



A Little's Campervan

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Description: Running Crater Lake Pride Campout has brought Wren nothing but joy, but after five years of attending on her own, she's tempted to chuck it all in. It's too painful to see everyone else coupled up when she's always on her own. This year is going to be her last year.

Emmie has never been a camping kind of girl, so spending a week in a campervan in Oregon? Not on her bucket list. But it's her sister begged her and so the Little finds herself hiring a campervan and packing hiking boots for the holiday from hell...

But when she arrives, there's more peacefulness in nature than she expected, and something like love in Wren's eyes. Has Emmie finally found someone to call Daddy?

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1

Emmie

Emmie was not a camping person.

To be honest, Emmie barely tolerated the outdoors—horrible loud place that it was, with far too many bright lights and full of things that wanted to kill you.

Plus rain. She hated rain.

And yet here she was, in the centre of Crater Lake National Park.

As much as she hated the outdoors, Emmie adored her sister Christie and for some reason, Christie had begged her to go camping with Christie and her girlfriend. So here she was.

Camping.

There were limits, however. Sleeping in a tent was out of question. Emmie pitied Christie and Dana, who were going to have to brave ground mats and sleeping bags, but she had been sensible. She had hired a campervan—which she'd instantly named Luna—which would be home for the next weekend. Luna had a little gas ring, a fridge, and most importantly, a bed. Luckily the campsite Emmie had been directed to had electric hookups, even though most of the people who were also there for the Crater Lake Pride Campout, were doing the whole tents thing.

There were a handful of vans dotted towards the edge of the site, and Emmie pulled into her allotted slot to park up.

She had to admit, it was absolutely beautiful. The campsite was high up, overlooking the large lake itself, Wizard Island in its centre viewable from where they were based.

It was blue, bluer than Emmie could possibly have imagined.

There was a tap on her window, and she rolled it down to see Christie and Dana grinning at her.

“You got here okay?” asked Christie, and Emmie raised an eyebrow at her.

“Clearly.” Teasing Christie was one of Emmie’s favourite past times. Her little sister was the baby of the family and adored by absolutely everyone, and especially Dana. “Can we look inside, Em?”

“Sure,” Emmie shrugged.

Christie’s squeal of delight when she pulled open the side door had Emmie reaching for my earplugs. Both sisters were autistic, but very different flavours. Christie’s needs focused on routines and stability, whereas Emmie was a little different.

Change wasn’t going to necessarily result in her having a meltdown, but a strong smell or too much loud noise sent Emmie into hiding. Being an interior decorator worked perfectly for her—half the time she was on her own at home, in her safe space, and the other half she was out turning other people’s homes into safe spaces. Everything about her life had been curated to make it easier.

Camping refused to be curated.

Nevertheless, she'd brought her own unique touch to the campervan. The grey fabric that lined the walls has been complemented with light pastel curtains that she was hopeful would keep the early morning sunlight out, and the bed was fully made up with duck egg blue sheets and a collection of stuffies in one corner.

Christie almost threw herself onto the bed before Dana grabbed her and pulled her backwards. "Come on now, monster, none of that."

She turned wide eyes on her girlfriend. "Monster?" Christie's lower lip began to tremble and Emmie stifled a laugh as Dana bopped her on the nose in a no-nonsense manner. "But I want to explore the campervan!"

"Then we should have got a campervan instead of a tent. This is Em's camper—let your sister have her space."

"But stuffies!"

To be fair, Christie was part of the reason why Emmie had so many stuffies. Her job as the receptionist at Stuffie Hospital, meant that Emmie's birthday and Christmas presents over the last couple of years had primarily consisted of the most squishily adorable stuffies.

"You've got your little monster with you. That's enough stuffies for tent life."

Christie stuck her tongue out at Dana, and then leaned up to kiss her. They were ridiculously adorable, and as much as Emmie was quite satisfied with her own life, seeing the two of them together made her wonder whether she could make space for someone too.

"Go explore," she said, and they broke apart and grinned at her sheepishly. "I've got to get myself oriented."

The campsite was well organised, with clean showers and toilets, Emmie was pleased to note, and as she wandered over to where the organisers of the event had their table, she noticed a short woman holding a clipboard. She looks like she knows what she's doing, thought Emmie, the hiking boots and the plaid a good sign that she'd probably done this before. Emmie, however, was dressed in a long flowing yellow skirt and a cheesecloth white top that tied up under her boobs.

"Hey," Emmie said as she got closer. "You've got the itinerary for the week?"

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The woman tucked a rogue strand of hair behind her ear, rolled up her sleeves, and smiled at Emmie.

And Emmie was lost.

2

Wren

Crater Lake Pride Campout was a yearly event that Wren loved and loathed in equal measure. The camping part? Excellent. Helping people get situated and explore the park for the first time? Magical. Seeing all her friends couple off whilst she spent yet another event alone?

Miserable.

This year was her last year. Wren had sworn it. She was going to get her head down, plough on through, and when she came out the other side, get out of the event organisation game for good. This wasn't even her full-time job. She didn't even get paid to have her heart stomped on in hiking boots every year.

But the woman standing in front of her wasn't wearing hiking boots. She wasn't even wearing trainers. She was wearing suede heeled ankle boots and the largest floppy hat that Wren had ever seen.

And she was enchanting.

“Your first year?” Wren asked, trying ever so hard to remain cool.

“Yes,” the blond said. “I’m not really used to camping much—hence the outfit.”

“I think you look great,” said Wren truthfully, and she did think that. She really thought that. That top was tied in a bow under the woman’s more than ample bosom and Wren wanted to undo it with her teeth and possibly lose herself in cleavage.

If she never found her way out again, she’d be fine.

Closing her eyes, she tried counting to ten. No. Absolutely not. This poor woman was just trying to...

“Are you okay?” Okay, said woman was all up in Wren’s personal space and Wren was tempted to swoon, just so that she could bask in this attention a little bit longer.

“Sorry, it’s a bit of a manic first day. You wanted an itinerary...?”

“Emmie,” said the curvy vision. “Yes please.”

Wren watched as she took the itinerary and casually glanced over it. Then froze and looked at the itinerary more carefully.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” said Emmie, but her voice was a little too high pitched for that to be even remotely convincing. She cleared her throat and attempted an airy wave. Wren wasn’t fooled. “Just looking forward to the six hour hike tomorrow.” She did not look like she was looking forward to it; if anything, she looked a little panicked.

“There’re shorter three hour hikes,” offered Wren, and then, when she saw wide-eyed panic at even that, “and there are really nice areas where you can just wander and enjoy the scenery. Just because you’re out here, doesn’t mean you have to hike.”

“I’m here with my sister,” said Emmie, dropping her voice and looking around in case her sister was about to jump out from behind a tree and catch them talking. “I think she wants to do the hike. Or at least, her girlfriend’s into hiking and so Christie’s been enjoying trying it out too.”

Her fingers were fluttering by her sides, and she was clearly anxious. Wren reached out and put what she hoped was a reassuring hand on her arm.

“You know that the campout is about more than just hiking, right? I’m sure if you joined in some of the other activities, your sister won’t mind if you don’t do the long hikes. In face, she probably knows you well enough to know that they might not be your thing.”

Emmie took in a shaky breath, and then let it out again. “You’re right. You’re definitely right. I should just speak to her about it. I guess you’re doing the long hike?”

Wren loved a long hike, and had been very much looking forward to this particular one. It was a challenging enough trail that everyone just focused on hiking, which meant she avoided being peppered constantly with questions about her dating life. Questions that she’d very much have liked to avoid. “I could take you out to some of my favourite viewpoints instead, if you decide not to hike. It’ll involve some walking, but this is one of my favourite places and I don’t mind showing it to you.”

Emmie nodded slowly, “And it has an end goal of getting to the viewpoints, rather than just hiking for the love of it.”

Wren chuckled. “Hiking can be wonderful, but loving it is definitely something that grows. You shouldn’t be expected to love it right out of the gate.”

“Thank you.” Emmie’s smile was brilliant, and Wren felt dazed in its light. “I’d really like that...?”

“Wren,” she said. “I’m Wren.”

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She couldn't get Emmie out of her head all afternoon, even when she had to deal with a poly knot who were adamant that the six of them had all booked camping spaces in the same glade, despite the fact that specific glades weren't bookable on the website. Every now and then she caught of that ridiculous hat flouncing past, and couldn't help but smile.

3

Emmie

Christie stared at Emmie. "You thought I was going to make you coming hiking?"

"You made me come camping!"

"Yes, but I knew that there're aspects of this that you'd really like. I wouldn't make you do something I know you'd hate."

"So you don't mind if I don't come? Wren said she might take me to some of the viewpoints that are a little more easy to reach."

That had Christie's eyebrows shooting up, and Emmie got the distinct impression that her little sister thought that she had to look after Emmie. "You're going off into the outdoors with a stranger?"

Emmie crossed her arms and scowled at her sister. "You do know that I manage splendidly out in the big wide world, thank you very much. Stop treating me like a baby; you're the younger out of the two of us."

“Yes, but I have street smarts!”

Dana snorted at that, and didn’t change her response when Christie glared at her. “You know how much I adore you, but street smart is not exactly a phrase I’d use to describe you.”

“You are both wildly underestimating my ability to smart the streets.”

“Just as you’re underestimating my ability to look after myself,” pointed out Emmie, not unkindly. “Wren is one of the organisers here, and knows her way around the area. We’ll be fine.”

“Hmph,” said Christie, but gave in.

It did have Emmie feeling a certain way though. She definitely didn’t want to be mollycoddled by her little sister, but at the same time it made her wonder what it would be like to have a romantic partner looking after her. She’d met enough of the Stuffie Hospital staff to know that a number of them were Littles, and she had her suspicions that Christie and Dana’s dynamic might lean that way too, but she’d never explored it herself before.

It wasn’t because she was difficult, because Emmie really didn’t think that she was, however shewasparticular. It was just common sense; if you know that loud noises might be a trigger, have some earplugs on hand.

Emmie always had earplugs on hand. She was very good at looking after herself, but when Wren had offered the alternative to hiking she’d found herself wanting to flush and smile, and say yes please. Please take charge of all of this.

The three of them made their way over to one of the campfires as the sun began to set. There were a couple of barbecues set up especially for the Pride Campout, and

someone had set up a queer playlist. Chappell Roan began playing and Emmie couldn't help but sing along under her breath and do a little dance as she waited in the queue for some food.

“You like Chappell Roan?” asked a familiar voice from behind her.

Emmie flushed and spun round to see a very bemused Wren. “Of course! Don't you?”

Wren gestured at the plaid shirt that she was wearing. “I mean, I feel like I'm embodying ‘The Giver’ right now.” There was a short pause and then she laughed awkwardly. “That sounded a lot more suave in my head. I'm not sure how it is that you short circuit my brain, Emmie, but it seems to happen fairly often.”

Emmie giggled. “It was a very good attempt at suave. Top marks for effort.”

“Oh, you cheeky thing you.” Was... was Wren flirting with her? All evidence seemed to be pointing to an answer in the affirmative.

“You're flirting with me.” Oh fuck. Emmie wanted the ground to swallow her up. Sometimes she forgot to engage her brain-to-mouth filter. Asking if Wren was flirting would have been one thing, but to just come out and make it into a statement...

“I am.” Oh. Wren didn't seem to mind at all. “Is this your sister?”

Emmie was suddenly aware of Christie bristling next to her, all five foot nothing in dungarees.

“Yes, I'm her sister and?—”

“—I'm Dana.” Christie's girlfriend cut across whatever it was that Christie was about

to say, for which Emmie was supremely grateful. “Wren, right? Em said that you’re going to show her some of the viewpoints tomorrow?”

“Yeah, the main hike can be a bit intimidating if you’re not a regular hiker but I thought it’d be a shame if Emmie missed out on some of the sights.”

“Emmie?” mouthed Christie at Emmie. Almost everyone in Emmie’s life called her Em, and none of them realised that she had a soft spot for the nickname that she’d been told until people said she was too grown up to have such a childish name.

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Emmie didn't actually think there was anything childish about being called Emmie, and she liked how it sounded, so it's how she thought of herself in her head. And for some reason it had felt completely natural to tell Wren Emmie.

"Come on Christie, you're holding up the line," said Emmie, looking pointedly towards the food.

"Oh!" That got her sister's attention, and she hurried along, grabbing a plate and piling it up with food.

Wren picked up a plate and cutler, and offered it to Emmie, and then as they went along the buffet she served Emmie each time before serving herself, making sure that Emmie had plenty of food and didn't even blink when Emmie refused potato salad with a slight shudder.

"Mayonnaise is the devil's food," she'd said by way of an explanation and all that Wren had done was laugh and move. There hadn't been astonishment or denial or berating and it was nice, having someone to look out for her like this. It didn't feel overbearing, or like it was removing her own autonomy. Just nice.

Maybe slightly more than nice.

When the four of them found a place around the campfire to sit, and Wren held Emmie's plate whilst she got comfy, handing it back to her when she was ready.

And all Emmie wanted to do was say "Thank you, Daddy."

Wren

Eating round the campfire, and listening to people singing and chatting was always Wren's favourite part of campout. More than the hiking, and more than the setting. Because you could do a hike and visit Crater Lake any time; but it was only during campout that she got to feel this intense queer euphoria.

It was similar to the first time she'd put on a plaid shirt and seen herself in the mirror.

You're very fucking gay.

And being surrounded by queer people of different orientations and genders always made her feel so damn grateful for her life.

This time though, she was sat with Emmie, and watching Emmie's response to it all.

At first she'd been all smiley, but when it had gotten a bit later and a bit noisier, she'd grabbed something out of her purse and popped what Wren assumed were earplugs in her ears.

"Everything alright?" Wren asked, coming in close so that Emmie could hear her.

"Yes." Her answering smile was wide. "Just need my earplugs to stave off any overstimulation. Doing this at night is a lot more manageable though. During the day I'd struggle a bit."

That made sense. As fun as it was, there were a lot of people here, and Wren could see how that might feel like a lot, especially if someone was prone to sensory overwhelm.

Emmie snuck a look at Wren from beneath long lashes, clearly wanting to say something, and Wren hid a smile and waited patiently. Sure enough, she said, “I’m autistic, and my senses are very... highly tuned?” She pulled a face, as if expecting a shitty comment in response.

“Is it just sound that hits hard?”

The relief on Emmie’s face was such that Wren just wanted to tug the other woman into her lap and hold her. Who the hell had been making her Emmie feel like her needs were too much?

“Smell too, and sometimes light. I’ve got sunglasses, which help, but there’s very little you can do about strong smells.” Emmie took a bit of her burger and did a happy little wiggle in her chair. “Ohwowthat’s good. Apple sauce with a pork burger is inspired. How’s yours?”

Wren’s burger was perfectly fine, but Emmie looked so happy and excited for her to love it too, that she took a bite of hers and allowed herself to luxuriate in the flavours. Her eyes opened in surprise. It genuinely tasted better when she took the time to appreciate it like that. “Really good!”

The two of them laughed, and finished off their food whilst someone else got out a guitar. There were so many people coming and going that they ended up sat very close next to each other on the overturned tree trunk that was their seat.

Emmie’s hair had caught the smell of the smoke from the barbecue and Wren wasn’t sure that she would ever be able to smell barbecue again without thinking of this moment, sat close, a frisson of exciting blossoming between the two of them.

The blonde’s sister seemed to have stopped being grouchy about Wren now as well. When Emmie excused herself to go to the bathroom, Christie leaned over and said,

“Just don’t be an ass, yeah? Emmie’s so sweet and way too trusting.”

She looked like she wanted to say more than that, but Wren interrupted. “I’ll let Emmie tell me about anything about her past she thinks is necessary, but I assure you that I’m not planning on being an ass.”

“Good.” For a moment Christie looked really vulnerable. “She’s always looking after everyone else and that just doesn’t seem fair.”

Dana reached over and grabbed the other woman’s hand. “She likes looking after people, Christie. It’s all good.”

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“What’re we all talking about?” asked Emmie, returning quicker than any of them had expected. She looked suspiciously at Christie. “Christie, I swear...”

“I was just saying that I’m probably going to bow out early,” said Wren. “I had a really early start, making sure that everything was all set up before y’all arrived.”

The light in Emmie’s eyes dimmed and Wren realised that the other woman thought she’d been put off by whatever Christie had said. Impetuously, she grabbed Emmie’s hands. “No no, I really am just wiped. I gotta go check in on security before I clock out for the night.”

“I can walk with you?” asked Emmie, shyly.

“I’d love that.”

It was much quieter away from the campfire, so much so that Emmie took her earplugs out and slipped them into her purse. Wren was glad, because the sound of crickets in the moonlight sounded magical, like they were in another world altogether.

“Hear that?” she said.

Emmie stopped walking and listened intently, her face a study in concentration. “Crickets?”

“See, you’re not as much of a city girl as you think.”

“I do like nature,” Emmie said. “I always try and bring elements of it into my designs; I just don’t like the big loud bits, although I love the sound of the sea.”

“You can’t get more big and loud than the sea!”

“I know,” she laughed. “I think it’s because if you close your eyes, the rest of the world fades away until it’s just you, the sea, and shells being shucked against the shore. If it weren’t for the fact that I think it’d wipe me out, I think I’d really enjoy hiking. I just don’t like all the bits of the outdoors that are trying to kill you.”

That made sense.

5

Emmie

Once Wren was done with all the security things she needed to check up on, they slowly made their way back to the main campsite, but Emmie was kind of done with the campfire for now. It was loud over there and she was still enjoying their little bubble of quiet, crickets notwithstanding.

“I might go get settled in Luna.”

“Luna?”

Emmie felt herself flush. “My campervan.”

“Oh, of course.” Wren wasn’t being sarcastic; she just accepted it, the same way she’d accepted Emmie’s autism diagnosis and her dislike of potato salad. No arguments, no trying to change her or get her to do things ‘properly’. Just gentle acceptance.

“Well, how about I walk you to your camper? Maybe tuck you in, if that’s not too presumptuous?”

“It’s not too presumptuous.” Emmie wanted to wriggle, to do a happy stim to let out all the positive energy that felt like it was building. “I’d very much like that.”

Unlocking the van, Wren helped her set up the reflectors on the front and side windows, and then turn on the fairy lights that lit the inside.

“I gotta get ready for bed,” Emmie said.

“Where’s your washbag?” asked Wren.

Emmie pulled it out from where she’d stashed it.

“And your pjs?”

Those were tucked neatly under her pillows. They had Lilo and Stitch patterns on them that made Wren chuckle when she saw them. “Excellent choice, petal. Want me to come with you to the bathrooms?”

Emmie nodded vigorously. She wasn’t sure what was wrong with her, but all of a sudden she felt all small and vulnerable. That seemed ridiculous, especially as she was so much taller than Wren, but there was an authoritative confidence to her that had Emmie just following on like a good girl.

It had gotten so much darker, and she almost tripped over twice, both times Wren catching her arm before she splayed on the floor. “I got you, petal,” she said.

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By the time they got to the bathrooms, Emmie was so flustered that the overhead lights had her blinking and flinching away from them, and the loud sound of the hand dryer made her jump so suddenly that her washbag and all its contents went everywhere.

She managed to hold in her tears until the other people in the bathroom had left, and even then she managed to cry very quietly indeed. She might have gotten away with it too, if Wren hadn't gotten down on her hands and knees to help gather up all of Emmie's toiletries.

"Hey, baby girl, what's the matter?"

"I... I... threw my washbag everywhere... and the lights are loud... and the hand dryer is too too loud." Emmie knew that she sounded like she was having a tantrum, and that wasn't quite it. She was just so overstimulated and everything was feeling too big.

Staying away from home wasn't usually this big of a problem, but the campsite was so far out of her comfort zone.

"Oh baby girl, that sounds really rough." Wren didn't make her get up off the floor. She just shuffled closer so that Emmie could rest her head on Wren's shoulder. "Why don't you go and get changed in one of the cubicles? That'll help with the lights, and will be a bit quieter, and I'll sort out all of this and prep your toothbrush for you."

Emmie felt so embarrassed, but the idea of hiding in a stall felt like a very good plan right now. Wren helped her to her feet, and then she slipped into a stall and pulled it

shut behind her. She sat on the seat for a minute and tried not to sob her eyes out. The last thing she wanted to do was ruin whatever this fresh new thing was with Wren. It's not like she had any idea what it was, or even what it could be, but she didn't want to scare Wren off before it even had a chance to percolate.

Her breathing was panicked, and she was struggling to get it under control, and she could hear her heartbeat in her ears, blood pounding and Emmie closed her eyes to try and self-regulate.

There was a quiet tap on the door.

"Yes?" she said, the word coming out far louder than she'd intended.

"You okay in there, baby girl?"

"I'm fine!"

There was a long pause, and then Wren said carefully, "I think that might not have entirely been the truth there, petal."

Emmie wanted the world to swallow her up. "You're right, it wasn't."

"No one else is in here right now. It's just the two of us. You're totally safe."

She tried her square breathing exercise, breathing in for four, holding for four, out for four, and in for four. That helped get her settled enough to get changed, and so she took the opportunity to try again with Wren whilst pulling on her pjs.

"I got a bit overwhelmed." Her voice sounded strange, and she almost didn't recognise it.

“I guessed so.”

“Do you think I’m weird?”

Wren’s voice was very firm. “Absolutely not, and you’re not to think that about yourself either, petal, okay?”

“Okay, Daddy,” Emmie said, and then froze. Fuck. That was not supposed to happen. What on earth must Wren think. If she’d wanted to the earth to swallow her up earlier, now she was actively looking for methods of escape. No window in her cubicle, damn it. And Wren wasn’t saying anything.

6

Wren

Wren wasn’t saying anything because she was completely bowled over.

She’d had Littles in the past, but rarely had she met anyone who’d felt so comfortable with her so quickly. Emmie’s open trusting nature had her wanting to drop everything and look after her.

“Emmie?”

“Yes?” Emmie was definitely panicking. There was a hysterical note in her voice that had Wren worried that she was going to spiral if Wren didn’t something to stop it soon.

“It’s okay.”

“It’s not! I didn’t even ask you if I could call you that! What about consent? I know

better than that and I can't believe that I?—”

She was definitely spiralling.

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“Emmie, come out here this instance.” The sharp tone cut Emmie off mid-word, and the lock to the cubicle unlocked, and the blond woman stepped out sheepishly.

Whatever Wren had planned on saying was wiped away when she saw what she was saying. Cute pink pyjamas with tiny Stitches all over them. Well, all over what there was of them. The top was pretty standard, but the shorts... The shorts showed off a dangerous amount of thigh.

Wren blinked rapidly, took a deep breath and tried again.

“You’re going to brush your teeth, and while you’re doing that, I’m going to talk to you and you’re going to listen without saying anything. At the end of that, you can say whatever you like—does that seem fair?”

Emmie nodded vigorously, and took the toothbrush that Wren had already prepped for her. The strawberry flavoured toothpaste had made her smile, and that—coupled with the Daddy comment—had led Wren to believe that Emmie was possibly a fairly inexperienced Little.

“I don’t mind that you called me Daddy; in fact, when I’m dating someone, I often like being called Daddy. But I was wondering if there’s a possibility that you might be a Little. Some Littles like being looked after, and sometimes, when the world gets too big and scary, they like to retreat and take comfort in things that they liked when they were young.”

Emmie rinsed her mouth and spat out.

“Do you think that might describe you?”

She looked thoughtful, and Wren realised that she wasn't really in Littlespace anymore. The brushing of her teeth had given her a sharp enough focus that she was Big again. “I think that it could describe me. I don't really know because I don't usually let myself get like that.”

Taking the washbag from Wren, she tried a tentative smile. “Can we talk about it when we get back to Luna?”

“Of course!”

They were quiet for a little bit, walking through the campsite. Emmie was clearly thinking, and when they got to Luna and she unlocked the van, she turned to Wren. “Do you want to come in? There's not a huge amount of space, but we can definitely sit together.”

It took a few minutes to decant all but one of the stuffies onto the driver's seat. Emmie kept one back, a red panda who smelt decidedly of strawberries.

“Who's this?” asked Wren.

“It's Red Panda, of course,” said Emmie, as if any other name would have simply been illogical.

“Oh of course,” said Wren, hiding a smile.

“So,” said Emmie. “Littles.”

“Littles.

“I know lots of Littles, but I’ve never really... I’m always the person who looks after everyone else. I don’t have time to get overwhelmed.”

“How do you manage it usually?” asked Wren gently.

“Usually I push through until the feelings go away, or I remove myself from a situation before I get too overwhelmed. It’s been a very long time since I’ve been so far out of my comfort zone. And that’s not a bad thing, it’s just that all of my usual coping techniques aren’t helping as much as I’d like. And you’re just so lovely and kind and caring. I don’t know why it slipped out.”

“It’s because I’ve got those queer Daddy vibes,” said Wren. She knew she was sounding slightly smug, and that’s because she felt it. For Emmie to have dropped her walls like that, she must have seen Wren as a super safe person, and that felt amazing.

Emmie giggled. “You definitely do.”

“Well, how about I be your Daddy this weekend?”

Emmie’s eyes widened and Wren had an urge to kiss her. “You’d be open to that?”

“Are you kidding? I’d have the most adorable baby girl ever. Cute, and pretty and...”

“You think I’m pretty?”

Wren paused and stared at her. “Have you seen you?”

“Yes, but most Littles are cute and petite and I am... not.”

She wasn’t kidding. She really didn’t realise how attractive she was. “I... Baby girl, you are cute as a button, and smoking hot to boot. I don’t know who you’ve been

spending time with, but if they don't tell you on a daily basis how you're the best thing since sliced bread, then I'm going to start having some words with people. It's unacceptable that you don't know how gorgeous you are."

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Emmie didn't say anything for a long time, and Wren wondered whether she'd overstepped and made her feel uncomfortable. She was about to apologise when Emmie said, "I think you're gorgeous too."

"I... thank you. I think." Wren wasn't used to being on the receiving end of compliments. She was lucky enough to feel pretty comfortable in her skin, though that didn't necessarily translate into unerring confidence.

"I'd like to kiss you, I think," said Emmie.

7

Emmie

"You think?" asked Wren, and Emmie realised that the brunette was just as nervous as she was.

"I know I'd like to kiss you. If you'd like to kiss me." And then, trying it on for size. "Please Daddy."

"Fuck." Wren's voice was strangled, and she ran her hand through her hair. "That's not fair, petal."

"Oh." Emmie pulled back. "Should I not have...? I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable."

"No no!" Wren's momentary panic was almost comical. "You're all good, it's just

that when you call me Daddy..." She groaned and the sound was arresting.

Emmie wanted to make her groan again.

The door to the van was closed, which was just as well, because Emmie leaned over until their lips were ghosting each other. "Can I kiss you please, Daddy."

And that's when Wren kissed her. Soft lips plundered hers, and she wanted to unfurl like a flower, laying out beneath Wren's gaze and let her kiss Emmie all over.

Her head spun a little bit, and when they broke apart, both of them panting a little bit, they both looked dishevelled, even if their hands hadn't been anywhere remotely interesting.

"Oh," Emmie breathed. "That was..."

"Yeah," said Wren. "It certainly was." She looked like she wanted to kiss Emmie again, but she shuffled backwards instead of towards her, and Emmie felt a sting of rejection. "I want to take you out on a date before we do anything more than kissing. Take it slower, so that you know I'm not just after sex."

"But I'm after sex," said Emmie, and Wren growled and pulled her close for another kiss. That was very satisfying. Emmie wanted more of those.

"Okay, so listen here, little minx. You are worth more than a tumble in the back of a campervan—even if the prospect is more than a little appealing right now. I am going to take you out for the day tomorrow; we'll walk up to one of my favourite viewpoints and have a picnic. And then if you still want to, I'll bring you back here and show you just how good Daddy can be."

Emmie's brain stuttered. "That... yes. That. I want that."

“Okay then. I’m going to tuck you in, and kiss you goodnight sweetly, and I shall see you tomorrow morning.”

Wren was as good as her promise, and made Emmie as snug as a bug in a rug which made her giggle. She plugged in Emmie’s phone to charge, and made sure that Red Panda was tucked up in with her.

“There you go sweetheart. Sleep tight.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” said Emmie, and snuggled deeper into her blankets.

The van was very quiet after Wren had left, and Emmie lay staring up at the fairy lights for the longest time. She’d dated before, but not a huge amount. Mainly because it was hard to find dates who were queer and also okay with a quiet life in. Sheknew that there were homebody queers out there, it’s just that none of them seemed to live near her.

Emmie had no interest in going to munches or dungeons or the kind of events that would have helped her meet new people, and a big part of that was the fact that she really didn’t want to bump into any of her clients in a non-work setting. She could cope with the supermarket if she had to, but how on earth would she cope if someone walked in on her being spanked? Absolutely not. It was unthinkable.

But this? It felt like she’d met someone who was kinky enough to scratchthatitch, but also understanding enough to cope with everything else that made up Emmie.

Her phone buzzed, and she grabbed it. There were two new messages. Wren had typed her number in before she’d headed back to her tent, and she’d texted to say goodnight.

Christie had messaged as well.

Hey sis.Thanks for coming with us this weekend. I hope you're having fun. Wren seems nice. I love you.

Of course! I love you too.

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Christie had blossomed since she'd been with Dana. Her once nervous sister was more playful, boisterous. She laughed so much more now; Emmie thought back to the giggles that Wren had coaxed from her.

Maybe she deserved some love in her life too.

Maybe.

8

Wren

Wren was up with the dawn. Sleeping in a tent always had her up early, partly because of the sounds of the campsite, and partly because the sun called to her.

She clambered out of her tent and put some coffee on her little camping stove, and watched the sun rise over the lake as it boiled. Taking a long sip, she felt it warm her and smiled, ready to face the day.

The night before, she'd spent a fair amount of time trying to decide what would make up the perfect date: which viewpoint should she take Emmie to; what should she include in the picnic; how should she best pleasure her pretty girl...

Luckily, the campsite had a convenience store on site. It didn't include a huge amount, but Wren had already picked up enough to put together some sandwiches, snacks, fruit and cakes. She paused, and then topped up two big bottles of water as well. The last thing she wanted was for either of them to get dehydrated.

Wren knew that Emmie was going to have breakfast with her sister and Dana before the two of them headed off on the longer hike, so she headed over to the 24 hour desks, to check in and see how everything was going.

Over the five years that she'd been running the campout, it'd had gotten big enough that there were enough volunteers to make sure that everything ran smoothly. It wasn't like their inaugural year, when she'd had to do near on everything herself, and hadn't had time to take a proper lunch break, let alone plan a picnic.

There was part of her that wanted to imagine her Emmie here together, the following year, despite all her protestations that this was going to be her final year. But perhaps it would be a hell of a lot more fun if she wasn't worrying about all the health and safety and legal aspects of everything.

Perhaps if she just had one baby girl to think about, it'd be kind of perfect.

Emmie came and found her at the front desk after breakfast, and seemed unsure as to whether or not she should go for a kiss. Adorable.

"I'm totally okay with a kiss in public," said Wren. "If you are too."

Emmie had blushed and leaned down to kiss Wren's cheek. It had been so fucking cute.

The volunteers on the front desk had all stared, wide-eyed, but Wren paid none of them any attention. Even when her best friend, Genevieve, had come skidding to a stop when she saw Wren and Emmie talking, Wren refused to be drawn into it.

No one gave Emmie the memo though, so she was more than happy to chat to everyone. Telling them who she was and what she did, and how excited she was for their little private date walk.

“A date walk?” said Genevieve, looking pointedly at Wren. Wren continued to ignore it. “With our Wren here? That’s adorable.”

Emmie looked between them, an anxious look creeping into her eyes. Wren rolled her eyes at Genevieve and slipped an arm around Emmie’s waist, pulling her close.

“Don’t you worry petal, she’s just teasing me because I’m notoriously single.”

“Oh.” Emmie’s voice was very quiet, and Genevieve was straight over to her.

“Notoriously single is a bit harsh. It’s just that we’re always after her to find a nice woman to date, and now here you are. We’re going to give her a bit of shit about it, but I promise that it’s nothing that you need to worry about.”

“Mind your language around my baby girl,” said Wren, but she was grinning. Gen and she had been friends for too long to let something as silly as teasing get in between them. She noticed that Emmie flushed when she used the endearment, and she paused. “Is calling you baby girl okay? I can stick to petal if you like.”

“I like them both,” she replied, long lashes blinking slowly. And then she looked up, and mouthed ‘Daddy’ and took Wren—who was taking a swig of water—completely by surprise. A coughing fit ensued.

“Are you sure you want her to take you out?” asked Genevieve. “Apparently she can’t have a drink without spluttering.”

“Oh, that was my fault,” said Emmie, and damn if butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth. Cheeky little thing. “Come on then, Wren. If you think you’re up to it, we should head off.”

Her girl had a bit of sass to her. Wren couldn’t help but chuckle.

The path she'd chosen took about an hour each way, and she'd sent the details to Emmie that morning, so that she could share it with her sister, and to double check that it seemed doable.

“Remember,” she said as they set off, “at any point if you need a break, or even if you're just done, you can say. I won't be cross or disappointed at all. The only way I'd be disappointed would be if you're not honest with me about how you're feeling.”

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That made Emmie look alarmed. “I don’t want to disappoint you! Do I need to tell you how I’m feeling all the time?”

“Only if I ask, or if it’s a really big important feel.”

She nodded. “That seems fair. I can do that, I think.”

“Good girl.”

Emmie squeaked and when Wren looked at her, she was beaming.

9

Emmie

It really was very beautiful.

Wren had picked a route for them that mainly stuck to a clear worn tread through the trees, which meant that Emmie didn’t have to worry too much about falling over and hurting herself. It meant that she was free to look about her and take in the nature all around her. And none of it seemed determined to kill her.

Yet.

The startling blue of the lake glinted through the leaves of the trees, and Emmie hoped she’d have a chance to look at it without all the leaves in the way, although she was grateful for the shade.

She'd slathered a load of sunblock on that morning, especially as she'd pulled on a pair of high-waisted shorts that left her usually covered legs bare to the elements. At least her blouse was floaty and light and covered her arms. And of course she had her trusty floppy hat that had the dual benefit of keeping her nose from burning, but also kept direct sunlight from blinding her.

"Shhhh..." Wren stopped in front of her suddenly, and Emmie froze. She wasn't sure what she was expecting to see, but it wasn't a kaleidoscope of butterflies flitting through the clearing.

The red and black fluttering wings took her breath away, and she crept carefully until she was next to Wren.

"They're California tortoiseshells," Wren explained. "There's an influx of them in the park at the moment, and swarms of them migrate across the lake. I think this is most I've personally ever seen."

"They're beautiful," whispered Emmie. "This is definitely better than a six hour hike."

"It's certainly more peaceful round here," admitted Wren. "Okay, baby girl, this is a good point for a water break."

Emmie rolled her eyes, but thankfully gulped down some water. The walk wasn't too exerting, but it really was very hot, and she had a tendency to get dehydrated if she wasn't careful.

"I'm glad I packed extra water then," said Wren when she explained. "What kind of Daddy would I be if I got my petal ill?"

"You did bring extra water though, and you didn't even know," said Emmie. "You're

clearly an excellent Daddy.”

“Awww, thank you sweetheart,” said Wren, and pressed her lips glancingly to Emmie’s.

Emmie made a small noise of protest when Wren went to move away, and Wren laughed, returning for another kiss. “Come on baby girl; not far now.”

Eventually the trees thinned out around the path until they came out to a large clearing. There was plenty of space for Wren to layout the picnic blanket and sort out the food whilst Emmie stood, open-mouthed, staring out across Crater Lake.

“It’s the deepest lake in the US,” said Wren, behind her. “And it’s so clear because there’s no surface flow in or out of the crater. It’s pretty much all rain or snow. Hence why it’s so clear.”

“It’s like a mirror,” said Emmie, for where the mountains met the water’s edge, they were reflected in the clear blue. “Really rather remarkable.”

“And quiet,” said Wren. “I thought you’d like that bit.”

Emmie sat down on the picnic blanket, hugged her knees to herself and closed her eyes. She could hear the wind in the trees, the sound of birds chirping, and crickets—though quieter than they’d been the previous night. Everything felt so still.

“I understand,” she said, not opening her eyes. “I understand why you like the outdoors so much.”

“Right?” said Wren.

“If only we could get here quicker, though I guess if we could get here quicker,

everyone would be here.”

“Exactly.”

Slowly, she opened her eyes, blinking as her vision was beset by light. “I guess that hiking for hiking’s sake is worth it after all. Because you’re not really doing it for the hike; you’re doing it for the view.”

“Oh there are definitely some people who are just after bragging rights,” said Wren with a laugh. “But I’m definitely in the hike to explore and marvel at nature camp. Sandwich?”

Emmie finally looked down at the blanket and looked at the spread laid out before them. Ham sandwiches with cucumber and no mayonnaise, carrot sticks with hummus, and cucumber slices cut into the shape of hearts. There was a little pots of nuts and raisins, another with cheese and crackers, and then some lemon cake bars and tiny strawberries to finish it off.

“Wren, Daddy, how on earth did you manage all of this?”

Wren shrugged it off. “No big deal; anything for my baby girl.”

“Yes, but,how?”

“Daddy magic,” said Wren with a smile. “Come on petal, eat up. You must be hungry.”

Emmie found that she most certainly was hungry, and between the two of them, they devoured the entire feast.

Afterwards, they lay down together on the blanket. “Come cuddle up on my chest,” said Wren.

“But you’re tiny,” said Emmie. Wren was pretty petite herself, and Emmie dreaded the idea of accidentally squashing her.

“I maybe tiny, but I’m strong, now come cuddle Daddy!”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said.

“Good girl.”

10

Wren

The walk back to the campsite seemed to take forever.

It shouldn’t have done—they had less things to carry, and they knew exactly where they were going—but there had been a kiss on the picnic blanket that had necessitate a short breather whilst the two of them decided that returning to the campsite and the relative privacy of Luna would be for the best.

Emmie was essentially bouncing along, stopping every now and then to say hello to some insect friend, or to coo over a particularly pretty plant. She seemed to have lost her nervousness in nature, and Wren thought that she’d done a very good job with their first date.

First date, because Wren had every intention of asking Emmie to be her Little beyond the campout. They had a connection that neither of them could really deny, and it was bringing her more joy than she could have imagined.

Finding a woman to fall in love with, and one with an adorable Little side, was the last thing she'd expected of the weekend, and yet here they were.

Emmie wasn't what she'd have expected from a Little; she had moments in Littlespace, especially when she was overwhelmed, but she moved fluidly between that headspace and a Big headspace. Little Emmie would kiss Wren on the cheek and giggle. Big Emmie kissed her on the lips and had as much a hard time holding back as Wren did.

"Hold my hand, Daddy?" she asked, as they neared the campsite. They were about twenty minutes out, and she almost walked along, chattering away, and pointing out all the exciting things that took her notice.

Wren shared snippets of information about the animals they saw, and each one resulted in a wide-eyed "Wow!" from a Little Emmie.

But as they approached the camp itself, something in her demeanour shifted, and she smiled apologetically at Wren. "I really love being Little with you—if that's what that is—but I'm not sure that I'm ready to be like that in front of other people, Daddy."

Wren squeezed her hand. "That's totally okay, petal. You have to feel comfortable, and if you're most comfortable being Big around other people, it won't stop me from being your Daddy."

"No?"

"Of course not! There's nothing that could stop me being your Daddy." Wren's words hung between them, and she wasn't sure if she wanted to be able to recall them. Emmie was looking thoughtful though.

“What does that mean? I thought this was just for this weekend.”

There was a hole in the pit of Wren’s stomach as Emmie’s words sunk in. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have assumed...”

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Emmie stopped and smiled at her gently. “You forget, Wren, I’m autistic. I’m literally asking you what that means.”

Wren took a shaky breath. “I guess it means that I like being your Daddy. I really like being your Daddy, and if you’d like to me to keep being your Daddy after this weekend ends, then I would definitely be up for that.”

“What would being my Daddy entail? Just Little-Daddy time? Or... more...?” Emmie sounded cautiously optimistic, and Wren couldn’t help but feel her own spirits rise in accordance.

“I’d like more. I’d like to date you, be your girlfriend and your Daddy and your lover.”

Emmie adjusted the brim of that ridiculously floppy hat, and Wren let her gaze drift over her. She was so perfectly put together; filling out her cute little shorts and floaty blouse in a manner that Wren longed to explore.

“Well that all sounds very amenable. Yes please,” said Emmie, as if they were discussing a business transaction.

“You... you want to be my girlfriend.”

“Absolutely. The date was a great success. Now,” said Emmie, looking a little fidgety, “didn’t you say something about showing me how good Daddy can make me feel...?”

Emmie

They just about managed to close Luna's door before tumbling onto the bed. It creaked ominously, and they simultaneously shifted up to the extra supported part of the bed.

"Ah," said Emmie, her heart sinking. "This might be a bit difficult."

Wren wagged her eyebrows at her, making her laugh. "Never underestimate Daddy magic sweetheart. Get those shorts off."

Getting out of a pair of high-waisted shorts was more challenging than Emmie could have envisioned when she'd gotten dressed in the morning, but luckily she managed it without knocking out Wren, who'd managed to strip down to a sports bra and boxers.

"Oh hello," said Emmie. "Hey Daddy."

"Hey there baby girl," said Wren, her left hand entangling in Emmie's hair as she leaned in to kiss her. "You promise to tell me what you like and don't like?"

"Uh huh." Emmie nodded, and let her fingers drift to Wren's shoulder. "And am I allowed to touch you?"

"You can touch me however you like," said Wren.

The kiss started gently, the two of them tentatively exploring, before Wren deepened the kiss, and let her right hand trace a trail up Emmie's inner thighs. Emmie shivered, and Wren lifted her head, meeting her eyes.

“Everything good, petal?”

Emmie nodded enthusiastically. “It all just feels so good.”

Wren stroked even further upwards, her gaze steadfastly fixed on Emmie’s face. Emmie didn’t know where to look. She almost wanted to look away as Wren’s fingers stroked higher and higher until they grazed against the gusset of her underwear.

“Ripped off or pushed to the side,” Wren asked, throatily, and Emmie had to swallow a couple of times before she could answer that.

“Maybe, umm, ripped?”

Wren’s grin was a little bit wicked. She hooked her finger around the material, and in one swift movement tore the material in two. Emmie squeaked and then sighed as Wren’s thumb found her clit.

“Oh. Yes, please Daddy. Please.”

“Please what, petal?”

“Just like that. I... oh Gods... I really like that.”

“Good,” said Wren and then kissed her way down Emmie’s throat as she paid particular attention to Emmie’s clit. “How would you like me to fill you up, baby girl?”

She had to ask the question twice because Emmie was so focused on her throbbing clit. “Oh, yes. That’d be great. Thank you.”

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Wren chuckled against her neck, the air tickling. “You’re so fucking adorable. How’d I get so lucky?”

“I’m not sure,” answered Emmie. “I’m a catch.”

That made Wren laugh harder, even as she moved her fingers to Emmie’s entrance. “Come on, petal, say please for Daddy.”

“I’ve said please plenty of times,” said Emmie, because she really had, but when nothing happened, a plaintive tone entered her voice. “Okay, fine! Please Daddy, please. I need you to fill me up.”

“Good girl,” whispered Wren in her ear as she entered her, and Emmie didn’t know what turned her on more—the words or the fingerfucking. Wren’s movements seemed leisurely, but each time she curled her fingers up inside Emmie, she grazed against her g-spot and Emmie almost saw stars.

“Not yet baby,” Wren said.

“What?” Emmie was confused.

“Can you hold on for Daddy? Let me fill you up some more?”

“Oh. Oh, I... I think I can... I can try Daddy.”

“That’s my perfect girl. You’ve got this Emmie. Look at me.” When Emmie met Wren’s eyes, all she saw was desire. “You are so fucking wonderful. Look at how

well you're taking what Daddy's giving you."

Emmie swallowed, and nodded, and then Wren added another finger, and another.

"Look at you, baby girl, taking so much of Daddy." Emmie looked down to where Wren's hand was disappearing between her legs. "You're doing so well. I'm so proud of you, my good girl."

Emmie could feel the pressure building all the way down in her toes, almost as if she had pins and needles. Her entire body felt like it was humming, brought alive by Wren's actions.

"I don't know how long I can hold on, Daddy," she gasped out. Fingers in and out, lips on her neck, Wren's hair brushing against her face and it was almost too much.

"You've done so good, Emmie, baby girl. So so good. I've got only one ask of you left."

"Yes?" She was trembling with the effort of not falling off the edge.

"Come for Daddy."

And Emmie came apart.

Wren held her as she orgasmed, praising her and calling her "my good girl" as Emmie cried her way through wave after wave of pleasure. This was overwhelming in the best kind of way, where everything else faded so it was just her and Wren and this seemingly unending pleasure.

"I love you," said Wren, kissing her gently. "I don't know how, and I could give you a million reasons why, because I love you."

Emmie looked up at this woman who'd turned her world upside down in the best kind of way; who'd been kind and made her laugh and who'd made her feel so safe. "I love you too, Daddy," she said.

The End