



# Taco Daddy

**Author:** *Golden Angel*

**Category:** Romance

**Description:** Tacos aren't the only thing this domineering Daddy can stuff...

Andres likes it spicy. After all, he owns and operates one of the most popular food trucks around, Rojo Fondo Tacos. And when he's done working hard, he's always ready to play. Recognizing a complaining customer at the kink club should be his cue to call it a night, but what Daddy could resist the temptation to give a bratty beauty a little extra heat?

Rita isn't impressed by Andres' cuisine, and she certainly wasn't afraid to say so... when she had no idea he was listening. The last thing she expected for speaking her mind was to find herself turned over his knee while exploring the local club scene on Newbie Night, but to Rita's surprise, Andres isn't just interested in revenge. He's actually hungry for much more.

**Total Pages (Source):** 28

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Rita

“Rojo Fondo Tacos?” Rita read the words on the side of the bright yellow and red taco truck. “What does that mean?”

“Rojo means red,” her friend Bree offered, going up on her tiptoes. Between Rita and their other friend Eden, Bree was the shortest and probably couldn’t see the whole menu. There was one heck of a line for food truck tacos. Rita sighed inwardly. She hated lines. And waiting. Especially when she was hungry.

“I know rojo means red. I’m not that deficient in Spanish. But I don’t think I’ve ever heard fondo before.”

“It means ‘red bottom tacos,’” Eden said, looking up from her phone, where she’d probably popped the phrase in as soon as Rita had asked. That was one of the best things about having Eden around. She was always quick to look things up when someone had a question.

Unfortunately, this time, the answer didn’t make sense.

Rita made an exasperated noise.

“And what does that mean?” Tacos didn’t have bottoms. Not really. Did they? Sort of. If the shell or the tortilla was red, maybe? But the pictures on the side of the food truck all showed the normal beige or yellow, soft and hard taco shells.

“Who knows? Maybe the owner just thought it sounded good.” Eden shrugged, unconcerned, before looking up and brushing pink hair out of her eyes.

That’s right. Pink. Rita was both envious and in awe. She would never be able to dye her hair pink—and as the only blonde in their group of friends, she would have had it the easiest. Eden was half-white and half-Japanese, but before she’d bleached and colored her hair, it had been even darker than Bree’s, who was half-Black and half-Chinese and had dark brown hair with spiral curls that always attracted attention, yet she never tried to tame.

Both of them made her feel cowardly sometimes. They were brave, bold, and ready to try new things. They didn’t worry about what people thought about their clothes or their hair. They both liked spicy food, spicy books, and spicy-hot sex.

She was mostly a hot mess. And bland. So bland. Other than the shit that came out of her mouth and her reading choices. Though when compared to some of the books Eden and Bree were willing to read, she was still pretty vanilla.

That was how they’d met, an online romance book club. Realizing they all lived within half an hour of each other around Pittsburgh, they’d turned it into an in-person book club for the three of them. Rita had a lot of friends and acquaintances, but she’d had no best friends until she met them.

They were the ones who had insisted on trying the new food trucks for lunch, which happened to be located at the midpoint between their jobs. It was hard to argue with that kind of logic, though Rita wasn’t sure this long line would be worth it.

She eyed the truck next to them, which had an equally long line—Touch of Brie served fancy grilled cheese with all sorts of gourmet cheeses. Grilled cheese was meant to be two pieces of white bread slathered in butter on either side of American cheese, which was why Rita had chosen the taco truck instead. Gourmet grilled cheese

was so not her thing. She liked everything simple. Cheap.

Paying out the ass for food truck grilled cheese and tacos? She would have never come down here on her own, but it was what Eden and Bree wanted. They were really excited, and she didn't want to be a downer.

"Maybe it means your poop turns red," she suggested, causing both Eden and Bree to giggle. Rita had always enjoyed saying outrageous things. "Or it goes right through you and turns your butthole red. You know, because—"

"Oh my God, we get it, Rita. Stoooooop!" Bree drew out the word as she held up her hand, her other hand holding her stomach as she cracked up. Eden was laughing so hard, she couldn't speak. "You're saying the 'inside your head' things out loud again."

Well, she had to entertain herself somehow while standing in this ridiculously long line for ten-dollar tacos. That were made inside a truck. On the street. Ugh. Sure, it was two tacos for ten dollars, but she could get like ten tacos from Taco Bell for that same amount of money.

These had better be worth it.

Andres

Covering his mouth, Andres pretended to cough as he stared at his phone, hoping the women in front of him didn't realize he was laughing at them. He didn't know whether to be amused or incensed at the blonde's theories about his taco truck's name.

What would she say if she knew it had been for his own amusement?

While he had an array of tacos available, his specialty and the one his truck was named after was the birria taco, which had a deep red color thanks to the chiles and spices flavoring the meat. The tortillas were also dipped in the spiced liquid before being fried to give them a reddish hue. The bottom of his taco truck was also red.

The real reason he'd named the truck Rojo Fondo Tacos was because he liked to turn bottoms hot and red and not the in the way the blonde was implying. Though, if someone insisted on ordering the highest heat level, they might have some trouble of that nature.

The man in front of the trio of women turned around. Recognizing one of his regulars. Andres ducked his head and pulled the hat he was wearing down a little lower. Every so often, he liked to join the line and act like a regular patron to get a feel for what they were going through and listen in on how they felt about the food truck both before and after ordering. It was the best way to get completely authentic, sincere feedback... since they didn't know they were giving it.

Which sometimes felt a little rude, but Andres was doing his best to give everyone the best experience possible.

"It's called Rojo Fondo Tacos because the specialty is birria tacos, which are red," Lucas said, looking down his nose at the women. "They are amazing and don't cause any... gastrointestinal distress unless you are prone to ordering far spicier food than you can actually handle. Which I do not recommend."

Andres appreciated the defense, though he wasn't a fan of Lucas' patronizing tone. In his experience, it wasn't a tone anyone responded well to.

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“Oh, you know so much about tacos!” The blonde’s enthusiastic reply was somehow... a little too enthusiastic. Just on the edge of being mocking. “That’s so impressive. Are you like, a taco aficionado?”

“Uh... no.” Lucas was taken aback, and Andres couldn’t blame him. He’d probably never been called out on his mansplaining like this before. “I just come here a lot.”

“Oh, good for you. That’s great.”

The blonde was a brat of epic proportions, making Andres’ hand itch, even if Lucas did deserve it. He’d like to show her exactly why the truck was called ‘red bottom.’

Both of the blonde’s friends now had their hands over their mouths, trying to cover their laughter. Lucas seemed to have clued in that he was being made fun of, but he didn’t seem to quite understand how or how to react.

Stiffly, he nodded and turned back around, which was good because it was time for him to order. A few minutes later, the blonde and her friends stepped up.

“Ugh, finally,” she muttered, low enough, Andres wouldn’t have been able to hear it if he hadn’t been standing right behind her. The fact the line was so long was a point of pride, but he could understand how it could be frustrating... especially when someone was hungry or had limited time to eat.

All three women got the special. Andres ordered it as well. He liked to eat.

Ending up hanging out where he could still mostly see and hear the three women he’d

been standing behind was pure coincidence. The best spot to stand just happened to be off to the side from where they were now waiting for their food, a position that allowed him to check out the blonde at his leisure.

She was very pretty in that ‘girl-next-door’ way, wearing a blue blazer and blouse with a frilly skirt that ended just above her knees. Definitely an office worker, which meant she was likely hungry and on a time crunch, which could make anyone cranky.

Didn’t stop him from imagining what turning her over his knee and spanking her bottom red would be like.

One day, he’d figure out why he was so attracted to mouthy women. Owen, his friend who owned the truck next to him, had theorized it was because it gave him more of an excuse to spank them.

There was probably some truth to that.

The women were speaking more quietly about a club opening they were planning to go to tonight. Not catching everything they were saying, he leaned closer to try and hear more. Not that he would go to a club to meet a woman.

Well, there was one club he went to, but it wasn’t a dance club... though there was occasionally dancing. He knew they weren’t talking about the Outlands, though. The kink club was well established in Pittsburgh and had just re-opened after extensive renovations a few months ago.

Andres hadn’t actually been yet. He should probably take some time for a visit. Clearly, he was hard-up for some Daddy Dom time if he was fantasizing about spanking random strangers on the street.

Okay, she wasn’t totally random, considering she was standing in line for his food

truck, making jokes about what his food might do to people... but still. Andres didn't date vanilla women, and he hadn't fantasized about a woman who wasn't into kink—specifically his kink—in years. Why her? Maybe because her attitude drew him, or maybe he was that hard up.

Maybe a bit of both.

He was still thinking about it when the women's food order came up. The impulse to walk away to get some distance from his unexpected attraction was strong, but he was too curious about what she would think. Thankfully, the table directly behind where he was standing cleared out just as the women came over, which meant he didn't have to make a choice, really. He just had to not move to overhear them.

"Oh my god, these smell amazing," one of them said. Not the blonde. He was pretty sure it was the black woman, though he wasn't positive until he heard pink-hair speak.

"If they taste as good as they look, I am going to come here every day," pink-hair replied enthusiastically.

Blondie said nothing, so Andres hoped she was too busy eating. For the first time, he was listening so hard for their reaction, he felt what it was like to 'strain' his ears. From the sounds, they had all taken a bite, and he heard moans of happiness and satisfaction, exactly the sound Andres always hoped to hear.

He loved the sound of people who were enjoying food he'd made for them.

"Holy crap, these are amazing!" That was pink hair.

"Seriously. I could eat these every day. Maybe twice a day." That was the black woman. "What do you think, Rita?"



Blondie's name was Rita. Andres' mind latched onto that, even though he knew he shouldn't care. But he did.

"They're not bad, but Taco Bell would have been just as good, and there wouldn't have been as much of a line."

A roaring sound filled Andres' ears. He felt as if he'd been punched in the face, and it reverberated all the way down to his stomach. Like the world had suddenly turned over, and all the blood had rushed to his head. An odd nausea filled him.

If Jose, who was on cashier duty today, hadn't called out his name to get his food, he wasn't sure what he would have done or said. It was a damn good thing for Blondie's ass that she wasn't his because his palm was more than itching.

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Rita

Both Eden and Bree choked on their food, laughing at Rita's claim that the tacos weren't any different from fast food.

"You are so ridiculous," Eden said, shaking her head, causing the pink strands of hair that framed her face to fly back and forth. "There is no comparison."

"Yeah, yeah, okay, they taste amazing, but I'm not sure they were worth the wait in line." Rita glanced at her watch. "I only have ten minutes to shove this in my face, then I have to run back to work." She sighed. She hated being rushed.

The birria tacos really were very good, but she also would have been just as happy with Taco Bell and wouldn't have felt as though she was eating on a timer.

"I feel fairly certain these won't give us the runs, which I consider particularly important for tonight," Bree said, grinning and lifting one of her tacos in the air as if she was toasting with it. "I cannot wait."

Rita could. Every time her friends brought up their upcoming trip to the Outlands for Newbie Night, her nerves trickled through her again. What if they got there and she was dressed all wrong? What if she said something wrong? She wasn't good at holding her tongue, especially when she was nervous.

But she wanted to go.

She wanted hot sex with a hot Dom, just like she read about in her books.

The idea the Dom might even be a Daddy, who would help her find her confidence and spank her when her mouth got out of hand...

Yeah, that was probably asking too much. Those kinds of guys only existed in the books they read for book club, but if she could even get a little taste of it, that would be amazing.

“Is Samuel still coming?” she asked.

Samuel was Bree’s boyfriend, and he hadn’t seemed enthusiastic about going to the Outlands. Truth be told, he hadn’t seemed enthusiastic about anything to do with Bree lately. Eden and Rita had liked him when they’d first met him, but lately, he’d been an ass, and she had to wonder if the relationship was fizzling out.

The way Bree’s smile faltered had Rita and Eden exchanging a silent glance.

“Oh, well, he’s not sure if he can make it, but he told me he didn’t want to stop me from going if that was what I wanted.”

Rita blinked.

“He’s okay with you going to a kink club without him?” Her voice rose at the end a little. Eden and Bree shushed her, and she immediately lowered it. All three of them looked around to make sure no one was listening. There had been a guy standing pretty close to their table when they’d sat down, but he’d already gotten his food and moved away, and no one else seemed within earshot. Rita still lowered her voice. “What the hell? I thought he wanted to try out the things from your books with you.”

“Yeah, me, too.” Bree shook her head, making her dark curls bounce. There was a growing storm in her eyes. “I don’t know. He says he’s busy tonight, and I should go

without him. I know he trusts me, but... yeah.” She shook her head again, clearly frustrated with her boyfriend.

“I think you should find a new man while we’re there. Someone who wants to get wild in the bedroom with you,” Eden said. “Samuel has been a dick lately.”

“And you want someone who’ll give you a dick, not someone who is a dick,” Rita quipped, making her friends laugh again and lightening the mood as she’d intended. She hated to see Bree hurting.

“I’m not throwing a whole year of dating away without a good reason,” Bree said, shaking her head again. Personally, Rita thought the way Samuel had been acting lately was a pretty good reason, but she got it. Bree loved him and wasn’t ready to give up yet.

Still. Samuel better shape up soon. He was pissing off their friends with his treatment of his girlfriend, which was never a good sign for a relationship.

Andres

“Taco Bell would have been just as good. Unbelievable.” Andres slapped the sponge down on the counter, giving it a good scrub.

“What is he going on about?” The familiar sound of his friend Owen’s voice at the truck’s window interrupted Andres’ muttered diatribe. Jose answered before he could.

“He was doing that undercover thing where he listens to the customers while they’re in line and after they get their food, then bitches if he hears something he didn’t like,” Jose said with a snicker. Andres glared at him. This was what he got for working with family.

“You’re not my favorite nephew anymore.”

“I’m your only nephew,” Jose retorted, unfazed.

“Which is why it’s really difficult to find yourself in a position where you’re no longer my favorite, yet here we are.” Andres spread his hands wide, keeping his expression serious. Which wasn’t as difficult as it normally would be since he was still pretty pissed about blondie’s comments.

“What was it this time?” Owen asked, putting his forearms on the sill and leaning forward, his dimples already showing, even though he was only smiling a little. Like Jose and Andres, he had thick black hair, but the rest of his features were pure Korean, and his eyes crinkled at the corners when he was particularly amused.

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Which he was now.

Owen owned the Taste of Brie truck, but they'd initially met at the Outlands and become friends there. Getting a spot next to each other for their trucks had been part luck and part planning—getting the spot in front of their friend Marcus' plant nursery had been an even bigger stroke of luck.

Unlike Andres, Owen didn't feel the need to anonymously hear what his customers were saying about his food. He was happy reading reviews and accepting what people said to his face. He did his hours of work, then came to Andres' window for a taco before they packed up and went home.

When Andres didn't answer, his jaw clenched too tightly for him to get the words out, Jose jumped in and did it for him. While Andres was too angry to say the words consciously, he'd been muttering about it since Rita and her friends left.

“Apparently, a customer said something about how Taco Bell would be just as good but without the wait.” Jose shrugged, but the muscle in Andres' jaw ticked again. “Papi over here is all worked up about it.”

Yes, he was because it wasn't true, dammit. First of all, his tacos were worth the wait, and second of all, it would have been nowhere close to the same.

His hand tingled as her face came up in his mind again.

Damn, he wished Rita blonde was a subbie at Outlands. He would have had her over the spanking bench in a heartbeat and shown her what a real rojo fondowas. The idea

of her giving a heartfelt apology on her knees before he showed her a better use for her mouth than making such comments was enough to stir his arousal.

Which was frustrating all over again. He didn't want to be attracted to strangers on the street, much less ones who didn't appreciate damn good food when it was presented to them.

"Ouch. Harsh." Owen's grin widened, his dimples deepening. "If his face gets any redder, he might have to change the name of the truck."

"What's going on?" Marcus, the third member of their little group, stepped up beside Owen, dusting dirt from his hands. He must have just finished with a customer at his nursery, Flower Power. Like Owen, at the end of the day, he usually took a moment to get some food, though he switched back and forth between Rojo Fondo and Touch of Brie.

He was wearing a Flower Power shirt in bright green with the logo in pink and yellow, which contrasted with his dark brown skin. There was a tiny stem sticking to his goatee and what looked like pollen on top of his bald head.

It was a far cry from the suit and tie he'd worn nearly twenty-four-seven when Andres first met him. Two years ago, his fiancée had left him because of his workaholic work habits, which was when Andres and Owen met him at the Outlands. He'd come in to blow off some steam, and they'd ended up making friends. Then he'd had a health scare when what he'd thought was a heart attack turned out to be angina.

He'd done a complete turnaround in his life—stopped eating red meat, started meditating, quit his job as a stockbroker, bought Flower Power, and sold cultivating plants. His house was completely overrun, and both Andres and Owen joked the real reason he'd bought the nursery was so he'd never run out of room for more plants.

He was healthier and happier than ever, and Owen and Andres were both glad to see it.

Andres wished Marcus had shown up a few minutes later or after Owen had already gotten his food because now he had to listen to the whole story again.

Hearing his friends and nephew laughing at his expense only made him more frustrated, but he knew better than to give them more ammunition, so he bent his head and scrubbed at the spot on the counter he'd been targeting.

"You need to blow off some steam. We should go to the Outlands tonight," Marcus said, surprising Andres with the suggestion that was so close to his own thoughts.

Owen raised his eyebrows.

"Are you sure? You haven't been there in a year now." After that first visit when he'd met them, Marcus had only come with them to the Outlands once or twice. He'd realized he wasn't ready for a hookup, much less a relationship.

"I'm sure." Marcus sighed and ran his hand over his head, dislodging some of the yellow pollen that had settled there. "It's time for me to move forward with this part of my life, too. I need to finish getting over my old life, and that means putting myself out there again."

"Good for you, man." Owen's hand came down heavily on the back of Marcus' shoulder in a supportive pat. "I think this is incredibly healthy. I'll definitely go tonight."

"Me, too. It's been too long since I put myself out there." No real reason Andres hadn't before, unlike Marcus, who had been hung up on his ex since Andres had met him, but it wasn't something he'd made time for.



“My mom will be glad to hear that,” Jose chimed in. “What’s the Outlands?”

“I’ll tell you when you’re twenty-five,” Andres said, interrupting before Owen or Marcus could clue Jose in. Even though Jose was technically an adult, Andres did not want to talk about his sex life with his nephew. His sister would kill him, though she would be pleased to hear Andres was going out on a date. So would his mom, for that matter. He eyed Jose.

“How much to keep this entire conversation to yourself?”

“Monday off and a hundred bucks.”

“Done.”

The surprise on Jose’s face had Andres wondering if he could have gotten away with less... and probably had Jose wondering if he could have gotten away with more. He would have to make sure Owen and Marcus knew there would be no more talk about the Outlands or kink when Jose could overhear.

It would get far too expensive for Andres.

3

Rita

Staring at herself in the mirror, Rita wondered yet again what the hell she was doing. It was one thing to read about kink and Daddy Doms and another thing to actively look for them. At a kink club. Why couldn't they have attended a munch or something first?

Eden had said she had an in at the Outlands, a kink club in downtown Pittsburgh, and Bree had jumped at the chance. Rita had a bad case of FOMO—Fear of Missing Out—and wasn't about to be left behind if she could help it. Even though she wasn't sure that she actually wanted her fantasies to become reality.

Or you totally do, but you're afraid of rejection.

That might be a big part of it. Rita had her life together. She had a good job and kept up with her finances, was thrilled to let her friends take care of her when she was sick, wasn't the type of person to let anyone take advantage of her, and didn't need anyone to come in and pick up the pieces of any part of her life. She had it pretty good, in fact. So, what would a Daddy Dom want with her?

Sure, she knew fiction didn't always reflect reality, and a lot of books probably exaggerated how helpless some heroines appeared to be. It seemed to her that in order to want to have someone to take care of everything for you, you shouldn't be able to do it all yourself or at the very least, should be bad at it.

Rita was fully self-sufficient. She didn't need someone to take care of her, so she didn't think she really needed a Daddy Dom.

But she really wanted one.

"You look amazing," Bree said, meeting Rita's eyes in the mirror. "Don't look so serious."

"Why so serious?" Eden hissed, imitating Heath Ledger's joker and making them laugh.

Rita didn't think she looked bad, exactly. She just didn't look as good as Bree and Eden. She felt awkward in her bright aqua corset with its white lace edges and the ruffled blue and white crinoline she was wearing with it. She was pretty sure her awkwardness clearly showed while Bree and Eden looked completely at home and confident in their outfits.

Bree had done her hair in two big poufs of curls on either side of her head and had opted to wear a lacy white negligee with white fishnets instead of a corset. She looked like a naughty angel. Eden was decked out in all pink to match her hair, wearing the cutest Lolita dress that covered everything, yet was still sexy with its short, ruffled skirt and lowcut neckline.

Next to them, Rita looked like she was trying too hard.

"Nervous, I guess," she said, instead of admitting she was having second thoughts. Although, at this point, it was more like twentieth thoughts. Especially since she didn't want to admit she thought she looked out of place. She didn't want them to think she was fishing for compliments. "Don't you ever worry that you're going to make a big fool out of yourself?"

Eden paused fixing her hair and raised her eyebrows at Rita.

“This coming from the woman with foot-in-mouth disease?”

“That’s why I know how much it sucks,” Rita retorted. “I don’t actually try to put myself in situations where I make a fool out of myself. It just kind of happens. Which is why I usually try to avoid situations where it seems highly likely.”

“That actually makes a lot of sense.” Bree leaned forward, putting on her lipstick and giving her lips a smack before smiling at herself in the mirror. “But no, not really. I mean, I have Samuel. I don’t really care what anyone I meet tonight will think about me.”

Meeting Eden’s gaze in the mirror, Rita pressed her lips shut to keep from saying anything. Bree was in a good mood, and Rita didn’t want to be the one to ruin it by reminding her that Samuel was one of the people who was supposed to be there tonight. She still couldn’t believe he wasn’t coming.

While she was all for trusting your significant other, there was a point where the ‘I don’t care what they do, I trust them’ went a little too far. No, Bree would never cheat on him, but still... she was going to a kinky sex club for the first time ever, and her boyfriend didn’t want to come. How she wasn’t sobbing with the feeling of rejection, Rita didn’t understand. She knew that’s what she would have been doing in Bree’s place.

Shrugging one shoulder, Eden pointed to her hair.

“Pink hair, don’t care.”

“Okay, but is the pink hair the reason you don’t care or is it a byproduct of not caring?”

“Definitely a byproduct,” Eden said with a grin. “I spent way too much time caring what other people thought of me, not because I wanted to, but because my ex cared so much. I wanted the freedom to have pink hair and not care.” And once she’d gotten that freedom, she got her pink hair.

Rita could understand that. She was much more likely to do something if someone told her not to do it. Which was kind of messed up, but that was how her brain seemed to work, and she didn’t know how to undo it.

If she’d had the thought to dye her hair pink and was told no, she would have gone from thinking about it to actively wanting to do it. And if she was told no again, she would be twice as likely to buy the dye in an act of defiance. She would also never admit to any regret later, even if she felt it.

“I’m not gonna care tonight, either.” She said the words out loud as if saying them could make them true.

“That’s the spirit.” Eden held her hand up for a high five. “We look awesome, and if anyone doesn’t like it, they can fuck off.”

Rita slapped her palm against Eden’s, then Bree held hers up, and they both high-fived her. Pep talk complete.

## Page 6

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Andres

The newly renovated Outlands might have a different layout, but it still felt the same. The smell of leather and sex. The cries and moans that filled the air. The general hum of anticipation and desire.

He soaked it all in for a long minute after walking through the door, just enjoying the feeling of being where he was supposed to be. It was like returning to his favorite vacation spot, except that he'd go back home at the end of the night.

"Wow. This is incredible. Look, you can watch what's happening below you at the balconies." Owen quickly strode forward, Andres and Marcus only a few steps behind him to see the newest addition. The Outlands used to be a bar and restaurant that turned into a dance club at night on the main floor, with the BDSM club on the floor below. Now, all of it had been taken over by the kink club, and there were large squares on the main floor where people could stand and look down at what was happening just below them. The squares were located over three distinct scening areas.

The bar was still there, and there were booths and tables set up around the main floor now.

"Is this room smaller?" Andres asked, frowning as he looked around.

"Aye, a bit." Master Gavin, who owned the Outlands, appeared at Andres' side. Wearing his trademark red plaid kilt and nothing else, the Dungeon Master looked the same as ever, other than the big smile on his face, splitting through his salt

and pepper goatee. He had not been known for being a smiley guy.

“Good to see you. Welcome back.”

“Good to see you, too.” Andres held out his hand, clasping it, and each of the others greeted Gavin in turn. “So you made the room smaller?” He had to admit, he was a bit confused.

“Aye. Now we have private rooms at the back.” Gavin waved his hand, and Andres realized there were doors along the back wall he hadn’t noticed. His eyebrows rose.

“Private rooms?” Marcus asked, as intrigued as Andres. None of them were against a little exhibition, but the idea of having a choice was nice.

“Themed private rooms. I did some traveling before deciding on what my renovations were going to look like. There’s more downstairs, too. Up here, we have a medical play room, a pet playroom, and a little’s playroom.” He winked at all of them, well aware of their preferences. “Downstairs is the water room, the office, and a schoolroom. I wish I had space for more, but we may change them up now and then.”

“That sounds like fun.” Owen grinned, his dimples popping out again and causing a passing subbie to stop in her tracks for a moment of visual appreciation before she moved on. “Now, I just need someone to play with.”

“It’s newbie night, so just make sure you check the cuffs before you ask someone to play.” The Dungeon Master grinned as all three of them groaned. “Play nicely.” Having issued the admonishment, he sauntered away.

There wasn’t anything wrong with newbies, exactly, but you never knew what you were actually getting with them. Some newbies thought they wanted something, only to find out that reality didn’t match up to their expectations. Some newbies were more

like tourists, brought in by the media craze about kink and not actual interest. Some newbies thought they knew more than people with experience.

All in all, it tended to be easier to scene with people who had some experience or at the very least, had been through the introduction class.

Newbie Night was for anyone who was interested in getting a taste—if they liked it, they could sign up for the class afterward. Gavin said this way, they could get a handle on what it would be like before putting down money for the class or being scared away from signing up for the commitment of a class. They just had to sign up for the night, then they could decide whether to take the class.

Or be trained by an experienced partner if they happened to pick one up on Newbie Night, though that rarely happened. There were some Doms and subs who enjoyed initiating the inexperienced, but they also tended toward only wanting one night or one scene.

At least the Newbies wore special white cuffs that they received upon entering the club to signify who they were.

Turning back around to face one of the openings in the floor, Owen peeked downstairs.

“It looks a lot more crowded down there. Want to go check it out?”

“More crowded with newbies,” Marcus muttered, but he nodded.

Andres nodded as well. As he walked past the railing, he glanced down... and froze.

Curly black hair, short pink hair, and long blonde hair, all together, just like at his taco truck earlier. It couldn't be... could it?



Blondie turned around just then, so he could see her face, and the anticipation fizzing through his blood ramped up. Yes. Yes, it was. The craziest random happenstance of all random happenstances.

Taco Bell would have been just as good.

His palm itched, fingers clenching in anticipation. His eyes dropped from her face down to her wrists.

White cuffs.

She was here for Newbie Night.

Perfect. All he had to do was talk her into letting him give her a taste of the punishment he'd wanted to visit upon her earlier in the day.

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Grinning, Andres followed behind his friends. He couldn't wait to get downstairs.

4

Rita

The Outlands was overwhelming in the best way. It wasn't like what she imagined a kink club would be, but she already loved everything about it. She'd imagined sex clubs to be darker, with more enclosed spaces and... like, beds or something. Though she'd peeked into one of the theme rooms when the door had opened for a couple to enter, and there had been what looked like a leather chaise in there.

While there were corners of darkness around the room, most of the 'play' areas were well lit. When she thought about it for a moment, that made sense. People needed to see what they were doing.

And, man, were they doing some interesting things.

Her eyes were about to pop out of her head from everything she was seeing. Body parts, toys, props, spanking implements, a hundred kinds of erotic torture devices—it was mind-boggling. The array of people was also surprising. She'd been so worried about not fitting in because of what she was wearing, she hadn't thought everyone would be dressed differently from everyone else.

Some people were almost naked, except for underwear and electrical tape over their nipples, and others were covered from head to toe in latex. And she did mean head to toe, as in a hood and mask.

There were people dressed as animals—cats, puppies, and even one fox—and people dressed as babies or Littles. People dressed in regular clothing as if they were out for a regular date night, and others dressed in lingerie, corsets, or full-on Steampunk outfits.

She didn't fit in, but she didn't stand out because no one fit in. The group was too mixed for there to be a 'fit in.' It was pretty reassuring in one way but made things harder in another...

"How do we tell who the Daddy Doms are?" she asked out loud in frustration, looking around. The white cuffs around her wrists, which they'd been given at the front desk when they checked in, told everyone she was there for Newbie Night, but they didn't have that kind of system for anyone else. They really should.

While it was easier to tell who was a submissive and who was a Dominant, there was no way to know their kinks without talking to them, which was a daunting prospect.

Although she didn't think she was supposed to approach anyone, anyway.

"No idea." Eden didn't look deterred by the idea. She appeared to be more excited than anything else. "Maybe once we find Eben, she can tell us."

Eden's friend Eben—Rita found it really weird that their names were spelled so similarly but pronounced so differently, ee-den versus eh-ben—had said she would meet them there. She was the reason they knew about Newbie Night. A long-time member, when Eden had contacted her about getting into the Outlands, she'd jumped at the chance to help them.

Or, as Eden said, get Eden back in the club. Eden had come with her ex-fiancé but hadn't returned after their breakup. She didn't talk much about him. Bree and Rita didn't even know his real name, only knew him as SUHA—Stick-Up-His-Ass.

Rita tried to curb her impatience. Once she was more comfortable and realized more than one scene had someone wearing the white cuffs, she might try something.

“Oh, look, there’s a line of newbies over there. Do you think we could try that?” Bree pointed to one of the more open areas. A Dominatrix was standing in the center, next to a large wooden frame with hanging chains. A woman stood underneath, holding onto the chains, while the Domme flogged her.

Bree, Eden, and Rita watched as the Domme stopped, stepped forward, and put her hand on the submissive’s back where she was being flogged. The sub nodded and lowered her hands, stepping away. Turning, the Domme motioned to her next victim, an eager-looking man who took the first submissive’s place. Everyone in line was wearing white cuffs.

“That must be one of the hands-on demonstrations the email mentioned,” Eden said, her smile widening. “You guys should totally try being flogged. I love it.”

“Why not you?” Rita asked.

“I’ve already done it and don’t need to torture myself with a demonstration.” Eden shrugged, but her expression was wistful. “I don’t want a taste. I want an actual scene. Otherwise, it’s just a big tease.”

That made sense.

Bree and Rita looked at each other. From the eager anticipation in Bree’s eyes, she was seriously considering it, and so was Rita. Sure, it wouldn’t be a hot spanking from a Daddy Dom, but she’d gotten all dressed up and come out for Newbie Night. She didn’t want to leave without doing something, even if it was just a demonstration.

She’d never had a spanking from a Daddy Dom, didn’t think she’d even met a Daddy

Dom, so she didn't know if her fantasies would match up with the reality. Getting a little taste could be good, even if it wasn't exactly what she'd fantasized about.

"This might be perfect for me," Bree said hopefully, as though she could see Rita wasn't one hundred percent on board. "Samuel can't get mad if it's a demonstration... especially with a Domme."

Demo with a Domme. It sounded like home renovation. Now that was an HGTV show she would definitely watch.

Before Rita could agree, a large presence approached, causing the three of them to look up. Rita's eyes widened. The man walking up to them was a dead ringer for Oscar Isaac. Dark hair that waved over his forehead, piercing dark eyes, not conventionally handsome but damn good looking, and oozing confidence and sex appeal from every pore.

And he was looking right at her.

Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit.

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Instant arousal and panic. Panty panic.

Andres

Blondie's eyes widened as he came closer, giving Andres some satisfaction at the way she looked at him. She was taller than she had been earlier today, wearing white heels that showed off her long legs and a corset that pushed her breasts up into enticing cleavage. He'd been attracted to her earlier. Seeing her in his element heightened that attraction.

Andres didn't know how he felt about that. Yes, he wanted to spank her for what she'd said about his tacos, but shouldn't what she'd said temper his attraction? Yet here he was, cock hardening as he looked down at her.

He was suddenly very glad he'd had the foresight to ditch Marcus and Owen before heading her way. They'd be laughing their asses off if they knew.

"Hello, you're here for Newbie Night?"

"Yes." The word came out breathlessly. "Um, I mean, yes, Sir?" She said it uncertainly, eyes still wide and now filled with worry she'd made some kind of mistake.

Which was when Andres realized she had no idea who he was. Why would she?

Which made him wonder if this was a mistake.

Punishing her would be great, but she's here for Newbie Night. You can still offer a spanking. That way, you'll get what you need, she gets what she needs, and that'll be that.

His itchy palm liked that idea.

"Sir is fine or Daddy. I answer to both." He winked at her when she sucked in a breath at the second option. Was she interested in finding a Daddy Dom? Probably too much to hope for, though with how outspoken she was, she could probably use one. "Would you like a demonstration? Is there anything you wanted to try tonight?"

"Oh, well..." She glanced at her other two friends.

"Go." Pink hair made an encouraging gesture. "I'll do the demo with Bree." She grabbed the third woman, Andres assumed was Bree, by the upper arm and pulled her toward where Mistress Terrin was flogging newbies. Bree just waved at Blondie and let Pink Hair pull her away.

They were very attractive, but neither of them had the same appeal as Blondie did. They hadn't this morning, and they didn't now. Why her and not one of them, who had actually enjoyed his tacos?

One of life's little mysteries.

Now, he had his target all alone.

"I'm Master Andres or Daddy Andres, depending on what you prefer."

"I'm Rita, Sir." Despite her reaction to 'Daddy,' that wasn't what she used, which he found intriguing. "Are you really a Daddy Dom?"

“I am.Are you interested in one?”Dammit, he shouldn’t care about that.This would be a one-and-done deal.He just needed to talk her into letting him administer the spanking she so richly deserved, then they’d go their separate ways.That was the plan, no matter how wildly attracted he was to her.

Even if she wanted a Daddy Dom.

“I don’t know.That’s mostly what I read about, but I don’t have any experience.”She clasped her hands together in front of her, fingers twisting together.

Andres did his best not to be charmed.

If he hadn’t heard her comment about his tacos earlier today, he would have been completely intrigued.Gorgeous and one hundred percent openly honest.Not everyone was willing to just put themselves out there, especially when they were new to the scene, but she had no problem letting him know she was inexperienced and any knowledge came from books.

“Is there anything in particular you really wanted to try tonight?”

A blush heated her cheeks, which he found fascinating since she hadn’t blushed before.She was an interesting mix of brazenness and innocence.

“Well, I mean, there were a few things,” she hedged.

Andres raised his eyebrow, tilting his head toward her friends in line for Mistress Terrin’s attentions.

“Flogging?”

Her gaze drifted to her friends before snapping back to meet his, then dropping to the



floor.The blush on her cheeks turned even brighter.Her arms twisted as she shifted her weight, her hands and fingers wrapping around each other.She was the very picture of a Little who had been naughty or was very uncomfortable, but either way, it was making his cock hard as a rock.

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“Um, well, that would be fine, but I’ve always been more interested in spankings.” Despite her obvious embarrassment and anxiousness, she spoke clearly and loudly enough for him to easily hear her.

The dichotomy was even more interesting since, a lot of the time, he encountered submissives who had shy demeanors and difficulty saying what they wanted or brazen demeanors who had no problem saying what they wanted.

She was acting shy and embarrassed but was perfectly open to stating her needs.

Andres liked it.

A little too much.

Let’s try not to get in over my head here.

Especially since he was now getting exactly what he wanted, and he hadn’t had to suggest a spanking. It was literally her desire, so they would get what they both wanted.

Deep down, he had the sense what he wanted might change a little—from wanting to punish her to wanting to pleasure her—but he was more comfortable with that. While Andres didn’t hesitate to punish a naughty girl who’d earned it, it wasn’t as though she’d known he was listening. And she hadn’t been his to punish.

Fate had landed her in his hands, but that didn’t mean he could ignore the club’s or his personal rules.

“I would love to show you what a spanking is like, Chiquita.” It meant ‘Little One,’ and it suited her. Her eyes lit up as he offered her his hand, and she only hesitated a moment before putting her hand in his.

“I would like that... Sir.” The brief hitch in her voice made him think she’d almost called him Daddy.

By the end of the night, he was determined to hear ‘Daddy’ from her lips instead of ‘Sir.’

5

Rita

She’d almost called him ‘Daddy.’ The only thing that had stopped her was it felt way too soon. ‘Daddy’ was a much more intimate honorific than ‘Sir.’ She wasn’t ready for that kind of jump, even if her panties melted when he called her Chiquita with that gorgeous accent. He looked like Oscar Isaac, sounded like Antonio Banderas, and he was a Daddy Dom.

It was as though he’d been tailor-made to be her dream man.

Which was a little terrifying because, holy crap, what if she met her dream man, and he didn’t like her? Or he liked her at first, but then she did something to scare him off?

It was a lot of pressure, so she definitely wasn’t calling him Daddy right now. They had just met.

“Good girl,” he said, smiling as his fingers closed around hers. “Let’s see if we can find a free space.”

Rita followed his lead since he seemed to know where he was going and found herself staring at a long line of spanking benches. They were far enough apart to give everyone room, but looking at it, it was absolutely just a line of people being spanked.

Holy crap.

Her cheeks were on fire from her blush. None of the people in the line seemed to mind that they were being spanked where everyone could see.

Was she really going to join that line?

Daddy Andres—okay, so she might not be able to call him that out loud, but she couldn't not think of him that way in her head—pulled her over to one of the empty benches and turned to face her. Despite all the people around them and the noise, when he looked into her eyes, everything melted away, leaving just the two of them.

“Okay, Chiquita. So, you haven't done anything like this before. Do you want to be tied down, or do you want to hold yourself in place?”

Ah... well... crap. The choices bounced back and forth in her head. Was there a right one? A wrong one? One more right than the other? This was the whole reason having a Dom had appealed to her—so she wouldn't have to make decisions like this.

Rita pouted at him, a little disappointed.

“Shouldn't you make that decision for me, Sir?” She put a little emphasis on the final word, wondering if it would make him angry, but he just chuckled.

“If I knew you better, I would. I can make that decision for you as long as I know you have no objection to being bound. Any problems with rope? Cuffs?” As he asked each

question, Rita shook her head no. “Sex?”

She started to shake her head no, then froze and stared up at him, wide-eyed. Daddy Andres smirked. Oh, he was a sneaky fucker. She felt her lip tugging into a smile. That would teach her to auto-answer.

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“Um...” Sex? With him?

Yes! Yes! Yes! her body screamed.

Her brain wasn't so sure. Would he think less of her if she said yes?

“There's no right or wrong answer, Chiquita, just what you're comfortable with.”

The easy way he said it made her think he was completely sincere, which, ironically, made her want to say yes even more.

“I just met you,” she blurted out instead of saying yes or no.

“Good point.” He bopped his forefinger against her nose. If he'd been anyone else, Rita probably would have tried to bite it, but she was too surprised to react. Also, considering he was about to give her a spanking, biting him sounded like a pretty bad idea.

“And...” Her gaze skittered around as she remembered where they were. She'd almost forgotten, which was a demonstration of how potent he was. “This is very public.”

His eyebrows rose.

“What if I could get us into one of the private rooms?”

Heat curled in her belly.

My vagina is a slut.

Your vagina practically has cobwebs on it, girl. Is it any wonder you want to hop into bed with what is basically your dream man? Go for it before he figures out you're not what he wants! You gotta risk it to get the biscuit!

And he was a very yummy-looking biscuit.

Daddy Andres smiled.

"So, that's a no then."

"No... wait... it's just..." Rita took a deep breath. She prided herself on being a straight shooter, yet here she was, not telling him what she was really thinking. That wasn't how she rolled. "I think I'm worried you won't respect me in the morning."

He laughed, a great big belly laugh, and Rita grinned. She wasn't worried he was laughing at her. She could tell he was laughing because she'd made him laugh, and that was always a good feeling.

Andres

Good grief, he couldn't remember the last time a sub had made him laugh like this. She was a treasure.

A treasure who denigrated your tacos!

Which... well, hell. Nobody was perfect.

You are going down a dangerous path!

Yeah, but what was life without a little danger? Actually, talking to her was making him change his mind about her. All thoughts of spanking her for her earlier comments were fading away in favor of the idea of spanking her for the pleasure of it, then making her scream with pleasure and call him “Daddy.”

“So, if I promise I won’t think differently of you whether or not we have sex?” He meant it too. “Sex isn’t necessary to BDSM, and I will enjoy whatever we do together, but I will be honest, I want to have sex with you. I won’t judge you for wanting the same thing.”

Her mouth opened. Closed again. He didn’t think he imagined the heat and desire in her eyes.

After a long moment, she nodded.

“If we can... be private,” she whispered.

“Let’s see if we can make that happen.”

Taking her hand, he turned. He’d seen Master Gavin out of the corner of his eye as they’d headed toward the spanking bench area and hoped he’d be able to catch him.



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Less than twenty minutes later, Master Gavin was showing him and Rita into the littles playroom.

Since it was Newbie Night, most of the rooms were not being used. Established couples tended to avoid Newbie Night, and Master Gavin explained he didn't want to have too many of the rooms in use, but he trusted Andres would take good care of Rita.

"If you say 'Red,' it will alert our security team, and they will be here in less than sixty seconds," Master Gavin said with a smile. He pointed up to the cameras in the corners of the rooms. "No gags are allowed in the private rooms. We do have monitoring, although they only turn on if the safe word is spoken or are turned on manually. If we can't hear both of you, someone will turn them on to check. You'll be completely safe."

His words reassured a clearly nervous Rita, which Andres appreciated. It was also good for him to know. While he trusted Master Gavin to take care of all safety aspects, it was nice to hear how thorough they were.

"Enjoy." Master Gavin grinned, winking at Andres as he closed the door behind him. Andres had heard Master Gavin had turned into a bit of a matchmaker since getting back together with his ex-wife, but he hadn't believed it until now. That had felt pretty match-maker-y.

Turning to Rita, all thoughts of Master Gavin were wiped from his head as he took in her reaction to the room. It had been decorated as a child's room in soft yellows and greens, with white furniture, including a crib, a changing table, a double bed, and a

large wardrobe. There was also a spanking bench, though it was tucked away in the corner. There were stuffies on the shelves on the wall—from unicorns to superheroes and everything in between.

While she was looking at the stuffies, Andres went to the wardrobe. Opening it up, he was unsurprised to find a large assortment of sex toys—whips, floggers, paddles, a tawse, two different hairbrushes, and two bins with vibrators, plugs, and other things that shouldn't be reused, still in their packaging. A little sign beside the bins said any toys used would be charged to the member's account.

That wasn't a problem. Andres would be more than happy to pay. But if they were going to do more than a spanking, he needed to know what Rita's limits were.

Turning around, he grinned when he saw her still entranced by the stuffies. Her eyes seemed to be on a fuzzy white bear with a pink ribbon around its neck.

“Chiquita?”

“Yes?” She whipped around. “Sorry, Da... I mean, Sir.”

She'd almost said Daddy. The room was having an effect on her.

Rita

Oh my God, get it together, girl.

Just because she was in what looked like a Little's dream room didn't mean she should lose her head and jump straight to calling him Daddy out loud. Even though she really wanted to, and he looked like a total Daddy, especially in this room which was definitely for a Little.

When she looked past him at the open wardrobe and saw everything hanging inside it, she squeaked.

Holy shit! I'm definitely not in Kansas anymore!

Not that she had been since taking her first step into the club, but watching things happen to other people and seeing the things that shortly could be happening to her were two very different things. Her bottom was already tingling, her cheeks clenching together, then releasing in anticipation of what might be coming her way.

Daddy Andres smiled at her. A sinfully wicked smile that did naughty things to her flip-flopping insides.

"We need to talk limits, Chiquita. I don't plan on doing anything unduly harsh, but I would like to know what your comfort level is. You said spanking. Did you want to try just a hand? A hairbrush? A paddle?"

Oh, crap. Rita bit her lower lip. Her pussy was soaking wet as he listed off the items, but she was scared. How was she supposed to know what she might enjoy when she had never experienced anything?

"I don't know," she admitted. "I like reading about all of those things, but I'm a little worried what I like when I'm reading won't match up to what I can actually handle. Um, Sir." She tacked the honorific on the end because she'd almost forgotten to say it.

"That's a very good point." The corners of his eyes crinkled as his smile grew. "Well, then, we'll start with my hand and take it from there. What about sex? You said yes, but is oral also acceptable? Anal?"

Rita couldn't stop the little 'eep' that escaped her lips. One of the things she

fantasized the most about, and yet was the most terrified of, was a Daddy's hard cock taking her anal virginity. She squirmed, her slippery pussy lips rubbing against each other, arousing her even more, and her nipples were little drills, trying to push their way through her corset.

Just talking about it felt shameful and exciting, and she was so turned on, she thought she might burst.

But as much as her body was on board, her head was still lagging behind a bit.

"I haven't... I... well..."

"How about a plug but no anal sex?" Daddy Andres suggested, and Rita nodded.

A plug. Holy crapola, she was going to be plugged.

While she could have purchased a plug on her own, she'd never really wanted to. Putting in herself didn't have any appeal, but she'd always wanted to be plugged. Now, it was finally going to happen. With him. Her dream Daddy made real. She must have been a very good girl to have deserved this karma.

6

Andres

The almost clinical discussion of Rita's limits was turning him on as much as if they were talking dirty. She was so damn adorable as she turned the deepest hue of red her face had managed so far, squirming and shifting her weight back and forth while they talked about anal. Andres knew a dirty girl when he saw one, and it was clear Rita had some fantasies, even if she wasn't ready to go there yet.

He would bet money she was an anal virgin and 'saving herself.'

What surprised him was his desire to be the one to pop that cherry.

That would mean commitment.

He wouldn't do something like that, then walk away. No, if she was saving herself, it needed to be special and with someone who would treat her like the treasure she was.

You could do that.

Clearly, his dick was dictating his thoughts. That hadn't been on his mind when he arrived tonight. He would deal with that later, though. Right now, he would focus on the present, on enjoying himself and giving her the taste of being a Little.

After all, it was always possible that reality wouldn't match up to her fantasies. She might not enjoy being spanked, much less paddled or whipped. She might hate the

plug. All of those things were possible, so he shouldn't get ahead of himself.

"Alright, Chiquita. Let's get you ready then. Are you comfortable taking off your clothes?"

Still blushing hotly, she nodded her head in short, jerky motions. He wasn't sure she was completely on board, but he knew the corset would be uncomfortable if she didn't remove it before going over the bench. At the very least, they needed to do that.

"Yes, Sir." Her voice was a mere thread of a whisper.

"I'm going to get the spanking bench into position. See if you can get your corset undone." Going to the corner, Andres inspected the apparatus and found there were wheels on the bottom with brakes on them. Perfect. He flicked the brake off and wheeled the spanking bench to the center of the room.

As he did so, he looked up and blinked, then had to press his lips together to keep from laughing again. He did not think he would appreciate his laughter this time.

Rita was struggling with her corset. Like many of the corsets the subs wore to the Outlands, it had metal closures called a busk on the front, which would allow for quick release... if done right. Unfortunately, Rita had not quite managed it, and the center closure at the narrowest point of her waist wasn't cooperating. It was still firmly in place as she struggled, trying to shove the sides of her otherwise open corset together to get the little stud to the wider part of the loop so it would open.

Something that would be nearly impossible to do with the rest of the busks undone, but he wasn't sure she knew that.

Rita

‘Quick open’ my left ass cheek.Stupid corset.

Rita sucked in another breath, trying to get her stomach as small as she could so she could get the damn corset off.Sure, they were all hot and sexy until you were trapped in one, looking like a twit because you couldn’t get it off.It was supposed to be easy—push the two sides of the front opening together, and the whole thing should pop off.

All but one had popped off, the one right in the center, and without the corset holding her in, she couldn’t suck in enough to push it far enough together to get it off.All the flesh of her stomach was bulging outward.

Biggest.Fail.Ever.

When Daddy Andres’ hands took hold of the open sides of the corset, she wanted to cry.This was not how she wanted him to see her.

“It’s okay,Chiquita.Suck in... and there we go.”He popped it off on his first try.

Rita knew it was because he’d had better leverage since he wasn’tinthe blasted contraption, but it still hurt her pride.

“Beautiful.”

The admiration in his voice and the way he laid his hands on her sides, rubbing up and down the marks the corset had impressed on her soft flesh, was a balm to her embarrassment.Rita risked a peek at his expression, and his gaze was firmly on her boobs, which were completely exposed with her hard, pink nipples pointing right at him.

Maybe she didn’t need to worry so much about how ridiculous she’d looked while

she was struggling with the corset. Clearly, he was happy with how she looked now that it was off.

Boobs. The ultimate weapon of distraction.

Even for Daddy Doms, apparently.



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She really enjoyed hearing him call her ‘beautiful’ as if she hadn’t been an awkward mess five seconds ago.

His gaze lifted to meet hers, hot and filled with desire, while his hands moved up and down her sides, over her stomach, then slid around her back, pulling her in. It was only in the moment before his lips descended she realized he planned to kiss her. Rita didn’t hesitate. She tipped her head back and went up on her tiptoes to meet him halfway.

The hard tips of her nipples rubbed pleurably against his shirt as she moved, and when their lips touched, fireworks shot through her body.

The man could kiss.

A deep hot kiss that heightened the heat and need she’d already been feeling. She parted her lips for his tongue and shuddered against him. Her hands slid up to press against his hard chest as he deepened the kiss.

When he finally lifted his head, she wanted to whimper at the loss, yet excitement curled through her because she knew so much more was coming next. When his hands moved down her back to curve over her bottom, his fingers passing the hem of her skirt and curling up to sink into the soft flesh, she did whimper. Her entire lower body felt as if it was about to ignite.

Leaning down, he brushed his lips against hers one last time.

“Time for your spanking, Chiquita. Over the bench. I want you to hold yourself in

place, and if you're a good girl, you'll get an orgasm."

Holy fuck. If it was possible for panties to catch on fire, hers would be nothing but smoldering ash.

"Yes, Da... um, Sir." Dammit. She wanted to call him Daddy so badly, but her brain kept stopping her. It was probably the smarter decision, but that didn't change the want. He turned her so she was facing the bench he'd put in the center of the room, which suddenly looked a million times more intimidating. Rita took a step, then paused and glanced down at her skirt. "Oh, should I take off my skirt and underwear?"

"No, Chiquita." A little slap to her ass had her squealing and jumping forward. "Now, get in position for your spanking."

She would need new panties before the end of the night because she was sure she was soaking hers through.

Andres

Moving to the wardrobe as he watched Rita get into position, Andres picked up a package with a small pink plug and a lube sample. His cock pressed against the front of his pants as he opened the plastic. Rita glanced over her shoulder at the sound. He raised one eyebrow, and she squeaked, immediately dropping her head as she got into position.

Damn, she was cute. And sexy. And a hell of a lot of fun to kiss and hold.

He couldn't wait to hear the sounds she made when he worked the plug into her ass.

As she knelt on the spanking bench and bent forward, the short ruffles of her skirt tipped up, showing off the lacy panties she was wearing underneath. They were teal,

like her corset, and the crotch was a much darker color... that's how wet she was.

His cocked ached at the thought.

"Good girl," he said. "I'm going to take your panties down now."

Her bottom wiggled as he flipped the skirt's layers all the way up so the material covered her back rather than her bottom. Hooking his fingers into the waistband of her underwear, he slowly pulled them down. It was like a fun little striptease for him, revealing the curves of her ass inch by slow inch, all the way down to her wet pussy.

She was shaved bare, from her cute little crinkled rosebud, over her swollen lips, to her mound. Every fold was glistening with her arousal, the nub of her clit peeking out, begging for his attention. Attention he would be happy to provide... eventually.

"Aren't you pretty?" he said out loud and heard her embarrassed giggle, which she quickly muffled.

With her legs spread a little apart thanks to the spanking bench, he couldn't pull her panties all the way off, but he didn't want to. He tugged them just low enough that her entire bottom and pussy were exposed, the fabric from her skirt and underwear creating a frame. Having them mostly off but not all the way would be a constant reminder that he'd pulled them down to spank her.

Running his hand over her upturned bottom, he reached down with the other to pick up the plug, still in its package, from where he'd placed it on the floor. He positioned his palm on her ass, so his thumb was rubbing against her anus. Gasping, she rocked forward a little, but the spanking bench didn't give her much room to go anywhere.

"Have you ever had anything in your ass, Chiquita?" If she had, he might go back for a bigger plug, depending on when it had been.

“N-No, Sir.”

The little stammer made him wonder if she was blushing again. Too bad there wasn't a mirror set up so he could see her facial expressions. Maybe next time.

“Okay, then we'll take this nice and slow.” She relaxed when he took his hand away and tensed again when she heard the rip of the packaging. “I've picked out a pretty pink plug for you, the smallest size, but it will help you get used to the sensations.”

He unscrewed the cap on the lube sample, popped the bit of foil on it, squeezed out a tiny bit onto his forefinger, then rubbed it over the little hole. Rita whimpered again, rocking forward on the bench.

“Oh God...” she whispered.

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*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 1:15 am*

Andres grinned.

“If you want to move on from ‘Sir,’ you can call me ‘Daddy.’ You don’t have to deify me.”

Her answering groan only made him grin harder. She gasped as he pushed the tip of his finger into her tight hole. The muscle guarding her entrance squeezed hard, her cheeks moving as they clenched.

“Try to relax, Chiquita.”

Rita

Try to relax? Easy for him to say. No one was putting anything up his butt.

At the same time, Rita had read enough kinky books where the Dom said that to know there was probably a reason. Letting out a long, slow breath, she relaxed enough that his finger slid in deeper.

“Oh, fuck...”

It felt so odd. Full. Good. Sensitive nerve endings that had never been touched were tingling to life. Her pussy fluttered at the intimate touch and ached with emptiness.

The sheer intimacy of being touched so familiarly in such a private place would have been enough to bring her to her knees if she hadn’t already been on them. His finger moved, probing deeper, sliding back out, twisting. Rita hung onto the handles of the

spanking bench as her entire body trembled.

It felt utterly different from her fingers in her pussy yet oddly similar. Her imagination hadn't been able to adequately anticipate the sensations, from the slight burn of being stretched to the feeling of wrongness as something was inserted into that hole to the new kind of pleasure that swirled inside her.

Her toes curled. Her fingers curled. Hell, her entire body curled.

And he hadn't even touched her pussy yet.

"Good girl."

She enjoyed hearing those words on his lips way too much. His finger pushed in deep one more time, twisting back and forth, leaving her gasping for air before it withdrew. The emptiness was a relief, yet she missed the sensation of being filled.

When something harder pressed against her hole, Rita jerked forward again as it pushed in. Unlike his finger—about the same size over its entire length other than the small bump in his knuckle—the plug he was pushing into her kept getting bigger and bigger. The tip went in easily enough, but then the tight ring of muscle guarding her entrance started to burn as it was forced open wider and wider.

"Oh... oh...!" Just as she was about to beg him to stop, something popped, and the plug nestled inside her as it made it past the widest part, and her sphincter clenched around the stem between the base and the bulb.

Holy crap. That felt... indescribable. It hurt, and it didn't hurt. It felt good and bad, and she was so full yet so empty. Her pussy was aching. She needed to be filled so bad, yet she was so stuffed, she couldn't possibly take anything more.

“Very good girl.” Hands gently caressed her backside, rubbing over the skin she knew he was going to spank in a moment.

Handing her body over to a stranger to spank and pleasure was the most reckless thing she’d ever done, but it might end up being one of the most enjoyable.

7

Rita

The first slap of palm to ass didn’t hurt nearly as much as she’d thought it would. The moment Daddy Andres had lifted his hand, Rita had been ready for pain. She’d tensed, but that had made all the muscles around the plug in her ass ache, so she relaxed, then his hand came down.

It stung, but her cry was more from the sound and the surprise than the actual pain, which didn’t hurt for more than a moment. It was like a quick shot, but it covered a lot of area.

For a moment, she was disappointed.

Dumbass, don’t be disappointed it didn’t hurt more!

Then his hand came down again on the other cheek.

Sting.

Heat slowly spread through her core from both cheeks. A smooth, liquid heat that made her entire body shudder. Her bottom clenched around the plug, reminding her of its presence, her pussy clenched emptily, and the desire that had taken root inside of her blossomed outward. This was more than arousing. It was decadent.

Pressing her cheek against the bench's leather padding, she inhaled the scent, then moaned as Daddy Andres' hand came down again and again. Each swat sent another lick of heat curling through her, adding to the growing fire between her legs. Rita tried to rub her clit against the spanking bench as the need inside her grew with each slap of his palm against her flesh.



## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 1:16 am*

It felt so good.

“Okay, Chiquita, you’re all warmed up. Time for the real spanking to begin.”

In her lust-filled haze, she heard his words, but her brain was slow processing them.

The real spanking? What does that mean?

The next swat was a demonstration of what he meant.

His hand came down much harder on already pinked and sensitive skin. Rita gasped, jerking forward on the bench and tried to reach back to cover herself, but that put her off-balance, so she grabbed hold of the handles again.

“Ow!”

The sadistic chuckle was not at all reassuring.

The next swat came down just as hard, just as hot on the other side of her bottom.

“Ow, Daddy, that hurts!”

Shit, fuck, damn it... ‘Daddy’ had slipped out of her mouth, and she was too far gone to stop it.

“I’m sure it does, mi princesa, but you’re enjoying it all the same, aren’t you?” Fingers dipped into her pussy, which was still soaking wet, stroking the slippery folds before

moving back up and delivering another five hard swats, all in a row, to her smarting cheeks.

Rita cried out, bucking on the bench and unable to contradict him. Her pussy was as needy as ever, despite how much more this part of the spanking hurt. Yes, it hurt... but her body was confused because it kind of felt good, too. Or maybe she couldn't tell the difference between good and painful anymore. It was all just sensation, swirling through her, filling her up.

Andres

Perfection. Rita was sheer perfection as she took her spanking.

Hearing her call him Daddy was as satisfying as he'd thought it would be. He wanted to hear it again. And again. And again.

When he pressed his palm against her skin, he could feel the heat emanating from the dark pink surface. It wasn't the hardest or the longest spanking he'd given, but there was something uniquely satisfying about it—and not just because he thought she'd earned it after her comments about his tacos.

Between her legs, just above her panties, her pussy was hot and slick to the touch, ready for his cock. The little pink base of the plug between her cheeks was snugly fitted to her hole, filling her up one way. From her reactions, he was pretty sure she'd never been plugged, and he had every intention of leaving it in when he fucked her.

“Good girl,” he said when he'd finished laying down the final row of swats. She was getting near her limit, and he had no intention of pushing her over it and ending their night early. “You took your spanking so well. Now, let's see how you take my cock. Last chance to change your mind, Chiquita.”

“Fuck me, Daddy, please! I need it!” There was desperation in her voice, her words accompanied by her hips lifting as though she was trying to entice him with her reddened bottom.

Not that he’d needed any more encouragement.

Even if he had, hearing her call him Daddy again would have done it.

Quickly undoing his pants, he reached into the pocket to grab a condom. They hadn’t had the contraception talk, but they hadn’t really needed to since he would always glove up with a new submissive.

Ripping through the foil, he rolled the condom over his erection. Not bothering to undress completely, his pants fell around his ankles when he positioned himself behind her. The spanking bench put Rita at the perfect height for him to line himself up with her pussy.

Placing his hands on her hot, pink cheeks, he massaged the twin mounds of flesh, enjoying her moan and the way her hips lifted again in response to his touch. Feeling her muscles clench and release, he pressed the tip of his cock against her and slowly pushed in.

They moaned in unison as he entered her, the heat of her body engulfing his cock. Watching his dick slide into her, inch by inch, as he rocked back, then thrust a little deeper, was one of the hottest things he’d ever seen. The plug made her tighter than she would have normally been, so despite how wet she was, he had to work his way in, enjoying the way she panted and moaned with every little thrust.

“Oh God... oh, please...” She chanted as he thrust into her as if she couldn’t help herself. Couldn’t keep quiet.

Andres rubbed his hands over her hot cheeks as he sank into her, the silky grip of her pussy massaging the length of his cock. She quivered and clenched around him, shuddering with pleasure.

“That’s it, Chiquita,” he said, bottoming out, his groin pressing against the base of the plug, which made her cry out. “Take Daddy’s cock like a good girl.”

“Oh God, Daddy!”

Rita

It was as though he knew her deepest, wildest fantasies.

Knew exactly what she needed.

She'd thought the plug had made her feel full, but it was nothing compared to how she felt now. Stuffed in both holes. Nothing more could fit. The idea of a menage, which she'd fantasized about on occasion, now seemed laughable. There was no space left. And he'd said he'd used the smallest plug?

She couldn't take anything bigger. Couldn't take any more spanking. He'd brought her right up to the edge of what she could handle, then switched gears, turning the sting and the mix of pain and pleasure into pure ecstasy.

Hands gripped her hips as he thrust harder, faster, his body slapping against her already chastened cheeks, reigniting the pain from the spanking. The stinging smacks against tender flesh made her clench around the plug, which felt like it was being driven deeper with every thrust.

She cried out as her orgasm exploded, rippling outward, sending her soaring. It was more intense, more satisfying, more complete than any climax she'd had. Waves of pleasure pounded her as though she'd been riding atop the crest, then fallen over, pulled under, and buffeted about until she was finally brought to shore and deposited on the beach, exhausted and breathless.

Daddy's fingers dug hard into her flesh as he slammed into her, filling her

completely, his groan of completion coming on the tail end of her euphoric cries. Rita panted, closing her eyes as she felt him throbbing inside her. The condom was a thin barrier, so she felt every pulse of his cock as he came.

As they came down from their orgasmic high, she realized their breathing had synced up.

Why that felt just as intimate as everything else they had just done, she had no idea.

“Good girl.” Even though he’d said it multiple times now, it hadn’t lost its power, and the way he said it this time... Rita slumped against the spanking bench, wallowing in sensual happiness. Tonight was so much more than she’d dreamed it could be.

He was so much more than she would have ever dared hope a Daddy Dom would be.

Whether he wanted to see her again after this, and she really hoped he did, she promised herself she would be fine either way. This was the best introduction she could have possibly hoped for. If this was a one-and-done deal, at least she now knew how good it could be, and those who came after him would have a high bar to get over.

Gently giving her one last caress, Daddy Andres pulled out of her... then set that bar even higher. Just because he’d gotten off didn’t mean he was done.

Nope.

He rubbed her back and bottom, making her sigh with pleasure, before gently sliding the plug out of her bottom and helping her off the spanking bench. Rita stood on wobbly legs, and he seemed happy to have her leaning on him. Once she could stand on her own, he took care of the condom and grabbed a soft blanket from a small stack she hadn’t noticed.

“Come on, Chiquita. We’ll go to the aftercare station and let someone else have the room.”

“Is it okay if I take the blanket with me?” she asked, clutching it a little closer. Putting her corset back on didn’t sound particularly enjoyable, though she knew she would have to do it eventually. She didn’t think she had the courage to walk out of the room completely topless.

No matter how many other people she’d seen doing it.

Baby steps. I bet most people don’t go boobs out their first night here.

Probably.

“Of course.” Daddy Andres curved his arm around her, guiding her toward the door. In his other hand, he held her corset and the plug, which he’d wiped clean with a wipe before putting it back in its packaging. Rita realized everyone would be able to see the plug in his hand, which made her blush again, but that was still better than showing off her boobs. “They’re aftercare blankets. They’re all over the club for exactly that purpose.”

That knowledge allowed her to relax. She was more comfortable stepping back out into the main club area, although it did seem very loud and in-her-face. She would have much rather stayed in the room and cuddled on the bed, but she also didn’t want to keep anyone else from enjoying the room.

“Over there, where the couches are,” Daddy Andres murmured in her ear, steering her in the right direction. Seeing the destination, Rita relaxed. The couches were in the corner, away from everything else, with lots of potted plants around them, separating the small from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the club. The lights were dimmer, and it looked rather peaceful, which was exactly what she needed right now.

As they were walking, two extremely attractive men paused and did double-takes.

“Andres! So, that’s where you got to,” the Morris Chestnut look-a-like said, nudging the other Dom in his side. Dom number two turned toward them, away from the demonstration he’d been watching, and grinned as well. Dimples appeared on his cheeks, and his eyes crinkled.

Good grief, all three of them looked like movie stars. Put them together, they were hot enough to melt the silver screen. It was enough to give a girl a complex.

“I guess you’re over Taco Girl’s comments, huh?” the Asian Dom said, chuckling as he ran his fingers through his dark hair.

“Taco Girl?” Rita repeated as Andres’ fingers on her arm tightened. Something pinged in her brain like a warning.

“Yes, he had some woman compare his tacos to Taco Bell’s today and found them lacking,” the bald black Dom replied, laughing at the same time Andres finally snapped out two words.



“Shut up!”

The vehemence, the thing about Taco Bell... This wasn't a coincidence.

Rita jerked her arm away from him, whirling and staring in horror at the man she'd thought was her dream Daddy Dom.

“You... you... you're Rojo Fondo Tacos?”

A muscle in his jaw jumped as he clenched his teeth, but he didn't answer. She could see the thoughts racing through his eyes. Even if she couldn't tell what he was actually thinking, she could tell he hadn't wanted her to know.

He was upset that his friends had outed him.

“You knew who I was when you approached me! That's why you approached me!” Rita's voice went higher, and Andres' friends' expressions changed from concern to dawning horror as they realized they'd just outed their buddy. “What was this, revenge?”

“No... it was...” His voice kept trailing off as though he couldn't figure out the words to use.

Fuck. This.

Rita whirled around.

“Chiquita!”

“Don’t call me that, asshole!”

A hard hand gripped her upper arm, and Rita wrenched herself away, stumbling as she did.

“Red, asshole, I’m calling Red!”

Several heads went up around them, and someone immediately stepped in between her and Andres, which shouldn’t have hurt so much, but she’d really wanted him to be real.

Tears blurred her vision as she hurried through the room, looking everywhere for Eden’s pink hair or Bree’s riot of curls.

“Rita!” The call made her jerk her head up. Her friends were on the second floor, waving frantically. Rita picked up her pace, running for them. The last thing she wanted to do was give Andres a chance to catch up to her and humiliate her even more.

Eden and Bree met her at the top of the stairs, and she immediately knew something was wrong because they barely glanced at her face, much less noticed she was on the verge of tears.

“We have to get out of here,” Eden hissed frantically. “Where’s your corset?”

“Gone. I’m not going back for it. Let’s go.” She would return the blanket later. “What happened?”

“Her ex is here.” Bree’s expression was grim. “We’ve been dodging him almost since

you disappeared. Where have you been?”

“In one of the private rooms.” They should have left her, but she was so glad that they hadn’t. They were the best friends.

They just needed to get out of here and pretend this night had never happened. The Outlands was clearly not the place for them.

Not now, not ever.

8

Andres

“Red, asshole! I’m calling Red!”

Fuck!

Andres’ chest seized up as attention from everyone around them turned their way. A sub yelling ‘Red’ in the middle of a kink club tended to do that. He was fucking this up on an epic level.

“Rita—” Before he could say more than her name, before he could do more than reach for her again, a small but incredibly threatening presence stepped in his way.

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*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 1:16 am*

Brown skin and silver hair, he didn't even have to look down to see her features to know Mistress Cyana had just put herself between him and Rita. Dammit. Andres rocked back on his heels and lowered his gaze to face the Domme.

She might be shorter, she might be leaner, she might be older, but he was pretty sure she could kick his ass if she really wanted to. And if he tried to get around her to get to a sub who had just called her safeword, she would want to.

Mistress Cyana did not fuck around.

As he looked down at her, another presence loomed.

Aiden. Her submissive. Formerly a Dom and now regularly on his knees for Mistress Cyana. Also older than Andres but just as big and probably twice as mean now that he was getting his balls tortured on the regular.

"Hi, Andres, welcome back to the Outlands. How are you doing?" Despite the mostly civil tone of voice Mistress Cyana used, there was steel backing it, and she didn't smile.

If he tried to keep following Rita to explain, he was going to end up on his ass.

"I've been better," he replied honestly. His gaze lifted again, tracking Rita as she rushed up the stairs to the second floor. Fuck. There was no way he could catch her now. He was pretty sure she was out the door, even if she had to do it in an aftercare blanket. "I don't suppose you'd let me pass and come back to you afterward with an explanation?"

“Consider me Gandalf,” she replied with not an ounce of humor.

Which made him the Balrog, and he shall not pass.

Fuck.

Andres deflated, his shoulders slumping. He didn't even know how to get in touch with Rita. He felt like Cinderella's prince, except Rita had left him with a corset and a butt plug instead of a shoe. Maybe one day, that would be funny, but right now, he'd never felt less like laughing.

A hand came down on his shoulder, making him jump a little.

“Man, I am sorry, but... was that seriously Taco Girl? What are the odds?”

For a moment, Andres wanted to yell at Marcus. He and Owen had fucked everything up for him and Rita... but that wasn't true, was it? He'd been the one to fuck things up by not being honest from the get-go. BDSM was all about communication, and he should have been upfront with her once they'd started talking.

At the very least, he should have taken advantage of the privacy of the room to speak with her about it. Admit why he'd approached her, reassured her he was over the whole taco thing, and that he liked her for her.

He'd had no intention of mentioning that he'd overheard her remarks outside Rojo Fondo today. He'd had good intentions, sure. He hadn't wanted her to feel awkward, but he should have been honest. Hiding things never worked out well for anyone, and that wasn't Marcus' or Owen's fault. That was his.

“It's okay,” he said, turning his head toward his friends. Owen was on the other side of Marcus, his expression concerned. “Yes, that was Taco Girl. I...” His voice trailed

off as shame hit him.

He didn't want to explain that he'd approached her with the idea of spanking her because of what she'd said earlier. He'd been an asshole and didn't want everyone to know it. From the expressions on his friends' faces, they understood what had happened.

Thankfully, Mistress Cyana and Aiden appeared confused.

Mistress Cyana shook her head, her silvery hair brushing against the tops of her shoulders.

"Figure your shit out, Andres," she said in a warning tone. Though she wasn't on duty tonight, Mistress Cyana and Aiden were Dungeon Monitors for the Outlands, as well as being two of Master Gavin's best friends. One word in the owner's ear from either of them and Andres would be out of the club on his ass with his membership revoked.

Thankfully, neither she nor Aiden appeared eager to rub salt in his wound. Aiden's last look before he followed his mistress away was full of sympathy. He might not know what was going on, but he'd figured out Andres had fucked up big time.

Rita

"Well, that was totally FUBAR," Bree said as they got into her car. Rita struggled in the backseat, trying to get the seatbelt on over the blanket she was wearing as a top.

"It was what?" Eden asked, sliding into the passenger seat next to Bree. She fluffed her pink hair, sending one last look toward the club. When no one came out after them, Rita could see her friend's body relax.

"FUBAR. You know, Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition."

“No, I don’t know. Where did you get that from?”

“That military romance we read a few months ago, what was it called again...”  
Bree’s voice trailed off as she tried to think of the title while she started the car.

Staring out the window, Rita wasn’t trying to think of the book’s title, though she knew which one Bree was talking about. She couldn’t concentrate on that. Nope, she was way too distracted by the lingering pain from the spanking, the pulse of satisfaction that was still making her lower body throb, and the aching hurt that had pierced her chest when she’d realized Andres owned the taco truck.

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*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 1:16 am*

Bree and Eden's conversation flowed through and past her, as she picked apart every bit of her interaction with Andres—she absolutely refused to think of him as 'Daddy' anything now—from the moment he'd walked up to her. So much for thinking fate had drawn them together or that he'd seen her and been immediately attracted.

No. She was Taco Girl. The bitch who had denigrated his tacos and complained about the wait for them.

The worst part was a small part of her felt bad, knowing he'd overheard her. Which was dumb because he was a big jerk who thought it was okay to spank her to get back at her for saying it.

And the incredibly hot sex? What's the explanation for that?

Duh. Guys like sex.

He already had her bent over, so why not?

Except he seemed sincere. He was gentle. He was upset when his friends outed him.

Of course, he was upset. He'd been caught. No one liked being caught.

Doesn't explain why he was so gentle with you.

Rita wished she could shove the stupid voice in her head right out the window.

"Rita? Are you okay? What happened with you and that guy? Did he hurt you?"



Eden's voice cut through the argument she was having with herself, and Rita jumped. She could see Bree glancing at her in the rearview mirror while Eden had turned around in her seat to peer at her. Even in the darkness, her concern was evident.

"Hurt you in a bad way," Bree clarified when Rita didn't answer immediately.

She didn't know how to answer. How to explain. So, she said the thing that kept going through her head on repeat.

"He owned the taco truck."

Confusion met her statement.

"The one from today. He knew I compared it to Taco Bell."

The dawning horror on their faces was exactly how she had felt. They pelted her with questions that she couldn't answer, but that was how she finally managed to spill the whole story. How he'd approached her. Offered to spank her. How they'd ended up in the private room instead of in the main Dungeon.

She glossed over how amazing the sex had been, which made Eden's lips pinch, but her friend didn't pry.

Then the worst part. Running into his friends. What they had said about Taco Girl. Realizing she was Taco Girl, that he owned the truck, and knew what she'd said, that he'd probably been getting revenge instead of...

Instead of...

Instead of wanting her for her. Instead of being her dream Daddy Dom come to life. Instead of living up to all the promise she'd felt when it was just the two of them.

It was stupid to feel heartbreak over a man she'd just met, yet here she was.

“Wow... So, he's Taco Daddy.”

Rita glared at Eden, who wasn't even looking at her, so it was a totally wasted effort.

“Seriously? All of that, and what you got out of it was Taco Daddy?”

“I mean...” Eden glanced over her shoulder, not appearing nearly as apologetic as she should be. “It sounded like the sex was pretty good. And the spanking.”

“That's not the point! He humiliated me!”

Silence descended. Rita crossed her arms over her chest. Bree glanced at her in the rearview mirror again before refocusing on the road and making the last turn to Eden's house, where they all got ready.

“Okay, I don't want you to feel like I'm not on your side. Obviously, Eden and I are always on your side...”

“Definitely,” Eden interjected.

“But how did he humiliate you?” The question was asked with complete genuineness.

Rita opened her mouth. Closed it. She felt humiliated, yet she couldn’t think of a quick answer to Bree’s question.

“Well, he approached me under a false pretense. If I’d known he was... Taco Daddy, I never would have scened with him.” She didn’t want to say his name, and saying ‘the owner of Rojo Fondo taco truck,’ was way too lengthy, so Taco Daddy it was. Since she was Taco Girl, it fit.

“Why not?”

“Well... because...” Rita floundered. “Look, he obviously overheard what I said about his tacos earlier today, and he set out to embarrass me.”

“What did he do that was embarrassing?” Bree pushed. “It’s just... I caught a glimpse of him after we finally spotted you in the crowd, and he looked pretty devastated watching you walk away.”

He had?

“Then why didn’t he follow me?” Rita huffed. Not that she’d wanted him to follow her. She was pretty sure if he’d grabbed her again, she would have punched him right in his handsome face.

“A bunch of people stepped in front of him, including a scary-looking Domme,” Bree supplied.

“That’s Mistress Cyana,” Eden piped in. “She was a Domme back when I visited the Outlands with my ex, and she is definitely scary. If she thought you were a submissive in need of protection from a Dom, she would have put Taco Daddy on the floor before she allowed him to follow you.”

Oh.

“It doesn’t matter,” Rita said, rubbing her forehead. “I’ll never see him again. I am never going back to that taco truck again, and I am never going back to the Outlands again, so it’s a moot point.”

“Dammit,” Bree muttered. “I really wanted to try that grilled cheese truck next to it.”

“Touch of Brie?” Eden snorted a laugh. “You would.”

“Brie is the supreme cheese, and those grilled cheeses looked amazing, and you know it. You wanted to try them, too.”

“You two can go when I’m not able to make it,” Rita said, leaning back against the headrest as Bree pulled into the parking lot. Both of them started to protest, but she shook her head. “It’s going to be a crazy week at work for me, anyway. I have a big project due in two weeks, so I won’t be able to meet up for lunch every day.”

“Or we could bring lunch to you,” Eden suggested. “You shouldn’t be denied the epic grilled cheese just because you have to work.”

That made Rita crack a smile. She really had the best friends. Which was why she could never tell them she didn’t really care about the grilled cheese.

Andres

After one of the worst weekends of Andres' life, it was no wonder he was a little snappy at work that week. His nephew had taken one look at Andres' expression on Monday morning and averted his gaze, put his head down, and got to work. Smart kid.

Andres did his best to put a smile on his face, but finally, he realized the real reason he had insisted on manning the cash register. He was hoping to catch sight of Rita. It was a poor decision since he didn't have the patience to be in charge of customer service right now. So, he got Jose to switch with him and went back to concentrating on putting the tacos together and getting the blonde out of his head.

A lot easier said than done.

He kept thinking of all the things he could have said to her, all the ways he could have made the situation better, but it was far, far too late. Hindsight was twenty-twenty, and it was also a taunting bitch.

On Wednesday, Andres had turned to hand a pair of tacos off to Jose when he saw a flash of pink out of the corner of his eye. Looking up, he recognized Pink Hair, Rita's friend, standing in line for Owen's truck.

"I'll be right back," he said, not caring it was the middle of the lunch-hour rush, not caring Jose was alarmed by his sudden departure. All he cared about was seeing if Rita was with her friend, and if not, if her friend could be persuaded to tell him where Rita was. Or, at the very least, pass on a message.

It didn't occur to him until he was standing in front of the two women he'd last seen accompanying Rita, he didn't know how to convince anyone that he deserved a

second chance... or realize he was still wearing his stain-spattered apron and his hairnet.

The hairnet was what seemed to capture the two women's attention. Andres resisted the urge to reach up and snatch it off his head.

“Um, hi... I’m...” His voice trailed off as both of the women crossed their arms in a united gesture of disapproval.

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 1:16 am*

“We know who you are,” Pink Hair said.

“You’re Taco Daddy.”

That was the first time anyone had called him something so ridiculous, and Andres internally vowed his friends would never ever hear the nickname.

“Ah, well, I own the taco truck, if that’s what you mean.” Fuck, he was floundering.

“And you met our friend Rita Friday night, but only after you’d heard her talking about your tacos earlier that day.” Pink Hair raised her eyebrows.

“Eden.” The other girl nudged Pink Hair, whose real name was Eden, with her elbow.

“Bree.” Eden nudged her friend back. Well, at least he had their names now. “It’s not as if he doesn’t know.”

Bree pressed her lips together disapprovingly and glanced away, so he focused on Eden since she was the talker.

“Yes, and I fucked up.”

Bree swung her head back around, looking at him with the same interest Eden was now showing. Well, he’d gotten their attention. Now, he just had to hold it and convince them of his regrets. Hopefully. He kept his voice low, talking as quickly as he could, moving in the line with them. With every customer that stepped away from the food truck, he could feel his time shortening.

“I overheard your conversation when you were here for lunch, then recognized Rita at... the club that night. I had the thought I could get some payback for what she'd said, but I wouldn't have gone through with it.”

“Then why did you single her out and take her off with you?” Bree narrowed her eyes at him.

“And why didn't you tell her you knew who she was? Or who you were?” Eden jumped in, right on top of Bree's question.

It was like being questioned by bad cop and bad cop. Not that he blamed them.

“I was immediately attracted to her and when I approached her, I wasn't thinking straight.” He held out his hands pleadingly. “By the time I realized I didn't want retribution, I just wanted her, I was afraid she'd walk away if she knew why I'd initially approached her.”

The two women glanced at each other. Oddly, the look they shared gave him hope. As if they were thinking about the point he'd made and conceding it.

“I wasn't really thinking, I will be honest. I reacted instead of thinking, and the deeper we got into talking and... spending time together...” He glanced around to see if anyone was listening, but either way, he knew he would keep couching the facts in ambiguous language. “I wasn't thinking about why I'd approached her, just about how amazing she was, how much I liked her, and how lucky I was to have found her.”

The women looked at each other again.

“Oh, he's good,” Bree murmured.

Andres' heart lifted in his chest with hope.



“Very good. As long as he’s not being slick, and he means it.” Eden turned back to him, tilting her head as she studied him up and down. Andres flexed his hands under her steady gaze. “What do you want from us?”

“A way to contact Rita. You don’t have to give me her number or anything,” he said in a rush. “But if you could get her to come back here...” He trailed off as both of them started shaking their heads.

“She was very clear that she’s never coming back here or the Outlands,” Bree said, using her finger to indicate the general area where the food trucks were gathered.

His heart sank again. That explained why she wasn’t there today with her friends. Bree’s expression softened when she met his gaze.

“Look, we can’t tell you how to find Rita. That would be a breach of friendship and trust.”

“Yup, a big breach,” Eden echoed, nodding firmly. Mischief was dancing in her eyes, though.

“We can, however, tell you where we will be this afternoon at five-thirty.” Bree grinned at him.

There was definitely mischief in her eyes, though she was better at hiding it than Eden. He had a feeling Eden was a brat of epic proportions, whereas Bree was the good girl, and Rita probably fell somewhere in between.

“Oh, yes. I don’t mind you knowing where I’ll be.” Eden smiled so innocently, her expression practically screamed, ‘bad intentions.’

“We’re having happy hour at the House of Starrett.”

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A popular place for happy hour and, coincidentally, the restaurant where one of his good friends was the executive chef.

“Well, then, ladies.” He stepped back just as they came up to the counter. Inside the truck, Owen was peering out, curious what Andres was doing there. Probably wondering why he was smiling since Andres had been a colossal grump for five days straight. “I hope you enjoy your lunch, and I will see you later.”

“Looking forward to it.”

Oh, yes. Eden was downright wicked. Something for him to keep in mind in case she stopped being on his side.

Rita

“Let this meeting of the Naughty Book Club, Pittsburgh Chapter, commence!” Eden said, lifting her very pink drink. It matched her hair, which was probably half the reason she’d ordered it.

Despite herself and her mostly sour mood, Rita had to smile. Yeah, the weekend and trying out kink for real hadn’t turned out the way she wanted, but she still had her friends, and she still had her book boyfriends. She lifted her glass of white wine and carefully clinked it against Eden’s pink drink and Bree’s dry martini.

“So, what did we think about our newest Montana Daddy?” Bree asked after taking a sip of her martini and lowering the level of it a little, which was dangerously high to the edge of the glass. Rita had no idea how her friend managed to drink those things

without spilling them everywhere.

“Fantastic,” Eden said with a little sigh, pressing one hand against her heart. “I don’t know how Laylah Roberts does it. I keep thinking each guy is my favorite, then I read a new book, and he’s my favorite!”

“It was really good,” Rita said as enthusiastically as she could. She didn’t want to admit she hadn’t finished it. She’d only gotten about halfway through before Friday, and after Friday... well, she hadn’t been able to bring herself to read about a Daddy Dom.

Actually, she was hoping to convince them to read something other than a Daddy Dom book next to give her a little break. It sucked that she was this hurt and hung up on a guy she’d spent an hour with, but...

It had been one amazing hour.

An unforgettable hour.

The kind of hour that made her question all of her actions afterward. Made her wonder if she was too hasty when she decided he was an asshole. Made her think she’d made a mistake when she ran.

But she had run, and there was no way she could face him again without dying of embarrassment. What if that hour had meant nothing to him? What if he laughed in her face? Or what if she’d ruined any chance she had with him by running?

Yup, nope. Better to avoid, avoid, avoid.

Eventually, she’d forget about him. Find a new man. Maybe even a new Daddy. One she hadn’t insulted before knowing who he was. One who didn’t

approach because she'd insulted him. That wasn't too much to ask, was it?

"You know what I love most about these books?" Eden asked enthusiastically, her eyes sparkling. She was perkier than usual, though it was possible Rita was just grumpier than usual. "How there's always that part where the hero fucks up, then he makes it up to the heroine... even if she's reluctant to give him another chance."

"Especially when he's messed up bad," Bree agreed, grinning widely.

More widely than usual, or was Rita more sensitive than usual? This was starting to feel weird. Eden being perky was nothing new, but Bree was usually more subdued. She was a happy person but not usually as in-your-face upbeat as Eden.

"I do love a good groveling scene."

Rita's brain supplied the image of Andres on his knees in front of her, groveling for forgiveness.

Crap. She liked that image way too much.

"Rita."

Dammit, now she was hallucinating his voice. She shook her head, then realized her friends were no longer looking at her. They were looking behind her. Over her shoulder. No longer grinning, they looked more nervous than anything else.

Oh, no.

Her brain was screaming alarms, but it was far too late.

She'd been set up.

Pressing her lips together, she turned around in her chair and looked up, craning her neck back to meet Andres' gaze. Dammit. He was just as hot outside the club and in regular clothing. Why was he here? Why had her friends set her up?

Duh, like they didn't give you all the clues you needed. He's here because he knows he messed up, and he wants to fix it.

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But why?

You know why. Don't play dumb.

Yes, she knew why but was just afraid she might fall for it and end up getting hurt again. Lose her fantasy again. Made a fool of again.

"Can I talk to you?" The expression on his face was unreadable, his dark eyes fathomless.

Rita couldn't find her voice.

The screech of chairs behind her made her jump.

"Here, you can have my seat. Come on, Bree, let's go check out the bar real quick."

Eden was going to pay for this.

"We'll be back!"

Yup, so was Bree. They were both going to pay for this.

Rita turned around to face the table as Andres took Eden's empty chair. Folding his hands on the table in front of him, his intense gaze bored into her.

"I owe you an apology," he said seriously, jumping right to the heart of the matter, which Rita had to admire. He didn't break eye contact with her once. "I overheard you

yesterday at lunch, talking about the tacos from my food truck, and I was... less than thrilled about your reaction. However, I also want you to know that I was checking you out even before that. I was attracted to you. And when I saw you at the Outlands, it felt like fate.”

Rita bit her lip. Everything about him, from his tone to the look in his eyes to the remorse in his expression, seemed completely sincere.

She wanted to believe him so badly.

“I should have told you about the first time I saw you, but... as we talked, and definitely once the scene started, it didn’t feel like it mattered anymore. What mattered to me was what was happening at that moment. I didn’t see you as anything other than a wonderful, beautiful woman, and I wanted nothing more than to explore the connection between us.”

Damn, he was good.

“So, why didn’t you tell me about seeing me earlier in the day? Why didn’t you tell me you’d heard me insulting your tacos?” She still felt embarrassed, knowing he’d heard her.

Oh. Crap. She felt embarrassed. Because she’d been caught out speaking badly about his food, not because he’d done anything to embarrass her.

“Well... I don’t know. I didn’t really want to. At first, I didn’t want to lose the chance to give you a... well...” He glanced around them, looking to see if anyone could overhear them.

She knew exactly what he’d been going to say. He’d wanted to give her a spanking for insulting his tacos. All things considered, it was kind of hard to blame him since she

felt like she'd deserved one. Andres reached out his hand across the table, placing it palm up, offering it to her.

"Then it didn't matter. I didn't care what you'd said. I only cared about what was happening between us."

Rita's mouth was dry. Every fiber of her being was screaming to reach out and take his hand, but she couldn't make herself move. Not yet.

"What was happening between us?" she whispered.

"A connection. A spark. A beginning. Whatever you want to call it. I want it to be more. I'm sorry I didn't say anything. I think, deep down, I was afraid you would do exactly what you ended up doing." His fingers curled slightly as though he was encouraging her to take them. "I was attracted to you from the moment I saw you. Actually, being with you was more than I ever would have imagined. So, what do you think, Taco Girl? Will you take a chance on me?"

It only took her a heartbeat to make her decision, despite everything.

Lifting her hand, Rita took his, feeling the calluses on his palms as he closed his fingers around hers.

"Okay, Taco Daddy."

10

Two Weeks Later

Rita



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The official introduction to each other's friends, that was a pretty big deal. Rita smoothed her hands over the apron she was wearing to help Andres cook. Dating a chef was giving her an appreciation for good food, she hadn't had before—though she was still perfectly happy picking up Taco Bell when she had a quick craving that needed satisfying—and she was excited to show her friends her efforts.

“Stop looking so scared, Chiquita,” he whispered in her ear. “They’re going to love you.”

“Okay, Daddy,” she replied, pasting an overly large, cheesy smile on her face that wouldn't fool anyone but made him laugh. She loved making him laugh. And she wasn't disappointed as his laughter filled the kitchen when he caught sight of her expression.

“I mean it,” he said mock-warningly, reaching out to smack her bottom. Rita squealed and danced away, her butt cheek stinging a little where he'd managed to connect. The jean shorts she was wearing provided a little protection, but not much. “Do I need to spank the nerves out of you?”

“No, Daddy.” Rita covered her butt with both hands, backing away from him. “I’m not nervous at all now. I promise.”

She wasn't lying... much. The teasing and laughing had made her feel better. Andres always knew how to make everything better. Just like one of the Daddy Doms out of the books she loved so much. Bree and Eden thought he was the best thing since sliced bread, and she couldn't disagree with them since she did as well.

Tonight, she was meeting his friends, officially. Sure, she'd seen them at the Outlands on that awful night, and she'd met Owen for a brief minute when she'd visited Andres' food truck, but that wasn't the same. She'd never spent any time with him, and she still hadn't been formally introduced to Marcus, though she'd heard plenty about both of them.

At least her friends would be there to buffer. Talk her up. Hopefully, make her look good. She desperately wanted to leave a better impression than she had that night at the Outlands.

"Okay, that's it for now." Andres closed the oven door on the enchiladas and dusted off his hands. "Do you want to go color while we wait?"

"Yes." Rita clapped her hands. She didn't think she was a Little in the way some people were Littles—she didn't have an age she felt like, and the things she enjoyed were all over the place age-wise—but she'd found herself doing a lot more childlike things when Andres was in Daddy mode.

They had agreed upon a few rules, especially about small things she wasn't so great at, like getting her full serving of fruits and vegetables every day before she got dessert after dinner, but disciplinarian Daddy rarely needed to make an appearance. And Rita liked it that way. She much preferred fun, caretaker Daddy, whose spankings hurt in a good way.

If she ever actually disappointed Andres, she was pretty sure no spanking in the world could ever make her feel better. No, she wasn't like the Littles she loved to read about—she still handled her own life, didn't need many behavior rules, and only got into play-trouble on a regular basis because she had plenty of impulse control. She and Andres worked together. He definitely didn't seem to feel as if he was missing anything. He was happy being her Daddy Dom, even if she didn't need him to run her life.

Coloring was definitely her favorite way to destress, and she was getting pretty good at it. He'd bought her a massive set of colored pencils, with what seemed like every shade of every color, which allowed her to do some really detailed coloring.

She was halfway through an underwater scene when the doorbell rang. All the anxiety she'd managed to forget while she was coloring came rushing back to the fore. Jumping to her feet, Rita looked down at the coloring book, her hands hovering... she wanted to clean up the mess and hide it all away, but Daddy was already answering the door, and she didn't want to be rude by rushing to clean up when she should be greeting their guests.

"Chiquita, it's your friends." Andres stood back to let them in, and Rita caught his gaze over their heads. She was pretty sure he knew exactly what she'd been thinking. Oops.

At least with her friends, she didn't have to stand on ceremony.

"Hi," she said, waving and dropping to her knees to start putting away the colored pencils.

"Hey... wow, that's amazing." Bree stared down at the picture Rita had been working on. "I didn't know you're an artist."

"I'm not really. I didn't draw this. I'm just coloring it."

"Yeah, but I couldn't color like that." Bree reached down to pick up the coloring book before Rita could stop her, flipping through the pages, then leaning slightly to the side to show Eden. Blushing hotly, Rita started shoving the colored pencils into place.

She had no idea why being complimented on her coloring skills made her blush.

“Wow, these are fantastic,” Eden said, agreeing with Bree and making Rita blush even hotter. “I’m with Bree. This is art. It doesn’t matter that you weren’t the one who drew it. You’re the one filling it in. These have amazing depth.”

“Thanks. So, um, Samuel couldn’t make it?” Bree’s boyfriend had initially accepted the invitation, but Rita wasn’t surprised he wasn’t making an appearance. If she was honest, she was a little relieved. While Andres had assured her that his friends wouldn’t say anything revealing in front of mixed—aka non-kinky—company, now she wouldn’t have to worry about anyone accidentally letting something slip.

Even though Samuel knew Bree had gone to a kink club, Rita didn’t feel comfortable with him knowing much about her own kinks. Especially with the way he’d been pulling away from Bree.

The way Bree’s expression dropped, she did feel bad for being relieved he wasn’t there because Bree obviously wasn’t happy about it.

“No, he’s not feeling well. Sorry.” There was a tightness to her expression that had Rita and Eden exchanging glances.

“That’s okay. It’s definitely better to stay home if he’s sick.”

“Uh-huh.” Bree’s lips pressed tightly together, and Rita had to wonder what ‘not well’ actually meant.

This wasn’t the right time to ask her about it, though. A knock sounded on the door as Rita finished tucking away her colored pencils. She jumped back to her feet, standing straight and tall, ignoring her Daddy’s amused glance.

He’d already met and impressed her friends.

Now, it was her turn.

Andres

This was one of those moments when he didn't know if he wanted to spank or cuddle Rita. Spank because he wanted to get her out of her head or cuddle because he knew she was anxious. Either way, he wished he could make her nerves go away, but at this point, the only thing he could do was open the door for his friends.

"Hello, come on in," he said, opening the door for a second time. It didn't surprise him that Owen and Marcus had arrived at the same time. They were both very punctual. He was pretty impressed that Rita's friends had beaten them—maybe they'd sensed how much she needed their support.

"Good to see you." Owen grinned, shoving a six-pack of beer at him like an offering.

Marcus shook his head in bemusement, following behind Owen with a small case of sparkling water. Though Marcus occasionally imbibed, he'd moved to the 'my body is a temple' mentality after his health scare. He didn't make a big deal of it, but when he said he'd bring drinks, it was never anything with alcohol.

Turning his head, Owen grinned as he caught sight of the three women in the living room.

"Hello, Taco Girl, we meet again."

"You sound like a supervillain on a bad tv show," Marcus complained, following

Owen into the house. Andres knew the exact moment Marcus was visible to the women when Eden gasped.

“Marcus?!” Her tone of voice was full of shock and confusion, and Andres’ steps halted. The drinks were heavy but not enough to keep his attention.

Marcus stalled out, tilting his head at her, then his eyes opened wide in a moment of shock and recognition. The confusion followed immediately after.

“Edie? You dyed your hair pink.”

“You’re not wearing a suit... and you shaved your head... and you have on a t-shirt.” Eden’s voice went higher after each pause, becoming upset. “And don’t call me that!”

“Why didn’t you tell me Marcus was one of Andres’ friends?”

“Why didn’t you tell me Edie-Eden was one of Rita’s friends?”

The two of them spoke in unison, Eden turning to Rita and Marcus turning to Andres.

Owen took a step back, putting his hands up and scooting out of the firing line. The outburst distracted them from glaring at Andres and Rita.

“Uh... I take it you two know each other?” Bree asked tentatively. She glanced at Owen, who had moved next to her, wondering what he was doing there.

“You could say that,” Eden replied, pressing her lips together.

“She’s my ex-fiancée.” Marcus crossed his arms over his chest, but he wasn’t angry. The crossed arms seemed more like a defensive move. While Marcus had talked

a lot about his ex, he'd never said her name. It was like the whole thing was too painful for him to talk about.

"What a crazy random happenstance," Rita said with a nervous giggle. Her grin looked pasted on. "I guess this is why you should probably tell your friends your ex's name, huh?"

Eden opened her mouth. Closed it. Tossed her pink hair. Andres didn't point out that Marcus had always called his ex by her nickname when they'd talked about her. He'd also said she was prim and proper. There was no way Andres would have ever guessed Eden was Marcus' Edie.

"Yeah, guess I didn't do that. Anyway... where's the sangria?" Eden sauntered toward the kitchen.

Andres was impressed at her recovery time.

A muscle in Marcus' jaw twitched as if he wanted to say something, but he kept his mouth shut, though his eyes tracked Eden's progress across the room.

"In the fridge." Rita looked after her friend with concern before stepping forward and holding out her hand. "Um, hi, nice to meet you. I'm Rita."

"This is Marcus and Owen."

Everyone exchanged greetings and introductions, though Eden and Marcus kept a wary distance between them. Whatever the farthest distance away from each other was, that was how they positioned themselves. Didn't stop them from looking at each other, though.

Andres noticed, with interest, that Owen kept looking at Bree, though his

understanding was she was in a serious relationship. Her boyfriend hadn't shown up, though, and no one mentioned him as the conversation progressed. Being part of the same book club as Rita, he knew Bree and Eden were both interested in Daddy Doms, and if Eden was Marcus' ex, then she had experience.

Whether Bree would actually enjoy the reality... well, that was up in the air. Between that and the boyfriend, he should probably warn Owen.



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Other than Eden and Marcus playing keep-away, the night settled into comfortable conversation as they got to know each other. He got the impression Eden and Marcus were listening very closely to what was going on in the other's lives, and several times they seemed shocked at the changes they saw in the other.

Andres could understand on Eden's behalf—Marcus had changed a lot since Andres had first met him—and wondered how much Eden had changed. Marcus had always described her in glowing terms, but he had trouble seeing Eden as the patient, always proper, quiet, perfect little woman Marcus had painted her.

By the time the others left, Rita was completely relaxed and grinning ear to ear, and Andres was thrilled everyone had gotten along so well, despite the initial hiccup.

There was only one more thing to do tonight.

Tell his Chiquita that he loved her.

11

Rita

Shutting the door behind their friends, Rita breathed a sigh of relief. That had gone really well. Mostly. Other than the whole Marcus and Eden being each other's exes thing, but no one could blame her for that. It really was one of the craziest coincidences ever.

Though, she had to admit, even if Eden had ever actually mentioned Marcus' name

instead of just calling him her ex or ‘that stuffed-up workaholic prick,’ Rita would have never guessed Eden’s Marcus and Andres’ Marcus were the same person. Nothing that Andres had said about Marcus sounded anything like the things Eden had said about her ex, and Marcus was a pretty common name.

So, definitely not her fault. She was grateful to the two of them for setting aside their differences and keeping it together for the evening. Hopefully, it wouldn’t become a problem in the future. She had been daydreaming about everyone hanging out together as a group. She’d even had the thought that one of Andres’ friends might be interested in Eden, though she was now shoving that thought far, far to the back of her mind.

Despite their civility tonight, there was still definitely something between Eden and Marcus, and she didn’t get the impression he’d be open to Owen making a move on Eden. From everything Eden had said about her ex, her being interested in a reconciliation also seemed pretty unlikely.

“What’s going on in that beautiful head of yours, Chiquita?” Andres murmured, wrapping his arms around her and pressing her against the door, she’d just closed. Rita’s heart started beating a little faster with arousal and excitement as he trapped her, his head dipping to press his forehead against hers so their lips were a mere inch apart.

“Just glad that tonight went well.” It was the truth, even if it wasn’t the full truth. Eventually, she wanted to find out more about what Marcus had told Andres about Eden, but now was definitely not the time. Nope. Talk about a mood killer. There would be plenty of time to find out more about that later.

“I told you it would.” He grinned when she rolled her eyes. “You had nothing to worry about.”

“Well, I definitely won’t worry next time now that the first meeting is out of the

way.”She stuck her tongue out at him, fully expecting a threat about what he was going to use her tongue for.

Instead, he kept staring down at her, an odd look in his eye—a gentle look threaded with wonder. Rita’s heart started beating triple time, even as her head told her not to be silly, getting ideas about what that look might mean when they’d only been together a couple of weeks.

Even though it had been an intense couple of weeks, spending every single night together and pretty much all of their free time. Learning about each other. Exploring what having Andres as a Daddy Dom meant.

“You shouldn’t have worried at all.” There was no bite or sternness to his tone. He said it gently but matter-of-factly. “My friends were always going to love you because I love you.”

Rita’s breath hitched in her throat.

“You... you do?” The question came out as a whisper. “But... isn’t it too soon?” Except she knew, deep down, it wasn’t too soon. She’d already fallen in love with him, too. She just hadn’t wanted to say it out loud because she’d been afraid he’d think she was a stage-five clinger or something.

“When you know, you know, no matter how long it’s been. And, Chiquita, I know.” He smiled down at her, his eyes crinkling at the edges. “You don’t have to say it back. I know it’s soon, and I don’t want you to feel pressured. I just wanted to tell you how I feel.”

“That’s how I feel, too, though,” she blurted out, talking quickly, so he couldn’t interrupt her or think she was only saying it because he had. “I just... I thought it would be too soon to say anything to you. I was... I was going to ask you if we

could... if you could..." Crap, she was blushing so hard, it felt like her cheeks were on fire. "I was going to ask if we could do butt stuff tonight. Anal sex. Go all the way."

A suggestion she'd hoped to make much more elegantly, but he'd thrown her off with his unexpected declaration.

"Butt stuff means I love you?" His eyebrows rose, and his lips curved.

If he laughed at her, she was not going to be responsible for her behavior. Rita scowled up at him, pouting slightly.

"In my world, it does." She sure as heck wouldn't have butt sex with someone she didn't love. "It's kind of scary, you know." Being that intimate with someone. Trusting them not to hurt her.

"Don't worry, mi amor. I'm going to take care of you."

Although she loved it when he called her Chiquita, hearing him call her mi amor made her feel like she was walking on air.

Andres

Damn, he loved her so much.

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Working the slim probe back and forth in Rita's bottom as she was on her hands and knees, blonde head hanging between her arms, he ran his other hand up her back and slipped it under her to play with her breasts. Moaning, she pushed back against the probe, and it went deeper, causing her to shudder. Andres grinned.

"Don't rush me, Chiquita. I want to take my time."

"Could you maybe take your time a little faster, Daddy?"

The sassy reply made him laugh. Twisting the probe inside of her and pinching her nipple at the same time, she gasped and clenched around the probe, though the amount of lube meant she couldn't slow its movement.

His impatient babygirl. He had a feeling part of her hurry was the anxiety from waiting. She jumped into things because she hated the build-up. Andres didn't have much of a sadistic side, but he did get a certain amount of glee from making her wait and tuning her to a fever pitch before giving her what she wanted.

"Are you looking for a spanking before I claim your bottom?" he asked, squeezing her breast before leaning back, pulling his hand with him so he could cup and caress one of her creamy white mounds. It might be nice to put a little pink in her cheeks before he slid his cock between them.

"Noooo, Daddy." She dragged out the first word in a way that made him think she was testing to see if he would, anyway.

Andres chuckled. "Then don't rush me, mi Corazón."

Rita muttered something under her breath that suspiciously sounded like, ‘Then stop being so slow.’

Pushing the probe in deep, Andres spanked her ass with his free hand, and she jerked forward at the short, sharp slap.

“What was that, amor?”

“I said then stop being so slow, Daddy!”

Chuckling, Andres slid the probe out of her bottom, so he could use both hands, and Rita tensed.

“Okay, naughty girl, since you want a spanking so badly, you’ve earned it.”

Not that he was going to spank her very hard. Rita got mouthy when she was anxious, and he knew the wait was getting to her, but now she was going to have to wait even longer. Although she might not mind since the wait now included a funishment.

Placing one hand on her lower back to help keep her in place, Andres lifted his hand and swatted the cheek he hadn’t already spanked.

“Ouch!”

Shaking his head—that barely stung—Andres set forth to give her a thorough spanking. Crisp, stinging swats that made her moan and wriggle decorated her bottom. While he wanted to make sure she could feel it, he didn’t want to overdo the punishment since he wanted the most potent sensation to be when his cock finally slid into her ass.

That didn’t stop him from giving her a thorough twice-over with his hand, turning her

ivory skin a bright, blushing pink while she made little moaning and ‘owie’ noises. Once he had her cheeks well-warmed, he picked up the bottle of lube he’d used on the probe and slicked it over his cock.

Rita’s head came up and turned slightly, trying to see what he was doing.

Pressing the tip of his cock to her crinkled hole, he enjoyed her soft intake of breath as he paused.

“Ready, Chiquita?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Her voice was much softer than before the spanking.

“Don’t worry, I’m going to make you feel so good.”

Pressing in, he groaned with his own pleasure as the tight ring around her entrance gave way.

Rita

Oh, fuck...

Daddy’s cock felt huge as it pushed into her ass, far bigger than the probe or any plug. Rita suddenly wished she hadn’t been in such a rush. Taking his time wouldn’t have been so bad.

The pleasure-pain was leaning more toward pain as he pushed in deeper. Like the probe, there was no bulb or narrow space to give the ring of her sphincter a break from its new proportions, but the probe had been so much thinner, so much easier to take. Rita panted for breath, pressing her forehead against the mattress as Daddy’s fingers gripped her hips, pulling her back against him, his cock pushing in deeper.

She whimpered, closing her eyes against the onslaught of sensation. Though her cheeks burned from the spanking he'd administered, she could barely feel the sting because of the feeling of Daddy's cock invading her. Stretching her. Filling her.



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It was every bit as intimate as she'd imagined. The sheer perverseness of feeling him going into a channel, not only unexplored but that wasn't supposed to have anything going into it, made her feel more like a naughty girl than any spanking ever had. It was wrong. It was dirty. And it was starting to feel really good.

How could something so uncomfortable feel good?

"Oh, Daddy..." she moaned, her voice trembling as Andres buried himself completely inside her, and the sensation of being stretched so fully became even stronger. She was no longer an anal virgin. Her ass was full of Daddy's cock. "Oh God... it's so big."

Daddy chuckled.

"Deep breaths, Chiquita. You will adjust."

He was right. She was already adjusting as he held himself immobile inside her, her body slowly relaxing as the initial sting subsided. There was a deep ache in her core, almost like a cramp, both more intense and less painful. A shudder went through her as he withdrew, and Rita gasped as a new wave of sensation washed over her. It was achingly intense, like a rasp across raw nerves, yet it didn't hurt... it felt good.

He thrust in again. Withdrew. Thrust.

Rita moaned as her hips canted up to receive him, her toes curling as her confused body trembled with the exquisite agony. It was too much. It wasn't enough. His hand moved over her hip, over her mound, until his fingers found her pussy. Rita cried out

at the electric touch.

The growing orgasm emerged from the depths of her body in a way it never had before. The sensation didn't build the way it normally did. It was like a sonic boom fighting for release.

Rita rocked her hips backward, rubbing against his fingers even as he impaled her with his cock over and over and over again. Each thrust sent a new wave of erotic heat through her, coiling around the tension, tugging at her orgasm as though it was ready to be set free.

"Come for me, Rita. Come for me, mi amor."

The command was the last thing she needed to tip her over the edge. A scream of passion ripped through her, along with her orgasm, the hot ecstasy spreading through her body in pulsing waves. She clamped down around his cock, her body trying to hold him inside her.

"Daddy! Oh God, Daddy, I'm coming..." Rita sobbed the words and heard his answering groan, then gasped at the hardest thrust yet. His fingers rubbed her clit as he filled her with his cum, his cock throbbing against the tender walls of her newly fucked asshole.

They fell onto their sides, Daddy's cock still deep inside her, panting for breath. As they lay there, their breathing slowed, hearts beating in time. Rita turned her head, so she could press her cheek against his chest. With his heavy arm over her middle, it was spooning like she'd never done it before. They were a dirty spoon.

The thought would have made her giggle if she wasn't afraid Daddy would think she was laughing at him.

"Butt stuff means love. I like it," Daddy said sleepily, pressing his groin more firmly

against her bottom, even as his cock was softening inside her. Now she giggled.

“I love you, Taco Daddy.”

“I love you too, Taco Girl.”

Rita smiled, snuggling back against him.

She would never look at Taco Tuesday the same way again.

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