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Runaway Bride

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BOOKS 1-3

JESS WINTERS

DADDY'S *Ferocious Girl*

1

DADDY'S *Rich Girl*

2

DADDY'S *Submissive Girl*

3



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Daddies Little Runaway Bride Series Collection

Books 1-3

Jess Winters

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Daddy's Timid Girl

Chapter 1

Chloe

The dress was itchy; a conservative monstrosity that reached all the way up my neck, covered my wrists, and constricted my legs in a mermaid skirt. Despite all the white lace and intricate beading, it felt more like a straight jacket than a wedding dress.

“Honey, are you just about ready?” Angela, my future mother-in-law, came into my room, holding a glass of red wine in one hand and a cigarette in another. She looked me up and down, sucking in the toxic smoke. “Why, don’t you look happy?” she drawled. “You should enjoy wearing dresses like this, right now. Once you pop out your first kid, formfitting dresses like this one will be a thing of

the past.” She let out a nasal laugh that sounded more mocking than jovial.

I flinched. The last thing I wanted was kids. Despite being twenty, I felt mostly like a kid myself. I wasn’t ready to be a mother. But, I didn’t have a say in the matter – not anymore.

“Oh honey, lighten up! It’s your wedding day, after all!” Angela said. “You know, I’m not sure why my Eugene chose you, but I’m sure you’ll be a bride worthy of him; in time, of course.”

My eyes burned at her insult, but they didn’t tear up. I was already cried out.

Angela seemed to realize I wasn’t going to speak. “Don’t take too long,” she huffed. “Everyone’s starting to get restless out there.” She closed the door behind her, leaving me alone in the dressing room, once again.

I looked in the mirror, trying to find some semblance of me, but with my hair in a tight updo and my face covered with makeup, I even didn’t recognize myself. I hated looking like this. I hated all of this. But, this was my future. There was no way out of it, once I walked out of that door.

The door opened again.

“Oh go away!” I shouted and whirled around. But, it wasn’t Angela, this time. It was Henry,

Eugene's uncle. He was the only one in Eugene's insufferable family who had ever been civil to me. Now he was assessing me with concern. "I'm sorry," I muttered. "I thought you were Angela."

"I react that way with my sister, too." He gave a soft chuckle. His long black hair had been tamed into a ponytail, for once, and instead of his usual t-shirt and jeans, he was dressed in a black tux, which enhanced his good looks.

I was surprised he was even here. Eugene's family was old money. Their oil empire had elevated them to power. However, unlike the rest of them, Henry had rejected that family legacy and had started a clean energy company instead as well as a non-profit wildlife conservation. Because of it, he was merely tolerated at family functions. "I didn't think you were coming," I said. "I thought you hated these things."

"I do." He strode over to me. "But, I heard none of your family was going to make it. I wanted you to know someone was going to be in your corner."

A lump rose in my throat. "Thank you," I whispered.

He rested his hands on my shoulders. "Chloe, please tell me why you're doing this," he whis-

pered. “You look absolutely miserable. You don’t love Eugene.”

“I have to. My parents work for your family. They live on company grounds. They’ll lose everything—”

“That’s how he did it?” Henry’s eyes burned with anger. “He threatened your family?”

I swallowed and nodded.

He shook his head. “No. This isn’t happening.”

“It is. I have to do it.”

He reached up and tore the veil from my head. He tossed it to one side. “No. I’m not letting my idiot nephew trap you into this. I can protect you and your family. They can’t force you to do this.”

I shook my head. “I don’t understand.”

“Chloe, I’m going to help you ditch your wedding. Now, do you want to come with me, or do you want to be trapped in a loveless marriage for the rest of your life?”

I felt a glimmer of hope. Henry was powerful. He could protect my parents and me. He was our best chance at least. I nodded. “I’ll come with you.”

Henry grabbed my hand. “We’ll have to go quickly, before they spot us.” He pulled me out of the dressing room, and looked around the church. The coast was clear. “Come on,” he murmured as

he pulled me out of the door and into the bright sunlight.

My stomach tightened with anxiety but with anticipation as well. I was free. I was actually free.

Henry led me to his car, an electric sports car he had designed himself.

“Get in,” he said. “We need to pick up your parents and get you all to my house first.”

“They’re at work.”

Henry’s lip curled. “Of course Eugene made them work, so they would miss your wedding.” As the car started up, a touchscreen on the dashboard flickered to life. He dialed a number as we pulled out of the church parking lot.

“Hello?” said a male voice.

“Jack. Listen to me, carefully. We have to move quickly.” He gave instructions to his assistant to get movers to my parents’ house to pack everything up. He ordered a driver to go get my parents from work.

He hung up a second later. “It’s going to be all right, Chloe. We have a head start. If we can get them moved off the property, before Eugene can act, then that will make it all that much easier.”

I nodded. He was right. Eugene wasn’t going to

take this well, or give up without a fight. He didn't understand the concept of 'no'.

I shuddered. That had almost been my life. "Thank you," I said.

He glanced at me before focusing back on the road. "You don't have to thank me for this, my darling."

Chapter 2

Henry

My mind was swimming with everything that needed to be done. Not only did I have unexpected guests, but I was going to have to prepare for a legal battle. Unfortunately, my family was great at twisting the law in their favor and had sunk their influence deep into the small town in which they lived. It was how they got away with shit, such as their all but kidnapping an innocent woman.

I had only met Chloe a couple of times, before today. Her engagement to Eugene had been announced out of the blue two months ago. There were a couple of parties, to which I had been invited out of politeness. Normally, I would have given them an equally polite rejection. But, I was

curious about Eugene's bride, when there had been no mention at all about him dating anyone, in person or online.

I understood why when I met her.

Chloe was beautiful, shy, and sweet. She was also absolutely miserable. She practically flinched from Eugene every time he put an arm around her. Angela had told her to cheer up more than once in her sugar-covered but angry voice. It didn't surprise me at all that Eugene had threatened her parents. My nephew was a bully and had always been a bully. It was just like him to find a pretty girl he liked and try to trap her.

We pulled up to my house; a three-story Victorian-style house I had built myself. Even though I rejected my family's rotten legacy, I liked the finer things in life and my house reflected that. Its roof glistened with solar panels and the fountain decorating the front lawn was pumping reclaimed water; but, aside from that, it looked like a symbol of opulence from the outside.

Chloe's eyes widened when she saw it. "Wow," she said. "This isn't a house. This is a mansion."

I chuckled. "Well, it's your home until further notice."

My butler, Jonathan, opened the door for

Chloe. If he was curious about why she was wearing a wedding dress, he didn't show it.

"Good morning, Miss," he said.

She bit her lip and smiled hesitantly. "Good morning."

I smiled. She was so adorable.

"Jonathan, I need two rooms prepared for visitors," I said. "Could you please prepare the guest room, next to mine, as well as the one down the hall?"

He nodded. "Certainly, Sir."

After he left, I took Chloe's hand in my own. She let out a small shiver at my touch, but she didn't flinch away as she flinched away from Eugene.

"I'll take you upstairs to my room," I said. "You can change and wash up there. Your parents will be here soon, as well as the belongings from your house."

She bit her lip. "He's probably noticed I'm gone, by now," she said. "They must be so angry."

"Don't worry about them, my darling. I can handle my own family."

Her brow furrowed in a worried line. "I'm sorry. I'm causing so much trouble for you, aren't I?"

"Trust me; anything to get you away from my nephew is worth it."

I led her inside. Even though she took off her shoes as soon as we were inside, she had trouble walking in the dress. It was as if it was actually designed to constrict her movement. She was able to stumble to the stairs, but walking up them was out of the question.

"Do you trust me, Chloe?" I asked.

"Of course, Henry. Why wouldn't—"

Before she could finish that question, I had scooped her up in my arms and was carrying her up the stairs. Even under the heavy makeup, I could see her blush. But, she just leaned into me. I tried not to think about how good her delicate body felt in my arms. She was vulnerable and hurting, not to mention fifteen years younger than I was. I'd be no better than Eugene was if I allowed myself to entertain those thoughts. Once we reached my room, I set her down.

"You can put on some of my clothes until we get your own clothes here. Help yourself to anything in the closet."

She gave a small smile. "Thank you. I appreciate it."

"You don't have to thank me, my darling."

She bit her lip. "I do have one more favor to ask."

"Anything."

She turned around. "Could you please unbutton my dress?"

I looked down the row of small pearl buttons. There was no way she could get out of them herself. "Of course," I murmured. I reached up and slowly undid the buttons, revealing her soft, creamy skin underneath. My fingers brushed against her skin briefly. It felt just as soft as it looked. She shivered slightly under my touch. "Sorry," I muttered. "That was an accident."

"It's fine," she said. "I know you're not like Eugene. I know you won't try to hurt me."

"You couldn't possibly know that," I said. "We've only met a couple of times."

She chuckled. "Eugene cornered me alone in a room within five minutes of meeting me. Trust me; you've already proven yourself to be more of a gentleman."

My jaw clenched with anger at the thought of him bullying her like that. "Did he . . . did he try anything with you?"

"No, thank God. He's a firm believer in saving it until marriage. Tonight would have been our first

time." She shuddered at the thought. "I don't think I can thank you enough for getting me out of there."

"You don't have to thank me at all. I'm happy to piss off my family. I'm just glad I got you out, before Eugene could hurt you."

Finally, all the buttons were undone and I backed away from her. My cock had hardened from undressing her, even innocently. I needed to get out of there, before I did something I regretted.

"I'll give you some privacy," I said. "Your parents will be here, soon. I'll have Jonathan inform you when they arrive."

She turned around and sent me a questioning look at my formal tone, but she nodded. "Thank you."

I left, silently groaning as I went downstairs. I needed to get a grip on myself. She was here because she was in trouble. No matter what she said, if I exploited her, I would be no better than my idiot nephew was.

Chapter 3

Chloe

I breathed a sigh of relief once I was finally free of that dress. The circulation returned fully to my arms and legs and I didn't have that itchy lace around my neck anymore.

Henry had a huge master bedroom, complete with a canopy bed, a writing desk, and even an alcove with a bookshelf and an armchair for reading. One wall was taken up by a fake fireplace. The entire place felt cozy.

I went into the bathroom and washed my face vigorously in the marble sink. Then, I shook my hair out of the painful bun and looked at myself in the mirror. Makeup-free and with my hair loose, I was finally starting to look like myself again. I smiled a little at the sight. I still felt the relief of not

having to marry Eugene. He had always creeped me out and I knew my life with him would have been miserable. I just felt bad that Henry had been dragged into my mess.

Henry had always been nice to me. When I had been forced to attend family parties celebrating Eugene's all but kidnapping me, Henry had been the only one who had been kind to me. I found myself looking forward to seeing his bright smile and kind brown eyes. Even though he was older than I was, I couldn't help but notice how sexy he was. When I was trapped in Eugene's mansion, I would spend my nights dreaming about Henry taking me in his arms and protecting me. I had never thought that it would come true.

I laid the dress neatly on the bed. I would have to return it to Eugene's family— they'd paid for it after all. I didn't want it anyway. Still, I needed it as undamaged as possible or they might try to sue me, or Henry, for damages. I needed to hang it up. I opened a walk-in closet, looking for a hanger I could use.

Inside, I saw things I hadn't expected.

Shelves full of stuffed animals lined the wall. Stacks of coloring books and puzzles and children's books rested on the floor. In one corner were

several packages of adult diapers. A thrill of pleasure raced down my back at the sight of it all. I imagined myself curled up in Henry's bed, wearing a diaper and cuddling a stuffy. He would come in from work, undress, and . . .

I shook myself out of that fantasy. Henry might be a Daddy, but he wouldn't want me as his Little. I was young, a little ditzy, and definitely not as educated or sophisticated as the people he worked with every day. At the end of the day, a Little was a partner, and he would want one capable of intelligent conversation. That definitely wasn't me.

I had fantasized about being a Little for a big strong Daddy for years, though. Henry fit the bill perfectly. It would be difficult not to make a fool of myself in front of him, especially now that I knew he enjoyed it, too.

I slipped out of the closet and shut the door behind me. I would have to hang up the dress later, when the guest room was ready. In the meantime, I needed to get dressed and leave the room, before I was tempted to curl up in his closet with a stuffy.

I went downstairs, and overheard Henry speaking with someone on the phone.

"No, you don't get to talk to her," he hissed. "If she wanted to marry you, you wouldn't have had to

threaten her parents in the first place." There was a pause. "Don't try to toy with me," he said. His voice was low and threatening. It sent a shiver through me. Henry was scary when he wanted to be. "You can't manipulate me the way you do others. I'm not so easily fooled."

My stomach lurched. He meant easily fooled like me. He was right, but I wished I didn't have to hear it myself. I crossed my arms over my chest and walked into the living room, where Henry was. He caught sight of me and his expression softened immediately.

"I won't discuss this further with you. Have your lawyer get in contact with mine, if you want to make good on those threats." He hung up the phone and smiled at me. "You look much better. At least more relaxed."

I looked down at the t-shirt and drawstring sweatpants. I was practically swimming in them. "Anything feels better than that dress," I said. "What was he threatening you with?"

Henry rolled his eyes. "Something about kidnapping or theft. He also wants me to pay for the cost of the wedding, because I stole the bride." He chuckled. "He's full of shit. Even if he tries, my legal team is bigger than his is."

"I'm sorry," I said. "That sounds like a huge headache."

"Trust me, this is nothing. I've handled much bigger headaches in the past with my family." He groaned and rubbed his face. "You should have been there when they sued me over my college tuition. That was a nightmare."

"How could they sue you over that?"

He looked away. A muscle in his jaw twitched slightly. "It turns out family loyalty only lasts as long as you enter into the family cult. When it became clear that I had no intention of joining their oil empire, my parents sued me for the cost of my college tuition, saying they only gave it to me on the condition that I joined the business."

"That's awful," I said. "How were you able to get out of it?"

"I had a friend who had just graduated law school. He was willing to take on the case, if I hooked up some solar panels to his house to help keep his electricity bill down. He won the case, of course. I had started college when I was 17, so I wasn't old enough to sign a contract, even if there had been one. As soon as my company took off, I paid back every cent, though. I didn't want them thinking I owed them anything."

"I'm so sorry," I whispered. My parents loved me unconditionally. I couldn't even imagine them doing something like that to me.

He shrugged. "It's in the past now." He managed a smile. "Would you like anything to eat or drink?"

As if on cue, my stomach rumbled. "Yes, please," I said. I had been too full of dread to eat anything all day. Not that I would have wanted to. Every time I ate a bite in Angela's presence, she commented how I should slow down because I wasn't eating for two, yet. Unfortunately, she was always around Eugene and me.

"Come on." Henry led me to the kitchen where a chef was busy preparing food for dinner. The aroma of herbs and spices made my mouth water. Henry nodded at the chef who smiled cheerily at us before going back to his work.

Henry raided a cupboard and brought out a container of oatmeal and a bag of apples. "How do fresh apples and cinnamon oatmeal sound?"

"That sounds amazing," I said. "But, I really don't need anything that fancy."

He smiled. "You're doing me a favor. I like preparing food for others but I don't get a chance to do it often." He led me out into the dining room,

which was modest compared to the rest of the house. He pulled a bowl out of the cupboard and started measuring oatmeal into it.

"At least let me help," I said, grabbing an apple. "You've already done so much for me."

"If you want to. But, you don't have to worry about it. It's no trouble at all."

I couldn't understand why he would say that. Not only had I made the relationship worse between his family and him; but now, he was also playing host to my parents and me. Sure, he enjoyed pissing off his parents. But, mostly he was just a nice person and he was being more than generous to me.

I sliced up one of the apples for the oatmeal. I bit my lip as I worked, trying to make the slices even. Cooking was never my forte. I had always preferred just a quick microwave meal. We could rarely afford fresh ingredients like this anyway.

As I made the last slice, my finger got a little too close to the blade. I sucked in my breath at the prick of pain. I held up my finger just in time to see blood well up.

"Are you okay?" Henry grabbed my hand, his eyes full of worry.

"It's nothing," I said. "Just a scratch. I got a little

too careless with the blade."

"Come on." He led me into the living room and knelt down at the coffee table. He opened up a small drawer on the inside and pulled out a first aid kit. "Let's get that patched up."

"It really is okay," I said. "It'll close up soon."

"I want to make sure it doesn't get infected. Sit down." His tone left no room for argument.

I sat down on the couch as he pulled out anti-septic wipes and a bandage. He took my hand gently in his. His touch felt so good. I had never had a man be as gentle with me as Henry was. Not that I had much experience with men. I had had a couple of boyfriends in high school, but nothing that lasted more than a couple of months. I was too busy during my entire first year of college for a boyfriend. Then, unfortunately, Eugene noticed me, before I could start my second year of college. I was supposed to be starting school now, but he had made me drop out. He was definitely not gentle with me. It was a miracle he didn't leave bruises every time he touched me.

Henry wrapped a small Band-Aid around the cut. "All better," he said. He dropped my hand and looked away. "I'll finish up on the oatmeal. Just make yourself comfortable in here until I'm done."

Chapter 4

Henry

What the hell was I doing? I was practically treating her like a Little. Holding her hand had felt good, though. I always enjoyed taking care of a Little. I needed it. But, I didn't have the right to treat Chloe that way.

I handed her the oatmeal just as the front door opened. Chloe's parents rushed in, looking confused and concerned. Chloe put the bowl of oatmeal on the table and ran up to hug them. She started crying. I decided to make myself scarce. It wasn't my place to hover around them.

I joined Jonathan outside as he oversaw the movers.

"The two guest rooms are made up, just as you requested," he said.

"Thank you, Jonathan," I said. "I'm sorry about the short notice."

"No trouble at all, sir." He glanced at the house, but stayed silent.

I smirked. "Okay. I know you're dying to ask me something. Just do it."

He hesitated. Jonathan had always been formal around me, even after I told him he could relax. I wasn't sure what his past was, but I had a feeling something had happened, to make him so distant and polite.

"What is happening?" he asked. "Did you elope?"

I laughed slightly. "No," I said. "My nephew tried to force Chloe to marry him, by threatening her family," I said. "I'm simply offering them some protection."

His upper lip curled. "Your family has a very unique perspective on the world."

I laughed. That was the closest I had ever heard him get to an insult. "That's one way to put it," I said. I sighed. "I've probably burned my last bridge with my parents and sister." I felt a pang of

sadness at the thought. A long time ago, I had accepted that they weren't the warm and loving family I had always wanted, but a part of me still longed for it.

Jonathan was looking at me with quiet concern in his eyes. I forced a smile and clapped him on the back. "I'm all right, don't worry. Just less tedious family business."

After a little while, I went back inside to find Chloe and her family sitting in the living room. Chloe was eating her oatmeal while her parents talked worriedly. They stopped and looked up when I entered. Both of them smiled politely, but they looked wary of me, too. I couldn't blame them. Their daughter had already been exploited by one person and then an older man had swept in out of the blue and offered to help her by having her stay at his place. It wasn't exactly a level playing field and they had every right to guess at my motives.

"I don't know if Chloe told you, but the two of you have a guest room here. All of you are welcome to stay here as long as you wish. I'd also like to offer both of you jobs. It would be similar work to what you do now, but my company pays a lot better than my family's company."

"Why would you do this?" Chloe's father asked.
"Why would you offer us jobs just like that?"

"Eugene might not be able to fire you legally over his being ditched at the altar, but he will fire you the first chance he gets," I said. "Besides, you've worked for my family for over ten years. That speaks for itself about your work ethics."

"What about Chloe?" Her mother asked.
"What do you want to do with Chloe?"

"Mom, stop," Chloe said. "He's just helping me out. Stop acting like he's the bad guy."

"No, it's all right," I said. "I understand. I truly don't want to do anything except protect her from my nephew. He's always been an arrogant little shit, and forcing someone to marry him really is going too far. I wasn't about to let him get away with it."

I turned to Chloe with a smile. "You can stay here for as long as you like, but I won't ever trap you here. This can just be a place where you figure out what your next steps are. Of course, you have access to all of the amenities here, including my car, driver, kitchen, and everything."

Her father stood up and faced me. "Well, I guess we're in your debt." He held out his hand. "Thank you for saving my daughter."

Daddy's Timid Girl

I shook his hand. He gripped it harder than he needed to, and I knew it was a silent threat. I nodded. It didn't matter. I didn't have any designs on Chloe, even if I was attracted to her. I meant it when I said I just wanted to protect her.

Chapter 5

Chloe

"I can't believe you guys were so rude," I told my dad and mom, later that night. Henry had already retired to his room and the three of us were talking while drinking tea, after dinner.

"Well, what were we supposed to think?" My mom said. "You were wearing his t-shirt."

I groaned. "There wasn't anything else to wear. I couldn't stay in that godawful wedding dress. Besides, if he had plans to hurt me, why would he invite you guys to stay here as well? Eugene tried to isolate me from you two. Henry's not doing that."

"Oh we remember what Eugene did," my dad said, clenching his jaw. "Trust me, I haven't forgot-

ten. I never liked him. But, I wish you told us that he threatened you."

"We could have moved and found other jobs," my mom said. "If it meant keeping you safe and happy."

I shook my head. "We were barely getting by as it is and you know it would have taken months to find other jobs, let alone a new place to live. I don't regret giving in to his demands, but I'm relieved Henry got me out of there."

"We don't trust Henry," Dad said. "He could have ulterior motives just like Eugene."

I rolled my eyes. "He doesn't. He's always been nice to me. He just wanted to get me out of a bad situation, that's all. Again, he wouldn't have invited you two to stay here if he had bad intentions."

They still weren't convinced.

Eventually, we went to bed. They had a room down the hall, whereas my room was next to Henry's. The room was almost a mirror image of his, with a canopied king-sized bed and adjoining bathroom. All of my belongings from my parent's house were already safely stowed in the closet. The only things missing were the items I had left at Eugene's house, but I didn't want those anyway. They were just clothing and jewelry that Eugene

had bought for me. He acted as if they were gifts for me, when really they were just to make me look like the perfect little housewife. Definitely not *for* me.

I flopped down on the bed and closed my eyes. Images of Henry danced through my mind. Honestly, if he had brought me here to seduce me, I wouldn't even mind. Even though I hadn't ever seen him shirtless, I knew he was built underneath his clothes. I imagined running my hands down his muscular chest and over his big arms. Those arms could pin me down against the bed as he kissed me. I bit my lip and moaned. My hand traveled down between my legs as I imagined him kissing his way down my neck, licking my sensitive skin just above my pulse point.

My fingers found their way into my pussy. I pushed two fingers inside myself, imagining them to be his cock. I gasped and thrust them in, over and over again, imagining him fucking me while pinning me down on the bed. The pleasure inside me built up and I closed my eyes before coming all over my hand.

Shaking, I removed my fingers and got up to wash my hands. I felt a pang of shame for coming while thinking about Henry. He was just being

nice but for some reason, my fantasies were going crazy thinking about him. I wanted to be his Little. More than anything. He made me feel protected and comfortable. But, I couldn't think like that. He'd never want someone like me.

The next morning, Jonathan served me breakfast in bed. My eyes widened at the sight of it; a platter full of bacon, eggs, toast, and fruit, as well as cups of coffee and water. It looked fantastic.

"Will that be all, Miss?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you. This looks amazing."

He gave a quick smile. "I'll let the chef know."

As soon as he left, I dug into the food. I closed my eyes and groaned as I tasted it. It was so good. I couldn't remember the last time I had so much food all at once. Even before Eugene, breakfast had always been a quick slice of toast or a Pop-Tart. It was something quick, easy, and somewhat cheap. I never had a feast like this before.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," I called.

Henry opened the door. He smiled when he saw me eating. "Enjoying breakfast?"

I nodded. "Yes, thank you. This is perfect."

He came in. His eyes seemed to pierce right through me. I wondered what he was thinking. He

couldn't possibly know I'd orgasmed last night while thinking about him. Right?

"I need your wedding dress. Someone is coming to pick it up, today. Eugene's been fighting with me about your belongings that are at his place, so that might take a little bit to get."

"I don't want them," I said. "Any of them."

"Are you sure? They do belong to you, after all."

I hesitated. I didn't want to keep any of the things he gave me, but the jewelry had been expensive. If I sold it, then I could save up the money for college. I had attended my first year of college on a scholarship, but that scholarship was gone now that I'd dropped out. The only way I'd be able to get through college was a lot of student loans, but maybe I could sell the jewelry and get enough money to buy my textbooks. At least for the first semester.

However, that would mean more trouble for Henry. I didn't want that. "No," I said. "You don't have to."

He sat down on the edge of my bed. "You hesitated," he said. "Be honest with me; do you want your belongings?"

"I honestly don't."

He raised an eyebrow, waiting for me to continue. I sighed. "I don't want the gifts he gave me. I hesitated because I could get a little bit of money if I sold them, but it's not worth the trouble."

He nodded. He looked thoughtful for a second. "What do you want the money for?" he asked.

I shrugged. "School. Eugene made me drop out, but I want to graduate. So I would use the money for that."

"I can take care of that for you," he said. "It's no trouble at all."

I blushed and looked down. "It's too much," I said. "I didn't tell you that so you would pay for my college."

"It's no trouble."

"Henry, you've already done a lot." I sighed. "I can't take advantage of you like this." I knew he felt guilty for what his family had done to me. That was the only possible reason he would act like this with me. Nothing else made sense.

He smirked. "You think you're taking advantage of me?"

I blushed. "Don't laugh. It's true. I'm not going to let you bankrupt yourself just because I lost my scholarship."

"Oh, darling. You have no idea how rich I am, if

you think paying for your scholarship will bankrupt me." He grinned. "I probably spend more money on holiday bonuses for my employees."

I looked down. Of course, he would say something like that. I couldn't even imagine having his sort of wealth. It was silly of me to try to imagine it. "Still," I mumbled.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He moved closer to me and grabbed my hand with his. "You can talk to me."

I shook my head.

"Chloe. Darling. Please," he pleaded. "I wasn't making fun of you, I promise. I just want to take care of you. Please. Let me."

"Why do you want to take care of me?"

Before he could answer, Jonathan entered the room. Henry moved away from me to look at his butler. If Jonathan thought anything of us being in such close proximity, he didn't show it.

"Sir, Allie is here for the dress."

"Thank you, Jonathan."

Henry looked at me. "We'll talk about this later, okay?"

He stood up and grabbed the dress. "Enjoy your breakfast."

Chapter 6

Henry

Jonathan and I went outside to where my younger cousin, Allie, was waiting. I smiled when I saw her. She was probably the only one in my family, whom I enjoyed spending time with. Her parents had always been controlling and possessive. Even though she was almost twenty, she still wasn't allowed out of the house very often. Despite that, she was always sweet and kind. She gave me a bright smile when she saw me.

"They let you out of your prison cell for a day, huh?"

"I convinced them I was the best choice. You won't cause a scene with me, after all." She looked

past my shoulder. "Hi, Jonathan." she blushed slightly.

I looked to see Jonathan giving her a soft smile. He held up the wedding dress. "Here's the dress," he said. "Do you want to come inside? The chef will be happy to make you something to eat."

"I'm sorry, I can't." She jerked her head back at her driver. "I'm not allowed to leave his sight." She took the dress from him. "Thank you, though."

"You know, they can't control you if you don't let them," I said.

She smiled sadly. "I don't have your ambition or education, Henry. I wouldn't be able to start my own multibillion-dollar company like you did." She held up her hand before I could speak. "Don't even try to offer me money or your house. I'm not a charity case."

I sighed. Everyone was rejecting my help today. "Take care of yourself, Allie."

Allie nodded and got into the car. I turned to see Jonathan looking at her wistfully. I smirked. He quickly rearranged his face to an unreadable expression.

"You know she likes you too," I said.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Sir."

"Of course you don't."

The next few days passed uneventfully. Chloe's parents got settled into their new jobs at my company, as soon as I could buy out their contracts from Eugene. It cost a little more than I had anticipated, but I didn't care. I didn't want that asshole to have any leverage over Chloe or her family ever again.

I wanted to buy them a home as well, but decided against offering. They would just say no. I didn't want them to feel indebted to me in any way; especially not Chloe.

It pained me that I couldn't provide more for her. She had decided to go back to college next semester and to get a job in the meantime to help pay for it. She spent her days going to job interviews, looking to get hired for a minimum wage job somewhere, because she refused to take a job at my company.

I would much rather have paid for her college myself. It wasn't any trouble and I would have preferred it if she just relaxed and let me take care of her.

One night I was woken up by a sudden crash of thunder. I rubbed my hands over my face and groaned as I looked outside. It was pitch black outside, but I could hear it was pouring. Suddenly

the sky lit up with lightning, followed by another crash of thunder. I wouldn't be able to fall asleep any time soon with that storm, so I padded downstairs, dressed in only a pair of sweatpants. I went into the dining room to make myself a cup of tea.

"Couldn't sleep either?" a small voice asked.

I turned to see that Chloe was curled up in one of the dining room chairs, with a cup of hot cocoa on the table and a fluffy blanket around her shoulders.

"Did the storm wake you up?" I asked. I turned on the tea kettle to make myself a cup of tea. I tried to ignore how she looked like such a perfect Little all curled up like that but it was hard.

She nodded. "I've never been able to sleep well during thunderstorms. We lived in a flimsy trailer for years and the thunder used to shake the whole place. I always felt as if it was about to collapse on top of me."

I winced. I couldn't imagine growing up like that. "I'm sorry," I said.

She shook her head. "Don't be. We haven't lived in that trailer for years. I don't know why I still feel like that." She gave a soft laugh. "I should just grow up and get over it."

"No," I said firmly. "You have a right to feel

however you want." I poured myself a cup of tea and went to sit next to her. "Who told you to grow up and get over stuff like this?"

She shrugged and looked away. "No one," she said. "But, I still feel like an immature kid. I don't want to be immature."

"You're not immature, darling. You're strong and brave, and so kind." I reached out to grab her hand. "You deserve to feel safe and protected. You deserve to be comforted when you're scared. You don't ever have to grow up and get over being scared. Understand?"

She blushed slightly and buried her head in the blanket. "Ugh, you should stop being so nice to me."

I chuckled. "Well, that's never going to happen." I frowned. "Do I make you uncomfortable?"

She looked up at me, surprised. "No, of course not," she said. "Why would you think that?"

I stroked the back of her hand absentmindedly with my thumb. "Because you keep telling me to stop being nice to you. I don't want you to think I'll try to trap you the way Eugene did."

She shook her head. "No, I don't think that."

"Then please let me be nice to you. You won't ever owe me anything. I don't want you to feel

obliged to repay me in any way. I just want to take care of you."

She sighed. "Why do you want to be so nice to me?" She asked. "You barely even know me. And don't say it's because you want to piss off your family. I know that's not all of it."

I sighed. She was right of course. It wasn't all of it. "You're right. There is more. But, if I tell you, then you'll never feel safe with me. And I want—I need—you to feel safe with me."

"Is it because you're a Daddy?"

A thrill of excitement and surprise ran down my spine at her saying that. "What?" I asked in a shocked voice.

She blushed. "I didn't mean to pry. It's just that, on the first day, I wanted to hang up the wedding dress so it wouldn't get damaged. I thought I would find some hangers in your closet."

Of course, she found it. I should have thought about her wanting to hang up the dress. "You're right, darling. I am a Daddy. I want to take care of you and make you comfortable and make you feel safe. But, I don't ever expect you to be my Little. You don't owe me that. You don't owe me anything."

She bit her lip. "What if I wanted to be your Little?"

My body heated up at her question. I itched to carry her upstairs to my bed right now.

"Do you want to be my Little?" I asked.

She nodded slightly. "I've always wanted a Daddy," she whispered. "You make me feel so safe and comfy." She smiled slightly. "And I think you're sexy as hell."

"Oh, darling." I could barely believe what I was hearing. It filled me with happiness. I stood up and held out my hand. "Come here, my darling; my Little."

She giggled and grabbed my hand, as she stood up. The blanket fell off her shoulders, revealing a tiny white nightgown underneath. I put a hand on the small of her back to hold her in place as I lowered my lips down to hers. She sighed happily and wrapped her arms around my shoulders.

I broke away from the kiss to hold her close against me. Her head fit perfectly just under my chin. I kissed the top of your head. "You know that if you want me to be your Daddy, then you have to let me pay for your college."

She let out a small whine of protest. I chuckled. "I mean it, darling. I have to spoil my Littles. I

have to take care of you. I don't want you working yourself to death while going to school at the same time. This isn't negotiable."

She huffed. "Fine."

I smiled, feeling like the luckiest guy in the world, while holding the cutest Little alive up against me.

She looked up at me. "Can I sleep with you tonight, Daddy? The storm is really scary."

"Darling."

I reached behind her for the blanket which had fallen back onto her chair. I wrapped it around her shoulders. "Don't want you to get cold now."

Bending down, I picked her up into my arms. "Let's go to bed, now."

Chapter 7

Chloe

It felt so good being in my Daddy's arms as he carried me upstairs to his room. I stuck my thumb in my mouth and leaned against him. I had never let myself go so deeply into Little space before, but I felt safe with him.

I couldn't believe a man like him would want me as a Little, yet, I knew it to be true. He had an almost-goofy smile on his face as he held me. I knew he was as excited about the arrangement as I was.

Thunder crashed again and fear ran through me. I squeaked and buried my face in his neck. "It's all right, darling," he said. "Daddy's got you. You're safe with me."

I nodded and relaxed slightly. I did feel safe with him. I knew he would keep me safe.

Once we were in his room, he set me gently on the bed. I giggled and rolled around onto my stomach. As I did, my short nightgown rode up, exposing my bare ass. I blushed slightly and turned around to see Henry piercing it with a heated gaze.

“You’re a naughty girl,” he growled. “Only naughty girls prance around without underwear like that.”

I wiggled my hips. “I’m sorry, Daddy,” I giggled.

“You don’t look sorry at all, darling. I’m afraid I’ll have to punish you for this.”

I bit my lip as he came closer to me and laid a warm hand on my butt. Suddenly he raised it up and brought it down on my butt with a loud *smack!* I squealed slightly. He spanked me again and again, until my butt started to sting slightly. I wiggled my hips more, but this time with need. My pussy felt wet and empty and it needed him inside me.

He stroked my butt with his hand. “I’ll just have to make my naughty girl decent again,” he said. He strode over to his closet and got something

out of it because turning to face me. "Get on your back and keep your hips raised in the air."

I obeyed. I was practically panting with need. I needed him inside me so badly. Then I saw what was in his hand. A diaper. I bit my lip as he slid the diaper underneath me.

"Okay, darling, you can lower your hips now."

I lowered my hips onto the soft, puffy fabric beneath me. It felt nice and comfy. Slowly, he put the diaper together so it fitted snugly around me. Then he pulled my skirt down. "There you go, darling," he said. "You're all decent for Daddy now."

I moaned and bit my lip. He had me all horny and it looked as if he wasn't going to do anything about it.

He chuckled as he got into bed with me and pulled me into his arms. "It's time to sleep, darling. Maybe tomorrow we can play. But, first you need to get a good night's sleep."

The thunder continued to crash outside, but it was more distant now. Still, he held me tightly to comfort me. I closed my eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep in his arms.

I woke up the next morning to hear the door

opening. I gasped and sat up as I remembered I was in Henry's bed and not my own.

"It's okay, darling, it's only me." Henry was coming in wheeling a breakfast cart. "I took the liberty of getting our breakfast, myself, this morning."

I smiled. "Thank you, Daddy."

His face softened into that goofy smile. "I love hearing you say that," he said. He handed me a tray with a covered platter on it. He lifted the cover to reveal chicken and waffles, one of my favorite meals.

I grinned. "Thank you, Daddy!"

He chuckled and poured me a cup of orange juice on the side, before getting into bed beside me with his modest breakfast of whole-wheat toast and coffee. "This is a special treat, darling. You'll have to eat healthy to keep up your energy, especially when you start school again."

I pouted. "Okay, Daddy."

He kissed the top of my head. "Good girl." He sipped his coffee. "I'm afraid there is a grown-up thing we need to discuss."

I scrunched up my nose. "What's that?"

"What do you want to tell your parents? I'll understand if you don't want to tell them right off."

I sighed and took a bite of the chicken, thinking it over. "Maybe we shouldn't tell them right off. They're only just starting to trust you."

"I don't blame them for worrying," he said, "They're probably right not to trust me." A shadow passed over his face.

"Hey, you're not Eugene or the rest of your family. I know you didn't trap me." I cuddled a little closer to him. "I'm here because I want to be here."

He kissed the top of my head. "I know, darling. But, it still feels as if I'm taking advantage of you."

I leaned up to kiss his cheek. "You're silly, Daddy," I said. "You just want what's best for me. I've wanted you for a long time." I bit my lip. "Honestly, I had a crush on you, even before you saved me from my wedding day."

He smiled, looking a little relieved. "I'm so happy to hear that, darling."

Chapter 8

Henry

After we had breakfast, we went downstairs. Chloe's parents were already up and drinking coffee at the table, before they went to work. I had been putting off going back to work for as long as possible, myself, because I wanted to spend as much time with Chloe as I could. But, it wasn't avoidable anymore. I had to go back to work.

Chloe was in the living room, on her laptop, researching classes for next semester. She wasn't sure whether she was going to take online classes so she could stay with me, or go back to campus. As much as I wanted her here with me at all times, I hoped she would go back. I didn't want her to miss out on the experiences of living at college, just

because she was with me. She should be free to do everything she wanted to do and to take every opportunity presented to her.

It was hard not to steal glances at my Little, as she was curled up on the couch. She was biting her lip in concentration, while she worked. She was adorable. I wanted to kiss her on her forehead, right on the little furrow on her brow. But, her parents could see us from the dining room. I noticed that her father kept a sharp eye on me, whenever I was in the same room as his daughter.

Jonathan came into the living room, a concerned look on his face. I got up from my seat in the living room. "What's wrong?"

"Eugene is here," he whispered. He kept his voice low so Chloe wouldn't hear.

I clenched my jaw and nodded. "Thank you. Please don't let Chloe see him." I moved past my butler to go outside, just in time to see my nephew stumbling out of his car. His flushed face was twisted in a look of rage.

Eugene was a lot more disheveled than when I had last seen him. He usually kept his hair in a buzz cut, but now it was standing straight up in awkward spikes. His polo shirt was crumpled and

stained and I didn't have to get close to him to know he reeked of alcohol.

He pointed a finger at me. "You," he snarled. "You kidnapped my wife."

"She's not your wife and she never will be," I said. I stopped several feet away from him. If I got any closer, the urge to punch him would be too strong. "Go home."

"I'm not leaving without her!" he roared. He stumbled closer to me and got up in my face. "That bitch is mine."

My lip curled. "Don't ever call her that again," I growled. "You don't get to think about her or address her at all."

He sneered. "Why the fuck do you care, anyway? You don't even want a wife. She's fucking perfect. All I need is to get those ideas about school and a job out of her head and get her to stop wearing those slutty clothes—"

Something inside me snapped. I grabbed his throat. His face turned even redder and he brought his hands up to try and move mine, but they were weak. *He was weak.*

"Listen to me, you stupid fucking piece of shit. Chloe doesn't belong to you, or me, or anyone else. If she wants a career, then she gets a career. She

also gets to wear whatever the fuck she wants to wear and she gets to be with whomever she wants. If she wanted you, she would have walked down that aisle with you. She didn't, because she doesn't. You threatened her fucking parents and you tortured her and—”

I felt a hand on my shoulder. “Stop it before you do something you regret,” a quiet voice said.

I looked over to see Chloe's dad standing next to me, his mouth set in a firm line. Shit. He had seen me getting violent. He would never trust me, now. I pried my hand off Eugene's neck.

“Go,” I growled.

Eugene's entire body was shaking, but he still tried to give me a sneer as he backed away, got into his car, and sped off my property.

I looked around wildly. “Chloe—”

“She's inside with her mother and Jonathan. She figured out Eugene was here, but she didn't see.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and ran a hand through my hair. “Thank God.” I was still feeling restless and on edge, but at least I wasn't lashing out at someone. I glanced over at the man next to me. His face was unreadable.

“Thank you,” I said. “For stopping me.”

“It looked as if you were about to kill him.”

“I wanted to. I’m glad you stopped me. Chloe never would have forgiven herself if someone was hurt over her.”

“You’re in love with my daughter, aren’t you?”

I looked at him, trying to gauge his reaction, but I couldn’t. This guy would probably clean up in a poker game. “Yes, Sir.”

He raised an eyebrow. “I’m your employee and a squatter in your home, but suddenly you’re calling me ‘sir’?”

“You’re a guest, not a squatter. And when it comes to talking about your daughter, then yes, I call you sir.” I looked away. “I know what it looks like, but I didn’t do any of this to take advantage of her. I just didn’t want her to get trapped in a loveless marriage. But, it’s hard not to fall in love with someone as beautiful and kind as she is, not to mention smart...”

I cleared my throat. I sounded like a lovesick fool and it probably wasn’t helping my case.

Chloe’s father gave a small smirk. “I have to admit, I thought you were just like Eugene at first. After all, with her living with you and me and my wife employed at my company, I know that’s a lot of power for you. But, I looked over the contracts

you gave us, with a lawyer. It turns out you had a special contract drawn up just for us and not only do we get paid a lot more at your company, but it we would have to practically commit murder to get fired on company grounds. No loopholes to threaten Chloe with.”

“I didn’t want to even give myself the option,” I said. “I don’t think I would have done it, but you’ve seen the family I come from.”

“You’ve more than proven that you’re not like your family.” He sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. “Look, I’m not wild about the age difference, but I think Chloe is a little smitten with you, too. If you want to ask her out, you have my blessing.”

I smiled at him. “You have no idea how much that means to me, Sir.”

He rolled his eyes. “Just don’t call me ‘sir’. You’re my boss. It’s weird.”

I chuckled.

Chapter 9

Chloe

My stomach was twisted into knots as I waited for my dad and Henry to come back inside. My mom and Jonathan wouldn't let me go outside to see what was happening. I didn't want to see Eugene again, but I did want to make sure he and Henry wouldn't get into a fight. I couldn't bear it if Henry or my dad got hurt because of me.

Finally, the door opened and I ran over to it. They were both unharmed and even looked... friendly? I breathed a sigh of relief. "What happened?" I asked.

"We told Eugene to leave. Politely." Henry said.

My dad chuckled, making it seem like there

was more to it. I didn't care. I was just happy nobody got hurt.

"If it's safe to go outside now, we should get to work," my mom said.

Dad nodded. "Of course." He turned to Henry. "We'll see you there."

Henry nodded, but his eyes were on me. "I'll be an hour late," he said. "I'll make up for it tonight."

I blushed. Henry was being really brazen about wanting me. Didn't he care that my parents were watching?

My dad simply rolled his eyes and he and Mom left. I turned to Henry. "Do you want us to get caught?"

He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me to him. "Your father gave me his blessing," he said. "We don't have to sneak around."

I looked up at him and grinned. "Really?"

"Really." He leaned down to kiss me. "I love you, darling. I know it's soon to say it, but I wanted you to know. I love you."

I sighed and leaned into his chest. "I love you too, Daddy."

He smiled softly as he held me. Then he

reached down and picked me up. "Time to get my darling into bed," he said.

I giggled, feeling the anticipation growing inside me.

He carried me upstairs to his room and set me gently on his bed. He got on top of me, pinning me to the bed as he kissed me. His tongue snaked out and licked my bottom lip, demanding entry. I opened my mouth and let his tongue explore it.

His hands roamed down my body, stroking my breasts through the thin fabric of my top. His thumbs flicked over my nipples, teasing them into hard points. I moaned and bucked my hips up to meet his.

His hands traveled even lower, to my jeans. Unbuttoning them, he slid them over my hips and down my legs until I was in just the diaper and my thin white blouse. He broke away from kissing me just long enough to pull the blouse over my head. He pulled back to look at me on his bed, wearing nothing but a diaper. I was panting and shaking with need as I started up at him. He looked back at me with hungry eyes. "You're so gorgeous, darling," he said.

I bit my lip. "Thank you, Daddy," I said. "Please, I want you inside me right now. Please."

He unbuckled his belt and his pants to reveal his big hard cock. He stroked it as he knelt over me on the bed. The sight of it made my pussy wet.

“Do you want Daddy’s cock inside you?” he asked. “Do you want my big, hard cock?”

“Please, Daddy!” I whimpered. “Please!”

He reached down and tore the diaper off me and tossed it to the side, revealing my bare, wet pussy underneath. He positioned his cock’s head at my entrance and slowly pushed in. I moaned as he thrust into me. He was so huge, he stretched me out, but it felt absolutely amazing.

He leaned down to kiss my neck, sending shivers of pleasure running through me. With his mouth on my neck, his hands on my breasts, and his cock thrusting into me over and over again, the pleasure was building inside of me.

I whimpered.

“Are you going to come for me, darling,” he whispered. “Are you going to come for Daddy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I moaned.

“Come for me, darling. Come.”

The pleasure inside me broke and I cried out as I came.

Henry gasped and shuddered before going still. His hot seed burst inside me. Slowly, he pulled out.

“Good girl,” he growled. He collapsed next to me on the bed and pulled me into his arms. He kissed the top of my head. “I love you, darling.”

I smiled as I cuddled against him. “I love you too, Daddy.”

Chapter 10

Henry

“I ’m nervous.”
“Don’t be. My daughter’s obsessed with you.”

I was on the phone with Chloe’s dad, as I drove to her college to pick her up. She had just finished her second year of college and was coming back for summer vacation. I couldn’t wait to see her again, after months of being apart, but my stomach was twisted into nerves because of the dark-blue velvet box resting on the seat next to me.

“What if it’s too soon?” I asked. “Or it scares her off?”

“Listen to me: you’re not Eugene. She knows that. She’s not going to get scared by your proposing to her.”

I took a deep breath as Chloe's school came into view.

"Thanks," I muttered. "I have to go. I'll talk to you later."

"Get her here on time so we can all celebrate."

"Yes, Sir." I disconnected the call as I pulled into the parking lot.

Chloe was waiting for me with her suitcases next to her. As soon as she saw me, she ran up to me and threw her arms around me.

"Daddy!"

I grinned and twirled her around before kissing her temple. "It's nice to see you, darling. Let's get your bags into the car."

She tried to help me, but I insisted on carrying them myself. They weren't that heavy for me, after all, and it had been months since I had been able to spoil my Little. I needed to make up for lost time. Once her bags were in the car, I put my arms around her waist and pulled her close to me.

"I want to go somewhere private with you, darling," I murmured.

"There's a walking trail just behind my dorms," she said. "Most of the students have gone home already, so it should be empty."

"Perfect." I laced my fingers through hers and

we walked to the trail. The campus was on the edge of a forest and the air smelled fresh and sweet. The walking trail was heavily shaded which provided a nice change from the sweltering heat of the outdoors.

We walked in silence for a little while. She leaned her head against my shoulder as we walked and I smiled to myself. This moment felt so perfect. I didn't want it to end. When we reached the end of the trail, we were well and truly secluded. I took a deep breath and stopped her before she could turn to go back.

"Darling, I have to ask you something," I said.

Her smile faded and she looked up at me with wide eyes.

"Fine!" she blurted out. "I threw out the credit card you gave me. I didn't want to spend any more of your money. Did the credit card company call you or something? How did you know?"

I stared at her for a second, trying to process what she had said. Then, I started to laugh.

She flushed. "Oh. You didn't know, did you?"

Still chuckling, I kissed her on the forehead. "No, darling, I had no idea you threw out the credit card." I lifted her chin so she was forced to look at me. "But, we will talk about that later. I expected

you to keep that card on you for emergencies, darling.”

She bit her lip. “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“Don’t worry about that right now. That’s not what I wanted to ask you. I have something really important to ask you.”

Her brow furrowed in confusion. “What is it, Daddy?”

My mouth was suddenly dry. I swallowed, trying to think of any words to say as my hand went into my pocket. I felt the velvet box. Slowly, I went down on one knee.

Chloe covered her face with her hands.

“Chloe, my darling, I love you more than anything in the world. I can’t imagine spending my life without you.” I swallowed and revealed the velvet box. I opened it to show her a small diamond ring. “Will you please do me the honor of marrying me?”

She stared at me in shock and my stomach twisted. Shit. I should have waited. “We don’t have to do it right off,” I hurried to say. “We can wait a couple of years, or as long as you like. Obviously, you get to plan the wedding and the honeymoon if you want. Please darling, I just want to make you happy—”

“Yes!” she squealed.

Shock ran through me. Part of me thought I hadn't heard her correctly. This all felt too good to be true. “What was that?”

“Yes, Daddy! I'll marry you!” She lowered her hands to show she was grinning ear to ear.

I breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank God,” I said. I slipped the ring onto her finger and stood up. She threw her arms around me and I held her tight, burying my face in her hair. “I love you,” I said. “So much.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

Henry and Chloe finally have their happily ever after. Aren't they adorable together? But, poor Jonathan is in love with Henry's cousin, Allie. However, she's trapped by her overprotective family. Will they be able to find a happily ever after of their own? Find out in *Daddy's Rich Girl*.

Daddy's Rich Girl

Chapter 1

Allie

“**L**et me out!” I pounded at the door. “I don’t want to marry him!”

“I’ll let you out when you start acting like a mature adult instead of a petulant child!” my mother shouted from the other side.

I groaned and leaned against the door. “I’m twenty years old, Mom. You can’t just lock me in my room like this.”

“Watch me,” she sneered. I heard her footsteps and I knew she was walking away.

I looked around my room with a groan. It was hopeless. She would never listen to me. The last thing I wanted was to marry Brad Hanson, the heir to one of the biggest frozen food empires in the country. He was also a horrible jerk, who was

constantly in the tabloids for running dogfighting rings. Just the idea of being in the same room as him was enough to make my skin crawl.

I was marrying him in two days.

Our parents had arranged it without telling me. It was a great way to combine our fortunes and Brad was ecstatic about it. My opinion was irrelevant.

I felt tears come to my eyes. My mother had already taken away my cell phone. My windows had been barred, since I'd tried to sneak out at night when I was seventeen. I didn't know what to do.

I knew I couldn't marry Brad. I wanted nothing to do with him.

After an hour of crying into my pillow, I had calmed down enough to think about my options. I had an old phone somewhere in my closet. It wasn't hooked up to any data plan, but I could still download apps if I was connected to the app store.

I got up and started searching my closet. I rifled through expensive clothes and jewelry, all barely worn, and searched through my old stuffed animals which I had hugged into threadbare states, during some of my worst days in childhood. There were a lot of bad days; between beauty pageants, I didn't

want to go to, and screaming matches between my parents that I always ended up in the middle of. But, the days I dreaded were the ones where I had to put on a bright smile and act as if everything was all right, even when I was dying inside. According to my parents, I had to be mature. I was tired of being mature. I wanted to be selfish and immature for once in my life.

I found the old cell phone next to Sunshine, a stuffed unicorn I had hugged so much the seam on her back was starting to split. I cuddled her against my chest as the phone booted up.

I smiled grimly as I downloaded a free Wi-Fi calling app. It was a good thing my parents never put much faith in my resourcefulness. It was also a good thing my cousin Henry made me memorize my number years ago in case of emergencies.

I dialed his number, hoping he would pick up. I hugged Sunshine more tightly to my chest, taking comfort in her softness.

The dial tone ended with a click. "Hello?" Henry's voice sounded cautious.

"It's Allie," I said. "I need help. My parents have trapped me in my room and they're forcing me to marry Brad Hanson."

"I'll be there in ten minutes," he said. His voice

was deadly with anger. "Pack a bag and be ready to go."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I knew he would help me. I would have to find a way to pay him back later, for getting me out of this mess.

I packed a backpack of clothes and stayed by the door of my room, ready to run. Sure enough, I heard the doorbell ring and voices downstairs. I waited with bated breath. I hoped they wouldn't call the police on Henry or that my father wouldn't get into a fight with him.

There was the faint click of my door unlocking and then it swung open silently. To my surprise, Jonathan, Henry's butler, was on the other side. He held his fingers to his lips, telling me to be quiet. Then, he gestured for me to follow him.

We snuck downstairs. I heard Henry speaking with my parents in a tense but polite tone, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. Jonathan led me to a side door. As soon as we were outside, he grabbed my hand.

"Run," he whispered.

We both ran to a car that was parked two blocks down and got inside.

"What about Henry?" I asked. "Will he be all right?"

“As all right as he can be, with your parents. He came over in the guise of asking them for tips on how to host a professional business party. Something about how he was an unruly heathen, who didn’t know how to host civilized people. In about an hour, he’ll make his excuses and drive himself home.”

I smirked. They never missed a chance to talk down to someone to whom they thought they were superior. “Thank you,” I said. “For helping.”

“Of course, Miss,” he said as we sped away. “When it comes to your safety, I’m more than happy to help.”

Chapter 2

Jonathan

I never thought I would end up helping Allie escape from her parents. I knew they were horrible to her, but forcing her to marry a monster was on a completely different level.

Now she was curled up in the seat next to me, staring blankly out the window. She was hugging a worn unicorn to her chest. She looked tired. Judging by the dark circles under her eyes, she hadn't slept well in several nights. She also looked thinner than usual; a lot thinner. It made me wonder if her parents were starving her.

I clenched my jaw in anger. Allie was one of the sweetest people I knew and the thought of something like this happening to her made me angry.

“Where are we going?” she asked suddenly. “I thought we were going to Henry’s place.”

“We’re going to my place, Miss,” I said. “As soon as your parents realize you’re gone, they’ll probably try to call the police and will claim Henry kidnapped you. We can straighten everything out later, but for now, you will be able to rest at my place, undisturbed.”

“Thank you,” she said. “I appreciate that. You don’t have to be so formal with me, by the way. Especially if you’re opening up your home to me.”

I winced. Henry had said the same thing to me repeatedly over the years. But, I couldn’t. The thought of being more casual with his family and him didn’t sit right with me.

I grew up under the poverty line. My parents did their best, working two jobs each, and trying to provide for their kids on starvation wages, but it was hard. As the oldest, I tried to help by working odd jobs – mowing lawns and dog-walking – while counting down the days until I was old enough to get an afterschool job. By some miracle, I got a scholarship to go to a private high school and my parents insisted I go. They said it would be better for my future, even though it meant I wouldn’t be able to work after school and

they would have to pay for a uniform on top of that.

For four years, my classmates never let me forget that I didn't belong there and that I wasn't their equal. Sometimes it meant my locker was vandalized or my clothes would end up in the toilet during gym class. Other times it meant being cornered by four seniors and getting the shit kicked out of me. Either way, I would never forget it. I was beneath people such as Henry and Allie, no matter how much I wished it was different.

I wanted her. More than anything. She was so adorable and vulnerable. I wanted to protect her and take care of her. I wanted to be her Daddy, but that wasn't possible. We were too different.

I pulled up to my house, a modest two-story dwelling. Between my salary and my own investments, I made a decent living, but nothing compared to what Allie was used to. I hoped she wouldn't mind staying here for a few days.

"It's small, but hopefully it'll be satisfactory, Miss."

"This is perfect, thank you." She followed me inside and looked around my spacious living room. "You have a lovely home."

I smiled. "You're too kind, Miss."

She looked at me with a furrowed brow. "I'm sorry. It's not fair to you to have an unwelcome guest in your home."

"Trust me, you're not unwelcome. I'm happy to have you here." She had no idea how much I liked having her here. "I'll take your bag to your room and then make you something to eat."

"No, it's okay. I can carry it myself. Just point the way."

I smiled at her. "Really, Miss, it's no trouble at all." It wasn't. If anything, I enjoyed it. It made me feel as if I was taking care of her; as if she were mine, and not an unexpected guest in my house.

She bit her lip but then nodded. I took her bag from her and led her to my upstairs guest bedroom, which was right next to mine. It was cramped, even with only a twin-sized bed and a couple of dressers, but, it was the best I could do. If Allie was disappointed in her sleeping arrangements, she didn't show it.

"Thank you," she said as she sat down on the bed. "This is really comfy."

I knew she was just being polite. "I'm glad you like it, Miss. You can use the bathroom down the

hall. If it makes you feel any more comfortable, there's a lock on your door. I will always knock anyway."

She smiled. "There's a lock?"

She didn't have to look so happy about it. It wasn't as if I had ever done anything untoward to her. "Yes," I said, a little stiffly.

"I've never had a lock on my door that locked from the inside before."

My chest tightened. Of course. It wasn't because she was worried about me. It was because of her parents. I forgot her door had been locked from the outside, as if she was some kind of prisoner. "Let me make you something to eat," I said softly. "How does grilled cheese and tomato soup sound? I know it's not that fancy, but it'll be warm and filling."

"That sounds perfect. I'm starved." She grinned. Suddenly she stood up and threw her arms around me. "Thank you, Jonathan," she said softly. "For everything."

Panic seized me at her touch. It was too casual, as if I was her friend. I couldn't think like that. It was too risky. I gently untangled her arms from around my neck and took a step back.

I managed a shaky smile. "You really don't

need to thank me, Miss. I'm just doing my job. Let me go and make you some food." I turned away before I could see the look on her face. I needed to cool down and focus.

I couldn't forget my place.

Chapter 3

Allie

This was easily the smallest bedroom I had ever been in. I could barely walk between the floor and the dresser and even curled up on the bed, I could feel the walls closing in around me. I took a deep breath. I wasn't locked in here. I didn't have to stay in here. It was fine. I could leave at any time.

I wasn't sure whether I could face Jonathan again. I blushed, thinking about how I had hugged him and how he had practically run from me. I had always found him incredibly sexy. His quiet strength and gentle smile turned me on, no end. But, I made him uncomfortable – all the time. Even a simple hug of gratitude was enough to send him running. Now he had been forced to

open his home to me, just because I was his boss's cousin.

"I should have just married the bastard," I muttered to Sunshine. "At least Jonathan wouldn't have to deal with my selfish butt if I had."

I heard a faint scratching at the door. I tensed up, wondering if Jonathan had mice in his house or something. They had infested my parent's house, a couple of years ago, and they had been difficult to get rid of. I doubted Jonathan could afford the expensive exterminator my parents had hired to solve the problem for us.

Then there was a faint "woof". I grinned with delight and ran to the door to open it. I felt a little relieved when I was actually able to open it, even though – rationally – I knew Jonathan wasn't about to lock me up. On the other side was a tiny black and white fluff-ball, wagging its tail at me.

I giggled and reached down to pet it. "Hi, sweetie!"

The dog barked softly and leapt into my arms. I laughed, as I hugged it close to me. "You are the sweetest thing."

It gave me a small lick on the side of my face. I was so busy petting the puppy, I didn't even notice Jonathan coming up the stairs.

“I see you’ve met Penguin,” he said.

I flushed and put Penguin down. “Sorry,” I said. “She’s so cute. I had to pick her up.”

He smiled at me. It was his usual professional smile, but it looked more relaxed than it had before, luckily. “No, please do. She loves the company.”

“What type of dog is she?”

“Couldn’t tell you. She wandered onto my property about a year ago. She was ragged and starved and it was clear she was a stray. So I took her in.”

I smiled at him, while scratching Penguin behind the ears. “I’m glad you did.”

She panted and wagged her tail at me, looking super happy. I never got tired of spending time with dogs. Growing up, the chances I had to pet and play with dogs were few and far between. My parents didn’t let me have a dog, because it would get hair on all the furniture. Now I could pet dogs all I wanted.

“Your food is ready,” Jonathan said. “Would you like it in your room or the kitchen?”

I stood up. “I can have it in the kitchen,” I said. “Can I take Penguin with me?”

“Of course.”

I smiled and practically skipped down the

stairs after Jonathan, while carrying Penguin. I knew I was acting like an obnoxious kid, but I couldn't help it. I felt so relieved to be out of my parent's house and now I was holding a puppy *and* I was getting food! My parents had been limiting me to one meal a day to make sure I fit into my wedding dress, and more often than not, that one meal was a tiny little salad, so the thought of real food made my mouth water.

The meal was already served and waiting for me on the kitchen table, along with a glass of water. I smiled and sat down, resting Penguin on my lap as I dug into the food. Nothing had ever tasted so good before.

"Thank you," I said, looking up at Jonathan. I was surprised to see him looking at me with a soft smile on his face.

"My pleasure, Miss," he murmured.

Chapter 4

Jonathan

I could easily have got lost watching Allie happily eat with Penguin on her lap. She looked happier than I had ever seen her before. The fact that I made her happy filled me with even more pleasure. Everything about her screamed Little. Right now, I could swear she was in Little space, and I put her there.

I smiled to myself, feeling accomplished.

There was a knock on the door, which shook me out of my trance. Allie froze mid-bite, a look of terror on her face.

“It’s all right,” I said. “I’ll go answer it. You’re safe here. I promise.” Her face was pale but she nodded and even managed a small smile. I was happy she trusted me that much.

I was tense as I went to the door. There wasn't any reason why Allie's parents would suspect me. They didn't even know I existed, but, I was worried anyway.

I opened the door to find Henry on the other side, looking haggard. I relaxed and stepped aside to let him in.

"Tell me you have something to drink," he said. "I've just spent an hour listening to the blasphemy of serving red wine with fish."

"I'm afraid I only have beer, Sir," I said. "Nothing strong enough to take away that particular taste."

"Anything would help." He rubbed his face.

"Of course, Sir. I'll go get it for you. Your cousin is in the kitchen."

Henry rubbed his temples. "Christ, Jonathan. You were the best man at my wedding and you just helped me kidnap my cousin. You still won't call me by my name?"

"I would rather not, Sir."

He smirked. "What about when I'm best man at your wedding? You know, when you marry Allie."

I flushed. Henry had figured out my crush on Allie a long time ago and he loved teasing me about

it whenever it came up. “Please don’t say anything like that in front of her,” I whispered. “I don’t want her to feel uncomfortable here.”

He clapped me on the shoulder. “Trust me, Jonathan. She’s in love with you, too.”

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. If it was anyone else, I would think they were trying to play a cruel prank on me. But, Henry was better than that. He was just delusional.

“Come on,” I muttered. “She’ll be thrilled to see you.”

I led him into the kitchen. Allie’s face lit up as soon as she saw Henry and she jumped out of her chair. She only took the time to put Penguin down, carefully on the floor before running over to him. “Thank you so much,” she said as she threw her arms around him. “Oh my God, thank you.”

Henry’s face softened into a smile. “No problem,” he said. He pulled back to look at her. “What the fuck have they been feeding you?”

She rolled her eyes. “Not much. They wanted me to fit into my wedding dress.”

I felt my hands clenching in anger and I forced them to relax. I grabbed a couple of beers from the fridge. I handed one to Henry and took one myself. I wanted to punch Allie’s parents for

what they had done to her. Imprisoning and starving her was probably only the tip of the iceberg.

Henry sipped his beer, as Allie went back to eating her food. He was studying his cousin with an intense look on his face. There was no love lost between him and most of his family. They were old money and in charge of one of the biggest oil conglomerates in the state. He had broken away after college, to start his own renewable energy company. That alone put a damper on his relationship with his family. Then; he stole his nephew's fiancé and his relationship with his family was all but demolished. Allie was the only family member he truly adored. It must be killing her to see her this way.

"Do you know if my parents have found out I'm gone?" Allie asked hesitantly.

"They had no idea the entire time I was there. However, about ten minutes after I left, I got a call from your mom. I didn't answer it, but it's a safe bet they know you're gone now."

Allie groaned. "They're going to hate me."

"They imprisoned you, starved you, and were about to sell you off to a sociopath," Henry said. "Their feelings are irrelevant."

“For you, maybe. You’re used to pissing off everyone. I’m... I’m not.”

“In our family, *you* either get to be happy or *they* get to be happy. You can’t have both.”

I left them to continue their talk. It felt like a private family matter. I agreed with Henry. I didn’t care if her parents were pissed off or not, especially after what they had done to her. I took a deep breath as I went upstairs. It didn’t matter now. Allie was safe. Henry and I would keep her safe and away from her parents.

I changed into a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt, relieved to be out of my uniform – a white button-down and black pants. It would feel weird to be in casual clothes around Henry’s family, but I wasn’t willing to spend all my time in formal clothes. They felt too itchy and gross.

Besides, Allie would only be here a couple of days. This was just so she wouldn’t have to deal with her parents harassing Henry, and trying to get her to come home quietly, personally. In reality, they had no legal standing to bring her home. She was an adult and could do what she wanted. There was no reason why she should be hiding here for more than a couple of days.

Part of me wished she was staying here longer,

though. Even if I would never be her Daddy, taking care of her was more fun than I had had in a long time. It made me feel good to make her smile, even if it was just with a bit of food.

I came down later, just as Henry was about to leave. I walked him out to his car. He shook my hand. "Thank you for doing this, Jonathan. I do appreciate it. If you could take a few days looking after her instead of me, I'd appreciate it."

"It's no trouble at all, Sir." If it meant keeping Allie safe, I would do anything in a heartbeat.

"No, seriously. I know you like her, but this is still a big deal and it means a lot." He looked pensive. "My family is so fucked up. If I had known they were starving her, I would have gotten her out of there sooner. I just wish I could have helped more."

"Considering whom she was about to marry, it's not an exaggeration to say you saved her life. Don't be too hard on yourself."

Henry didn't look convinced, but he didn't push the subject. "Have a good night, Jonathan. Please try to loosen up around her. She thinks you don't like her."

Shock ran through me. Why would she think that? Maybe I was a little awkward around her but

that was only because I was trying to keep my distance. “I assure you, sir, I—”

“It’s not me that needs reassurance, it’s her. Talk to her, and you’re my butler, not hers. Surely your moral code will allow you to loosen up around her.”

Hardly. “Have a good night, Sir.”

He sighed. “Good night, Jonathan.”

I went back inside. Somehow I would make her feel comfortable without letting her know my true feelings.

Chapter 5

Allie

I was cuddling with Penguin when Jonathan came back in. He had changed into casual clothes and the sight of him dressed in only a T-shirt and sweatpants made a shiver of desire run down my spine. His arms bulged beneath his thin sleeves. In his uniform, it was always hard to tell whether he worked out, but now it was clear he did. His arms were huge. He could easily pin me up against the wall and hold me there if he wanted. I blushed and looked down. I couldn't think things like that. The last thing he needed was his unwanted houseguest lusting after him.

Jonathan smiled when he saw me. "I'm glad you and Penguin are getting along." He knelt down

next to me. Penguin jumped from my arms into his easily. He scratched the dog behind the ears.

“How are you feeling, Miss?” His brow furrowed in concern.

“Tired and anxious. I’m worried about how my parents are going to react. I’m also relieved to be out of there. The last thing I wanted was to be married to a man who runs dogfighting rings.” I shuddered at the thought of it.

“They never should have done that to you.” There was a trace of anger in his tone. I looked up and was surprised to see him glaring at the ground with restrained rage. Why would he care so much about what my parents did to me?

“If he treats animals like that, then he never would have treated you with any decency. You did the right thing by refusing.”

“My parents won’t see it that way.”

He fixed me with a stern look. I caught my breath. I had never seen him this angry about anything before. Before, he had always worn a polite, professional smile, but now, he looked ready to kill.

“Your parents never should have done that to you. They wanted to marry you off to someone who would have abused you just for money. It

doesn't matter what they think because they didn't have your best interests at heart."

"They're still my parents."

He sighed. "You did the right thing, Miss. I don't want you to think differently." He stood up. "Let's get you to bed. You need your rest."

I smiled and stood up with him. "Sleep does sound nice."

I followed him upstairs. He held the door to my room open to let me inside. I smiled. He was forever the gentleman. "You don't have to be so formal with me," I said. "I'm intruding in your home. I don't want you to think you have to look after me as if I was Henry."

"Believe me, Miss. I'm happy to have you here. I really am." He looked away. "I'm not able to be informal. I just can't bring myself to do it, but, I like looking after you. I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not."

He made me feel safe and protected when he took care of me. I just hoped he meant it and wasn't saying it just because he felt obligated. "I hope you start to feel more comfortable around me. I don't bite, you know."

He smiled softly but didn't say anything.

I got into bed and Penguin curled up beside

me. Jonathan went to close the door. “Goodnight, Miss.”

“Can you leave it open, please? Just a little?” I bit my lip. “I’ve had my fill of closed bedroom doors.”

He nodded. “Of course. Sleep well.”

“You too.”

I closed my eyes, thinking about Jonathan. He was so polite, but I could tell there were dominant, primal instincts hidden beneath his professional veneer. I had caught a glimpse of them downstairs, when talking about my parents and it made me want him even more.

I bit my lip, imagining him pinning me down to the bed. My hand traveled down to my pussy as I thought about him trailing kisses down my neck. “You’re a spoiled little girl,” he would whisper in my ear. “But, you’re going to be a good girl for Daddy.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered. I pushed two fingers inside me, imagining they were his. He would grin with triumph as I shook with desire, on the verge of coming on his hands.

“Don’t you dare come. Not until Daddy tells you to. Understand.”

“Please, Daddy, I’ll be a good girl.”

He positioned his cock at my entrance and pushed in. "You're going to be such a good fucking girl for Daddy," he grunted as he thrust in and out of me. "You won't be spoiled by the time I'm done with you. You'll be my good little girl."

I bit my lip to stifle a moan, before I came all over my fingers. I shook with the impact before calming down. I felt more relaxed than I had in a long time. I bit my lip, smiling. Maybe he would never want anything like that in real life, but at least I could fantasize about it. It wouldn't hurt, as long as he didn't know.

I drifted off to sleep, imagining myself in Jonathan's arms.

Chapter 6

Jonathan

I slumped down against my bedroom wall, breathing hard. The walls weren't nearly as soundproof as Allie thought they were. Even if her door had been closed all the way, I still would have been able to hear her. She had tried so hard to be quiet, too.

I closed my eyes. I shouldn't have listened. I could have just put on music and let her be. That's what I should have done. At first, I thought she was crying. That's why I started listening, but I planned to leave her alone once I realized what she was doing. Then she said "Daddy" and I couldn't leave. It was as if I was in a trance. I listened to her begging her Daddy, saying she would be a good girl. It was easy to imagine her in bed with her

flushed face as her fingers thrust in and out of her tight hole...

I swallowed. I shouldn't be thinking like this. I was supposed to be taking care of her and keeping her safe from her family. Not acting like a creep. I forced myself to get up and go to bed. My cock was hard from listening to her and my hands itched to stroke it, until I brought myself relief, but I couldn't. I wasn't going to let myself go that far. I wasn't going to let myself think about her that way. She was my guest. I needed to treat her like one.

I didn't sleep well that night. Visions of Allie spun around in my head. I wanted her curled up in my arms while she slept. I would have to settle for making her happy.

The next morning, I cooked chocolate chip pancakes and bacon for breakfast. I liked cooking. It allowed me to relax and focus on the task at hand. I was just finishing it up, when Penguin rushed up to my feet, wagging her tail and begging for scraps. I smiled and tossed her a tiny piece of bacon.

"Spoiled dog," I muttered.

Allie's soft footsteps tapped into the kitchen. "That smells amazing," she said.

“I hope you enjoy it.” I set a stack of pancakes and bacon on the table for her.

Her eyes widened at the sight of it. “All of this is for me?”

“Of course.”

She grinned as if I had given her the best gift in the world. “Thank you so much!”

Even though making her happy filled me with pleasure, my chest still tightened. Had her parents ever let her eat this much in one sitting? I doubted it. From what Henry told me, her life had been a flurry of beauty pageants and debutante balls. Despite having every material possession in the world, she was never allowed to be a kid or even to have the freedom to eat what she wanted. That would change. As long as she was with me, I’d spoil her as much as I could. I sat down across from her at the table with my own meal.

“What do you want to do today, Miss?” I asked.

“I’m not sure. I guess I could probably watch TV, while you work or something.”

“Actually, Henry let me have a few days off,” I said. “So, I’m at your disposal.”

She bit her lip. “That’s sweet of you, but I don’t want to make you spend time with me.”

“You’re not making me do anything, Miss.”

She blushed. "I-I'm still not sure what I want to do. I'm not really used to being in charge of my own schedule."

"What's one thing you've always wanted to do, but you've never been able to do before?"

She bit her lip. "I've always wanted to go to an aquarium."

"There's one about fifteen minutes from here. Do you want to go today?"

"Really?" Her eyes were shining.

I couldn't help but laugh a little. "Yes, really. Did you think I was just teasing you?"

She blushed. "Sorry. I'm not used to this."

"It's okay. You can do whatever you want now. You don't have to spend all of your time under constant supervision."

She blushed. "Of course. Sorry. I probably seem like a child to you."

I was surprised she cared what I thought about her at all. "I think you've been through a lot," I said. "Besides, I would much rather make you excited with a trip to the aquarium than completely bore you."

"You could never bore me." She looked at me with shining eyes and I felt my cheeks start to heat

up. I looked away and cleared my throat. “Come on, let’s get going.”

We got into the car and I drove to the aquarium. Allie kept her face glued to the window the entire time. She smiled all the time, as she watched people, whether they were kids playing on the sidewalk or an elderly couple taking a stroll while holding hands. I smiled as I watched her. She was so adorable. I wanted to make her smile just like this.

Everyday.

Chapter 7

Allie

The aquarium was packed with people, but I didn't care. I wanted to see everything, from the dolphins and sea turtles to the tanks full of small, colorful fish. I couldn't get enough of watching everything.

"This is so cool!" I said. I looked over at Jonathan. He was smiling as he watched me, but I could see a little bit of tension in his eyes. "Have you ever been to an aquarium before?" I asked.

"Once," he said. "It was part of a school trip."

His jaw clenched slightly and I knew it wasn't a happy memory. I wanted to ask what had happened. But, I knew better. It wasn't any of my business.

“Well, thank you for taking me,” I said. “I appreciate it.”

“My pleasure, Miss.”

I smiled at him. I still wanted him to loosen up around me, but that was a work in progress. At least he wasn't trying to run away from me today.

We went through a glass tunnel, under a sea of fish, and came out the other side to look at some dolphins in an above-ground pool. I leaned over the edge to look at them from above. They were so carefree and playful, almost like puppies. I laughed as they started to play. Suddenly, one of them jumped up in the air and splashed both of us with water.

I shrieked and wiped the water out of my eyes before smoothing back my soaked hair. Jonathan was laughing as he pulled his shirt up to wipe his face. When he did so, I caught sight of a jagged scar on his stomach. It was about five inches long and was slashed diagonally right above his belly button.

I frowned. “What happened to your stomach? It looks as if you got into a knife fight or something.”

He tensed up and quickly pulled his shirt down. “Or something,” he said.

“No, what happened?” I asked. I know was being nosey but I couldn’t help it. I had never seen a scar like that before. It was so big and ragged.

He rubbed the back of his neck, looking hesitant. “It’s not exactly a happy story,” he said.

I frowned. I could tell something was bothering him, but I wasn’t sure what. I didn’t know how to make him feel better. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.”

He sighed. “I guess it’s not that big of a deal. There were a few jerks in high school who didn’t like me. They thought it was their school and that I didn’t belong there. So they harassed me a bit, and sometimes things got physical.” He shrugged and looked away. “One time, one of them had a knife.”

I gasped. I couldn’t even imagine going through something like that. Yeah, there were bullies at my school, but it never ended in physical violence, as far as I knew. “I’m so sorry,” I said. “That sounds awful.”

“It happened decades ago. It’s nothing to worry about, now.”

I reached out to grab his hand. Surprisingly, he let me take it. “It’s still awful. They had no right to hurt you like that;” I said.

He rubbed circles into the back of my hand, but he still wouldn't look at me. "It's in the past."

"It doesn't sound like it."

He turned back to me, suddenly, with a strained smile. "This is supposed to be a fun day," he said. "Let's keep going. I think they let you feed the stingrays here."

I smiled. "That sounds like fun."

I followed him over to the stingray exhibit, but I couldn't help but worry anyway. He had looked so vulnerable and scared when talking about the scar.

After looking at everything at the aquarium, we went out to lunch at a hole-in-the-wall Asian-fusion restaurant. My parents never would have let me go to one of those places, because they would think it was unclean and full of horrible food; but, I loved it. Everyone was nice and the food tasted delicious. It was hard to believe how much I had missed out on in life, just because of my parents. I felt as if I hadn't ever truly lived. I was experiencing more freedom with Jonathan than I ever had before.

When we got home, there was a car in the driveway. My parents' car.

"Shit," I whispered. "How did they find me here?"

"I don't know." Jonathan glared at the car. "But, you don't have to deal with them. We can leave right now." He threw his car into reverse.

"But, this is your home. I don't want them to throw you off your own property."

"I couldn't care less about my house right now. All I care about is keeping you safe."

My parents got out of their car and faced us with their arms crossed.

Jonathan started to back up but another car headed him off. He just braked in time to keep from crashing into it. I saw the driver and paled. It was Brad. He was glaring at us. He got out of the car and stormed towards us.

"Keep your door locked," Jonathan said. His voice was deadly calm. "I'm going to call the police." He had his cell phone out.

"I don't know if that will do much good," I said. "My parents are prominent benefactors of the police department."

"I have to try, Allie. I can't let them hurt you. I'm not going to let that fucker get a hold of you, either."

I don't know what surprised me more, the

anger in his tone or the fact that he said my name. It was the first time he ever had.

Brad knocked on my window, as the phone rang. "I just want to talk Allie," he said. "Roll down the window."

I shook my head. "No," I said.

My dad came forward and slammed his hands on the hood of the car. "Get out of the fucking car!" he shouted.

I shrank back at his tone. I could feel the panic rising up inside me. Jonathan reached out and grabbed my hand. He kept his eyes forward, as he spoke quietly into the phone. His touch calmed me down and reminded me I was safe as long as I was with him.

Brad leaned down, a fake smile on his face. "Look, it's normal to get cold feet, right before your wedding, but, it's time to be mature about this. I can provide a good life for you. You can have all the diamond necklaces and Prada purses you want. What will this dumbass give you? Some shit from Macy's and a special dinner at Olive Garden?" he sneered.

I glared at him. I had never been more disgusted in my life. "I don't want your money,

Brad, or your diamonds. If that's all you have to offer me, then you're completely useless to me."

He slammed his hand on the window. "Come on, you stupid bitch! I'm trying to be reasonable here."

Jonathan glared at him. "The cops are on their way. Unless you want to end up in the tabloids for being a sad and creepy fuck, I'd suggest you got off my property."

Brad peered into the car. "Wait, I know you, don't I?" He grinned slightly. "You're Raggedy Andy!" He laughed. "You still don't know your place, do you? After all these years."

I stared at my former fiancé in horror. He couldn't really be implying what I thought he was.

"Get. Out." Jonathan's tone was deadly.

Brad backed away, snickering. "Allie, when you get tired of this pathetic loser, you'll come crawling back to me. See you at the altar, Sweetheart." He sauntered into his car and drove away.

As soon as he was gone, Jonathan backed out of the driveway, threw the car into drive, and sped down the road. He didn't stop until we were far away. He pulled into a small park that was mostly empty, because it was a school day. He parked the

car and rubbed his face with his hands. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Me?" I laughed. How could he be asking about me, after that?

"What about you?" I covered his hand with my own. "Brad's the one that did that to you, isn't he?"

Jonathan nodded. "One of them; a couple of his buddies and him."

"Why didn't you say anything?" I ran a hand through my hair. "I can't believe I am the reason you are on his radar again. I'm so sorry."

"No. You don't have anything at all to be sorry for, Allie. Nothing at all." He sighed. "I didn't want to tell you about it, because it's embarrassing, okay? I don't like talking about how I was beaten up for four years, because I lived in the wrong zip code. I don't like people seeing my scar and knowing I had to beg the school nurse not to send me to the hospital, because I knew my parents wouldn't be able to afford the medical bills. I was lucky it was only a flesh wound and they didn't hit anything important. Yes, it looks hideous, probably because I should have gotten stitches, but I made do with peroxide and a piece of gauze. I don't want to make you worry and I don't want you to know about the

bad stuff. I just want to make you happy. Not make you pity Raggedy Andy."

I reached over and wrapped my arms around his waist. "I would never pity you, Jonathan. You're strong; so strong. You make me feel safe and cared for. All I want to do is to make you happy and to care for you the same way That's all." I looked up at him. He was tense and glaring off in the distance. A muscle in his jaw was twitching. I wished I could make him relax, but I didn't know how to do that. I didn't know the first thing about comforting anyone. "You know there is one good thing that came out of this." I said.

"Oh yeah? What's that?" he asked dryly.

"You've started calling me by my name."

Chapter 8

Jonathan

I hadn't even realized it, but she was right. I had started addressing her by her name. I was so focused on keeping her safe and facing Brad again that I hadn't even thought about it. I realized I liked it, just as much as I liked her arms around me.

I half expected her to say "Psych!" and get out of the car to join up with Brad, but rationally I knew that she wouldn't do that. For some reason, she was there for me. She listened to me and comforted me, instead of looking down on me. I had never shared my past with anyone before, not even Henry. I had always been too scared of their judgment, but she had accepted it and accepted me.

Before I could think differently, I put my arms around her shoulders. She sighed and buried her head against my chest. "You're so sweet," I whispered. "I have to admit, I like holding you like this."

She looked up at me. "I like you holding me." She blushed. "I... I like you. You make me feel safe."

I smiled at her, but my mind was wandering away from my past and focusing on the beautiful woman in front of me. In particular, her soft, plump lips. Before I knew it, I was leaning down and my lips touched hers. She felt amazing. As I kissed her, I felt my cock grow hard. I wanted her; every part of her. Fuck.

I broke off, breathing hard. "I'm sorry," I said. "I shouldn't have done that. You probably don't feel very safe with men—"

Before I could finish, her lips were on mine again and she moved even closer to me. I groaned and kissed her back. I licked her bottom lip, asking for permission, and she opened her mouth to let me in. I explored her mouth with my tongue. She moaned.

Finally, we broke off, breathing hard. "I've liked you for a long time," I confessed.

"I've liked you for a long time, too," she said, smiling. "Honestly, for years I've been dreaming of

you stealing me away and us going off somewhere together where we can be together. I never thought it would become reality."

I guess I owed Henry an apology. He was never going to let me live that down. I didn't care. For some reason, Allie wanted me. I would do everything in my power to make her happy. "Your parents have probably left my place now. Let's go home."

Her brow furrowed. "Do you think the cops really came and escorted them out of there?"

I shook my head. "You were right about the cops. When I was describing the trespassers and the cars to them, they must have realized who was on my property, because we were quickly disconnected. I was bluffing with Brad."

She covered her face with her hands. "How the hell am I going to escape them?"

"You already have," I said. "They can't make you do anything you want to. Besides, Henry is equally powerful. He was able to get Chloe out of Eugene's clutches. He can get you out of Brad's."

Chloe was Henry's wife. She had almost been forced to marry his nephew, Eugene, who had threatened to fire Chloe's parents if she didn't comply. Henry helped her run away and they had

fallen in love. So, it wasn't the first time he was able to help a runaway bride escape a piece of shit groom.

She nodded. "You're right. I'm sorry."

"You don't have to apologize for anything." I grabbed her hand and squeezed. "You're safe now, Allie. I promise. You're allowed to think and feel whatever you want."

We drove back home. Sure enough, her parents were gone. We went inside and Penguin greeted us enthusiastically. Allie picked her up and hugged her close to her chest. I made sure all the doors were locked and the blinds were drawn.

"Make yourself comfortable on the couch. I need to call Henry and tell him everything that happened."

She nodded and made her way to the living room. I hung back in my foyer to make the call.

I told Henry what had happened. "How did they even find her here?" I asked him.

"My guess is they hired a private investigator," Henry said. "Shit. How is she?"

"She's safe, but shaken up. The police were no help at all."

"Yeah, of course not." A hint of bitterness entered his tone. "My lawyers are already filing a

restraining order on her behalf. I'll tell them about this incident as well. Brad was there too?"

"Oh yeah; being his usual charming self." I realized my hand was clenched into a fist and I slowly relaxed it. "It scared her pretty badly."

"Yeah, I'm sure. Listen, I can pay for the two of you to have a hotel room somewhere. It might shake them off your tail."

I thought about it. It wasn't a bad idea, especially if her parents were planning on showing up again. But, it would mean keeping Allie in a really small room. She had already been subjected to that for years. "I'll ask her and get back to you on that. Thank you, Henry."

"Whoa." I could tell he was grinning on the other side. "Allie got through to you, didn't she?"

"Yeah," I muttered. I couldn't help but smile as well.

"Does she like you?"

I grinned. "She does."

"I'm sorry, what was that? I think you said 'You were right, Henry'."

"Don't make me regret this."

"Listen, man, I'm happy she got through to you. Seriously. Just let me know when the wedding is."

"One step at a time," I said. "She just ran away from one wedding."

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding. Listen, I have to go. I'll let you know once the restraining order is filed."

"Thanks."

I went into the living room to find Allie sitting on the couch. She looked at me while biting her lip. I went over and sat down beside her. Leaning down, I pressed my lips against hers. She sighed and wrapped her arms around my shoulders, as we kissed. I groaned and grabbed her hips before moving her so she was straddling me. Everything about her turned me on. Something primal inside of me was threatening to break out, every time she touched me. I wanted to be gentle with her and keep from scaring her, but – at the same time – I wanted to take control and make her submit to me. I wanted her to be my Little, and I didn't want to stop touching her until she was shaking with desire.

"Can we go upstairs?" she asked. "To your bedroom?"

"Are you sure you're ready for that, Little One?"

She smiled at the endearment. "Yes," she said. "Please. I want you. I want all of you."

I held her close to me as I stood up and carried her to my room. I set her down on the bed and got on top of her. She looked up at me with lust-filled eyes.

“Do you want me to be your Daddy, Little One?” I asked as I trailed kisses down her neck. “Do you want me to pin you down and make you mine until you’re fucking shaking?”

“Yes,” she whimpered.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Chapter 9

Allie

I couldn't believe it. My dreams were coming true. Jonathan wanted to be my Daddy.

I lay on his bed, feeling tingles of desire with his every touch. His hand traveled down my body, over my shirt. His fingers grazed my breasts, making me shiver, as he went down to slip a couple of fingers into my waistband.

I bucked my hips, wanting more. Wanting him.

He lay on his side, next to me, watching me. His hand traveled even lower, inside my underwear. His fingers moved lightly over my pussy and he grinned. "You're soaked, Little One," he said. "You've made a real mess of your underwear."

I nodded. "Yes, Daddy."

"It's naughty to make a mess," he said. "A little girl like you should be punished for that."

I groaned. "Yes, Daddy."

"Turn over."

I flipped over onto my stomach and I felt his hand on my ass. I could feel the heat from his hands through the thin denim of my jeans. He raised his hand and brought it down with a smack. I gasped and squirmed from the shock of the pain and pleasure mixed together. He spanked me again, and then again, until I was moaning. "Please fuck me, Daddy," I whispered. "Please."

"Oh no, Little One. You've been a naughty girl. Naughty girls have to be teased and tormented first. Otherwise, how will you ever learn?"

With a gentle push, he turned me over onto my back and pulled up my shirt to reveal my breasts beneath it. He bent down and took one of my nipples into his mouth. I moaned and shut my eyes as desire traveled through me like electric sparks. He flicked his tongue over my nipple, teasing it into a hard point. His hand went to my other nipple and he stroked it with his thumb until they were both hard points. With his body pinning me down, I was helpless against him. The only thing I could do was submit to the sweet torture.

He didn't stop until my body was shaking beneath him. He pulled away with a triumphant grin. "Are you going to be a good girl for Daddy now?" he asked as his hands traveled down to my pants. "Are you going to do everything your Daddy tells you to?"

"Yes," I moaned. "Yes, Daddy. I'll be a good girl for you. Such a good girl."

He grinned. "Good. You had better be." He unbuttoned my pants and slid them over my hips and tossed them to the floor, before ripping off my soaked underwear. "You're all mine," he said. "I'm not going to stop until you come all over my cock."

I wasn't able to respond. I was lost in a haze of pleasure, where I didn't want to do anything except submit to him. I wanted him inside of me more than anything. I had never had anyone inside of me before. I needed him to know that.

"I've... I've never..." The words dissolved into gasps as he slipped one of his fingers inside of me.

"I know," he whispered, his voice suddenly gentle. "I'll go slow, okay? If you want to stop at any point, then I'll stop."

I nodded. I knew he would. I felt safe with him and trusted him completely. Jonathan was the

perfect man to whom to give my virginity. "Thank you."

He leaned down to kiss me as he worked his finger in and out of me, stretching out my pussy. He added a second finger and I moaned. It all felt so good. I wanted more. I wanted every part of him.

Slowly, he withdrew his fingers and unbuttoned his pants to take out his cock. I bit my lip at the sight of it. He was big. I couldn't believe he was going to fit inside me. He stroked his hard cock, watching me. "Do you like what you see, Little One?" He asked. "Do you like Daddy's big, hard cock?"

I swallowed and nodded. "Yes, Daddy."

He smiled. "Good." He positioned the head of his cock at my entrance and slowly pushed in. I felt a small pinch of pain, but then complete pleasure. He moved his head in and out of me, letting me get used to the feel of it, before slowly sliding all the way into me. I gasped as he stretched my walls and filled me up.

Jonathan stayed still, letting me get used to the feeling of him inside me, before he started thrusting in and out of me. He leaned down to trail kisses down my neck. He groaned slightly. "You feel so good, Little One. Your body is so sweet."

I moaned in response.

His thrusts grew faster and more urgent. He gasped and grabbed my wrists, pinning them over my head in a firm grip. "Good girl," he growled. "Good girl."

The pleasure inside me was building faster and faster. "I'm going to come, Daddy," I whimpered.

"That's it," he said. "Come all over my cock. All over it."

Suddenly it burst and electric sparks of euphoria filled me. I shuddered from it, over and over. He groaned as his thrusts grew faster and faster before he froze and hot liquid filled me.

Slowly he pulled and collapsed next to me on the bed. "Oh my God," he whispered as he pulled me close to him. "That felt amazing."

I nodded, burying my head in his chest. I shivered slightly from the aftershocks and the sudden chill in the air. "Thank you, Daddy," I whispered.

He kissed my forehead. "I should be thanking you, Little One," he said. "I can't even begin to tell you how many times I've dreamed of taking you, exactly like that." He pulled the blankets up over me and held me close. I snuggled up against him, feeling safe and secure. "How are you feeling, Little One? Did I go too fast?"

I shook my head. "I feel amazing. It felt amazing."

"Good."

I shifted slightly and felt some of his seed leak out of my pussy. "I am a little messy down there, though," I said. "You might have to punish me for getting my undies dirty again." I giggled.

He grinned. "I have a better idea." He got up suddenly and knelt down next to his bed. He pulled out a package of adult diapers. "This way you can be as messy as you want and I'll just change your diaper when you make them all wet."

I smiled. "Perfect."

He moved aside the blanket to expose my body to him. "Lie on your back, little one." He took out a diaper. "And lift up your hips."

I obeyed and he slid a diaper on under me. "Okay. You can relax now."

I slowly lowered myself down onto the soft diaper. It felt cushy underneath me.

He knelt on the bed next to me and pulled the diaper up between my legs and fastened it into place. "There," he said. "How does that feel?"

I wiggled my hips. "I feel all clean and comfy now."

He smiled. "Good." He looked down at the

diaper, admiring his handiwork. "I like you like this. I think you'll be wearing a lot more diapers in the future."

I grinned. "That sounds wonderful."

He lay back down beside me and pulled me into his arms.

"Let's get some rest now, Little One," he said. "We've had a long day and you need some sleep."

"Yes, Daddy."

I cuddled up against him and closed my eyes before drifting off to sleep in his arms.

Chapter 10

Jonathan

I watched her as she slept. I felt as if this was all a dream from which I was going to wake up. There was no way a sweet, beautiful woman like her would like me this way. Yet, she was cuddled up in my arms with a slight smile on her face. I hoped she was dreaming about something pleasant.

I slowly untangled myself from her and got dressed. She needed time to sleep, but I wanted to have dinner and a cup of hot tea ready for her when she woke up. I was going to spoil her silly. That was one of my favorite parts about being a Daddy.

I went downstairs and put on some water for the tea. Before I started on dinner, I was distracted

by my pictures in the living room that needed dusting. I don't know why, but cleaning relaxed me. There was just something nice about putting everything to order. It was almost like taking control of my own life.

I dusted the photos. I had a few of my family. I had some of my parents and my two younger siblings: Jake and Millie. The three of us were close, even though we lived far apart. Jake was a professional boxer, who traveled all the time for matches. Millie was a waitress on the other side of the state. We all made it a point to meet up once or twice a year for a mini family vacation.

Once I was finished cleaning the photos, I swept the floor and washed some dishes. With all the excitement going on, I had been falling behind in my chores. But, that was okay. It was more than worth it. I smiled to myself, thinking about Allie fast asleep in my room.

A sharp knock at the door brought me out of my reverie. I tensed. I hope the knock hadn't woken Allie. It might just be Henry. He might just want to stop in and see his cousin for himself to make sure she was all right. It could be nothing at all.

I went over to the front door and peeked out of the window. It was Brad. He saw me in the

window and sneered. "Open up, Raggedy Andy," he said. "I know my fiancée is in there."

"She's not your fiancée," I said. "If she wanted you, she would be walking down the aisle with you."

"She doesn't know what she wants. You fucking kidnapped her and put stupid fucking ideas in her head. Why the fuck would she want you over me, anyway? You know you can't give her the life I can. Do you honestly think you'll be able to keep her happy, with your shit house and whatever second-hand rags you can buy her? She would want for nothing with me."

"I don't know if I can make her happy forever," I said honestly. "You're right—I'm not as rich as you—but, I can give her more than you could ever give her. That's because I respect her and love her and would do anything to make her happy. You don't care about her or anyone except yourself."

I heard footsteps behind me and I turned to see Allie coming down the stairs. I realized she had heard everything, including the fact that I loved her.

She walked right past me and opened the door to find Brad in person. My mouth went dry, watching her. Her expression was unreadable.

Brad grabbed her arm. "I knew you would see sense, sweetheart."

She reached out and slapped him across the face. His head whipped to one side and he grabbed his face, which had a nice red mark on it, now.

"You disgust me," she said. "Everything about you is horrible and I never want anything to do with you. You are inferior to Jonathan in every way and you have no hope of ever being his equal. I never want to see you again."

He sneered. "You'll break your parents' hearts."

"If they associate with scum like you, then I don't care." Her voice shook a little, betraying her emotions. I put a hand on the small of her back, wanting to comfort her.

Brad's face was twisted with rage. Suddenly he lunged for her, but I was faster. I pulled her behind me and grabbed his neck. "You don't get to touch her," I growled. "Get off my fucking property." I shoved him to the ground.

He glared at us as he picked himself up and scampered off. I shut the door and pulled Allie into my arms. She burst into tears. I held her tightly as she cried, releasing all of the emotions she had pent up inside her. We stayed like that until the kettle in the kitchen started whistling. I had forgotten I had

put it on for tea. It felt like so long ago, even though it had only been about ten minutes.

Allie pulled away from me, looking a lot calmer. "Do you have hot chocolate?" she asked.

I smiled and nodded. "I can make you hot chocolate, Little One." I kissed her forehead.

"Thank you, Daddy."

I went into the kitchen to turn off the kettle and make her a cup of hot chocolate. As I put the powdered mix into the cup, she wrapped her hands around my waist. "I love you too, you know."

I turned around. "You don't have to say that if you don't mean that. I know we haven't been together that long."

"I do mean it. I love you; more than anything."

I held her close and closed my eyes. "Thank you, Little One. You have no idea how much I wanted to hear you say that." I couldn't wait to spend the rest of my life with her.

We never saw Brad again, after that day. With the restraining order against Allie's parents and him in place, she was free to live her life as she wanted. She decided to live with me, permanently, which I was more than happy about. Henry arranged for all of her items to be delivered to my place so she wouldn't have to go back there.

She decided to enroll in the local college and get her degree. Her parents had forbidden her from going to college, saying she didn't have to as long as she landed the right husband. Now, she was excited to go and spent hours looking over course catalogs and the student handbook to prepare. It made me extremely happy to see her so excited.

As soon as I thought we were in the clear and ready for a happily ever after, I got a text message from my sister Millie. It was a photo of Brad and her. She was looking scared as he leered over her shoulder.

"If you take my bride, I'll just have to take your sister," the text read. "Luckily Raggedy Ann is very obedient."

My hands shook with anger as I read the message. I took a deep breath and dialed Henry's number.

It looked as if I was going to have to ask him for a favor.

Jonathan and Allie have finally confessed to each other and are living happily ever after! Aren't they perfect for each other? But, Millie is in the hands of Allie's ex-fiancé, Brad. Will she be able to escape the forced marriage? Find out in *Daddy's Submissive Girl*.

Daddy's Submissive Girl

Daddy's Submissive Girl

DADDIES LITTLE RUNAWAY BRIDE Series

JESS WINTERS

Chapter 1

Millie

I hated the man who was my fiancé. Before a week ago, I only knew him from the tabloids. His name was Brad, and he was as awful as he appeared in magazines. I don't know what happened or how he had heard of me, but he just showed up at my doorstep one day. He showed me that he owned my apartment building and workplace, my parents' apartment building, and the boxing club my brother Jake belonged to. It was simple: if I didn't marry him, he would ruin my life and their lives as well.

I don't know why he wanted me, but it was clear he was too powerful to mess with. He was one of the wealthiest people in the state, thanks to his parents owning a frozen-food empire. It would

be impossible to stop him. My minimum wage job wouldn't be able to afford a lawyer to fight him. So, I agreed to marry him.

I still don't know why he chose me. It had something to do with how my brother Jonathan had stolen his bride a few years ago. The whole story seemed pretty far-fetched to me. Jonathan was quiet and reserved like he had been his entire life. It was hard to imagine him screwing over anybody, even if they were a major creep.

Brad moved me into his mansion as soon as I agreed to his proposal. I wasn't fond of the place because it felt like a prison. But at least he believed me when I told him I wanted to save myself for marriage. It wasn't quite the truth, but it bought me some time before I would have to let him touch me. Even though he was physically handsome, there was no way in hell I wanted anything to do with him.

The day before my wedding, I went downstairs to the basement, where dogs were kept in cages. Brad ran dogfighting rings, which was another reason to hate him. It made me want to cry every time I saw the dogs after they left the ring. They were usually bitten up and injured. Some of them were almost dead. I wasn't sure if there was any

way I could stop it, especially if I was trapped here. But at the very least, I could give them a little bit of comfort and affection. And they did the same with me.

I let out one of the dogs, a lovable pitbull I had named Firefly. She greeted me with licks as soon as I let her out of her cage. She was very friendly. She loved humans and other dogs, no matter how much Brad had tried to turn her into a vicious killer. That's why we got along. I hoped he wouldn't be able to break me just like he wasn't able to break her.

"Hey girl," I said. "How are you doing today?"

Firefly panted happily and wagged her tail as I scratched her behind her ears. I hugged her closely. "I wish we could run away together, just the two of us," I whispered. But I knew that was impossible. There was no escaping Brad.

I heard footsteps behind me, and my body tensed.

"Hey, Annie," Brad said as he came in.

"For the last time, my name is Millie."

"Your name is whatever I say it is," he growled. "Shouldn't you be trying on your dress? Your wedding dress is back from the tailor now."

"I'm sure it's lovely," I mumbled. I could not

care less about my wedding dress. Sure, I was getting married tomorrow, but it was hardly a dream wedding.

“Come on, now. Don’t you want to make sure it fits? You’ve got to look pretty and gussied up for our wedding photos.”

I cringed. The last thing I wanted was to be photographed with him. “I’m sure it’s fine,” I snapped back.

“You better start being more grateful to me, Raggedy Ann,” he said. “After all, I’m going to make you a fucking princess. Isn’t that what you want?”

I sighed. “Sure,” I muttered.

Brad came closer and he knelt next to me. He ran a hand down my back, and I barely suppressed a shudder. “I can’t wait for the wedding night,” he leered.

I swallowed. “It’ll be great.” Bile rose in my throat as I said it.

Firefly growled at him being so close. He slapped her across the face. “Get back, you fucking dog,” he growled.

“Don’t hit her!” I shouted.

“Why not? She’s my property. She needs to

learn her fucking place and do what I say, just like you.”

I glared at him. “You’ll never break me, just like you will never break Firefly. So, get used to me not doing what you say.”

He slapped me across the face so hard, my head whipped back at the force. “Do you think I’m not afraid to hit you? If you don’t learn your place, I’ll treat you just like one of my dogs.”

He stalked off, leaving me alone with Firefly. She whined. I held her tightly. “It’s okay, girl. It’s going to be okay.”

I just wished I believed it myself.

Chapter 2

Adam

I watched the mansion from across the street, waiting for everyone to go to bed. Most of my gigs as a private investigator were figuring out who was cheating on who. Kidnapping brides in the middle of the night was not part of my job description.

But here I was, waiting to do just that.

I've been watching the unhappy couple for a couple of days. When I was hired to do this, I told my client, her brother Jonathan, I would only go through with it if she were truly unhappy. But the more I watched, the more obvious she wasn't there by choice, and I was tempted to murder the groom in his sleep.

The other day, I managed to brush by Brad and

lift his phone. I planted a listening device on it and returned it to him. So, I heard every threat and every insult he flung her way, plus some pretty solid evidence of illegal dogfighting rings. If I give those recordings to the right people, he will get put away for a long time and never hurt Millie again.

I waited several minutes until the lights were all turned off before I approached the mansion on foot.

It had standard security measures: motion sensor lights, alarms and locks on the door, and even cameras. But I was used to bypassing those. It wasn't long before I was inside and walking silently to Millie's room. The hard part was convincing her to come with me.

At first, I thought her door was open, and then I realized she didn't have a door. The hinges had removed it so she wouldn't have any privacy at all. I felt my anger flare up at the sight of it. It was too bad I had to be discreet. I wouldn't mind breaking Brad's nose.

Millie was awake and sitting in front of her window, staring out at the night sky. Even from the doorway, I could see her shadowed silhouette shaking from silent sobs.

She was imprisoned and constantly looked out

the window during the day. Stealing her in the night like a monster was the only way to get her out. I took a deep breath, snuck up silently behind her, and put my hand over her mouth.

She froze up instantly and struggled, trying to elbow me in the stomach, but I easily dodged her blows. “Millie, I won’t hurt you,” I whispered. “Listen to me.”

She ignored me and kept struggling. I grimaced and wrapped my other arm around her, holding her in an iron grip.

Eventually, she wore herself out. She went limp in my arms, trembling. “I’m sorry for scaring you,” I whispered. “My name is Adam. Jonathan sent me to get you out of here. This nightmare will be over soon, but you have to do exactly what I say. Understand?”

She nodded.

“I’m going to take my hand off of your mouth. Don’t scream.” Slowly, I took my hand away and was relieved she stayed silent.

“We need to get Firefly,” she whispered. “I can’t leave her here.”

I frowned. “Who’s Firefly?”

But Millie was already getting up and walking towards the door. She was surprisingly calm with

this. I didn't expect her to trust me so quickly. Maybe she didn't trust me. Perhaps she was so desperate to get away from Brad that she was willing to leave with a stranger.

I couldn't blame her for that.

I followed her downstairs, wincing as one of her feet hit a creaky step. "We don't have time, Millie," I hissed. "We have to get out of here now."

She ignored me and padded down to the basement. I knew where she was going and silently cursed myself. The last thing we needed was a cacophony of barking dogs.

I waited upstairs, waiting for Brad to come downstairs looking for his missing bride, only to find an intruder in his house. One who would knock him out without a second thought.

She appeared moments later with a pitbull next to her. The pitbull growled at me as soon as she saw me.

"It's okay, Firefly," she whispered. "It's all right, girl."

I sighed. A dog would complicate matters, but there was no point in arguing. "Let's go."

By some miracle, we were able to get outside. As soon as we stepped onto the lawn, floodlights turned on, and I could hear a faint alarm in the

house. I swore. "Run," I said, grabbing her arm. She flinched under my grip but broke into a run anyway, Firefly bounding ahead of us.

I heard shouts from the house and the faint wailing of alarms as we piled into my van. I shifted the gear in drive and sped out of there.

I caught sight of Millie's terrified face beside me. I couldn't tell if she was scared of Brad catching her or me. Maybe both. "It's going to be okay," I said. "You're safe now."

She didn't say anything. I wouldn't blame her if she didn't believe me.

After we left the wealthy neighborhood, I slowed down to drive the speed limit and turned down a side road.

"Where are we going?" Millie finally asked.

"My place," I said. "We can regroup there."

She nodded and hugged Firefly close to her. I glanced at the dog, who seemed to be glaring at me. "You must love that dog if you were willing to risk your freedom for her," I said.

"I would have saved all of them if I could," she said, her voice full of regret.

"We can, you know. Once the police know--"

She laughed bitterly. "They know. Brad's

family practically owns them. They won't do anything about it."

"Then I'll go to the FBI or something," I said. "I won't let him get away with that shit." The thought of it made me angry. I used to serve in the military overseas and had seen a lot of shit. But nothing pissed me off as much as animal abuse, except domestic abuse.

Even in my peripheral, I could see the bruise on her cheek from where Brad had hit her. I heard it happen that afternoon through the listening device. It took all my willpower not to burst in there and beat him to a pulp. But it was okay. She was safe now. I would protect her until her brother could pick her up.

I lived in a two-story house on the edge of town. My house was surrounded by trees, ensuring privacy, just like I liked it. One of the side effects of spying on people for a living was wanting to make sure I would never get spied on.

"Okay," I said as I parked the van in my driveway. "We're here." I looked at her. She was staring at the house with a blank look on her face. "Are you okay?"

"I-I don't know," she said. "It's been an eventful night."

Well, at least she was honest. “Fair enough,” I said. I got out of the van and went around to the other side to open her door. Firefly growled at me. I rolled my eyes at the dog. “Easy, girl,” I said. “I’m not above chaining you on my back porch if you keep this up.”

“She’ll behave, I promise,” Millie said. “I would rather keep her with me if that’s okay.” Her voice shook slightly. She was scared of me and I couldn’t blame her. She probably saw Firefly as her protection and her friend if I turned out to be a monster like Brad.

“Let’s go in,” I said. “We can talk more inside.”

Chapter 3

Millie

What just happened? I must be completely losing it. I'm just blindly trusting a random man who broke into my room, covered my mouth, and told me to follow him. I allowed myself to be kidnapped by someone who may or may not know my brother. For all I know, this was some sort of elaborate conspiracy to get Brad to pay an enormous ransom. If that were the case, he would be waiting a long time for Brad to pay up.

At least Adam let me keep Firefly with me. She will protect me if need be.

His house was secluded, but it looked to be in good repair. At least he wasn't taking me to some sort of condemned hideout.

Once we were inside, Adam shut and locked the door behind us before turning on the lights. I looked around at the cozy interior. The door opened up to a living room with brown leather couches, a throw rug, and a flat-screen TV on the wall. It was nice. Not as flashy as Brad's living room, of course, but it was a lot nicer than the dingy apartment I was struggling to pay rent on.

"Make yourself at home," Adam said. "Do you want something to drink? I need a drink." He looked exhausted and stressed. At least he wasn't leering at me like Brad constantly did.

"No, I'm okay," I said. I sat down on the edge of a couch. Firefly got up next to me and put her head in my lap. I relaxed a little with her so close and scratched her behind the ears.

Adam came back inside with a bottle of beer and a bottle of water. He set it down on the coffee table in front of me. "In case you change your mind," he said.

I bit my lip as I looked up at him. "Did my brother hire you?" Jonathan had done well for himself, but I couldn't imagine him being able to afford a private investigator to save me.

"Yes," Adam said. "You think I kidnap women in the middle of the night for fun?"

I shrugged. "I don't know," I said in a small voice. Why did I even ask that? I shouldn't piss him off. Not when he saved me and when I was basically at his mercy.

When he entered my room, I was so wrapped up in my thoughts about the wedding and my desperation to leave it all behind, I didn't notice. Maybe that's why I left. Anything seemed better than marrying Brad, even though I didn't know Adam. He could be just as insane as my ex-fiance.

Adam's expression softened. "Here." He pulled out his cell phone and handed it to me. "Call your brother. You'll see him tomorrow anyway, but maybe you would prefer to talk to him tonight."

I looked at the phone he just handed me and nodded. "Thank you." He wouldn't have given me a phone if he were planning on hurting me. But I would feel better once I heard Jonathan's voice anyway.

I found my brother's number and called him. He picked up on the first ring. "Adam?"

"It's Millie," I said.

Jonathan breathed out a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank god. Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." I glanced at Adam, who was

staring out a window and drinking his beer. “Jonathan, what happened? How did you pay for this? And why did Brad want me anyway?”

“It’s a long story,” he said. “I got the money from Henry.”

“Your boss? Did you risk your job for me? Don’t ever do that again!” How could he do that? We all knew how horrible it was growing up when our parents bounced from one job to the next. And he just risked putting himself in that position because a random idiot wanted to marry me?

“First of all, you’re damn right I would risk my job to keep you safe. Second of all, he owed me a favor and was happy to do it. It’s a long story, okay? I’ll explain it later.”

“Okay.” I yawned. I was so tired.

“Get some rest, okay? I’ll talk to you in the morning.”

“Okay. Have a good night.” I hung up and handed the phone back to Adam. “Thank you,” I said. “I appreciate it.”

“Of course.” He pocketed the cell phone. “I’m sorry I snuck into your room like that. I couldn’t think of another reason to get you without alerting Brad.”

“No, you’re right. I don’t blame you. Brad had

constant surveillance on me because he knew I would run if given a chance.”

“I’m also sorry for grabbing you and making you flinch.” His brow was furrowed with concern. “I didn’t hurt you too badly, did I?”

“I flinched?” I honestly didn’t remember it. The last hour had been a complete blur, though. “If I did, it wasn’t because of you. I was just stressed out.”

He nodded. “That’s understandable.” He glanced at the stairs. “I can show you to my guest room if you want. It’s not much, but it at least has a door with a lock. You can take Firefly up there too.”

I smiled. “Thank you.”

He looked like he wanted to say more, but he wasn’t sure what. Instead, he just led me upstairs. The guest room in question was modest but cozy, with a queen-sized bed covered in comforters and quilts. The walls were pink, and a purple throw rug covered the floor. It looked almost like a little girl’s room.

“I’m sorry about the decor.” He cleared his throat. “I let an ex-girlfriend decorate it. Haven’t gotten around to changing it.”

“No, it’s fine. It’s similar to what I would have wanted when I was a child.” I looked at the Disney

princess posters on the walls. It was almost exactly what I wanted growing up. Instead, I had to share a tiny room with my two brothers. I had to keep all of my girly belonging in one corner, and because we couldn't afford much, my toys and decorations were meager at best.

"I'll be in the next room over if you need anything," Adam said. "Have a good night."

"You too."

He shut the door behind him, and I relaxed a little. It was nice having a door again. I turned to the princess bed where Firefly was already making herself comfortable and I smiled. Sleep had never sounded so good.

Chapter 4

Adam

I couldn't sleep that night. I couldn't stop thinking about Millie. The sight of her in my Little room was enough to stir up some wild fantasies. What would she think if she knew I hadn't let an ex-girlfriend decorate it? What would she think if she knew that was a room I made special for my Littles?

She would probably run screaming. She barely trusted me as it was. Not that I blamed her. I had handled her like a freaking brute. She was vulnerable and fragile, but I had to be rough to get her out of there. I hated that. It was hard to believe she was so polite to me after that.

At least I got her away from that asshole. Soon she would be with her brother and she would be

safe. Nobody would ever hit her again. Not if I had anything to do with it.

I groaned and shoved a pillow over my face. What was wrong with me? I barely knew her. Why did I care so much? I did my job. My job was to get her out of that mansion safely. And I did that. Tomorrow I would deliver her to her brother and that would be it.

But every time I closed my eyes, I still pictured her face as she smiled at me, looking exhausted but still so sweet and friendly. I wanted to make her smile for real and make her feel safe. I wanted her to trust me.

It was going to be a long night.

The next morning, I got up before there were even any sounds stirring in the next room. I padded downstairs to start making coffee. I was tired and groggy and had only managed to doze a little. Now I had enough time to make breakfast before arranging a time and place with Jonathan for us to meet.

I opened my fridge and got out everything I needed for omelets as well as some sausages. I didn't have any dog food, but I couldn't let Firefly go hungry, even if she wanted to bite my head off. I can't blame her for protecting Millie. I

was quickly getting the impulse to protect her as well.

I was about to turn on the stove when there was a knock at the front door. I tensed up and looked outside. Two police officers were standing there. Shit. I opened the door up and looked at them. "Good morning," I said with my best innocent smile. "Anything I can do to help you, gentlemen?"

They glared at me suspiciously. "Is that your van parked out front?" One of them asked.

"It appears to be."

"Just answer the question," the other officer said. He sounded annoyed. Was he annoyed with me, or was he annoyed to be here at all?

"Yes, it's my van. Can I ask what this is all about?"

"A traffic cam showed your van breaking the speed limit and running a red light last night."

I nodded regretfully. "Yes, that was probably true. I was in a strange neighborhood and got lost. After pulling up directions to go home, I was impatient to make it back promptly. So yes, I was probably speeding."

"Why were you in that neighborhood in the first place?"

I shrugged. “I did two tours in Afghanistan. Since coming back home, the silence at night can be a little overwhelming. I go on drives to clear my head, and sometimes I end up in unfamiliar neighborhoods.” It wasn’t a complete lie. And invoking my military service sometimes smoothed things over with local authorities.

“Well, thank you for your service,” one of them said.

“My pleasure. Look, I’ll be happy to pay for the tickets you give me, but why did you have to drive out here? Aren’t these things sent in the mail?”

“It’s not just the traffic violations. A person went missing in that area last night. We were wondering if you saw anything unusual when you were there.”

“Sorry, I couldn’t see anything. It was dark out. I hope you find the person, though.”

“Are you sure?” An officer took out his cell phone and showed me a picture of Millie. “Did you see this woman at all?”

I pretended to study the picture and whistled. “I wish I did. She’s cute. Yeah, I definitely would have remembered a face like hers.” I handed the phone back. “Sorry I can’t be more helpful.”

The two officers exchanged looks and

nodded. "We'll be in touch," one of them said. "Thank you for your cooperation."

"Have a great day."

I shut the door and watched them from the window, making sure to stay out of sight. I didn't relax until the officers got into the squad car and drove away.

"Are they gone?"

I spun around at the sound of Millie's voice, startled. I hadn't heard her come down.

She took a step back. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you."

I smiled at her. "You didn't, I promise. Have a seat. I was just about to start cooking breakfast."

"Oh, thank you. I can cook it if you want. You still look exhausted and it's the least I can do when you just lied to the cops for me."

"Handling the cops is part of the job. Don't worry about it. And I like cooking. Have a seat."

She sat down at the table without hesitating. I tried not to think about how much I liked her following my orders. She was so quick to obey. She would be a perfect Little.

I brushed that thought out of my mind and got to work making breakfast. "I hope you like omelets and bacon."

“It sounds perfect. Thank you.”

I smiled slightly at her. “You don’t have to thank me for giving you breakfast. It’s my--”

“Your job?”

I glanced back at her to see her smiling, a teasing glint in her eyes. “Well, even if that is true, thank you for doing your job so well.”

I felt something nudge my pant legs, and I looked down to see Firefly sitting at my feet with pleading eyes. “Oh, now you like me, do you?” I reached down to scratch her behind the ears. She flinched but let me pet her. “Now that I might give you food, you’re my best friend, huh?” I sighed and stood up. I threw the sausages in the pan. I would cook them up and give them Firefly before preparing the food for Millie and me.

While they were cooking, I poured coffee for both of us. She smiled and took a sip. She looked more relaxed than last night. She wasn’t fidgeting as much, and she looked more alert. Good.

“After breakfast, I’m going to drive you to Jonathan’s place,” I said. “Then you can go back to your normal life.”

She shuddered. “I don’t think I can do that. It’ll be too easy for Brad to find me again.”

“Where will you go, then?”

“I don't know. I'll figure something out.”

Before I could reply, my phone rang. It was Jonathan. I answered it immediately. “Everything okay?”

“No,” he said. “You can't bring Millie here.”

Chapter 5

Millie

I could tell from Adam's tone that something was wrong. He turned around and looked at me with a frown on his face. "Hang on so I can put you on speaker." He tapped his phone and set it down on the table so both of us could hear. "Okay, go," he said, tossing a piece of cooked sausage to Firefly.

"One of Brad's high school buddies is here watching the house," Jonathan said. "If you bring Millie here, he's going to call Brad, or he'll just try to grab her himself."

"Is he on your property? Call the police," Adam said.

"He's across the street. And even if I did, they wouldn't do anything about it."

Adam ran his fingers through his hair. "Yeah," he said. "I get it."

"Are you going to be okay, Jonathan?" I asked. "Do you know him?" Jonathan had gone to high school with Brad and his buddies. They were horrible to him because he was a scholarship student, and for some reason, they thought that made him inferior. One time he even came home bleeding and injured because they attacked him.

"Yeah, I know him," Jonathan said. "I'll keep my distance. It should be fine. Allie and I will go to Henry's place. They wouldn't dare follow us there."

I raised my eyebrows. "Who's Allie?"

"My girlfriend." I could hear the smile in his voice over the phone. "And also Brad's ex-fiancé. I helped her run away. It's a long story."

"Wow. I guess Brad was telling the truth about you stealing his fiancé."

Jonathan sighed. "I'm sorry you got caught up in this," he said. "But Adam is the best. If anyone can protect you, it's him."

I looked up at Adam. "Yeah, I think you're right."

A corner of Adam's mouth lifted slightly. As if my praise meant anything to him.

“The police won’t help us,” Jonathan said. “We’ll need to figure out something else.”

“In my surveillance, I gathered a lot of evidence of dogfighting,” Adam said. “I think the FBI will be interested in it. Once Brad’s in legal trouble for that, he won’t be able to give you two hell.” He sighed. “It’ll take a couple of days to set up a meeting with them. I’ll protect Millie until then.”

Jonathan was silent for a second. “Will your retainer cover that?” he asked hesitantly. “If not, I can get you more money--”

“Don’t worry about it,” Adam said. “You’re not paying me by the hour. You’re paying me for results, and until Millie is safe, I haven’t delivered yet.”

“But--”

“Jonathan, stop. Get yourself and your girlfriend to safety. I’ll take care of everything here. And I promise Millie will be safe.” Adam hung up the phone before Jonathan could say anything else.

I looked at Adam, trying to figure out his motives. Why wouldn’t he accept more money? What did it matter to him how much Jonathan bankrupted himself helping me? It didn’t make sense. But I was grateful anyway.

“Thank you,” I said. “For not taking more money. His boss is generous, but I don’t know how far that generosity will go.”

Adam smirked. “What Jonathan failed to tell you was his new girlfriend is his boss’s cousin, who asked him to steal her away from Brad. So, I don’t think he would cut Jonathan off any time soon. But I meant it. I haven’t delivered until I ensure your safety.”

“I already feel safe with you.”

He smiled softly before turning suddenly. “You must be hungry,” he said. “I’ll make breakfast now. After that, I’ll reach out to my contact at the FBI and try to set up a meeting.”

“How did you get a contact with the FBI?”

“I served overseas with her a few years ago,” he said as he started to cook breakfast. He threw another piece of sausage to Firefly. “We still talk now and then. She’ll at least be willing to listen to me. The local police won’t touch him, but the FBI won’t be swayed as easily, especially if they can make themselves look good in the press over this.”

“What happens if they don’t listen?”

“I’ll make them listen,” he said firmly. “I’m going to do everything I can to keep you safe.”

I shook my head. I wanted to believe him, but I

was just a job to him. Why would he go through so much effort to keep me safe? Especially if he wasn't taking any more money despite the extra effort. But there was no point in questioning him further. He was a good guy. Maybe he was just that kind. "If I'm going to be here a couple of days, I would prefer to wear real clothes and not just pajamas. Would you mind it if I wore the clothes from the guest bedroom closet?"

He stiffened up and turned around, his eyes wide with panic and something darker. Something unreadable. "How did you know about those?"

Chapter 6

Adam

A dozen fantasies raced through my mind as I pictured her wearing the Little clothes I had stored in there. Sure, there were some tank tops and shorts that were innocent enough. But there were also onesies and puffy dresses in there. I could already picture how adorable she would look. She must not have looked very far. Otherwise, she never would have asked to wear them.

She blushed and looked down. “I didn’t go snooping, I promise,” she said. “The door must not have been latched properly or something because it swung open last night. I didn’t get a good look or anything. I just saw clothes.”

“Hey, it’s okay,” I said quickly. “I’m not mad at you. I promise.”

Millie looked up at me with wide eyes. “You’re not?” She sounded genuinely surprised.

I hated seeing her this way. I hated her being so afraid. She had only been with Brad a week. But that was enough time to scare the shit out of her. And even if she said she felt safe with me, it probably didn’t help that I practically kidnapped her in the middle of the night. “No,” I said. “You’re right. That door doesn’t latch properly. I was surprised, not angry.” I rubbed the back of my neck. “Some of the clothes you won’t want to wear. But there are a few that will fit you. I’ll put them out for you.”

“No, that’s okay. I’m sure I can find something. I don’t want to trouble you even more.”

“Trust me. You don’t want to go digging around in there.”

“Why? Do you have drugs in there or something?”

I smirked. “Just trust me on this, all right?”

“I trust you.”

I smiled to myself as I turned back to the food I was preparing. For some reason, that made me extremely happy.

Honestly, I was happy I got to spend more time

with Millie. She was adorable, and the more time I spent with her, the more I wanted to make her smile and laugh. It was an idiotic wish. I had taken on Littles in the past, but it never ended well. I demanded too much. I needed too much submission and obedience. And I didn't even know if she was a Little or not. If she ever found out about that, she might just run screaming in the opposite direction.

I served her breakfast and watched her dig in. She must be ravenous. I doubted she was ever comfortable enough to eat a proper meal at Brad's place if he even let her eat her fill in the first place. I could easily see him starving her to make her his perfect little trophy wife. He didn't understand how good it felt to watch someone dig in and enjoy the food you made.

"I'll go get clothes for you and then call my contact in the FBI," I said.

"Is there anything I should do while you do that?" She bit her lip. I didn't know if she was a Little or not, but she was submissive for sure. She was practically begging for orders to follow. All it took was a man she could trust.

I smiled. "How about you draw me a picture?"

She pouted. "I'm serious. There has to be something I can do to be useful."

"I'm serious too." I opened a drawer and pulled out a notepad and pencil. I used it to write down recipes I created when I was feeling experimental. This would be an excellent way to test how much she liked me acting like her Daddy. "Draw me a picture."

"What should I draw?"

"Anything you want."

She smiled hesitantly. "Okay."

"Good girl." The praise came out before I could stop it.

She blushed, but her smile widened in response. She liked me praising her. That was good to know.

I left to go upstairs, but I wanted to go down and watch Millie as she followed my orders, even a small one like that.

Chapter 7

Millie

I was still blushing profusely from him calling me a good girl. What was wrong with me? Why was I acting like this?

After only a night, I found myself wanting to do whatever Adam told me to do. I couldn't understand it. I had resisted Brad every chance I got. He demanded my respect and submission and made it clear he would punish me if I didn't give it. And I fought him.

But there was something about Adam that made me want to submit to him. Everything about him commanded it. He didn't ask for it, but I wanted to obey him even if his orders didn't make sense, like me drawing him a picture.

I thought I would wash the dishes or some-

thing, but he took care of that after giving me breakfast. He only ate a couple of strips of bacon before he disappeared to get to work. I wished he took care of himself as well as he took care of me.

I bit my lip as I looked at the notepad before I started drawing a picture of Firefly. The picture looked clumsy as if a child had drawn it. I hadn't drawn anything since grade school. There was never enough time or energy in the day to sit down and draw a picture or do anything else creative. I was either working or collapsing in front of the TV, exhausted.

I had missed this. And to my surprise, I felt myself smiling and relaxing as I sketched a picture of her catching a frisbee in a field. I wished I had colored pencils to color it in with. The gray-on-white background looked a little sad. But it was still fun.

I was just finishing it up when I heard footsteps behind me. Adam was approaching with a slight smile on his face. "Did you draw a picture?"

I held up the notepad to show him. I realized I was holding my breath, wondering what he thought about it. I hoped he liked it.

He smiled. "Wow, this looks good. Firefly, right?" He took the notepad from my hands and

tore the picture off it. "Did you enjoy drawing it?"

I nodded as words stuck in my throat. My stomach was too full of butterflies to talk.

"Good girl."

I felt a rush of pleasure at his words, and I realized I wanted his approval. I craved it. And the way he said it sounded so good.

"I think I'll put it on my fridge. It's just that good."

I blushed. "No," I mumbled. "It looks silly. I'm no artist. Not by a long shot."

He ignored me as he stuck it to the fridge with a magnet. "I love it," he said. "And I want it on my fridge. Understand?"

His voice sounded deeper and more commanding. It made me bow my head. "Yes," I said.

"Good girl."

I bit my lip, feeling myself smile at the same time. I glanced up to see him looking at me with unexpected warmth. There was an expression on his face that I had never seen before. It looked like he could see every part of me, even see inside my mind. Most people had always looked through me as if I were invisible. I was invisible in school. I never joined any extracurriculars because I needed

to work as much as possible after school to help my parents pay the bills. As a waitress, my job was to be friendly but fade in the background as much as I could. So, no one ever paid any attention to me until Brad showed up on my doorstep and tried to force me to marry him. When he did, I wanted nothing more than to fade into the background.

But with Adam, I couldn't be invisible if I tried. And I realized I liked it when he noticed me. When he practically studied my every movement.

He looked away a second later. "I set out some clothes on your bed for you to wear. And I set up a meeting with my contact from the FBI. She's coming here tomorrow."

"Excellent," I said. I felt relieved knowing there was an end in sight to Brad's torment. No matter how powerful he was, I knew Adam would protect me from him. "Thank you."

He smiled softly. "No need to thank me. I'm just doing my job."

It felt like more than that, but I wasn't about to say it. "If you don't mind, I think I'm going to go change," I said.

"Of course."

I scampered up the stairs and to the guest room. On the bed were a skimpy pink tank top and

Hello Kitty shorts. I felt myself blush as I put them on. The clothes weren't any more revealing than what I used to wear to gym class in high school, but something about them made me feel vulnerable and exposed, especially around Adam. And for some reason, I didn't mind feeling exposed around him.

After I was dressed, I glanced at the closet. I couldn't help but be curious about it. What was in there that had Adam so flustered? I shouldn't go snooping through his things. I was a guest in his home, after all. But he didn't seem like a man who would get flustered over nothing. What was he hiding in there?

Before I could think anymore about it, I opened the closet. It was a huge walk-in closet that was a tiny room by itself. I tiptoed into it and looked around. Inside were racks of clothes. I perused them quickly and found more tank tops and shorts and puffy princess dresses, onesies, and other adult-sized clothes that looked like little kid clothes. There were also totes with puzzle books, children's picture books, coloring supplies, and many stuffed animals. In the very back was an entire box of adult diapers. I felt a slight tingling in my stomach as I looked at all of these things. I

wasn't quite sure what Adam was into, but I could guess. And the thought of it made my pussy wet.

A hand grabbed my arm as I was yanked out of the closet. "What did I say about going in there?" Adam growled.

Chapter 8

Adam

I pinned Millie against the wall while I tried to stem the anger and lust coursing through me. I gave her an order, and she disobeyed me. She was practically asking to get punished.

I didn't tolerate disobedience. Maybe I was stricter than most Daddies, but I needed complete submission. Even if Millie wasn't my Little, I craved her submission.

Judging by the flush on her face and the desire in her eyes, she craved it too.

"What did you see while you were snooping in there?"

She bit her lip. "I found clothes," she said. "Like onesies and princess dresses. And coloring books. And diapers." She flushed.

“Well, don’t keep me in suspense,” I growled.

“Did you like what you saw?”

Her flush deepened and she looked downward.

“Look me in the eyes when you answer me.”

Her eyes immediately flew back to my face.

“Yes,” she whispered. “I liked it.”

I ran a hand gently down her arm, stroking her soft skin with the tips of my fingers and leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. “Now you know my dirty little secret,” I said. “I wasn’t planning on telling you. I didn’t want you to know how I fantasized about dressing you up as my little princess and read stories to you. I didn’t want you to know how much I want you to call me Daddy while you beg me to fuck you. But you had to go snooping, didn’t you? Now you know. What do you think about that, princess? Tell me.”

She was practically panting with her eyes glazed over. The thought of me being her Daddy turned her on. But I wanted to hear it from her.

“Tell me, princess,” I growled.

“I... I like it, Daddy,” she said. “I want you, Daddy.”

God, the word sounded so good coming from her. I smiled as I pressed my body against hers, letting her feel my hard cock against her body.

“Good girl. But first, you need to get punished for not listening to me, don’t you?”

With one smooth movement, I picked her up and tossed her over my shoulder. I carried her to my bedroom and gently set her down on the bed. She looked up at me, her eyes glazed with lust. “On your stomach,” I said, taking off my shirt and then my belt. “Now.”

She rolled over onto her stomach. Her entire body was shaking with desire. I knew if I slid my hand between her legs right now, I would feel her soaking wet pussy. “You need to learn to listen to your Daddy,” I growled, snapping the belt in the air. It made a slapping sound that made her shiver. “If I tell you not to do something, you don’t do it.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whimpered.

“Turn your head. I want you to look at me while I punish you.”

She turned her head and looked at me. Her eyes were glazed with lust, and she was biting her lip. I searched her face, looking for any sign of fear or unwillingness to be there, but found none. She trusted me not to hurt her, even when I about to punish just. The knowledge of that was enough to make me want to take her into my arms and kiss her and never let go.

I showed her the belt, which I folded up half-way. "I'm going to give you ten lashes with this, all right? I want you to count them for me."

"Yes, Daddy."

I stroked her butt with the leather before flicking my wrist. The belt came down with enough force to make her butt jiggle. She gasped. "One."

I did it again as she moaned. "Two." Her hips started moving as if the impact was turning her on. Good.

"Stay still for me, princess," I said. "You'll get your pleasure. But first, the punishment."

She immediately stilled. "Yes, Daddy."

I smiled. Despite her poking through my closet, she was wonderfully obedient. I hit her again and again with the belt. I was careful to keep the blows light, mainly because it was her first time. And her shorts provided extra protection to keep the stings from becoming too much.

When I was done, I tossed the belt to the side and laid my hand directly on her butt. "How did that feel, princess?"

"It felt good, Daddy."

I smiled, relieved I hadn't gone too far. "Are you going to be a good girl for me?"

“Yes, Daddy. I’ll be a good girl.”

“Good. Turn onto your back.”

She flipped over onto her back and looked up at me, biting her lip. I got on top of her, pinning her to the bed. I gently brushed her hair out of her face with my hand. “You’re mine,” I said. “If you’re going to be my Little, then you must obey me. Completely. Without hesitation. Understand?”

She nodded. “Yes, Daddy. I’ll be good. I’ll be a good girl.”

“You better.” I leaned down and captured her mouth with my own. Her lips parted eagerly for mine. She tasted so sweet, and I groaned and pressed my hard cock against her body. I ran my hands down her body, feeling all of her curves. I wanted to learn every inch of her body, especially the parts that made her gasp with pleasure when I touched them. I wanted to make her writhe with need and desire until she couldn’t think straight.

I trailed kisses to her ear only to lick her earlobe. She let out a shuddering breath. “I want to thrust my cock deep inside you,” I growled. “I want to possess you in every way possible. Do you want that, princess? Do you want Daddy’s big, hard cock inside you?” I pressed my erection harder into her.

She moaned. “Yes,” she said. “Please, Daddy. I want you. I want you inside me.”

“Good girl.” I lifted myself just enough to slide her shorts down her legs. She kicked them off her, leaving her bottom half completely exposed to me. I slid a hand in between her legs and trailed my fingers over the slick folds of her pussy. I grinned. “You’re so wet for me, aren’t you, princess? You’re so wet for Daddy.”

She whimpered in response.

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my hard cock. It needed to be inside her badly. “Are you ready, princess? Are you ready for my cock?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered.

I slowly thrust into her, groaning. She was so tight, tighter than I had been expecting. She squealed underneath me, her entire body stiffening. Shit. This was probably her first time. I hadn’t even considered that. “Just relax,” I whispered. “You’re doing so well. You’re such a good girl.” I pressed my lips to her temple. “It’s okay. I won’t move until you’re ready. It’s okay.”

She responded with gasps and whimpers as if she had lost the ability to talk. I shut my eyes, willing myself to stay still even when my body was screaming at me to thrust into her. I didn’t want to

hurt her. I had already demanded so much of her, and she was so willing to comply, so eager to please. The last thing I wanted was to betray her trust by going too far too fast.

Slowly, she relaxed around me, and her breathing became more even. "I'm ready, Daddy," she said. "Please. I want all of you."

I groaned. That was all I needed to hear. With one smooth motion, I thrust inside her. She felt like heaven. It would be so easy to get addicted to a sweet Little like her. I moved in and out of her, slowly at first until she got used to the movement. And then I picked up the pace. I trailed kisses and licks down her neck, unable to stop my gasps of pleasure. She moaned underneath me. "I have to come," she whimpered. "Please, Daddy. I need to come."

"Come for me, princess. Come all over Daddy's cock." I gently nipped at the base of her neck with my teeth.

Suddenly she stilled underneath me. I felt her pussy squeezing me tightly as she came. The force sent me over the edge as I came inside of her. I wrapped my arms around her, and we stayed still as we slowly recovered together from our orgasms.

Slowly, I pulled out and rolled off to the side. I

felt utterly spent. But in the best way possible. I gathered her up in my arms. Her eyes were drooping closed. She shivered and I pulled my blankets up around her. “That was incredible, princess,” I whispered. “You’re such a good girl.”

She gave a small smile in response. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“How are you feeling? Did I go too far?”

She shook her head. “That was incredible.”

I smiled, relieved. “I’m glad, princess.” As I held her close, I realized I wasn’t planning on ever letting her go. She was my princess. And I would protect and take care of her for as long as she would let me.

Chapter 9

Millie

After cuddling for some time, we got up to take a shower together. I felt sore from the sex, but it felt good. It had been incredible. Being with Adam felt incredible. I felt safe with him. He might want my submission, but I wanted to give it to him. Even when he was punishing me, he didn't hurt me. And now he was so gentle with me as if I were the most precious thing in the world.

He turned on the water for the shower and waited for it to get hot before leading me into it. I bit my lip as I watched little rivulets of water run down his chest and stomach. He was so sexy.

Adam grabbed a washcloth and put some body wash on it. "Arms up, princess."

I lifted my arms as he ran the washcloth over my body, cleaning me up. I gasped as he washed between my legs where I was still sensitive. He chuckled and kissed my neck as if he knew what I was thinking.

After I was washed, he set the washcloth down. "All clean, princess."

I bit my lip. "Can I clean you, Daddy?"

He looked at me, surprised. "You want to?"

I nodded. "Please. I want to take care of you as well as you take care of me."

"It's my job to take care of you," he said. "I enjoy taking care of you and making you happy. That's what I like."

"I know. And I like it too. But you deserved to be taken care of as well." I hoped that didn't count as talking back. I didn't mean to be disobedient, but I didn't want him to neglect himself while taking care of me.

Adam smiled softly. "I don't know what I did to deserve you, princess," he whispered. He handed me the cloth. "You can wash me if you wish."

I ran the washcloth over his body, enjoying the feeling of touching him and taking care of him. I pressed kisses into his skin as he did, causing him to suck in his breath. I smiled. It was fun getting a

reaction out of him. But when I looked up to see him pinning me down with a lustful gaze, a shiver of desire ran down my spine.

After the shower, we both dried off, and Adam led me to my room. He opened the closet and took out a puffy purple dress. "Arms up, princess."

I obeyed as he put the dress on me, a slight smile on his face. The dress fell halfway down my thighs. It was comfortable, and it made me feel cute at the same time. He buttoned it up in the back. "You look beautiful, princess," he whispered in my ear.

I giggle and felt my cheeks grow warm with a blush. I doubted I would ever get used to him complimenting me.

Going back into the closet again, Adam emerged with an adult diaper. I bit my lip as I looked at it. I never wore one before, but it looked comfy. "Lie down on the bed," he commanded. "On your back. And lift your hips."

I obeyed. I watched Adam as he slid my skirt up to my waist, a slight smile on his face. I could tell he was enjoying this, and I was enjoying it too. He slid the diaper underneath me and told me to relax my hips. Slowly, he folded the diaper around

me and fastened it into place. “How does that feel, princess?”

I wiggled my hips, getting used to it. “It feels good, Daddy. It’s super comfy.”

He smiled. “Good. Good girl.”

I sat up and looked at him. “What do you want to do now, Daddy?”

“Let’s just relax for the rest of the day. Tomorrow I’ll have to convince the FBI to arrest Brad.”

Chapter 10

Adam

The following day, I sat on the kitchen floor with Firefly, feeding her bits of hot dog. Millie was still fast asleep. “I’m going to have to get you some real food soon,” I told her. “It’s not healthy for you to eat this much human food.”

I didn’t want to leave the house, though. Not until Brad was safely in the FBI’s custody. Until then, it didn’t feel safe. If I were seen in public with Millie, I would get arrested for kidnapping by the police officers in Brad’s pocket. The charges wouldn’t stick, but it would let Brad near Millie again, and this time he wouldn’t let her escape.

And if I went to the store and left Millie here, Brad might come and take her away. I didn’t know

if I was paranoid or careful, but I didn't want to risk it being the former.

Firefly rested her head on my thigh. I smiled and scratched her behind the ears. After she realized I wasn't going to hurt Millie, she warmed up to me quickly. "You care about her too. Can't blame you for that," I said. "She's so sweet. It's impossible not to care about her. If I didn't know any better, I would say I'm falling in love with her." But I couldn't be falling for her. I had only known her for a few days. I already knew I was going to be refunding the money to Jonathan. It didn't feel right to get paid for something I would gladly do for free for the rest of my life. When was the last time I refunded anyone's money after completing a job? "Never."

"What are you saying?"

I looked up to see Millie walking in, wearing a blue and white checkered sundress. The dress was a little longer than most of them. That was good. Alicia, my FBI contact, was coming over soon. She would probably raise her eyebrows if she saw Millie dressed in a puffy princess dress. The sundress looked a little more mainstream.

"I was just telling Firefly she's a good dog."

Millie smiled and said, "She is a good dog."

Firefly quickly left me to go over to Millie, her tail wagging. Millie giggled and hugged her as I smiled, watching them. I patted my thigh. "Come here, princess."

She walked over and plopped into my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck. I sighed as I held her. She felt so good in my arms. "I was thinking. After Brad is gone, you don't have to stay here full time anymore. You can go anywhere you want."

She looked up at me with wide eyes. "Do you want me to go away?"

"No, princess. God, no. But I also don't want to trap you here. I want to know what you want to do. We can do this as slow or as fast as you want. I know you have a life that you probably want to get back to. And just because I want your submission doesn't mean I want to control you. You're free to do what you want, pursue any dreams you want. I just want to make that clear." I didn't want her to think she would have to give up everything to be with me. That wasn't fair. As her Daddy, her happiness was my top priority. And I needed to make sure she knew that.

She looked thoughtful. "I honestly didn't have much of a life, as sad as that sounds. I was either

working or recovering from work because I was constantly worried about making rent. I didn't even have a chance to think about what I wanted out of life, not really. So no, I don't want to go back to that. I don't know what I want to do with my life. But I want to be with you. That I know."

I smiled. "I want to be with you too, princess. And when you do figure out what you want out of life, I'll support you no matter what."

She leaned against me with a smile. "Thank you, Daddy."

"My pleasure, princess."

We stayed like that until there was a knock on the door. We both tensed up. "Stay here," I whispered to Millie as I set her gently down on the ground. I went to the front window to see Alicia standing outside. I let her in quickly.

"Nice to see you again, Adam," she said. "Although maybe next time we can go out for a beer."

She looked around and spied Millie, who was standing up. She smiled. "You must be Millie. Nice to meet you." She held out her hand for Millie to shake. She spied the fading bruise on Millie's cheek, and anger crossed her face for a second. "Let's get down to business, shall we?"

We sat down at the table, and I played the recording from my surveillance for her. I fast-forwarded through most of it, focusing on the talks about dog fights. Millie fidgeted next to me, and I grabbed her hand, wanting to reassure her. I stopped the recording after a few minutes.

"There's more there too. You can have the full recording. I have a copy."

"This is pretty damning," she said. "I always knew Brad was an asshole from the tabloids. Good to have proof." She nodded. "I'm happy to go after this guy. It might take a little bit, but I'll make this my priority."

"Thank you," I said. "I appreciate it."

"No problem." She took the thumb drive with the recording and pocketed it. "I should get going. I'll clear this with my superiors and go from there. It shouldn't take long to get a search warrant with this." She smiled at Millie before jerking her head at me, silently asking me to follow her. I followed her to the door. "Never thought I'd see the day where you would settle down," she said with a smirk.

"What?" Alicia's perceptiveness still took me by surprise sometimes.

"Come on, Adam. I've known you for years,

and you don't have much of a poker face. I saw the way you looked at her. Not to mention I've never seen you this relaxed, especially when on a case. You love her."

"Maybe I do."

Alicia grinned. "That's good. I'm happy for you. And because it's you, I know you're probably thinking up reasons why it won't work, but accept it. Because I think she's crazy about you too."

I looked back at the kitchen, where I knew Millie was probably playing with Firefly. "I hope so."

Alicia was right. I was in love with her. And I wasn't going to let her go.

Chapter 11

Millie

Alicia worked fast. A week after she met with Adam and me, Brad was arrested for dogfighting rings. The media blitz was massive. His parents ended up disowning him in a press conference to save the last shreds of their reputations, and his friends didn't think it was worth it to harass Jonathan anymore.

Even though I was safe from Brad, I stayed with Adam. He made me feel safe. And I enjoyed submitting to him in every way.

A month after Brad was arrested, I got a surprise visit from my brother Robby. He was a boxer who lived a couple of hours away, so I didn't see him as often as I wanted to. We ended up

meeting for coffee while Adam and Jonathan disappeared somewhere together.

The two of them had become friends since Brad's arrest. There was only one sticking point: Adam wanted to refund the money Jonathan paid him, and Jonathan wouldn't hear anything of it.

"It's so nice to see you again," I told Robby as we settled down at a table near the window.

Robby grinned at me. To most people, he would look terrifying. He was at least a foot taller than me, and thanks to his profession, he was usually sporting a black eye or busted lip. But I only knew him as my big brother, who once spent hours reading me American Girl books because I was sick in bed with the flu when I was nine.

"Nice to see you too," he said. "How are you holding up?"

"I'm so much better now," I said. "And I can finally go on social media and look at tabloids without seeing Brad's face everywhere, so I'm great."

"I wish Jonathan had called me. I would have beaten his face in for touching you."

"And then you would be in jail for aggravated assault. Robby, I'm fine." I grinned. "I'm with Adam now. And you like him, don't you?"

"I'll be honest, Millie, I don't think anyone deserves you. But he probably comes the closest."

"You know you'll have to settle down soon yourself."

He let out a laugh before sipping his coffee. "As if that'll ever happen."

I shrugged. "You never know. So, did Jonathan tell you where he and Adam disappeared to?"

Robby grinned. "Let's just say they reached a compromise about the money Adam wants to refund."

"What does that mean?"

Robby looked out the cafe window. "Oh, speak of the devil," he said. "Here they come now. You're about to find out."

I looked to see the two men coming inside the cafe, both looking excited. They headed straight to our table, and Jonathan and Robby exchanged grins. What was happening?

"Millie, let's take a walk," Adam said. He grabbed my hand and gently pulled me up to kiss me. "Please. "

I smiled as I leaned into him, enjoying his embrace. "Of course."

We walked out of the cafe. Adam looked excited but also a little nervous. I couldn't tell if

something was wrong or not. “What’s happening?” I asked. “Is everything okay?”

“Of course, princess. I have something to ask you, but I didn’t want to put you on the spot in there.” He led me to the car and we both got inside. He looked nervous now. “Listen, I know we haven’t known each other very long, but I do know one thing: I’m in love with you. I’ll always be in love with you. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you.” He pulled a small velvet box out of his pocket.

Holy shit.

He looked at me as if trying to gauge my reaction. “I know it’s soon,” he said. “But I don’t want to wait. We can have a long engagement if you want. But I want to ask you now. Will you please marry me?” He opened the box to reveal a diamond engagement ring.

“Yes, oh my god, yes!”

He grinned and grabbed my hand to slip the ring on my finger before he pulled me into a hug. “Thank you,” he said. “Thank you, princess. I love you. More than anything.”

“I love you too, Daddy.” I buried my face into his neck, breathing in his scent. He was mine—my

Daddy's Submissive Girl

Daddy. And I couldn't wait to spend the rest of my life with him.



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