



DADDIES
INC



YES
DADDY

LUCKY MOON

Yes Daddy

A Daddies Inc Novel

—

Lucky Moon

Keep in Touch

Thanks for stopping by!

If you want to keep in touch and receive a **FREE BOX SET** as a thank you for signing up, just head to the link here: <http://eepurl.com/gYVLJ>

I'll shower with you love and affection, giving you **insider info** on my series, plus all kinds of other **treats**.

My regular newsletter goes out once a week, and contains giveaways, polls, exclusive content, and lots more fun besides.

Also, you can get in touch with me at luckymoonromance@gmail.com. I love hearing from fans! find me on [Facebook](#).

Lucky x o x

Keep in Touch

Thanks for stopping by!

If you want to keep in touch and receive a **FREE BOX SET** as a thank you for signing up, just head to the link here: <http://eepurl.com/gYVLJ1>

I'll shower with you love and affection, giving you **insider information** on my series, plus all kinds of other **treats**.

My regular newsletter goes out once a week, and contains giveaways, polls, exclusive content, and lots more fun besides.

Also, you can get in touch with me at luckymoonromance@gmail.com or find me on [Facebook](#). I love hearing from fans!

Lucky x o x

Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Twenty-Two

Chapter Twenty-Three

Chapter Twenty-Four

Also By Lucky Moon

Copyright

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Twenty-Two

Chapter Twenty-Three

Chapter Twenty-Four

Also By Lucky Moon

Copyright

Chapter One

ISAAC

ISAAC SPOKE AS THOUGH this was the most important business deal of his life. The truth was, every deal that Isaac Righton made was the most important deal of his life.

As he paced around his large home office, he saw himself reflected in the glass doors that ran all the way along one side of the room. The guy reflected back at him looked confident and assertive. He wore a smart business suit and thick black spectacles. Although he was over forty, he clearly looked younger after himself. It didn't quite compute sometimes that the guy in the reflection was actually him.

Isaac's taste for money had brought him a lot of good things in his Miami compound with not one but four mansions on the land. Designer clothes he could ever want. Gadgets. Free passes to some of the most exclusive clubs across the United States. Secret handshakes and beautiful women.

But making money came at a cost. For years of his life, Isaac hadn't had a single day off. He ate, slept, and breathed money. Always thinking up ways to use what he had, to make more. It was an exhausting way to live.

could be a lonely one too. For if he stopped and looked too hard at his reflection, he saw other things too. The gray hairs at the temples, lost about by too much stress. The wrinkles around his tired eyes. The fact that there was no-one standing there beside him.

Still, none of that mattered. Not when there were business deals to be made and banknotes to change hands. Isaac had spent so long around money that he'd gotten to know the smell, the touch, the *taste* of it. He was never really feel bad for long when there was money around the corner. The salary made everything feel better.

"When should we get started on the paperwork?" he asked the guy at the other end of the phone line. The guy hadn't even agreed to the deal yet, but that was a classic business move. Speak as though the deal is already done.

Make it seem as though the customer would be crazy not to commit. Of course, the deal he was offering was a good one for both himself and the client. Isaac never offered bad deals. That wasn't the way to make a long-term suit. The way to get rich was not to simply sell a product, but a service. You didn't sell a service, but an entire fucking fantasy.

Right now, he was trying to get a customer to invest in his company's newest venture: a theme park. It was kind of a wild idea, dreamed up by his colleague Montague. His other colleague, Bastion, was generally the one who sweet-talked the new potential clients. He was a pro when it came to selling fantasies. Normally more likeable than Isaac too. Isaac often came across as a bit hot and little... moody. Not on purpose. He was just impatient. Always wanted to close the deal. To get to the exciting part: the cold, hard figures — but they always glittered at him like diamonds in a lump of rock.

"I'm not sure..." said the guy on the phone, wavering. "I just don't know if there are enough Littles in the world to keep an entire theme park afloat."

his own I told your colleague, Bastion—“

brought *Pah.*

act that Isaac could clinch this deal without Bastion. Bastion had grown lately. Drinking, jerking off in his office, going to strip bars. Ever since he was done, wife had left him, he'd turned into a bit of an asshole. At least the bastion he'd been married. And no doubt he'd marry again. Even Montague was able to marry soon, to his PA, Daisy, of all people.

live that Well, screw those guys. Isaac Righton had never had a woman who wanted to be with him forever, but so what? Who needed commitment when you had a hand-built Italian bed that cost over three million dollars? Not yet, but was one of only two pieces like that in the world? The other, as it happened, belonged to a famous rapper. It wasn't hard to guess which bed had more action over the past ten years. Isaac hadn't brought a girl back to the compound once.

money He looked again at his reflection, reminding himself that he could see his vision. Running his finger through his thick, dark hair, he took a deep

“Anthony, my man,” he said, oozing confidence. “I'm not offering you any company's chance to invest in a theme park. I'm offering you the chance to invest in my dream. A dream so powerful that—“

one that *Miaow.*

selling What the hell?

loss as a Isaac stopped pacing, looking around for the source of that strange rattling noise. There was nothing in his office as far as he could tell. The windows, which had doors were all closed anyway, so how was a creature meant to have gotten in here? He looked toward the glass doors, but it was so dark that he couldn't know if that the ocean looked black. All he could see, as ever, was his own reflection. Like He rubbed his eyes. It was late. He was tired. Probably imagining th

“A dream so powerful,” he began again, “that it won’t just be for
It’ll make people into Litt—“

sloppy *Miaow.*

nce his There it was again.

ard had A scratchy, whiny noise. Definitely not pleasant. And definitely r
due to with his concentration.

“Is something the matter?” asked the investor, a note of impatienc
say she voice.

it when “No,” said Isaac, removing his glasses and setting them down on th

’ *And* it He rubbed his eyes again. “Everything’s great. As I was sayin—“

opened, *Miaooooooooow.*

ad seen Seriously, this was getting beyond a joke. He was so close to clinch
k to his deal. Now there was some idiot fucking animal hiding in his
threatening to ruin the whole thing?

do this. “Listen, Anthony,” said Isaac. “There’s a problem with the line. Can
breath. you too well.” Didn’t feel good to lie, but the truth was just too
you the Didn’t want a potential investor thinking he was a total crackpot. “I’n
est in a have to call you back, man. Speak in ten?”

The investor gave his reluctant agreement, and Isaac knew th
probably already messed up. You only get one chance with these peop
to think that a mewling cat—

e feline There was a bang at the glass door.

indows Isaac startled, walking over to investigate and noticing a paw-shape
to have on the glass.

outside “Ugh,” he muttered. “What a mess.”

ection. He wasn’t ashamed to admit that he was a bit of a clean freak. The
ings. a paw print was enough to make him pick up his phone and tell l

Littles. Charlotte, to schedule an earlier appointment with his window cleaner unlocked the door and opened it a crack, calling out into the darkness.
“Shoo!”

Suddenly, he felt something small and soft pressing against his leg. When he looked down, he saw a mangy, greaseball of a kitten.

“Nuh-uh,” he said, looking down at it. “No way.”

Isaac was allergic to animals. The very sight of this kitten made his chest start to itch.

“You can go back out where you came from right now, you idiotic little thing.”

The kitten looked up at him with dark, disobedient eyes.

Miaooooooooowwwwwwwowowowowow!

Isaac resisted the temptation to boot the kitten out. He wasn't exactly allergic to furry creatures, sure, but he wasn't a monster. He pushed the cat back outside, grimacing at the feeling of its matted fur on its hard back. He grabbed his phone and sent a follow-up message to his PA.

“Call animal control first thing in the morning.”

Not having a stray kitten ruin another million-dollar business deal, he'd do what he'd do. You very much.

Anyway, on the subject of that possibly-ruined business deal, it was time to kiss some serious ass.

As he was about to punch in the number of the investor he'd had the messianic smearup on, his phone buzzed in his hands.

“Anthony?” he said, unthinking. But it wasn't Anthony.

“Isaac? Is that you?”

He recognized that voice. It was the voice of a woman in her seventies, his PA. She sounded like her nose was being pinched and her ass was clenching.

ner. Heat the same time.

irkness: “Aunt Meg,” he said through gritted teeth. “Why are you calling me
A bit rude of him to talk to her like that, but he had his reasons.

calves. “Believe me, Isaac,” she said, “I wouldn’t call you unless I had to
felt that it was only right that I give you some news.”

“News?” snarled Isaac. “What news is that? You’ve decided to
his nosesomething else from me? My Miami compound, maybe? My business?”

Aunt Meg tutted. “Still got that temper, I see, Isaac. Well, that
naughtyhappens when you choose a life of excess.”

A life of excess? He knew what she was getting at. Aunt Meg tho
slept around. She was an old-fashioned woman and a judgmental o
truth was, Isaac hadn’t slept with anyone in a long while. Didn’t ha
ly a fanfor that. And even when he did, it was usually just a fleeting fu
: gentlyexactly meaningless, but definitely not meaningful. There was no law
ids. Heit, though. Consensual one-night stands were perfectly moral. Way
than stringing someone along for months on end if you didn’t have a
feelings for them.

l, thank “I’d take a life of excess over a life of misery any day, Aunt Meg
Isaac pointedly.

as time Aunt Meg said nothing for a few moments. Isaac wondered if he
too far. Granted, the woman was miserable. She’d spent her life
to hangunhappy marriage with a man who never told her he loved her. She’
had any close friends and she always had a look on her face like she
been crying.

“I’m not calling to argue with you, Isaac,” said Meg. “I’m calling
venties.you that your uncle has passed away.”

ig, both Shit.

The old man was a grumpy asshole, but he was still a person. And
?" Aunt Meg.

"I'm so sorry, Auntie," said Isaac, softening. "When's the funeral?"
). But I "It was yesterday," came the reply.

Isaac felt a sting in his gut. "Yesterday? You didn't think to invite me
to steal "Jeffrey wanted a quiet affair. Just me and him on the ranch, with
?" priest, of course."

's what Isaac ran his fingers through his hair. "Okay. Well, I'd like to come
see you. Pay my respects."

ught he It took all his strength to say that. He didn't want to visit Aunt Meg
ne. TheEspecially not at the ranch. The ranch that used to belong to his parents
ve timeranch that should have been his.

ck. Not He still remembered the day she told him that she was to inherit the ranch
againstinstead of him. How pathetic he felt as he asked her to let him have it.
/ betterdesperately he begged to buy it off her. And how cold she looked as she
my realhim that he couldn't have it for all the money in the world.

"There's no need for you to visit," said Aunt Meg. "I prefer my
g," saidcompany."

Isaac's gaze flicked over to the framed photograph on his desk. A
'd goneand white picture of the ranch, back when his parents were running it.
: in another was holding him in her arms, and there were happily grazing cows
d neverthe background. Even though he was a baby in that picture, he'd studied
e'd justscene so often that he felt as though he remembered it.

That ranch was rightfully his.
; to tell And he wasn't giving up.

"I won't take no for an answer," he said. "I'll be there at the weekend."
"I don't think—"

so was Isaac didn't wait for his aunt to finish what she was saying. He hung
phone, the blood whooshing in his ears.

Just then, he heard that sound again.

Miaaaaaaoooooow.

ie?" The stray kitten.

with the "Ugh," he said aloud. "Fine."

He walked into his huge kitchen, grabbed a saucer and filled it gen
me andwith milk. Then, he put it outside the door for the cat.

Curious, the kitten appeared from the shadows and sniffed the
g at all. Then, hungrily, it began to lap up the milk.

ts. The "Drink that, kitty," Isaac said, "then leave me in peace. There mu
hundred people in this neighborhood looking for a pet like you. I'n
e ranchthat I'm not one of them."

it. How The cat looked up at him with sad eyes.

she told *Miaow?*

"Oh, for goodness sake," he said. "Fine. For one night. But don't
ry ownany of my stuff. Okay?"

He moved the saucer into his office, and the cat came in with it. T
A blackcleaned out an old box and filled it with strips of paper from his shred
it. Hiswas always fastidious about shredding. It was important to hide exact
attle inmany figures were in his gazillion bank accounts. You could never
lied thecareful, even in a place as secure as this.

The cat looked at its cardboard box for a moment, then it rubbed
against it and climbed inside. It curled up among the shredde
statements, yawned, and fell asleep. He couldn't deny it: the little thi
id." cute.

"This isn't a permanent arrangement, pussy-cat," Isaac whisperc

g up the don't get too comfortable.”

Shaking his head at how easily he caved in, he felt a sudden determination.

“Take no prisoners, Isaac,” he said, punching in the investor’s number.

He was going to win this deal right now. Then, he was going to take his family ranch.

Nothing — no matter how cute it was — was going to stand in his way.

saucer.

ist be a

1 afraid

pee on

hen, he

der. He

tly how

be too

its face

d bank

ing was

ed. “So

don't get too comfortable.”

Shaking his head at how easily he caved in, he felt a surge of determination.

“Take no prisoners, Isaac,” he said, punching in the investor’s number.

He was going to win this deal right now. Then, he was going to take back his family ranch.

Nothing — no matter how cute it was — was going to stand in his way.

Chapter Two

PEACH

“WELCOME TO DADDIES INC.!”

Peach was being given a behind-the-scenes tour of her friend's workplace. Daisy had been working at the Daddies Inc office a few months now. She was PA to an incredibly wealthy man called Mr Manners. As well as being Daisy's boss, Montague was also her Daddy not just that: now he was her fiancé.

Obviously, Peach was thrilled for her friend. Just a few months ago she had been living in a yucky trailer having run away from her controlling Daddy at the altar. Now, she was dining out at fancy restaurants every weekend, holidaying on a houseboat, and getting endless orgasms from one of the richest Daddies in Miami.

Yes, obviously, Peach was thrilled. Thrilled and just a tiny bit... jealous.

Since Peach had left her old life in Connecticut, Peach's world had become much smaller. Of course, she still had her other best friend, Kiera, who was also on the tour right now. But even though Kiera was great, she wasn't Daisy.

Daisy had been Peach's bestie since high school. They'd let Kiera

their sacred inner circle after meeting her at an ice-cream parlor, they'd all decided to share an XXL ice-cream sundae together. Kiera was feisty, and spontaneous. She wasn't afraid to speak her mind, which was respected, and she was super cool.

But Daisy was sweet and sunny. Always had a good word to say to someone. She knew exactly how to cheer Peach up when she was down. She knew every boy (and cartoon character!) that Peach had ever had a crush on, and they'd even made up a funny secret language together called their pretend language *Gigglish*, and it mainly consisted of a series of noises that made them laugh so much they could no longer communicate. For example, to say "please", you had to say, "Ziiiiiiip?" in a really high-pitched, best voice. And to say "thank you", you had to snort like a pig.

For a while, Peach and Daisy hadn't spoken Gigglish to one another in months. Peach's contagion. And as Peach watched Daisy breeze around the Daddies Inc. office in a fancy pink flared dress with doves all over it, she wondered if the chance that they would ever speak Gigglish to one another again.

"See that room over there?" said Daisy excitedly. "That's the board game room for Littles. We call it the board games room!"

Over the weekend, Peach clutched her beloved pet Shih Tzu, Teddy, tickling his belly with the white fur to keep him calm. She needn't have worried, though. Teddy was to be loving the tour. So far, he'd been petted by three different people and given a bowl of water from the water cooler.

Peach hadn't felt like she wasn't enjoying the tour as much as her dog. It was hard to pinpoint who was having the feelings of jealousy. She looked at Kiera, wondering if she was feeling the same way. Peach wasn't tiny bit sad like she was, but Kiera looked genuinely into it.

"This is so awesome, Daze," said Kiera. "It's like you work at the company headquarters or something."

where Daisy smiled. “Actually, Montague took me to a meeting at the
was fun, headquarters a couple weeks ago,” she said, “and it turns out, our offi
1 Peachbetter!”

“Now, now,” said Montague, pressing a finger to his lips. “Let’s
y aboutboastful, young lady. Pride comes before a fall, remember?”

feeling Montague had come along for the start of the tour too, and he’
er had a charming as ever, always knowing just how far to push the Daddy t
r. Theypublic. Clearly, in a workplace like this, it was okay to be open abou
musing in an age play relationship, but Montague was Daisy’s boss, so he
ate. For remain professional.

pitched “Sorry, Daddy,” said Daisy, stifling a smile.

Montague gave her a stern look. Then, he turned back to Peach and
“This is where I leave you, ladies,” he said. “Got a meeting to prepare
s in her leave you in Daisy’s capable hands.”

two of Daisy held up her hands, grinning, and Peach caught sight of th
diamond and aquamarine ring she was wearing. Peach couldn’t belie
rdroom Daisy was getting married so soon after running away from her last w

She knew that Montague was the right man for her best friend, but, but
wn and Well, it all came down to jealousy again, didn’t it?

seemed It was strange feeling like Daisy had someone else to confide in the
ple and Like Peach wasn’t the first person she told her news to. Also, Da

Montague were getting married in a month, and they were keeping
ut asidedetails of it a total secret, including the venue. It was one of the first
eeling a Daisy had ever kept from her, and she hated to admit it to herself, bu
kinda crappy.

Google “Alright!” said Daisy, full of energy. “Now we can start the *real* tou
turned to her friends and wiggled her eyebrows.

Google “What do you mean?” asked Kiera. “That tour we had just then
ices are real?”

“Well, sure it was,” said Daisy. “But now I can give you the gossip
not get too! Look over there!”

She pointed through a large glass window that was frosted up t
’d been height, as though to obscure whoever might be sitting in the room h
hing in meeting. There was someone standing in there, though, clearly visible
it being the frosting. It was a tall man with wide shoulders and black-
had to spectacles. He was leading a meeting with three other men who seeme
eating out of the palm of his hand. Behind him was a spreadsheet pr
onto the wall, with some impossibly large numbers on it.

l Kiera. “That’s Isaac,” said Daisy. “He’s smart with numbers. And accor
for. I’ll Montague, he’s the richest guy at Daddy’s Inc.”

“Oooh,” said Kiera, “he’s kinda dishy. Tell me more.”

ie huge “Ha!” Daisy laughed. “Don’t even think about it! Isaac’s a r
ve that mystery. He never shows the slightest bit of interest in anyone here, h
edding. reveals anything about himself, he never laughs at anyone’s jokes, a
t, but... kind of a grump.”

“I thought grumps were your specialty, Daisy,” Kiera joked, lookin
se days. from Isaac and seeming to lose all interest in him.

isy and As Peach looked at him, though, it was like a lightbulb was going
all the her head. Not because she was attracted to him, although there definit
secret something about him. He had that brains *and* brawn vibe going on t
it it felt undoubtedly intriguing. But more important than that was w
represented.

ir!“ She All those numbers. All that money. For so long, Peach had been a
let herself dream big. She’d tried to switch off the part of herself that

wasn't nice things and a nice life. She used to have so much ambition.

Over the years, though, she'd settled for rags over riches. She'd managed to convince herself that it was somehow virtuous to be poor. Even in

Connecticut, she volunteered at a dog rescue place two days a week and also worked part-time at a dog-grooming parlor the rest of the time. She'd managed to get allowed to groom the animals, though. Her job was sweeping up the clippings and washing down the tables after the dogs were treated. Her boss told her that she wasn't good enough to touch the animals, even though she groomed her own dog's hair, and he always looked marvelous.

She's always wondered if part of the reason that she wouldn't allow herself to dream big was because she was a Little. She'd always felt a bit of shame about that part of herself. It didn't help that her parents had told her not to bother contacting them until she'd "grown up". They told her that she was too childish, and needed to stop watching cartoons and wearing Paw Patrol t-shirts and get a proper job.

Being here — in a billion-dollar empire — where Littles were celebrated and he's not hated — was inspiring.

"Look, Teddy," she said, holding her dog up to look at Isaac's spreadsheet. "Do you think that could be us one day?" she whispered to his floppy little ear. "Running our own business with a bazillion dollars off in bank. Whaddya reckon?"

Teddy licked his nose, oblivious to what she was asking him, but that was the same.

Teddy had come from the rescue center that Peach volunteered at. He'd been there for months before she adopted him, but nobody wanted him because he was blind in one eye and when he barked it sounded a bit like nails scraping down a chalkboard. But he came into Peach's life when she really

him. Her anxiety was bad after her parents cut her out of their life. She managed to stammer and hid indoors with agoraphobia some days. Teddy helped her get back in all that.

ek, and As Peach held Teddy up to the glass, she noticed Isaac's head wasn't toward her. He looked at Peach with an expression of mild interest, and Daisy looked at Teddy with an expression of strong disgust.

old her "Uh oh," said Daisy. "We should probably keep moving. Isaac's the biggest fan of—"

Peach watched Isaac stride across the room toward her, then he opened the door, pointing a finger straight at Teddy.

shame "No animals!" he boomed.

r not to "Sorry, sir," said Daisy. "Montague said we were allowed to bring the dog, but he was an exception for—"

Patrol "Montague is a soft touch," he said. "People could have allergies. The dog could make a mess. It could hurt someone."

celebrated Peach lifted one of Teddy's little paws and pulled a cute expression. "It won't hurt anyone," she said in a funny little voice, pretending to be concerned. "I'm actually hypoallergenic because *technically* Shih Tzus have hair that sheds into his fur—"

s in the "Did I not make myself clear?" asked Isaac. "No. Animals."

Peach sighed. Quietly, she said, "We're all animals, you know."

cute all "Get the mutt outside," Isaac instructed Peach. "And Daisy? Tell me to cancel my meetings on Saturday. I'm heading back to my ranch."

t. He'd "I didn't know you had a ranch, sir," said Daisy.

him. He "I don't," replied Isaac. "Yet." He went back into his office, slamming the door.

needed Peach looked at Daisy. "Do we really have to go?"

ie had a Daisy grimaced. "Yeah. Sorry. But don't worry. Kiera and I will c
ier withwith you later."

"Wait," said Peach. "You're going to keep running the tour without
turning "Just for an hour or so," said Daisy. "It'll fly by. Promise."
then he And with that, both of Peach's friends were gone.

not the

ned the

ake an

The dog

sion. "I

Teddy.

instead

y PA to

ing the

Daisy grimaced. “Yeah. Sorry. But don’t worry. Kiera and I will catch up with you later.”

“Wait,” said Peach. “You’re going to keep running the tour without me?”

“Just for an hour or so,” said Daisy. “It’ll fly by. Promise.”

And with that, both of Peach’s friends were gone.

Chapter Three

ISAAC

I SAAC SLAMMED ON THE brakes of his Rolls-Royce SUV. This was the ranch, but it was not the ranch that he remembered.

For a start, the perimeter that his dad had worked so hard to build was falling down. Not that it really mattered, because there were only half a dozen cattle remaining on the land, and they all looked so scrawny and weak that they were clearly going nowhere in a hurry. He'd have liked to have taken a closer look at them, but unfortunately, his allergies would have gotten in the way. His allergies were never really an issue when he was a kid, but as he grew up his years in the city, he could hardly go near anything with fur.

He looked over at the ranch house. Two of its windows were boarded up, the roof needed its guttering fixing, and there was a pile of trash on one side of the driveway that looked so old and so rusted it had clearly been there for a long time.

"Jeez," Isaac muttered to himself as he got out of the vehicle.

How had Aunt Meg let it get like this? This place had obviously been neglected into the ground over a period of years, long before Uncle Jeffrey died.

Isaac walked up to the house with a sense of trepidation. This was his home that he'd grown up in. He'd been born on the kitchen floor —

that his mother had always loved to tell whenever they had guests around.

“Did you know,” she used to say, “that my sweet little Isey was born at the very spot you’re now eating your dinner?”

Isaac shivered at the memory. Such happy times. So much had changed since those days.

Eying the front door with distaste, he knocked. Attached to the door was a gaudy plaque that read: “Welcome — ish. Depends on who you are and how long you stay.” Under that, there was a handwritten note that said “No junk, no bills, no dicks.”

Well. This was going to be fun...

Isaac waited a while, then knocked again. “Aunt Meg!” he called. “Isaac.”

Eventually, he heard shuffling behind the door and his aunt opened it with a dozer crack, still leaving it on the latch.

She peered at Isaac suspiciously. “Can’t you read the sign, son?”

Isaac looked again at the words on the sign and signed. “Very funny, Meg. But I’m no dick. I’m your nephew. And I’m here for honest reasons after all.”

“Honorable, eh?” said Aunt Meg, chuckling. “I’ll be the judge of that.” She opened up the front door and Isaac tried to swallow a lump of the judgment. She was wearing baggy gray sweatpants with holes at the knees and a stained t-shirt that said “Meh” on it.

Behind her, the hallway was full of piles of unopened mail. The walls had been run dark and peeling — still the same paper his parents had put up years ago. Now, there were damp patches and bubbles of mold on it. It was themuch as the whole place stank of damp and microwave French fries. A story was still something about the smell that told him he was home.

nd. “Well, don’t just stand there gawping,” said Aunt Meg, leading
orn onthrough to the kitchen at the back of the house. “Sit down and say what
is you want to say.”

hanged Isaac couldn’t help looking down at the spot where he’d been
positioned directly beside the dining table. He pictured his mother g
nt doorthe edge of that table, and his father crouching beneath her, catch
are andslippery newborn body like he was birthing a calf.

id: “No That spot of the floor, now, was splashed with coffee stains and
crumbs of... goodness knows what.

Isaac decided to sit on the other side of the table. Felt too strang
d. “It’sright there.

“Squirt?” said Aunt Meg, opening the fridge.

ied it a Isaac frowned. “What?”

“Soda?” said his aunt, holding up a yellow can.

“Oh, right,” said Isaac. “Uh, thanks.”

y, Aunt Over the past couple of decades, Isaac had sampled a martini with
norablecarat diamond in it at a hotel in Tokyo, he’d drunk two-hundred-y
Champagne rescued from a shipwreck, and he’d downed a shot of
at.” single malt whisky kept in a gold and emerald Fabergé Celtic Egg. V
way hishad never, ever had before was a can of Squirt with the aunt who had
e kneeshis family home from him. But there was a first for everything.

“Refrigerator broke,” she told him as the warm, flat, grapefruit-f
illpapersoda touched his lips.

p thirty Isaac tried his very best to look *not*-disgusted.

And as *Don’t fuck this up, Isaac. You only get one chance at this.*

s, there “Well,” said Isaac, turning his body away from the window at the
the kitchen. Were he to look through that window, he might catch a g

ng him of his parents' graves, and he couldn't allow that to happen. Too emotional. He didn't want Aunt Meg to see him cry.

"Well," said Aunt Meg, sitting over the spot that Isaac was born, and born, into his eyes like they were about to duel.

ripping "I'm so sorry to hear about Uncle Jeffrey," said Isaac. "I hope that you're coping alright."

Clearly, Aunt Meg wasn't coping. The dirty dishes strewn about the full of kitchen. The stains and spillages all over the floor. The dark circles under her eyes.

Maybe striking this deal was going to be easier than he thought. Maybe he couldn't wait to get this place off her hands.

"Meh," said Aunt Meg, not seeming to realize that she was saying the exact same thing that was written on her t-shirt.

Isaac cleared his throat. "Listen, Aunt Meg," he said. "I know this is a tough time for you. And looking after this ranch all on your own... it's a one-be... a challenge."

His aunt snorted.

"If you like," he said, his voice as gentle as possible, "I can take it over. What he hands."

Immediately, Aunt Meg's posture changed. She sat bolt upright and her eyes widened. "You couldn't help yourself, could you? Coming here here to steal the place now that I'm weak?"

Isaac raised his palms. "That's not my intention, madam. I'm here to help you. No offense, Aunt, but I can see that you're struggling." He glanced around the room, hoping that she could see the dirt like he could. "I'm not back of trying to steal the ranch from you. I want to buy it off you."

Aunt Meg's shoulders hunched slightly. She sipped from her can of

otional.eying Isaac warily.

“Five million dollars,” said Isaac, cutting to the chase. “That’s a glaring offer. Way more than it’s worth.”

Way more than it’s worth since you ran it into the ground, anyway.

“Not a chance in hell,” said Aunt Meg, the Squirt spitting out between her teeth.

“Alright,” said Isaac. He could see she was playing hardball. “I’ll around it. Ten million.”

That was a crazy offer, but who cared? Isaac had the money, and maybe she mattered to him was that he got the place.

Aunt Meg laughed. “Look at you, son. Throwing around these numbers like you’re all that and a bag of chips. It’s disgraceful. Can’t you see my home? It’s not for sale.”

“Fine,” said Isaac through gritted teeth. “Twenty million.”

For a while, there was silence between them. Well, not complete

There was the sound of a fly buzzing over by the window, banging in the glass every now and then as it tried to escape.

Aunt Meg stared at him, then she chugged down the rest of her

After a loud burp, she said, “Son, you’d need to change every single thing about yourself before I even started to consider your offer.”

Isaac frowned, confused. “What do you mean?”

Disgust crawled across Aunt Meg’s face like a maggot on a pile of rotting help flesh. “I know what you’re like,” she told Isaac. “I saw you gesture remember?”

Isaac shrugged. “So?”

“I used to see you wandering around town with a different girl every day, Squirt, I heard the stories of the things you used to do with those girls. Making

dress up funny and doing all sorts of unspeakable things to then
enerousswallowed as if trying to get rid of a bad taste.

“I don’t see how—“

“And I know how you made all your money too, Isaac. I know that
it fromsome kind of a—“ she whispered, ”—fetish business.”

“It’s not what you—“

double “This is a good Christian ranch,” Aunt Meg snapped. “Always ha
always will be. Your poor parents. They’d be turning over in their g
all thatthey could see the man you became.”

Isaac felt his blood starting to boil. He felt like he felt as a teenag
umbersafter his parents had died. Powerless. Alone. Angry. His hands becan
: this isbut he made it his mission not to let Aunt Meg see his fury. That w
game over.

“I am a Christian as it happens,” Isaac said. “There’s nothing wroi
silence.expressing your sexuality and at the same time—“

into the “You’d have to be a married man for starters,” said Aunt Meg, su
standing up and staring at him with a glint in her eye.

Squirt. Isaac paused, taken aback. She’d thrown him a line. But at the sam
le thingit was an impossible one to grab hold of. “You know I’m not the m
type.”

Aunt Meg smiled wickedly. “Oh dear. Guess you’ll never get th
rottingthen.”

ow up, Isaac took a long, deep breath. He was shaking. He was fuming. He
used to being told ‘no’.

“What’s the matter, Isaac?” his aunt taunted him. “The thought of
y night.down with just one girl makes your blood run cold? Got too many w
ig themto sow?”

1.” She Isaac stood up, looking down at his aunt. “I offered you an opportunity he told her. “An opportunity to buy whatever you wanted for the rest of your life. All the Squirt your heart desired. Shares in the damn *company*, you run wanted. Clothes with slogans on them. Vacations. Cars. Happiness composed himself. “But you threw away that opportunity, Aunt Meg you’re throwing away this ranch with it. Those cattle out there are c is been, death. And this land won’t be fit for anything if you let it fall apart raves if more.”

Aunt Meg blinked at him, unmoved. “Guess that’s just the way it is, just be.”

He fists, Isaac could taste the bitterness in his throat. He wanted this ranch all he could get as much as he wanted oxygen. It was his. It didn’t make sense that his aunt would want to keep it. His parents always told him it would be his when they died. “Think about it,” said Isaac. “Twenty million dollars. My offer is open.”

Suddenly, “So does mine.” Aunt Meg crossed her arms. “Get married or go home. *Go home.*

At the time, This was his home.

Leaving Isaac said goodbye with a heavy feeling inside, like he’d just eaten a pound of lead.

At the ranch As he walked out of the ranch, he thought about how different life would have been if this place was his. Green grass. Fresh air. Fat, wasn’t cattle with a load of happy fat, happy ranchers looking after the animals wouldn’t deal with the animals himself, of course, because of his allergies settling that was okay. He could play to his strengths. Build some kind of little wild outside hustle on the land: a dude ranch or a luxury hotel, with a small building tucked away at the back of the grounds. Somewhere for him to relax

tunity,” weekends. Maybe, if he’d had this place, he’d never have gone to M
of your all.

, if you He didn’t even look at Aunt Meg as he stepped out of the front do
ss.“ Hehe couldn’t resist walking around the side of the building after he left
g. And take a look at his parents’ graves. Maybe say a few quick words t
close to before Aunt Meg kicked him off the property.

t much As soon as he turned the corner, though, he froze. His parents’ grav
there. He could still see the wooden crosses over the spot they’d been
’s got the ground. But Aunt Meg had dumped something on top of the gra
old, dirty mattress.

most as Immediately, a hot fire of determination began to burn in the pi
unt got stomach.

This wasn’t the end.

r stays It was just the beginning.

He’d do whatever it took. He’d do it for them.

me.”

a lump

: things

, happy

em. He

gy, but

icrative

ll cabin

x at the

weekends. Maybe, if he'd had this place, he'd never have gone to Miami at all.

He didn't even look at Aunt Meg as he stepped out of the front door. But he couldn't resist walking around the side of the building after he left her, to take a look at his parents' graves. Maybe say a few quick words to them before Aunt Meg kicked him off the property.

As soon as he turned the corner, though, he froze. His parents' graves were there. He could still see the wooden crosses over the spot they'd been put in the ground. But Aunt Meg had dumped something on top of the graves: an old, dirty mattress.

Immediately, a hot fire of determination began to burn in the pit of his stomach.

This wasn't the end.

It was just the beginning.

He'd do whatever it took. He'd do it for them.

Chapter Four

PEACH

PEACH AND KIERA WALKED barefoot along the beach. They left their shoes back at the hotel, because you could do things like that in Miami. Peach was wearing a PAW Patrol t-shirt and PAW Patrol shorts and Kiera wore a neon pink sundress. Peach rarely wore dresses because she was self-conscious about her figure. She was definitely on the curvier side though her friends always assured her that her body was catnip for men.

Peach was carrying a bag of buckets and shovels and they were looking for exactly the right spot to make the world's biggest sandcastle.

"This beach is the best," said Kiera.

Peach agreed. "Teddy seems to like it too."

Teddy *loved* the beach. He was running around in circles, barking in an ear-piercing way of his that Peach had learned to love.

"Well, who wouldn't?" said Kiera. "It's paradise here. I love everything about it."

"Except that jerk from Daisy's office. What was his name again?" Peach pretended like it took her a minute to remember Isaac's name.

didn't. He'd been on her mind almost constantly since yesterday. She was still feeling sore about the way he'd spoken to her.

Getting told off was always upsetting, but getting told off by a half-billionaire was upsetting *and* confusing. She didn't know why, but she'd woken up having a dirty dream about Isaac. She'd felt it so strongly, her face buried deep between her thighs, eating her up like she was a war of pie. She hadn't told Daisy or Kiera about it, though. Much too weird.

"Oh yeah. Except for that meanie," Kiera agreed.

Peach was eager to change the subject. "I kinda wish I didn't have to come back to Connecticut."

"I'd both like that," Kiera stopped walking all of a sudden, grabbing on to Peach's arm. "I'd both like that the same way! I feel like I could just stay here forever."

shorts, Peach giggled. "Maybe we're Miami girls deep down. We were bored in our hometown. Now, we need to make it our lifelong mission to return to our side, place we belong." She was playing, but Kiera wasn't laughing.

1. "Life without Daisy has been weird," said Kiera, kicking the sand. "Living here just doesn't feel like home anymore."

Peach tried not to take offense at this. It's not like she didn't get what Kiera was saying, but she still felt a pang of jealousy when Kiera said that. Kiera had always seemed to prefer Daisy to her, and it was hard not to feel like Kiera thought Connecticut was boring with just Peach for company. Maybe it was just the fact that Peach had low self-esteem. She often turned everything worst into a situation.

"I'm sure when we get home we'll be glad to be back," said Peach to Isaac. "Lobster rolls. Steamed cheeseburgers. Apple cider." She handed Kiera a bucket and spade and they sat down on the sand, building sandcastles together.

he was Neither of them said anything for a while, but it felt obvious to Peach that they were both thinking hard about what they'd just been talking about. "You know, I don't think I really *need* to go back home," said Kiera, finally breaking the silence.

— his Peach squashed the sandcastle she was making. All her sandcastle slices were coming out wonky, while Kiera's were perfect. She looked at her friend. "What do you mean? Your whole life is back there. Your apartment, your work. You can't stay on vacation forever."

to go Kiera carefully added a sandcastle on top of another sandcastle. "Then she said, "I could run my bubble bath company from anywhere. All I need is a room to make my bubble bath. And a computer to advertise it. So why not do it here? As much key lime pie as I want... for the rest of my life!" Kiera smiled with an evil cackle.

to the Peach tried to join in with the fun, but it was hard. She *didn't* have a business idea that could be done from Miami. Sure, she could apply to sweep up dog hair and dog clippings at a different groomer's out here, but... what about the dog shelter? She'd volunteered at that place for years. The doggies relied on her. There was Woody the three-legged German Shepherd, Billy the pit bull, said it. bulldog, Bandit the Jack Russell with PTSD. They weren't easy dogs to take care of after, but Peach had a way with them. They trusted her. She could move to Miami and leave them all behind.

head the She looked over at Teddy, happily running around them in circles. If it hadn't been for the shelter, Teddy would never have come into her life. She couldn't turn her back on Connecticut. Definitely not just on a whim. "You look like you're about to tell me you could never leave home, but you're making said.

"The rescue home—" Peach began.

ach that “They don’t even pay you. And as for the grooming place, it’s slave
t. You could find a better job here. Hey, maybe you could even work
Kiera, Daddies Inc?”

“For Isaac?” blurted Peach. “No way.”

as were “Well, you could do anything!” said Kiera, spreading her arms wide
friend. Peach shook her head. “You can’t just reinvent your life in the blink
t. You’re eye. I’m just not destined for this life, Kiera. Daisy got lucky. She ran
from Mr. Wrong and bumped straight into Mr. Right. But... I’m destined
ing is,” clean up dog clippings forevermore. And if I let myself dream any
need is than that, it’ll just lead to disappointment.”

why not “I thought you seemed inspired by our tour of the Daddies Inc
She let yesterday. You had this look in your eye, like anything was possible.”

“And then I got told off for bringing my pet into the building and I realized
e a job that people with big dreams are generally a-holes.” She dug a hole in the
dog hair and buried her feet in it. Teddy ran over to her and began barking,
animal alerting her to the fact that she was trapped. “It’s okay, Teddy,” she
on her. “See?” She pulled out her feet and wiggled her sandy toes. Teddy
e blind them, sand and all. “Ew!”

to look “I dunno,” said Kiera. “I... think I might do it. I’m my own boss, and
n’t just I’m going to let myself dream big. I’ll extend my stay for a few days and
for someplace to live. I love you, Peach, but my life has felt so empty lately.
as. If it Peach felt the color drain from her cheeks.

ife. She “Not because of you, Peach!” Kiera said quickly. “I love you! You
that. I just... haven’t felt all that fulfilled lately. I feel like I’m stagnant
” Kiera feel like I need to try something new... You sure you don’t want in on it?

Quietly, she said, “Kiera. Seriously. My entire life is in Connecticut, and
of my best friends already left. And now you say you’re leaving too.”

e labor! “But you should come with me!” Kiera lifted her bucket to rev
ork for another perfect sandcastle.

“I can’t,” Peach sniffed. “I can’t afford to quit my job. I can’t
spontaneous like you. Plus, the rescue center brings me happiness. I
live in reality. Not some fantasy world where I get to do whatever I w
k of an start over. I had to do that after my parents kicked me out for being a
n away Starting from scratch. I’m not doing it again.”

“Fine,” she said. “I get it. You think I’m cra
biggyou’ll see. I’m joining Daisy for the good life.” Kiera paused
obviously you can come stay with me any time you like. In fact, I ins
officesyou do. But I *am* moving here.”

With those words, Peach felt yet another friend drifting away fro
realized Well, not so much drifting away as running away as fast as her legs
he sand carry her, and slamming the door in Peach’s face.

g, as if

re said.

licked

fter all.

nd look

lately.

u know

ating. I

this?”

ut. One

“But you should come with me!” Kiera lifted her bucket to reveal yet another perfect sandcastle.

“I can’t,” Peach sniffed. “I can’t afford to quit my job. I can’t just be spontaneous like you. Plus, the rescue center brings me happiness. I have to live in reality. Not some fantasy world where I get to do whatever I want and start over. I had to do that after my parents kicked me out for being a Little. Starting from scratch. I’m not doing it again.”

Kiera looked defeated. “Fine,” she said. “I get it. You think I’m crazy. But you’ll see. I’m joining Daisy for the good life.” Kiera paused. “And obviously you can come stay with me any time you like. In fact, I insist that you do. But I *am* moving here.”

With those words, Peach felt yet another friend drifting away from her. Well, not so much drifting away as running away as fast as her legs would carry her, and slamming the door in Peach’s face.

Chapter Five

ISAAC

THERE WERE SEVERAL REASONS that Isaac didn't want to go to his Miami compound. Number one: having been back to the nowhere else felt like home. Number two: seeing his aunt so lonely, around in that big old ranch house... it made him feel strange about around on *his* own now too. Number three: the damn cat was still there

He'd gotten a message from his PA, Charlotte, this morning. The control weren't interested in coming to collect a stray kitten. They had too much on their hands, and they told Isaac to try to find a home for himself. Isaac had asked Charlotte to take it, but she told him her greyhound would rip it to shreds in a hot second. She'd brought over a litter tray, some food and a bed and told Isaac he was going to have to look after it when he found it somewhere to live.

For that reason, then, Isaac was avoiding going home. For one thing, he had allergies, and now that the kitten was roaming his house, all its skin, dander and saliva and fur would be shedding around the place, and Isaac would get sick immediately. It felt like his home had been invaded. Which was how he felt about his aunt living on his family ranch.

Damn.

He needed a drink.

He swung into the Dade-D Bar — a Daddies-Inc-owned age-play d in Miami-Dade — looking for a familiar face. Cindy was working behind the bar but Montague and Bastion weren't here. Montague rarely came out because he had Daisy to look after. It's not like Isaac was annoyed about that. He knew it. Daddies had a responsibility toward their Littles. And Daisy had been through so much with her ex. It was good that Montague was caring for her so well. It's just... well, the three of them used to be like the three of them. Single and ready to mingle. Talking business, shooting the shit, and going backdrinks, and going to clubs together. Without Montague, Bastion and Isaac never seemed to make the effort to meet up socially. Montague was the rattling glue that had kept them all together.

“How's it going, boss?” asked Cindy. “Long day?”

Isaac smiled. “Is it that obvious?”

Cindy knew what Isaac liked to drink, and poured him a martini with two olives, decorated with an olive. The Littles never drank alcohol here, but the cat came for the freakshakes. Cindy made the most decadent drinks around here. After the day Isaac had had, he needed something strong.

“So, what's up?” Cindy asked him.

“Oh, you know,” said Isaac. He was never one to discuss his problems with other people. “Just... business.”

He had to try and think of it like that. That's all this stuff with her was: business. He'd gone to her with an offer. She'd made a counter-offer. Her counter-offer was ridiculous. He'd left.

That's just how it goes in the world of business.

You win some, you lose some.

Isaac wasn't fooling anyone though, least of all himself. He felt like
"You look almost as miserable as her," said Cindy, pointing at a Little
in the corner of the room. Isaac caught sight of the back of her. She had
strawberry blond hair in bunches. Her clothes were all pastel-colored
and plastered with cartoon characters. Isaac was a Daddy Dom, but he had
been into cutsey Littles like that. He preferred quiet Middles, or occa-
sionally Littles who were so far regressed they just drank their milk and crawled
around never saying a word. Littles like the one over there, sucking her thumb
and sulking about something — they were trouble.

Just then, the Little he was staring at turned around.

"Wait," he said, "I recognize her."

"That's Daisy's friend Peach," said Cindy. "She's been in here for
a while. She's had three freakshakes and I'm worried she's gonna barf all over
the nice velvet chairs."

Isaac looked at the girl, who had that daft dog of hers perched on her
head, and he felt his hands ball into fists. "Leave it to me."

He marched toward the girl, ready to tell her that it was time to leave.
But only had she had enough to drink, but she'd also brought her dog into
Daddies Inc establishment. It's not that dogs weren't allowed in the bar,
there was no sign that said that they *were*.

"Hey," said Isaac. "Peach isn't it?"

Peach looked up at him, and it was clear that she'd been crying. Hearing
his aunt's name, Isaac felt a rush of protective energy. Okay, so sexual
preference was for Littles who were a lot less high-maintenance than the
others, but he was still a Daddy deep down. And Littles needed looking after.

His tone softened. "I'm Isaac. We met the other day. Daisy's
right?"

shit. Peach shrugged.

Little in “Mind if I sit here a moment?” Isaac asked, pulling out a chair.

ore her Peach’s posture stiffened. She put her arms around her dog protectively and “Are you going to throw me out again, sir? The woman behind the bar never was fine to bring my dog in here. Teddy’s harmless. And he’s very occasionally even though he doesn’t necessarily look it—“

d about “What’s up, Little girl?” Isaac cut in as gently as possible. “Cindy told me and you’ve been downing milkshake like there’s no tomorrow, and you’re not well, frankly, you look a little lost.”

Peach screwed up her nose. “Why do you care? You were very rude to me the other day. You clearly hate me and my dog.”

hours. Isaac could already feel his nose tingling and his eyes itching. God damn it. There was no escape from little furry critters these days. He moved his chair back a little, getting some more distance between him and the allergen. Peach sat on her lap, “I don’t hate your dog,” said Isaac. Which was mostly true. He didn’t hate cats and dogs. He just hated the effect they had on him. And maybe, once in a while. Not years, he’d come to demonize them because of that. Who the hell knew anything about allergies wasn’t a psychologist. “But I don’t believe dogs should be allowed in restaurants... but places unless they’re dogs for the blind.”

“Why?” asked Peach, blinking at him. “Animals are our friends. I don’t know if you heard me before, but Teddy’s hypoallergenic. He wouldn’t do anyone a bit of harm.”

illy, his As if trying to prove its innocence, the dog barked, and it was the loudest, most ear-piercing noise that Isaac had ever heard.

Trying to ignore the feeling in his ears, like they’d just been pricked by a friend, pins, Isaac said: “I can assure you I’ve heard it all before. It’s hypoallergenic.”

It doesn't shed much. It's perfectly safe... Nope. Not where I'm coming from. I'm allergic to all creatures, period."

actively. "Including humans?" Peach asked quietly.

Isaac said it was best to just change the subject. "Where are you going to stay with her. I thought you'd all be off exploring the city together."

Peach snorted. "I'm not really one of Daisy's friends anymore."

Uh oh. Isaac was worried about this. Littles needed friends. Peach was alone in a big new city, and that meant that she could end up in all kinds of trouble. Three milkshakes in a row was just the start of the inevitable downward spiral.

"Want to talk about it?" said Isaac. "I have time."

Even if it means having to sit here with your dog to avoid my cat.

Not that it's my cat.

There's just no way I'm keeping that damn furball.

"I don't know," said Peach, shaking her head. "I don't know you though? HeAnd I don't get why you care."

Isaac nodded. "That's fair. We didn't get off to the best start. And I'm not really much of a people person. Not like Montague or Bastion. But I care about you. Also, you're a Little. And I care about Littles. Even Littles with—" Isaac looked down at Teddy, "—hellhounds."

Peach's jaw dropped. "Teddy's not a hellhound! But... I guess I can't do anything about it. I don't have much choice now that my friends have gone."

"Where did they go?" asked Isaac.

"They're at a beauty spa," Peach replied. "No dogs allowed."

Isaac bit his lip, resisting the urge to make a comment.

"Thing is, they keep doing things together without me. They s

cerned. invited, but I can't go anywhere without Teddy." She sniffed. "And Kiera is talking about moving here, to be with Daisy. Daisy used to be my best friend, and, and, and—" Peach's lower lip began trembling, and she was crying her eyes out, with snot pouring out of her nose and down her cheeks. She was wearing a cartoon t-shirt.

The strange thing was, Isaac wasn't turned off by it in the least. In fact, he found Peach's childlike vulnerability strangely charming. He passed her a napkin.

"Sounds like this vacation hasn't been going like you planned," said Peach. "Friends can be difficult, eh? Especially when there are three of you. One of you often gets left out." Isaac thought about Montague and Bastion. Montague had been too busy with Daisy lately to hang out. How Bastion was too busy getting his dick wet with a bunch of strangers to meet up. Isaac was the one that always got left out too. The lonely one. The one who remained dry as a bone.

"It's not just that, though," said Peach. "My whole life is in disarray. I grew up in Connecticut, I somehow managed to switch off my brain, and now I'm not myself that I was happy with my lot. But you know what? I've got more because there's so much I want."

Isaac leaned forward. "Like what?"

Peach looked at him. "I'd like to be successful. To be financially independent enough to spend my whole time volunteering if I wanted. I'd like to travel."

Isaac smiled. "Where would you go first?"

"Europe," Peach replied, quick as a whip. "Probably Spain. I think it's so romantic. The twiddly guitar music. The pink drinks. The big orange juice."

and now Isaac nodded, looking at the cocktail umbrella in Peach's empty glass. He couldn't believe this, but there was an idea forming. "Hey," he said soon she carefully, "how about we strike a... business deal?"

into her Peach blew her nose and then frowned at him, confused. "What are you talking about, sir?"

fact, he "A simple financial transaction," said Isaac, the idea becoming clearer with each passing second. It was so obvious now that he couldn't believe he hadn't had it before. "I'd like to pay you a lot of money," he said, "in return for marrying me."

One of Peach's eyes widened. "You're... proposing to me?"

n. How "Purely a business agreement," Isaac said quickly. Without meaning to happen, his gaze slipped down to Peach's ample bosom, her curvy figure. He found himself imagining her generous body under all that clothing. What someone as colorful as her would be like in the sack. He forced himself to stop. "This wouldn't be a sexual thing."

y. Back It *couldn't* be a sexual thing. Sex was complicated. This plan was in. Tell Sex would ruin the whole thing. Besides, plump, excitable little Peach was nothing his type. And he definitely wasn't hers, either.

Peach looked thoughtfully at him, slipping her finger into her mouth thoughtfully.

mentally *Damn, girl. Don't do that. It makes me think about...*

to. And "It wouldn't be a sexual thing," said Isaac, his cock thickening in his pants. He had images of sliding his dick between her large, bouncy breasts, pushing it up to her lips, his balls resting on her bosom as she sucked on it seem hard. "It's simply a legal agreement. The marriage will be in place for long enough for me to buy my family ranch."

Peach took her finger out of her mouth. It glistened with her saliva.

ass. He need to be married to buy your family ranch?"

slowly, "It's a long story," Isaac replied. "But as soon as I buy the ranch, get the marriage annulled. It's quick and easy if you never act are you consummate the marriage."

Peach began twirling her hair with her wet finger. She leaned forward with her elbows on the table as she did so, listening intently. The t-shirt wasn't like the cut one, but it was clearly a kid's size, and given Peach's ample figure and the way it returned to her, showing every bulge. Isaac couldn't believe he was having these thoughts about her. He'd never looked twice at a curvy girl before now... now, he was having visions of smearing her body with the remaining chocolate milkshake, then licking it off her, bit by bit...

"We'll have to make it seem real while it lasts," said Isaac. "We'll be the only two people who know the truth. So, no telling our friends it's false when you'll move into my compound to make it seem real. But you can have your own mansion."

simple. "My own mansion?" Peach asked.

wasn't "Yeah. I have four," Isaac said with a shrug. "So, what do you say? How much money you'll ever make."

mouth Peach narrowed her eyes. "How much?"

"Two million," he said, without skipping a beat. Being a number wasn't the point. Isaac knew that as nice as a million dollars was, it wouldn't necessarily get Peach up for life. Not if she wanted financial independence and luxury. Peach looked at him blankly. "Two million dollars. To pretend I'm married to you."

or long Isaac was used to playing hardball. "Alright. Five million."

Peach shook her head wildly.

a. "You "Fine," he said, taking a deep breath. "Ten million."

He really had to stop upping his figures like this. Normally he was more restrained. This was just so emotional for him. His family rarely...had to beat his aunt at all costs. And Peach seemed like the accomplice. She needed the money. He knew her friends, so she could forward, disappear off the face of the planet. And, like it or not, his cock wanted a low-to choose her.

So, it was Peach waved her hands in the air. “Stop. Stop! I’ll do it!”

Leaving all Isaac was taken aback. “You will?”

Sure. And “I will,” said Peach. “I’ll marry you.”

Remains of Was it Isaac’s imagination, or did *her* gaze travel down *his* body now? He hoped she didn’t notice the bulge at his groin. He really didn’t know what the idea of fake-marrying this strange Little girl was making his cock ache. And engorged. No business transaction, even the most exciting ones, have you given him a boner before.

Suddenly, he was brought back to reality by the sight of the dirty lion reaching its paws up to Peach’s shoulders and giving her mouth a lick. Easiest *Ew.*

“There’s just one condition,” Isaac said, looking at Teddy. “The dog is allowed on my compound, but it never enters my home.”

It was a guy, Peach looked down at Teddy and then back at Isaac. Then she lovingly set Teddy again.

“I... I can’t do this,” she said. “Not with someone like you. I’m sorry to be With that, she grabbed her PAW Patrol backpack and ran out of the room with her dog yelping in her arms.

Isaac watched her butt wobble as she ran out.

He knew it had been too good to be true. A girl like her — young and bubbly — would never be interested in marrying a man like him.

s much even for ten million dollars.

rich. He

perfect

Isn't just

ted him

ow? He

why the

ock so

ad ever

ttle dog

mutt is

oked at

y.”

the bar

nd cute

m. Not

even for ten million dollars.

Chapter Six

PEACH

“**A**RE YOU SURE YOU want to leave?” Kiera asked Peach, hugging her tight.

Daisy joined in the hug. “You know we’d love for you to come a here too!”

Peach noticed that word. “We.” Daisy and Kiera were already a “we.” Gone were the days of private messages relayed in Gigglish. Gone were the days of meeting at the ice-cream parlor after work. Gone were the days of living within a thousand miles of her best friends. Gone were the days of having best friends.

It’s not that Peach didn’t appreciate Daisy and Kiera bringing her to the airport like this. It was just... a bit much. They had both chosen to leave after all. It was hard not to think that they’d come to see her off at the airport just to be sure that she was really gone.

“I really wish you’d reconsider,” said Kiera, pulling away, her face stained with tears. “We’ll miss you so much.”

For about five minutes you will. Then you’ll head off to the spa and all about me.

“It’s true,” said Daisy. “We’re a three. Not a two. And I just know love Miami.”

Peach shook her head. “They need me at the rescue center.”

“They treat you like dog poop there,” Kiera chimed in. “Free labor years. You’re the only member of staff who doesn’t get paid.”

“The *dogs* need me,” said Peach. She looked down at Teddy in the carrier she had to keep him in for the flight. He looked grumpy already. She wondered how he’d cope after another hour. Two hours. Five.

“You’ve already helped all those animals a bunch,” Daisy said. “There are animals that need saving in Miami too, you know.”

Suggesting For some reason, Peach thought about Isaac. Was he an animal that needed saving? When he’d spoken to her yesterday, there was a strange air around him. Peach wondered if he was one of those people that lacked empathy. Maybe not a sociopath and definitely not a psychopath, but there was definitely a barrier between him and the world. And the way he threw people were figures around like they meant nothing...

days of Besides, what kind of person would offer to marry someone for ten thousand dollars, most dollars? It was crazy. And why did he hate Teddy so much? Teddy was the best. It was basically *impossible* to hate Teddy. Maybe he was a psychopath or to the after all.

save her, On the other hand, what kind of crazy person would *turn down* the offer of ten million dollars to marry someone? She’d have had an entire mansion to live in. She’d have had so much money she could have bought a rescue center twice over. She could have started her own charity that had dreamed bigger than she ever thought possible. The old Peach would have been back in business. Ambitious Peach.

And she wouldn’t have had to have sex with him either. This wasn’t

you'd shady *Pretty Woman* type arrangement. She just had to sign a piece of paper and that was that.

And yet...

The way he'd looked at Teddy filled her with sadness. Because that moment, she'd gotten herself excited. She'd read enough romance novels to know that when a handsome, grumpy guy asks you to enter into a contract with you, it can only mean one thing... sex-o-rama!

But not with someone like Isaac.

Even if he did have the most muscly-looking body she'd ever seen, these intense brown eyes that seemed to be undressing her as they spoke still. Isaac was a bad man. And she... well, she was an animal. Little who ate way too many cookies and drank way too many milligrams of Adderall and was destined for a life alone on the couch watching cartoons. She was like Daisy. Daisy was the kind of pretty Little who Daddy Doms rave about. Blond hair, sunshiney personality. Peach was just a poor girl from the suburbs who barely fit in her jeans and who spoke like one of the million PAW Patrol.

"I've made up my mind," said Peach. "I need to go back home."

Kiera took a deep breath. "I'll probably be back in a few days, too."

Probably just a ridiculous pipe dream. You know me, with my big idea offer of *I have big ideas too*, Peach wanted to scream. But she didn't. She swallowed them away like she swallowed an entire pack of cookies the morning.

"I'll come out to stay in the houseboat in a month or two," Daisy told her. "When Daddy can get time off work to come visit." Daisy reached into her

pocket and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill. "This is from Daddy, actually. He said to get yourself something nice from the departure lounge."

of paper “I can’t take this,” said Peach sadly.

Daisy nodded. “Yes you can. You can pay the money back when I r
you.” She smiled kindly.

e for a Ugh. Everyone knew Peach was broke. They were all trying to
ovels to money at her. It was embarrassing. Kiera had even paid for her flight h
marriage “Alright,” Peach said, taking the note. “But I’m definitely payi
back.”

Peach hugged her friends again and watched them walk away, a
n. And couldn’t help but feel like she’d just been paid off.

ce.

*

l-loving

shakes What do you do with a hundred dollars when you have an hour to
wasn’t the airport? The choice was too great. Peach worked out that she cou
d over fifty-nine Krispy Kreme donuts. Or she could buy herself seventy-tw
om the chip cookies. Or ninety-nine cans of cola.

bers of But she wanted something longer-lasting. Something to remind her
stay here. A souvenir from the worst trip of a lifetime. So, she found
gravitating toward Build-A-Bear. The cool thing about Build-A-Bear v
This is they didn’t just sell bears. They had a PAW Patrol stuffie of Cha
is...” Peach had always wanted the money to buy one.

he just She went into the store with a guilty feeling in the pit of her stomach
ies this so extravagant to buy something like this. She bought PAW Patrol
and had a branded backpack too, but she always bought them secon
old her. Most of them were dirty or ripped and none of them fit her quite right.

nto her This stuffie was going to be brand-new.

ally. He

As the assistant walked her through all the different options, her next seewhirled. What clothes did she want? A rainbow stripe dress, of course accessories? A guacamole wristie, naturally. And what about the sound to throw the scent? The PAW Patrol theme tune. And bubblegum.

There. She took the finished stuffie up to the counter, faintly amused with buying you. What had started out as a guilty pleasure had turned into a real experience. Chase looked silly as heck but that was part of the fun and she shocked her was how much he cost. Almost all her money had gone to a stuffed toy! She could have kept that money for rent or for heating treats for the dogs at the rescue center, but you know what? It felt good to treat herself for once.

She walked out of the store, swinging the bag happily in one hand and holding Teddy nice and steady in the other.

“What shall I get with my last thirteen dollars, Teddy? Something sweet like a salad?”

She looked down and saw that Teddy was asleep. He did that sometimes when he got stressed. So did she, to be fair.

“Nah,” she said to herself. “I’ll get seven donuts. And with the remaining sixty cents I’ll buy a lettuce.” She laughed a hollow laugh.

It wasn’t really fair when she thought about it. How come someone good at math as she was had ended up with no money? And how come someone as fun as she was had ended up with no friends?

I should take this ridiculous stuffie back to the store and get a refund. She thought sadly. *Save the money for something important.*

But as much as she wanted to head back to the shop and feel that thirteen dollars safely back in her pocket, she found that she couldn’t move. S

er mind completely frozen to the spot. Her fingers were firmly clasped around the handle of the bag.

And *This could just be the beginning, Peach*, she said to herself. *A drop in the ocean.*

She visualized ten million dollars, which was actually way too much money to visualize. In her head, it kinda looked like that huge heap of coins Scrooge McDuck swam around in the cartoon *Duck Tales*.

Why shouldn't she get a turn at being Scrooge?

What was so wrong with that?

Quick as a flash, she put down the dog carrier, and she sent a text message to Daisy.

What's Isaac's number?

Before she even got her answer, she said under her breath, "PAW FRENCH!"

*

Sometimes

The cab ride to Isaac's place was... interesting. Peach only had a few dollars in her pocket, and she knew that wouldn't cover the ride. She just had to hope and pray that Isaac would pay the fare.

She was also taking a great big leap of faith in doing this. She mentioned the dog grooming parlor to tell them to stick their job where the sun don't shine. Actually, she didn't say it like that because she was a good girl, she wrote a long, sweet email about how it was time for her to find her true calling. (Her true calling happened to be ten million dollars, but she didn't mention that part.)

She was

and the Then, she messaged the rescue center, which was a whole lot harder than she thought it would be. She told them she wouldn't be volunteering for a while, but would be back when she could. It just didn't feel right ending things completely with them.

when she was a multimillionaire she'd head back there and do the odd jobs. Working as a volunteer would be so much more fun if she had a million dollars of gold mansion to go back to at the end of the day. She just had to be careful to take every single dog back home with her...

Daisy kept sending Peach text messages during the cab ride, but decided not to answer them.

message *Why did you ask for Isaac's number?*

Are you going to send him an angry text?

Are you still sore about the thing with Teddy?

patrol is *I promise you, Isaac's a good guy.*

Wait. Is HE the reason you left?

Eventually, Daisy stopped messaging. Peach hadn't said a word to her friends about Isaac's (literal) proposal, of course. They just didn't fit in with the rest of her inner circle anymore. Too wrapped up in each other. Plus it was kinda good to keep a secret from them. They seemed to have so many secrets from her now. Going off on their private trips without her. Pretty soon they would have shut her out entirely. So, in a way, this was... payback?

and don't "What did you say you're doing on Star Island again?" the cab driver asked, casting her yet another glance in his rearview mirror. He seemed a bit confused about how someone who looked like Peach could be headed to the most exclusive spot in all of Miami.

Peach wasn't offended by his confusion. She knew how she looked. Wearing her cartoonish kids' clothes, which happened to have

ler. She smeared all over them from this morning's breakfast. Her blond hair tucked when messy bun. No make-up. A scruffy little dog for her travel companion. Maybe Peach was out of place. Major time. But with ten million dollars could shift her way... did it really matter?

onaire's "I'm meeting my future husband," she told the cab driver, trying to smile. "I not to smile."

"Sure you are," replied the driver. "Just remember the island has Peach security there. Name's gotta be on the list to get in. Can't have any Dick, or Sally waltzing in and knocking on Angelina Jolie's door."

Peach gasped. "Angeline Jolie lives on the island?"

The driver shrugged. "Nobody knows who lives on the island. That's the whole point. It's extremely exclusive. And private." He cast her another expression of warning this time.

"Don't you worry about that," said Peach. "My fiancée will be ecstatic to see me."

The driver grunted.

As it felt Peach's tummy was doing backflips. A celebrity island! She couldn't resist getting out her phone and googling who lived there. According to the internet... Gloria Estefan, Jennifer Lopez, some pharmaceutical billion

named Philip Frost... No mention of Isaac, but presumably the Dad she'd mentioned. Guys were careful about putting their names out to the general public. But everyone appreciated the age play community, so you had to stay guarded to the point. And what better place to do that than on an exclusive Miami island?

As the cab began driving across the bridge that led to the island, Peach tried to control her excitement. For one thing, her bladder was pretty full. For another, she didn't want to pee in her panties. For another, she had to remind

ied in awhy she was doing this. It wasn't because she wanted to hang out with celebrities or buy herself endless fancy necklaces and Build-A-Bear toys coming No. She was doing this because she wanted to have *impact*. She always been Peach, the childish overweight girl who nobody took seriously to hide aThe overly generous girl who people took advantage of because she was scared to stand up for herself.

as tight Not anymore. Peach was about to get rich with a capital "R" and say Tom,going to use that money *very* wisely. And if she bought herself the occasional stuffie or necklace for a bit of self-care, that hardly made her a bad girl, did it?

at's the They pulled up to some security gates, and the cab driver rolled down her look,Peach's window.

"Name?" asked the guard. He was wearing dark glasses and looking static to someone you didn't mess with.

"Um, Peach Trimble, sir," said Peach quietly.

The guard looked at her a moment.

can't help "Ms. Trimble," he said sternly.

to the Peach could feel the cab driver's eyes boring into her.

lionaire "Welcome to Star Island," said the guard.

lies Inc Peach felt like she could breathe again, and the security gates opened.

ic. Not The driver tried to hide his bemusement as he drove them across the road. of the island. They passed mansion after mansion, each one more splendid than the next. Extravagant gates leading to the most stunning courtyards, Peachpillared entrances.

full and Finally, they reached Isaac's compound, and as soon as the car approached, the gates opened. Very cool.

The cab took them all the way up to the door and Peach nodded gratefully.

h A-list at the driver.

ys. He looked at her, as if weighing something up, then said: “Two hundred dollars.”

riously. “Two hundred? For a cab ride?” Peach said, aghast.

was too The driver chuckled. “What’s the matter? You can clearly afford it.”

“I just need to... um... go ask...”

she was “You’re full of shit,” the cab driver spat, his whole demeanor casual. “This is some kind of setup, isn’t it? You cheated your way to getting your name on that list. You don’t belong here.”

Just then, the hand-carved front door of the imposing mansion ahead suddenly opened. And out stepped Isaac.

He was wearing a linen shirt with the sleeves rolled up and blue jeans. He looked totally different to the last times she’d seen him, in business.

This was relaxing-at-home Isaac, and if it wasn’t for the fact he was a dog-hater, he’d have looked very sexy. That clean-shaven face set off his strong jawline. The floppy brown hair. The wide chest. He looked like a Daddy from a magazine.

Isaac walked up to the cab and knocked on the driver’s window.

“Is there a problem, sir?” asked Isaac.

d. “She’s lied her way onto your property, sir,” said the cab driver. “And she won’t pay me.”

tunning Isaac scowled at the driver. “*She* happens to be my fiancée,” he said. “And she doesn’t need to pay you a cent. I’m the one who looks after her.”

Isaac reached deep into his pocket and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill. “That’s more than enough to cover your costs,” he told the driver.

The driver’s mouth flapped open and then shut again. He took the money with a sigh. “You rich people are all the same. Tighter than a nun’s ass.”

Isaac didn't seem to have heard. He was too busy opening the back door, getting into the cab and helping Peach out. He took hold of her Build-A-Bear bag, took hold of Teddy, and he even gave Peach a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm so glad you're here," he said. "Let me show you your new home, your future Mrs. Righton."

Peach shook her head. She could have pinched herself. Was this really the same Isaac? Maybe married life wasn't going to be so bad after all...
ing your

*

"This is my place," said Isaac, showing Peach inside. "Obviously, you won't be staying here. And nor will your dog."

Peach looked back at Teddy sadly. Isaac had insisted that Teddy sit on the front doorstep. Teddy looked back at her with his one big eye full-on thing. She'd get him soon.

She looked back at the entrance hall of Isaac's home. It was ridiculous like grand. A huge staircase. Limestone. Marble. Chandeliers.

"Wow," she breathed. "It's like... Daddy Warbucks' mansion."

Except he's not Daddy Warbucks. He's Daddy Righton. And he's not Daddy. He never will be.

"How many bedrooms have you got?" Peach asked, then immediately kicked herself for talking about bedrooms. She didn't want to sound like a child. "And I was thinking about... that."

"Five," Isaac replied.

"But you have way more than five doors up there!" Peach said, pointing to the long row of doors at the top of the stairs.

money
hole."

door of “Well, each room has its own bathroom,” said Isaac. “And there’s
s, an heA movie theater. Plus a bunch of other stuff.”

“Other stuff?”

home, Isaac’s eyelid twitched slightly. A tiny movement, but Peach no
right away. “Well, downstairs,” he said, “I have a normal kitchen, a
ally thekitchen, a pool, a swim-up bar, a—“

“I can hardly take this all in,” said Peach. “You really live like this?”
Isaac shrugged. “You will too, babygirl. For as long as we’re marrie
Peach felt her entire body turn to Jell-O. No man had ever cal
ly, you “babygirl” before. It felt good. Even if it was coming from *him*.

“I’ll give you the grand tour sometime,” said Isaac. “But right no
stay out time to show you your place.”

e. Poor “Oh sure!” said Peach, glad of the distraction. “My place. Shall
Teddy?”

ulously “Alright,” said Isaac. “But we’ll go around the side way. That v
creature doesn’t have to enter my house.”

The creature. My house. Isaac had this way of making Peach feel on
not my the world and squashed under the weight of it all at once.

“Follow me,” said Isaac. “I hope I chose the right mansion for you.”

mediately Oh yeah. The guy has *four* mansions on his compound. How the ot
like she live! She guessed he’d chosen her the smallest one. Maybe the one v
worst view. But when she headed across the beautiful courtyard sep
her place from his, she gasped.

nting to

“Well, each room has its own bathroom,” said Isaac. “And there’s a gym. A movie theater. Plus a bunch of other stuff.”

“Other stuff?”

Isaac’s eyelid twitched slightly. A tiny movement, but Peach noticed it right away. “Well, downstairs,” he said, “I have a normal kitchen, a chef’s kitchen, a pool, a swim-up bar, a—“

“I can hardly take this all in,” said Peach. “You really live like this?”

Isaac shrugged. “You will too, babygirl. For as long as we’re married.”

Peach felt her entire body turn to Jell-O. No man had ever called her “babygirl” before. It felt good. Even if it was coming from *him*.

“I’ll give you the grand tour sometime,” said Isaac. “But right now, it’s time to show you your place.”

“Oh sure!” said Peach, glad of the distraction. “My place. Shall I bring Teddy?”

“Alright,” said Isaac. “But we’ll go around the side way. That way the creature doesn’t have to enter my house.”

The creature. My house. Isaac had this way of making Peach feel on top of the world and squashed under the weight of it all at once.

“Follow me,” said Isaac. “I hope I chose the right mansion for you.”

Oh yeah. The guy has *four* mansions on his compound. How the other half live! She guessed he’d chosen her the smallest one. Maybe the one with the worst view. But when she headed across the beautiful courtyard separating her place from his, she gasped.

Chapter Seven

ISAAC

“**Y**OU SAID YOU ALWAYS wanted to go to Europe,” said Isaac. “I figured the Mediterranean-inspired mansion was for you.”

Peach’s jaw was practically on the floor. It was good to see her so excited about this. They hadn’t exactly gotten off to the best start, and it was important to Isaac that this business deal of theirs was good for both of them. He didn’t want Peach to feel exploited. This agreement had to be as much for her as it was for him. She was doing him a huge favor, after all.

“It’s... it’s... astounding,” said Peach, looking up at the terracotta-stucco walls, the red roof tiles, the arched doorways and windows.

“Glad you like it,” Isaac replied. “It’s been sitting here empty since I bought the compound. It’ll be good to have someone living in it for a while.”

Honestly, Isaac had never really known what to make of this mansion. All the other mansions on the compound were all contemporary and American style. This one stood out a bit. He’d thought about converting it to look like all the others, but it did have a certain charm. The gas-powered lawn mower outside the front door. The wrought-iron railings on the balconies. The shutters on the windows. It was cute. He could probably make some good

renting it out to vacationing A-Listers at some point. Yet another making idea to add to the list.

“It’ll be like being on permanent vacation!” said Peach, putting the dog carrier and facing it toward the house. “What do you think, Teddy we pretend we’re living in Spain while we’re here?”

The dog barked and Isaac tried not to be annoyed at the noise. Luck house was far enough away from his that he wouldn’t be able to hear it was inside. It felt strange to him to think about a dog living in one houses. He’d have to give it a deep clean when all this was over.

“Go on,” said Isaac, handing Peach a key. “Take a look inside.” Isaac. “I Peach opened the front door and gasped again. “It’s... it’s... paradis

Inside, this house was very different to Isaac’s. His was very open looking high ceilings and a sweeping staircase. This place was built around a l it was courtyard with an olive tree growing in the center of it. There were of them. walls, pillars, and heaps of natural colors.

uch for “While you’re on the compound, I’d appreciate it if you could restrict dog to this outdoor space,” said Isaac. “And make sure you clean u colored him.”

He looked down at the creature in the carrier. How could such since I animal make his eyes itch so badly?

while.” “Okay,” said Peach. “It’s not that big of a space, but I guess I can take on. The for walks along the beach when he needs exercise.”

ican in “Yes,” replied Isaac. “Any time you need to get anywhere, you can look like call your personal driver. I left a bunch of numbers for you on the lanterns countertop. You also have a personal shopper, a masseuse, a fitness shutter adviser, a cleaner, a personal trainer, a doctor, a life coach, and a ch money and a dog-sitter.”

money- “Seriously? All of that? A life coach? My own personal chef?”

“Of course,” said Isaac with a shrug. “It’s important I look after your own nutritional requirements while you’re on my property. In fact, it’s important I shall look after your every need. You’re my responsibility while you’re here

My responsibility. Not my Little.

ily, this Isaac had to keep reminding himself of that fact. He was her guardian now, but not her Daddy. As much as his eyes were being drawn to her face of his in that tight outfit, this was not about sex. No matter what his daughter was telling him.

“You’ll also find a list of rules on the countertop,” said Isaac. “Rule number one: No parties! No parties!” the dog, but rules about your behavior too.”

Then, with Peach arched her eyebrows at him. “What kind of rules?”

“No parties. No guests without asking my permission. You’ll get your stones even and be in bed by ten. You’ll tidy up after yourself.”

“I thought I had a cleaner?”

“The cleaner’s job is to clean, not tidy up after you,” said Isaac.

“Hmmp,” said Peach, sticking out her bottom lip.

That wasn’t a good sign. Was she a messy Little? Isaac hated it when tiny things weren’t in their rightful place.

“Those aren’t the only rules,” said Isaac. “I want you to make sure you exercise for at least an hour every day, and that you spend at least two hours in Little Space.”

Peach frowned. “Why? What does that matter to you?”

Isaac gave her a stern look. “My house, my rules, young lady. I won’t have my Little coming to stay on my turf and neglecting her basic needs.”

Oh, Peach burst out laughing. “Gosh, you really are a Daddy.”

Isaac felt his spine stiffen. “Yes. Well. Those are the rules.”

“And if I break them?” Peach asked.

He could have sworn she just wiggled her butt at him, but sur-
ortant I wouldn’t do that. He wasn’t going to spank her. That would be cro-
e.” line. He’d have to deliver other punishments. Less intimate ones. He
stop looking at her definitely-not-wiggling butt.

“You’ll find out if you break the rules,” he said, trying to focus. “A-
curvesmy advice would be not to break them in the first place.” He reached
ck keptpocket. “Here. One last thing.”

He handed Peach a contract. She looked at it like it was a snake a-
s aboutbite her.

“It’s alright,” he said. “It’s there to protect you.”

Peach took the paperwork and Isaac noticed that her hands were s-
t up at “It feels so real all of a sudden.”

“It’s as real as our marriage is fake,” he replied. He pointed at the p-
just need you to sign here, saying that you agree to marry me. That w-
engage in sexual intercourse so we can get the marriage annulled. A
I’ll give you ten million dollars. Five once we’re married. Five once
t when divorced.”

“Ten million,” Peach echoed, as if in a trance. “I don’t even... I can
re you “That is what we agreed, isn’t it?” said Isaac. He hoped she wasn’t
o hours to squeeze him for more money. His offer was more than generous.

“No, yes, it’s just... I think, honestly, this is all too much,” Peac
“The house, the personal shopper, and all of this stuff. I really don’t ne-
r’t have as much as you’re giving me. I feel bad.”

Isaac narrowed his eyes at her. “We’re going to have to work on th-
said. “I’ll add a therapist to your list of staff.”

“No, please!” said Peach. “Stop giving me extra stuff! It’s too much

Isaac shook his head. “Business is business, kiddo. Take what I’m c
ely shear the deal’s off.”

ssing a Peach cocked her head to one side. “Why are you doing all this for r
tried to *Because you’re a Little.*

Because I’m a Daddy Dom.

lthough *Because looking after your needs makes me feel good.*

into his Isaac didn’t say anything, just reached into his pocket again and pu
something small and round and silver.

bout to “You’d better wear this,” he told her. “Make it official.”

He took hold of her hand and slid the engagement ring onto her fi
fourteen-carat princess-cut diamond sat in the center of it, its sparkle
haking of promise.

“Is that thing real?” asked Peach warily.

aper. “I “Of course,” said Isaac. “Got to make the engagement believable.”

e won’t “What if I lose it?” Peach asked.

nd that “You won’t,” Isaac replied.

e we’re “Can I shower with it on?”

“Of course,” replied Isaac. “In fact, I insist on it.”

’t...” He tried not to picture Peach in the shower, naked except for the
t trying diamond. He tried... and failed.

“So... I guess we’re officially engaged now,” said Peach quietly.

ch said. “I guess we are,” replied Isaac.

eed half Peach looked again at the contract and then signed it with a tre
hand.

at,” he Isaac was surprised to feel his own anxiety spike too. They were
doing this. After a pause, he said: “Well. You go explore your new hot

!” the dog have a look around too. Hopefully, you’ll both be at home here

offering “We definitely won’t be at home,” Peach replied, still staring at her.
“But that’s kind of the point.”
“Why?”

*

It didn’t make sense really. For years, Isaac had been the only one on his compound. Now that there was another occupant, suddenly he felt even lonelier than usual.

As he sat looking over the beautiful waters of Biscayne Bay, the sun making the sky a deep, blushing pink, he wondered whether Peach was doing the same thing at her place. Two of them, looking out at the same view from so full different houses.

Peach probably wasn’t downing martinis right now, though. A dog didn’t have a stray kitten jumping all over her furniture either.

“Give it a rest, would you, Itchy?”

The kitten stared at him defiantly. She’d left little scratch marks over the surface of the house already. The walnut desk. The ebony handrail on the grand staircase. The rosewood floors. It had been a deliberate design to add all this expensive wood to the house, and within a matter of days, the kitten had made it all look like trash. It had probably caused thousands of dollars of damage already, if not more.

He was still trying to find an owner for the cat. The problem was, though, that rescue centers were full and nobody he knew was in the market for a flea-bitten animal. His PA had sent him some allergy sprays and tablets, even with all that stuff, Itchy was still making him feel, well, itchy.

Isaac took a long draft of his drink and then set it down, picking up the fishing rod cat toy instead. He shook it around and laughed as Itchy purred.

er ring for the little orange fish dangling on the end of it.

“You really are a funny cat, Itchy,” he told it. “It’s a shame that
wants you.”

Obviously, giving the kitten a name hadn’t been the best move. It f
e living he was developing some kind of emotion toward it now. Like
he felt becoming a family member. But that was probably just all in his head
was a *cat*, after all. And he was allergic to cats. That would never
Would it?

He looked back out at the calm waters of the bay.

Nobody wants you.

It had felt so good giving Peach her tour earlier. Slipping that ring
finger. Telling her about his rules. He couldn’t help fantasizing about
real engagement might feel like if he ever found the right woman
wonderful it would be to do all those things with his future life partner

But what if nobody wanted to be with him forever?

For so long, Isaac had buried himself in his work. He wasn’t well pr
at romance or love. Would it ever happen for him? Would anybody ev
him?

He tried to think of himself as a commodity for sale. Being a busine
that’s kinda how he thought about everything. Forty-one-year-old r
sale. Offering financial independence and a life of luxury. Lookin
Little who’s not *too* Little. Who can put up with the fact her future h
sees everything in financial terms. Who struggles to show his emotion
still torn up with grief over his dead parents. No pets.

Ha.

Not exactly the offer of the century.

Isaac put down the toy and went over to his shelves, opening up a

almost never looked at. The box contained old photographs, mostly from when he was a boy.

He took the box back over to his armchair, then he began rifling through the pictures. There was one of his mom and dad's wedding day, three years before he was born. They looked so young and happy. His mom was wearing a ridiculously frilly white dress. His dad's arms were wrapped protectively around his mother's waist, pulling her in close to him. You could see the love with each other they were.

And then there was a photograph of the funeral. His family, all dressed in black. Not a single smile, but no tears either. Looked like everyone had cried out. He wasn't in the photograph because he was just a boy. Even if he had been, what would it have done? It would have just upset him. But it was a funeral that would have upset him, of course. It was the fact his parents weren't around anymore. At least if he'd have gone to the funeral he would have been able to process that a little better.

He'd never looked at this photo for too long before. It was too painful. He didn't get why anyone would take a photo at a funeral anyway. It was so morbid. But now that he studied the picture, he was shocked by how Aunt Meg looked in the photograph. For someone who wasn't that close to her brother, she looked sick to the stomach. He always thought she'd been rubbing her hands together in glee knowing she was about to inherit the ranch.

Ah well. It was all in the past now.

He'd never know that much about his parents' death.

Just like he'd never know that much about true love.

box he

y from

through

the years

wearing

actively

how in

passed in

was all

everyone

isn't the

parents

and might

ful. He

seemed

bad his

close to

'd have

deserve the

Chapter Eight

PEACH

“**I** KNOW I SHOULDN’T...” Peach said under her breath. “But one more time...”

Peach was having the time of her life. Ever since she’d discovered that her house had an elevator in it, she’d been setting up dumb challenges for herself. Try to race the elevator downstairs to see who got there first. Try to do a handstand in the elevator. Try to sing “Twinkle Twinkle Little Star” in its entirety before the elevator got to the bottom.

She put Teddy down at the top of the stairs that ran to the elevator.

“Three, two, one, go!” she shouted to Teddy.

She pushed the green button on the elevator just as Teddy started down. This was their third race, and so far, she’d lost them all. Maybe this time she would be tired now so she’d win, but she doubted it. That animal was full of energy.

As the elevator doors pinged open, she looked out hopefully. As she stepped out, Teddy jumped at her, knocking her off her feet with shock. They both landed on the floor, happily panting.

“Teddy,” she said. “This is it. We hit the big time.”

Teddy licked her face. His mouth smelled of the new expensive dog food that Isaac had stocked up on for her.

“Ew,” she said. “You’ll put me off my second breakfast, doggy.”

It was still early — Peach always woke up stupid early. This morning was even earlier because she was so excited to get up and explore the rooms again. She’d eaten ice-cream for breakfast at five a.m. Her personal chef wasn’t due to come and make her actual breakfast until seven o’clock which meant she had time for at least one more unofficial breakfast before the official one.

She went over to the freezer, getting the tub of ice-cream back out.

It really was amazing how Isaac had thought of every last thing. Especially

since he had, like, no advance warning to sort it all out. Clearly, the network of her connections, and a whole team of staff buzzing around to serve him.

As well as filling the kitchen with a range of both healthy and unhealthy foods, Isaac had prepared a doggy room for Teddy, full of squeaky toys

in its snacks and even an obstacle course for him to play on. Then there was a playroom for Peach, full of games that could be played by just one person.

Solitaire. Hopscotch. Puzzle books. Giant Jenga. There was the swimming pool with its own swim-up bar, handily stocked with cartons of milk.

And there was a movie room with a projector on the wall that played nothing but Disney channel. It. Was. Heaven.

She sat at the kitchen island eating ice-cream straight out of the tub, reading the rules Isaac had left out for her.

No parties.

No guests without asking my permission.

Get up at seven and be in bed by ten.

Tidy up after yourself.

og food *Eat a balanced diet.*

Exercise for at least an hour every day.

Spend at least two hours in Little Space every day.

orning it She'd never been given rules by anyone other than an employer before, and all of them felt quite exciting to have them. She felt like she was smashing them against her personalShe was up by five, so two hours earlier than he'd told her, which had been a good thing, right? And she'd played at racing the elevator for the last time beforeand that felt like the best exercise she'd had in years.

Okay, so she hadn't tidied up *every little thing* she'd strewn around the house, but it was impossible to stay completely tidy every single day, especiallyit? She'd probably just keep on top of the big ticket items on weekdays, and then do a big tidy-up for all the itty-bitty things at the weekends.

She looked again at the rules. She didn't remember Isaac telling her to eat healthythe balanced diet rule yesterday, but that wasn't going to be a problem for her. She had her own personal chef. She ate another big spoonful of ice-cream, and he wouldn't have put all this ice-cream in the freezer if he hadn't wanted her to eat it, would he?

imming Next to the rules, there was a detailed schedule for the next week. A smoothie, a shake, a chef came to prepare her breakfast, her personal shopper was coming to see her a visit to talk through the wedding outfit. She felt like a celebrity.

Kim Kardashian. If Kim Kardashian was a Little. And if Kim Kardashian was a Little, she would be into elevator races with a partially blind doggy.

"This is the life," she said aloud, with a sigh.

As much as she was enjoying herself, there was a guilty feeling rising up away inside her. It felt really strange to be having all this fun with her friends. She hadn't told them anything about this secret fake wedding.

either. They didn't even know she was in Miami right now — they thought she'd gone back to Connecticut!

Thing was, though, she felt snubbed by them. It felt kinda good to be before. It was without their knowledge. Maybe that's why she was eating so much already. Cream now. Trying to hide the guilt under layers of vanilla and chocolate to be a cookie dough.

At that hour, she shoveled in another huge spoonful and immediately regretted it.

Brain freeze!

And then she jumped off the chair she was perched on, and started hopping. It wasn't foot to foot.

Days and "Argh! Argh!!" she shouted. She opened her mouth as wide as it would go, trying to let some of the coldness escape from her tongue. Her temples felt like they were stuck in a vice. Her nose felt like it was pinched by a car air vent. "I'm dying!"

1. Isaac Just then, her front door burst open, and Isaac ran in.

He asked her to "What is it?" he yelled, rushing over to her. "Are you alright?"

She spat the big dollop of ice-cream out into the palm of her hand. After that, she smiled up at him. "Er, brain freeze," she said, grinning with embarrassment. Her head still hurt.

2. Like Isaac looked at her, and she became aware of how she must have appeared to him.

She was still wearing her pajamas — a pink shorts and t-shirt set with a Skye from PAW Patrol on them. She was holding partially-melted, sticky vanilla cream in the palm of her hand, and there were Giant Jenga blocks all over her kitchen floor.

3. Isaac said, "I see," said Isaac. "Well, I'm sorry for bursting in like that. I was a little late to knock, but then I heard you screaming and used my spare key."

thought “That’s okay,” said Peach. “I, er, I’m just gonna go wash this...”

Awkwardly, she stepped over the huge Jenga blocks to get to the sink and washed her hand. It was sad seeing all that good ice-cream go to waste. There was plenty more where it had come from. At least her nose didn’t hurt, and it wasn’t like it was being pinched anymore.

“I came to tell you I’m heading to work shortly, and I wanted to check if you were settling in okay. You found everything you need?”

“Mmm-hmm,” said Peach. “It’s perfect, thank you.”

“Good. I’m going to be picking the wedding venue today, by the way. Do you have any preferences?”

“Nope,” said Peach, awkwardly trying to pull her shorts down over her buttocks. These things were so short and kept riding up between her cheeks.

“Fine,” Isaac replied. “I’ll just pick something straightforward then.”

There was something oddly attractive about how wooden Isaac was. He seemed so stiff, like it was so hard for him to express any true emotion. It made Peach think of Mr. Darcy, in a good way.

Isaac started to go. “Just one more thing,” he said, turning to her.

“Yes, sir?” asked Peach.

“Looks like you broke at least two of my rules already, so you’ll receive punishment today.”

“Already? But I didn’t do anything wrong! Did I?” She looked around at the Giant Jenga pieces, which she’d brought out here to try to build a wobbly ice-obstacle course for Teddy. And at the ice-cream melting in a sticky puddle on the countertop. And at the elevator, whose doors were currently jammed shut with a stuffie and it was quietly beeping a warning at her.

Alright. Well, maybe she hadn’t been perfect. But she would be forgiven. Because she definitely didn’t want any punishments. Definitely, de-

not.

ink and

ste, but

n't feel

ack you

ay. Any

ver her

got the

”

was. He

tion. It

ound at

l a new

ddle on

ed open

om now

efinitely

*

“No, Teddy,” said Peach. “I’m not breaking any more rules. We allowed to take you outside, remember. Not unless it’s in that courtyard. Peach pointed at the central courtyard to show Teddy where allowed. It’s not like Teddy didn’t like it in the house. They’d played obstacle course loads already, and Teddy had run in circles around the tree in the courtyard like he was a young pup again.

The problem was... he hadn’t pooped.

Normally, Teddy would have done at least two poops by now, but he got the feeling that he couldn’t go unless he was properly outside. As the inner courtyard was, it still felt like part of the house, and Teddy pooped inside.

“Go on,” said Peach. “Just go in the courtyard and do your business. Get it all cleaned up.”

Teddy whined at the front door for the hundredth time.

Peach bit her lip. She looked down at her schedule, then back at her. “Well, maybe if we’re quick...”

The personal chef had been and gone, preparing a healthy avocado scramble tortilla for her for breakfast, and handing her a salad to eat for lunch. She’d cleaned her teeth, as Isaac had advised, and she’d gotten dressed in a *Little Mermaid* themed sundress she’d had since she was thirteen, and she had a full twenty minutes left to herself before her part-time shopper was due to arrive.

Fine. It wouldn't take Teddy long to go out and poop, then she'd pick up the evidence, and nobody would be any the wiser.

She opened the front door and took Teddy outside. Immediately, he ran toward the back of Isaac's mansion and ran onto his back patio. There was a hedge between her patio and his, so Peach couldn't get to it.

"Come back here!" Peach shouted. "Teddy! That's not our place!"
Teddy looked up at her, and he looked deep into her eyes as he squinted at the runniest poop in the history of runny poops.

"Oh no," Peach said aghast. "Not good."

She wondered how the heck she was meant to clean that up. For all she couldn't get to it without trying to climb over or under the hedge, on top of that, the poop was about eighty-percent liquid.

"Must be all that fancy doggy food you've been eating," said Peach. "My tummy's not used to it yet."

Teddy ran back over to her, wagging his tail happily. Evidently, he'd just done something very, very good.

"Maybe it'll rain..." she said, looking over at the brown puddle. "Maybe if I get a bucket of water, and I throw it..."

"Ms. Trimble?" called a female voice from over by the house. "What do you need?"

Peach swallowed. Yikes. The personal shopper was here early.

"Yeah!" she called back. "I'll be one sec!"

An extremely fashionable woman in a red catsuit appeared before Peach with a look of disdain on her face. "Oh dear," she said. "Looks like I have to work cut out for me."

Peach swallowed. "You do?"

"Darling," said the woman. "Don't you worry about a thing. We'll

ick it up, measured up and you'll never have to wear clothes that don't fit you a

“Er... that's great,” said Peach with uncertainty.

She bolted She walked back to the house with Teddy and her personal shopp
e was a pretty soon, all thoughts of cleaning up runny dog poop had flown ou
head.

rted out

starters,

and on

. “Your

thought

le. “Or

“Is that

Peach,

ave my

get you

measured up and you'll never have to wear clothes that don't fit you again."

"Er... that's great," said Peach with uncertainty.

She walked back to the house with Teddy and her personal shopper, and pretty soon, all thoughts of cleaning up runny dog poop had flown out of her head.

Chapter Nine

ISAAC

ISAAC HAD NEVER HAD trouble concentrating in a board meeting before. But as he sat listening to Bastion lead a talk to a potential new client for Daddies Inc — which happened to be one of the most prestigious hotel companies in the world — Isaac’s mind was elsewhere. Peach Trimble.

Even her name was distracting. Peach made him think of her. Peach Trimble made him think of trembling. More precisely, her trembling as

Man, he’d never known he was an ass man until now. He’d always had an appreciation for all parts of a woman, but it seemed that until now, he’d been focusing his attention on the wrong kind of women. The perfect ones, together, skinny Littles in expensive cropped t-shirts to show off their midriffs. Littles whose bodies were as lithe as teenagers, who lived a lifestyle so perfectly it was like they were made for Instagram.

He wasn’t into the bratty types, either. He always went for the princesses, who never acted up, just quietly colored in or chilled out in the Space while he got on with whatever he had to do. No trouble. No fuss.

Not so with Peach Trimble.

Peach Trimble was a messy, chaotic, wobbly, bouncy, unpredictable hurricane of a woman. Her Littleness vibrated in every cell of her volatile body. She represented all the parts of life that Isaac had tried to erase from himself over the years. Untidiness, laziness, silliness.

That's partly the reason he thought marrying her was a safe bet. He was going to fall for her. Things wouldn't get messy. But although his common sense was clear on that, his dick had other ideas. The moment she began to talk to her ratty little pup this morning, and he'd seen a glimpse of her curvaceous ass and those mint green panties, his cock had hardened to a thick thickness.

There was something magnetic about Peach Trimble. Not in spite of her chaotic life, but *because* of it. Spending time with her helped Isaac remember the most happier times. Times when he didn't obsess over bank balances, schedules, and manners. Times when he was growing up on the ranch, happy and carefree. Where every day was a blank slate, ready to be scribbled on in the glorious colors of the rainbow.

"You got a problem with something I'm saying?" said Bastion, but he had a frown on his face and was turning to him.

Isaac raised his palms. "No, man," he said. "You've done great. Really put-like a good deal."

He meant it too. Bastion's work had been sloppy ever since his divorce. This new deal with the hotel chain was his saving grace. It was clear that Isaac was back in Montague's good books. And Bastion seemed to be standing a little taller today, too. He'd even shaved for the first time in weeks. Little wondered what had brought about the change in him. Was it just the deal? Or did Bastion have his eye on a Little too?

"Thought you were drifting off for a minute there," said Bastion.

dictable, then you started smirking, so I assumed—”

aptuous “It’s all good, man,” said Isaac. “I don’t have a problem with any of

adicate There was an uncomfortable silence in the room. Montague looked
men questioningly, and Sam, the head of Human Resources clea
wasn’t throat.

ommon “Shall we continue?” Sam asked.

it down Bastion shrugged. “Sure.”

of that Isaac tried to stay focused this time, but he was only about three sec
l to full when he found himself thinking about her again. About how cute she
in his place. In those tight PJs. Ice-cream running down her chin. Th
of her blue eyes. Those chubby cheeks. That petite but curvaceous figure.

member He could feel his cock hardening again right now, here in the boar
edules, He longed to stroke it, to rub himself hard while thinking about /
nd free. longed to stick it between those ample ass cheeks and come harder th
all the ever come in his life.

Trying not to draw any attention to himself, he rested his hand on
reaking of his pant leg, right where his thick cock lay, hot and hard and
desperate to shoot its load.

Sounds *Mmmm, that felt good...*

He thought about her mouth, dribbling ice-cream. He thought ab
livoice. fleshy buttocks. He thought about the punishment he would be doing
that he her later...

nding a He’d never been one of those Daddies who got off on endlessly pu
ks. He their Little. He didn’t have time to think up a million and one punish
ie hotel He normally just role-played a spanking session with his Littles eve
and then. The scene would be laid out in great detail, and both parties
i. “And know exactly what to expect. The implement to be used. The nun

strikes. The situation they'd be acting out. They'd sign an agreement
it." they'd stick to the script. Isaac had always enjoyed the precision of it.
at both When he'd knocked on Peach's door this morning, though, he'd
red his himself *hoping* she'd have done something naughty. He'd spent the
fantasizing about all the delicious ways he might torment her for being
girl on his premises. He'd jerked off thinking about her sulky pout
inflicted all kinds of tasty torture on her.

onds in The moment he saw that she'd broken his rules, he'd gotten excited
looked plain to see that she hadn't tidied up after herself, and given how much
ose big cream she'd shoveled into her pretty mouth, she wasn't eating a balanced
diet, either. He could also see from his Smartphone app that she had left
droom at five. The app told him how much energy each of his appliances
ner. He using, and for some reason, it looked like she'd been using the energy
an he'd almost constantly for the first hour.

In any case, she deserved the punishment he was dishing out to her.
the top by the time he got home tonight, the punishment would be in full swing.
heavy. He pressed down a little harder on his hungry cock, rubbing it just
tiniest bit. He'd never done something like this before. Bastion was
who jerked off pretty much anywhere, and boasted about it too. The man
out here a walking cum factory. Isaac had never let himself get turned on during
out to hours.

Unable to help himself, a small moan escaped his lips.
nishing "Seriously, dude?" said Bastion. "You sure you're okay with this
ments. You're making funny noises now."

ry now Isaac swallowed. "Sorry. Got a lot on my mind."

s would *A whole lot of Peach Trimble.*

nber of "It's alright," Montague cut in. "I'm kinda distracted too. Got so r

... saying sort out for the wedding. Daisy and I have been chatting about it constantly for three weeks now.” He turned to Bastion. “You’ve done well foundman. Real good. How about we all go to Dade-D Bar to celebrate?”

... night “You mean... take the afternoon off?” asked Isaac. They never did get a bad was like an unwritten rule.

... t as he “Yeah,” said Montague. “Feels like we could all do with letting off some steam. Plus, the three of us haven’t hung in, like, forever.”

... . It was Sam, the HR guy, pouted. “Guess I’m not invited then.”

... ich ice- “Sorry, dude,” said Montague. “This is one of the perks of being a balanced downer. But the three of us will be back in tomorrow, bright-eyed and keen uptailed.”

... as were “You’d better be,” Sam huffed.

... elevator Bastion turned off the projector and clapped his hands together. “I’m up for this!” he said. “I’ve got a thirst for whiskey sours.”

... er. And “You always do,” joked Montague.

... g. Isaac tried to push his cock discreetly between his legs as he stood just the getting ready to go.

... the one

*

... ian was

... g office Three glasses clinked together. Three old friends said “Cheers!” and clapped each other on the back.

... s deal? Things had changed since the last time they’d done this, though. Montague was getting married — again. Clearly, he was with his Forever Girl, though. Daisy was a keeper, and it was great to see how happy they were together, but it felt like Isaac had lost his best friend in the process.

... nuch to

almost Bastion was recently divorced. His ex-wife, Clarabelle, had decided she wasn't a Little, after all. Never really acted like one anyway, other than the fact she always wore pink. She was actually older than Bastion — that. It's fifty now — and she'd decided last year that she wanted a toyboy, and with a twenty-five-year-old stripper named Gav. Last time Bastion had a little from her, she was pregnant with Gav's triplets and they were running a pregnancy fetish website together somewhere.

And now, Isaac was due to get married, but the relationship was far from business his best pals knew nothing about it.

bushy- “So... are you going to tell us where this mystery wedding venue is?” asked Isaac, taking a sip of his martini.

“Nope,” replied Montague without skipping a beat, “but I think you're not so unsurprised.”

“I hate secrets,” said Bastion, downing his first whiskey sour and moving onto the second, which he'd ordered himself at the same time as the others. “Secrets lead to lies, and lies lead to your wife running off with a gigolo.”

Isaac cast Bastion a sympathetic look, but he felt a sting of guilt in his stomach. “Speaking of secrets,” he said, taking a deep breath. “I have some news.”

Bastion and Montague both looked at him with nervous eyes. No wonder when Isaac said that he had news, that meant he was about to tell them how they'd lost money or they'd made money.

“It's personal news, actually,” he continued. “It turns out...” He tried to keep his cool. Tried to make this seem perfectly natural. “Turns out I'm getting married myself.”

Montague and Bastion looked as shocked and confused as Isaac

led that expected.

ier than “What?!” asked Bastion.

almost “To who?” asked Montague.

ran off “Well, you actually know her,” said Isaac.

1 heard This was so hard. He’d been dreading this moment. He hadn’t planned on revealing the wedding to his friends today, but he needed to make it as real as possible. This was exactly the kind of setting he’d reveal sooner or later, and like this if it was real, so he had to make the most of the moment.

“You’d better not be marrying Clarabelle,” spat Bastion. “Or I’ll be in your head.”

“Not Clarabelle,” said Isaac quickly. “She’s someone we only recently met, actually.”

“How recently?” asked Montague, raising an eyebrow.

moving “A couple days ago,” said Isaac with a casual shrug.

ie first. Bastion turned pale. “It’s one of Daisy’s friends, isn’t it?”

young Isaac nodded, and then cast Montague a sincere look. It wasn’t easy to fake-marriage his best friend’s fiancée.

t in his “I knew it,” said Bastion, his cheeks flushed. “Well, Kiera’s hot as hell, but it makes sense.” He gritted his teeth. “Didn’t think you were her type, did you?”

Plus, she’s kind of a punk. She’d eat you alive. And I’m sure she’s not normally, but trouble.”

um they Why was Bastion getting so worked up about the idea of him marrying Kiera? Was he into her?

tried to “It’s not Kiera,” Isaac said. “It’s... the other one.” He couldn’t help himself to say her name out loud. He was worried that just having her name on his lips would give him another hard-on.

ac had “You’re marrying Peach?” asked Montague incredulously. “Daisy told me you were getting married to Peach?”

she hates you.”

“It’s... a love-hate kind of a thing,” Isaac said awkwardly.

Bastion grunted and downed his second whiskey sour.

“You yelled at her for bringing a dog into the office,” said Montague. “How did you go from *that* to wedding bells?”

“It’s complicated,” said Isaac, relieved that at least that part wasn’t. “But she’s moved in with me now. And you can expect wedding invitations by the end of the week.”

“By the end of the *week*?” exclaimed Montague. “You’re gonna give out invitations out before mine!”

Isaac frowned. “Not a competition, is it?”

Montague narrowed his eyes at him. “Dude, you’re making a big mistake. You can’t have fallen for her that fast. She’s using you for your money.”

He’s right, thought Isaac. *But I’m using her for the marriage certificate.*

“Keep the weekend free,” said Isaac.

“*This* weekend?” said Montague incredulously. “Your wedding is before mine?”

“Not. A. Competition,” replied Bastion moodily.

The mood had changed between them all now. Isaac felt like crying. He wanted so badly to tell his friends the truth. They knew all about his ranch, and how his aunt had inherited it instead of him. They’d all understood why he had put the plan in action...

But they’d be mad at him too. Marrying a Little on false pretenses. Involving her in his deceitful plan. Risking her happiness for his own. Bastion had talked him out of the plan in ten minutes flat.

Thing is, they didn’t know Peach. They didn’t see her crying the other day. They didn’t know how much money he was giving her, and how much

could change her life. They didn't know how much he respected her. He felt responsible for her happiness above all else. That it would be his job to make this deal go smoothly for her sake as much as for his own.

Montague. "Listen," said Isaac. "I know it's a big ask, but I'd like you to keep it between us for now." He shot a look at Montague.

"Not a lie." "Not a chance," said Montague. "I'm not lying to my babygirl."

Montague. "I'm not asking you to lie to Daisy," said Isaac. "Just... don't tell Peach and I want to keep it to ourselves for now. It's all been so fast, like a whirlwind. I've already said too much. Just give us a couple days."

"You're a damn fool," said Bastion under his breath. "She's taking a ride."

Montague. "Peach deserves more than this," Montague grumbled.

Isaac smiled at them both, trying to deflate the tension. "How about us another round of drinks? I'd really like to celebrate with you guys. For me, this is a good thing."

Bastion didn't look up, but nodded grumpily.

Montague stared into Isaac's eyes, as though trying to warn something.

Isaac shot over to the bar, relieved to step away from the bad vibe family table for a moment. He knew that breaking his news was going to go down like a lead balloon, but it was an even worse reception than he'd expected. He should have prepared his friends first. Told them he was taking Peach on a date today. That he'd kissed her tomorrow. That he'd proposed to her. They'd laugh it off after that.

Nah, who was he kidding? However he'd played it this week, his friends would have been shocked. It was all being done in a big rush, and it didn't make any sense. Well, it didn't make any sense to *them*. But Isaac

That he eyes on the prize. This time next week, he'd have told his aunt the wo
mission news: that he was married and eligible to take the family ranch off her

As Cindy poured the drinks, Isaac ran his eyes over the names of
rep this crazy freakshakes they sold here for the Littles. It was cool that Dad
had set up this bar. That there was a safe social space for Daddies and
to hang out, and something here for everyone. To the left of the bar th
her yet. a pool table for the Daddies, and on the other side, there was a selec
, such as board games for the Littles. He needed to find somewhere like this
wedding. Somewhere that catered for everyone.

you for Unless... wait a minute. This place was perfect. It would be so si
arrange. In fact, he could do it right now.

"Say, Cindy?" said Isaac. "Do you ever do weddings here?"
ut I get Cindy put down her cocktail shaker and smiled. "As a matter of fa
s. Trust said, "we do."

"How does this weekend sound? Think you could fit me in?"
Cindy looked taken aback. "This weekend? Well, I didn't know thi
him of was so popular. And it's not much notice. But I'd do anything for yo
so..." She shrugged. "Sure. Why not?"

s at the A warm thrill of excitement ran through Isaac. "Good," he said. "T
o downsettled."

ted. He By the weekend, he'd be married.

ch on a To the girl with the peachy ass.

the day

friends

t didn't

had his

eyes on the prize. This time next week, he'd have told his aunt the wonderful news: that he was married and eligible to take the family ranch off her hands.

As Cindy poured the drinks, Isaac ran his eyes over the names of all the crazy freakshakes they sold here for the Littles. It was cool that Daddies Inc had set up this bar. That there was a safe social space for Daddies and Littles to hang out, and something here for everyone. To the left of the bar there was a pool table for the Daddies, and on the other side, there was a selection of board games for the Littles. He needed to find somewhere like this for the wedding. Somewhere that catered for everyone.

Unless... wait a minute. This place was perfect. It would be so simple to arrange. In fact, he could do it right now.

“Say, Cindy?” said Isaac. “Do you ever do weddings here?”

Cindy put down her cocktail shaker and smiled. “As a matter of fact,” she said, “we do.”

“How does this weekend sound? Think you could fit me in?”

Cindy looked taken aback. “This weekend? Well, I didn't know this place was so popular. And it's not much notice. But I'd do anything for you guys, so...” She shrugged. “Sure. Why not?”

A warm thrill of excitement ran through Isaac. “Good,” he said. “Then it's settled.”

By the weekend, he'd be married.

To the girl with the peachy ass.

Chapter Ten

PEACH

TOTAL WHIRLWIND. THAT WAS the only way to describe it. The personal shopper had come to take her measurement wedding dress — plus a whole new wardrobe. They'd flicked through hundreds, maybe thousands, of images: tops, bottoms, pinafores, onesies, pajamas — and Peach had to say “yes” or “no” to each of them. It was like Tinder for outfits. Even Teddy got measured up for a wedding dress as well as a few doggy costumes.

As soon as the personal shopper left, the personal *trainer* arrived. Apparently, all the running up and down the stairs to race the elevator in the morning didn't count as real exercise, so he made her do twenty minutes of cardio, twenty of strength, and then a twenty-minute swim in the pool.

After that came the masseuse, who had done something involving hot stones on her spine that felt very nice indeed, especially after all that exercise.

Then lunch. Then a full check-over with her doctor, who took bloodwork, checked her vitals, and even gave her some birth control pills. Then a meeting with her financial adviser, who helped her set up a number of

interest easy-access bank accounts to put her first million into. Finally, a life coach, who took one look at her and said she needed to rest today so that she'd be back tomorrow.

It had been *a lot*. But it also felt kind of amazing. She was being treated like royalty. All this free stuff. All this attention. Obviously, it was a romance. She barely knew her partner and had never even kissed him yet. But she had to admit, she had felt a glow of pride when the chef told her what a great boss Isaac was — giving him days off for events and self-care — and the life coach mentioned that he even paid for her healthcare.

It was odd, but Peach had found herself growing more impatient with Isaac again as the day went on. She wanted to tell him how nice everyone had been, and how grateful she was for all this stuff. He wasn't due back for another hour, though, and in the meantime, she had a mystery to solve. All day long there had been a package sitting on the kitchen counter. The personal shopper had brought it with her this morning, and had instructed her to open it only when all of her meetings for the day had finished. The package was a white box wrapped in a pink ribbon, and there was a gift tag attached to it. Peach hadn't had a chance to read the tag yet, but when she approached it with caution. Isaac had given her so much already — could he possibly be giving her on top of all that other stuff?

She looked at the plain white tag, and read the two words on the tag written in black Sharpie.

YOUR PUNISHMENT.

Oh, my. There was some kind of punishment in here? She untied the ribbon and took off the lid of the box, her hands trembling. Inside, there was a high-quality towel that looked like a towel.

lly, the Eh?

lay and She started pulling it out and realized that it wasn't a towel at all. simply made of soft terrycloth. It was a white onesie with a hood, and treated the front were some words stitched in baby pink.

wasn't "I'VE BEEN A BAD BUNNY."

. Never There was a note inside the box too.

private *Babygirl,*

family *Here's your punishment for breaking some of our rules this morning for her this until I get back. Stand in the naughty corner while you wear it. The corner of the kitchen opposite the refrigerator. Put your hands on the wall to see and stick your butt in the air. Then wait.*

one had *Isaac*

ack for What the...? This was unlike any punishment Peach had fantasized before. Wear a onesie? In the naughty corner?

ntertop. She took off her clothes, throwing them down onto the kitchen floor, creating a messy pile, then she pulled on the onesie. It felt good against her skin and snugly. Not much of a punishment, to be honest. As she explored the outfit, she noticed that there was a fluffy white tail on the butt, and now the entire section over her bottom could be lifted down like a flap. Was that it? What in case she needed to pee?

She lifted up the hood, noticing the long, floppy bunny ears stuck to the back, then she looked over at the naughty corner.

This felt so weird.

She got an urge to call Daisy or Kiera, to tell them all about it and asked them if she should go along with this weird stuff Isaac was telling her. There was. But she still couldn't bring herself to talk to them. They'd abandoned her, she was abandoning *them*.

She looked at Teddy, who blinked up at her, perfectly oblivious. It was strange this situation was.

Then, she padded over to the naughty corner, and she placed her paws against the wall.

Well.

This was... different.

According to the schedule, there were still forty-five minutes until her nap. She was due back. That's because the life coach had seen how tired she was and left her to get some rest. This didn't count as rest, though, did it? She knew the wall still was actually quite hard work. She wanted to sit down — or better yet, lie down — and watch cartoons until the sun set.

She leaned forward and yawned, her bunny ears flopping over as she did so.

"This sucks," she sighed. "I've been such a good girl today as well, and I even ate those green things in the salad at lunchtime."

She did too. She ate all the things of all the colors because the colors made her so hungry.

Suddenly, she heard a knock at the door, and then a key turning.

"This is a pleasant surprise," said a familiar deep voice. "I'm glad you're already waiting for me."

Peach felt a swell of pride. "I'm being a good girl today."

She kept her eyes on the wall and could hear Isaac's voice growing louder as he got closer. "I don't know about that," he said. "Your clothes are all over the floor. And there's still the matter of those rules you brought to do this morning."

Peach bit her lip. "Yes, that's true. But I promise I won't do it again, Daddy."

to how Oh crap, where had that word come from? Isaac wasn't her Daddy like he wasn't her boyfriend.

arms on "Good girl for calling me Daddy," said Isaac, right behind her, running his hands over the soft fabric of the onesie, his hands traveling down her spine.

"I thought you hated animals, Daddy," Peach said, her voice still a little hoarse. "But here I am, dressed up as one for you."

was and "I don't hate animals," said Isaac. "I just think they ought to stay in their place."

Her still, "And what place is that?" asked Peach, sticking her butt out in the way the note had advised her to do.

she did "The naughty corner, of course," replied Isaac, his hands on her butt, his breath becoming faster. Then, she felt his fingers unfastening the top of the butt flap on the onesie, and she felt the cool air on her panties. She was relieved she was wearing her very best pair: lilac ones with a lacy trim.

exercise "Oh dear," said Isaac. "Looks like my babygirl is going to need some new panties. These ones are a disgrace."

Humph. That didn't feel good. These ones were only a year old. Actually, but didn't even come in a multipack like some of her others.

Isaac ran his hands over her panties now, causing her butt to twitch involuntarily.

louder "Sshhh, babygirl," he said. "Relax those muscles. This'll be much more bearable for you if you can relax."

like this "What will?" asked Peach, confused.

"Address me as 'Daddy' or 'sir'," snapped Isaac.

again, "Oh, sorry, Daddy. What are you about to do to me, Daddy, sir?"

"I'm about to show you what a bad bunny you've been," said

dy, just pinching the flesh of her butt. She'd always been a little embarrassed
bum. She was curvy all over, but her bum felt disproportionately b
r now, was definitely pear-shaped. Somehow, her weight just seemed to sit
g down her hips and butt, no matter what.

“You have no idea,” Isaac said, pressing his weight against h
r angrily growling into her ear, “what this ass of yours has been doing to m
much it's been tormenting me today.”

in their “It has, Daddy?” asked Peach, feeling her pussy begin to bloo
moisture.

air like “It's a very naughty, very flirty little bottom,” Isaac told her. “A
going to bear the brunt of this punishment.”

itt now, Peach swallowed.

: velcro “Five spanks over your panties,” Isaac told her. “And then five
She felt without them.”

. *Without them?*

ne new In spite of herself, Peach felt herself becoming very, very wet. Th
definitely the weirdest situation she'd ever been in, but it was making
nd they as the sun.

“If it hurts too much,” he told her, “just bark like a dog and I'll stop.

clench “Bark like a dog, sir?”

“That's right,” he replied. “Like the animal you are, Peach Trimble.”

h more Peach nodded. “Alright, Daddy.” She didn't like the thought of l
like a dog in front of Isaac, but she was pretty sure she wouldn't have
could take any amount of pain he wanted to dish out to her. And she w
just take it. She'd enjoy it.

Isaac's hand stroked her panties one more time, and then there
l Isaac, moment when nothing happened. She almost said something, but then

by her the full force of his palm smacking down on her.

ig. She *Ooof*.

around She'd always *imagined* that she was good with pain, but nobody had spanked her in real life. She'd done tests on herself and concluded that she had a high pain threshold, but being hit by someone else — someone stronger than her — was a different thing altogether. Isaac wasn't looking back, and she expected that she'd have a bruised ass by tomorrow.

m with More smacks, and Peach felt the pain radiate through her wobbling each time.

and it's Finally, Isaac reached the fifth smack, and then she felt his fingers under the lacy waistband of her panties. Slowly, he pulled them down, and she felt her ass being exposed to him bit by bit. Would he find her ceiling spanksturn-off? Her butt was fat and dimply and rippled every time it was touched. Was he really ready to see this?

his wasChapel of asses.”

her hot “What does that mean, sir?” Peach asked quietly.

.” “It means you have the most exquisite ass in the whole damn world. I could lose his cock in that thing for hours at a time.”

Peach's eyes widened in shock. “You like to do that?”

” “Right now, babygirl,” Isaac said gruffly, “it's the *only* thing I want to do.” Peach lifted her ass a little higher. “Well, maybe we could do that to. Sheof...?”

ouldn't She had never been entered anally before, but it couldn't hurt worse than a spanking, could it? Besides, she was feeling so hot and bothered right now. She felt like she would agree to do anything Isaac wanted.

she felt “Not a chance,” Isaac replied.

She felt his hand smack down on her ass. Without the constraining panties, she felt her flesh jiggle and wobble and ripple for a long time afterward. Isaac didn't say anything, and she worried that he'd been shocked by the sight of it.

"Daddy?" she whispered. "Please don't stop."

"Stay still," Isaac urged her, pushing her up harder against the wall.

She managed to cast a quick look behind her, and she noticed that Isaac had freed his cock from his pants, and he was jerking off while staring into her butt. She couldn't believe how long and thick his cock was. How surprising it was for her even though she was dressed in this silly onesie.

"Stick your butt up higher for me," he ordered her.

She did as she was told, and almost instantly, she felt Isaac's warm cum spill across her backside. She even felt a dollop of it trickle down her asshole.

"Good," he said, his voice sounding strained. "I can focus again now."

With that, he gave her the four remaining smacks, spreading his cum over his hand and her bottom cheeks, and then he pulled up her pants. A man pulled down the flap of the onesie, and turned her to face him.

He looked surprisingly put together. His cock was hidden away back in his pants, and she almost wondered if the whole thing had been a dream. "I can't do." she would have thought it was, if it hadn't been for the fact that she could still feel his cum dribbling into her asshole.

"Now, babygirl," he said. "I have a surprise for you."

"Another one?"

He smiled.

oints of “You haven’t seen a real sunset until you’ve seen a sunset over B
ig time Bay,” Isaac told her as he pulled out a chair for her.

put off He had asked his chef to prepare dinner for them out on his deck
domes sat over the plates, and Peach wondered what was going to b
them: warm salad, cold salad, or a mixture of the two?

Peach pulled down her sundress, which barely covered her butt. Isa
he had let her change out of the bunny onesie since she was no longer being
ently at girl, but he’d ordered her to keep the same cum-soaked panties c
hard he sundress, which was another she’d had since she was a teenager, wa
too short on her, barely covering her ass, and she felt nervous in it
sudden.

m cum “You seem self-conscious around me,” Isaac observed as they b
to her “Like you’re embarrassed of your body.”

Peach smiled nervously. “Well... I am... a bit.”

v.” Isaac frowned. “But why?”

cum all “Well, let’s just say I’m not like all the models you see in magazine
panties, “No, you’re not,” said Isaac. “And thank god for that. Your body
Peach Trimble. Your body makes a man feel like a man.”

k in his “Thanks... I think,” said Peach.

Maybe “Seriously,” he said. “If I wasn’t doing this whole fake marriage thi
uld still you, then I’d—“ Isaac stopped himself partway through the sentence.

“You’d what, sir?” asked Peach.

“Well, I’d do more than empty my balls on your ass, babygirl.
looked embarrassed as he said that. An admission that it had really hap

“So... we can’t do more than that?” Peach asked awkwardly.

iscayne “Not unless we want to get ourselves into a giant mess,” Isaac

“Once this marriage is over, the quickest way to make it go away is
. Silver annulment. And if we fuck, we’re screwed.”

e under “I see,” said Peach. It’s not like she entered into this agreement was
have sex with Isaac, but she’d gone on a whole rollercoaster of er

aac had today, and her pussy didn’t seem to want to get off the ride. “But is

g a bad just... once we’re married? I mean, if you have sex *before* you get

n. Her that doesn’t count, does it? You can still get the annulment as long

s much don’t have sex after—“

all of a “Sweetheart,” Isaac interrupted her. “The more times I hear you
word ‘sex’, the more dangerous this thing gets for us. I can promise yo

oth sat. if I was to put my cock in your pussy, even once, we’d be screwed. Be

just know how hard it would be to stop.”

“Oh,” said Peach, blushing. “Right.”

“Anyway,” said Isaac. “Dinner is served.” He lifted the two big
s.” domes off their plates.

is *real*, Peach gasped. “Steak and French fries? I thought it’d be some health
Thought you were trying to make me into some skinny person
wedding, with thighs of steel and a flat ass.”

ng with Isaac’s eyes widened. “Fuck, no. I don’t want your appearance to
Not an inch of it. I just want to make sure I’m looking after your health
wellbeing while I’m your... guardian.”

” Isaac “Were you about to say Daddy?” Peach teased.

opened. “Would you mind if I did?”

“You know I wouldn’t,” said Peach, biting her lip.

“We should be careful,” said Isaac, suddenly serious. “The situation
in is clearly a turn-on. The fact that it’s all so forbidden. We don’t

replied. "mistake anything we're feeling as being real."

with an "Oh," Peach replied. "No." She bit on a French fry glumly.

"I have the wedding venue organized," said Isaac, as they ate. "The invitations are being printed tonight. I thought you might like me to come along with me when we deliver them to your friends. Tomorrow, or maybe the day after?"

married "It's all so fast," said Peach quietly, looking out at the pink sky and the beautiful reflections it made over the water. Another experience that she had never had before. It had been romantic, but wasn't because none of this was real.

say the "Was his coming on her ass real? Or was it all just some kind of roleplay? Maybe he was getting off on the fact that this whole thing was real? Because that's what he meant about the situation being a turn-on. He liked her because he didn't really like her.

"What's up, Peach?" asked Isaac, putting down his cutlery and reaching for her hand. "You having second thoughts about this?"

Peach shook her head. "No. It's just... a lot. Like, a lot of responsibility and change."

for the Isaac looked as though the truth had just dawned on him. "Oh, said. "This schedule I gave you. I haven't scheduled in enough time for change. Space, have I? I assumed you'd just make time for that in your free time and the evenings, but the truth is, you need that on your schedule just as much as any of the other stuff."

Peach smiled. "That's kind of you, but I don't get a lot of time in my free Space normally anyway. Not with the volunteer job, and the pet-grooming job, and looking after Teddy, and everything else. Life has been too busy for us to regret."

want to Isaac shook his head. "This business proposition is meant to be real."

beneficial. I don't want to add to your problems. How about this? As you're living under my roof, I'll treat you like my Little."

3. "The Peach raised her eyebrows. "How?"

o come He'd already given her rules and spanked her. What more could he c
the day "That involves me looking after your Little as much as possible
Isaac. "Helping you find the time to play, coddling and nurturing you
and theDaddy."

should "Are you talking about sex?" asked Peach quietly, feeling her
reddden.

f weird "No," he said, swallowing. "Not unless you want it. Although that
as fake.have to happen after the annulment had taken place, of course."

ced her Peach remained silent. What she wanted to say was that she woul
under his roof anymore after the annulment. But she didn't feel like
eachingthose words right now.

"Ice-cream?" said Isaac, as the chef brought out two bowls.

isibility "I'm allowed more ice-cream today?" said Peach, shocked. Th
strawberry ice-cream, with extra strawberry sauce.

hit," he "I've been informed that you ate all your lunch. So yes. I'll allow
n Littlethis is a special occasion."

time in "It is?" Peach asked.

nuch as "It's not every day that I get to see the Sistine Chapel of asses,
joked. "And it's not every day I get to come on it."

n Little Peach giggled, looking over at the chef, who was thankfully walking
ooming "Oh, fuck," said Isaac, staring at her.

busy, I "What?" asked Peach. "What is it?" He was staring at something
face. As she felt around trying to figure it out, she realized that there
mutuallybig stream of ice-cream dribbling down her chin.

long as “You have no idea what that sight does to me,” said Isaac.

“The sight of me dribbling ice-cream?” asked Peach, confused.

Peach took her hand and held it over his crotch. She could feel the heat and girth of him immediately.

“I’ve never had so many hard-ons in one damn day,” he said. He looked into her eyes, then down at her mouth. “Put another spoonful of ice-cream into your mouth,” he ordered her. “But don’t swallow it.”

Amused, Peach did as she was told.

Isaac stood and walked over to her. He unzipped his fly and held his cock out to her mouth. “Suck it,” he commanded.

Peach looked down at his thick, veined cock, purple-headed and didn’t before her touch.

Saying She opened her mouth, melting ice-cream dribbling down her neck, and she took his cock into her.

The ice-cream was cold and his cock was hot. The combination of the two was felt indescribably wonderful. Isaac slid in and out of her as melted ice-cream dripped down her throat, her breasts, into her crotch. Isaac yanked at her, thrusting in and out of her so deep and with such force it almost made her gag out the ice-cream. Somehow, she managed to keep going, and before she knew it, Isaac’s cum was shooting down her throat along with the rest of the melted strawberry ice-cream.

“Fuck,” said Isaac. “Daddy’s going to buy you an extra special gift away tomorrow to say thank you. That was perfect.”

“A new stuffie *and* some new panties?” asked Peach. She couldn’t stop on her how much stuff Isaac kept giving her. And the truth was, it’s not like she was at this was a hardship for her. The spanking. The ice-cream blowjob. E

marriage. She was having fun, and getting showered with gifts at the time. It was win-win!

Just then, something seemed to catch his attention. He was staring at the ground.

“Wait a sec. Is that... dog mess on my deck?”

Peach blushed. “I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She could still taste strawberries and cum, and it was hard to focus. “I tried to keep Teddy confined to the courtyard, but he needs to pee and he couldn’t do it in there, so I took him outside, and before he pees—“

“Young lady,” said Isaac. “Over my knee. Now.”

and

the two

cream

her hair,

her spit

ore she

nainder

stuffie

believe

any of

ven the

marriage. She was having fun, and getting showered with gifts at the same time. It was win-win!

Just then, something seemed to catch his attention. He was staring down at the ground.

“Wait a sec. Is that... dog mess on my deck?”

Peach blushed. “I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She could still taste strawberries and cum, and it was hard to focus. “I tried to keep Teddy confined to the courtyard, but he needed to poop and he couldn’t do it in there, so I took him outside, and before I knew it—“

“Young lady,” said Isaac. “Over my knee. Now.”

Chapter Eleven

ISAAC

“I’M NOT GOING TO spank this ass again today,” Isaac examining the red handprints he’d left on the surface of her skin too soon for that. You need time to heal.”

He noticed her squirming on his lap, and the thin trail of moisture trickling out of her pussy and down her inner thigh.

“Besides,” he said, “something tells me that you’d enjoy a spanking much right now.”

The truth is, Isaac would enjoy it too. Even though his balls had emptied twice this evening, he knew it was only a matter of time before he got hard again. This girl was everything his cock had ever wanted, and it was so strange to admit that when she was so obviously not his type. But... his brain had one type, but his *balls* had another? And if that was the case, what about his heart? What was his heart’s type?

Isaac reached into his pocket and pulled out a brand new butt plug, still in its packaging. He’d stopped in at a sex store on the way home and bought a whole bunch of anal play stuff. He couldn’t help himself. Her thick

been on his mind way too much today. Plus, after the meeting with his friends had gone so badly, he'd needed to do something to cheer himself up.

This plug was made of pink glass, with a white teddy bear stuck on the end of it. The round end was beautifully soft and glinted in the pink light of the sunset.

"What are you doing, sir?" asked Peach quietly. Her voice sounded so much smaller and younger now than when they'd first met. He'd been bringing out the Littleness in her, seeing how easy it was to regress. So many women he'd dated previously had all tried to resist it, even when he swore that they were into age play. With Peach, it was like she'd said, strawberry ice-cream, melting and sweet in the palm of his hand. "It's his cock tingled just thinking about the feeling of that ice-cream melting in his mouth. He needed to focus on what he was doing, or he'd get hard again, tickling now, and he didn't want to rush this.

"I'm inserting something into you, Little girl," he said plainly. "Looking too good for me." He held the butt plug out for her to see, knowing that the sight of it would provoke a reaction in her. Immediately, she gasped.

"Is that a... Are you plugging my botty, Daddy?"

Before he could answer, she used that name. It made him feel so good. It felt so caring all at once.

"Yes, sweetheart," he said. "That's exactly what I'm doing. Anyone else done that to you before? Or did you ever do it yourself?"

"No, Daddy," said Peach. "But I trust you."

Good girl. He hadn't earned her trust fully yet, but she was willing to give it to him, and that meant a lot. He'd show her that she could count on him. They were about to get married, after all. Even if it wasn't going to last long, it was still happening. She would be his wife soon enough.

with his “Alright, darling,” he said. “You just lie there, nice and heavy, and up. big breath in, then a long, relaxed breath out for me.”

the flat Peach did as she was told. As she breathed in, Isaac dipped his finger of light into the moist honeypot of her pussy, then rubbed his slick finger on asshole. It still had a little of his cum pooling inside it from earlier, which would help lubricate her even more. She quivered and clenched as he touched her, but as soon as she started to breathe out, she relaxed. Isaac took her. So opportunity to slide the pink glass plug deep into her back passage, if they marveled at how easily the smooth, rounded object slid into her.

he was Now it was in, it looked glorious. Her perfectly peachy ass, pinkened from her spanking, seemed complete with the cute plug between its cheeks. The little teddy bear smiled as it nestled between her buttocks. The dog looked at it enviously for a moment, looking forward to the moment it got to slide in deep between her cheeks too.

k.” “That feels good, Daddy,” said Peach, squirming again.

it would “Hmmm,” he said. “It’s not meant to be a reward.”

“Oh,” said Peach quickly, “Well, obviously it feels a bit strange, like being stretched open somewhere I’ve never been opened up before. But I’m probably lying if I said I didn’t like it, Daddy.”

Isaac swelled with pleasure. This *was* meant to be a punishment, but it was never a very good sign that Peach was enjoying herself. That butt plug was the only thing he wanted to put in her back passage. This was going to have the effect of a punishment of delayed gratification rather than one of inflicting pain. He wanted to give her a taste of pleasure to give her a taste of pain.

on him. “I can sit on that thing?” said Peach. “It won’t shatter inside me?”

at very “No, sweetheart,” said Isaac, “it won’t shatter. You’re perfectly safe to sit down slowly so you don’t get a shock.” He patted Peach’s leg.

I take a watching the wonderful ripples that played across the surface of her skin.

Then, she stood up, pulled up her panties, and turned to face him. Her fingers she sat back down. Isaac heard the clink of the plug as it touched the hole over her and he watched Peach's eyes widen for a moment... and then a look of pleasure, which expression replaced the look of surprise.

He touched her. "Does that feel good?"

"Almost too good, Daddy," replied Peach. "I can feel the plug inside me and her rubbing against my... I feel like I want to... touch myself."

"Not a chance," Isaac replied. "You are not allowed to touch yourself without my permission unless I say so."

Peach bit her lip. "It's just... quite hard to... concentrate."

Isaac leaned forward. "You want more don't you?"

Peach gave him the tiniest nod.

"Is that a yes?" Isaac asked. He felt his cock begin to thicken as his hands on her became more commanding. He loved dominating her like this. It was his favorite damn turn-on.

Peach nodded again, more vigorously this time.

"Say it," Isaac urged her.

"Yes, Daddy," said Peach meekly.

"Say it louder," Isaac said.

"Yes, *Daddy!*" Peach gasped. "Yes, Daddy! I want to make myself come and feel like I'm so close already. Or, or, I feel like I want *you* to make me come."

"Maybe if you just... put your hand between my legs... or even your fingers... and... flicked your tongue..."

Peach was panting, rubbing her ass on the chair, clearly close to orgasm. Just right now.

"Oh dear," said Isaac. "This won't do at all." He put his arms

in. Peach's waist, wrapping her legs around him. Careful not to touch t
Slowly,plug, he placed one hand under her ass for support.

e chair, Obviously, by now he had a raging boner all over again, and he
dreamynothing more than to fuck his pretty little fiancée until she screamed hi
into the Miami night... but he couldn't let that happen.

“Where are we going, Daddy?” asked Peach, squirming against his
ide me,rubbing her soaking wet pussy against his hard-on, threatening to ma
explode in his underpants.

yourself “To help you cool down, of course,” he replied.

He carried her into his mansion, making sure to steer clear of the l
where his chef was no doubt cleaning up. Thankfully, when you were
as Isaac was, you were able to employ a certain caliber of staff. Sta
were able to be discreet. Who knew when to look in the opposite direc
s voicewhen to leave work and come back later.

such a “What was that noise, Daddy?” asked Peach, suddenly stiffening.

Isaac paused. “What noise?”

“It was, like... er... *miaow*?” She squeaked out the last sound, do
best kitten impression.

Isaac gritted his teeth together. “Nothing,” he said. “You m
imagining it.”

come! I He couldn't let Peach think he was a softhearted fool. Couldn't
e come.think the kitten would be staying here, either. The second he found
face...for that thing, it was being shipped off immediately.

“I guess I must be,” said Peach. “You're not the kind of man to hav
comingDaddy.”

“Damn straight,” Isaac growled. “Only pet around here is *you*, n
aroundkitten.”

he butt With that, he carried Peach upstairs and placed her down on the bathroom tiles while he ran a hot bath for her. Hopefully, this would wanted them both for a while. Blow-jobs and butt plugs were one thing, but nameblown intercourse definitely couldn't happen between them. Not now ever.

crotch,
like him

*

Her body looked beautiful laced with delicate white bubbles. Shir the essential oils he'd put in the bath, making her smell of lavender kitchen, peppermint. Good enough to eat. It felt good to see her looking so as rich here, too. Sitting in his rolltop bath, her cheeks pink from the steam, a iff who smile on her lips.

tion, or Every new light that he saw her in, he found himself admiring her bit more. Bathtime Peach was warm and pliant. Her mischievous side way to her innate ability to deeply relax. She was the opposite of him about every way. So full of fun, but able to rest and rejuvenate when ing her Isaac had only seemed to have one switch lately. The switch that ma work hard... and occasionally, work even harder.

must be The last couple days, though, since Peach had entered his life, he'd some inner peace. And some excitement too. The kind of pea let her excitement that came from emptying his balls into her beautiful mou a home but it went deeper than that too. He was enjoying himself arou Dominating her, looking after her, making her laugh and tremble and e a pet, and obey. It felt good. It felt real.

Which, of course, it wasn't. Or, at least, their marriage wasn't real. y little had to keep reminding himself of that. This was a short-term thing

he cold was most likely only doing this for his wallet. She was enjoying her distract—that was clear—but he doubted whether she'd be enjoying herself out full-much if it wasn't for the ten million dollars. And who could blame her now, not was sensible to take what he was offering her.

There was this tiny part of Isaac, though, that worried that this would be happening if it wasn't for his money. A girl like Peach, so young and generously-proportioned and bouncy and full of life, would never be interested in a grump like him. Aging, hardened by life and its disappointments, unable to have fun.

Still. What did it matter? If Peach was having a good time right now, he could afford all the nice things he was buying her, where was the problem? He'd regret it if he didn't at least allow his cock a good time.

"Your bathroom is soooo nice," said Peach, bringing him out of his reverie.

He dipped a sponge in the water and began running it slowly down her back.

"Mmmm, that feels good." He heard the quiet clink of her butt plug hitting the bottom of the bath as she shifted positions, then he saw her pulling a rubber duck out of the water. "It's funny to think about you having duckies, Daddy," she said, giggling. "Do you use them every time you take a bath?"

"They're for guests," Isaac said moodily.

Peach was silent for a moment. Isaac noticed her spine had stiffened. "You have a lot of those, then? Guests, I mean?"

Isaac took a long deep breath, then exhaled slowly. "Nope. None. Peach really."

"None?" Peach said, taken aback. "But you have such a big home."

self too you never share it with anyone?"

"Half as busy as I've been lately," Isaac replied. "Well, I've been busy all my life, haven't I? Shereally." He noticed how sad he felt when he said this. Had his entire life been in vain? All this hard work, and for what?

"I guess that's how you got so rich," Peach said. "Although I feel like I've been working hard all my life, and somehow I ended up poor as dirt."

"Wealth is one part hard work and one part luck," Isaac told her. "But you've got to be pretty bloody-minded too. Willing to sacrifice anything for it. Anyone that gets in your way."

Peach looked at him, screwing up her nose. "But... why? Does it really do any harm? make you feel kinda yucky?"

Isaac laughed. "Yes, sweetheart. It does make me feel kinda yucky sometimes. But I did it all for a reason. Originally, at least. I did it because I wanted to buy back my family ranch."

"Your family ranch?" asked Peach. "Is this the one you told me about when we're getting married?"

Isaac felt a pang of grief. "Yes," he said. "It should have been mine. My father always told me it would be mine after he died. But nobody could get the paperwork after he... after my parents both..." In spite of himself, Isaac had noticed tears collecting in his eyes. But immediately, the tears were wiped away by the bitter taste of anger on his tongue. "My aunt got it. She had a will. From before I was born. The whole place went to her. And she won't sell it to me. Not unless—"

"Unless you're married?" Peach cut in quietly. "But... why?"

"Because she's old-fashioned and stuck in her ways, partly. But mostly because she's downright mean. She knows I'm not the marrying type. And she thinks I'm a player. Thinks I'll never settle down with just one woman."

And more to the point, I think she thinks no woman would ever v
ny life, marry me.”

fe been Peach opened her mouth, like she wanted to say something, but th
closed it again. She fidgeted, her glass plug clinking softly on the bo
l like lthe tub again.

“Daddy,” said Peach shyly. “Would you like to get in here with me?
. “Plus, Isaac smiled at her. The thought of joining this smooth goddess
ing and water was almost unbearably good. But he had to hold back. “No,”
firmly. “I can’t.”

n’t that Peach looked hurt. “You wouldn’t like to get naked with me?”

Isaac ran the sponge across her back. “It’s not a good idea. I don’
y. But lhow close I could be to you naked without...”

o try to Peach ran her tongue across her lips. Damn, she was beautiful. “Anc
it be so bad if we...?”

ut? The Isaac felt his cock thickening, begging him to just get in the goddar
with her. “We can’t,” Isaac snapped. “We can’t fuck or we won’t be
ne. Myget the marriage annulled. It’s the quickest way to reverse the marriag
ld findengage in intercourse this close to the wedding, we’re in serious trou
self, heone thing, it’s likely to happen again. Especially if it feels as good as
eplacedit would feel.” He took a breath. “And for another, it’s so close
n olderwedding that a lawyer might argue that we basically consummated it a
he saysThen we’re looking at a lengthy divorce process. A ton of paper
Unnecessary costs.”

Peach pouted. She shifted yet again, and he heard the telltale clin
ut also noticed the tiny flutter of her eyelashes as the pleasure no doubt c
pe. Shethrough her. “Oh,” she said. “Well, I don’t want to make things h
oman...you.”

want to *Oh, you're making them hard, babygirl.*

"Hmm," Isaac said, running the sponge down her back, a little love time, brushing the cleft between her ass cheeks, "I guess there are other ways I could penetrate you." He swallowed. "Ways that don't *legally* count as sexual intercourse."

"Suddenly, Peach's eyes shone with hope.

"Get out of the bath, babygirl," Isaac said, his voice deep and certain. Peach did as she was told, holding onto the edge of the rolltop bath

her gorgeous, full body out of it, and stepping onto his bathmat, dripping

He could hardly believe how privileged he was, getting to be that close to her. He couldn't know standing there looking at her right now. Those breasts, man. He could kiss himself for days between them. Just place his head between them, kiss and lick. He would be licking and grabbing great big generous handfuls of her, the luckiest man in the world to be able to touch such a perfectly womanly woman.

But right now, this wasn't a time for kissing and licking.

"I'm going to enter you," Isaac began.

Dutifully, Peach got down onto her knees, opening her mouth wide for him.

But he stopped her. "I'm not going to fuck your mouth this time, baby." She looked up at him, confusion distorting her features. He reached for her mouth, gently closing her jaw, then pushing his finger between her lips, just for a moment, to feel the warmth of her. She sucked him happily,

though he was a pacifier, and every trace of worry disappeared from her face. Slowly, as she sucked, she began rubbing her ass on the bathroom floor, enjoying the sensation of the plug she'd been wearing for over an hour. He knew she'd be ready by now.

"Stand up," he instructed her, "and grab onto the sink."

She did so, and he looked in wonder at the plug, still wedged p
ver thisbetween her cheeks. That cute little teddy bear still looked happy as
er waysbe there.

ount as “Babygirl,” he said, “I’m gonna take your plug out in just a mome
now that you’re nice and stretched from it, I’m going to put my cock in

1. “Yes, Daddy,” said Peach, looking up at the reflection in the mirr
the sink.

, lifting Isaac could scarcely believe how beautiful she looked. Those pou
ng wet. Those sparkling blue eyes. That messy blond hair, curling in soft
he manfrom the steam in the bath.

uld lose Then, he looked back down at her buttocks. So warm and invit
ing andgrabbed hold of his rock-hard cock and guided it firmly between

man incheeks. The bubbly, oily bathwater acted as the perfect lubricant, and
moments, he was squeezing his dick into her tight, hot hole. It was hea

“You’re a good girl, Peach Trimble,” said Isaac, his voice straine
slid deep into her private passage. “Daddy’s very pleased with you ind

ride for “Thank you, sir,” said Peach softly. “It makes me happy to please yo

He noticed that her voice was strained too. Catching as she
bygirl.” Breathless from the pleasure he was giving her.

d down He began to slide in and out, gently at first, as he got the measure
een hermuch she could take. “That okay for you?” he asked, brushing her ha
pily, asfrom her face, so he could see her expressions clearly in the mirror.

er face. “Mm-hmm,” she whispered. “You can do it harder if you want, Dad
n tiles, His cock swelled with excitement inside of her. “Alright, babyg

: said. “Hold on tight.”

He began thrusting in and out of her ass now, rough and ha
unrestrained, grabbing onto her hips so hard his fingers left marks on

perfectly fucked her as though it was the first time in his life he was truly learning to live. He fucked her as though he finally meant it. He fucked her as though everything between them was real. And then, when he came, it felt like he would never stop.

“I love you.”

He rolled over

and kissed her lips.

Her ringlets

were blowing in the wind.

He kissed her ass

and felt her tighten within

his hands.

He kissed her neck

and she moaned.

“I love you.”

He spoke.

He thought of how

she had driven him away

and how

she had said, “I love you.”

He kissed her neck

and she moaned.

fucked her as though it was the first time in his life he was truly learning how to live. He fucked her as though he finally meant it. He fucked her as though everything between them was real. And then, when he came, it felt like he'd never stop.

Chapter Twelve

PEACH

NORMALLY, PEACH WAS A light sleeper. She supposed there was something to do with living alone in a rough part of town. . . . keeping one eye open in case of danger. A squeak at the door. A creaking floorboard. A scream of a siren. A yell of a drunk. There were so many noises in a bad neighborhood of a less-than-ideal city that even if you were safe enough to sleep, the racket would wake you up anyway.

Not so on Star Island. On Star Island, you heard nothing but soft waves, crickets, and your own breath.

And the breath of the man next to you, in Peach's case.

It was only her second night on the island, but already, Peach was sleeping in a brand-new mansion. Isaac's place.

How had things moved so fast? Peach had lain there, in his enormous Alaskan King Size bed, which, according to Isaac, was the biggest-size bed out there. She had tried to think back, looking for clues as to the moment their deal had switched over from pure business to something more. Had his intentions been to dominate her sexually all along? Unlikely, given that he'd been at such pains to explain the fake marriage plan. What about

moment she first entered his home? Unlikely, given how scruffy she'd after running from the airport.

Whenever it had happened, something definitely *had* switched. He'd three times yesterday. Once on her ass while spanking her, once do throat, which was also full of ice-cream, and once inside her pre-st bottom. And, crazy and unexpected as it all had been, she'd loved damn minute of it.

What he hadn't done yet was made *her* come. She got the feeling t part of her punishment yesterday. Teasing her, making her be a good him, making her want to come so fricking badly that she could have hat hadup all night having orgasm after orgasm if he'd let her.

Always The thing was, though, he *didn't* let her. After emptying his loa k of theinside her, he'd given her a pair of his silky pajamas — which o manyperfectly because of her plus-size body — and he'd made her warm n did feelcookies, and he'd tucked her up in his bed and read her fairytales u fell asleep.

t ocean *Cinderella.*

Beauty and the Beast.

Little Red Riding Wolf.

leeping She'd seen something of her own situation in all of them. But ins reading into them too deeply, or getting herself all worked up ab ormousPrince Charming Beast-Wolf who also happened to be her fiancé, s zed bedfallen into a deep, relaxing sleep, and she hadn't stirred once until mor ent that When she woke up, she realized that she had traveled all the way Had histhe huge expanse of mattress, and she had somehow curled up her bo the factthe Little Spoon, her but pressed up against his morning glory.

out the “Morning beautiful,” Isaac whispered in his ear. “You know, you’

looked cute when you're asleep."

"I am?" Peach asked, feeling vulnerable. "Did I snore?"

"Nope," Isaac replied. "You sucked your thumb and mumbled babble all over me. It was adorable."

"If you say so," Peach said, cheeks burning. She started turning around, but Isaac's hand grabbed her wrist in a flash, holding her where she stood.

"Keep that bottom where it is for a minute," he said, pressing his hand against her cheeks. He was in boxers, she was in silk pajamas, but neither of them stopped the two of them doing everything they could to get that bottom staying in place in spite of their clothes.

"Want me to take my jammies off, Daddy?" Peach asked, pressing her bottom cheeks down onto the engorged tip of his cock, as far as they would go before her PJs got in the way.

Isaac growled. "You know I do, babygirl. But I'm not gonna take my hands off your ass this morning."

"You're not?" Peach asked, still rubbing her ass up and down on his hard appendage.

"You better stop that right now, Little one," Isaac said. "Or you'll have to help Daddy mess up his boxers." He grabbed hold of her pajama bottoms instead of whipping them down in one swift movement. Then, he flipped Peach out onto her back.

She squealed, feeling suddenly vulnerable, her legs bare and wide open, pussy fully on display to him for the first time. But she only had to look across the mountain in Isaac's boxers to know that he was happy with what he saw. "Daddy's very proud of you for waiting so patiently for this," he told her.

"It's important that you know that Daddy's in charge of your pleasure, Peach. You're very

orgasm you receive is down to Daddy now. You will come when he wants you to, and you will make Daddy come when he wants it too.”

Peach bit her lip. “And what does Daddy want now?”

Isaac looked into her eyes. “Daddy wants you to come all over his face, babygirl. And when Daddy’s done, he’s going to spray your tits with his cum, and you’re going to lie in his bed, full of his hot cum, while he makes breakfast in bed.”

Peach wriggled on the mattress. “O-o-kay,” she said, trying to sound like she wasn’t already wet and aching for him.

“What you mean to say is ‘Yes, Daddy.’”

“Yes, Daddy,” said Peach. “Yes to all of it, sir.”

Isaac grabbed hold of her thighs, yanking them farther apart, and pushed his face down between her legs, breathing her in.

Peach felt momentarily embarrassed. She’d had a bath last night, but she didn’t know how much of — herself — she smelled of right now. She shouldn’t have worried, though, because almost immediately Isaac was making a noise that showed that he was very pleased with what he’d found. She felt like she’d made all the right moves.

“I could worship this pussy for days, babygirl,” he said, dipping his head down low and running his tongue up her slit until the tip reached her clit.

Peach felt her lips quivering under his touch, slackening and opening for him. She was a little, willing him to enter her. But he didn’t. His tongue stayed fixed on her clit, licking and sucking and working it as she dripped with pleasure for him.

His hands pinned her down, grabbing fistfuls of her soft flesh, holding her down like she was the last woman on earth and he never wanted to let her go.

“I think you’re going to make me...” she panted.

Already, she was soaking the Alaskan King mattress. The white sheet

Daddy Alaska, snowy and pure. The red-hot fire in her pussy, melting the ice cream of her arousal. Fire and ice. Cum and ice-cream. Him and her.

She was full of their contradictions, full of desire for this man whose mouth was opposite, full of shuddering lust for his velvet-smooth mouth and his smooth dick. She arched her back with the impossibility of feeling like you're being held, as though she was trying to escape it, and then suddenly... it escaped her.

She cried out as her body tensed and released, as her moisture dribbled down his mouth and his newly-stubbled chin, as her body gave him what he'd asked of her.

He drank her down like hot melted ice-cream.

And when he was done, he knelt before her, his cock thick and hard against her. A monument to their desire for one another. He took her small hands in his, and he wrapped it around his girth, with his lips pressed against hers, showing her just how fast he liked it, how hard he liked it. She knew how much of it was needed.

And then, at the very same moment that a small moan escaped his lips, a thick jet of cum sprayed across her belly, her nipples, her throat, and he paired it with his pleasure.

He looked down at her, smiling. He dipped his finger in his cum and smeared it across her breast a little farther. "Good," he said. "It suits you." Peach blushed, slightly embarrassed. She'd never have guessed that someone as restrained and nerdy-looking as Isaac would have been so horny in the bedroom. But then most men wouldn't have known that she'd been lying her dirty and happy to surrender to his perverse fantasies either. Maybe they'd never met their match.

"How'd you like your eggs?" Isaac asked her.

She looked down at her body, lined with glistening cum. "Runny," she said.

ce withwith a giggle.

*

was her

l satin- “The eggs were good, Daddy,” Peach said, pushing aside the
; inside foldable table that Isaac had brought to the bed. “Even if I *do* hav
ed her. naughty juice drying all over my skin.”

d down Isaac had finished his breakfast long before her, and seemed to hav
he had enjoying watching her eat. “Daddy could watch you eat breakfast cov
his cum every day,” he said.

upright “If you bring me scrambled eggs and blueberry muffins in bed ev
then it’s a deal,” Peach said.

one of Out of nowhere, Isaac slapped her on the thigh, up near the ass. It w
and on hard slap, though. It was a playful one. It sent ripples of excitement t
it, how her.

“What’s next, Daddy?” she asked. “Are we going to take a
p, a hot together?”

ited her “No,” said Isaac. “That would take us far too long, and we have th
do. Places to be.”

n, then “We do?”

l.” “We do.”

ed that Peach wrinkled her nose. “Don’t you have work today, Daddy?”

o filthy “Yes, but I have two hours until my first meeting. And the office wo
d be so apart without me. So, I figured we could use that time wisely.”

they’d “Like how?”

“Well, I believe I owe you a new stuffie,” said Isaac. “And then.

How about I keep that as a surprise? You’ll find out soon enough.”
she said

Peach clapped her hands together in excitement. “Can we bring Ted
Teddy had stayed with the dog-sitter last night. Isaac had arra
without prompting, surprising Peach with his thoughtfulness.

“You know what?” Isaac said, stroking her forearm. “Why not? Le
Teddy.”

Peach almost fainted with shock. “For real?”

Isaac looked suddenly serious. “For real.”

ered in

*

“I’d forgotten you said you were going to buy me a stuffie!” Peac
carrying her brand new cuddly bear in her arms. “But you know, you
wasn’t adidn’t need to buy me the biggest one in the store!”

The bear was big and white and completely impractical for v
through a busy shopping mall. But the reason Peach had chosen it is b
showerit had looked *very* similar to the one she had worn on the butt plug las
And the thought of that made her feel naughty in a good way.

“You bet I needed to buy you the biggest one in the store,” Isaac
“What kind of Daddy am I if I don’t spoil my Little girl rotten?”

Peach was going to make a playful comment about the fact that s
having to carry the massive bear all by herself, but the fact was
insisted on it. Plus, Isaac was carrying all the other shopping bags, as
on’t fallwalking Teddy. It was amazing to see him holding the leash, walking
as if he was his owner. He looked so comfortable with the dog, it was
believe he was actually an animal-hater. The only problem was th
.. well.since they’d taken the dog out with them, Isaac’s eyes had been pi
watery, and he kept sneezing.

dy?” “You sure you’re okay walking Teddy, Daddy? I mean, with allergies?”

“It’s not so bad so long as we stay outside with him,” Isaac replied. It felt like progress to hear Isaac referring to Teddy as “him” and not “my bear” anymore.

They were at Bal Harbor, an upscale *al fresco* mall. There was an array of luxury designer boutiques, as well as large open courtyards with palm trees, tropical flowers, and limestone fountains. There was Chanel. Gucci. And of course, the fanciest toy store she’d ever set foot in. It made Bal Harbor look like the most basic place in the world. Not that her new bear was going to be any more loved than her build-A-Bear stuffie of Chase. Peach had room in her heart for endless stuffies. But it was true that the bear she’d been given just now was always going to be extremely special.

“You thought of a name for that bear yet?” Isaac asked as they wandered around a pond full of exotic koi carp.

Peach thought for a moment. “Hey, how about Alaska? He’s big, but not too big for our Alaskan-sized bed!” The moment she said that, her heart lurched.

Our bed. Isaac’s bed didn’t belong to her. They weren’t an “us” or a “we,” and she didn’t want to sound presumptuous or greedy. He was letting her stay in the mansion of her very own. With a bed of her very own. Last night was a bit of fun. Okay, a *lot* of fun. But that was all.

“You know what?” Isaac replied. “I think you’re right. But there’s only one way to know for sure.”

Peach stopped walking and turned to him. “There is?”

“We’d better take him home and put it to the test.”

h your Peach felt herself growing dizzy with lust. Was Isaac suggesting w
thought he was suggesting? Another long session between his
Another night pretending that they were about to become Mr. An
not “it” Righton for real?

She looked into Isaac’s eyes. Dark and serious behind those black-
array of glasses. She looked at his chin, sprouting with stubble because he’d sp
n trees, morning giving her pleasure instead of giving *himself* a shave. His m
Prada physique. She’d seen his cock. She’d tasted it. She’d watched it squ
uild-A-all over her. But she hadn’t even seen his torso yet. His abs. His pecs.
ear was *I want you, Isaac Righton. I want you bad.*

. Peach “Babygirl?” he said, looking amused.

ir she’d “Yes, Daddy?”

“You’re drooling, darling.”

auvered “Oh!” Peach wiped her chin, embarrassed, but Isaac didn’t seem b
by her faux-pas. In fact, he seemed to like it when she was a little
but not “So, are we going back now then?” she asked, trying to distract him fr
tummy fact she’d literally just slobbered while thinking about his big Daddy

“Or are we going to do a bit more shopping? Maybe check out G
Prada? Or one of those other stores with an Italian name I can’t pronou
e”. She Isaac smiled. “I think we’ve shopped ’til we’ve dropped.”

ay in a It was true. Isaac had been so generous. He’d bought Peach eight ne
s just a of Agent Provocateur panties costing over a hundred dollars a pair. Th
a pair with pink ribbons down the front, which actually opened if you
’s only them, making them into crotchless panties. There was a lilac pair with
cherry on. A black pair with DADDY’S GIRL written on it in crystals
of course he had to get for her. There was also a pair he bought with

hat she looking from the bridal section, and she was so impatient to find out if she could have exploded.

id Mrs. Plus, he'd bought her some other naughty lingerie. Bodysuits and corsets and playsuits that were basically just collars with chains attached. All of the framed things, he said, would show off her curves.

ent the He'd bought her some cute pink sequin sneakers from designer footwear store Addict too, plus a t-shirt with strawberries all over it from Monroville. The t-shirt cum store meant for kids, but she saw the top in the window and fell in love with it so Isaac got it for her. He told her he didn't mind if she spilled out a little bit. In fact, he said, he'd like that.

"You're right, Daddy," she said. "We'll go back then."

"Not yet," Isaac told her firmly. "There's something we gotta do first. Something about that tone made Peach freeze. "There is?"

othered "Mm-hmm," he said, looking her in the eye. "Brunch."

foolish. Peach sighed with relief. "Oh, right! Brunch! But... you made me vomit from the breakfast this morning. Isn't it a little early?"

y-dong. "I'm building up quite the appetite when I'm around you," said Isaac. "Besides, this place does the best buttermilk pancakes."

ince?" Peach rubbed her tummy in anticipation. "It's a date."

"Good," he said. "But before you go in, I want you to go change into a new pair of pants first pair of panties. The purple ones with the cherry. I want your pussy to be thinking about me while you eat."

l pulled Peach wanted to say: *My pussy's always thinking about you, Daddy*. But she didn't, because she was a good girl.

, which

out her

looking from the bridal section, and she was so impatient to find out what he'd got she could have exploded.

Plus, he'd bought her some other naughty lingerie. Bodysuits and corsets and playsuits that were basically just collars with chains attached. All of these things, he said, would show off her curves.

He'd bought her some cute pink sequin sneakers from designer footwear store Addict too, plus a t-shirt with strawberries all over it from Monnalisa, a store meant for kids, but she saw the top in the window and fell in love with it so Isaac got it for her. He told her he didn't mind if she spilled out of it a little bit. In fact, he said, he'd like that.

"You're right, Daddy," she said. "We'll go back then."

"Not yet," Isaac told her firmly. "There's something we gotta do first."

Something about that tone made Peach freeze. "There is?"

"Mm-hmm," he said, looking her in the eye. "Brunch."

Peach sighed with relief. "Oh, right! Brunch! But... you made me breakfast this morning. Isn't it a little early?"

"I'm building up quite the appetite when I'm around you," said Isaac. "Besides, this place does the best buttermilk pancakes."

Peach rubbed her tummy in anticipation. "It's a date."

"Good," he said. "But before you go in, I want you to go change into your first pair of panties. The purple ones with the cherry. I want your pussy to be thinking about me while you eat."

Peach wanted to say: *My pussy's always thinking about you, Daddy.* But she didn't, because she was a good girl.

Chapter Thirteen

ISAAC

ISAAC FELT NERVOUS AS they headed for the French brasserie because he thought she wouldn't like the restaurant. He knew she'd go into it. A fun and funky France-meets-Florida eatery, with *fruits de mer* for the first time in Florida.

No. The thing he hadn't told her yet, the whole reason they were here in fact, was because he'd arranged a surprise for her. The kind of surprise she was going to hate at first. But hopefully, over the next half hour or so, she'd see a kind of surprise that would mean the world to her.

Isaac had invited her friends to lunch: Daisy and Kiera. They were here because the reason that Peach had been crying when he'd seen her in Dade-D Bar, he'd suggested they fake-marry one another. But the reason Peach had been crying was because she felt like her friends didn't care about her and Isaac knew that was impossible. You didn't meet a girl like Peach and go off her. In fact, the girl had a way of growing on you that was an erection.

"I don't even know what a brasserie is," said Peach nervously, when she returned from the public bathroom, where she'd changed into her

panties just as he'd asked. She told him the soft fabric tickled her pussy bit, which was perfect. He wanted her to remember that her pussy belonged to him from now on.

"There's something you should know before we get there," he told her.

"Let me guess," she replied. "We're gonna have to leave Teddy outside." Hearing his name, Teddy looked up at Peach and whined.

"It's okay, boy," said Isaac to the dog. "You can stay with us. I got a table outside. But you're gonna have to sit on the other side of the table from me."

He had to admit, the dog was cute. It made his eyes itch like hell but he didn't mind. Not a ton of attitude, especially with that little topknot Peach had given him. He'd been starting to view the dog as an extension of Peach. You didn't want to die without the other. Teddy was part of Peach. And if he wanted to be close to her, he had to be close to the canine too. It was worth having his eyes itched here, in like hell.

Unfortunate that Teddy couldn't come into his house until he'd gotten the cat. He'd probably smell the thing in an instant and start chasing over the house. Yesterday, he'd had to keep it shut downstairs so that they didn't find it. He just didn't want her getting the wrong impression the day him. Thinking he was some kind of pet-loving Papa. He was probably had been frankly, that she'd fall for him under false pretenses.

But... was she falling for him anyway?

Peach And, more to the point... was he falling for her?

No. Surely not. It was way too soon for that. It was just lust. Nothing more. And as soon as he'd married her, and as soon as they'd having marriage annulled, they'd probably test out their feelings with a proper cherry and they'd realize that was all it had been: a desire to have the un-

lips a “Is that what you were going to tell me?” Peach asked impatiently
elonged you got us a table outside?”

Isaac stopped staring at the dog and looked back at Peach. “No.
er. something else. I wanted to tell you that we’re going to have company
side?” “Company?” Peach looked over at the restaurant nervously. “Is
Daddy friends?”

got us a “No, actually,” Isaac replied. “It’s your Little friends.”

table to Peach took a step back. “Oh. No. That’s very kind of you but I can’t

“Sweetheart,” Isaac told her. “We’re getting married tomorrow. I
it it had your best friends. I’d never forgive myself if we didn’t at least invite th
him. He “The invitations are ready?” Peach asked.

get one “They’re in my bag.”

close to “But what if they... what if they say no? What if they try to stop me
yes itch if they don’t believe that we...?”

Isaac gripped her shoulder and gave it a squeeze. “That’s a lot of w
n rid of baby girl. Let’s go find out, shall we? And then we’ll take it from there
ig it all Peach looked up at him, and it almost broke his heart to see how
t Peach trust there was in her eyes. Not because she wasn’t right to trust him –
1 about felt like such an honor. To have someone so pure and sweet relying on
worried, completely. He couldn’t let her down.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s go fill our bellies with pancakes. And
your best buddies to the greatest wedding in town.”

“I don’t know...” said Peach, walking quietly behind him, hiding
ng less, her bear as they approached the restaurant.

got the

er fuck,

able.

*

“That Daisy and Kiera had both turned up, which was something. Daisy right at home in a place like this. Since she’d gotten engaged to Montague she’d started wearing expensive clothes from a specialist Little Black Dress designer who’d partnered up with Daddies Inc. She wore a dress covered in sunflowers today, though she wasn’t smiling herself.”

Kiera, a redhead with red freckles and more of a punky look, looked slightly out of place. The piercings. The blue hair. The green lipstick. “...” like she’d teleported here from the 1980s and didn’t quite know what to do. “They’re off it.”

“What’s going on, Daisy?” asked Kiera. “Why are we here? And who’s the dog-phobic dude the one who invited us?”

Peach cast Isaac an apologetic glance, then looked back at her friend. “What’s so good to see you both,” she said, an anxious wobble evident in her voice. “Thank you for coming.”

“What if,” said Daisy. “I thought you were back in Connecticut?” said good-bye at the airport. Did you come back already? Does that have anything to do with that text you sent me, asking for Isaac’s number?” – it just Daisy looked at Isaac now. “Isaac. Is Peach in some kind of trouble?”

Isaac didn’t know Daisy too well, in spite of the fact she was engaged to his best friend and worked in his office. Montague liked to keep Daisy out of himself outside of work, which was fair enough given how busy they were. When Montague managed to get time off, he wanted to spend it with his girl. Isaac got that. But it meant that he only really knew Daisy in a business capacity. And since she was Montague’s PA, not his, he didn’t know her that well in a business capacity either.

“Everything’s okay, Daisy,” he told her. “Trust me.”

Daisy looked wary. “I’m assuming she sent you an angry message”

lookedgave her your number. She was mad at you for telling her to take Te
ntague,of the Daddies Inc offices. But—“

outique “It’s not that,” Isaac told her. As he spoke to Daisy, he could fee
smilinggiving him daggers. She was a tough cookie, that one. He had to get th

for Peach’s sake. “Peach and I didn’t get off to the best start,” he sai
seemedtrue. But... things have developed between us since then. We’ve bo
. It washaving a lot of strong feelings. Feelings that have been difficult to ignc
o make He looked at Peach, sitting there in that little dress. He pictured the
panties on her perfect little pussy. The pussy he’d sucked and tast
y’s themorning, the pussy that had climaxed on the tip of his tongue.

“We’re getting married,” he said, cutting to the chase.

ls. “It’s Daisy’s face turned instantly pale. “You’re *what?*”

r voice. “To *you?*“ Kiera asked rudely. Clearly, she wasn’t his biggest fan.

“Yes,” Peach said, cutting in. “I’m marrying Isaac. He’s a good m
cut. Wewe... we... we...”

is have “We have feelings for one another,” Isaac said, helping her out.

mber?” “Yes,” Peach said, smiling gratefully. “We have feelings for one and

The pancakes arrived at the table and everyone remained silent,
aged tomoment they had gone, Daisy said: “Why didn’t you tell me somethi
Daisy togoing on between you? Why didn’t you tell me you never made it
hey allConnecticut? Why am I only hearing about this now?” Her eyes fill
it withtears. “I thought we were best friends.”

sy in a Kiera huffed. “She thinks she’s too good for us now. With her r
r’t evendesigner teddy bear.”

Alaska the bear was so big that the restaurant had given him a sea
very own, next to Peach. It had seemed fun to Isaac, like somethi
: after I

ddy outcould have all laughed about. It wasn't fair of Kiera to make fun of t
like that. Just ten minutes ago, Alaska had made Peach so happy.

l Kiera Suddenly, Daisy leaned forward. "Wait," she said. "Did Montagu
his rightabout this?"

id. "It's "I asked him not to tell you for a day or two," Isaac told her. "It's m
th beenThings were just moving so fast, and I wanted to be sure—"

ore." "You asked my Daddy to lie to me?"

cherry "Told you he was bad news," Kiera said with a snort.

ted this Fuck. This wasn't going well at all. Isaac squeezed Peach's hand ur
table to give her support. She didn't squeeze back.

"I know this is a lot to take in," Isaac said. "But Peach and I would
like you to be there. At the wedding. And I'm sure when you see how
we are—"

an, and "You're talking about the wedding like it's about to happen al
Daisy said, raising an eyebrow. "When is it happening? In a weel
month? In a year?"

other." Isaac reached into his pocket, pulling out two pristine invi
but theHopefully, these would show Daisy and Kiera what a good guy Isa
ing wasHe'd had them made with a gold leaf border, and in the center, ther
back tocartoon depiction of Peach and himself. They had both been drawn
ed withlike members of PAW Patrol. He was Chase, in a police uniform. S

Skye, in a pink pilot's outfit. It was the first time Peach had se
nassiveinvitations too, and he heard the breath catch in her throat.

"What the heck?" said Daisy, picking up one of the invitations and
t of hisat it. She didn't seem interested in the cartoon dog versions of him and
ng theyShe was staring at the words. "You're getting married *tomorrow*? At l
Bar?"

he bear Peach took a look at the invitation, her lower lip trembling. “I
Apparently so.”

e know Daisy stood up, her chair screeching on the polished floor as she
“Come on, Kiera. We’re leaving.”

ly fault. “But... but... pancakes...” Peach said.

“Eff the pancakes!” Daisy hissed, tears streaming down her cheeks.
knew that her Daddy would have been very angry to hear her cuss
that, but at least she’d said it quiet enough that nobody else could hear.
nder the After that, Daisy stormed off.

Kiera watched her go, then stood up too. “If you wanted to punish
d really moving to Miami, you could have done it in a less mean way,” Kie
/ happy frowning. “You just ruined Daisy’s wedding. Some friend you are.”

Kiera left too, and Peach turned to Isaac, unable to hold back the tea
ready,” “Oh, darling,” Isaac said. “I’m so sorry. I was trying to do somethin
k? In a I messed up.”

Tears fell heavily on Peach’s cheeks, and then, finally, she stopped
tations. She shuddered a few times as the tears died down, then her exp
ac was. became blank and unreadable.

e was a There was a long, terrible moment of silence between them
to look imagined the many ways that Peach might have been about to break c
he was wedding.

en the “I hate having to lie to my friends,” she said, whimpering. “That’s
couldn’t see them before the wedding.”

glaring “But sweetheart,” Isaac said, stroking her face, wiping away her tea
l Peach. his thumb. “That’s the thing. I didn’t say one word of a lie to them.”

Dade-D Peach looked away, as if trying to remember all the things that they
Eventually, she turned to him. “Nor did I, Daddy.” She looked down

er, yes. invitation, running her finger over the gold leaf. “This is really beautiful
know.”

did so. “Like you,” Isaac replied. It was corny, but he didn’t care. This was
girl of his made him feel feelings he thought he’d never get the chance
feel.

s. Isaac “I still want to marry you,” Peach said softly.

ng like “I still want to marry you,” Isaac replied.

. “And I still want to eat all my pancakes,” Peach said with a small grin.

“That’s my girl,” Isaac replied. He pushed Daisy’s plate a little closer
1 us forhers. “And you know what? It looks like today’s brunch just turned
ra said, All You Can Eat buffet. So don’t stop until your belly aches.”

Peach laughed a big laugh now. “Okay, Daddy. Anyone would
rs. you’re trying to fatten me up for this wedding.”

ing nice. “All I want is for you to stay exactly as you are, Peach Trimble,
replied. And he meant it.

crying. Just then, a man in an orange jacket walked up to them. He was
ressionfifties, with a long, gray ponytail and a scruffy beard.

“Sorry to interrupt your meal,” he said, “but have you heard about
. Isaac Defenders of Wildlife charity? I’m collecting donations for them today
off their Isaac felt his blood start to boil. He was in the middle of a moment.

brunch. There was a time and a place to ask for handouts and this was
s why I of them.

“Not interested,” he grunted, with a dismissive wave of the hand.
rs withus alone.”

The man walked away, and when Isaac turned around to look at Peach
’d said. was open-mouthed with shock. “The Defenders of Wildlife are amazing
1 at the

ful, you said. “They help sea turtles and polar bears and manatees. We should
listened to the guy.”

nderful Isaac smiled at her. “I’d rather listen to you telling me which p
ance to topping you prefer: this one, that one, or all of them.”

Peach smiled, but he knew that he had messed up a bit. He’d be
make it up to her later.

ggle.

loser to

into an

d think

” Isaac

s in his

out the

l.”

Having

n’t one

“Leave

ich, she

ig,” she

said. “They help sea turtles and polar bears and manatees. We should have listened to the guy.”

Isaac smiled at her. “I’d rather listen to you telling me which pancake topping you prefer: this one, that one, or all of them.”

Peach smiled, but he knew that he had messed up a bit. He’d be sure to make it up to her later.

Chapter Fourteen

PEACH

PEACH LOOKED DOWN AT her panties as she peed. They were exquisite. The most expensive thing to have ever touched her parts, that was for sure.

She was peeing like a racehorse. Back at the restaurant, she'd drunk too much juice, and eaten so many pancakes, that she could have spent the rest of the day lying on the couch groaning, rubbing her belly, and watching cartoons. But Isaac had other ideas.

He wasn't at home right now. He'd had to go to work after the restaurant which had sucked given how crappy the meeting with her friends had been. Plus there had been that weird thing with the Defenders of Wildlife. Sure, he'd interrupted their breakfast to ask them for money and that didn't seem quite right. But at the end of the day, the endangered species world needed urgent help and Isaac could have been more considerate.

Still, it wasn't like he wasn't considerate with *her*. He'd arranged for a driver to pick her up, and she'd enjoyed looking at all her new things in the house. She was wearing her new sparkly sneakers indoors, which was fine because they were brand new and clean. And she had put

strawberry t-shirt, which was definitely too tight, especially after all the pancakes, but it was super cute so what did it matter?

Then, of course, there was Alaska. The biggest teddy bear in history. She'd have to wait until tonight to see if he fit in Isaac's bed. What if he let her sleep with him. Everything felt so unknown right now. She was getting married tomorrow. Did that mean she had to spend the night with him? She wasn't sure if it was bad luck to spend the night with her husband if it was only ever going to be a fake wedding.

But... was it fake?

Isaac had pretty much admitted to her at the restaurant that he had feelings for her. But as for what those feelings were, she wasn't exactly sure. She privately knew what *her* feelings were. They were backflips in her tummy. They were fireworks in her brain and sparkles in her secret place.

It was confusing, though, because at a time like this, she would have expected nothing more than to celebrate with Kiera and Daisy. They'd be so happy for her if they understood how good she felt when she was with him. And she'd be so very, very angry if they knew that the marriage was a fake.

Oh, it was all so complicated. But right now, Daddy had given Peach no more orders. "Go home," he'd told her, "and spend some time in Little Space before anyone is due to get here. You have another hour of free time on your schedule before anyone is due to get here, and I want you to use it wisely."

"Is watching cartoons in my underwear using my time wisely, Daddy?" she'd asked him, fluttering her lashes.

"Nope," he'd replied. "Cartoons are for good girls who've had a busy and active day. I want you to do one of the following activities: color, dance, or come up with a new dance routine, or having a stuffie tea party."

Peach had known instantly which of those appealed to her. "I can in

ll those Chase and Alaska!” she had said, clapping her hands together.

When Isaac had said goodbye to her, he’d given her a small kiss human lips. It struck her that it was the first time that they’d kissed, and it felt That is, His warmth, his realness, up close and personal with her in public. I he was feel like they were putting on a show, like they were nothing but b alone? partners concocting a sneaky plan. It felt like he had wanted to kiss her d-to-be like he had wanted to push his body up against hers and... claim her.

She shivered with lust, trying not to think naughty thoughts as she finished peeing. Wearing these panties, being alone in the house... feelings enough to put ideas in her head... But Daddy had told her she wasn’t a re. She to touch herself without his permission. Daddy had told her to spend ey were time in Little Space. So that was what she was going to do.

She came out of the bathroom and lifted Alaska up off the couch. ve liked here, big boy,” she told him. She placed him on one of the tall stool ppy for kitchen counter. Being even wider than a human being, he wobbled a l they’d begin with. “Sit nicely for the tea party,” she told him. “I have a very guest to introduce to you.”

h some Alaska smiled happily at her and she couldn’t help thinking about ce. You plug that had stretched her wide in preparation for Daddy’s cock last n to visit “Ooof,” she said. “It’s going to be hard not to think naughty thought you around, Alaska, my boy.”

daddy?” She took the elevator upstairs to her bedroom, trying to find Cha room was a mess. She’d only spent one night there so far, but she’d c alanced her clothes and toys around so chaotically it looked like a bomb had g ring in, “Oops,” she said to herself. “Daddy wouldn’t like this.”

Before she’d set foot here, Isaac’s place had been completely pristi troduce guessed that was probably quite easy when you had as many people v

for you as he did. Plus, it seemed like before she came along, he had lived in the office. Even so, she couldn't imagine him doing anything as magic as throwing his clothes across the room! He wasn't that sort of guy that didn't before she'd met him, she'd have probably mocked a guy like that. Business him boring or a Serious Sam.

r. It felt But being around him was rubbing off on her. She wanted to be a who had nice things. There was no shame in that. Everybody wanted nice things, didn't they? And if she had nice things, she was going to have them nice.

allowed Before she knew what she was doing, she was folding up pants and hanging up shirts in the closet. She was arranging toys on her dresser even humming to herself happily as she did it. All the while, Teddy "Come up at her with his head cocked to one side.

s at the *What is my human doing?* he seemed to be asking. *Why is my human doing this tidying thing? She's never done it before! Should I be concerned?*

special In spite of Teddy's judgy face, it was satisfying work. It even made her tummy feel better to be moving around like this.

the butt By the time she was done, Chase was looking impatient with her.

right. "I want a tea party! Ruff!" he barked at her.

its with "Sorry, Chasey," she said. "Let's go downstairs and meet Alaska."

She walked downstairs, deciding that Daddy would prefer her to be on the ground instead of taking the elevator again. But she let Chase slide down the banister because she was trying to get back into Little Space after all that she'd done off tidying up she'd just done.

Alaska was right where she'd left him, like a good bear, and she was sitting on the countertop opposite him. She Chase down on the countertop opposite him.

working "You two have absolutely nothing in common," she told them, "but

basically you're going to get on swimmingly."

as wild She grabbed two of the smallest mugs from the cupboard and placed them on the table. And down in front of the stuffies.

Called "Oh, I almost forgot," she said. "Alaska, you should probably know Chase smells of bubblegum. And he makes this noise."

person Peach squished Chase's tummy and the PAW Patrol theme tune played out of the muffled speaker inside him.

to treat Immediately, Teddy began yelping with that fingernails-on-chalkboard bark of his. Then, he began running around, chasing an intruder, growling at pairs of shoes, ornaments, and even the coffee timer. The song played.

looked Peach couldn't stop laughing. "Teddy, you silly-billy! It's just Chase playing in Chase's tummy! But it's good to know you're such an *alpha* guard dog!"

Teddy looked up at her and she lifted up the Chase toy. "Look, Peach, I squished the tummy again, trying to show Teddy where the noise had come from. The second the song started up again, Teddy began his crazy running around the house even faster this time, knocking over an expensive-looking Greek-style vase.

Time seemed to slow down to a standstill as the vase tumbled down. Peach reached her hands out toward it, but there was no chance of getting to it in time.

sensible "No!" screamed Peach as the vase shattered to pieces. Just as she was about to pick up, she heard a deep voice above her.

placed "Ms. Trimble," it said. "It's time to get your life in order."

I think

*

Peach was sitting on the couch with a cup of coffee in one hand and the questionnaire in the other.

Opposite her was Dan, her life coach. They'd spent a little time together the other day, but hadn't done much because she'd been so busy and

Today though, it seemed like Dan had plenty of things for them to discuss. Today he was dressed more like a sports coach than a life coach, and he had a whistle around his neck.

"Well?" Dan asked. "Have you had a chance to answer all the questions?"

"I... I don't think I can answer any of them," Peach said unsurely.

Dan tapped his fingers on the arm of the couch with an air of impatience.

Peach wondered why Isaac had even booked a life coach for her. Was it because he'd seen her crying in Dade-D Bar? Was it because he thought her life was a mess?

Dan took the questionnaire off her. "Let's go through some of the questions. Here." He pointed at one of the early questions. "What would you consider your primary objective in life?"

"Um. To have a good time?"

Dan chuckled. "Well, sure. But what drives you? A desire for wealth? A desire to help others?"

"Both, I guess?" said Peach uncertainly.

"Alright," said Dan. "Let's examine that. You're about to receive a sum of money. Do you want to use the majority of it to live a life of luxury or do you want to do something altruistic with it? What would make you happiest?" He smiled at her. "There's no wrong answer."

"I kind of feel like there is, though," said Peach. "When you ask that, I feel like there's no way I can say I want to keep even a single

l and a the money for myself.”

Dan raised his eyebrows. “Seriously? You can’t make others happy together you’re happy yourself. Do you own your own home, Ms. Trimble? I’d tired. have a healthcare plan in place?”

lo. Dan Peach pouted. “Isn’t this a conversation for my financial advisor?”

whistle “You can only be advised about how to use your finances when we out what you want. I promise you, nobody’s going to call you selfish ions?” want to make plans to spend all of this money on yourself. Look a He’s built this empire. Do you think *he’s* selfish?” Dan gestured around a luxurious Mediterranean-style mansion, then out of the window, toward the rest of the compound. Was it

ight her “I never thought about it before, but... I guess he is,” said Peach. She felt a sting of guilt in her gut as she said that. “But then, he bought me a easier wonderful stuff this morning. So, maybe he’s *not* selfish. He’s too good for you say to be selfish. But maybe I could say he’s... a consumer? And maybe I could say that consumers are... greedy?” She suddenly gasped and remembered what had happened at the brasserie. “He’s dead. alth? A uncharitable.”

“You seem to be asking me a lot of questions,” said Dan. “I’m the one to ask you. I just want to help you realize. You’re about to receive ten a large dollars, Ms. Trimble. That’s a life-changing amount of money. luxury, overwhelming amount of money. It’s important that this money bring like you happiness. And for that to happen, we need to figure out what it is you

Peach took a few long, deep breaths, trying to steady herself.

it like *What I want.*

cent of *What do I want?*

She’d spent so many years volunteering at the rescue center, giving

the community, that she'd gotten carried away with the luxury and joy until that Isaac's company had offered her. But she knew, deep down, that in the long term, she'd want more.

"I need an ambition," she said quietly. "Something big. Like I used to have, back when I was a little girl."

Dan grinned. "What did you used to want? When you were a little girl?" "Before I worked at the animal rescue center," Peach said, "I wanted to own one."

"Now there's something for us to think about," said Dan, scribbling the bunch of notes down on the paper with excitement.

Peach felt excitement running through her too. But along with the excitement, she felt fear. Because she knew, deep down, that Isaac's company was all this part of her big plan. Isaac Righton was a sexy, rich, demanding, generous man. But... he hated animals. And he maybe hated charity too. He definitely wasn't the sort of man who would spend all his money on a pet rescue center... And Peach was. It was time for her to do some real good in this world.

ne here
million
y. An
igs you
want."

back to

the community, that she'd gotten carried away with the luxury and glamor that Isaac's company had offered her. But she knew, deep down, that in the long term, she'd want more.

"I need an ambition," she said quietly. "Something big. Like I used to have, back when I was a little girl."

Dan grinned. "What did you used to want? When you were a little girl?"

"Before I worked at the animal rescue center," Peach said, "I wanted to own one."

"Now there's something for us to think about," said Dan, scribbling a bunch of notes down on the paper with excitement.

Peach felt excitement running through her too. But along with that excitement, she felt fear. Because she knew, deep down, that Isaac couldn't be part of her big plan. Isaac Righton was a sexy, rich, demanding Daddy. But... he hated animals. And he maybe hated charity too. He definitely wasn't the sort of man who would spend all his money on a pet rescue center... And Peach was. It was time for her to do some real good in this world.

Chapter Fifteen

ISAAC

WAKING UP ON THE morning of his wedding, Isaac decided the Alaskan-sized bed had never felt bigger. Or lonelier.

Why had he bought such a huge mattress when he lived all by himself? And, more to the point, why had Peach told him that she wanted to spend the night at her place last night?

He knew that the brunch with Daisy and Kiera had gone badly. And he felt terribly guilty about that. But aside from that, they'd had a wonderful morning together. He'd made her come for the first time. Then *he'd* covered her beautiful body and made her breakfast in bed. He'd bought her some of the sexiest, cutest luxury items that Bal Harbor had to offer. He'd cooked her so many pancakes she looked fit to burst.

What had gone wrong?

He had hoped that she'd have been fired up by the time he returned from work last night. She'd had a meeting with a life coach, which he would have been positive for her. As her Daddy, her fiancé, a benefactor, it was important to him that she felt good about the money she was about to receive. That she had a plan in place for how she'd like to

They'd had fun at the mall, of course, but retail therapy wasn't the and-end-all — far from it. Isaac knew better than anyone that money cure all your problems. And having a lot of it in your pocket but no idea what to spend it all on, actually made you kinda miserable.

That's why he'd loved taking Peach to the mall, actually. And having her in his life in general. It felt so good buying her things. To be a giver, a receiver, for once.

Last night, though, she'd told him she'd needed some space.

And he respected that.

It just felt really fucking lonely without her.

that his *Miiiiiiaow!*

"Alright, Itchy," said Isaac, looking down at the kitten trying to jump onto his mattress. "I guess I'm not alone with you here."

Itchy gave up trying to climb onto the bed and started chasing Montague instead.

"You really are a silly thing," Isaac said, surprised by how tender he felt when speaking to the creature. Bit by bit, the animal had grown on him. He had stopped chasing up his PA to find a home for it. Had started to care that maybe, just maybe, this was his life now. He was... a cat person.

"Oh dear, Itchy," he said. "I think that girl is making me soft. I'm soft to animals now."

Itchy paid him no attention whatsoever, and continued chasing his tail. Isaac got out of bed and checked his watch. Three hours until the wedding. Montague and Bastion were due over in a while. His best men. They weren't happy about the wedding, but they were going along with it.

Before they arrived, Isaac would need a shower and a shave. He just didn't use it. He didn't feel like showering or shaving right now though. He wanted to see

he-all-had a few gifts to give her, but really, the gifts were kind of an excuse. He didn't need to talk to her.

o damn He gathered his stuff together and headed for Peach's mansion.

pressed the doorbell, he felt nervous all of a sudden. Like he was a teenager again, waiting to see if the girl he liked wanted to go out with him.

not just Finally, she answered the door, and his anxiety didn't dissipate. If anything, it got worse.

She looked a-ma-zing.

She was wearing an open pink satin dressing gown, with a white nightgown underneath. The fabric of the nightgown was so thin it was almost see-through. He could make out her coral-colored nipples and her panties too. She was jumping up wearing the special bridal underwear he'd bought her. In fact, he could see her bare pussy, with that lick of blond hair at the top of it. His pants tightened.

"Isaac," she said with a rigid smile. It felt strange to hear him call her by his voice that, and not "Daddy".

on him. "Peach," he said awkwardly. "Can I come in?"

o accept Peach nodded. "Of course."

She led him into the kitchen and he was surprised by how tidy it was. Not perfect, but nothing like the mess he'd seen last time he was here.

He set down his leather briefcase on the countertop and took a seat on a stool beside it. "I have some things for you," he said.

eddling. "Isn't it bad luck to see me the morning of the wedding?" Peach asked.

ey still "Doesn't feel very unlucky," Isaac said with a smile. "Feels quite the opposite, actually."

t didn't Peach didn't smile back. She looked strangely terrified.

her. He "Darling," he said, "you know, if you're having second thoughts,

use. He completely understand. I know I got you to sign a bunch of paperwork
there was a get-out clause in there. If the idea of marrying me is making
As he unhappy, then—”

teenager “No,” Peach said quickly. “It’s not that.”

Isaac inwardly sighed with relief. “Then what is it, cupcake?”

date. If “It’s...” Peach wrung her hands. “It’s just what happens afterward.”

Isaac tried to read her expression. Was she worried about him leaving?

Or was she worried that he wouldn’t want to leave?

nightie “Babygirl,” he said, “all this stuff that’s happened between us... it
hrough. very quick and very intense...” He felt his lips grow dry. “But for
wasn’t been a blast. No. That makes it sound unimportant. It’s been
d make *changing*.”

is cock Peach didn’t look horrified by that idea, but she didn’t look over
either.

ing her “Look,” Isaac said, “it’s important you know that you’re in control in
terms of our relationship *and* our marriage.”

Peach bit her thumbnail. “In control how?”

“Well obviously, in a Dom-sub relationship, there’s an illusion that
looked. Dom is the one who holds all the power. But deep down, it’s the sub who
control. You set the limits. As your Dom, I’m here to serve you. If you
t on the want is for a man to take control in the bedroom, that’s what you get
only if you want it. And only for as long as you want it.”

ed. Peach nodded. “Okay.”

ite the “And as for the marriage... If you’re feeling weird about the idea of
wedding, we don’t have to do it, you know. I’d completely understand
took a deep breath. “In fact, if you want to have a *real* relationship ar
ights, I the wedding, then I’m up for that.”

ork, but Peach suddenly looked pale. “I’m just... not sure...”

ing you Isaac nodded. “I think I get it now. You want to get married but you sure about our relationship?”

Peach’s cheeks turned crimson. “I don’t know. It’s not that I do you, Da— I mean, Isaac. I just have to think about how my life is g change after we... after I get...”

ng her? Isaac stood up. “Sweetheart. I understand totally. Honestly. I promi offering you a huge sum of money. That’s a once-in-a-lifetime opportu ’s beendo something big. There’s no reason why I should factor into your me, it’sWe’ve only known each other five minutes. Like I said, you’re in c .. *life*-And I respect your decision — whatever it is.”

“Thank you,” said Peach, wiping definite tears from her eyes. “I just enjoyedlife coach said... Never mind. It’s all good. I appreciate you coming to me.”

here. In He opened up his leather satchel and began taking out a variety of c “On the subject of luck, I brought you a variety of objects which I hc make you very lucky indeed.”

hat the He lined them up before her.

who’s in *Something old: a brooch with a picture of a horse on it.*

hat you “It was my mother’s,” he told her. “She loved horses.”

get. But *Something new: a white handkerchief with “Peach Trimble” embri on it in pink.*

“I thought you might like something with your true name on it. Yo f a fakePeach Righton for a while, until the marriage is annulled. This is just id.” Hereminder for you of who you really are inside.”

id ditch *Something borrowed: a pocket book from Miami-Dade Public l entitled: Fairytales for Girls.*

“I thought I could read them to you at bedtime,” said Isaac. “If you don’t share a bed, that is.”

“These are wonderful,” she blurted. “That’s so kind of you.”

“I’ve been saving the best until last,” he told her. “Something blushing looked around. “Where’s Teddy?”

She pointed to a scruffy little heap in the corner, and he became aware of the sound of Teddy snoring.

“Ah,” he said. “When he wakes up, you can give this to him.” He pulled a small blue bow tie out of the bag.

Peach burst out laughing. “Wow. He’s going to look so freaking good in that thing! And it’s okay. You can put it on him now if you like.”

Isaac suddenly felt like this was a test. He’d walked Teddy on the porch yesterday, but now Peach was asking him to touch him. A week ago he’d never have done it with his allergies. But today, he was going to give in to her demands. He took the bow tie over to Teddy, and, carefully, he tied it around his neck. His eyes itched a little, but he survived. So did Teddy, by the looks of it. He cast Isaac a lazy look and then settled back down to sleep again. The bow tie looked perfect on him. Funny, cute, and charming, all at once.

“Hey,” said Peach. “You didn’t even sneeze.”

Isaac grinned. “I got a shot yesterday. It’s one of the things I was busy with after I left you. I started a course of immunotherapy. Felt like it was a relief to deal with my allergies.”

Peach put her hand to her mouth. “You did that for me?”

Isaac shrugged. “Well, for you and for Teddy. And for furry critters everywhere, I guess.”

Peach looked over at Teddy, then up at Isaac. “So... you don’t like animals?” Isaac shook his head. “No. Of course not. I’m just wary of

want to. Been hard to get close to them seeing as they literally make me ill.”

Peach nodded. “That makes sense. I’d be wary too if I had allergies.” Peach had an excited glint in her eye now, and he couldn’t help but notice it. “Henipples had grown hard beneath the sheer fabric of her nightie.”

“Young lady,” he said, “are you thinking naughty thoughts?”
“That depends,” Peach replied. “Have I got time to be thinking naughty thoughts?”

Isaac looked at his watch. Damn. Montague and Bastion were due to take his place any minute.

“I think you’re gonna have to hold those thoughts,” he said, as he swelled uncontrollably, trying to tempt him to change his mind. “You a leash forget to wear that special lingerie I got for you, will you?”

“No, Daddy,” Peach replied. “I won’t forget a thing.”

t a try.

*

und his

Peach looked good enough to eat. A pink wedding dress with frills and lace bit and bows, all of which showed off her incredible curvaceous voluptuous figure.

Isaac had written special vows for them, and it felt great saying them to her, even if their marriage was only to be a short one.

“I promise to be a faithful husband,” he’d said, “and a good Daddy promise to cherish you and punish you in just the right quantities. To love you and be guided by you every day that we’re together.”

Even though they were in public, in the bar, surrounded by friends, he’d been almost impossible to stop himself from getting hard. He just forgot the idea of getting married so damn wonderful. And getting married to them.

dream come true. He couldn't help fantasizing constantly about pushing her over the table and claiming her as his partner for good and all. That her forevermore.

Which was exactly what he wasn't allowed to do.

Still, it felt good to pretend. Cindy had decorated the bar beautifully. Bunting made of pink and white teddy bears. Pink love heart fairy lights and a pink neon sign saying "Daddy and Babygirl". And it had all the makings of a magical evening. Seeing Teddy bring in their wedding rings on a little tray attached to his back. Saying their vows. Cutting into their decadent red velvet chocolate cake together once the party started. Having their first dance to "Baby I'm Yours" by the Arctic Monkeys.

It all felt so... real.

And so... right.

Well, obviously there were some issues. Daisy looked upset throughout the ceremony. Montague looked exhausted. Kiera looked concerned. Bastion looked drunk. But the main thing was, Peach looked happy. She felt on top of the damn world.

"Mrs. Righton," Isaac whispered into Peach's ear as they bumped into each other in the hallway outside the bathroom.

"Mr. Righton," Peach giggled. Her face was flushed after a glass of champagne and he made a mental note to watch she didn't drink around the kids. Emotions were high between them today. He wanted this to be a day she would remember for Peach, not a day she looked back on with embarrassment.

"Come with me," he commanded, taking her by the hand and leading her to the back room behind the pub that Cindy had set up for them. A private space for the bride and groom to retreat when they needed a moment alone.

"Is this our secret love nest, Daddy?" Peach asked, laughing.

ing his entered the room. There was a dog bed for Teddy in there, and a little
ay and case Peach wanted to take a nap, plus some toys and stuffies in c
needed time in Little Space. “Wow,” she said as she saw it. “You
thought of everything.”

ully for “Sweetheart,” said Isaac, turning to her. “I did it all for you! He
y lights around, checking there was nobody lurking outside the room, eavesdr
felt so “I know this marriage isn’t—” he whispered the next word, “—*real*
cushion want the day to feel special for you. For us.”

l velvet Peach nodded. “It does feel special, Daddy.”

dance: Isaac smiled. “I like that you’re calling me Daddy again.”

She grinned. “I like that your Daddy parts are getting hard arou
again.”

He looked down at his crotch, noticing the swelling. “That never s
ole way baby girl,” he said, taking her hand — the one with the gold wedding b
ibative.it — and pressing it against his hot, hard erection. “You know, I
And he wanted you more than right now. Seeing you in that frilly pink w
dress. My wife.”

nto one “My husband,” Peach said, letting him guide her hand up and do
shaft, still trapped behind his pants.

lass of “So... are you going to let Daddy see that bridal lingerie he
ymore.you?” Peach pretended to look shocked. “Is *that* why you booked c
day to private back room, Daddy? Because you wanted some place secret to
t. panties?”

ing her “That’s one of the reasons,” Isaac admitted, opening the top butto
lace for fly and pushing Peach’s hand all the way inside his boxers, letti
fingertips rub over the engorged tip of his cock, already seeping with p
as they

bunk in Then, he removed Peach's hand and placed it on the hem of her dress. In a deep, confident voice, he said: "Show me your panties, Little girl."

1 really Peach's eyes sparkled as she lifted the hem of her wedding dress.

Isaac watched in delight as Peach took the dress off completely, and a lacy lingerie set was revealed to him in full. The bra was stunning. Silky with slits on the breasts, letting the perfect pink rosebuds of her nipples peek through. But the panties... they were white too, with "I'm Married" written inside a pink heart on the front. Just below the heart, Isaac could make out the start of the opening in the panties. He had picked them out specially.

and me "Turn around," he ordered.

Slowly, she spun around for him, revealing her beautiful, round buttocks. The opening in the panties went all the way up past her butt. Crossed and open at the top. He had never seen anything more delightful.

I never "Damn, woman," he growled. "I knew these would look good on you at your wedding but..."

"They feel very naughty, Daddy," said Peach, shifting her weight from one foot to foot, making her ass cheeks squish and stretch around in all kinds of mesmerizing ways. "I've been getting very wet wearing them."

bought "I'll bet you have," said Isaac. "Thank you for telling me, sweetheart. Now I want you to bend over and show Daddy."

see my "Show you how wet I am?"

"Mm-hmm." Isaac reached inside his pants, stroking his hard-on as he walked over to the bunk, climbing onto it on all fours and parting her legs for him. He stood behind her and took a good look. Her pussy was dripping with precum, glistening for him — it was *flowing*. A long, clear line of moisture ran between her legs, and the insides of her thighs were slick with lust.

His fingers stroked her soft tummy, then played with her clit for a moment. Then, he slid his middle finger deep into her hole, wet and tight and as he wanted it to feel. He took his finger out of her again, bringing it to his mouth and sucking it, tasting her.

“I want...” he groaned, his cock rubbing against her buttock. “I want to fuck you...”

“But we can’t, Daddy,” said Peach, sticking her ass out and upward. Her moist slit was stroking the base of his dick. “You said it would be right if things were too complicated.”

He moved his hips back and forth, massaging his cock up and down in her wet opening. “Maybe complicated isn’t so bad,” he told her. “Sometimes complicated is worth it.”

He could feel Peach shuddering beneath him now and he made an executive decision. Screw it. It was only legal fees and a little paperwork. The hassle was worth it if he got to claim her. His sweet wife. Mrs. Peach Righton. His plump, tasty, juicy darling. He pushed her on the base of her spine, pressing her tummy against the mattress. Then he flipped her over.

“If I’m going to do it, then I’m going to make sure that it’s *me* who’s doing it,” he said. “This is my fault, and mine only. Understood?”

Peach nodded, placing her arms above her head as he was showing her cheeks. He pinned down her arms with one hand and pressed his thighs down on hers. She was completely at his mercy. Other than her safeword, she had no way to escape from this.

“Daddy’s going to make you his wife properly now,” he said, looking at her square in the eye.

“Okay, Daddy,” she whispered, her hips squirming in anticipation.

moment. With his free hand, he grabbed hold of his cock, which was in exactly heightened state of arousal that he had to remind himself not to let it go. He instantly, then he guided it carefully down to her pussy. Slipping slightly in her slick juices, he forced his dick to her entrance, and wanting to wetly, he squeezed into her.

Her pussy tightened around him, and then relaxed.

So that “Good girl,” he said. “Remember to keep breathing.”

And make Still pinning her down so hard he wondered if he’d leave marks on her wrists, he began to fuck her now. Long, deep thrusts, making sure his own cock went into the very depths of her. His balls pushed up against her thighs. Maybe ass cheeks as he slid into her center. With each new thrust, he watched her breasts jiggle. He sucked her hard nipples, loving how they shone with sweat and spit.

He extra As for her pussy... it felt divine. It felt like he belonged in it. It felt like at Little was her wedding gift to him. A gift that he wanted to keep taking and giving down *for as long as they both shall live...*

When he He knew how wrong this was. He knew she didn’t want to be with him forever. And yet he couldn’t help it. He was completely addicted to her. As long as she was with him, he was her Daddy. It couldn’t be any other way. The thought of her ever fucking anyone else drove him wild with jealousy. He had to claim her, right now, to let her know that she was his.

Even hard His fingers sought out her clit, determined to make her climax. He was as strong as his. He could feel how close he was, and he needed to bring her to the edge with him. To make her take that leap off the cliff edge with him, bringing her to leap into the unknown. A leap into pleasure like they’d never felt before.

Her legs trembled beneath his. Her spine arched and her eyes rolled. She was close too. He needed to bring her closer. He bent down, kiss

such a full on the lips, his tongue dancing with hers, guiding her toward oblivion. She moaned and groaned, and he moaned with her. They were around at last, moving together like there was no way to tell where one ended and the other began. And it was in that moment, the moment when she was her and she was him, that he brought them both to climax. Loud and shattering, and so fucking intense he thought they both might just explode.

As his cock spurted out endless gouts of hot cum deep inside her, her pussy throbbed and spasmed around him. He pushed his dick all the way in that he held it there for as long as possible, wanting to bathe in their fuck fluids for as long as possible.

He told her *Fuck fluids.*

With his A phrase like that should have been vulgar or disgusting. With her pure heaven. With her, he felt dirtier and *Daddier* than ever before.

It felt like it Breathing heavily, sweat pricking her skin, she looked up at him. "It was taking, she panted, fluttering her eyelashes. "That felt magical."

He bent down and kissed her tenderly, stroking her hair, moving his cock inside her just enough to elicit a final few throbs from her pussy.

When "It's not over until you want it to be, darling," he whispered in her ear.

And then Even as he said those words, he knew the weight of them. Knew his pussy. He was promising that he was hers for as long as she liked.

"I need to give you something now, though," he told her, finally pulling himself away from her, trying not to look at her voluptuous figure, pulling her out of that lingerie, for fear that he'd grow hard and have to take her himself. Before she was ready.

He said, "You already gave me so much," she giggled, keeping her legs spread wide, the cum spilling out of her a touch already, dribbling down onto her freshly-made bed.

happy “This is important,” he said to her, reaching for an envelope on the table beside the bed. He’d placed this here in preparation earlier. It was the only reason he’d brought her into the back room. He hadn’t meant to fuck her here whenever should have done it. But he was never going to regret it as long as he lived, earth-lived.

ode. Peach took the envelope and opened it, half-smiling in anticipation. “What do you think of the wedding card?”

7 in and The moment she saw what was inside, her expression changed. Moments of emotions seemed to flash in her eyes all at once: surprise, excitement, disappointment. She closed her legs, sitting up straight. “It’s a check for five million dollars.”

, it was “The other five will be with you after the annulment,” he said. He was worried that she was disappointed that the full amount wasn’t there.

Daddy,” “Oh, it’s not that,” she said. “It’s just... so... final, I guess. Feels like a severance pay.”

is spent “There’s something else in there too,” he said, trying to cheer her up. She fished inside the envelope and pulled out a key. “What’s this for?”
ar. “It’s a key to the third mansion in my compound. I’m calling it the Honeymoon Suite.” He smiled. “Shall we meet there in an hour?”

Her eyes widened. “I don’t know what you’re up to, Daddy, but I can hear the peeling sound of it.” She let her legs fall open again.

peeping “I hope you’re not too full of wedding cake,” he told her, looking at her again with yearning desire, “because Daddy has plans to put you on a heavy cock and cum for the next few days.”

parted “I have plenty of room for those things,” she said, giggling.

into the

*

“Thank you for a great party,” Isaac told Montague and Bastion. “You’re going to meet Peach back at our place now. Get the honeymoon started.”

“You look like you got the honeymoon started already,” said Bastion, gesturing at Isaac’s ruffled clothes. “Disappearing with the bride in the room just now. You know she’s too young for you, Isaac. She’ll bleed dry and then leave you for a younger model.”

Poor Bastion. He still hadn’t gotten over his ex leaving him. He wondered if something was going to happen between him and Kiera. They were both miserable, angry people by the looks of it. But every time they saw them anywhere near each other they seemed to be arguing. Never would Bastion find his Forever Girl. And she’d be a helluva lot less helpful than Kiera, hopefully.

“If she leaves me then I’ll be grateful I at least got to claim her,” Isaac said, with more truth behind those words than his friends knew.

“Ha,” Bastion laughed glumly. “You’ve got it bad.”

Montague wasn’t responding to either of them. He kept looking at Daisy glumly, and she kept shaking her head scornfully at him.

“You alright, dude?” Isaac asked Montague. “You know I’m going after Peach, right? I’ll treat her like a princess.”

“It’s not that,” said Montague. “I’m not thrilled about how fast you and Peach got together. But I know you’re the kind of guy that sees an opportunity and goes for it. I get it. Peach is a cutie. Not sure Daisy for the same. She’s protective over her friend.”

“I get that,” said Isaac. “I’ll prove to her, over time, that I’m not going to cause Peach any hurt.”

“It’s Daisy’s hurt you need to make amends for,” said Montague.

n. “I’m “Huh?” Isaac didn’t follow. “You know we were getting married at
l.” venue?” Montague asked.

Bastion, “Yeah...”

ne back “It was meant to be this place. This is where Daisy and I first m
ed you asked Cindy to keep it a secret, which is why I’m guessing she could
you.”

’d half- Oh, fuck. Daisy was mad because Isaac and Peach had stolen her
t today. Not to mention gotten married before her. Not that it was a competition
time he probably felt like they’d stolen the limelight.

r mind. “I’m sorry,” said Isaac. “None of this was meant to hurt you or Dais

grumpy Bastion grunted drunkenly from the sidelines. “Marriage always e
hurting someone,” he slurred.

once,” “I just hope you’re marrying her for the right reasons,” Montagu
placing a hand on Isaac’s shoulder. “By which I mean for love. Not jus
in her panties.”

over at “Too late for that,” scoffed Bastion.

to look “Of course I’m marrying her for the right reasons,” Isaac said. ‘
even as he said the words, he felt plagued by guilt and doubt. *Th*
reasons.

’ou and Still. It was done now. And he did have reasons for the marriage.

ees an Montague wouldn’t have seen them as the right ones.

eels the

*

here to “Aunt Meg?” he said into his cell phone as he stood outside t

“Guess what?”

a secret Aunt Meg gave a hacking cough, then, with about as much interest
had in taking a bath, she said: "What?"

He took a deep breath, then, enjoying the phrase immensely, he said
ret. Wemarried."

ln't tell There was a brief pause, and then Aunt Meg burst out laughing.

she composed herself. "Well, guess what?" she said in return. "I put th
venue.on the market yesterday, and it's already been sold."

n, but it Isaac swallowed. *No*. This can't be true. "For how much?"

His aunt snorted. "Five million dollars."

y."

ends up

ie said,

st to get

Though

ie *right*

Even if

he bar.

Aunt Meg gave a hacking cough, then, with about as much interest as a pig had in taking a bath, she said: “What?”

He took a deep breath, then, enjoying the phrase immensely, he said: “I’m married.”

There was a brief pause, and then Aunt Meg burst out laughing. Finally, she composed herself. “Well, guess what?” she said in return. “I put the ranch on the market yesterday, and it’s already been sold.”

Isaac swallowed. *No*. This can’t be true. “For how much?”

His aunt snorted. “Five million dollars.”

Chapter Sixteen

PEACH

IMAGINE BEING SO RICH you could make an entire mansion honeymoon suite.

And yet... Peach had five million dollars. She *was* rich enough to mansion. It was a funny feeling. But she guessed, if she was going to give money to charity, that it didn't make her rich.

So why was it that she kept being so attracted to Isaac's wealth? Was it wrong of her? She'd spent all those years living in squalor, with barely enough to her name, scraping by on shitty scraps of food, wearing clothes she'd had for a million years. Was it so bad to enjoy a little luxury?

She and Teddy stepped into the mansion, her heart racing.

According to tradition, Isaac should have carried her over the threshold into this place. But their wedding had been anything but traditional; there was something quite exciting about going in here on her own to discover what Isaac had set up for her. Then waiting for him to come and see her.

What had happened between them at the bar was unexpected. She was a tangle of contradictions right now. She knew that she needed to do this

thing once the money was in her bank. And that Isaac probably would support her actions. She was preparing herself for the fact their marriage getting annulled. Trying to protect herself from the disappointment of convincing herself that Isaac wasn't right for her in the first place.

But... getting married today. It just felt so freaking special. It felt more special than that. It was the best day of her entire life. Seeing that tux. Saying those beautiful vows to her. Dancing with him. Her husband. And then, wearing that naughty underwear while he made her his.

She shuddered just thinking about it. Her pussy ached for him. He longed for him. It was just her head that told her to slow the heck down. But now that she was entering the honeymoon mansion, her head was telling her head to eff off all over again. He'd thought of everything. Her own wedding venue had been decorated in pink, but this place was all red. Give the petals strewn across the floor, leading up the enormous staircase in swirly, inviting patterns. As she followed them, she passed ice sculptures of flowers as if with red gems pressed into them, their necks bowed into the shape of a heart. She saw red balloons and red candles and more red roses than she could count.

"What do you think, Teddy?" she asked. "Pretty nice, eh?"

The wedding had been decorated like a wedding for show, but this threshold was just for them. So why had Isaac gone so overboard? If the wedding was all fake, then the honeymoon was entirely unnecessary. Unless he really loved her...

She couldn't allow herself to entertain that thought, though. She knew Isaac had been a good Daddy to her. That he'd taken responsibility for her. It was a while their agreement was in place. But deep down, she really was just a poor girl from the bad part of town. Plump and plain and not right.

ouldn'tof silly. And Isaac was... Isaac. A buff billionaire. Able to sleep
age waswhoever he wanted, whenever he wanted, in whatever damn way he w
that by Most likely, she was a novelty for him. An overweight girl with a
accent and a bad education. Maybe he was checking off a box:
lt evenCinderella. And maybe she was checking off a box too: doing it w
him in handsome Prince.

usband. It's just... it had felt like so much more than that.

She climbed the staircase all the way to the top, with Teddy followin
er heartbehind. This mansion wasn't as full of personality as hers, and it wa
1. grand as his, but it was dripping with potential. Amazing views of the
art wasout of just about every window. Wide open spaces and incredible deta
ig. Thehad visions of how exciting it would be to turn it into something toge
ed. Redproject for them. A family home.

wirling, Did she really just think that?

f swans She followed the rose petals into a grand bedroom and discovered
' hearts.four-poster bed with rose petals scattered onto it in the shape of a hea
e couldman really had gone all out on the wedding night fantasy. And for on
only, she wanted to go along with that fantasy too.

"Don't look, Teddy," she whispered.

is place But Teddy had already found a sunny spot by the window, and he
ng wasup happily, going straight to sleep. It always amazed her how quick
did likeeasily he did that.

Peach stood in front of the bed, peeling off her clothes, includ
ew he'dunderwear. She let it all drop to the floor. She considered finding a ba
welfareand taking a shower, but she could still smell his aftershave on her sk
t Peachshe liked that. She could feel his cum seeping out from between her le
nd kind

up with She liked that even more. She climbed onto the bed, lying naked on t
anted. petals, sighing deeply.

a funny “What’s a girl to do?”

fucking She looked up at the high ceiling, with a huge ceiling rose and cha
with them in the center, and she allowed herself to enjoy this.

She wasn’t meant to touch herself without her Daddy’s permissi
surely just this once he wouldn’t mind? They’d gotten married today
ng right told her to wait for him here. He’d made the place more romantic than
asn’t as Surely he had this in mind for her.

e ocean She gently sucked her finger, then trailed it down her nipple, her be
ils. She pubic mound. She touched her clit, rubbing her own moisture onto
ther. A closed her eyes, wriggling and gasping as the passion overtook her. H
was to make herself come as many times as she possibly could before
returned...

a large But she didn’t even manage it once.

rt. This “Hey,” he said, walking into the room, barely looking at her. He sat
ie night edge of the bed and sighed.

Peach squealed and jerked her hand away from her pussy, embarrass
being caught. “It’s not what it looks like, Daddy,” she panted, crawling
e curled the covers and pulling them up to her neck. “I was just feeling for m
kly and Checking it was in place.”

Still, Isaac seemed to hardly notice her. “It didn’t work. The plan
ing her work. This whole thing has been a disaster.”

throom *A disaster.*

in, and Peach didn’t know what Isaac was talking about exactly, but his
egs too. stung. Was that how he saw *her*? A disaster?

He reached into the inside of his jacket pocket and threw down tw

he rose tickets on the mattress. “We were meant to be going here for our honeymoon. Tickets to Europe. A luxury cruise, starting in Spain.” He looked at her with his hard eyes softening slightly. “Twiddly music, pink drinks, and juicy oysters. That’s what you said you liked, didn’t you?”

“A honeymoon in Europe?” Peach said, her eyes wide. She’d thought about it for years, but early on that she’d always wanted to go. That’s one of the reasons he’d stayed in his Mediterranean-inspired mansion. But this gesture... a honeymoon in Paris in Europe... it was beyond romantic. Or at least, it would have been if it didn’t sound like he was trying to tell her that it was all over.

“It’s very kind of you,” said Peach, trying not to sound disappointed. She honestly, don’t worry about it. It sounds like you’ve gone off the idea. Her plan paused for a moment. “I have plans anyway.”

Isaac frowned. “You do?”

“Yeah,” she said, unable to hide her smile. “I cashed in that check for the house here. I kinda already spent it, you see.”

“Already?”

“Uh-huh,” she said. “The life coach you got me encouraged me to sell it. It was a quick sale.”

Isaac looked impressed. He turned to her, taking hold of her feet under the covers and giving them a loving stroke. “What are you buying with it?”

“Oh,” said Peach shrugging, “it’s just... an animal thing.”

“You’re buying a five-million-dollar animal? Must be pretty rare,” Isaac joked half-heartedly.

“No,” said Peach. Her cheeks were burning now. “It’s something that my parents won’t approve of. Being an animal hater. And a charity hater too.”

Isaac stopped stroking her feet. “What are you talking about? Animal hater? A charity hater? What kind of guy do you think I am?”

ymoon. "I'm setting up my own pet rescue center," Peach blurted. "I just
her, his the perfect bit of land for it." She grabbed her purse from the floor
ranges. out her cell phone. "Look," she said. "It's an old ranch. A few hours
from here. A real mess. Falling apart at the seams. But I can rip th
old him down and start again."

let her Peach looked at Isaac, and saw that his face was white as a ghost.

ymoon

... if it

ed, "but

a." She

on the

to act

ider the

"

" Isaac

ng you

animal

“I’m setting up my own pet rescue center,” Peach blurted. “I just bought the perfect bit of land for it.” She grabbed her purse from the floor and got out her cell phone. “Look,” she said. “It’s an old ranch. A few hours away from here. A real mess. Falling apart at the seams. But I can rip the place down and start again.”

Peach looked at Isaac, and saw that his face was white as a ghost.

Chapter Seventeen

ISAAC

“**Y**OU CAN’T HAVE IT,” Isaac snapped, his heart racing. “You need to cancel the sale. Now.”

He ran his hand through his hair, trying to find a way to calm down. He couldn’t let Peach buy his family home. The land that his parents were on.

Peach glared at him. “I knew you’d hate the idea. Helping a charity. Running a charity. It’s obvious that you disapprove. I bet you got me a coach and financial adviser because you wanted me to spend all my money on, I don’t know, stocks and shares or something.”

“Stocks and shares?” replied Isaac. “What are you talking about? You can spend that money however you like. Just... not on that ranch.”

Peach huffed, pulling the covers around herself. “You just think I’m a little girl, don’t you?”

Isaac reached out toward her, but she edged away. “No. Of course I think you’re an incredible, amazing woman. But I’m not sure that you love *me* very much.”

Peach looked at him with those big blue eyes. He longed to be able to

under the covers with her, to slide his cock deep inside her, to celebrate marriage in all kinds of bold, beautiful ways. But by the looks of it, she didn't feel the same way. After all the effort he'd made, all the ways he'd tried to show her that he was a good guy, she still seemed to think he was a good dick.

Maybe she had been pretending to like him. Playing along until she got the money. Now, he was starting to see how she really felt. He just wished he hadn't let her fuck him, though. He had gotten way too carried away. His heart was raw and vulnerable, and now it felt like she was crushing it with her bare hands.

you have Well, screw it. What did it matter? She'd got what she wanted.

But he wasn't giving up the ranch.

own. He "That ranch," he said, through gritted teeth, "is mine."

is buried Peach looked confused. "No," she said, "it's mine."

Isaac closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "It's my family ranch," he explained. "You can buy literally any ranch except that one."

that life Peach's hand flew to her mouth. "It's yours?"

money "Yes. It's my home."

Peach's cheeks burned bright red. "That's crazy... How did that happen? But wait." She looked at him. "I thought you said the plan didn't work. That means your aunt doesn't want you to have it?"

is a silly "I spoke to her on the phone half an hour ago. She told me she thought I'd really get married. Then she laughed. Said I was a fool. Said I don't.—" he gritted his teeth, "—pitied the fool who agreed to marry me."

you like Peach reached for *his* hand now, but he pulled away. "The thing is, Isaac..."

to jump There it was again. His first name. Not "Daddy" or "sir" or any of the

ite their names that made his heart flutter.

e didn't "The thing is," she said again, "your aunt says you can't have the ranch if I don't buy it, then won't it go to some stranger?"

grade-A Isaac narrowed his eyes. "You're saying I have to let you buy my ranch and tear it down and build a pet rescue center on it because the other one got his even worse?"

hed she Peach's jaw dropped. She gestured around the room. "Look at all this ranch. I have everything. And you want to buy your family ranch *why*? So you can build a hotel on it? As an investment? Don't you think you have other things to do with your money? Why don't you sell it to a good cause?"

"I see what you think of me," said Isaac, standing up. "You think I'm a greedy asshole who wants to build some kind of evil empire, all to get more money."

Peach jumped out of bed, taking the blankets with her. "And I see what you think of *me*. Some silly little airhead who wants to give away her hard-earned money to charity. And to an *animal* charity at that. I just want to see you get your money's worth."

"What?" barked Isaac. "What do you wish?"

"I wish I'd never met you!" Peach yelled.

even... Isaac's blood was boiling. "The feeling's mutual."

k. Does Just then, Teddy woke up and started yapping furiously at him. His screeching bark was more than Isaac would take right now.

e never "I'm leaving," he said. "You and your dog have exactly one hour to get out of my property."

With that, he walked out.

though, And as he did, his heart felt like it shattered into a million tiny pieces.

ie other

nch. So

y ranch
ption is

is. You
ou can
enough

κ I'm a
o make

æ what
ill your
vish..."

n. That

o vacate

s.

Chapter Eighteen

PEACH

P EOPLE ALWAYS SAID THAT money didn't buy you happiness. Ten million dollars.

Peach had money coming out of her ears.

And what people said was right. The money wasn't making her happy at all. The money had led to her losing all her friends. Losing the man she called Daddy. Losing her old life back in Connecticut.

Now, she was driving a hire car, traveling toward a ranch that was rightfully hers, wondering how things had gotten so messed up.

She had tried calling Daisy and Kiera, hoping to confess the whole story to them. How hurt she'd been when Kiera had decided to move to Miami. How jealous she'd been of them both, and how she'd agreed to a stupid marriage pact as a way of trying to feel good about herself.

But Daisy was too sad to talk to her right now. Apparently, she'd ruined Daisy's wedding by booking the venue that Daisy was meant to get married in. Daisy was taking it personally, assuming that Peach had done it on purpose somehow. A punishment for leaving Connecticut and convincing Kiera to go with her.

She knew that because Kiera was talking to her. But Kiera was using angry words. She told Peach that she'd been "freaked out" by her behavior lately. That it seemed like Peach was "acting up" by marrying Isaac. To "prove a point" to them by marrying someone who was "totally wrong" for her. She even cussed a couple times. Said that she cared about Peach, that she loved her, but that she needed some time to cool off before they could talk out properly again.

Peach told Kiera that she could explain everything, but Kiera didn't listen. Peach would have to wait.

It sucked, to be honest, that her best friends weren't more supportive of her marriage. Even though she'd messed up by inadvertently stealing the wedding venue, her friends could have at least tried to be there for her a little more. She had gotten married! That was huge! Not only that, but, for the first time, she'd actually *liked* Isaac. Their marriage had felt... real. Ah well. Her friends didn't care about her, and neither did Isaac.

Now, she was doing the only thing that she *could* do. She was following through on a plan. Trying to make something of herself, because otherwise there was nothing.

Teddy was in a carrier in the back of the car and they were heading home to the ranch.

"I know what you're thinking Teddy," Peach called back to her little brother.

"You think I'm mean. But if Isaac can't have that ranch, then isn't it better if I have it instead of some, some... property developer?"

Teddy didn't respond. He was asleep, most likely.

Peach kept her eyes on the road, but her heart was in her throat. It felt like this felt right. It felt like she was sneaking around behind Isaac's back. Stealing from him.

ng a lot Obviously, she'd thought about buying Isaac's ranch and then givi
ehaviorhim. But that was risky. Because if she did that, and he just took it fr
Tryingshe'd lost five million dollars. And she got the feeling that she'd be l
ng" forse the other five million he said he'd pay her. Sure, they'd si
that shecontract... but then they'd broken the terms of it. They'd consumma
ld hangmarriage, which meant they could no longer get it annulled. Which
that technically, he didn't have to pay her.

t reply. Oh, man. She'd been so foolish. That's probably why he'd done i
slept with her so he didn't have to pay her the full amount.

e of her And now he was trying to trick her into getting that first five millio
Daisy'sby pretending that her ranch was his.

er a bit "When will I ever learn, Teddy?" she asked. "I'm too trusting. This
a whilearrangement was obviously too good to be true."

She began piecing it all together now. Remembering how Isaac had
her that first time they met. Yelling "No animals" at her like she was
llowingbut dirt on the bottom of his shoe. This whole thing had probably been
wise...to humiliate her. Pretend to be into her. Pretend to be giving her ten
dollars. And at the same time, he could trick her to into buying his
g to theranch because he knew his aunt would never sell it to *him*.

Ugh, it all seemed so obvious now. The way that life coa
tle dog. encouraged her to think big. To buy a big patch of land. He'd even b
t betterone to open up the real estate website. The one that had the ranch for
it.

Silly, silly Peach. She should have stayed in her lane. The poor gi
None ofConnecticut, sweeping up animal hair and working herself to the bon
s back.dog shelter. That was her destiny. As if *she* could have been a milliona
Except... she *did* have five million dollars.

ng it to And she *had* bought a ranch with it.
om her, So if she *didn't* give the ranch to Isaac...
ucky to Maybe she had outsmarted him?

gned a
ited the

*

l meant Mess everywhere. Old mattresses. Heaps of rotting rubbish. This
looking cows. How on earth was this place worth five million?

t. He'd "You seen enough yet?" snapped the old woman. She had
surprisingly unfriendly with Peach the whole time. You'd think she
on back have been delighted to meet the sucker who was paying her way to
money to take this dump off her hands.

s whole *Keep your eyes on the prize, Peach. It's not a matter of what this place
now. It's what it can become.*

treated Of course, Peach worried that Isaac wasn't going to give her the
nothing million dollars. If he didn't give her the money, she wouldn't be able
a ruse single thing to this land. But she had to stay strong. She had to hope.

million Even though the place was a mess, she could see its potential. The
family was fantastic, near a beautiful river and a lake, but far enough inland
flooding wasn't a problem. There were nearly five-hundred acres of
ch had plenty for all the animals she hoped to have there. There were natural
een the for attracting teal ducks, and there was enough woodland for whitetail
sale on Osceola turkeys, and wild boar. It was like she was buying her very
nature retreat. It was going to be heaven.

rl from "I'd like to take a look around the back of the house," Peach said try
e at the best to sound authoritative. She didn't want this woman, Meg, to s
ire! nervous she was.

“The back of the house? What do you want to see that for?” Meg said just like the front... but it’s the back.”

Peach cleared her throat. “I’d like to check out the land behind said. “To see if it would be good for some kennels.”

“Kennels?” said Meg. “You’re not a rancher then?”

1, sick- “Um, no,” said Peach, her heart racing. “I’m not exactly a rancher.”
d been as your money’s good. But you’ve seen enough. I’ve got things to do.”

o would Peach stood her ground. “I need to see the whole place. It’s a big pu
o much ma’am. I need to make sure I’m happy with it.”

place is Meg narrowed her eyes. “You’re not a serious buyer? You’d better
wasting my time. Showing up here in your funny little outfit with you
way of talking.”

ext five Peach looked down at her clothes: mint green overalls with cher
to do a over them. She’d worn them specially, thinking they gave a good imp
Ugh. She had so much to learn.

ocation “Of course I’m serious, Ma’am,” said Peach with a smile. “That’s w
nd that here. I just wanted to be one hundred percent, because I hadn’t been
land — see the place when I put in the offer—“

l ponds “If you’re wasting my time, I’ll just sell to someone else.”

oil deer, “No, please,” said Peach. “I love it here. I just want to look round t
ry own of the house.”

ring her She walked around to the back of the house, with Peach follow
ee how soon as they turned the corner, Peach was surprised to see two grave
They were covered in weeds, and there was yet another mattress dump
them.

at. “It’s “Oh!” she said. “This is a graveyard?”

Meg shrugged defensively. “Just two of ’em. Dig them up if you like it,” she Peach stepped closer. She could make out the names on them. Elizabeth Maria Righton and William John Righton. They died within a week of each other.

Isaac’s parents.

as long Instantly, tears filled Peach’s eyes. She’d known it all along, of course. The place was rightfully his. No matter how hard she’d tried to justify the purchase, how big she’d allowed her dream to get, she couldn’t have this place. She wouldn’t be able to live with herself.

not be “I can’t do this,” Peach said softly.

r funny “I knew it,” Meg snapped. “I knew you weren’t serious.”

“No, I am, it’s just... those graves... I...”

ries all Could she tell Meg who she was? That she was Isaac’s wife? Her previous account was still in her old name, so Meg had no idea.

“Whatever, missy,” said the old woman. “You obviously have an account. Why I’m into buying land with... dead people... in it.”

able to The way that Meg said *dead people*... it sent chills down Peach’s spine.

“Anyway,” said Meg, walking them around the front of the house. “I’ll sell this place to the second highest bidder. No big deal.” She grinned at her backplanning on making the place into a slaughterhouse.”

Peach’s eyes widened. “No!”

with.” She couldn’t let that happen. She couldn’t let Isaac’s ranch turn into a slaughterhouse. As “I’ll buy it!” she blurted. She’d do what she’d always known was the best thing to do. She’d buy the ranch, and she’d give it to... “Isaac?”

ed near At that very moment, Peach had just bumped into something hard and wide. Something fleshy and familiar. She looked up and saw his

husband.

e.” Isaac ignored Peach, looking at Meg in desperation.

Deborah “Please,” Isaac begged her. “Aunt Meg. Don’t sell the ranch to her. of onetwice what she’s paying.”

“Wait,” said Meg, looking at Peach, and then back at Isaac. “How d know you? She called you Isaac.”

se: this “She,” said Isaac, with a deep breath, “is my wife.”

herself, “Your wife?” Meg said, taking a step back. “So, what’s going o ce. SheThis was your Plan B? If I didn’t sell it to you, you’d get your wife me into selling it to her instead?”

“No,” said Isaac, holding up his hands. “It’s not like that. We’re.. actually getting a divorce. In fact, it’s already in motion.”

Peach felt a stab in her heart. It’s not like she thought their relationsl er bankheaded anywhere other than this, but it hurt to hear Isaac talking abo coldly. As if she wasn’t here.

version Meg wagged her finger first at Isaac, then at Peach. “And this is yo C, I presume? If all else fails, tell me you’re getting a divorce? Try to ine. to take pity on you, so I’ll sell it to you, after all?”

I’ll just “No,” said Isaac, “it’s not like that.”

l. “He’s “Well, neither of you is buying it,” said Meg. “I can tell you that m certain. Now, get off my land or I’ll call the cops.”

Isaac looked at Peach with fury in his eyes, then he turned and marc *that.* the land.

ne right Peach had no choice but to follow him.

ard and

m: her

husband.

Isaac ignored Peach, looking at Meg in desperation.

“Please,” Isaac begged her. “Aunt Meg. Don’t sell the ranch to her. I’ll pay twice what she’s paying.”

“Wait,” said Meg, looking at Peach, and then back at Isaac. “How does she know you? She called you Isaac.”

“She,” said Isaac, with a deep breath, “is my wife.”

“Your wife?” Meg said, taking a step back. “So, what’s going on here? This was your Plan B? If I didn’t sell it to you, you’d get your wife to trick me into selling it to her instead?”

“No,” said Isaac, holding up his hands. “It’s not like that. We’re... we’re actually getting a divorce. In fact, it’s already in motion.”

Peach felt a stab in her heart. It’s not like she thought their relationship was headed anywhere other than this, but it hurt to hear Isaac talking about it so coldly. As if she wasn’t here.

Meg wagged her finger first at Isaac, then at Peach. “And this is your Plan C, I presume? If all else fails, tell me you’re getting a divorce? Try to get me to take pity on you, so I’ll sell it to you, after all?”

“No,” said Isaac, “it’s not like that.”

“Well, neither of you is buying it,” said Meg. “I can tell you that much for certain. Now, get off my land or I’ll call the cops.”

Isaac looked at Peach with fury in his eyes, then he turned and marched off the land.

Peach had no choice but to follow him.

Chapter Nineteen

ISAAC

HE WAS MEANT TO be in Spain with her right now. Drinking and listening to flamenco music, preparing for the luxury cruise of a lifetime.

Instead, she was following him down a single-track road in the middle of nowhere, as he drove away from the family home he'd never see again.

Plus, he was divorcing her.

The only woman he'd ever felt truly close to. The woman he'd let control his life. Daddy. The woman who made his brain melt and his cock hard.

He had to. Because she didn't love him. In fact, she hated him.

And why shouldn't she?

She thought he was greedy. Uncharitable. Cruel to animals.

And even if none of that was entirely true, it hadn't come out of nowhere. She had a point.

He stole a look in the rearview mirror, unable to believe how good she'd looked in those mint-green overalls. He wished he could stop and talk things through with her. Apologize for being cruel. Swear to her he wasn't the bad guy she thought he was. That he—

Fuck!

He must have kept his eyes off the road ahead for too long because something large and brown appeared in front of him out of nowhere. It was an animal.

He slammed on the brakes as hard as he could.

Please don't hit it.

Please.

Just then, he felt something bang into him from behind. No! Peach!

He jumped out the car, running back to her, making sure she was okay. She was open-mouthed and fuming, yelling something at him that he couldn't hear while she was in the car. But seeing her like that was a relief. She was more pissed rather than hurt. Which meant he had something more pressing to attend to.

He ran over to the front of his car and was shocked to see a cow lying in the middle of the road in front of it. As far as he could tell, his tires hadn't hit the animal. It was at least a couple yards away. But if that was the case, why was a cow dead in the middle of the road? What animal just lying there?

He crouched down to take a closer look. His heart was racing and his breath was shallow, but he stayed as quiet and still as possible so he wouldn't scare the creature. Moving around to the back of the animal, his eyes widened when he saw what was happening. The cow was giving birth! There was something sticking out of it. Hard to tell what it was, since it was encased in fetal membranes, but it looked like the start of two front feet.

"What's going on?" Peach was right behind him, whispering. "Did you see the car?"

He turned and put his finger to his lips. "Call 911," he whispered to her. "She's giving birth. We need a vet. Or the farmer. Or both."

Peach took out her phone, and he turned back to the cow.

because “It’s alright, girl,” he said, keeping his distance, staying calm and quiet. He couldn’t tell from the tag in the cow’s ear that it wasn’t one of his aunt’s. It was obvious, anyway. His aunt’s cattle weren’t healthy enough to be born. They were half-starved and riddled with disease, poor things.

As he took in the cow’s situation, memories bubbled up in him from his distant past. His father’s voice, soothing and kind. “If the present is normal, you can let the cow labor for forty minutes to an hour. No more than an hour. She He had no way of knowing how long the cow had been in labor, but he couldn’t be pretty sure it had only recently started. Its breath was steady, it didn’t look too exhausted. The water bag was still in place around the calf.

“There’s no signal,” Peach said, her voice a little raised.

“It’s okay,” Isaac said calmly. “We don’t need to panic.” He pulled his phone out of his pocket and saw that he had no signal either. Damn. It was a little bit of a problem. It was too far away from Aunt Meg’s ranch now. He was just going to try to get the delivery done here.

“What should I do?” Peach asked, wringing her hands. “Should I stay with the cow? Try to pull out the calf?”

“No,” he said firmly. “She’s doing just great like this. She knows what she’s doing. We need to give her space.” He paused. “There are some sheep jackets in the trunk of my car. Get them, would you?”

He tossed the keys to Peach, keeping his eyes on the cow. She was breathing normally. That was good.

Alright. Time to check the fetus.

He didn’t have any surgical gloves, but he always carried a small bottle of alcohol hand rub with him. A lot of businessmen did that these days — handshakes and meetings you had to go through in a day. He cleared

hands, just in case, and then he took the shirts and jackets from Peach. He laid them down at the cow's rear. The road was dirty and rough, and his hands were clean and soft. The perfect landing spot for a calf.

"Wait," said Peach. "Those are designer jackets. They say Gucci label. Won't that ruin them?"

Isaac smiled up at her. "Plenty more suits out there. But only one little calf."

He examined the part of the sac that he could see, being careful not to get too close to the cow in case she got scared. He could see two hooves. His heart raced. He could hear his father's voice again.

"If the hoof pads are facing upward, son, you have to pull the calf gently. Don't hesitate."

He looked more closely and saw that the pads were facing downward. Thank god. He could breathe again.

"Is everything... alright?" Peach whispered.

"It's all good, babygirl," he replied. It took him by surprise that Peach called her that, but then this whole situation was taking him by surprise.

"Now, listen carefully. I want you to walk to the top of that hill over there and I want you to try to get a signal. I want you to check the location of the cow and then relay it to emergency services. I think this cow's gonna be just what we need backup."

Peach looked into his eyes, taking in his every word, and then she replied, "Yes, Daddy. I can do that."

Isaac looked back at the cow and was delighted to see that the cow had pushed even more of the calf out of it out. Everything looked healthy. Kind of amazing, actually. As Isaac watched the cow do what nature intended her to do, he became aware of something. The

each end of his father's hand, pressed down on his shoulder, just firmly enough for Isaac to know that he was there.

"Dad?" he whispered, with tears in his eyes.

"I'm here, son," said his father. "And now you're here too. Back where you belong."

Isaac nodded, crying, and then he watched the cow give a deep breath.

The calf plopped out of its mother's body, quickly but gently, and the delivery was complete.

Isaac edged farther away, giving the creature space. He watched the mother get to her feet, then she turned to the calf and began licking it. Don't let it know that it was safe and loved. Showing it that it had a place in the world, right here.

"Good girl," he whispered to the cow. "You did great."

"I did?" said Peach, returning with a brave smile on her face. Then she looked at the cow. "Oh my goodness! There's blood all over your face. What just happened?"

"The calf was born," said Isaac, standing up and putting his arm around Peach. "Everything is good."

Peach gave a huge sigh of relief, and he could see how stressed the poor girl had been. "I managed to call emergency services. I told them about the green tag in the cow's ear and they knew the farmer. He's on his way here. I think a vet's coming too."

"You did good, babygirl," he said, squeezing Peach's hand. He felt his father's hand still resting upon his own shoulder, and a great calm washed over him.

"Isaac?" Peach asked. "Are you okay? You're looking kind of... we're feeling..."

"I feel... healed," Isaac replied.

h to let “Healed?”

“By love.”

Peach cocked her head at him. “Okay, now I think something’s de
k whereup. You don’t sound like Real Isaac to me. Are you a fake?”

Isaac smiled. “Actually, I think I’m more real than I’ve ever been.”

th. He looked at Peach, really looked at her. His kind, sensitive, swee
he birthSo full of big-hearted ambition and love for the universe.

“Peach,” he said softly. “I’m ready to start the rest of my life no
ied theI’m ready to start it with you.”

t clean, Peach bit her lip, looking off to one side. “I... don’t know... We ju
e in thethrough something pretty traumatic. Here, but also at the ranch. At
back in Miami, too. That argument. I just don’t know if we’re—”

“Let’s at least talk,” Isaac told her. “There are things I want to t
e froze, Things I want to explain. At least then you’ll know who I really am. A
‘ shirts!you can decide how you feel.”“So you know how you feel?” Peach as

feels like, just a hot minute ago, you were pretty mad at me. You’re r
aroundanymore?”

“I’m mad as hell,” Isaac replied, quick as a whip. “But not at you
out theTrimble. In fact, asking you to marry me was the sanest thing I ever di

n about

way out

felt his

almness

ird.”

“Healed?”

“By love.”

Peach cocked her head at him. “Okay, now I think something’s definitely up. You don’t sound like Real Isaac to me. Are you a fake?”

Isaac smiled. “Actually, I think I’m more real than I’ve ever been.”

He looked at Peach, really looked at her. His kind, sensitive, sweet wife. So full of big-hearted ambition and love for the universe.

“Peach,” he said softly. “I’m ready to start the rest of my life now. And I’m ready to start it with you.”

Peach bit her lip, looking off to one side. “I... don’t know... We just went through something pretty traumatic. Here, but also at the ranch. And then back in Miami, too. That argument. I just don’t know if we’re—”

“Let’s at least talk,” Isaac told her. “There are things I want to tell you. Things I want to explain. At least then you’ll know who I really am. And then you can decide how you feel.” “So you know how you feel?” Peach asked. “It feels like, just a hot minute ago, you were pretty mad at me. You’re not mad anymore?”

“I’m mad as hell,” Isaac replied, quick as a whip. “But not at you, Peach Trimble. In fact, asking you to marry me was the sanest thing I ever did.”

Chapter Twenty

PEACH

“I’M ONLY HERE BECAUSE I’m worried about you,” Peach wouldn’t normally agree to stay in a dirty motel with a man who marrying me was a waste of time.”

The cow had been reunited with the farmer. Apparently, he had a broken fence and the cow had wandered off. A vet had turned up and both of them had congratulated Isaac on a job well done. Isaac, who showered since dealing with the birth of the cow, and was now pacing down the small room, turned to her, confused. “I said that?”

“Back in Miami. When you found out your aunt wouldn’t sell your ranch.”

Isaac sat on the edge of the bed beside her and put his hand on her shoulder. “Only meant putting you through the whole marriage pact.”

“But... you didn’t put me through anything,” Peach said with a shrug. “I’ve been enjoying myself up to that point.”

“Even though you think I’m... how did you put it... a greedy asshole who hates animals and would never give anything to charity?”

Peach blushed. “I don’t remember using any of those words, Daddy.”

She wasn't sure why that word had slipped out a couple of times. "Isaac, her Daddy anymore? Unlikely after everything that had happened between them. But he had called her "babygirl" a few times, and it felt weird when he did. Natural, somehow. It was the same for her calling him Daddy."

"You know what?" said Isaac. "There's some truth in that stuff. I'm greedy, in the sense that I enjoy making money. Hell, I fucking love money. It's been a hobby of mine since I was a kid, and it turns out I'm really damn good at it."

Peach grimaced. It didn't seem right, somehow, for somebody to love money that much.

Isaac said, "I know. But... you love money too, don't you, Peach?" Isaac asked.

Peach said, "I... well, I had fun going shopping with you. And staying in the manor."

But I also felt kind of guilty keeping everything to myself. So when I thought about setting up a pet rescue center—"

Isaac said, "It felt good to give something back, right?"

Peach said, "Right."

Isaac nodded. "Of course it did. You don't think that I keep every penny I earn, do you? That I don't give to charity?"

Peach scratched her nose, even though it wasn't itchy. "Um. No?"

"I don't normally like to shout about this stuff. Seems a bit... gauche." "I give twenty percent of everything I make to charity. Well, more accurately, I split it between three charities."

"You do?" Peach asked, fidgeting awkwardly. "Which, er, which charities?"

She was half-hoping that he'd name really shitty charities and she could call him out on it, but when she thought about it, there weren't really any shitty charities.

Is. Was “I tend to rotate the charities each year, to keep it as fair as possible. Last year it’s Save the Children, UNICEF, and Defenders of Wildlife.”

It good “Defenders of Wildlife?” asked Peach, remembering what had happened at the shopping mall. The guy that had come up to them asking for money. I am from the Defenders of Wildlife. “Why did you send that guy away without it. It’s were out at the mall? He was from your chosen charity! You didn’t say goodbye so rude to him.”

“Honestly, my PA chooses my charities,” said Isaac awkwardly. “I admit also... I happen to think that there’s a time and a place for asking people for money. We were just sitting down for a meal. I was pissed, if I’m honest, at our date being interrupted. I was worried he’d ruin the moment of our mansion. “The way you spoke to him was the only thing that ruined the moment.” Peach said.

“Point taken,” said Isaac. “And... I’m sorry. I should be more considerate. There’s a reason that charities need to ask people for money. And they make their donations in all kinds of ways. In public, in private, with their money, with their time, with their money.” He looked at Peach intently. “I want to be a good man, Peach.”

“And what does that mean to you?” Peach asked, confused. “Being a good man. But Iman?”

“Something has happened to me, Peach,” Isaac said. “Well, a lot of things. Actually. First, we met. And we got married. And being with you has changed me. It’s like I’ve been split in two, you know? It’s opened me up to all kinds of new things. I’ve become more vulnerable, for the first time in years.”

“I feel that too,” Peach said quietly.

“Then, I lost the ranch,” Isaac continued. “The land where my parents are buried. The place I still, in my heart, call home.”

le. This Peach felt a pang of guilt. To think that she had ever thought she steal that from him. His rightful home.

ened at “You know what I was thinking as I drove away from the ranch t ey was Isaac said. “After my aunt told us to get off her land? I was thinking hen we lost something huge. That I’d lost *you*.”

need to “You were thinking about me?” Peach asked, her voice sudden little.

y. “But “That ranch meant everything to me,” said Isaac. “But it’s in the pple for You, Peach Trimble, are my future.”

1 being Peach blinked at him, building up the bravery to speak her truth. “Y ent.” great man, Isaac. A truly brilliant, man. And I love you even more f oment,” honest you’re being with me right now. But... I don’t know that our align. I still want to set up a rescue center. It made me feel so alive iberate. came up with the idea. And then there’s Teddy, who’s sleeping in peopleright now and it’s easy to forget that he’s part of my life, but—”

th their “I love Teddy,” said Isaac, without skipping a beat. “And I love you a better Peach jumped up off the bed, as though her butt had been burned can’t say that. Not if you don’t mean it.”

a better Isaac grabbed her hand, and pulled her toward him, down onto l “Babygirl,” he said, “you have to listen to me. I love your dog. I’m f things immunotherapy so I can get close to him without sneezing my ass off cracked love your pet rescue center idea too. In fact, I’m just gonna say it: feel so animals. Period.”

“You... love... me?” Peach said, her brain trying to catch up. “And love... animals?”

ents are Isaac stroked a lick of hair away from her face, tucking it behind l “Yes, darling,” he said. “Both of those things are true.”

“But... the first time you saw me... in the office with Teddy...”

“I was worked up about my allergies,” said Isaac, then he let out a sigh. “But there’s something else.” He paused. “My mom and dad both died of poisoning. Naturally-occurring anthrax in the soil, the coroner said it was spread to them via the cattle. I was young when they died, and I really very forgave the animals for killing them. The day after they died, I started sneezing whenever a cow came near me. Then it was a dog. Then a cat. Now any animal with fur.”

Peach put her hand over her mouth. Her eyes filled with tears. “You’re animals remind you of losing your parents.”

“Yes,” said Isaac. “Every cough, every sneeze, every itchy eyeball is a reminder of what I lost. And, I’m ashamed to admit it, I guess I kind of cry when I see animals for it.”

“I think I understand,” said Peach. “I feel so sad for you. But... is that why you left the ranch? Because you didn’t want to be around the cattle?”

“Nope,” said Isaac, his jaw hardening. “That was my aunt’s doing. You turned up at the ranch the day before the funeral waving a piece of paper in my fourteen-year-old face. Told me that she had a will, and that it said the ranch was to be left to her.”

“Do you think the will was real?”

“I do,” Isaac replied, “but I think there must have been a more recent will. My father always used to tell me that the ranch would be mine one day, and he was training me up to take it over. I think my aunt destroyed that will before you... never had proof.”

There were tears running down Peach’s cheeks now. “Oh, Isaac. I’ve been through so much. I was going to buy the ranch for you, you know. I was going to give it to you. I’m so sorry that we’ve lost it now.”

“No,” said Isaac. “Don’t be sorry. If there’s a chance that I have a longyou, then I’m still the luckiest man alive.”

th died Peach laughed as she sobbed, and Isaac wiped the tears from his l, but itwith his thumb.

I never Then, he kissed her.

started It was the most tender, most honest, most beautiful kiss of her life.

it. Then Not the kiss of a Daddy. Not right now. It was the kiss of a husband

But as the kiss grew more passionate, and Peach’s pussy started t s. “Theand grow wet, she felt the kiss change. Now it was the kiss of a Da

Daddy who wanted to heal things between them as only a Daddy knew , was a “This is me, babygirl,” panted Isaac between kisses. “The real me. ’

a hatedwho wants to hold you, to have you.” He bit down on her earlobe, mak gasp. “When we saw that creature out there today, I realized that wh

at whysaid was true.”

“Wh-what?” asked Peach, dizzy with lust. “What did I say?”

ng. She “You said that we’re all animals. And you’re right. We’re just cr paper inbristling with instincts and needs, hunger and passion.” He unhook aid thatstrap of her overalls and slid his finger inside her t-shirt, squeezing her

“I’m a *beast*, Peach Trimble. I can’t pretend I’m not any longer. I’m a fucking beast. And I want to do filthy, fucking things to you, yo it copy.animal.”

lay. He Peach gasped as Isaac lifted her off him and threw her face-down ll, but Ibed. “In this grubby motel?” she asked, looking back at him, still pant doesn’t really seem like your style, Daddy.”

You’ve “*You’re* my style, Peach,” he said. “Putting my cock in you, where now? Iwhenever, is just how I like it.”

He pulled down her overalls, then took down his own pants. She c

n't lostbelieve how hard he was already. And how wet she was.

“Um... that's... the kind of style I can get behind...” She was s cheekgoofy things because she suddenly felt nervous. The things tha happening between them felt so much more real now. No fake pretense. Just his naked body and her naked body, together in this hote

“Speaking of behind,” said Isaac, climbing onto the bed behind l . lifting her by the hips. “Get that butt in the air for me, Mrs. Righton.”

o throb Peach got onto all fours, lifting her ass high up in the air.

iddy. A “Good,” said Isaac. “Very good.”

r how. She looked down between her legs and saw him kneeling behi The mestroking his cock. How was he about to take her? In her ass? In her ing herBoth?

hat you “You have no idea,” said Isaac, his voice shaky, “how often I fa about this thick ass.” He took hold of her round cheeks and began ma them.

eatures, She'd always felt self-conscious of her wobbly bum. Her pear- ed onefigure. The way her flesh sat around her middle. But the way Isaac t breast.her made her feel like the most beautiful woman alive.

a filthy, “This soft belly,” said Isaac, sliding his fingers up to her tumm ou littlerubbing and stroking her like she was his little pet. “Mmmm. I just wa my face in there.”

. on the She felt his breath on her ass now, and then, out of nowhere, sh ing. “Ittongue on her butthole.

Holy heck!

ver and Was that okay? Was it alright that he was licking her bum? Did okay? Did it feel good for him?

ouldn't She needn't have worried. As Isaac ate her butt, his face burie

between her cheeks, he made the kind of noises that told Peach that saying finding the whole experience utterly delicious. He massaged her ture were his tongue probed her back passage, and she found herself grinding her rry. No back into him, pushing his tongue in deeper and deeper.

l. “Oh, Daddy...” she murmured. “I feel like I need to touch myself... ner and Her hand trailed toward her trickling wet pussy, but Daddy took fir of it and moved it away.

She wriggled and squirmed and bucked, but Daddy didn’t give in. I his tongue inside her ass and let her pussy ache in desperation. The ti nd her, tongue was pushing some secret part of her, tickling some sensitive a pussy?drove her pussy wild with desire.

“I need... I need...” she gasped. antasize Her pussy had never felt more hungry, more desperate to be fill ssaging Isaac seemed intent on teasing her. Was it possible that she could co: this? She certainly felt close. As if she was perpetually on the edge -shaped could just touch her clit for one tiny second, she knew that she’d cor ouched instant.

“Mmmmm...” she moaned, low and guttural. “I think. y now, thnnnnfffff...” Words eluded her now. She was in animal mode. nna get And so was he. Licking and grunting and moaning with pleasure a: her butt. But then, suddenly, he pulled away, and she felt the soft, warn e felt ahis dick nudging her butthole.

“I’m gonna fuck you in the ass now, babygirl,” he told her. “Hold o my little animal.” it taste Her asshole was nice and wet for him, and his cock stretched her op ease.

’d deep “No pussy-fucking for you today, little one,” he panted as he fuck

he was “This is your punishment for trying to buy Daddy’s ranch. Naughty... my creature...” He panted as he thrust mercilessly into her.

er hips Her whole body shook. Her large breasts swung back and forth, her tummy wobbled and her ass jiggled. Her pussy stayed on the edge of orgasm constantly.

m hold “Fuck,” Isaac panted, “I’m gonna come in your ass, little animal.”

She felt him stretch her open even more now, and then he throbbed. He kept of her, the hot liquid pouring out of him and into her center.

p of his *Ho-lee shit.*

rea that She shook and spasmed and trembled, so, so, so close to coming.

“Daddy, please!” she whined. “I’m begging you!”

Isaac grabbed hold of her dangling breast with one hand, and then he pulled. But his middle finger sink deep into her wet, open pussy.

me like As he skewered her on his long, thick finger, he yanked her by the waist. If she pulling her back as far as she would go, getting his finger in as close as possible. His cock was still hard and deep in her ass.

“Come on my finger,” he growled. “On finger is all you’re a... .. I...babygirl.”

Peach had never done this before. Never come so hard and forcefully as she ate just one finger inside her, completely still. But now, she felt the tide on tip of surge inside her and she shuddered and clenched and tightened.

Daddy’s middle finger like it was her entire world.

in tight, And then... peace.

*

en with

ted her.

little... Another shower, this time for both of them. Isaac had rubbed soap
her, and he'd gotten so hard touching her body that she thought he wa
th. Herto fuck her again. She *hoped* he would.

of that "Are you still mad at me, Daddy?" asked Peach as they lay naked
the thin, unappealing blankets at the hotel. "You know I would nev
taken your ranch away from you, don't you?"

l inside Isaac smiled. "I know, babygirl. You're a sweet, kind thing. There
single bad bone in your body."

"Speaking of bones," said Peach, "I should probably take Teddy o
walk soon."

Teddy was sleeping on the floor in his basket. Peach didn't like t
she felthim, but she knew he'd want to poop in the night if he didn't go out so

"You know what?" said Isaac. "Let me do it. I don't want my Li
he hair, wandering around out there at this time."

leep as "You'd do that?" asked Peach. "You'd walk Teddy all by yourself?"

Isaac laughed. "I'm sure I can manage. Besides, me and the mutt c
llowed, with a little time to get to know one another."

"He doesn't really like to be called a mutt," said Peach, giving
lly withpout. As she stroked Isaac's arm, she noticed something. A long pink
al waverunning down his forearm. "Hey, I didn't do that, did I? I'm sorry if
aroundme!"

Isaac looked at the scratch and then back at Peach. "Ah. No. That
you. That was... Okay, there's something you don't know about me ye

Peach sat up in the bed, frowning. "There is? What is it? You
random scratches on your arm that you can't explain?"

"No," said Isaac. "That's not it. I *can* explain the scratch. Only...
gonna find the reason a bit... surprising."

all over “I am?”

s going “I... have a cat,” said Isaac.

“You have a *what?*”

I under “It was never meant to be permanent. It’s a stray kitten. Turned up
er havedoorstep a couple weeks ago. I’ve been trying to re-home it, but...”

Peach giggled. “You’ve grown attached to it, haven’t you?”

’s not a Isaac looked deep into Peach’s eyes, suddenly serious. He put I
around her, pulling her in close. “I want a family, Peach. I never knew
ut for anow. I always felt scared to have one, in case I lost it like I lost my m
dad. But... I want you. And I want Teddy. And I want Itchy.”

o wake “Itchy?” Peach asked, screwing up her nose.

on. “Yep. That’s the kitten’s name. Guess Itchy’s kind of a silly name n
ttle girlI’m getting immunotherapy. She won’t be making me itchy for much l

“It’s a cute name,” said Peach. “And... I want a family too.”

’ Since seeing that cow give birth, something had been percolating
ould domind. Brewing and getting stronger. She’d been afraid to say anyt
first, in case she was wrong. In case Isaac was too mad at her to listen.

a mock But now, the idea felt so right. And the vision she had in her head
scratchwonderful that she had to share it.

f it was “Daddy,” she said, “I have a plan.”

wasn’t

st.”

l... get

you’re

“I am?”

“I... have a cat,” said Isaac.

“You have a *what*?”

“It was never meant to be permanent. It’s a stray kitten. Turned up on my doorstep a couple weeks ago. I’ve been trying to re-home it, but...”

Peach giggled. “You’ve grown attached to it, haven’t you?”

Isaac looked deep into Peach’s eyes, suddenly serious. He put his arm around her, pulling her in close. “I want a family, Peach. I never knew it until now. I always felt scared to have one, in case I lost it like I lost my mom and dad. But... I want you. And I want Teddy. And I want Itchy.”

“Itchy?” Peach asked, screwing up her nose.

“Yep. That’s the kitten’s name. Guess Itchy’s kind of a silly name now that I’m getting immunotherapy. She won’t be making me itchy for much longer.”

“It’s a cute name,” said Peach. “And... I want a family too.”

Since seeing that cow give birth, something had been percolating in her mind. Brewing and getting stronger. She’d been afraid to say anything at first, in case she was wrong. In case Isaac was too mad at her to listen.

But now, the idea felt so right. And the vision she had in her head felt so wonderful that she had to share it.

“Daddy,” she said, “I have a plan.”

Chapter Twenty-One

ISAAC

THIS WAS THE CRAZIEST thing he'd ever done. But if it worked, Peach Trimble was a damn genius.

“Any sign of danger and you run back to your car, babygirl,” said Isaac. “I’ll follow right behind you.”

Peach nodded, smiling. “It’ll be fine, Daddy. I promise.”

They had parked a little way back from the ranch and they were behind a tree. Peach looked adorable. Her eyes were shining brighter than ever before, and he was so damn in love with her, it was ridiculous.

They’d spent the night at the motel, formulating their plan. Isaac had taken Teddy for a walk and he’d brought Peach breakfast in bed this morning with croissants and fruit and juice. The one thing he hadn’t done, which he was desperate to do, was fuck her again. But he knew that Peach was being made to wait. He knew that when he finally entered her pussy, it would be explosive.

“You got your phone, Daddy?” Peach asked.

“Yup,” said Isaac, holding it up. “You got yours?”

“Yes!” Peach said, holding up hers too.

“Then we’re good to go, babygirl. Let’s do this thing.” He bent down and kissed Peach on the cheek. He would have kissed her on the lips but he trusted himself not to get carried away. Enacting this plan with her was exciting that it was kind of a turn-on. Even if it didn’t work, it was hot that she was willing to do this for him. He just hoped that she’d play it

Peach clapped her hands together and jumped up and down. She was wearing a pink PAW patrol t-shirt and her breasts jiggled temptingly. “Come on, Teddy!” she squealed. “Pups to the rescue!”

She began skipping up to the ranch house with Teddy in tow, and Isaac watched her with bated breath.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Peach reached the door of the ranch house. Isaac saw her knock on the door, then get her phone out her pocket. The moment that Aunt Meg opened the door, Peach pressed a button on her phone, and Teddy started running around and yapping like all hell broken loose.

“What’s going on?” Isaac heard Aunt Meg cry. “Get that dog under control!”

But Peach couldn’t control Teddy, because she had started to play the PAW Patrol theme tune on her phone, and apparently, whenever she did that, Teddy became extremely hyper. In fact, he was so overexcited that he ran straight into the ranch house, as Peach predicted that he would.

“I’m so sorry!” Peach exclaimed.

And without skipping a beat, Aunt Meg ran into the house after the dog.

Peach turned and gave Isaac a thumbs up, then she went into the house after Aunt Meg.

Now was Isaac’s chance. He headed straight for the cattle, looking at photographs of their half-starved bodies and their terrible living conditions.

wn and was nerve-wracking wondering how Peach was getting on inside the e didn't and he knew that he had to work quickly. When he had a dozer was so pictures, he stopped. That would be enough.

as hell But there was one more thing he wanted to do before he left. There safe. chance that the plan might not work, and if it didn't... he wanted to he was parents' graves one last time.

as she He ran from tree to tree, trying to blend in, until he reached the back ranch house. And the moment that he saw his mom and dad's graves, d Isaac the bile rising in his stomach. What a mess. Aunt Meg had treated the total disrespect. They were full of weeds and trash. It was hard to look e ranch "Mom," he said sorrowfully, "Dad. I'm sorry. I'm gonna make this ocket as He knew, there and then, that no matter what happened, he was g a button get this ranch back. And when he did, he wasn't going to make this pl ell had any kind of investment. He was going to make it into a home.

Just then, he heard a scream inside the ranch house. He looked thro g under back window and saw Aunt Meg holding up a rolling pin, trying to Teddy with it.

lay the "No!" Peach screamed. "Stop!"

lid that, He ran over to the house and knocked on the window. "Aunt M he ran yelled. "I'm the one you ought to come after! Because I'm the one about to get this whole place shut down!"

Aunt Meg ran over to the window, and, without thinking, she ba dog. with the rolling pin, smashing the glass.

e house "You piece of shit, Isaac!" she yelled. "Just like your father! Trying something that doesn't belong to him!"

taking Isaac looked at her squarely. "What are you talking about?"

tions. It Aunt Meg paused for breath. Then, she wheezed: "Your father, my l

house, He wanted my Jeffrey's land. Before he died."

For so Isaac looked at her through the broken glass. Her face looked twisted years of bitterness.

There was a "Uncle Jeffrey used to own the pastureland next to this one," said Isaac. He saw his "But... the land was no good. Nothing would grow on it. And the animals kept dying."

Think of the "The land," said Aunt Meg, screwing her eyes tight shut, "had anthrax on it. He felt it. But Jeffrey and I were dealing with it."

He came with "Wait," said Isaac, his head reeling, "so why did my father want that land? Did he know about the anthrax?"

Right." Aunt Meg hung her head. "No. Your father didn't know. He just wanted to expand his ranch. Said we were making a meal of the land and offered it to you out for a pittance."

"You can't blame my father for wanting to expand the ranch, can you?" Isaac asked.

Don't bother "Your father," said Aunt Meg, with gritted teeth, "was greedy. Just like you. You know what he did? When Jeffrey wouldn't sell him the land, he called animal control. Got Jeffrey into trouble. Jeffrey was forced to sell the land, and your dad bought it for peanuts."

That's "I remember dad buying that land," said Isaac, trying to piece this together. "That was about a year before he died." Just then, it hit him like a train. "Wait. So Uncle Jeffrey's land had anthrax on it? And my parents didn't?"

to take Aunt Meg scratched her cheek furiously. "He asked me to put some soil on your dad's land. I didn't know it would... I didn't realize that my parents..."

brother. Isaac's blood began to boil. "You're responsible for their deaths?"

r. "And
ing pin,
ow and
√ what?
left the
ill of it,
ie truth.
othering
old you

holding
"I think

is, you
yelled

er.
of them

ngs she

ad that
crying.
rything

Chapter Twenty-Two

PEACH

“**Y**OU KNOW, I NEVER would have had you down as a zoo a guy,” said Peach, grinning, as she licked her mint choc cream.

“You kidding? This was my favorite place when I was a kid,” said “We used to come to Miami just to visit the zoo when I was a kid... but well, you know.”

Peach squeezed Isaac’s hand. “You sure you don’t want a lick of ice cream, Daddy?”

Isaac looked at the ice-cream. “Careful,” he said, “or you’ll make hard in public yet again. I’ll never forget that strawberry ice-cream incident.”

Peach fluttered her lashes at him. “What strawberry ice-cream incident, Daddy? Explain it to me.”

“Bad girl,” he growled, squeezing her bottom, quickly enough that it was barely noticeable to anyone else here, but hard enough that Peach definitely noticed it.

As they walked past cute animal after cute animal, Peach let out a sigh. “I don’t know what I like best: mammals or reptiles.”

Isaac laughed. "It's a real conundrum. Mammals are normally cuddlier-looking than reptiles. But reptiles are badass, so..."

"It's like the difference between you and me, Daddy," Peach joked.

The winter sun shone down on them, and everything felt so Yesterday, they'd come back from the ranch after dropping in at a station with all the evidence they'd amassed. Isaac told Peach, as the away from it, that it felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Finally finding out the truth. Seeing his aunt confess.

The police said that they'd be firm but fair with Aunt Meg. She cooperated with them, and if what she was saying was true, it was kind of who had been the brains behind the operation. It had all happened years ago, and would be hard to prove, but Aunt Meg wasn't going to get away with jail time. What she had done was manslaughter at the very best. And Isaac involved in the destruction of a will — that was fraud. Throw in the before...neglect, and Aunt Meg's situation wasn't exactly rosy.

Still, she deserved whatever she had coming, that was for sure. The lawyer had told Isaac that it might take a little time to sort everything out, but he had a good chance of getting the ranch taken away from his aunt. Daddy restored to him, the rightful owner.

"ident." Peach felt amazing to have played a part in all that. Helping other people was one of her hobbies, after all. They still hadn't talked about what she would do with the ranch, if he got it back, but that would come.

It was "What you thinking about, babygirl?" he asked as they stopped by a *infinitely* of giant anteaters.

Peach took a deep breath. "The future."

Isaac looked at her thoughtfully. "You know, we can't annul our marriage anymore... Not since we... But of course, we can divorce any time

... a lot like..." He put his arms around her waist. "It's not what I want, though"

"What do you want?" asked Peach, her voice small and tremulous.

"I want to take back the ranch," said Isaac.

... good. Peach's heart sank. He was thinking about the ranch, not about

... police course, the ranch was a big deal for him, but she'd hoped that he—

... y came "And I want to set up your animal rescue center on it."

oulders. Peach's eyes widened. "You do?"

"Except, I think, I want it to be a home. For me, and you, and all

If she animals who live there."

Jeffrey Peach swallowed. "You mean... like... a sanctuary?"

ars ago, "Exactly," said Isaac. "I want to help rescue badly treated animals a

without after them on our sanctuary. I know it's not exactly the same as a pet

d being center, but I want the ranch to be a home, and—"

animal "I love it," Peach said quickly. "It's perfect."

"We have space for at least a couple hundred cattle on that land,

ne cops continued, the words flowing out of him excitedly, "plus a bunch c

that he creatures. And there'll be Teddy and Itchy, of course, plus me and you

nt, and moved his palm around to Peach's tummy. "Plus, if it appeals to you, a

or so tiny little Peaches?"

people "A dozen!" Peach gasped. "You want twelve kids?"

at Isaac "Okay, maybe six," joked Isaac. "Only if it's what you want, that is-

"Yes, Daddy," said Peach quickly, "I do. I do!"

... a cage Isaac laughed, lifting her into the air and twirling her around.

"Careful, Daddy! I'm heavy!" Peach said, giggling.

"Nonsense," Isaac said, putting her down. "Wait until you're pregnant

... marriage these half dozen children, darling. Then you'll know what heavy is."

ne you "I hope I don't have to be pregnant with them all at once!" Peach

1.” blushing.

“It’s not a deal-breaker,” Isaac replied, stooping down and taking a
her ice-cream.

her. Of “Hey, get your own, meanie!” Peach said, pouting, but she was
joking. Her Daddy could lick anything of hers he liked.

They walked on a little way, past small-clawed otters, giant elan
meerkats. Isaac seemed deep in thought.

l of the “While we wait to set up the ranch,” he said, “I’d like to work on
project.”

“Oh yes?” asked Peach.

nd look “The honeymoon mansion. The one we argued in before we came o
: rescueIt’s actually always kinda been my favorite. It’s in the best position
ocean view. It just needs doing up.”

“I’d love to do it up,” Peach said.

” Isaac “I’d like to make it into a home with you. Combining both our tastes
of other Peach snickered. “You mean, contemporary billionaire meets c
l...” Heloving Little?”

a dozen “Exactly,” Isaac replied sincerely. “That’s exactly how it should b
then, when we’re done, I’d like to sell the other three mansions
compound. I don’t need them all, you know. And I’d like to put l
—” money I make from it toward setting up the sanctuary.”

“What about the other half?” Peach asked. “Some kind of investmer

“Nope,” Isaac replied. “I want you to choose which charities to d
to. I figured you might find it fun.”

unt with “I would find it fun!” Peach replied, glowing. “Super fun!”

“Good,” Isaac said, kissing her. “Then it’s settled. I love you
ch said,Righton.”

“I love you, Daddy Righton.”

A lick of Isaac kissed Peach’s cheek, then whispered into her ear: “The meerkat behind you.”

As only Peach jumped, then squealed, then laughed. Then, suddenly, he dropped to the floor.

Isaac asked, “What is it, darling?” “What’s up?”

“It’s nothing,” Peach sniffed. “It’s... I’m so happy... I just want another friend...”

Isaac put his hand over her beating heart. “I think we can fix this.”

at here.

for the

is.”

cartoon-

oe. And

on the

half the

it?”

onate it

1, Mrs.

“I love you, Daddy Righton.”

Isaac kissed Peach’s cheek, then whispered into her ear: “There’s a meerkat behind you.”

Peach jumped, then squealed, then laughed. Then, suddenly, her gaze dropped to the floor.

“What is it, darling?” Isaac asked. “What’s up?”

“It’s nothing,” Peach sniffed. “It’s... I’m so happy... I just wish my friends...”

Isaac put his hand over her beating heart. “I think we can fix this.”

Chapter Twenty-Three

ISAAC

WHO SAID YOU COULDN'T take your friends on your honeymoon? There was plenty of room on this boat for all of them. It was an enormous luxury cruise liner that he'd booked for him and Peach, but it was also a very nice yacht with three double cabins and a pool. And there was something like cruising between some of Europe's most historic tourist spots to everyone why they were all still friends.

"Oh man, I needed this," said Kiera, stretching out on the deck.

Isaac, who was sorting drinks for everyone, couldn't help notice that Bastion was staring at her. The two of them had barely said a word to each other, but they seemed to look at each other constantly. They wanted to fight or fuck, he couldn't figure it out.

"Tell me about it," said Daisy, lying on a lounge beside her. "Thank you for letting us come on your honeymoon, Peachy Pop."

Peach was in the pool, throwing a beach ball up and down. She was incredible in her little pink bikini, all her curves on display, reminding him of what a lucky guy he was. She wasn't showing yet, though, which was as well, because it seemed a little bit soon to tell everyone about that.

weeks pregnant, though. It was a great feeling. All this time, and money, and what he'd really needed had been a beautiful wife wonderful family.

“When are you guys gonna play with meeeee?” Peach called to Daisy and Kiera.

Daisy looked over at her with a wicked grin. “Aren't you going to play with me?” She said that last bit in a high-pitched voice that made everyone look at her in bemusement.

Peach clapped her hands excitedly. “Ziiiip! Ziiiip! Ziiiiiiiip!”

“Is someone going to tell me what's happening here?” asked Isaac. “They're speaking Gigglish,” Kiera told him. “It's a secret language I made up years ago.”

Out of nowhere, Daisy began to snort like a pig.

Peach shook her head and snorted like a pig in return.

“I believe they're saying ‘Thank you’ to each other,” Kiera translated to the group.

Everyone cracked up. It was so good to see the girls getting on like this. Kiera and Daisy seemed genuinely happy for Peach and Isaac now. It was like they'd never been apart. Obviously, getting them back on schedule had taken time and patience. Isaac had apologized to Kiera and Daisy for not earning their trust properly. And Kiera and Daisy had apologized to Peach for not trusting her more in the first place.

The poor girls had promised not to fall out ever again. To always trust each other no matter what, and to be best friends forever. They all seemed to have learned something from the experience, and that was heartwarming to Daisy. Daisy raised her hands. “Alright, alright, I'm getting in! I was great. Six play with my new Beach Barbie set that Daddy got me, but I guess

all this wait..."

and a Montague walked over to Daisy and kissed the top of her head. Tom lifted her high into the air, making Daisy scream, and threw her into the pool. "Naughty Daddy!" Daisy shouted, splashing water at him. "That was very bad!"

to say: Montague laughed. "Guess I'll have to suffer the same punishment as everyone he said, jumping into the pool, fully clothed."

"Hey, wait for me!" squealed Kiera, jumping into the pool in her dress and t-shirt.

It was great to see everyone goofing around like this. Even Bastion was laughing, and he'd barely smiled since his divorce. Life was good. Isaac and family were everything.

"Come on, Daddy!" Peach laughed. "You have to get in too! Last one to get out is a rotten egg!"

Isaac looked at Bastion. "Looks like we're in this together, dude."

Bastion didn't even wait to be invited. He did a running cannonball into the end of the pool, splashing everyone and making a huge splash, and his screams and laughter among the Littles.

"Uh oh," said Peach. "Looks like you're the rotten egg, Daddy."

"It's true," said Isaac. "You got me." He pretended to take a huge sip from the sangria he'd been mixing, but then he put the glass down and ran into the pool, jumping in with the force of a man who was never going to get up, not even once.

"This is the life," said Peach, swimming over to him.

"It sure is," said Daisy. "Hey, Peach. I'm sorry for being judgmental and calling you a Bridezilla about your wedding. I'm glad you're with Isaac."

"Yeah," said Kiera, looking straight into Isaac's eyes. "He's not

after all. But if he hurts you, I *will* kill him.”

Then, he “That’s fair enough,” said Isaac, laughing. “I fully accept my fate.”
The pool. Isaac wasn’t sure if Peach had told her friends that they’d married
as very, money yet, but it didn’t really seem to matter. The truth was that was
the reason they’d married for, they were staying married because they loved
each other then,” another.

And Isaac was going to look after his wife, his Little, his love, for
the rest of her life.

John was

John's

John's

John's

John's

John's

John's

John's

John's

John's

after all. But if he hurts you, I *will* kill him.”

“That’s fair enough,” said Isaac, laughing. “I fully accept my fate.”

Isaac wasn’t sure if Peach had told her friends that they’d married for money yet, but it didn’t really seem to matter. The truth was that whatever reason they’d married for, they were staying married because they loved one another.

And Isaac was going to look after his wife, his Little, his love, for the rest of her life.

Chapter Twenty-Four

PEACH

DIRT. POOP. BARKS. BLEATING. Mooing. The perfect cl their perfect home.

“Daddy,” said Peach, crawling around the floor of the almost f luxury ranch house, “am I allowed to stop my punishment now?”

“No,” said Isaac. He was sitting on an armchair by the fire, with It cat sleeping on his lap, and Teddy sleeping at his feet.

Itchy and Teddy weren’t their only pets now, though. There was the three-legged German Shepherd, Billy the blind bulldog, and Bar Jack Russell with PTSD. All Peach’s favorite dogs from the rescue back in Connecticut. She’d felt so sad about quitting on them complete when Isaac had asked what was up, the second she’d explained he tol fly them over. *The more the merrier*, he’d said.

Peach couldn’t believe how much he’d changed since that first time met. The animal-hating businessman, who hated to see even one thing place, had become completely at peace in the countryside, with creatu chaos all around him... and a Little wife who he had dressed up as a r fox.

“But Daddy,” Peach whined, “I only took *one* cookie without asking.”
“You know Daddy’s in charge of the cookie jar,” Isaac told her, looking up from his newspaper.

“But I was hungry! You know how I get now I’m pregnant!”
Isaac looked down at her, stifling a smile.

Peach felt very silly, crawling around on her hands and knees, her ass bulging beneath her. She was only three months pregnant, but they’d had their first scan a couple weeks ago, and they had confirmed that she was pregnant with triplets. Peach had been terrified, but Isaac had told her she was the happiest man on the planet.

“Only three more until we get to our half dozen,” he’d joked afterward.

Peach crawled over to Isaac, wagging her ass at him. “This is making me super horny.”

Isaac had put a butt plug in her, but it wasn’t just any butt plug. It was a butt plug with a big, bushy fox’s tail hanging down from it. It was wedged between her legs as she crawled, making her thighs tickle. Her pussy, the rest of her body, was bare, except for a headband with fox’s ears attached to the center.

Isaac put down his paper. “Such a cunning little fox, aren’t you?” He told her to “Sneaking an extra cookie and then trying to get Daddy to fuck you are the only things you’re meant to be having a punishment.” He looked at his watch. “I don’t think they’d guess you’ve been wearing your costume for nearly two hours now, but you’d better get out of here. We have plenty of jobs to be getting on with out there.”

He pointed out the window, at the poopy, barky, bleaty, playful, and naughty wonderful sanctuary that they were building into their forever home.

,” they’d been living here, Isaac had started wearing jeans and flannel, never, not always had this relaxed look on his face that made her heart melt.

Well, he almost always had this relaxed look on his face. Except a little like this. When his eyes narrowed... and his cock hardened.

“Crawl over to that rug, foxy.”

Peach did as she was told. She could feel Isaac’s eyes on her, and she was sure she put on a show for him, jiggling her ass around just the way he was it.

“Spread your legs a little wider for Daddy,” he said.

She did so, and she heard him walking over to her.

“Good,” he said. “Now I want to hear you telling me what a naughty girl you’ve been.”

“I’ve been a very naughty girl, Daddy,” she repeated.

“That the only thing you’re allowed in your mouth between now and dinner time is Daddy’s hard cock.”

“Er, the only thing I’m allowed to eat until dinner is Daddy’s cock,” she said shyly.

Isaac moved around in front of her. He’d taken off his jeans and underpants, and his flannel shirt was open, showing off his tight, muscular abs. His cock, as predicted, was rock hard.

“Go on, then, foxy,” he urged her. “Eat Daddy’s cock.”

Peach strained her neck upward, then opened wide and took her large, throbbing cock between her lips. It tasted even better than the one she’d stolen earlier, and she sucked at it hungrily.

“Good little fox,” said Isaac, stroking her hair. “Daddy’s trained you well. Since Peach sucked harder, flicking her tongue across the tip just how he liked it, but Isaac stopped her.

and he “Fuck, babygirl,” he said. “Seeing you crawl around in that thing past two hours... Daddy’s fit to burst. We’re gonna have to take it slow at times Daddy’s gonna cum right away.”

He turned her around so that he was facing her butt now.

“I love your tail, babygirl,” he said, applying a little pressure to the madeplug, stretching her ass even wider open. He’d been working on increasing the size of the plugs lately. She couldn’t believe how wide her Daddy was able to stretch her, and how hungry it made her pussy when he did it.

She whimpered, dizzy with lust.

“Don’t worry, darling,” Isaac said, putting his hand between her thighs gently stroking her clit. “Daddy’s punished you enough today. It’s time to give you a nice big tasty treat.”

He pressed his cock against the entrance to her pussy. She could barely handle it. The butt plug was stretching her so wide that everything felt so sensitive.

“Ohk,” she said. And then he squeezed into her. She was tighter than usual because of the space the plug was taking up in her back passage.

“Ooh, I like that,” said Isaac. “Such a tight little foxy, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Peach panted. “But I think I can fit you in.”

“Good girl,” said Isaac, sliding all the way in, getting nice and deep and snug. When he was in as far as he could get, he smacked her ass, making Daddy jump with surprise, ripples of delicious pain radiating around her buttocks.

“Did I do something wrong, Daddy?” she asked, trying not to let him hear she was smiling.

“No, babygirl,” Isaac replied. “I just know you like it when I smack your Daddy ass while I’m inside you.”

“It’s true,” she said. “I *do* like it.”

for the “You’re a naughty little creature,” he replied. “You know that, foxy
power or “I know, sir,” she panted. “And you’re a filthy animal, Daddy.”

Isaac smacked her again, harder this time, and it brought such a de
of pleasure to her pussy and asshole that she surprised herself by con
he butthis cock in one abrupt, intense, earth-shattering climax. When s
reasingfinished gasping, Isaac began slowly sliding in and out of her.

dy was “Well, that was unexpected,” he said, “but very, very good.”

“I guess being a naughty girl has its perks,” said Peach.

Isaac fucked her harder now, and Peach lost track of the noises s
ghs andhearing. The grunts and moans of her Daddy. The whinnies and moo:
time tohorses and cattle outside. She was surrounded by animals, surroun
love, happier and more fulfilled than she ever thought possible.

. barely “You good, babygirl?” Isaac panted as he built toward his climax
It superready for Daddy to come inside you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, grinning. “Yes, yes, yes.”

e of the With that, she felt her Daddy come inside her, hard and hot and m
than life itself.

æp and

ing her *Thanks for reading! I had so much fun writing this one. All that an
cks. All that chemistry! I love writing a curvy main character too. A
n knowaddition of those animal outfits added a little extra kink. Please take t
to leave a review and let people know your thoughts. I appreciate rev
ck yourmuch!*

?” *If you can't get enough Peach and Isaac, check out this little epilogue for YES DADDY. It'll show you how life on the ranch pans out.*
ep rush
ning on *And don't forget to check out the third and final novel in the*
he had *MORE DADDY. It's Kiera and Bastion's story, and it has all the fire and feistiness you'd expect from these two!*

Don't forget to find me on Facebook and join my newsletter for updates on new releases.

he was
s of the *Read on for a full list of all my books.*
ded by
Love and hugs!

is. “You *Lucky Moon x o x*

ore real

al play!
And the
he time
views so

If you can't get enough Peach and Isaac, check out this little bonus epilogue for YES DADDY. It'll show you how life on the ranch pans out!

And don't forget to check out the third and final novel in the trilogy, MORE DADDY. It's Kiera and Bastion's story, and it has all the fireworks and feistiness you'd expect from these two!

Don't forget to find me on Facebook and join my newsletter for updates on new releases.

Read on for a full list of all my books.

Love and hugs!

Lucky Moon x o x

Also By Lucky Moon

BAD BOY DADDIES

DADDY MEANS BUSINESS

DADDY MEANS TROUBLE

DADDY MEANS SUBMISSION

DADDY MEANS DOMINATION

DADDY MEANS HALLOWEEN

DADDY MEANS DISCIPLINE

LIBERTY LITTLES

TAMED BY HER DADDIES

FAKE DADDY

DADDY SAVES CHRISTMAS (IN A LITTLE COUNTRY CHRIST

SECOND CHANCE DADDIES

DADDY'S GAME

THE DADDY CONTEST

DADDY'S ORDERS

DRIFTERS MC

DADDY DEMANDS

DADDY COMMANDS

DADDY DEFENDS

DADDIES INC

BOSS DADDY

YES DADDY

COLORADO DADDIES

HER WILD COLORADO DADDY

FIERCE DADDIES

THE DADDIES MC SERIES

MAS)

DANE

ROCK

HAWK

DADDIES MOUNTAIN RESCUE

MISTER PROTECTIVE

MISTER DEMANDING

MISTER RELENTLESS

SUGAR DADDY CLUB SERIES

PLATINUM DADDY

CELEBRITY DADDY

DIAMOND DADDY

CHAMPAGNE DADDY

LITTLE RANCH SERIES

DADDY'S FOREVER GIRL

DADDY'S SWEET GIRL

DADDY'S PERFECT GIRL

DADDY'S DARLING GIRL

DADDY'S REBEL GIRL

MOUNTAIN DADDIES SERIES

TRAPPED WITH DADDY

LOST WITH DADDY

SAVED BY DADDY

STUCK WITH DADDY

TRAINED BY DADDY

GUARDED BY DADDY

STANDALONE NOVELS

PLEASE DADDY

DDLG MATCHMAKER SERIES

DADDY'S LITTLE BRIDE

DADDY'S LITTLE REBEL

DADDY'S LITTLE DREAM

VIGILANTE DADDIES

BLAZE

DRAKE

PHOENIX

Copyright

Content copyright © Lucky Moon. All rights reserved. First published 2023.

This book may not be reproduced or used in any manner without express written permission of the copyright holder, except for quotations used in reviews or promotions. This book is licensed for personal use only. Thanks!

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Cover Image © ksi, Adobestock.com. Cover Design, Lucky Moon.

Copyright

Content copyright © Lucky Moon. All rights reserved. First published in 2023.

This book may not be reproduced or used in any manner without the express written permission of the copyright holder, except for brief quotations used in reviews or promotions. This book is licensed for your personal use only. Thanks!

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Cover Image © ksi, Adobestock.com. Cover Design, Lucky Moon.