



# Daddy Depraved

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult

**Description:** Where else is a girl supposed to turn for help if not to her big brother?

From the day our parents married, I knew I'd be able to wrap my new stepfather around my finger.

My stepbrother, on the other hand, was never so easily swayed.

When I made the choice to call him, all but begging him to hide me from my legal troubles, I knew I wouldn't be able to charm him as easily as I charmed his father.

But I had no idea just how wicked, how depraved Jasper Blackwood really was.

Now I'm trapped on this island, forced to call him Daddy while he punishes me, humiliates me, uses me in ways I never imagined possible.

I should hate it. I should hate him.

But if Jasper is depraved, then I must be something even worse.

Because the more he hurts me, the more he degrades me...the more I crave his punishing touch.

**Total Pages (Source):** 71

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:24 am*

## Prologue

Jasper

The phone on my desk buzzes against the sleek wood and I glance down, relief washing over me at the simple message from Evander.

Found her. She's safe and in her Daddy's capable hands.

Good. Hopefully Maxwell will ensure his Little girl never pulls a stunt like this again. Wherever she was hiding, she had nearly half the damn island searching for her. If she was my Little girl, she would not sit comfortably for the foreseeable future after such an incident.

My mind drifts a bit, and my cock swells in my slacks as images of a faceless Little girl, her bottom red and striped from my discipline fills my imagination.

As if on cue, my phone buzzes again. It's not a message this time, but a familiar face filling my screen. Curious what she could want, I hit the button to answer her call. "Juju. To what do I owe this lovely surprise?"

"Ugh." Her voice comes over the speaker, filled with the disgust only a little sister can manage. "You know I hate it when you call me that."

I do, and that's why I use that particular nickname. Juliet was a spoiled brat when her mother married my father, and becoming a Blackwood has only made her more entitled. Someone needs to put her in her place, and as her brother I consider it my

sacred duty to do so. “What do you need, Ju?”

“I was thinking I’d come visit you for a bit. Mom says you’re out of the country and I thought you might want some company.”

Her tone is breezy. Toobreezy, as if she’s hiding something, and I’m instantly on alert. “Trust me when I say that you do not want to be where I am right now, Juju.”

“Come on. Just for a few weeks. A month, tops, I’m sure.”

Something isn’t right. Sitting up straighter, I put every bit of “Daddy” I have into my voice. “What aren’t you telling me, Juliet?”

“It’s nothing, really,” she whines, sounding exactly like a Little girl trying to get out of telling her Daddy she was naughty. “Just a minor little felony charge.”

Shock renders me speechless for a moment. “What kind of felony charge?”

“I think the legal term is larceny.”

Jesus. “Who did you steal from?”

“Does that really matter?”

It does, because sheltering her from the legal system is merely a matter of putting the right funds into the right hands. But if she’s pissed off someone dangerous, I’ll need Evander to take extra precautions. “Yes, it does. But we can talk about it more when you get to the island.”

“Island?” Her voice perks up instantly. “Like a tropical island? With beaches and hot cabana boys? I amsothere.”

I let her have her delusions. She'll learn the truth soon enough. "There will be a plane waiting for you tonight. I'll text you the details. Do our parents know about this 'little felony' charge?"

When she responds, she's back to sulky spoiled child mode. "Yes. Your dad talked my mom into completely cutting me off. They won't even pay for a decent lawyer! Which is why I have to get out of here. I'm too pretty for jail, Jasper."

Glancing over at the picture of our parents on their wedding day, I can't help but grin. It's about time they grew a spine where Juliet was concerned. "We'll take care of it, Juju. Be at the airport when I tell you. And pack light."

"Thank you so much. I promise you'll barely even notice I'm there."

I seriously doubt that. Because the Little girl in my fantasies, crying and begging over my knee as I turn her bottom a delightful shade of red is no longer some faceless stranger.

She looks exactly like my bratty little stepsister. And I can't fucking wait.

## Chapter One

Juliet

Be at the airport no later than 10 pm. Your plane will be waiting for you. Takeoff is 10:30 sharp. Do not be late.

Rolling my eyes at my stepbrother's bossy message, I shove my phone back into my pocket and return to my packing. I've managed to squeeze what I need into two suitcases and a duffel bag, which meets my definition for "packing light" though I doubt it will meet Jasper's. But whatever. It's not like he won't have the room. I

haven't seen his house yet, but no Blackwood would ever be caught dead in anything less than ten thousand square feet.

## Page 2

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It takes me another hour—and a second, smaller duffel for my makeup—to pack everything I’ll need for my “vacation” at my brother’s house. My lawyer would say it’s technically called “fleeing the country”, but I just need a little bit of space from my overbearing stepfather and my weak-willed mother. Maybe once they realize I’m gone they’ll understand what a horrible mistake they made, cutting me off the way they did.

A quick glance at my phone tells me I’m already running late for the plane, which means I need to get a move on. Not because I care about being late, but because my parents will be home by ten. And my whole plan will be ruined if they catch me leaving.

I snag one of our staff to carry my bags downstairs for me. The car I called is already waiting for me outside, and Benedict helps the driver load everything into the trunk.

“Where should I tell your parents you’ve gone, Miss?” Benedict asks, his gloved hands folded neatly behind his back and a carefully blank expression on his face.

“Nowhere.” Pulling a crisp hundred-dollar bill—recently “relieved” from the safe in my parents’ bedroom—from my purse, I slip it into the breast pocket of his suit with a wink. “You never even saw me tonight.”

A ghost of a smile flits across Benedict’s face. “Very well. Safe travels, Miss Juliet.”

“Thanks, Benny.”

I step around him and duck into the car, excitement beating at my breast as the driver

closes the door behind me. This is almost as thrilling as the time I borrowed that emerald necklace from old Mrs. Winters and then wore it to her Christmas party less than a week later. Poor old bat had no idea, and I got compliments on it all night long.

Man, was I devastated when the cops confiscated that particular item.

Oh, well. I'm sure I can find something to occupy my time on my brother's island. Maybe not stealing, since that's what got me into this mess in the first place. But it is a tropical paradise, after all, so there must be something fun to do there.

I spend the drive to the airport scrolling my various social media accounts, deliberately not liking or commenting on anything. I haven't been active online in over twenty-four hours, and the only activity on my phone is the call I made to my brother earlier today.

Let the police and the media make of that what they will.

I do feel a small twinge of guilt as I pause on a picture of some of my closest friends partying it up on a yacht. Nobody knows of my plans, and they're sure to be devastated when news of my disappearance hits the media. But telling them would ruin the whole plan, so I ignore the ache just below my heart and swipe away from their picture.

The car stops and I grin at the sight of the massive personal jet waiting for us on the tarmac. Jasper's plane is even larger than his father's, and I take personal satisfaction from the knowledge that it must piss Arthur Blackwood off to no end to be so overshadowed by his own son.

When the door opens, I climb out of the car and head straight for the plane, trusting the driver will follow shortly with my bags. A pretty blonde flight attendant greets me at the bottom of the stairs. "Miss Blackwood. We've been waiting for you."

There is a hint of rebuke in her words, but I brush over it with a smile. “Well, I’m here now so all’s well that ends well, I suppose. I’ll need a bottle of champagne for the flight. I assume my brother keeps his plane well stocked?”

“You’ll be well taken care of Miss Blackwood, I assure you.” Something glitters in her eyes, and I have the uncomfortable feeling I’m on the wrong end of some practical joke.

Shaking off the sensation, I step up onto the stairs. “Champagne, perhaps some chocolates as well,” I tell the flight attendant over my shoulder as we climb.

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible.” The deep, familiar voice stops me in my tracks as I step into the plane. “Chocolates are only for good girls, Juliet. And you have been very, very naughty.”

Jasper

Making the six-hour-round-trip flight to retrieve my sister required quite a bit of shuffling in my schedule. But it’s all worth it for the look of pure shock on her face when she sees me. Pale blue eyes round in a face that would have made Boticelli weep, her blonde ponytail swings wildly as her head snaps back as though she’s been physically struck.

“Jasper? What the fuck are you doing here?”

My palm literally itches to connect with her ass, to teach her the manners she’s sorely lacking, but I restrain myself. For the moment, at least. “I came to escort you to the island. Little girls shouldn’t travel alone.”

Lip pulled up in a sneer, she rolls her eyes. “I am not a child, Jasper. And what the hell do you think is going to happen to me on your jet?”

Oh, sweet sister. You have no idea what's about to happen to you. "Sit. We're already behind schedule and I'd like for us to get in the air as soon as possible."

"Fine, fine." Waving a dismissive hand, she drops into the seat directly across from me, crossing her shapely legs, left bare by the cutoff denim shorts that no doubt cost more than most people make in a month. She looks around, her gaze zeroing in on Kerry, the flight attendant standing just off to the side awaiting my orders and snaps her fingers. "You. Hello? Where's my champagne?"

Kerry looks to me, clearly waiting to see if I will approve this request. "A bottle of water for each of us, please, Kerry. Thank you."

"Um, no." Annoyance flashes in Juliet's bright baby blues. "I don't want water. I want champagne."

"And I said 'no', little girl. Put your seatbelt on. We're about to take off." And I would much rather have this discussion with her in the air, where she can't suddenly change her mind and go running back to her mother.

Yanking at the seatbelt with an annoyed huff, Juliet shoves the silver buckle into place just as Kerry returns with our waters. "I don't want water. I want champagne."

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“Take the water, Juliet.” I put a bit of steel into my tone, enough to let her know it isn’t a request, and Juliet takes the bottle from Kerry’s hand with a roll of her eyes.

“I hope you don’t think you’re going to be bossing me around like this on the island. We’re going to have to lay some ground rules.”

The plane rumbles beneath us and I smile, letting just a hint of teeth show. It’s a gesture that’s been known to make grown men piss themselves, but Juliet remains unaffected.

Because she doesn’t know just how afraid she should be.

Yet.

“You’re absolutely right,” I concede, letting my smile widen as I twist the top off my own water bottle. I have a feeling I’m going to need to stay hydrated to properly deal with my bratty little stepsister. “So. Let’s talk rules, shall we?”

Settling back against her seat with a smug smile, Juliet lifts a hand and holds up a finger. “One, no telling me what to do.” She lifts a second finger. “Two, no telling mom and Arthur where I am. Three, I have some money, but I’ll need an allowance of some kind while I’m on the island. Four, I have a list of foods you’ll need to stock your kitchen with. Most probably won’t be found on the island, so you’ll have to figure out how to have them imported. And five...” With all five fingers held up now, she scrunches her nose, her head tilted slightly to the side as if she’s thinking hard about this next rule. “Oh, yes. Drop that ‘little girl’ shit. I don’t like it.”

It's been a long time since anyone dared to give me orders, and yet my stepsister does so with the arrogance of someone who is used to having people obey her every word. Excitement hums through my veins at the prospect of being the one to finally put her in her place.

"Are you finished?" I ask, keeping my voice as bored sounding as possible despite feeling like a child on Christmas morning.

"For now." Tilting her chin, she literally looks down her nose at me. "I reserve the right to add to that list as we go."

"Good. Now we can discuss my rules for you, little girl."

Temper flashes in her eyes as she now bares her teeth in what I have to admit is an impressive snarl. "I just told you not to call me that, asshole."

"Rule number one," I say, ignoring her outburst for the time being. "I will absolutely be telling you what to do. And you will listen, or you will be punished."

"Punished?" Her voice rises to an indignant shriek. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Rule number two. You do not leave my house without my permission, nor do you leave without an adult escorting you."

"If you think for one second?—"

"Rule number three." I raise my voice, rolling over her protests without pause. "You will keep a civil tongue in your mouth. That means no more swearing, no calling people names, and certainly no lying."

“Oh, fuck off.” Arms crossed, she slumps in her seat, her furious glare pinned on me. “I am not following any of these ridiculous rules.”

“Rule number four. No stealing. Or any other lawbreaking. And, finally, the most important rule of all.”

“What’s that?”

This is my favorite rule, and the one I’m most looking forward to enforcing. “From now on, I am not Jasper to you. From this point forward, you will only address me as Daddy.”

## Chapter Two

Juliet

What the actual fuck is happening?

Either my stepbrother has lost his goddamn mind or I’ve hit my head and this is all some kind of very messed-up coma dream. Both options seem equally plausible in their own way.

At a loss for words, I scramble to address the most immediate, pressing concern. “I am not calling you Daddy. I don’t even call your father that. Hell, I don’t even call my father that.”

The slight, teasing smile Jasper has been wearing during this entire conversation spreads to a wide grin. Not for the first time, I’m struck by how stupidly gorgeous my stepbrother is. I know my fair share of men who have paid good money for a jawline just like his. Add in the deep brown eyes and the hair that’s always just a little mussed, giving him that boy-next-door charm and it’s a package guaranteed to make

even the smartest girls a little stupid.

Including me, as evidenced by the fact I've had a secret crush on him for nearly as long as I've known him. And by the fact that I haven't punched him in his annoyingly pretty face yet.

"Good," he says with a short, triumphant nod. "Then there should be no confusion on your part."

Jesus, was he born this cocky or did he have to practice? Probably a bit of both, considering his father is the same damn way. And fuck me if I don't find it hot as hell, at least where Jasper is concerned.

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Like mother, like daughter, I guess.

Pulling on my own training from my bitchy, overbearing mother, I pin him with a furious gaze. “The only person who’s confused here is you if you think for one fucking second I’m giving into these ridiculous demands. Turn this plane aroundnow, Jasper.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that,” he says as he unbuckles his seatbelt.

I watch, mesmerized as he shrugs out of his perfectly tailored custom suit jacket and drapes it over the empty chair to his right. He removes the simple silver cufflinks at his wrists, tucking them in his pocket before folding the cuff of his dress shirt up. The move exposes a bit of his toned, tanned forearm and a familiar tingle makes itself known between my thighs.

Jerking my gaze from that flash of oddly tantalizing flesh, I narrow my eyes at him. “And why the hell can’t you do that?”

“Because.” He shrugs, and more of his forearm appears with another roll of his sleeve. “I don’t want to.”

Shock nearly renders me speechless. “You don’t wantto?”

“No.” Looking up at me as he finishes rolling his sleeve to his elbow, he flashes a grin so boyishly charming it makes my head spin. “You see, Juju, I’ve been looking for something for a very long time. And I’m fairly certain what I’ve been looking for... is you.”

“Me?” Despite the maelstrom of emotions swirling inside me, his words make my heart flutter with pleasure.

“Yes. I never really looked at you that way before. But when you called me asking for my help, well, something just sort of clicked for me.”

“Whatchlicked for you?”

Instead of answering me, he leans over and presses the button to release my seatbelt, pulling me up out of my seat. And before I can even begin to process what his intentions might be, I find myself jackknifed over one muscular thigh, staring down at the patterned carpet beneath me.

“Jasper! Let go of me this instant!”

“No.” There’s no heat in his answer. In fact, he sounds downright cheerful as he refuses my demand.

What. The. Fuck.

“Let me go or I will call the police the second we land! I mean it, Jasper!”

His entire chest vibrates with laughter. “You are welcome to try. But the only ‘police’ presence on the island is the security I and my friends have bought and paid for.”

A chill races up my spine at his words. And it occurs to me then that I know absolutely nothing about where I’m going.

Or the man I call my brother.

While I’m frozen, trying to come to grips with the horror of my new reality, Jasper

manages to wrestle my shorts down to my knees. A fact I don't really notice through my panic until his hand comes to rest on the bare skin of my ass.

"You are a spoiled brat, Juliet Blackwood. But no worries. Daddy's going to teach you how to be a good girl."

Pain explodes across my right asscheek and it takes me a moment for my brain to process what's happening. And even then, I can't quite believe it.

Is he... Is he fucking spanking me?

There's another explosion of pain, leaving no doubt in my mind. I am bare-assed over my stepbrother's lap, getting spanked like a naughty little girl while he calls himself Daddy.

If it didn't hurt so fucking much, I would definitely be leaning toward the coma-dream option. But the pain is a clear indication this isn't a dream and is horrifyingly, humiliatingly real.

While my mind struggles to accept this reality, my body goes into fight or flight mode. Or, in this case, fight-to-flight mode. Because I'm ready to flee, even if it means finding a parachute and throwing myself right out of this fucking plane—but I have to actually get away from him, first.

"Let me go, you sick sonofabitch!" I scream, kicking and twisting and jerking against his hold on me for all I'm worth.

But my brother seems to be in possession of some kind of superhuman strength, because all my kicking and flailing gets me absolutely nowhere. He does pause the spanking for about five seconds, which is approximately how long it takes him to throw one of his legs over both of my own, pinning me in place even more effectively

than before.

It burns. Every single swat that rains down on my bare ass feels like someone has lit a match on my skin. I've had a few guys in the past who were into some kinky shit, and I don't mind a little pain with my pleasure, but nothing has ever compared to the feel of Jasper's hard hand against my flesh.

For a while, I fight with everything I have in me, but it isn't long before my energy simply runs out and I collapse over Jasper's knee, panting for breath.

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“Jasper, please.” To my utter humiliation, my screams of outrage have turned to whining pleas. “Please let me go.”

Relief floods my body when he lets his hand come to rest on my bottom, softly stroking the heated flesh. “Now we’re getting somewhere, princess,” he says with a quiet chuckle.

Ugh. Princess. Yet another nickname he knows I’ve always hated. Princess Juju, he called me, back when our parents first became an item. It always felt more like an insult than a sweet pet name, which seemed fitting for an assholeish older brother.

Before I can find the strength to snarl at him about it, he gives my ass a hard squeeze, hard enough to make me yelp at the flash of pain. “Let’s go over your rules again, shall we?”

It’s on the tip of my tongue to tell him exactly where he can shove his rules, but with his hand still firmly gripping my ass, my self-preservation kicks in and I keep my mouth shut for once in my life.

“One, you will listen to Daddy. When I tell you to do something, I expect your immediate compliance or you will find yourself right back here. Two, you are never to leave the house without an adult by your side. That includes even just going outside to play.”

“I am an adult!” Not that I sound like one with all the whining. Already he’s reduced me to a petulant child.

Ugh.

“You are not. You are a naughty, spoiled Little girl and you will be treated as such for the foreseeable future.” Without giving me a chance to argue, he continues on. “Rule three, you will always speak with respect. That includes to my staff. I will warn you now that every single person in my household has my permission to discipline you as needed or to report your misbehavior directly to me. Should you be disciplined by any of my staff, or if I have to punish you for any misbehavior they have reported to me, you will receive a second spanking right before bed.”

Ohhellno. “I am not letting a bunch of strangers put their hands on me!”

The hand on my ass tightens, and I can’t quite stop the whimper that escapes my lips at the flash of pain. “You will if I say you will, little girl. But if you don’t want to be punished by my staff, the simple solution is to behave yourself when you are in their care. Let’s move on to rule four, since that’s what got you in this mess to begin with.”

Really? He’s blaming me for the fact that he tricked me into coming to his stupid island and then assaulted me?

Fucking billionaires.

“While there is no police force on the island, as I mentioned, we do have very strict rules. If it would be considered a crime back home, you can safely assume it will be considered the same on the island. And any criminal activity on your part will be met with far worse than just a spanking over Daddy’s knee. Am I making myself crystal clear, little girl?”

The only thing I’m clear about is my desire to get the fuck away from him as soon as possible. But again, I do have some sense of self-preservation. “Yeah, you’re clear.”

“And that brings us to the final rule. Your response right now should be ‘Yes, Daddy’. Try again, Juliet.”

Absolutely the fuck not. Twisting my torso as much as I’m able, I glare up at him. “I’ll go along with your other bullshit rules, but there is no fucking way I’m calling you Daddy.”

I feel his sigh as much as hear it, and despite my bravado, fear races up my spine. “Kerry, would you bring me my bag, please?”

“What? What bag?” Panic, borne of some long-forgotten prey instinct buried deep in my DNA, sends a flood of adrenaline through my system and again I’m fighting for all I’m worth to escape.

And again, his hold on me does not give an inch.

Kerry appears a moment later, and I crane my neck to watch as Jasper pulls something from the front pocket.

“Thank you, Kerry.” Lowering his gaze to meet mine, his dark eyes glitter with excitement. “Open your mouth, Juju.”

I can’t quite see what he has in his hand, but I am absolutely sure I donotwant it in my mouth. Pressing my lips together in a tight line, I glare up at him.

“Still feeling stubborn, I see. That’s all right. Daddy knows how to get stubborn Little girls to obey.”

Fuck. I brace for another round of spanking, determined to keep my mouth shut no matter how painful it is.

But he doesn't light into me as I expect. Instead, he releases his hold on my ass and with his free hand does something that is so annoying-older-brother-coded I might have laughed if I wasn't so terrified of giving him access to my mouth.

He pinches my nose shut.

I can't breathe. And it's only a matter of time before the oxygen in my lungs runs out. Another rush of panic-fueled adrenaline gives me the energy to fight, but no matter how I twist my head or try to claw at his arm, his fingers don't budge.

My lungs feel like they're going to burst, but I manage to hold out until my vision goes black at the edges before my survival instincts override my willpower and my mouth flies open on an explosive exhale.

Jasper wastes no time in shoving the thing in his hand into my mouth. Rubber hits my tongue and when he finally releases my nose, I cross my eyes to try and see what it is.

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As I'm trying to make sense of exactly what's happening to me, Jasper pulls two leather bands across my face, buckling them behind my head and it finally clicks.

He's fuckinggagged me.

"If you cannot speak to me with respect, you will lose your right to speak at all," he says, and from the tone of his voice he might as well be telling me about the weather. Out of everything, that seems the most unfair, that he should be so unaffected by what he's doing to me when I am a mess of conflicting, wild emotions.

I try to tell him to fuck himself, but the words are muffled by the gag in my mouth.

The gag does little, however, to muffle my cries when the spanking begins again.

### Chapter Three

Jasper

Having my sweet little stepsister over my lap, her ass turning redder and redder under my palm while she whimpers around the pacifier strapped into her mouth is even better than the fantasies I indulged in during the flight to retrieve her.

She won't give in easily. While Tori, my friend Maxwell's Little girl, took to this life like a duck to water, Juliet will not go so quietly.

Which is perfectly fine by me. My favorite part of getting a new toy is finding just the right way to break it.

And I am looking forward to learning what it will take to break Juliet.

With that in mind, I shift my attention to her sit-spots, that sensitive bit of skin right where bottom and thighs meet. It hurts like hell, but more to the point she will feel this spanking every time she shifts in her seat for the rest of the flight. I have no delusions that this punishment will last beyond the time it takes for the pain to fade, but perhaps I can at least win her obedience for an hour or two.

Her struggles increase with the changeup, and for a moment her thighs spread as wide as the denim around her knees will allow and I catch a glimpse of her bare pussy. She's had a wax recently, but that's not what catches my attention.

It's the arousal glistening between her lips that has me grinning down at the feisty form over my knee.

Silently, I will her to give in so I can hold her. But she's as stubborn as I remember and the pain in my palm is becoming more than I care to tolerate. Just as I'm about to have Kerry fetch my bag again so I can retrieve one of the implements I brought with me for this very reason, Juliet goes limp over my knee, her body shuddering with soft, choking sobs.

Finally.

"Come here, my little princess. Let Daddy hold you." I gently lift her up to perch on my knee.

Tears stain her cheeks, mixed with hints of black from her mascara, running tracks through her foundation. She is a beautiful mess, and the beast inside me claws at my chest, desperate for release.

But the beast will need to wait a little while longer. There will be plenty of time to

claim her once we are on the island. For now, she is a sweet bundle in my arms, quietly crying into my shoulder as I rock her gently on my lap. And that is enough.

Juliet

Exhausted from the spanking, from struggling, from my own damn emotions, I don't have the strength to fight Jasper when he picks me up and cradles me in his arms. I'm confused, miserable, and sore, and even though he is the reason I am all of those things he is also the only person around to offer comfort. So I take what he offers, curling into him as I quietly sob, shoving the logical voices in my head into a box.

There will be time for logic later. For now, I just want to be held.

Warm lips press against my forehead and I let my eyes close. Let myself believe, just for now, that he actually cares about me even though I know it isn't true. Because the only way I can bear what's happening right now is to lie. To myself, to him, to whoever I have to fool to just survive until I can escape.

The heart he's held in his hands since I was sixteen trembles as he brushes my hair from my tear-stained face. This is everything I've ever wanted from him, from my parents, hell from anyone in my life and it's killing me inside to know that it's all just pretend.

So close. And yet still so fucking far.

"My poor little princess," he murmurs, and there's enough fake sympathy in his voice for me to almost believe he means it. "Are you ready to be my good girl now?"

I'm ready for you to go fuck yourself.

Even if I wanted to say it, the gag in my mouth is still preventing me from speaking.

Now that I'm no longer screaming and crying, I realize that in order to keep from drooling everywhere, I have to suck on the rubber tip of the gag. Which I do, tentatively at first. The gesture is... oddly soothing, and it tickles something in the back of my brain, something I'm far too tired to examine further.

So I suck, both to keep from drooling and for the strange comfort it gives me, and I nod. Yes, I'll be his good girl.

For now.

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“I’m glad to hear it. Sleep, sweet sister, and when you wake we’ll be home.”

Home. Such a horribly permanent-seeming word, and I shiver a bit at the sound of it.

“Kerry, would you bring us a blanket, please? My little one seems to be a bit chilled.”

I’m not, but I must be more broken than I ever realized because something inside me softens as he tucks the blanket around us and presses another kiss to my forehead. The gesture is surprisingly sweet, almost loving.

But no. Men don’t gag and beat the women they love, and it’s important for me to remember that.

Still, I am exhausted from my ordeal, and I’ll need my strength if I’m going to figure out how the hell to get myself out of this mess. So I do as he suggested and let sleep overtake me. And in my dreams, I am a real princess, running through the halls of my castle with a wolf nipping at my heels.

And even in my dreams, there is no escape.

Juliet

“Rise and shine, princess.”

Groaning at my brother’s far-too-cheerful voice, I roll over, yanking my blanket over my head to block out him and the sunlight streaming through the window. What the hell is Jasper doing in my bedroom anyway? Shouldn’t he be out conquering the real

estate world?

Quiet laughter reaches me through the blanket, followed by the sound of something I can't quite identify. A clicking noise I've never heard before. "You slept straight through the night, little girl. Time to get up and face the day."

Little girl. The words tickle some memory in the back of my mind, but I can't seem to access it through the fog of exhaustion clouding my brain. "Go 'way," I grumble instead, pulling the covers more tightly over my head.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, princess."

Little girl. Princess.

Daddy.

Throwing off the covers, I scramble backward, pressing my back against the wall, barely noticing the hard lines that dig into my flesh as I glare at my brother. "Get thefuckaway from me, Jasper!"

One dark brow lifts toward his hairline in a look that should be stern. But that effect is ruined by the twitching of his lips. "Didn't we discuss your language last night, little girl?"

"I don't care what we 'discussed'. I am not letting you touch me again. I demand that you take me home immediately."

"You are home."

I roll my eyes, even as my stomach twists at his words. "You know what I mean. Back to New York."

“No.”

It shouldn't be a shock. As the events of last night come rushing back, I'm reminded there is obviously something very wrong with my stepbrother.

And yet, I can only stare at him, my mouth slightly open in response to his simple denial. “What the fuck do you mean, no?”

“No, I am not taking you back to New York. You asked for my help, and you are getting it. On my terms. Now, are you going to get out of the crib like a big girl or do I have to get you out?”

Crib? The word freezes me in place and for the first time, I really take in my surroundings.

Like the soft pink of the sheets beneath me, with the playful teddy bears frolicking across the fabric. And the wooden slats to my left and right.

The feel of those same wooden slats pressing into my back.

Heart pounding, I let my gaze travel the room with its pretty pale-yellow walls, decorated with watercolor paintings of various zoo animals. There's what looks to be a rocking horse in one corner, though it's way too large for a toddler. Dark furniture provides a gorgeous contrast to the pale walls, and for a moment I'm charmed by the room.

Until I remember that I'm in this room. Sleeping in a fucking crib. After my stepbrother basically kidnapped me and beat me into submission the night before.

Charming, my ass.

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Returning my gaze to Jasper's face, I try to calm my racing heart as I glare at him. "I'll get out if you promise to take me right to the airport."

"That isn't how this works, princess."

"You can't keep me here. It's-it's imprisonment or something." I may be a little loose with the law, but even I know this is illegal as fuck.

"Or something, I'm sure. And that might be an issue if we had pesky things like laws and governments to deal with."

"So, what? You just created your own fucking country?"

Holding his hand out flat, palm down, he wiggles it from side to side. "Technically, the island is under the rule of a neighboring country. But you'd be amazed at what people can be convinced to overlook with the right amount of money in the right hands."

Dread settles heavy in my stomach. "There has to be someone on this island who will help me."

"I can assure you, there is not. So what's it going to be? Are you going to be a good girl for Daddy or do you need another spanking to help you behave?"

My ass clenches at the memory of his hard hand blistering my skin and I shake my head. "No more spankings, Jasper, I'm serious."

“Then I suggest you start doing as you’re told. Starting with how you are supposed to address me.”

Fuck. I really, really do not want another spanking.

I also really, really do not want to call my stepbrother...Daddy. It’s wrong on levels I can’t even begin to explain and bile rises in my throat just at the thought.

“Jasper, please.” Drawing on years of practice getting what I want from our parents, I widen my eyes until the sting causes them to fill with tears. My bottom lip trembles, just a bit, before I roll my lips together as if I’m trying to hold back tears. “Please just let me go home. I’ll do whatever you want if you just send me back.”

He steps closer to the crib, lifting a hand to cup my cheek, the pad of his thumb brushing at a stray tear with such tenderness it makes me ache. Not for him, but for this promise of something I know he isn’t capable of giving me. The corners of his mouth lift in the ghost of a smile as he leans in, his lips hovering just over mine.

And for a moment, just a moment, I think he might kiss me. And I’m shocked by how tempted I am to close the gap between us, to press my lips to his.

“My sweet little princess,” he murmurs instead. “Do you really think those crocodile tears are going to work on me? I’ve watched you twist my father around your little finger for nearly ten years, Juliet. I know all of your tricks. And I am not moved.”

Fuck.

The hand on my cheek slides down to my neck, and his fingers wrap firmly around my throat. Not with enough pressure to block my airways, but with just enough for me to know he could if he wanted to.

He could end me, right here, right now, and nobody would be the wiser.

I am not turned on by that. I am not.

“Now.” His voice is practically a purr, and my stomach twists in response. “What is my name?”

I may be a spoiled fucking brat. But I’m not an idiot. And my pride is not worth my life.

Licking my suddenly parched lips, I swallow hard against the palm of his hand. “D-Daddy.”

And just like that, the monster disappears, and my cocky, somewhat goofy stepbrother returns with the flash of a smile. “Good girl. Time to get you bathed and dressed. We have a big day ahead of us.”

## Chapter Four

Jasper

It’s a delight, keeping Juliet on her toes. Her confusion and fear are nearly as intoxicating as having her over my knee.

Even more intoxicating is the knowledge that she is not unaffected by our play. I saw it in her eyes when I had my hand around her throat. Need, raw and naked, and nearly a match for my own.

Who knew the perfect Little girl had been right in front of me all this time?

Leaning over the lowered bar of the crib, I scoop her up to carry her into the closet.

She's a bit taller than Victoria, but still a perfect bundle in my arms, and she wraps her arms around my neck, clinging tightly to me as we walk.

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That's right, princess. Daddy's got you.

Juliet lifts her head when we step into the closet, a frown tugging at her lips. "What are those?"

She nods to something on my right and I glance over at the layers of tulle and silk. "Dresses. I'm afraid I didn't have time to fully stock your wardrobe with such short notice, but I assume you'd rather do your own shopping anyway."

Horror twists her features. "You expect me to wear that? Absolutely the fuck not."

I was willing to give her a bit of leeway this morning, but my patience with her language is rapidly wearing thin. Pinning her with a glare, I let my displeasure show, and a dark thrill runs through me when her eyes go round. "Do you want another spanking, Juliet?"

"No!"

"Then watch your mouth, and stop arguing with me about every little thing."

"Ugh. Fine. I'll try."

It's a far cry from the respectful answer I would normally demand of my Little girl, but it's also a vast improvement over her usual attitude, so I'm willing to bend a bit.

After all, there's no fun in breaking your toys too quickly.

Grabbing the first dress I see, I carry her back to the nursery and lay it next to the changing table. With that little chore done, I turn and head to the bathroom.

“You don’t have to carry me, you know. I can walk.”

“I like carrying you.” It’s a simple, honest answer, even if it’s only half of the reason. The other half being that I’m not entirely convinced she won’t try to run away the second her feet hit the ground. And unlike Evander, I much prefer having my prey ready and waiting for me rather than chasing them into the ground.

“What if I don’t like being carried?” she asks, her bottom lip puffing out into a pout.

Stopping in front of the toilet, I set her on her feet but keep a tight grip on her to keep her from running. “I suppose it’s something we could negotiate. But is it really so bad, letting me baby you a bit?”

“Yes.”

There’s a slash of pink across her cheeks that belies her words, but I deliberately don’t mention it. She’s going to be embarrassed enough as it is today, there’s no reason for me to add to it.

For now, anyway.

“How about this?” I say as I reach for the button on her shorts. “Humor me, for now, and if you still hate being carried around after you’ve settled in a bit, we can revisit the issue.”

“I don’t want to ‘revisit the issue’. I want to—what the fuck are you doing? Stop that!”

She bats at my hands, but a single, hard look from me freezes her in place. “I am undressing you so you can potty before your bath.”

The pink in her cheeks turns such a brilliant red, I’m almost worried she might be on the verge of a stroke. “I can use the bathroom by myself! Let me go!”

“Absolutely not. Little girls do not potty on their own.” And if I have it my way—which I will—she will not even be allowed to use the bathroom after today. I have something else in mind for my naughty Little girl. “Now stop fussing and let Daddy get you undressed.”

“No! Goddammit, Jasper, I didn’t consent to any of this!”

Without pausing, I manage to wrestle her jeans and panties to the ground before reaching for her shirt. “Oh, but you did, my sweet little princess. You are the one who called me, begging to be allowed to come to the island. That’s all the consent I need.”

“You really think you’re fucking king of the world, don’t you?” Despite how furious she obviously is, her voice is thick with tears, and the sound tugs at my heart. “You didn’t tell me what I was getting myself into! You tricked me!”

I can’t really argue with that. Still, the fact remains that she chose to come, even after I told her she wouldn’t like it here. And now that she is on the island, it’s my responsibility to care for her. To provide for her.

To discipline her.

With that in mind, I pull her shirt over her head and pin her with a stern glare that has her watery eyes going wide. “I have warned you enough times about your language, Juliet. After you potty, we are going to take care of that filthy mouth of yours once and for all.”

Juliet

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Panic tightens like a band around my chest at his words. What does he mean? Another spanking?

I'd rather grow wings and fly back to New York myself.

Deciding it's in my best interest to avoid upsetting him off any further, I lower myself onto the toilet seat and look up at him. "Some privacy, please?"

Not only do I have zero desire to piss in front of my brother, maybe it will buy me some time to look for an escape. There are plenty of windows, surely I can find some way out of this nightmare.

But all it takes is one look to tell me I'm not getting my way. "No. Little girls don't need privacy from their Daddies."

Ugh. Daddy. There's that word again.

Looking up at the ceiling, I do my best to ignore him and will my muscles to relax. It seems to take forever, but eventually comes the unmistakable sound of my bladder emptying itself.

When I reach for the toilet paper, however, Jasper takes me by the arm and pulls me to my feet. Before I can ask him what the hell he thinks he's doing, he wraps an arm around my waist and bends me over.

"No, please! I don't want a spanking!"

“Relax, princess. Daddy is just cleaning you up.”

Sure enough, his words are followed by the feel of something swiping down my pussy and I am certain I’m about to die of humiliation right there on the spot.

But I don’t die, though part of me wonders if I haven’t already and this is my eternal punishment.

Jasper allows me to stand straight again, but his hold on my arm doesn’t loosen as he leads me over to the sink. Tears, hot and humiliating, fill my eyes when he pulls the same gag as the night before from his pocket.

And for the first time, I recognize it for what it is.

A fucking pacifier.

“You are not putting that in my mouth!”

Ignoring my protests, Jasper sticks the rubber tip beneath the spout of the hand soap, and with a low buzzing sound, it dispenses a large gooey dollop of liquid soap right onto the pacifier. Horror grips me as he raises the pacifier to my mouth, his dark, angry eyes boring into mine. “Open, Juliet. Daddy’s going to wash all those naughty words out of your mouth for good.”

Pressing my lips together, I shake my head, but I already know it’s no use. No matter how hard I fight, he always seems to win. But I can’t just give in, not to this.

“I’m going to count to three, little girl. If you do not open your mouth before I reach three, I am going to paddle your bottom red and then put the pacifier in. One.”

Shit, shit, shit. I don’t want another spanking. But I also don’t want the soapy

pacifier.

“Two.”

I can't run. Jasper's grip on my arm is like iron. So my choices are either to obey, or get my butt whooped again and then obey.

Caught between the proverbial rock and hard place.

“Thr—”

“Okay! Okay! I'll do it!”

A smile replaces Jasper's stern expression. “Good girl. Open up.”

It takes every ounce of courage I have to part my trembling lips, and as soon as my mouth is open wide enough, he shoves the pacifier in.

The acrid taste of soap fills my mouth, burns my throat and sinuses, making me gag. But he's already buckled the pacifier around my head and there's no ridding myself of the punishing taste. Worse, I instinctively suck on the rubber tip, which only causes more bubbles to fill my mouth.

It's pure misery, and I vow to myself to at least try to curb my language while I'm stuck on this island. Tears streaming down my cheeks, I look up at my brother, pleading silently for mercy.

“The pacifier stays in until Daddy is very sure you've learned your lesson, princess. You'll feel better after a bath.”

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Nothing could possibly make me feel better, but I allow myself to be led over to the tub without any further struggle. I've been awake less than a half hour and already he's broken my will to fight.

When the tub is about halfway full, Jasper lifts me up and places me in the warm water. Despite the nightmare I unwittingly walked into, the heat helps to drain the tension from my limbs. Closing my eyes, I lean my head back against the pillow built into the edge of the tub and simply float for a while. I avoid sucking on the pacifier as much as possible, and eventually the taste of soap becomes a bit easier to bear, though it's still a miserable punishment.

As I float, a strong hand wraps around my ankle, lifting my leg out of the water, and my eyes fly open at the feeling of a soapy washcloth running over my skin. I can only stare in shock at the sight that greets my eyes.

Jasper Blackwood, king of the real estate world, heir to one of the largest fortunes in the world, is on his knees beside the tub. Bathing me.

What. The. Hell.

My stepbrother glances over, an easy grin stretching across his face. "Little girls don't bathe themselves, princess. That's Daddy's job."

It should be humiliating. Correction, it is humiliating, but it's also... sweet. Caring. There's a tenderness in his touch that makes my chest ache for more.

But there was nothing tender about the way he spanked me last night. Or the way he

forced me to use the bathroom in front of him before shoving soap into my mouth. There are two sides to my brother, and I need to remember that a little pampering doesn't erase the pain and humiliation he's put me through.

My brother is a monster, and I need to escape him as soon as possible.

## Chapter Five

Jasper

For now, all of the fight seems to have been drained out of my Little girl. Whether it's because the warm bath has relaxed her or because she's exhausted from our struggles this morning and her resulting punishment, I'm not sure. A little bit of both, most likely.

Which is more than fine by me.

Sliding my hand up her thigh, I brush my fingers over the exposed lips of her pussy. Juliet jerks up, water splashing over the side of the tub as she glares at me and shakes her head, trying to close her legs.

"Stop." I infuse the single command with as much steel as I can manage, and my little princess freezes, eyes wide with surprise and more than a little wariness.

"Little girls do not hide any part of themselves from their Daddies." Spreading her lips apart with my fingers, I press two inside her tight channel. "Every part of your body belongs to me now, Juliet. You'd do well to remember that."

A red flush infuses her face as I pump my fingers in and out of her pussy. And when she sucks on the pacifier, she gags around it. Hopefully she's learning her lesson about her naughty language. She's lucky I was feeling magnanimous and stopped at

only the soap. If we continue having this issue, the next time she'll be sucking on a soapy pacifier while she's over my knee getting her bottom paddled with the heavy hairbrush sitting on the bathroom vanity.

Granted, I'm sure she doesn't feel very lucky right now. It's more likely she's feeling very, very sorry for herself. I'm tempted to bring her to orgasm right now, to show her there can be pleasure as well as punishment at my hand.

But Doctor D has strict orders for the day of a physical exam, and though I don't really understand why he's asked me to touch her without letting her come, I want to make sure he's able to give my princess the best care possible.

Unfortunately, certain aspects of her exam preparation will have to wait. Richard, my closest friend and the only person I trust to run my household, is currently out running errands to get the house ready for Juliet's stay, so he won't be able to assist me with the enema Doctor D prescribed. Millie, his nurse and assistant, assured me the Doctor could take care of that at the office if I was unable to do so at home, so I'm comfortable skipping that step for now.

Not letting her come, however, is one thing I can do to prepare her, so I pull my hand away from Juliet's sweet pussy with reluctance, earning myself another glare. "Sorry, princess. You're going to have to wait a little longer for your pleasure. Up on your knees, please."

There's a few tense moments before she finally moves into position and I run a hand over her dripping backside. "Good girl. Believe me when I tell you that you would hate a spanking on a wet bottom even more than usual. Hold still so Daddy can make sure you're nice and clean for our day out."

Without giving her much time to think about what I mean, I press a soapy finger against the winking star of her anus. Juliet jerks forward, but there's not really

anywhere for her to go. Her feet flutter in the water, but a single swat to her bottom calms her down.

The sight of my handprint, so stark on her pale flesh, has my cock jerking in my pants. But I'm not ready to take her, not yet. There are traditions to be upheld, and the first time I fuck my Little girl, I want to feel her come all over my cock.

So we'll both have to wait.

When I'm certain she's as squeaky-clean inside and out as possible, I lift her from the tub and dry her off before carrying her out to the nursery. I lay her out on the thick mattress of the changing table and she looks up at me, tapping a finger on the pacifier.

"Sorry, princess," I tell her with a shake of my head as I pull the thick leather strap attached to the changing table across her stomach. "The pacifier stays until we're ready to leave. Then Daddy will decide if you've been good enough to earn a treat."

Glaring up at me, she huffs as I buckle the strap in place. And honestly, I can't blame her. Not only is her mouth still filled with soap, her poor little pussy is practically weeping with arousal.

I'd be pretty pissed too, in her position.

Staring down at my beautiful stepsister, her cheeks aflame with arousal and indignation, something stirs in my chest. Doctor D is simply going to have to deal with a slight deviation from the plan. Her appointment isn't until well into the afternoon, after all, so she'll have plenty of time to recover if I decide to give her a tiny little reward.

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I am her Daddy, after all. And nobody controls my Little girl's pleasure but me.

Juliet

I'm strapped to a table, helpless, completely at the mercy of my sick, twisted stepbrother. While he treats me like a literal toddler.

This day could not possibly get any worse.

Oh, wait. There's also the fact that if my pussy could talk, it would sit up and beg Jasper to fuck me.

I've been horny before. But I've never felt anything close to the need between my thighs now, so intense it's actually bordering on painful.

Worse than the actual arousal is the knowledge that I must be just as sick and twisted as he is if I'm actually enjoying this humiliation.

Strong fingers wrap around my ankles, lifting my legs high enough so my bottom raises up off the cushion. I suck hard on the pacifier, thankful the taste of soap has mostly faded by now, and the fleeting thought that I wish it was his cock races through my brain.

Stop it. You are not enjoying this. You are not.

But my pussy still hasn't gotten the message. When my legs are lowered again, this time onto something soft and cottony, I have to flex my hands to keep from reaching

for my clit.

Please, god, don't let him see how fucking turned on I am.

My prayers, as always, go unanswered.

“Look at this pretty little pussy, just dripping for Daddy. Making such a mess. But that's okay. Daddy knows just how to keep his little princess clean.”

Before my brain can even begin to comprehend what that might mean, his hand slides up my calf, then my thigh, inching closer and closer to the place where I'm absolutely mad for him.

“You've had such a hard morning, haven't you, princess?” he murmurs, the tips of his fingers stroking the bare skin of my inner thigh. “Would you like Daddy to make you feel better, baby?”

His fingers move even higher, leaving no doubt as to exactly how he plans to make me feel better. And though the logical part of my brain is screaming at me to say no, to fight, to do something, anything to get away from him, there is another part of me. A part I've been fighting for years to deny. The part of me that has always wondered... What if?

What if we weren't “siblings”? What if we were simply strangers, moving in the same social circles? What if he saw me from across the room at some social function, and we made small talk, and he charmed his way into my bed?

I've been fighting these impossible thoughts since I was a teenager, daydreaming about my dashing, world-traveling older brother coming to rescue me from our overbearing parents. Whisking me away for a life of glitz and glamour with his equally rich, equally dashing friends.

And while this is certainly nothing like those daydreams, there is still a part of me that's obviously harboring that crush. And it's that part of me that comes roaring to the forefront of my consciousness, demanding we answer the question we've been asking since we were fifteen years old.

What if?

So even though my brain is screaming at me to stop, to fight, I find myself nodding. Silently telling him yes, please, touch me. Make it all better, Daddy.

And I'm rewarded with the brilliant flash of his smile as he slides two fingers inside me, curling up and hitting just the right spot.

I arch up as much as the restraint around my chest allows, but that feeling of being pinned, of being helpless only makes me ache for him more.

"God, you're so fucking wet for me, Juliet. Such a needy little baby, so desperate for Daddy to touch her and make her feel good."

Humiliation washes over me, heating my entire body. And fueling my need, making me hotter, wetter than before. I whine around the rubber tip in my mouth, mindless as the need overtakes and my head thrashes from side to side.

"That's my pretty little princess. Make a mess for me, all over my hand. Let Daddy feel your pussy squeezing my fingers when you come."

His words, and the humiliating need they inspire shove me straight over the edge and I come with a loud cry, my pussy spasming around his fingers like the good little slut I apparently am.

But I'm too far gone, too lost in the fog of pleasure clouding my brain to worry about

that right now. I grin up at him around my pacifier as he wraps me in something soft.

“You did such a good job for Daddy, princess. Now, let’s get you dressed so you can go meet your Auntie Cat.”

## Chapter Six

Juliet

I don't know who Auntie Cat is, but I'm not sure I particularly care. Not with my body still humming from the incredible orgasm Jasper just bestowed upon me.

Turns out, the answer to all those "What if?" questions was basically "Holy shit, my brother is a fucking sex god."

It's enough for him to earn my cooperation as he unstraps me so he can finish dressing me for the day. The poofy dress he pulls over my head is a muted shade of lavender that is not my color, but I don't care. It fits surprisingly well, almost as if it was made for me.

Picking me up from the table, he settles me on his hip like an actual toddler and I wrap my arms and legs around him so I don't fall. The jolt of fear is enough to dispel the haze around my brain, and as we walk, I become increasingly aware that there is something very, very wrong with my underwear.

It feels too thick, like I'm wearing an especially large pad, but that thickness is all over. Something about the sensation seems familiar, like I should know exactly what's wrong, but the truth remains just out of reach.

Wiggling in his arms as we approach the stairs, I tap the pacifier again. Jasper pauses, a frown tugging at his lips. "I already told you no, Juliet."

It's difficult to pout with the pacifier in my mouth, but I do my best, widening my eyes in a silent plea, and he sighs.

“If I take it out, do you promise to watch your language?”

I nod furiously and his eyes narrow.

“I am warning you right now, if you cannot behave yourself in front of your Auntie Cat, I will make you hold a whole bar of soap in your mouth while I paddle your bottom red. And I will let her watch. Am I understood, Juliet?”

Another nod, though a little less exuberant this time. Whoever this Auntie Cat person is, I don’t know her and the absolute last thing I want is to be punished in front of a complete stranger.

But I also don’t want to meet this stranger with a pacifier strapped to my mouth, so I’m willing to agree to his terms. For now.

“All right. Let me put you down so I can unstrap the pacifier. I don’t want to drop you.”

The moment my feet hit the hardwood floor, that logical, sane part of my brain I’ve been keeping at bay all morning finally takes over.

**RUN!**

Planting my palms on his chest, I shove, hard, and he stumbles backward. Without bothering to even take in the expression on his face, I turn and flee down the stairs. Unfortunately for me, I’m not wearing any shoes and the ruffled socks Jasper dressed me in give me no purchase on the slick wooden steps.

My feet fly out from under me and I slide down a few steps before I right myself again. But I can’t afford to slow down now. Even falling down the stairs is preferable to stopping and giving my brother time to catch up with me.

Heart pounding, I make it down the stairs without sliding again, and I nearly weep with relief when my stocking feet hit the marble entryway. I have no idea where I'm going to go, but despite what Jasper says, there has to be someone on this island willing to help me.

A frantic look around reveals the large, ornate front door and I head straight for it. But just as I'm about to wrench it open, the knob turns and a figure fills the doorway.

"Well, well, well, what have we here?"

Horror fills me, freezing me in place as I take in the tall, curvy figure. Her jet-black hair spills in a straight waterfall down her back, and a mischievous smile curves her lips.

I was wrong. Auntie Cat isn't a stranger after all.

She's Catharina Fucking Montgomery.

Jasper

My feet hit the entryway floor just as Catharina pushes open the front door. And even though I can't see Juliet's face, I can imagine the shock in her pretty blue eyes as Cat pauses in the doorway, a predatory smile on her lips.

"Well, well, well, what have we here?"

Juliet is frozen in place, her entire torso heaving with deep, shuddering breaths. Schooling my expression into stern lines, I step up behind her, clamping my hand down on her shoulder. "A very naughty little girl, it would seem."

"I see that. It isn't safe to run in the house, Juliet."

Despite the scolding tone, Cat's smile has only grown wider. And when her gaze shifts to me, there's no mistaking the excitement dancing in her eyes. "Am I just in time for the show, then?"

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“You are. Let’s take this to my office.”

Looking positively gleeful, Cat steps inside and closes the door behind her. “Lead the way.”

Unwilling to give my little princess a chance to run again, I bend and scoop Juliet up, flinging her over one shoulder. Her dress flies up, exposing her diaper, and I give in to the urge to plant a firm swat on her bottom even though I know it won’t actually hurt all that much.

Not that you can tell from the way Juliet shrieks and pounds at my back with her fists. She’s lucky she’s too small to actually hurt me, but that isn’t going to save her bottom.

With her slung over my shoulder, I head for my office, Cat hot on my heels. She closes the door behind us, and I flash her a grateful smile.

“Cat, would you mind sitting at my desk, please? I’m going to need your assistance for this.”

“Of course, Jasper.”

Practically dancing, she makes her way to my desk, taking my usual spot and placing her hands on the gleaming wood. I bend to place Juliet on her feet, catching her round the waist when she turns to flee.

“No more of that, little girl.” Turning her to face me, I capture her chin in my hand,

forcing her furious gaze up to mine.

The fury is mitigated somewhat by the pacifier she's still furiously sucking on, making her look like an angry toddler about to throw a tantrum.

"You can be mad at me all you want, but what's about to happen is all your own doing. I gave you a chance to show me and your Auntie Cat that you could be a good girl, but you chose to be naughty instead. And what's worse, you could have gotten yourself seriously hurt in the process. This is not going to be an easy lesson for you, princess, but I intend for you to learn it one way or another."

Taking her arm, I guide her to the desk, forcing her to bend at the waist. "Cat, would you mind holding her hands for me, please?"

"I would be honored. Give me your hands, sweetheart."

Unsurprisingly, Juliet curls her hands into fists as she shakes her head, her hair swinging wildly back and forth.

Lifting her dress, I land half a dozen hard swats to the backs of her thighs, making her dance in place. "Give Auntie Cat your hands, Juliet."

Another shake of her head, another half dozen swats to her thighs. She squeals around the pacifier as she prances, trying to escape the blows.

We repeat the process another three times, and her thighs are a bright, angry pink by the time she finally crumbles. Sobbing quietly, she unfurls her hands, placing her palms in Cat's outstretched hands.

"There is a time and a place for brattiness." I let my tone gentle, just a bit as I run my hand over her heated flesh. "When you are already in the middle of a very big

punishment is neither the time nor the place. Am I understood, Juliet?"

She nods, the gesture punctuated by her soft sniffles.

"Good." Flipping her dress up to expose her bottom, I undo the clasps on her diaper, pulling it free and setting it off to the side. The reusable diapers we purchased for the island can be removed and replaced as many times as needed, making them perfect for gaining access to a naughty bottom whenever necessary.

With Juliet's delightfully round backside bared to me, I step back and consider my options. Desire darkens Cat's eyes as I run my hands over Juliet's trembling bottom.

Rounding the desk, I pull open the top drawer to retrieve a long, thick paddle. Juliet's eyes go wide when she sees the heavy wood in my hands, sending a delicious thrill through me.

Good. She should be scared.

"Let's see." I draw the moment out, as much to relish the anticipation as to give her plenty of time to worry about what comes next. "You pushed your Daddy, ran away, fell on the steps because you were running in the house, and you hit me when I was carrying you to my office. Any one of those offenses would earn you a long hard spanking over Daddy's knee, followed by some time in the corner to think about making better choices. Altogether, however, I think your behavior this morning calls for a much harsher punishment."

I take a step back, the familiar feel of wood in my hands making me so hard it's a wonder I don't come on the spot. This is where Juliet belongs, trembling at my mercy, her bottom in the perfect position for her Daddy's discipline. There is a rightness in all of this that I can't quite explain. But I know, in the depths of my soul, that my little stepsister was always meant to be mine.

“Right now, you are going to get your bottom paddled until I am personally convinced we will never need to have this conversation again.”

I tap the smooth wood against Juliet's bottom, my eyes meeting Cat's over Juliet's shoulder. And we both grin as I raise the paddle high, then bring it down against my Little girl's bare skin with a satisfying crack.

## Chapter Seven

### Juliet

Fire explodes across my ass as the sickening crack of the wood echoes in my ears. I want to keep my cool, to not embarrass myself further in front of Catharina, but that flies out the window with the second stripe across my skin. Without thinking, I try to jerk away, to reach back and protect myself from my punishment, but Catharina's grip on me only tightens.

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When I had the thought that this day could not get any worse, I didn't mean it as a challenge to the Universe, thank you very much.

"None of that, sweetheart," she scolds quietly, giving my hands what might be considered a reassuring squeeze under other circumstances. "We wouldn't want you to hurt yourself."

Who the fuck is she? Because by all accounts, neither she nor my brother give a damn about hurting me.

A third explosion of fire lights up the very bottom part of my ass, almost to my thighs, and I scream around the gag. The fucking pacifier.

I am dressed like a toddler, sucking on a pacifier, getting my ass paddled by my stepbrother while the third wealthiest woman in the world watches with glee. If it was possible to spontaneously combust from humiliation alone, I would be nothing more than a pile of smoldering ashes on the floor.

Add in the heat from my skin as Jasper mercilessly punishes my ass with the heavy wood in his hand, and it's honestly surprising I haven't gone up in flames.

I want to be strong. I want to prove to him he can't break me. But with every stroke, my resolve weakens. It's agony, more than I ever thought possible, and I want nothing more than to bring it to an end.

I've completely lost count of how many times the wood connects with my skin when I finally break. Sobbing around my pacifier, I slump against the desk, my forehead

resting against the cool wood as I weep.

Jasper's voice is a low rumble in my ears, but I can't hear his words over the roar of my own heartbeat and my crying. Hopefully it wasn't anything important.

"Shh, sweetheart." Releasing one of my hands, Catharina brushes hair from my soaked face and something in me calms, just a bit, at her tender touch. "It's all over now. You took your punishment so well and your Daddy is proud of you."

I don't want to feel the sense of peace that washes over me at her words. I sure as fuck don't want to feel my heart swell in my chest, knowing my brother is proud of me. It's not anything I ever wanted from him before now, and I certainly don't want his praise because I let him break me like this.

Something slides between my legs and I let out a deep sob as the strange underwear covers my abused ass. The material didn't bother me before, but now it feels too rough, too scratchy.

And, I realize quickly, it does a phenomenal job of trapping the heat from my punishment against my skin, giving me no relief from the burning pain.

By the time Jasper scoops me up in his arms and carries me to a couch where he settles with me on his lap, cradling me and rocking me like a baby, I'm beyond exhausted. The desire to fight him, to escape has been stripped from me and all I want is to curl up in his arms and sleep.

If his goal was to break me, then he did a very thorough job.

"Poor little thing." Sitting next to us on the couch, Catharina props a large bag on her lap and reaches inside. "From what you told us about her last night, I had a feeling you two might be in for a rough road. So I brought her a little treat, fresh from the

source this morning.”

The promise of a treat is enough to have me prying my eyes open to see what she’s brought me. But it takes me a moment to truly process what I’m seeing as she pulls the plastic top off and hands it to Jasper.

Humiliation, fresh and hot, wells inside me. It’s a bottle. Full of milk. At least, I really fucking hope it’s milk and not some weird concoction they’ve made up to keep me drugged and pliant.

“Thank you, Cat. Would you mind taking her pacifier out? My hands are a bit full at the moment.”

“Of course.” Leaning over, Catharina reaches behind me to unbuckle the gag. The straps loosen and I instinctively stretch my mouth open wide to work the kinks out of my sore jaw.

To my surprise, there’s no hint of judgment or scorn in Catharina’s eyes. She looks almost... kind. Sweet, in an indulgent Aunt kind of way. It’s so at odds with the whispers I’ve heard about her over the years that for a moment I can only stare in wonder as my brain tries to put the pieces of this odd, fucked up puzzle into place.

Cupping my cheek, her lips curve up in a smile as she brushes at a tear with her thumb. “There’s our pretty girl,” she murmurs softly. “Hello, Juliet. I’m your Auntie Cat.”

“I kn-know who you are,” I manage to say in a hoarse whisper.

Her smile widens and I get yet another surprise when she actuallywinksat me. “You know Catharina Montgomery. Trust me when I say, you are one of a small handful of people in this world who will ever get to know Auntie Cat. It’s quite a privilege,

actually, though I'm sure it doesn't feel like one right now."

"I don't know what I feel right now." And it's the truth. Humiliated and sore, yes, but there's also an undercurrent of something I can't quite pinpoint. A quietness that almost seems to burrow into my soul.

"That's perfectly all right, sweetheart. You just let your Daddy take care of you. That's all anyone expects of you at this moment. Right, Jasper?"

"Absolutely." Cupping the bottle in his hand, Jasper brings the nipple to my lips. A smile I've never seen before has spread across his face, turning him from charmingly handsome to absolutely devastating in a heartbeat. "Drink, princess, and then we'll all sit and have some breakfast together. I imagine we've both worked up quite an appetite."

Another of those long-buried instincts rises to the surface and I immediately suck on the rubber in my mouth. Sweet, cold milk rushes over my tongue, more delicious than anything I've ever tasted before, washing away the residual yuckiness from the soap. I suckle greedily at the bottle, beyond caring that I'm embarrassing myself in front of Catharina.

No. Not Catharina. Auntie Cat. Maybe thinking of her that way in my mind will help with the humiliation. Because here, she isn't Catharina Montgomery, heiress to the Montgomery Oil fortune and a ruthless businesswoman in her own right. Here, she is simply Auntie Cat, a woman who wants nothing more than to spoil and dote on me.

Pulling in another mouthful of milk, I look up at Jasper. He's still watching me, with something like awe in his eyes. And I realize then why his smile looked so odd to me before.

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For the first time in my memory, my brother looks truly...happy.

Jasper

A sense of wonder fills me as I watch Juliet suck greedily at her bottle. Red-rimmed blue eyes, still wet with a sheen of tears, stare up at me as she drinks, and there is no doubt left in my mind that I am wrapped around her perfectly manicured little finger.

Not that I will be telling her that, of course. At least not right away. For now, she needs me to be strict. She needs to know that any disobedience will be met with immediate consequences. Give a girl like Juliet an inch, and she'll run a fucking marathon.

When the bottle runs dry, I pull it from her mouth, earning me a ridiculously adorable pout from the sweet bundle in my arms.

"Don't worry, princess. There's more where that came from. But we need to get some actual food in our bellies. We have a big day ahead of us."

Lifting her up so she's straddling my lap, the bulge of her diaper pressing against my cock, I give her back a couple strong taps. To my delight, she burps loudly, then gasps, burying her face in my neck.

"Jasper! That was so embarrassing!" she whispers, horror filling her voice.

Obviously there are some lessons it's going to take her a little while to learn. Sliding my hand down, I give her thigh a sharp swat. "What do you call me, Juliet?"

A long silence follows my question, and when I glance to my right, Catharina is watching us with round, excited eyes. We're both waiting with bated breath to see if Juliet will give in, or if we'll have another fight on our hands. I won't spank her again so soon, not after the paddling she just endured, but I have plenty of creative punishments in my arsenal.

But Juliet's sense of self-preservation seems to win the day. She sighs heavily, and I almost miss her whispered response. "Daddy."

I've been called Daddy by at least half a dozen women in my lifetime in my effort to find my perfect Little girl. But not once has it ever made my heart beat this fast or my face feel like it might split in half from my grin.

"Good girl. Come on, princess. Let's go get you fed so your Auntie Cat and I can take you shopping."

As I'd expected, that perks Juliet up considerably and she sits up straight, eyes wide with excitement. "Shopping? We get to go shopping?"

Beside us, Cat throws her head back, letting out a delighted, throaty laugh. "Yes, sweetheart. We are going shopping. From what your Daddy tells me, you have a closet upstairs that is nearly empty. It's my job to fix that."

"Wait." Juliet's nose crinkles. "Are we going for real shopping, or are we going 'Little girl' shopping? Because these dresses are not my style."

"Oh, but you look so darling! Well, that purple isn't really your shade, but we can certainly find you something that works better for your skin tone." Beaming, Cat leans in to press a kiss to Juliet's cheek, and my little princess blushes adorably at the gesture. "Don't worry, sweetheart. Auntie Cat will take good care of you."

## Chapter Eight

Jasper

We take breakfast in my office, with Juliet seated on my lap while I feed her bits of this and that from the plate we share. There's a highchair stored in my closet, but after the eventful morning we've had, it doesn't seem like the right time to add to her distress. Maxwell would tell me the longer I delay, the harder it will be for her to accept her role as my Little girl, but I can't bring myself to upset Juliet further right now if it can be avoided.

Especially since much of what her Auntie Cat and I have planned for the day cannot be.

As we eat, Cat chatters brightly about the island and all the wonderful things available for "sweet Little girls" like my princess. Despite herself, Juliet leans in, curiosity stamped all over her face as she listens to her Auntie Cat's excited tales.

"And once you've settled in a bit, I'll take you and Tori to the spa for a bit of pampering. Just us girls. No mean old Daddies around to spoil our fun," she adds with a salacious wink.

I roll my eyes, but don't bother to contradict her. Cat is, possibly, the strictest of all of us, and as Tori recently learned, she is just as quick to put a naughty girl over her knee for a healthy dose of discipline as any Daddy. While she might spoil them rotten, she isn't going to allow them to become spoiled, and it's a distinction we all appreciate.

"Who's Tori?" Juliet asks, her mouth turning down in a frown. "Is she your... umm..."

Longing fills Cat's eyes as she shakes her head. "No, she's not my Little girl. She

belongs to Maxwell. But she is an absolute darling and I have no doubt you two will hit it off fabulously.”

Does Juliet hear the hint of warning beneath Cat’s words? It’s subtle, but it’s there. The girls will get along, or they will have Auntie Cat to answer to.

Not for the first time, gratitude fills my chest. When Maxwell first approached me about the island, I wasn’t sure about Catharina’s presence. My reservations had nothing to do with what’s between her legs, and everything to do with the fact that I’ve sat on the opposite side of the table from her during a negotiation and I know better than any of us how downright vicious she can be.

But Auntie Cat is almost a completely different person, and after getting to know this version of Catharina Montgomery, I can’t imagine us building this life, this family, without her.

A quick glance at my watch shows we’re running a bit behind schedule and I grimace. “We need to get going if we’re going to make our appointment at Solene’s.”

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Juliet's head whips around, her hair smacking me in the face in the process, and her eyes are almost comically round in her heart-shaped face. "Shutup. You do not have Solene on this island. She stopped designing clothes ages ago."

"Two years," I correct her with a smug smile. "And she didn't stop designing. She simply... shifted her focus a bit. Once we discovered Solene's secret, it was remarkably easy to convince her to move to our island. She and her Mommy have been a wonderful addition to our population."

I don't think I could have shocked Juliet more if I'd told her Solene was secretly an alien in disguise, using her work as a fashion designer to study the human race. "Are you serious? You better not be fu—messing with me."

"Good girl." Pulling her close, I press a kiss to her forehead. "Thank you for catching yourself. Daddy is very proud of you, princess."

"It's not a big deal," she mumbles, but there's a smile on her lips and her cheeks have turned a pretty pink at my praise.

"Either way, I am very proud of you for correcting yourself before I had to. But if we miss our appointment at Solene's, I'll have to spank you again. Not much gets her riled up, but I've heard she's a holy terror if you make her wait."

"So she hasn't changed," Juliet says with a loud, happy laugh. "God, I haven't seen her in forever, it seems like. Can we go now? Please?"

"Absolutely."

But as she's sliding off my lap, we're both stopped by the sound of Cat clearing her throat. Pinning us with an exasperated look, she gestures to Juliet. "Jasper. You cannot let your Little girl leave the house with her hair looking like that."

Frowning, I look at Juliet's hair. It's a bit matted from her sleep since I didn't bother to wash it, but not too bad. "You have a brush in your purse, right? We'll just take care of it on the way."

If looks could kill, I would be annihilated right there on the spot under Cat's withering glare. "Men. I swear. Come with me, Juliet. Auntie Cat will get you straightened up while your Daddy calls Solene to let her know we're going to be late."

Taking Juliet's hand, Cat flounces out of my office. I watch them go, torn between annoyance at Cat's high-handedness and gratitude that I have someone to help me with these little details I'm apparently oblivious to.

Settling on gratitude for the time being, I pick up the phone and call Solene.

Juliet

"I cannot believe he was going to let you walk out of here with your hair looking like you just rolled out of bed." Huffing indignantly, Auntie Cat all but drags me upstairs to the room I awoke in this morning. It doesn't escape my notice that she knows exactly where that room is without asking, and my mind goes into overdrive trying to figure out what exactly that means.

There's obviously a good bit of forethought and planning that's gone into their little island getaway here, but to what end? And who else is involved? She mentioned someone named Maxwell, but that's not exactly an uncommon name in our circles. How the hell did they get fucking Solene of all people to come to their island? When

she disappeared from the public eye a few years ago, there was rampant speculation about where she'd gone and why she'd stepped out of the limelight at the height of her career.

The press would have a field day knowing she was secreted away on some island in the middle of nowhere, helping a bunch of kinky billionaires play dress up with women they've kidnapped.

While my mind is distracted trying to figure out what the fuck is going on, Auntie Cat steers me to the bathroom where she not-so-gently pushes me down onto a stool in front of a giant vanity. I yelp as my punished bottom presses hard against the stool, but between the oddly thick underwear Jasper put me in and the padding of the stool, the pain quickly fades to something more bearable as I look at the vanity she's sat me in front of. For a moment, the materialistic side of me takes over and I run my hands lovingly over the stunning white marble. I didn't really have time to notice the finer touches earlier, what with the soap in my mouth and all the threats of more spankings. "Oh. This is lovely."

Auntie Cat's gaze meets mine in the mirror and she smiles. "It is. Your Daddy spared no expense building this home for you."

Home. There's that word again. It lodges in my throat, cutting off my air supply. Whatever twisted game Jasper is playing, surely he can't mean for me to actually live here.

In the reflection, Auntie Cat's smile fades. "What's wrong, sweetheart? You look like someone stole your puppy."

"This isn't my home," I whisper, tears filling my eyes as I twist around to look up at her, letting my plea fill my eyes and voice. "Please, Catharina. I can't stay here. Jasper doesn't even like me."

“Nonsense, little girl. Your Daddy wouldn’t have brought you here if he didn’t want you here. So I suggest you put those thoughts out of your head right this instant.”

There’s an undercurrent to her words that has my bottom clenching instinctively. Being spanked by Catharina Montgomery was certainly not on my Bingo card for this year or any other, but it doesn’t seem like it’s off the table, all things considered. Still, I can’t help but pressing, just a bit. I have to do something to get the hell off this island and if anyone might heed my appeal for sympathy, I imagine another woman would.

“Doesn’t it matter that I never asked to be here? He basically kidnapped me!”

One dark, perfectly sculpted eyebrow arches upward. “Did he? Because as we were told, you called him demanding to come stay with him while your legal troubles worked themselves out. From what I heard, he did try to warn you that you wouldn’t enjoy it here.”

“I mean...yes. But he didn’t tell me about any of this!” I gesture to my Little girl dress, the room, her. Everything.

“Ah, well, it’s a Daddy’s prerogative to decide what his Little girl needs to know and when.” Auntie Cat’s smile returns as she picks up the large square hairbrush on the counter. “Now, turn around so I can do something about this hair.”

“But—”

Her dark eyes flash with warning, immediately stopping my protest in its tracks. “Little girl, unless you want me to bend you over this vanity and use this brush to paddle your bottom, I suggest you stop arguing and do as you are told.”

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Tears burn in my eyes as I slowly force myself to comply. With my ass still on fire from Jasper's paddle, there is no way in hell I'm risking another spanking so soon.

"Thank you for listening, sweetheart." Auntie Cat's voice returns to its previous gentle, cajoling tone as she tugs the brush through the ends of my knotted hair. It's further testament to how distressed I've been all morning that I didn't give a second thought to how I look. "I've always been a bit envious of your hair, you know."

"What?" Startled, I lift my gaze to meet hers in the reflection. "Me? Seriously?"

"Mmhmm. There was a time I wanted nothing more than to be one of the blonde beauties our circles so covet." A smirk tugs at her lips. "I grew out of it. But the fact remains that you still have absolutely gorgeous hair."

"I didn't think you even knew who I was." While I had seen her at various social functions over the years, I'd always been too intimidated to actually approach her.

Looking back now, I can't help but wonder if something in me recognized something in her. Whatever it is inside her that's brought her to this island with my brother. I'm not the type to be scared of anyone, ever, but I'd always found myself giving Catharina Montgomery a wide berth.

"Of course I knew who you were, silly girl. Elizabeth Carrington's only daughter, which makes you heiress to a not-unsizable fortune. An even larger fortune, I imagine, now that you are a Blackwood as well."

"It should have been. They cut me off."

The room seems to vibrate with Auntie Cat's throaty laughter. "Did they, now? Well, that's understandable I suppose, what with all the trouble you've managed to get yourself into the past few years. But you're here with us now, and your Daddy will take care of everything."

"But I don't want him to take care of me." I'm aware I'm whining, but I can't seem to help myself. Between the clothes, the spankings, the bottle and the soothing rhythm of the brush running through my hair, I'm starting to actually feel like a child despite myself. "I want to go travel the world and live my fucking life."

I catch Auntie Cat's expression in the mirror and notice she's frowning at me again. The disappointment on her face twists my stomach into knots. "I know full well your Daddy does not allow that kind of language, little girl. Do I need to call him to come wash your mouth out before we go?"

Panic beats at my chest at the memory of the soap burning my throat and nasal passages. Not to mention the horrible taste. I'd do anything to avoid that fate again. "No, Auntie Cat, please don't! I'm trying to be good, I swear!"

"All right. But if it happens again, I will spank you myself while he scrubs your mouth clean. Understood?"

Whew. A small reprieve, at least. I'll have to remember to watch myself in front of her in the future. "Yes, Ma'am."

"That's a good girl." Still frowning, she resumes brushing and we sit in silence for a while as she untangles the knots before parting my hair down the middle. "Juliet, what do you think would happen if you returned to New York right this very minute?"

"I guess I'd go home and beg mom and Arthur to help me." But even as I say the

words, a pit forms in my stomach. My parents have already cut me off, which is the whole reason I turned to Jasper in the first place. What makes me think they'll take me back now?

“Oh, my sweet, naïve Little girl.” Shaking her head, Auntie Cat tucks the brush under one arm and begins twisting half my hair into a complicated braid. “Let me tell you exactly what would happen. If your Daddy gave into your demands, you would be arrested on the spot the moment you stepped off his plane. And unless your parents change their minds about cutting you off completely, you'll stay in prison until your trial, which could be several months away. If they are willing to pay for a halfway decent lawyer, you may get off with a few years of probation, which means none of that world travel you were just talking about. But most likely you'll go to jail, and I don't think I need to tell you that prison would not be kind to a pretty thing like yourself.”

Her words are like a bucket of ice-cold water being dumped on my head.

Because she's right. Even if I could convince Jasper to take me back, and even if everything went my way when I returned, my ruse would be uncovered in a heartbeat. Instead of the tragically missing daughter of a wealthy family, everyone would see me for what I actually am: a wanted fugitive who fled the country while awaiting trial. The media is unlikely to be kind to me, and if public opinion turns on me, the courts very well may follow.

Which means I'm stuck on this island with my fucked-up stepbrother and his equally fucked-up friends. And I have nobody to blame but myself.

## Chapter Nine

Juliet

With my hair in two perfect braids down either side of my head, Auntie Cat finally deems me ready to be seen in public. Taking my hand in hers, she leads me back down the stairs to where Jasper is waiting for us in the entryway. Beside him is a tall, broad-shouldered man with hair nearly as dark as Auntie Cat's.

They both turn as I approach, wide smiles stretching across both their faces.

"Richard!" Letting out a happy squeal, I race for him, giggling as he catches me and spins me around, the way he always has. He and Jasper met in school, and the fact that he was a scholarship kid instead of one of the wealthy elite always was a thorn in our parents' collective sides.

Which is part of why he's one of my favorite people in the whole world.

"There's my favorite brat," Richard says with a chuckle, pressing a kiss to my cheek. "Imagine my surprise when your Daddy told me he was bringing you here."

My heart drops into my stomach. "Oh my god. Don't tell me you're likethem."

Beside him, Jasper frowns, but Richard just laughs again. "You mean a Daddy? I absolutely am. Alice and I leapt at Jasper's offer to come to the island. Hopefully one day we'll have our own Little girl and you two will be best of friends."

Well, there goes any hope that I might find an ally in Richard. "I wanna get down now, please."

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:24 am*

“Aw, don’t be angry, little bit. Give it a chance, I think you’ll like it here.” With another squeeze, he puts me on my feet between him and Jasper.

“You were right as usual, Cat,” Jasper says, running a hand over one of my braids. My heart leaps at the touch, and I silently berate myself for enjoying even a second of his attention. “She looks adorable. Did you tell your Auntie Cat ‘Thank you’, princess?”

Something akin to dread settles in my stomach as the weight of three expectant stares settles on me. I should obey. I should just play along while I’m here, until I can figure out some kind of plan.

But the knowledge that I’m stuck here has settled like a burr under my skin, and the fact that I unwittingly did this to myself only makes it itch more. “No.”

Jasper’s smile doesn’t waver as he gives my braid a playful tug. “What do you say when someone does something nice for you, Juju?”

My bottom clenches involuntarily, as if it’s trying to remind me that misbehavior has consequences on this island. Consequences I am not willing to face again any time soon.

Still, I’m not quite ready to give in. “Can we just go? Solene is waiting.”

Now Jasper does frown. “Juliet. Say ‘Thank you’ to Auntie Cat, or we will go to Solene’s without you and you can stay here with Richard while we pick out your wardrobe ourselves. I already know your general size, and Solene will be happy to

make any adjustments we need later.”

Dammit. He knows exactly what button to push to gain my compliance. I might have been stubborn enough to earn myself another spanking, but I’m not about to leave my brother in charge of my wardrobe.

“Thank you, Auntie Cat,” I mumble without bothering to look at her.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart.”

Nothing about her tone says she’s bothered by the interaction, and I feel a little niggle of guilt about being so shitty to her.

Nope. None of that. She’s just as much a part of my brother keeping me here as anyone. I refuse to feel guilty for giving them back a little bit of their own.

“Good girl,” Jasper says with another gentle tug on my braid, and damn my heart for fluttering a bit at the praise. Shifting a bit, he gestures to the man beside him. “Juliet, Richard runs the household, so if there’s anything you need or want and I’m not available, you can ask him.”

Richard winks. “As long as your Daddy says it’s okay.” Leaning down, he drops his voice. “I have to say that when he’s around.”

“Don’t encourage her, Rich.”

“Now what’s the fun in that?”

Shaking his head, Jasper picks me up and settles me on his hip, shooting a mockingly stern glare in Richard’s direction. “If you spoil her, you’ll have to deal with her tantrums.”

Richard's smile turns indulgent as he tickles me. "Aw, she'll be a good girl for us, won't you, Juju?"

"Maybe," I say with an uncharacteristic giggle.

"Brat. You two better get going before Solene turns into a holy terror. Her Mommy will have all our heads if that happens."

"Say goodbye to Richard, Juju," Jasper says in the same sing-song voice one might use with an actual toddler.

I roll my eyes, but I'm not quite ready to test any of them by outright disobeying, so I wave. "Bye, Richard."

"Bye-bye, sweetheart. Enjoy your day out! And bring me one of those lemon scones from the bakery if you stop by."

Jasper carries me out to the waiting car and as we pull away from the house, all I can think is what a bizarre fucking day I've had.

And it's not even lunchtime.

Juliet

The ride to Solene's is filled with conversation, mostly between Jasper and Auntie Cat, though they do try to draw me in by asking what kind of dresses I might like. But since I doubt they'll appreciate my honest answer of "Anything that doesn't make me look like an overgrown toddler" I simply shrug and look out the window.

It isn't until the car parks on the street just outside a storefront with Solene's in giant script above the door that I allow myself to feel excited. Solene was one of my

favorite designers and a good friend before she just up and disappeared.

Without waiting for the driver to let us out, I dive for the door and shove it open. Jasper and Auntie Cat call after me, but I ignore them and make a run for the front door of the shop.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

Solene is standing there in the middle of the store, looking... nothing like I remember her.

The Solene I knew was always dressed in some edgy outfit of her own making, with pin straight hair cropped just above her shoulders. This Solene looks like a living doll in a dress that barely brushes the tops of her thighs, and layers upon layers of tulle. She's grown her hair out and the jet-black locks are styled into perfect ringlets.

"Juliet." Like her appearance, her voice is completely different. Tighter, colder than I remember it, and it's her voice that stops me in my tracks.

"Solene. God, I'm so happy to see you." I step forward, but stop again when Solene blinks, then frowns.

"Why would you be happy to see me?"

"Um, well." It's not often I find myself at a loss for words, but I'm so taken aback by Solene's ice-princess demeanor, my usual chattiness abandons me. "Because I missed you. You just sort of disappeared and nobody knew where you went."

"You missed my clothes, you mean."

"No. Well, I meanyes. Nobody holds a candle to you, as far as I'm concerned. But mostly I just missed my friend." Okay, that might be laying it on a little thick. Am I happy to see Solene? Yes. Did I spend a few days worrying about her when word got out that she'd vanished? Also yes.

But did I actually do anything to try and find her? Did I actively miss her as part of my social circle?

Not really. And I'm not exactly sure what that says about me as a person.

It's not a question I'm very comfortable with.

The frown on Solene's face deepens. "We weren't friends, Juliet."

Before I can ask her what she means, the door behind me opens and I spin around to find a very annoyed Jasper and Auntie Cat glaring down at me. "Come here, Juliet." My brother's words are steel, and my hands instinctively fly behind me to protect my bottom.

"Why? I didn't do anything!"

"One."

Embarrassment heats my cheeks at being treated like a child in front of Solene of all people. I mean, I guess she's into this kind of thing but still. "Why are you counting?"

Jasper only raises a brow in that stupid look he has that makes my bottom clench instinctively. "Two. Do not make me get to three, little girl."

Dragging my feet, I force myself to cross the distance between us. Jasper grips my chin, tilting my head back and forcing me to look into his unreadable eyes. "You do not get out of the car without an adult. When we are in public, I expect you to hold my hand, or the hand of whoever is responsible for you. I am not going to spank you, because you didn't know, but if it happens again I will bend you over right on the sidewalk and blister your bare bottom. Am I making myself perfectly clear, Juliet?"

“Yes.” Relief at not having to endure another punishment overshadows the embarrassment of being scolded like a naughty little girl in public. At least for a moment.

“Yes, what? Who am I, Juliet?”

I don’t want to say it. I especially don’t want to say it in front of Solene. But I also don’t want to risk provoking him. “Yes... Daddy.”

Pride lights up his whole face. “There’s my good girl. Are you ready to see what Solene has for you today?”

“Yes, please.”

Auntie Cat runs a hand down one of my braids, warmth beaming from her smile. “I do love a well-mannered Little girl,” she says with a soft sigh. “I’ve already had Solene set aside some pieces I think you might enjoy, but you can look around if you like and pick some things out for yourself. Everything in here can be customized.”

“Any customizations will take at least two months,” Solene says, her lips pressed into a tight smile. “I do have clients off island and I’m afraid I have a bit of a backlog.”

“Oh?” Ice coats Auntie Cat’s voice, reminding me more of the Catharina I once knew and I step to the side, straight into Jasper’s arms. “Well, that will never do. We can’t have our favorite designer working herself to exhaustion. Where’s Myra?”

A woman steps out of the back room, her lips curved up in a welcoming smile. Generous curves are highlighted by a tight pinup-style dress that cinches in at the waist to further accentuate her hourglass figure. The look is topped off by a pair of cat-eye glasses and dark hair pulled up in a severe bun that gives her the appearance

of a sexy school teacher. “Cat, Jasper. So lovely to see you both. Is there something I can help you with?”

I watch, fascinated as Auntie Cat presses a hand to her heart, a look of faux concern on her stunning face. “Your darling Little Solene just told us how backed up she is. We don’t want her overworking herself, poor thing. Is there anything we can do to help?”

Myra’s lips turn down in a frown that only adds to the stern schoolmarm look. “We have a couple of orders in the queue, but nothing we can’t handle.”

“Oh. So if we needed something customized, it wouldn’t take very long at all?”

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“No. A week, maybe two depending on which item you’re asking about. Sooner if you’re willing to pay the rush fee.” Turning, Myra plants her hands on her hips. “Solene? What’s this all about?”

Pink rushes to Solene’s cheeks as she shifts uneasily from one foot to another, looking as much like a naughty little girl as I have felt all morning. “Nothing, Mommy. Just, um, a misunderstanding, is all.”

“That must be it,” Auntie Cat says, nodding her head. “Because I knew when Solene said it would take two whole months for a custom order because of your backlog that couldn’t be quite right. I’m glad to know it’s all just a miscommunication.”

Myra’s eyes narrow. “Solene. Did you lie to Ms. Cat about your workload?”

Practically dancing in place now, Solene shakes her head. “No, Mommy! I just mis’membered!”

“Well, let’s see if a hot bottom won’t help you remember how you are supposed to treat our clients.”

Horried, I stand rooted to the spot, Jasper’s arms tight around my waist as Myra drags a whining Solene over to a chair. In a move so smooth it nearly has my jaw dropping, she has Solene over her knee, pulling her... holy shit is that a diaper? It looks like it, and Solene deftly removes it, setting it aside as she holds her Little girl over her lap. Something tickles the back of my mind, but I’m too distracted by the scene in front of me to pay it much notice.

“Mommy, no! I don’t wanna spankin’!” Solene wails, kicking her feet for all she’s worth.

But Myra simply locks one long leg over both of Solene’s, trapping her in place. “Cat, you wouldn’t happen to have your brush with you, would you?”

“Of course.” Reaching into her tote, Auntie Cat pulls out a large, rectangular hairbrush with a sleek wooden back, much like the one she used to brush my hair earlier, and hands it to Myra.

“Thank you. I don’t know what has gotten into my Little girl, but I can promise you it will not be an issue ever again.”

With that, Myra smacks the brush against Solene’s bare skin, and the air comes alive with Solene’s howls of pain as the brush connects over and over again. And although I know I should be horrified by what’s happening in front of me, I can’t take my eyes off Solene’s ass, which is growing pinker and pinker by the second.

“Owie, owie, owie! I’m sorry, Mommy, I’m sorry!”

As I watch my not-friend struggle and cry over her Mommy’s knee, my stepbrother gathers my dress in one hand, his other sliding down into my panties. “Do you like watching pretty Solene get her bottom spanked, princess?”

“No!” But I already know my protest is in vain. Because his hand is about to discover a truth I can’t hide.

“Liar,” he says with a low chuckle as his fingers slide into my soaked pussy. “You’re so wet, I’m going to need to change your diaper when this is all done.”

Need pierces me, so fierce it’s actually painful as he strokes my swollen clit.

I'm so overwhelmed by it, by him, it takes a moment for his words to fully register. For me to realize what that tickle was trying to tell me. And when I do, it's enough to shock me out of my pleasure-induced trance.

"Wait. Did you saydiaper?"

## Chapter Ten

Jasper

I nearly swallow my tongue trying to hold back my laughter at the shock in Juliet's voice. "Yes, princess. Your diaper."

Wrapping her fingers around my wrist, she tries to tug my hand away but I'm much stronger and I have every intention of making her come on my fingers right here in the middle of the boutique. "I'm notwearinga diaper, Jasper."

Annoyance pricks at the back of my skull and I cup her breast, giving the nipple a hard pinch that earns me a shocked squeak. "What do you call me, princess?"

"I'm about to call you a fucking hearse if you don't tell me what the hell is going onright now."

Up until this point, we've been whispering, but Juliet's voice pitches up at the end of her declaration, loud enough to catch Cat's attention and have her narrowing her eyes at us.

A few feet away Myra caps her Little girl's punishment off with two searing swats to her sit-spots before gathering Solene up in her arms. "There, there, my little elf. It's all over. Mommy's here."

Solene burrows into Myra's chest, her body shaking with sobs. "I'm s-sorry, Mommy!"

"I know you are, love. We can talk about it more later." Lifting her head, Myra sends us an apologetic smile. "I'm very sorry. I don't know what's gotten into my Little girl but it certainly will never happen again. Will it, Solene?"

"N-no, Mommy."

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“Apology accepted,” Cat says with a breezy smile. “We’re no stranger to naughty Littles, are we, Jasper?”

“We are not.” Between Victoria, our “niece” and now Juliet, we have more than our fair share of naughty to go around. “Speaking of, do you have a dressing room ready for us, Myra? I need a moment with my little princess.”

“Of course. The first door on the left there is open for you.”

“I’m not going anywhere until you answer me, Jasper!” Voice rising to a shriek, Juliet struggles against my hold, very clearly teetering on the edge of a full-blown tantrum.

Pulling my hand from her diaper, I bend and scoop her up, tossing her over my shoulder again as I stride toward the dressing room Myra indicated. Juliet’s screams and curses pierce the air as I close the door behind us and deposit her in front of the three-way mirror.

Turning her to face the mirror, I clasp a hand over her mouth, earning me a furious look in the reflection. “I am trying to be understanding here, Juliet. I know this has all been a lot for you to take in, but I will not, under any circumstances, allow you to disrespect me like this. Especially in public.”

The door to the dressing room opens and Cat peeks in, dangling the pacifier gag from her fingers. “I thought you might want this.”

Perfect. “Thank you, Catharina. Give Myra and Solene my apologies, will you? Juliet

won't be able to apologize on her own behalf."

"Of course."

When the door closes again, I tuck the pacifier in my pocket and grab both of Juliet's braids. "On your knees, little girl. Apparently Daddy didn't do a good enough job of washing all of those naughty words out of your mouth before."

Juliet

Fuck.

I really, really need to learn to keep my mouth shut.

But when I realized I was wearing a goddamndiaper, it was as if all rational thought left my brain. All I knew was the humiliation of not just being put in a diaper, but being finger-fucked in one while I watched one of the most talented designers of my generation get her ass paddled right in front of me.

Honestly, my reaction almost seems anticlimactic in light of all that. I should be rewarded for my restraint, if you ask me.

Unfortunately, I don't think Jasper sees things my way. And the pressure of him tugging on my braids doesn't leave me with much choice but to sink to my knees in front of him.

Holding tight with one hand, he uses the other to flick open his slacks, pulling his cock free.

And I get my first good look at Jasper Blackwood's infamous dick.

I'd heard whispers. People sometimes forgot—or didn't care—that I was his sister and I'd have to listen to them giggle over how huge my brother's cock was.

Back then, I assumed they were all full of shit. And I'm still sure at least half of them were. Jasper has a reputation for being a bit of a playboy, but I know for a fact some of those girls never got within a hundred feet of him.

Those who had, however, hadn't been lying. My brother is huge.

And not just long. But wide as well. As I stare down the giant cock in front of me, panic wraps around my chest at the thought of having that thing in my mouth.

Or anywhere else for that matter.

Ignoring the growing ache down there, I look up at Jasper, giving him my best pout. "I'm sorry, Daddy! I'll be good, I promise!" I still hate the way Daddy feels on my tongue, but considering how much trouble I've landed myself in, I need to appease him in some way.

"Good. Because I don't want to spend all of my time punishing you, Juliet. But I will if that's what it takes to get through to you that you are no longer in charge. Be a good girl and open that naughty little mouth for Daddy."

"But I said I was sorry," I whine, the words somewhat muffled by my efforts to not open my mouth any further than necessary.

I wouldn't put it past Jasper to just shove the damn thing in while I'm talking.

His expression might as well be carved from stone when he stares down at me. "You can be sorry all you want, little girl, you are still getting your mouth washed out with Daddy's cock. If you keep fighting me, I'll have to call Auntie Cat in to hold your

mouth open for me.”

Well, that’s a humiliation I absolutely don’t need. Faced, once again, with an impossible choice, I force my lips to part.

“Wider.”

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Glaring up at him, I open wider, as wide as my mouth will go, and fear skitters up my spine as I consider that it might not be wide enough for him.

“Good girl. Try to breathe through your nose as much as possible. This isn’t going to be easy to take.”

Before I can fully process the meaning of his words, my mouth is full of him. Full of soft, velvety skin wrapped around a core of steel.

With a pained groan, he grabs my other braid, wrapping them both around his hands as he fucks my mouth with short, shallow thrusts. “Fuck me, princess. If I’d known your mouth would feel this good I wouldn’t have waited so long to get you on your knees.”

Pride wells in my chest. There’s power in knowing I can bring a man like Jasper Blackwood to his figurative knees with just my mouth.

What will he do, I wonder, when he finally learns how good my pussy feels?

Maybe there’s hope for my life on this island yet.

Focusing on the task in front of me, I hollow my cheeks, sucking hard on his cock and earning myself a sharp hiss in return. “So eager to have your tummy full of Daddy’s cum, little girl?” he asks with a strained laugh. “I can certainly accommodate you.”

That’s the only warning I get before he flexes his hips, driving his cock straight to the

back of my mouth. Instinct takes over, and the muscles of my throat contract around him, making me gag. And instead of pulling back, Jasper holds himself there, forcing me to gag on his gigantic cock as drool spills down the sides of my cheeks. I try breathing through my nose, like he said, but I can only get a tiny bit of air in that way.

My vision goes dark at the edges and I wrap my hands around his wrists, clawing at the cuffs of his custom-fitted jacket as desperation fills me. My lungs burn, and for a moment I am actually worried I might choke to death on my stepbrother's cock.

Then he pulls back and I gasp for air, tears streaming from my eyes to mingle with the saliva on my chin as I stare up at him in shock.

“Are you trying to kill me?” My voice rises to a shriek, but Jasper only grins down at me.

“Far from it, princess. I am simply teaching you how to speak to your Daddy. Open wide so we can finish your lesson.”

Fuck you. The words burn on my tongue, but self-preservation wins the day. And even though my heart is pounding with a fear unlike any I've ever known, I force my lips to part again.

He isn't gentle. With my hair wrapped around his fists, he anchors me in place as he uses my mouth for his pleasure, with zero regard for my comfort.

Or my safety.

More than once, I'm left wondering how close he means to take me to the brink of death as I choke on his cock.

But fear isn't the only thing I'm feeling. The more he uses me, the more he hurts me,

the more my pussy drips until it's practically a flood. And I have the fleeting thought that it's actually a good thing I'm wearing a diaper because otherwise I would be leaving a puddle on Solene's floor.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Finally, he thrusts deep into my mouth and his cock swells a moment before the hot, salty taste of him spills down my throat. I don't have a choice but to swallow and keep swallowing until all of him has been emptied into my stomach.

Pulling his cock free, Jasper releases my braids and reaches into his pocket for the pacifier gag. I don't even bother to fight as he pushes the rubber tip into my mouth and buckles the gag behind my head. "You will watch your language, Juliet. You will be polite and respectful to myself and everyone else. Have I made myself perfectly clear, little girl?"

I nod, and when I inevitably suck on the pacifier, I taste him all over again.

"Good girl. You may stand up now. Your Auntie Cat has been dying to spoil you and I for one am not going to risk her wrath by making her wait any longer."

Jasper helps me to my feet, pulling me into his arms for a surprisingly comforting hug. He presses a kiss to the top of my head and I close my eyes, allowing myself to believe for just a brief, shimmering moment that he actually cares about me.

"I know this hasn't been easy on you, princess. But I promise if you'd just stop fighting me, you might actually enjoy yourself."

There's no point in trying to argue, especially with the stupid pacifier in my mouth. Even if I could speak, he wouldn't listen. So I just nod my head again, and hope it's enough to appease him for a while.

Tucking me up against his side with one arm around my shoulder, Jasper opens the dressing room door and guides me back out to the floor. And it's a good thing the pacifier is strapped in, or I'm certain it would be on the ground.

Because my mouth has fallen open at the sight that greets me. Solene, one of the greatest artistic minds the world has ever seen, is cradled in Myra's arms, her eyes closed as she suckles at the bare breast in her mouth.

Glancing up at us, Myra smiles. "She always nurses after a punishment. All that crying takes a lot out of her and it helps us reconnect. Feel free to ignore us while you shop."

Auntie Cat steps forward, all beaming smiles as she holds out a hand. "Come, Juju. We've got some shopping to do."

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I can't take my eyes off Solene, fucking Solene nursing at another woman's breast, but Auntie Cat doesn't give me a choice. She gives my hand a firm tug, pulling me away from the scene and to the other side of the store.

It isn't long before I'm caught up in the thrill of shopping, though I still occasionally sneak glances over at Solene. At some point she finishes nursing and sits squirming on a wooden stool behind the counter while we shop.

And shop. And shop. Dresses, onesies, overalls, socks and shoes, everything I imagine a Little girl could possibly want or need has either been packed up or ordered for us by the time we leave, and even I am a little shocked by how much Auntie Cat and Jasper have spent on me.

Maybe being "Daddy's little girl" won't be so bad after all.

### Chapter Eleven

Jasper

Shopping, as it always has, puts Juliet in a much better mood than before. So much so, I'm able to reward her by removing the pacifier gag. And it's a good thing her attitude is so improved, considering what's in store for her this afternoon.

But before we get to that, Cat and I walk her over to the cafe for lunch. Between shopping and fucking my naughty little stepsister's face, I'm famished.

As soon as we step into the bright, colorful interior of the cafe, a happy shriek meets

our ears. “Auntie Cat! Uncle Jasper!”

Tori makes a beeline for Cat, who swoops her up in a tight hug, her laughter ringing out as she cuddles our “niece” to her chest. “Hello, sweet girl. I guess you aren’t holding a grudge over yesterday, then?”

Pink blossoms on Tori’s cheeks as she shakes her head, her brown curls bouncing with the movement. “No, Ma’am. I’m sorry I was so naughty.”

“Apology accepted, sweetheart. Are you feeling better today?”

“Uh-huh. Daddy brought me to get a treat ‘cuz I’ve beensogood! I got a brownie as big as my head!”

“That’s right, little one.” Beaming with pride, Maxwell holds his arms out for Cat to pass his Little girl back to him. His gaze drops to my side, where Juliet is still clinging to my hand. “And this must be the lovely Juliet. I’m?—”

“Maxwell Stone,” Juliet interrupts, her tone smug. “I know who you are.”

Of course she does. He is, or was, one of the most eligible bachelors in the world until little Victoria came along. Juliet likely has a file on her phone with his likes, dislikes, everything down to his shoe size and his favorite restaurant.

It takes me a moment to identify the emotion clawing at my stomach as jealousy. I am not a man accustomed to the emotion and I don’t appreciate feeling it now. But the thought that my Little girl might have her eye on someone who isn’t me doesn’t sit well in the least.

Maxwell glances over at me, one dark eyebrow raising before shifting his attention back to Juliet. “I was going to say I’m your Uncle Max. And this is my Little girl,

Victoria.”

“You can call me Tori if you want to.” From her perch on her Daddy’s hip, Tori gives a shy wave. “I like your dress.”

The snort of derision Juliet returns has Maxwell’s mouth tipping down in a frown. But my sister doesn’t seem to notice. “This thing? It’s ridiculous. Like, I know it’s a Solene original but come on. It’s hideous.”

It isn’t lost on anyone, especially not poor little Tori, that the dress Juliet is wearing is nearly identical to the one Tori has on, only in a different color. “Oh,” Tori says softly, her bottom lip trembling just a bit before she turns to wrap her arms around Maxwell’s neck, her face hidden in his shoulder.

Now the look Maxwell sends my way is full of censure, and I don’t blame him one bit. Fury bubbles in my veins as I look down at my unrepentant Little girl. “Juliet. That was incredibly rude. Apologize to Uncle Max and Victoria right now.”

“Why? I was just being honest.” She looks up at me, a too-sweet smile plastered on her face. “Wouldn’t you want me to be honest, big brother?”

“There is a difference between honest and cruel, little girl. Apologize. Now.”

“I’m not going to apologize for sharing my opinions.”

“All right. Then I’m sure your Uncle Max will be happy to teach you a lesson in manners. Max?”

With a predatory smile stretched across his face, Max nods. “Gladly. Cat, would you mind taking Victoria for me while I deal with our naughty little niece?”

“What?” Juliet’s voice is so shrill it nearly makes me wince as she jerks her hand from mine and takes a stumbling step backward. Eyes wild with horror, she looks from me to Maxwell and back again. “You can’t let him spank me!”

“I absolutely can, and will, Juliet. You were very rude and you hurt Victoria’s feelings. Since you don’t want to apologize on your own, you can apologize from over Uncle Max’s lap.”

“Daddy, no!” As her protests turn to wails, Juliet throws her hands behind her, as if that will be enough to protect her from any punishment she’s earned. “I don’t want him to spank me, please, Daddy!”

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The hint of panic in her voice, combined with the fact that she's called me Daddy without prompting, cracks my resolve and I hold up a hand to halt Maxwell, who narrows his eyes at me.

Ignoring him for the time being, I turn to Juliet. "If you apologize right now, Uncle Max won't spank you. But there will be consequences when we return home. Those are your choices, Juliet."

It's fascinating to watch the struggle play out on her face. For someone who grew up in a household and a social circle where masking your emotions is a skill taught from birth, Juliet has never been able to hide hers very well. At least, not from me. I watch as anger, worry, defiance, and a jumble of other feelings dance in her eyes.

Eventually, her shoulders slump forward. "Sorry," she mumbles, so quietly I can barely hear her.

"Apologize to Victoria, loud enough so she can hear you, please."

With a dramatic sigh, Juliet looks over at Tori, who is clinging to Cat as she watches the scene unfold with wide eyes. "I'm sorry I said our dresses were ugly. They're just... not really my style."

"Oh, but you look so pretty!" Tori gushes excitedly. "Like a real princess. Doesn't she look like a princess, Auntie Cat?"

"She does." Cat's agreement is delivered with an approving smile. "Perhaps you and Juliet can have a playdate sometime soon and you can show her your princess

dressess. We could have a princess tea party.”

Squealing with excitement, Tori claps her hands together. “Please, oh please, ohplease, Uncle Jasper! Could we?”

I glance over at Maxwell, who does not look at all mollified by Juliet’s apology and I bite back a sigh. Of all the people on the island, Juliet had to piss off the one man with enough power to make my life miserable onandoff the island. “That’s up to your Daddy, sweetheart.”

“Daddy, can we please have a tea party, please?”

Maxwell’s expression changes in a fingersnap, the indulgent smile he usually wears whenever Tori is around making a reappearance. “We’ll see, little one. Let’s give Juliet a few days to get settled in before we start making plans.”

Bottom lip puffed out into a pout, Tori sighs. “Okay, Daddy.”

“There’s my good girl. We need to get going now. Daddy needs to get back home for a big meeting.”

“Youalways have a big meeting,” Tori whines as Cat passes her back to Maxwell.

“I know, little one. And you’re being so patient today. Daddy is very proud of you.”

Their conversation fades as they leave the shop. The moment the door shuts behind them, Juliet crosses her arms and glares up at me. “You wouldn’t really let him spank me.”

It’s delivered as a statement of fact rather than a question, and my palm physically itches to connect with her bottom. But we have an appointment to get to after lunch,

so teaching my naughty girl a lesson in manners will have to wait until we get home.

For now, however, I am happy to disabuse her of whatever notions she has that she has any say over what happens to her on this island. Capturing her chin in my hand, I force her head back, a dark sort of satisfaction swelling inside me when her eyes go wide.

“Let me make something crystal clear, right now. From the moment you stepped onto that plane, you became my Little girl. Which means your body is mine to do with as I please. You have no say over who bathes you, dresses you, feeds you, or punishes you. If I want to strap you to a table and let every one of your Uncles fuck your pretty little pussy, there is nothing you could do to stop me. So to answer your question, yes, I would absolutely let your Uncle Max spank you. I would let your Auntie Cat spank you. Hell, I would let Alex, the owner of this cafe spank you if I thought it was necessary to teach you a lesson.” Gripping her face tighter, I lean down, my voice dropping to a growl. “Iownyou, Juliet Blackwood. The sooner you come to terms with that, the happier we both will be.”

Juliet

“You don’t own me.”

My protest is meant to sound defiant. Confident. Instead, it comes out as little more than a scared whisper, adding humiliation to the fear and anger churning in my gut.

Jasper smiles. At least, that’s what the curving of his lips should be called. But there’s no warmth, no cheer in the gesture at all. There is only a cruelty that nearly stops my heart.

“Oh, but I do, Juliet. You made your choices, and they led you to me. Now the only choices you have are obey or be punished. Because naughty Little girls like you who

can't be trusted to do the right thing lose their right to make their own decisions."

"That's not how the world works, Jasper!" My voice has regained some of its strength, but I still don't sound nearly as confident as I would like. Ifeel even less confident. "You can't just claim you own someone. There's laws against that kind of thing."

"My sweet little sister. Haven't you realized yet that unlike you, I am not beholden to anything as pedestrian as laws? The only law here is my word."

Cold settles in my stomach, making me vaguely nauseous. "There has to be someone you answer to."

"Maxwell would be the closest thing to a king we have here on the island. If you'd like to ask him for mercy, be my guest."

Great. The one person who might have been able to help me, and I've already pissed him off.

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Maybe if I give him some time to cool off, show him and all the others I can be as sweet and obedient as Victoria, maybethe he'll soften enough for me to convince him to send me home. Even with all the holes Auntie Cat pointed out in my plan earlier, I'm determined to get the hell off this island. I'll beg, I'll plead, I'll play whatever part my parents want me to, as long as it means I can be free again.

But in order to have a chance in hell of any of that happening, first I'll have to play the part Jasper so desperately wants me to play. Daddy's good Little girl.

Fuck me.

"I'm sorry, Daddy." Sniffling delicately, I let my bottom lip wobble just a bit, as if I'm valiantly holding back tears. "I just... it's been really hard today. But I'll be good. I promise."

Doubt flickers in Jasper's eyes, but he nods slowly at my apology. "It has been a hard day, hasn't it, Juju? Come on, let's get some lunch with Auntie Cat, and then you and I have an appointment."

"What kind of an appointment?" I ask as he and Auntie Cat lead me to the front counter.

"Just a quick check-up. Doctor D is very excited to meet you."

Why do I have a feeling that I won't be nearly as happy to meet this mysterious Doctor D?

## Chapter Twelve

### Juliet

We part ways with Auntie Cat after a thankfully uneventful lunch. And, surprisingly, once I stopped fighting them so much, it was actually a pleasant experience. Auntie Cat, I discovered, is a fantastic storyteller and once she and Jasper got going together, I found myself laughing so hard I nearly wet my diaper.

Not that I would ever be caught dead doing such a thing. But it was a close call.

Jasper pauses in front of one of the buildings in the oddly charming little downtown area he and his friends have built on the island and reaches for the door. “Time for your check-up, princess.”

Ugh. It’s not that I necessarily have anything against doctors, but I just had my yearly physical a couple months ago and the whole process is dreadfully boring. But I’m determined to stick to my “Good Little girl” routine, at least long enough for me to find a way off this godforsaken island, so I force myself to smile up at him. “Okay, Daddy.”

We step into the waiting room, which is at least as nice as the doctor’s offices I’m used to back on the mainland. At least I’ll be able to keep some standard of living while I’m here.

“Mr. Blackwood! Hello!” The perky blonde at the front desk positively beams at Jasper, and it’s all I can do not to snarl at her.

It’s not that I’m jealous, exactly. But if I’m going to be stuck playing Daddy’s Little girl, then I’ll be damned if I’m going to share him in the meantime

“Hi, Millie.” Jasper smiles back, that dazzling Blackwood charm on full display, and the urge to punch them both nearly overwhelms me. “Is Doctor D ready for us?”

“He actually had to run out to the farm to check on one of the cows but he should be back in just a few minutes. We can go ahead and get started checking Juliet’s vitals if you’d like, though.”

Farm?Cows? “Jasper, did you bring me to a fuckingveterinarian?” I know he apparently sees me as nothing more than his property but this is pushing things too goddamn far.

Jasper frowns down at me. “Language, Juliet.”

“Seriously? You’re worried about my language but not about letting a freaking animal doctor put his hands on me?”

Silence fills the room for a moment before Jasper throws his head back and laughs, a deep, rich sound that makes the butterflies in my stomach take flight. The sound mingles with the blonde girl’s high-pitched giggle and I swear nothing in my life has been more difficult than fighting the urge to storm out of that doctor’s office.

“Poor Juju,” Jasper says with a shake of his head. “Doctor D isn’t a vet. I promise you he is a highly skilled physician. One of the top in the world, actually. You’ll be in good hands, I promise.”

“But she just said he was off taking care of a cow!”

“That’s not...” Trailing off, Jasper snorts out another laugh. “You know what, it would be easier to show you. Victoria’s been begging to go see the farm anyway. I’ll give Maxwell a call and perhaps we can go sometime soon. For now, just trust Daddy that you’ll be well taken care of. Can you do that for me, princess?”

“I guess,” I grumble. Not that I have much choice in the matter.

“Thank you. Millie, I think we’re ready now if you want us to come back.”

“Sure thing, Mr. Blackwood.”

Taking my hand again, Jasper leads me through the door to the left of the receptionist desk. Millie is waiting for us behind the door, with that same bright smile on her face and a tablet tucked in the crook of her arm. “We’ll just need to get her weight before we take her vitals. Doctor D prefers the most accurate reading possible, so if you wouldn’t mind taking off her clothes and diaper, we can get started.”

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

The discovery that this complete stranger knows I'm wearing a diaper beneath my Little girl dress is almost more than I can take. Humiliation heats my cheeks and before I can stop myself, I do actually snarl at her. "I'm right here, you know. Stop talking about me like I'm not even in the room."

"Juliet! That is enough." Jasper's voice is a whipcrack of authority and I silently curse myself for not being able to keep my temper in check for once.

Being a good girl is really fucking hard.

"Sorry, Daddy," I mumble, looking down at the ground to give the impression of a sad, contrite little girl. And to give me time to hide the anger I'm certain is still blazing in my eyes.

"You are going to be by the time I'm through with you, little girl. I have had more than enough of your attitude. As soon as we are done with your appointment, we are going straight home so Daddy can teach his naughty girl a lesson about how to behave in public."

Shit, shit, shit. So much for being Daddy's good girl. "I'm sorry," I whine, scuffing my shiny Mary Jane against the tiled floor. "I didn't mean to be bad!"

"Whether you meant to be naughty or not, I've given you more than enough chances to change your behavior. You should consider yourself lucky that you aren't already over my knee getting your bare bottom spanked right in front of Millie."

As ridiculous as it seems, I actually do realize how lucky I am that he hasn't yet

followed through on his threats to spank me in public. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl. Now, turn around so Daddy can unzip your dress.”

Unwilling to push any more of his buttons, I obey, turning my back to him so he can undress me. From the corner of my eye, I catch sight of Millie watching us with a strange expression on her face. If I didn’t know any better, I’d swear she’s looking at us with something almost like... longing.

That can’t be right. Nobody in their right mind would actually want this.

Would they?

Jasper strips my dress from me, distracting me from Millie’s curious reaction. It escaped my notice this morning, amidst the chaos of waking up as an adult-sized toddler, that my brother neglected to put me in a bra.

Which means I’m now standing in the middle of this supposed doctor’s office wearing nothing but a diaper.

Kill. Me. Now.

It’s not that I have a problem being topless in front of strangers. Lord knows I’ve been to enough nude beaches and sunbathed naked on enough yachts in my lifetime to have rid me of any embarrassment on that front.

The diaper is what gets to me. If anyone had asked me two days ago if anything embarrassed me, I would have laughed in their faces.

I am definitely not laughing now.

Jasper

I never thought I'd see the day that Juliet Blackwood was embarrassed by anything.

But here she stands, her face flaming red as she crosses her hands over her diaper. Not, I notice, her bare breasts which I imagine is what most Little girls in her position would try to cover first.

Juliet, however, seems much more worried about the diaper being on display than her actual body. Tucking that information in the back of my mind, I make a mental note to call Solene later. Perhaps some of her dresses can be altered to have her diaper on full display at all times.

For now, I have a naughty Little girl in need of a check-up.

"The diaper needs to go too, princess," I remind her as I reach for the tabs.

Relief flashes across Juliet's face. "Fine by me." The red in her cheeks darkens and she looks sheepish for a second before she corrects herself. "I mean, Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl." There's a small, nasty voice in the back of my head that says her sudden compliance is just an act. Another manipulation in a long line of schemes she's used to get her way with our parents and now me.

It could be her working an angle. But for the time being I'm content to pretend with her. And maybe if I praise her often enough, she'll actually want to be my good girl at some point.

A Daddy can dream, can't he?

When the diaper comes off, Juliet immediately relaxes and the confident woman I'm

used to seeing reemerges as she steps up onto the scale.

Millie records the number before she ushers us into an exam room, where I sit and hold Juliet on my lap as Millie takes her blood pressure. “A tad high, but that can happen when there’s strong emotions involved. Doctor D will let you know if he thinks it’s anything you need to keep an eye on. So now I just need to get her temperature. Would you rather put her up on the table or hold her on your lap?”

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

I'm enjoying the soft weight of Juliet in my arms far too much to let go of her just yet. "Lap is fine."

"Perfect. Once you get her in position, I can either take her temperature myself or I can show you how it's done."

"I'd love for you to teach me, if you don't mind."

An approving smile lights up Millie's face. "I don't mind at all. Doctor D believes all Daddies and Mommies should know how to take their Little one's temperatures."

"You're acting like you need a medical degree to take a temperature," Juliet says with a roll of her eyes. "It's not like it's all that hard to shove a thermometer in someone's mouth."

I catch Millie's eye a moment before she ducks her head to hide her smile. Which I can't blame her for, seeing as how it's taking all my self-control not to laugh at Juliet's naivete. "The thermometer doesn't go in your mouth, princess."

"Of course it does." There's a bite of annoyance in Juliet's voice she can't quite hide. "Where else would you put a thermometer?"

If there's one thing Blackwoods believe above all else, it's that action is king. Sitting around talking about what you plan to do means nothing without action.

With that in mind, I flip Juliet over my knee, pinning her in place by trapping her legs between mine. "The most accurate way to take a Little girl's temperature is in her

bottom. Isn't that right, Millie?"

"Yes, Mr. Blackwood."

"What?" Juliet's screech pierces the air as she struggles over my knee. "You are not putting anything there, Jasper! Let me go!"

Two hard swats, one for each bottom cheek, settles her down quickly. "You are on very thin ice, little girl. What do you call me?"

A long pause, before her much more respectful, if somewhat strained voice reaches my ears. "Please don't put anything in my bottom, Daddy."

Emotion tugs at my heart. She really does sound distressed, and as much as I may be enjoying putting my bratty little stepsister in her place, I'm not a complete monster. "I'm afraid you're going to have to get used to having things in your bottom, princess." Including Daddy's cock. But I worry that thought may send her over the edge, so I keep it to myself for now. "Now, be a good girl for me and don't struggle, and maybe we can have a treat when we get home."

She snuffles quietly. "What kind of treat?"

"Do you remember when our parents first married and we all went to Paris for a family vacation a few weeks later? To bond, they told us, though you and I joked the whole time it was just good press."

"Yeah. I remember. You took me into the catacombs even though you were terrified."

I give her bottom another halfhearted swat as a laugh bubbles in my chest. "I was not terrified, I just couldn't figure out why a sweet little girl like yourself wanted to do something so objectively awful. Anyway, you and I visited this little cafe later and

they had the most incredible mille-feuille. I thought you might die from pleasure on the spot when you tasted it.”

“I remember. I’ve been back a few times, just for that. Nobody else makes it quite the same.”

“I know. Which is why Chef Michael is on the phone right now with the pastry chef of that same restaurant, getting his exact recipe. If you can behave for the rest of your visit with Doctor D, you can have an extra big slice for dessert tonight. How does that sound, princess?”

There’s another long pause, and I brace myself for a fight. But then she sighs and her body lays heavy over my knee. “All right, Daddy. I’ll be good.”

## Chapter Thirteen

Juliet

What does it say about me, I wonder, that my obedience can be so easily bought with the promise of dessert?

Of all the things he’s done to me so far, bribing me with sweets makes me feel the most like an actual child. Perhaps because this is the first time I’ve actually felt such a childlike response. The moment he’d told me about the cake waiting for me at home, I was filled with an excitement and longing I hadn’t felt in a very long while.

I was also filled with some other emotion I couldn’t place. One that made my chest hurt and my throat feel tight. That one had started when he’d begun speaking so fondly of our time in Paris. I had no idea he even remembered that trip, and I certainly had no idea his memories were so sweet.

Almost as sweet as my own.

Paris was the first time I realized I might be falling a little in love with my new older brother. At the tender age of sixteen, I'd had my heart broken by a few silly boys, but I'd never even considered handing it over to a man. But the day Jasper had taken me under his wing, escorting me about the city, showing me all his favorite spots while also indulging my curiosity in things like the catacombs—and I don't care what he says, he was terrified of them—I'd started to realize what I'd been missing with the boys I dated. Someone who didn't just shower me with attention for show, but who actually cared about the things I was interested in. Who listened when I spoke and laughed so hard he couldn't breathe when I said something particularly witty.

But Jasper obviously hadn't felt anything remotely similar for me. The second our trip was over, he was off again on some other adventure, leaving me behind with our asshole parents.

Or maybe he had felt something. And maybe he'd been lying in wait all this time, counting the seconds until he could make me his.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

The hope of that is too painful to bear, so I deliberately force it out of my mind to focus on the much more immediate issue at hand. Namely, the conversation going on above me as Millie instructs my stepbrother to spread my bottom cheeks with one hand as he dips the thermometer into a vat of Vaseline with the other.

Humiliation floods me, heating every inch of my skin as he exposes my asshole to the room. The one part of me I've never allowed a man to touch. Just the thought of putting something there never appealed to me, and I am not a woman accustomed to doing things that do not appeal, at least on some level.

But now, here I am, naked over my brother's lap with that forbidden part of me on full display as he prods it with something wet and cold. The second the thermometer touches my skin, every part of me tenses in response and I shake my head wildly since it's the only part of me I can currently move. "Oh, Daddy, no! Please take my temperature the right way, I swear I'll be a good girl forever!"

"Shh, princess. Relax your bottom so it doesn't hurt as much." His chest vibrates with low laughter. "Or don't and let me hurt you. I'm honestly fine either way but I assume you do have a preference."

Of course I have a fucking preference. Which would be pretty much anything but what's actually happening to me right now.

Since that's clearly not an option, I close my eyes and drag in as deep of a breath as I can manage from my position over his knee, and try to find my happy place. Which, somewhat ironically, happens to be that little cafe in Paris. Memories fill my mind, of Jasper seated across from me at the table, his head thrown back in laughter at some

quip I've made. The crowds passing by the window, so sleek and fashionable, other than the tourists which we make a game of trying to figure out where people are from based on their clothes and how utterly confused they look as they check their phones for directions.

Only now, the memory becomes less and less of a memory as it continues. Because now, even in my mind, I'm not wearing the latest fashions, fresh off the runway. I'm wearing one of Solene's dresses, a deep blue number covered in silver stars and matching silver shoes. And Jasper... he's still the same, mostly. Only now there's a look in his eye. An affection that definitely was not there in my memories.

Emotion clogs my throat as the image solidifies in my mind and I'm struck by how badly I want that exact scene to play out in real life. To have my brother look at me, his eyes so full of love and approval and pride it makes my chest ache.

I'm so distracted by the new "memory", I barely feel the thermometer slide into my bottom. There's no pain, only a slight pressure that makes me whimper softly as he gives the infernal thing a gentle twist.

"Such a good little princess," he croons. "You're doing such a good job for me, baby. Can you keep being good for just a little while longer? I promise we'll be done here soon."

His praise warms me from the inside, as much as I don't want it to. "O-okay, Daddy."

"And then we can go home and you can have a bit of a nap before we get ready for dinner. Complete with the special dessert Chef Michael is whipping up for us. How does that sound, princess?"

It... honestly doesn't sound that bad, actually. Except for the nap part, though I have a feeling I'll be ready for one after everything he's laid out. Especially if he gives me

another one of those yummy orgasms like he did this morning.

But I've learned my lesson about arguing, at least for now, so I just nod. "Yes, Daddy."

"That's my girl. And that's the timer. We're all done with your temperature, princess. See? It wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No, Daddy." The humiliation was really the worst part of it, all things considered, though I am still very grateful when he pulls the thermometer from my bottom and helps me to sit up on his lap again.

Millie, who has stayed silent through this entire ordeal, beams at the glass tube in her hand. "Ninety-seven-point-nine. Nearly perfect."

"Hear that, princess?" Pulling me close, Jasper presses a kiss to my hair. "You're perfect."

"She said nearly perfect," I remind him, though my heart is swelling with pride anyway.

"Who cares what that silly thermometer says. You're still perfect to me."

For a brief moment, I actually believe him. And for a brief moment, I allow myself to believe that maybe being Jasper Blackwood's baby wouldn't be such a bad fate after all. Nobody has ever held me with such tenderness or showered me with such praise, and I can already tell I'm becoming addicted to his words.

But then the door to the exam room opens, and a foreboding man with a head full of salt-and-pepper hair steps inside. When he smiles, there is no warmth in the gesture, and I find myself curling up against my brother's chest in an attempt to hide from this

strange, dreadful man.

“Hello, little one. I’m Doctor D.”

Jasper

In my arms, Juliet trembles, curling into me with a soft whimper of fear. Not that I can blame her. Doctor D is an imposing figure even on his best days.

Which is, of course, part of the reason we selected him for our island. We need someone as firm and strict as the rest of us to ensure our little ones’ continued obedience. There is a time and place for a kind doctor with a gentle touch.

The island is not that place.

Still, I can’t help the stir of pity in my chest as Juliet clings to me. Or the swell of pride I feel, knowing it’s me she’s turning to when she’s afraid. Not that there are any other options available to her, but knowing she’s seeking comfort in her Daddy’s arms rather than standing on her own as she has done for so much of her life makes me feel even more possessive toward her than I already did.

“Say hello to Doctor D,” I prod gently, keeping my tone soft and soothing for the time being. If she wants to see me as her savior, I’m in no rush to disabuse her of this notion.

“Hello.” Her voice is barely a whisper, tremulous with a hint of fear I’ve yet to be able to instill in her myself. Which is exactly why we chose the man we did for this particular job.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

“The island is already swirling with rumors about your beauty, Juliet.” Doctor D smiles, just a little, and there’s a sharp edge to it that has Juliet pressing even more tightly against me. “And your naughtiness. But you aren’t going to be naughty for me, are you, Juliet? You’re going to be a good girl and do exactly as you’re told.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll be good.”

In a flash, Doctor D’s smile widens, and one could almost mistake him for a kind, grandfatherly figure. “So happy to hear it. Jasper, let’s get your little one up on the table for her exam. Did you follow all of my instructions this morning?”

Rising from my seat, I carry Juliet over to the table and sit her on the paper. “Unfortunately, I wasn’t able to clean her out per your instructions. And she has had one orgasm already today, though it was several hours ago.”

Ignoring Juliet’s embarrassed hiss, Doctor D nods and taps at the screen in his hand. “I see. And given the lateness of the appointment, I assume you’ve eaten today?”

“Yes.”

The other man hums, the sound tinged with disapproval as he continues tapping. “All right. We can still do her exam, I’ll just need to have Millie mix up a cleaning solution for us. You’ll need to come back later this week for the fasting bloodwork so we can run those tests.”

“Perfect. Thank you.”

“Now...” He looks up from his tablet, a glimmer of sadistic glee in his eye. “As I mentioned, the island is already buzzing with talk of your Juliet’s behavior today. I’ve found that an extra-thorough cleaning out can often put the naughtiest Little girl in the right frame of mind. Would you like me to have Millie mix up a special solution for Little Juliet here?”

I do owe Juliet a punishment for her behavior, including how she’s acted here at Doctor D’s office. And perhaps if I allow him to administer her punishment, she’ll continue looking to me for comfort, the way she did when he first entered the room. The thought of her seeking me out that way is far too enticing to pass up, so I nod. “I think that would be a good idea.”

“Excellent. She’ll be right in.”

“What do you mean by ‘cleaning out’?” Some of Juliet’s usual haughtiness has returned, as evidenced by the way she jerks her chin up when we look down at her. “Stop talking in riddles and tell me what’s going on.”

Doctor D glances over at me, but I gesture for him to go on. The more Juliet can associate her punishment with him, and her comfort with me at the moment, the better. “Little girls need their insides completely cleaned out before they can be properly examined, Juliet. It helps to get rid of any yuckiness left behind by a poor diet.”

“Excuse me? I’ve had world-class chefs at my fingertips my entire life.”

Once again ignoring her, Doctor D simply continues. “It also, in my experience, helps to rid the little one of any naughtiness that might be lingering inside her. And since you seem to have a good bit of naughtiness, we’re going to need an even stronger solution than usual.”

As if on cue, the door swings open, and a beaming Millie steps inside carrying a bag with a long, clear hose attached. “Here you go, Doctor D. With soap and extra-cold water, just as requested.”

## Chapter Fourteen

Juliet

In the few hours I’ve been in my brother’s care, I’ve become far more accustomed to feelings of fear and uncertainty than I’ve ever cared to be.

More so now than at any point in my journey so far.

“Daddy?” My voice trembles, and I’m reminded that humiliation is also something I’m becoming far too comfortable with in this island prison. “What’s going on? What’s that bag for?”

“Shh, princess.” Pulling me close, Jasper drops a kiss to the top of my head. “Daddy’s right here.”

That doesn’t answer my question, but I’m far too intimidated by this so-called doctor to snap at him. There’s something about him that makes me want to run and hide in the relative safety of Jasper’s embrace. Where my stepbrother is far stricter than I ever realized, I still catch glimpses of the man I’ve always known beneath the “Daddy” exterior. In Doctor D, I can sense no softness, no sweetness.

And that terrifies me, far more than Jasper or Auntie Cat ever could.

“Jasper, I think for your little one’s safety, we should make sure she’s nice and secure on that table.”

“Agreed. Lie down for me, Juju. Daddy’s going to make sure you don’t get hurt.”

I am under no delusions that whatever they’re about to do to me isn’t going to hurt, possibly more than anything I’ve been subjected to up until this point. “Don’t wanna. Please don’t make me, Daddy, I’ll be good forever, I swear.”

Taking one of my legs in his shockingly cold hands, Doctor D lets out a low, evil-sounding laugh. “See, Jasper? The enema is working already and we haven’t even started.”

Enema? Ohhellno. Frantic now, I kick at Doctor D, but his hold on my ankle doesn’t budge. If anything, he just grips tighter as he moves my foot into a stirrup and straps it in.

“Let me go! You are not giving me a freaking enema!”

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

Jasper takes both my arms, pinning them to the table on either side of me as Doctor D moves to grab my other foot. “Calm down, princess. It will all be over soon, I promise.”

“No! I will not calm down! You can’t do this to me!” To my horror, tears are already filling my eyes, burning for release. But I’ll be damned if I give them the satisfaction. “Let. Me. Go!”

“Juliet, you promised you’d be a good girl for Doctor D, remember?” Jasper’s tone has dropped, low and soothing, and something inside me quiets, even while I continue to fight them. And it's that part of me that longs to simply give myself over to him, to submit.

To let go and let Daddy take care of everything.

But that way, I’m certain, lies madness. So I refuse to give into that longing, no matter how strong it may be.

Not that it does me any good to refuse, since they’re both so much stronger than I am and it takes an embarrassingly shorttime for them to strap me down entirely. My feet are secured to the stirrups, and there is a large black band across my torso, just under my breasts, while my arms are firmly pinned to my sides.

“There.” Standing back, Doctor D practically beams with pride. “Now there’s no chance of her hurting herself during the enema. Jasper, would you like to do the honors?”

“I suppose I should learn how, shouldn’t I? We’ll need to do these relatively often at home, correct?”

“As long as she’s having regular bowel movements, they won’t be necessary. But I think you’ll be quite pleased with the change in her behavior after this, so you may choose to do them more often for that reason alone.”

“Ah, then yes. I’d love for you to teach me.” Leaning down, he presses a kiss to my forehead. “Can you be brave for me just a little while longer, Juju?”

“No.” The word is barely a whisper, and I give up fighting to keep the tears at bay, letting them slip silently down my face as I shake my head. “No, I’m not brave at all. I wanna go home, Daddy, please.”

“You’re so much braver than you realize, my sweet little princess. You’ll see.”

Another kiss to the forehead, and then Jasper is seated on a little stool between my thighs, at eye level with all my most forbidden places.

Closing my eyes against the humiliation, the horror of what’s about to happen, I try to go back to my happy place. Try to remember the smell of pastries in the cafe, the sound of my brother’s laughter.

But I only manage to stay there for a few moments before something pushes into my bottom. Slender, like the thermometer, it doesn’t meet much resistance.

“Perfect,” Doctor D says, slapping Jasper on the shoulder. “Now, you’re going to leave the nozzle in there, just like that. And use this little switch here to open it up and fill her with the solution.”

“I see. Like this?”

Jasper's question gives me only a moment of warning before I'm flooded with icy-cold water. The sensation instantly makes my insides cramp, worse than anything I've ever felt before, and I arch up against my restraints as my cries fill the room.

"Exactly like that." Doctor D pitches his voice up over my crying and pleas for them to stop, to let me go.

"And how long will she need to hold it?"

"A minimum of ten minutes, but we'll go for fifteen today. Just to make sure everything is extra clean."

"Makes sense."

Their voices are muffled beneath the roar of my own blood in my ears. Fifteen minutes? There is no possible way I can endure this for even one more second.

"Daddy, please." I'm panting now, trying to breathe through the pain. "Please, I won't ever be naughty again if you stop. I'll do whatever you want, say whatever you want, just please let me go."

"Just a little while longer, princess. You can do it. Daddy's right here."

I feel something warm press against my thigh, and it takes me a moment to realize Jasper has just placed a kiss there. The gesture is so unexpectedly sweet, I'm momentarily shocked into obedience. Even with my stomach still cramping, my bowels still demanding release, I relax against the table with a whimper.

"That's my good girl." Another gentle kiss, this time to the opposite thigh. "Is there anything we can do to take her mind off things for a bit?"

“If you’d like.” There’s a note of disapproval in Doctor D’s voice. “But in my experience, Little girls learn best when they are forced to sit with the consequences of their actions without the benefit of any... distractions.”

“I think my little princess is fully aware of the consequences of her behavior.” Now it’s Jasper’s voice that has taken on a hard edge. “A little distraction isn’t going to spoil her.”

“From what I’ve heard, she’s already plenty spoiled, Jasper. You really shouldn’t indulge her, especially in these early days. She needs rules and discipline.”

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

“And do you doubt that I am giving my Little girl either of those things?”

Oddly enough, their argument about whether I deserve a distraction is serving as a distraction all its own. I could swear the temperature in the room has dropped several degrees from the ice coating Jasper’s words, and judging by the way Doctor D’s expression goes carefully blank, he isn’t immune to my brother’s presence.

“Of course not. I am simply giving my professional opinion, as Juliet’s doctor.”

“Your opinion has been noted. Now, tell me how to help my Little girl.”

The air itself seems to crackle with tension as we both wait for Doctor D’s response.

“Very well,” he says with a sigh, just as another painful cramp hits and a sob bursts from my lips.

Jasper rushes to my side, soothing the tendrils of hair that have come loose from my braids back from my sweat-slicked face. “Daddy’s right here, princess. Do you want me to help you feel better?”

Unable to speak past the pain, I jerk my head in something resembling a nod.

“We need to test her ability to orgasm anyway, so I suppose now is as good a time as any.”

I’m vaguely aware of Doctor D taking Jasper’s place on the stool between my thighs, but I don’t care. All that matters is Daddy. Daddy’s touch, Daddy’s smile as he

hovers over me.

“Would you like that, princess?” His smile deepens as his other hand slides down my torso to my pussy. “Would you like Daddy to make you feel all better?”

The thought of being brought to orgasm in front of horrible Doctor D, while I’m trying to do everything I can to keep my bowels from releasing right here on the table, is a level of humiliation I couldn’t have even fathomed a few minutes ago. But I’m desperate for something, anything to distract me from my torment, so I nod.

“Y-yes, Daddy.”

“My sweet little princess.” Slipping his fingers between my lips, Daddy grins. “So wet for me, still, even after everything I’ve put you through today. Could you possibly be more perfect for me, Juju?”

Joy lights inside me, swelling in my chest. Nobody has ever called me perfect before, and I certainly never expected to hear it from Jasper. “R-really?” I gasp out as another cramp hits me, the pain mingling with the pleasure of him stroking my swollen clit in a confusing mixture of sensation and emotion that makes my head spin.

“Absolutely perfect. I’ve been looking for a Little girl for a very long time, Juju. Years, in fact. I’d almost given up hope when your Uncle Max approached me about the island. Even then, I wasn’t convinced I’d ever actually find my perfect little princess.”

Something pushes into my pussy and my muscles clamp down around the intruder. It isn’t Daddy, because he’s still playing with my clit.

Doctor D.

“She’s wonderfully responsive, Jasper. The way she’s squeezing my fingers... you are a very lucky man. Pinch her clit for me, I want to see how she responds to the pain.”

Before I can protest, Daddy does exactly that, giving the aching bud a hard, sharp pinch that sends waves of pleasure and pain crashing through me.

“Daddy, no! I don’t like that!”

“I wouldn’t listen to her,” Doctor D says with another of those low, cruel laughs. “If you could feel what I’m feeling right now, you’d know exactly how much she likes it when you hurt her. I’m going to add another finger now, stretch her a bit.”

Full. I’m so full I can’t think straight as Daddy continues to toy with my clit, driving me closer and closer to the edge of reason. Head thrashing from side to side, I become a babbling, incoherent mess, begging for release, for mercy, for whatever might end this torture.

“There we go. Press a bit harder on her clit, Jasper. You’ll need to make her come now unless you want her to wait until after the enema is finished.”

Pleasure floods my system as Daddy follows the doctor’s orders. “Can you show Doctor D how pretty you are when you come, Juju? My beautiful little princess. Come for Daddy, baby.”

My screams echo off the walls as the need inside me fractures. Shatters. Pain and pleasure meld together, until I can no longer tell one from the other as Daddy continues to play with my clit, telling me how pretty I look when I come for him, telling me what a good girl I’m being for him.

“There we go,” he murmurs, pressing another kiss to my sweat-slicked forehead. In

the distance, something buzzes, and he chuckles. “Just in time, too. Let’s get you to the bathroom, princess.”

They make quick work of releasing me from my restraints before Daddy scoops me up into his arms and carries me into a small bathroom just off the exam room. He sets me on my feet in front of the toilet and I sway a bit, unsteady and exhausted already from my ordeal.

“Doctor D is going to remove the nozzle now, princess. You just need to hold it a couple seconds longer until you can sit down. Can you do that for me, baby?”

I jerk my head in agreement, too worn out to even consider speech.

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“Good girl. Here we go.”

The nozzle slides from my bottom and I clench my muscles for all I’m worth as Daddy guides me down to the toilet.

My humiliation is more of a concept now. A vague idea, hovering in the back of my mind that I’m too tired, too defeated to actually cling to as I relieve myself. Something wet slips down the tip of my nose and I realize I’m crying.

Another realization creeps into my mind as I sit there, utterly debasing myself in front of my stepbrother and this supposed doctor. I’d thought earlier that Jasper had broken me with the paddling in his office. That he’d taken me as far as my mind and spirit and body could possibly go.

But I realize now, he hasn’t even gotten started.

### Chapter Fifteen

Jasper

My little princess sleeps the entire ride home, so I make sure not to disturb her as I carry her into the house. Richard greets us at the door, a sympathetic smile on his lips as he looks down at the sleeping woman in my arms.

“She’s rather precious like this,” he says with a quiet laugh.

“Isn’t she? I think she’ll probably be in a much sweeter mood after that visit to

Doctor D. At least for a bit.”

“The contractors are in her nursery, so it will be a bit noisy up there for a while. I’ve set up the playpen in your office if you’d like to let her nap there instead.”

Gratitude swells in my chest as I pivot to head for my office. “Thank you, Richard. You’re a lifesaver.”

“Nonsense. Just doing my job.”

“Yeah, well, I’m the boss so if I say you’re a lifesaver then you’re a lifesaver. Deal with it.”

“Fair enough.”

Pausing beside the wooden pen filled with blankets and pillows and toys, I lower Juliet to the nest Richard has made for her. She whimpers in her sleep, her brows drawing together, and we both hold our breath for fear of waking her up. But almost immediately she settles again, and I watch in fascination as she curls onto her side and slides her thumb into her mouth.

Has she always done that? Or is it merely a side effect of her regression?

Beside me, Richard shifts, pulling something from his pocket. Leaning down, he gently pries her thumb from her mouth and slips a pacifier between her lips. It’s teal, her favorite color, with a silver and diamond tiara charm affixed to the front.

“Alice will never forgive us if we let her suck her thumb and mess up her teeth,” he whispers, a grin stretching across his face as he straightens.

“Thank you, friend. No offense, but your wife scares me a bit.”

“None taken. She scares me a bit, as well, and that’s just how she likes it. Which is why I took the liberty of making your Little one an appointment to see her next week.”

I’m not sure how Juliet will feel about a trip to the dentist, but it’s a necessary evil. And perhaps since she knows Alice, it won’t be quite as traumatic as our visit with Doctor D. “Thank you, again. I’m going to see if I can get some work done while she naps. Would you mind checking in with the others, to ensure everyone is ready for tonight?”

“Of course.” He hesitates, just a beat, but it’s enough to have my internal radar pinging. “You should know, Mr. Stone has mentioned some concerns about you claiming her so soon.”

“I’m not surprised. Juliet didn’t exactly make a good impression on him this morning. I’ll give him a call.”

“Very well. And I’ll handle the rest. Oh, and a few packages arrived while you were out. I assumed, given the names, they were for tonight so I took the liberty of delivering them to your room.”

“What would I do without you, Richard?”

“Probably end up lost and wandering the wilderness somewhere. Something to keep in mind when you’re writing my bonus check this year.”

“Smug bastard,” I respond with a laugh, and his echoes in return as he closes the door behind him. Leaving me alone with my little princess.

It’s tempting to simply sit and watch her sleep, but apparently I have fences to mend, so I take my seat at my desk and put a call through to Maxwell.

His stony expression fills the screen a moment later. “Richard told you my concerns, I take it.”

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Nothing gets past Maxwell Stone. Not for the first time, I count myself lucky he considers me a friend, though I know his fondness for me and the rest of our “family” only goes so far. If he even thinks one of us would be a threat to his little one, or the life we’ve built on this island, I know with absolute certainty he would eliminate that threat as quickly and effortlessly as he’s been known to dispatch business rivals.

With that in mind, I fix an apologetic smile on my face. “He did. But there’s nothing to worry about, I assure you. I have my stepsister well in hand.”

“You’re sure about this? About her? She hasn’t even been on the island twenty-four hours. What if she isn’t a good fit for you?”

“She is.” There’s no doubt in my mind, though I can understand Maxwell’s concerns. “I’ve known her for nearly a decade, Maxwell. I know her, I dare say, even better than you knew sweet little Tori before you brought her to the island. And yes, she’s a brat through and through, but you know how much I enjoy a challenge.”

Humor lights Maxwell’s dark eyes, just a hint of it, but enough for me to breathe easily. “Very true. All right. I’ll defer to your judgement on this. And I look forward to seeing how you rise to this particular challenge.”

“I appreciate your faith in me, old man.”

It’s a long-standing joke between us, based on the fact that Maxwell is exactly one day older than me. I’ve never known him to be sensitive about his age, except for when I needle him about being the oldest of our little family. Even if it is just by one day.

“Perhaps you’re right. She is a good fit for you. A brat for a brat. I’ll see you tonight, Jasper.”

The screen goes dark and I can’t help but chuckle at his parting shot as I turn to study my sleeping Little girl. Perhaps he’s right. I’ve always been of the opinion that sadists all have a bit of brat in them.

Which just means I’m the perfect man for the job of figuring out what makes my brat tick.

And what it will take to make her break.

Juliet

“Come on, princess. Time to get up.”

The familiar, cajoling voice pulls me out of my slumber just as I’m lifted from my warm cocoon. Instinctively, I cling to the person carrying me, whining around the thing in my mouth as he cradles me close.

Jasper. I recognize his voice, but I can’t quite remember why I would be in Jasper’s arms. Or what this odd thing is in my mouth. I suck at the rubber and whine again, more unwilling than usual to fully wake.

His chest vibrates with laughter beneath my cheek. “I know. Daddy interrupted your nap. Bad Daddy.”

Daddy. The word pierces my consciousness, dragging me fully back to the land of the waking. My eyes fly open, taking in my surroundings as he begins our ascent up the stairs.

His home. The nursery. Auntie Cat. Doctor D. Memories of the past day flood me, bringing with them all the pain and humiliation I've endured at my brother's hands.

And yet, he is the one I turn to for comfort, pressing my face into his neck as the memories threaten to overwhelm me.

"Hey now. What's all this?" His tone is almost sweet as he takes a seat, cradling me in his arms like a small child. "What's wrong, princess?"

Unable to find the words to explain the chaotic jumble of emotion in my chest, I shake my head and try my best to curl into him even further.

"Poor Princess Juju," he murmurs, and for the first time it actually sounds like an endearment rather than the merciless taunting of an older brother. "It's been a big day, hasn't it, baby?"

I nod, and he presses a kiss to my hair, making my heart tremble at the sweetness of the gesture.

"Would it help if I told you I have some presents for you?"

Presents? I do like presents.

Lifting my head, I look around the room, taking in our surroundings for the first time. We aren't in my strange nursery, but in a much larger, more masculine room, seated on a giant, wrought-iron bed.

I pop the rubber from my mouth, realizing with some horror that I have been voluntarily sucking on a pacifier. "What kind of presents?"

"The kind fit for a princess. Would you like to open them?"

“It’s not something that goes in my ass, is it?”

Throwing his head back, Jasper lets out a long, loud laugh. “No, princess, these gifts do not go in your cute little bottom. But if you keep using naughty words, I can certainly rectify that.”

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“Sorry, Daddy.”

“Good girl. Why don’t you go grab that big box over there first?”

He doesn’t have to tell me twice. I slide off his lap, heading straight for the small pile of boxes at the end of the bed, and pick up the largest one first to lay on the bed before tugging at the beautiful pale blue ribbon tying it closed.

My breath clogs in my lungs when I lift the lid from the box. Inside is a dress, but not simply any dress, the most beautiful dress I’ve ever seen. Shimmery layers of deep purple satin and tulle are dotted with little stars and moons, and I carefully lift the creation from the tissue paper and hold it in front of me. It reminds me so much of the dress in my daydreams of me and Jasper in Paris it brings tears to my eyes.

I don’t even care that it’s far too short, like the other dresses I tried on at Solene’s. I only care that it’s beautiful. And it’s mine.

“Do you like it?” For the first time in my memory, Jasper looks unsure of himself. “It reminded me of that one dress you had. You wore it to one of your mother’s charity balls, and she had a conniption fit because she’d picked out some pale pink monstrosity and you’d thumbed your nose at her by getting your own dress.”

I can’t quite place the emotion that rises up in me, threatening to choke me as I run my hand over the star-studded fabric. I remember that night like it was yesterday. My mother berating me in the womens’ bathroom, Jasper “accidentally” wandering in and pretending like he’d simply gone through the wrong door, which had pissed my mother off enough that she stormed off and didn’t speak to either of us again the rest

of the night.

In that moment, he was the closest thing to a hero I'd ever known.

"I can't believe you remember that," I whisper, blinking hard against the tears burning in my eyes. "It was forever ago."

"It's one of my favorite memories of you. I'd never seen you laugh or dance the way you did that night. And the way you looked in that dress... well, I probably shouldn't have enjoyed it quite so much considering you were barely eighteen at the time. Made me feel like a dirty old man, watching you all night."

"You are a dirty old man. But thank you. I love it, I really do."

"Good. Now open this one." He hands me a square box, and though I hate to relinquish my dress, I carefully return it to the tissue paper and accept the next gift.

"Is this... holy shi-crap, is this atiara?" Stunned, I can only stare down at the gold crown inside, adorned with the most perfect amethysts I've ever seen in my life.

"It is. Can't have my princess going around without her crown, now can I?"

Pulling the tiara free, I drop the box with a squeal as I rush over to the full-length mirror standing in the corner of his room. "Can I wear it, Daddy, please? I'll be so good, I swear!"

His laughter, deep and rich, once again echoes around the room as he comes to stand behind me. "Of course you can, princess. After your bath."

Chapter Sixteen

Juliet

I'm so caught up in the beauty of my tiara, I miss his words at first. When they register, I wrinkle my nose at my reflection. "I already had a bath."

"And you've had a very big day, with an even bigger night ahead of you."

The mention of tonight being a "big night" makes my stomach tremble. "Could I at least have a shower, then?"

Behind me, Jasper raises an eyebrow, and my bottom clenches as if already anticipating the punishment to come. "Little girls don't take showers."

An argument burns on the tip of my tongue, but the day's humiliations are still fresh enough in my mind to have me swallowing it down. And, if I'm being completely honest with myself—which I'll admit is not a practice I engage in often—part of me simply wants to submit. After all, he's just gifted me the most beautiful dress, complete with a sentimental backstory, and I'm loath to ruin the moment by arguing.

So I watch my reflection nod, instead. "Yes, Daddy."

I'm rewarded with the brightest smile I think I've ever seen on my brother's face. "Good girl. Put the tiara on the dresser and come with me."

With a reluctant sigh, I place the crown carefully on the heavy wooden dresser beside me and turn to place my hand in his. Jasper leads me into his bathroom, and for a moment I simply drink in the beauty of it while he turns on the faucet in the bath. While it's a bit darker than my personal preferences, it's beautifully done in shades of dark gray with hints of gold and black.

And, I realize with some surprise, little splashes of teal. My favorite color.

Curious, I wander over to where the pretty hand towel hangs, running my fingers over the soft material. “How long have you been expecting me?”

“Longer than I realized, it seems.” There’s a hint of... something in his tone, as if he’s as confused by this unexpected detail as I am. “I had this bathroom finished months ago, well before you called me. Perhaps on some level, I was always expecting you to come.”

Because I’m not sure exactly how I’m supposed to feel about the fact that my stepbrother may have been harboring a secret crush all these years as well, I deliberately turn away from the towel just as he rises to his feet, the water still running behind him. “You’re sure I can’t have a shower?” Stepping closer to him, I slide my arms around his waist, tilting my head back with a slow, sultry smile. “We could share.”

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“Perhaps another time, princess. Tonight is all about you.”

“Well, who am I to argue with being the center of attention?”

Tossing his head back, he laughs. “I thought you might see it that way. First, you need to potty.”

He isn’t wrong. There is a pressure in my lower belly that’s been making itself known since I woke from my nap. But it’s embarrassing to be reminded like a literal child, all the same. “I’m not an actual baby, Jasper. I know when to use the bathroom. Now, if you’ll give me some privacy?”

“I will not. And after the way you’ve acted today, I’m afraid you’ve lost the right to use the potty like a big girl. Now, who am I, Juliet?”

Shit, shit, shit. “Sorry, Daddy. It was an accident.”

“Accident or not, you are clearly feeling far too big for your britches right now.” Placing his hands on my shoulders, he turns me to face the large mirror above his sink. I watch as one large, tan hand wraps around my throat, tilting my head back ever so slightly, while the other makes its way down my body.

Need, fear, anticipation all swirl inside me as I watch his hand drift lower... lower... lower...

But he stops well north of where I want him to go and a needy whine slips from my lips.

“Do as you’re told and I might reward you, sweet Juliet,” he whispers in my ear as his hand presses on my stomach.

No. Not my stomach, I realize with growing horror. Right on that spot where the pressure has already been building, making my need to relieve myself more and more urgent as he bears down.

“I’m sorry, Daddy, I’ll be a good girl!” I press my thighs together, desperate to hold the urgent need at bay until he releases me. “I just forgot!”

“Then this will help you remember how Little you actually are, won’t it? I suggest you stop fighting me, Juliet. If we’re late to dinner, I’ll have to spank you right in front of all your uncles and your Auntie Cat.”

My uncles? Plural? “Daddy, no!”

The hand on my bladder presses even harder. “Then stop wasting time, princess. Use your diaper like the good little baby you are.”

At several points during the day, I had thought he couldn’t humiliate me any more than he already had. And every single time, he found a way to up the ante.

Although, is this really worse than being forced to empty my bowels in front of a complete stranger?

Strangely, that thought helps me to relax. If I could bear everything that happened at Doctor D’s office, surely I can bear this as well.

Closing my eyes, I try to pretend I’m actually sitting on a toilet instead of being held captive in my stepbrother’s embrace as he forces me to piss myself.

“That’s my good little baby,” he says, his voice dropping to a lower purr as his lips brush over the shell of my ear. “You can do it, Juju. I believe in you.”

I believe in you. When was the last time, if ever, anyone had said those words to me?

I can’t remember, and as if by magic, they seem to unlock something inside me. A heartbeat later, my bladder releases, and the soft sound of me pissing my diaper reaches my ears.

“You did it.” Jasper’s voice is filled with awe as the hand that had been pressing on my stomach slides lower, cupping my heavy, soaked diaper. “I’m so fucking proud of you, princess.”

My eyes flutter open, taking in his expression, full of wonder and joy. And something inside me shifts, almost like a puzzle piece clicking into place.

I did that. I gave him this. Me. Nobody else.

A fierce sort of pride fills my chest at that thought. “Did I do a good job, Daddy?”

His gaze shifts, meeting mine in the mirror, and I see my own pride reflected in his eyes. “You did a very good job, baby. Daddy’s so proud of you. In fact... I think you’ve earned a reward.”

Before I can ask what he means, he moves his hand again. Sliding it up over the waistband of my diaper.

Inside my diaper.

Holy shit.

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I should be horrified. Humiliated all over again. And yet, what I am is transfixed by the sight of us. Me with my pretty, fluffy dress hiked up to expose the pale pink and gold fabric wrapped around me. Jasper, as tall and strong as ever, holding me against his chest, his hand hidden by my soaking wet diaper as he begins to finger-fuck me.

That broad chest vibrates with his low, wicked laughter. “So wet for me, princess. And it has nothing to do with the fact that your diaper is full, does it?”

Pleasure and humiliation clash inside me, a confusing, intoxicating mix that makes my head spin. Letting my head fall back against him, I watch us through hooded eyes as he lowers his lips to my ear.

“I think you enjoy being my naughty baby. Don’t you, my sweet little sister? You enjoy the things your Daddy makes you do. You love being forced to debase yourself for me. Forced to do things our perfect, proper parents would be absolutely horrified by.” He chuckles again, and the sound is so utterly wicked it pulls a whimper from my throat. “Imagine if they knew what we were up to on this island. Imagine if they could see you standing here, your diaper full of piss, getting finger-fucked by your big brother. We might actually give your mother a stroke. But you’d like that, wouldn’t you, princess? You’d love a chance to show her that all those years of trying to mold her precious daughter into the perfect little society bitch were wasted on you. Wouldn’t you, Juju?”

“Y-yes, Daddy,” I gasp out, arching into his touch.

“I thought so. And you’re going to prove it right now by coming in your wet, heavy diaper.”

Even if I wanted to deny him, my body is already betraying me. Need coils tighter and tighter inside my core with every stroke of his clever fingers over my swollen clit.

The hand not in my diaper is still wrapped around my throat, and he tightens his grip just slightly. Not enough to deny me oxygen, but more than enough to get my attention. To let me know, in no uncertain terms, that he has my life literally in his hands.

“Come for me, my filthy little princess. Let Daddy feel your pretty cunt squeezing his fingers. I want that diapersoppingwet by the time we’re through here, baby.”

His words snap that coil inside me and pleasure floods my body as I buck against his hand, my arousal flooding my already soaked diaper.

“Fucking perfect,” he murmurs, pulling his hand free. “My beautiful little princess. Let’s get you in that bath now.”

Still dazed by the mind-blowing orgasm he just forced on me, I let myself be led over to the tub. Let myself be stripped naked and then lifted into a pool of hot water that instantly drains the remaining tension from my muscles as I lean back against the built-in pillow with a sigh.

I can hear Jasper moving around the bathroom, and I can’t help but think maybe being his baby isn’t such a bad gig, after all.

But the thought barely has time to form in my brain before the other, logical parts of me start chiming in.

Are you really willing to lower yourself to this for some orgasms and pretty clothes? What if he wants more? What if this is just the surface of his depravity? What about

your friends back home, the life you left behind? Are you really willing to give up all that freedom just because your stepbrother is finally giving you the time of day?

“You’re thinking very loudly, princess.”

I crack open one eyelid to find him kneeling beside the tub just like he did this morning, his suit jacket off and his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. “I’m not thinking about anything.”

Cocking a single eyebrow, he reaches for a bottle of bodywash and squirts it onto the damp washcloth in his hand. “I highly doubt that. That busy little brain of yours is always worrying about something. Tell Daddy what’s wrong.”

I’m absolutely not going to tell him how conflicted I’m feeling about being his baby, so I simply shrug. “Nothing’s wrong. Just sort of going through the day’s events.”

“Ah.” Grinning now, he runs the soapy cloth over one arm, then the other. “It was a rather eventful one, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. I don’t like Doctor D very much.”

“I’d be surprised if you did. But he’s very good at keeping Little girls healthy and whole, so you’ll have to get used to him.”

I lean forward at his nudging so he can scrub my back and I nearly moan at how good it feels. “You make it sound as though I’ll be here for a while.”

“Because you will be. You’re not going back to New York, Juliet. And the sooner you can accept that, the happier I imagine we’ll both be. Up on your knees, baby. Daddy needs to clean your bottom.”

Distracted by his declaration, I don't even think to argue as I shift up onto all fours in the tub. "You can't just keep me prisoner here forever."

"It won't be forever."

Hope flutters in my chest. "Really?"

"Of course. Eventually you'll stop thinking of yourself as my prisoner and you'll simply be my Little girl."

And just like that, my hope dies a painful death. But before I can argue further, his slick finger presses into my bottom, forcing that forbidden hole open with a little pinch of pain.

"Daddy, no!" I whine. "Not again! My bottom is so sore."

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“I’m sure it is, baby. But it’s Daddy’s job to make sure you’re squeaky-clean everywhere.”

It’s useless to fight. I know it, and more importantly, he knows it. So I simply drop my head and wait for the humiliation to be over.

But I cling to the embarrassment, holding it close to my chest as he finishes my bath and wraps me in a fluffy teal towel. Because it’s the memory of these moments, these little humiliations, that will give me the strength to flee when the time is finally right.

### Chapter Seventeen

Jasper

After her bath, I dress my little princess in her outfit for the evening. Including a matching diaper in a lighter purple but with the same star and moon pattern as her dress. It’s a concept Solene has been working on for a while, and I make a mental note to sing its praises the next time I see her. I’m very thankful she had this set ready and in Juliet’s size so I didn’t have to put tonight’s events off any longer than necessary.

Standing in front of the mirror, Juliet twirls in place, her skirt flying up to reveal her diaper, and I can’t help but grin at the adorable picture she makes.

“We should head downstairs, princess. Our guests will be arriving soon.”

She slows to a stop, her gaze meeting mine in the mirror. “How many...unclesdo I

have?”

“Let’s see.” Tapping my chin, I make my way over to her, pretending to think hard about it though I know them all by heart. “There’s your Uncle Max, who you met today. He’s sort of the leader of our little band of misfits. The island was his idea and he takes his role very seriously.”

I take her hand in mine, giving her another quick twirl and earning myself another of those sweet, high giggles. “Then there’s your Uncle Gideon. He and Maxwell have been friends since they were knee high to a grasshopper as the saying goes. Don’t worry yourself if he seems a bit shy at first. And don’t let it fool you into thinking he’s a pushover, either. He’s even stricter than I am.”

Juliet’s head tilts to the side as we make our way out to the hallway, arm in arm. “Gideon Drake?”

“Yes.” I shouldn’t be surprised she was able to put the pieces together so quickly. She always has had her finger on the pulse of society and despite his preference for the shadows, Gideon’s name alone is enough to thrust him into the spotlight on a regular basis.

“Hmm. I always felt there was more to him than meets the eye. He has an aura about him. Who else?”

“Evander, or Uncle Evan to you. I doubt you’ll know him, as he doesn’t travel in our circles.” In fact, if it weren’t for the island, I doubt any of us would have anything to do with Evander. While we all have blood on our hands, Evander comes from a long line of men who have made their fortunes through blood and death.

Which, coincidentally, makes him the perfect choice for our head of security. I wasn’t sure about him at first, but he’s grown on me over the years.

“Evander.” Juliet rolls the name around on her tongue as we step onto the first stair, a distracted look in her eye. “Wait. You don’t mean EvanderHawthorne.”

Okay, now I am surprised. Pausing on the second step, I look down at her, a frown tugging at my lips. “How do you know of Evander Hawthorne?”

Mischief sparkles in her baby blues as she grins up at me. “I don’t just knowofhim. I once spent a week at one of his villas in the south of France. Our party got cut short by an Interpol raid though and I spent a few hours in a French prison before he and his legal team were able to spring me. Oh, I can’t wait to see him again.”

The thought of Evander putting his blood-stained hands on my Little girl has my vision going red at the edges. A possessiveness I’ve never felt before rises up inside me, clawing at my chest as I snarl down at my giggling stepsister.

“Did you fuck him?”

Juliet’s laughter cuts off as her brows raise toward her hairline. “Does it matter if I did?”

“Yes. I need to figure out how pissed Maxwell will be when I rip his throat out for ever laying a hand on you.”

If I’d expected her to be horrified by my pronouncement, I would have been wrong. If anything, she looks downright excited by my display of Neanderthal level jealousy. “Don’t worry, big brother. I wasn’t there for him. He has a cousin who, I realized later, enjoys using Evander’s name and connections to get his dick wet but who has no real ambition of his own.” She sighs dramatically. “A shame, really. It was a very nice villa.”

I’m still reeling from the thought of her being within a hundred feet of Evander

without my protection. I don't care how long ago it was, or that he never touched her.

She is mine, and some deep, dark part of me that I never knew existed wants to know that any man who has ever touched her, tasted her, so much as smelled her is no longer breathing the same air she breathes.

Luckily, the more rational parts of my brain take over and I'm able to wrangle the beast back in its cage. "Well. Those are your uncles," I say, returning to our trek down the stairs. "And you've already met your Auntie Cat."

As if I've summoned her, Cat appears at the bottom of the stairs, beaming up at us. "Oh, Jasper. She's so precious. And her hair!"

Juliet tosses her carefully curled ringlets over her shoulder and flashes a smile for her Auntie. "Did you see my tiara, Auntie Cat?"

"I do and it's absolutely perfect for you. Would you like to come meet your Uncle Gideon and Uncle Evan?"

“Yes, please!”

Before I can stop her, Juliet hurries down the stairs and takes Cat’s hand.

Emotion lodges in my throat at the sight of them together, and for the first time I truly understand Maxwell’s vision for us. Our island is more than just some kinky getaway for the rich and depraved. It’s home.

It’s family.

I give myself a moment to collect myself before joining the others in the parlor. Just in time to see my Little girl throw her arms around Evander’s neck, her loud laughter filling the room.

“Oh my gosh, Evander! It’s lovely to see you again!”

Evander’s low chuckle joins with her bright, happy laughter, and that same possessive feeling from earlier claws at my chest when he reaches down to swat her bottom. “It’s Uncle Evan to you now, little girl.”

Pulling away from his embrace, Juliet makes a show of rubbing at her bottom, though I doubt she felt that swat much if at all through the layers of tulle and cotton covering her. “Meanie.”

She’s flirting. Right in front of my face. And judging by the eyebrow Evander raises as he looks over at me, the scar that runs down the side of his face crinkling with the movement, he knows it just as well as I do.

Stepping into the room, I plaster a welcoming smile on my face as I gesture to my bratty little sister. “Lift your skirt up, princess. Show your uncles your pretty diaper.”

That makes her pause, her eyes round in her face and pink flooding her cheeks. “No, thank you.”

“But it matches your dress so well.” I’ve always loved flustering her, in the way big brothers tend to, but this is different. This is about reminding her of her place. Of who she belongs to. “And I just know your uncles would love to see it.”

“I don’t wanna.”

Does she know how adorably Little she sounds? Her voice has pitched up a bit, and even her words have taken on a younger tone.

All eyes are on me as I slowly cross the distance between us to cup her chin in my hand, nudging her head back. “Don’t you want to be a good girl for Daddy?”

Emotions swirl in her eyes, and it’s a delight to watch the struggle play out. She wants to pretend, as long as possible, that she’s still a big girl. Our equal.

But she isn’t. And that may be the most difficult part of all of this, accepting that she is no longer part of society, even here on the island, but a naughty Little girl whose every word, every movement is at her Daddy’s discretion.

Without actually answering me, she reaches for her skirt, slowly pulling the layers of tulle up to expose her diaper.

“That’s my good girl.” Releasing her chin, I step back, slowly moving my finger in a circle. “Give us all a twirl, princess. Slowly, so your uncles and your Auntie Cat can all see how pretty you are.”

Her cheeks darkening with every passing second, she slowly turns, showing off her dress and her matching diaper as our family watches on hungrily. Over her head, Gideon's gaze meets mine, and even without words, I can see the need burning in his gaze. He, like the others, cannot wait to have a Little girl of his own and I wonder how long he'll be able to resist claiming some poor unsuspecting soul for his very own.

"Oh my gosh!" An excited squeal draws our attention to the doorway where Victoria is bouncing on her toes, the fluffy skirt of her pale purple dress flouncing around her. "We're twins!"

They aren't, not quite, though they are both wearing shades of purple. But it's always a pleasure to see how excited little Tori gets over the small pleasures in life. It's a reminder that, unlike everyone else in this room, she never had much growing up and even less as an adult thanks to her mother's illness and the piles of medical debt she was left with.

My heart leaps to my throat as Tori rushes forward to wrap Juliet in her arms. "You look so beautiful! Like a real-life princess."

Juliet freezes in place, her skirts still hiked up around her waist, her diaper on display as her horrified gaze latches onto mine. For a moment, time stands still around us, and I hold my breath waiting to see how she'll respond.

To my immense relief, she drops her skirts to return Tori's embrace. "Thank you. I feel a bit like a princess. Did you see my tiara?"

"I did! It's almost like the one Uncle Jasper got for me when I first got here, but mine is blue and silver like my Cinderella dress. I have one for each princess. I can't wait to show you! Daddy, can we please, please have a tea party soon?"

Chuckling softly, Maxwell steps forward to scoop Tori up in his arms. “Patience, little thief. Juliet’s only just gotten to the island. Why don’t we give her a few days to settle in and then we can discuss Juliet coming over for a playdate.”

Pink rushes to Tori’s cheeks as she flashes him a sheepish smile. “Yes, Daddy.”

Off to the side, Juliet is watching them, an unreadable expression on her face. Because I can’t tell exactly what she’s thinking, it seems like the best course of action not to give her too much time to think at all.

“And on that note, I believe dinner is waiting for us. Gentlemen, Cat, if you’ll all follow me.”

### Chapter Eighteen

Juliet

For some reason Uncle Max's mild scolding of Victoria sticks in my craw as Jasper takes me by the hand to lead the way to his giant dining room. Perhaps because it's another confirmation that everyone on this island is determined to treat us like actual children instead of just adults playing pretend.

And that does not sit well with me. At all.

But I don't want to risk pissing off King Maxwell any more than I already have, so I ignore the annoyance pricking at the base of my skull as Jasper leads me to the head of the table.

Where I receive another blatant reminder of my station.

There are a handful of normal chairs placed around the long, elegant table. But there are also two highchairs, more than large enough for a full-grown woman. And one of those chairs is placed right beside Jasper's seat at the head of the table.

Feeling bolder than I have since my visit to Doctor D's, I tug my hand free of Jasper's and hurry around to the other side of the table, where I unceremoniously plop down in one of the "adult" chairs.

All of our guests slow to a stop, their gazes sliding from me to Jasper as he continues his leisurely trek toward me. My heart hammers at my chest with every step he takes,

until he is finally standing in front of me.

I brace myself for a lecture, or even for him to simply haul me up out of the chair for a spanking, but neither of those things happen. He simply holds out a hand, palm up. Watching me. Waiting for me to obey.

Since I have no intention of sitting in that stupid highchair, I do the first thing that comes to mind. I raise my own hand and slap my palm against his. “Good job, big brother.”

For a moment, the very air around us seems to freeze and I can hardly breathe for fear that I’ve pushed him too far. But then to my complete and utter shock, Jasper throws his head back and lets out a deep belly laugh.

“Good one, princess. Now, up out of the chair. You’re sitting in the wrong spot.”

As relieved as I am to not be bent over the table getting my bottom paddled, I’m not quite ready to give in. “No, thank you. I like this chair.”

Humor sparkles in Jasper’s eyes. “I’m sure you do. But that’s not where you’re meant to be sitting. Come, now. Be a good girl for our guests.”

I grip the seat of my chair and shake my head, my heart once again threatening to pound out of my chest. “I don’t want to.”

“Juju.” His voice takes on a warning edge. “If I have to spank you in front of your uncles and Auntie Cat, each one of them will be allowed to punish you as well. Which means you’ll be sitting on a very, very sore bottom for dinner. Last chance to do as you’re told.”

Getting my ass paddled in front of Auntie Cat was embarrassing enough. I’m not sure

I could handle actually being spanked by her, or my uncles.

Which means it's yet another game of what's the lesser evil? Giving in and being put in the highchair, or standing my ground and enduring multiple spankings, after which I'm likely to be put in the stupid chair anyway.

It's an obvious choice, so I force my fingers to release their death grip on my seat so I can place my hand in Jasper's.

"Thank you for listening, princess. Up you go."

With an ease that knocks the air from my lungs, he lifts me up and carries me to the highchair near the head of the table. Humiliation heats my cheeks as the rest of our "family" takes their places as well.

At least I'm not alone. The other highchair is soon occupied by Victoria, who makes a face and wiggles a bit as her Daddy straps her in.

Maybe the two of us can stage a coup. Overthrow our Daddy overlords and rule this island together.

Right. And maybe pigs can fly.

As soon as everyone is settled, Richard steps into the dining room, a broad smile stretched across his face. "Dinner is served."

Two women in identical white and black uniforms sweep into the dining room, each holding a long, rectangular dish laden with something that smells as decadent as it looks. And when Jasper plucks an item from the dish closest to him, holding it up to my lips, I nearly melt into a puddle.

“Are these...”

He’s practically beaming as he feeds me the first bite. “The fig and goat cheese tarts we had in Paris, yes. You were ready to marry the chef who made them, from what I remember.”

Rich flavors explode on my tongue and I just barely hold back a moan. It’s just as delicious as I remember, but more than that, it’s the fact that he remembered.

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Nobody has ever kept such a careful catalogue of these small details, and emotion clogs my throat for a moment, making it difficult to swallow.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I whisper when I manage to get the first bite down.

“Anything for you, princess.”

The rest of dinner passes in much the same way, with him feeding me little bites of my favorite foods from our trip. Each bite is a memory, and as my stomach fills with rich, decadent food, my heart also fills with an emotion so close to love I could almost mistake it for such if it weren’t for the circumstances that brought me here.

And it’s not just Jasper I’m feeling so warmly towards by the time the final course is cleared. As the wine and food flows—well, for the adults anyway, Victoria and I are only allowed water and juice—so does the conversation and laughter.

Uncle Evan, I learn, has a particular fondness for horses and he owns several he plans to bring to the island once construction is complete. He also has a wicked sense of humor that cuts to the bone of whoever he directs his barbs at.

It doesn’t escape my notice that those barbs are never directed at myself or Victoria.

Then there’s Uncle Gideon. At first, it would be easy to assume he’s simply shy. But as I watch him, I realize nothing could be farther from the truth. There isn’t a moment that passes where he isn’t watching everyone at the table, taking note of our actions and reactions. As a result, he’s the one who catches me when I try to hide my vegetables in my napkin when Jasper’s head is turned. All it takes is a frown and a

shake of his head for the guilt to sit heavy in my chest as I dump the vegetables back onto my plate with a sigh.

Victoria is seated between her Daddy and Auntie Cat, and while the former's attention is reserved mostly for his Little girl, Auntie Cat tries to balance her attentions between us. Fussing over Victoria when she bites into a particularly hot piece of beef, then sending me a wink when I eat my vegetables without further incident.

And at the center of it all, there's Jasper. My stepbrother is in his element, cracking jokes and telling stories about our lives together over the past decade. But his attention never strays far from me, and he always ensures I've eaten my fill of whatever course we're on before he clears his own plate. When he's not feeding me, he's touching me, either taking my hand in his own or running his fingers over my sleek curls.

I've never felt so... cherished as I do in this very moment.

What am I supposed to make of that? How am I supposed to reconcile these sweet touches, the thoughtful meal, with the man who has taken such perverse pleasure in my pain and humiliation over the past twenty-four hours?

I'm still rolling the dichotomy of it around in my mind when Jasper rises from his chair. "Thank you all for joining us this evening to welcome my sweet little Juju to the island. We have one more course before we enjoy our dessert this evening."

I count back in my mind and frown. Dessert should be the next course. So what could he possibly mean?

Before I can ask, he slides the tray of my highchair to the side and unbuckles me from the seat, lifting me into the air.

“On your knees, princess,” he says as he lowers me onto the table facing our guests.

Victoria is out of her highchair as well, eyes wide as her Daddy strips her diaper from her and passes it off to one of Jasper's staff lurking in the shadows. I watch, equal parts curious and horrified as Uncle Max frees his cock from his dress pants before settling Victoria on his lap. She gasps, her head falling back on his shoulder as his hands come up to free her pert little breasts from the top of her dress.

I'm so fascinated by them, I don't notice Jasper undressing me the same way until I feel the cool air brush over my exposed bottom. With a gasp of my own, I tug my dress down in what I already know will be a useless attempt at modesty.

“Hands on the table in front of you, princess.”

“What are you doing?”

Behind me, Jasper chuckles, and soon the sound makes its way around the table. And as I listen to it travel, my gaze follows, and I realize that Uncle Max is not the only one enjoying the show Jasper and I are putting on for them.

Uncle Gideon and Uncle Evan have their cocks out as well, their hands wrapped around their thick lengths, leisurely stroking themselves. And Auntie Cat's sparkly red dress is hiked up around her hips, her legs splayed and her eyes locked on my face as she runs her perfectly manicured finger tips between her glistening pussy lips

I should be horrified. Some part of me realizes that. But that part is buried beneath the realization that they are all watching me. Pleasuring themselves to me.

Four of the most powerful people in the entire world are seated at this table. And every single one of them is fixated on me.

What a fuckinrush.

Riding on the high of that realization, I lower my hands to the table, bracing myself on all fours. And when Jasper flips my dress back up, exposing my most intimate parts to the entire room, I watch as everyone at the table responds in some way, sighing or groaning as they move their hands more quickly over their cocks and pussies.

“My sweet little stepsister,” Jasper murmurs from behind me, a moment before his lips press against my right bottom cheek. “Do you see what you do to us, princess?”

I do. And I love it. “Yes, Daddy.”

Another kiss, this time to the opposite cheek. “I’m going to fuck you now. In front of our family. And you’re going to show your uncles and your auntie how pretty you look when you come all over Daddy’s cock. Can you do that for me, princess?”

Though he asks it as a question, I’m aware he isn’t really giving me a choice. “Yes, Daddy.”

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“Good girl. Slide your hands forward, so your chest is pressed against the wood and lower your bottom to your heels.”

Mesmerized by the scene happening around me, I do as I’m told, folding myself in half on top of the table with my ass hanging a bit over the edge. Behind me, Jasper shifts, and a moment later I feel the broad tip of his cock pressing against my soaked pussy lips.

As he fills me, I look around the table again. While the others stroke themselves to the sight of my brother fucking me, Victoria bounces on her Daddy’s lap, her pretty pink nipples turning dark between his fingertips as he pinches and pulls the poor little nubs.

Our eyes meet, and something inside me clicks. We are the same, her and I, regardless of where we came from. Sisters, on a level most people couldn’t comprehend. A smile curves Victoria’s lips and I know, in my soul, she’s just had the same epiphany I have.

I’m distracted from my newfound connection with Victoria by Jasper’s hand sliding around to the front of my body to toy with my clit. Whimpering, I drop my head, giving myself over to the flood of pleasure as my brother fucks me in front of his rich, powerful friends.

No. Not my brother. Not anymore.

MyDaddy.

The pleasure builds inside me with every thrust of his cock, every pinch of his fingers on my swollen little bud. And I'm lost on a sea of pleasure and need and power as I lift my head to once again take in our audience. Uncle Gideon is watching me through hooded eyes, his chest heaving with the effort to breathe as he strokes himself to the rhythm of my Daddy fucking me.

Actually, as I look around the table, I realize they're all working in unison. Even Auntie Cat is rubbing at her swollen clit in perfect tandem with her male counterparts.

That coil of need inside me snaps, and I cry out as pleasure floods my body, my pussy spasming around Daddy's cock as he fucks me harder, faster.

"My good little princess," he growls, his fingers digging into my hips. "That's it, baby. Milk Daddy's cock with that sweet little cunt until I fill you up. Do you want that, princess? You want to spend the rest of the night with your diaper full of Daddy's cum?"

It's a humiliating question. And yet, it only has my pussy spasming harder as I nod. "Yes, Daddy!"

"Good. Fucking.Girl." Three hard, punishing thrusts, and then he's buried to the hilt inside me, his cock swelling as he does exactly as promised, filling me with his cum.

Around us, the sound of our family's mutual pleasure reaches its peak with a cacophony of sound that joins the ringing in my ears to make the most erotic symphony I've ever heard.

I watch, still fascinated, still mesmerized as Uncle Gideon swipes his finger through the pearly substance coating his cock and holds it out toward me. "Open your mouth, little one," he coaxes softly.

Locking my eyes with his, I obey, parting my lips so he can push his finger into my mouth. I suck, another surge of power rushing through my veins when his eyes go wide and he lets out a low hiss.

Uncle Evan is next, a grin spreading across his face when I suck his finger clean without breaking eye contact. “Such a bold little thing, aren’t you, Juju?”

Without answering him, I turn my head toward Auntie Cat, accepting her musk-coated fingers with the same boldness I met my uncles with. I’m rewarded with a proud smile before she runs her clean hand over my hair and murmurs softly what a good girl I am.

And last, there’s Uncle Max. Victoria is no longer on his lap, but spread out on the table, a diaper tucked up under her. Once again, our gazes meet as her Daddy swipes his finger through her bare pussy lips and brings his fingers, coated with their mutual pleasure to my lips.

This time it’s Victoria’s gaze I keep as I suck Uncle Max’s fingers clean, and she giggles softly when I make a low “yummy” sort of sound in my throat.

“There,” Jasper says when I release Uncle Max’s hand. “You’re officially part of the family. Now, who wants dessert?”

A laugh travels around the table as he helps me to roll over so he can replace my diaper. And although I’ve been looking forward to my promised dessert all day, I know nothing will ever taste as good as the delicious taste of power I got tonight.

## Chapter Nineteen

Juliet

“Will you tell me where we’re going now?”

From his spot on the seat beside me, Jasper chuckles and shakes his head. “I already told you, princess. It’s a surprise. The next time you ask, you’ll spend the rest of the drive with Daddy’s cock in your mouth. Understood?”

Slumping down in my seat with a dramatic sigh, I fold my arms over my chest. “Yes, Daddy.”

It’s been two days since my “welcome to the family” dinner and while I wish I could say I’ve been on my best behavior, the truth is I’ve spent just as much time over my Daddy’s lap as not in that time frame. Not that he seems to mind, as every spanking ends with his thick, hard cock in my mouth. He’s fucked my face plenty of times since dinner, but my pussy only once as a reward for picking up my toys when he asked without arguing.

The cause and effect is clear, even to me. Behave, and get orgasms. Misbehave, and get a spanking, without the pleasure.

While I can’t say I approve of his methods, they have proven somewhat effective. This morning I didn’t argue once when he forced me to wet my diaper before putting me in the tub, where he proceeded to wring three mind-blowing orgasms from my body as he washed me.

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It's almost enough to make me want to be a good girl all the time.

Almost.

I still haven't forgotten my plan to prove what a sweet, obedient Little girl I am like Victoria, so that maybe one of my uncles will take pity on me and help me return home. But the one time I even casually mentioned going back home in front of Uncle Evan, he just laughed and kissed my forehead and told me not to worry about such silly things. And, judging by how in sync the rest of my new family seems, I have a feeling all of my uncles will have a similar response.

The car slows, and I sit up straighter in my seat, all thoughts of escape and mean old uncles forgotten as I scramble to look out the window.

Disappointment settles heavy in my tummy. "A farm? My big surprise is a farm?"

But if Jasper is put out by my unimpressed tone, it doesn't show. Still grinning widely, he winks. "Not just any farm. You'll see in a moment."

When we finally roll to a stop, Jasper takes my hand and we climb out of the door Richard is holding open for us. I brace for the smell of manure and animals, but to my surprise, there is no stench.

Interesting.

Another car pulls up beside ours, and before the driver can even exit, the back door flies open and Victoria tumbles out, dressed in a set of overalls nearly identical to my

own, only hers are a deep rose where mine are teal.

“Juju!” Victoria’s voice pitches up to an excited squeal as she throws herself at me, wrapping her arms around my neck. “I missed you! I’m so excited you’re coming to the petting zoo with us!”

“Victoria Rose!” Climbing out of the car behind her, Uncle Max pins his Little girl with a glare. “You know better than to get out of the car without Daddy. Come here.”

Head down, Victoria drags herself over to stand in front of her Daddy. “Sorry, Daddy, I just got so excited I forgot.”

“Well, let’s see if we can’t help you remember the rules.”

Propping one foot up on the car door, Uncle Max flips Victoria over his knee, swatting her bottom over and over as she kicks and cries. I know from experience a spanking doesn’t hurt nearly as much over a diaper, but you would never know that by the way Victoria is carrying on.

When he sets Victoria on her feet again, her hands immediately fly back to rub her bottom, her lower lip puffing out in a pout as she sniffles dramatically.

“If you’re tempted to ‘forget’ any more of our rules today, I will strip you down and spank your bare bottom right in front of everyone. And Bridgette has plenty of tools on hand to help me get my point across, if necessary. Am I making myself clear, Victoria Rose?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl.” Taking her by the hand, Uncle Max turns to face Jasper and I with an apologetic smile. “Sorry about that. Victoria’s been ready to burst with excitement all

day. Haven't you, little thief?"

Little thief. That's the second time I've heard Uncle Max refer to Victoria that way and just like the first time I find myself wondering how on earth she got that nickname.

Perhaps we have more in common than I realized.

"Uh-huh." Seemingly unbothered by her very public punishment, Victoria bounces on her toes, her eyes shining with renewed excitement. "We get to see the cows! And the horsies! And Daddy says there's even carriage rides!"

I've never considered myself much of an animal person, but Victoria's excitement is contagious, and soon I'm tugging on Jasper's hand. "Can we go see them now? Please, Daddy?"

"Of course, princess. Let's go."

The four of us head for the closest building, which is quite possibly the largest barn I've ever seen in my entire life. We're met at the entrance by a surprisingly petite woman dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, her dark hair falling in one single braid down her back. She greets us with a broad smile as she pulls thick leather gloves from her hands. "Well, hello there, little ones. Welcome to Forbidden Pleasures Ranch. Are you ready for your tour?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Again Victoria bounces beside Uncle Max, who looks down at her with so much love shining from his eyes it makes my chest ache to see it.

Nobody's ever looked at me like that, and I can't help but think that nobody ever will.

"A few rules first." Bridgette's expression shifts, taking on a more stern demeanor

that could give even Auntie Cat a run for her money. “No climbing on the railings. If an animal approaches you, then you may pet it, but do not try to force them. Especially the bulls. Once we’ve gone through the tour, you’ll have an opportunity to taste some fresh milk, but do not try to milk the cows on your own. They are on a very strict schedule. Other than that, have fun and feel free to ask me any questions you may have.”

With that, Bridgette turns and drags open one of the giant doors, gesturing for us to lead the way. And when we step inside, it takes my brain a moment to truly process what I’m seeing.

There’s a reason the farm doesn’t smell like any other farm I’ve ever visited. Because there aren’t animals in the pens in front of us.

Only people.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

Jasper

Beside me, Juliet stops dead in her tracks, her hand tightening in mine. When I look down, her eyes are wide as she whips her head around, taking in the sight before us.

Adorable.

“What do you think of the farm, princess?” I keep my tone as casual as possible, as if there’s nothing at all strange about a barn full of men and women dressed as various farm animals. The cows and ponies make up the majority of the animals here on the island, but there are a few little piggies and sheep and rabbits mixed in. Not to mention the barn cats wandering around.

One such curious kitten approaches us, her fluffy black tail swaying as she crawls. She pauses in front of us, head tilted to the side as if we are the unusual ones.

“Meow?”

Juliet doesn’t move. Her gaze is now locked on the kitty-girl in front of us, her mouth hanging slightly open.

Swallowing a laugh at my Little girl’s shock, I crouch down and hold a hand out to the kitten. She looks at my hand, then at my face, seemingly taking stock of what kind of person I am just like any cat would, before she crawls forward to rub her head against my hand with a low rumble in her chest that sounds so much like a purr I could almost believe it came from an actual cat.

“See, Juju?” Looking up at her, I smile and give her hand a tug. “Friendly kitty.”

Juliet slowly lowers to her knees, reaching out for the kitten. “Pet kitty?”

My heart, which she already holds in her delicate little hands, melts not just at the question itself but the childlike awe in her voice. “If she wants. Hold your hand there and see if she comes to you.”

The kitten has obviously caught onto the fact that she has multiple people who want to love on her, and she shifts her attention to Juju, offering her head for pets while presenting me with her bottom. Chuckling softly, I run my hand over her rump. “Good kitty.”

Again she purrs, and Juliet giggles at the sound. “I want a kitty.”

There’s such longing in her voice, it makes my chest ache. Our parents never had pets, and as far as I know Juliet never asked for any growing up. But now I have to wonder if she did, or if she simply didn’t ask because she already knew what the answer would be.

Making a mental note to talk to Richard about finding a kitten for my little princess, I give the kitty-girl in front of us a final pat before pushing to my feet and pulling Juliet up alongside me.

“We should get a move on. We’ve got lots of other animals to see today, princess.”

Still kneeling on the ground, she pouts up at me. Her hair is braided again, courtesy of a video chat with her Auntie Cat who walked me through the steps. Between the braids and the adorable little overalls, she makes quite the picture.

“But I wanna play with the kitty. Please, Daddy?”

It's all I can do not to simply give in and let her have whatever she wants. But the others are already far ahead of us, and I don't want my princess to miss out on all the fun. "Maybe the kitty would like to follow us for a bit."

The kitty-girl perks up at that, abandoning Juliet's petting to rub against my leg.

"I'll take that as a yes," I say with a laugh, bending down scratch behind her ears. "Come on, Juju."

Seemingly satisfied with this compromise, Juliet hops to her feet. "You said we could see the horsies."

"I did say that. I think they're just ahead."

No sooner have I said the words than Victoria lets out a delighted squeal. "Juju, Uncle Jasper! Hurry up! Come see the horsies!"

"Horsies!" Juliet takes off at a run, dragging me behind her, and I can't help but laugh at the scene we must be making.

We come to a stop in front of another pen, this one with two horses wandering around the perimeter. A male and a female, a bonded pair judging by the way they stop to nuzzle at each other on occasion.

Unlike the other animals, the horses stand proud on their "hind legs", striding gracefully on their hooves. Fur covers their legs from the knee down, and their hands, which are also hooved. From their bottoms, braided tails swing as they strut around the pen, clearly putting on a show for us. The male's hood is black with a strip of white fur down the middle, and a red leather bridle graces his head.

By contrast, the mare is all white but for her black hooves, and her bridle is a pale

pink.

“Stunning, aren’t they?” Pride colors Bridgette’s tone as she reaches out to run a hand over the stallion’s rump. “They came as a pair, and I’ve never had the heart to separate them. I tried once, and they were both so despondent, I only kept them apart for a day before putting them back in the same pen. Normally I keep the mares and stallions separate, but not these two.”

“Do they work together, as well?” Maxwell asks.

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“They do, yes. I’ll get them hitched up to one of the carriages for your ride later and you can see. A beautiful pair when they’re in motion.”

We visit with the horses a bit longer, with Bridgette telling us a bit about where she got each one and their different personalities before she finally turns, her eyes gleaming with excitement. “All right, little ones. Who’s ready to see where your milk comes from?”

### Chapter Twenty

Juliet

Milk? What does she mean, milk? Are there actual cows here on the farm, after all?

But that doesn’t make any sense. As far as I know, the only milk I’ve had so far has come from Auntie Cat.

Daddy gives my hand a tug, urging me forward, and I fall into step beside him, still rolling the question over in my mind. And I don’t have to wait long for the answer.

There’s another smaller barn just a few feet from the larger one. Bridgette holds the door open for us, and I follow Uncle Max and Victoria inside.

As soon as we step foot inside, Victoria gasps. “Cows!”

She’s right, though not in the way I expected. Much like the horses and other animals we just left behind, these cows are actually women. Very naked women, with tails in

their asses and their full, heavy breasts swaying as they crawl around their pens.

In one corner, four or five of them lay in a pile, sleeping. Bridgette gestures to them, an indulgent smile on her face. “They just finished their milking rotation, so they’re a bit worn out from the process. We have another group starting in just a few minutes if you’d like to watch.”

“Oh, yes, please!” Practically vibrating with excitement, Victoria hops up and down in place. “I wanna watch!”

Daddy squeezes my hand, drawing my attention up to him. “Do you want to watch, Juju?”

I assumed I didn’t have a choice, but now that it’s been presented to me, I’m not exactly sure what I want. The idea of watching grown women getting milked is equal parts fascinating and horrifying.

“Um. I guess so.”

His smile softens, taking on a reassuring tilt as he gives my hand another squeeze. “Why don’t we go and if you don’t like it, we can find something else to do while we wait for Tori and Uncle Max.”

Knowing I have an out lessens my apprehension a bit, so I nod. “Okay, Daddy.”

It’s becoming easier and easier to refer to Jasper as “Daddy”, partially because it’s all he ever lets me call him, but also because of how he smiles when I say it without being prompted. Saying it lights up his face feels cheesy, but it’s the only way I can think to describe the way he beams at me whenever I call him Daddy.

I might be getting slightly addicted to that smile. And the pride in his voice whenever

he praises me for something I did well. That, even more than avoiding his punishments, makes me want to be a good girl.

Daddy's good girl.

All of that doesn't even touch on how easy it's become to slip into that "Little girl" headspace. Especially when Victoria is around. She does it so easily and effortlessly, I can't seem to help but follow even if there is a voice in the back of my head screaming at me not to get used to this life. To remember how he got me here, and that I'm supposed to be doing everything in my power to escape.

But with every smile, every touch, every "good girl" I'm finding it harder and harder to remember why I want to leave.

Shoving those uncomfortable thoughts aside, I focus on what's in front of me. Namely, the group of "cows" lining up to be milked. There are five stools lined up in a row, with five buckets beside them. And five men, ranch hands I guess they'd be called, each leading one of the cows to a stool.

The men sit, and we all watch, transfixed as they begin massaging the cows' breasts. Teats. Whatever they're called in these circumstances.

And then it happens. The cow closest to us lets out a long, loud moo as white milk squirts from her breasts into the pail beneath her.

"Good girl, Lexi," her ranch hand praises. "Let's see if you can give us a little more today. Can you do that for me, pretty girl?"

"Lexi has had some trouble producing," Bridgette whispers from behind us. "I was beginning to think I'd have to transition her to a pet sooner rather than later. But she surprised us yesterday and it looks like she's going to be a good producer after all."

“I thought you had milking machines here at the farm.” Uncle Max’s mouth turns down in a frown as he scans the operation in front of us. “Surely that’s more efficient.”

“It is,” Bridgette agrees with a nod. “We rotate the cows between being milked by hand and milked by the machine. This way is certainly slower, but the cows need that human touch on a regular basis. We tried it with just the machines for a bit, but it was pretty clear the cows were suffering. And everyone knows the best milk comes from happy cows.”

The man closest to us glances up, a wide grin on his face. “She’s still got a bit left in her if the girls would like a taste.”

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“Well girls? Would you like a taste straight from the tap, so to speak?”

“Really?” There’s a hint of awe in Victoria’s tone as she looks up at Uncle Max.

“Can I Daddy? Please?”

“Of course, little thief. But you have to be gentle and follow Miss Bridgette’s instructions exactly.”

“I will, I will!” Victoria spins around, her excited gaze meeting mine. “Will you do it with me, Juju? I’ll feel weird doing it by myself.”

I would rather be waterboarded than admit to my own curiosity about drinking from another woman’s breast. But if it’s simply a favor for a friend... “If you really want me to, sure.”

“Yay! Let’s go!” Dropping her Daddy’s hand, Victoria grabs mine and drags me forward to where Lexi is waiting, seemingly unperturbed as she munches on what looks like oatmeal from a long trough in front of her.

“All right, girls. The hay is perfectly clean, so you can just lie down on either side of her and sort of wiggle your heads beneath her teats.”

Thank god Bridgette said that about the hay, because I was definitely giving it the side-eye. Letting go of Victoria’s hand, I make my way to Lexi’s left side and drop to my knees, slowly lowering myself to the ground per Bridgette’s instructions.

When Victoria and I are finally in place, each with one of Lexi’s swollen breasts

hanging over us, Bridgette continues giving instructions. “Lexi, drop onto your elbows for me, pretty girl. So the little ones can reach your nipples.”

Lexi gives another lowmoobefore shifting her weight, her breasts lowering with the movement until the nipples press against our lips.

“Such a good little heifer you are, Lexi. Girls, take her teat in your mouth and suck. If you don’t get any milk, you can try massaging the teat a bit.”

Oh my god. This is actually happening. I’m really about to drink milk from a human cow.

What the hell is my life?

A soft hum of pleasure meets my ears and when I turn my head a bit, I can see Victoria already suckling at Lexi’s other teat. Judging by the sounds she’s making, it’s almost an orgasmic experience, so I slowly part my lips, welcoming Lexi’s nipple into my mouth.

And suck.

At first, nothing happens, and despite my initial reluctance, disappointment stabs at me. Did I do something wrong?

I suck again, a bit harder this time, and I’m rewarded with a flood of sweet, warm milk. Even sweeter, I dare say, than Auntie Cat’s milk, though I would never tell her that.

Closing my eyes, I continue drinking, a bit more greedily now. And as I drink, a sense of peace comes over me. All the worries and anxieties that have plagued me since my arrest simply... melt away. Washed away, I suppose would be the better

term, washed away by a river of delicious, sweet milk.

It takes far less time than I would like for that river to run dry, though I can't deny I'm feeling rather full by the time I wiggle out from under Lexi. When I stand up again, I turn and run a hand down her smooth back. "Thank you, Lexi," I whisper. "I can't wait to try more of your milk."

Lexi moos again, and this time I swear there's a hint of pride in the sound. I turn back to where Daddy and Uncle Max are waiting for us, both with huge grins on their faces. Daddy scoops me up when I run to him, spinning me around in a circle.

"Did you enjoy your milk, princess?"

"Uh-huh. Can we come back soon?"

Chuckling, he leans in to nuzzle his nose against mine. "Whenever you'd like. Do you want to see the surprise Bridgette has for you?"

"Yes, please!"

With me still wrapped around him, Daddy carries me outside, and my veins buzz with excitement at what awaits us there. Two open carriages of sorts, each attached to two of the horses we visited earlier.

"Your chariot awaits, my princess. Which one would you like?"

The one at the front is being pulled by the bonded pair we met earlier, and that's the one I point to.

"As you wish."

We settle in the carriage, and although there's more than enough room for us to sit side by side, Daddy holds me on his lap so that I'm straddling his thighs.

I try to wiggle off so I can watch the scenery as we ride, but he holds me in place.  
“Daddy, I wanna see.”

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“You can see perfectly well from right here, princess.”

His intentions become clear a moment later when he unhooks the straps of my overalls, pushing them off my shoulders. Embarrassed heat rushes to my face as the carriage lurches forward at the same time he pulls my shirt up, exposing my bare breasts to everyone around us.

Somehow, this feels even more decadent than being fucked on his dining room table in front of our family, but Daddy doesn't seem to care. And when his mouth latches onto my nipple, his teeth grazing the already hardened nub, I find I don't really care, either. All that matters is him, and the pleasure he gives me.

“My pretty little princess,” he murmurs before switching to my other breast. “Do you know what it did to me, watching you nurse? I may have to buy you a cow to keep at home, just so I can watch you drink straight from the source every day.”

The thought of having my very own cow sends a bolt of heat straight to my clit and I grind against him, desperate for relief. “Can we buy Lexi?”

“I'll have to talk to Bridgette about that. I'm sure we can work something out.”

I forget all about watching the scenery as he strips me naked in the carriage and frees his own thick, hard length from his jeans. “You're going to ride Daddy's cock now, baby. But you'll have to keep time with the horses so we don't mess up their rhythm.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I say with a sigh as I sink down on the length of him. It takes me a few

tries to get the rhythm down, but when I do, I give myself over to him. To our mutual pleasure as I ride.

“That’s my good little princess,” he praises in that deep growl I love so much. Snaking a hand between us, he rubs his thumb over my clit, and I whimper as pleasure floods my system. “Look how pretty you are, naked out here in the open, where anybody could see. Riding your Daddy’s cock like the naughty little baby you are.”

His words should humiliate me, but they only spur me on, driving my pleasure higher as I ride his cock for all I’m worth.

“Eyes on me, Juliet.”

I didn’t even realize I’d closed them until now, and I force my lids back open to meet his gaze. “Daddy,” I gasp out as he presses even harder against my clit.

“That’s right, princess. I’m your Daddy. And you’re my naughty, filthy little baby. Isn’t that so, Juju?”

“Y-yes, Daddy.”

Another wave of pleasure as he works my clit harder, faster, driving me up, up toward that shimmering peak. “Say it, baby. Say you’re Daddy’s naughty baby.”

I don’t want to. But instinct tells me the consequences for disobeying would be more than I’m prepared to pay at the moment, so I swallow my humiliation down and force the words out. “I-I’m your naughty baby.”

“That’s my good girl. Do you want Daddy to let you come now?”

“Yes, Daddy, please!”

“Then come for Daddy, princess. Squeeze Daddy’s cock with that filthy little cunt.”

Shattered. Every bit of me, body and soul, fractures as the pleasure slams into me. I’m vaguely aware that I’m screaming as I continue fucking him, riding and squeezing his cock as wave after wave crashes over me.

Until, at last, he pins me in place, his fingers gripping my hips as he fills me with his cum.

For a long while, we simply sit there, fighting for air, wrapped up in each other as the scenery passes us by. When our breaths finally return to normal, he slides a hand behind my head, pulling me to him for a long, slow kiss.

“You have no idea what you do to me, my sweet little princess,” he murmurs, and my heart leaps in my chest.

And for the first time since I boarded that plane, I dare to believe, really believe, my brother might actually feel something for me.

What the hell am I supposed to do about that?

## Chapter Twenty-One

Jasper

My sweet little Juju sleeps the whole way home, obviously worn out from our trip to the farm. I can’t seem to stop staring at her, watching the way her eyelids flutter a bit when we hit a particularly rough spot, the way she snuggles against me with a sigh. Everything about her enraptures me, and I still can’t quite believe she’s here.

I find it even harder to believe how well she's settling into her role as my Little girl. True, she fights me at seemingly every step of the way, but today has shown me just how well she's adjusting to our new dynamic.

We'll have to tell our parents soon. They already know she's here with me since I called them as soon as I got her settled in that first night, though they don't know where "here" is or that I'm her Daddy, but soon we'll have to come clean about the romantic turn our relationship has taken.

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They're going to be pissed, and I can't help but grin as I imagine the looks of pure horror on their faces. Maybe we won't tell them. Maybe we'll simply show up for Thanksgiving dinner with my ring on Juliet's finger.

My naughty Little princess would probably enjoy the heart attack that option is likely to give her mother.

The car rolls to a stop in front of our house, and I give my babygirl a gentle shake. "Time to wake up, Juju. We're home."

Nose crinkling, she shifts, pressing her face against my chest. "Nuh-uh."

I laugh as I nudge her again. "Yes-huh, princess. Daddy has a surprise for you."

That gets her attention. Blinking owlishly, she sits up and rubs at her eyes. "Another surprise?"

"Yes. Would you like to see?"

"Uh-huh."

Richard opens the back door and Juju and I climb out together. Swooping her up in my arms, I press a kiss to her cheek as I carry her up the front steps and into the house.

Uncertainty, a feeling I am not well acquainted with, skitters up and down my nerves as I head for the second floor. "My contractors have been working around the clock

to get this ready for you, but you can tell me if you don't like something. We can change anything. But I think you'll like what I've picked out so far."

"You're making me nervous, Daddy."

That seems only fair, since I'm feeling rather nervous myself.

At the top of the stairs I turn right and pause in front of the nursery door. There's a sign on the door now, the wood painted a deep teal with purple lettering. Eyes wide, Juliet reaches out and runs her fingers over the words.

"Juju's Nursery," she whispers, a hint of awe in her voice.

So far, so good, it seems. Her reaction settles the worst of the nerves jumping in my stomach and I reach for the knob to push open the door.

It swings open and Juliet gasps, her hands going to her face as she takes in her new surroundings.

The entire nursery has been redone in shades of teal and purple, her two favorite colors. On top of the dresser are framed photos of our trip to Paris together, and a few other fond memories I have of the two of us. Hanging on the wall are various drawings and paintings of otters, Juliet's favorite animal.

"Oh, Daddy. It's perfect."

She wiggles, clearly wanting to be let down, so I place her on her feet so she can explore. I hang back a bit, giving her some space to get acclimated to her new room. From the rocking horse her Uncle Gideon made special for her, to the giant dollhouse, to her crib with the pretty canopy draped over it that mimics the dress I had made for her "welcome to the family" dinner, she gives everything equal

attention before turning to face me, tears sparkling in her eyes.

“You really want to keep me, don’t you?”

How could there have ever been any doubt? Stepping forward, I cup her face in my hands, swiping her tears away with my thumbs. “I really do. You’re mine, Juliet. Forever.”

“Nobody’s ever... This is too much, Jasper.”

The sound of my name from her lips is like nails on a chalkboard. “Who am I, Juliet?”

“Daddy,” she whispers. “I’m sorry, it’s just, I’m a little overwhelmed. This is all so beautiful. Even if it is a nursery.”

“Your nursery. No other Little girl has ever set foot in this room, and no other Little girl ever will, without your permission. Everything I have is yours, princess, but this space especially belongs to you.”

“Does this mean I can’t sleep in your bed anymore?”

Both Maxwell and Doctor D would probably tell me to make her sleep in the crib until she’s fully committed to being my baby. But the thought of going a single night without her in my arms makes my chest constrict, so I shake my head. “Nights are for Daddy’s bed. You’ll likely take naps in here, and if you need a timeout you’ll be put in the crib. But at night, you’re mine.”

“Good. I’d hate to have to throw a tantrum over sleeping in Daddy’s bed,” she says, a note of teasing in her tone.

“And what do you think would happen if you did?”

“You’d kiss me on the head and tell me I can sleep in your bed whenever I want?”

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Cheeky little brat. “Probably,” I admit with a laugh. “After I spanked your bottom red with your hairbrush, of course.”

She pulls away from me with a snort of laughter. “Of course.”

There’s something she isn’t saying. It hangs heavy in the air between us as she resumes her slow trek around the room, running her fingers over every inch of the furniture that fills this space.

I open my mouth to ask her about it, but almost immediately shut it again. Perhaps I’m a coward, but I don’t think I could handle her telling me she doesn’t want to stay. That she doesn’t want to live as my baby and she still wants to return to New York.

If the nursery isn’t enough to convince her that her place is here, with me, then I’ll find something else. A kitten. A pretty little cow for her to drink from whenever she feels the urge.

Whatever she wants, whatever it takes, this house will be the only home she ever knows for the rest of our lives.

Juliet

At my request, Uncle Max brings Victoria over a few days later for a playdate. Not, as I told my Daddy, because I had so much fun with her at the farm, but because I have questions that desperately need answers and she’s the only person on this island who might understand some of what I’m feeling.

It takes nearly an hour of playing nice under our Daddies' watchful eyes before they apparently feel comfortable enough leaving us to our own devices.

"We'll be right downstairs if you need us, princess. Just push the big button by the speaker and I'll be able to hear you wherever I am in the house." Daddy's expression hardens a bit, sending nervous butterflies fluttering in my stomach. "You are not, under any circumstances, to leave this room. Am I understood, Juliet?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Uncle Max pins my playmate with an equally hard look. "That goes for you, too, Victoria Rose. If you step one foot out of this room, your bottom will pay the price."

Victoria's head bobs up and down enthusiastically. "Yes, Daddy. We won't go anywhere. Promise."

"Good girl. We'll be back up in a bit to check on you." Uncle Max's expression softens as he leans down to press a kiss to Victoria's hair. "Have fun, little thief."

A few more minutes of fussing, and then they're finally gone. I wait for the sound of their footsteps on the stairs before I lean back against my dollhouse with a sigh. "Finally. I thought they'd never leave."

Giggling quietly, Victoria shoots a nervous glance at the door as if she's afraid they'll somehow overhear us. "I can't believe they actually did leave. I don't think I've gone more than a few minutes without a grownup around since I got to the island."

It's a perfect opening if I ever heard one. "Speaking of... how exactly did you get to the island? Does it have anything to do with why Uncle Max calls you 'little thief'?"

Red blooms on Victoria's cheeks as she gives a slow nod. "I used to work for his

company.”

“Really? What did you do there?”

“I was a systems analyst. Which is as boring as it sounds, but it paid well. Not well enough to dig me out from a mountain of medical debt after my mom died, which is why I ended up stealing a bunch of money from the company.”

My mouth falls open as I stare at her. Sweet little Victoria, the very picture of the perfect Little girl, stole money from Maxwell Stone. “How much did you steal?”

“A million dollars.”

“You have balls of fucking steel, girl. I wouldn’t even steal a dollar from that man. And I’ve stolen plenty in my time. That’s actually how I ended up on this freaking island.” I roll my eyes. “I got myself caught, and I went running to my big brother for help. You can see how well that turned out.”

Victoria giggles as she runs a brush through her doll’s hair. “Same, actually. Turns out, Daddy set me up, gave me all the information I would need to embezzle from him. And when I finally did, he gave me a choice. Prison or a month on this island with him.”

“And you chose this? Sometimes I think prison would be better.” But even as I say the words, they ring hollow. Prison wouldn’t have delicious milk from pretty cows or my favorite foods or my pretty room built just for me.

“I didn’t know exactly what I was getting myself into when I signed the contract. He was pretty vague, other than telling me I’d be ‘atoning for my sins’ while I was here.”

“So when is your thirty days up?”

“About a week ago. I decided I’d rather stay here, with him. Not that he would have actually let me go even if I wanted to.”

Okay, now we’re getting somewhere. Scooching closer, I lean in, desperate to ask what I really want to know. “And you’re okay with that? Being trapped here, forever, forced to live as a child for the rest of your life?”

Victoria finally lifts her head, and her expression is so sad I almost reach out to hug her. “Do you know what’s waiting for me back in New York?”

“What?”

“Nothing,” she says with a bitter laugh. “I had friends, sure, but no family. My contract says I’ll be paid ten million dollars if I go back but... there’s nothing there for me anymore. All New York ever gave me was heartache. Here I have a family. I have my Daddy and my Uncles and my Auntie Cat, and they all love me more than I could have ever dreamed of. And I have you.”

“Yeah. I guess.”

“It’s different for you,” she says quietly, and there’s no condemnation in her tone, just simple understanding. “You had a whole life, friends, family. Freedom. I wouldn’t think you’d be very happy giving all that up.”

Gratitude wells in my chest and tears burn the backs of my eyes. “I’m not. I don’t hate it here, not the way I thought I would at first. But...”

“It’s not the same. I get it. Have you talked to your Daddy about it? Maybe you can find some kind of compromise.”

“I doubt it. He told me yesterday when he surprised me with my new nursery that I was his. Forever.”

Victoria sets her doll aside, her unusually serious gaze meeting mine. “I haven’t known him nearly as long as you have, but I don’t think Uncle Jasper would want his Little girl to be unhappy here, whoever she was. You should talk to him, tell him how you’re feeling. See if you can work something out together. He loves you, Juliet, and I

just know he'd do whatever it takes to make sure you enjoy being his baby."

Jasper loves me? It's far more than I could ever dare to hope for, so I simply shrug. "Maybe. Yeah, maybe."

Silence falls between us, but it's not awkward. It's almost comforting, as if we've reached a new level of friendship after this conversation.

Maybe Victoria is right. Maybe if I just talk to Jasper, tell him how I really feel about staying here, maybe he'll give me a bit more freedom. I could travel the world with my friends for a few weeks out of the year, and then come back to the island to be with him the rest of the time. And maybe I wouldn't even have to be his baby. Maybe, eventually, we could just be a normal couple, living a normal life. Split our time between here and New York.

Because that thought doesn't bring me as much comfort as I would like, I set it aside for now and push to my feet, holding out a hand toward Victoria. "Come on. Let's go be naughty."

Eyes wide, she takes the offered hand and lets me pull her up to join me. "What do you mean?"

What do I mean? I think for a moment and then inspiration strikes. "Girl talk requires wine. Let's sneak down to the kitchen and see if we can't find a bottle and bring it back up to the nursery. If we put it in our sippy cups, the Daddies will never know."

"I don't know..." Clearly torn, Victoria reaches behind her to rub at her tulle-covered bottom, as if she's already anticipating the trouble we'll be in if we're caught. "Our Daddies were really clear about staying in your room. We'll be in big trouble if they catch us."

Grinning now, I take her hand, pulling her toward the nursery door. “Haven’t you figured out yet that the trouble is half the fun?”

## Chapter Twenty-Two

Jasper

“Your Juliet seems to be settling in well.” From his spot on the couch in my living room, Maxwell gives me what barely passes as a smile. But from Maxwell Stone, it might as well be a full-blown grin.

The approval in his tone goes a long way toward easing some of my earlier concerns, and I return his smile with a much broader one of my own. “She is, surprisingly. I thought I’d have much more of a fight on my hands, but she actually seems to enjoy being my baby. Other than when she has to use her diaper. She still argues about that nearly every time.”

“Victoria was resistant to it at first. Took her nearly a month to wet on her own. Now she uses it more often than not. I’ll be honest, I’m surprised you’re forcing the issue with Juliet.”

“I hadn’t planned to, but she just gets so adorably flustered. And I figure it’s best to begin as I mean to go on.”

“A good plan, indeed.”

I glance over at the baby monitor on my desk, and the video feed of our babygirls playing with their dolls. “Look how cute they are, Maxwell.”

Now Maxwell does smile, a wide gesture that’s reserved for his Little girl. “Precious. I’m glad you have the monitor. I’m not sure I’d feel comfortable leaving Victoria on

her own for too long. It's one thing if she's napping, but..."

"But Little girls have a tendency to find trouble?" I supply with a laugh.

"Exactly."

We both keep an eagle eye on the monitor as we delve into a conversation about Maxwell's latest acquisition and some of the unrest at his company. It seems his board isn't thrilled about him working from an undisclosed location or the fact that he made off with one of their analysts. But they all know that there is no Stone, Inc. without Maxwell Stone, so they seem willing to keep those particular skeletons in the closet. Even if they did try to out him, Maxwell has the power and the money to bury them, and his secrets, without breaking a sweat.

Movement on the monitor catches my attention and I hold a finger up, silencing my friend as I watch two very naughty Little girls poke their heads out of the nursery door.

"What are they up to?" There's a hint of amusement in Maxwell's tone, but I know better than anyone it won't save his Little girl from the spanking she's just earned herself.

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Nor will it save Juliet. “Let’s see.” Picking up the monitor, I switch to a view of the hallway, and we watch as they creep toward the stairs, carefully making their way down the steps.

Maxwell rubs at his chin, a smile tugging at his lips and excitement dancing in his pale eyes. “Do we meet them at the bottom of the stairs or see what they have up their puffy little sleeves?”

“I vote we wait and see. I’d like to know exactly how naughty they were planning on being, so we can plan their punishments accordingly.”

“Agreed.”

We follow their progress via video down the stairs, right past the room we’re sitting in, and to the kitchen.

“What are you up to, naughty girl?” I murmur as I watch Juliet open several cabinet doors, then disappear into the pantry.

She returns a moment later, a triumphant smile on her face as she holds up two bottles of champagne. Victoria cheers, pumping her fists in the air as Juliet places a bottle on the island and begins fiddling with the top on the second bottle.

“And I believe that’s our cue,” I say, jumping up from the couch and heading for the kitchen, Maxwell hot on my heels.

Our little brats are so engrossed in opening the champagne bottle, they don’t even

notice when we enter the kitchen.

“What do you two think you’re doing?”

Victoria jumps back from Juliet, as if the sudden space will somehow make her seem less guilty. Wide-eyed, she throws her hand behind her, shielding her bottom from the spanking she knows is coming.

Beside her, Juliet’s head jerks up. Unfortunately, our surprise entrance comes at the same exact time she manages to free the stopper from the bottle. The cork goes flying—straight at Maxwell’s face.

It’s like I’m watching in slow motion as the errant piece of cork buzzes through the air, smacking Maxwell right between the eyes. Victoria and Juliet stand rooted to the spot in apparent shock, the former with her hands still firmly behind her and the latter with bubbles pouring down her arm.

It takes every ounce of self-control I have not to burst out laughing.

“Fuck!” Maxwell slaps a hand over his forehead, wincing as he rubs at the red mark the stopper left behind. His expression is furious as he points at his naughty Little girl. “You have three seconds to find an empty corner and put your nose in it, Victoria Rose. One.”

With a shocked little squeak, Victoria spins in place and runs for the first empty corner she finds.

“There should be a couple ice packs in the freezer if you want one, Maxwell.” Gesturing toward the fridge with one hand, I grab the champagne from Juliet’s hand with the other and set it on the island. “I need to take Juliet to get cleaned up before we deal with... all of this.”

Maxwell grunts, and again I'm forced to swallow a laugh as I take Juliet's hand and drag her toward the half bath just off the kitchen.

"What on earth were you thinking, little girl?" I ask when the door shuts firmly behind us.

"I-I don't know. Is Uncle Max okay?"

My heart melts a bit at the clear concern in her voice. "He'll survive. What you should be worried about is the state of your bottom, naughty girl." Shaking my head, I flip the faucet on and grab a washcloth from beneath the sink. "Where are you supposed to be right now, Juliet Sloane?"

She sniffles pitifully, her bottom lip trembling just a bit. "In my room."

"You are in so much trouble, princess," I say with a sigh as I scrub the sticky liquid from her arm. "Even if you hadn't just beaned your Uncle Max in the head with a cork, you'd still be in a world of hurt."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. We didn't think it would be a big deal."

When she's all clean and dry, I pin her with a stern look. "You didn't think it would be a big deal, or you didn't think you'd get caught?"

Juliet's head drops, and I know without her answering what the truth is. "I dunno."

"Well, unfortunately for you, I'm pretty sure I do know. Come on, princess. Time to face the music."

Juliet

Crap, crap, crap.

We are insomuch trouble.

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Why the hell did I think we could get away with anything? I'm not sure how our Daddies knew what we were up to, but obviously they did since they were in the kitchen just a few short minutes after us.

Uncle Max is leaning against the island when we return to the kitchen, a blue ice pack pressed against his forehead and a scowl on his face. The memory of the cork flying straight at him, and the look of shock on his face when it hit him square between the eyes comes rushing back to me and I have to cough to cover up the laugh threatening to sneak out of my chest.

In the corner, Victoria shifts from foot to foot, and the laughter dies in my chest. My Daddy is right. Even if I hadn't hit Uncle Max with the stopper, we would still be in tons of trouble.

And it's all my fault.

"Come here, Victoria Rose."

Head down, shoulders slumped, Victoria shuffles her way over to stand beside me. I have the fleeting thought that she must hate me now, but that idea is banished the moment she wraps her hand around mine.

Whatever happens next, we'll face it together.

Jasper moves to stand beside Uncle Max and my breath catches in my throat. Separately, they're each formidable in their own way. Together, they're very nearly terrifying.

“What was the last thing we said to you girls before we left you alone in the nursery?” Uncle Max asks, his voice tight with anger.

“Not to leave the room.” Victoria’s voice is soft, almost a whisper as she raises her head to meet her Daddy’s furious gaze. “We’re really sorry, Daddy.”

“Believe me, little thief. You will be very sorry by the time we are through with you.”

Fear flutters in my belly at his words, but right after it comes my own anger. Poor Victoria’s head has dropped again, silent tears slipping down her cheeks, and all because her Daddy is being a big, mean jerk about a little bit of naughtiness. “You don’t have to be so mean to her!”

“Juliet. Stop.” Authority cracks like a whip in my own Daddy’s voice, and I know I should back down, but I can’t. My emotions are everywhere, spiraling out of control, and all I can think to do is direct them at someone.

And that someone just happens to be Maxwell Stone.

“No!” I stomp my foot, aware I’m acting just like a child, but I can’t seem to help myself. “This was all my idea, so I should be the only one getting in trouble. Tori didn’t do anything.”

“Well, that answers my next question,” Uncle Max drawls. “Thank you for being honest with us, Juliet. But you need to mind the way you speak to me, little girl, unless you’d like to add getting your mouth washed out with soap to your punishment.”

“You can’t do that. You’re not my Daddy!”

“No, but I am.” Stepping forward, Jasper pulls a familiar item from his pants pocket.

“I had a feeling I’d be needing this again. Open your mouth, Juliet.”

The last thing I want is to be gagged, especially in front of Uncle Max. Pressing my lips together, I shake my head and glare at my Daddy.

“Juliet, if I have to force you, I will wash your mouth out before I put the gag in. Your choice.”

What the hell kind of choice is that? Not a great one, that’s for sure. But I can recognize when I’m out of my depth, so even though my stomach is still churning with a nauseating mix of anger and guilt, I force my lips open.

Jasper pops the rubber tip into my mouth and buckles the gag behind my head. I suck, because if I don’t I’ll end up drooling all over myself and I’d rather take a hundred spankings than humiliate myself that way. But as it has before, the gesture soothes my ruffled feathers, at least a bit.

I’m still mad at both of them, though.

“Now that we have that handled...” Pulling the ice pack away from his forehead, Uncle Max tosses it on the island behind him and folds his arms over his chest. “You’ve both earned yourselves a spanking. And since you broke a rule Uncle Jasper and I both gave you, I think it’s only fitting that you both get a spanking from each of us. Jasper?”

“Agreed. Would you like to warm up Juliet before I take a spoon to her naughty bottom?”

“You read my mind. Come with me, Juliet.”

Chapter Twenty-Three

Juliet

This is the worst-case scenario. Well, considering what I know about Uncle Max, maybe not the worst. But it's definitely not the best-case scenario.

And the worst part is, I can't even protest since my mouth is still plugged with the pacifier.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

“Juliet.” Jasper’s voice is hard, unyielding. “Go with Uncle Max. You do not want to make this worse on yourself.”

Sucking hard on the rubber in my mouth, I step forward to take Uncle Max’s hand, shooting Jasper a glare over my shoulder as I’m led out to the dining room. Jasper and Victoria are right behind us, and my heart slams against my chest as our Daddies each pull a chair out from the table facing each other. Uncle Max settles on one of the chairs and crooks a finger at me. “Over here, Juliet.”

One look at my Daddy’s face tells me that disobeying now would not be in my best interest, so I force my feet forward. As soon as I reach his side, Uncle Max takes my hand, tipping me over his lap and flipping my skirt up. Grabbing his leg for balance, I look over to see Victoria is in the same position over Jasper’s lap.

I should probably feel jealous that my Daddy has another woman over his knee, that he’s stripping her diaper off instead of mine. But when Victoria turns her head and our eyes meet like they did at dinner the other night, all I feel is that same sense of kinship. We’re in this together, and it doesn’t matter who’s getting spanked by who—it still sucks all the same.

My own diaper gives way with a tug, and then Uncle Max’s large hand settles on my bare flesh, sending a shiver of fear up my spine.

“You girls are our responsibility,” he says, his voice even harder and unforgiving than my own Daddy’s. “When we give you rules, it’s always for your own good, and we expect those rules to be obeyed regardless of who gives them. I want you both to keep that in mind while you’re getting your bottoms warmed.”

With that, the weight of his hand on my ass disappears. But not for long. He spans my right cheek, hard enough for me to jump in place over his knee.

Holy shit, Uncle Max spankshard.

Definitely something to remember if I ever want to get in trouble around him again.

It only takes a few swats to turn me into a wiggling, whining tangle of limbs and tulle over his lap. My bottom burns with every connection of his hard palm against my bare skin, and if I could speak I would already be begging for mercy, promising to be a good girl forever.

Victoria, on the other hand, is not gagged, and she does the begging for both of us. “Owie, owie, owie, Uncle Jasper, we’re sorry! Please, we won’t ever do it again!”

“I’m very glad to hear that, little girl. But your Daddy and I are going to make very sure this lesson sinks in.”

It is! It is sinking in!

When a particularly hard swat catches the lower curve of my ass, I nearly manage to roll off Uncle Max’s lap. But he only pauses for a minute to tighten his grip, and to shift me so I’m laying over one thigh, with my legs trapped beneath his other leg. Not only does the position restrict my ability to move, it provides him access to that sensitive area where my ass and thighs meet, and he lays into those spots with such vigor I almost immediately burst into tears, sobbing around my pacifier.

A few more heavy swats land, and then I’m in his arms, my throbbing bottom perched on his knee as he rocks me back and forth. “Shhh. It’s all right, sweetheart. You took your spanking so well for me, Juju. I’m so proud of you.”

At his words, something settles inside me, and despite the fact that my bottom is still throbbing with pain, my tears start to dry up. Sniffing, I look up and tap my pacifier, silently asking to remove it.

“Have you learned your lesson about talking back?” he asks, his voice somehow stern and tender at the same time.

I nod vigorously and he chuckles as he reaches for the buckle on my gag, gently tugging it free from my mouth. “I’m sorry!” I wail as soon as I’m free, throwing my arms around him, sobbing into his neck.

“I know, sweetheart. It’s all forgiven.”

But it’s not. Still sniffing, I pull away and rub at my streaming eyes. “Is Daddy still m-mad at me?”

“Why don’t you ask him yourself?”

Strong, familiar arms scoop me up off Uncle Max’s lap, cradling me close. A glance to the side shows Victoria in the same position with her Daddy, being rocked gently as he murmurs something to her I can’t hear.

“What did you need to ask me, princess?”

“Are you still mad at me?” I feel a little pathetic asking, but I’m sore and sad and all I need in the world is to know my Daddy doesn’t hate me.

“No, princess, I’m not mad. I’m actually so proud of how well you took your spanking from Uncle Max. He spans pretty hard, doesn’t he?”

“Uh-huh. Thehardest.”

Chuckling, Daddy presses a kiss to my hair. “Hmm. Maybe I need to up my game a bit. Can’t have your Uncle Max showing me up.”

“No, Daddy! You spank hard, too!”

“Why does it feel like you’re just saying that to get out of the spanking you still have coming?”

I bury my face into his shoulder with a groan. With how my bottom aches already, I’d completely forgotten I had another punishment coming. “What if I promise to never ever be naughty ever again? Could we just skip the next spanking?”

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“Sorry, princess. Not how it works.”

“It could be how it works, if you wanted. You’re the Daddy. You make the rules.”

Gripping my chin, he nudges my head back, his serious eyes boring into mine. “That’s exactly right. And when your uncles and auntie are here, they also make the rules. Which is why you are getting your bottom spanked twice, to remind you to listen to your Daddy, but also to listen to them as well. Which you can think about while you stand in the corner for a bit before the last part of your punishment.”

Jasper

To my surprise, Juliet slides off my lap with a sigh but no protests, and makes her way over to the corner I’ve pointed her toward. Victoria does the same, and at our instruction, both girls hold their dresses up, exposing their bare, glowing bottoms to the room.

“They make quite a sight, don’t they?” Maxwell asks, a hint of pride in the low growl of his voice.

“That they do. I could sit here all day and look at those pretty red bottoms on display.”

“Same. But that would be a bit much for our little ones, knowing they still have a second spanking coming. Best to get that over with and put them out of their misery.”

“Agreed.”

With one last long look at my princess's pretty red bottom, I follow him into the kitchen where we each select a heavy wooden spoon for the final leg of our babygirls' punishments before returning to the dining room and taking our spots on the chairs.

"Come here, girls," Maxwell calls when we're ready. Both girls hesitate a moment, looking over at each other. As if by some silent agreement, they nod and turn to shuffle their way over to us together.

"You girls were very naughty today," I say, forcing my voice to remain stern despite the pity stirring in my chest at their sniffles and whimpers. "What if we hadn't been watching you? What if you'd gotten into that champagne and made yourselves sick? Juliet, wouldn't you feel horrible if your actions made Victoria ill?"

Eyes filling with fresh tears, Juliet nods. "Yes, Daddy," she whispers hoarsely.

"Victoria is a guest in our home. It's your responsibility to make sure you both are following our rules. Which is why you'll be getting twice what Victoria gets. Maxwell?"

"I think ten with the spoon for my little thief."

"So twenty for you, princess. Over you go."

It's a testament to how sorry she must be feeling—whether just for herself or for her actions, I'm not sure—that Juliet goes over my knee without protest. Flipping her skirts up, I run my gaze over her reddened bottom. Unfortunately for her, it's about to be even redder.

With that thought, I shift her forward over one knee, trapping her legs with my other leg. "Give me your hand, Juliet. I don't want you reaching back and getting your

fingers smacked by the spoon.”

With a whimper, she complies, one hand braced on the floor and the other reaching back for me. Threading my fingers through hers, I give her hand a comforting squeeze as I pin her arm to her lower back. “Twenty with the spoon and then we’re all done here, princess.”

Taking aim at her bottom, I snap the flat side of the spoon against her skin nearly in unison with Maxwell laying the first swat down on Victoria’s upturned bottom. Our little ones both howl, their feet fluttering against the floor.

If I’ve ever seen a more perfect sight than this, I can’t recall.

With every snap of the spoon against her bare bottom, Juliet’s bottom turns redder and redder, her struggles and wails growing more forceful.

“I’m sorry, Daddy! I’ll never be naughty again, I promise!”

That’s not a promise I would ever expect a Little girl to keep, but especially not my Little girl. She’s a brat to her bones, and though it is clear she regrets her choices this time around, I have no doubt that as soon as the memory of this spanking fades, so will her vow to behave herself.

And I wouldn’t have it any other way.

By the fifteen count, she goes limp over my knee, sobbing her heart out. I’m tempted to cut the spanking short there, but I promised her twenty and a good Daddy always keeps his promises. So I deliver the next five to her sit spots, where I can be sure she’ll remember this punishment the rest of the day, before gathering her up in my arms.

“That’s my good girl,” I murmur, rocking her gently. Across from us, Maxwell does the same with Little Victoria, who is also heaving great big gulping sobs in her own Daddy’s arms.

Our eyes meet over their heads, and when he smiles, there’s a kinship there, deeper than anything we’ve had before.

It takes longer than before for our babygirls to settle, and when they finally do, Maxwell pushes to his feet with Victoria in his arms. “I think our little ones are ready for a nap. Thank you for having us, Jasper.”

“It was our pleasure. Juliet, say goodbye to Uncle Max and Tori, princess.”

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Sniffing pitifully, she looks up at them with watery eyes. “Bye-bye, Uncle Max. I’m really sorry I got you in so much trouble, Tori.”

Pride swells in my chest. My sweet little princess.

“It’s okay,” Victoria responds with a tremulous smile. “Maybe you can come over and play dress-up soon?”

“Can I, Daddy?”

“If Uncle Max says it’s okay.”

“Of course. I was thinking of inviting the family over for dinner this weekend anyway. Why don’t you both come a few hours early so the girls have plenty of time to play? Preferably without the naughtiness this time,” he adds with a chuckle.

“That sounds perfect. What do you say to Uncle Max, princess?”

“Thank you, Uncle Max.”

“You are very welcome, sweet Juliet.” Shifting Victoria to his hip, he leans down to press a kiss to Juliet’s forehead. “You’re a good girl, Juju. We just need to curb those naughty urges a little bit.”

“Yes, Uncle Max.”

They exit the dining room together, and I carry Juliet to the kitchen and grab a bottle

of milk from the fridge.

Back upstairs in her nursery, I hold my little princess in my arms, listening to the sound of her suckling the bottle, and I can only think how incredibly right this feels. Naughtiness and all, Juliet is mine, and I don't know how I ever thought it could be anyone but her.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

Juliet

"Which princess do you wanna be?" Standing in front of what looks to be a collection of dresses from every animated princess film in existence, Victoria tilts her head to the side. "Cinderella is my favorite, but you can be her today if you want."

I'm not sure I've ever had a friend as sweet and giving as Victoria, and the guilt that's been eating at me since yesterday afternoon claws at my stomach. "You can be Cinderella. Ummm. What's this purple one?"

Victoria giggles, a high, pure sound that teases a laugh out of me as well. "That's Rapunzel, silly. You look just like her with your hair!"

I doubt my hair is nearly long enough to contend with Rapunzel, but Victoria seems so excited about it I don't have the heart to turn her down. Besides, I owe her big time for getting her in so much trouble yesterday.

Not that she or Uncle Max or my Daddy still seem upset. Quite the opposite. They're all acting as if nothing happened at all. If anything, Uncle Max is acting even warmer toward me than he was before the playdate. When Daddy and I arrived this afternoon, Uncle Max greeted me with a giant hug, swinging me around in his arms before sending Victoria and I off to play.

The whole thing just feels off somehow. I'm used to my parents, and the way they would hold mistakes over my head for months, even years, depending on how badly I embarrassed them. So I can't help but wonder when the other shoe is going to drop.

I try to ignore that niggling doubt as we change into our princess dresses and matching tiaras and jump feet first into a game Victoria has created for us. And for a few hours, I really feel like a little girl again, twirling in a pretty dress without a care in the world, spending time with my new best friend as we laugh and play until we both collapse onto the pretty pink beanbag chairs piled in the corner of her room.

"This is so much fun." Victoria wiggles onto her side, grinning at me. "It's nice to have a friend. Daddy and Caleb and everyone are great, but I like having a friend my own age. Or my own pretend age, I guess?"

"Do you ever get tired of pretending to be a baby?"

"Sometimes. Like yesterday when our Daddies caught us with the champagne, part of me was like 'Oh my god we aren't actually two! Let us have some freaking champagne!' you know?"

"Exactly!" Flopping back on my soft chair, I stare up at the ceiling and sigh. "It's fun for a little bit but I don't know if I can live like this forever."

"Are you really so sad here?"

"No. And that's the crazy part. Like, as long as I'm playing or spending time with Jasper, I don't mind it. But when I sit and think about it for too long I start to question my sanity. We can't possibly be happy here, can we? Forever?"

There's a long silence, and I start to worry I've offended her when she finally speaks up again. "I could. But like we said the other day, you're not me. I really think you

should talk to your Daddy about how you're feeling, Juju."

Maybe she's right. But the idea of approaching Jasper feels far too big at the moment, so I push the idea aside and turn my head to grin at her. "Have I ever told you how much I hated the nickname Juju?"

"No!" Eyes wide with horror, Victoria slaps a hand over her mouth. "I'm so sorry! I didn't know! That's what Uncle Jasper calls you, so I just assumed..."

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“I know. It’s okay. He started calling me that when our parents got married, and once he figured out how much I hated it, he stuck with it. He has been the epitome of the annoying older brother for over a decade.”

“Must be weird to think of him as your Daddy now.”

“It was, at first. But... I dunno. It’s almost like this was the role he was always meant to play in my life. He still teases me a bit, but nothing like how it used to be.”

My own words echo in my mind. If Jasper has always been meant to play the role of my Daddy, does that mean I’ve always been destined to be his Little girl?

I’m still rolling the problem around in my head when the door to Victoria’s nursery swings open and our Daddies walk in.

“Looks like our Little ones have worn themselves out, Maxwell.”

“I’ll say,” Uncle Max says with a low rumble of laughter as he bends down to scoop Victoria up into his arms. “The rest of the family will be here soon, little thief. You should potty before we go down to dinner.”

“You too, Juju.”

I’m just now getting used to peeing in my diaper in front of Jasper. There’s no way I’ll survive the humiliation of wetting myself in front of someone else. “I don’t have to potty, Daddy.”

“Really?” Jasper raises a brow in disbelief. “You had a big lunch and a whole bottle of milk before we left for Uncle Max’s house. Are you sure you don’t need to pee?”

“Positive.”

“Me neither!” Victoria chimes in, shaking her head.

“Is that so, Victoria Rose?”

There’s a dangerous edge to Uncle Max’s voice, and I wince at the sound of it, silently cursing myself for not being able to just go along with what they’ve asked. The last thing I want is to get Victoria in trouble again.

Fuck.

Obviously Victoria is going to stand with me if I continue to defy them. Which means the only way to help my friend is to do the very last thing in the world I want to do.

“Um, actually, maybe I do have to potty,” I manage to say, my face flaming with embarrassment.

It’s almost worth it for the way Jasper smiles at me. “That’s my good girl. Do you need Daddy to help you?”

Another layer of humiliation, but I’m not sure I can force myself to wet my diaper if he doesn’t help me, so I nod. “Yes, please.”

Settling on the soft pile beside me, Jasper plucks me up and places me on his lap. Pushing my pretty purple dress up, he presses on my bladder, and I instinctively squeeze my thighs together against the urge to go.

“Relax for me, princess. Can you do that for Daddy? Just relax and let me help you, baby.”

Squeezing my eyes shut, I lean back against him, forcing my muscles to relax bit by bit.

“There we go.” The pressure on my bladder increases. “Such a good little princess, you are. Just relax and let Daddy take care of everything, Juju.”

He continues praising me, telling me what a good girl I am, how happy it will make him if I use my diaper. And after several long minutes, my body finally gives in to his gentle prodding and I wet myself.

“That’s my good little baby. Daddy’s so proud of you, princess. Now we just need to get you all cleaned up. Maxwell, do you have a changing pad we could borrow? Ah, hell, and a diaper as well. I left Juliet’s bag downstairs.”

“Of course.”

I keep my eyes shut, but I can hear him moving around, then crossing the room. And when he stops beside the beanbag pile, he leans down to whisper in my ear. “Thank you, sweetheart. That was a very brave thing you did for my Victoria.”

I’m not sure exactly how he knows why I did what I did, but his words unravel some of the knots in my tummy and I pry my eyes open to peek up at him. “You’re welcome,” I whisper back, and he winks before turning away to make his way back to the changing table Victoria is currently strapped to.

Jasper makes quick work of laying the changing pad on the floor and shifting me from his lap to the pad so he can remove my diaper. The actual process of changing me doesn’t take very long at all, and soon I’m cuddled in Daddy’s lap again, clean

and dry.

“You’ve been such a good girl today, princess. I’m so proud of you.”

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Pleasure flutters in my stomach. “Really?”

Jasper laughs, that deep, throaty sound I love so much. “Would your Daddy ever lie to you? Come on, let’s go down and meet your Uncles and your Auntie Cat. They should be here soon.”

Hand in hand, we make our way downstairs, followed closely by Uncle Max and Victoria, the latter of whom doesn’t look any worse for wear after the diaper debacle.

Sure enough, Uncle Gideon is already waiting for us in the living room. He looks up from his phone, a smile stretching across his face when he spots us. “There’s my favorite nieces.”

Hoisting me up into a giant bear hug, he spins me around just like Uncle Max did early, surprising a giggle out of me. “Aren’t we your only nieces?”

“True, but that doesn’t stop you from being my favorites.” With me still wrapped around him, he leans over to press a kiss to Victoria’s cheek. “How’s my sweet little Tori?”

“Good.” Her smile turns impish. “Did you bring me a present?”

“Victoria Rose!” Uncle Max frowns at her. “Don’t be rude.”

“As it happens, I have something for both of my girls.” Setting me down, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out two small, carefully wrapped boxes. “Ask your Daddies before you open them.”

It's a good thing he reminded me because I was ready to simply rip the wrapping off.  
"Can I, Daddy?"

"Go ahead, princess."

Uncle Max gives Victoria the all-clear as well, and we both tear the wrapping off our gifts, tossing it carelessly on the floor. Underneath all that pretty paper is a simple black box and when I open it, I find the most beautiful locket I've ever seen in my life. It's a silver heart, with a beautiful J engraved on the front. And when I flip it over, my heart constricts in my chest at the message etched into the back.

Daddy's Little Princess.

"Gideon, it's beautiful." Jasper's voice is suspiciously thick, like he's holding back tears. "What do you say, princess?"

"Thank you, Uncle Gideon," I manage to whisper past the tightness in my own throat. It is a beautiful necklace, but it feels like more than that. It feels like a branding, somehow, and when Jasper lifts it from my hands to clasp it around my neck, it feels so much heavier than it actually is. Like the weight of all their expectations for me, hanging like a millstone around my neck.

The front door opens, and Uncle Evan's voice rings out in the entryway, breaking the spell that's been woven around me. But in the back of my mind is that little voice whispering that it's all a lie. Reminding me that no amount of pretty things can make up for the life I left behind. The life I'm still determined to return to.

And that voice breaks my heart.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Jasper

Gathered around Maxwell's table, talking about our future plans for the island with my own Little girl seated beside me is everything I could have dreamed of and more. Even if Juliet does seem rather quiet, I chalk it up to her being tired. She missed her nap today, and I wouldn't be surprised if all her play with Victoria has simply worn her out.

"What do we think about a school?" At the head of the table, Maxwell holds a bite of chicken up for Victoria, who makes little yummy sounds as she eats. "I know the girls won't necessarily need any more education, but I was thinking it might be good to give their days a little more structure. Especially as we bring more little ones to the island."

"I think that's a great idea," Gideon says, leaning back in his chair, a thoughtful expression on his face. "Like you said, they won't need the education, but it would help to keep them from getting bored. And while our Tori and Juju have gotten along rather well, it would be naïve to expect the same of every Little we bring to the island. Putting them together, forcing them to spend time as a unit, could certainly help bridge that gap. Did you have anyone in mind?"

"I do. She's rather strict, but I think the more rules our little ones have the better."

Laughing, Cat reaches for her wine. "Maxwell hiring a strict teacher to keep watch over his Little girl. Color me shocked, everyone."

"Don't be a brat, Catharina. It's unbecoming on you."

Cat responds exactly as you would expect a brat to, sticking her tongue out at him, and laughter ripples around the table.

“What if I don’t wanna go to yucky school?” Wrinkling her nose, Victoria crosses her arms over her chest and slumps down in her chair. “Thateschool.”

“You can’t say you hate something before you try it, Victoria. And I suggest you fix this attitude right now, little girl.”

“Sorry, Daddy,” she mumbles, red coloring her cheeks. “But it sounds awful. Why can’t I just stay with you all day like I do now?”

“Because Uncle Gideon is right. You need something to keep your mind and body active, and you know I can’t be with you all day every day as much as I would love to.”

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“What if you could learn something fun?” Though the question is asked rather nonchalantly, there’s a glint in Gideon’s eye that tells me he has something up his sleeve.

Victoria’s curiosity gets the better of her. “Like what?”

“Like... ballet, maybe.”

“Really?” In a fingersnap, Victoria goes from sulky to bouncy. “We could really learn ballet?”

“Maybe. But you’d have to do your other lessons, too.”

“Okay!”

“Oh, that would be so precious.” Cat sighs, the sound so full of longing it’s nearly painful. “Can you imagine all of our little ones, dressed up in their little tutus putting on a show for us? You have to make it happen now, Gideon, or you’ll break my heart.”

“Well we can’t have that, can we?” Gideon says with a laugh.

Looking to my left, I smile down at my own Little girl. “What do you think, Juju? Would you like to start taking ballet lessons again?”

“Huh?” As if snapping out of a trance, she gives her head a little shake and blinks up at me. “Ballet?”

“Yes, princess. We’re talking about building a school and your Uncle Gideon suggested ballet lessons. What do you think?”

“I like ballet,” she says, but you wouldn’t be able to tell from her tone that she actually loves to dance.

Leaning over, I press a kiss to her forehead. Hmmm. No fever, as far as I can tell, but she isn’t acting like herself. “Are you feeling alright, princess?”

“Yes, Daddy. I’m fine. Just a little sleepy, I guess.”

“I thought so. If you can eat three more bites for me, we can go home. Sound good?”

Nodding, she opens her mouth for another bite, and I feed her some more chicken as the conversation continues around us.

“Gideon, is the lumber delivery still on track for tomorrow?” Maxwell asks.

“Yes. Last report from the ship they were estimating an arrival time around five in the evening. They’ll likely dock overnight to unload everything and then head back.”

“Perfect.” Excitement glints in Maxwell’s eyes. “Do you think we’ll have enough to start work on the school?”

“Absolutely. Should we bring in our back-up construction team? The contractors are still working on finishing up at your place.”

“Not a bad idea. Let’s pull the trigger on that sooner rather than later.”

When I go to feed Juliet another bite of chicken, her eyes are wide, far more alert than they have been all through our meal. And her gaze shifts from Maxwell to

Gideon, as if she's taking in everything they're saying.

Unease settles in my gut. What could my little princess find so fascinating about a conversation about lumber deliveries and construction work?

Juliet

The conversation between Uncle Max and Uncle Gideon plays over and over in my mind as we drive home.

My plan has always been to try and convince Uncle Max or someone to talk Jasper into sending me home. But Uncle Gideon's present made it clear that they all see me as his Little girl, and after listening to Victoria's tale of how she came to live on the island, I'm less sure than ever that trying to appeal to their sense of human decency will work in my favor.

Which means it's up to me to find a way off this island. And the lumber shipment might just give me the opportunity I've been looking for. I can stow away on the ship, and just sneak off again wherever we land. Somehow make my way back to New York and beg my parents to reconsider cutting me off. Maybe now that we've had some time apart, they'll realize how harsh they were being.

The thought of crawling back to my parents and groveling for forgiveness makes my stomach churn. But it's better than living the rest of my life as Jasper's Little girl.

Is it really, though? Is life here really that bad?

No. It's not. But I miss my life back in New York. I miss my friends. My freedom.

Don't I?

Because that question makes my tummy ache even more than the thought of crawling back to my parents, I shove it firmly out of my mind. Of course I miss my old life. The travel, the adventures. All of it.

“What are you thinking so hard about, princess?”

Jasper's quiet question jolts me out of my whirling thoughts, and I force myself to smile for him. To pretend like I'm not plotting to leave him the first chance I get. “Just thinking about how much fun I had with Tori today. Did you know she has like, a bajillion princess dresses? With tiaras to match?”

Chuckling, he plucks me off the seat beside him and settles me on his lap so I'm straddling his thighs. He gives the front of my dress a tug, and my breasts spill out into his clever hands. “Would my good girl like some princess dresses of her own to play dress up with? I'm sure Solene has others.”

Pleasure rushes through me as he pinches my nipples, hard enough to have me whimpering at the pain. “I'm not a good girl.”

“Nonsense, princess. Even when you're a brat, you're my good girl.”

Guilt swirls in my stomach. “No, I'm not.”

“What brought this on?” he murmurs, running his thumbs over my stiff peaks. “What's wrong with my little princess?”

“I just don’t see how you can say I’m a good girl when you spend half your time punishing me.”

The car rolls to a stop, but he doesn’t release me. Even in the dark, I can see the concern glittering in his eyes. “Just because we’ve had a bumpy start doesn’t mean you aren’t a good girl, Juliet. But if you’re doubting me, then perhaps I need to do a better job of showing you.”

“What do you mean?”

Instead of answering me, he lifts me from his lap just long enough to climb out of the car, then swoops me up in his arms. My heart flutters in my chest, and I wonder if I’ll ever get used to the feeling of being so effortlessly carted around.

“Daddy, my dress!”

“Leave it. You won’t be wearing it much longer anyway.”

A thrill shoots through my veins at his words. What is he planning?

He strides into the house and up the stairs, straight past my nursery to his bedroom, where he finally sets me on my feet again. Tugging at my dress again, he pulls it down, leaving me completely bare from the waist up.

“My beautiful Juliet,” he murmurs, brushing his lips down my neck, over my collarbone. “Do you know what you do to me, princess? How it wrecks me to see you like this? My Little girl, in my house, in my bed. Some days I can’t even fathom how I survived without the taste of you on my lips.”

Another wave of guilt washes over me. “I don’t deserve you,” I whisper. “I don’t deserve any of this.”

“Nonsense. I am exactly what you deserve, in every possible way.”

There’s a gentle tug as my diaper gives way, and I shiver as the cool air brushes over my exposed skin.

“On the bed, Juliet.” A wicked smile curves his lips. “Daddy wants dessert.”

Heart pounding, I scramble up onto the bed, leaning back on the pile of pillows at the headboard and opening my legs, inviting him in. Inviting him to come and taste and feast.

The guilt is still there, churning in my gut. Because while he may not realize it, I know this may very well be our last time together. And I’m determined to make the best of it, to give myself something to carry with me when I leave tomorrow night.

I watch, transfixed, as Jasper shrugs out of his suit jacket, tossing it aside before reaching for his tie. Everything about him seems custom-designed to make me yearn, and I actually lick my lips when he unbuttons his shirt, revealing the hard, chiseled body beneath.

When at long last he’s as naked as I, he kneels on the bed, his dark gaze locked on mine as he slowly lowers his head to my wet, aching pussy. “It occurs to me I’ve never actually tasted you, sweet sister. I think it’s high time we remedy that.”

That first touch of his tongue to my pussy has me arching up, a cry ripping from my throat as I tangle my hands in his hair, desperate for something to hold to. Something to keep me anchored to this plane as the pleasure threatens to overwhelm me.

His mouth vibrates on my clit and I realize a moment later that he’s laughing. But I don’t care. All that matters now is my need, this burning ache inside me only he can slake.

Which he does, showering me with pleasure unlike anything I've ever known as he uses tongue and teeth to drive me higher, higher, higher. My hips buck of their own accord, my body desperately seeking the release he's keeping just out of reach.

"Daddy, please." The words come out as a strangled sob. I'm begging, pleading for mercy, but I'm too far gone to feel embarrassed by it. "Please, please, I need..."

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:25 am*

He gives my pussy one long, slow lick before lifting his head. “Tell Daddy what you need, baby. Use your big girl words.”

Humiliation mingles with desire, that intoxicating cocktail he so effortlessly whips up inside me. “I need to come, Daddy, please!”

“Such a good girl, begging Daddy for your pleasure. And since you asked so politely...”

And then his mouth is on me again, only this time it’s not a slow, leisurely tasting. Hedevoursme, and my mind goes blank, wiped clean of everything but him.

I scream as the pleasure shatters me from the inside out, flooding my body with so much sensation it leaves me trembling in its wake. But Jasper doesn’t stop there. He doesn’t stop at all, in fact, until I go tumbling over that edge a second time.

“I can’t, I can’t.” Collapsed back against the pillows, it’s all I can do to shake my head as he continues to feast. Pleasure has become pain and pain has become pleasure, and I no longer have any idea where the line is. But I know that I’ll surely die if he continues forcing that devious mixture on me.

Maybe that was his plan all along. Maybe he figured me out and he’s decided if he can’t have me, then nobody can.

It’s not a bad way to go, all things considered.

Somehow, he wrings yet another orgasm from my trembling body before rising up

over me, the thick head of his cock spreading me open, scraping my already raw nerves as he sinks into me.

“Juliet,” he breathes, buried to the hilt inside me, and my heart leaps at the sound of my name on his lips. “My princess.” He presses a kiss to my cheek. “My good girl.” And my other cheek. “My everything.”

Now he claims my lips, and I can taste myself on him. Tears slip from my eyes as he moves inside me, so slow it makes me ache. When he breaks the kiss to lift his head, I see my own emotions reflected in his eyes. “Come for me, princess. One more time. I want to feel you squeezing my cock before I fill this sweet pussy with Daddy’s cum. Can you do that for me, baby?”

My brain says there’s no way, but my body is already obeying his command, pleasure once more slowly building in my core. And every stroke of his cock inside me drives me closer to that peak once more.

Until, at last, I go flying one final time, my pussy spasming around the thick length of him as he buries himself inside me, filling me with his cum just as he promised.

We collapse on the bed together, the sound of our ragged breathing filling the room as we struggle for air. Pulling me close, Jasper presses a kiss to my forehead. “No more of this ‘I’m not a good girl’ nonsense, Juliet. Understood?”

I’m not. I know I’m not. And he’ll know it as well tomorrow when he realizes I’m gone.

But for now, for tonight, I can be his good girl. Maybe then he’ll find it in his heart to forgive me when I leave. “Yes, Daddy. I understand.”

Chapter Twenty-Six

Jasper

Something's up with Juliet. I'm not sure what, but she's been quiet all morning. Even quieter than she was at dinner the night before. And I can't shake the feeling that she's hiding something from me.

That feeling nags at me all day, until I finally give in and call Maxwell after I put Juliet to bed. "I need a favor," I say the moment he answers the phone.

"What kind of favor?"

"I need to talk to Tori."

There's a brief pause, and his tone is significantly more guarded when he finally speaks again. "We're just getting ready for bed. What do you need to talk to her about?"

"Juliet. She's acting strange and I need to know if she said anything to Tori that might help me figure out what's wrong."

"I assume you've tried asking Juliet herself."

"Yes. She just smiles and says everything's fine. But she seems so..." I pause, struggling for the right word. "Sad. She just seems so fucking sad and I don't know why."

"All right. I'm putting you on speaker."

I dig deep for patience as I listen to him moving around, murmuring softly to Victoria before returning to the phone. "Uncle Jasper has some questions for you, little thief."

“Hi, Uncle Jasper.”

“Hello, sweetheart. I have something really important to ask you, and I need you to be honest with me. Okay?”

“Um. Okay.”

“When you and Juliet were playing, did she tell you about anything that’s been upsetting her?”

“Oh. Um... I don’t know.” Her voice trembles a bit, and I know without even being able to see her face.

“Victoria. Tell Uncle Jasper the truth, right now.”

“I can’t,” she wails. “Juju will hate me forever!”

Despite the sudden racing of my heart, I force my tone to stay calm for her sake. “No she won’t, sweetheart. I promise.”

“She’s my only friend! I can’t tell her secrets!”

“If those secrets are hurting her, yes you can,” Maxwell says, steel infusing his words. “And you will, right now, unless you’d rather have this conversation over Daddy’s knee.”

“Daddy, no! I don’t want a spankin’!”

“Then tell Uncle Jasper what you know.”

“Sh-she wants to go home. Back to New York. She misses her friends and all the fun stuff they used to do together. I told her she should t-talk to you!”

My heart sinks into my stomach. I could have sworn Juliet was learning to be happy here on the island. With me. Was it all an act?

“Thank you for telling me, sweetheart. I’m going to go talk to her now, see if we can’t get to the bottom of this.”

“She’s gonna be so mad at me,” Victoria whispers, and my heart cracks at the sadness in her voice.

“No she won’t. I’ll make sure of it. Just trust your Uncle Jasper.”

“Okay. I trust you.”

Well, that makes one Little girl, at least.

And that’s what eats at me as we say our goodbyes and I head for the stairs. The fact that Juliet didn’t trust me enough to talk to me. Despite our rocky start, I thought I’d made it clear she could always come to me with her hurts and worries.

Apparently not.

I push open the door to my bedroom, and my heart stutters in my chest at the sight of her, curled up on her side, the moonlight casting a pale glow on her face.

She looks so peaceful, I don’t have the heart to wake her. The morning is early enough for the conversation we obviously need to have.

Stripping down to my bare skin, I slide into bed beside her, pulling her close and pressing a kiss to the top of her head. “Sleep tight, little princess. Daddy loves you.”

Tomorrow. Tomorrow I’ll force her to tell me all her secrets, and then I will make

sure she knows her place is here. At my side.

With her Daddy.

Juliet

Daddy loves you.

Those words echo in my mind as I slip from the bed we share and tiptoe toward the door. Jasper obviously bought my pretend sleeping bit, which is the only reason he said that. If he actually meant it, he'd say it to my face.

I cling to that thought as I ease open the bedroom door and head for my nursery. Because if I let myself believe, for even a second, that Jasper Blackwood might be in love with me, I know I'll lose the war raging inside me. The war between the part of me that desperately wants to return to my old life, and the part of me that loves being Jasper's Little girl.

None of the clothes I have are exactly "adult" in nature, but there are a few outfits like the overalls we wore to the farm that don't necessarily scream "baby". I set an outfit aside to change into, then stuff as many of those clothes as I can find into a small teal suitcase I found tucked away in the far corner of my closet.

Heart pounding, I strip down to my diaper and pause. I might as well get rid of it now, seeing as how there won't be anyone around to change me later. There's no point in keeping it on just to take it off when I'm on the ship.

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But even though I tell myself I should be happy to be rid of the damn thing, my chest aches as I peel the diaper away and wad it up to put in the trash. There will be no more diaper changes, no more doctor's visits, no more bottles. None of the things I've endured over the past few weeks in my brother's house.

Which is exactly how you want it. Stop being a baby and get a move on.

Spurred on by the voice in my head, I wheel my suitcase to the bathroom and grab my toothbrush and everything I can find that I might need during my travels. I have no idea how long I'll be stuck on the ship, and I don't want to arrive back in the states a stinky mess.

With my bag packed, I open my nursery door and peek out into the hallway. The coast is clear, at least for now, so I creep toward the stairs, pausing again at the top to listen for voices.

Nothing. Everyone else must be gone or asleep.

Thank god.

It takes me several minutes to get down the stairs, as every noise makes me freeze in place, holding my breath as I wait to see if I'm about to be discovered. But eventually I make it to the bottom of the stairs, and then to the front door.

As far as I can tell, there's no security system installed. Which, I suppose, makes sense seeing as how the island is so self-contained and all the residents go through such extensive background checks. The lack of a security system actually makes me

feel much better about sneaking around outside in the dark all by myself.

Feeling bolder than I have in days, I open the front door and step outside into the cool night air.

Freedom.

Excitement bubbles in my chest as I pull the door firmly shut behind me and begin my trek down the front steps to the driveway. I probably should have tried to find out where they keep the keys to my brother's cars, but I don't dare risk going back inside and wasting precious time snooping around.

Besides, the island isn't that big. Surely it won't take me too long to get to the docks, right?

Wrong, I realize within the first half hour of walking. Not only is the walk taking much longer than I anticipated, I realize as I'm strolling along that I have no idea where the docks even are. I have a vague idea of where town is, as I'm pretty sure I'll end up there if I just keep walking straight.

Maybe if I can make it into town, I can figure out where to go from there. I have to figure it out, somehow, or else I'll miss my one chance to escape.

Not only that, but I can only imagine how furious Jasper will be when he realizes I'm gone. For the first time, I'm forced to consider exactly how much trouble I'll be in if he catches me before I can sneak onto the ship. I'll never sit comfortably again if that happens, and the scenarios my imagination conjures are enough to have me picking up the pace.

One way or another, I have to find that ship.

Jasper

Half asleep, I reach for Juliet. The little brat must have rolled away from me during the night, and I miss the soft weight of her in my arms.

But when I don't feel her, I pry one eye open to see where she's gone to.

Only to find the bed beside me empty.

"Juliet!"

Rolling out of bed, I stumble to the bathroom, my heart pounding. A quick glance around dashes the hope I'd had that maybe, maybe she'd just needed to potty and didn't want to wake me to change her.

I race for her nursery, flipping the lights on as I rush in.

Empty. Again.

Where the hell are you, princess?

Returning to my bedroom, I grab my phone from the nightstand and dial Richard's number as I hastily pull on clothes.

"What's wrong?" Despite the lateness of the hour, Richard's voice is alert, ready.

"It's Juliet. She's missing."

"Missing? How?"

"I don't know! She's not in my room or her nursery. I'm going to call Evander and

have him send out a team while you check the house.”

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“Alice and I are on it.”

The call ends, and I hit the button to dial Evander. “I swear to god, Jasper, someone better be dead for you to be calling me at two o’clock in the fucking morning.”

“Juliet’s gone. I can’t find her.”

“Fuck.” All trace of sleepiness is gone from his voice. “I’ll send a team out. Do you have any idea where she might have gone?”

“None. Please, Evander, we have to find her.”

“We will.” The conviction in his tone soothes my nerves, but only a bit. “Check every inch of your house, closets, everything. Last time we had a Little girl go missing she was right under our noses. In the meantime, I’ll put everyone in town on alert as well. Don’t worry, Jasper. We’ll find your little one.”

Praying he’s right, I end the call and hurry down the stairs to begin the search.

### Chapter Twenty-Seven

#### Juliet

By the time I see the streetlights that line the main street through town, my feet feel like my shoes are filled with lead and it’s all I can do to put one foot in front of the other. If the docks aren’t close, I’m not sure I’ll ever make it.

Dropping down onto the sidewalk, I lean back against the brick wall of a building and try to catch my breath. But it's difficult to get air in when my entire chest feels like someone has wrapped a rubber band around it and is just twisting it tighter and tighter.

Tears burn behind my eyelids as I sit there, and all I can think is that I want my Daddy. Even though I know my bottom will pay the price, all I want is for him to find me and take me home.

"Juliet? Honey, what are you doing out here?"

Forcing my eyes open, I look up to find a woman hovering over me. She looks vaguely familiar, and it takes me a moment to place her.

Myra. Solene's Mommy, from when we went to the boutique my first day on the island.

"I don't know." The words burst out of me on a sob, tears streaming down my face. "I wanna go home."

"Oh, you poor thing. Come upstairs with me and we'll call your Daddy. The whole island is out looking for you right now."

Guilt pricks through the relief that floods my system at her words. "I'm s-sorry," I manage to sob out as she helps me to my feet and leads me into the boutique.

Upstairs, Solene is waiting for us, fury etched into every inch of her face. "I don't want her here!"

"I know, baby. But Juliet needs our help. If you don't want to talk to her, you don't have to, but you will be polite. Am I understood?"

Crossing her arms, Solene stomps her foot. “No. She can wait downstairs for Mr. Jasper to come get her.”

Behind me, Myra sighs. “I don’t want to have to punish you tonight, little elf. But you are dangerously close to earning yourself a soapy mouth and a hot bottom.”

The threat is enough to have Solene pressing her lips together in a tight line, though it does nothing to quell the fury in her eyes as she glares at me.

“Thank you. Juliet, go have a seat on the couch there. I’m going to give your Daddy a call and let him know you’re safe.”

Myra hurries away, leaving me alone with Solene. And the guilt I’ve been feeling claws at me, until I can’t take the hostile silence any longer.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t a better friend to you back in New York. Well, I guess I’m sorry I wasn’t much of a friend at all.”

Solene’s expression softens, ever so slightly, and she jerks a shoulder. “It’s fine. It’s not like any of the other snobby bitches in the city were any better. I was just a commodity to you people, and I knew it.”

“That had to be hard.”

“It was. Honestly, I think if Myra hadn’t convinced me to come to the island with her, I would have flamed out hard in another year or two. I love designing clothes, but I’m not built for that life. It’s too... hard. Too cold.”

“I want to go back. No.” I shake my head. “I feel like I should want to go back. I didn’t really have a choice in coming to the island, and I miss having the freedom to just do whatever I want when I want. But I don’t really miss the people. Not like I should.”

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Taking a small step forward, Solene lowers her arms. “Being Little is its own kind of freedom, don’t you think? There’s nobody to impress, no catty, backstabbing bitches to look out for. You don’t even have to work. You just get to... be. You really want to give all of that up just to go back to pretending you actually like the people you’re forced to talk to at every boring event you’re forced to attend?”

As her words land, I let them seep in. “No... I guess I don’t. But agreeing to stay here feels like, I don’t know. Like giving up who I am to be who Jasper wants me to be.”

“Trust me, I get that. I had to decide if I was more interested in being famous or being happy. Are you happy here?”

“Yeah. Well, when I’m not getting my ass busted for one thing or another. And Victoria may be the first real friend I’ve ever had.”

“Well... maybe if you stay, you could have two real friends.”

Raising my head, I smile up at her. “Really?”

“As long as you promise not to be bitchy New York Juliet. I like this Juliet a lot better.”

“Trust me, I don’t think my Daddy would let me be bitchy New York Juliet even if I wanted to. And I don’t really want to. I think I like this version of me better, too.”

The bedroom door opens, and Myra comes sweeping out, her fur-trimmed robe swirling around her. “Well, you didn’t kill eachother while I was gone, so that’s

something I suppose.” Turning, she pins me with a stern look. “Your Daddy is on his way, and he said to let you know that you won’t sit for a month by the time he’s through with you.”

“I kinda figured that.”

A sly smile replaces the stern expression on her face. “In the meantime, however, who wants chocolate milk?”

“Me, me, me!” Bouncing in place like Victoria so often does, Solene claps her hands together. “Thank you, Mommy!”

“Chocolate milk sounds great. Thank you, um...”

“Miss Myra,” she says with a wink. “And you’re welcome, honey.”

She disappears into the kitchen and returns a few minutes later with a bottle and a sippy cup, both full of chocolate milk. Handing me the sippy cup with a warning to be careful and not to spill—which I’m pretty sure is impossible with the cup she gave me anyway—she settles into an oversized armchair and pulls Solene down into her lap.

I watch, a little bit in awe as Solene curls up in her Mommy’s arms, her eyes fluttering closed as she sucks on the bottle. Lifting my cup to my lips, I take a tentative sip, humming loudly as the sweet milk floods my mouth.

“This is delicious. Is it... you know. Real milk or...?”

Laughing, Miss Myra pats Solene’s hip with her free hand, rocking her gently as she drinks. “It’s my milk. Found a recipe online for making chocolate milk out of breast milk and now I’m afraid my little elf is a bit addicted to it.”

I sip again, and we sit in silence for a bit before I have to ask the question nagging at me. “Did my Daddy sound really mad?”

“Mostly relieved, I think. But you are definitely in a lot of trouble, little girl. What on earth possessed you to go wandering around the island in the middle of the night?”

“I’m an idiot, I guess.”

Miss Myra’s expression hardens again. “Talking poorly about yourself is a spankable offense in this house, Juliet. Do I need to go get my hairbrush?”

Heat rushes to my cheeks as I shake my head emphatically. “No, Ma’am. I’m sorry.”

“Good girl.” She cocks her head to the side. “I think I just heard a car pull up. I’m betting that’s your Daddy.”

Sure enough, next comes the sound of the front door opening, then Jasper’s footsteps running up the stairs. He stops at the top of the stairs, looking around frantically until his gaze lands on me.

“Juliet.” The relief is clear in his tone as he rushes over to the couch, scooping me up into a hug so tight it threatens to cut off my oxygen. “I was so fucking worried about you, princess. How did you even get here? What were you thinking? I swear to god I’m tempted to bend you over and whip your bare bottom right here until you never eventhinkof sneaking out of the house again.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy. I wasn’t... I don’t know...” Unable to explain myself, I burst into tears, clinging to him for all I’m worth.

“I think that’s our cue to give you both some privacy.” With a grace I can’t help but admire, Miss Myra rises to her feet with Solene still in her arms. “Just lock the front

door behind you when you leave, please.”

She carries Solene into what I assume is their bedroom, shutting the door behind her.

Daddy pulls away, his expression fierce, and suddenly I am feeling very small. Exactly like a naughty Little girl caught doing something she shouldn't. “Hi, Daddy.”

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“Really? You just scared fifty years off my life and all you have to say for yourself is ‘Hi, Daddy’?”

“Um, I’m really sorry I worried you.”

“Trust me, princess. You don’t even know ‘sorry’ yet. But you will by the time I’m through with you.”

A delicious, familiar fear races through my veins. “Yes, Daddy.”

“But first, you are going to sit your naughty bottom right there and tell me why you snuck out in the first place.”

Nodding, I sit back down on the couch, twisting my fingers together in my lap. “Um, well. I was looking for the docks.”

I’m fairly certain if I told him I’d gone out looking for an alien spaceship to abduct me, he couldn’t look more shocked than he does at this moment. “What? Why the hell were you going to the docks?”

“Well, I kinda had this plan to stow away on the ship so I could get back home.”

“And why the hell would you do that?”

Some of the boldness I’d felt sneaking out of the house earlier comes trickling back, and I jerk my chin up. “Maybe I’m sick of being treated like a baby all the time.”

I half expect him to haul me up and paddle my bottom red right then and there. But it's my turn to be shocked, because his response is the farthest thing from what I ever would have predicted.

He just...laughs.

And not the low, wicked kind of laugh I've come to expect when he's about to do something depraved to me. But a full-on, head thrown back, from the gut kind of laugh.

I can only sit and stare as he laughs until tears stream down his cheeks and he inhales deeply. "Oh, princess. I hate to tell you this but you never would have made it back to New York."

Irritation runs prickly little fingers along my spine. "Why the hell not?"

"Because." He laughs again. "You never would have made it all the way back to the states without being discovered. And then you would have been at the mercy of a bunch of mountain men with my same proclivities and none of my... elegance, we'll say."

Again, I can only stare in shock. "They're... like you? With the whole Daddy thing?"

"Yes."

"How many of you are there?"

"More than you'd think, though most prefer to keep that part of themselves in the shadows. That's why we built this island, so we could live as we wish without condemnation. Our lumberjack friends are much the same, though they don't have an entire island to themselves. I can promise you, princess, as soon as they realized who

you were, they would have been on the phone with me. And I would have let them spank your naughty bottom every day until I was able to retrieve you.”

The thought of complete strangers, mountain men of all people, laying hands on me should terrify me. And it does, though there is a part of me that thrills at the idea of my Daddy ordering someone else to punish me in his stead.

But I’m not about to let him know that, so I huff and flop back against the couch. “Yeah, well, I changed my mind anyway. I’m not leaving.”

“Is that so?” His tone is slightly mocking, and my bottom clenches in response as he leans down, his hand wrapping around my throat. “I’m happy to hear that, princess. But just so you know, it was never your choice to begin with. You are mine, Juliet Blackwood, and there is nowhere on Earth you could hide where I wouldn’t find you. And as soon as I get you home, I’m going to make sure you never, ever so much as think about running from me again.”

Oh. I am so fucked.

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

Jasper

Poor little Juju. Seated beside me in the back of my car, she jiggles her leg nervously, constantly shifting in her seat as we make our way back home. Every few seconds, she shoots me a glance, then looks away again, an adorable blush blooming on her cheeks.

“Do you want to ask me something, princess?”

She jumps a bit, and I swallow a laugh. “No. No, I’m good.”

“Lying will only make your punishment worse, Juliet. Tell Daddy what’s on your mind.”

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The pink in her cheeks darkens to a deep rose as she plucks at the denim covering her legs. “I’m just trying to figure out how mad you are.”

Taking pity on her, I pull her onto my lap, cradling her close. “I won’t lie, I was furious when I realized you’d snuck out of the house and walked all the way to town by yourself.”

“Are you still mad though?”

I can’t very well demand honesty from her if I’m not willing to give her the same. “Yes... though I’m mostly relieved you’re safe and back in my arms. Where you belong.”

Some of the tension leaves her body as she lays her head on my shoulder. “Sorry I worried you.”

“I know you are, princess. But you still need to be punished, don’t you, baby? You still need to know your Daddy loves you enough to make sure you keep yourself safe.”

Whining softly, she buries her face in my neck. “Nuh-uh.”

“What did I just say about lying, little girl?”

“I’m not lying! I don’t want a spankin’!”

She sounds so adorably Little it makes my heart skip a beat. “Unfortunately for you,

that's exactly what you're getting. A red-hot bottom before Daddy fucks your tight little hole."

Jerking up with a gasp, she stares at me, eyes round with shock. "No! You can't!"

"I can and I will. Do you know why, Juliet?"

"Because you're a sick, sick man who enjoys hurting sweet Little girls?"

"Yes," I admit with a chuckle. "But also because you need to learn that there is no part of you that doesn't belong to your Daddy. I own every inch of your body, inside and out. Your place is with me, and if I have to repeat this punishment every week for the rest of your life, believe me, I will."

The car rolls to a stop, and I help her out of the car before swooping her up in my arms again. With a nod for Richard, I head straight for the front door and then up the stairs to my bedroom.

Per my instructions, the necessary items for her punishment are laid out on the bed. A thick leather strap, a large plug, and two types of lubricant.

Stopping in the middle of the room, I place Juliet on her feet and reach for the straps on her overalls.

"My naughty, naughty baby," I lecture softly as I slide the denim down to pool at her feet. The sight of her bare pussy makes me pause and I frown at her. "Where is your diaper, little girl?"

Red floods her cheeks. "I took it off. I figured there wouldn't be anybody to change me on the boat, but I guess I was wrong."

“Very wrong. And very naughty. That’s an extra two with the strap. If you ever take your diaper off again without Daddy’s permission, I will keep your hands tied behind your back so you can’t touch it again. Am I making myself clear, Juliet?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she answers quietly, and I could swear she actually sounds remorseful.

It doesn’t take long to finish stripping her naked, and when she’s finally bared to my gaze, I lead her over to the bed. “Bend over the edge here, your arms stretched out in front of you. If you reach back or move out of position, we will start over. Understood?”

“Yes, Daddy.” With a sad little sigh, she positions herself as directed.

I take a little time to run my hand over her raised bottom. “Mine,” I growl, giving her cheek a hard squeeze. “The next time you want to run from me, I want you to remember every second of this punishment.”

Juliet

A shiver runs up my spine at Jasper’s growled pronouncement. And deep in my soul, I know he’s right.

I am his, and it’s time I simply accept my new reality.

After I get the spanking of a lifetime, apparently.

What the hell was I thinking?

There isn’t much time to go down that rabbit hole, because Jasper soon releases his hold on my ass, only to bring his hand down again with a sharp spank that makes me jump in place. A yelp slips past my lips as pain radiates across my skin.

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Harder, faster than ever before, he spans my bare bottom, and I grab at the duvet, forcing myself to stay in position. The last thing I want is for him to repeat this punishment, but I can already feel the tears welling in my eyes as he lights my ass on fire.

“When I put you to bed, I expect you to stay there. You do not leave this room without my permission. If you ever sneak out of bed again, I will start tying you to the headboard every night. And you already know better than to leave the house without an adult, don’t you, Juliet?”

“Yes, Daddy!” Dancing in place now, I cry out as the pain engulfs my entire backside. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

To my surprise and relief, the spanking stops there and he runs his hand over my heated flesh. “I hope you’re learning your lesson, princess. Because I can promise this isn’t a punishment you want me to repeat.”

Something taps against my bottom and I groan at the memory of the thick leather I saw laying on the bed. “Please, Daddy, no! I learned my lesson, I promise! I’ll be good forever!”

“Oh, my naughty little baby. I don’t expect you to be good all the time. But when it comes to putting yourself in danger or trying to run from me, well.... You would do well to not repeat those particular behaviors any time soon. Six with the strap for running away, in the dark, by yourself. And an extra two for taking your diaper off without Daddy’s permission.”

Eight with that thick, heavy leather? Groaning, I bury my face in the duvet, bracing for the first stroke.

It's just as bad as I expected. The strap is large enough to cover my entire backside, and the pain radiates deep down into my flesh. Tears slip down my cheeks and I swear to myself I will never do anything to earn another strapping like this again.

Each stroke of the leather across my bottom is another layer of agony, another layer of regret, until it feels like my ass is swollen to twice it's normal size.

Daddy runs his hand over my skin, and a sob rises up in my throat. Even that gentle touch feels too harsh.

"Will you try to run from me again, princess?" he asks softly.

"N-no, Daddy!"

"Good girl. Two more and then we're done with the strap."

My cries echo around the room as the strap connects once, twice more with my aching flesh. But Daddy doesn't pull me into his arms to comfort me like he usually does at the end of a spanking, and I sob even louder when I feel him behind me, the thick head of his cock pressing against my bottom hole.

"You belong to me, Juliet." Pain flashes through me, sharp and burning as he slowly pushes inside me. "Everything you have, is because of me. Your body, your heart, your pleasure, it all belongs to Daddy. Am I making myself crystal fucking clear, little girl?"

"Yes, Daddy!" I cry out, clinging to the duvet as he stretches me impossibly wide.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll be a good girl I promise!"

“You are a good girl, my sweet little princess. Even when you make naughty choices, you are still my good girl. Forever. Nothing will ever change that.”

Something inside me shifts at his words and the tension drains from my body. I relax, welcoming him in as he fucks my bottom with slow, sure strokes.

I’ve never been anyone’s good girl. And I know now, without a doubt in my mind, that I will never be anyone else’s good girl. Only his.

Only Daddy’s.

I welcome the pain. It’s a cleansing I didn’t know I needed until right this very second. And with every thrust of his thick cock in my most forbidden hole, the guilt, the worry, the stress all fades away. Everything I’ve ever done has led me to this place, to this very moment.

And I wouldn’t have it any other way.

Daddy’s movements become faster, harder, my bottom aching inside and out with every hard stroke of his cock inside me.

Sliding his hand over my hip, his clever fingers find my clit, and he chuckles. “I thought I’d find you wet, but I didn’t expect to find you absolutely soaked, princess. My filthy little baby. You love it when Daddy hurts you, don’t you, Juliet?”

There’s no point denying it any longer, is there? “Y-yes, Daddy.”

“So fucking perfect. Come for Daddy, princess. Let me feel you come with my cock buried in your tight little ass.”

I’m helpless against the waves of pleasure crashing over me, and I don’t even try to

fight. I simply surrender. To the pleasure, to the pain, to everything.

To him.

When I come screaming for him, for Daddy, he fucks me even harder, his possessive growls echoing in my ears as he slams into my bottom one final time. Filling my most forbidden hole with his cum while my pussy still spasms with pleasure.

Leaning down, he puts his lips so close to my ear I can feel his hot breath on my cheek. “Mine. And don’t you ever forget it again.”

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“I won’t, Daddy. I promise.”

“Good girl. There’s one last part of your punishment, and then we can go back to bed for a bit.”

“Oh, Daddy, no! I’ve learned my lesson, I swear!”

“I know you have, princess.” Pulling his cock free, he reaches for something on the bed. “This is to make sure that lesson truly sinks in.”

Something hard presses against my poor abused hole and I whimper as he pushes it inside me. Unlike his cock, the thing in my ass narrows at the top, and my bottom clenches around it when it settles into place.

Big mistake.

Huge, actually, as my sensitive inner walls almost immediately begin to heat. “Daddy, it burns! Something’s wrong, take it out, take it out!”

“Nothing’s wrong, princess. That’s your naughty girl plug. From now on, if you earn Daddy’s cock in your bottom as a punishment, it will be followed up with this plug, covered in peppermint oil. The burn will ease in a bit, but I suspect this punishment will stay with you for a good long while.”

Sobbing again, I dance in place, trying desperately to dislodge the thing in my ass and alleviate my suffering. “Daddy, please, please take it out! I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

“It will come out in the morning. For now, let’s get a fresh diaper on you and get you back into bed.”

The diaper traps all of the heat from my strapping, and by the time he tucks me back into bed, wrapped tightly in his arms, I am a very sorry Little girl indeed.

“Shhh, princess.” He presses a kiss to my damp forehead. “Daddy’s got you. Daddy’s right here, baby.”

And despite the fact that he’s the cause of my current misery, he’s also the only one I want to comfort me. So I snuggle into his embrace, letting the tears come until I’ve cried myself empty. With a big, shuddering sigh, I close my eyes. And sleep.

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

Jasper

I wake well before Juliet, and for a long while I simply watch her sleep. Cheeks flushed, with the dried tracks of her tears still visible, she is simply the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life.

My baby. My little princess.

Mine.

How could she have ever thought I would let her get away now that I’ve tasted her? Now that I’ve felt the exquisite agony of her pouty lips wrapped around my cock?

Hopefully now she’s learned her lesson, and we won’t ever have to have this discussion again. Still, something nags at me. Victoria has always seemed so happy here, and she’s never once tried to escape. In fact, when she thought Maxwell was

going to send her back to New York she was so upset she threw a tantrum right in the middle of Solene's.

Obviously, my sweet little Juliet doesn't feel the same way. And though I have no intention of letting her go, I don't want her to be miserable here, either.

I may be an asshole, but I'm not a monster.

Careful not to wake her, I slip from the bed to call down to the kitchen. Juliet has a weakness for eggs Benedict and when Chef Michael mentions he just made a fresh batch of lemon scones, I add those to my request as well. Along with a bottle of milk for her and coffee for me.

Again, I consider speaking to Bridgette about purchasing one of her cows to keep here. I'm sure the frozen milk is just fine, but why should my little princess have to settle for "just fine" when I have the means to give her the very best?

With breakfast ordered, I head to the bathroom to run a hot bath, complete with a healthy dose of lavender-scented salts. After last night, Juliet is bound to be sore, and she took her punishment so well I almost feel guilty for being so harsh with her.

Almost... but not quite.

When the bath is about half full, I make my way back to the bedroom to wake her. "Time to get up, princess sleepyhead."

Nose scrunching, she shakes her head, burrowing deeper into the covers. "Don't wanna."

"I'm afraid you don't have a choice, baby. Time to rise and shine. Or you'll miss out on the special breakfast Daddy ordered for you."

That gets her attention, and I can't help but laugh when one bright blue eye opens.  
“Breakfast?”

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“Yes. But first, you need to potty and get a bath.”

“Can I please use the potty like a big girl?”

“Do you really want to sit on that hard seat?” I ask, giving her bottom a firm pat.

Even through the diaper it must hurt because she winces, her lower lip pushing out into a pout. “Not really.”

“Then you should probably use your diaper, princess.”

Heaving a heavy sigh, she squeezes her eyes shut. Sooner than I expected, the sound of her filling her diaper meets my ears and I smile down at her. “Such a good baby. Let’s get that wet diaper off you and get you into the bath.”

Scooping her up, I carry her to the bathroom where I strip the soiled diaper from her and set it aside before lifting her into the tub. A low hiss escapes her lips as she settles into the water, but before long she relaxes, her eyelids drifting shut again as she leans back against the built-in pillow.

Inhaling deeply, she smiles. “Lavender. My favorite.”

“I know.” Kneeling beside the tub, I reach for a clean washcloth and the body wash, squirting a healthy dollop onto the rag.

Again she opens one eye, though now most of the sleep has cleared from the brilliant blue. “You know all my favorite things. How?”

“A Daddy pays attention,” I say with a shrug as I run the cloth over her arm.

“You haven’t always been my Daddy. But you paid attention anyway.”

It’s an uncomfortable truth, but one I can’t deny. “I suppose I did. I think... maybe on some level I always knew it was you. But you were so young when our parents married. Too young. There are some laws even I won’t break.”

“It’s good to know you have some morals,” she teases.

Laughing, I splash water onto her dripping breasts. “Brat.”

“Sadist.”

“Guilty as charged.” Sitting back, I watch her, watching me. “I need to ask you something, Juliet, and I need you to be honest with me. Can you do that, baby?”

“I suppose it depends on what you’re going to ask.”

“Juliet.”

She rolls her eyes toward the ceiling and my palm positively itches to connect with her bottom. “Yes, yes, I’ll be honest.”

Heart in my throat, I swallow hard, forcing the question I’m not sure I want the answer to from my lips. “Are you happy here?”

To her credit, she doesn’t answer right away. There are no platitudes, no easy answers, and I can tell she’s actually thinking it over.

“I am. I didn’t think I would be when you first brought me here. But I have a family,

and friends who care about me, way more than anyone back in New York ever did.”

My heart aches for the child she was, and the woman who has spent so long thinking herself unloved. “You tried to leave.”

“I know. And I really am so sorry about that. I talked to Solene about it and?—”

“Solene? I didn’t think you two were friendly.”

A smile curves her lips. “I apologized for being such a jerk to her back in New York and I think we’ve struck a bit of a truce. For now, anyway.”

“I see. What did you two talk about?”

“She asked me pretty much the same thing you did. If I was unhappy here. And I realized, the problem was more that I didn’t think I should be happy. It’s a bit humiliating to know how much I love being your baby. But...” She hesitates, worrying her bottom lip with her teeth. “You want me to be honest, right?”

“Always.”

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“I do miss some things from my old life. The travel, mostly. Being able to just jet off wherever I want, whenever I want. It’s hard to go from having that kind of freedom to having no freedom.”

“Ah, I see.” Mulling it over, I lift her leg from the water and run the washcloth over the long, lean length. “We could still travel, you know. Together, of course. No Daddy worth his salt would let his Little girl go off on all those grand adventures without him.”

“Wait, really?” Excitement lights her eyes. “I just sorta assumed we’d be stuck on the island forever. Especially since, you know, I’m still kind of a fugitive from the law and all that.”

I can’t help but chuckle at the pink creeping into her cheeks. “Oh, you mean that ‘minor felony charge’ that sent you running to my home in the first place?”

“Yeah, that.”

“Already taken care of, princess. You’re free and clear to travel as you please without the United States government breathing down your neck.” Placing her clean leg in the water, I lift the other to give it the same treatment.

“What?” Mouth falling open slightly, she stares up at me. “When? How?”

“Less than a week after you arrived on the island. And how do you think?”

“But... you said... Auntie Cat said... You mean I could have gone home this entire

time?”

Still gripping her leg, I pull her closer, leaning in so our noses nearly touch. “I thought I made it very clear last night that you have been mine from the moment you stepped foot on my plane, Juliet. But if I wasn’t clear enough, I’d be happy to repeat that lesson again for you this morning.”

“No, Daddy,” she gasps out, her head thrashing side to side as her eyes go wide with a mix of fear and desire that nearly drives me to follow through on the threat despite her protests. “I just meant, you both said I couldn’t go home because of the legal stuff. I sorta assumed you were going to leave that hanging over my head, you know, just in case.”

“And risk our parents’ wrath when the press got a hold of your pending trial and the fact that you’d fled the country?” Chuckling, I finish scrubbing her thigh and return her leg to the water. “Not a chance.”

“Yeah, I don’t blame you,” she says with a delightful little giggle. “So we really don’t have to be stuck here forever?”

“No, princess. We can go wherever your heart desires.”

“Will you take me back to Paris?”

Emotion lodges in my throat at the simple, soft-spoken request. “It will be our first stop. We’ll have to get you some clothes that are more appropriate to wear in public, which I’m sure Solene will be happy to help us with. But you’ll still wear a diaper and you’ll still be my baby, even when we travel.”

Juliet settles back with a dramatic sigh, a pout playing on her lips. “I knew there was a catch.”

Forcing myself to stay stern, I look down at her, keeping my expression and voice firm. “No matter where we are, or what we do, you will always be my baby.”

Fresh pink color floods her cheeks. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl. Up on your knees. Daddy needs to get that plug out and clean your bottom.”

Shifting up onto all fours, she presents her bottom. There are some dark spots still from her strapping last night, but all in all she doesn’t seem any worse for wear. And her relieved little sigh when I pull the plug from her bottom makes me grin.

As does her whining and wiggling when I push two soapy fingers inside her, thoroughly cleaning her bottom.

When she’s all fresh and clean, I pick her up from the bath and dry her off before carrying her to her nursery to pick out her clothes for the day. I opt for a onesie instead of her usual dress, since we aren’t planning to go anywhere today.

And to give her yet another reminder of her role as my baby.

Luckily for her bottom, she doesn’t argue as I put a fresh diaper on her and dress her. If anything, there’s a serenity about her that’s been missing during most of our time together and I dare to hope that maybe she has actually learned to enjoy her new life.

Back in my bedroom, she squeals with happiness at the sight that greets us in the attached sitting room. “Eggs Benedict? And scones? Oh man, my mother would have a fit over this breakfast. Too many carbs.”

“Well, your Daddy says Little girls don’t have to worry about carbs.” Settling in one of the chairs, I hold her on my lap and cut a small slice of creamy eggs and hollandaise

sauce for her. She makes little yummy noises as I feed her and myself, and when she bites into the lemon scone, it seems as though she might actually come from the pleasure.

“These are delicious. Compliments to the Chef.”

“I’ll let him know. Michael is excited to finally have a Little girl to cook for.”

Shifting on my lap, she straddles my thighs, her arms looped around my neck and her expression serious. “I need to tell you something.”

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My heart slams against my ribcage, worry wrapping like a band around my chest. “You can tell me anything, princess.”

“I think the real reason I’m so happy here is... I’m in love with you. I’ve had a crush on you for so long, at first I thought it was just that. A puppy-love kind of thing, you know? But I actually think I’m just really, truly, head over heels in love with you. Is that okay?”

Emotion clogs my throat, and for a moment I can’t speak, can’t even breathe. “Baby, it is so much better than okay. It’s so much more than I ever dared to dream. I’m so fucking in love with you, princess.”

“Really? You really mean that?”

Rising from the chair, I carry her back to my bed. No, our bed, laying her down on the rumpled sheets. “I really mean it. And if I have to keep you tied to this bed every day for the rest of our lives while I prove it to you, then that’s exactly what I’ll do.”

A wide grin stretches across her face. “Maybe not every day... but we could start with today.”

And that’s exactly what we do.

Epilogue

Gideon

Another work trip. Or so my family back on the island thinks. For months, I've kept the real reason behind my frequent trips to the city a secret, even from them. Maxwell, as devious as he may be, is unlikely to approve of my plan.

Blackmail is one thing. Outright kidnapping another altogether. Especially when the target of said kidnapping is a dancer for the New York City ballet. Someone whose disappearance won't go unnoticed.

The doors to the theatre open, and she steps out into the night. Despite what I'm sure was a vigorous practice session, her chestnut hair is still pulled up in that perfect bun, not a single strand out of place. Even in the pale glow of the streetlamps, I can see the soft, delicate curve of her cheek. The slender lines of her neck.

My perfect little doll.

With a wave for her so-called friends, she hurries toward the corner, where she pauses just long enough to glance around, to ensure she isn't being tailed by the police before turning into a darkened alley.

Fury boils in my veins at her recklessness. Little girls shouldn't be out on the streets at this late hour, making drug deals in sketchy back alleys. Even back on the island, as safe as it is, our little ones would never be allowed out after dark, especially not alone. A lesson my niece Juliet has recently learned all too well.

But that fury won't serve me now. Not when my plan requires such careful planning and execution. If I let my mind become clouded by emotion, I risk ruining everything. And I will not let anything, even my own righteous anger, deprive me of my Little girl.

So I stay in the shadows, as I've done so many nights before.

Watching.

Waiting.

And like so many nights before, I follow her to her tiny apartment. If you could call the cramped one-room space such. Being a ballerina apparently doesn't pay well.

No matter. Soon, my little doll won't have to worry about things like rent or groceries or any of the other mundane concerns she currently faces.

Out on the sidewalk, I take up my usual spot, unnoticed by the bustling New Yorkers hurrying past me on their way to their own homes as I watch the light flip on in her apartment. Her silhouette appears in front of the window shade like the heroine in some old movie, and my cock hardens as she slips out of her uniform. She moves around the tiny space, readying herself for bed.

And when her shadow disappears from sight, I force myself to wait another half hour before I finally make my move.

Tonight, sweet, unsuspecting little Isabella will finally bemin.

The End