

“Of course it was. Oh wow, new potatoes? I haven’t harvested our potatoes yet because I didn’t think it was even close to time for them to be ready.”

“Oh, I canned those last year. I haven’t harvested any of mine this year, either. I still have baking potatoes in the root cellar, but new potatoes don’t keep well that way, so I canned a whole bunch.”

We had a veritable feast of fresh veggies, the new potatoes, and the venison steaks, and she ranted and raved over how good everything was. It really was, and she sounded genuine, so this wasn’t like when my former social group heaped on praise and admiration because it was the thing to do. Tempe would’ve been polite if it hadn’t been good, but she wouldn’t have told me it was unless it truly was.

I’d made strawberry daiquiris from my fresh strawberries, and we had perhaps a little too much, so we ended up skinny dipping in the creek an hour later, and that’s when I saw that she had two rows of labia piercings. Well, I mean, of course there are two rows, because there are two lips, right? And I *promise* I wasn’t looking at her pussy on purpose, but she bent over to pick up some flat rocks so she could show me how to skip them across the creek, and the sun glinted off the rings, and there was no way to *not* see it.

“Ouch. That’s a lot of metal between your legs.”

She looked down and my eyes followed, and I saw a rather large ring in the front and center as well, right about where her clit would be, and I wanted to cover my groin up as if to protect it, but I didn’t. “I guess it goes without saying that your inner masochist will be disappointed when he’s poked you full of so many holes, he can’t give you more.”

She laughed. “Oh, there will always be temporary piercings that don’t stay, for that. But yeah, I’ve kind of gotten used to always having a piercing or two or three in the process of healing. I get a new one on the first day of the month, because he knows I enjoy the anticipation of the pain nearly as much as the actual pain.”

“Is the creek okay with the new piercings? And the cane marks that split the skin are scabbed, but still.”

“Nothing’s brand new. The ear’s a little over two weeks old, and I’m not planning to put my head under, but it’d probably be okay if I did. Did you know, I’ve been places where the rivers aren’t as big as our creeks?”

I nodded. “I spent most of a summer in Provence, France, and the river there was nowhere near this big.”

“I’ve only been to Mexico, outside of the country. Do you speak French? Was it just the most incredible thing, *ever*, to spend enough time there you felt comfortable getting around?”

“It was a defining moment of my teen years, actually, realizing their rules of a polite society are different than ours, and that it’s all just made-up bullshit.”

“I was raised to know it’s all made-up bullshit, though I never heard that particular word until I was...” She seemed at a loss for a few seconds, and she finally shrugged. “I knew about *damn*, and being damned, from an early age because it’s in the bible. I also knew I could only say it when quoting a bible verse, but at no other time. We were allowed to speak of Hell in a religious context, but never any other way. We weren’t exposed to any speech that was... I mean, my parents didn’t even say *darn* or *heck* or *shoot*. There were no words of exasperation at all. Not even minced oaths. We never watched TV, and our computer usage was things my mom downloaded ahead of time for us to learn from — online learning that supplemented what she taught us from books. Us kids didn’t have access to the internet. We read the classics, and none of them had cursing. I started doing volunteer work at fifteen, so I guess it was sometime around fifteen or sixteen when I first heard actual cussing used appropriately.”

“So, you were raised like *Little House on the Prairie*?”

She laughed. “Believe it or not, while we didn’t watch television, there were some shows my parents purchased on CD, and that was one of them, so yeah, I’m familiar with the show enough I can confirm that’s sort of how we were raised. We also watched *The Waltons*, and then there were some movies we were allowed, like *The Sound of Music*. Mom let us

watch some documentaries on things we were studying sometimes, too.”

“My guess is that if you lived off the land, there wasn’t much time for sitting around watching television.”

Tempe looked in the general direction of my garden, which we couldn’t see from the creek, and looked back to me. “And you would know about that. You must be in kick-ass shape.”

“I want to know what your Master makes you do for those washboard abs. Fuck, that’s sexy.”

She laughed. “How do you know I didn’t have them when we met?”

“Did you?”

A sigh. “No. He thought me too skinny, when we met, and I thought that meant he wanted to fatten me up, but it meant he thought I needed more muscles. So, I do pushups and pullups for my arms, and he makes me do planks while he fucking whips me, and there’s an electrode on my clit piercing that gets zapped with electricity if I lose perfect form in the plank.”

“And?” There had to be more.

“I have to hold onto an overhead bar and pull my legs up straight in front of me, over and over. Sometimes, I have to hold that piked position while he fucks my ass from behind, too. Oh, and he especially likes to suspend me from my ankles and make me do crunches, and belt my ass when I get tired and don’t use perfect form. He has all kinds of devious ways to work on my ab muscles.”

“I had a Daddy who made me ride a bike with him, and he trained for triathlons, so it was usually from twenty to fifty-mile rides. There was one route I both loved and hated, because it started in Jasper and went up Monteagle Mountain on a side road, but I loved the bakery restaurant we rode to. It was twenty-two miles to the top of the mountain and it was hell, but then the ride back down wasn’t so bad. Actually, it was probably eighteen miles to the top, and then three miles of up and down and flat, so the first three miles on the trip back

were hard, but then it was smooth sailing after that. I had to stay in good shape because of those bike rides, but otherwise, none of my Daddies have made me exercise.”

“I doubt Wrench will, either. I’ve never known that to be one of his kinks.”

“It’s weird, isn’t it, to know about your sibling’s kinks? I mean, I’m an only child, so I’m just guessing.”

“Probably, but Dom and I are kind of virtual twins, we were born so close together, and we’ve always been like two peas in a pod. When we were old enough to branch out and start learning about the actual world we live in, we both kind of went off the deep end with excess. When he saw my first bruises, I thought he was going to *kill* my boyfriend, so I had to explain it to him. Eventually, he made me tell him stuff by just being my big brother who was looking out for me, and later, he started telling me about his kinks to kind of even things out, I guess, so it wasn’t just me sharing.”

“Dom?”

She sighed. “Sorry, he wants to be *Wrench* to people now, but he’ll always be Dom to me. He’s Dominic. I’m Temperance.”

I laughed. “So he’s a Dom in *every* way. Somehow, that seems fitting. I’m glad the two of you have each other. Do you ever see your family?”

“Our parents disowned us. One of our sisters talks to us but will rarely see us. Another, I have lunch with sometimes, but she doesn’t let me into her life. I don’t get to meet the people important to her.”

“I’m still close to my Gran, but I guess I kind of disowned my mother.”

“Wrench told me a little of it. I’m sorry she’s being a narcissist.”

I couldn’t help my chuckle. “So it seems we’ve both done a fair amount of therapy as well? Fuck, I hope we can be

friends.”

“I hope so, too.”

I climbed out of the creek, grabbed the bottom knot of the rope, and climbed the boulder near the water. I counted the knots up the rope until I got to the one I wanted, grasped above it, and jumped off the boulder. The rope swung me down and out over the creek, and I let go and splashed in.

“Shit, I wish I could get my head wet. That looks like fun!”

“Next time I need new tires, I’m keeping one of the old ones and making a tire swing.”

“My brother can probably get you a big truck tire. I mean, not like an eighteen-wheeler, but from a redneck truck.”

“I thought it was a bike shop?”

“They work on specialty cars — stuff that’s no longer factory, basically. I mean, he gave my car a tune-up and changed the oil when he first came back to town, so they can work on regular stuff, too, but for the public, it’s mostly the people with more money than sense, I think.”

“That was once me.”

“Well, it certainly isn’t you anymore. I assume you’ll want to be the grown-up version of yourself here, and your *little* self at the mansion? That will work in the short term, but how will you divide your time up if the two of you work out and want to move in together, eventually?”

“I’ve only lived with one Daddy, and that was *before* — so it was the old me. I was my *little* self anytime he was home with me, and I was my big self when I was home alone, or out without him. When we were out together it was kind of a modified *little* thing, so he ordered for me and kind of subtly told me what I could do. My friends assumed it was a D/s thing. I never told them we were Daddy and little girl.”

“I’ve lost track of how many Masters I’ve had, but there’ve been five that lasted longer than four months. I was with my most recent for several years. He got caught cheating on me

by..." she sighed. "Long story that's too much drama for this peaceful day."

"I'm not sure I can say how many Daddies I've scened with. Dozens and dozens, but I didn't have sex with all of them, so that isn't as bad as it sounds, maybe." Shit, that came out awkward. I kept going, hoping to put it behind me. "I've been with three for longer than four months, and one for about a year, the last three months living together. Since I moved out here, I gave up on letting the Daddies at *The Red Room* get to know me outside the club because they all want to save me from this horrible life I'm making for myself. They don't get me, but it's okay if we keep the play to inside the club, so they never see me outside."

"You've been here three years?"

I nodded. "Almost. The first months here, I had to buy veggies from the store, but I could kill animals to eat for protein. I knew how to handle a gun because I learned to skeet shoot on a cruise once, and I went on a safari that..." I didn't want to talk about who I used to be, so I regrouped and picked the story up again. "I had to look up videos online to figure out how to field dress a deer and then cut it up into useable meat. I watched a whole bunch of videos *and* downloaded an ebook with instructions and pictures, and made sure they all said basically the same thing. It was really hard, at first, but I was determined."

"Right, because you're a badass. I mean, my dad taught me how to do it, but I'd be hard-pressed to do it by myself now. It was kind of a group effort, when we did it, so one person didn't have to do everything. He made us all do it once by ourselves as kind of a test, but I was probably around fourteen or fifteen, and I was so worried about getting it right and pleasing him, I didn't focus on how much fucking work it is, or how gory it can be." We both turned to watch a squirrel fuss at us and then run up a tree, and Tempe looked back to me. "Do you intend to keep up this level of independence from society?"

“Food tastes better when you grow it.” I sighed, because that wasn’t an answer. “I don’t know. I could work more and afford food that other people grow, *and* I could have the electricity turned on so I’ll have air conditioning. I think it’s possible I might eventually buy fresh from local growers in the summer and can it myself, so I’ll have it all year. Some stuff is so simple, I won’t mind planting it — watermelons, for instance. And tomatoes, squash, zucchini. The strawberries mostly take care of themselves if you keep the birds out of them, and I have them in a chicken-wire cage that handles that, now. But potatoes are a huge pain to dig up. Also, I *like* just hanging out around the house and taking care of my little homestead, but yeah, work is work, right? I could take on a few more builders, to finish their sheetrock for them, too, and I’d have more cash to play with. Do I want to work by growing my own food, or work for someone else and buy my food?”

“Are you staying away from the trust fund because your mother provided it?”

“Technically, Gran set it up and funded it, so that isn’t exactly it, but yeah, I needed to prove I could do this without that money. It would be hypocritical to say I’m making it on my own when I’m using money that was handed to me.” I sighed. “Money from the trust deposits into a checking account every month, and I have an investment person who invests it, because it would be irresponsible to just let that much money sit. I still have the responsibility of it, even if I’m not spending it.

“If I ever figure out who my father is, and if my mother forces his hand to pay her the million from the contract, I’ll give it to him, so he won’t be out anything. It’ll royally piss her off, but that’s the case to start with, so it isn’t like things will be worse.”

Finally, I had someone to talk to about possibilities, and why I was afraid to go down that path. “I know some of the DNA kit things will match you up with cousins and siblings and half-siblings, so there’s a possibility I could find him

without mom's help if I do one of them, but what if he's happily married with a family, and they don't know about me, and I cause problems for him? Or what if he'd have been the perfect father, and it tears me up to know I missed out on having him in my life? Or maybe he's a horrible excuse for a human being, and I have to deal with the fact half of my genes are from him?"

"And what if the two of you can get to know each other and form a relationship moving forward?"

I sighed. "Yeah, that's the hope, right?"

"I'll be by your side for every step of it, if you want me to, but I have a feeling my brother would prefer to be the one who gives you moral support. I'm good either way, though, if you aren't comfortable with him being the one by your side."

"I've always felt as if it's something I should do on my own, but you might be right about having moral support, even if I'm still standing on my own two feet. I don't know. I think I'm probably being a coward for not doing it, but... " I shrugged, because what else could I say about it?

"You are *way* too kickass for anyone to call you a coward. You're being careful about your mental health, about not taking on more than you can handle at a time. That's smart, not cowardly. When you think maybe you're ready for that step, you'll take it, because you are absolutely brave as fuck."

I needed to change the subject, so I said, "Speaking of brave, you have a week and a half until your next piercing? Is that just absolute hell, the buildup?"

"It's heaven and hell, and I love Master so much for the way he builds the anticipation." She looked at me a second, as if deciding on something, and she said, "He sometimes trains submissives, and I help, or get to watch, on occasion. He does this thing where a submissive gets a scene every week. The first week he or she gets twenty-one strikes of a cane, and the second week, they get those twenty-one strikes again, plus twenty-one lashes of a belt onto their spread open pussy. The

next week, those forty-two strikes plus the insides of their thighs get basically shredded with a nasty rubber flogger. The next week, it's six hours of a fucking machine before he does all the other stuff, and the next week, there's a TENS that's active during the entire session. For me, it's going to be other things, because those tests apparently aren't enough for me, and it's going to be a scene every six hours, instead of having a week break. I'll be allowed to nap in between, but I'll also be in bondage a lot, or in my cage, or in a cool Epsom salt bath here and there. So, eleven sessions in around three-and-a-half days, figuring time between plus time for the scenes, and he'll give me my piercing at the end of the last one. I'm excited and terrified and nervous and fucking horny as motherfucking *fuck*."

"Yeah, I don't think there are enough fucks in that last sentence, so I'll add some more. Fucking *fuck*, that's hot. Seriously hot. I'd love to watch it on a porn flick, or read it in a book. It's outside of my comfort level to live through, but I'm happy Khan knows what you need and gives it to you."

Her smile was huge. "He's keeping me in various chastity devices most of the time so I can't masturbate to the thoughts of what it'll be like. I'm on my honor today, with you, but I don't dare try to sneak some *me time* in."

I shook my head. "No, you shouldn't do that. I don't want you to get in trouble at my house, or he might not let you come back."

"No, he likes for me to have my own life, away from the mansion. He'd punish me, for sure, but he'll let me come back."

Chapter Nine

Tori

Two weeks later, Daddy and I had found a schedule that worked for both of us. His work hours are flexible, so long as he gets his customers taken care of in the expected times, and most days he works from nine to six, with a short lunch. When he isn't coming to my house, he sometimes eats dinner in the club's restaurant, but a few days a week, he eats dinner with me. A while back, he brought a bunch of frozen steaks over, so I can cook them, and I add the veggies, and we have a meal. Sometimes, I thaw them and cut them up and make other stuff out of them.

And he stays at my house for *hours*, sometimes, and never once complains there isn't air conditioning.

Other days, he invites me to the mansion, and I meet him there with veggies, so all he has to do is cook beef or chicken they keep in their refrigerator. I found out they have a deal with a local growing co-op, so they can buy organic veggies, beef, chicken, and pork. They buy stuff from the grocery store, too, but not a whole lot, it turns out. Well, besides beer.

It also explains why their milk is in a glass jug. They go to the farm and refill their own jug when they run low — with whole milk straight from the cow, which is apparently illegal since it isn't pasteurized, so I can't tell anyone, but it's *so* much better than the organic I buy in the grocery store.

Food has turned into a big part of our lives. Even at my house, he cuts my food up, makes sure it isn't too hot so I don't burn my mouth, and other silly things, but it's just him looking out for me. Yes, I can do those things, but I like having him watch out for me.

Mostly, at my house, I use big-girl speech, I make sure he has what he needs, and we just do a lot of talking and cuddling.

At his house, I'm in full-on little girl mode, and that's where we almost always have sex.

And a whole lot more than sex, too.

Tonight, however, he said we weren't eating dinner until later, and he wanted me to come to his place at six o'clock, and he made it clear I'd be spending the night. He also asked me if I could clear my chores, so I'd be okay to go home around noon, instead of first thing in the morning when he usually left for work.

I'd told him it was fine, and he was waiting at the gate for me when I arrived.

"Punch your code in, Baby Girl."

He always made me do it when we were together, to make sure I could do it if there was an emergency and I needed to get to the safety of the walled yard.

I punched it in, the gate opened, and I smiled at the camera I knew would be activated. I doubted Khan would actually see it, but I couldn't resist. Daddy didn't want me waving at it, in case someone was watching, because he didn't want me drawing attention to it.

Daddy handed me the jump rope, and I skipped ahead of him, working the jump rope carefully so I didn't trip. He'd spent days working with me so I could skip up the driveway or across the yard while keeping the jump rope going, without having to slow down and without tripping. I'd skinned my knees several times when I was doing it in the yard, and he'd

sprayed stuff on them and bandaged them, and then made me start again.

He liked watching me from behind, and sometimes it made his dick hard so he had to fuck me as soon as we walked in the huge foyer, so I didn't mind at all.

Today, though, he took the jump rope from me when we made it to the foyer and said, "Go upstairs to my room and put the skirt and waist cincher on that I left on my bed, then your wrist and ankle cuffs, and bring the blindfold and pacifier gag beside them. Daddy wants to play with his babygirl in new ways tonight. Do you trust your daddy?"

"I do, Daddy, but you're scaring me."

"I know I am, sweetheart, but it's important I'm honest with you, and tonight is going to be challenging for Daddy's babygirl. Did you just drink milk at lunch, like I asked?"

"Yes, Daddy. I ate a big breakfast, but nothing since then except a lot of water, some tea, and the milk for lunch. I'm kind of hungry now, Daddy."

"Of course you are, but you'll forget all about that shortly."

* * * *

Wrench

I hadn't put her in diapers yet, and she'd brought them up several times, talking about situations when she'd been in them before.

For me, starting the whole diaper thing is a big step, and I hadn't felt like it was time. Honestly, after only three weeks, it still felt a little rushed, but that was on my end. She was ready for it — or at least she thought she was.

Once we started this, she'd go into diapers one day a week, an entire twenty-four hours if we could manage it, but at least twelve hours, preferably more. It would take a few hours for

me to give her an enema, so the diaper wouldn't likely go on until nine or ten tonight, which would give her fourteen or fifteen hours in the diaper for this first time.

We had so much going on in the clubhouse, I wasn't able to spend Friday or Saturday night with her, and wouldn't be able to for the next three weeks, at least.

Unless I took her to the clubhouse with me, but neither of us was ready for that, yet.

Plus, we weren't going to do our diaper night at the clubhouse. None of my shifter-brothers need to know about that part of our lives, and they'd scent the diaper even before she used it.

She'd talked to me, after she'd seen Tempe's marks — not disturbed, just needing to talk. She said she'd had nearly all those kinds of marks, just not all at once, and I'd let her know that if she ever did anything that required an actual full-out punishment, she might look worse than my sister had. She'd taken a few moments to respond, but had finally nodded and told me, "I'm assuming you mean something so bad, it could break trust. Something I did on purpose, and not an accidental fuck-up. I love that you're usually a sweet, cuddly Daddy, but I also love it when you get rough with me, but you're always careful with me, even when you get a little wild, so I have to assume that will be the case if I fuck up bad enough for you to need to put us back to rights."

Her words hit me right in the emotions, and all I could do was hold her and promise not to do anything to break that trust.

"I want to make the same promise," she told me, her blue eyes so serious, "but it's hard sometimes, balancing the adult Tori with the baby one, the responsible adult with the carefree *little* I can relax into while you watch over me and keep me safe, and I'm probably going to fuck up at some point."

But that had been before, and I needed to focus on tonight, which wasn't at all about punishment, but wasn't going to be

especially pleasant to start out.

She came to me in the skirt and waist cincher looking all girly-girl and cute as fuck, and I kissed her nose before I turned her and connected her wrist cuffs behind her back.

She has several ball gags with a pacifier faux front now, and I strapped a pretty lavender one around her head and made sure it was secure before I put the blindfold on.

“I don’t usually mind you asking a million questions, but this is happening tonight whether you like it or not, and I’ll tell you what you need to know just before you need to know it. Daddy wants his little girl to go into her own mind and accept it tonight, and not fight it. Baby girls don’t get a say in what their daddy has to do to make sure their body is doing all the right things.”

I propped her on my hip and was extra careful to wrap my right arm around her so she wouldn’t fall, since her arms were bound behind her.

And then I took her where we’d never allowed her to go.

The basement dungeon. Khan had four submissives down here for a week-long boot camp type training session, and we’d already put them in cages in a side room, bound in uncomfortable bondage with earplugs so they couldn’t see or hear what I did to Tori. Khan would come release them once I finished with my babygirl.

The enema equipment was already in place, complete with slightly-warm filtered water for her first rinsing.

The second would have soap in it, to make *sure* she got clean inside.

I strapped her to the stainless ramp that put her in a knees-and-chest pose, elevated a few inches off the concrete floor. Without ceremony and with very little lube, I wedged the large butt plug nozzle into her ass, and then told her what was about to happen.

“Daddy needs to clean his little girl out, so you’re about to feel water going into your little bottom. I need you to hold the water inside you until I say it’s okay to let it out. It’ll be hard to hold it in, and it’s probably going to make your insides cramp and feel icky, but you have to do it, Baby Girl.”

She shook her head back and forth, clearly frantic, but I opened the nozzle and let the water pour in.

Once the water was flowing, I folded her skirt back and tucked it up into the waistband, all around, so it wouldn’t get messy, later.

I kneeled beside her and reached between her tummy and the ramp to massage her when she moaned really loud. I rubbed her back the rest of the time, and told her what a good girl she was, and that I knew this was hard, but we had to clean her out.

When every drop of the quart was inside her, I removed the plug and told her it was okay to let everything come out.

She shook her head and refused, and I leaned down close to her head. “I have a hose in my hand, and I’ll spray everything into a drain as soon as it comes out of you. This part of the floor is slanted, so the water and mess will go away from you. Nothing will come back.” I used my firm voice and added, “If you don’t let it go in the next ten seconds, I’ll put a bardex in and fill you with three more quarts of water so soapy it looks like milk, little girl. Do as you’re told.”

She gave a high-pitched, keening cry and let everything go, and it came out as explosively as I expected. As promised, I washed everything away.

The next enema would be hard. I put the bardex in her asshole first, and then prepared to take the ball gag out of her mouth. It was a really big ball, and I knew her jaw would be hurting by now, and I really did want to try to get through this next enema as quickly and painlessly as possible.

I squatted down again and told her, “Okay, Baby Girl. I slowed the first one down when I could tell how badly it hurt,

because I knew there was probably lots of solid stuff the water had to get past. That shouldn't be as much of a deal with this one. It's two quarts, and it's a little soapy, but you can still see through it. Still, it's gonna make you cramp a whole lot, but you don't have to hold it in, because this nozzle will. We want to get this one over with, so it's going to go fast."

I pulled the ball gag out and her first words were like a balm to my soul.

"No Daddy! Please don't! I don't want it to cramp more, Daddy!"

"Shhh. I know you don't, but we have to do this."

I stood and released the nozzle all the way, and then returned to rub her back and soothe her through it. She cried and begged and screamed in pain, but she called me Daddy over and over instead of my name, and she never uttered anything close to a safeword.

The final enema had some baking soda in it to soothe her insides, and it was two and a half quarts. I used the bardex again, and this time I fingered her pussy and played with her clit while the warm, soothing water filled her. I also rubbed her back and massaged her tummy, but I made sure she was horny during this final enema.

Once it was in and had about ten minutes to work, I released the nozzle, removed it, and talked her through releasing it until she thought she was finished. When I finally freed her from the raised ramp, I bound her wrists to an overhead trapeze at an angle, so she could hold the bar.

"Run in place, Baby Girl."

If she hadn't been so clear about not wanting any scat play, I'd have lowered the trapeze and made her squat and go in the floor when she realized there was more inside her, but since she had, I pulled a toilet chair with a bucket under it close to her, and lowered the trapeze so she could sit on the chair.

The bucket had a little water in it, so it was basically the same as going in the toilet, and I dumped it in the drain and

washed it down when she finished.

When she'd run in place for ten minutes without needing to go, I squirted her ass and legs down with the hose and then used baby wipes to make sure everything was clean.

“Okay babygirl, I'm going to walk you to some steps, and you're going to trust me not to walk you into anything. I'll warn you when we're about to stop, and then I'm going to tell you how many steps you'll go up, and I'll count them with you. Once we get to the top and we're back in the kitchen, I'll take your blindfold off and then the rest of our evening can start.”

* * * *

Tori

The enemas were hell, but I had a feeling he was finally going to diaper me, and every Daddy has their routine for that. My Daddy apparently wanted to make *sure* there were no number-two incidents.

I hadn't wanted to poop while strapped down like that, but he'd been right about washing all the filth away. It was another lesson in trusting my Daddy.

I've had to walk when blindfolded before, and it's hard to trust you can walk and be okay when you can't see, but I forced my legs to take me forward, and Daddy was free with his “good girl” encouragement, so I kept it up.

He pulled my skirt out of the waistband before I headed up the stairs, one hand on the railing to my right, and Daddy right behind me, counting the steps, and when he got to twenty-one, I was supposed to stop.

Daddy held my hand in his, walked me through a door, closed it behind us, and touched my face with both hands, near my temples.

“It’s still daylight out, so squeeze your eyes closed, Baby Girl.”

I did, and he took the blindfold off.

“Leave them closed while I walk you back up to my room. If you open them too early, it will hurt.”

I knew from experience he was right, but before we were all the way to our wing, I thought maybe I could open them.

“Can I open my eyes now, Daddy?”

“Not yet. I have a surprise for you, and I want to stand you in front of it and then tell you to open your eyes. You don’t want to mess up your surprise, do you?”

“No, Daddy, your babygirl doesn’t want to mess up her surprise.”

We walked up the steps in Daddy’s wing, but I didn’t think we walked all the way to his room before he guided me to turn right into another room, and this one wasn’t as bright as the hallway and the rest of the house. Were there shades on the windows in here?

He told me I could open my eyes, and I squealed when I saw the diaper changing station he’d set up, with shelves under the platform for wipes and folded diapers and sex toys I didn’t want to look too closely at, and all in pinks and purples and baby blues.

“It’s so pretty, Daddy!”

There was also an adult-sized crib with a barred lid that would turn it into a cage, though, and I looked at it with trepidation.

“Tori the good girl gets to sleep with daddy, but when she’s been naughty, she might have to sleep in her crib, instead. Or sometimes, if she might need a nap when Daddy isn’t sleepy, she might sleep in it when she hasn’t been naughty. We aren’t using the crib right now, Baby Girl, just the changing table.”

He'd created a room just for me. I could see my babygirl clothes hanging in the closet, and a little shelf with my pacifier gags, lined up all pretty. A basket had my hairbows in it, and a long pink tube had all my headbands propped on it.

Daddy didn't just stick me on the new changing table and diaper me though.

No, that would've been too simple.

His strong arms settled me on the table, and he lubed my bottom before he put a larger-than-normal butt plug in, one that spread me wide, and I soon found out had a remote that made it vibrate. This one didn't hurt, exactly, but it was bigger than I was used to, and I didn't like it once he turned it off and pocketed the remote.

He also put this little spidery-thing on my clit that he knows drives me fucking *crazy* with lust. It isn't a clamp, though it obviously tightens down enough to stay on, and it has all these little legs that stick into it, but they aren't sharp. It doesn't hurt at all, it just pokes and prods and massages every time I move even a millimeter, until I beg for relief. *Any* relief.

And that combined with the bigger plug in my ass? I thought I might die if Daddy didn't do something to give me an orgasm *now*.

But I knew better than to make demands, so I didn't say anything. Daddy knows what his little girl needs.

And then the big-girl part of me started putting two-and-two together. He'd told me he only intended to fuck my ass every three or four weeks, and he didn't explain why, but logically, I figured he didn't want me to get used to his size. I spent a lot of time in plugs, but they were never terribly big — just enough I knew my Daddy's will was crammed up my ass.

It made sense he planned to fuck my ass while I was all clean inside, though, and this plug wasn't even close to as big around as him, so it would make things easier than they'd been the first time, but he'd still hurt me back there when he fucked me.

And then the diaper went on, and he carried me to the main part of the house, in what I called the man-cave room, with a one-hundred-and-twenty-inch television screen, and he held me like a baby and pulled a bottle off a warmer before touching it to my lips so I'd open my mouth.

This was about trust, so I sucked the liquid in and was pleasantly surprised by the taste of banana. Whatever he was giving me was really good, and it soothed my tummy and made me not hungry anymore.

After about half the bottle, he made me drink plain water from a different bottle, and when I finished it, he went back to the banana stuff, and he told me what I good girl I was when I finished the bottle.

The plug in my ass wasn't turned on, but the thing on my clit certainly made itself known to me, and I stayed on a slow boil the entire time.

He'd put some kind of psychedelic moving-lights thing on the television, with classical music playing, and I was *so* tired from the enemas, I was happy to just lie in his arms once the bottle was empty. While I was still, I could barely feel the thing on my clitty, and my bottom was spread wide by the plug but I was mostly used to it. I wanted him to play with me and give me orgasms, but I could relax and just be needy without begging Daddy to do something about it.

My Daddy's arms are the safest place to be, and the music and lights were so soothing.

After a while, Daddy told me, "You need some more water, Baby Girl. This has special electrolytes in it, to help replace anything you might have lost from the enemas. Drink this bottle for me."

He touched it to my lips, and I downed it. I could tell it was the clear Pedialyte from the start, and that was fine because he was right — I probably needed the electrolytes.

But I was a baby, and I didn't have to worry about any of that, because Daddy would make sure I was taken care of.

I don't know how long we were there before I needed to pee, but I know it took a good fifteen minutes after I felt the first urge before I could convince myself to let go while in Daddy's arms. It'd been a long-damned time since anyone had diapered me outside the club, and I'm never relaxed and warm and cuddly like this in the club. It's easier to *go* in a diaper there, for some reason.

No sooner than I finished filling my diaper, Daddy said, "Oh, Baby Girl needs her diaper changed. Daddy will take care of that."

The vibrator in my bottom came on, and then he stood and lifted me into his arms like an infant. A combination of the vibe and the movement around my clit, and I moaned and whined, letting Daddy know how needy I was.

"I know, Baby Girl. Daddy will take care of you."

He walked me upstairs, settled me on the changing table, connected my right wrist and right ankle cuffs, did the same with my left side, took my diaper off, removed the plug and clitty irritator, and used baby wipes to clean me everywhere, even opening all my folds and cleaning inside them.

And then he used a lube launcher in my ass, pulled me to the edge of the table, squatted down a second, and then his dick was inside my ass, and I *still* hadn't seen what it looked like.

But I couldn't think about that right then, because he went almost all the way in with one violent shove, and I was too busy screaming.

"No Daddy! It's too big! Please don't Daddy!"

He settled his palm on top of my clitty, stuck some fingers inside my special private place, and said, "You'll get to come a whole lot, but not yet, Baby Girl. You want to come, right?"

"I do, Daddy, but your pee-pee is too big for my bottom! It hurts, Daddy!"

If anything, he went faster and harder, but then his hand started doing more in my special private place, and I was suddenly begging him to let me come, but he made me wait a *really* long time while he kept pounding into my bottom, hurting me, but I didn't care because I needed to come sooooo bad.

“Come for me, Baby Girl.” He said it like he was in pain, and I realized he was ready to come, and holding back until I did.

It felt like the top of my head came off, when he finally gave me permission. He was still hurting me in my bottom, but his hands were doing wonderful things in my special private place, and I came and came and came, and when I was finished, Daddy put a cloth over my face, pulled his dick out, and I heard him zipping his jeans back.

Another plug went into my bottom, and a dildo with balls on it went into my pussy. I knew from experience this meant I wouldn't be allowed to sit up, but if that meant he carried me around like a little baby, I was okay with that.

I whined when the thing went back on my clit. “Please no, Daddy. It's so sensitive now.”

“I know it is, Baby, but it has to go back on.”

This time, after the diaper was on, he wrapped duct tape around it, just above my hips, which meant even if I peed, the diaper wasn't going to sag enough to let the dildo come out any.

“It's poking so far up in my special private place, Daddy! It hurts!”

“I know, Baby. You thought it was going to sag once the diaper went on?”

I nodded.

“I need you to feel it deep inside you, and know I'm going to be pounding you there on your next diaper change. You

want Daddy to put his dick in your special private place, don't you?"

"I do, Daddy, but I don't like it when you go so deep."

I could handle it okay when I was super-horny, but the rest of the time it just fucking hurt. Even for a girl who sometimes likes having her cervix banged into, my Daddy was too long for it to be a good hurt.

"You need to get used to Daddy going deep. Starting next month, I won't let you orgasm unless something is pushing against your cervix. We'll go slow though, getting you used to it until you go on complete orgasm denial unless you have either me or a long dildo in you."

Wow, he was going to condition me to *want* my cervix banged? That was wrong on so many levels, and also hot, and I suddenly wanted his cock inside me, instead of the dildo.

He chuckled. "We just got the diaper on you. Do you want milk or Pedialyte in your next bottle, Baby Girl?"

"Milk, Daddy!"

"Okay, you need to go in your special new crib just long enough for Daddy to take a shower and put different clothes on. If you call out to me, I'll hear you, even though I'm in the shower, but don't do it unless something is wrong and you really need me. Daddy won't be long."

Chapter Ten

Wrench

We watched *Totoro* and then *Ponyo*, and I decided the latter wasn't going to be something we watched often. God, that little girl could be annoying. *Totoro*, on the other hand, was the opposite of irritating.

During the movie, I held her in my arms and frequently pressed the dildo deeper inside her, just to make sure she didn't forget it.

She drank another ten ounces of milk, and that on top of the banana smoothie with protein powder in it I'd given her earlier, and the glass of whole milk she'd had for lunch, would make up for most of the calories she'd missed due to the two meals I'd denied her.

Because she's an adult and not an actual baby, she waited until the movie was over before she peed her diaper again. It bugged me, but I wasn't prepared to address it just yet. Deciding when it was convenient to pee would be dealt with between sessions, so she'd know it was a no-no, and the next time she did it she'd be punished for it. Some things, it's just easier to talk to the adult about, but mostly, I wasn't going to pile too much on her all at once. We were having a good day, and I didn't want to spoil it by fussing if I didn't absolutely have to.

I'd like to say I took it easy on her pussy when it was time for me to fuck her, but I went deep and hard while I was rough

on her clit, and while a vibrating butt plug was on the highest setting in her already sore ass.

And she had another explosive orgasm while I hammered into her cervix despite the fact she was nearly in tears from it, but it wasn't quite as big as her earlier release.

The plug stayed in when I finished with her, and the dildo went back into her pussy, but I at least left the irritating bug off her clit so she could get a little sleep. Maybe.

I gave her more Pedialyte before bed, twelve ounces this time, and it was clear she didn't want it, but I told her she could drink it without complaint and sleep with Daddy, or refuse it and sleep in her new crib.

So she drank it.

And then I took her to bed, blindfolded her with her arms bound behind her back, and had her lie so she could put my dick in her mouth, and ordered her to leisurely lick and suck it. We've done this before, after I've gotten off several times, so she knows the drill. The goal is to keep me soft and relaxed while pleasuring me.

I occasionally let her get small glimpses of it when soft, but for this, when she was right up on it, it was best she was blindfolded. It doesn't look deformed and grotesque when flaccid, but still — the mystery of it had turned into a huge *thing*, and I was having fun with it.

I haven't fucked her face yet, and I'm conflicted about that. On the one hand, to fully claim her, the wolf wants to claim *all* her holes, but we also need to treat her like our little innocent princess. Yes, I realize I fuck her ass and pussy hard and fast, and can even get brutal on occasion, but her mouth and throat are different. Plus, she's human, and you have to be more careful with them.

Eventually, the right circumstance will arise and I'll fuck her face, but it hasn't happened yet, and I'm good with that. For now, she gives me oral pleasures only when I have the control to stay soft. Sometimes, I make her give it little kisses

when it's hard and she's blindfolded, but always before I'm planning to fuck her. I've never expected her to get me off with her mouth, and I'm having so much fun frustrating her by not letting her see it, for now.

* * * *

Tori

Daddy fucked my pussy again at three in the morning when I needed a diaper change. It was fast and hard, but he still made me come twice before he finished and came inside me.

This morning, I had to pee again around nine, and this time he fucked my ass again when he changed my diaper. It hurt soooo bad because my bottom-hole was still sore from the night before, and I cried real tears, but he didn't stop until he'd come inside me and put the butt plug back.

But then he used his fingers and mouth on my clitty and my special private place to give me three orgasms that made the earth spin even faster — but then the diaper went back on, along with a different dildo, one with a wide flange at the bottom I could sit on, but that poked up inside me even more than the other one.

“No Daddy! I'm tired of having to wear a diaper! I want to be six! Six-year-olds don't have to wear diapers!”

“Wishing it doesn't make it so, little Tori. Let's get you a bottle warmed up for your breakfast, and if you're good, maybe you can have a few bites of Daddy's eggs.”

He held me in his arms and fed me the bottle with the same banana flavoring as the day before, and it filled me up so I wasn't hungry. The dildo wasn't so bad when he was holding me, but then he sat me at the table and strapped me in with wide bands around my upper body and arms, so it wasn't quite like a highchair, but the end result was that I was stuck in the chair and wasn't going anywhere, and the thing inside me

poked up into my cervix. Daddy ate steak and scrambled eggs, and he fed me bites of his eggs, as promised.

The dildo inside hurt a lot at first, having to sit up straight, but I eventually got used to it, so it was uncomfortable rather than painful, and more of a background thing.

In between offering me bites of his eggs, he offered me a bottle with organic apple juice, so by the time he let me up, I'd had *another* twelve ounces of fluid.

And then he showed me the bouncing ball with the handles, and demonstrated how to sit and bounce on it.

Daddy looked silly on it, and I giggled, but it was going to fucking hurt my insides to bounce on it, and we both knew it.

“No, Daddy. I don't want to play that game.”

“We can ride bikes, if you'd rather. I'll put you in shorts and a shirt, but you'll have your diaper on underneath. My babygirl needs her exercise, and this morning, your choices are the bouncy ball or the bicycle.”

I have a bicycle I sometimes ride to the convenience store about ten miles away, when I only need to pick up a few things. I rationalize I'm saving gas, so a bag of potato chips, or a candy bar, or whatever, is okay to buy, and I'm more than burning up the calories I'll be eating. Wrench had bought a bicycle so he could ride to the store and back with me, and he'd put them in the back of his truck a few times, so we could go to some parks with bike trails.

But I didn't want to ride bikes today, either.

If I was going to defy him, I may as well make a good showing, so I stomped my foot and put my hands on my hips and told him, “No! Tori not bounce on ball *or* ride her bike. Tori wants to play *Cooking Mama* on Daddy's tablet!”

He was so patient with me, bending down so we were eye level, his eyes serious, his voice calm and steady. “We aren't playing video games until we've exercised. I've changed my mind about the bicycle, because I can't risk you being a bad

girl where the neighbors might see. Get on the ball and bounce for ten minutes, or you'll be punished. The bouncy ball is supposed to be fun, baby."

I crossed my arms over my chest and shook my head, and he swooped me up and carried me under his arm kind of like a football, with my head pointing forward and my feet pointing behind him. He took me to the workout room and leaned me over a horizontal bar between two upright poles, and quickly connected my right wrist cuff to my right ankle cuff, and did the same with my left arm and ankle. He walked across the room and returned with a short bar, but he pulled it out so it was longer, and then put it between my ankles and connected my cuffs to it, so my legs were spread wide.

Up until that point, I was a little afraid, but mostly excited, but then he unfastened his belt and pulled it from the loops on his jeans, and my heart stuttered in my chest.

"No, Daddy! Please not the belt!"

He stood behind me and told me, "Twenty strikes of the belt, and then you'll bounce on the ball for fifteen minutes. If you refuse, you'll get thirty strikes of the belt, and you'll have an opportunity to bounce on the ball for twenty minutes. Every time, after that, your required time on the ball increases by five minutes, and the strikes you receive will be double the minutes you're up to. It's only going to keep getting worse, Baby Girl."

Daddy has had to spank me with his hand several times, and it *always* hurts when it's a punishment. He's spanked me just playing around a few times, soft at first and gradually harder, and I really like those fun spankings, but he doesn't fuck around when I'm bad.

And today, with the belt, it hurt worse than any Daddy has ever spanked me. I've been hurt worse during regular BDSM scenes, but never by a Daddy.

I screamed and cried and begged for relief, but the blows just kept coming, raining fire down on my sensitive flesh from my bottom down to my thighs and back up.

My Daddy made it clear on that day how a battle of wills with him will always go. He's more stubborn than me, and he won't back down once he tells me how things are going to be.

Bouncing on the ball hurt me inside, poking the dildo into my cervix over and over, and I was already crying from the belt, so I kept crying. Daddy was sweet but firm, encouraging me to bounce higher and as fast as the music he was playing, and he clapped his hands to help me pick out the music's tempo.

When it was over, Daddy held me and loved me, and he rubbed soothing lotion on the places the belt had hit that weren't covered by my diaper.

When I peed again, eventually, he took my diaper off, cleaned me up, and rubbed soothing lotion on my bottom and legs all over again.

“Daddy hopes his babygirl has learned her lesson about defying Daddy. Let's get you bent over the changing table. Daddy was going to use your special private place this time, but since you've been punished and can't orgasm, it might be kinder for Daddy to go in your bottom again.”

Chapter Eleven

Wrench

I wasn't sure what to expect when I showed up at Tori's house after work the following day with what the local barbecue place markets as a *family feast*. It has pulled pork, extra barbecue sauce, Texas toast, potato salad, slaw, and baked beans. I'd let her know what I was bringing, so she wouldn't cook anything.

I'd wrapped up her diaper-time the day before with a fun bath, then I'd babied her a little more and taken her home around two in the afternoon. I'd had a job to do for the club last night, and I'd slept in the clubhouse once it was finished, and then worked all day today.

Usually, she's just Tori when we're at her house. She still calls me Daddy, but she's mostly in big-girl mode.

Today, however, she came running out of the house and into my arms, saying "Daddy!" loud enough the neighbors might've heard, if any happened to be outside.

"How is my Big Girl? Have you had a good day?"

"I have, Daddy!" She sighed, and I felt her tense. "I've been a big girl since you brought me home, and I'm so *tired* of that. Can you just feed me and hold me, and then we need to have a big girl talk, but not yet. Please?"

My heart sank into my feet, but I'd let her tell me whatever was wrong in her own way, in her own time, though my first

instinct was to order her to tell me right this minute.

“Of course, Baby Girl. I don’t have any bibs for you here, so you’ll need to eat without a shirt, so I can wash your chest after, and you won’t mess up your clothes. Go sit on the potty and make sure you won’t need to go for a while, and then sing the whole ABC song *twice* while you wash your hands with soap and play with the bubbles, but don’t make *too* big of a mess.”

I knew where she had some rope, so I put a length of it on a chair out on her patio area. I filled our plates with food but only bothered with one fork and one spoon, since I’d be feeding both of us. I also got one of her water bottles with a lid and straw, since she didn’t have any sippy cups or bottles at her place.

A big part of making an adult feel like a child comes in taking away their ability to care for themselves. So I sat her in the chair, found the approximate center of the long rope and wrapped it around her wrist loosely a few times, settled her hand beside her thigh, measured out enough rope so her other hand could rest beside her other thigh, wound the rope around that wrist a few times, ran both pieces of rope through the chair’s back, and then tied the rope off behind the chair in a knot I could quickly and easily release. It was a forty-foot rope and I’d only used a tiny amount, but that was fine. It served my purpose, and I could coil the whole thing back up and stow it where I’d found it, once we were finished.

I washed my hands because it’s an all-purpose rope on a working homestead, and then sat and fed her little bites between feeding myself, and placing her glass of ice water with pieces of lemon in it under her mouth occasionally, so she could drink from the straw.

I told her about a bike I was restoring, and how much I was looking forward to rebuilding the engine and transmission, and working with our body guys on the best way to make the whole thing look like new, and she told me about planting seedlings for the fall crops she intended to grow. It was odd for

her to tell me about big girl stuff while she was in babygirl mode, but I tried to take it all in stride.

After dinner, I cleaned her up without making it overly sexual, put her shirt back on without a bra, and then sat on the sofa with her in my lap.

“I don’t care if baby Tori tells me, or adult Tori, or something in between, but I need to know what’s bothering you.”

She took a breath, held it a few seconds, and then let it out slowly. She did the same again, and finally told me, “I ordered several of those genetic testing things a while back, and they’ve just been sitting at the back of my closet, covered up so I didn’t have to see them. I’ve decided it’s time, though, so I followed the instructions for the DNA part, and went online and registered each kit to me officially, and they’re all ready to send in, but I drove to the post office and couldn’t bring myself to put them into the mailbox. Can you do it for me?”

The fist in my gut relaxed. There wasn’t a problem with us. We were good — so good, she was trusting me to help her with something really big.

“How many are there, Baby Girl? And why more than one?”

“Because not everyone uses the same service, so I picked the biggest three that also offer to match you with people you’re closely related to. The thing is, if there’s a match, they’ll tell both of us about it, and we’ll both have the option of whether to agree for the DNA service to share our contact information. If they don’t agree to it, I might not learn what I’m looking for.” She sighed, her brilliant blue eyes clearly troubled. “But I might, and it’s scary.”

Why is it that the easy answer is rarely the right answer? As badly as I wanted to take the three envelopes on the table beside her front door to the post office for her, I had to tell her, “I will take you to the post office, and we’ll mail them together.”

She shuddered a little in my arms, as if she might cry, but she didn't. "Okay. Thank you. You're right, of course. This is my journey, so I have to initiate it, but thanks for offering to stand by me."

"I will stand by you through thick and thin, and I'll do my best to shield you from the hard stuff, but this isn't something I can protect you from. Good or bad, I'll be there with you though, helping you deal with whatever you find out."

She took another breath. "As fucked up as it sounds, last night helped me realize I have a Daddy who means business now, and that I love him for taking care of me, and for being the Daddy I need. Whatever I find out about my biological father, I can deal with it. Maybe he's a crap excuse for a human being, maybe he's an incredible man, but I know who I am, and that isn't going to change just because I found out who half of my genes came from."

I'd been worried I'd gone too far, even though my instincts and my wolf had told me we were doing exactly what our Tori needed from us. It was a relief to know my instincts and wolf had been right.

So I took her to the post office and drove up to the mailbox from the wrong direction, so she was the one sliding the small, thin little boxes in.

"How about ice cream," I asked as we drove away. "Good girls get ice cream."

She giggled. "Gran was against using food as a reward, because she said that would make me fat, but I think ice cream sounds perfect."

Chapter Twelve

Tori

I tried to put the DNA thing out of my mind. The fastest company said two to four weeks, and the slowest company said four to eight weeks.

The night of the diapers took our relationship up a level, though I'd be hard pressed to explain exactly how or why. I was more comfortable falling into *little* mode at my house with him, and I felt better about arguing with him when he gave an order I didn't want to do. I didn't defy him again, but he'd let me get away with a little arguing before he made me stand in the corner.

Somehow, we were now *more* Daddy and little girl. I was more comfortable with the fact he'd take care of me, take care of us as a couple, and I could be naughty with confidence. I could tell him when I didn't want to do something, or when he was making me mad, because the *little* in me knew Daddy could handle whatever came up.

And then the first of the month came, and he ordered me to wear nice big-girl clothes when I came over. He'd made lasagna, and the fact I ate it with my own fork, and without a bib, hammered home that I was in big-girl mode, and this was a conversation between adults.

"Today begins your first day of training," he told me about halfway through our meal. "No orgasms unless something is pressing against your cervix, and I'm going to need you to be

on your honor,” he told me. “This is a twenty-four-seven thing. True training can’t happen if the rules are only in place a portion of the time. This means even when you’re home alone — no orgasms and no playing with yourself.”

“Forever? Or just for now?”

* * * *

Wrench

That threw me for a second, because I hadn’t considered an end date. Would I allow masturbation again once she was trained to crave having her cervix pounded? I wasn’t sure, so I told her, “I don’t know how long this will take, but let’s say four months, to start, and I’ll get another agreement from you if we need to continue with the training past then.”

“What if I have one in my sleep?”

“You’ll tell me about it, and we’ll talk about it, but if you didn’t consciously do anything to bring it on, it’ll just mean we have to figure out if there’s a way to keep it from happening again.”

“But you aren’t going to send me home with stuff inside me, right?”

“Not every day, but it’s possible I might do so occasionally. For now, though, I’m asking you to be on your honor to refrain from masturbating, or in any way playing with yourself, or trying to get yourself off. No naughty books, no naughty videos you pull up online. Nothing sexual for the next four months unless I put it in you or on you or in front of you.”

“Okay.”

I couldn’t get a handle on her scent, so I told her, “I need you to say it as a promise, and I need us to both be clear on exactly what you’re promising.”

“I promise I won’t masturbate or purposefully bring myself to orgasm for four months.”

* * * *

Tori

And why did just saying those words make my clit throb and beg for me to press into it? *Shit*, this was going to be hell. I just knew it.

Daddy nodded approval at the way I'd worded it and told me, "I'll be completely in charge of anything sexual while we're doing this. It's important. Thank you for giving me your promise."

When dinner was over, we went for a swim and then he fucked me on one of the loungers, my knees up around my ears, and Daddy pounding my cervix until I begged for a respite, but I didn't get one.

He came inside me, but I didn't get off — and once we were in the house, he put this steel chastity belt around me with toys fastened inside, and the one in my cunt pressed against my cervix and hurt. Okay, it was probably more uncomfortable than painful, but I hated it and I wanted it out, and Daddy decided I needed something in my mouth so I'd stop complaining, so he blindfolded me and made me pleasure him with my mouth while he stayed soft. As if I needed *another* reminder he makes the rules and I follow them — reminding me little girls can't see their daddy's pee-pee.

Five days later, I'd managed a couple of small orgasms, but I was desperate for more. I got what he was doing — making me so damned needy I'd be happy for his dick inside me even if it was hurting me, but *fuck*, I needed a good orgasm so bad, I thought I might go mad with need.

On the sixth day, I got out my own trusty vibrator and gave myself a rip-roaring orgasm in the middle of my bed while he was at work, but the very second he saw me that evening, he *knew*.

And his reaction wasn't at all what I expected.

I'd let myself in the gate and walked around the house to meet him at the pool, because he'd decided a swim would be a good substitute for a shower as soon as he arrived home from work. He climbed from the pool and hugged me, and I swear he smelled the crook of my neck before he took a step back and crossed his arms.

“You got yourself off today?”

I nodded, no longer as cocky about it as I'd intended to be. I'd planned to blame it on my *little*, as if the big girl part of me had somehow been required to satisfy her, but the look on his face told me not to even attempt to go there.

“Do you want to be mine?” he asked. “I thought you did, but this tells me otherwise.”

“I do, Daddy!”

He shook his head. “No, not Daddy. I'm Wrench right now, Tori. You knew you were on your honor not to have orgasms. I *trusted* you not to.”

Neither of us said anything for a good two minutes, and he finally dropped his hands from his hips to his sides, and said, “I need you to go home and decide how you want things to be. You have three choices I can think of. If you come up with something else, I'm willing to hear you out, but as I see it, you can decide this isn't working for you, and we'll just be neighbors. Or you can decide you aren't trustworthy, and I'll lock you in the steel chastity belt, so you'll wear a dildo *all* the time, with the chastity belt to hold it in and keep you from playing with yourself.” He put his hands back on his hips. “Or you can decide you should be punished as a big girl for breaking my trust, so we can put it behind us and I can trust you in the future.”

He crossed his arms again, still three feet away from me. Not touching me. “Go home and think it over. You can text me your answer if it's the first or the second. If it's the first, I guess that'll be it. If it's the second, I'll bring the chastity belt over and put you into it, and then leave you to your chores. If

it's the latter, you need to show up at the front door, naked and on your knees, at seven o'clock tomorrow night. Understand — you'll be blindfolded and walked to the basement, and you'll be punished worse than anything I've ever done to you, because it'll have to be enough to completely wipe the slate. I'll be punishing adult Tori, not my babygirl, but when it's over, I'll take you upstairs and you'll be my Baby Girl who has to be taken care of a few days, so you'll need to leave detailed notes about what I'll need to do in your garden, and you'll need to do as much as possible tonight and tomorrow, so your homestead will survive a few days without a lot of attention. Also, at least five hours before you arrive, give yourself three-quart enemas until you run clear, and don't eat anything solid tomorrow. Lots of calories so you aren't weak, but only liquids."

"You'll have to go to work. I'll be able to—"

"No. I'll take off work until you're healed. You once told Tempe you had issues with S&M that was so intense the submissive needed time to heal, and that's exactly what this is going to be, if you choose option three. Leave, Tori, and take some time to think your decision over. No phone calls. Text me if it's the first or second, and show up at seven if it's the third. If you have another option, text it to me, and if it warrants a conversation, I'll call you."

I started crying, but he turned his back on me, dove into the pool, and started swimming laps.

I bawled my eyes out all the way home, but I'd known it was going to be a big deal and had decided to do it anyway. I thought I could pretend it was just baby Tori being naughty, but I should've known he wouldn't go for that.

No. That wasn't true. I'd known he would be pissed, but I'd been so *fucking* horny, I'd decided to defy him. I'd put my immediate needs above the promise I gave him, and he was right — it was the adult Tori who should be punished.

Which means there wasn't *really* a decision. Given the choice between telling him I'm untrustworthy and he'll

forever have to use steel and locks to force me to comply, *or* to show him how sorry I am for breaking trust and give what I understood to be an unspoken promise to do better in the future, it had to be the latter.

I didn't want to be the kind of girlfriend *or* babygirl who couldn't be trusted to follow orders as soon as he wasn't around to enforce them.

I threw myself into my work, harvesting and canning, weeding, mulching, and babying my seedlings. I made notes of what needed to be done in the coming days, which was mostly letting the ducks into their run during the day and making sure they were safe in the coop at night, and making sure their water was full and clean. Also, remoistening the seedlings three times a day, and bringing in the almost-ripe tomatoes and other veggies as they were ready. My soaker hoses were on timers, and if it rained there was a setting to skip a watering, but I could handle that from my phone, though he'd have to give it to me so I could do it. He usually confiscated it when I arrived, because babies don't have phones, and little girls have to be closely monitored when playing with them.

I keep a bathing suit and some clothes at his place these days, so I showed up in a sundress and sandals, and took both off as soon as I was out of sight of the road, so I walked up to the house naked, carrying my dress. Once on the porch, I took the shoes off, folded my dress and settled it on top of them, and then kneeled on the hard concrete with my legs spread wide and my boobs pointed out. Daddy had never made me do this, but other Doms had, so I hoped this was what he was looking for, since it was clear I was submitting my adult self to him for this punishment.

It was Khan who came to the door, and he showed me rubber bands and chopsticks.

“He wants me to put these on your tongue, blindfold you with the hood, and walk you to him downstairs. Understand, once you let me put the hood over your head and the

chopsticks on your tongue, there's no way to back out. No way to stop whatever he's planned. You can still walk away right now."

He held the hood up, and I hadn't seen it before. I felt as if I went pale, as if all the blood drained from my face, when I took in the full hood that came down to a collar around the throat, with an ominous padlock on the large buckle, meaning it would be locked on. The nose and mouth parts were a big open area, which I guess made sense with the chopsticks.

I shook my head. "We have to do this. I fucked up, and this is how we fix it."

He nodded. "You did, and it is. Stand and put your arms behind your back."

I did, and he worked the hood on over my head while keeping my hair out of the way, which takes some skill. My insides threatened to turn liquid when I heard and felt the padlock locking, but I stood still.

"Stick your tongue out." It was clearly an order by a man used to being obeyed, and my tongue went right out before I even realized what I was doing. I was terrified, but this is what it was going to take to fix what I'd fucked up, so I did it.

The chopsticks didn't hurt terribly, but they were uncomfortable, and I knew my tongue would hurt from them before it was over. The hood put me into total darkness, so Kahn talked me through stepping into the foyer without tripping before he grasped my upper arm and walked me quickly through the house. I had no choice but to trust him not to run me into a wall or a piece of furniture.

Eventually, he told me to slow and then stop, and I heard a keypad beeping, a door opened, and his hand was back, gripping my left bicep. "Step forward and feel to your right. You'll have me holding your arm on the left while you hold the railing on the right, and we're going down twenty-one steps. I'll count off the final five, and you'll return to your knees once I get you to the bottom. I have no idea how long

you'll be there before Wrench is ready to begin your punishment.”

* * * *

Wrench

Khan used a zip-tie to bind her wrists behind her once she was kneeling. I left her there for twenty minutes, watching from another room on video, looking over everything I'd pulled out to use, and at the setup I'd prepared. I debated between options up to the last minute, but I finally went to get her, my riding boots loud on the concrete, the sound echoing off the starkness of this place full of pain and darkness.

I knew from talking to Tempe how much she both loved and feared the trip down the stairs, knowing she'd likely need days to heal from whatever was done to her, because Khan mostly only hurt her really bad down here. There were exceptions, when he tortured her in their bedroom, but he'd conditioned her so her body *knew* what to expect once it was brought here.

Tori would be brought down here for her enemas before diaper days sometimes, and other times, I planned to administer her enemas upstairs, loving and coddling her through them.

Still, I understood that after just these two trips, she'd be terrified every time she was brought down, from here on out.

And I didn't intend to let her come down without being blindfolded, just to add to the fear. Eventually, it would probably happen — a time when adult Tori needed to see, perhaps, but never baby Tori.

I walked in a circle around her before grasping the same arm in exactly the way Khan had earlier, and I said, “Stand.”

She scrambled to stand and wasn't at all graceful, but that was okay. Today wasn't about grace, but about how off-

balance I could keep her mentally.

I didn't know if she'd eaten or not, but if she had, she'd likely be puking it up, which was fine by me. I'm not afraid of a little puke on my dick *or* my feet.

I situated her over something Khan calls a spanking-and-fucking station, but it's especially devious. The bar the hips go over is padded with a cylinder of dense foam that gives about two inches of padding all around, but the abdomen rests on a steel surface. The shoulders are supported, but there's a large gap for the tits, so they dangle down, and a clamp inside the platform's hole that one can use around the tits like a vice grip, holding the submissive down and creating a little pain in the process. There's a fitting for the kind of headrest that goes on a massage table, but it can easily be taken off if you want to step up and fuck the face of whoever is locked into the device.

I put her onto it and brought the two sides of the boob clamp in until they were only a few inches apart, and her tits bulged below. I put her hands into reverse prayer and used bondage tape around her wrists, once I'd cut the zip-tie away. More bondage tape went around her ankles, which were affixed to the hook in the floor, so she wouldn't be able to lift her feet.

The headrest wasn't on because today was going to start with a facefucking. A good orgasm right off the bat would help me be a little more reasonable while I hopefully showed the woman I'd fallen in love with just how important trust is to me.

"No words," I warned before I took the chopsticks from her tongue.

Chapter Thirteen

Tori

I panicked the second I realized he was going to fuck my mouth. He's huge, and there was no way on God's green earth he'd be able to fit his entire length and thickness in my mouth and throat.

He went slow, at first, pressing deeper and deeper every couple of thrusts, but he didn't ease up just because I gagged. At one point, I vomited up water and milk and a little of the egg drop soup, I think, but he only backed off until he was sure I was through throwing up, and then he was back in my mouth and prodding his way down my throat and beyond as if I hadn't just thrown the fuck up on his dick, legs, and feet.

Eventually, he began fucking me with a rhythm so I had enough time to breathe — a couple of shallow thrusts so I could exhale and then inhale a lungful of air back in, then he'd drive in deep, fucking my face hard and fast so I was stuck with what I'd breathed in, before a few more shallow thrusts where I had an opportunity to let the air out and take another breath.

This went on for at least thirty minutes before the damned chopsticks were back on my tongue, and then his fingers were lubing my ass, but only for about two seconds.

He shoved his hard length in my bottom with plenty of lube but zero prep, and I knew my screams weren't going to slow him down or stop him, and they didn't — but at least I

could breathe and wasn't in a constant state of my gag reflexes taking hold.

As a *little*, it's a rare Daddy who wants to train the gag reflex out of you, so I'd never learned how to take a cock down my throat without being all dramatic about it.

Daddy didn't take terribly long before he came while buried in my ass, and then the real pain started.

Horrible clamps with teeth that bit into my nipples. My boobs felt as if they were horribly distended. They felt like balloons about to pop, and I wasn't sure if I felt the warmth of blood trickling out where the teeth sank into my nipples, or if it was my imagination.

Then came the belt, and my ass and thighs had to be a horrible, bruised mess when he finally stopped, but stopping wasn't a reprieve, because he walked to me whipping something through the air, and it sounded exactly like a fiberglass cane — or something else equally whippy as fuck. Fear shot through my system with a jolt, and my entire body wracked with sobs.

“No words,” he warned before he took the chopsticks from my tongue once again, and when they were off, something cool touched my lips.

“It's a sponge. Suck the water out of it, so we can keep you hydrated.”

It was ice cold water, and it was heavenly, but then it was gone and something else touched my lips. “Kiss the cane, bad girl.”

Without hesitating, I puckered up and kissed the damned thing.

A large ball gag went into my mouth, large enough my jaw was hurting right away, but it was a reprieve for my tongue, so I was grateful. He was kind enough to mount a face-rest at this point, so at least my neck wasn't tired after that, and I screamed and begged as much as possible around the huge ball-gag.

After what seemed like hours of torture on this hellish contraption that trapped me by my tits, but I'm sure was nowhere near that long, he moved me to a short table, so I could only put my heels right beside my butt, because that was the edge of the table. It wasn't much wider than my body, with barely enough room for my arms, and the top ended just above my head.

It made more sense when he lifted my legs and put them into what I recognized to be stirrups, like at the gynecologist's office.

Fear was like a vice grip around my heart when he locked my legs into the stirrups, buckled my wrist cuffs on me, and attached them to a ring at the front of the hood's collar.

The position was a relief to my arms and shoulders after being in reverse prayer for so long, and I was mostly comfortable for the time being, at least.

A strap went over my rib cage, just under my boobs, and then the stirrups were pushed up and out, exposing me, opening me, and I tried to breathe past the fear, but I couldn't manage it.

I felt something bristly on my inner thigh, brushing up against it. It hurt, scraping tender skin, but I stayed quiet.

"It's a hairbrush. A round one. I'm not obligated to tell you the safety precautions I take, but I'm telling you I just took it out of the package, and it's going into Khan's UV cleaner, so when it goes in your cunt later, you'll know it's clean."

I shook my head, but he was gone, presumably putting it into the UV device.

I heard him walking back, and jumped when his fingers grasped my left outer labia — and then squealed around the ball gag when a harsh clamp went onto it. A few moments later, each labia had two clamps, one at the top and another at the bottom, and a chain going around each leg spread them wide-fucking-open, so my inner bits were exposed to the cool, damp basement air.

Ten seconds of nothing, and then *pain*, and I frantically screamed, unable to stop him from whipping my pussy with a hideously awful flogger. I was trapped, bound open with no way to defend myself. I could only lie there and take it, lash after lash to those sensitive tissues. I screamed as much as I could around the punishing ball gag, but it was impossible to speak enough to be understood, so there was no begging, no way to say a safeword. I'd made the choice to never bring the subject up, so I didn't even know if he'd respect one, if I screamed it.

But he'd taken the option away, so it didn't matter.

After what seemed like forever, he whipped the insides of my thighs with two larger floggers so they hit at once, and even though I couldn't see, I recognized the double Florentine pattern and was both impressed and horrorstruck, because it hurts like fuck to have your inner thighs flogged, especially when your pussy is still open and throbbing, and three thousand degrees from being flogged.

By the time he made it back to the brush, I was crazy from the pain, frantic for it to stop, but it only got worse when he fucked me with the damned brush, scraping my insides raw *and* pounding into my cervix. My clit felt as if it were three times the normal size after the horrible flogging it'd taken, and my tissues around my opening were already swollen, but this was just too much.

Sobs ripped from my chest and I suddenly couldn't breathe, and Master was right there, removing the ball gag as he said, "No words, bad girl, breathe for me. We'll fix it so you can't talk and get in trouble in a few minutes, but it's important you don't speak now. Just breathe."

Once he apparently saw I was breathing okay despite the fact I was bawling, he walked away and came back. "Tongue out, bad girl."

I obeyed, and within moments a cock was in my mouth all the way to the back of my throat, but he said, "Breathe through it, bad girl."

I tried, and realized it was big enough I wouldn't be able to talk, but I could swallow, and since it seemed to be mostly hollow, I could breathe.

So much better than the chopsticks or the gag.

But he'd left the hairbrush sticking out of my pussy, and he went back to fucking me with it, faster than before, and harder, too — slamming it against my cervix *and* rubbing me raw, and my tears grew frantic once again.

Would he have let me up if I'd safeworded while my tongue was free? Maybe, but that might've meant nothing I'd gone through would count towards wiping the slate clean, and I *desperately* needed to prove to him how sorry I was for breaking trust.

I've never been fisted before, and I wasn't on this day, either, but it wasn't for a lack of trying. My bones simply wouldn't move apart far enough for him to get his entire hand in, though he certainly spent what felt like a few hours trying.

My nipples had been clamped about half the time, since those first evil clamps went on that made them bleed. Some hurt worse than others, but they all hurt terribly, so by the time he started the breast torture, after he'd torn my pussy up, my nipples were already bruised.

He tied my wrists up above my head to what I assumed was the top corner of the table before he began with the cane, which was followed by him lifting the table to partially sit me up before he flogged the ever-loving *fuck* out of them. He put some kind of clips or clamps all over them and whipped them off, and then horrid nipple clamps went back on, and he laid me flat again.

While I sobbed, relieved for the short break, he removed one leg from the stirrups, fastened an ankle cuff on, and connected the ankle cuff to something hanging from above. The other ankle was treated the same, and then a wide-as-fuck spreader bar went between my ankles, and both feet were pulled higher and towards my head, so when he was finished,

most of my weight was on my shoulder blades, and my hips were at the perfect angle for him to fuck my asshole.

But that didn't come next.

I don't know if he started with a belt or a leather strap, but it was well worn, and the damned thing molded to my body with every strike to my sensitive asshole. Over and over, the leather made contact until I was certain my asshole was swelling closed.

And then he started on it with the cane, though thankfully only for about a dozen strikes, but I screamed louder and longer than I've ever managed in my life.

Then came his fingers, clearly gloved because they were slick and smooth — and that was when I realized he was using something spicy as lube, because it burned like fuck. I breathed in and scented the cinnamon, though it burned as bad as any pepper.

“There are no bones to keep my fist out of your ass, bad girl.”

* * * *

Wrench

I was exhausted when I finished with her, and I knew she had to be so far past exhaustion, she might not remember any name except *bad girl*.

And at the end, after all the torture, I'd put her back on the spanking-and-fucking station, and I'd fucked her pussy, made her get me hard again with her mouth, and then fucked her asshole.

And it'd been damned *heaven*, with her so swollen and inflamed, and her screams bouncing off the concrete walls and raftered ceiling.

I'd let her suck water from a sponge every thirty minutes or so, to make sure she stayed hydrated, but it was time to get some serious water and calories into her. I removed everything from her body except the penis gag, which had come out for the blow job but gone back in before I'd fucked her ass, and I threw her over my shoulder and carried her upstairs. I gently settled her into the empty tub and started the water. It would be a little cold when it first came out, but it's a big-assed tub, so the water shouldn't touch her before the hot water made it through the pipes and mixed with the cold.

I'd brought what I needed up earlier, so I poured the Epsom salts and vinegar in, added some coconut oil, and warned, "It'll be slick when it's time to get out, so you aren't to stand until I'm holding you. Nod that you understand, Tori."

Her eyes opened and they were clear enough I saw that she got it — she was Tori again, and no longer *bad girl*.

"That's right, punishment's over, but you can't be my Baby Girl until we've talked. I can't wait to hold my Baby Girl again, but not until it's time. Not until we're sure about the rules, and about trust and promises."

"No words yet," I told her when I took the gag out, and I removed the lid from a bottle of sports drink in a flavor she likes and handed it to her. She drank it without saying anything, but she set it to the side when she'd drank two thirds of it.

"All of it, Tori."

She lifted it and drank the rest, and I threw the cap and the empty bottle in the trash.

The water was a few inches deep by this time, so I told her, "Spread your legs so the vinegar and Epsom salts can get to all the owie parts. Lean back and relax, sweetheart."

* * * *

Tori

Wrench washed and conditioned my hair, and rinsed it with the handheld sprayer. After, he sat me on a soft chair in his room and blow dried my hair, brought me tomato soup and a grilled cheese sandwich with a glass of milk, and my heart nearly broke when I had to feed myself, but I ate without asking for help.

And then he put a soft sleep mask on my face and held me until I fell asleep in the comfort and security of his arms.

When I awakened what I assumed was hours later, my legs were attached together at the ankles, and I had to pee.

“Master? Sir?” I kissed his shoulder, and he kissed my forehead.

“What do you need, sweetheart?”

“I need to use the bathroom.”

I felt the motion of his nod. “It’s going to hurt, and I’ll need to clean you up really good, after.”

Within moments, the ankle cuffs were released from each other, and he was carrying me to the bathroom like an infant. He sat me on the toilet, and I didn’t bother asking for privacy to pee. I still had the sleep mask on, and I knew he wasn’t going to leave my side while I was blind.

After, it was reminiscent of being diapered, with me on the bed, legs up in the air while he used baby wipes to clean me *everywhere*.

And this, once I was sitting up again, was apparently when it was time for us to have our talk — at two forty-three in the motherfucking morning, which was what the clock showed when he took my sleep mask off.

The room was dark, with only a nightlight so Tori-the-baby didn’t get scared during the night, but after the sleep mask, I could see fine in the dim light.

“Do you still want to be my babygirl?” he asked, sitting in front of me, wearing boxer shorts while I was still naked and

everything hurt.

“More than anything.”

“You promised not to masturbate for four months, and not to orgasm without explicit permission. You did both, not even a week into it.”

“I got horny and thought I could be cute and say it was the little girl and not the adult that chose to, but we both know that’s bullshit. I made the decision, and I didn’t mean for it to be a trust thing, but I was being defiant, and I just did it. I’m sorry. I wish I had a better reason, or any kind of excuse that makes sense, but I don’t. I never want to see that look on your face again, though. I hurt you, and I’m sorry for it. I don’t want to do anything to make you think I’m untrustworthy again.”

He kissed my forehead. “Thank you for that. I respect that you don’t have a good reason, though I would suggest it’s possible you were testing me, to see what would happen?”

I stared at him a few seconds and gave a slow nod. “Yeah. I don’t think I thought it through, but it’s possible that was part of it. Again, I’m sorry I broke my promise to you. It was wrong.”

“It was, but the slate’s wiped clean. No diapers until your special private place is all better, but you can go into whatever mode you want over the next days while you heal, Baby Girl.”

My eyes watered and a hot tear leaked down my cheek because I’d been so damned worried I’d never hear those words come from his mouth again. “I want my Daddy! Please hold me, Daddy!”

He gathered me into his arms and kissed my nose, my forehead, and then the top of my head while he cradled me to his chest. “I love you, Baby Girl. You don’t have to say it back. I’m going to attach one of your ankle cuffs to the bottom of the bed, so you’ll still need permission to get up. Go back to sleep, and I’ll make you steak and eggs and potatoes for breakfast in the morning.”

Chapter Fourteen

Tori

Daddy took *such* good care of me, but I hated the kale and spinach smoothies he made me drink before I could have a meal. And he put spinach in my eggs, and snuck green leafy things into *all* my food, though I actually really liked the yummy crackers with spinach dip on them.

But he said it would help me heal faster, so I had to only eat good things, which meant nothing sweet except for the banana and blueberry smoothie I got just before bed because I'd been a good girl and ate everything he wanted me to.

My special private place hurt, and my bottom-hole hurt, and my breasts were horrible colors and were all swollen and misshapen, and the backs of my legs and my bottom were bruised something awful with painful welts. Daddy made me take three baths the first day, and two the second, and he put lots of Epsom salts in them, and the baths made me feel better. The second evening, he let me go swimming, but he wouldn't let me wear a bathing suit. I worried what would happen if Tempe or Khan saw me when my body looked so bad, but they were never in the shared parts of the house when I was there without clothes. He always put me in a loose dress before he took me where they would see me.

We watched movies and TV shows, he colored with me, we played with Legos, and he helped me build a Ferris wheel with something called Tinkertoys that were so much fun! I

made a Flintstones car all by myself with the pieces, and then we watched the *Flintstones* while I played with it. Tempe helped me make cool stuff with Playdoh one day, and she showed me how to put a blade of grass between your thumbs and make a whistle. That made Khan remember how to make a whistle out of a stick, and he looked for a long time to find one just right, and he cut a mouthpiece, and then a little angle notch behind it, and then cut all around the bark, twisted a little piece off, trimmed the wood under where it had been, put the bark back on, and it worked!

Daddy went to my house and tended to my ducks and my seedlings, and took care of the other things for me, and on the third day, he walked me over after breakfast. There were lots of tomatoes in my refrigerator, and I asked him, “Maybe we can make spaghetti for dinner, Daddy?”

“That’s a possibility. I’ll mist your seedlings while you look everything else over.”

“You moved up here to protect Tempe, right? Does that mean you meant to move back to Mobile?”

I couldn’t read his look, but I didn’t think he was happy with the question.

“I officially changed my patch when I made the move, because I couldn’t give them a for-sure timetable on how long I’d be here and when I’d be going back. Maybe it was going to take three months to get her squared away, maybe I’d be here years.”

“But she’s squared away now, right?” Did that mean he’d be returning to Mobile?

“She is. I assumed I’d live with Khan until I knew for sure whether I was staying in Birmingham, and then I’d find my own place. Khan is fine with me staying indefinitely, but to be honest, I’m only still here because you’re next door.”

I still wasn’t sure about that initial look, but I plugged on because the previous days had shown me where the two of us

were headed, and I needed an idea of how it might work, when we got there.

“This is my house, and I don’t want to leave it, but we have more room at Khan’s. My special diaper-changing station, and my crib, I don’t have room for those things. I can get rid of some of my clothes and make room for your things in my closet, that isn’t a problem, but my babygirl stuff won’t easily go here.” I blew out a breath. “And I don’t know if you’d want to live here anyway. You can afford more.”

“I can, but you have to know I’m not big on material things. If I moved here, I’d want to build a garage for my bikes, but you have room off to the side for that. Honestly, I’d want to turn the electricity on and pay for broadband internet, and if you want to keep the a/c off that’s fine, but I’ll want electronics, plus I have tools in the garage that need electricity.”

I couldn’t hold my sigh in. “All of that is perfectly reasonable. What if I do enough work so we can build another room onto the house, so it can be my babygirl room?”

“We can do that. When I build a garage, I’ll put in a weight room and possibly a man cave, so I’ll have a place to play video games without bothering you. I can add a babygirl room as well, while I’m at it.”

I shook my head. “Fuck, we just need a different house, don’t we?”

“No. We’re right next door to my sister, and I *like* living so close. Plus, the pool’s kind of spoiled me, and I’d decided my next house will have one, but with one next door, we don’t need one.”

“Does it make the most sense for us to move into the other wing together, and I’ll come over here like it’s my job, to manage my garden and food storage?”

“If that’s what you want to do then we can talk to Khan about putting a door in the wall between the houses, because you aren’t actually that far away if you can walk it as a straight

shot. We'll incorporate Khan's security to include your place, and..." He shook his head. "I think this is going to have to be mostly what you feel comfortable with. You eschewed mansions and materialism — will you be happy moving from your little homestead back into a mansion? I *like* who you are, and your choices and decisions have brought you to this place. I'd love to move you into my wing, but only if you can feel good about it."

"I needed the experience of living here, but it's possible I've learned what I needed to, and I can re-enter society from a different place. I don't ever want to be an actual society girl again, but I also understand I have a master's degree I'm not using, and maybe I should be. I wasn't ready to, before, and I'm not yet, but I will be, eventually. Using my muscles for money, finishing sheetrock and making it look good, so simple, so meditative sometimes, it was what I needed at the time, but maybe it's time for more."

Chapter Fifteen

Wrench

“So she’s all healed up?” Khan asked me Friday evening when we stopped on the way to the clubhouse to buy a dozen bottles of green tea for Tempe. She’d gotten in trouble the week before when she’d been drunk. He hadn’t let her drink since, and he’d decided she didn’t need any caffeine after six in the evening.

“Not by a long shot, but enough so I don’t worry about infection. I had the antibiotics to give her if needed, so thanks for that, but she didn’t need them.”

“I had my concerns she’d walk, but I’m glad it worked out. True love makes the right choice again, it seems.”

“My wolf wasn’t going to accept a reasonable punishment to deem her trustworthy, and I gave her enough of a warning of what to expect, she knew it was going to be bad when she kneeled on the porch and offered up her body to be punished.”

“And I told you I gave her another warning and a way to bow out, and she walked in of her own accord. It seems she either really loves you, or she’s a closet masochist.”

I shook my head. “Her scent was awful while I punished her. She hated it, and yet, I could smell the — I don’t know what to call it, absolution? As if the guilt was being beaten away? So I kept at it because I absolutely needed her punishment to be enough we could put the situation behind us,

and I could scent that it was doing the same thing for her.” I looked around to make sure no one was listening. “She had at least a dozen opportunities to safeword when I changed out the type of gag, or a few times when she didn’t have one at all, but she never did. I’d have stopped, if she’d said any of the generic ones, but...” I shrugged. “She’s never brought them up, and I’ve decided to follow her lead. We both know what they are and how they work, and I get the idea she’d just as soon not have access to them.”

“You know I always work without them,” Khan said. “Our sense of smell makes them superfluous.”

That was arguable, but he wasn’t going to give my sister one no matter what I said, so I changed the subject. “The babygirl part of Tori’s psyche has really eaten up being taken care of while she heals, and I think the whole thing has brought us closer together, but I don’t want to...” *Fuck*. Khan was probably one of the few people who would understand, so I just said it. “I got off on hurting her, but I also hated doing it. I hope she doesn’t make me have to do something like that again.”

“Odds are, it’ll have to happen at least once more, probably a few years from now, if ya’ll last that long, likely around a big change, and she’ll need to know you still have it in you. Could you do that to her if she was pregnant?”

“I could not.” No way could I risk those feelings and emotions — the fear and the pain — transferring to my child in her womb.

“Then that’s when she’ll for-sure test you. If ya’ll make it to that point, you should have a plan. Writing lines for some kind of positive mantra until her hand feels like it might fall off, and maybe a whole week of that, with seven positive mantras, day after day. Or you could be truly cruel and tell her she has to figure out how to prove to you she can be trustworthy, but that one has some risks, because she might decide she fucked up too bad and has to leave, because there’s no way to prove she won’t do it again. You’re going to want to

set up a scoreboard, so she has a punishment session once she's given birth and has to pay for everything that happened during those nine months, but that isn't the way to go. It has to be dealt with as it happens. You can't put it off."

"When did you live with a pregnant chick?"

"I've known a few master-types who got their slave pregnant. Some of them kept up with the exact same kind of punishments, just careful to not physically hurt the baby, but assumed the pain and fear wouldn't make it to the baby, and their kids all seem fine. One guy did the writing lines thing, and his seems fine, too. The one who put all punishments on hold until later gets his kids every other weekend."

Point taken, but, "That's a long way in the future."

We paid for our things and went out to our bikes, where Tempe was sitting on the back of his. We distributed our purchase between the bikes, and Khan asked, "When are you going to bring Tori to the clubhouse?"

"I'm not sure I am. Our life is too rough for her. She was a debutante, completely sheltered from real life because of her money and status, and now she's sheltered because she's being Henry David fucking Thoreau and living off the damned land. I've been the latter, living off the land and completely sheltered from society. I can't let her see the ugliness."

"Oh, bad idea, brother dearest," Tempe said. "She's already wondering why she doesn't get to go, and I've told her it's a big deal and there are a zillion rules, and until the two of you figure out how ya'll want to act around others, you probably won't start preparing her for it. She isn't the kind of girlfriend who's going to be okay with being left on her own every Saturday night and Sunday — and weekends like this one, where you leave for work on Friday morning and don't get home until Sunday night? You don't want to do that too often."

"Khan can tell you about club stuff because he knows you won't freak. I'm never going to be able to share that kind of

thing with her. What if I'm just a bad-boy phase for her, and once she sees just *how* bad of man I am, she won't want me anymore?"

Tempe shook her head. "You aren't bad. You have stronger morals than most every other man I've met — both of you do. Yeah, I know you'll hurt someone bad if they mess with you or yours, but you need a reason for it. And you won't steal from the innocent, which is more than I can say for myself. I mean, sure, I stopped doing it, but I once let someone talk me into doing it, and that makes both of you stronger and better people than me."

Khan stood beside her and held her to him, her face against his torso while she sat on his bike, and he rubbed her arm. "You were young and impressionable, and he was your Master, so of course he convinced you to do it. It's only because you are so fucking strong, and so damned moral, that you fixed the problem as best you could and refused to do it again. Would it make you feel better if we figured out how to get some more money to them? Random deposit, or maybe cash in a box? If they were local, we could personally deliver it, but I'm sure we can figure out how to get it to them anonymously."

"Oh, could we?"

He met my gaze and then leaned down and kissed the top of her head. "Yes, bunny. We can absolutely do that. Give me a few weeks to work out the best way to work it."

She squeezed him tight, and he closed his eyes and let her. The motherfucker really did love my sister.

She opened her eyes and looked at me, and I just *knew* I wasn't going to like whatever was going through her head.

"When are you going to tell her you're a werewolf?"

"Never."

"Your wolf won't like that," Khan said.

He was right, but I couldn't bear it if my babygirl was afraid of me. "My wolf will have to deal with it."

One of the reasons I keep her bound to the bed when she sleeps over is to keep her from looking out any windows during the night while I sleep, so Khan is free to *change* and run around his own backyard in wolf form anytime he wants. It would make life easier on all of us if Tori knew, but it would kill me if she was afraid of me. Also, I was already a biker without a degree next to her multiple degrees and former social status. She didn't need to know I'm part animal, too.

* * * *

Tori

I threw myself into my canning Friday night after the sun went down, and I only slept a few hours before I was at it again the next morning just as the sun was coming over the horizon. I had everything from my garden canned by eleven o'clock Saturday morning, so there would be no more fresh veggies on my plate until more was ready to be picked, and I fell into bed, naked and exhausted, with seven fans blowing air at me from every direction.

And then the phone rang at eleven thirty and woke me from my slumber, he told me to go back to sleep, but I needed to know why he called, and I had to walk into another room to have a conversation away from the damned fans.

"Are you okay?" I hadn't expected a phone call this morning. He was supposed to be working, trying to catch up since he'd been off most of the week.

"I am. I'm sorry I woke you. I told you to go back to sleep."

"Like that would happen when I don't know why you called."

"Maybe I just wanted to hear your voice?"

“Is that why?”

“Not entirely, but that’s part of it. I’ve been just staying at the clubhouse Saturday nights, so I’m here for church on Sunday and then we can ride, after. This weekend was different though, because we had a big party last night, and I’m working a shift today since I took off so much this week. I miss you, Baby Girl. We were together nonstop for three days, and I’m not happy with us sleeping apart.”

“We both have a lot to catch up on because of those three days. I got everything canned last night and this morning, and I figured I’d sleep during the heat of the day. Some of my seedlings are ready to plant, and I’ll do that this evening.” She sighed. “It probably *is* time to talk to the electric company, because my outdoor solar lights are only going to last about an hour when I switch them to spotlight mode, so I’ll have enough light to plant by. I can use flashlights and lanterns to finish, but I’ve proven I can live without electricity. I don’t have to keep doing it.”

“You have your weekend planned out. Do you have plans for tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow is going to be wash day this week. That’s usually Monday, but it’s supposed to rain.” Not something you have to worry about when you have a dryer, but after I wash my clothes in a bucket with a washboard, and then rinse them in a different bucket, I hang them up to dry. I’ll honestly probably always hang them to dry, but an actual washing machine might be nice. Perhaps I might start looking for a gently used one at a good price. *Maybe*. I’d need electricity first, though.

He blew out a breath. “We’re riding our bikes to the Talladega National Forest after church tomorrow, eating at a little barbecue restaurant that enjoys having us and will be expecting us, and then making the ride back to the clubhouse. It’ll be about a five or six hour trip — an hour there and back, plus the time it takes to ride through the forest and enjoy it, and time at the restaurant. There are a couple of waterfalls less

than a mile from the road, and sometimes we hike to one or more of them, and leave the prospects with the bikes. Want to skip washday and come with us?”

“Tempe said there are rules, but also that maybe we need to figure out who we are around others before we can...” I trailed off. “I want to meet your friends, but I get how important that is, so I don’t want to rush it.”

“Most of the ride, you’ll be on the back of my bike. You’ll be with me while we hike, and glued to my side when we eat. And that’s what you need to know — when we’re out in public as a group, you stay with the group and you let me talk to outsiders. You don’t interrupt my brothers when they’re talking, and you don’t call them your brothers. The ol’ladies will want to take you under their wing, and you’ll have to go with them to the bathroom, but otherwise, you’ll be with me the whole damned time. It isn’t the clubhouse, but we’ll get there. If you want to wait, I’m good with that, and you’re right that maybe we need to talk more about how you want to be with me around others, but I miss you, and this might be a good time for you to meet my club.”

“Can I call you Daddy around them? Or should I call you Wrench?”

“I’m good either way. I’ll be calling you Baby Girl, but I’ll introduce you as Tori.”

She sighed. “And some of them are going to recognize me from *before*, probably.”

I laughed. She’d been a big, brainless social media star, but I’d never heard of her and didn’t know much about it until I looked her up after I’d actually met her. “Some of their ol’ladies might, but I doubt my brothers will, and if they do, it’ll be because they’ve dreamed of putting their dick into you, not because of the things you said.”

“If you want me there, we’ll figure it out. Will you come get me, or should I drive there?”

“We’re leaving right after church. If you get here at eleven thirty, you shouldn’t have to wait in your truck long before we finish. Do you want to tell the guys on the gate you’re Wrench’s babygirl, or Wrench’s ol’lady?”

“Am I your ol’lady? I mean, I know that means we’re super serious, practically married, right?” She’d watched *Sons of Anarchy*, back before she’d gone all Thoreau, so she had some of our vocabulary down without me needing to explain.

“Married doesn’t come into it with us, but yeah, it means we’re a few levels beyond serious.”

“Good. That’s good — but I want to tell them I’m your babygirl.”

Her tone of voice told me how happy this made her, and that in turn made my heart happy, too, and I couldn’t help my smile. “Okay, I’ll tell them to expect your truck, and what you’ll say, and that you’ll wait in your truck for me to come get you after church. Since this is your first time, I’ll need to physically walk you in. After Sunday, you’ll probably be able to come inside and hang out until we’re finished with church, if you come like this again.”

“Tempe says that for an anarchist group against the rules of society, your club has an awful lot of rules.”

I laughed, because my sister was exactly right about the latter part. “I wouldn’t call us an anarchist group, but it’s true we think many of society’s rules are a lot of bullshit. Wear thick blue jeans without any holes, and an exercise bra. I’ll have boots, a shirt, and a helmet for you.” I made my voice a little sterner. “No shirt. A white exercise bra would be best, but another bright and pretty color will be fine — nothing else up top, though. And no dangly earrings. Also, wear your hair down. Tempe will show you how to protect it under the helmet. You’ll want good socks that cover at least half your calves, but you can wear your hiking sandals and bring the socks with you.”

She giggled. “My Daddy is bossy.”

I couldn't help but give her another gentle smile, despite the fact she couldn't see it. "Yes, Baby Girl, your Daddy is certainly that. How do you feel today?" She'd texted me to let me know when she took her Epsom salt bath at around two this morning, before she'd gone to bed. If she'd awakened before the sun to get busy again, no wonder she was taking a nap.

"I'm okay, Daddy. My special private place is better, and might be good enough for you to make it feel good when we get home Sunday night."

"We'll see, Baby Girl. Go back to sleep and have good dreams, but no orgasms for my little girl *or* my big girl."

"I know, Daddy. I promise."

We talked a little longer before I disconnected, and then I headed to the retail section of our Powersports shop. The club had started selling riding boots, shirts, and chaps a while back. We had inventory at the bike shop and the restaurant, so I could choose what I wanted without having to go anywhere. A nice white riding shirt along with the armored pieces for elbows, shoulders, and back should work no matter what color exercise bra she chose. I knew her shoe size, and I bought riding boots in her size along with the two smaller sizes and one larger size, since I knew from talking to the ol'ladies, that should be a big enough window. I also bought a white do-rag, since I'd settled on the white shirt. Our pink was a hot pink, and my babygirl was more of a pale pink kinda girl. I wrote a note detailing what I'd taken and slid it into the cash register slot. I'd bring the boots that didn't work back on Monday and settle up then.

Chapter Sixteen

Tori

He sent me the address, and my GPS took me to a closed gate. I pulled up to it, and a man slid the gate open just wide enough for him to walk through, and he stepped to my window.

“I’m Tori. Wrench’s babygirl.”

He smiled. “Well, of course you are. Did he tell you to say anything else?”

“Yeah. I know I have to wait in my truck until he comes to get me.”

He nodded. “If you don’t, we’ll have to lock you in a cell until church lets out. Please don’t make us do that.”

I shook my head and he smiled. “Good, then welcome to the Rolling Thunder MC compound. You don’t have any weapons on you, right?”

“I have my gun.”

He shook his head and pointed to a sign. “Visitors aren’t allowed weapons. I’ll need to take your gun, and any extra ammo you have with you.”

I shook my head. “No, that’s okay. I’ll just wait somewhere else. If Wrench says I can’t have it, I’ll give it to him.”

He sighed. “Okay. Pull across the street and park outside the gate of our construction company. We can’t text them while they’re in church.”

I nodded. I knew that, but wasn’t sure if I was supposed to, so I backed up, found the construction company, and parked in front of the gate, aimed out so I’d only have to turn the truck on and drive without needing to back up.

I texted Wrench, so he’d see it when he turned his phone on. **The guy wanted to take my gun from me, Daddy. You didn’t tell me not to bring it, and I always have one on me. If I can’t have it in the compound, I’ll give it to you, but I’m not giving it to a stranger.**

After a while, my phone dinged, and he’d texted back, **Okay, babygirl. I’m sorry. I should’ve thought of that. I’m walking to the gate now. Come back, and I’ll get your gun and let you in.**

Usually, I wear a belly band, but since I was only wearing a white exercise bra, my gun was in a holster at the front of my seat, where I could easily get to it. I handed it to him, he pulled a simple holster from his pocket, put my gun into it, and tucked the whole thing into his pocket.

He walked around my truck, got into the passenger side, and the gate opened enough for me to drive through.

“I’m sorry, I should’ve thought about the gun. It would’ve been okay to give it to the man on the gate, but what you did is fine, too. Once my brothers get to know you, they’ll vote so you can have your gun in your vehicle on the property, and might eventually vote you can have one in the clubhouse. Refusing to hand it over to someone you don’t know will actually help me argue that you’re responsible with it, so it probably worked out okay, but I’m still sorry you had to wait outside the gates for me.”

I parked where he pointed me, and told him, “It’s okay, Daddy. I’m excited about riding with you and your friends.”

Tempe opened my door, reached in, and hugged me. “I’m so glad you’re here! And it’s a huge pain with the whole weapons thing. Bunch of male chauvinist pigs, right? But it’s

okay, you're safe when you're with them. C'mon, my brother dearest says I get to help dress you!"

"No," Daddy said as he walked around the back of the truck. "You get to show her options for how to manage her hair with the helmet. I'll be dressing her." He gave me a look, lifted his brows, and kissed my eyebrow. "I don't believe I've seen these jeans before."

No, he hadn't. I had no idea how much they'd cost, because back when I bought them, I didn't pay attention to that kind of thing. Probably as much as I'd pay for six months of an electric bill now though, if I had an electric bill. Maybe a whole damned year. They came to about an inch above my clit in the front, and about a half inch above my ass-crack in the back. They were thick jeans, but faded so they were nearly white with only a little blue still showing.

"They are *hot*," Tempe said, and I could tell she recognized them for what they were, but she didn't say anything, for which I was grateful. I didn't know how much the siblings talked about that kind of thing away from me, though.

Daddy took me to a bedroom with a double-sized bed, some shelves, and a tiny attached bathroom. The bed was just navy sheets with an American-flag themed blanket, and it was unmade. A simple iron headboard. No footboard.

"How have I never seen your room here before?" Tempe asked him. "God, you're such a fucking redneck. Where's the —" She walked to the shelf, lifted something white, and let the folded shirt fall open while she held it by the shoulders. She met my gaze and asked, "He tell you to wear the white bra?"

"He said white or another bright color, so yeah."

The shirt she was holding could only loosely be called that, because it was mostly black mesh, so the bra would easily show through. The shoulders, part of the arms, and a portion of the back were white, and it looked like they were padded.

"It's an armored shirt," she told me. "Khan bought me one of every color they make, and I'll be wearing purple today."

I smirked, because she was wearing a black crop top with bold purple lettering that declared her a *biker bitch*.

She flicked the white portion of an arm, and her finger thumped against something solid. “Once you have the armor, you only have to buy the other shirts by the same manufacturer, and you can swap it out. If you get a shirt by a different company, you have to buy their armor, but Khan says this is the safest, so he won’t let me buy the other stuff, even though it’s *so much cuter*.”

“Why does she get to wear shorts?” I asked Daddy.

“Because I have to wear leather chaps over my legs,” Tempe said. “Khan would tear my ass up if I even considered getting on a bike without proper protection.” She sighed. “They wear jeans and boots, but you’ll note their arms are bare while we have special armor on our forearms, elbows, shoulders, and back.”

“All our chaps are black or tanned leather,” Daddy told me. “I’ll have to special order them in babygirl colors. If I take you to any of the big rides, I’ll put you in short-shorts and white chaps, but for this, jeans are perfect.”

Would I want to do that? Look like a slutty biker bitch out in public? People would take pictures, no doubt, and then I’d be all over social media. Did I care? I wasn’t sure I wanted Gran to see, but I’d actually kind of like for my so-called mother to know.

Daddy put a finger under my chin, lifted it, scanned my face, and frowned. “Something you need to tell Daddy, Baby Girl?”

“Yes, but not right now. Can I put the shirt on and see how it looks, please Daddy?”

He nodded, but looked troubled, so I told him, “I think it’s just a matter of talking about how we’ll handle the social media fallout of me showing up at a big event with you looking so much different than the pics of me looking super-fashionable and the pics of me at the local feed-and-seed

buying stuff for my ducks.” Because wow, had that blown up when someone shot a pic of me loading a fifty-pound bag of feed into a shopping cart dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, no makeup, with an ugly-but-warm hat on my head during my second winter in my house. No one had taken the dude’s word for it that it was me, so the first comments were people arguing it was just someone who had a passing resemblance to me, until he’d shown pics of me loading the feed into my truck, and others had shown pics of me in it while I was wearing shorts the summer before, and my ankle tattoo had been visible.

“You care about that kind of thing?” Daddy asked.

“I care about how Gran sees it, and about any attention it might draw to the club. It’s just something we have to talk about, Daddy, but not now, please?”

He nodded, took the shirt from Tempe, and held it so I could put my arms into the sleeves. The shirt fit perfect. The armor was a little annoying, but I appreciated it. Daddy was keeping me safe, and I’d feel better riding on the back of his bike with it. He’d taken me for rides before, though, so I asked him, “Why haven’t I needed this shirt when we rode before?”

“We were only on back roads, and you didn’t argue about wearing the denim shirt I bought for you. We’ll be around other drivers today, and we’ll be on and off the bike a lot, so this is easier. Plus, the denim shirt is hot, even with the wind while we ride.”

Tempe showed me three ways to wear my hair, and I ended up brushing it to the wrong side, putting it into a messy bun at the nape of my neck, and then wrapping the headpiece-thing over my scalp and tucking all the extra pieces in. Tempe said when we were finished riding, and I took it off and brushed my hair back the right direction, this would keep it from being all flat and disgusting, and I could see how it would work that way.

Daddy’s phone dinged and he looked at it. “Okay, they’re about to head up.” He touched my chin. “We’ll be able to talk

— little mikes and speakers in our helmets. I'll explain the rules to you while we ride, so you'll know what you can and can't do once you're off my bike. I'll introduce you when we go up. You won't remember everyone, but try to remember Mad Dog and Velvet, Frost and Shy, and..." He trailed off. "I think everyone remembers Dementor and Squatch."

"And Clean," Tempe said with a laugh, and she told me, "He looks a lot like the Mister Clean man."

Daddy was right about there being too many people to remember, and he was also right about me remembering who Dementor and Squatch were. Both were fucking huge, with bulging muscles, and their names fit.

Velvet was a little stand-offish, but someone named Kitty hugged me and welcomed me, and Cheyenne, who I assumed was the Shy my Daddy had mentioned, stepped forward to hug me as well.

"We're family," she told me quietly. "Some might take a little while to accept you, but it'll all work out. Tempe says you're great, and I adore her. I look forward to getting to know you."

I can't explain how it felt when everyone started their bikes. It was so loud, but it also seemed like a huge deal, like this was a big *event* that I was part of, and I had goose bumps and my nipples went all hard.

And then we were on our way, and Daddy told me the rules. Some sounded a little draconian, like no pictures *at all* without permission, whether a biker showed up in the pic or not. Also, not walking up to bikers who were talking unless it was an emergency, and never interrupting a biker with a patch. Daddy was also quite adamant that I be within reach of him at all times while we were around other people, so an outsider could never get between us, and he told me, "I'll probably hold your hand most of the time, but if I let go of it, feel free to hold my arm, so you know you aren't far enough away to get in trouble. Also, know that if I need to turn you over and spank you in front of my brothers, I won't think twice about it."

Not around outsiders, but my brothers and their ol' ladies are my family.”

“And if I want to call you Daddy around them, it’s okay?”

“Totally up to you.”

I sighed. “I don’t want to call you Daddy around Gran, so this isn’t just about what we can do around family.”

“That won’t be an issue until you’re ready to introduce me to your Gran.”

Was he bothered that I hadn’t invited him to the once-a-week lunches I have with Gran? I’d had to postpone our mid-week lunch, but we’d had a really nice time together on Friday, and I’d taken her a care package of fresh tomatoes, squash, and a few eggs.

And maybe that’s why I can still be close to Gran. She’s all about high society, but she grew up in a time when Americans still understood where our food comes from. My mother doesn’t have a clue, nor does she *want* to have a clue about that kind of thing.

“If it’s important to you, I can bring you to lunch with me, but to be honest, I’ve had this hard-and-fast line between who I was and who I am, and it’s been important I keep them separate. Maybe it’s time to change that, though, and I should invite Gran to the house to have dinner with the two of us.”

“She’s never seen your house?”

“I’m sure she’s had people take pictures, and it’s possible she’s driven by, but I’ve never invited her over.”

“I know you love her, and I assume she loves you, but you should only do what makes you comfortable. Any doubts, and maybe you stick to how things are. If the doubts go the other way, though, and you think the way it is now isn’t right, then you need to figure out what *will* feel right.”

We got out at a trail, and Daddy got my hiking sandals out of a little compartment on his bike. “Change your shoes, Baby

Girl. The boots aren't broken in yet, and you don't need to be hiking in them until you're used to them."

We walked to some really nice cascades, and I noted some of the ol'ladies walked together, away from the bikers, but mostly, the ol'ladies stayed with their man. Tempe and Khan stayed close to us, along with Frost and Shy, and at one point, it was the three women playing in the water while our men watched. I could wear my sandals in the water, but the women had to take their riding boots and socks off.

When we stopped wading, Frost had a handkerchief in his pocket he produced for Shy to dry her feet, and Shy handed it to Tempe when she finished.

Velvet was closer to us on the way back to the bikes, but she casually just didn't look at me, and I wasn't sure what I'd done to make her not like me.

We stopped again at an overlook, and I remembered the rules, so I asked, "Daddy, can I take a selfie of myself with the view in the background?"

"You can, Baby Girl."

Tempe did so as well, and then asked permission from Khan and my Daddy if the two of us could do a selfie together, and my Daddy said, "You can't post it anywhere, but send it to me. I'd love to have a pic of the two of you."

"I *know* I can't post her on social media. God, what a firestorm *that* would be."

We made it to the barbecue place, and Daddy was right about how good their food was. I noted a lot of people watching us, and I assumed it was because of the whole *biker* thing, but then a bunch of cars arrived about forty-five minutes later, and the newcomers took pictures of us the second they walked into the building.

I closed my eyes and looked down. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

The bikers stood and formed a wall in front of me, and Daddy said, "Not your fault, Baby Girl." A little louder, he

asked, “Everyone finished eating?”

No one said they weren’t, and Mad Dog, who’d been sitting with Velvet at another table off to our side, stood and looked at the people I could no longer see on the other side of the wall of bikers.

“Anyone rude enough to take pictures within reach of a biker or his ol’ lady should expect to lose the equipment they’re using to take said picture.”

He headed towards the front door, and everyone associated with us followed him out.

And all the while, a wall of bikers surrounded me on all sides until I had the cloth thing back on over my hair and then the helmet.

The onlookers still took pictures, but from far enough away they assumed they were safe, and it seemed they were, because the bikers ignored them.

“At church this morning, we talked about the possibility of you drawing attention,” Daddy told me as the group pulled out onto the road. I hadn’t realized it that morning, but it seemed they were lined up a special way, and we weren’t at the very front, but a lot closer to the front than the back.

“I’m so sorry, Daddy. This was a bad idea.”

“Nope. A simple ride to a barbecue place we’re more than happy to draw attention to was the perfect place for you to first be seen with us.”

“So, you’re happy maybe it’ll help the barbecue place?” I asked.

“Some establishments don’t exactly welcome us, but the owners of this place hold an entire section open for us when we let them know we’re coming, and open up the side yard for us to park, which is usually reserved for overflow parking, so our bikes are all together and it’s easier for the prospects to watch over them. So yeah, if this brings them some extra business, we’re happy for it.”

I'd had millions and millions of followers, and I'd monetized my accounts not because I needed the money, but because it was the thing to do, and I was all about being part of the biggest, newest, greatest fads. Those accounts had brought in money for years, and the funds still trickled in, but the direct deposits went to the account I no longer touched.

Was I an idiot for working my ass off refinishing sheetrock, when money literally poured into my accounts if I just posted stupid videos of myself?

No, because I'd needed to prove I could do it, but now that I had, maybe it was time to take charge of my social media again. Those accounts still had millions of followers. I hadn't shut them down, I'd just stopped adding content. I could start again, and I could post how to grow things in your garden, how to can your harvest, and I was certain the social media world would fall in love with my ducks.

But did I want to share my life like that again?

I just didn't know.

Clearly, some of my followers still wanted to keep up with me, and my friends had posted pictures of my outdoor living space on their social media, so that cat was already out of the bag.

And *fuck*, there I went calling it what they had, instead of saying it's my motherfucking patio. Shit, I didn't want to become that version of Tori again, but I thought maybe it was time to find something in between the two extremes.

When we got back to the clubhouse, Tempe asked Khan if she could ride back to the house with me, instead of on the back of his bike, and he gave her an unhappy look, but told her she could.

So our men followed us home, and I drove to the mansion instead of my house.

"I'm sorry Velvet was a bitch. She only sees the Tori you were before, and she was worried from the start about you drawing attention to us when we're out, which of course is

what happened, but our men will deal with it. Once she gets to know you, she'll be okay."

"Do you think your brother will still want me in his life if I morph into something between the Tori I was and the Tori I've become?"

"I can't see you ever wanting to charter a private jet to Italy for a shopping spree, so I don't think it'll be an actual morph. My guess is that you're just going to relax some of the rules you gave yourself while you were figuring out who you are, and that you'll stay this version of Tori, with maybe a little more fun in your life."

"No, I won't need to be seen shopping everywhere *except* Birmingham, but I think maybe it's time for me to make some possibly big changes."

"Thoreau was only in that cabin at Walden Pond for two years," Tempe said.

I nodded. She was right. I'd needed this time, but it was coming to a close.

"I don't want to give up fresh duck eggs."

"Then don't. It's really important to Khan and my brother that we have free range meat and organic veggies, and the rest of the MC as well, I guess, since they made a deal with a co-op so the members can buy direct from those farmers at wholesale prices. Maybe one of them has ducks, or maybe you keep your own ducks and have your own fresh eggs. You get to decide how to move forward, and I'm sure my brother will want to be part of that decision, but you also get to decide how much say he'll have."

She crossed her arms and uncrossed them. "I'm happier not having a say in that kind of thing, and fortunately for me, Khan likes total control of his little pet bunny."

When she'd taken her helmet off, he'd put an adorable pastel-denim hat on her with floppy lavender bunny ears that came down to nearly her shoulders. She'd kept the fabric on her head to cover her hair, but the hat had made it work okay.

Some of the women left theirs on to eat, others took them off, but my head had been sweaty so I'd taken mine off, and then finger-combed it in the bathroom, and it had looked phenomenal, thanks to Tempe's little trick of brushing it the wrong way inside the helmet.

"I'm *so* happy ya'll found each other. I'll be happy for some *little* time, after today."

"Do you want to know what they're saying on social media?"

I pulled up to the gate and was surprised that it opened as I neared it, but I assumed Khan had remoted it open from behind me. "Not tonight. I'll look tomorrow and see for myself." I didn't want to ask Daddy, but I needed to know, so I asked her, "What are the rules about ol'ladies using social media?"

"No talking about where our men are at any time. So you can't say he's home, or he isn't home, or he went to the store for you because you were craving banana pudding and needed nilla wafers. No pictures of them, no pictures of anything that is clearly theirs, and absolutely nothing with the Rolling Thunder name or logo or any of their branding. Khan has extra rules for me, so I can't post anything that shows the inside or outside of our house, only plain walls and the woods, basically — the exception being my crafting room and his woodworking shop, and that's only because it helps sell my pieces when I post pictures of them as I make them. Oh, but I have to be careful not to show the leatherworking part of his workshop, because no one needs to know about *that* part of our life."

"Okay, so nothing of the mansion, but I could do stuff from my house. I agree I don't want anything of the front of my house, but the backyard has already been on social media, so I may as well post it."

"You're going to go active again?"

"I don't know. I've considered it, and if I'm going to, now would be the time, right? If I do, I'll post my ducks, my

garden, my harvest, how to set up an outdoor living space, how to can your harvest so you have veggies all winter long — that kind of thing. Not fashion and brainless shit.” Okay, maybe a little fashion, but special occasion stuff, not everyday overpriced designer bullshit.

And if I suddenly had an influx of twenty to thirty grand a month of income from my social media accounts, I could add onto my house and build Wrench a garage without needing handouts, and without touching my trust fund income, or the previous income from those social media accounts. The money those accounts had generated up to this point was because of who I’d been, but going forward, people would see the new me, and if they continued to bring in money, it would either be because people wanted to see the train wreck I’d become, or because they were interested in the way I’m now living my life.

I sat in my truck long after Tempe got out, and Daddy opened my door, unfastened my seatbelt, and ran the back of a finger down my cheek. “Does Daddy’s baby need a bottle?”

I nodded, and he pulled me into his arms and carried me into the house.

Chapter Seventeen

Wrench

I was busy at work on an engine rebuild the next afternoon when Khan and Tempe walked into my work area, and I knew something was wrong.

“Modesty called me,” Tempe told me. “Dad’s in the hospital. He was at the auction, selling some of his calves...” she shook her head. “Doesn’t matter, he collapsed and they called an ambulance. He’s in surgery now. An aortic aneurysm that ruptured, and google tells me only around ten to twenty percent of people survive that. He’s in surgery, and most don’t make it that far, but...”

She’d been crying, and I was filthy, but I wanted to hold her. Khan was holding her hand but letting her stand on her own, but I was certain he’d held her when she’d cried. Most likely, he was giving her space to help her maintain her composure.

“I need ten minutes to shower and change back into my regular clothes.” My jeans get downgraded to work jeans, and from that point forward, they’re only used for work.

“We’re in my truck,” Khan told me. “We’ll ride together.”

I nodded and wiped my hands. “On second thought, I’ll ride my bike to the clubhouse to change. I shouldn’t wear the shirt I wore to work this morning.” It said, *You’d be loud too,*

if I was riding you, and had a drawing of a motorcycle inside the words.

I always ride in the passenger seat and Tempe rides in the back, when it's the three of us, but I didn't want her in the back by herself, so I got into the back and told her to ride up front.

And then I looked up an aortic aneurism, and didn't like what I saw.

"Dad is, what, sixty-three? Sixty-four?" I asked.

"He just had a birthday, so he's sixty-four. Mom's three weeks away from being forty-six." She blew out a breath. "If Daddy dies, do you think mom will let us back into the family?"

"I don't know, Tempe, but I can't find it in my heart to hope he dies."

She burst into tears again, and Khan slowed as if he was going to pull over, but I didn't want him to do that, so I leaned up, unfastened her seat belt, and pulled her into the backseat so I could hold her.

"We've made our own way in this world," I told her, "and our day-to-day lives won't change no matter what happens, but I agree we need to go to the hospital, not for them, but for us. Dad was an important part of our early lives, and it would be wrong not to go."

After several moments of quiet, Khan said, "I'm surprised you gave your babygirl permission to post what she did on social media."

I met his gaze in the mirror. "What did she post?"

"Pull it up and see for yourself."

"I don't have any accounts, so I probably can't see anything."

Tempe pulled her phone from a pocket, thumbed it on, touched an icon, hit search, clicked on a recent search of Tori's

first and last name, and handed it to me.

A video started with my babygirl in minimal but attractive makeup, with her hair fixed pretty, and a big smile. “I know I kind of disappeared, but I needed to figure some shit out, and now that I have, maybe I can come back in small amounts. This first post is going to show you all what I’ve been up to, and the *most* adorable part of that is...”

The screen changed to show her ducks waddling around her while she sat on the ground, with her camera mounted far enough away to take it all in. She introduced her ducks by name, and then showed a cute little basket with about a half-dozen eggs, and promised more posts to follow in the coming days.

“That’s not so bad,” I told Khan.

“Nothing wrong with it, but so close after the weekend, and after what everyone’s been saying about her on social media?”

“What have they been saying?”

Tempe pulled a small packet of tissues from her pocket, blew her nose, and told me, “It’s a bunch of mean shit about how far she’s fallen, from fashion queen to biker bitch, and I guess my shirt didn’t help. I talked to her, and she’s been thinking of starting back up, but focusing on her garden, how to can a harvest into mason jars, how to set up an outdoor living space, all about her ducks, and other stuff like that — showing the new Tori, basically. She figured that now, while everyone is talking about her anyway, was a good time to start again, and she’s probably right from a marketing standpoint, but I have a feeling it’s just going to piss Velvet off even more.”

“I’d like to say I’m not worried about Velvet,” I told her, “but I absolutely am. She’s the undisputed Queen Bitch, and I need to figure out how to convince her Tori isn’t the cunt who represents everything Velvet hates.”

And that had been Velvet's exact words to me, though with a pronoun instead of her name, obviously, and she'd told me this when her husband wasn't around, but I wasn't inclined to tattle, and it seemed none of the other brothers who heard had, either.

"Still say Mad Dog needs to know she said that," Khan said from the front seat.

"I'm certain he's aware of his wife's feelings, even if he doesn't know the exact words," I told him.

Tempe's phone clicked, and she looked at it. "Modesty says he's out of surgery and in recovery. Mom and Shiloh will get to see him for a few minutes once he's stabilized in the intensive care unit, probably about two hours, and the doctor was clear he isn't completely out of the woods, but that his prospects for surviving this are much greater now than they were."

"Two people are allowed back," I noted, "and mom chose Shiloh."

"All of our siblings are there. Shiloh's husband is home with their kids. Modesty obviously couldn't bring her girlfriend, Purity's husband is with her and his mom has their kid, and Modesty says Purity's clearly pregnant again. Chastity is alone, and Celeste is with her betrothed. Did you know he's thirty-nine? They're supposed to marry in six weeks."

"*Fuck.*" My baby sister wasn't old enough to be fucking married. I did the math and realized she'd recently turned nineteen, but still. *Fuck.*

"I'll pay for her to live in an apartment if she just wants away from our parents," I told Tempe.

"I have no idea what's going on with her. She agreed to marry him when it was still way off in the distance, and back then, she turned down my offer to move in with me, but maybe she's changed her mind. We should ask, if we get a chance."

I closed my eyes and leaned my head against the seat. “I don’t want to get pulled into family drama, but there’s no way in hell I’ll let an old man marry her if she doesn’t love him.”

I texted Tori as Khan pulled into the hospital’s parking garage. My dad collapsed at a public event this morning, and an ambulance was on site and got him to the hospital quickly, which is the only reason he’s still alive. He’s out of surgery, and it’s going to be a long road to recovery if he pulls through. Tempe and I are just arriving at the hospital. I’ll call you when I know more.

Which hospital?

I told her and she texted back, I’ll be there as quick as I can. Let me know where in the hospital you are once you find your family. I volunteered there as a teen, so I know my way around.

“Tori’s coming,” I told them.

“Of course she is,” Tempe said.

Modesty had told Tempe where to find them, and I swear my mother looked relieved when she saw us — for about three seconds, and then she pursed her lips and looked away.

“The prodigal son and daughter have returned, Mama,” I told her with a smile when I was close enough to speak so the rest of the waiting room wouldn’t hear. “I know he won’t let you accept our presence, but I saw that first look, before you remembered your orders. I know you’re glad we’re here, even if you can’t say it. I love you, too, and I always will.”

“If he’d have been home, he’d be dead.”

Because her orders were to never call for an ambulance for him. He doesn’t like doctors or hospitals.

“Then the Lord isn’t ready to call him home yet.” I used her own language, her own vocabulary, and hoped she’d meet my gaze again.

It worked, because she looked into my face as if trying to see where those words came from, hoping it meant I’d returned for real. I couldn’t give her false hope, so I shook my

head. “I’m sorry I can’t be the son you’re hoping for. I’m a mechanic and a biker, and that isn’t going to change.”

“And is your sister still a whore?” She said it low, and I didn’t think Tempe heard, but Khan certainly had.

“I’m proud of Tempe, Mama. She’s her own woman, and she’s strong — so strong, she’s not afraid to fall in love and give her whole self to a man she deems worthy. Would you like to meet Khan?”

Mama looked to Tempe and Khan, and I turned so all of our sisters could hear the introduction. “Tempe and Khan are perfect for each other. He’s been my friend forever, and I couldn’t be happier for both of them. Khan, this is our mother, Eleanor Abrams, and our sisters — Shiloh, Modesty, Purity, Chastity, and Celeste.

I was surprised as fuck that Celeste let go of the hand she was holding, ran to me, and threw her arms around me, squeezing me about as tight as a human female can manage.

“Dom! I’ve missed you so much!”

“I’ve missed you, too, kiddo. I hope we have a chance to talk.” I put my mouth to her ear. “I’ll give you my number, if you can call me without getting in trouble.”

“I can. From work. Tell me the number and I’ll remember.”

I gave it to her, she recited it back ever-so-softly, and then said a crazy sentence, and I realized each word in the sentence was the number of letters of the number, *and* it started with the same first syllable. And she’d fucking come up with it off the top of her head? That was crazy smart.

The man who’d been holding her hand stepped closer, put one hand on Celeste’s back, and offered his other hand. “I’m Paul. Soon to be your brother-in-law.”

Celeste tensed and her scent went sour, but I didn’t tell the motherfucker it was never going to happen. He’d find out soon enough. I ignored the hand and said, “So I hear. How did the two of you meet?”

A few heartbeats, and he dropped the hand. “I’m a Deacon at the church, so I’ve known her all her life. The Lord rewards those who serve him.”

And my baby sister was his reward? The fucker was lucky I didn’t punch his lights out, but this wasn’t the time or the place.

My sisters were all friendly enough, and mama at least spoke occasionally, which was more than I’d hoped for. When Tori arrived, several of my sisters knew who she was, which was a little surprising, but maybe not. She’d been huge on social media, and had made it onto those ridiculous red carpet shows before the various Hollywood reward shows, or whatever they were called.

When Mom and Shiloh finally got to see Dad, they reported that he wasn’t awake, and was hooked up to a bunch of machines, and one was even breathing for him. He would be *pissed* when he woke up and found out, and we all knew it, but no one brought it up.

The nursing staff told us we may as well all go home, because the next visiting time was at nine the next morning, and only two visitors could go back at a time even then.

It was decided Mom would stay back the entire twenty-five minutes, and the other siblings would change out, so everyone got to see him.

Everyone assumed Tempe and I would bow out, but I wanted to see him, and so did she.

I informed them of this, and Mama said, “If he’s awake, then the two of you should go in together, after all your siblings have cycled through. I’ll step out so the two of you can go in and talk to him, but you have to let me back in to say goodbye right before they run us all out. If he’s asleep, ya’ll can come in one at a time.”

I nodded. “Thank you, Mama.”

“I’d like to offer to pay for dinner for all of you,” Khan said. “Wherever is most convenient for everyone.”

Mom said, “Oh, we couldn’t—”

Celeste interrupted mom to say, “There’s an all-you-can-eat place just off the highway on the way back to the homestead, and not terribly far for Shiloh or Purity to have to drive.”

“I’d like to chip in and help with dinner,” Paul said, and I shook my head, because no way in hell was I eating anything that man paid for.

“No, I’ve got dinner,” I said, “Or I’ll split it with Khan because he can be pretty hardheaded about that kind of thing.”

“I won’t eat food bought with blood money,” Shiloh said, and Tempe retorted, “Well that’s good, because Dom’s a mechanic, and any blood spilled is his own when he busts his knuckles.”

“I know what he is,” Mama said. “I also know that people bring him their bikes from all over the country because he’s made a name for himself, restoring engines and transmissions, so people can keep as much of the factory equipment as possible.” She looked at me. “And a couple of racers pay you to build their engines. You’re good, and I’m proud of you — using your hands to make a decent living.”

“Thank you for that, Mama. It means the world to me.”

She nodded and squeezed her purse to her stomach, and Shiloh put her arm around Mama and walked her out.

* * * *

Tori

I had no idea the undercurrents going on when we ate, but I could sense that Daddy didn’t like Celeste’s fiancé.

And when we left, Daddy put Celeste into Khan’s truck, and told Paul that if he followed them, no one would ever find his body, and it was clear Paul believed him.

Daddy came to me and said, “I need to ride with them, Baby Girl. You go first so we can follow you and keep an eye on you. Come to the mansion, okay?”

I nodded and got into my truck, and my phone rang once we were on the interstate. My truck is ancient, without hands free options, but I have a little phone-holder that fits down into the cupholder, and I answered on speakerphone.

“Go to the clubhouse please, Tori, so we can leave your car there. I’ve called ahead that you have a weapon but we’re just changing cars and it’s kind of an emergency situation, and Mad Dog has cleared you to park, get out of your car and into Khan’s truck, and then leave, while wearing your weapon.”

I assumed him calling me by my name was to keep me from calling him Daddy, so I said, “Okay. Anything I need to know?”

“We’ve decided to take a roundabout way home to make sure no one follows us, and it’ll be easier in one vehicle. You can ride into town with me tomorrow and drive your truck back home.”

Tempe and Daddy were in the back seat with Celeste between them, so I got in the front passenger seat.

“Quick catch-up,” Tempe told me once I had my seatbelt on and we were on the move. “Daddy arranged for Celeste to marry Paul, and she likes him okay, but doesn’t want to marry him, but Daddy basically ordered her to, and once he gives a directive...” She shrugged. “So Celeste is going to live with us until we can figure out a place for her to live. She has a job she was going to have to give up once she got married, but she hasn’t turned her notice in yet, so she’s good there. The biggest problem is she doesn’t have a credit history.”

“I’ll sign whatever paperwork is necessary for her to get an apartment,” Daddy said. “My credit is fine.”

“Honestly, I’ll feel better with you staying at my place until we’re sure Paul is convinced you aren’t his fucking reward from God,” Khan said.

Celeste flinched, and Khan said, “Sorry little bit, but you’ll have to get used to a little cussing. We aren’t evil, but we aren’t exactly angelic, either. There’s beer and liquor in our house, but there’s also a kick-ass swimming pool.”

“And air conditioning,” Tempe said. “Heavenly air conditioning.”

“Wait,” I said. “Ya’ll grew up without air conditioning?”

Daddy chuckled. “Sorry, did I forget to mention that? Some luxuries are sinful and make you soft.”

I rolled my eyes. “And then you went and fell for a crazy chick who prides herself on going without it?” Oh, yeah, I had news. “You should know I called the electric company this morning. They’ll be out Thursday to hook me up, and they’ll have everything for me to sign when they come.”

“I saw your video. It seems you’ve made lots of changes today.”

Was he upset I hadn’t talked to him about it first? We weren’t under a twenty-four-seven power exchange. What I do at my house, other than masturbation, is up to me. I wasn’t going to apologize for it, so I told him, “Yes, and I feel good about them. Any fallout from yesterday I need to know about?”

Because maybe I *should’ve* given him a heads up, after the problem at the restaurant, now that I thought about it.

“Later,” Khan said. “Let’s deal with one thing at a time. Celeste, is there anything you need that we can’t get from a quick trip to Walmart? Any meds? Something on your phone you have to hear to put you to sleep?”

“We turned her phone off and put it in a signal blocking bag,” Tempe told me, and then she told Celeste, “Dom fucking crushed mine to powder when he had to rescue me. I don’t know why you get the bag and mine was obliterated.”

“People wanted to hurt you, and one of them was a hacker,” Daddy told her. “I’ll have to research Paul and make

sure he isn't a threat to her physical well-being, but I'm guessing it'll just be a few days without the phone while I make sure he's history, and then she'll be able to use it again."

"A few days!?" Celeste yelped.

Daddy chuckled and kissed her cheek. "What does Paul do for a living?"

"He's an investment advisor, which is supposedly okay for him to make lots of money since he gives so much of it to the church. He lives in a huge house, though. I'm surprised Daddy approves of him."

I wasn't, but I didn't explain how money equals power in the real world.

"My house has wings," Khan told Celeste. "Right now, Tempe and I live in one wing, and your brother lives in another. Tori lives next door, but she spends a lot of time in your brother's wing. I have two guest bedrooms in the main part of the house, and thanks to your sister, both actually have a bed, complete with sheets and blankets, so that's where we'll put you. As I tried to ask earlier, is there something you absolutely need tonight, before we go home?"

"No, Mister Khan. If I can borrow one of my brother's shirts to sleep in, I can wear this again tomorrow. We'll need to get my car from the homestead." She blew out a breath. "Paul bought me the car. It's in my name, but I should probably give it back to him, since I'm breaking off the engagement."

"If you want to keep it, we'll take it to the shop first," Daddy said, "so I can make sure there are no trackers on it, and our geek can factory reset the onboard computer. If you want to return it, I'll make those arrangements so you won't have to face him, and then I can buy you something dependable to get you back and forth to work."

"First things first, we may as well make a Walmart run tonight," Tempe said. "So she can get her own underwear, a pair of jeans, and a couple of shirts."

“I have my own money,” Celeste said. “I can pay for them. I have a couple of thousand dollars in my savings account, so I can put money towards a car, and then I can pay you back the difference in whatever you get me over time, Dom.”

“I’m going to need you to change the passwords on every account you have,” Daddy said. “Email, banking, social media, shopping sites — *everything*. If you’ve logged on from his house, he probably has that information, based on what he does for a living. In his line of work, information is power and money. I’ll pay for whatever you get tonight, so it doesn’t hit your banking information. You’ll be able to pay once we get everything changed.”

She nodded and told him, “I’ve only been inside his house when one of my sisters could come with us to chaperone, but I’ve used his laptop a couple of times, and I don’t remember exactly where I went on it.”

Daddy looked relieved when she didn’t argue, and the trip to Walmart wasn’t as mortifying as I worried it might be. I’ve never been inside one, but I only saw two people dressed kind of like those “people of Walmart” memes, and everyone else seemed normal.

We got Celeste settled in her room at the mansion, and Khan invited me to take a walk around the property. Daddy nodded when I looked at him, so I followed Khan out and left the three siblings to talk in the kitchen while Tempe made herbal tea for her and Celeste. Daddy was nursing a beer, and Tempe hadn’t bothered asking if he wanted any tea.

“Wrench has proposed knocking a hole in my wall to put a gate between our houses, and adding your house and land into my security, and I figure the property owners should have that conversation.”

“I don’t know that it’s going to be necessary in the long run. I mean, sure, if Wrench moves in with me it’ll be nice to have a shortcut, and right now while I’m back and forth, it will be, but what if Daddy and I buy our own place? Or...” I hesitated, and then just said it, because Daddy wouldn’t have

asked me if Khan wasn't okay with it. "Or if I decide to sell my place and move into Daddy's wing until you kick us out?"

"You are more than welcome to move in with us, but I was under the impression you'd taken it off the table as a serious option."

"As Tempe reminded me the other day, Thoreau only lived in his cabin for two years. I don't think this was ever supposed to be what I do forever, but just something I had to do for a little while. I have a BBA and an MBA. I can get a good job somewhere other than the family business if I want, or hell, I was making a lot of money off social media when I stopped. I can also easily live off my trust fund, if I decide to start accessing those accounts again. I know the upkeep on this place has to be a lot, and I don't mind chipping in on that once I get that figured out. I've been living on less in a year than I used to go through in a week, and I'll never go back to that version of me, but material things aren't evil, and neither are luxuries. Taking things to the extent I did, like flying to another country and dropping a hundred grand on fucking clothes and shoes, is idiotic, but I'm not that person anymore."

"No, you aren't."

"There's only one thing that would make me keep my place even if I move here. I mean, giving up my garden will be hard, but I'll be okay with it, and you have one I'm betting you'll let Tempe and me expand, so that isn't a big deal."

"We'll figure out how to bring your ducks."

"Really?"

"Yes, really, and they'll be safer here, with the wall."

"I want to hug you, but I don't want you to think..."

He turned to me and pulled me into a hug, and I hugged him back.

"Tempe loves having her brother just down the hall, and I like having my friend so close. We'll both be happier if the two of you live here together, instead of somewhere else. Yes,

we can add to my vegetable garden, and you can bring over your strawberries and other perennials, if you think they'll survive the move. I realize you aren't ready to make a decision yet, but when you are, you know your options. If you want to keep your place, I'm not opposed to putting a gate in the wall, but if we do it then I'll need your house to be in my security network, complete with cameras and motion sensors, so I can monitor outside *and* inside the gate."

I nodded. "Okay then, that gives me two great options. Thank you for that."

"I'll do what I can to help with Velvet, but you're going to have to let her see the real you. I wish I could tell you the best way to do that. Getting in her face is probably the wrong way to go, and yet, it might be the only way to get her to hear you."

I shook my head. "I know how to handle Velvet, but Daddy's going to have to let me go off with the other women when ya'll aren't around to babysit us. She's the absolute queen of the group, and I was the Queen Bitch of a much bigger group than hers, before I stepped down from that role. She just needs to know I'll be happy following her lead, and that I'm not going to step in and expect to be queen bitch to *her* bitches."

"You might be right about that, but I can't stress too strongly that you need to tread carefully with her. She can be your best friend or your worst nightmare. You want to aim for the former."

Chapter Eighteen

Wrench

Celeste talked to Mom at six the following morning and found out the nurses reported Dad was awake and talking, and royally ticked-off that he'd been given surgery without his permission.

Mom also told Celeste she'd have to tell Dad she wasn't going to marry Paul, *and* that she'd gone home with me and Tempe. I'd thought Mom would want to hold off on that kind of news, but I understood she was protecting herself from Dad's wrath, because once he was strong enough to punish her, he absolutely would do so if he found out she'd kept anything from him for even a couple of hours.

And so, Celeste and mom went in first, as soon as the doors opened. When Celeste came out, her face was set in stone because she wanted to cry but was refusing to let anyone see her do so. I hadn't been around her in years, but I recognized the same look she'd had when she was three years old and so damned stubborn-headed it was adorable.

Shiloh went in after her, and so it went until it was time for Tempe and me to go in. Mom stood right outside the door, so she could see and hear, and the nurses didn't say anything.

I hadn't seen my dad in years, and he looked so old and weak lying in the bed. As soon as I saw him, I knew this had been the wrong time to do this, but it was too late now. He felt

vulnerable, and he was pissed about Celeste, and there was no way this was going to go the way we wanted it to.

“You hurt your mom, showing up.”

“No, Daddy, you hurt her by telling her she has to turn her back on her two oldest children,” Tempe told him. “I’m glad you’re alive, because I love you with everything I have inside me even though I’m so mad at you I could spit.”

Celeste was *such* an innocent, and Tempe was pissed at our father on her behalf. Tempe found out the future fiancé had felt our baby sister up a little over the top of her clothes, but hadn’t touched her skin to skin, and my nineteen-year-old baby sister had never even been fingered — and was horrified that Tempe even asked.

“We’ve found our own way in this world,” Tempe told him. “It isn’t your way, but you’re smart enough to know people can live other than you and not be evil. You know kids have to make their own way, find our own path, and you should feel good enough about the way you raised us to know we’ll live by the morals you gave us. Maybe not every rule, but my morals are sound, Daddy. When I found out I made money because an elderly couple got ripped off, I gave them everything I made, and later, I gave them what I made from another job. And okay, let’s be honest and agree you aren’t going to approve of my lifestyle, but if you can look past that, you’ll see I’m still the daughter you instilled with a sense of right and wrong.”

“I’m proud of Tempe, Dad,” I told him. “I was worried for a while, because yeah, she went as far from our homestead as she could manage while she figured out who she is, but she’s got a solid head on her shoulders, and she’s found a life that makes her happy. Did you know, the woman I’m dating went from being a trust-fund baby to living on the land without even electricity? She’s lived that way for years, and I’m so in love with her, I can’t see straight. Kind of funny, how life comes back at us, isn’t it?”

He shook his head. “I can’t approve of either of you. I can’t have the two of you around your sisters. One visit with Celeste, and she isn’t going to get married.”

“You never should’ve set that up,” I told him. “It was wrong to put her with him, and you have to know it. I won’t apologize for giving her a place to stay so she isn’t forced to marry an old man she doesn’t love.”

He sighed. “I’ll pray about it. I’ll ask the Lord whether I should let the two of you come for dinner, come for holidays. I don’t need your sin infiltrating our family, but your sisters are grown, and you’re right that I have to trust the way I’ve reared all of you.” He looked at Tempe. “You’re too skinny, but you look good.” He looked to me. “You’ve made a name for yourself as a mechanic. I can be proud of that, even if I can’t truck with the people you associate with.”

“They became my brothers because I needed family.” That wasn’t the whole truth, but it wasn’t a lie and it wasn’t dishonest, and dad could *never* know I was a werewolf. He’d probably do his best to kill me, if he knew, because there was no way he wouldn’t see that as being taken over by evil.

“I’ll pray on it, but I’m going to ask you not to return to the hospital. If the Lord tells me I should allow my prodigal children to return to the fold, we’ll invite you to dinner once I’m home and on the mend.”

Once we were back in the car, Celeste burst into tears. “Daddy is so mad at me. He told me I ruined *everything!*”

I needed to know more details, and I was probably only going to get them from Paul, so I asked Celeste to text me his phone number, and then I told her our conversation with Dad.

“If he truly prays on it, and actually listens for an answer, that might be promising,” Celeste said.

That was pretty much my take on it, but Tempe said, “He was different. Maybe almost dying might make him realize life’s too short for grudges? I don’t know, maybe not, but I think there’s a chance we might eventually get that invite to

dinner. I mean, I'm not going to get my hopes up too much, and I'm certainly not going to hold my breath, but I never thought it was possible before — but he actually talked to us like we're adult human beings, and not ungrateful disobedient children. That was new."

She was right. It was absolutely different, and it also gave me a little hope.

"You'll always have us," I told Celeste.

Chapter Nineteen

Wrench

I invited Paul to lunch at a restaurant right beside his office, which told him I knew where he works and was a subtle, unspoken threat. I showed up in dress pants, dress shirt, and a tie, so I wouldn't look out of place.

As soon as we were seated, I started with the basic fact we were going to have to come to terms with. "Celeste doesn't want to marry you."

"She was given to me."

"She's her own person. Our father doesn't own her. She isn't his to gift."

"You don't understand, son."

His demeanor was that of a businessman, though his voice sounded too much like a preacher's. It hit both me and the wolf wrong, but I kept my cool. "First, I'm not your son, and second, I was raised in the life and I very much understand." I sat back. "Third, how much research have you done on me?"

"What's there to research? You may be a renowned mechanic, but you're still a mechanic, dressing up and pretending to be something you aren't. Money is power, and you don't have enough of either to worry me. Celeste is *mine* and there's nothing you can do about that. This is a temporary setback, but the wedding *will* happen, boy."

“Did you bother to find out which shop I work at?”

He shook his head, and I pulled a business card out and slid it across the table.

He looked at it about fifteen seconds before he lifted his head and met my gaze.

“You’re a patched member?”

“I am, and I can see you understand what that means.”

“We’ll see what her father has to say about things once he comes around enough to talk, but he owes me, and this was supposed to be payment.”

He hadn’t asked about my dad, and I assumed he didn’t know I’d visited with him — and I wasn’t about to enlighten him.

“What did you do for my father that makes him owe you a daughter?”

He shook his head, and I leaned forward. “You *will* tell me. Whether that involves pain or not is entirely up to you.”

I smelled his fear, a visceral dread of what might happen, but he kept his business face and gave me an insouciant façade. “I intervened in a land grab — people trying to get the land the homestead is on. It cost me forty grand in commissions when I killed the deal, and probably another hundred grand in commissions on deals I’ve missed out on since, because of the people I pissed off doing it. The new business park going in at the next exit? Your folks’ homestead was going to be part of it, but since they couldn’t force your dad to sell because of the way I intervened and killed the deal, they had to start buying up land elsewhere.”

I sat back and considered the problem and a few possible solutions. “I could send a nice little slave girl who’ll possibly stay with you as long as you spank her and fuck her and buy her baubles, but it isn’t a promise she’s yours, and if she doesn’t like you, it won’t ever get off the ground. I’ll send her for the weekend, Friday evening through Sunday afternoon,

and she'd better be unharmed when I pick her up, or everything done to her will be done to you. Floggers, paddles, and belts are fine if used sensibly, but no canes and no whips on that first weekend — she'll tell you her hard limits when she arrives, and you'll abide by them. If she chooses to return to you, she'll negotiate the terms, and someone besides me *will* be checking in with her to make sure it's consensual."

He shook his head. "I was going to get a virginal girl who'd do everything I said, and who would increase my standing as church deacon."

"That's no longer on the table. You can try your luck with a mostly-obedient slave girl who's heavenly in other ways, and, I might add, well-trained in every fucking hole so she milks your damned cock like you wouldn't believe, or I can offer you ten grand in cash, but you'll sign something saying my father doesn't owe you anything from this date forward, if you accept the cash."

Odds were, he'd grossly inflated the dollar amounts he'd lost, so I figured the ten grand offer was worth a shot.

"I'll try the slave girl, but if she doesn't work out, your father still owes me."

"But he won't owe you a daughter. A car or a tractor, maybe, or monthly payments to remunerate you for your losses. If you let the slave girl into your house, you agree my sister isn't yours and never will be."

He nodded. "Yeah. Okay. This weekend? Or do you need longer to set her up?"

"I'll text you which Friday I'll bring her, once I get it set up, and you'll confirm our deal to my father, and let him know I made it happen."

"Trying to get back in dear old dad's good graces?"

"Trying to make sure my mother is taken care of. Dad will make up his own mind. Nothing's going to change that."

Though, if I was honest, I kind of hoped it might lean Dad more towards accepting me back. God, our parents can really fuck us up. If I ever became a dad, I would do my best to accept whatever choices my children make as adults, whether I approve or not.

I left the table even though I'd barely touched my meal, and drove to the clubhouse so I'd have privacy for the phone call I needed to make. I really did know a well-trained slave girl in the market for a Master who'd also be a sugar-daddy, and I called her from my room at the clubhouse to tell her I'd found someone I thought she should meet.

And I was honest as fuck with her, and told her the entire, sordid tale.

“What does he look like?”

I had a few pictures of him I'd found online, and I texted them to her.

“Wow, he doesn't look so bad, *and* he's rich?”

“Yes, and he's a deacon in a fundamentalist church, so he gives a lot of his money to the church and still lives in what I think would be termed an estate, rather than a mere mansion. He also has a really nice boat, and drives an Audi.”

“Fundamentalist? Really?”

Her voice didn't sound as happy, but I had a fix for that. “Yes. God has given men domain over women. That work for you?”

She was quiet a few seconds, and I got the feeling she was playing with her clit. “Yeah, that can work.”

“You jilling off to it, little slave girl?”

“I don't have a Master to tell me not to right now, so fuck yeah.”

“So should I tell him I'll bring you to him this Friday night?”

“Yeah, that works for me. What time will you pick me up?”

“How about six? And I’ll retrieve you at one o’clock Sunday afternoon, whether you want to leave or not. If you decide you like him and want to go back, you can get in your car and do that, but I’ll get you out of there, so it’s your choice of whether to return.”

“Yeah, that works for me. Thanks, Wrench.”

I changed into work clothes and threw myself into an engine rebuild for a few hours before I changed back into my dress clothes and went home.

I needed to *change* into the wolf for half a day, but without Tori knowing about that part of me, I didn’t see a way to easily make it happen.

Chapter Twenty

Tori

Celeste spent the afternoon at my house with me while Daddy went to talk to Paul. My electricity was on, but the air conditioning wouldn't turn on, and I had to wait for the HVAC guy to come look at it.

“I would *love* to find a little place like this, so I can live off the land.” Celeste told me while she sat in the backyard with my ducks. “I mean, I'd want electricity and stuff, but something I could afford on what I make, and the ability to grow what I want and put it away. I'm used to chickens, so I'll probably go that route, but the land to kill my own meat, and a small house I can manage upkeep on? This would be *perfect*.”

“Really? You grew up living like this, and you want to keep doing it?”

“Yes. God is in the little things. I'm happier away from the sin of civilization.”

I knew how much she was hoping to pay in rent, and I'd be more than happy to let her rent this place for that if I knew it meant she'd keep up the gardens I'd worked so hard to establish.

“I'm considering selling or renting this place, if I agree to move in with Wrench. I'd be thrilled to have you living here, and the rent you were looking to pay seems reasonable, so long as you take care of the land and house, and don't trash it,

but I can't see you doing that. If I move, the ducks will come with me, but you'll be free to use the coop for chickens."

"Really? Oh, wow! That would be awesome!"

She was *so* young, and in more ways than just years. It would be good to have her next door and close, so we could keep an eye on her, but also good to get her out from under the roof of four uber-kinky people with kink toys strewn all over the damned place. Khan told her the giant birdcage in the atrium was from the previous owners, who must've had parrots, and she'd completely believed him. Tempe had run around and picked up everything in the main part of the house that pointed to sex, but I told her later it was possible her sister wouldn't recognize a dildo or a butt plug as something sexual.

"Oh, we had anatomy lessons, so we all knew what a penis looks like when soft and erect, and we all knew what was expected of wives, and how we'd go to hell if we did any of those things without god binding us together in marriage first. How do you know what's a sin if you aren't told about it, right?"

"So, no dildos around your sister. Got it."

She'd laughed, but it was good to know Celeste at least understood what was involved in sex, because the girl was so freaking innocent, it was scary to think of her out in the big bad world without a protector.

I'd set my email to text me when I got an email back from any of the DNA companies, so of course, it was on this day, when Daddy wasn't available and I was with Celeste and had to be a grown up, that the first email came in.

I opened the email on my phone, but it told me I had to log onto the site to download my report, so I told Celeste. "I need to pull something up on my laptop. Are you okay hanging out with the ducks while I go inside a minute?"

"Sure."

The report showed a half-sibling and a couple of cousins. Before I thought about it too hard, I put in the request for it to

tell me who my half-sibling is, and it came up right away with a first name, Blaze, and a button to contact him, which meant he'd noted that anyone related to him could contact him.

I wrote a note I'd composed in my head a thousand times. *Hello, I hope this doesn't come as a bad shock to you, but my mother contracted with a man to provide sperm so she could be artificially inseminated, with the clear understanding he'd have no part in his daughter's life. I'm in my mid-twenties now, and have the ability to pay the fines their contract specified, should he have contact with me. I would very much like to meet the other half of my biological family, and that includes you, even if my biological father isn't interested.*

I left my first name, my phone number, and my email address in the note, and then stared at the screen. How long would it be before I heard back from him? Would I *ever* hear back from him?

After about five minutes, I turned my laptop off, put my phone back in my pocket, and went outside. It was possible this would turn his life upside down, and it might take him time to get used to the idea of having a sister he'd never known about.

Well, *half*-sister.

“Let's walk down to the creek,” I told Celeste. “Your brother brought me a big tire, so I have a tire swing down there now. I'm not up for a swim right now, but if you're considering renting the place, you should see the high points.”

* * * *

Wrench

I didn't see my sister and my babygirl when I arrived at her place, but my nose led me to the creek, where both women sat on a boulder overlooking the water, and both looked perfectly at home. I grabbed my phone and took a picture before they saw me, because it looked like such a peaceful scene.

I deliberately made some noise when I started walking again, so I wouldn't scare them by speaking once I was close, and they both turned to look at me, and both of their faces lit with a smile.

It's good to be loved, and my heart warmed that these two seemed to be getting along so well.

"Everything go okay?" Tori asked.

"He no longer sees my sister as his property, and I didn't beat the ever-living fuck out of him, so yeah, I guess it did."

"There's no cause for violence, so I'm glad you didn't go there," Celeste said.

"I always give conversation a chance before I resort to my fists, baby sister. Have ya'll had a nice day?"

"I have news," Tori said, "but we can talk about it later."

I wanted to drag her off the rock and interrogate her, but if she didn't want to talk about it around Celeste, I shouldn't make a big deal about it.

"It's a date." I looked to my sister. "What did you think of the ducks?"

"OMG, they are soooo adorable! And they know their names! And she can even get Chuckles to spin in a circle! And the way she protects them from predators is genius."

Khan and Tori had told me about their conversation separately, so I heard it twice, and I was surprised Khan had offered to let her bring her ducks over, but with our wolves roaming the backyard, and with the high walls, they'd be a lot safer at our place. She'd still have to put up the low fencing to keep their range small enough she could find their eggs, and to keep them out of the pool and off the outdoor furniture, but that wouldn't be a big deal. I wasn't sure she could get rid of the run, though, because of the threat from predatory birds. She'd need to build a new coop — would we want a few more ducks, so we could provide eggs for four people? Five ducks provided more than enough for two people, but the smaller

ducks laid a lot more than the bigger ones, so we might only need three more of them. Hmmm, I'd have to do the math, or it's possible another breed might be better.

Assuming she moved in with us and brought her ducks, of course.

But if she moved in, I was going to have to reconsider whether I told her we were werewolves. Well, that I'm a werewolf, but I knew Khan would tell her he was as well, once she legally knew The Secret.

There'd be no way for us to *change* and hang out in the backyard in our wolf forms together between full-moon runs if she was living with us. Khan and I had done so a few times at night after Tempe had moved in, but we'd stayed in the woods, out of sight from the house, and only after she was asleep in her room, which we'd purposely put at the front of the house rather than the back. We did so around once a week now, on a night Tori stayed home, and Tempe even pulled a sleeping bag out into the yard to sleep with Khan in wolf form on occasion, now that she knew about us. Based on their scent at breakfast a couple of times, I was pretty sure he *changed* to wolf in their bedroom occasionally, too.

But I would no longer be able to *change* on random nights under the stars in wolf form if Tori lived with us. She almost always awakens when I get out of bed, when she's sleeping with me.

Nothing had been decided yet, though, and my babygirl was climbing down the boulder to come to me. I stepped closer, so I could lunge and catch her if she fell.

"I'm good hanging out here if ya'll need to go somewhere and talk," Celeste said from atop the boulder.

"Tempe made a brisket, a huge squash casserole, a bacon-and-broccoli concoction, twice-baked potatoes, virgin strawberry daiquiri for you and the normal kind for her and Tori, and a cake she's calling death by chocolate. She says dinner is at five, because Khan has to be at work by seven," I

told Celeste. “I’m going to take Tori to the mansion and fuck her brains out. I assume you can find your way back before five?”

Celeste nodded, and Tori said, “I need to put the ducks in their run first.”

I heard the unsaid *Daddy* at the end of her sentence, and I wondered, again, if we shouldn’t just tell Celeste we had funny nicknames for each other — Daddy and Baby Girl.

But Tempe and Tori had both nixed the idea as soon as I’d suggested it, and I figured they probably understood my baby sister better than I did, so I was taking their opinions under advisement for the time being.

Tori called the ducks to the run, fed them each a mealworm as they arrived, and had to chase Marigold down and herd her into the run.

The third time I’d come, I’d arrived with a gallon-size bag of two dozen feeder goldfish, and I’d sat in the grass and fed the fish to the ducks. They knew I was a wolf and were scared of me, and I needed Tori to trust me, and that had meant making her ducks trust me.

But this also meant I didn’t help Tori herd them, because it wouldn’t take much for them to be afraid of the wolf all over again. So I stood in place where I knew Marigold would want to run, to help aim her towards the run without actually chasing her.

“You need a different high-value treat for Marigold, it seems.”

“Yeah well, I don’t happen to have goldfish handy, and you completely spoil them with those.”

“Guilty as charged.” I brought them every couple of weeks, just to make sure I kept reinforcing the fact this human-shaped wolf was friend, not foe.

“I’ve bought them to go in their kiddie pool a few times,” she told me. “And they get soooo excited that they get to chase

the fishies down and eat them.”

She often put the kiddie pool close enough to her garden she could just dump the water around her plants at the end of the day, and so when she sprayed the pool out to clean it, the poopy water drained over the garden as well. Extra fertilizer along with the water. My girl used her brains.

“Gran had a parrot when I was little,” she told me. “I never met my grandfather — he died before I was born — but Winkie originally belonged to his parents, and when they died, he went to my grandparents, so my Gran eventually ended up with him. I was around seven or eight when he died, but the point is, I’ve been around birds, but Winkie was soooo smart, and my ducks are absolutely not. I can condition them, but I don’t think they have the ability to use logic at all.”

“Winkie?”

“Periwinkle, but apparently *Gran* was my first word, though it was more like *Ban*, and *Winkie* was my second word, though it was of course also mangled, but I pointed and said it, so there was no doubt that was what I was saying.”

“And *Mama*?”

“She says she was always working, but Gran was CEO at the time, and Mom was head of Marketing, but Gran was around enough I said her name first. I had a nanny, or what Gran called a governess. Her name was Celia, but I called her Cee-Cee.” She sighed. “Mom wanted a baby enough to go to the trouble of being artificially inseminated, so I know I was wanted, but I’m not sure what happened along the way. Was I more work than she anticipated? Or is she just not capable of giving of herself? I mean, I know she’s a narcissist, and I know that as the child of a narcissist, I was pretty fucked up as well, but I think Gran and Cee-Cee helped mitigate that, and then this place,” she looked around at her ducks, her garden, and her backyard. “The past couple of years here have hopefully fixed me, so I’m not that damaged little girl looking for love anymore.”

“Did the DNA results come back?” It was a stab in the dark, but based on her mood and what she was talking about, it seemed a good guess.

“Yes, with several relatives, and a half-sibling had set it so anyone related to him can message him. His first name is Blaze, but that’s all it gave me. I sent him a quick message, but I haven’t heard back.” She tilted her head. “Wait, it will only text me if it goes through the DNA company, and I gave him my email address. If he emails me, it won’t text me.”

She was pulling her phone out of her pocket as she talked, and she thumbed it on and opened her mail.

“He responded!”

She read out loud. “Hello, Tori. My full name is Blakesly Benedict Bautista, but I go by Blaze, obviously. The *Bautista* is from old-world Spain, though my great-grandparents moved here from France, and I grew up speaking both English and French. I’m about to turn nineteen years old, and I’ve known for a couple of years that I have a half-sister out there who is semi-famous, but Dad wouldn’t tell us more than that. He explained the contract he signed, and I’m beyond excited you’ve contacted us. There’s nothing to stipulate you and I can’t meet, right? I have a brother and a sister, both younger than me, which means mom or dad would have to give the okay for you to get their contact information, but I can introduce you to them, though we should probably start with just you and me? I’m sorry, I’m rambling, but I’m so happy you’ve found me, and I want to tell you everything all at once.”

Tori looked up. “He gave me his phone number, and he wants me to call him.”

“Then you should probably do that.”

She looked in the general direction of the creek and back to me. “Let’s go to the mansion and do it behind closed doors?”

Chapter Twenty-One

Tori

I was about to talk to my brother. I have a sister and two brothers, and the thought both thrilled and terrified me.

And my father had kept up with me! He'd clearly followed me on social media, if he knew to tell his kids they had a semi-famous half-sister.

I'd expected to be a dirty little secret, but he'd been as upfront and honest with his family as he was able, without it costing an assload of money.

I sat on the sofa Wrench had bought for his room after we started seeing each other, punched the number in, and hit send.

I found out my brother had recently graduated from a mid-tier private high school — not the best in the Birmingham metro area, but certainly nothing to sneeze at. He'd be attending Georgia Tech in the fall, which was also nothing to sneeze at.

My father owned a car dealership where he sold both Toyota and Lexus, and his wife, Blaze's mother, was a lawyer who specialized in corporate law and intellectual property rights. They'd been married twenty-two years, which meant they'd probably met after my father had accepted however much money my mother had offered for his sperm.

“Do you know how much your dad... our father, was paid?”

“A hundred grand, which back then was probably the equivalent of, what, a half-million in today’s dollars?”

“Probably, and the million-dollar threat was a bigger deal as well, back then. I haven’t touched my trust fund in years, but I’m serious about using it to pay the fine, if he’s willing to get to know me.”

“Wait. Tori? You’re Tori *Morgan*!? Wow, you are... oh, *fuck*. That’s just wrong. I’m gonna need therapy for this one. You aren’t supposed to have *those thoughts* about your sister!”

I laughed. “Yeah, I’m that Tori, and I’m flattered. Do you have a family pic you can send me? Or am I going to have to stalk your social media?”

“Mom posts every-damned-thing on Facebook. She’s listed as Bernadette Bautista, though she goes by Bernie.”

Daddy had been looking at things on his tablet, and he switched to Facebook and looked her up.

And right there on her header image was the five of them, looking like the perfect family.

And my mother had robbed me of them.

But now wasn’t the time for tears, so I swallowed them, and told Blaze. “Ya’ll are a beautiful family, and you and I look a little like twins. *Fuck*. How did you not guess it was me when your dad said you had a semi-famous sister?”

“I mean, in retrospect, you’re probably right. We were thinking Hollywood, though, and singers. For a while, there was a country music singer Beck was *sure* was you, and he had us convinced, but then she went to an awards thing with her dad, and that blew our hopes out of the water. Wow, I’m rambling again.”

“Does everyone’s name start with a B?”

He laughed. “Yes, and it’s fucking annoying. Sorry, does my cussing bother you?”

“Fuck no.”

He laughed again, and I wanted to bottle that laugh. My *brother's* laugh.

“Okay, so Dad is Bramwell but he goes by Bram. Mom’s Bernadette but she goes by Bernie, and she uses her maiden name to work under and her married name for everything else, and there are no pictures of her online under her work name so people don’t know she’s a woman until she walks in the door, and you already know I’m Blaze. Beck comes next, Beckham, then Bellissima who is Belle, and is our baby sister who is spoiled but she’s sweet about it and not a brat, thank the gods. Beck likes the B theme, and he’s already claimed the name Bolton, so he can call his child Bolt. I’m going to go completely random so my kids can use their initials and have it *mean* something.”

“Which Toyota place?” I couldn’t recall a *Bram Bautista Toyota*.

A chuckle this time. “Well, I mean, Birmingham starts with a B, doesn’t it?”

Ah, so *Birmingham Toyota and Lexus*. “Are you busy tomorrow afternoon? Can I meet you for dinner?”

“You just went active again, chickadee, and everyone’s going to be taking pictures of you if you sit down to eat somewhere.”

I looked at Wrench and told Blaze. “How about the Rolling Thunder restaurant? The bikers will make sure no one bothers us.”

“You know the bikers? That’s cool. Dad has a 1992 Bugatti EB110 SS he bought about ten years ago for a steal, and he takes it to them for service instead of letting his own people work on it, so he clearly holds them in high regard.”

“Does six o’clock work okay?” Velvet worked days and rarely worked evenings, and I was hoping not to have to face her.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Wrench

I sat at a table with Frost and Squatch, and we kept an eye out for idiots taking pictures, but no one did.

Blaze played baseball in high school and enjoyed it, but didn't intend to play collegiate sports. His younger brother Beck, however, already had college scouts looking at him for a baseball scholarship, and he was about to be a junior. Their youngest sister, Belle, heading into her freshman year, was ranked nationally for gymnastics, and she was aiming her sights on the next Olympics.

Tori heard about her father's parents, her father, her siblings, and everything she could've possibly wanted to know.

When she pushed, wanting to set a time to meet her father, Blaze told her, "The thing with the penalty-fine is that we have money, right? We aren't poor, but coming up with a liquid million wouldn't be possible. I mean, there's the retirement stuff he can't touch until he's a certain age, right? And we live in a nice house, but it's our *house*, and everything else is tied up in inventory and business shit. Dad wants to meet you, but you have to understand how big of a risk it is. He didn't say he wouldn't, when I talked to him, just that he and mom would have to talk about it and come to a decision together."

Right, because dear old dad had no guarantee she'd actually pay it. I got it, and it was clear Tori did, too, because

she told him, “Okay then. So long as I know he wants to meet me, I can work with that. Between you and me? I’ll just go live on social media and explain I have a dad I’ve never met, and I’ve finally found him, but my mom put a stipulation in so if he ever contacts me, he’ll owe her a million dollars, and then I show myself going into the dealership, and say if she pushes the issue even though I contacted him and not the other way around, that I’ll pay the fucking fine to her, or I’ll give it to him to pay her with, if that’s what it takes to manage it legally.”

He sat back and looked at her a few moments, and finally said, “He hates publicity. It’s why he isn’t hawking cars on the ads like some franchise owners, and our name isn’t on the dealership. So yeah, that could work, but maybe don’t show the dealership, or identify him?”

“Your mom’s a lawyer. See if she has an idea of how I can cover our asses by hitting social media first, but in a way your dad will be comfortable with — and that also puts me on the hook for the money, since I’m clearly contacting him and he has no choice in the matter.”

“Your mother had no idea it would be so easy to find relatives, eventually,” Blaze noted.

“Right. I was never supposed to find him. I’m actually surprised she used someone local. I expected to have to travel overseas to find my father, and for there to be a language barrier, so it’d be impossible for us to connect.” She shrugged. “His mother won Olympic gold, his father played professional baseball, he played college ball and was expected to go pro, *and* he has a genius IQ, though, so I can see why she chose him.”

“He messed up his shoulder playing ball, and surgery fixed it enough it doesn’t bother him, but the surgeon told him if he didn’t take a full year off, he’d just tear it up again. He only took a few months off and then played his senior year in college, but decided not to go pro because he’d aggravated it, and he knew it was only a matter of time before it was fucked

again. Also, with the money from your mom, he had enough to buy in for a Toyota dealership when the opportunity arose, and he went that route rather than heading into grad school for engineering research, as he'd originally planned after college."

A waitress came to ask about dessert. Blaze ordered the banana pudding, and Tori ordered warm apple pie with vanilla ice cream.

"You haven't told me about your life," he said. "I mean, I feel as if I know you a little, from following you on social media," his face went bright red and he shook his head. "Fuck, I can't believe you're my sister after I..."

His face went even redder, and Tori reached across and touched his hand. "You didn't know. It isn't important. All in the past." She told him where she went to school and college, and a good bit about her grandmother, but not much about her mother.

"And the past couple of years?"

"Oh, I bought a boring little house on a whole bunch of acres, and it has a creek on it I can swim in. There was no electricity until recently, so I lived without it, and it was *fine*. I mean, I have a solar setup with enough juice for a refrigerator and freezer, and to keep my phone and laptop charged, and run some fans, but not much else. I've killed my meat, grown my own veggies, canned my harvest as it came in so I had food to eat in the winter, and, as my boyfriend says, I kind of went all Henry Thoreau at Walden Pond. I did some work for a home builder for the cash to pay my gas and water bills, and to buy salt and flour from the grocery store, and I haven't touched my trust fund or any other income from *before* since I decided not to."

The waitress brought their desserts, both sampled their own and each other's, decided both were excellent, and Tori finally continued. "I've become a different person, but it's time to join society again. I'll be posting about homesteading stuff on social media now, instead of fashion and makeup and the latest trends and other random shallow shit."

“You mentioned a boyfriend — is it serious? I’m not dating anyone right now, and Beck just broke up with a girl he dated for three months, and you’d think it’s the end of the world, but he’ll bounce back, I hope.”

“Yeah, it’s serious. I’m debating whether to move in with him, which he’s invited me to do, or whether to move him into my house, which he’s also offered to do, but I think maybe I’m done with my house. I think it’s taught me what I needed to know, and I need to go elsewhere for my next lessons.”

“So, some of the other dealerships have this little social media war going. All in good fun, kind of like the way Wendy’s and Taco Bell and some of the other food franchises razz each other? Dad just posted a job offer to hire someone to manage our social media accounts. Sounds like that’s right up your alley?”

“Oh, yeah, I’d *love* a job like that. Where do I sign up?”

He gave her a web address, she went to it on her phone, and I went into the office for the Bluetooth keyboard I knew was on the desk. I took it to her, settled it in front of her, and went back to my table.

“Whoa. Is that the boyfriend?”

“He takes care of me. Let’s do this, and then I’ll introduce ya’ll.”

It took the two of them fifteen minutes to agree on everything the application asked for, and as soon as she hit enter, Blaze spoke aloud as he texted his dad, “You need to hire the person who just applied for the social media job.”

I was through eating by this time, so I went back to the table, and Tori scooted across the booth’s seat so I could sit, but Blaze stood so we were face to face, and he offered his hand. I shook it and told him, “Friends call me Wrench. It’s nice to meet you, and I couldn’t have asked for a better sibling for my Tori. Thanks for not being an asswipe.”

Tori laughed, the two of us sat down, and she told Blaze, “I was so worried about what I’d find, when I went looking for

the other half of my genetic makeup, but ya'll are, like, this perfect family.”

“You know we're real people with real problems, too, right? I share a bathroom with Beck and he's the biggest slob *ever*. And Belle decided to dye her hair pink, but she used our shower in case the dye made a mess, and of course it did, so our shower has a fucking pink tint to it, now. Oh, and dad is, like, the king of terrible dad jokes. Why does a cow wear a bell? Her fucking horns don't work. He *tortures* us with them.”

He looked at me. “Wrench? Does that mean you work for the classic car shop?”

“I restore old engines and trannies on antique and classic bikes, so I'm on the other side of the building. I work on some new stuff for people who need them extra tight for racing, too.”

“That's cool. What do you ride?”

I rattled them all off, on the chance he knew bikes, since he was clearly a car guy, and Blaze shook his head. “I recognize three of them, so I know you have a road bike, a classic sportster, and one of the fastest machines Harley makes.”

The fact he knew that much was impressive, and I told him how I came about owning that particular bike. “An idiot trashed the engine on the FXDR, and I gave him a price to rebuild it, a price to put a new one in, and an offer for what I'd pay him to take the bike off his hands. He took the money and signed the title over, which means I got it for a steal, and then rebuilt the engine with more horsepower than it had when it left the factory. One of my brothers raced it a few times and kicked ass with it, and we split the earnings.”

“You interested in selling it?”

“I could be, for the right price.”

“What year is it?”

It was five years old, and I told him the year and the mileage, and the fact the tires were six months old with only a few hundred miles on them.

“Eighteen thousand?”

That was dead on what the bike was worth if it wasn't one of my engines, and I was impressed he knew without having to look it up. “It's one of my rebuilds, and that adds to the value, but you did damned good knowing the general ballpark to offer. I'm impressed.”

He grabbed his phone and I assumed looked me up, and I could tell he'd found the page about me when he looked back up and met my gaze. “I'm guessing twenty-three will be enough to make you sell, but I'm not up to spending that much, so better luck next time on my part. I have an Indian though, and I'd love to ride with ya'll as a guest, if that can be possible.”

“You just looking to ride with us, or for more?”

“Oh, I don't want to join, but I'm a car and bike guy, and I'm hoping to go to work for one of the manufacturers, so I can help create new car models, eventually. Not the exterior, but the engineering that goes into how it runs and how it handles, the entire mechanical package that includes engine, tranny, and suspension. I have several bikes, and the Ducati is my favorite, but the Indian is a nice solid road bike, and to ride with that many motorcycles all at once, working together? I mean, just wow.”

He was a kid with stars in his eyes, but he had the backing to help him reach those stars, and I liked him. “Let's get you and Tori a little more established, and I'll invite you to a party. If my brothers like you, I can work on an invite to our charity run in October. You'll need to work the event with us, but we can work towards that, if you're willing to put in the time to get to know us.”

His phone rang, and he answered it up to his ear, but my wolf could hear the woman on the other end.

“Are you still with her?”

“Yeah, Mom. Can I call you back?”

“From your car. As soon as you leave.”

“Okay.”

He hung up and rolled his eyes. “Mom’s worried about me.”

Mom was going to be a problem — a member of the family who isn’t related to her, but is to everyone else? Oh, she wasn’t happy.

“Can you call her back and tell her I’d like to speak with her, please?” Tori asked.

I didn’t know what Tori was up to, but there was no way to warn her, so I put my arm around her and squeezed her arm a little.

“Sure. Yeah. I can do that.” He thumbed his phone on, touched it a few times, and put it to his ear. “Mom? Yeah. Tori wants to talk to you. I’m going to hand the phone to her.”

“Mrs. Bautista? I realize I’m probably an unwanted figure in your perfect family, and I guess I just want to tell you I get it, and ask you to help me figure out how to let me get to know my father anyway. I proposed going live on social media, explaining why my father hasn’t been able to look for me, but now that I know who he is, I’m going to introduce myself to him, and if my mom pushes the issue, I’ll pay the million-dollar penalty or fine or whatever the legal term is for it. But Blaze seemed to think his father, our father, won’t appreciate the public attention. So, I’m asking you, since he says you’re an attorney, to help me brainstorm how to assure ya’ll I’ll take on the penalty if my mom pushes the issue. I haven’t touched my trust fund in years, but it’s under my complete control, so I can either pay her, or give it to ya’ll so you can pay her — whatever works best legally. I really don’t think she’ll push it though, if I approach him publicly, so there’s no doubt he didn’t break the contract. She never thought I’d be able to find him. This scenario never occurred to her.”

When Tori finally wound down, the woman on the other end said, “Bram has followed you all your life, and he’ll be happy to finally be able to meet you and be part of your life. You’re my children’s half-sister, so that makes you part of my family, too. I do need to protect our family from a potentially crushing financial penalty, so I will consider the best statement for you to make that will cover all of us legally. Thank you for being frank with me. I will try to afford you the same.”

“I applied for a job with the dealership. I’m more than qualified to handle a company’s social media accounts, so I put my application in a few minutes ago. I don’t know if that helps, but if it does, feel free to work with that angle as well.”

“You know, that just might work. If we have someone else hire you, before Bram talks to you or even looks through the applicants...” She paused a few seconds and said, “I assume you had some legal classes at Emory?”

“Two years of contract law, two years of corporate law, a semester of mediation, a catchall semester that included marketing law, intellectual property law, labor laws, some real estate laws, and I forget what else. I have both a BBA and an MBA.”

“I’m aware, and you have to know you’re too qualified for the dealership, but yes, if you’re interested in handling the social media accounts, Bram’s team would be crazy not to snatch you up. We’ll figure this out, Tori. Change is often uncomfortable, but I’m glad you found us.”

“I’m glad I did, too, and Blaze is awesome. He’s lucky to have ya’ll for parents.”

“I hope that doesn’t mean you had a bad childhood, but the phone is not the time to discuss such things. We’ll talk, Tori, but after we’ve met, and you can call me Bernie.”

Well, that went better than I’d hoped. I was still wary about the mother, but I hoped I’d been wrong about her being a problem.

Blaze and Tori made sure they had each other's contact info, and we all walked out together. I noted Blaze was driving the premier Lexus sports car, which wasn't surprising, and he saw five bikes lined up, and asked if one was mine.

"Tori's most comfortable on the Road Glide, and since today's trip was all about her, she got her favorite ride."

"Oh, wow, that is a sweet ride for couples, isn't it? And it's a gorgeous piece of machinery." He offered his hand again, we shook, and he walked to *his* beautiful piece of machinery, slid in, and powered out of the parking lot without hot dogging it, but I could hear the V8 powerhouse of an engine. This car straight from the factory could hold its own with most custom-built racecars.

"I wonder if one of those comes with the job?" Tori mused.

"The six cylinder is more car than you'll ever need of that particular model. You had an SUV before though, right?"

"I had a Maserati Quattroporte before that, so I know all about cars with more horsepower than anyone will ever need. I loved driving cars that are fun to handle, and maybe I'll find something along those lines again, but I'm not looking to jump back into that kind of luxury." She looked at my bike and then back to me. "Thanks for choosing the bike based on what you knew I'd like. I'll admit I was glad when I saw which you'd chosen. I should've told you I appreciated the thought."

I shook my head and handed her helmet to her. "No need to thank me. You want to hang out at the clubhouse a while, since we're close?"

"Yes, I'd like that."

Chapter Twenty-Three

Tori

I didn't see any of the ol'ladies when we walked in, and Daddy pulled me with him to one of the sofas. Bobcat and Dementor were playing a game of pool, and Daddy asked, "What's the wager?"

"No wager," Bobcat said. "Tess needed to visit a client on house arrest, and I'd rather she not be in the same room with him, and because of club/gang politics, I can't go with her. Ember went with her, and we're both worried about our ol'ladies." He sighed. "I know Ember can protect her, but *they* don't know that. Sending someone who looks like a badass has certain advantages."

"She's wearing a Drake uniform with Aaron's blessing," Dementor told him, and it seemed like a reminder, as if he'd said it several times. "Everyone knows that means she's a badass."

"Wait," I said. "*Ember* is a badass?"

"And beyond," Daddy told me with a grin. "Even *I* would think twice before fucking with her."

"How's your dad doing?" Bobcat asked Daddy.

"Tempe's getting regular updates from Modesty, and he's grumpy as fuck about the healing process, but he's coming along. It sounds like people usually go home ten to fourteen days after this surgery, but a home health nurse comes out to

handle, I don't know, *stuff*, every couple of days. Shiloh seems to have grown some balls, because she clued the doctor in on the fact Dad will never allow a nurse onto the homestead, so they're talking about keeping him three weeks, but I'm betting he gets up and gets dressed and leaves as soon as they get the drainage tubes out of his chest."

"Celeste has been talking to Chastity," Daddy told them, "and she was reminded that Dad took grief from some of the people at church about turning his back on his two oldest kids, and she thinks that now with three of us outside the fold, it's possible he might reconsider his stance. He can be pretty sure Shiloh and Purity will stay close enough to the life he can continue to invite them for holidays, but Modesty is already treading close to crossing his lines, and Chastity is in college and plans to get a job and be successful before marriage, so there's no guarantee she'll follow his edicts much longer. How would it look if only two of his seven kids come to Christmas dinner? He's down to only four, now. Nearly half."

"If he accepts the three of you back, I wonder if Modesty will come clean about her girlfriend?" I asked Daddy.

"Tempe wonders the same thing. Modesty says no, but personally, I have to think the girlfriend will want to be invited to holidays, eventually."

"Unless she hasn't come out to her family, so they both go their separate ways for that kind of thing and then meet back at home." I pointed out.

* * * *

Tori

It was the following night before Daddy was able to give me a whole lot of *little* time, and it was exactly what I needed. He'd bought me a huge case of every color of Play-Doh, and he sat in the floor with me and played with me for *two* hours,

with lots of nose-kisses and hugs, and when I was finished, he held me in his lap and cuddled me.

My cervix training had been hell, but he'd given me a break the past couple of days, and tonight, he made love to me without banging into my cervix until the very end, sweet and gentle until I was horny enough the pain was easier to handle, and he gave me three huge orgasms before I crashed and fell asleep.

The next morning, he put the long pointy dildo in me, a small butt plug, a harness to hold everything in place, and bike shorts over the harness. We were back on schedule, and it was right. It hurt me to move in certain ways, but in a weird way, it reminded me my Daddy was taking care of me and making sure we stayed on track, and it comforted me.

He put me on his bike when he left for work, dropped me off at my front door, and gave me a kiss that made me want him *all* day while I worked in my garden, my cunt and ass crammed full of Daddy's training tools.

The harness separated in front and back, so I could use the bathroom without getting it messy, which was good, because he gave me rules about how much I had to drink while I worked, so he could be sure I stayed hydrated, but I also figured it might mean tonight was going to be a diaper night.

* * * *

Wrench

Tempe took Celeste to meet Modesty, so the three could have dinner together, and that freed me up to clean my babygirl out with enemas and give her a diaper night. I took off work the entire next day so I could give her a full twenty-four hours in diapers. The following morning, her little pussy was so sore from being pounded, I decided to leave the long dildo out of her cunt the final ten hours.

She has little playful ways we've agreed she can let me know she wants a fun spanking, no guarantees she'll get one, because I don't operate on command, but I often indulge her wants. Tonight, I didn't right off the bat, so she did so three times — gently pulling my nipple once while she laughed like a little girl, pretending to bite my arm once while also laughing, but then, the last time, she pulled my nipple a little harder, and she didn't laugh.

So I spanked her until she cried, because it felt like she needed that catharsis. It was still a handspanking, and not with the belt, but it wasn't a slow warmup to more intensity. I hit her hard right off the bat, fast and relentless until she was bawling, and then I held her tight.

“If I get to meet him, if I get to be a daughter and have a *real* father, he'll be Dad, but you'll still be my Daddy!”

It came out all at once, and I held her and wondered how I'd missed that. *Fuck*.

“Of course I'll still be your Daddy. Getting to know your dad will be great, but that won't change what we have, Baby Girl. You'll be the adult daughter he could only watch grow from a distance, and I really hope you get to have that with him, but you'll *always* be my Baby Girl.”

“Your babygirl loves you, Daddy.”

Her words floored me. It wasn't exactly, “*I love you,*” but it was as close as she could probably get at this point. She was coming at it from an angle, but that was okay, because weeks earlier, I'd accepted the fact I'd fallen deeply for my little Tori, so without any hesitation, I said, “And Daddy loves his babygirl.” But then I held her cheeks in my hands so she had to look at me, and I said, “I love you, Tori. *All* of you.”

She burst into tears again, and I pulled her back into my embrace. She sobbed in my arms, and I held her until she stopped, and then held her in my lap and gave her a bottle of warm milk and put her to bed, still in a diaper, which meant

she was going to go another night diapered, and nearly forty hours as her littlest self.

A quick fucking for the middle-of-the night change, and a final hard fucking where I slammed into her cervix with no mercy the next morning when I took her diaper off, and then I sent her to the shower. “I need my big girl back. Do you want me to go to the shower with you, or will you be better with some time to reacclimate without me?”

She stood up straight, naked and still *little*, but heading towards posture that would mean she was back in her grown-up mindset. “Thanks for giving me such a long time. I needed it. Some time in the shower by myself would be good. Will you lay out my clothes for me to put on when I get out, though, Daddy?”

I nodded, and she headed off to the shower.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Wrench

The wolf and I had scented a fox too close to the ducks' enclosure for my comfort, so I talked to Khan about the two of us making sure the fox understood the ducks weren't a buffet. Khan ordered Tempe to set up an outing with the ol'ladies, and to take Tori with her, and explained why. We watched our women drive off a little before seven, and we climbed a tree at the back of the property, tied a rope off and slid down it to the ground, stripped, and *changed*.

The wolf needed that night more than I'd realized. With everything going on with my family and Tori's newfound family — it was good to be on four feet, assailed by so many scents and sounds.

A living, breathing part of the forest.

I led Khan near the ducks without getting so close we'd terrify them. I could smell where the fox had pissed, and I peed over the top of it, marking this land with *my* scent. Khan moved farther from the house and did the same, knowing I'd want my scent the closest, but two wolves would make a bigger impact than one.

We tracked the fox for nearly a mile through the woods before the scent went in too many directions to know which was the most recent, and I rubbed my fur on every tree and branch I could.

And then the two of us ran full out. We scented coyotes and heard them in the distance, and made sure we didn't get too close to them. This was their home, and so long as they left the ducks alone, we'd leave them alone.

Khan caught and ate a rabbit, and I feasted on a huge nutria. Our women were going to sleep over at Frost and Shy's place, so we caroused until two in the morning before we dressed, used the rope to scale our way back up the wall, climbed the tree down the other side, and then went inside and cooked up a mess of steaks and fried potatoes, which we ate out by the pool, under the stars, with plenty of beer.

"I needed that," I told Khan. "All the shit with my family, Tori's family. I hadn't realized how much I just needed to be the wolf for a little while."

"Most people who don't know about werewolves until after they're bitten have to get past the whole demonic/satanic/evil nonsense, but you seemed to accept your wolf right off the bat. I mean, you'd been a wolf nearly a year when I first met you, but still, you weren't a fucked up mess, like most people who get bitten without consenting first."

"I was raised with nature. Survival of the fittest. *Don't judge the snake for biting you because that's what snakes do. Don't get angry at the bee for stinging you because that's what bees do.* I was taught early on that coyotes aren't evil, and they form an important part of the ecosystem. Our goal was to dissuade them from coming near our livestock, rather than to kill them for coming close.

"Once I had a wolf inside me, part of me, I understood him from the very beginning. I mean, I couldn't control him, at first, but he wasn't this big evil monster, either. Just a wolf, wanting to do wolf things."

"You're the only bitten wolf I know who can change his facial structure, to go in disguise."

I shrugged. "It just seems easy to me. I can't explain it." Most wolves born to it can't do that, only the strongest. What I

didn't tell him was that the thing most wolves can do — alter the size of their penis — I'd never been able to manage. Who knows why we can do some things and not others?

* * * *

Tori

I finally had the opportunity I'd been looking for — a way to show Velvet I had her back. I'd done so in dozens of small ways, but I needed something big. She was no longer openly hostile, but she wasn't exactly friendly, either.

We went to one of those hotel bars where you can get good food and then just stay and keep drinking. There were a few pool tables, and of all things, a chess set with a board painted onto a table. But it was mostly just us and a few hotel guests who wandered in and back out.

Ember wanted to go to a sports bar, and Tess was all for it, and it looked like we were about to have a big *discussion*, so I said, "I think Velvet had the right idea with this place. It's quiet, so it can be just us, and we don't even have, like, a bodyguard watching over us, and I'm just betting if we tell our men we're headed to a busy spot, that will change."

"It absolutely will," Velvet said. "I'm staying here. We're ten minutes from the clubhouse, and Frost will come get us in the van when we're ready to head to his and Shy's place. If ya'll want to go somewhere else, feel free, but my ass is happy where it is."

"I'm with Velvet," I said.

"Me too," said Tempe.

Ember rolled her eyes, walked to the bar, handed a twenty to the bartender, and the screen changed to show a roller derby match. "It's all good. Make sure you tip the bartender well, so he keeps my girls on the screen."

"Your girls?" I asked.

“I used to be on the team. My life is too crazy now for me to be a reliable team member, but I still love them, and root for them when I can. The bar I wanted to go to will have them on all the televisions, because that’s where they’ll go after the match. It’s okay, though. I’ll see them this weekend, if I don’t get called away for an assignment.”

Later, when I went to the bathroom, Velvet was leaned against the sinks with her arms crossed over her chest when I came out of the stall. “Thanks for the assist, but I have to wonder why you’re being such a brown-nosing little bitch.”

“You seem to know a lot about me, so you know I was the leader of the group of women I ran with, before I went all homesteader Heidi. I don’t need or want that in my life anymore. Doesn’t mean I’ll always toe the line, but shit like tonight? I’ll have your back. Something I really want? I’ll try to talk to you away from the group, so it doesn’t turn into a popularity contest, which I don’t think Ember was trying to do, but that’s what it would’ve come down to.”

“I thought you were a brainless cunt, and figured Wrench would be done with you in a week, two tops. Then my motherfucking ol’ man starts talking about you like you’re just the cutest thing ever, and it was all I could do not to bash his brains in with a damned cast iron skillet.” She sighed. “Turns out, there’s a brain in there, and the whole *cute* thing annoys me, but they aren’t wrong. Not sure about the cunt part just yet.” She uncrossed her arms and put her hands on her hips. “Wrench is happy, and Tempe adores you. Break their hearts and I’ll break your face.”

“Tempe is like the sister I never had, and now I have an *actual* sister, but Tempe is still...” I shrugged. “She accepts *all* of me, and has from the first sentence out of her mouth.”

She nodded. “That’s Tempe. You can’t help but love her.”

“As opposed to me?”

She rolled her eyes. “Everyone else seems to love you. I don’t know why you rub me the wrong way, but you’re trying,

so I will too.”

Chapter Twenty-Five

Tori

Over the following weeks, Wrench started telling me he loved me at the oddest times, but always when I was in *little* mode, so I could get away with saying, “And Daddy’s little girl loves him, too.”

He never said it when I was in big-girl mode, and I appreciated that, because I wasn’t sure it was in me to say those three words back.

It was silly, edging towards ridiculous, but I also realized he would give me time to work through it. How much time? I didn’t know, but every time we had the exchange, I knew the clock was ticking.

I’ve only told one male I loved him, and that was a boyfriend in high school, when I was just playing at being in love.

I’d never said it to any of my Daddies.

Wrench’s father did, indeed, get dressed and walk out of the hospital two days after the drain tube was removed, which was twelve days after his surgery, and apparently a good week before the doctors were ready for him to leave.

And their father gave all the sisters permission to speak to Dom, Tempe, and Celeste on the phone, and Chastity and Purity did so every day. Tempe talked to the others every

couple of days — Shiloh was still distant, but she said the others were genuinely interested in how she was doing.

Which of course meant she had to be selective in what she told them, but she had a lot going on in her life to share. She was working for Mad Dog as his assistant, and she was selling her sculptures and other artwork. She'd joined an artist cooperative in town, and that gave her space in a gallery to sell her work on consignment, and her pieces nearly all sold within days despite the outrageous price tags she put on them.

When she sold a huge wooden carving of a dude with a big dick for nearly five thousand dollars, Khan took me shopping to help him find the perfect dress to buy her for a night out at one of the most expensive restaurants in town, and while he was at it, he had me help him talk to a tailor to order a bespoke suit, and we chose several dress shirts and ties to go with it. The following weekend, he took her out to eat and then to a nice hotel in the city. It was *days* later before she was healed enough for me to have her over for lunch, so I could hear all about how he put needles into the tops of her feet, one of the most painful places it can be done, and she'd had to remain silent lest she bring the police.

He also injected saline into her boobs until they were like big balloons, and then put industrial clamps on her nipples and flogged the fuck out of her breasts.

They had these special shoes that she'd worn when she first became his, which meant the dress I found for her to wear had to work with white heels. She'd worn them on their date and then home the next day, and all day around the house, locked onto her feet so she couldn't take them off.

“Did he do something to the bottoms of your feet?” I finally asked around seven that evening when I came into the kitchen to find her cooking.

“Yeah. Bastinado. It wasn't too bad, so they're barely bruised, but it hurts and it's yummy. He's *so* good to me.”

Masochists.

I didn't shake my head at her, though. This was her thing, and she'd never said anything to denigrate me when I was in my *little-space*.

"I'm so happy ya'll have each other."

"Thanks for the dress, by the way. He told me you helped him pick it out, and that suit! *Fuck*, but he's hot in it."

It's hard to look bad in a suit that costs a little over ten grand, but she was right, Khan looked *exceptionally* good in it.

"I'm glad he trusted me to help. How do you feel about me moving in with ya'll?"

"You have to know I'd love having you here permanently, not just because I like you, but because it means my brother will still be on the other side of the house. This crazy mansion in the sticks has become a *home*, when no place I've lived since the homestead qualified as that."

"I can't tell him I love him. I can tell him his little girl loves him, but saying the correct pronouns? I try, but it won't come out."

"Does the big girl inside you also love him?"

"More than anything."

"Do you think he'll turn you away if he hears it from the woman?"

The question floored me, and I wasn't sure why, but tears filled my eyes and threatened to spill out. "No. He'd never do that."

She stirred everything, turned the heat on an eye down, walked to me, and took both my hands in hers. "You are worthy of love, Tori. Your mother taught you men aren't to be trusted, and a whole lot of them aren't, but my brother is the exception. At least for you, anyway. It's safe to tell him."

I hugged her, she hugged me back, and then she went back to cooking.

I started making plans in my head for how to tell him. A special dinner with candles and wine, and I'd say it while he wasn't touching me. A plan I could follow through on as an adult.

My phone rang and I saw it was the dealership. The sales manager had called the day after I'd put my application in, and he'd explained company policy was to post a job for three weeks before sorting through the applicants and making a decision, and he hoped I was still available in three weeks when it came time to do so.

Blaze and I had been talking every couple of days, and he verified that policy. They made an exception for salespeople and mechanics during their busiest times, when they couldn't survive weeks being shorthanded, but for this, they would give the process the time it deserved. He also told me his mother had decided it was best if I didn't do anything on social media to try to resolve the matter — that she'd talked with the sales manager, and they had a plan.

The sales manager asked me when I could come in for an interview, and we set a time for first thing the following morning.

Which meant I needed to tell Daddy I loved him tonight. Before I possibly met my father face-to-face for the first time.

But I couldn't do it. I tried, but the words just wouldn't come.

The following morning, I had to stop by the bank on the way to the dealership, to get into my safety deposit box, because the sales manager had told me to bring originals of my birth certificate and social security card along with my driver's license.

The interview process was short and sweet. The sales manager put five index cards in front of me, and each had a tweet from another dealership. "Flip through them and tell me the response you'd have our dealership make."

I did so with something pithy and cute, while managing to say something positive or welcoming about our dealership in the process for all but one, and I told him flat out I would leave that one alone.

“Why?”

“Because they went too far, and that means I’d have to do the same in a response.”

“Give me an example of a like response.”

“They’re basically saying all cars besides their brand are made with plastic parts, so I’d have to bring up the fact their manufacturer got caught using parts made with subpar steel, and since people died because of that, and since it cost them no-telling-how much money to recall those cars and change the parts in question out, that isn’t funny.”

He nodded. “Okay. I see your point.” He pushed another notecard towards me with the pay they were offering, and the fact I’d be working from home mostly, but I’d be required to attend a weekly sales meeting on Tuesday mornings at nine o’clock, where I would put forth any tweets or posts I wanted to put out, and I’d be told what needed to be posted in the coming week, and on what days. Otherwise, I’d be on call twenty-four hours a day, and would be expected to program notifications so I’d get a text when any of seventeen different accounts tweeted, so I could discuss possible reactions to those tweets between the sales manager and owner of the company, and that they would have to approve every post and response before it was made.

It wasn’t much money per year, but considering I’d only be working about six to eight hours a week, it was actually damned good pay.

“A twenty percent increase in six months, should all parties be happy with the arrangement.” I told him.

“Fifteen percent.”

I nodded and offered my hand, but he ignored it. “One more thing. You’ll go live on your own social media and talk

about your new job once I leave the room. You'll talk about the sales manager hiring you without naming me, and you'll show as much of the form as you're comfortable showing, which I'm guessing will just be your name and today's date written at the top of the form. Do you understand what I'm instructing you to do?"

I lowered my hand, considered what he was saying, and then offered my hand again. He shook it this time, and pulled the employment forms from a folder on top of his desk. "I'll need to make copies of the three forms of ID I asked you to bring. Please fill these out, and once we complete the hiring process, I'll introduce you around the building."

So that was how they were doing it. The sales manager hired me, and my father didn't know anything about me until we were introduced after it was a done deal — and the proof of that was my live posting in between.

I put my name and the day's date on the paper, and then went live and talked about how excited I was to begin the process of rejoining the world after being a hermit for so long. I texted Daddy when I finished and told him I was silencing my phone so it wouldn't even vibrate until I finished up, and then did exactly that.

When the sales manager returned twenty minutes later and handed my three pieces of ID back to me, I'd only been finished with the paperwork a few minutes.

"Well done," he said. "But we won't speak of why. We'll walk through the sales floor and I'll introduce you to the salespeople who aren't busy, then we'll make a pass through the detailing shop and the maintenance and repair area, and then I'll take you to meet the owner."

I had to smile and shake hands with people for nearly an hour, because we covered the entire Toyota building before walking next door to the Lexus building, and then walked back to the Toyota building and up the steps to what I assumed was my father's office.

It was a huge break room, though, looking down over the sales floor. “Salespeople hang out up here when they aren’t up to bat for the next customer. We rotate them through, so they aren’t all fighting over the ones who drive up in a high-dollar car.” He led me out and down a hall, and into a *huge* fucking office.

And there was my dad, standing and looking down at his domain. He had a good view of the lots of both dealerships from here, at the corner of the second floor, and we looked so much alike, there was no doubt this was my father. I’d known it when I saw a picture of him, but he even stood like I do when I’m nervous.

“Tori. Darling Tori.” I heard the door shut, and realized the sales manager had put me in and left.

“I don’t know what to call you.”

“Dad would be wonderful, but Bram is fine.”

“Maybe I won’t call you anything yet? This seems like a crazy dream I don’t want to wake up from.”

“I should tell you, right off the bat, that I’m sorry for helping create a child I had no intention of helping raise. My only excuse is that I was young and stupid, and it was a lot of money. I didn’t truly understand what I’d done until I held Blaze in my arms for the first time, and realized there was a young, fatherless girl out there somewhere because of my actions and choices. I told my wife what I’d done a few days later, and she looked over the contract and told me what I already knew — that it was iron tight, and unless I could come up with a spare million, the most I could do was keep track of your life from a distance. You seemed to thrive, so I left you alone, but if I’d ever had an inkling your life wasn’t going well, I’d have found a way to come up with the penalty.”

I’d wanted a Daddy my entire life, but I didn’t think telling him I’d had this huge hole in my life where he should’ve been was how we should start our relationship. I couldn’t tell him it was okay, but I could assure him I’d turned out mostly okay.

“I told Blaze he was free to tell you anything we talked about, so I know you’re aware of how the past couple of years of my life have gone. I’m not the vapid, brainless, shallow twit who grew famous on social media.”

“You kept a high GPA at Emory your entire collegiate career. You were never brainless.”

I laughed. “But you won’t argue the shallow part, and I respect you for that. Do you think it would be okay if we hugged?”

He walked to me and pulled me into his arms, and I burst into tears. *Fuck*, I’d been so sure I’d be able to do this like an adult, but the emotions pushed up into my throat and kept going, and there was no stopping them.

“Oh, dearest Tori. I’m so sorry.”

“No,” I sobbed. “Don’t be sorry. Some of the tears are happy tears, and relieved tears, and yeah, some are because I didn’t have you when I was growing up, but that isn’t what today is about. Today is about us finding each other and being happy.” I laughed through my tears. “As soon as I finish crying, anyway.”

I managed to stop crying and dry my face, and he offered me something to drink. “I have soda, beer, gin, and whiskey.”

“Do you have root beer?”

He had A&W, and he put it into a frozen stein. It wasn’t alcoholic beer, but I probably didn’t need that anyway. Also, Daddy said I needed permission to drink alcohol, and he hadn’t given it to me.

And I’d promised I wouldn’t without at least texting him to let him know, even if there wasn’t time to get permission — and never again would I break a promise to him, not because of the punishment, but because of the look my doing so had put on his face. I’d hurt him, and I *never* wanted to do that again.

“I want to buy you things, but I don’t want to step on who you’ve become, either. Blaze got a sports car for graduating high school with a three point six GPA — it was promised if he had a three point five or above. I feel as if I should offer you three cars of your choice — one for high school, one for the BBA, and one for the MBA, but I also don’t want to... “ He shook his head. “Let’s table that until we get to know one another better, shall we? Bernie says I should be prepared for your mother to throw a wrench into the deal, so this might be the only time we get to speak, but the thoughts of that are quite frankly unbearable.”

“I can easily pay the penalty if mom pushes for it. This won’t be our only time together.”

“I don’t want that responsibility to fall to you.”

“I haven’t touched my trust fund in years, so there’s millions of dollars under my control, and more millions due to come to me that mother can’t stop. Gran could, but she won’t, but that doesn’t matter. I can survive without the trust fund.”

He nodded, and I asked him, “When can I meet my other siblings?”

“A conversation about some logistics, first. I want to come out to the world that you are my daughter, but I don’t want to share private information. No one needs to know the circumstances of how you became my daughter.”

“Mom will probably hold that over your head as a threat, if she realizes you want to keep it private.”

He nodded. “Bernie said the same thing. What do you advise?”

“That my mother took advantage of someone young who was in need of money, and the details aren’t important, but that you are my father and we were never allowed to have a relationship, but I’m an adult now, and it feels good to get to know the other half of where my genes come from. I hope to be able to say I’ve been welcomed into your family, but that will have to come later, after it’s happened.”

“Has your mother contacted you since you went live?”

“I silenced all notifications, so I have no idea.”

He smiled. “Can you look?”

“I don’t want her to fuck this up. Can we wait?”

He nodded and walked to his golf tee. “Do you play?”

“I have. Mom said it was important I know how to, since so many deals are made on the golf course. It isn’t my favorite, but I can hold my own.”

He sank the ball, pulled it from the hole, and handed it to me. I dutifully did the same, and he smiled. “Excellent. How about we take my boat out with the entire family? An afternoon on the water. I know you waterski, and I’m assuming you can handle a Sea-Doo?”

“Yes, I can. I’ll need to run home and get a bathing suit, though.”

“We have them in every size on the boat, all one piece, and sturdy enough to get athletic on the water without losing them. We can leave the car you drove here, and I can take you to the marina.”

“It’s Tempe’s car. My truck is an older Toyota, and she said I should drive something that isn’t beat to hell and back when applying for a social media job.”

“Tempe is Wrench’s sister?”

“Yes.”

He tilted his head. “Dominic Abrams isn’t who I’d have chosen for you, but I’m not in a position to approve or disapprove. Still, I feel you’re happy with, as you say, this new version of yourself, after your Walden Pond adventure. Someone who grew up on a homestead seems the ideal partner, as you’ve both likely come to many of the same philosophies.”

Having Blaze tell him things had helped, and I blew out a breath while I considered how to explain where I saw myself.

“I’m in a transition stage now, I think — deciding how much of my old life I let back in, and how much of the things I gave up I need to keep out of my life.”

“You’ll figure it out, I’m sure, but anytime you need an ear, or someone to bounce ideas off of, I’m available.”

“Thanks for that.”

He stepped to his door, opened it, and we walked out together.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Tori

The Bautista family's boat was closer to a yacht than a boat, and bigger than anything I'd realized we had in Birmingham. As promised, there was every size bathing suit, with the tags still on and the little sticky thing still in the crotch, and once I'd chosen a suit, Bernie tipped the strap on my right shoulder up and wrote TOR on the underside with a laundry pen.

"As Blaze is so quick to point out, we can't use initials on our things, so we use the first three letters of our names," she told me. "I'm so glad you're here. The kids are on the way, but we timed it so you could get changed, and you and I would have a few moments, because I don't want you to feel like I think you're disrupting my family. It's true that we aren't biologically related, but I'm truly happy for you to join us."

I pulled my phone out of my purse, pulled up my mother's texts, which I'd finally read on the car ride over, and handed the phone to her.

The first was, **Walk out now. I will pay you ten times what they are offering you if you walk out of the door this minute.**

The next was an order for me not to ignore her, and then there were entreaties for me to come to work for the family business, handling their social media.

“I haven’t responded, nor have I called her back, but you can see the last time we texted was four years ago, and that’s about the last time we spoke, too.”

“The two of you are estranged? That isn’t public knowledge. You have lunch with your grandmother regularly, because those images make it to social media when others see you with her.”

“Mom refused to tell me who my father was, and I told her she’d see me again when she told me who he was and made it possible for him to have a relationship with me, if he so desired. She refused, and we haven’t spoken since. We’ve been in the same room together only during the handful of galas and events Gran has thrown that I’ve attended. Christmas was only ever me, mom, and Gran, and I’ve exchanged gifts with Gran on Christmas Eve, so I missed Christmas day with mom.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, but it will, from a legal standpoint, explain why you haven’t responded to her. How do you want to handle her texts?”

“I’m going to ignore them. Gran hasn’t called or texted, and I’m sure mother has let her know what’s up. Or, maybe she hasn’t. We’re due to have lunch in two days, so I assume it will come up then. I’ll stick to the story of not knowing anything, and will tell her that any conversations I had with my father are private between the two of us, so I don’t have to lie to her.”

“That works.”

When my siblings arrived, Beck seemed shy and a little standoffish, but Belle hugged me and told me now the siblings were even, with two girls and two boys, and she was soooo glad to finally have a sister, and how awesome was it that her sister is Tori Effing Morgan, to which her mother said, “Language, Belle,” and Belle rolled her eyes at me and said, “I didn’t even say the actual word!”

They had two Sea-Doos on the back of the boat with a little crane that put them into the water and pulled them out, and we all took turns riding them once we were away from the marina. The siblings bickered about who got to choose the playlist, where I was going to sit when we ate, and everything else, but it was friendly and fun, and I'd always wanted brothers and sisters.

I tried my hand at it when Belle decided she was done with Blaze's playlist, and I took her side. She smiled as big as I thought she'd ever smiled, and said, "Yeah, maybe we should let our big sister have a say in the music?"

I'd heard her mention two songs by the same group earlier, so I said we should listen to that group, and she threw her arms around me. "My soul sister! I love you already!"

I laughed and hugged her back, and I saw my dad and Bernie look at each other, happy.

And then it hit me.

My dad.

I'd thought of him as my dad.

"Would it be okay if I called your dad mine, too?" I asked all three of my siblings. "I didn't know what to call him earlier, and he said I can call him Bram or Dad, and I think I might like to call him Dad."

"Hell, you can call them Mom and Dad, for all I care," Blaze said. "I'm just so happy to finally have you with us."

"Her mother might not want her to call me Mom," Bernie told Blaze, but then she looked at me and said, "You can call me Bernie or Mom though, whichever you feel more comfortable with. I'm not your mother and won't pretend to be, but we've already established we're family through connections. I'm good with whatever works for you."

Calling her *mom* didn't feel right, but it might later, so I just said, "Thank you for that. I'm a little overwhelmed, and I honestly just had to see if I could join in the sibling bickering

because I've never done that before. It felt a little good to side with Belle though."

"Turncoat," Blaze said. "And after we've grown so close."

"You've had her all to yourself for weeks!" Belle told him, and then looked at me. "We didn't find out who you are until last night in a family meeting, or I'd have DM'd you somewhere."

"And there's a rule," Dad told me. "You don't tag anyone who isn't at least eighteen. We monitor the online activities of our children."

"And the ones who are over eighteen, too," Blaze said, but he didn't sound terribly upset. "They didn't relax my online rules until I graduated high school, and even now, they have restrictions about what they want me posting and saying, but it all makes sense, so I do it."

"What kind of rules?"

"No pictures of the outside of the house in front, only pictures of the dining room in the house, and nowhere else. We have a section of the yard in the back we can do pictures, but the house and pool don't show. No pictures of the boat. No pictures of my car. No discussion about when we won't be home, which means I have to wait until we're back home before I can post trip pictures, or restaurant pics if the whole family is out."

"Wrench has similar rules for me at his house," I told him. "But even at my house, I'm going to be careful to only post the backyard and not the house. I'll show my kitchen, because I'll be canning and cooking, but I've already worked out where to mount my phone, so they won't be able to see how small the space is from that angle."

"Blaze said you've lived without electricity for, like, *years*?" Belle asked, the final word incredulous.

"My stovetop, oven, and hot water heater are gas, and I have running water. I keep the hot water heater turned off in the summer and use an outdoor sun shower, but turn it on in

the winter. I have enough of a solar setup to run a refrigerator and freezer, and to keep my electronics charged. But yeah, I've mostly lived off the land for years. I'm ready to stop being a hermit and rejoin society, but I need to figure out who the new *me* is. I mean, I know exactly who I am in my house, tending to my garden and my ducks, but back out in society? It'll be a shift."

"Ducks! OMG, I saw them on your post, and they are tooooo cute!" Belle exclaimed.

Her dad groaned. "We buy our eggs at the grocery store. We are not getting ducks."

"I tell you what, I'd like to invite all of you over to my home whenever you're all free. I'll cook venison steaks, and we'll have several veggie dishes from my garden to go with it, and I'll scramble some duck eggs, so ya'll can taste them — and you can all see how I've been living. I have actual electricity now, and my air conditioning should be working in a few days when a part comes in, because it didn't just turn right on after not being used for a few years. However, we'll eat outside, so dress accordingly."

"I saw a little of your outdoor area on your post! It looks so dreamy!" Belle said.

"We would love to come," said Bernie, "and we'll bring the wine and dessert."

"I have two tables, and my worktable is bigger than the table I usually eat at, and with Wrench, that'll be seven of us, but with a tablecloth, the worktable easily converts." I realized I was jabbering, and I smiled and took a breath. "I still have tons of apples put up from the fall, so if you'll let me make apple fritters, and maybe you can bring some vanilla ice cream to go with them?"

I'd actually considered buying a few goats so I could have fresh milk, but the ducks are a lot, and I know how destructive goats can be if they aren't properly corralled, so I'd decided not to go that route.

“Can I come early and help you cook?” Belle asked. “That’s a lot of work to feed all of us.”

Bernie looked concerned, so I told Belle, “Thank you so much for offering, and maybe the two of us can spend the day at your house cooking in a few weeks, where your parents can supervise us, until they get to know me better.”

“That sounds like a splendid idea,” Dad said at the same time Belle said, “I’m not a baby who has to be supervised!”

“Of course you aren’t, Belle,” Bernie said. “And after we eat, we’ll all help clean up, so you’ll get to help, but she’s invited us to dinner, and cooks find their own rhythm, so we don’t want to mess that up. We’ll show up when invited, and not invite ourselves earlier.”

Belle looked at me. “Was I rude to ask? I’m sorry.”

“No, you weren’t rude, but I can handle all the cooking. The steaks will go on the grill once you arrive, and it turns out Wrench gets steaks exactly right every single time. It’s like his special superpower or something, so all I’ll have to do is marinate them ahead of time, and put together the veggie dishes, but two of them are casseroles and the other two are stir fries, and all are super simple once you get everything cut up. There really isn’t enough work for two people, but Wrench will probably help me with the cutting anyway, because that’s another of his things.”

We rode the Sea-Doos, we swam, and Belle did flips in every direction off the back of the boat into the water. She must be a powerhouse with her gymnastics, because her leg muscles were something else. I asked if she had something she could quickly get to, so I could see her last meet, and Bernie showed me her floor, balance beam, and uneven bar routines on her tablet. I was right — my little sister was the picture of grace and strength, and I told her as much.

“You should consider,” I told Bernie when Belle wasn’t around, “that the gymnasts chosen for the Olympics — that process has as much to do with all-around popularity amongst

television viewers as it does skill, when it comes to deciding the final team out of the top ten to fifteen gymnasts in the nation. When it's time, I can help put her name out there so a whole lot of the country wants to see her go to the Olympics, and will tune in to watch her, which ups her odds of being chosen. I won't unless you and Dad — and wow, that makes me feel all giddy inside to say — but I won't unless both of you give the okay. The offer is out there, though, and we can brainstorm on the best way for me to talk about her, if you decide to go that route.”

She hugged me, thanked me, and told me, “I'll certainly talk it over with your father, and thank you for respecting our wishes with our minor children like this. It's important we shield them from the world as much as possible, but you are absolutely right about the popularity aspect, and her ability to bring eyeballs and advertising dollars in, so we will talk about it.”

Blaze drove me back to my car afterwards, and I was exhausted but happy. I was more comfortable with him, so I was glad our father — and how weird was it to say that? — had suggested my brother — again, how awesome is that? — drive me.

“God, your family is so awesome,” I told him as he pulled out of the marina.

“They're your family, too, chickie. *Our* family is awesome.” He glanced at me and looked back to the road. “What do you expect your mom to do?”

“Be a complete and total bitch, probably. I'll try to head her off. I was going to wait until our scheduled lunch to talk to Gran, but I've decided to call her in the morning, so I'll at least know what mom's told her. I've texted Wrench a few times to let him know I'm still alive, but I kept my notifications turned off. Mom hasn't texted in a few hours, so I assume she'll attack your dad, or sic her attorneys on him, more likely. I feel certain Bernie can handle them. She's

prepared for it. I'll do what I can on my end, and hopefully I can take the air out of my mother's sails, so she drops it."

"I'm sorry she's being a cunt about this. I'm glad you have your Gran, and now you have us."

Wrench was waiting for me at my car, sitting in Khan's truck with him, and he got out when we neared.

"I was hoping to meet your dad, but I wanted to drive you home and hear about your day," he told me when he pulled me from Blaze's sports car.

"This is a sweet ride," I told Wrench, "and my family is fucking awesome. I have to show you some of Belle's gymnastics, she's a little powerhouse, and she's just as amazing in person. I can't wait for you to meet her." I looked at Blaze. "I'm not sure Beck was sure what to do with me. I mean, it wasn't as if he wasn't welcoming, but he was quiet. I didn't actually talk to him much."

"You'll need to get him one-on-one for that. He doesn't talk much when there's a lot of people. He sits back and takes everything in."

I introduced him to Khan, who said he was going to get back to Tempe, and he left.

"Thanks for bringing her back to her car," Wrench told Blaze. "I'll get her home safely."

I hugged my brother, got into the passenger seat of Tempe's car, and watched Wrench fold himself into the driver's seat.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Wrench

Five minutes into the drive home, I had no idea what my babygirl needed, and that by itself meant something was off.

When in doubt, ask, so that's what I did. "What do you need from me? You're in an odd mood, and I don't know whether to take you for a midnight swim, stick you in front of a coloring book, or fuck you senseless."

"I need to talk to my mother. Face to face. Not over text. I need to tell her she's a horrible bitch for keeping me from the perfect family, and if she had let me get to know my father, she'd still be my mother, and not this fucking stranger I haven't talked to in four goddamned years."

I flinched at the *goddamned*. It was one of the few words that still bothered me, and she saw and apologized.

"Fuck, I'm sorry. I try not to say that around you. Tempe sometimes seems to use it like she needs to prove lightning isn't going to strike when she says it, but I don't think you feel the same."

"It's okay. Tell me where to drive, and I'll take you there, if you want to confront her tonight."

She sighed. "No, not tonight, but thanks for offering. I actually feel better just having told you. Maybe you can let Tori the adult get rip-roaring drunk? Can I text Tempe and see if we can have a margarita party out at the pool, with extra

tequila shots just for the hell of it? Or maybe we can watch something and have a drinking game?” She took a breath. “*Twilight!* You drink every time Bella strokes her hair or bites her lip or stammers, anytime Edward gets all creepy awkward, every time a vampire uses their powers, and you chug when Edward sparkles!”

I shook my head. I’d never seen the movie, and I doubted Khan had either, but it sounded like we were about to.

“Okay, Baby Girl. It sounds like a plan, but margarita drinks, not tequila shots, because I imagine that’s dozens and dozens of drinks.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

* * * *

Tori

I woke up with a terrible hangover the next day, but I was in Daddy’s bed, and he’d left me a note that I had something in the refrigerator to eat, and aspirins were on the counter, to take with my breakfast.

I found cream cheese in the fridge, and the bagels to put it on. I’d told him this was my hangover cure, and he’d remembered.

I toasted the bagels, made coffee, and sat out on the screened-in porch with my breakfast, considering what I should do while I slowly felt like a human, with the addition of aspirin, carbs, fat, and caffeine to my system.

I called Gran first, and told her all about my new job, and then told her, “It turns out, my new boss is my father. I don’t want to go into the conversation that verified it for me, but after I figured it out, I got to meet his wife and my siblings. I’m not an only child anymore, Gran! I have two brothers and a sister, and my baby sister is on the road to the Olympics! Oh, man, you have to see her flip and spin and twirl! She’s

magnificent! And she's just this genuinely friendly person, when you talk to her. Not a bitch or a mean-girl at all. Nothing like me at that age."

"Your mother would never tell me who your father is, so I look forward to seeing pictures of him and your siblings, and I'm happy for you, granddaughter of mine. You've had this huge hole in your life for so long, not knowing half of where you came from."

"I have, Gran. Do you think you can help me with Mother?"

She sighed. "I don't know, but I'll do what I can. It might help if you forgave her and allowed her back in your life."

I shook my head without even thinking about it. Gran couldn't see, so I told her, "She robbed me of the perfect dad, Gran. If anything, I'm even *more* angry with her now than I was before."

"Then own your anger, Tori, but deal with it, so it doesn't eat you up inside."

She was right. My anger hurt me worse than it hurt Mom. She's a narcissist, so she only cared what others thought, and not... *Fuck*, that was the answer. I'd have to talk to Bernie and dad, but threatening to go public with what she'd done would be a surefire way to get mom to back off. Publicly humiliating her, so the world knew her daughter hadn't spoken to her in years, and was now happily getting to know the father her mother had kept her from, would horrify her.

Mom can be dangerous when cornered, so I'd have to be careful how I made the threat, though.

"I love you, Gran. Thank you for always being there for me."

"I love you, too. More than you can possibly know. Are we still on for high tea tomorrow?"

"Yes, and I'm looking forward to it."

* * * *

Wrench

Why does everything happen at once?

It took four days for Tori's mom to get her attorneys in gear, and for them to slap a lawsuit on Bram, and then Tori went online, talking about how she was estranged from her mom without saying why, and then talking about the fact she'd finally found her father, and that the situation was private, but she was thrilled to find out she's no longer an only child, and that she has kick-ass siblings.

We had her family over to her house for dinner, and the entire evening was perfect. Tori put Belle into a jumpsuit over the top of her clothes before the teen got down on the ground with the ducks and fed them treats so they were all over her, and I could tell Bernie appreciated that. Bernie made Belle wash her hands with hot water and lots of soap after, and I was glad Tori had decided to turn her hot water heater on, even though it's summer.

But the all-at-once thing happened two weeks later, when Tori went to a scheduled mediation with Bram and Bernie against her mother and her mother's attorneys that morning, and we were invited to dinner at my parents' house that evening. Talk about an emotional day.

And on top of all of that, Khan and Tempe had driven to Auburn, Alabama to spend the day with Kahn's parents two days before, so *everyone* in the house had parental shit going on. He wasn't exactly estranged from them, but he'd only shown up for Christmas dinner and had a brief phone call on his birthday, for years, so this, too, was a big deal. Tempe said it hadn't been awful, and I got the feeling that was probably as good as it was going to get for Khan. His parents valued education and status, and Khan had walked away from both. Still, he seemed more at peace when they arrived home, so I felt as if it was good they went.

I wasn't in the mediation room that morning, but outside in the lobby, and I later learned Tori had finally got to tell her mother exactly how she felt about being robbed of a father and siblings during her formative years, and that she could never forgive her mother for that, but she hoped to someday find a way the two could have a relationship again — but the only hope of that was if she let her have a relationship with her father and siblings, without being a total cunt about it.

Her mother's attorneys tried to get her thrown out of the room, but her father said his daughter had every right to speak her mind, and that he believed she was finished, so it shouldn't be a problem. Tori's mom had held out on the penalty fine until Tori had pulled her checkbook out and started writing a check out to her father, and her mother had thrown her hands up and thrown in the towel — but with one demand. She wanted Tori to handle the social media for her original family's business. Tori had agreed to talk to Gran and her mother about it at a later date, assuming Bram was okay with it.

He'd reminded her she'd stipulated in her contract that she wouldn't work for anyone who was a direct competitor of the dealership, but that she reserved the right to handle social media for other companies as well. There was no competition between the two companies, so it was fine.

When we left the building, I drove Tori and followed Bram to a restaurant he chose, and I had the opportunity to eat lunch with Tori and her new family, and I was beyond thrilled and happy for her. Belle *is* a little spitfire, and Blaze was right to say she's completely spoiled but isn't a brat about it. I sat beside Beck and started talking baseball with him, and got him to actually talk. I'd looked up his stats and knew a little about his career, and he seemed surprised I cared enough to look him up. "I love Tori, and you're her brother. Her family. Of course I looked you up."

"My big brother is going to be a pitcher for the Crimson Tide, and then the Atlanta Braves," Belle said. "Because he's going to stay close and not leave us."

“Vandy and Florida are recruiting me harder than Alabama, baby sister, and don’t forget Auburn.”

“No, you wouldn’t!” She looked truly aghast.

Alabama fans fall into two groups — Auburn and Alabama — and the Bautistas were clearly solid Tide fans.

“I might,” he told her.

“If he plays for Auburn, we’ll have to become War Eagle shouting Tigers,” Bernie said. “Family comes before...” she blew out a breath and looked at her son. “They’ll have to offer you a helluva deal, right?”

He laughed. “Relax, mom. I mean, I haven’t ruled it out completely, but they’re pretty far down the list.”

“Thank goodness,” Bram told him. “We’ll sit on Auburn’s side if that’s your choice, but damn, that’s gonna be hard.”

Their conversation reminded me that I had half-siblings out there, somewhere, and for about a half-second, I considered whether I wanted to contact them.

But I quickly decided I have *plenty* of siblings and don’t need more. Nor did I want to risk hurting my mother, if she didn’t already know about them. Tempe had found them, kids from Dad’s first marriage, which none of us had known about, but I wasn’t at all surprised. She’d shown me their social media accounts, but I felt no overarching need to reach out, nor did I want to have to deal with the shitstorm doing so would likely create.

I have all the family I can handle without adding more.

* * * *

Tori

I’d planned the big meal where I would tell Daddy I loved him *three times* in the past couple of weeks, since I’d met my

dad, and something came along so we had to postpone it every time.

The night before, Tempe and Celeste had both been a mess about the upcoming dinner with their parents, so I'd canceled it to try to talk them down. I'd had them put several outfits on before helping them choose which to wear. Celeste was in a long skirt and fashionable dressy blouse, straight out of *Little House on the Prairie*, but she looked sexier than she had a right to in it, after I put a tight navy-blue belt on it to accentuate her waist, but it ended up showing off her boobs.

Wrench glared at me, but I took that to mean she looked as good as I thought she did, which meant she looked great.

Tempe finally decided on jeans that did *not* look painted on, and I had no idea she owned anything casual *and* loose. The shirt wasn't so easy, and she went through three dozen before Khan threw her a lavender button up shirt and her denim hat with the lavender floppy bunny ears, and she put them on and hugged him tight.

"You're their daughter and sister, but you're my special bunny," he told her.

* * * *

Wrench

I thought my sister might cry after Khan reminded her he was always going to be there for her, but I didn't glare at him because he'd made things better, not worse. I knew she was his maso-bunny, rape-bunny, and other such things because I'd overheard him calling her those things, and more, but it worked for them, so I had to be okay with it.

Dad had deemed this family night, with just parents and siblings and no one else. Purity and Shiloh's husband and kids weren't invited, much less mere girlfriends and boyfriends.

Khan and Tori had invited Frost over for dinner, and he was going to see Tori's current duck-coop, and hear the changes she wanted in the one she wanted built in the mansion's side yard. Well, side of the backyard, I suppose. Since Celeste would be moving into Tori's house, we were also putting the gate I'd suggested into the wall, and incorporating her house into the mansion's security system.

And we were, indeed, going to double the number of ducks, which meant a bigger coop and longer run. Frost would oversee all of it, and the club's construction arm would build it.

Tori had built the original coop all by herself, and she said it was a luxury to have someone else do the work, but she felt a little guilty about it, too.

I drove Tempe and Celeste to the homestead, and Celeste's key still opened the lock, which was promising. I'd worried we'd have to park at the gate, climb it, and walk in. Visitors are not welcome on the homestead, and that's the only way in, because the gate is a long way from the house, and it's solid.

There's no keypad, no speaker, no technology on the gate. It's a heavy-duty keyed lock, impervious to lockpickers, and made of an alloy most bolt cutters can't power through.

But I drove through and Celeste relocked it, got back into the truck, and we made our way to the house. Dad was sitting on the porch, and he motioned me to sit beside him when the girls went into the house.

"Paul tells me you settled up with him, so he won't demand Celeste's hand. Worked out a payment plan for me to pay him what he lost, and he's taking my old tractor off my hands, to cut down on the amount. He wouldn't tell me what you did."

"I happened to know of a well-trained wannabe slave-girl, looking for a sugar-daddy to own her. I handed her to him on Friday and picked her up Sunday, and told him whether she returned to him was up to her, but he had most of two days,

forty-three hours, to convince her she wanted to come back. She's moved in with him, and sometimes invites a friend to stay with them on the weekends, so he has two slaves to boss around and do sordid things with — so you shouldn't owe him more than the tractor, if that. I'll talk to him again.”

“No, I'll handle him. I'd like to say I don't need you payin' my debts, but the Godly thing to do is to thank you for the help, so I'm saying thank you. You didn't have to help.”

“I needed to make sure he understood Celeste is *never* going to be his.”

“That girl needs a husband.”

“Eventually, sure, but not yet. I agree she isn't ready for the big wide world on her own, but we're moving her into Tori's place so she'll be next door, where we can keep an eye on her, but she isn't underfoot where our lifestyle can sully her. She's pure. None of us wants to mess with that.”

“You admit your lifestyle is dirty?”

“No. It isn't for Celeste, but there's nothing wrong with it.”

“This woman you're dating — Chastity showed me videos she's made. Professional looking, showing her harvesting food from her garden, and how to can it with a pressure cooker. Showed her cellar with an impressive amount of food set to storage, mason jars *and* root cellar. Showed her with her ducks, and how duck eggs compare to chicken eggs, and then all the ways she cooks them. I didn't imagine you'd end up with a woman who lives off the land, the way you left here.”

“I didn't either. Truth is, she's done that for around three years, and she's ready to rejoin society. She wants to keep her ducks and still have a garden, but not as big. She has electricity again, when she's lived without it for years. There's enough of a solar setup for the fridge and freezer, so Celeste will have a little power if bad storms knock the lines down.”

“You the reason she's giving that life up?”

“I don’t think so. I offered to move in with her, and my only concession was to pay for electricity, and to build a garage for all my bikes, but in the end, she’s decided to move in with me.”

“You put a ring on her finger yet?”

“Not yet. I love her, though. Lock, stock, and barrel. Can’t move too fast with this one. When it’s time, I’ll pop the question. She’s still figuring out how to live in the real world again, how to merge her new self with who she needs to be to survive out in society. Once she’s settled, I’ll see about doing it.”

He nodded. “I can see that. I imagine you’ve already sinned with her, so there’s no hurry. That’s the problem with today’s youth.”

“I would posit that marrying someone before you’ve had sex with them is more of a danger than knowing you’re one hundred percent compatible before you agree to spend the rest of your life with that person.”

He shook his head, but let it drop. “Tempe’s man. He treat her right?”

“Straight talk, Dad. You fucked Tempe up. She’ll never have a normal relationship with a man. That means he’s perfect for her, and I wish it wasn’t so, but he is.”

He sighed. “She saw more of my relationship with your mother than I’ve let the younger girls see, and I’m sorry for that. Can’t undo it, though.”

“You fucked up my view of relationships, too. It happens that Tori is perfect for me, and I’m perfect for her, but I’m not proud of some of the things I’ve done to women during the process of figuring out what I need in a woman. In a relationship.”

“Well, I’m sorry for that, too.”

“Nearly dying seems to have mellowed you.”

“Years without two of my children coming to Sunday dinner, and two more only coming occasionally, and now another one has left in a huff as well. One kid leaves, you can blame it on them. More than half? Means I need to look to myself.”

I was floored, but I tried not to show it. “Mom can’t get the harvest in by herself, and you aren’t in any shape to do it. Want me to organize a harvest day, and get all the family out to do it? I’m sure Tori will want to help. Khan won’t know what to do, but we can put him to work doing something.”

“Khan, that’s Tempe’s man? The Oriental?”

“He’s Chinese, but he was born and raised here, so he’s one hundred percent American. No need to refer to him by his heritage. If you have any meat to be smoked and cured, he’s your man. He’s more about dealing with meat than veggies.”

“You like him?”

“He’s my brother, but more than that, he’s solid. He says he’ll do something, you can take it to the bank.”

“Brothers.” He said it as if he was contemplating the word, so I stayed quiet, and a few moments later, he said, “This motorcycle club. You do a lot of charity work.”

“We do.”

“You also have a reputation for resorting to violence.”

“When the situation calls for it.”

“Do you think Modesty and that girl she lives with are more than reg’lar friends?”

Oh no. I wasn’t going there. “I’m not privy to what goes on behind closed doors at Modesty’s house, so I wouldn’t know. I would suggest, however, that if you can’t handle the answer to a question, it might be best to let sleeping dogs lie.”

He nodded. “I reckon we should head inside and check on the womenfolk. Dinner should be on the table any minute.”

I'd seen the cane leaned against his chair, but the fact he actually used it showed me just how weak he was. I knew he wasn't supposed to be lifting more than three pounds until his chest bones and muscles grew back together properly, and it was clear the cane was more for balance than to help him stand, but still, the fact he let me see him using it — this was huge.

I opened the door and held it for him, and mom sent Shiloh to help him with his chair at the dinner table. It turned out, she put him in it and then she and Chastity picked the whole table up and moved it closer to him. Clearly, this wasn't the first time they'd done this, either.

I helped move serving dishes from the kitchen to the table, which was already set, and everyone lifted their drinks from the counter and carried them to the table. That was new as well, and was clearly planned, so the drinks weren't spilled when the table was moved.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Tori

Khan and I were both a nervous wreck, waiting to hear from the three siblings. After Frost left, I asked Khan if he could show me exercises to give me ripped abs, and he took me to the weight room and coached me through a workout. It hurt like *fuck* and I wasn't sure it was worth it, but I thanked him for walking me through it.

My phone rang and it was Wrench, and I put it on speaker.

“You have me and Khan. How did it go?”

“You have all three of us, and it went amazingly, miraculously well. Dad apologized to me for fucking us up, basically, and then dinner was, *fuck*, I can't explain it. Other than giving us his *Rules for Adult Children*, which basically consists of not cursing on his land, not bringing any of our sin onto his property, that kind of thing, dinner was incredibly laid back and comfortable. He sat up too long, I'm pretty sure, and mom managed to get us into the living room for dessert, which put him in his recliner, and he seemed to do better in it.”

“Wait,” Tempe said. “He apologized!? How did I miss that?”

“Out on the porch, when it was just me and Dad. He asked about you, I told him he fucked you up but you've figured your life out, and while I might wish otherwise for you, Khan is the perfect man for you, and I'm happy the two of you have

each other. He said he'd messed you up by letting you see more of his relationship with mom than the other girls remember seeing, and he was sorry for it. Later, I told him my view on relationships with women got messed up, too, and that I'm not proud of some of the things I've done while I figured out what kind of woman I need in my life, but that I finally did, and I've found her, and I'm head-over-heels in love with her, and he apologized again. Even said that if one kid leaves the fold, you can say it's that kid, but — and I guess Modesty and Purity don't come to Sunday dinners much? Anyway, he said when two kids aren't welcome back and two more rarely attend Sunday dinner, and now another has walked out in a huff, that when more than half of your grown kids don't want to be around you, maybe the problem is him, and he's sorry for it."

"Wow." Tempe said. "Would've been nice to have heard it from him, but the fact he said it at all is amazing."

"I'm not sure he can say it to us girls," Celeste said. "And I don't want to know what you saw that I haven't, but I'm sorry for it, too. Whatever it was."

"Khan and Tori?" Daddy said. "I kind of volunteered the two of you to come next weekend for a workday, to get the harvest in and prepped for canning. Mom and the girls have been bringing in the tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, and such, but digging up the potatoes and onions, and bringing in the greens? They need help."

"The garden isn't as big these days as it was when Wrench and Tempe lived with us," Celeste said, "but the big harvest is still a huge deal, and without Daddy to do most of the hard stuff, we're going to... well, *they're* going to need help."

"Of course I'll help," I told him. "I'd love to spend some time working with your mom, because I have a feeling that's how I'll best get to know her."

"Not sure how much help I'll be," Khan said. "But if you and Tempe need me, I'm there."

“With Purity pregnant again, she’ll likely be in charge of keeping dad in his damned seat, wherever we put him to supervise, and taking him inside for a nap when he looks tired. I’m thinking you and Purity can be our general managers, problem solving and such, and you can add extra muscle when you see someone struggling. You’re good at managing women.”

Tempe laughed, and I didn’t get the joke, but I decided not to ask. Khan worked at the club’s spa, and maybe most of the workers were women?

Daddy was in good spirits when they walked in the door, and he picked me up and walked me to our wing without apologizing to the others for absconding with me right off the bat.

As soon as we had a closed door between us and the others, Daddy said, “It would be completely unreasonable for me to punish you because you’ve been so damned good you haven’t given me a reason to punish you, so I’m not going to do that, but I have to admit, that’s kind of where my head is right now.”

A thrill of fear jetted through my system, heated blood streamed to *all* my private places, and it was suddenly important I give Daddy what he needed. He’s so good at seeing to my needs when I’m stressed. I had to do it.

I beat at his chest and sounded as bratty as I could.

“Put me down, Daddy. I don’t want to be held. I’m a big girl and I can walk! I can feed myself, and I can take baths by myself! You can’t tell me what to do, because I’m a big girl!”

“Mouthy little girls get their little tongues cleaned with soap, Miss Thing.”

I *hate* having my mouth washed out with soap, so I fought him on it, and that meant I found myself bent over the bed with music blasting so Celeste wouldn’t hear me scream, or hear the belt lashing the backs of my thighs and my ass.

There was no warmup, and every strike of leather on flesh was a line of agony, a lash of flames on sensitive nerve endings, over and over.

But he was controlled, and he wasn't pissed, and he talked to me. "Daddy has to punish his naughty girl, so we can have fun again later. Naughty girls get punished. Good girls get crayons and orgasms."

After the belt, I stood at the bathroom sink and let him wash my mouth out with soap without fighting him. It was awful, and I cried and begged, but he made me lean forward so my face was over the sink while he fucked me from behind with a bar of soap sticking out of my mouth. I looked in the mirror, hoping to get a glimpse of his cock, but I didn't dare turn around to try to see it, because sneaking to try to see his cock got me a blindfold, nipple clamps, a spanking, and then usually a full seven days without an orgasm. If I was just playing around with it, sometimes only three or four days of denial, but he always teased the fuck out of me when I was being denied, which made it extra hard to go without.

But I got an orgasm today, which meant he knew I'd been bad just for him, and then he let me brush my teeth *three* times, which he usually doesn't allow.

When it was all over and he was holding me in bed, I was all cried out, and I *love* this time with Daddy — it's extra cuddly and extra special.

Our dinner was apparently always going to be postponed, but I could say it. *I could*.

I sat up and looked at him, and he met my gaze.

And then I chickened out and rested my cheek against his chest. "Daddy's babygirl loves her Daddy."

* * * *

Wrench

Something had shifted, but I wasn't sure what. She'd decided on something, then got scared, and now her face was buried where I couldn't see it, and she was telling me she loved me in the only way she was capable.

And that was fine. Just as Tempe had been raised so her relationship with men was off-kilter, Tori had been raised not to trust the male gender. She knew she could trust me — hell, she'd been naughty just because she knew I needed the release of punishing her. She'd trusted me not to take it past a naughty punishment and into a bad-girl punishment, and I'd stuck with what I knew she could mostly eroticize. She isn't a masochist, but other Daddies had begun the process of conditioning her to get horny for spankings, and I'd been working towards making her — okay, so she didn't *like* the belt, but she didn't hate it as much as she once had.

She wasn't a fan of the mouthsoaping, but it absolutely set her libido on fire.

“Daddy loves his babygirl, too,” I told her, and then I held her face so she had to look at me. “I love you, Tori.”

She sat up, and her blue eyes cleared, so I knew I was talking to Tori now, more than my babygirl.

“I love you. *There*. I said it. No more hiding behind my little self. *I love you*. Tori. *Me*. Tori loves Dominic who is Wrench, who is also her Daddy. *Fuck*. I said it and the world didn't end. I'm sorry it took me so long.”

I smiled. “As tempting as it is to put clamps on your tongue for the *fuck*, you were clearly Tori when you said it, so I'll let it slide, but the rule is no cussing in Daddy's bed, no matter your age.”

She sighed. “I'm sorry. You'd be right to punish me, but can we call it a special circumstance, please Daddy?”

“Yes, the first time you told me you love me outright is exactly that — a special moment I want to remember with smiles. I love you so much, the big girl, the little girl, the baby girl — every part of you.”

The wolf had been *pissed* at what he saw as her betrayal, but he'd scented her absolution while we'd punished her. He'd forgiven her already, but with this? He was pushing hard to get to see her for real, and not just get peeks of her out of my human eyes when she was blindfolded or sleeping.

But he didn't understand the life she'd grown up in, and I did.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Tori

I had no idea what was about to happen. We were at the clubhouse, in Mad Dog's office. The club president was behind his desk and a huge man in jeans and a t-shirt stood beside it. I was sitting between Tempe and Khan on a loveseat, facing them. Tempe held my hand, and Khan had his long arm wrapped around both of us.

"I've wanted to talk to you about this for so damned long," Tempe told me. "It's going to be okay. I promise."

Daddy stood in front of us in only his jeans — no shirt and no boots — and he told me, "Figuring out when to tell you has been hard, but I think you're with me for good, so it's time. It would kill me if you were afraid of me, so please don't be. I promise, none of the parts of me will hurt you."

"Parts of you?"

"Just *tell* her, big brother," Tempe said, and he glared at her and then looked at Khan.

"Oh no," Khan told him. "My policy is to not interfere in your sibling relationship. Don't look at me. She's your sister, *you* handle her."

Daddy rolled his eyes and looked back to me. "I'm a werewolf. And you're going to want to laugh, and any perfectly reasonable person won't believe their boyfriend when they come out with something crazy like that, so..."

I didn't laugh, but I also didn't *really* believe him. Werewolves don't exist, but I also trusted Wrench to always be honest with me, which meant he was going somewhere with this.

He unbuckled his belt, took his jeans off, and it turned out he wasn't wearing underwear, so he stood there naked with his cock soft, and all I could do was stare at it, because I usually only catch glimpses of it.

And then he leaned down and groaned as if in pain, and I'm not sure how to explain what happened next. It took a few minutes, and it looked like it hurt, but Wrench morphed into this massive stunningly gorgeous wolf. I was frozen while the *change* was happening, bones and muscles rearranging under skin as fur sprouted and grew, while my Daddy appeared to be in massive pain, but once the wolf was just standing there, staring at me, I tried to scramble up and away, but Khan moved so he was between me and the wolf, his hands on my shoulders, and he told me. "*Focus, Tori.*"

It was an order, meant to be obeyed, and it stilled me enough, the fear no longer dominated. It was still there, but I could deal with it.

I met Khan's gaze, and he nodded. "There you are. It's Wrench. It's your Daddy. He isn't going to hurt you."

I nodded, and he moved to the side, so I could see the wolf again. "Can you understand me?" I asked the wolf.

The wolf nodded, and my heart settled a little. "Well. Okay then. I mean, *fuck*, and there's no way you get to whip me for cussing because fuck-shit-damn-fucking *hell!* What the fuck? You're a motherfucking *werewolf!*?"

I'd taken to saying MF when I'd have said GD before, because it bothered Daddy. He'd never told me not to, but I didn't like the look it put on his face.

"You should pet him," Tempe told me. "If you don't, you'll wish you had when he's back in human form."

"Would it be okay if I pet you?"

He took a few steps towards me and slunk to the floor, as if something was wrong, and Tempe gave an exasperated sigh. “Since those first few moments, she hasn’t acted afraid, Dom. Get a grip. She needed a second to get used to the idea. Walk your ass to her so she can pet you, already.”

Ah, I’d hurt his feelings when I’d freaked, and now he was trying to keep from scaring me again.

I slid off the sofa and sat on the floor. I trusted Daddy, and he’d told me while he could still talk that he wouldn’t hurt me. “I’m sorry I freaked. I’m better now. Will you come closer, please?”

“God save us from sweet little submissives,” the big man I hadn’t been introduced to said, and Mad Dog, still sitting behind his desk, gave a happy little chuckle.

I touched the wolf, then rubbed, and then leaned forward and kissed the top of his head. I’d been in shock, at first, and I still was, a little, but it seemed important I accept this part of Wrench, so I was trying my hardest to show him I could accept all of him as he’d accepted all of me.

The room was quiet for several long moments, until Mad Dog said, “This is Dev, Tori, and he’s going to make it so it’s legal for you to know about werewolves. Humans aren’t allowed to know, and are killed if they aren’t bound so they can’t tell. Binding you is a harmless bit of magic, but if you don’t want to do it, Dev can make you forget you were told.”

I shook my head, and the wolf backed up and started the process of *changing* back to human. It looked even more painful, and it took a couple of minutes for him to come back to his human form, and probably another half a minute before he tried to put a sentence together.

“I hope you’ll want to remember, Baby Girl, but before you decide, Khan wants to explain a few things.”

“I’m a werewolf, too,” Khan told me in his most gentle voice. “That’s why Tempe knows. I *change* in our bedroom

and hang out with her, sometimes, and we go into the backyard a lot, so my wolf can spend time under the stars.”

I was still sitting on the floor, and I stood and turned to look at Tempe. “You did the binding thing?”

“I did, and I’d do it again, if I had to in order to know *everything* about Khan. He’s a human, he’s a wolf, and sometimes, both are present, the wolf looking out of the human’s eyes, so I know I’m talking to both of them at the same time.” She looked to Khan beside her, Wrench behind me, and back to me. “It’s how they know when we’re lying, when we’re hurting and it isn’t a good hurt — they can smell emotions.”

I turned back around and looked at Wrench. “Why weren’t my ducks afraid of you? They’re terrified of predators.”

He grinned. “Because I fed them goldfish?”

I narrowed my eyes at him, and Dev took a step forward to explain the process for the binding, which turned out to be fairly simple. Daddy licked some of my blood. They put some of his into a little wine, and I drank it and told Daddy I would keep his secrets. They sent Daddy outside and told me to write out what I’d learned, and I couldn’t write it out. I physically *could not*.

“That’s why I couldn’t tell you,” Tempe said. “I’ve wanted to for months, but...” she shrugged. “We’re bound to it. We can’t tell, can’t hint around, nothing.”

Dev left, and Velvet came in. She’d gradually warmed up to me, once I’d shown her I’d follow her lead without trying to lead her little band of bitches, but I had a feeling all it would take would be one screw-up, and I’d have to prove myself to her all over again.

“I’m a werewolf.” She told me. “We can’t tell you who is and who is not. One of our big rules is that we can only tell the secrets that are ours to tell.”

“Which is why she can’t tell you I am, too,” Mad Dog said. “Not everyone in the club is a wolf, and not all the ol’ladies

are. I asked Velvet to tell you what she is, and she did because she loves me. Whether the other ol'ladies tell you what they are will be up to them, though I hope their men encourage them to share. We're a family, and that's the kind of thing family should know about each other, but you understand, in this, it isn't my call. Right?"

I narrowed my eyes at him. "Bobcat? Are there animals besides wolves?"

He smiled. "If there are, I can't confirm that. We're counseled to refuse to answer, rather than confirming or denying, and that seems safest right now."

I gave him the tiniest of nods. He hadn't answered my question, but I understood the position I'd put him in.

"Okay then," I said. "Since the scary guy left, does that mean the official stuff is over? Can I have some time alone with my Daddy?"

Everyone trooped out, and Daddy said, "I run with the other wolves on the full moon. Technically, we have to run either on the full moon, or one of the nights around it, which gives us three days to choose from. I've been able to do it dead center since I arrived."

"It hurts to *change*?"

"Most wolves are born that way, but I was bitten, and most bitten wolves have trouble changing. Not all, but a good many of us. You'll get to see Khan *change* at home. He morphs so quickly, if you blink you'll miss it."

I wanted to be pissed at him for not telling me, but it didn't make sense to be. The penalty for a human knowing is death, and someone who can rewrite your memories can probably look in your head to see what you know. He couldn't tell me until... until *what*?

"Were you waiting for me to tell you I loved you?" I asked him on the way home.

“No, it just worked out that way. I set this up with Dev and Mad Dog the day before you told me you loved me.”

“How many girlfriends have you told?”

“None. I’ve never told anyone. Tempe likely would’ve never known if she hadn’t fallen for a wolf who wanted her to know. She knew I was different when I came back after being bitten, but I never explained it to her, and never intended to.”

“Did you mean to be bitten?”

“No. An asshole got in my face in a bar, challenged me to fight him outside, and he’d pissed me off, so we went out back and we got into it. He morphed into his half-form and tore me the fuck up. Someone called the Alpha, who came and took me back to his house. I was in a jail cell in one of his outbuildings until the next full moon, when I *changed* into a wolf. The Alpha taught me how to control my wolf, but...” he sighed. “I didn’t want to join the pack, when it came to it. One of the teens told me about the bikers, and said he was considering joining them once he was eighteen, rather than oathing to the pack as an adult. I wasn’t sure I wanted to join with *anyone*, so I went home, but I could smell damage on Mom, so I knew Daddy had hurt her, and I couldn’t...”

He squeezed his hands into fists, and Khan picked up the story. “One of the wolves in the pack offered him a job as a deckhand, working out of Mobile, with guaranteed time off around the full moon. He went lone wolf in Mobile, but he was working with other wolves, so he had that camaraderie, but it wasn’t enough so he came to talk to us a few months later, and eventually prospected in.”

“I want to be mad at you,” I told Daddy. “Trust goes both ways, and I showed you *all* of me right off the bat, but I get why you couldn’t. I need to know this is all of it, though. No more big secrets?”

“No more big secrets about me. There are secrets that aren’t mine to tell that I can’t tell you, but you know the big stuff about me.”

* * * *

Wrench

“That went well,” Khan said.

Tempe glared at me and crossed her arms. “I’m a little mad at you for not telling her about vampires.”

“She doesn’t need to know about them. You do, working for Mad Dog. She doesn’t. I’m going to keep her as innocent as I can.”

“So, Brooke was off in another room somewhere?” she asked. “Using Dev like a puppet?”

“Not like a puppet, but she said she’d use him to monitor the situation, and intercede if necessary.”

Khan and I heard the shower shut off, and he told Tempe. “The subject is closed. She’s out of the shower.”

And when Khan made an edict, my sister almost always obeyed. It was a minor miracle, and I didn’t want to know what he did to her that was so bad, she was afraid of the consequences.

Chapter Thirty

Nine months later, Memorial Day

Wrench

What had possessed me to agree to this? My family, both of Tori's families, *and* Khan's family, all invited to our house for a big Memorial Day feast.

Fuck me, but I'd lost my mind when I'd given my okay for this. It hadn't helped that Khan had said he was good with it if I was, either.

Tori and I had spent Christmas Eve with her Gran, Christmas morning at our house, and then Christmas Day with her father and siblings and Bernie. Somewhere in all of that, her mother had realized she was going to have to grow the fuck up, and she'd stopped being a cunt to Tori. My girl hadn't completely forgiven her mother, but they were on friendly terms and working towards more. It was Tori's mom who worried me the most on this day — having her and Bram and Bernie in the same backyard.

Tori's Gran, however, kicked ass. A strong woman who took no prisoners, and who loved her granddaughter so much, it warmed my heart and made me fall in love with her. I call her Gran now, and I mean it. She feels like family.

Celeste is fully settled into Tori's house with a handful of chickens, while the ducks plus six more are happily ensconced

in the new coop at our place, with a larger kick ass run and their very own little pond in their part of the yard, rather than having to make do with a kiddie pool. We can look down at them swimming in their pond, and it's picturesque as fuck.

We had enough egg salad on hand to feed two or three armies, twice as much potato salad, and we would put burgers and dogs on the grill. Everyone was bringing a dish because they all insisted, so I figured we'd have *way* more food than we could possibly eat.

The club had thrown a two-day party that lasted from Friday evening until about three in the morning on Sunday, and Tempe had still been hung over from it at six o'clock last night, so Khan had made her run three miles on the treadmill while wearing a rubber sweatsuit, so she'd sweat it all out. She seemed fine today, thank goodness. I'd let Tori get drunk Friday night, but had limited her to six alcoholic root beers for all of Saturday, and she'd timed them out over the evening hours so she kept an even buzz but didn't get drunk again.

My dad was aware we'd have beer available, but no hard liquor, and I didn't expect anyone to get drunk. He was coming anyway, and that was a pretty big milestone.

A possibly bigger milestone was that both Shiloh and Purity were bringing their kids and husbands because they trusted us when we told them their kids wouldn't be exposed to anything they would notice in regards to alcohol use.

Modesty was bringing her girlfriend, and while Dad still didn't know anything for certain, I was pretty sure he knew they were a whole helluva lot more than friends, but he'd taken my advice to leave it be.

The common areas of the house are kept sex-toy free these days because we never know when Celeste will pop in, so there was no running around making sure we hadn't left a butt plug or flogger where someone might see it.

The gate would open today, and today only, for everyone coming if they punched in the last five digits of their cellphone

number.

* * * *

Tori

My dad and his family have been to both my old house and new, but my mother had never been to either. Celeste walked her next door to see it, when she found out, which is fine. I was glad the two of them seemed to get along. Gran had seen both, and she'd met my dad several times.

Wrench's parents hadn't seen *anything*, and his father was clearly a snob about how big and wasteful everything at the mansion is, but he at least thought the screened-in porch was nice. He also liked my setup with the ducks, and spent a decent amount of time exploring it. Celeste took him next door, and he had much nicer things to say about that property, thankfully.

Belle taught Shiloh's two older kids how to do cartwheels on the grass and flips in the water. She also took requests, so she did back handsprings off the diving board, and flips in every direction. Bernie kept an eye on her, and I checked in with my Dad once, to make sure they were good with it, but he said Belle was being safe, and it was fine. I'd talked to Bernie ahead of time about Belle wearing one of the bathing suits she'd wear to waterski, and I was happy she showed up in a secure one piece. Not that her two-piece suits are super skimpy, but I knew Wrench's family would be uncomfortable with that much skin showing.

Even Tempe wore a one-piece that actually covered her ass.

Khan's parents hadn't been to the house, and they were unprepared for it to be a huge mansion. They were suitably impressed, and I think it did Khan good to get some acceptance from his parents, though you'd never know it from watching him with them. I've seen him show emotions plenty

of times when it's just the four of us, but around others? The man is a brick wall.

We all did what we could to make his parents feel welcome, and Tempe said his mother was much nicer to her than she's been in the past. It turned out, his mother wanted her son to marry a Chinese woman, so she'd snubbed her, but Khan's brother had recently asked a biracial nurse to marry him, and apparently his mother was horrified by this. So, according to Tempe, the white chick suddenly didn't seem so bad, in Khan's racist mother's eyes.

I got a little upset when his mom decided to tell me all about her favorite duck recipes, but I understood she was trying to be helpful, so I listened and nodded, and didn't tell her my ducks were for eggs, not for eating. Khan rescued me after only a few minutes, thankfully, smoothly changing the subject to my time at Emory, which brought his father into the conversation.

All-in-all, the day was a rousing success, and the five of us were exhausted when the last person left. Celeste was hardheaded about us not walking her home, but Daddy watched her go in her back door on one of the security cams, to be sure she made it home safely.

Wrench's mother had started taking dishes into the house once everyone finished dinner, her daughters had jumped in to help, and then my dad's family had as well — male and female — and everything was washed and put away within fifteen minutes.

This meant there wasn't a whole lot of cleanup to do once our guests were gone, and Khan decided it would wait until the following day.

“My little maso-bunny needs a trip to the basement, and I need to take her there. Ya'll should give her hugs and stuff because it may be a few days, possibly a week, before you see her again.”

He limited the times he hurt her *really* bad, sessions where it took her a week or more to heal, to maybe four or five times a year. I had a feeling he'd held off on a whole lot of play for the past couple of weeks so she could wear a swimsuit around her family, and both of them were probably itching for a big scene, so I figured she might not be completely functional for longer than that week he mentioned.

I hugged her and told her to have fun and do lots of stuff I wouldn't do, she kissed my nose and told me, "Go be a little girl. Your Daddy needs to hold you a while, and then I have a feeling you'll be in for it, too. We'll talk in a few days. Or maybe longer. I have no idea what he has planned, but it's going to be wonderfully awful, I'm sure."

Daddy took me upstairs to the bathroom and started with enemas. I was already soooo tired, and the enema process wears me out even when I'm not exhausted to start with. He was sweet to me even while he made the big one flow in fast with lots of soap, holding me and rubbing my tummy and being sympathetic about how bad it hurt, and I cried and begged, and it was cathartic as *fuck*.

He made me walk on the treadmill when I thought I was finally empty, and every time I had to go back to the bathroom, he restarted the mileage, and told me I couldn't stop until I made it a whole mile without having to *go*.

When I finally finished the mile, he took me to bed and rubbed my back until I fell asleep, which I'm pretty sure took less than a minute.

He drove me to my sales meeting the next morning in his truck, and he only gave me a bottle of warm milk for breakfast. He put me in a business suit and heels before we left, and he waited outside for me. When I came out, he handed me a *huge* coffee, the expensive kind I'd bought lots of in my *before* time, and that I saw as a special treat now.

"Three days, Baby Girl," he told me as he pulled out of the parking lot. "Do all the talking you want to do now, because I'm going to put you through a challenging scene when we get

home, something you'll need to recover from a little, and then you're going to be my nonverbal little baby for at *least* twenty-four hours before I age you up a little, but you'll be in diapers three days."

He'd known he couldn't do it leading up to Memorial Day, because I'd had to be on top of the seven social media accounts I was now managing, since three of them had big sales going over the weekend. Now was the perfect time to do it, and I was so lucky my Daddy could take off work so often, and do longer hours before and after so he didn't get behind with customer expectations. He always figured a big cushion into the time he told his customers, so it all worked out okay.

I wasn't expecting him to take me to the basement, though. I stripped down to nothing in the foyer, and he put a posture collar and severe corset on me, as well as black wrist cuffs I'd never seen before, and showed me how I looked in the mirror.

Like an adult — not a kid. Everything I was wearing was black, rather than fun pastels, and I tried to swallow down my fear.

"This scene is for Tori the adult. Do you understand?"

I squelched my trepidation and nodded, and he kissed my forehead. "It has to happen. We have to do this."

I froze in the kitchen when I realized he was walking me towards the door leading to the basement.

"I'm not blindfolded," I argued, because I knew he wouldn't be happy with me balking.

"You aren't," he agreed, and he kept walking, so I did, too.

I'd heard the door close and automatically lock behind me probably a half-dozen times, and it *always* threatened to turn my lower gut into liquid terror. I'd thought it worse because I was blindfolded, but today I could see the layout of torture equipment against the stark concrete floor, concrete block wall, and the round columns, clearly situated to hang multiple people against the wall in a display across the room. I'd known Khan often had a half-dozen or so people down here at

a time, training them, and that Tempe and Daddy frequently came down to help.

I also knew sometimes he hung Tempe from the columns after he tortured her, so she watched him working over the women and men he brought here to train. Also, when she was bruised and marked to hell and back, it worked to scare the trainees, to show them the kind of pain Khan was capable of inflicting. Occasionally, it was the other way around, and he hung the trainees on the wall and let them watch him torture Tempe, just to make sure they were good and terrified before he started on them.

Everything was lit in red, and it made the whole place seem evil.

“I’m scared, Daddy.”

“I know, sweetheart, but I’m *Sir* or *Master* for this scene. I can’t be your Daddy and get through what has to be done, Tori.”

The first thing he did when we reached the bottom of those twenty-one motherfucking steps was sit me on the bottom step and order me to put some locking shoes on. I’m used to high heels, but these were so tall they were practically ballet pointe shoes, complete with straps that went up my calves, because no way could anyone balance on them without that extra support.

Once I had them on and was standing with my hand on the railing for balance, he bent and put tiny padlocks into the clasps at the top of the straps, and then buckled black ankle cuffs that matched my wrist cuffs on around the ribbons. He held my upper arm this time, and walked me to an upright bar between two posts, but he put me with my back to it, rather than facing it.

I wanted to run, and might’ve, if I’d still been barefoot, but I reminded myself I trusted Wrench, and stood docile while he connected my wrist cuffs behind my back, attached them to

the bar behind me, and then lifted the bar high above me, so I had to bend over with my arms backwards and pointing up.

“Walk back a few steps.”

I did, and I heard and felt him locking the bar onto the two upright posts.

He came at me with a formidable leather hood, and I tried to move my head so he couldn't put it on me, but I didn't slow him down more than two or three seconds. Thankfully, the eyes were open so I could see, and there was a big hole around the nose and mouth. It squeezed in on the rest of my head once he zipped it, though.

And then there was an anal hook, and I screamed and whined, but didn't ask him not to. Wrench has never used one on me, but others have, and I understood why the hood was necessary before he even strapped the anal hook to the back of it and then ratcheted the strap between the two, bringing the back of my head and my ass closer together, arching my spine, and forcing me to look forward.

The posture collar made the position close to impossible, but he removed it once I was in place, thankfully.

And then he stood before me and took his shirt off, then his pants, and I could see his cock, erect and leaning off to the side, under his boxer briefs.

“Baby Tori has never seen me fully erect, and that isn't likely to change. Grown up Tori needs to see, though. Traditionally, women didn't see their future husband nude until their honeymoon, and I considered it as an option, but that isn't us, darling Tori. Full disclosure up front, so before I can ask you such a serious question, you have to see *all* of me. The truth is, I'm a sadist. There's something evil inside me, probably the same evil that resides in my father, because it was inside me before I was bitten and has nothing to do with the wolf. But that evil rarely wants to hurt Baby Tori, and even when it does, it's easy to moderate.”

He looked around and looked back to me. “Khan has regular lights down here, too, but the red seems fitting, tonight.”

“You aren’t evil,” I told him. “Responsible sadism isn’t evil. It’s the opposite.”

“Maybe, but the desire is there. Even now, telling you this once I have you tied up, is making the sadist inside me happy — scaring you before I hurt you.” He squatted down. “You haven’t done anything wrong. This isn’t punishment. I’m trusting you enough to let you see *all* of me. Do you understand?”

I did, and it felt important to explain it to him, to put the actual words out there — the ones he apparently wasn’t able to put into a sentence.

“Yes, and it’s more than about finally seeing your dick, it’s about seeing and recognizing the sadist in you. All of your body *and* all of your psyche. I love you, whether you’re Dominic, Wrench, the wolf, or my Daddy — I love you, Sir.”

He took his shorts off, and I tried not to boggle. It was even bigger than my mind had made it, and it was... *grotesque* seems both overdramatic and not quite enough. It was the most hideous penis I’ve ever seen. So abnormal, calling it a *dick* or a *cock* seemed wrong, and my mind resorted to medical terminology. The glans was off kilter, half of it seemed swollen, as if stung by a wasp, and it was crooked and leaned that direction, which made the effect even more pronounced.

But it didn’t matter. Not even a tiny bit. So it was ugly and misshapen — so the fuck what? I looked from his groin to his face and said, “I love you, and I’m a little offended you thought I might not, once I saw it. I’m no longer the shallow cunt who’d have left someone just because he wasn’t perfect in every way.”

“It’s the perfect tool for a sadist,” he told me. “I’ve hurt shapeshifters so badly with it, they had to *change* into their animals when I finished, or they’d have died. I had them

bound so they couldn't *change* until I finished with them, and took them so far past what's sane..." he shook his head. "I'm glad you're human, so that option isn't available to us."

"Do you still do that with the people Khan brings to train, when you help him, Sir?"

"When they are shapeshifters, and when it fits into Khan's training protocols, absolutely. I only fuck their mouths and asses, because I promised you I'd stay out of women's pussies for the rest of our lives, but yeah, I can do a lot of damage in those holes."

He squatted down again. "I didn't think you'd leave me, not the rational parts of me, but I'll admit a secret part of me needed to give you that opportunity, before we talk about where we go from here."

Marriage. That was where he wanted to go from here.

Before I'd seen my dad and Bernie, and how they live their life together as a team, I wasn't sure I was qualified to be a wife *or* a mother. I'd been raised by women and never seen married people close up, day after day. Most of my friends' parents had been divorced, so even spending the night with friends, I hadn't seen any good examples. Having seen a healthy family, a healthy *marriage*, up close and personal, I wanted that for myself, someday.

"Are we going to have that talk *now*, Sir?"

He chuckled and stood. "No, and for the next little while, you can consider your mouth a cunt." He held the head of his dick in front of my lips and said, "Open your cunt, Tori."

He'd only fucked my face once since we'd first met nearly a year ago — we had around two weeks until our one-year anniversary of our first scene, the first time I'd called him *Daddy*. Was he planning to pop the question then?

His cock went into my mouth and all thoughts fled because from that point forward it was a fight to breathe, to survive. I gagged and retched around his cock like before, but there was nothing to throw up.

The twist this time, though, was that when he gave me a few minutes to breathe, he put something painful on me — my left nipple the first time, my clit the second, then my left labia, my right nipple, then finally my right labia. After that, he swapped things out, so the clamp came off my left nipple and he put what I'm sure was some kind of pepper oil on it, which is bad on a nipple, but was pure torture when it was time to take the clamp off my clit and put the oil on it. Eventually, alligator clamps went on all the body parts, and my screams echoed and reverberated in the hellish dungeon.

“Did you know,” Wrench asked me, “that sometimes Khan brings my sister down when he has a full house of trainees — women and sometimes men hung between the timbers by their wrists, and he tortures her while they watch? He says sometimes they cry into their ballgags even though nothing is being done to them, tears running down their faces because they're frightened he'll do those things to them. Terrified to know the kind of sadist they've been given to for training.”

I nodded. I knew, but I hadn't thought he'd know those kinds of details. Tempe and I always have lunch together after she's recuperated enough from an intense scene to be allowed to socialize, because she needs to talk about it with someone besides Khan, and she says I'm the only person she trusts not to judge her horribly.

“I do know that, Master. I'm glad she feels comfortable talking to me about such things.”

And then his cock was back in my mouth, and the next time I was seeing spots and about to black out, when Master pulled out of my mouth so I could breathe, he hung a weight from the alligator clamp on my left nipple, and when I was re-oxygenated and he fucked my face and throat again, it made it swing like crazy and hurt like fuck.

This part of the ordeal seemed to go on forever, until my arms were asleep and my shoulders ached, and I understood Master was *never* going to orgasm from this when he had to completely stop fucking me to let me breathe.

Sometime after he'd released the anal hook, belted my ass and the backs of my thighs, whipped my back, fucked my ass and *finally* had his first orgasm probably three hours after we started, he put me on the gynecologist's table with the stirrups spread impossibly wide and beat the bottoms of my feet before he proceeded to whip my pussy and the insides of my thighs until I screamed so loud and long, I worried I might not be able to talk right for weeks.

He lowered the table, so his cock rested at the entrance to my pussy, but he only went in a few inches before walking above my head to retie my arms, so they were over my head instead of bound to the table near my hips.

But then he was back between my legs, his horribly misshapen cock poised to enter me once again, and he met my gaze and said, "You know what's coming next. Tell me what I'm about to do."

And then it hit me. This wasn't just him showing me all of him, it was a graduation, of sorts. I *needed* my cervix hit now, when he fucked me. My truly explosive orgasms most often came when I was so bruised inside, I hurt for days. There were other things he could do to turn me inside out with bliss, but pounding my cervix was a sure-fire way to do it. That isn't to say it didn't still hurt like fuck, but I *needed* it, now. He'd put me on a fucking machine with a short-but-fat dildo one day, and I'd been so fucking frustrated because it didn't go deep enough for me to orgasm. It'd been an exercise in hellish denial, and it had shown me, without a doubt, I needed my Daddy to pound my cervix until it hurt if I wanted an orgasm, now.

"You're going to hurt me with your penis — pound into my cervix and bruise me inside, so I have a constant reminder of who owns me for days and days, Master."

He smiled. "Yes, but not until after I've put some pepper oil in your ass. I made you bleed, when I fucked you, and the pepper oil will head off any infection."

Wrench can last forever, *especially* after the first time he fucks me, and since he'd already come in my ass, I knew this would be a marathon fucking, and I wasn't wrong.

I was an exhausted, teary-eyed, blubbering mess when he finally pressed his hand on my clit and ordered me to come, and the orgasm was so strong, my world went black.

When I awoke, possibly hours later, I was wearing my pastel-blue wrist and ankle cuffs, and I was in Daddy's bed, snuggled in with my favorite blankie, soft music playing, and wearing a diaper.

"Oh good, you're awake. Baby needs a bottle, and then one of her special pacifiers."

The reminder I was to be nonverbal was good, because I'd come close to asking how long I'd been out.

* * * *

Wrench

I watched for signs she was disgusted by me, and saw none. The logical part of me had known she wasn't going to leave me because I have a hideously ugly dick, but something inside me hadn't been sure.

And I got to take care of my little girl while she healed from all the things I'd done to her.

I rubbed warm coconut oil with arnica oil blended into it, along with other healing herbs and oil, into all her external owies several times a day, and I put her into a tub with Epsom salts every morning and night.

While she'd been on the gyno table, I'd purposefully hurt the bottoms of her feet badly enough it would hurt to walk on them, which meant she either crawled to get where she wanted, or I carried her. A big part of turning an adult into a baby is making it so they are dependent upon their caretaker

for everything, so I also used bondage tape to secure her thumbs to the side of her palms.

I blindfolded her and then gave her one of those shape-sorter things for babies, and praised her profusely when she got a shape into the right hole. When she wasn't blindfolded, she had her dolls and teddy bears, and had to handle them without thumbs, too.

My babygirl got bottles of the banana protein drink, bottles of plain Pedialyte, bottles of water, bottles of juice, and once, I put a shot of apple whiskey in apple cider and bottle-fed it to her, because I wanted to fuck her and pound her cervix again, but she was bruised inside from our scene. I didn't want to hurt her terribly, and I knew this would take the edge off the worst of the pain.

I hadn't been in her ass for five weeks before this session, which meant I'd torn it up pretty badly, so I stayed out of it once she was in *little* mode. I fucked her pussy five or six times a day, nearly every time I changed her diaper, but only pounded her cervix extra-hard the one time, after the shot of whiskey.

And I kept her in *little* mode the three days I'd promised, and then aged her up slowly over the fourth day, rather than making her go cold turkey.

Chapter Thirty-One

Tori

I was *so* sure Wrench was going to ask me to marry him on our one-year anniversary, but then I found out from Tempe that we were going on a double date that night, the four of us, and I wasn't so sure.

Unless maybe he wanted them there to witness it?

Khan had given Tempe her last planned piercings a few days earlier — two on her tongue, in a row between the three in the back and the one a little behind the tip, so now there were six piercings in her tongue, in a triangle, with soft balls on the top and bottom for everyday wear, and regular balls he could put on before a scene, so he'd feel them even more on his dick when he fucked her mouth.

She was bruised to fuck and back all over, and that included her tongue this month, so she could only consume liquids. We were in the pool drinking margaritas, with permission from Wrench and Khan.

Somehow, Wrench had known how to bruise the bottoms of my feet so they were mostly healed when it was time for me to need to walk again. I could still feel the welts a little when I walked barefoot on the concrete, but it wasn't painful, just a reminder. In shoes with a soft sole, there wasn't even that.

“He told me we're going to Marcel, in Atlanta, and staying at the Saint Reagis,” I told Tempe. “I told him I don't need that

kind of thing anymore, going to the most expensive place in town just because I can, but he said Marcel is renowned for their steaks, and he wants the experience. And then something about the Saint Reagis promising soundproof rooms, and..." I shrugged.

"Khan told me the places, but neither of them meant anything to me. They're expensive? What will we wear?"

"I imagine you'll wear whatever your owner tells you to wear," I told her with a smirk. Khan was taking me shopping again in a few days, so I could pick out three days of clothes for her, with a few changes a day, but he didn't want her knowing about that until after we were there.

She rolled her eyes. "Right. Well, what will *you* wear?"

"Whatever he wants me to in the hotel, I'm sure. I have the perfect jumper to wear to check into the hotel and then go to the Aquarium, but I think I might go shopping for a dress for dinner at Marcel."

My social media income brought in more money than I could ever spend without being ridiculous about it, even with the Maserati sports car I'd bought for myself, and the Porsche Cayenne I'd bought Wrench for his birthday. However, there was no way Wrench would ever let me pay even a penny towards a date. He had grudgingly let me pay for the birthday weekend trip to the Smokies I'd planned, but he was clear birthdays were the only time I could get away with that. Also, he'd driven us there and back, because while he's an excellent driver, he's the worst passenger *ever*.

So, while money was once again of little concern to me, I wasn't a cunt about it. This was a special occasion though, and a fancy new dress was warranted.

"I had a few days of temporary insanity," I told Tempe, "where I was convinced Daddy was taking me somewhere fancy to ask me to marry him. It's our one-year anniversary, and I *know* I was being ridiculous, so don't let me be all disappointed when it doesn't happen, okay?"

“You want him to ask?”

“I didn’t, but then he kinda-sorta half-assed mentioned it a few weeks ago, so it’s probably something he’s beginning to consider, maybe? But clearly, not in the near future, like I was thinking.”

“Well, I would be *thrilled* for you to be my legal sister-in-law. I’m closer to you than I am to any of my actual sisters. I love you, Dom loves you — hell, I think it’s possible even Khan loves you like a goofy little sister. My brother will ask when the time is right, I’m sure. Now, tell me about where we’re going.”

I told her all about a trip I’d taken to Marcel where the bill for six of us had been nearly three thousand dollars, but about twelve hundred of that was for drinks.

“I’m really hoping he figures out a way for me to be in modified-little mode at the zoo,” I told her. “In a perfect world, I could go after hours in a frilly dress and be a little girl the whole time, but with the crowds there? I’ll probably have to be a fuckin’ grown up.”

Chapter Thirty-Two

Wrench

Our first day in Atlanta was perfect, checking into the hotel, the girls seeing that we had adjoining rooms so we could open the door between and go back and forth, and then taking them to the Aquarium. Tori and Tempe were decked out in high-society clothes while Khan and I were in our jeans and t-shirts, but somehow, we all fit.

We let the girls get drunk in the hotel restaurant that night, and then walked them upstairs and hung out in the hot tub on the balcony and let them get drunker.

And then we put them to bed without fucking them. Or, I did, and I assumed Khan did, since that was our general plan.

The next morning, I put Tori into an adorable pastel dress she didn't know I'd brought, along with baby doll shoes, and Khan put Tempe into a cutesy purple and black skirt and shirt, with knee high socks and black shoes. They looked completely different, and yet, similar. I couldn't give Tori a full-on *little* experience at the zoo, but I encouraged her to drag me from animal to animal, and I fed her every little-girl food they offered as we made our way around the facility — Dippin Dots and cotton candy, and corn dogs with fries when we stopped for an actual meal. My sister got a little X-rated with the hot dog, but only when she faced Khan from a direction where Tori couldn't see, because my sister enjoys giving my babygirl her space to be a kid as much as the rest of us.

And then back to the hotel to put my girl down for a short nap, and it was *finally* time for our reservations. This place is accustomed to catering to the oddball requests made by the ridiculously rich, so our request to be far enough from other patrons we couldn't be heard, and for something to put on the table when we didn't want to be approached by staff, didn't seem to faze them.

“We have a centerpiece for such requests,” I'd been told. “White side up means we're free to check on you, black side up means you wish for privacy.”

Tori was in a dress that came to just below her knees, super high-heeled shoes, and her hair piled up on her head in a fancy do that had only taken her a few minutes to twist up and secure, but looked like someone had spent hours getting just right.

Tempe was in a shorter dress that fell to mid-thigh and looked as if it was painted on her, but also made her look like she'd just stepped off the pages of a magazine. She wore the white shoes she'd picked to wear for her first trip to the dungeon — the ones that were most often displayed on a prominent shelf in their bedroom as if they were part of the other artwork alongside them. Tori gave my sister a different updo, and the two women side by side had to be the most beautiful women on the planet.

* * * *

Tori

I'd needed those three years going without, because if I hadn't experienced them, this might've just been any other night, rather than the special evening I knew it was going to be. I was no longer expecting Wrench to pop the question, because I came to understand this was about the four of us making our own family.

We had our separate lives, as any couples do, but the four of us usually had breakfast together on the weekends, and often had dinner together during the week. Our schedules didn't mesh that well, so it wasn't like we saw each other a whole lot, but we all lived together and were a family, none-the-less.

But then, out of the blue during the third of five courses, my Daddy went to his knees, pulled a ring from somewhere, and said, "Victoria Arnoult Morgan, Tori, Baby Girl, also known as the love of my life and the woman who completes me, and who honors me with the honorific and title of *Daddy*, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

I froze, shocked because I'd decided this wasn't going to happen, and then I could only nod, because I didn't trust my voice. I silently stuck my left hand out, my ring finger pointed towards my Daddy, and a tear spilled over and trailed down my face when he slid the ring onto my finger.

His smile told me he understood it was a happy tear, and he stood and pulled me up so we could properly hug.

"I love you, Wrench-Dominic-Daddy Abrams." It came out between sobs, and Daddy held me even tighter.

I had a request, but that could come later, because if my dad approved, I wanted my married name to be Victoria Arnoult Morgan Bautista Abrams. Getting married is the one time a name change is easy to make, and I wanted *all* my names to be legal.

"I love you, too" he told me, his mouth right beside my ear. "And now it's time for us to be the observers. Sit with me, and let's let Khan do his thing."

Khan, of course, didn't ask Tempe to marry him. She's his pet, and he's the owner, so he *told* her what was going to happen.

"My dearest Pet, in two days, you'll go to the hospital for a tubal ligation reversal. Mad Dog knows you'll be out of the office about two weeks while you recover. I won't go in your

pussy again until our honeymoon, when the intention will be for me to breed you, when I fuck you. The morning of our first wedding, you'll sign over everything you own to me. All future income will go into a joint account with both of us as signatories, so I can transfer it into my account as soon as it's automatically deposited."

I knew Tempe had originally thought she'd be a horrible parent and never wanted kids, but in recent months had done a one-eighty on that, and she'd decided she very much wanted to have kids with Khan. So, instead of asking the questions I'd have been demanding answers to if told anything similar, she only asked, "First wedding?"

"I once told you how our wedding would go, with you naked and on your knees, and that hasn't changed, but I find I want to marry you publicly as well, so our second wedding ceremony will be extravagant, and probably what the two of you will call dreamy — which brings me to the next point."

He looked to Daddy, who told us, "Khan and I would like a double wedding, but only if both of you can get on board with it. We'd like *all* of our families to be there, whom we now know can be in one place without a shitload of drama, and I've already had Frost check with the Mayor, who has our wedding on his schedule for the weekend before Labor Day, since he'll be the one to marry us."

"The mayor?" Tempe squeaked.

I got it, right away, and told her, "Your father isn't going to be happy that a man-of-God doesn't officiate, but the mayor? I mean, how's he going to bitch about that? It isn't like having Mad Dog marry us, or another biker who got himself ordained on the internet just so he can marry people. He's the city leader. It speaks to power, and your dad will get it, even if he doesn't completely approve."

She nodded. "Yeah. Okay. *Yeah*. You're right."

And so, we sat at the restaurant and planned our wedding. Our men had put a deposit down at both the Sterling Castle

and the Douglas Manor, and Tempe and I both agreed on the castle.

“Do you want to hear about what I’ve planned for our honeymoon?” Daddy asked me, once the wedding planning seemed mostly done for the time being.

“Oh, yes!”

“There’s a private island in the Caribbean that caters to BDSM patrons, and I’ve rented a cabana on the beach especially equipped for a Daddy and his little girl, with a changing table, bottle warmer, lots of kids’ toys, and all kinds of fun things. You’ll be able to stay in *little* mode even when we go to restaurants at the resort, *and* they have a special playground on the beach just for littles.”

“The same island,” Khan told Tempe, “has a cabana designed for torture, and for housing special pets. You’ll be able to wear the marks I’ll give you even into the restaurants, where you’ll be naked and on a leash, and will eat some meals by my side, but others on a mat on the floor, from your bunny dish.”

Later, when Tempe and I went to the bathroom and we’d checked to make sure we were alone, with no one else in there, I told her, “As much as I love your brother, I’m happy with the two of us keeping our finances separate. You know I never question your kinky stuff, but I kind of *have* to on this. Are you *sure* about signing everything you own over to him?”

“I get why you’re concerned, but Khan needs to totally own me, and I get that, too.” She sighed. “Even more? I *want* to be totally owned. Before I had money, Masters proved their ownership by whoring me out to sadists. I was dependent on a few of them for *everything* because I didn’t have my own money, and that absolutely worked for me. I trust Khan, and it’s only money, right? Easy come, easy go. Plus, it’s like the final test of whether I belong to him or not. Signing my millions over to him and letting him reverse what I did, so he can impregnate me, and then trusting he won’t do me like dad did mom — getting me pregnant over and over, possibly

fucking me the *day* I give birth to get me pregnant again, which we all figure is what dad did to mom after Dom was born. But Khan isn't dad, and I trust him to know what I need. I'm *glad* he's taking away the decision making, because I'm so damned terrified I'll fuck the whole motherhood thing up, I might never have the balls to actually become a parent."

She broke out into a huge smile that lit her face. "But this means Khan has faith I can do it. He wants *me* to be the mother of his kids, and that means he's sure I can do it and not fuck them up."

Chapter Thirty-Three

Tori

Wrench had talked to me about the pros and cons of us attending today's ceremony as a couple. On the one hand, he wanted to be there for Khan and for his sister, but on the other hand, it was a little weird for a brother to know as much about his sister as he did. She'd be naked, and that wasn't the worst of it.

I'd solved his dilemma for him with only a few words, though.

"You once told me you were raised without society's bullshit rules, and you promised me I didn't need to pretend to follow them around you. Well, maybe the rule about you not seeing your sister naked is bullshit, for this particular instance? You already know what she and Khan are to each other, and it isn't like you're going to lust after her. Just think of her nudity as her wedding attire for this first ceremony, which is exactly what it is."

And so, I was sitting with a pale lavender little-girl nightie on that *barely* covered my special private place, my pastel-lavender wrist and ankle cuffs, with my lavender pacifier ball gag, and I was more dressed than every other woman in the audience.

The MC has a neighborhood, with a big park area that all the houses surround. The whole thing has a big brick wall around it, and we were on a large, flat grassy area, seated on

chairs, waiting for everyone else to get seated so the ceremony could start.

Every biker wore riding boots, jeans, and their vest without a shirt.

And most every woman was either naked or was wearing a g-string with heels, had a collar on, and her man was holding a leash attached to the collar.

And that was the requirement for entry, today. A biker with a submissive ol'lady. The two exceptions to the topless rule were given for me, though the negligee was filmy so you could kind of see my breasts, and Velvet, who wore a flesh-toned lacy bra, a black g-string, and a collar, but there was no leash.

And so, it was a sea of tits and collars and leashes. No sweetbutts, only bikers and their ol'ladies.

Khan stepped up to the little stage, standing beside the president of the Mobile RTMC chapter, and Tempe was brought out to him in a round birdcage, barely big enough for her to kneel in, a pole through the top so two of his brothers from Mobile could carry her to him. They put the cage down about ten feet from him, up on the little stage so we could all see, unlocked and opened the cage, and Tempe crawled to Khan. He lifted her onto a stand, so she was still kneeling, but tall enough they could give their vows without him having to bend over.

Today would be their legal marriage. Tempe had transferred every penny she owned into his accounts that morning, dollars and crypto, and she was coming to him penniless. Our double wedding would be about giving her a dream wedding and showing her he valued the person as well as the pet, and she saw it as a special gift, to be allowed both of her dreams.

If he'd told her she could only have one, and to choose, she'd have wanted this one, though. Not that he'd give her the

choice, because she's a pet, and pets don't get to decide important things.

They gave their vows, where she promised to love and obey him, he promised to love and care for her, and then he told her, "By accepting my brand, you agree to be my wife."

I knew the brand was the Chinese character of his birthname, but Khan wasn't going to give Tempe any details. He wanted her to agree to it without asking any questions — to trust him when it came to content, size, placement — *everything*.

Without even a second's hesitation, she met his gaze and told him, "I am yours, Master. It's fitting for me to wear your brand."

He nodded and began to unfasten his jeans, and Tempe stayed where she was until he lifted her under her arms and pulled her to him. Within a few seconds, she was sitting with her pussy impaled on his cock, and I think every female in the audience cringed, including me, because Khan's dick is fucking *long*, and there was no way he wasn't so far up in her, it hurt.

During that time, the front row of bikers stood and walked to them. Kahn sat on the platform with Tempe still wrapped around him, and the bikers prepared to hold her so she wouldn't move a millimeter. When Daddy explained what was going to happen during the drive over, he'd told me Khan had made a sweetbutt sit in for Tempe when they practiced, with a TENS hooked up to a butt plug, and they'd jolted her until she screamed and thrashed, and the men figured out how to hold her so she couldn't move any at all.

Khan had hired an expert in brands, so he could be certain it was exactly right, and the guy's electric branding iron takes sixty seconds to heat up, but he prefers to wait ninety, to be certain.

He was supposed to plug it in when Tempe agreed, so by the time the other bikers had her in their grip, the man was

taking aim at her lower back, just under the kidney area, where Khan rarely struck, so he could see his mark bold and clear even when she was bruised and whipped all over.

And then the sickening smell of burning flesh filled the area along with Tempe's screams. The guy had to hold it for around ten seconds — he'd told Khan he takes it off when the skin just outside the brand turns a specific color, so there was no set time — and Tempe screamed the *entire* time.

When he finally pulled it away, he slapped some kind of salve over it, rather than gently rubbing it on, and Tempe screamed again, but Khan was talking to her in her ear, and her screams turned to sobs.

And then Khan stood and fucked her hard and fast, bouncing her on his cock, the first time he'd been in her pussy since before her tubal reversal. He'd told her he wouldn't fuck her until their honeymoon night, but this was the surprise — possibly getting pregnant *during* her wedding ceremony.

And with the rules they'd set up, only other people in committed D/s relationships were here, and the bikers had been told what was to happen, so they only attended if they and their submissive would be okay with the ceremony as planned. It was the *perfect* way for Khan to give Tempe the ownership ceremony he wanted, and she needed.

He made her kneel and clean his cock with her mouth when he finished, and then he fastened his jeans back, hooked a leash to her collar, put bunny ears on her head, and turned to face the audience.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” the officiator announced, “may I present to you, Kahn and his pet bunny!”

Khan stepped off the little stage, lifted Tempe and settled her on the ground, still on all fours, and then he walked out with her crawling beside him down the grassy walkway. Everyone clapped, and we all followed them in a slow procession the fifty yards to Squatch's driveway. Khan helped her stand just before the grass ended and pavement began, and

he walked her to the waiting limo. She crawled in and I imagined would lie on her belly once inside, and we watched the driver slowly pull out and take them away.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Wrench

When our wedding day finally arrived, I stood with Khan on the dais beside the gorgeous lake on the sprawling castle grounds and watched our women walk to us.

Dad was walking Tempe down the aisle, and Bram escorted Tori.

Tempe had told me if we weren't having a double wedding, she'd have wanted me to walk her down the aisle, but she much preferred to have me up on the dais with her, virtual twins getting married together to our soul mates.

And she was right. The day was special because it meant Tori and I were joining our lives, but doing this with my sister made it even *more* special.

Somehow, Tempe and Tori had managed completely different styles of wedding dresses that perfectly matched each other. Tempe's was skintight with a long-assed train that took three people to negotiate behind her as she moved, and Tori's was layered and poofy but only tea length, with a really long veil that trailed behind her, but only needed one person to tuck in and make look right once she came to a stop. They were made of the same fabric, with the same trim, and the same neckline, so they matched, even though they didn't.

The ceremony flew by, and then the mayor was introducing Tori and I as husband and wife, and he managed to

get all my new wife's names out correctly. I'd encouraged her to make whatever name changes she wanted so long as my name was on the end, and Bram had been truly touched when she'd asked him if it'd be okay to add Bautista.

My Tori had so many people who loved her. She and Blaze had grown extremely close, not to mention her little spitfire of a baby sister. Beck might be quiet and harder to get to know, but he was a solid brother, and we'd enjoyed going to his games and watching him pitch.

With the entire Birmingham and Mobile MC chapters present, along with most of the Chattanooga and Atlanta chapters and a few people from Nashville to boot, and add in our families and other friends? The venue told us ours was the largest wedding they'd hosted, and they'd been doing this a long time. They could only do so because we assured them most would arrive on motorcycles, which meant they felt certain they could provide parking for everyone.

Our reception lasted until three in the morning, though our families were all off the premises before ten. Except for Blaze — he stayed until the very end and was one of the last to leave. He'd gone on rides with us twice, and I liked the young man. I also loved that he called Tori so often while he was away at school, to make sure they stayed in touch. She and Bram had a decent relationship, considering, but Blaze and Belle had become true siblings to her, and for a fatherless kid who'd grown up an only child, it meant the world to my Tori.

* * * *

Tori

Our plane to the private Caribbean island was chartered for noon the next day, and I thought I'd go home and go to sleep, but I went home to an enema ordeal before Daddy finally put me to bed — and then I slept right up until time to go.

When Daddy woke me to leave, he put a small plug in my bottom, the long pokey dildo in my special private place, and a diaper over the top of them. He buckled my pastel blue wrist and ankle cuffs on, and put a pale pink dress on me with blue trim that matched my cuffs.

Daddy is usually careful to keep me looking as normal as possible in public, but I knew we'd go from Khan's truck to the plane, with a short walk between, and the private island doesn't allow phone use outside of the private cabanas, so no one would be able to get a picture of me once we arrived. Also, if they kick you off the island, they don't refund your money, *and* you can never come back. It also gets you blackballed from most of the other exclusive BDSM resorts. I was *so* excited about getting to be a *little* for so long, and to be able to go out and about as my *little* self. I was also looking forward to the playground, and building sand castles, and all kinds of other things.

Tempe's brand would take a long time to completely heal, but it was healed enough she could swim in the ocean and play on the beach. It still hurt, but she's a masochist and Khan had turned it into a symbol of how much he owned her, so she loved the way it hurt.

Apparently, one needs to keep irritating a brand in order to make it scar right, so Khan got to hurt her over and over again, reminding her each time she was the pet, with no say so in what her owner thought was best. It was brutal, but she was eating it up, and I was happy Khan had known exactly how to begin this next stage of their lives.

But I was also glad my Daddy didn't want to hurt me like that.

I squirmed a little, trying to get some relief for my cervix, but that wasn't possible, and I was reminded Daddy *did* hurt me, but there was almost always a reason — for training purposes, or consequences, or punishment. Even the trip to the dungeon when he'd made me be Big Girl Tori, when he'd finally shown me his dick, had been about showing me *all* of

him before he asked me to marry him. I'd told him up front I'm not a masochist for the sake of pain, but the pain was necessary to set up a proper relationship between a Daddy and his little girl.

“What did he put in you?” Tempe asked.

“The pokey-dildo. It's so long, it hurts *way* up inside my special private place.”

“Oh, poor babygirl.” She arched her back. “I have our largest plug in, it's like, bigger around than my forearm, and *everything* cramps when it's in.”

Daddy hadn't put his peepee in my bottomhole in months, and the grown-up part of me understood that our honeymoon night was going to be all about my poor asshole — not necessarily pretending I'm a virgin, but treating me a little like it, hurting me bad and then holding me and comforting me through the pain. Or maybe just acknowledging it hurt while he kept at it. All were possibilities.

“Ouch,” I told her. “My daddy just put a tiny plug in me, but he hasn't, *you know*, back there in months.”

When Tempe was talking to me in big-girl mode, I knew Khan was fucking her pussy multiple times a day, and was alternating stretching her ass with his fist and with huge toys — and making her stand with a really heavy plug and holding it in without dropping it, to strengthen the muscles and tighten them down before he stretched her once again.

But he hadn't actually fucked her ass since their first wedding. Anytime his dick was in play, it was in her pussy while he taunted her about breeding his pet.

“The psychic in me foresees Baby Tori's bottomhole being really sore tomorrow,” Tempe said with a smile.

“There'll be a couple from New England on the plane, and another from Virginia,” Khan said from the front seat. “But everyone on the plane is kinky, so ya'll can keep talking about this kind of thing, but remember the rules about not sharing

personal stuff with strangers. No talk of motorcycles, social media, or anything personal.”

“And I’m Baby Girl,” I told him. “Not Tori.”

“And I’m Pet.”

And if I needed to talk to Khan and use a name, he’d be Uncle K, while Tempe would call him Master, and I would call Daddy, well, *Daddy*.

The island must’ve owned the plane we were on, because there was a changing station big enough for an adult near the back of the passenger compartment, and my Daddy had to change me *twice* before we got to the island. I was both mortified and turned on by the public aspects of it. I mean, no one turned around to watch, but *everyone* knew what Daddy was doing.

The check-in process at the resort was stressful, and was made even worse when someone took me into a room by myself, for me to sign that I was there of my own accord and I understood the rules. It was kind of nice, though, that they showed me another door and told me if I was there against my will that we could go out that other door, and they would get me to a women’s shelter in Texas that would make sure I was safe and I could find my freedom. I mean, I didn’t need it, obviously, but it was cool they made sure the people who came to their resort totally wanted to be there as slaves or whatever.

And then we were taken to our cabana, and it was the best! My diaper was still dry, but Daddy stuck his finger inside to feel for wetness right when we walked in the door. He could smell it wasn’t used, so he just wanted to touch me, but that was okay.

“Do you want to go play in the ocean, Baby Girl?”

I nodded. “I do, but I’m hungry, Daddy.”

I got an ice cream cone to eat as a special treat, and I had the *most* magical day. I didn’t need a diaper in the ocean, and I swam naked while daddy kept his swim shorts on. I got to play

on the playground, and someone brought me a peanut butter and strawberry jelly sandwich along with a bowl of macaroni and cheese that I could eat at a picnic table, and someone from the resort brought me balloons, even.

And I wore a diaper and nothing else, once I got out of the ocean. When I needed changing, Daddy put me on the picnic table and changed me right out in front of everyone.

* * * *

Wrench

What is it about making my babygirl happy that brings me such joy and peace? The logical answer is that it's some relic of taking care of so many sisters, but I've never, not once, wanted to bend them over the nearest piece of furniture and fuck them.

But that's exactly what happened when I got her back into the cabana after a day of fun and sun. I hadn't been in her ass in nine weeks, and she'd only had tiny little plugs inside her that needed a harness to stay in, they were such a joke. Enough to remind her she belonged to Daddy without stretching anything.

"Sometimes, Daddies have to hurt their babygirls," I told her when I took her dry diaper off.

"No, Daddy! Baby Tori doesn't want her daddy to hurt her!"

"I know, sweetheart. It's going to hurt terribly."

On this day, our honeymoon, I wanted her ass hot and tight, so I strapped her onto the bed, lying on her back with her legs spread wide and bound to the top corners, and I flogged and belted her asshole until it was swollen, bright red, and hot to the touch, and I finally stuck a single finger in to get her lubed.

Damn, she was tight around my finger. This was going to be *heaven* for my dick.

I took her to the spanking bench, secured her onto it with the provided wide straps, and *finally* put the head of my cock at her tight little asshole and then shoved inside. *Hard*.

Just as my heart had soared listening to her giggle and shout on the swing, and while watching her have so much fun while I helped her build the giant sandcastle, it pumped in my chest with the need for me to make her scream and beg louder, and louder, while I pressed my dick into her poor little abused asshole, and then reamed the fuck out of it.

Tonight, I'd soothe her when I finished, and tomorrow, we'd play and have fun with *little* activities, but then I'd fuck her ass again, and hurt her all over again, and I'd enjoy that, too.

I couldn't explain it and was tired of trying. I'd found the perfect woman for me, and it turns out, I'm the perfect man for her. Is kink about nature, or nurture? Did I want to hurt women because I'd seen my dad doing so, or because I have his genes?

It doesn't fucking matter, because I'm not my father, and Tori isn't her mother, and we've found happiness with someone we're both prepared to live the rest of our lives with. A true, honest relationship.

* * * *

Tori

Leaving the resort five days later was bittersweet. I'd loved all the *little* time, but I was also looking forward to living the rest of my days — and nights — with Daddy.

Celeste was taking care of our ducks and our garden, so it wasn't like we needed to get back to them, but I *wanted* to. My place was in the mansion, in Daddy's wing, and I couldn't

imagine anywhere else I wanted to live. I'd gone from media darling to hermit, from the ultra-spoiled to living without any luxuries at all, and then I'd found a place somewhere in the middle. I'd been horrified to discover Khan didn't have a washing machine because they all sent their laundry out to be cleaned, and I'd actually bought one and had it installed in the empty laundry room because having someone else handle my laundry was a step too far, for the new Tori. Which meant when Daddy packed our suitcases, baby Tori knew that grown-up Tori would be doing a whole lot of loads of laundry, when we returned, and I was grateful for a washing machine, rather than having to wash clothes by hand in buckets in the backyard.

I thought back to this week, and how much fun it'd been. Not just with me and Daddy, but because we'd also spent some time with Tempe and Uncle Khan.

Tempe had played on the swing set with me a few times, and Uncle Khan had put me on his shoulders and ran on the beach with me once, when all four of us played in the ocean together. We'd spent a couple of hours a day together, eating meals, playing in the water, and we even played beach volleyball once.

"I want to go home, Daddy, but I'm sad we're leaving."

"I know, Baby Girl. I feel the same. The club is having a big party for us this weekend. For all four of us — another big celebration to show you and Tempe how happy they are you're even *more* a part of the family."

Family.

I'd gone my entire life really only having Gran I could depend on. Mom was around, but she was always only focused on herself. I was a status symbol for mom, not a person with her own feelings, while Gran could see me as a person.

And then I hadn't had anyone, while I lived in my little house. Just me, my ducks, and my gun.

And now I had our little family of four plus one, since Celeste often ate meals with us. I also had my dad, Bernie, three siblings, my gran, Wrench's mom and a couple of his sisters I was close to, and a whole shitload of bikers and their ol'ladies.

But best of all? I had the Daddy of my dreams.



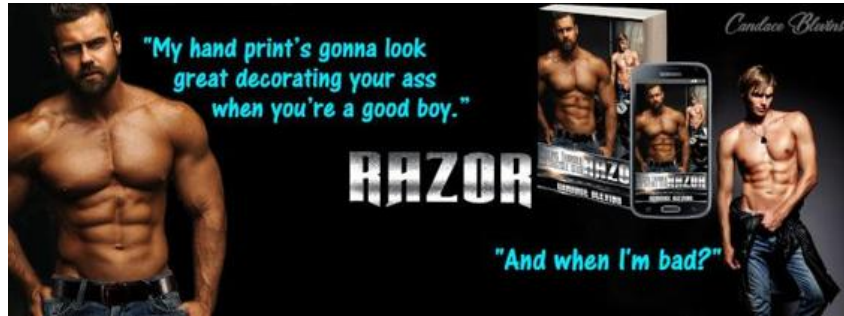
Stay up to date on Candace's new releases by signing up for her [newsletter](#).

Thank you for reading *WRENCH*.

If you have the time and inclination, please consider leaving a short review wherever you can. It really makes a difference.



Do you want to color all the pages Tori would love? [Tori's Coloring Book](#) is available now!



Keep reading for a kinky excerpt from [RAZOR](#).



If you're looking for more Daddy-kink stories, you may also enjoy [COCKY QUEEN](#).

Bibliography

If you've enjoyed *WRENCH*, you may also like other books by Candace Blevins.

Only Human series, urban fantasy with a side of kink

- [Only Human](#)
- [An Unhuman Journey](#)
- [Of Humans and Monsters](#)
- [Defining Human](#)
- [Edge of Humanity](#)
- [Infinitely Human](#)
- [Unhuman Acts](#)

Rolling Thunder Motorcycle Club, paranormal romance

- [Duke](#)
- [Brain](#)
- [Bash Volume I](#)
- [Bash Volume II](#)
- [Bash Volume III](#)
- [Horse](#)
- [Gonzo](#) (*where we first meet Britches/Briana*)
- [Nix](#)
- [Ghost](#)
- [Bud](#)
- [Razor](#)
- [Bubbles](#)
- [McGyver](#)

Birmingham RTMC, paranormal romance

- [Bobcat](#)
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Cat out of Hell, series, paranormal romance

- [Cat out of Hell Volume I](#)
- [Cat out of Hell Volume II](#)

- [Cat out of Hell Volume III](#)

The Dark Underbelly of The Chattanooga Supernaturals, dark erotica

- [Pride](#)
- [Indentured Freedom: Owned by the Vampire](#)
- [Leashed](#)
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- [Slave](#)
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Pleasure Times Four Christmas series, ménage/RH paranormal romance

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Out of the Fire series, paranormal romance

- [Consequences](#)
- [Wicked Beauty](#)
- [Inked Beauty](#)
- Fear (Ryan's story) – Coming soon!
- Lust (Cora's story) – TBA

Chattanooga Supernaturals series, paranormal romance:

- [The Dragon King](#) (Aaron Drake's story, we first meet Duke and Brain)
- [Riding the Storm](#) (Kendra and Eric's story)
- [Acceptable Risk](#) (Bethany, Ranger, Mac, and Jonathan's story)
- [Careful What You Ask For](#) (Britches' story)
- [Uncaged](#) (Ghost's mother's story)
- [Cocky Queen](#)

The Safeword series, intense BDSM contemporary romance

- [Safeword: Rainbow](#)
- [Safeword: Davenport](#)
- [Safewords: Davenport and Chiffon](#)
- [Safeword: Quinacridone](#)
- [Safeword: Matte](#) (*Sam and Ethan Levi's story, we first meet Frisco and Cassie*)
- [Safeword: Matte – In Training](#)
- [No Safeword: Matte – The Honeymoon](#)
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Check out other books by Candace Blevins at candaceblevins.com.

Keep reading for a kinky excerpt from [RAZOR](#).

RAZOR Blurb

Razor moved from the Memphis RTMC chapter to Chattanooga to set up and manage a series of laundromats, because the local chapter needs more ways to legitimize their illegal income. He's gay, but the Chattanooga chapter has accepted gay couples into their social circle, so he hopes they can accept him.



Matty is about to graduate college, and he's in the market for a Daddy. He walks into the RTMC bar with three of his girlfriends, and a huge hulk of a man rescues him from some rednecks. He recognizes the bouncer for the leather daddy he is, and sparks fly between them.

Most of the MC is prepared to accept Razor as a gay brother, but they know they'll have to figure things out as they happen once Razor is serious about someone. Will his 'boy' be an ol'lady? And can all the ol'lady rules *really* apply to a man?

Razor is a raven, Matty is human. The RTMC fits into the local supernatural hierarchy in a myriad of ways, but a supernatural storm is about to blindside the club, and their personal ties to The Dragon King and Master Vampire won't be enough to help.

Warning: Male-male sexual practices are front and center in this book, not to mention it's kinky as your grandmother's old phone cord. Razor and Matty are heavy on the D/s, the S&M, *and* the B&D.

Chapter One

Razor

I walked the length of the Rolling Thunder Bar and Restaurant, listening to conversations so I could stop any problems before they started. I'd transferred to the Chattanooga RTMC to open and manage some laundromats for the club, but all non-wolf shifters have to help at the club's other businesses during the three nights of the full moon.

The door opened and three girls came in with a guy. My heart slowed and my dick pulsed — it was girl's night out, and one of them had brought her GBF. Her *gay best friend*.

Unlike wolves, ravens don't have a strong sense of smell. Our gifts lie in our eyesight and hearing. We can see for miles, but our true talent is in spotting tiny movements and patterns. Those micro-expressions profilers use a slow-motion camera to see? I pick up on without even thinking about. I know when someone's lying. When they're happy, sad, conflicted.

And these four were happy. They talked about outfits, makeup, accessories, and the fact a local department store was having a big sale on shoes and purses the next day, and they had to get there early before the best stuff was gone.

The twink wore black, skintight jeans, a charcoal mesh shirt that showed his nipples as well as every beautiful muscle all the way down to the dangerously low jeans, and his black

jacket reminded me of something Prince might've worn in the eighties. The boy also wore heavy motorcycle boots — the real thing, and they showed the wear and tear of a rider. Probably an homage to where they were going, but these weren't the kind meant to just look good. Either he rode, or he'd picked them up at a secondhand store.

He was dressed straight out of the '*looking for my new daddy*' fashion book, but fuck if it wasn't exactly what this papa bear wanted.

I moved to the other side of the room and tried to ignore them, but it was only a matter of time before I had to rescue the boy from some drunk rednecks.

I saw things escalating and was on my way, but one of the girls stood and took a swing at the most threatening of the two rednecks and made solid contact. The twink stood to back his friend up, but the other redneck shoved the little guy backwards into the table and slammed his lower back across the top of the chair, and I wasn't sure if it had hit the bottom of his rib cage or his kidneys. The twink rolled to the side, came to his feet, and managed to land a few punches of his own, but he also took yet another kidney punch because both rednecks focused on him and ignored his friend. I got to them as fast as I could, and since they weren't far from the entrance, I tossed the rednecks out the door.

The second one landed harder than I intended on the pavement in the parking lot, I wondered if maybe I should've escorted them rather than actually *throwing* them, but it was too late to change my mind. Viper gave me an odd look, but I needed to handle my job and all eyes were on me. I told the patrons, "We serve everyone here, s'long as they have manners. Those two seemed to've misplaced theirs."

It's RTMC policy to check in on people when we have to intercede, so I went to the twink's table and asked if everyone was okay.

"Thanks to you, we're just *fine*, big daddy. Can I buy you a drink?"

I wanted to pick him up and adjust him in my lap once I'd taken his seat, but I couldn't. I touched one of the girls on the back of her arm. "Let me see your hand, sweetheart."

"It's okay." She lifted it, and I saw red knuckles with a touch of swelling, but if her hand hurt, she wasn't showing it. She'd popped the guy a good one to keep him away from her friend. I turned to Gonzo at the bar — he'd wait until the third night of the full moon so he could run with his wife. "Drinks on the house for the girlie, since she did part of my job for me before I could get to them."

I looked at the twink, our gazes locked, and he *knew*. He'd already guessed, but now he was certain. I saw the smug look and the extra sparkle in his eyes, and my heart sank. I didn't need this right then.

First things first though. I ignored his flirting and said, "I saw the kidney punch. This isn't the time to play it cool. You okay?" He'd deflected most of the hits to his face — the rednecks had been sloppy with their punches. His kidney had taken two solid hits, though. His hand was a little scuffed from landing his own punches, but I didn't comment on it.

Viper moved behind us and said what I'd known from the kid's expression.

"No, he's hurting." Viper could smell his pain.

"Right." I stepped back so I was beside Viper. "I'm not a doctor, but I've seen my share of fighting injuries. I can take you to the office and look it over for you. Figure out if it's ribs or kidneys. Get you some ice."

Viper snorted. "Razor used to be a paramedic. Go with him, kid. Let him look you over."

As soon as the door closed and the sounds of the bar faded, the kid touched the center of my chest, cocked his hip out, and said, "You're in the closet, Papa Bear."

I sighed, pushed the hidden button in the doorframe to make sure we weren't being watched or recorded by the control room, put my hands on the boy's shoulders, and turned

him towards the center of the room. “Just for a few more weeks. I’m new to town. Wanted to let them get to know me before I told them. Take the jacket and shirt off. What’s your name?”

“Matty.” He winced when he pulled the jacket off, and I helped him with his shirt so he didn’t have to lift his arms.

“Short for Matthew?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“None of that outside this room, boy. Not even once I’m outta the closet. How old are you?”

I poked around on his back, watched the muscles, saw the way the blood flow changed. I cataloged things a human would never be able to spot. It’d made me a good paramedic, before I’d joined the RTMC. The straight line of the chair’s back probably had his bottom ribs a little tender, and the punch had hit his kidney. Neither was too bad, but both of them together more than explained the wince when he’d twisted to take his jacket off.

“Twenty-three. About to graduate college.”

“What’re you majoring in?”

“Interior design, with a minor in graphic design.”

Kid was hitting *all* the stereotypes.

“You got a job?”

“Two of ’em. I work at an advertising company and help out with their graphics after school during the week, and I work at a furniture store on the weekend.”

“Kidney took a hit, but it isn’t likely bad enough you need a doc.” I met his gaze and let him see I meant business. “Any back or abdominal pain, blood in your piss, nausea, difficulty pissing, fever, or *anything* not right — you get to a doctor. Understood?”

He nodded, and I pulled my wallet out, retrieved a business card, and stuck it in his front pocket. “My personal email is the

first part of the one on this card, but at gmail. Email me there, not at the one on the card. No phone calls, no texts to this number. It's just for club business. Got it?"

"Yes, Sir."

I helped him with his shirt and jacket. "You'll be tender tomorrow, but it shouldn't hurt worse than now. If it does, see a doctor."

"I can give you my cell phone number, if you want to check up on me."

I shook my head. "Email it to me before you go to bed. You live with someone, or alone?"

"With Micca, the girl who took a swing at the guy. She's kind of my best friend." He gave me a sideways, flirty look again. "I saw you when I walked in. You were looking at me."

"What kind of bike you ride?"

"How do you know I ride a bike?"

"Those boots aren't just for looks."

He shrugged. "Ninja 1000 ABS. The racing team edition. I sold my old one last year and bought myself the newest model for Christmas. Figured if I was dating someone, I'd buy something for him and he'd buy something for me, so I cut out the middleman and bought myself something."

I winced. "Lime green?"

He nodded and met my gaze. "And I'll dust your ass on any Harley you want to pit me against. Any road. You pick it."

"That's a lot of bike for a little guy." And I had no doubt he could handle it. He'd meant every word about winning a race. No bluster.

"My pop..." He shrugged. "I don't do sports. He didn't get my art — still doesn't. We found mutual ground with bikes. I raced Motorcross for years. Had a sponsor. Did the circuit. Could still be doing it if I wanted. I have a dirt bike and I play around when I'm off on a weekend, but I don't want to do it

for a living anymore because it takes too much of my life. I know my kidney'll be okay, and my ribs. I've taken enough hits to know the danger signs. Just came back here so I could talk to you."

I couldn't stay in this room with him another minute, or every scent-hound who walked in would know I was in here with a twink and had been horny as fuck. I touched his chin. "Good to know. Email me your number and other contact info. My hand print's gonna look great decorating your ass when you're a good boy."

Blood rushed to the surface of his skin on every body part I could see. The color and size of his eyeballs changed. His nostrils opened a little more. "And when I'm bad?"

"My belt, at the very least. Let's get you back to your friends. No flirting outside this room."

"Okay, but I don't live in the closet. It's fine if you're about to come out, but not if you want to stay in there."

"Got it."

The rest of the night went without incident. Viper shadowed the foursome to their car and saw them off, to make sure they were safe on RTMC property.

He came to stand beside me when he returned. "Anything I need to know?"

I'd known our scents were telling when we stepped out of the office. I'd reined mine in, but there wasn't much I could do about Matty's. "Not right now. It's possible I need to talk to everyone at church."

I can have sex with women and enjoy it. I prefer mouths and asses, but that isn't a problem in the clubhouse, and my new brothers had all seen me fuck plenty of the sweetbutts — emphasis on the *butt*. I'm not interested in a relationship with a female, but one hole is as good as the next if you just want to get off.

But *nothing* does it for me like a twink.

Click to continue reading [RAZOR](#).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Candace Blevins has published more than sixty books. She lives with her husband of twenty-five years and their youngest daughter. Their oldest daughter has flown the nest but frequently comes home for visits. The family's beloved, goofy, retired racing greyhounds are usually at her side as she writes, quietly keeping her company. Or sometimes not so quietly.

Candace writes urban fantasy, paranormal romance, contemporary BDSM romance, two kick-ass motorcycle club series, and she occasionally delves into dark matter.

Her urban fantasy series, *Only Human*, gives us a world where weredragons, werewolves, werelions, three different species of vampires, and a variety of other mythological beings exist.

Candace's seven paranormal romance series are all sister series to the *Only Human* series, and give some secondary characters their happily ever after.

Her two darker series are also sisters to the urban fantasy books. *A Dark(ish) Faerie Tale* provides a close-up and personal look at Queen Mab, and the *Dark Underbelly* series is, as you'd expect, dark and (if you're a little twisted) oh-so-yummy.

Her contemporary *Safeword* series gives us characters who happen to have some extreme kinks. Relationships can be difficult enough without throwing power exchange into the mix, and her books show characters who care enough about each other to fight to make the relationship work. Each couple in the *Safeword* series gives the reader a different take on the lifestyle.

You can visit Candace on the web at candaceblevins.com and feel free to friend her on

Facebook at [facebook.com/candacesblevins](https://www.facebook.com/candacesblevins), TikTok at [tiktok.com/@candaceblevins](https://www.tiktok.com/@candaceblevins), and Goodreads at [goodreads.com/CandaceBlevins](https://www.goodreads.com/CandaceBlevins). You can also join [facebook.com/groups/CandacesKinksters](https://www.facebook.com/groups/CandacesKinksters) to get sneak peeks into what she's writing now, images that inspire her, and the occasional juicy teaser.

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