



Little Rock Daddies

Hiking

with Harrison



LUCKY MOON

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Lucky Moon

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Chapter One

JADE

Jade Bianchi found solace in the soft hum of her sewing machine, a silent companion in her secluded corner of Pixie Patterns.

Tucked away behind a fortress of colorful fabric and the rhythmic dance of her needle, she designed clothes that were like protective layers between her and the outside world. Her boutique, a quiet haven bathed in the glow of fairy lights, rarely had any physical customers, as most of her business was online. That's how Jade liked it. In this serene sanctuary, her creativity blossomed in solitude.

So when a customer walked in that morning, Jade tried not to freeze up in fear.

"Can you help design me a summer dress?" the woman asked, holding up a swatch of pale blue chiffon. "It's for my daughter's wedding."

"O-of course," Jade replied, a flutter of nerves in her stomach.

As she talked through her portfolio, a familiar twitch tugged at the corner of her eye. She paused, willing her face to remain calm. Jade's Tourette's syndrome was like an uninvited guest that reveled in unpredictability, and right now, it threatened to

disrupt the careful poise she maintained in her sanctuary of patterns and pins.

“Is everything okay?” the customer asked, concern knitting her brows.

“Absolutely,” Jade assured her, even as a tic pulled at her lips. She hated this part—the part where she had to pretend that nothing was wrong, that she wasn’t fighting a battle beneath her skin. Anxiety gripped her heart like a vice as she worked to suppress the urge to blink rapidly or hum a discordant note.

Turning away under the pretense of gathering more samples, Jade took a deep breath.

Don’t give up, Jade.

She had only opened her boutique three months ago, in an old coffee house on the main street in a small town called Little Rock. The town was known for being welcoming to Littles like her, and although that gave her an element of confidence, she was still out of her comfort zone any time she had to provide customer service.

Still, she did her best. It helped that her designs were good, and exactly what the people around here were looking for. And she had employed all kinds of tricks around the store to help keep her anxiety at bay: quiet piano music on the speakers, sachets of relaxing lavender attached to coat hangers, soft-touch fabrics that she could hold between her fingertips whenever she needed to be mindful.

“Are you new to Little Rock?” the customer inquired, peering curiously at Jade’s delicate work on a mannequin draped with a flowing, rubber-duck print maxi dress.

“Moved here not too long ago,” Jade answered with a smile that barely trembled.

“Seems like you’re doing well for yourself,” the customer observed, glancing around.

“Thank you, I’m giving it my all,” Jade responded. She could do this. She had to. For the little girl within her who

dreamed of frills and fairy tales, and for the strong woman she was determined to be.

“Well, I love your ideas about the dress,” said the customer at last. “And I look forward to picking up the finished article next week.”

“I look forward to making it,” said Jade with a shaky smile.

Just as Jade was breathing a sigh of relief that her customer was gone, the chime above the door announced a new visitor.

Dr. Elizabeth Martin entered Pixie Patterns with a gentle smile that reached her empathetic blue eyes. She wore a beige pantsuit and looked as professional as ever. The psychiatrist’s presence was a stark contrast to the colorful chaos of fabric and fashion.

“Good afternoon, Jade,” Dr. Martin greeted, weaving through the maze of fabric bolts toward the counter where Jade stood.

“Dr. Martin,” Jade replied, a little shaken at the sight of her therapist outside of the office. “W-what brings you here?”

“Thought I’d see how my favorite designer is managing in her new environment,” Dr. Martin said, leaning against the counter, her gaze soft but observant.

Jade felt her cheeks warm with a mixture of pride and anxiety. “It’s been good. Busy.” She busied herself with tidying an already neat stack of receipts, fighting the urge to let her tics manifest.

“Busy can be good, but it can also amplify stress,” Dr. Martin noted, picking up a swatch of pastel fabric. “How have you been feeling? Honestly?”

“Um,” Jade hesitated, then admitted, “It’s a daily battle. Keeping the tics at bay takes so much energy. And then there’s the anxiety...” Her words trailed off as she avoided Dr. Martin’s knowing look.

“I had a feeling something was up,” said Dr. Martin kindly. “You canceled our last two meetings. And you haven’t been

answering the phone.”

“I-I... was too anxious to go all the way to your office,” Jade admitted quietly. “It’s a big scary world out there, you know. Well, I know Little Rock isn’t *that* big or scary to most people. But it is to someone like me. Just like talking on the phone.” She shuddered.

Dr. Martin narrowed her eyes at Jade. “I think you should spend more time outdoors,” she said softly. “Nature has a way of soothing the mind. It could help with your anxiety.”

“Outdoors?” Jade echoed, surprised by the suggestion. “I don’t know. I’ve never been one for... nature.”

“Sometimes, the best medicine isn’t found in a clinical setting,” Dr. Martin explained, placing the fabric down gently. “Fresh air, the tranquility of a park, or even the simple act of walking down a tree-lined street can do wonders for mental well-being. Have you ever heard of forest bathing?”

Jade frowned. “Forest bathing?”

Dr. Martin leaned in slightly. “Forest bathing is the practice of immersing oneself in the natural environment of a forest. Simply being present among the trees, absorbing the forest atmosphere.”

“Can I just close my eyes and think about a forest?” asked Jade. “That sounds more relaxing than going to a real one, full of bugs and mosquitoes and, I don’t know—bears.”

Dr. Martin let out a soft chuckle. “There’s a chemical released by trees and plants, called *phytoncide*. There’s evidence to show this chemical boosts the immune system, reduces stress, and improves your mood. Think of it as a form of eco-therapy, where the sights, sounds, and smells of the forest work together to calm the mind and heal the spirit.”

Jade pondered the idea, her natural skepticism warring with the part of her that yearned for any sort of relief. “I... guess it wouldn’t hurt to try,” she conceded, her voice small but open to possibility. “I’ll think about it.”

Dr. Martin smiled, but this time, the smile didn’t reach her eyes.

“Is there something else, doc?” Jade asked anxiously.

Dr. Martin looked around the store, making sure nobody was about to come in. Then she walked over to the counter and softly laid her hand over Jade’s. “How about you come to my office to talk this over tomorrow?”

“No,” said Jade firmly. “Whatever you want to say, say it now. I might not be brave enough to drop by tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Dr. Martin said softly, before exhaling sharply. “Do you remember we ran those blood tests last time you came to my office?”

Jade nodded hesitantly. “Is something wrong? Is there a problem with my medication?”

“Your medication is fine,” said Dr. Martin. “But even though you’re a relatively petite young thing, there were certain markers that were a little worrying. Small things that might turn into big things if you’re not careful.”

Jade couldn’t help it—she blinked anxiously, quickly, unable to stop. Her heart pounded in her chest. Then she cleared her throat a few times. “What kind of things?”

“Your cholesterol levels were a little high. Your cortisol levels were much higher than average—they indicate stress. Same with your heart rate and blood pressure readings.”

“That sounds terrible!” exclaimed Jade.

“Well, it’s good that we’ve figured this stuff out now. It’s all totally reversible,” said Dr. Martin. “If you make some positive changes, I expect your results to improve very quickly.”

Jade took a deep, shaky breath. “Well, that’s good.”

“Diet, exercise, going outdoors. They’ll all help you. Also, the more you push yourself out of your comfort zone, the more your anxiety should start to improve. Think of it like a muscle that needs exercise, just like the rest of you.”

Jade blinked furiously and nodded. “Okay,” she said. “I’ll try. I guess I have to.”

“Start small,” Dr. Martin encouraged, her smile reassuring. “A short walk in the park to clear your mind. You might find it more therapeutic than you expect.”

“Maybe,” Jade murmured.

As Dr. Martin promised her a follow-up visit at the surgery and left the boutique, Jade found herself staring through the window at the sunlight dancing on the sidewalk outside. Perhaps a touch of magic lay beyond those doors after all. But was she brave enough to go after it?

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Jade fidgeted with a spool of thread, her fingers tracing the glossy surface as she mulled over Dr. Martin’s suggestion.

“I just don’t see how going for walks could work for me,” she said under her breath. “This place is my safe space.” If anything, she thought, her blood pressure would get higher out there. Her stress levels would go through the roof.

But she would be thirty in a couple of years. At only four-foot-ten, she was small and had always felt a little... weak. If she wasn’t careful, she would feel more and more fragile as the years wore on. It was true that as she had got older, she had spent more and more time alone indoors. She had always assumed that was progress—she had worked out what made her feel uncomfortable and tried to avoid it.

But what if that was making her weaker somehow?

If she was going to take the doctor’s advice, she’d have to just get on with it. To throw herself into it before she had time to come up with a list of a thousand reasons why it could never happen.

So, she decided to shut the store early for the day.

She walked down Main street with her hood up and her head down, avoiding eye contact with everyone as usual. By the time she made it to Teddy Bear’s Picnic Park, she was panicking. She had only been to the park once before, since it was the other way from her apartment, and she normally only went to three places—her store, her apartment, and the Harbor Haven Provisions general store.

She darted behind a large tree to avoid a group of dog-walkers, her heart hammering in her chest. Once the dog-walkers had gone, Jade tiptoed out from behind the tree, her sneakers crunching on the gravel path.

The breeze tugged at her auburn locks, and she wrapped her jacket tighter around her slender frame. The sights and sounds around her were almost overwhelming. Littles laughed as they messed around in the playground, couples strolled hand in hand, and joggers passed by, breathing loudly.

Jade glanced around, feeling the weight of curious eyes upon her. Here, she was an outsider, a stray thread in a tapestry where she didn't belong. A tic threatened to surface, a twitch of her neck that she tried to mask by looking over her shoulder as if admiring the trees.

“Small steps,” she murmured to herself. “Just small steps.”

As Jade continued, her pace slowed. But it wasn't until she reached a secluded bend in the path that the outside world began to fade into quiet—a quiet that beckoned her to look, to really look.

There, nestled between two large stones, a single flower bloomed. Maybe the first of spring. Its petals were a vivid purple, with hints of blue that reminded Jade of the delicate silk she used for her most recent collection. The sight of it was so unexpected, so out of place in the wintry February scene, that her worries momentarily paused.

She crouched down beside it, her fingers softly touching its petals. Here was nature's own design, perfect in its simplicity. A sense of wonder flickered within her. And with it came the barest hint of curiosity, a whisper of what might be if she dared to explore just a bit further.

Jade rose from her crouched position, brushing dirt off her knees. The act was familiar, akin to sweeping away fabric clippings after a long day's work at *Pixie Patterns*.

“Well,” she said aloud, “that was a nice find.”

She was about to continue with her walk when something flew dangerously close to her. It was a bird, only inches from

touching her head, and it gave her such a shock that she couldn't help it: she screamed.

And then she ran, and she screamed, and she ran, and she screamed, all the way back to her store, shutting herself in the safety of her sanctuary. A place where she was in control of all the threads, where nothing could ever hurt her.

Chapter Two

HARRISON

Harrison Hunter strolled through the park, his keen eyes scanning the surroundings, ensuring everything was in order. As Park Ranger and also a Daddy Dom, he felt responsible for everyone's well-being within his domain. The sounds of laughter and birdsong filled the air, providing a serene atmosphere that Harrison cherished.

Suddenly, a high-pitched scream pierced the tranquility. He turned to see a young woman with short auburn hair bolting away from a beautiful mustard-yellow thrush that had innocently flown near her. Her slim figure darted behind a tree, panting in fear. Then she screamed again and fled the park.

Harrison couldn't help but feel intrigued by her unique reaction.

"Hey, Travis," Harrison called out to his friend who happened to be walking nearby on a break between giving tours of the town. "Do you know who that girl is?"

Travis glanced over at Jade and chuckled. "Yeah, that's Jade Bianchi. Amelia buys clothes from her store sometimes. She runs Pixie Patterns, a boutique on the main street. First time I've seen her out and about, actually."

Harrison felt a strong urge to comfort and protect the girl. Well—she wasn't a girl, exactly. She was a woman, most likely in her twenties. But she was so small and, dressed in those lemon-yellow overalls, so very obviously a Little. It was a shame she had run away out of sight.

“She seemed pretty scared of that bird,” Harrison commented.

“From what I understand, she deals with anxiety and Tourette's syndrome,” Travis explained. “She's a very talented fashion designer, though, and hasn't let her challenges hold her back. Amelia really admires her.”

“Thank you for letting me know, Travis,” Harrison said, feeling a magnetic pull toward Jade's store, her vulnerability stirring a protective instinct deep within him.

Even though he had a bunch of odd jobs to attend to around the park, Harrison found himself heading for Main street.

If what Travis said was true, he knew that he might scare the girl.

But still, he had to try.

*

Harrison stood outside *Pixie Patterns*, taking a deep breath. At times like this, he wished he wasn't six-foot-six tall. He towered over almost everyone in Little Rock, including the other *Daddy Doms*. Sometimes, his height was a blessing. Back when he worked in mountain rescue, it was a great asset to be tall and strong.

But when talking to *Littles*, especially anxious ones, he couldn't help but feel like a bit of a threat. Like he was more *bear* than man. There had been a time when he'd considered stooping, or kneeling to come down to their level, but he didn't want to patronize anyone.

Reminding himself to be as gentle as possible, he pushed open the boutique door.

A delicate bell chimed overhead as he entered the store, announcing his presence. The store was a haven of creativity,

with mannequins dressed in bright, handmade garments and colorful fabrics lining the walls.

Jade sat hunched behind a sewing machine behind the counter, her auburn hair giving away her hiding place—that and the fact she was still panting and shaking with fear from her encounter with the diminutive thrush.

“Hi there, Jade,” he said as softly as possible, his deep voice making it almost impossible.

Jade looked up from the machine, her big blue eyes wide and anxious. It was a strange comparison to make, but she did actually look a lot like a pixie in this environment, with her unusually red hair, her freckles, and her delicate features.

“Uh... w-welcome to Pixie Patterns,” she said, her words barely audible. “Can I help you with a g-garment today?”

Harrison offered her a warm smile, and took a slow step forward. “I’m Harrison,” he said. “I saw you at the park just now and thought I’d come check out your store. It’s lovely in here.”

Jade blinked back at him, her cheeks flushing a soft pink. “You saw me at the park?” For the smallest moment, he noticed her give a small, snatched, grimace.

“Nothing to be embarrassed about,” he said kindly. “I’m actually the Park Ranger in Little Rock, and I see all kinds of things going on in the park, trust me.”

Jade seemed to relax slightly at those words. “Y-you do?”

“Absolutely. The things that go on in that park,” he whistled. “You wouldn’t believe. Actually, I just wanted to learn more about you and your work,” Harrison admitted, stepping closer to the counter. “Your work is incredible. How did you get into fashion design?”

Jade’s eyes sparkled as she began to share her passion. “Well, um, ever since I was little, I’ve been fascinated by the way clothes can tell a story and express someone’s identity. I started creating my own designs for Littles, and eventually decided to open Pixie Patterns to share my vision with others.”

Harrison couldn't help but admire her determination and talent. "That's amazing. You should be proud of what you've accomplished. Not everyone gets to run their own store."

"Thank you," Jade said softly, her gaze dropping to the counter for a moment. "It hasn't been easy, but I've always believed that we shouldn't let our obstacles define us."

"I completely agree," Harrison nodded, feeling a strong connection to her resilience and spirit. He leaned against the counter, trying to find a way to navigate this newfound attraction. He didn't want to come on too strong. He probably shouldn't come on at all. "You know, before I became a park ranger, I worked in mountain rescue. And you'll never believe it, looking at the size of me, but I ended up having to leave that job... because I developed a fear of heights." He gave a knowing smirk, and was pleased that Jade started to giggle.

"I never thought someone as tall as you would be scared of heights!"

"Nor did I, truth be told."

Jade leaned forward, blinking. "So, how did you overcome it?"

Harrison paused, reflecting on his journey with a thoughtful expression. "I'm still working on it. Trying not to focus on how high I get, but on the climb itself—the feel of the rock, the strength in my arms, the rhythm of my movements."

"I get that," said Jade softly. "That's mindfulness."

He nodded, thrilled that she understood. "I'm not there yet. But I'm confident I will be one day."

Jade was listening intently, her eyes locked on his, finding courage in his words.

"You know, it's not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it that defines us," Harrison added.

Jade nodded, a smile spreading across her face. "That's so brave. It makes me think... maybe I can face my own fears with a bit more courage, too."

Harrison smiled back, feeling a bond forming over their shared revelations. “We all have our mountains to climb, Jade.”

Jade nodded again, just for a moment, but then Harrison saw something change in her. She started to blink rapidly, and she jerked backward, as though trying to back away from something scary. “I... I sh-should get back to work. Lots to be getting on with.”

“Of course,” said Harrison, annoyed with himself for getting carried away. He’d talked for too long and scared the anxious Little, and clearly, now she wanted him gone. “Any chance I could see your favorite design before I leave?”

Jade hesitated for only a moment before reaching behind her and pulling out a dress. It was a stunning piece, with intricate embroidery detailing along the bodice and a flowing skirt that seemed to dance with every movement. She held it up gently, her eyes shining with pride.

“Wow, that’s beautiful,” Harrison breathed, unable to tear his gaze away from the dress—or the woman who had created it.

“Thank you,” Jade whispered, her cheeks flushed once more. “This one means a lot to me. I put so much of myself into it.”

Harrison could tell just by looking that she wasn’t exaggerating. He could see the passion and dedication behind every stitch and thread, and he found himself drawn to Jade even more because of it. As he stood there, captivated by both Jade and her creations, he knew he couldn’t let this chance slip away. But how could he help her face her fears without pushing her away?

“Jade,” he began cautiously, watching for her reaction. “You seemed pretty upset about that bird at the park. I just wanted to let you know that it was a varied thrush, one of the most colorful birds in the park at this time of year. Completely harmless, too.”

Noticing the lingering apprehension in Jade's eyes, he added: "You know, the varied thrush has this unique, haunting song that almost sounds like a flute. It's quite magical."

Pausing, he searched her face for a sign of easing tension, then added with a playful twinkle in his eye, "Plus, I've heard they're quite the *fashionistas* of the bird world. I bet they would approve of your sense of style, maybe even inspire a new line in your boutique—Forest Chic, courtesy of the varied thrush."

Jade chuckled but still looked anxious. She looked down, fidgeting with the fabric of the dress in her hands. "Oh, um, yeah. I was trying to go for walks, you know, for my health. But I got spooked when that bird flew so close to me. I guess I overreacted."

Harrison wanted to help her, but he knew he had to tread carefully. "I don't think you overreacted at all," he said kindly. "In fact, I think you reacted just the right amount for someone who was feeling the things you were feeling. You were anxious, and your body was on high alert. You were in a state of fight or flight, and at that moment, you chose flight."

Jade nodded. "Yeah. I chose screaming and flight." Her cheeks reddened to a deep crimson, but at least she had a small smile on her face.

"Jade, as a park ranger, I love spending time outdoors," Harrison said gently. "I've found that being in nature can help reduce anxiety and stress. There's something very calming about it." He paused for a moment, collecting his thoughts. "But since you're very new to the outdoors, it might help if you had a guide. If you'd like, I could help you explore the park and maybe overcome some of your fears."

Jade looked up at him, her eyes searching his face for any sign of insincerity. She seemed to be considering his offer. "Thank you, Harrison," she said finally, her voice soft and hesitant. "But I don't think I'm ready for that yet."

He nodded, understanding her reluctance. The urge to help her was strong, but he also knew that it wasn't his place to push her beyond her comfort zone.

“Of course,” he replied, nodding solemnly, accepting her decision. “Just know that I’m here if you ever change your mind.”

The conversation shifted back to her designs and the boutique, but Harrison couldn’t shake the feeling that he’d missed an opportunity to truly help Jade.

He’d be lying if he didn’t admit that he had other reasons for wanting to hang out with Jade, too. It had been a long time since his Daddy instincts had gone into overdrive like this. And he didn’t just want to be Jade’s guide into the great outdoors. He knew, deep down, how good it would feel to guide Jade through all kinds of things. Deeper things. Darker things. *Daddy* things.

But clearly, it wasn’t meant to be.

“Well, Jade,” he said. “I’ve enjoyed talking to you today. You know where I am if you ever need me.”

“Thank you,” she said one last time.

As the door closed behind him, Harrison’s thoughts were filled with regret.

“I always push too hard,” he mused aloud, pausing on a wooden bridge overlooking a small stream. He leaned against the railing, watching the water flow gently beneath him. “She’s scared. I should have given her more time.”

Harrison’s thoughts drifted to his younger sister, Emily.

She had always struggled with severe social anxiety, a battle that kept her confined within the walls of their home, much like how Jade confined herself within the boundaries of her boutique. Harrison remembered the countless days and nights he spent trying to help Emily, to coax her into the world outside.

But he had pushed too hard. Emily always struggled to keep up with his demands. And in the end, she gave up trying. She still lived at home with Harrison’s parents, and over the years, had become more and more reliant on them to look after her.

Harrison always felt to blame for this. If he hadn't pushed her so hard, encouraged her to attend therapy, to go out to meals with him, to hang out with his friends...

As Harrison watched the stream flow beneath him, he realized that his drive to help Jade wasn't just about protection or attraction. It was about redemption. Helping Jade face her fears and embrace the outdoors was a way to make amends for the times he felt he had failed Emily. It was a chance to prove to himself that he could be the guide and protector he always wished he had been for his sister.

Soon, the trickle of the water calmed Harrison's troubled mind, and he felt more at ease again. After all, Jade was practically a stranger. Just because she was cute and sexy and talented, that didn't make them star-crossed lovers.

Jade didn't need him, and that was fine.

Harrison had his own life to live. And maybe, one day, he'd learn to stop pushing so hard.

Chapter Three

JADE

Jade's chest heaved as she trudged up the final steps to her apartment, the weight of her anxiety pressing down on her. Her palms were damp and her heart raced like a hummingbird trapped in her ribcage. She fumbled with her keys at the door, finally managing to unlock it and step inside.

As soon as the door clicked shut behind her, she leaned against it, panting.

Since when did she get so out of breath walking such a short distance? Was it the anxiety doing that to her, or was she as unfit as she feared?

Just as she was about to head deeper into her sanctuary, there came an unexpected knock at her door, jolting her out of her thoughts. Panic gripped her tightly, and she tiptoed away from the door.

"Wh-who is it?" Jade asked in a tiny voice.

No answer came, and her anxiety only intensified. Her mind raced through all the possible scenarios: was it someone dangerous? Was she in trouble?

"Please, don't let it be someone who knows I'm a Little," she prayed silently, remembering the mocking stares she'd endured before moving to Little Rock. Since arriving here,

people had been much more accepting of her lifestyle, and of the cute outfits she wore and sold... but you could never feel a hundred percent secure, no matter where you were.

Unable to face whoever was outside, Jade quickly darted out of sight, her heart pounding in her ears. She hid behind her living room couch, clutching her knees to her chest, and tried to take slow, deep breaths to calm herself down.

“Whoever it is, they’ll go away eventually,” she reassured herself.

The sound of paper sliding through the letterbox broke the tense silence.

Jade cautiously peered out from her hiding place behind the couch and caught sight of a familiar yellow card on the floor. She crept toward it, her heart still racing.

“Sorry I missed you,” the printed card read. Her eyes widened in dismay as she realized that it was her medication being delivered—the one thing that could help ease her anxiety. With a sinking feeling, she knew she couldn’t avoid facing the outside world any longer.

“Shoot!” Jade muttered under her breath, her hands trembling as she clutched the card. She noticed the metallic taste of blood in her mouth and realized she’d been biting the inside of her cheek so hard during her panic that it had started to bleed. This was a clear sign that her anxiety was spiraling out of control.

She took a deep breath. She needed to find a way to manage her anxiety, and fast.

Though she hated to admit it, Jade knew that Dr. Martin’s advice about spending more time outdoors might be worth another try. But should she take up Harrison on his offer? It would be good to have a guide, someone to let her know which plants and animals to avoid, to help her navigate the more treacherous paths.

But, on the other hand, Harrison was a person. And people were the scariest animals of all. People judged you. They

teased you. They made you feel even smaller than you already were.

Jade screwed her eyes tight shut, remembering the taunts she'd received as a kid. She'd been bullied mercilessly for her size, as well as for the symptoms of her Tourette's. Which, of course, made her symptoms way worse. Every blink of her eyes, every snap of her neck, every twitch of her mouth, had made her into the self-conscious, scared individual she was today.

Would Harrison make her feel even worse about herself?

When she saw him standing in her store yesterday, it was like standing face-to-face with a giant. He looked almost seven-foot-tall. But was he a friendly giant?

"Hi, Harrison, uh, I need your help," she practiced saying aloud.

She imagined Harrison's strong arms guiding her through the wilderness, his reassuring presence making her feel safe and protected. Despite her anxiety, a small smile tugged at her lips—maybe this wouldn't be so bad, after all. After all, Harrison was a rugged, handsome Daddy Dom... and she was a Little. Wasn't it a Daddy Dom's job to make a Little feel better?

Before she had a chance to change her mind, Jade took a deep breath and stepped out of her apartment, ready to face the unknown.

The late afternoon sun was still shining as Jade walked down the street. Each step brought her closer to Harrison's park ranger station, and with it, a mixture of excitement and trepidation bubbled within her. She shook her head, trying to dispel the negative thoughts that threatened to overwhelm her.

When she reached the small wooden building nestled among the tall pines of Teddy Bear's Picnic Park, Jade felt so nervous she thought she might throw up. But she had come this far. She had to do this, for the sake of her health.

So, she knocked.

A few moments later, Harrison emerged from the station, his muscular frame casting an impressive shadow. His eyes widened when he saw her. “Jade. This is a nice surprise,” he said, his voice warm and friendly.

Her heart skipped a beat as their eyes met, making it difficult for her to find the courage to speak up. “Uh, well...” she stammered, nervously wringing her hands. “I’ve been thinking and I’d like to take you up on your offer. I want to try to push myself to enjoy the outdoors.”

Harrison’s face softened with understanding, and he gestured for her to sit on a nearby bench. “Of course, Jade. I’ll do whatever I can to help you. Do you have any idea what kind of outdoor activities you’d like to try?”

Jade sat down, her legs feeling weak from the tension. “I’m not sure, really. Just, anything that might help me feel calmer, I guess.”

“All right,” Harrison said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “How about we start with a short walk? We can take it slow, and I promise I’ll be by your side every step of the way.”

A wave of gratitude washed over Jade as she looked up at him, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. “Thank you, Harrison. I really appreciate it.”

“Hey, no problem at all,” he said, grinning encouragingly. “Let’s get you started on the path to feeling better, okay?” He paused. “Just let me grab my bag and we’ll get going.”

“Wait. You mean right n-now?” asked Jade, feeling that familiar eye-blink starting up again. “This v-very moment?”

“This is the best time to do it,” said Harrison. “Before you have a chance to overthink it.”

“I’m already overthinking it,” said Jade. “I’ve already thought of about ten million ways this could all go terribly, terribly wrong and I could end up squished in a heap at the bottom of a ravine.”

Harrison studied her. “Well, you know I used to work in mountain rescue, right? So if you did fall down a ravine, you’d

be with the very best.” Something in his expression seemed to waver for a moment.

Jade fidgeted with the hem of her dress. “It’s just... my anxiety has been getting worse lately. To the point where I can’t even face leaving my apartment some days.”

Harrison nodded in understanding. “That sounds really tough, Jade. But you’ve taken a brave step coming here today. And I promise you, the sooner we take action, the easier it will be.”

Jade took a deep breath. “Let’s give it a try,” she murmured, determination flickering in her eyes.

Harrison went into the park ranger hut to grab a bag, then came out with a gentle smile on his face. “Let’s do this, eh?”

They walked through woodland around the back of the park. Jade watched Harrison as he led the way, his muscular form moving with ease and confidence. In contrast, her every step felt uncertain, her heart pounding as she tried to focus on the present moment.

“Are you okay, Jade?” Harrison asked, pausing to turn toward her with concern in his gentle eyes.

“Yeah,” she replied, trying to sound more confident than she felt. “Just, you know, a little n-nervous.”

Harrison offered her an understanding smile. “It’s perfectly normal to feel that way when trying something new. Just take it one step at a time, and remember, I’m right here with you.”

Jade nodded, swallowing her lingering fears. She appreciated his empathy and how attentive he was to her needs. It made her feel less alone in her struggle.

“Okay,” she whispered, taking a deep breath to steady herself. “Let’s keep going.”

As they continued along the trail, Jade found herself slowly acclimating to the unfamiliar environment. She couldn’t help but notice the vibrant colors of the foliage surrounding them and the peaceful sounds of birdsong overhead. Nature’s beauty

began to work its magic on her anxious mind, soothing her frayed nerves.

“Where are we going?” Jade asked, curiosity overtaking her anxiety.

“Somewhere special,” Harrison replied, his voice laced with excitement. “You’ll see soon enough.”

“Uh, I’m not sure if I can handle a surprise right now,” Jade admitted, her voice wavering slightly.

Harrison stopped and faced her, his eyes filled with compassion. “Don’t worry, Jade. I promise this is a good surprise. And if you find it too overwhelming, we can always turn back. I won’t push you.”

“All right,” Jade agreed hesitantly. “Let’s give it a try. By the way, are any of these plants poisonous?”

“Oh yes,” said Harrison. “But as long as you don’t start stuffing them in your mouth, you’ll be fine.”

In spite of herself, Jade snickered. “All right, boss. I’ll do everything I can not to eat the disgusting dirty weeds.”

They walked uphill for about ten more minutes, and though Jade was seriously out of breath, she found herself enjoying the exercise. Having a guide was definitely way less scary. Jade didn’t know Harrison very well, obviously, but she had seen him around town and trusted him. If she was going to be braving it outdoors, then he was the very best guide to nature around.

“Almost there,” Harrison said, glancing back at her with an encouraging smile. “Just a little farther.”

Jade nodded, panting. Her legs ached, but she couldn’t deny the growing sense of accomplishment swelling within her. She had never done anything like this before, and it felt exhilarating.

As they reached the top of the slope, the trees began to thin out, revealing a breathtaking vista before them. The ocean stretched out as far as the eye could see, its surface

shimmering like a vast expanse of liquid sapphire. Jade gasped in awe, momentarily forgetting her exhaustion.

“Welcome to Barbara’s Bluff,” Harrison announced, gesturing proudly toward the view. “What do you think?”

“It’s... it’s incredible,” Jade whispered, her eyes wide with wonder. “I had no idea there was anything like this so close to home.”

Harrison grinned at her, and for some reason, it gave her butterflies in her tummy. Then, he opened up his backpack and took out a blanket.

“What’s that?” she asked suspiciously, hoping that this walk didn’t come with a catch. He didn’t expect her to sleep with him up here, did he? He was handsome, yes, but they’d only just met. She wasn’t sure if she wanted to—

Harrison pulled a tub of cookies out of his backpack. “Thought you might like a picnic up here.”

Oh, of course! A picnic!

Jade watched Harrison take out a spread of sandwiches, fruit, and yet more cookies.

“Wow,” she said, “I’ve never actually had a picnic before. Imagine that! All those years of being alive and I’ve never eaten a meal on the ground outdoors. I guess I always assumed it would be kind of... icky. But this seems really special.” She settled down on the blanket beside Harrison and munched on a sandwich.

“Good thing I had all this food going spare in my ranger station today,” he said. “Travis held a teddy bear’s picnic in the park earlier for the Littles on his tour. There were so many leftovers, they let me take some of them home.”

Jade thought about the big group of Littles who must have been enjoying food like this earlier, and she began to feel overwhelmed. The vastness of the ocean ahead of her suddenly seemed to swallow her whole, and she felt small and insignificant in comparison. Her breaths grew shallow, her heart raced, and she felt herself occasionally jerk involuntarily.

“Jade?” Harrison asked, concern furrowing his brow. “Are you okay?”

“Uh, I...” Jade stammered, trying to find the words to explain her sudden panic. “I’m just... The ocean, the view... it’s beautiful, but it’s also kind of... terrifying.”

Harrison’s expression softened with understanding. He reached out to gently squeeze her hand, offering comfort and support. “We don’t have to stay here if it’s too much for you,” he assured her. “We can pack up and head back anytime you’re ready.”

“No, I... I want to enjoy this,” Jade insisted, determined not to let her anxiety ruin this moment. “I want to face my fears and enjoy this beautiful place with you.”

“All right,” Harrison agreed. “But remember, I’m here for you, no matter what.”

Jade took a deep breath and tried to relax, focusing on the beauty of the world around her and the thoughtful man beside her.

“Let’s try some mindfulness techniques to help you through this panic attack,” Harrison suggested. “Close your eyes and focus on your breath.”

Jade nodded, her trembling hands clutching at the fabric of her skirt as she squeezed her eyes shut. She tried to concentrate on the sound of her own breathing, but the pounding of her heart seemed to drown everything else out.

“Take a deep breath in through your nose,” Harrison instructed, demonstrating for her. “Hold it for a few seconds, then exhale slowly through your mouth.”

Jade followed his lead, inhaling deeply and holding her breath before releasing it in a long, shaky exhale. They repeated the process several times until the racing of her heart began to subside.

“Now, focus on the sounds around you,” said Harrison. “What do you hear?”

“I hear the ocean,” said Jade quietly. “And the gulls. And the breeze.”

“Good,” said Harrison, “and what do you smell?”

“I smell the salt and the pines and the picnic.”

I smell you too, Harrison. Spicy and woody and fresh. But I'm not going to say that out loud.

“Excellent,” said Harrison. “And what can you touch?”

“The soft nylon of my tights,” said Jade, with her hands on her knees. “And the picnic blanket. I like that material. It feels like cotton.”

“Now open your eyes,” said Harrison gently, “and tell me what you see.”

Jade did as she was told, and this time, the ocean didn't look so overwhelming. “I see water,” said Jade. “The same color as steel. The water looks a little choppy today, but it's February, so I guess that's to be expected.”

“You're doing amazing,” Harrison reassured her. “There's one sense left we haven't explored. Do you know what it is?”

“Taste,” Jade replied.

Am I going to taste you?

“Good girl,” said Harrison. “Now, take a strawberry from that plate and tell me how it tastes.”

Jade did as she was told, enjoying the feeling of being praised, and she sucked on a big red strawberry. “It's yummy,” she said. “And sweet. And it tastes... red.”

“You can taste its color?” chuckled Harrison.

“Most definitely,” said Jade, giggling. “Red is the tastiest color.”

As the minutes passed, Jade gradually felt more secure and grounded. Her Tourette's symptoms eased, allowing her muscles to relax. Harrison remained quiet throughout, his warm presence a comforting anchor in the storm of her emotions.

“Let’s finish our picnic,” said Harrison. “The sun will be setting soon, and I want to get back in plenty of time.”

Jade felt a spike of anxiety at the thought of being lost in the woods in the dark. “What if we don’t make it back in time?”

Harrison smiled. “We will. And besides, we’re only ten minutes from the main street of Little Rock. We’re just taking the scenic route.”

“We were only ten minutes from the main street all this time!”

Harrison nodded. “You’re actually not far from your boutique, as it happens. Thought this walk was a good idea in case it got too much for you and you wanted to get home in a hurry.”

Jade shook her head, smiling in disbelief. This whole time, she’d felt like she was in the wilderness, and she’d barely left her backyard. It was good to know that any time she wanted to, she could get out to a place like this if she felt like it. Although she wasn’t sure if she would ever be brave enough to come back.

“Next time, we’ll go a little farther off the beaten track,” said Harrison.

“Next time?” Jade asked anxiously, picking at her food. “This was an interesting experiment, Harrison, b-but... I don’t know if I’ll be able to do this with you again.”

Harrison took a long deep breath, then cleared his throat. “Would it help if I made some rules for you? Since I’m a Daddy Dom and you’re a Little? I know that rules can often help Littles feel secure.”

Jade hesitated for a moment before she replied, her voice barely audible. “Maybe.”

She wasn’t surprised that Harrison could tell she was a Little. Her store was full of clothes for Littles, and the overalls she was wearing right now had a doll pattern on the fabric, but she was surprised by the idea Harrison was putting forward. Was he talking about a contract?

Was he talking about sex?

“I can see you overthinking things again,” said Harrison. “Let me reassure you I’m not talking about anything sexual. I’m just talking about creating a structure for our walking sessions. Rules that we both promise to abide by, so that we both feel safe, and we both know what to expect.”

Jade considered this. “O-okay. That sounds sensible. I think I’d like that, actually.”

“All right,” Harrison agreed, his tone warm and reassuring. “Leave it with me. I’ll come up with a draft and we can talk it through next time we see each other.”

They finished their picnic, and once the sky became a canvas of pink and orange hues, they gathered their belongings and began the descent back down the trail.

Chapter Four

HARRISON

Harrison stood in his small but comfortable ranger station, carefully gathering supplies for their hike. He filled two water bottles and placed them in his backpack, alongside a first aid kit, and a folded map of the trail they would be exploring.

Lastly, he walked over to the table and picked up the rules he had spent hours drafting last night. He couldn't help but worry about Jade's comfort and safety. She was so delicate, like a rare flower that needed gentle care. As a Daddy Dom, Harrison felt the overwhelming responsibility to protect her.

"Okay, I've got everything," he said, checking his backpack one last time before zipping it closed. "Now, let's make sure she enjoys this day as much as I hope she will."

This place wasn't just the ranger station, it was Harrison's home, too. It was simple, but had everything within that he needed. He stepped out into the sunlight. He took a deep breath, inhaling the fresh air. His heart raced with anticipation, eager to share his love of nature with Jade. He imagined her face lighting up with wonder as they walked through the forest, discovering new sights and sounds together.

But he reminded himself to take it slow and steady. He knew that Jade had never experienced anything like this before, and

the last thing he wanted was to push her too far, too fast.

By the time he reached Pixie Patterns, he felt quietly confident that today was going to be a good day for them both.

“Good morning, Jade,” he said as he opened the door. The scent of lavender filled the air, and soft music played in the background.

“H-hi, Harrison,” Jade said, her auburn hair bouncing as she hurried over to him from behind the counter. She looked like a shy bunny rabbit. He noticed she was blinking rapidly, which had to be a telltale sign of her anxiety, but he was also pleased to note that she was smiling. “I’m excited for our hike today.”

“I’ve picked out a gentle trail for us to explore, just like I promised,” Harrison told her.

“Thanks, Daddy,” Jade said playfully, the nickname rolling off her tongue naturally and causing a small blush to color her cheeks. “Oops, I mean, I was just, uh, joking around.”

“No need to feel embarrassed, little one,” he said. “I am a Daddy Dom, after all. If you want to call me Daddy, I won’t object.”

Had he just taken things too far?

Of course, he wasn’t offering to be Jade’s Daddy. That would be crazy, when they knew so little about each other. He just wanted her to feel comfortable, and he couldn’t deny the fact that it felt good to hear that name on her lips. It had been a long time since anyone had called him that name.

“Ready to head out?” he asked, his fingers brushing against the backpack strap slung over his shoulder.

“I guess so,” Jade said, grabbing her own small backpack and slipping it on. “As ready as I’ll ever be!”

Together, they stepped out of the boutique, and made their way toward the hiking location.

Harrison noticed that although Jade seemed positive about today’s walk, there was a nervous energy about her, like she was using her enthusiasm as a mask. And the farther away they got from her boutique, the quieter she got.

“Just ten more minutes until we get to the trailhead,” he told her.

“You mean the walk hasn’t actually started yet?” she asked, glancing around.

He smiled. “Well, technically, we’re still on Main street. The trail we’ll be walking is a little less... urban than this.”

“Oh,” she said with an embarrassed giggle. “Silly me.”

A few minutes later, they reached the trailhead, and Harrison pointed to a path lined with tall trees and lush greenery. “This is the perfect beginner hike,” he said. “Not too steep, a simple circular route, and lots of interesting things to see along the way.”

Jade bit her lip. “How long is it?”

“Should be a couple of hours, if we keep up the pace.”

“A couple of hours? I... I don’t know if I can manage that.”

“Don’t worry,” Harrison said with a smile. “I’ve factored in breaks.”

Jade stood there, hesitating. “What if my heart... can’t take it?”

“Trust me,” said Harrison. “Here, take my hand. I’m here with you. Nothing is going to go wrong.” He extended his arm to her. She hesitated for only a moment before wrapping her slender fingers around his. They exchanged a reassuring smile, and then they set off on the trail together.

As they walked, Harrison felt a sense of peace wash over him. Sharing his love of nature with Jade felt wonderful. He’d walked so many trails in his life, almost all of them alone. Having a companion was new and exciting.

He made sure to set a slow and steady pace. If he noticed Jade seemed out of breath or struggling, he slowed down, often distracting her with something pretty.

“Look,” he said, pointing to a cluster of yellow wildflowers with spiky leaves. “Do you know what these flowers are?”

Jade examined the vibrant blooms. “Holly?”

“No, actually, although that’s a good observation. Their leaves have spiny edges just like holly leaves. This plant is actually the Oregon grape! It’s the state flower.”

“Oh my goodness!” said Jade. “I can’t believe I didn’t know that! It’s such a lovely color. Wait a second.” She took her phone out of her pocket and snapped a photograph. “I want to remember that. Maybe I’ll use that color in a design.”

Harrison smiled. “Glad to hear the walk is inspiring you.”

As they continued walking, a pair of squirrels chasing each other up a tree caught Jade’s attention, and she laughed softly at their antics.

“Nature can be quite entertaining, huh?” Harrison remarked, his own laughter mingling with hers.

“Definitely,” Jade admitted, still watching the squirrels playfully dart around. “I’m really enjoying this, Harrison. Thank you for being so patient with me.”

“Of course, little one,” he replied, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. “Your comfort and happiness are my top priorities. Speaking of which, we ought to take a break in a moment.”

“A break? But we only just got started!”

Harrison could practically feel the rules he’d drawn up burning a hole in his pocket. He wanted to talk them through, but if Jade was content to keep walking for now, then he should probably go with the flow.

“All right, then,” he said. “We’ll keep walking a little longer. But once we get to our first checkpoint, we’re definitely going to stop to rest and hydrate.”

“Yes, sir,” said Jade jokingly, and Harrison noticed her give a small grimace. It was quick and fleeting, but definitely there. He wondered if it was one of the tics caused by her Tourette’s. It made him feel slightly sad that she might try to hide those tics from him, or feel embarrassed by them. Really, she had no need to worry. He found everything she did impossibly cute and sexy. Maybe it was the fact she was so small and pixie-

like, but there really was something magical about her presence.

Harrison watched as a beam of sunlight cast an ethereal glow on Jade's auburn hair. "So, tell me more about your background in fashion design. How did you get started in that industry?"

Jade's eyes lit up as she began to speak. "Well, I've always been drawn to the world of fashion. I used to sketch clothing designs in my notebook during class when I was just a teenager." She paused, her gaze drifting off into the distance. "It was kind of an escape from the world around me."

Harrison sensed there was more to the story. He decided not to press, though. Instead, he shared a story from his past. "You know, when I was younger, I used to be an engineer. I helped design elevators."

Jade stopped walking and wrinkled up her nose. "Elevators?"

"Yeah," said Harrison. "I was good with numbers and I just kind of fell into that job after I got my degree. And I enjoyed it, up to a point."

"I never really knew Elevator Designer was a job."

Harrison chuckled. "Me neither before I became one, honestly. But as time went on, I realized that I hated being cooped up indoors all day. Which made working in elevators just about the worst place in the world for me. So, in the end, I took the plunge and trained myself up for a mountain rescue job."

Jade raised her eyebrows. "That's great! But... I don't want to quit my job."

"Oh no," said Harrison, raising his palms. "That's not the point of my story. I was letting you know that I understand where you're coming from. The need to escape. And to find the right path in life."

Jade listened intently. "The difference is, I wanted to escape *into* my comfort zone. You jumped out of yours."

Harrison shrugged. “Elevators weren’t particularly comforting for me. But you’re right—moving into mountain rescue was a scary step into the unknown. I think life is all about balance. Making yourself comfortable enough not to feel overwhelmed, but pushing yourself just enough to stay strong and healthy, too.”

“I see what you mean,” said Jade thoughtfully. “It’s funny how life pushes us to overcome our fears, isn’t it? I was quite happy staying indoors to work on my designs, but clearly, life had other ideas.”

“Indeed it did,” agreed Harrison quietly.

As they approached the first checkpoint, Harrison felt a spike of anxiety. It was time to broach the subject of their DDlg dynamic and the rules he’d prepared for their outdoor exploration.

“Jade, I want to discuss something important with you,” Harrison began, pausing at the checkpoint and indicating for Jade to take a seat on a nearby log. He handed her a bottle of water and a snack bar, then continued. “As the Daddy Dom currently providing you care, it’s my responsibility to ensure your safety and well-being during our adventures together. With that in mind, I’ve come up with some rules to help guide us. You remember we talked about this?”

Jade nodded, her eyes attentive.

He opened up his backpack and took out a sheet of paper containing the rules he’d drafted up for them.

“First and foremost,” Harrison explained, “communication is key. If you’re ever feeling uncomfortable or unsure about anything, please let me know right away.”

“I’ll try my best,” Jade responded, her tone sincere.

“Good girl,” Harrison praised. “Next, we’ll always stick together while hiking. No wandering off alone without checking with me first. Even to go pee. The wilderness can be unpredictable, and I want to make sure I’m there to protect you.”

“Understood,” Jade agreed, nodding solemnly.

“Also,” Harrison said, “I’ll encourage you to push yourself and try new things, but I promise to never force you into anything you’re not ready for.”

Jade nodded, her eyes shining with gratitude. “You’re quite un-scary for such a tall person.”

Harrison chuckled. “Finally, let’s agree to walking together three times a week. The trails will increase in intensity as you become more confident. Eventually, we’ll work up to a two-day hike, with an overnight camp. But there’s no rush for that whatsoever.”

“An overnight camp?” Jade echoed. “I’m not sure about that. I d-don’t know if I could sleep outside.”

“It will only happen if and when you feel up to it,” he reassured her.

“Okay,” Jade said quietly. Looking up at him, she asked: “By the way, were you serious earlier when you said I could call you... D-daddy?”

“Totally,” said Harrison, as he grabbed a pen from his shirt pocket. “In fact, why don’t I add it to the rules?”

He added a sentence to the sheet of paper.

Jade is to refer to Harrison as Daddy whenever she likes.

Jade smiled. “I like that one. That one’s easier than the others.”

Harrison grinned, almost overcome with happiness. He knew this wasn’t the same as forming a proper DDlg relationship. He was just Jade’s guide to the great outdoors, but still... it was a connection. He hadn’t formed a deep connection with anything other than flora and fauna for a long while.

“Let’s keep moving,” Harrison suggested, his hand gently resting on the small of Jade’s back as they resumed their hike. “There’s an overlook just ahead that I think you’ll love.”

“Sounds wonderful,” Jade replied, beaming up at him. “I can’t wait to see it, Daddy.”

They set off, and there seemed to be a small difference in Jade, almost as though her steps were lighter and her expression was softer.

“Hey, look at this,” said Jade, pausing to admire a small patch where sunlight illuminated the intricate veins in a leaf, the vivid green standing out against the muted backdrop. “Isn’t it amazing how nature can create such beautiful designs? There’s so much beauty and complexity in even the smallest details.”

“I never thought about it like that,” said Harrison, “but you’re right.”

As they walked, Jade began to share more about her own journey with Tourette’s syndrome. “When I was first diagnosed, I struggled a lot with trying to fit in. Every time I cleared my throat, or blinked, or jerked about, I’d feel so self-conscious. I guess I still do. That’s partly why I like clothes so much. They’re another layer between me and the outside world.”

“Let me assure you, Jade,” said Harrison sincerely, “there’s nothing to feel self-conscious about. Your mannerisms are part of you. And who you are is adorable. Brave. Inspiring. There’s nothing wrong with needing to feel safe, but believe me when I tell you that you don’t need to hide. Not from anyone, but especially not from me.”

Jade blinked up at him. “You don’t find some of the stuff I do... weird?”

“Not nearly as weird as some of the stuff I do,” Harrison replied with a playful grin. “For instance, I talk to the trees and animals in the park as if they’re going to talk back. And not just a casual ‘hello’ to a bird. I mean full-on conversations about the weather, asking if they’ve seen any lost hikers around, or what they think about the new growth in spring. I’m pretty sure if anyone ever overheard me, they’d think I’ve been out in the wilderness a bit too long.”

Jade couldn’t help but laugh, the tension easing from her shoulders. “Really? You talk to trees?”

“Afraid so,” Harrison affirmed, nodding with exaggerated seriousness. “And let me tell you, the Douglas Firs are quite the conversationalists. Much more so than the maples. Maples are a bit standoffish.” His eyes twinkled with mirth, clearly enjoying the opportunity to make her smile.

Seeing Jade’s amusement, Harrison felt a warmth spread through him. He thought about his sister Emily and her struggles with anxiety, and wondered whether to tell Jade about it. But he decided it wasn’t the right time to bring it up. Instead, he focused on being present with Jade.

As they rounded a bend in the trail, they came upon a scenic overlook, the breathtaking panorama stretching out before them. A chorus of birdsong filled the air, and the clean scent of grass mingled with the earthy aroma of the forest floor.

“Let’s take a longer break here,” Harrison suggested, gesturing toward a nearby tree stump. “We can rest and enjoy the view before continuing our hike.”

“Good idea, Daddy,” Jade replied softly, reaching for his hand. Their fingers intertwined, and Harrison felt a jolt of warmth course through him at the simple gesture.

Chapter Five

JADE

Jade had begun to find peace in the rhythms of nature: the growth, the cycles, the quiet strength of living things. These rhythms grounded her when everything else felt chaotic.

She had been out for three hikes with Harrison now, each one slightly more challenging than the last. She'd noticed her fitness improving slightly—she no longer felt out of breath by the third stair up to her apartment. Now, it was more like the sixth! Which didn't make her an athlete yet, but it was definitely progress.

And she had begun to incorporate more of the colors and patterns of nature into her designs at the store, including a lovely playsuit with a picture of the Oklahoma grape plant on it.

As she waited for Harrison to arrive to pick her up for their fourth hike together, her heart pounded with a mix of excitement and nervousness. It was early on Saturday morning, and they were going for a longer walk today. But that wasn't the reason for her nerves. She was nervous because she had something to show him.

She glanced at the clock for the tenth time in the last minute, willing Harrison's arrival.

The sound of a car door shutting outside on the street made her heart skip a beat. She looked out the window to see Harrison walking up to her building's front door. Then she heard his heavy boots walking up the steps, and she couldn't resist any longer—she opened the door just as he was about to knock.

“Good morning, Jade,” Harrison said, clearly surprised by her eagerness. “Ready for today's adventure?”

“Almost,” she replied, biting her lip. “I have a surprise for you first, though.” Jade motioned for Harrison to follow her into the living room. There, spread out on the couch, was an array of customized hiking gear she had designed and made herself.

“Wow, Jade, this is incredible!” Harrison exclaimed as he took in the details of the boots, the outfit, and even a beanie hat. “Wait. Did you make all of this yourself?”

“Yep,” she said, a blush creeping up her cheeks. “Well, I customized it all, anyway. I wanted us to have something special for our hike today. That's my outfit, but the hat's for you.”

Harrison picked up the hat, taking time to look at the intricate stitching. It was made of merino wool, known for its breathability, and had a fabric patch of a varied thrush sewn onto it, a reminder of the first time Harrison had seen her.

“I love it,” he said sincerely, placing it on his head. “Thank you, Jade. It fits perfectly.”

“Good! I'm glad you like it,” she responded, her anxiety easing slightly as she saw his genuine appreciation. “I also made myself some gear.” Jade talked Harrison through the other items. She'd bought herself a pair of sturdy hiking boots, but had stitched colorful patches onto them, and replaced the laces with glow-in-the-dark ones, mainly because it seemed fun. The pants had flower patches all over them, and the sweater had a slogan on it: *Never Give Up!*

“Your creativity never ceases to amaze me,” Harrison told her, his eyes twinkling with admiration. “Now why don't you

put on that awesome outfit and we'll hit the trail?"

"Okey-dokey!" said Jade excitedly. She ran into her bedroom and put all of her gear on, then checked herself in the mirror. She looked kind of funny in it, but definitely unique. It made her feel slightly bolder, somehow, to be doing things in her own special way.

"Ready!" she announced, stepping out of the bedroom.

Harrison didn't say a word for a moment, and then he whistled. "Wow," he said. "You look great. I love it, Jade."

Jade felt a thrill of pride and anticipation as they prepared to leave her apartment. She quickly grabbed her backpack, filled with essentials for the hike, then locked the door behind them.

But as they walked to Harrison's truck, Jade's confidence wavered. What if she got too tired during the hike? What if her anxiety got the better of her?

"Hey," Harrison said gently, sensing her unease. "We're gonna have a great time today, I promise. And remember, we'll go at your pace."

"Thank you, Daddy," Jade whispered, feeling a surge of affection for him.

*

The sunlight glinted off the shiny surface of Harrison's truck as he drove them toward the trail. As usual, Jade felt a sense of peace wash over her as they left the bustle of town behind and entered the calm embrace of nature. A serene lake sparkled in the distance, surrounded by lush greenery that seemed to stretch on forever.

"This place is incredible," Jade murmured, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Thought you might like it," Harrison replied, his voice warm and reassuring. "It's one of my favorite places to escape to when I need some peace and quiet."

When they arrived at the trailhead, Jade took a deep breath of the fresh, crisp air. It smelled of damp earth and pine needles, making her feel more grounded.

As they walked side by side, Jade couldn't help but feel grateful for the man who had introduced her to this world.

"Thank you for bringing me here, Daddy," she said, her voice full of sincerity. "This place is truly special."

"You're welcome, babygirl," Harrison replied.

Jade's heart swelled with happiness at hearing that nickname. Nobody had ever called her that before, and it felt so good.

Just then, her gaze fell upon a vibrant splash of color amidst the earthy hues of the forest floor. "Oh, Daddy, look at that flower!" she exclaimed, excitement bubbling in her chest.

"Where?" Harrison asked, his eyes following hers.

"Over there, just off the trail," Jade pointed, already taking a step toward it. "I have to see it up close!"

"Wait, Jade—" Harrison began, but she was already racing away, her curiosity overpowering any sense of caution.

As Jade reached the bright yellow flower, she took in its unusual beauty, unaware that beneath her boots, she had inadvertently stepped on another one just like it. The crushing released an unpleasant odor that immediately assaulted her senses. It was terrible—like wet dog and sun-baked garbage all at once.

"Ugh! What is that smell?" Jade cried out, her nose wrinkling in disgust and her anxiety spiking.

Harrison hurriedly caught up with her, concern etching his features. "You accidentally stepped on some skunk cabbage, babygirl," he explained, his voice gentle.

The pungent smell overwhelmed Jade, triggering her anxiety like a tidal wave. Her heart raced, and her thoughts spiraled into a frenzy of worry. What if other dangers were lurking nearby? What if she couldn't handle this new world of nature?

"Hey, it's okay," Harrison reassured her, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“I’m sorry, Daddy. I just... I didn’t think,” she stammered, her breaths coming in shallow gasps as she fought to regain control over her emotions.

“It’s okay, how were you meant to know? Take a deep breath, sweetheart. You’re safe with me,” Harrison said softly.

Jade inhaled deeply, focusing on the feeling of Harrison’s hand on her shoulder and his soothing words. As she slowly exhaled, her anxiety began to ebb.

“Th-thank you, Daddy,” she murmured, her voice shaky but grateful.

“Here, let me help you take your mind off that smell,” Harrison said, taking Jade’s hand, leading her off the trail to a small clearing where they could sit down. He pulled a thermos from his backpack. He unscrewed the cap, revealing a steaming cup of cocoa inside.

Jade gratefully accepted the warm cup. She wrapped her trembling fingers around it, feeling the heat seep into her chilled skin. She sniffed the cocoa first of all, trying to focus on the rich, chocolatey scent, and not that other one that had just assaulted her nose.

She took a long, grateful mouthful of the delicious warm drink.

“Feeling better?” Harrison asked, his voice gentle and concerned.

Jade nodded weakly.

“Hey, look at me,” Harrison said, placing his hand on Jade’s cheek and turning her face towards him. “I promise I will always protect you, okay?”

“Thank you,” Jade whispered, her eyes welling up with gratitude.

As Jade continued to sip her cocoa, Harrison got up and wandered over to a nearby patch of wildflowers. He carefully picked a few, their vibrant colors standing out against the muted greens and browns of the forest floor. Returning to Jade, he handed her the small bouquet with a tender smile.

“Here, focus on these,” he suggested. “Breathe in their scent and appreciate their beauty.”

Jade took the flowers, inhaling their sweet fragrance deeply. As she concentrated on the delicate petals, she had soon forgotten that other smell. Harrison’s unwavering support and the simple pleasures of nature were helping to restore her equilibrium.

“I can’t believe I let that smell get to me so much,” she said with a chuckle.

“Hey, it happens to the best of us,” Harrison reassured her with a smile. “You should’ve seen me the first time I stepped in bear poop.”

Jade giggled. “Bear poop! Yuk.”

As she studied his face, she realized how deeply she trusted Harrison already, and how much she cared for him. She knew that she could rely on him to guide her through both her inner turmoil and the unknown paths of the wilderness. Driven by a sudden surge of affection, she leaned in toward Harrison.

“Jade...” he muttered. “Is this really what you w—“

“Yes, Daddy,” she said quickly. “Kiss me.”

Harrison didn’t even hesitate. He slid his strong arms around her back and pulled her in close to him. Their lips met, the kiss gentle and tender, yet charged with electricity. Harrison’s mouth was so confident, so hungry for her, that it took her by surprise.

“Sorry,” she whispered, breaking apart, her cheeks flushed with color.

“Nothing to be sorry for,” Harrison said. “That was wonderful.”

Jade smiled. “It was?”

Their bodies pressed together once more, and Jade explored his lips with curiosity. So large and so warm compared to hers. The way his tongue entered her mouth was gentle but curious, and the way their mouths began to dance together was perfect.

Until, all of a sudden, Jade felt a strong jerk in her neck, followed by a spasm in her mouth that caused her to grimace.

Suddenly, her anxiety resurfaced like a tidal wave threatening to drown her. She pulled away from Harrison, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps.

“Sorry,” she stammered, blinking rapidly and tensing her jaw. “I just... I was bullied a lot when I was younger, and sometimes I worry that this is all some kind of cruel joke. That you’re about to tell me how disgusting you find me. I mean... who’d want to be with someone like me?”

Harrison watched Jade carefully, his eyes filled with concern and understanding. He reached out, gently brushing a stray lock of auburn hair from her face.

“Jade, I *like* you,” he said sincerely. “I’m not playing any games. You’re beautiful, talented, and tough. I have nothing but admiration and respect for you.”

“Daddy,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Thank you for saying that. It means so much to me.”

Harrison smiled warmly, his large hand enveloping hers. “Of course, little one. Just remember, I’ll always be here to listen, support, and protect you. And I will always want to kiss you too, as it happens.”

Jade chuckled. “Even when I do weird stuff with my mouth?”

Harrison nudged her playfully. “Especially when you do weird stuff with your mouth.”

“Daddy!” Jade squealed, pretending to be outraged.

As they sat together, Jade felt a mixture of relief and happiness wash over her.

“Young lady,” Harrison began softly, his voice firm yet gentle. “There is one serious thing we need to talk about.”

“There is?”

“Earlier, when you ran off without me to look at the skunk cabbage, you broke a rule.”

Jade's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, remembering how she'd impulsively left his side to investigate the strange blossom. "Uh, don't tread on stinky blossoms?" she joked.

"Nice try, but our rule was that you're not allowed to run off without me," said Harrison kindly. "If I really was your Daddy Dom, I might have to give you a punishment for that," he said, his eyes searching her face for a reaction.

Jade hesitated, then took a deep breath before responding. "I... I'm not altogether against punishments," she admitted, her voice barely a whisper. "In fact, I find the idea of them quite... sexy."

Harrison raised an eyebrow, intrigued by her confession. "Is that so?" he asked, a playful smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Jade nodded, her hands fidgeting nervously in her lap. "Yes, Daddy," she replied, her mind racing with the possibilities such a dynamic could bring to their relationship. "But only if you think it's right. And if we set clear boundaries."

"Of course," Harrison agreed, his expression thoughtful. "Well... I'll bear that in mind."

Jade gave an excited squeak.

So... did this mean Harrison was not just a Daddy, but he was about to become *her* Daddy? Jade could hardly wait to find out.

Chapter Six

HARRISON

It was Friday night, and Harrison's park ranger hut was the very essence of coziness. The fire crackled and the scent of chili wafted over from where it simmered on the stove. Seated at his small wooden table, Harrison stared into the flickering flames, deep in thought. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing.

Lately, his growing feelings for Jade had consumed him. Despite their unconventional dynamic, he found himself drawn to her. Their connection had grown steadily over the past couple of weeks, and although Harrison hadn't kissed her again, he had wanted to—many times.

The reason he'd held back was that he wanted to be sure that he wasn't pushing Jade into anything. He wanted a sign from her that an intimate relationship was definitely what she wanted from him... and if and when he got that sign, he would be ready to switch gears in an instant.

But what if Jade was waiting for a sign from *him*, too? She was an anxious person, after all. Not as confident as he was.

"Damn it," he muttered under his breath, running a hand through his hair. He knew he couldn't make this decision alone—not without someone to talk to, someone who understood him.

Harrison reached for his phone and dialed his sister's number.

"Hey, Harrison," Emily's voice came through the line, light and unusually cheerful.

"Hey, Em," he greeted. "How's it going?"

"All the better for hearing your voice, bro!"

Harrison smiled. "That's good. Well, I need your advice on something."

"Of course, what's up?"

"There's this woman. Jade. She's... well, she's amazing. But we have a unique dynamic, you know?"

"Unique how?" Emily asked, her tone encouraging.

Not wanting to embarrass his sister with details of his DDLg dynamic, Harrison focused on other things. "Well, Jade's very shy and suffers from anxiety," he explained, trying to put into words the complex emotions swirling inside him. "I like her, but I don't want to take advantage of her vulnerability. I worry that if I suggest we take things to the next level, she'll only agree to it because of her anxiety."

"First of all, Harrison, you're a kind and caring person," Emily reassured him. "You deserve happiness, you know? And the fact you're even thinking about this tells me you're not remotely taking advantage of Jade's vulnerability. I like her name, by the way."

Harrison sighed. "I guess I'm worried that even if she does say yes, I'll let her down. She needs strength and stability. What if I'm not up to the challenge?"

What if I let her down like I let you down, Emily?

"Don't even think about telling me you let me down again, bro," teased Emily, as if reading his mind. "I'm happy with my life with Mom and Dad. And anyway, I have something to tell you!"

"You do?"

"I sort of started dating someone."

“You did? What? Who?” Harrison felt a protective surge swell up in him.

“He’s actually a surfer. Can you believe that? We met online—on this forum for people with social anxiety. But he’s not socially anxious. He was there trying to get information for his mom.”

“Well... wow. This is amazing, Emily. I thought you sounded happy. Good for you!”

“So, now it’s your turn,” says Emily. “You have no excuses not to get out there and make some girl very happy.”

Harrison scratched his stubbly chin. “You know my issues, though, Em. It’s not just you who I feel I let down. I still think a lot about Tom.”

Tom worked in mountain rescue like Harrison. One day, he and Tom had to scale down a sheer cliff face to get to someone in need. But Tom tripped over a rock and snapped his ankle. Then, just as he cried out in pain, a larger rock dropped from farther up the cliff and fell onto his leg.

Harrison was faced with an impossible decision in that moment: keep going down the mountain to rescue the person in need, or climb back up the mountain to rescue Tom. There were screams coming from above and below him, and as he looked up at the sheer cliff-face, up to where Tom lay in need of him, he suddenly felt afraid of his own mortality. It was the first moment in his life he had felt it and it was so strong it brought him to his knees.

After that, something in him just froze. He radioed for a helicopter to come and help them, but by the time the helicopter arrived, Tom had bled out. The person farther down the mountain wasn’t even that badly hurt, it turned out. And from that day forward, Harrison suddenly felt afraid of heights. A few days later, he left Mountain Rescue and became a park ranger instead.

“What happened to Tom was a terrible, tragic accident,” Emily told him kindly. “But it wasn’t your fault, Harrison. You know it wasn’t.”

“I just wish I could save everyone,” Harrison said, his voice hollow. “I don’t want anyone getting hurt on my watch. Not you. Not Tom. Not anyone.”

“I know,” said Emily, her voice softening. “That’s why you became a park ranger. Trying to take responsibility for everyone and everything. But really, Harrison, you’re awesome no matter what you do. You always try your best. And you probably *have* saved a ton of people.”

Harrison nodded. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“Take a chance on this relationship, Harrison,” she urged. “Jade sounds like someone who could really bring something special to your life, and I’m sure you could do the same for her. Don’t let fear hold you back.”

“Thank you, Emily,” he said sincerely. “I needed to hear that.”

“Anytime, Harrison. And hey, keep me updated. I want to hear all about it.”

“Will do,” he promised, hanging up the phone with a newfound sense of determination.

Harrison took a deep breath, his heart pounding in his chest as he made his decision. It was time to take the next step with Jade—and now, it felt as though he had the courage to do so.

He took a deep breath, steadying himself before dialing Jade’s number.

“Hey, Jade. It’s Harrison,” he said when she answered, his voice tight with nerves. “I, uh... I was wondering if you’d like to come over for dinner tonight. I made some chili, and I thought it would be nice to share it with someone.”

As he waited for her response, he could feel his heart hammering against his ribcage, threatening to break free. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his fingers tapping an anxious rhythm on his thigh.

“Is this... like a date?” Jade asked at last.

“Nope,” said Harrison gruffly. “Not like a date. *It is* a date.” He swallowed. That was meant to be a joke, but had he

sounded too cocky?

“A date sounds lovely,” Jade replied, her voice carrying a hint of surprise that only served to heighten his anxiety. “What time should I come over?”

“Would seven work for you?” he asked, trying not to sound too excited in case he scared her off.

“Seven is perfect. I’ll see you then.”

He hung up the phone, exhaling a shaky breath as relief washed over him. He had done it—he had invited Jade over for dinner, taking the first step towards exploring a deeper connection with her.

He glanced around the hut, making sure everything was in order for their dinner date. He knew it wasn’t just about the food—it was about opening himself up to vulnerability and the possibility of a real relationship with Jade. Tonight, he was ready to make her a promise: of romance, of devotion, and of course, of his unwavering protection.

*

The knock on the door made Harrison jump, nearly knocking over a stack of maps on the nearby table. He opened the door to find Jade standing there, an excited but nervous smile playing on her lips.

“H-hi, Daddy,” she greeted him, fidgeting with the hem of her dress. She looked absolutely beautiful, her blue eyes set off by the pale blue summer dress she wore. His eyes drifted to her curves, then got stuck on her heart-shaped lips.

“Hey,” Harrison replied, his throat suddenly dry. He stepped aside to let her in. “Come on in. I’m really glad you could make it.”

As Jade entered the ranger’s hut, she looked around, taking in the intimate atmosphere. The crackling fireplace cast warm light over the room, making it feel as romantic as a candlelit restaurant. “This is such a lovely place,” she said, still looking around. “I didn’t expect it to be so... homey.”

“Thank you,” Harrison replied, feeling a surge of pride at her words. “It’s not much, but it’s mine.”

“It must be strange to live in a park,” said Jade. “But kind of cool.” She bit her lip. “Must be very quiet here in the evenings.”

Harrison felt his cheeks grow warm, but he met her gaze confidently. “Yes, it is,” he confirmed. “Very quiet.”

Jade’s cheeks flushed slightly. “Well, I’m glad I’m here.”

“Me too,” Harrison said, leading her to the small table he had set up in front of the fireplace. “I made some chili for us, and there’s cornbread too. I hope you like it.”

“Sounds delicious,” Jade replied, taking a seat at the table. “I love cornbread. It’s so comforting.”

As they settled into their dinner date, Harrison felt a warmth spreading through his chest that had nothing to do with the chili or the flickering flames—it was the undeniable connection between them, growing stronger with every moment.

“Tell me more about your family,” he said to her. “Are you close to them?”

“Very,” said Jade. “That’s partly why I decided to move out here, though. I wanted to do something on my own for once.”

Harrison took this as a reminder to ensure that he didn’t try to coddle Jade too much—just the right amount for her to feel safe. But it was important she got to try things on her own sometimes, too.

“It was very brave of you to leave your hometown behind,” he told her sincerely. “It’s impressive.”

“There were bad memories I wanted to leave behind there, too,” said Jade. “People who were cruel to me when I was a kid. People who made me feel like an outsider, like there was something wrong with me.”

Harrison felt a flush of anger. He wished he’d been there to support Jade through every bad thing that had ever happened to her, as impossible as that was.

“Anyway,” she said with a smile, “I haven’t done anything as impressive as you. You worked in Mountain Rescue, Harrison! That’s pretty badass.”

Harrison cleared his throat, an uncomfortable flashback of Tom’s death playing in his mind again, but he fought past it. He didn’t want to talk about Tom right now. He wanted to talk about *this*. Him and Jade. The time had come to lay his cards on the table.

So, he cut to the chase.

“Jade, there’s something I wanted to talk to you about tonight,” he began, his voice steady despite the nerves fluttering in his stomach. “I’ve really enjoyed getting to know you, and I can’t help but feel drawn to you in a way I haven’t felt in a long time. And, well, I want to pursue a relationship with you. I want to be your Daddy Dom—truly and in every sense—if you’d let me.”

Jade’s eyes widened, and she looked down at her lap for a moment before meeting his gaze once more, her cheeks flushed. “Harrison, I... I’ve never had a Daddy Dom before, but I’ve always known I’m a Little. I’ve just been waiting for someone who understands what that means, and who... you know, likes me.”

“Jade, I promise you that I like you in all the ways a Daddy Dom can like a Little. I promise to always protect you, guide you, and support you in every way that I can,” Harrison said earnestly. “I want to be there for you, to help you grow and explore your Little side.” He paused. “But I want to be kinky as hell with you, too. If that’s something you’re into.”

Jade’s eyes widened. “I trust you, Harrison. And... I want you to be my Daddy Dom.”

“You know what that entails, don’t you?” asked Harrison. “You know what I’m asking is... to embark on a sexual relationship together? And not just any sexual relationship. This one will involve dominance, discipline, and testing out our darkest desires together.”

Jade blushed redder than he'd ever seen her. "I know what you're asking, Daddy," she said, blinking at him. "I'm afraid I'm not very experienced in that area, but I know that I'm a submissive. And that sometimes, when I'm on my own, I think about you doing all kinds of naughty things to me... and my bottom." She giggled awkwardly, blushing some more.

Harrison reached for her hand. "Jade, thank you for telling me that. I love knowing that you fantasize about me. Truthfully, I fantasize about you, too."

Jade swallowed. "What kind of stuff do you think about, Daddy?"

Harrison looked into her eyes, long and deep. "Definitely lots of stuff involving your bottom." He drew his tongue across his lips. "And stuff involving your mouth. And your hands. And all the other beautiful parts of you, parts I'm desperate to get to know."

Jade smiled, but a moment later, it turned into a frown. "I hope I don't let you down when we—"

"You won't let me down, sweetheart," Harrison cut in, then, with resolve, he added, "and I won't let you down, either." He looked into Jade's blue eyes, desperate to kiss her, to show her some of the things he'd fantasized about doing to her, but he knew that they had work to do first. "And part of that promise involves us clearly defining our relationship, so nobody gets hurt."

"Good idea, Daddy," agreed Jade.

Harrison guided her over to his couch, his lips still tingling from the spice of the chili, as well as a desire to kiss Jade.

"Let's talk about our likes and dislikes," he said. "It's important that we're on the same page and understand each other's needs."

Jade bit her lip and nodded. "I'll do my best to be open with you."

"First of all," he said, his voice husky with desire, "I want you to know that I'm incredibly attracted to you, Jade. I'm very interested in the idea of spanking you and disciplining

you in all kinds of ways. I think it might actually be good for you, too. To help you heal and grow. But... I'm aware that you're an anxious person, and I don't want to do anything that might hurt or scare you."

Jade blushed even deeper, her gaze dropping to her lap. "I... I like the idea of punishments. And I like the idea of getting a little hurt and even a tiny bit scared sometimes. As long as it's with you, in a safe environment, and nothing bad is actually going to happen."

Harrison reached out and gently lifted her chin, urging her to meet his eyes. "In that case, we'd better make a safeword right now, and you need to know that you can always use it, no matter what. And if I ever make you feel even the tiniest bit uncomfortable, you need to let me know."

Jade nodded. "How about 'thrush?' For our safeword?"

Harrison frowned, confused.

Suddenly, Jade's hand flew to her mouth. "Oh my goodness! Not *that* kind of thrush! Not the icky, medical kind! I was thinking about the bird that scared the life out of me. The one I put on your hat."

"You know what? I think 'thrush' is an excellent safeword. It's funny too, which makes it even better."

Jade laughed. "Okay, Daddy. I guess if I ever have to use my safeword, at least we'll be able to laugh about it."

"Exactly," said Harrison. "I feel incredibly lucky to have met you, Jade."

"Me too, Daddy."

As the night wore on, their conversation grew more flirtatious. They wrote down a longer list of rules to follow than the last one. Jade agreed to do at least one thing a week to push herself out of her comfort zone that she was to do all on her own, without Harrison. Harrison agreed to help Jade make healthy meal choices and to keep inspiring a love of nature in her. He also told her he wanted them to explore her Little side together, and at least one of their dates every week would be nonsexual, and simply involve playtime as Daddy and Little.

But of course, they talked about the sexual side of things the most. Harrison asked Jade for her soft and hard limits. Jade said she didn't want Harrison to put her down or use nasty words to describe her, including "bitch" or "slut," which Harrison was more than happy to agree to. Harrison said he drew the line at anything involving dubious consent, even in roleplaying, and that he wanted to be one-hundred percent sure Jade was into what they were doing at all times.

In terms of sexual acts, neither of them had too many limits. Jade hadn't done a lot before, and wanted to try a range of things before she decided what she did and didn't like.

The growing attraction between them was palpable, and they found themselves exploring their physical connection through tender touches and lingering looks. Feeling the heat radiating from the fireplace, and almost dizzy with lust, Harrison couldn't help but take things further.

"Jade," he whispered, leaning closer, "I want to make love to you. Nothing more complicated than that, not for our first time. This first time, I simply want to kiss you, to taste you, to be inside you. But only if you're ready."

Jade nodded shyly, her gaze flickering between his eyes and his lips. "I am ready, Daddy. I want you inside me too."

Closing the distance between them, Harrison pressed his lips hungrily against Jade's, taking a fistful of her hair in his hands as he gave her a deep, tender, passionate kiss. His large hands found their way to her waist, pulling her petite frame onto his lap, so that she was straddling him.

"Are you sure you want this?" he asked once more, gazing into her eyes.

"More than anything," she responded softly, her fingers tracing patterns on his strong arms.

"Tell me if anything feels uncomfortable, okay?" Harrison reminded her gently as he kissed her one more time, and then lowered her onto the soft rug in front of the fire.

"Okay," Jade agreed, smiling up at him with a warmth that melted his heart.

He took off his shirt, noticing Jade's expression of delight as she took in his hard muscles.

As he stripped away each layer of her clothing, he felt more and more grateful to be getting to know the real her. Her clothes were cute and stylish and testament to her talent in designing them, but it was what lay beneath that was the most wonderful thing about Jade of all. It was her. Every single bit of her, raw and unfiltered. He loved the dimples on her back, the curve of her breasts, the plumpness of her thighs. He loved her petite hands and the way they roamed over his body.

He loved how much she was enjoying herself, too. He reveled in the sounds she made, grateful for the trust she had placed in him.

"Jade," he said, "I'm going to make you come now, babygirl."

"Yes please, Daddy," she gasped.

His hands were gentle yet firm as they explored Jade's body, eliciting moans of pleasure from her. His lips traced a path down her neck, leaving a trail of hot kisses in their wake.

"Does this feel good?" he whispered against her skin.

Jade could only nod, her eyes closed and her body responding to his touch.

Harrison took his time to learn what made her feel the most pleasure. As he moved lower, his hands caressed every curve and dip of her body until they reached her core. Jade gasped as his fingers found their mark, sending waves of pleasure through her body.

"Daddy," she moaned, arching toward him.

He took that as a sign to continue and increased the pressure and speed of his fingers. Jade's breathing became ragged as she felt herself reaching the edge of ecstasy.

With one final thrust of his fingers, she fell over the edge, crying out his name as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her.

As she came down from her high, Harrison held her close in his arms, whispering words of comfort and adoration into her ear. They stayed like that for several minutes until Jade caught her breath and opened her eyes to look at him.

“That was...” she trailed off with a smile on her face.

“Amazing,” Harrison finished for her with a smile of his own.

They lay there in comfortable silence for a few moments before Jade spoke up again. “I want to make you feel good too,” she said shyly. “What would you like me to do?”

Harrison’s heart swelled at the thoughtfulness behind those words. “I want you to lie very, very still for me here, while I take off the rest of my clothes, put on a condom, and take you right here on the rug. Is that okay with you, babygirl?”

“Yes, Daddy,” said Jade, nodding, and lying still, just like he asked. “That’s very okay.”

Harrison rolled on a condom, looking down at Jade’s beautiful body. Her legs were still slightly apart, as they had been when he made her come, and her perfect pussy was just visible between her legs. The sight of it made him even thicker with desire.

He positioned himself carefully over Jade, then he lowered himself down, entering her slowly and gently.

Damn, it had been so long since he’d done this. She felt so exquisitely tight. He hoped he wasn’t rushing things, or that he would peak too soon. But hell, it felt *good*. And it was more than just physical; it was an emotional connection unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

“Touch me here, Jade,” he instructed, taking her soft little hand and guiding it to the sensitive area beneath his balls. He pressed down on her fingertips, showing her just how he liked to be touched, and she got the hang of it right away, rubbing him so feverishly hard that it coaxed an orgasm out of him within seconds.

“Fuck,” he panted as he unloaded himself inside her. “That was epic, babygirl.”

As he lay there, trembling, his heart racing, Harrison couldn't help but feel a sense of completeness that he had never felt before.

Jade nestled into his chest, her breaths coming in small pants as she hugged him tightly. "Thank you, Daddy," she murmured after some time, her breathing ragged and her eyes shining with happiness. She looked up at him, her body making its cute little jerks and spasms, but this time, they didn't seem like they were caused by anxiety—simply by a lack of pretense. Jade was letting go around him, and that felt wonderful.

Harrison smiled. "You don't need to thank me, Jade. It's you who has given me something truly special."

As they basked in the afterglow, their skin glistening from the heat of the fire and their passion, they breathed in sync, as though they truly had become one.

"I never imagined I'd find someone like you, Jade," Harrison said, his fingers gently stroking her auburn hair. "Someone who understands and accepts me. Who wants me the way you do."

"Me neither," she admitted. Then, she looked up at him, a mischievous glint in her eye, "So, how about we skip our big hike tomorrow and just stay in the cabin and do this all weekend instead?"

Harrison laughed. "Nice try, young lady. But there's no chance you're getting off the hook that easy."

Chapter Seven

JADE

Jade shifted the weight of her backpack as she and Harrison set off on their full weekend hike. She glanced up at Harrison, who seemed completely in his element, smiling as he navigated the winding trail with ease.

She couldn't help smiling to herself, too—except she was smiling about what had happened between them last night. It had been a dream come true. A man as big and strong as Harrison, showing her exactly what he wanted and bringing her pleasure at the same time. Today, she felt all sparkly and special and hoped that something naughty was going to happen between them on this hike.

“Are you doing all right there, little one?” Harrison asked, concern lining his eyes.

“Uh, yeah,” she replied, too embarrassed to voice her sexy thoughts. “Just not used to carrying this much stuff.”

Harrison chuckled. “Don't worry, we'll take plenty of breaks along the way.”

In fact, since Harrison was so much taller than Jade, he was taking almost all of the stuff. He had the tent, the food, the sleeping bags. But it was surprising how even a few items like clothes could become heavy on a long walk. Plus, Jade had thrown the odd coloring book and puzzle into her backpack,

which didn't help matters. She wasn't sure if she'd be brave enough to get them out in front of Harrison, though.

"Thank you, Daddy," Jade panted.

She had been hoping against hope that this wouldn't happen, but despite herself, Jade began to feel nervous. Today's hike was going to be their longest yet. They were walking in the complete wilderness today. Not even any cellphone reception if they got into trouble. She knew that she was in good hands with Harrison, but what if something happened to one of them? What if something happened to *both* of them?

Suddenly, Harrison stopped and put a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Sweetie, I can tell you're nervous. Want to try something to help you relax?"

"Sure, Daddy, what did you have in mind?" she asked, grateful for any distraction.

"Let's engage in some roleplaying."

Jade raised an eyebrow. Was he suggesting getting into something hot and steamy right here and right now?

"We'll take turns pretending to be different animals we encounter on the trail," Harrison explained. "It's a fun way to connect with our surroundings and let our imaginations run wild." He winked at her.

Jade laughed. That didn't sound very hot and steamy—but it did sound fun. The trouble was, she hadn't really let out her Little side much around Harrison yet. Not because she didn't want to, but because it felt so... intimate. Her Little was her deepest, truest self, after all. The *her* that lay under all these layers of clothes and skin. But Harrison was a Daddy Dom, her Daddy Dom, and she wanted to be able to feel free around him. So, she nodded. "Okay, I'll give it a shot."

"Great! I'll start," Harrison said, grinning. He pointed at a squirrel then crouched down and darted about between trees, making chattering sounds.

Jade couldn't help but giggle at his antics, momentarily forgetting her anxiety. "You're silly, Daddy!"

“All right, your turn,” he said, panting slightly from his energetic, rodent-like, performance.

Jade looked around and spotted a small bird flitting through the branches above. She decided to mimic its movements, hopping on one foot and then the other, chirping as she went.

Harrison laughed. “Nice job!” he praised. “You’re a natural.”

“Thanks,” Jade blushed, feeling a surge of warmth and happiness at his encouragement.

“Let’s keep going,” Harrison said, taking her hand and leading her farther down the trail. “I’m crossing my fingers we see a common tree slug on your next turn.”

Jade’s eyes twinkled. “I’d rather be a snail, Daddy! My backpack is my shell—look!”

“So it is, babygirl,” he said, taking her hand with a chuckle.

As they continued their hike, they encountered more animals, each time pausing to playfully imitate their behaviors. Jade felt herself grow more and more Little with each playful leap.

“Want a break now,” she said after a while, standing completely still. “I’m all tired.”

She knew how Little she sounded right now, and slightly bratty too, and it sent a thrill through her. In that moment, it felt like the bravest thing she’d ever done. Even braver than having sex in the ranger’s hut last night.

Harrison stopped and looked at her with an unreadable expression.

Please don’t find me disgusting, she thought.

“Well, well, well,” he said at last. “Look who’s testing out her boundaries.” He grinned, and she flooded with relief.

“Want to drink juice and lie down for a while, Daddy.” She crossed her arms and pouted.

“I know you’re tired, Jade,” said Harrison softly, “but it’s only another half hour to the campsite.”

Jade humphed. “No fair. Want to camp here, Daddy.”

“If we camp here, Jade, we’ll have to walk for longer tomorrow. And trust me, tomorrow you’ll be too tired for that.”

There was something about the way he spoke that made her wonder what he had in store for them at the campsite. Was he planning on keeping her up all night?

But as intrigued as she was, she didn’t want to give in. Her Little was too determined for that. So, she threw off her backpack and sat down on a rock to prove her point.

“Juice,” she demanded naughtily.

Harrison narrowed his eyes at her, then crouched down to her eye level. “Dear oh dear. Is Daddy going to have to punish his babygirl for her bad behavior?”

“No,” she said quickly. “He’s not. He’s naughty if he does.”

“Hmmm.” Harrison took off his backpack and rummaged around inside it, eventually pulling out a small plastic box.

“What’s that?” Jade asked curiously. “Doesn’t look like juice. Or a punishment.”

Harrison put on some alcohol hand gel to clean his hands, then opened up the box, and Jade’s eyes widened. It was a small bulbous object with a fluffy red tail attached to the end.

“Since you were so good at roleplay before, and since you’re being so naughty now,” said Harrison, “I’m going to make you into a squirrel for the rest of the walk to the campsite.”

Jade’s eyes widened. “Is that a... bottom plug, Daddy?”

“Stand against that tree, babygirl.”

She bit her lip, her tics becoming more obvious as her nervousness grew. “What if I don’t?”

“If you don’t, then you don’t get the treat I’ve planned for you at the campsite.”

Jade thought about it. She liked treats. And if she was honest with herself, she probably liked butt plugs, too. She'd never tried one, and she certainly hadn't gone hiking in one, but she was definitely open to trying new things with Harrison... so she scampered off to the nearest tree and pulled down her pants and panties.

"Wow," said Harrison, "that's my good girl."

Jade wiggled her bottom at him playfully.

She heard twigs cracking as Harrison walked up behind her, placing a large palm on her bottom.

"The rule is, you have to keep this in until I say so, otherwise you don't get your treat. Understood?"

Jade nodded. "I understand, Daddy."

She heard a click and looked round to see Harrison had uncapped a bottle of lube and was drizzling it over the bulbous end of the plug.

"Is it going to hurt, Daddy?"

"No. I'll be gentle. Now, keep your eyes on that tree," said Harrison. "In fact, give the tree a nice big cuddle for me."

Jade put her arms around the thick tree trunk, lifting her ass slightly as she did so, inviting Harrison to inflict his wicked punishment on her.

Moments later, she felt the cold, slippery feeling of the plug being inserted into her tight back passage, and right after that, she felt herself stretching open to accommodate the large, rounded device. It felt snug—very snug—but good. Maybe even *too* good.

"Uh, so I have to walk with this in?" asked Jade, looking behind her and trying to catch a glimpse of the little red swooshy tail sticking out of her.

"Yes you do, young lady," said Harrison, pulling up her panties, then her pants, and giving her a soft slap on the bottom.

Ooh, more of that please, Daddy.

The slap sent ripples of pleasure through her.

“Come on, then,” said Harrison. “We have lost time to make up for.”

As they walked, Jade’s bottom tingled deep inside, and she felt a desire inside her that couldn’t be quenched. It was infuriatingly frustrating and deeply sexy at the same time.

She glanced up at Harrison every now and then, pleased to see that he seemed to be enjoying himself, too. Honestly, it still mystified Jade that someone as tall, dark, and handsome as Harrison would want to be with someone like her. She felt so strangely broken in so many different ways, yet Harrison acted as though she was a precious gift.

“Here we are,” said Harrison, striding a little way up ahead. “Perfect for our campsite, don’t you think?”

He set down his backpack, and waited for Jade to catch up with him. Her ass tingled with every step, but somehow, she made it over to where Harrison was standing. And as soon as she did, she saw why he’d been so excited to get here.

The view in front of them was just incredible. Mountains and a lake spread out before them, like they were standing inside the world’s most beautiful postcard, and it existed just for them.

“Oh, Daddy,” she said breathlessly. “I love it. It was worth the hike.”

Harrison gripped her hand and gave it a squeeze. “I’m so happy to share it with you, Jade.”

Together, they began the process of pitching the tent. Jade struggled with the poles at first, but Harrison patiently guided her, his strong hands steadying her own. They worked in harmony, laughing together as they fumbled with the fabric and stakes.

“So,” said Jade shyly, “am I allowed to take my... bottom thingy out yet, Daddy?”

“Your tail? No chance,” said Harrison sternly. “And don’t ask me any more times, babygirl. You take it out when I say

so.”

“Okay, Daddy,” she replied sheepishly, loving seeing this new side to her Dom. It was quite romantic, really, that she’d let her Little out in front of him for the first time today, and he’d let out his Dom. They were opening up to each other like flowers in the spring.

As the tent finally stood tall, Jade took a step back to admire their handiwork. “We did it!” she exclaimed, throwing her arms around Harrison in a tight embrace.

“Great job, little one,” he whispered into her ear, hugging her close.

With the tent pitched and standing tall, they gathered firewood for their campfire. Before long, they had a cozy fire burning, the flames licking at the sky as twilight descended upon them.

“Wow,” breathed Jade. “It got dark pretty quick. I see why you were in a rush to get here now.”

Harrison put his arm on Jade’s shoulder. “One thing you need to know about Daddy is that he’s always acting in your best interest, little squirrel.”

Jade blushed at the reminder of the tiny tail that was currently sticking out of her. She wanted to ask again whether her punishment was over yet, but she trusted Harrison to tell her when he was ready.

“Now,” he said, clapping his hands together, “about that treat I mentioned.”

He went over to his backpack and pulled out a bag of marshmallows, and Jade clapped her hands together in glee.

Harrison showed her how to roast marshmallows on sticks, turning the fluffy treats into gooey masterpieces of melted sugar.

“Careful not to let it catch fire,” Harrison warned, watching Jade’s wide-eyed fascination with the process.

“Oops! Too late,” she giggled as her marshmallow briefly ignited before she blew it out. The charred exterior gave way

to a molten center, and she carefully bit into it, savoring the sweetness. “Yum!” she exclaimed, her face covered in sticky marshmallow residue.

Harrison laughed, gently wiping her cheeks clean with his thumb. “Tell me, little one,” he asked gently, “what do you love most about being in your Little space?”

Jade thought for a moment, her eyes drifting toward the dancing flames. “It’s like... a safe haven,” she started, her voice soft and introspective. “A place where I can be myself without fear or judgment.”

Harrison nodded, his expression tender. “I’m honored to be a part of that with you, Jade,” he said sincerely.

“I actually brought some games with me, Daddy,” she told him. “A coloring book and a jigsaw puzzle. Maybe we could play a little game on this trip?”

“I’d love that,” Harrison replied without missing a beat. “It might be a little dark for those things right now, but let’s make time for them on a break tomorrow. For now, how about we play a different game?”

Jade looked at him eagerly. “What kind of game?”

“How about we play a game of dares?” he suggested, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“Ooh, I love dares!” Jade’s Little side was eager to participate, her enthusiasm infectious.

“All right, you go first,” Harrison said with a grin.

“Okay, um... I dare you to dance around the campfire like a ballerina!” Jade giggled, clapping her hands excitedly.

Without hesitation, Harrison rose to his feet and began to twirl and leap around the fire with exaggerated grace.

Jade laughed until tears streamed down her face, her mirth echoing through the trees. “Beautiful, Daddy!”

“Your turn,” Harrison announced, still catching his breath. “I dare you to sing a campfire song at the top of your lungs!”

“Challenge accepted!” Jade declared, clearing her throat dramatically before launching into a spirited rendition of “Kumbaya.” Her voice rang out, uninhibited and joyful, as she sang to the night sky.

Together, they continued to exchange playful dares, each one sillier than the last. And as the fire burned lower, their laughter filled the air, a testament to the deep connection and trust that had grown between them.

As the last embers of their campfire flickered and danced, Jade dared Harrison to share one of his secret fantasies. He hesitated, the shadows playing across his face, before a smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

“All right,” he murmured, his voice low and intimate. “Well, I’ve always fantasized about doing dirty things in a tent.”

Jade swallowed. “What kind of dirty things, Daddy?”

“I want that lovely, sweet, marshmallowy mouth of yours wrapped around my cock,” he said, his voice deep and strangely demanding. “And then I want to flip you over and come deep inside your ass.”

Jade’s eyes widened. She felt the tingle of that plug once again, and gave a little wriggle. “In my ass?” Her mouth made a little ‘o’ shape in delighted surprise.

Harrison nodded. “I dare you, Jade.”

Jade felt heat rush to her cheeks as she registered the boldness of his challenge. She had expressed an interest in exploring bottom stuff with Harrison last night when they’d talked about their desires and their limits, but she never thought they’d be trying it so soon.

And yet... the thought of it excited her. Even more so because she’d been feeling spasms of pleasure radiating through it ever since Harrison had filled her up with the plug.

“Okay, Daddy,” Jade whispered, her eyes meeting his with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation. “I dare.”

“Only if you’re comfortable, sweetheart,” Harrison reassured her, his protective instincts surfacing. “I would never

push you into something you don't want.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Jade replied, touched by his genuine concern for her well-being. “But I want to do this. I want to try all kinds of things with you. And if it's what you want, then as your submissive, nothing would please me more than to make it happen. Besides, I have a safeword if I need it.”

Harrison smiled warmly, and they both moved towards the tent, their hands intertwined. The night air was cool on their skin as they left the fire behind, entering their temporary sanctuary.

Once inside the tent, they zipped up the mesh doors, leaving them open just enough to enjoy the view of the starry sky above and the quiet beauty of the Oregon wilderness around them. The gentle rustle of leaves and the distant hoot of an owl accompanied their tender exploration.

“Are you ready, little one?” Harrison asked softly, his gaze filled with love and patience.

“Yes, Daddy,” Jade confirmed. “Sorry I'm all sweaty from the hike today.”

“Don't worry,” Harrison replied. “I like how you smell.”

Slowly, they began to undress each other, savoring the anticipation and building intimacy between them. Harrison's strong, muscular frame came into view, while Jade uncovered her petite, curvaceous figure.

With nothing left between them but skin and the crisp night air, Jade took a deep breath, ready to fulfill both her dare and Harrison's secret desire. A feeling of excitement coursed through her veins as she began to explore his body, guided by her Daddy's gentle encouragement and the soft sounds of nature that surrounded them.

She lowered herself, her breath warm and steady against Harrison's skin. She hesitated for a moment, seeking reassurance in his eyes.

He smiled softly and nodded, giving her the encouragement she needed. “Go ahead, my little one,” he whispered.

Taking a deep breath, Jade opened her mouth and slowly took him in, her tongue swirling gently around his length as she explored him. Harrison let out a low moan, his hands gently entwined in her auburn locks, guiding her movements without pressure.

“Good girl,” he praised, his voice strained with pleasure. The sound of his approval sent a thrill through Jade, bolstering her confidence.

As she continued, she could feel their connection deepening with each touch, each caress. It was as if they were speaking a secret language known only to them, an intimate dance shared between two souls bound by trust and passion.

“Jade... oh, you’re amazing,” Harrison gasped, his fingers tightening in her hair.

Feeling emboldened, Jade increased her pace, her own desire growing with every moan that escaped Harrison’s lips.

“Jade, I want... I need you now,” Harrison panted, his eyes pleading.

“Please, Daddy,” she whispered in response, her own arousal reaching its peak.

In one fluid motion, Harrison sat up, lifting Jade’s small body onto his lap, their eyes locked in a moment of fiery intensity. Without breaking eye contact, he slowly pulled out her butt plug and positioned himself at her still-stretched entrance, teasing her with his presence.

“Are you ready?” he asked, his voice heavy with need.

“More than ever,” Jade admitted, her heart pounding in anticipation.

With a slow, deliberate push, Harrison entered her, their bodies joining together in an exquisite union. He let out a deep growl of satisfaction as she wrapped her legs around him, pressing her body down onto him, drawing him in as far as he would fit.

“God, Jade, you feel incredible,” he breathed, his hands gripping her hips firmly. “So tight. Does it hurt?”

“No, Daddy,” Jade whispered. “I think that plug prepared me for it. It feels so good.”

“Bounce up and down on Daddy’s lap,” instructed Harrison. “You dictate the pace. As hard and as fast as you like.”

Jade nodded, then obliged, feeling Harrison’s hands roam over her as she slid up and down her Daddy’s long, thick shaft.

“Fuck,” he panted. “Daddy’s going to come any second.”

He grabbed a hold of her shoulders, then pressed her ample buttocks down into his lap, thrusting his cock up between her cheeks. She felt him throbbing as he emptied his hot seed into her back passage.

“W-w-wow,” gasped Jade, hardly able to believe what had just happened.

But Harrison wasn’t done with her yet. Keeping his spent dick inside of her, his fingers found her pussy’s most sensitive areas, and rewarded her with a sensual massage that elicited a long, bone-shuddering climax from her within less than a minute.

“Oh, Daddy!” she gasped. “I wasn’t expecting this to happen today. But it was so, so good.”

“Amazing things happen outdoors,” he told her with a wry smile.

After they’d cleaned up and put on some warm clothes, they snuggled up in their sleeping bags and looked out at the stars in the sky.

The chill of the March night air in Oregon nipped at their faces, creating a stark contrast to the warmth they radiated as their bodies lay close together.

Harrison stroked her auburn hair, his fingers gentle and soothing. “You’re amazing, little one. And so much braver than you realize.”

As they lay there in each other’s embrace, the enormity of their shared experience washed over Jade like a tidal wave. A profound sense of closeness enveloped them, and she found

herself grateful for the vulnerability they had allowed each other to witness.

“Gosh, I just hope I’m a good girl on tomorrow’s hike,” Jade said playfully. “It’d be terrible if something like this happened again tomorrow.” She giggled, then yawned contentedly.

“Are you warm enough, darling?” Harrison asked her.

“I am when I’m with you,” Jade replied, her eyelids growing heavy.

The sounds of the Oregon wilderness enveloped them like a cocoon, and pretty soon, Jade was enjoying the deepest, most refreshing sleep of her life.

Chapter Eight

HARRISON

Jade looked so peaceful as she slept this morning. Harrison loved the way her eyelids flickered slightly as she dreamed. He knew that she needed her rest, especially after their long hike yesterday, so he carefully unzipped the tent and stepped out into the crisp morning air.

As the campfire crackled to life, Harrison set about preparing coffee and toast for Jade. The anticipation in his chest rose as he imagined the look on Jade's face when she woke up to the comforting smell of a fresh, hot breakfast.

"Hope she likes it," he whispered to himself.

Harrison couldn't help but reflect on his feelings for Jade as he tended to their meal. She had come into his life like a whirlwind, challenging him and surprising him at every turn. But something was bothering him. The previous night had been filled with passion and desire, and Harrison had loved every moment of it. He hadn't anticipated taking things as far as they did, though, and there was a nagging worry in the back of his mind that he might have come on too strong.

"Did I take it too far?" he muttered to himself, recalling the intensity of their intimate encounter. "I don't want to scare her away."

He had never fucked anyone in the ass before. The idea of it was so intimate, requiring such a high level of trust, that it wouldn't have felt right with anyone else. But he had gotten carried away with Jade. He knew how much she wanted to submit to him, and he damn well enjoyed dominating her.

But the last thing he wanted to do was freak her out. He wasn't going to dare her to take it in the ass every day, by any means. He wanted their sex to be gentle and loving just as much as he wanted it to be wild and kinky.

Determined to make amends for any possible missteps, Harrison decided to surprise Jade with a tender morning wake-up call. To show that *her* pleasure was more important to him than his own.

He set the coffee and toast to one side of the fire, where it would stay warm but not burn. Then he carefully unzipped the tent.

He found her still curled up like an angel, her auburn hair framing her peaceful face. The sight of her stirred something deep within him.

“Good morning, little one,” he said softly, planting delicate kisses along her collarbone and down her body. Her eyelids fluttered open, and a sleepy smile graced her lips when she realized what he was doing.

“Mmm, Daddy...” Jade murmured, wriggling out of her sleeping bag to give him better access. The sound of her breathy voice only served to fuel his passion, and he eagerly continued his descent, determined to show her just how much she meant to him.

“Did you sleep well, babygirl?” he asked, pausing to look up into her eyes, searching for any signs of discomfort or unease.

“Y-yes, Daddy,” she stammered, her cheeks flushing with pleasure. “This is... such a nice way to wake up.”

“Only the best for my Little girl,” he replied, resuming his exploration of her body. As his mouth closed around her most sensitive spot, Jade gasped and clutched at the sleeping bag, her thighs trembling with anticipation.

“Please, Daddy,” she begged, her voice tinged with desperation. “I need you...”

Harrison couldn't deny her plea any longer, and he gave himself over to their shared passion, his tongue working its magic as Jade's breathy moans filled the tent. Before long, Jade was crying out at the peak of her desire, and Harrison felt her wetness trickle into his hungry mouth.

“Mmm... thank you... Daddy...” Jade sighed, her body quivering from the intensity of her release.

Harrison looked up at her, his eyes filled with love and adoration. “You taste delicious,” he told her. Then, he grinned. “Almost as good as the coffee and toast I have waiting for you outside the tent.”

Jade gasped. “You made breakfast, too? I want to wake up like this every day!”

Harrison grinned and went out to get everything ready.

Jade emerged, wrapping herself in a blanket as she stumbled over to the makeshift table he'd set up. Her eyes lit up when she saw the spread before her, which even included a little wildflower in a jar.

Harrison couldn't help but feel pride at her reaction.

“Thank you, Daddy,” she exclaimed, reaching for a steaming mug of coffee. “This is magic!”

Harrison took a deep breath, his heart pounding in his chest as he prepared to bare his soul to her. “Jade,” he began, his voice surprisingly steady despite his nerves. “I need to tell you something. I've been thinking a lot about us these past few days, and I realized something. I know it's early days, but things are moving so fast between us, and I don't want you to get the wrong idea.”

Jade froze, as though there was a sudden burst of ice-cold water in her veins. “The wrong idea?”

His hand shot up to his mouth. “Oh, shoot. No, I didn't mean it like that. What I mean is, I don't want you thinking that you're just a... kinky plaything to me.”

Instantly, Jade's demeanor softened, and she even let out a snicker. "A kinky plaything, Daddy? Heaven forbid." She wagged her eyebrows at him.

Damn, Harrison wasn't very good at this stuff. He was getting himself tangled up in knots, like a bear in a trap. "What I'm trying to tell you, Jade, is that I'm falling for you."

Jade's eyes widened, as she stared at him in shock. For a moment, he worried that he'd made a mistake—that he'd misread her feelings and pushed her away. But then a brilliant smile broke across her face, and she reached out to take his hand.

"Really?" she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "You... you're falling in love with me?"

"Deeply," Harrison confirmed, squeezing her hand gently. "I know it might seem quick, but we've shared so much on our walks together, and I can't get you out of my head. You're funny and smart and sweet. Plus, fucking you is just about the greatest thing a human being can experience."

Jade blushed. "It's really that good?"

Harrison nodded. "Good is an understatement. It's transcendental, Jade. But it's not just about the physical pleasure. I like all of you, Jade. Inside and out. The whole package. And I can't deny what I feel. I just wanted to be honest with you. So, now you know."

A tear rolled down Jade's cheek, and she nodded, unable to speak.

For a few moments, they simply sat there, but then, something shifted in Jade's expression, and her grip on Harrison's hand tightened almost painfully. Her breath came in shallow gasps, and her eyes darted around wildly, as if searching for an escape route.

"Jade?" Harrison asked, concern furrowing his brow as he tried to understand what was happening. "What's wrong? Talk to me."

"I—" she stammered, her voice barely audible. "I just... Are you sure that... What if—" Her words were cut off by a

choked sob, and she pulled her hand away from his, curling in on herself as if trying to hide from the world.

Harrison could only watch helplessly as the woman he loved fell apart before him, his heart aching as he tried to make sense of her sudden breakdown. He wanted nothing more than to comfort her, to reassure her that everything would be okay—but how could he do that when he didn't even understand what was happening?

“Jade, please,” he said softly, “let me help. Tell me what’s going on.”

“Everything’s just... too much,” she choked out between sobs. Her blue eyes were filled with fear and uncertainty as she looked up at him. “I don’t know if I can handle it.”

“Hey,” Harrison said softly, trying to keep his voice steady despite the turmoil inside him, “we can take things one step at a time. We don’t have to rush into anything. I’m sorry if I came on too strong. I just want you to be happy.”

But, as if a switch had been flipped, Jade suddenly pushed away from him, scrambling to her feet and stumbling back a few paces. “I need some space... I need to think!”

“Jade, wait!” Harrison called after her, but she was already running away from him, her footsteps barely audible on the forest floor.

Chapter Nine

JADE

Jade's breath came in ragged gasps as she tore through the forest, her red hair streaming behind her. Memories of hurtful taunts from her past bullies echoed in her thoughts, causing her heart to ache with fresh pain.

Pathetic bitch, one voice sneered. You really think someone like him could ever love you?

Of course he doesn't love you, another chimed in. He just has a fetish for weirdos.

The cruel voices twisted the warmth of Harrison's confession in her mind. Jade remembered the way his eyes had shone when he'd told her he was falling for her. It had felt amazing at the time, but now she wondered if it was all just an act.

"Is it real?" she whispered to herself, her words swallowed by the rustling leaves. "Could anyone really love me? Or am I just somebody's strange little kink?"

As she ran, the wilderness around her grew denser and more unfamiliar, but she couldn't bring herself to slow down. Her feet carried her farther away from the safety of their camp, driven by the need to escape her own insecurities.

“Jade!” Harrison’s voice called out from somewhere behind her, concern etched in every syllable. “Jade, where are you?”

Her worries intensified, overwhelming her senses until she couldn’t think straight. The taunting voices from her past grew louder, drowning out everything else until all she could hear were their mocking jeers and laughter. Lost in her thoughts and blinded by fear, Jade didn’t realize how far she had strayed from their campsite.

“Jade!” Harrison’s voice came again, more distant now. “Please, answer me!”

“Maybe he’s just attracted to someone who needs him,” she thought, tears streaming down her cheeks as she stumbled through the underbrush. “He just wants to fix me. And when he’s done fixing me, he’ll leave me for the next broken soul.”

Or maybe, a sinister voice whispered in her ear, you’re just a novelty to him. You and your Tourette’s are entertaining him for a while before he gets bored and moves on.

Jade squeezed her eyes shut, trying to block out the cruel thoughts that threatened to consume her. She couldn’t shake the fear that Harrison’s feelings were based on pity or curiosity rather than genuine love. And if that were true, how could she ever trust him?

Blinded by her fears, Jade didn’t notice the ground beneath her feet growing steeper and more treacherous. Her foot slipped on a loose rock, sending it tumbling down the slope. She instinctively reached out for something to hold onto, her fingers finding purchase around the branch of a small tree.

She heaved herself up onto the tree, and onto solid ground, but when she looked back at the way she’d come, she saw that there was no safe route back down.

She had to be at least ten feet high up in the air!

A little way behind her was an ever longer drop. She was completely stuck.

“Help!” she cried, her voice cracking with desperation. “Harrison, help me!”

“Jade!” Harrison shouted back, his voice strained with worry. “Hold on! I’m coming. Where are you, babygirl?”

“I’m here, Daddy! Quick!”

Before long, Harrison’s tall figure came sprinting toward her. When he saw the steep incline she was at the top of, he stopped in his tracks, his face paling. “How did you get up there?”

“Some of the rock crumbled as I climbed up here,” she sobbed. “I... I don’t know... I never should have come out here. I hate the outdoors!”

“No,” said Harrison firmly, looking up at her. “You just hate being stuck at the top of a very steep slope, honey. But I’m about to help you.”

“But... but... you’re scared of heights,” she said.

“Not anymore,” he said decisively.

As he scrambled up the almost vertical slope, Jade’s heart felt like it was stuck in her throat with fear. Harrison was a tall man, but even so, if he’d slipped and fallen once he was partway up the wall, he could easily have broken something—or worse.

“Almost there, sweetheart,” he called out, focusing on Jade’s frightened face. “Just hang on. Daddy’s got you.”

“Please hurry, Daddy,” Jade whimpered, her grip on the tree slipping as her arms grew weaker.

“Listen to me, Jade,” Harrison said, his voice firm but gentle. “I need you to take deep breaths, all right? Focus on your breathing, and trust me to get you out of this.”

“Okay,” Jade managed to stutter, her eyes locked on Harrison’s determined expression.

With a final burst of strength, Harrison reached Jade and wrapped his arms around her waist. “I’ve got you now, darling,” he reassured her, carefully guiding her onto a more secure foothold. “You’re safe with me.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Jade whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks as the last of her strength left her, and she collapsed into Harrison’s arms.

As they clung to each other on the precarious slope, Jade felt the doubts that had plagued her beginning to recede. If Harrison was willing to face his fears for her, surely that meant he truly cared about her, not just because she was different, but because of who she was inside.

“Let’s get back down safely okay?” Harrison suggested, his voice gentle. “We can talk everything through after that.”

“Okay,” Jade agreed, allowing herself to lean on Harrison’s strength as they carefully made their way down the slope together.

Finally, they were on solid ground, and Harrison wrapped his arms around Jade once more. The warmth of his strong arms enveloped her, chasing away the lingering cold from her harrowing experience. As they pulled apart, Jade looked into Harrison’s eyes, finding solace in their depth.

“Are you okay?” Harrison asked, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face.

Jade nodded, swallowing hard. She was blinking rapidly and could feel her neck jerking involuntarily. “Yes, thanks to you.”

“Good,” he said, relief washing over him. “I was so worried about you. Let’s head back to the campsite, all right?”

With a nod, Jade let him guide her along the path, leaning on him for support. As they walked, the silence between them grew heavy, weighed down by unspoken thoughts and emotions.

Finally, Harrison broke the silence. “Jade, I... I want to apologize if I came on too strong. I know our relationship is very new, and I don’t want to put any pressure on you whatsoever.”

Jade looked up at him. “You’re not pressuring me into anything, Harrison.”

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “When I was younger, my sister Emily struggled with social anxiety. I always felt like I had to protect her. I pushed too hard trying to make her problems go away. I think, honestly, I made them worse for a while.”

“I doubt it,” Jade said thoughtfully. “Emily was probably grateful for all the things you tried. But at the end of the day, you can’t control your sister’s life. You can only do what you can to support her from the sidelines.”

“Yeah. It took me a long time to figure that out. But I still worry about pushing too hard, taking things too far.”

Jade grabbed his hand. “That’s part of what makes you so brave and extraordinary,” she said. “Seeing you climb up to me before... when I knew how scared you must have felt... that was very brave. You pushed yourself and it paid off.”

Harrison looked at her, his eyes full of emotion. “That’s true. Thank you for saying that.”

“Thank you for saving me,” Jade whispered, her voice cracking. “Not just today, but every day since we met. Your strength and support mean everything to me.”

“Jade, I’m here for you, always,” Harrison promised, his eyes filled with sincerity. “I’ll do my best to support you without pushing too hard. I just want you to be happy and safe.”

The sun began to break through the trees, casting dappled patterns on the forest floor as Jade and Harrison walked hand in hand. The warmth of Harrison’s grip was a comforting reminder that she wasn’t alone anymore.

“Daddy,” Jade said, her voice soft but steady, “what you said to me this morning didn’t scare me away. I loved that you said it. But then my brain did what it likes to do sometimes and it twisted everything. I got scared that you only like me because I’m... different. And that eventually you’ll get bored of me.”

Harrison looked at her, his brown eyes searching hers. “Do you really believe that, sweetheart?”

Jade's shoulders sagged. "Sometimes, when people show me love or care, I get scared that it's not genuine or that they'll leave once they find out how broken I am. Or maybe they just pity me until the pity wears off into indifference."

"Jade, you're not broken," Harrison insisted, putting his arm around her. "You're a brave woman who runs her own business and isn't afraid to make big changes in her life when she needs to. You're an inspiration. And I promise, my feelings for you are real. I don't pity you. You might be small, but... I look up to you. I'm not going anywhere."

She smiled at his reassurances. "It means a lot to hear you say that. I guess I was just so badly bullied when I was a kid... for all my, you know, symptoms." As if by magic, she felt herself jerk and grimace again, but Harrison didn't look bothered by it. "I got worried, for a moment, that disability is a kink for you."

Harrison pulled Jade toward him. "Oh, honey. I can see why you'd worry that, but that's not the case at all. I'm a protective Daddy bear of a man, and I have always been driven by a strong urge to look after you—in all the ways a Daddy Dom can look after a Little's well-being. But you're so much more than your disability. You're a living, breathing human being, Jade! And you happen to be one of the most interesting people I ever met. Plus, I can't deny it, I like your red hair. A lot." He winked.

Jade giggled. She snuggled into Harrison's side, enjoying the warmth of his body and the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

Finally, they got back to the campsite, and Jade let out a long sigh. "I ruined our day, didn't I?"

"Nope," said Harrison, lifting her jaw with his strong finger, so that she was looking up at him. "In fact, you made it better. Because now we know each other more deeply than before. Which means I'm not just falling in love with you anymore. I *love* you."

Jade smiled. "I love you too, Daddy."

"Jade?" Harrison whispered.

“Yes, Daddy?”

“Can I kiss you?”

“I’d like that very much,” she replied, her lips curving into a shy smile.

Harrison bent down and placed his mouth over hers, each touch sending shivers of pleasure down their spines. It was a kiss of pure love and adoration, sealing the bond that had been forged over the course of their journey together.

As they slowly broke apart, both breathless and flushed, Harrison rested his forehead against Jade’s, smiling blissfully.

Suddenly, a flash of vibrant colors caught Jade’s eye. Before she had time to comment on it, a varied thrush swooped down near them, its bright plumage a beautiful contrast against the muted shades of the forest.

Jade watched in awe as it landed on a nearby branch and began to sing, its melodious call filling the air. Just a few weeks ago, an unexpected encounter like this would have sent her spiraling into panic, but now, with Harrison by her side, she remained calm.

“Well,” she said at last, “I guess we’d better pack up the tent and get on with our hike. We have nature to explore!”

Harrison chuckled. “We sure do. But I’m afraid we have something to do here first.”

Jade wrinkled her nose. “We do?”

Chapter Ten

HARRISON

Harrison looked at her, his heart full of love, and knew he had to address what had happened.

“Jade,” he began, his voice firm but gentle, “we need to talk about your running away.” He paused, taking a deep breath before continuing. “Trust and communication are essential in our relationship, especially in our dynamic as a Daddy Dom and Little. You can’t run off like that again. Even when you get anxious.”

Jade looked down at the ground, her fingers fidgeting with her cute, customized sweatpants. “I-I know, Daddy,” she whispered. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you or put myself in danger. I promise I’ll work on my fears and insecurities.”

Harrison searched her sapphire gaze, trying to gauge the sincerity of her apology. It was evident that she meant every word—her vulnerability and regret shining through.

“Thank you for promising to work on this, babygirl,” he said softly. “I know it won’t be easy, but facing our fears is the only way we can grow stronger.”

Jade sniffled and nodded, her moist eyes never leaving his. “You’re right, Daddy.”

Harrison smiled, feeling a surge of pride at her determination. They would face their challenges together, and in those moments when they stumbled, they would learn from their mistakes and continue forward, even stronger than before.

“Let’s remember to communicate more openly about our feelings and fears,” Harrison suggested, his voice warm and comforting. “And if you ever feel the urge to run away again, promise me that you’ll talk to me about it.”

Jade nodded eagerly, her eyes shining with resolve. “I promise, Daddy. I’ll always come to you.”

Harrison took her hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. “Thank you, honey. I’m glad we’ve talked about what happened today, but I think it’s important that we reinforce the importance of boundaries in our relationship,” he said, his tone firm yet gentle. “I believe a punishment is necessary to help you understand the consequences of your actions.”

“Are you talking about... a spanking?” Jade asked hesitantly.

“Yes, sweetheart. But I want you to know that I would never do anything without your consent. If you’re not comfortable with this, we can find another way to address the issue.”

A myriad of emotions crossed Jade’s face, from apprehension to curiosity, before finally settling on resolve. She took a deep breath, steeling herself as she gave a slight nod. “I think a spanking is a good idea, Daddy. I want to learn and grow from my mistakes.”

They sat on a fallen log near the campfire, the peaceful forest around them offering a stark contrast to the emotional turmoil of their recent ordeal.

“Good girl,” he praised, pulling Jade closer. As they sat by the fire, he continued to explain the process and made sure she was aware of their safeword. Then, he guided Jade over his knee, his heart fluttering at the sight of her like that. “Now, I’m going to need to see your bare bottom, little one.”

Jade pulled down her pants and panties immediately, showing him her plump white ass, bright and beautiful in the morning light.

“Fifteen spanks,” he said firmly, “for the fifteen minutes I lost you today.”

“Fifteen spanks,” echoed Jade softly. “Yes, sir.”

Harrison began the spanking, alternating between controlled strikes that made Jade’s body tense, and soothing caresses that eased her shaking form. It was important for him find strike a balance, ensuring the punishment was effective while showing her his unwavering support.

“Ow!” Jade cried out as the spanking continued, her voice wavering between pain and pleasure. Her breathing grew heavier, but she didn’t utter their safeword.

“Are you okay, babygirl?” he asked, pausing briefly to caress her reddened skin.

“Yes, Daddy. I can handle it.”

“Good,” Harrison praised, smiling softly. “You’re being so brave and resilient. I’m proud of you.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Jade gasped. She drew in a shuddering breath.

“Focus on your breath, babygirl,” Harrison encouraged, pausing for a moment to stroke her hair. “You’re doing so well.”

As the spanking progressed, Harrison could feel Jade’s body acclimate to the sensations, her initial resistance giving way to acceptance and growth.

“Almost done, sweetheart,” he murmured, delivering a final few swats. After taking a moment to admire her deeply pink buttocks, he pulled up her panties and pants and sat her on his knee, enveloping her in a comforting embrace. “That was fifteen spanks. We’re all done. You were so brave, and I’m so proud of you.”

Jade sniffled, nestling into his arms.

“Let it out, sweetheart,” he encouraged, sensing her struggle. “This was about healing, not just discipline.”

With a choked sob, Jade began to cry in his arms. “Don’t worry about me, Daddy,” she sobbed. “This is good crying. I... didn’t realize I was holding on so much. I feel like I can finally stop carrying such a huge weight now I’m with you.”

“Let me shoulder all the burdens,” he said, stroking her hair. “I’m strong enough for the both of us. You just relax and enjoy being you. You’re amazing, Jade. One in a million.”

He felt her tremble slightly in his arms, the intensity of the moment washing over them both. She wrapped her arms around his waist and snuggled closer. “Being with you makes me feel safe and cared for, Daddy. I never imagined I could feel this sense of belonging.”

“Then I must be doing something right,” he teased gently, giving her a playful squeeze. His heart swelled with pride, knowing he was providing her with the stability and love she needed.

Jade let out a contented sigh, her body relaxing fully against him.

“Don’t get too comfy, little one,” Harrison said, breaking their reverie, “we really do have to go finish the rest of our hike now.”

Jade blinked up at him, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “That’s okay, Daddy. I can’t wait!”

“Me too,” he said, planting a soft kiss on her forehead before standing up and offering her a hand. “And just so you know, Daddy will be providing you with all sorts of special aftercare for the rest of the day, and once we get back to my cabin. That means plenty of cuddles and games on our hike today, and a nice warm bath the moment we get home.”

Jade smiled up at him. “Sounds perfect.”

Chapter Eleven

JADE

Jade's legs bounced nervously as she sat in Dr. Martin's waiting room.

The anticipation of receiving her blood test results weighed heavily on her mind. She tried to remember the tips Harrison had given her before he left for work this morning. He'd offered to come to the appointment with her, but Jade had refused.

As much as she loved Harrison's company, she knew that she had to get used to doing some things alone. It was good for her anxiety to push herself out of her comfort zone, and in fact it was one of her and Harrison's rules, so she had gotten the bus to Dr. Martin's office all by herself, and now, here she was, about to hear whether her lifestyle changes had made a difference.

"Jade Bianchi," Dr. Martin called, emerging from her office and beckoning her inside. "I'm ready for you now."

Jade took a deep breath, steeling herself for whatever news awaited her. As she entered the room, she noticed the neutral colors and calming artwork that adorned the walls, a subtle reminder of Dr. Martin's empathetic nature.

"Have a seat, Jade," Dr. Martin said warmly, gesturing toward the comfortable armchair across from her desk.

Jade sank into the plush cushions, trying to relax as best she could.

“Your blood test results came back, and I have some wonderful news.” Dr. Martin smiled, her blue eyes filled with genuine warmth. “Your cortisol levels have significantly improved, cholesterol levels are reduced, and your blood pressure is lower than before, too.”

A wave of relief washed over Jade, her body visibly relaxing as she exhaled deeply. “Oh my goodness, that’s amazing,” she whispered, her voice tinged with emotion. She couldn’t believe how much progress she’d made in such a short time, and she knew Harrison had played a significant role in her transformation.

“I’m so proud of you, Jade. It seems that spending time outside and engaging in physical activities has done wonders for your health.” Dr. Martin leaned forward, resting her elbows on her desk and clasping her hands together.

“Thank you, Dr. Martin,” Jade replied, her voice soft but sincere. “It’s all down to you... and a man called Harrison. He’s been a guiding light in my life, showing me the beauty of nature and pushing me to challenge myself.”

Dr. Martin smiled kindly. “Actually, Jade,” she said, “it’s mainly down to *you*. You took responsibility for yourself, you were brave, and you stuck at it. This is *your* accomplishment.”

Jade laughed shyly. “I guess I might have had *something* to do with it.”

“I’m so pleased that the outdoors has worked such wonders for you.”

Jade wasn’t about to say it out loud, but she knew that it wasn’t just the outdoors that had worked wonders for her. It was the DDlg relationship, plenty of time in Little space, the odd spanking, and lots and lots of athletic sex that had contributed to the change in her blood results. But she wasn’t about to share that with the doctor.

“Yes,” she said slyly, “the outdoors is truly a magical place.”

Dr. Martin gave Jade a few more hints and tips about how to lower her cholesterol all the way down to safe levels, and after a chat about how she was coping with her medication, they arranged to meet again in a few more weeks.

Then, with a spring in her step, Jade left Dr. Martin's office. She reached for her phone, eager to share the good news with Harrison.

"Daddy," she said cheerfully, "my test results showed a definite improvement! I want to celebrate—how about we meet up later?"

"Jade, that's fantastic news!" Harrison exclaimed. "I'm so proud of you, darling. I'd love to celebrate. Shall we do it at mine or yours?"

"Actually," said Jade, "I think we should go *out* somewhere. Someplace public. How about... Rockin' Rosie's Diner?"

Harrison didn't reply for a moment. "Wow, okay. If you're feeling up to it then that'd be wonderful. Our first public outing."

"I'm feeling up to it, Daddy. I'll meet you after work!"

"Sounds like a plan. Love you, babygirl."

"Love you too, Daddy," Jade replied before ending the call. Her hands trembled slightly as she tucked her phone away, but it wasn't due to anxiety this time. It was pure, unbridled joy.

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As Jade pushed open the door to the diner, she took a deep breath, preparing herself to face the bustling atmosphere head-on. The clatter of dishes and lively chatter surrounded her, yet she felt more confident than ever before.

"Jade!" Harrison called out, waving her over to a booth near the window. His eyes sparkled with admiration, and Jade could feel her cheeks flush under his gaze.

"Hi, Daddy," she greeted, sliding into the booth beside him. Then, before she had a chance to overthink it, she flagged down Rosie and began to order their food.

“Hi, I’d like the grilled chicken salad with balsamic vinaigrette, please” Jade managed to say, her voice steady and clear. She smiled proudly as Rosie nodded and repeated back her order.

“Great choice,” Harrison praised, his hand resting warmly on Jade’s thigh. “I’m so proud of you for facing your fears and pushing yourself.”

Harrison ordered food for himself too, and as they waited for their meal, Jade allowed herself to soak in the ambiance of the diner—the laughter of friends, the hum of conversation, and the scent of comfort food filling the air. It was a far cry from the quiet solitude of her boutique, but she found herself appreciating the lively energy.

“It’s not as relaxing as being outdoors, but there’s still something fun about it,” she said. “Being around other people is like exercising a muscle. It’s a lifelong practice.”

“Jade, you’ve come so far,” Harrison said, his voice filled with admiration.

When the food arrived, Jade watched as the steam danced above their plates, a symphony of vibrant colors and tantalizing aromas. She took a deep breath and turned to Harrison, her eyes shimmering with gratitude. “I want to thank you for everything you’ve done for me,” she said earnestly. “You’ve helped me grow in ways I never thought possible.”

Harrison’s warm brown eyes locked onto hers. “It’s been an absolute pleasure watching you blossom, Jade. You deserve all the happiness and success in the world.”

As they dug into their meal, Jade felt a surge of excitement bubble up inside her. She could no longer contain the big news she had been itching to share. “Harrison,” she began, her voice tinged with anticipation, “I’ve decided something.”

Harrison sat up a little straighter, as though preparing himself for bad news.

“It’s nothing bad,” she said. “I… I’ve decided to organize a fashion show.”

“Really?” Harrison responded. “Tell me more!”

“Okay, so you know how my boutique specializes in unique clothing designs, right?” Jade explained animatedly. “Well, I’ve been thinking about creating a line specifically for disabled users. The fashion show would be a way to showcase the beauty and strength of these incredible individuals, including local models like Harper, who’s in a wheelchair, and Riley, who wears a prosthetic.”

Jade glanced at Harrison, searching for any sign of disapproval. Instead, she found him beaming with pride.

“Jade, that’s amazing,” he gushed. “What a great idea.”

“Thank you,” Jade blushed, her heart swelling with joy. “I want everyone to feel beautiful and confident in their own skin, no matter their circumstances. I’ve already spoken to Mayor Cooper about it, too, and he’s going to let me use the town hall!”

As they continued eating, Harrison reached into his bag and pulled out a small gift wrapped in brown paper. He slid it across the table to Jade, who looked at him quizzically.

“Go on, open it,” he encouraged, a playful smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. “It’s just a little something to say congratulations on your blood results.”

Jade unwrapped the present to reveal an adorable park ranger stuffie, complete with a tiny hat and uniform. Her eyes filled with tears as she cradled the little bear in her hands. “Harrison, this is so sweet,” she whispered, touched by his thoughtfulness. “It’s a little version of you! I think I’ll call him... Daddy Bear.”

“Consider it a symbol of my support and love for you,” Harrison explained softly. “I believe in your dreams, Jade, and I’m here for you every step of the way. Both in human and stuffie form.”

Jade clutched the stuffie close to her chest. “Thank you, Daddy. I love it.” She looked down at the bear and an idea came to her. “Hey, how about we get our dessert to go? We could have a real teddy bear’s picnic in the park with Daddy Bear!”

“Perfect idea,” said Harrison, already flagging down Rosie.

Jade ordered herself the healthiest dessert on the menu: frozen yogurt with fresh strawberries, and Harrison, not wanting to make her jealous, ordered the same but peach-flavored.

“You know you don’t have to do that,” Jade said. “Besides, if you order something naughty, I can always have a taste. One taste isn’t going to raise my cholesterol through the roof, right?”

Harrison laughed. “You can be a naughty Little girl sometimes, Jade. But you never know, next time we go out, I might just order the chocolate cake.”

As they walked hand in hand towards Teddy Bear’s Picnic Park, Jade couldn’t help but feel grateful for the magical moments she had experienced since meeting Harrison. The outdoors had become a sanctuary for her, a place where she no longer felt trapped by her anxiety and Tourette’s syndrome.

Upon arriving at the park, they were greeted by the tranquil sounds of birdsong and rustling leaves, which seemed to wash away any lingering stress and worry.

They grabbed a picnic blanket from Harrison’s ranger hut, and then Jade scanned the area, searching for the perfect spot to lay out their picnic blanket. Her eyes landed on a soft patch of grass beneath a canopy of lush green foliage.

As they settled down onto the blanket, Jade took a long, deep breath. “Looks like spring has well and truly sprung now,” she remarked. “I wish I’d discovered the joys of nature sooner.”

“It’s never too late to discover something lovely,” Harrison replied with a warm smile, looking only at her.

Jade put Daddy Bear on the blanket, and they enjoyed their desserts.

“I love this park,” said Jade, sighing happily.

“Speaking of the park,” Harrison began, a thoughtful look crossing his face, “I wanted to mention something. My park

ranger station has started to feel a bit lonely lately, and I was thinking... if you ever wanted a home here in the park, you would always be welcome.”

Jade’s heart skipped a beat at the thought. A home in the park with Harrison?

“Are you serious?” she asked, her voice a mix of surprise and hope. “It’s not too quick...?”

“I’m absolutely serious,” Harrison replied, his eyes shining with sincerity. “You’ve become such an important part of my life, Jade. I’d love for you to be a permanent part of it, if that’s something you want.” He chuckled. “We’ve been practically living together these last few weeks anyway.”

Jade’s chest swelled with happiness at the prospect of living with Harrison, surrounded by the beauty and serenity of nature. It would be a fresh start, a place where they could continue to grow together and support each other.

“Thank you, Harrison,” she said, feeling tears prick at the corners of her eyes. “I never thought I’d say this, but I’d love to live in the park.”

Chapter Twelve

HARRISON

Harrison sat in the audience, full of excitement. It was the day of Jade's fashion show, and the town hall was transformed into a breathtaking display of nature-inspired wonder.

The stage was adorned with lush greenery, cascading vines, and delicate flowers in vibrant hues. The runway extended gracefully from the stage, its path lined with moss-covered stones, and soft beams of sunlight filtered through overhead skylights, casting a warm and inviting glow upon the scene. The show was aptly named "Flourish," a testament to the resilience and beauty found in both nature and those who face physical challenges in their daily lives.

As the lights dimmed and soft music filled the air, the crowd hushed in anticipation. Harrison looked over the faces in the audience, recognizing Mayor Cooper, of course, but also Dr. Martin, whom Jade had pointed out earlier. There was also Travis and his Little Amelia, plus Rosie from the diner, and countless others. Everyone had come out to support Jade in her venture.

"Welcome, everyone," Jade's melodic voice rang out as she stepped onto the stage. She looked radiant, confidence shimmering from her petite frame.

She was wearing a beautiful white dress adorned with delicate, hand-stitched butterflies that seemed to flutter with each breath she took, and she wore a birch crown upon her head. What was remarkable about her outfit was how soft and silky it looked, making you want to reach out and stroke it.

“Tonight, I’m excited to share with you my latest collection,” said Jade, “inspired by the wonders of nature, designed to embrace and enhance each wearer’s unique essence.”

As Riley appeared on the runway, Harrison couldn’t help but marvel at the intricate details of his outfit. The Daddy Dom mechanic, who wore a prosthetic, sported a sleek dark green suit tailored to perfection. The fabric shimmered under the spotlight, the color of Bigleaf Maple leaves in the sunshine.

“For Riley,” Jade began, her voice filled with admiration, “I wanted to create something that not only celebrated his strength but also empowered him to embrace his unique abilities. The suit is made with a special lightweight fabric that allows him to move effortlessly, while still providing support and comfort.”

She gestured to Riley’s pant leg, which was intricately crafted to resemble a tree trunk on one side, with roots that extended down from his knee to the ground. It was a stunning piece of art, blending seamlessly with the sleek lines of his suit.

“Riley’s prosthetic,” Jade continued, “is something worth celebrating, not hiding. It gives him resilience and strength, just like the roots of a tree. And by the way, this part of his suit is removable,” she said with a happy smile, “just like Riley’s prosthetic, so if he ever wants to take it off or change it, it’s easy for him.”

Riley walked to the end of the catwalk, clearly unused to being in the spotlight like this, but he grinned proudly.

Next up was Harper, his Little, a woman who used a wheelchair for support and mobility. Her dress was flowing and elegant, adorned with leaves and petals that seemed to

dance with her every movement. A slit up one side offered increased range of motion, while subtle fastenings ensured the garment remained securely in place.

“Harper’s dress is not only gorgeous but carefully designed to allow freedom of movement and ensure her comfort throughout the day,” Jade said, beaming with pride. “Plus, since Harper’s a Little, I included a fun twist.”

As Harper made her way down the runway, a mischievous glint sparkled in her eyes. She twirled around in her chair, causing the fabric of her dress to billow and swirl like autumn leaves caught in a playful breeze. Then her hand gracefully reached behind her back and retrieved a small stuffed unicorn from a hidden pocket in the dress.

The crowd gasped in delight as Harper held the unicorn up high. With an impish grin, Harper passed the enchanting creature to a Little watching in the audience, and then she wheeled herself off the stage excitedly.

Finally, Brody took center stage. Brody rarely came into the town center of Little Rock. He was the reclusive lighthouse keeper of the town, and nobody knew much about him—until tonight.

“We’ve all seen Brody from afar,” said Jade, “and we know that he lights up one of the most important buildings in our town. But not many of us know that Brody is recovering from a serious brain injury.”

Several members of the audience gasped.

Brody stood tall at the center of the stage, his presence commanding attention. His outfit, carefully designed by Jade, was a testament to his journey of recovery. A sleek and tailored suit in shades of deep navy hugged his broad shoulders and accentuated his powerful frame. The fabric had a subtle sheen, reminiscent of moonlight dancing on the surface of the ocean.

As he took a step forward, the spotlight illuminated his face, revealing a strong jawline and eyes that sparkled with determination. But what caught everyone’s attention were the

intricate patterns embroidered on his suit. Delicate silver threads formed an intricate tapestry. On one side of the jacket, vibrant blue hues depicted the chaos that had once consumed Brody's mind. Swirling whirlpools symbolized the debilitating confusion that clouded his thoughts during his recovery phase. It was as if these patterns told a story, whispering tales of struggle and resilience.

“Brody's outfit tells the story of his recovery, but it's not just a celebration of his survival—it's practical, too. The jacket is equipped with discreet padding around the shoulders and back, providing extra support where he needs it most. The buttons have been replaced with magnetic closures, making it easier for Brody to fasten and unfasten them with limited manual dexterity.”

Brody walked farther forward, showing everyone the finer details of his outfit, and the audience applauded, impressed.

Harrison couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by admiration for Jade's creativity and talent. She had managed to weave such beauty and practicality into her work, creating breathtaking pieces that catered to the unique needs of each individual. He knew he was witnessing something truly special, and his love for Jade swelled even more within his chest.

“Lastly,” Jade began, her voice steady but with a hint of nerves, “I'm wearing a design that represents my own journey through nature and self-discovery.” She paused, taking a deep breath. “This dress is designed to be comfortable and soothing, helping me feel grounded and safe even when my Tourette's tics and anxiety are at their worst.”

A tender smile graced Harrison's lips as he took in every detail of Jade's appearance. Her confidence was inspiring, and yet he could still detect subtle signs of her nervousness—a twitch here, a blink there. It only made him love her more, seeing how bravely she faced her challenges head-on.

“Each butterfly represents a step forward in my journey, a reminder that growth and change are possible even amidst our struggles,” Jade continued. “It's been an incredible experience,

and I couldn't have done it without the support and love of my Daddy Dom, Harrison." Her gaze locked onto his, and he felt his chest tighten with emotion.

The audience erupted into applause, clearly moved by Jade's heartfelt words.

Harrison flushed with pride, blowing a kiss to his wonderful woman.

As the applause died down, Jade offered one last, grateful smile in Harrison's direction before gracefully exiting the stage. As he watched her go, Harrison felt an overwhelming urge to hold her, to tell her just how amazing she was and how much she meant to him. His eyes brimmed with love as the curtain fell on her spectacular show.

Harrison waited a while, giving time for Jade to start to process her solo achievement without him, but eventually, he couldn't wait any longer. He had to go to her. His heart raced as he navigated the dimly lit corridor backstage, the hum of excited chatter and laughter growing louder with each step. He couldn't wait to see Jade, to tell her how proud he was of her accomplishments.

"Jade!" he called out as he rounded the corner, his eyes scanning the bustling dressing room for any glimpse of her auburn hair. The models, basking in the afterglow of the successful show, were animatedly discussing their favorite moments.

"I can't believe I got up there and did that," Riley said, adjusting his prosthetic leg. "It felt strangely good."

"Uh oh," laughed Harper. "Don't get a taste for it, Daddy. You have too many vehicles in need of fixing to start up a modeling career!"

"Don't worry, babygirl," said Riley, drawing Harper close to him. "You're the one who should be a model, not me. You were sensational up there."

Harper giggled. "I was, wasn't I?"

Brody sat in the corner, a little way from the others, a pensive look on his face. When he saw Harrison entering, he

looked up.

“Hey man,” said Brody. “You enjoy the show?”

“Every minute of it,” replied Harrison. “You all did great.”

Brody scratched his beard. “Felt like a turning point for me,” he said. “Maybe I don’t need to hide my brain injury anymore. Been trying to pretend like it’s not there the last few years, to keep it hidden. But maybe it’s okay to be different.”

“You bet it is,” said Harrison. “In fact, like Jade said tonight, we should celebrate our differences.”

Brody grinned. “Maybe I will.”

Just then, Jade walked into the room, a big smile plastered across her face.

“Jade,” Harrison said softly, approaching her with a warm smile. “You were phenomenal.”

“Your love and support mean the world to me, Daddy,” Jade murmured, her eyes shining with happiness as she reached for his hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. “And I’m glad you enjoyed the show, because I’m already planning the next one.”

“You are?” Harrison couldn’t hide his surprise. The event had been so good for Jade, but it had taken a lot out of her.

“Next time, I’m doing a show specifically for people with anxiety. It’s going to be a bit more low-key, and Dr. Martin has agreed to help give the participants advice on how to push themselves to walk down the catwalk even when they’re feeling afraid.”

Harrison shook his head. “Babygirl, you’re something else. You know that?”

“That’s not even the best bit,” said Jade with a grin. “Your sister Emily got in touch with me a couple weeks ago, and she wants to be one of the models.”

“No way!” said Harrison, picking Jade up and spinning her around. “That’s amazing news!”

Jade squealed. “Put me down, Daddy! I still have people to go thank.”

“Hey, take your time, but let me know when you’re done, okay? I’ve got a surprise for you,” Harrison said.

“Really?” Jade’s eyes widened with excitement.

“Really,” Harrison confirmed. He couldn’t wait to see her reaction to his gift.

“All right, Daddy,” Jade agreed, a mischievous grin playing on her lips. “I won’t be long!”

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Once Jade had said her goodbyes, Harrison scooped her up into his strong arms. With Jade nestled against his chest, he carried her out of the town hall, past a happy-looking Mayor Cooper and the admiring glances and smiles of other attendees.

“Where are we going, Daddy?” Jade asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity as she looked up at him.

“Patience, little one,” Harrison replied with a teasing grin as they stepped out into the cool evening air. He carried her toward a brand new campervan parked nearby, its sleek design and modern features gleaming under the moonlight. “This is for you, Jade. A gift for all your hard work and dedication.”

“Really? For me?” Jade’s eyes widened in astonishment. “Thank you, Daddy! I love it!”

“Riley helped me get it all set up. I know you’ve been admiring his and Harper’s van for a while.” Harrison gently set her down on her feet, and they climbed into the campervan together. “Ready to take it for a test drive, babygirl?”

“You bet I am, Daddy!”

Harrison drove them out of town until he came to a stop in a secluded clearing, surrounded by tall trees and the gentle sounds of nature. Harrison took Jade’s hand, leading her to a small area he’d prepared just for them. And there, in the center of the clearing, stood an intricately carved wooden chair.

“What’s that?” Jade asked breathlessly.

“Surprise!” Harrison announced, a proud smile playing on his lips. “I made this chair just for you.” He let her see it close up, showing her all the areas he’d worked on, tirelessly sanding and engraving it over the last few weeks while Jade had worked on her event.

“It’s my way of showing how much I appreciate everything you’ve done and how much I care about you,” he said. “The only catch is it’s a *spanking* chair.”

He showed her the words he’d engraved on the backrest: *Naughty Little Jade*.

“Oh, Daddy,” Jade whispered, stepping closer to the chair and running her fingers over the smooth wood. “It’s beautiful. Thank you so much.”

“Anything for my little one,” Harrison murmured tenderly, pulling her into a warm embrace. Then he kissed her, long and deep, beneath the canopy of trees.

“So, how does it work?” asked Jade. “Do I sit on the chair or kneel on it?”

“Either,” said Harrison, showing Jade where she could put her knees if she kneeled forward on it, and the gentle dip for her ass if she wanted to lie back on it. “It depends where Daddy wants to spank you... or what else he has in mind for you.”

Jade licked her lips, her eyes sparkling. “I want a demonstration.”

Harrison reached for a birch rod he had placed nearby. “I’ll show you the sensation, but remember, you haven’t been naughty today, so no true spanking.”

Jade pouted, her lower lip sticking out adorably. “But Daddy, I want one,” she whined, giving him her best pleading look.

He chuckled and shook his head. “Nope, not tonight, little one.” He demonstrated the technique by guiding her over the chair, lifting her silky dress, and giving her a couple of gentle spanks with the rod, just enough to make her gasp at the unexpected sensation.

“Wow, that feels... different,” Jade murmured, her cheeks flushing pink with excitement.

“Yep, it’s all part of the experience,” Harrison replied, setting the rod aside. His eyes sparkled with mischief as he continued, “But there’s more to this chair than just spanking, you know. It can also be used as a sex chair—perfect for exploring our desires and fantasies in the great outdoors.”

Jade’s eyes widened, and she bit her lip. “Really, Daddy? That sounds like something we should definitely try... soon.”

Harrison grinned. “Absolutely.”

“But... what if someone walks through the forest and sees us?”

“That’s the best bit,” said Riley.

“It is?” Jade looked confused.

“This is private woodland. *You* actually own it.”

“Me? What do you mean?”

Harrison smiled. “You remember I told you I used to work in the elevator business? Well, one of the first companies I ever worked for secured a big deal with a worldwide chain of hotels. Turns out, my shares in the company were worth quite a bit. So I cashed them in and bought you a forest. I hope you don’t mind, but I put you down as the legal owner, and called it Jade’s Forest.”

Jade’s mouth hung open. “This is my forest?”

“Yes,” said Riley happily. “We can camp out in our van here whenever you like. And use the chair as much as we like without fear of being seen.”

Their gazes locked, and for a moment, the world around them seemed to fade away.

Jade’s eyes shone, reflecting the light that filtered through the trees above them. “So... this chair can be used for sexy things as well, you say?”

Harrison felt a wave of desire course through his own body as he took in her expression, and he decided to present her

with a challenge.

“All right, little one,” he said, his voice low and teasing. “I wasn’t planning on having sex with you tonight. I figured you might be exhausted after your big show. But honestly, Daddy’s been hard as rock ever since you first stepped on that stage tonight. So, I’ll give you a choice. You can either kneel over this chair like a good little girl while I strap you down with ivy and then fuck you from behind like a wild woodland animal... or we go for a five-mile hike around Jade’s Forest and take in the view.” He raised an eyebrow, curious to see how Jade would respond.

Jade let her eyes roam down his muscular body, pausing momentarily at the swell in his crotch, as she boldly declared, “Both, Daddy. I want both. The sex and the hike.”

Harrison chuckled. “Such a greedy girl,” he teased. He pulled her close, their lips meeting in a searing kiss that sent shivers down his spine. Finally, he pulled away and instructed Jade to take off her panties and throw them on the forest floor.

“Stay here while I find some ivy to bind you with,” Harrison instructed, his voice low and authoritative.

Jade nodded eagerly, her excitement palpable. “I love the outdoors,” she said. “Especially when it involves getting naked with my Daddy.”

As Harrison cut down a handful of perfect fresh ivy vines, he couldn’t help but look back at his brave and talented Little. She had already done as she was told, and had in fact gone further. She had taken off *all* her clothes, and now, she kneeled over the chair, naked and breathtakingly beautiful.

“My god,” he said, looking over at her. “Your outfit tonight was stunning, darling, but this... this is you at your most wonderful.”

Jade looked over at him, grinning. “I don’t need to hide under anything when I’m with you, Daddy,” she said. “I’m just me. Just Jade.”

Harrison walked over to her, gently but firmly tying her wrists to the chair with thick ropes of ivy. “You’re the most

exquisite work of art nature ever came up with,” he told her, brushing her auburn hair out of her eyes. “Better than any tree, than any sunset, than any of the air I breathe. And you’re all mine.”

“It’s true,” said Jade, looking up at him without the tiniest hint of nerves. “I’m all yours, Daddy. So... what do you want to do with me?”

Harrison grinned down at his Little girl, his eyes filled with warmth and desire. He knew exactly what he wanted to do with her. He leaned down and whispered into her ear. “Let’s show this forest its new king and queen.”

Jade let out a soft moan as Harrison took his place behind her, and the two of them embarked on yet another outdoor adventure together. Only this time, unlike others, Harrison didn’t stop for a long, long time. He fucked Jade until her thighs were trembling, until the moon shone and the stars twinkled in the sky above them, until Jade knew, in every pore of her body, that Harrison was her king and this forest was her kingdom.

Thank you so much for reading!

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Lucky x o x

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