



Bash (Daddies Ink #3)

Author: *Piper Strickland*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: You're keeping track of all of the things I've done today, but friendships don't require tallies, honey. They're not a tit-for-tat type of thing."

"I'm scared I'll be a burden and you and the others won't want me around anymore. I just met you all, but my life would be so sad without you guys in it," she admitted.

I admired her bravery to express such a vulnerability to me. "Oh, that's a big burden for a Little girl," I said, "and it's one you don't need to carry. We love you, Little one. We've invited you into our lives to stay. You could never be a burden to us."

Her body relaxed the tiniest bit in my arms and I felt triumphant. I didn't doubt this was something we would need to talk about often, and perhaps seek counseling for, but I was happy she trusted my words for a moment, even if it might be fleeting.

"I enjoy taking care of Littles. It doesn't matter if they're mine or not. Being a Daddy is in my DNA. Let me take care of you until you're feeling better, please? When you are well, I'll take you back to the shelter or wherever you want to go. No strings attached," I said, even though the thought of letting her go back to the shelter made me queasy.

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Bash

I checked the clock on my phone for the fifth time before slamming it down on my station table. Where the hell was she?

“You good, man?” Smoke asked, sliding into my tattoo booth on his rolling chair.

“Yeah.” No. I wasn’t fucking good. Allyson should have been at the shop an hour ago. She was never late and I’d spent the last sixty minutes picturing the worst scenarios.

“Okay, well, you maybe want to tell that to your face? You look ballistic,” Smoke said.

Running my fingers through my short hair, I sighed. “Allyson isn’t here yet.”

“Was she supposed to help you with something? I have time between clients,” he offered. His offer was kind, but only added to my annoyance.

“No. She’s just never late,” I bit out.

Smoke laughed, actually fucking laughed. “Are you worried?”

Scowling, I flipped him off.

“You are! Big Bad Bashie is worried,” he mocked.

“Shut up, asswipe.” The urge to punch him in the face was overwhelming.

“You gotta put a dollar in the swear bucket!” Eloise, my pseudo-niece, said as she ran over to me. Her pink tutu floated around her and I smiled despite my worry. She was my best friend Blade’s Little girl and a big ball of sparkle and glitter. She kept us entertained every day she was at the shop with us.

I pulled out my wallet and deposited a ten into the pink beach bucket. We had started with a swear jar, but we all cursed so much that we’d had to upgrade to something bigger within just a few days.

“Oh, ten monies!” she exclaimed, peeking into the bucket.

“It’s a credit for the rest of the day. I’m sure I’ll need it,” I said dryly.

“Why are you grumpy?” she asked, then wrinkled her nose, and corrected, “Well, more grumpy than normal.”

“Because Allyson is late.”

“She’s not late. She’s sick. She called Uncle Leland and told him she couldn’t work today.”

“What?” I asked, sitting up in my chair. “What do you mean she’s sick?” How was she sick? What was wrong? Fuck! I should have asked someone sooner.

“I don’t know what’s wrong. I texted her, but she hasn’t read it yet.” Her smile fell a little. “I’m worried about her, actually.”

I was sure she was worried. Allyson and Eloise had met in a local shelter earlier in the year. Eloise had been running from an abusive ex and Allyson had aged out of

foster care two years before. The women had quickly become friends and were inseparable. Both had recently started working at Daddies Ink. Eloise now lived with Blade, but Allyson still lived at the shelter, much to my frustration. Many of us had offered her a room, but she was a stubborn little cuss—the sweetest little cuss. She had a heart as big as Texas. The world honestly didn't deserve her.

Looking at the time on my phone again, I calculated I had about an hour and a half before my next client came in. “Go tell your Daddy you're coming with me, kiddo. We'll go get her.”

“Okay,” she agreed, running off to his station.

Standing, I gathered my keys, wallet, and phone.

“Uh, where exactly are you going?” Smoke asked.

“To get Allyson.”

“Why?”

“Because she's fucking sick and alone.” And because I hated when she wasn't around. It made my skin itch and my head too jumbled. He didn't need to know that, though. For a long time I hadn't wanted her to know either. I'd been worried I was too rough for her, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized maybe I was exactly what she needed. Maybe she needed a hardass to help her see she was worthy of all of our love.

Smoke didn't say anything, but he did send me a smug grin before sliding back into his station. Fucking asshat.

“Where are you taking my baby?” Blade yelled across the shop.

Sighing, I walked over to where he was working on a client. “I’m going to get Allyson.”

“And take her where?”

Fuck, I didn’t know. I hadn’t made it that far yet.

“I’ll figure it out when I get there,” I said instead.

“Okay. Eloise needs to eat lunch at 12:30 so she can take her meds,” Blade reminded me.

I scoffed. Duh. I had an alarm set on my phone for his Little one. Smoke did too. We all cared about the Little ones. They’d really made our makeshift family complete.

He laughed. “I’m sorry. Overprotective Daddy. Be good, Little girl.” He opened his arms and she gave him a big hug while I swallowed down my jealousy. I wanted a love like theirs so badly. I was a mean, sadistic son of a bitch, but I knew I’d be a damn good Daddy too.

“I promise,” Eloise vowed solemnly, releasing him and turning to take my hand.

I led her from the shop and out to my truck. After buckling her in, I climbed in and started the truck.

“She’s at the hotel on Second Street,” Eloise informed me. “I checked her location.”

“Why is she there?” I asked with a frown, heading toward the older motel. It was run-down with no security, definitely not safe for a Little girl, especially a saccharine sweetheart like Allyson.

“It’s the closest hotel to the shelter and they charge by the hour,” she explained, blushing a bit. Yes, they did charge by the hour because it was a hotel that tolerated sketchy business. Drug deals and prostitution. Bile burned the back of my throat. Was Allyson in a bad situation?

“Eloise, honey. Is Allyson okay? Does she need more money or maybe some help?”

“No, why would you.... Oh goodness! No, Uncle Bash. She just can’t stay at the shelter during the day. But she’s sick and couldn’t come to work, so she went there to stay until she can check back in at the shelter. It’s not the best, but it’s cheaper than paying for a full night.”

I blew out a breath as relief filled me. “She can’t stay at the shelter even if she’s sick?” Poor baby. Poor babies . It must be so hard to have to pack up everything and find a place to stay when you weren’t feeling well. I wondered what the women who didn’t have jobs did. Allyson could afford a few hours because she worked at Daddies Ink, but what did the other women do?

“No. Nobody is allowed to stay after the alarm goes off.”

Reaching over, I grabbed her hand and squeezed.

“It’s okay, Uncle Bash. We were really lucky not to have to sleep on the streets and Ms. Ramsey is still really nice to us. She just is getting older and can’t keep it open during the day too.”

I thought over her words, but didn’t comment. Daddies Ink did a lot for the shelter, but it looked like maybe we needed to do more.

We pulled into the parking lot and she waited like a good girl until I could help her out of the truck. “We’ll go talk to Mr. Murray and see if he remembers what room

she's in," Eloise told me. "He's the owner. He's kinda mean, but he doesn't bother us as long as we pay up front and leave on time."

Oh. That was a good idea. I'd been fully prepared to beat on every door until she answered.

Allyson

I was the sickest I'd even been in my entire life. Shivers shook my body so hard that my teeth rattled together. Every muscle in my body hurt and I was thirsty, but every sip I took came back up. Worse than all that, guilt also sat in my tummy like a rock. I'd let my friends down by not being able to work. They'd been so wonderful to me and I hadn't been able to do my part to help them.

Fear that they wouldn't like me because I hadn't been helpful haunted me, kept my brain spinning around in circles. I was terrified of being a burden and of not being wanted. I'd been placed in foster care when I was just four years old. My mom died of a brain aneurysm and I didn't have any other family. The next fourteen years of my life I'd spent being the best girl I could be. I never argued, never got into any trouble, and was a star student. My foster parents had often talked about what a good egg I was, but in the end that hadn't been enough for them to keep me. Because of that trauma, I worked very hard to earn my place in people's lives. I knew it wasn't healthy, but I was too scared to stop.

A particularly sharp pain in my head made me cry out and I grabbed my head, desperately wishing for sleep.

Worry that I needed to pay Mr. Murray some more money was another thing keeping me awake. I'd only paid for a few hours, but I didn't think I would be able to make it

back to the shelter at 7 pm, or even be around the other women as sick as I was, but I didn't have the energy to pick up my cell and call the front office. I definitely didn't want to get on his bad side, though, he was so mean.

A knock on the door startled me and I jumped. Immediately my muscles protested in agony. Fuck, what if it was Mr. Murray?

Forcing myself upright, I walked across the small room, holding onto the furniture for support. It took my shaking fingers a minute to unlatch the door.

"Eloise?" I gasped. "Are you okay?" Adrenaline filled my body and made my heart race. Why was she here?

"I'm fine, but you don't look so good," she said.

"Oh, honey," Bash said from behind her. I hadn't even seen him at first. Studying him for clues about why they'd shown up at one of the worst hotels in town, I noticed his brows were drawn tight, as were his lips. I stepped back and allowed them to come inside the small hotel room. "I don't understand. What's wrong? Why are you both here?" Was it because I missed work? Were they mad? I grabbed my stomach as another wave of nausea almost drowned me.

"We're here because you're sick, Little one. Can you tell me what feels bad?" Bash asked, knotting his brows. He pulled out a chair for me and helped me sit down.

"Everything," I admitted.

His hands cupped my face and the coolness felt so good to my fevered skin. "Fuck, you're burning up." I'd figured as much.

"Do you want me to call Mr. Elliot?" Eloise asked.

I knew Elliot was a friend of the group and that he was a doctor and often made house calls for them. I'd never met him, his Little girl, or their partner, but I'd heard the nicest things about him. One time I'd visited their home when Eloise was being treated for an infection after being shot, but they hadn't been there at the time.

"Yes, tell him to meet me at my house," Bash said, his eyes not leaving my face.

"Yes, Sir." She moved toward the back of the room to make the call.

"I can't go to your house. I'll get you sick. You two shouldn't even be here right now," I argued. My heart pounded in my chest. I couldn't be a bother to him. I'd already failed him by not working my scheduled shift.

Bash ignored me and knelt beside me. "What hurts, Little one?"

If I hadn't been pink from my fever, he definitely would have noticed the flush on my face. Everything about Bash screamed Daddy. Our group was very open with our interests and we didn't hide our tendencies around each other. I knew he was a Daddy Dom and even though he and I had never played together, I knew he'd be a good one. He was so thoughtful and protective with the Littles in his life. He played our silly games and always supported our interests. When he was working the same shift as me, he always made sure I ate and drank my water. I imagined he'd be a very possessive Daddy and that meshed well with my desire to belong to someone. Stupid fucking foster care.

"Allyson, are you with me, honey?"

Realizing my thoughts had drifted, I shook my head to try and clear it, but that hurt and I cried out. Bash surprised me by easing me into his arms and then standing. Even his gentle movements hurt. My muscles complained again and I groaned.

“Shhh, I’m sorry, Allyson.”

“I have her things,” Eloise said. “Mr. Elliot said he would be there at four.”

“Can you take my phone, call my client Peter P. and reschedule him?” Bash asked her.

“Don’t cancel your client! I’ll be fine!” It was getting worse and worse. The list of things I’d done to affect his day was only growing. He was going to hate me after everything was said and done.

“Yes, Sir,” Eloise chirped, ignoring my protests as she did what he asked.

Bash opened the door. “Eloise, walk in front of me, honey, and stay close. I don’t trust this area.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I can’t leave with you,” I argued. My throat was tight and my eyes burned with unshed tears. He was having to do so much already and as much as I probably needed his help, I wouldn’t risk losing him because of it.

“You’re very sick, baby. We’re going to get you feeling all better soon. Try to close your eyes and just rest, okay?”

“Peter said that was fine and I rescheduled him for Saturday at two. Saturday was the only day I remember you having open,” Eloise said.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” Bash answered. “Saturday is fine.”

A sob broke free from my throat and Bash’s deep brown eyes studied mine. “Why are

you crying, little one? Does it hurt that much? Maybe we should go to the emergency room.”

“No! It’s not that bad. I’m just causing you so many problems! Please take me back. I promise I’ll be okay.”

“I can’t do that, Allyson. You’re too sick.”

“But you have things to do, you don’t have time to help me!” I cried. Tears were freely rolling down my face by now. Why was he being so stubborn?

“Oh, you silly little goose. I will always have time for you.”

Eloise opened the truck door, and he set me inside before buckling me in, then he helped Eloise in the back seat before climbing in the driver's seat.

“I’m going to take you back to the shop, Eloise. Can you tell your daddy you’re on the way?”

“Yes, Sir,” she answered. Her voice was strained and I felt even worse knowing I was worrying her too.

“You’ve been such a good helper today, Eloise. Make sure you tell your Daddy that, okay?” Bash said as he started the truck and pulled out of the hotel parking lot.

I couldn’t see Eloise from the backseat, but I hoped she was okay. I needed to tell her thank you for all her help today too. She was such a good girl and she deserved all the praise. Guilt filled my belly even more than before. I wasn’t being a good girl. I’d missed work, made Bash leave work, and made him reschedule a client.

“I’m sorry,” I apologized, turning to look at him. All the movements and emotions

must have made my nausea so much worse. I slapped a hand over my mouth, but before he could even stop the car, I vomited all over myself and the inside of his new truck.

Definitely not a good girl.

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Bash

“I’m so sorry,” Allyson sobbed again.

I helped her from my truck and started leading her into the house.

“Honey, it’s okay. You couldn’t help it. It was an accident and I’ll never be upset with you for having an accident. Besides, do you know how much Smoke drinks? It’s not the first time I’ve had someone puke in my truck,” I teased, earning a teary grin.

She looked so small standing there in her sports bra and leggings. We’d tossed her shirt in the garbage and cleaned her up the best we could with some wipes before dropping Eloise off and driving to my house.

“There’s a sweet smile.” I punched in the code to the door and guided her inside.

“Y-your house is really nice,” she said. It sounded very practiced and I hated she felt like she needed to be polite and polished around me. I knew a bit of her past, but foster care came with so much trauma that I’m sure I couldn’t even scratch the surface of what she’d dealt with.

“Thank you, Allyson. I am proud of it. I grew up in foster care too and buying my own home felt wonderful after never having a permanent home as a teenager.”

She didn’t need to know the unethical ways I’d earned the money to purchase my home. Well, not right now anyway. If she decided to let me be her Daddy, I’d tell her the truth. I didn’t believe in dishonesty in any relationship.

“Y-you were in foster care too?” she asked, trembling. Poor baby was so sick.

“I was. We can talk about it when you’re feeling all better. For now let’s get you upstairs and into the bath, yeah?” I tried to lead her up the stairs, but she tugged her hand free and planted her feet on the hardwood floor. I turned back to look at her. Was she scared? Maybe I needed to let her go up alone.

“No, I can just hose off in the back. I don’t want to get your bathroom dirty.”

Hose off in the back? Like an animal? “No, Little girl. You absolutely will not. You will take a warm shower upstairs and I will bring you some cozy clothes to put on. Then I’m going to tuck you into my bed and pamper you until you feel all better.”

Her lip trembled and more tears rolled down her face. I instantly regretted my firm tone. Perhaps softer-spoken words would work better on her. Because of her past, I might need to be extra gentle.

“Honey, don’t cry. It breaks my heart when you’re upset. I’m not angry with you. It just shocked me that you feel like you’d be better to just rinse off in the backyard with cold water—like some kind of animal.”

“I don’t w-want to get your house d-dirty,” she cried. “You’ve already had to do so much for me today.”

“Honey.” I tried to reason, but she shook her head.

“I already m-made you l-leave work, reschedule a client, and I t-threw up in your truck. N-now I’m in your house and I’m g-gross.” A shiver wracked her body and she wrapped her arms around herself.

I reached down and lifted her into my arms before carrying her across the living room

and climbing the stairs. “First of all, you didn’t make me do anything. I left because I was worried about you and wanted to see you. You didn’t make me reschedule a client either. That was also my choice. I didn’t want you to be by yourself when you weren’t feeling good. I care about you, honey. More than just as a friend. I’ve had feelings for you since the first night I met you. Did you know I used to only work three days a week at Daddies Ink?”

Her pretty green eyes went wide, nearly doubling in size and she shook her head before laying it against my chest. Heat from her body radiated through my shirt and I made a mental note to ask Elliot if it would be okay to give her something to bring her fever down even though she was vomiting.

“I did. Only three days a week, but then Blade and Leland hired you and my off days became my least favorite days. I started adding more clients just so I could see you more. I’m not telling you any of this to pressure you. You’ve been through so much and you’re just now getting your first real taste of freedom. But I am telling you because I want you to understand how much I wanted to do those things for you. You’re keeping track of all of the things I’ve done today, but friendships don’t require tallies, honey. They’re not a tit-for-tat type of thing.”

“I’m scared I’ll be a burden and you and the others won’t want me around anymore. I just met you all, but my life would be so sad without you guys in it,” she admitted.

I admired her bravery to express such a vulnerability to me. “Oh, that’s a big burden for a Little girl,” I said, “and it’s one you don’t need to carry. We love you, Little one. We’ve invited you into our lives to stay. You could never be a burden to us.”

Her body relaxed the tiniest bit in my arms and I felt triumphant. I didn’t doubt this was something we would need to talk about often, and perhaps seek counseling for, but I was happy she trusted my words for a moment, even if it might be fleeting.

“I enjoy taking care of Littles. It doesn’t matter if they're mine or not. Being a Daddy is in my DNA. Let me take care of you until you’re feeling better, please? When you are well, I’ll take you back to the shelter or wherever you want to go. No strings attached,” I said, even though the thought of letting her go back to the shelter made me queasy.

“It would make you happy?” she questioned. Her eyes were hopeful. She was so eager to please.

“Very happy,” I promised, pushing open the bathroom door with my foot and gently settling her on the ground.

“And you want to take care of me until I’m better? Like really? Not just because you feel bad for me or because you feel obligated?”

“I want to take care of you because I adore you. I don’t feel obligated to do anything, Little one.”

She bit her lip and rolled it around between her teeth while she thought over what I’d said. Reaching up, I freed it before she hurt herself. I would never understand why women always bit their lips when they were nervous. Wasn’t there a less destructive thing they could do that didn’t make me worry about them biting a hole in a body part? Maybe yoga? Wasn’t that a safe hobby?

“Okay. I would be really thankful for your help,” she finally admitted. I felt like her answer was a bit forced and once again far too polite, but at least we were breaking some ground.

Allyson

After a heavenly shower, I was tucked into Bash's bed, wearing his clothes. Both smelled like him and the sheets were so soft. I snuggled down beneath the covers and tried to stop my shivering. I'd already had the chills, but after my shower they were worse. My head also felt like it was stuffed with cotton.

"Hey, darlin'. I called Elliot and he said it would be okay to give you a few sips of ginger ale and some fever reducer if you thought you might be able to keep it down." He carried a can of soda with a silly bendy straw and a bottle of medication in his hands.

"I t-think I can." My teeth chattered together when I spoke.

"Poor baby, when the fever breaks you'll feel so much better."

I sat back up and he handed me the can before filling a syringe with orange liquid.

"Do you like the orange or the grape fever reducer better? I can pick up a different one later," he said, holding the syringe up to my mouth. I tried to grab it, but he pulled his hand back. "Let me help, okay?"

I nodded and he held it up to my lips. I opened my mouth and then swallowed the medicine once he pushed the plunger.

"Good girl," he praised, making my tummy flip around.

"I've only taken the pills so I don't know which one I like better," I answered. I definitely liked the liquid better. The orange was pretty yummy.

"Well, we'll just have to get both so you can try them."

I took a few sips of the ginger ale he held for me.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a thermometer. “This one rolls across your forehead,” he explained, turning it on and taking my temp. “I’ll be honest, though, this isn’t my favorite way to take a Little girl’s temperature and this will probably be the only time I use this one.”

“102.7. You are a very sick baby,” he said, studying the display with a frown. “Let me help you lay back down.” He tucked me back under the covers and rubbed my legs gently.

“What’s your favorite way?” I asked, even though I was pretty sure I already knew.

He grinned. “Your booty. It’s the most accurate.”

I averted my gaze and pulled the covers up higher.

He chuckled and pulled them down a bit, probably so he could see my face. “I would never do anything without your consent, baby.”

I nodded. “I know. I was just embarrassed. Not scared.”

“Embarrassed?”

“Yeah, you’d see my butt.”

“Would seeing my butt make you feel better? It’s not as cute as yours, but if you’re feeling unsure,” he said, standing up and fumbling with his belt buckle. His grin was big and infectious and not for the first time I noticed how attractive he was.

I giggled and pulled the covers all the way over my face. “No! I’m okay! I’m okay!”

“Do you need anything right now? I imagine you’re not hungry, but do you want me

to put on a movie for you?” he asked, sitting back down on the bed.

“Can I have another blanket, if it’s not too much trouble?”

“Of course you can, Allyson. Nothing you ask for is going to be too much trouble, okay?”

I nodded. His words were so nice, I just hoped they were true. I was still so scared I’d be too much for him.

He stood, grabbed a blanket from the closet, and covered me with it. I was still shivering, so I snuggled deeper under the covers again. My eyes were heavy and my body hurt so badly.

“Why don’t you try and take a nap, baby? Elliot will be here soon and we’ll have you feeling all better in no time,” Bash soothed, rubbing my legs again. The pressure actually helped them not ache so badly.

“H-how do I pay Elliot? I have my debit card, but I don’t have any checks or cash,” I asked, not opening my eyes.

“You don’t worry about that, okay? That’s part of the Daddy Bash package you’ve temporarily subscribed to.”

His words were silly and I decided he was too. He pressed a gentle kiss to my head and that was the last thing my tired brain processed before I fell asleep.

“Hey, sweet baby.” Bash spoke softly as he sat on the bed beside me. He rubbed my belly and I struggled to open my eyes. I was so hot and I tried to kick off the covers.

Bash must have helped because suddenly the weight was gone. The cool air felt nice. “Her fever’s broken,” he told someone.

Finally I was able to pry my eyes open and immediately noticed Bash’s furrowed brow. He was really worried about me and that made me feel like I mattered, like I had value.

“Hey, baby, Elliot is here,” he said.

I pushed up on my elbow and Bash slid his hand under my back and helped me sit up.

“Hey, sweet girl. I heard you’re not feeling so well,” a man I didn’t recognise but knew had to be Elliot said from the end of the bed. He was large and broad with brown hair. I was starting to think there was a height requirement for the Daddies in this group. They were all so tall. He set his bag on the end of the bed and grabbed a light and stethoscope out.

“I have a fever and my body hurts,” I admitted.

“Yeah? For how long?”

“The fever started early this morning, maybe five-ish, but my body and head started hurting yesterday afternoon.”

I felt Bash shift beside me and I looked up at him. He was studying me with concern.

“You worked yesterday, Allyson. Why didn’t you tell us you didn’t feel well?”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t trying to keep it from anyone. I just thought I was tired.” Oh no. Was he mad?

He bent and met my eye. "I'm sorry I didn't notice, honey."

Why was he apologizing? It wasn't his fault.

"Can I check your lungs, Allyson?" Elliot asked, distracting me.

I nodded.

"Bash, move your ass. You're in my way."

Bash grumbled, but did as he asked. "Take some breaths for me, honey."

I did and Elliot listened to my front and back. "Have you been coughing?"

"No, Mr. Elliot."

"Oh, what good manners," he praised. "I'm going to feel your neck now, okay?"

I nodded. His large hands came up and cupped my neck, pressing the glands in my neck. I winced when it started to hurt.

Bash grumbled when I winced. "Be fucking careful, Elliot."

"Is it sore there?" Elliot asked, ignoring him.

"Yes, Sir."

He flicked on the flashlight. "I'm going to check your ears and throat now."

He looked in my ears first and then my throat. "Your throat is a bit red. Does it hurt?"

I shook my head. “No, Sir, Mr. Elliot.”

“That’s good then. I’m pretty sure I know what germies you caught, Little girl,” he said.

Whatever it was, I hoped it would be all better by the next day so I could go back to work.

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Bash

My heart was in my throat as I waited on Elliot to diagnose Allyson. I had already considered Malaria, Ebola, and maybe the Bubonic Plague. Whatever it was, I wanted the best care for my Little girl. And after seeing her sick and vulnerable I had no doubt Allyson was my Little girl. She was shy and unsure, but I would love her until she was confident of my feelings and I would be patient and wait as long as she needed. I regretted not moving sooner, but there was nothing I could do but move forward.

“Just a little swab of your nose, okay? It won’t hurt,” Elliot said, bringing me back from my thoughts. He was rubbing a Q-Tip around the inside of each nostril. He’d better not fucking hurt her.

“I’m going to test this and in fifteen minutes we will know if you have the flu germies, which I’m very confident you do.” Elliot put the swab in a tube, shook it, and then put some on a dropper.

“I was around everyone at work yesterday,” she said, her face turning a shade paler. “What if I got them all sick?”

“Most of us have had our flu shots, baby. If we do get it, it won’t be a bad case and we would certainly never blame you, Allyson,” I told her. I appreciated her concern for us, but hated how anxious she was.

“I’m so sorry,” she cried, more tears falling down her angelic face.

“Hey, nobody is going to be upset,” I soothed, climbing up the bed and sitting beside her. “They’re going to be worried about you, baby. They’ll want you to feel all better.”

“I’ve had a lot of cases recently, honey, and it’s very possible you caught it from a client at the shop. Don’t worry about it, okay? Let’s focus on getting you better,” Elliot added.

Allyson nodded, but didn’t look any less worried. I took her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. She returned the gesture and sent me a shaky smile.

“Wait, you need to scoot over, you’re gonna get sick!” she said after a second, attempting to tug her hand out of mine.

I kept it captured and brought it up to my mouth for a kiss. “Daddies are immune to germies, especially this one,” I said, patting my chest.

She laughed softly.

“It’s true. In all of the years I’ve known him, Bash has never been sick,” Elliot agreed.

“Never?” Allyson asked dubiously, looking at me again.

“Not even once.”

“Positive for flu, sweet girl. Covid is negative,” Elliot said, after studying the rapid test.

“What is our course of treatment?” I asked, relieved it wasn’t something worse.

“I’ll send some prescriptions for medication to help with symptoms and a cough medicine just in case she needs it over to the pharmacy. Lots of rest and fluids. Fever reducers every four hours for the next several days. Even if she isn’t running a fever, it will help with her body aches.”

Reaching out, I stroked a hand over Allyson’s curls. “Does your body hurt, babygirl?”

“Just a tiny bit,” she answered. I could tell a tiny bit meant a lot.

“You can have some more medicine in half an hour,” I told her. I was keeping a close eye on the time.

“Yes, Sir.”

Her honorifics brought a smile to my face and my heart swelled with pride. I couldn’t wait for her to answer “yes, Daddy” but Sir was good too.

“Do you want a sucker for being a good girl?” Elliot asked.

Her eyes lit up, but she shook her head no. “That’s okay. Thank you. I really appreciate you coming out. I don’t have any cash, but I have my debit card or I can use Venmo.”

“You are not paying me, Little girl,” Elliot said. “I am here as a friend.”

“Oh, look. He has pink suckers. Pink is your favorite color,” I said, reaching and taking one out of Elliot’s hand. She wanted the candy, we both could tell she did, but her fear kept her from accepting it. She was so willing to give, but it seemed she really struggled with taking. It was okay, we’d work on it. I tucked it into my bedside table for her. “Maybe you can have it when you’re not so nauseous, yeah?”

She smiled and nodded. “Thank you for helping me, Mr. Elliot.”

He placed his hand over his heart. “You are precious, Little girl. I’m glad we found you.”

“I’m glad to have been found,” she said before coughing. “Uh-oh.”

Elliot nodded. “I’m not surprised, Little one. I’m sure it will become much deeper over the next few days. Be a good girl and rest, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.” She nodded.

I tucked her back in before climbing off the bed and showing Elliot out. “Do you need me to pick her medicine up for you?”

“I appreciate it, but Leland already offered.”

“Alright, call me if she gets worse.”

Taking out my wallet, I pulled out a wad of cash and tried to hand it to him.

He glared at me, but didn’t say anything.

I chuckled and shoved it back in my wallet. “Thank you.”

Elliot was such a good friend to us. He never took payment even though we always tried to pay him.

“Every time one of you try and pay me, I get indigestion,” he grumbled.

“Mr. Elliot! Mr. Elliot!” Allyson yelled, running to the top of the stairs.

“No running!”

“Be careful!” I shouted at the same time Elliot did.

“When can I go back to work? I already missed today and Mr. Leland is going to be so upset if I miss more days. Can I go back tomorrow if I wear a mask?”

Elliot shot me a look and I shook my head. Leland wouldn’t be upset with her.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. You’ll be out the rest of the week. You can return Monday, but I’ll email your doctor’s note to Leland, okay?”

“A-are you sure I can’t just go back tomorrow?”

My chest tightened in sympathy when I saw how distressed she was about missing more work.

“I’m sure, Allyson. You need to rest so you can feel all better,” he told her.

I could sense her anxiety and I finished showing Elliot out, so that I could go ease some of her worry. I hoped over time she would grow more confident in her friendships and begin to see how we all wanted what was best for her.

Allyson

Bash came back into the room just as I was snuggling back under the covers. I was cold again.

“Leland is going to bring your medicine by and check on you. He hates that you’re

sick.”

My stomach dropped to my toes and cold panic rushed through me. “No!”

“No?” Bash asked.

“No. He’s already having to find someone to cover my shifts and now he’s having to stop and bring me medicine. He’s going to be so angry with me.”

“He wants to do those things because he’s your friend. He’s doing them because he cares about you, not because he feels he has to.”

I adored the way Bash explained things so gently. It was so unlike him. He was big and growly and usually threatened bodily harm at least twice a day. But despite his gentle tone and soft words, I knew he didn’t understand. He’d probably never cared about being a burden. I’m sure the thought of being alone didn’t terrify him.

“Allyson, honey, look at me,” he commanded. I didn’t like when he called me Allyson. I wanted him to call me ‘sweet baby’ all of the time. I liked all the endearments he used, but sweet baby was my favorite.

“Look at me, Little one,” he said, firmer this time.

I tipped my head up and my skin heated when twin tears rolled down my face. How embarrassing. All I’d done is cry.

“Oh, babygirl. Don’t cry.” He cradled my head in his hands and used his thumbs to wipe the tears away.

“I just got this job and I’m already missing work. He’s going to replace me.”

My heart flipped painfully in my chest at the thought of someone else having my job. I loved being around my new friends.

“He’s not, Allyson. Leland adores you, we all do. He’s more worried about you being sick. But even if Leland didn’t care for you, he still wouldn’t fire you for being out sick. He’s a good man, a fair man,” Bash explained.

I nodded and tried to swallow the lump in my throat.

“It’s going to be okay. I know you don’t believe me but I swear to you that you’re worried for nothing. The more we love on you, the more confident you will be in your relationships with us,” he promised.

His words shone like a lighthouse during a storm and I was the small boat trying to sail into the safety of them.

My heart was pounding in my chest and my stomach was flip-flopping so fast I thought I might actually puke. Leland had arrived a few seconds earlier and Bash had gone to let him in. I could hear their big boots clunking up the stairs and I was terrified Leland was going to scold me.

Swallowing the panic clawing at me, I tried to put on my brave face.

“Hey, sweetie. How are you feeling?” he asked, walking into the room. He made himself comfortable and sat on the end of the bed criss-cross applesauce. How someone that tall got their legs to bend that way was beyond me, but for some reason it released some of the anxiety I was carrying. It was silly and had I not been so worried, I probably would have giggled.

“I’m really sorry I have to miss so much work.”

“Oh, honey, you can’t help being sick,” he answered.

“She’s worried you’re going to be mad at her,” Bash said from where he was setting up medications on the dresser.

I shot him my best murderous glare.

“Why on earth would I be upset because you’re sick?” Leland asked, his confusion evident.

My cheeks prickled with embarrassment and I found myself suddenly too nervous to speak. I shrugged my shoulders instead.

“She’s worried about you needing to find someone to cover her shift. I think she feels like she let us down.”

I was going to strangle Bash. I did feel like I was letting the shop down, but I didn’t need Bash telling him.

“I don’t know what kind of people you had in your life before us, kiddo, but I think they sucked. I would never be upset with you for missing work because you have the damn flu. I would, however, be very upset if you tried to work when you weren’t feeling well,” Leland said.

I nodded, but I wasn't sure I believed him even if I wanted to.

“You’re a very sweet friend and we love you. You bring so much sunshine into Daddies Ink and into our lives. In the short time we’ve known you, you’ve already made us so damn happy. You are so loving and you care about each one of us. You

are thoughtful, gracious, and model what kind of people we should be every day, but more importantly we love you for who you are, not for what you do for us. Do you understand? We would still love you if you never worked another day at Daddies Ink.”

Tears pricked my eyes and I tried to blink them back before Leland saw them. He’d touched on one of my biggest insecurities. We love you for who you are, not for what you do. I did work so hard because I felt like maybe if my friends saw what I was worth they’d keep me... I felt like if I was helpful, they’d have a reason to want me around and I so badly wanted to be kept.

“Look at me, Allyson,” Leland said firmly.

I obeyed.

“Aww, honey. Is that what you’re worried about? That we won’t love you if you don’t work for the shop?”

I shook my head. “No.”

Bash sat on the bed beside me, clearly not liking my distress. Leland scooted a bit closer and put his hand on my foot.

“What is worrying you, Little one?” Leland asked.

“That if you all don’t need me, you won’t keep me.”

“Has that happened to you before, Allyson?”

“Yeah.”

“When, sweetheart?” Bash asked.

“When I turned eighteen. The state didn’t pay my foster parents for me anymore, so they didn’t need me and...” I shrugged, unable to finish the rest.

“And that was when you became homeless and started living in the shelter,” Bash finished for me.

I nodded. “I know that they didn’t have to keep me, like it was probably very expensive or something, but they just... didn’t. I thought maybe they’d let me finish high school first or something. But when I didn’t have anything to offer anymore, they didn’t love me anymore.”

Bash put his arm around me and squeezed gently. “Allyson, those people were wrong. Your caseworker failed you and your foster parents did too. They should have taken the time to make you understand you are more important than a check and I’m sorry they failed you like they did. Real families, even found ones like ours, love each other genuinely. And a genuine love means that it doesn’t matter what the members of that family bring or don’t bring into the relationships, it only matters that they belong there. You belong to us, Little girl, and you never have to worry about us getting rid of you. We love you now and for always, okay?” Bash spoke so gently that it made my heart ache.

“You’re ours now, Little one, and we’re never letting you go,” Leland added. “You were made for our small makeshift family.”

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:18 am

Bash

Loud, incessant coughing woke me from a deep slumber. I looked up at Allyson who was sitting up in my bed.

“Sorry,” she apologized quickly. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

I stood from the chair and stretched my stiff muscles. “It’s okay, Allybaby. Let’s get some cough medicine in you, yeah?” Looking at the clock, I realized I’d never set an alarm from the last time I’d given her meds. She was way overdue.

She nodded before bringing her fists up to her eyes and rubbing them. The sweet, innocent gesture warmed my heart. She coughed again, deep and loud. It sounded like it was painful.

Walking over to the dresser, I quickly suctioned up the right dose. “Does your body still hurt, Allyson?”

When she didn’t answer me, I turned around to look at her.

“Allyson?”

“I don’t like when you call me that,” she said.

I studied her for a minute trying to gauge where she was at and what she meant. Her eyes were glassy, probably from fever, and her skin was pink, but she didn’t seem to be upset or angry. And I didn’t think she was so delirious with fever that she’d

forgotten her own name.

While I was pondering her statement, I went ahead and drew up some fever reducer for her too. Grabbing the items, I walked back over to the bed and sat beside her.

“You don’t like when we call you Allyson?”

“No. I-I don’t like when you call me Allyson.”

“Oh? What would you like me to call you, baby?” I asked. I was a bit confused, but interested in hearing her answer.

“I thought I liked sweet baby the best, but I think I actually like Allybaby the mostest.”

Smiling, I lifted the medication to her mouth. I waited until she’d swallowed all of that one before giving her the other one. She shivered from the taste of the cold medicine and I lifted the sippy cup of water up to her mouth. She took several long sips before pulling back.

“So you like Allybaby the mostest.” I fucking adored Little speak and hers was the cutest.

She nodded. “Yas-huh.”

“I’ll try and remember that, okay?”

“Thank you.”

Tucking her back under the covers, I kissed her forehead. “Thank you for telling me what you wanted, Little one. I know that’s hard.”

She nodded. "Is really hard."

I reached over and grabbed the thermometer before setting it back down on the stand.

"Oh nu," she said, making me laugh. She was so damn cute.

"Can I take your temp the Daddy way?"

She sighed. "Can I has the candy from Mr. Elliot?"

"Yas, I'll even let you have it while I take your temp if you're very careful with it." I said, trying not to jump for joy at the appearance of her Little side.

"Deal," she said, holding her hand out for me to shake.

I shook it very seriously, not wanting her to feel like I was mocking her even if the urge to laugh was strong. I stood and grabbed the thermometer from the bathroom and a packet of petroleum jelly and tub of baby wipes from the cabinet. Opening the three items, I set them on the nightstand. Grabbing her sucker from the drawer, I set it on the bed before lifting her over my lap. I pulled the shorts she was wearing down under her. I handed her the opened candy. "No wiggling around, okay? I want you to be safe."

"Yas-huh," she said, nodding her head. She popped the sucker in her mouth and waited until she was settled before I dipped the thermometer in the jelly and pressed it into her bottom.

"Ump," she grunted when it was fully inserted.

Patting her bottom, I sympathized with her. "Thank you for being a brave girl so I can take care of you properly."

“Not welcome,” she answered.

I barked out a laugh. That was fair.

Once it beeped, I removed it and frowned when the display read 102.2.

“Is it bad?”

“It’s still high, but Elliot said that was normal. You should have had some medicine about two hours ago, but I fell asleep. I’m sorry, Allybaby,” I said, using her new nickname. “I’m sorry I let your temp get so high. I promise I won’t do that again.”

“No! I’m glad you got some sleep. You must be so tired,” she rushed to assure me.

“I’m not setting a very good example of what a good Daddy does for a sick Little one. I’m falling behind on my Daddy duties,” I told her. Guilt pooled in my stomach and I felt like an asshole. I couldn’t believe I’d slept so hard.

She snorted, surprising me. Then she burst into giggles, high-pitched Little girl giggles. “You said doody.”

Laughing, I shook my head. “You are very silly tonight.”

“Is the morning,” she corrected.

“And very sassy,” I teased, winking at her.

She giggled again before launching into a coughing fit. I took the sucker from her, wiped her bottom with a wipe, and settled her back in the bed. “Poor baby. Does it hurt when you cough?”

“In my chest.”

Before I thought better of it, I lifted my hand and rubbed her chest. My large palm covered both of her breasts perfectly and her nipples pebbled under my hand.

She gasped and I jerked my hand back. “I’m so sorry, Allyson. I was trying to rub your chest. I didn’t mean to grope you.”

She shook her head and grabbed my hand, tucking it under her cheek. “I know, it’s okay. I didn’t feel scared.”

“Do you feel like you could eat some breakfast?” I asked, hoping to shift the energy in the room.

She shook her head. “I’m still kind of tired. Can we sleep a little longer?”

“Yeah, baby. How about we sleep until nine and then try to get something in your belly?”

“Can I have my sucker in my belly?”

I gave it back to her, determined to keep a close eye on her while she ate it.

She released my hand and I tucked her back under the covers before standing and stretching again.

Once she finished it, I held her cup for her to drink some water.

“W-will you sleep on the bed? I’ll scoot over.” Her voice was tight and I knew it must have taken a lot of courage to ask me.

“Yes, sweetheart. Thank you for sharing.”

She giggled then coughed. “It’s your bed, silly.”

I walked around the bed and climbed in. “Want some covers?” she asked, holding them up for me. The action made her look so innocent and my heart warmed again. I was so glad the universe sent the Little sweetie into my life.

Allyson

Ridiculously loud snores pulled me from a restful sleep. Stretching my arms above my head, I turned to look at Bash who was the source of the ridiculous snoring. Holy shit. He really was going to suck the paint off the walls. I covered my mouth to keep my giggles inside.

Since he was sleeping, I took the time to study him. He was really very handsome even though his scars and tattoos made him look dangerous. All of the men in our friend group were largely built, but he was the biggest. His dark hair and beard against his tanned skin only served to make him look more intimidating. His long eyelashes made me envious, and his pink lips made me long to feel them on my own. One arm rested above his head, it was thick with muscles just like the rest of him. The gray shirt he was wearing did nothing to conceal the hard lines of his chest and six-pack. I wondered if his chest was fuzzy. I thought I’d like to run my fingers over the hair on his chest.

I’d never been with anyone sexually before. Really, I’d only ever kissed one person and that had been years ago in high school. I’d wasted so much time trying to be what everyone else wanted me to be—a good girl, an easy foster kid, an honor student—that I’d never really lived. I wondered if I would get to experience all of the

things I'd missed after all, maybe I could experience them with Bash.

"You're thinking very hard for a Little girl," Bash said. "Your face is all frowny and squished up. Like Blade's when Eloise does something dangerous."

I jumped when he spoke, not realizing he was awake. His words were true; Blade always had a frowny face.

Giggling, I shook my head to clear it. "Good morning."

"Morning, Allybaby. Are you okay?"

I nodded. "Just thinking."

He rolled toward me and pulled me closer. His scent surrounded me and I breathed it in. It was a new smell for me, but it already felt comforting.

"Do you want to talk about what's on your mind?"

"I was just thinking about how I've been trying to earn my keep in relationships."

"Yeah?"

I nodded before turning into his chest.

His large hands stroked through my hair.

"What have you been thinking?"

"That I need to stop trying to earn love. I'm deserving of it and my real friends will love me for who I am."

His hands tugged my hair back and forced me to look up at him. “I am so fucking proud of you. It takes a lot to realize that and even more to act on it, Allybaby.”

I wasn’t used to praise, so embarrassment pricked my cheeks and I tried to bury my head back in his chest, but he wouldn’t let me.

“Look at me, Allybaby.”

I obeyed and was rewarded with a gleaming smile.

“So fucking proud of you.”

His praise made my heart happy and my pussy wet. Both were newer feelings and I felt like I was about to experience them a whole lot more over the next couple of days. I’d never really felt sexual attraction before, but judging by the heavy weight of my nipples and squirmy feeling in my tummy, I was pretty sure that’s what I was experiencing.

“Oh, how I would pay my last dollar to know what you’re blushing about right now,” Bash said with a chuckle. His voice was still kinda scratchy from sleep and it made it so much more appealing.

I shoved my head back into his neck and he laughed, like he knew I’d been thinking sexy thoughts about him.

“Maybe you’ll tell me later?” he teased.

“Yeah, maybe later,” I lied.

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Bash

I flipped the toast over in the pan and smiled to myself. I couldn't remember the last time I'd made breakfast. Having Allyson sit at the bar, watching, felt almost normal. She was still wearing my shirt and a pair of boxers we'd had to roll about four times to get them to stay up, but she was still the prettiest Little girl I'd ever seen. I had a strange yearning in my heart to make this a permanent part of our life.

"Do you want Sprite or some juice?" I asked her.

"Juice, please."

"Do you think your tummy could handle it?"

She played with her hair as she thought it over. "Yes, Sir."

Someone knocked on the door and she jumped at the unexpected sound.

"It's okay, baby. It's just Smoke," I soothed, hating she'd been scared even momentarily. "There's nothing here you need to be afraid of, okay?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered, taking a deep breath and blowing it out.

"Bash, hurry the fuck up. This shit is heavy!" Smoke yelled from outside.

Laughing, I rushed to let him in. I took a few bags from him and he followed me into the kitchen.

“Just set them on the counter,” I told him.

Allyson’s eyes grew wide as we started to unpack the groceries. “Sorry, Allybaby, I didn’t have much food in the house,” I explained, “so Smoke helped me out and ran to the store for me.”

“Let me get you some money to help pay for this,” she said, trying to scoot her butt off the chair. “You better not move, Little girl,” I warned.

She froze, and I winced, instantly feeling guilty for speaking so harshly when she’d just wanted to help. The reason I’d reacted so strongly was because I knew where her urge to pay was coming from—her fear of being a burden to those around her.

I set the plate with her toast in front of her. “Eat, baby.”

She averted her eyes and played with the hem of my shirt.

“Allybaby?”

Biting her lip, she looked up at me.

“I needed groceries for you. I don’t want you to eat the same fast-food junk that I do. You don’t owe me any money for them. It is my pleasure to take care of you. It makes my Daddy heart really happy.”

She nodded.

Smoke sat beside her on a stool and propped his head in his hands. “I want toast.”

“You gotta say please,” Allyson corrected.

“I want toast, please,” he corrected.

Allyson shrugged and nodded. “That was a little better.”

I added another piece of toast to the pan and fixed Allyson a sippy cup of grape juice.

“Thank you,” she said, flushing as she took several sips.

“I want fucking juice too.”

Allyson blinked several times and her mouth opened in disbelief. “You needa use manners, Smoke!”

I smiled watching them bicker back and forth, elated that her Little had come out to play again. Smoke was good at easing a Little out of their comfort zone. He was more soft-spoken and patient than I was.

“Please, give me juice now,” Smoke tried, taunting her.

She facepalmed and shook her head.

I handed Smoke a cup of black coffee, knowing that’s what he really wanted.

“About time,” he said, making Allyson dissolve into a fit of Little girl giggles.

“Was that not right?” he asked, feigning innocence.

“No! That was terrible!” She doubled over, grabbing her belly as she laughed. It was infectious and Smoke broke his facade and joined her, but soon after she started coughing and I had to tell them to settle down.

“You’re too cute, Little girl,” he said, reaching out and booping her nose.

I set his toast in front of him and he opened his mouth to speak, but our burner phones both dinged, signaling a text alert. He shot me a look and I hesitated. We knew who was texting us and we couldn’t just ignore the messages, but I hadn’t had time to tell Allyson what he and I did. I hadn’t disclosed my darker side yet. Taking a breath, I nodded and we both reached for our phones.

“What’s wrong?” Allyson asked. Her body tightened and she kept flicking her gaze back and forth to each of us.

“We’ve been called into our side job, Little one. I have to go, but I’m going to call Auntie Kay to come sit with you, okay?”

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “I can just go back to the shelter.”

“No, you’re still sick and I want you here,” I reminded her, already dialing Kay’s number.

“I can wait outside then, until you get back.”

“Hey, everything okay?” Kay said, answering. I normally didn’t call her. She was more of a ‘text me’ type of person.

“Any chance you can be on Auntie duty for a few hours?”

Bless Kay, she didn’t even ask a single question or tease me about who she would be playing Auntie duty for. “Of course. I love Auntie duty. I’m on the way.”

“Thank you,” I said, ending the call and turning my attention back to Allyson.

“No, you will wait right here in this house, Little girl. You absolutely will not be going outside to wait for me.” Then not wanting her to feel like I was scolding her, I added, “That would make me very sad.”

Letting her know my true feelings worked like I’d hoped it would.

“I promise I’ll stay here. I won’t even touch anything. Please don’t make Kay come babysit me. She’s going to have to leave work and Leland will be mad at me because that’s more people who are missing work,” she said, suddenly sobbing. “I’ll be so good, I promise.”

Okay, so maybe my plan hadn’t worked as good as I thought.

Handing my burner phone to Smoke so he could reply for me, I walked around the bar and scooped my upset Little girl in my arms.

“Meet you in twenty?” I asked once he’d finished.

He nodded and shoved the rest of his toast into his mouth before heading toward the front door.

I carried Allyson up the stairs and back into my room before setting her back on the bed. “Look at me, Allybaby.”

She lifted her teary eyes to me and I reached out, cupping her face. I wiped her tears with my thumbs and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“Do you remember what Leland said about families loving each other unconditionally?”

She nodded.

“Do you remember how he said you could never be a burden?”

She nodded again.

“That still applies, Little one. You’re not a burden because you’re sick. I’m not a burden because I don’t want you to be here alone. Kay isn’t a burden because she’s leaving work to come over and sit with you while I’m gone. We’re just adjusting some things to make life work for everyone and it’s not a big deal.” I released her face and lifted her hand to my mouth to kiss it.

Allyson

Bash was so sweet and gentle... well, with me anyway. I’d literally seen him toss drunk customers out by their shirts before and I heard he’d beaten the snot out of some guy who attacked Rouge, another one of our coworkers and Leland’s Little girl, a few months back.

I took a shaky breath and he kissed my hand again. “Do you understand?”

I nodded. I still felt so guilty, though. I guessed it would take time to work through my fears. I knew Bash was off today, as well as Smoke, but Kay had been on the schedule to work with a few others.

“I want you to understand something, though,” Bash said, looking very serious. “I don’t want you here alone because I don’t want you to get sick and have something happen. You could vomit again, fall, and hit your noggin. You could start running a fever again and get delirious. I am worried about your safety. Not about you being in my home alone.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said. I was thankful he’d explained that to me, though, because I was worried about it. It was so kind of him to care about me that way.

He stroked my cheek. “I am going to text Auntie Kay your medication times, and when you need to eat. I want you to be a good girl for her, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“It makes me really happy to know that I’m going to come back to a home with you inside, Little one. I don’t know that I’m going to be able to let you leave when you’re all better.”

My tummy flip-flopped at his words and I leaned into his palm. I wondered what his other job was. I hadn’t known about it before or that he and Smoke worked together outside of the shop.

“I’m here!” Kay yelled before slamming the door behind her.

“I’ll be back soon, Allybaby.”

I nodded, hoping he wouldn’t be gone long. My heart was already missing him and he hadn’t even left yet.

“I don’t like this show,” Kay said, studying the television. “This detective is too sassy and she needs a spanking.”

I giggled. “She’s not a detective. She’s a forensic anthropologist.”

“I feel like that’s just a fancy word for sassy.”

Grinning, I lifted my sippy cup up to my mouth and took another drink of water.

Kay's alarm sounded and she silenced it before walking over to the dresser and getting my next dose of medicine ready.

"Do you need more water, Allyson?"

"No, Ma'am. I still have lots."

"Hmmm, you need to get on drinking that before Bash gets back and spansks us both."

The idea of Bash spanking the Domme made me giggle so hard I started coughing.

She rushed over and patted me on the back until my coughing passed. "You really are trying to get me killed, aren't you? Do you know what your Daddy would do to me if he found out I let you choke on my watch?"

Grinning again, I shook my head, not bothering to correct her about Bash being my Daddy. I kind of wanted him to be.

"I don't know either, but I bet they'd never find all of the pieces of my body."

"I promise not to die while you're on duty," I said.

"Thank you. That would be wonderful," she said, clutching her heart. The corners of her eyes wrinkled, though, so I knew she was only kidding with me.

I took my medicines and she wrote down the times for Bash. It seemed like all the bossies in the group took taking care of us very seriously.

The doorbell rang and I looked at Kay. "Did you know someone else was coming

over?" It seemed like Bash had a lot of company today.

"I didn't. Stay right here, okay?" Her tone was serious and my tummy dropped.

"Yes, Ma'am."

She shut the bedroom door behind her. I wasn't sure, but that felt suspicious. Throwing the covers off of me, I crept to the door and pressed my ear to it.

"I'm sure she will be glad to see you. I think she's doing a bit better today. The medicine must be working," I heard her say.

I dropped my shoulders and let out the deep breath I had been holding. Rushing back to bed, I threw the covers over my body and tried to make it look like I hadn't moved.

Kay pushed the door open and walked back into the room. "You have some visitors, Little girl," she said.

I waved at Leland and his Little girl Rouge. Rouge was like the cool older Little we all wanted to be like. She was such a badass with her long dark hair and colorful tattoos. I'd heard she'd actually escaped a cult.

She held up a pink board game. "I've already had the flu, so I thought maybe you'd like to play."

I nodded and scooted to a sitting position in the bed.

The doorbell rang again and then someone shouted, "I'm coming in!" from downstairs. I grinned when I realized it was Eloise. Kay must have forgotten to re-lock the door.

“It’s a Daddies Ink party,” Leland said, winking at me.

Eloise appeared a few minutes later carrying donuts. “I thought you might need a fun snack. I’m sure Bash is only feeding you rabbit food. And Daddy said it was okay if I came over, as long as I wore a mask.”

“He’s going to kill me if you feed her that!” Kay protested.

I reached for the donut box. “It was very nice knowing you,” I teased her, making everyone laugh as I picked up a pink-frosted donut and took a big bite.

Leland sat across from me on the bed. “It looks like there are lots of people who are willingly spending their days off with you, coming in to see you when their shift is over, and I see one who is even missing work for you. I don’t think people want to be around people they think are burdens, do you?”

“No, Sir,” I answered, my voice thick with emotion.

“That must mean you’re not a burden then, huh?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“What does that make you then, Allyson?”

“A f-friend.”

“A friend,” he agreed. “A very loved friend who will always have a place with us.”

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Bash

I washed the blood from my body and watched as it swirled down the drain at one of the buildings we went to after a job. Something about seeing the blood wash away felt metaphorical since we'd just rid the world of its owner's putrid existence. I'd been doing jobs for Jasper for almost a decade. Jasper was the brains behind the operation, an undercover badass who took down some of the worst people in the world. He was a brilliant IT mastermind and honestly an evil genius. The job we'd just done was for two rapists that the justice system had to let free due to a technicality. They'd traumatized too many women to count and that wasn't acceptable. They'd died slow and painful deaths and they'd never hurt anyone again.

It had been our first job in three months. The last time we'd all worked together was when we'd taken down the bastard who'd kept Eloise hostage in a prayer closet and all the loons that had helped him or followed his crazy beliefs. It had been a gruesome assignment and I'd fucking loved every second of it. The mission we'd just completed had felt equally as amazing. As sick as it sounded, I was made for work like this. I didn't carry the guilt some people felt after killing scum. I felt like I'd actually contributed something to society by ridding the streets of the vile people out there and making the world a little safer. Since I'd had Allyson in my life, my itch to kill was even greater than before. I wanted to destroy anyone unworthy from even breathing the same air as my sweet baby.

I just wasn't sure how she would feel about it, though, and I knew if she was upset, I'd leave it all behind for her. But would she even want me when I came clean about what I did? She was so pure and innocent and I was plagued with worry that she would be disgusted by me.

“You good?” Smoke asked, coming into the shower area. He was fully dressed and I realized I’d been pondering over my thoughts for a while.

“Yeah, sorry.” I moved faster to finish my shower.

“You thinking about your Little one?” Smoke asked, stepping into the tiled area as well.

“Is this a peep show?” I laughed, turning the water off and grabbing a towel.

“Eh, not really interested,” Smoke teased, tossing me my pants.

“Definitely not interested,” Layton, Smoke’s step-brother chimed in. He carried our new burner phones and started handing them out. We received new ones after every job; Jasper was very on top of us being incognito.

“I’m so interested,” Maverick, one of Jasper’s higher-ups, said. He cocked his head and gave me a theatrical wink. He knew I was straight, he was just a goofy dude.

Laughing, I pretended to do a strip tease and he pretended to throw dollars at me.

He was such a riot.

“I remember how I felt about this particular lifestyle after I met Eloise,” Blade said, bringing us back to the topic at hand.

“Yeah?” I asked, hoping he’d continue.

“Yeah. It was several weeks after we’d killed Billy and his people and that job hadn’t bothered me. I’d do it again given the choice, but I started thinking about future jobs. I didn’t know if the man I was would be the man Eloise wanted or even needed. I

thought about quitting, just like I'm sure you're doing."

"What made you stay?" I asked.

"I talked to Eloise about it and she wanted me to keep going. She said that I'd saved her from her past because I'd taken down her monsters and she felt like everyone deserved to have someone willing to fight their dragons for them."

I finished getting dressed as I thought over Blade's words. I wondered what Allyson would want me to do. She and Eloise had similar backgrounds in that they'd both lived at the shelter, but aside from that and being Little, they were very different people. A cold sweat broke out on my skin and I considered the possibility that she would be too scared of me to be mine the way I wanted her to.

I punched in the code to the keypad, and kicked my shoes off as soon as I opened the door. I was exhausted and worried and just wanted to snuggle the Little girl upstairs in my bed.

Kay came from the living room and opened the microwave. "I saved you some pizza. I figured you'd be hungry."

"Thank you," I said, taking the plate and hugging her.

"How did tonight go?" she asked. Kay was one of the few outside of Smoke, Blade, and I that knew what we did. We'd never planned to tell her, but she was smart and intuitive. She figured out it was something dark pretty quickly and cornered me one day. She'd been surprised, but supportive. I didn't know about her past, but I felt like she'd related somehow.

“Good,” I answered, taking a bite of cold pizza. I hadn’t realized how hungry I was until right then.

“You got the bad guys?”

I chuckled at her directness. “We did. How’s my girl?” I was very careful to never give more information than was needed for everyone’s safety. It didn’t keep Kay from asking, though.

“She’s asleep. Leland, Rouge, and Eloise stopped by. They played some games and ate pizza and donuts. She tired out pretty quickly. She said her stomach hurt before she fell asleep, but she only had one donut and a half a piece of pizza, so I think maybe she was just missing you.”

My heart hurt to know that she missed me, but it pleased me as well.

“Thank you, Kay. I really appreciate you.”

She waved me off. “Don’t go getting all mushy on me, you big oaf.”

Laughing, I opened the door and walked her out to her car while I finished devouring the pizza she left me. “Text me when you get home, okay?”

She stuck her tongue out at me. “Yes, Daddy.”

“No offense, but you are not the woman I want to hear calling me Daddy, Kay.” I shut her door before she flipped me off.

After she pulled out of the driveway safely, I headed back inside, my mind set on holding Allyson while I still had her. I knew the next day we would need to have a serious talk about our future.

Allyson

I rolled over and into a warm body.

“Daddy?” I asked, picking my head up and hoping to see Bash. I flushed when I realized what I’d called him in my excitement. He’d been gone much longer than I thought.

He had his head propped in his hand and he’d been watching me sleep. I lifted my eyes to study his face and was relieved to see he was smiling.

“I’m sorry,” I said, sheepishly. I hadn’t meant to use that title. I’d just been so excited to see him.

“I’m not. That’s a wonderful way to wake up, Allybaby.”

“Is silly,” I said, fearful of his rejection.

“What’s silly?”

“That I called you Daddy. I’m sorry, we haven’t even talked about it.”

He chuckled. “We have talked about it several times, baby.”

“But we didn’t talk about it like normal. Like...” I trailed off as I struggled to find my words.

Bash chuckled again before pulling me even tighter in his arms. “Hey, Allybaby?”

“Yeah?”

“Life isn’t normal. It’s crazy and weird, and beautiful. I’ve wanted you to be my Little girl from the second you walked into the shop. You are beautiful, funny, and so damn sweet. Every piece of me lit up the second I laid eyes on you. I’ve become attached to you like a drug and my skin physically itches when you’re not around. I wanted to swoop you up into my arms and keep you safe for the rest of my life, but I didn’t because I knew I wouldn’t be good enough for you. I am a good Daddy, but I’m not a good man.”

Jerking away from him, I struggled to sit up. “You are a good man,” I protested, refusing to hear any differently. He’d been so caring and gentle with me, and extremely patient. He hadn’t asked for anything in return. How could he be a bad man?

He sat up too and took my hands in his. “You don’t know everything about me, Little one, but I’m ready to share with you if you think you’re up to hearing it.”

I nodded. “Yes, Sir.” Leaning toward him, I worked to stay very still, hoping to convey that he had my full attention. Placing my hand on his leg, I urged him to continue.

“When I was fourteen, my mom was killed in a hit and run. The man that hit her thought she was his ex and he took her life.”

Reaching out I took his hand and held it gently, trying to comfort him.

“He had some very powerful people in his life and they tried to protect him from the ramifications of his actions. His uncle was a deputy sheriff and he covered up part of his crimes. I, like you, was sent to foster care because I had no other family. That’s where I met Uncle Blade. His dad was a piece of shit who beat him so badly that the

state took him away. He and I spent lots of nights talking about how we wanted to take matters into our own hands and get justice on the people who'd done these things. Years and years of built-up anger and bad choices led us to someone who made righting wrongs his mission. He worked with us to help us kill the man who murdered my mother. Blade's dad was dead by then, he'd drunk himself into an early grave, but had he been alive, we would have killed him too. I've spent nine years of my life ending the lives of others who don't deserve to even breathe the same air as their victims. Working these jobs is what paid for the majority of this house and has given me the step up in life I have, but I would have done it all for free. I get satisfaction in knowing I can rid the world of some evil. I know that's a hard thing to hear, baby. I know it's probably scary, and I understand if that means you want to keep things from going any farther. I hope you won't be fearful of me, though, because I will never do anything to hurt you. I do want you to know if you do decide you want me as a Daddy, I'm willing to leave it all behind for you. The choice is yours, baby, and there's no rush to make it." Bash's expression shifted and for the first time he looked almost unsure of himself.

I sat frozen for only a second before I launched myself into his broad body and wrapped my arms around him. I didn't realize I was sobbing until I felt the tears rolling down my face.

"Thank you, thank you," I cried, struggling with all of the words I wanted to say. The world was dark and scary and knowing he did what he could to make it a little safer for us brought me so much hope.

His arms wrapped around me and it felt so damn much like the security I'd always longed for.

"You're the reason Eloise is safe from her ex, aren't you?" I asked, refusing to lift my head from his shoulder. Trying to wrap my arms all the way around him wasn't working, so I locked my fingers behind his head.

“We are,” he answered. His own voice was thick with emotion.

Finally pulling back from him, I took his face in my hands. “You are a good man. You do hard things to protect people, people you might not even know, from even worse things. Yes. Yes,” I said, nodding, “I would be honored to have you as my Daddy. You don’t have to stop. Please don’t stop. Please keep being a superhero.”

He chuckled, it was thick with tears, but he smiled. “A superhero, huh?”

“Yes. That’s what you are, Daddy. You’re my superhero.”

He took my chin in his hand and lifted my head up so he could look in my eyes. “And you are my Little girl,” he said before lowering his mouth to mine. His tenderness took my breath away and my stomach filled with hundreds of butterflies as he pulled away and rested his head against mine. “You’re mine, Allybaby.”

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Bash

“That one, Daddy!” Allyson screeched in excitement. She sat up on my lap and grabbed the iPad from my hands. “Is sooo pretty!”

Delighting in her excitement, I pulled her closer and kissed the top of her head. “Okay, a mermaid nursery it is,” I said, adding the comforter set to the cart. I was glad she’d started to feel better. Two days had passed since I’d shared my secret and she got a bit better each day. She’d been fever-free for almost twenty hours and I was ecstatic.

“We can print this and we will take it to the hardware store for a paint match. Do you think you want your walls purple like this part, or turquoise like this part?” I pointed to different parts of the bedding as I asked.

“We can paint the walls?” she asked, her eyes wide in surprise.

“Of course we can paint your walls, silly goose. We can do anything you want.”

“I’m Allybaby.” Frowning, she patted herself.

Chuckling, I corrected myself. “I’m sorry. Of course we can paint your nursery, Allybaby.”

“That’s so ‘citing!”

Unable to take her cuteness one more second, I flipped her around in my lap and

patted her butt. Her training panties gave her a bit of extra padding. “You are the best Little girl in the whole wide world.”

“Da whole wide world?” she whispered in awe.

“The. Whole. Wild. World.”

“So manies,” she said, reaching up and playing with my beard. Over the past week, I’d learned that was something she did when she was sleepy. Glancing at the clock on the mantle, I realized I’d let more time pass than I intended. It was past her bedtime.

I stood with her and she wrapped her legs around me like a koala.

“Where going?” she asked.

“It’s time for you to go to bed, sweet girl.”

“Nuuuuu,” she protested, throwing her head back dramatically.

“Yassss,” I teased, carrying her up the stairs.

“I’m thirsty.”

“I have a bottle of milk ready for you in the mini fridge upstairs.”

“ I needa potty.”

“We’ll go potty before we get you snuggled in bed.”

“I needa baf.”

“You had a bath after dinner because you were a spaghetti-face.”

“I needa feed our doggie.”

“We don’t have a doggie.”

“We should go ‘dopt a doggie and then I needa feed it.” She cupped my face in her hands and pressed her forehead to mine. “Doggie, Daddy.”

I tossed my head back in a laugh. She was so damn fun.

Carrying her into the bathroom, I set her down. “Hold your shirt up, Allybaby.” Once she did, I lowered her panties and helped her sit on the toilet.

She slapped her hands over her eyes which had become the norm when I was going anything she considered embarrassing. I’d admit the image she made while sitting on the potty, wearing my shirt, and ducky training panties would be stored in my heart forever due to the entire thing being so precious.

“Good girl,” I praised when she tinkled.

Once she finished, I stood her up, wiped her bottom, and then we washed our hands before brushing her teeth. “Which baby do you want for bednight?” I asked, referring to the rapidly growing pile of baby dolls she was collecting.

“Hmmm, Noelle.”

“Good choice!” I praised as she grabbed the dark-haired baby and ran to my bed with her. I loved the sight of her wearing my shirt, laying in my bed. Raw possession overwhelmed me as I took it all in. She wanted to take things slow and I wouldn’t rush her. The day I’d disclosed my darker habits to her, she agreed to move in with

me. I'd given her the guest room because I knew she wanted to take things slow. We'd gotten her some furniture and had started picking out things for the room that would become her nursery, but until it all arrived, she was sleeping in my bed. I wasn't sure how I was supposed to let her go when her furniture did arrive, but I understood her wishes and no matter how hard, I would respect them.

I grabbed the bottle of juice from the fridge and tucked Allyson in before walking around and climbing in beside her. She lifted her head and I slid my arm under it, supporting her. The position had become very familiar over the last few days. Holding the adult bottle with my free hand, I brought it to her mouth. She opened and sucked sweetly.

She made a soft hum in her chest as she traced my tattoos with her fingers. After a few minutes she wrapped her hands around my arm and pulled it down to rest on her belly. I rubbed her tummy in lazy circles, listening as her sucking noises became slower and softer until eventually they stopped all together. Removing the bottle, I grabbed her purple pacifier from the nightstand and slipped it into her mouth. I laid there for a long while just watching her sleep and reflecting on how thankful I was for the changes that had happened in my life recently.

Allyson

"Where are we going, Daddy?" I asked for the second time. Maybe if I kept asking, he'd give in.

"It's still a secret, Allybaby."

Sighing, I sat back in the seat and crossed my arms. "This is not my favorite game." Daddy had told me that morning the Daddies had a big surprise for us.

“I know, Daddy’s so mean, huh?”

“Yas-huh. The meanest.”

He laughed and reached over to take my hand. “I promise it will be worth it.”

Frowning, I reached forward and turned the air in the truck on higher. Daddy’s hand was hot, he must be burning up. I stayed cold and I knew he tried to keep me warm, but that was ridiculous. He was gonna heat to death.

“Are you warm, baby?”

“No, but you are. Your skin is so hot!”

“No? I’m actually feeling a bit cold,” he said, his forehead drawing up in concentration.

“Do you think you’re sick?” I reached over and felt his head. “You’re very warm.”

“I’m a Daddy and Daddies don’t get sick,” he argued.

I sighed. “I’m getting sick of hearing you talk about how you don’t get sick.”

“You must have on your very sassy pants today,” he said, raising an eyebrow.

Silly Daddy, he’d dressed me. I didn’t even have on pants. Instead I wore a pretty pink floral dress and the cutest pair of jelly shoes. They were pink with glitter sparkles. I’d vowed to never take them off as soon as Daddy showed them to me.

“Let’s go over some rules for today’s surprise, okay, Allybaby?”

“Yas, Sir.”

“I love your sweet manners, but how about yes, Daddy ?”

She grinned, wide and proud and I knew exactly how she felt. I had that same smile whenever I got to call her mine.

“When we get to the surprise, there are going to be lots of people there, so I want you to stay close to Daddy or with one of your uncles or Auntie Kay, okay?”

“Yas, Daddy.”

“Good girl, if you need to go potty or need a juice break, tell Daddy, understand? I won’t be upset or feel inconvenienced at all.”

“Yas, Daddy.” Gratitude filled my heart for him and his patience for me.

“Thank you, baby.”

When we turned into the parking lot for the park, I squealed. There were balloons and food trucks and even a band!

Daddy chuckled. He parked his big truck, hopped out, and walked around to open my door. I knew better than to take off my seatbelt so I waited patiently for him to unbuckle me. He turned me toward him in the seat, but blocked me from getting out of the truck.

“When the other Daddies and I realized that the shelter closed during the day, it concerned us, but then when you were sick and staying at that deplorable hotel, we realized the severity of it. We know Ms. Ramsey is doing the best she can, but we think she needs some help. We worked together and brainstormed to see what we

could do and started reaching out to see if we could get volunteers to stay during the day, so it could stay open,” Daddy explained gently.

Tears were already rolling down my face. I didn’t know what was happening, but I knew it was going to be life-changing for people.

“We had such a strong response from the community that we decided to do a volunteer registration party in the park. Ms. Ramsey is here and she’s going to speak about what kind of things she does at the shelter and what kind of volunteers she needs. All of the food trucks you see here today, are donating most, if not all, of their sales today to the shelter. Auntie Kay is running a clothing drive. Uncle Smoke is working a placement table where people in the community share jobs they need filled and we see what women from the shelter would fit those jobs best. There’s someone here from the community college who is helping the women fill out adult education or enrollment paperwork, and I’ve made sure they have time to help you and Eloise fill out applications for the nursing program. I remember Uncle Blade telling me that was something you both wanted to do. The rest of us are doing flash tattoos for people that donate a basket of nonperishable foods or hygiene items to the shelter.”

Sobbing, I launched myself into his arms. I was so damn thankful for the group.

My group.

My family .

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Bash

I finished wrapping up my client's arm before shaking his hand. "See you in two weeks."

He thanked me and headed toward the front to pay. It was my first day back since having the flu, despite my arguments that I wouldn't get it. Elliot had sent me home about an hour into the registration party. Thankfully, he and Tyler had volunteered to watch Allyson so she could stay and help. He and Tyler had been adopted by my Little one who now called them Uncle Elliot and Uncle Tyler. The other Little ones were following suit and I loved that Allyson was adding to our family. I was amazed at how big her heart was.

"Daddy?" Allyson asked, peeking into my booth. She looked so precious in her pretty lavender dress, lacy socks, and white Mary Janes. My heart swelled with such a sense of pride that someone so innocent, so sweet belonged to me.

Opening my arms for her, I couldn't help the sense of possession I felt when she smiled and ran into them. Snuggling into my chest, she stroked my arms with her fingertips.

"Yes, Allybaby?"

"There's a man here asking for you."

Pressing a kiss to her forehead, I let her lead me to the front counter. I was surprised, and slightly concerned, to see Jasper standing in the front of the building. In all of the

years I'd worked for him, I'd only seen him three times.

"Hey, I have some paperwork for you," he said, holding out a manila folder.

"Thanks. Is there a timeline on it?" I had a sweet day planned for Allyson and I really didn't want to rush off for a job.

He shook his head. "No, this one is a freebie. I think it's something you might want to see."

Before I could even say anything, Willow, one of Kay's customers, walked in carrying a too-big basket of muffins. I frowned when I saw she wasn't wearing shoes. Dammit. I'd said it before and I'd say it again, that Little girl needed a keeper.

"Why don't you have on shoes, Little girl?" Jasper asked, his brow furrowed and arms crossed tightly.

Oh shit.

"I don't like to wear shoes," she answered nonchalantly as she struggled to lift the basket onto the counter. I reached out and helped her. "Thank you, Mr. Bash," she answered in her normal cheerful tone. "I heard that the flu was going around town so I made some jars of elderberry syrup to pass out too. It helps you fight off those yucky germs." Well, that explained why the basket was so heavy.

I smiled, unable to help myself. Willow was sweet, but she was far too trusting and didn't take care of herself at all. I worried about her often. Before I could thank her, Jasper interrupted, "I don't like broccoli, but I still eat it. You must wear shoes. The ground is filthy."

"I like to feel grounded to the earth. I can't feel grounded with shoes on," she said,

finally turning to face Jasper.

He raised his eyebrow and tapped his foot, looking very unimpressed. “You’ll be in the ground if you don’t take better care of yourself. You come in here carrying far too much weight with no shoes on. Where is your Dominant?” he demanded.

Shit.

She blanched. “My what?”

Oh, double shit.

“Come walk with me, we will have a chat,” Jasper commanded.

“I don’t think...” Willow tried.

“I wasn’t asking. Come,” he said, pushing the door opening and motioning her to follow him.

“I am not a dog!” she said, stomping after him, probably to give him a piece of her mind.

I shook my head. I was pretty sure that they’d each just met their match.

“Who was that man, Daddy?” Allyson asked, “Should we help her?”

“He’s just a friend from work, Little one. And Jasper is a safe person, he’s just used to getting his way. Willow will be well taken care of even if she doesn’t want to be,” I answered. “Are you all done with your work?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Well, that was my last client for the day. What do you say we go have an ice-cream date?”

She bounced on her toes with excitement. “Yes, please!”

“Okay, go get your things while I finish cleaning up my station.”

“Yes, Daddy!” She hurried away to do as I asked and I smiled at the sweet picture she made rushing off to obey me. She was such a good fucking girl.

I waited until she was out of sight before I sat down in my station and opened up the folder. Images of an older couple poured out. I flipped through them trying to make sense of it all. Jasper was usually much more organized and the jumbled mess in my lap didn’t make sense. It was only when I recognized a young face in a photo that I realized the file contained things about Allyson’s foster parents. I laid the papers out across my tattoo chair and tried to make sense of the contents of the manilla folder.

Suddenly, I realized exactly what I was looking at. Jasper had given Allyson justice. Flipping over a few more papers it was easy to see he’d dug out every filthy secret they had and exposed all of the skeletons they were hiding in their closets. It looked like Mr. Landry was subscribed to over thirty online porn sites, and had a hard gambling problem. And Mrs. Landry was involved in a scandalous affair with a younger man, a twenty-three-year-old high school teacher. Scanning a few more documents, I found an outline of an article that I was sure would hit the papers in a few days.

Town Favorites are A Fraud? The real truth about the Landry Family and their fourteen years of foster-care scamming.

I grinned, once again thankful for Jasper being for me and not against me. My girl was avenged and she’d never even know. I flipped over a bank statement and winced

when I saw the state of the Landrys' finances. It looked like they were negative several thousands of dollars. Fuck, his gambling must be killing them.

The last thing inside the folder was a large pink envelope. Scrawled across the front were the words For Her Future. Confused, I opened it and was floored to see the amount of one-hundred dollar bills placed inside. Pulling out a note, I read, I heard she wants to be a nurse, it isn't fair she wasn't given the tools to make that dream come true. Here's fourteen thousand to get her started. Suddenly their negative bank account made a lot more sense. Bless Jasper.

Shoving everything back in the folder, I stuffed it in my desk and locked it up. I'd shred it later, and slowly deposit the money into a bank account for her, but right now I had a playdate with the sweetest Little girl in the world.

"Ready, Daddy?" she asked, bouncing from foot to foot.

"Ready, Allybaby," I told her, grabbing her hand and bringing it up to my mouth for a kiss. I was ready for our little date, but I was even more ready to spend the rest of our lives together.

Allyson

"Sprinkles," I told Daddy, holding my cup of cookie dough ice-cream at Scoop Circus , the local ice-cream shop. It was so adorable and set up like an old diner. I'd never been before, but had fallen in love the second Daddy had pulled up.

Daddy sprinkled them on there for me. "Do you want any cherries?"

"No, thank you."

He added some to the top of his ice-cream creation.

“Anything else, baby?”

“No,Daddy.”

He finished putting some nuts on his ice cream before deciding he was done too. His ice cream looked very healthy, mine not so much.

I followed him to the register and we set our cups of ice cream on the scale. Daddy paid and then turned to me. “Inside or outside, baby?”

“Outside,” I answered. He led the way and held the door open for me. “Pick a table, baby.”

“I’m the boss today.” I giggled, choosing a table.

Daddy snorted. “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I’m the Daddy today.”

“You think so?” Daddy chuckled, setting my ice cream in front of me and adding a spoon.

“Yas-huh.”

“Okay, Daddy. What are we having for dinner?”

I tapped my chin as I thought it over. “More ice cream.”

“What happens if we get a tummy ache?”

“Ummm, call Uncle Elliot.”

Daddy shook his head. “No. I’ve seen that man enough over the last few weeks.”

“Yeah...” He’d made lots of house calls for us recently.

“You know who I’m never going to get sick of, Little one?”

“Who?”

“You, pretty baby. Daddy’s never going to get tired of you. You are the best thing the world has ever given me. Each day that I wake up with you in my life is like winning the lottery.”

Instantly tearing up, I wiped my eyes with a sticky hand, smearing cookie dough ice cream all over my face. I reached up to wipe my face only to get that hand dirty as well.

Daddy chuckled and reached into my diaper bag, grabbing some wipes.

“Come here, sticky girl.”

Standing, I walked to his side of the table and stood between his legs while wiped my hands and then my face.

“I think maybe you should keep being the Daddy,” I said once he was done.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yas-huh. You’re very good at it.”

He pulled me onto his knee and kissed my forehead. “Thank you, Allybaby.”

Reaching across the table, he pulled my ice cream to us and scooped some on the spoon. “Open wide, baby.”

“Daddy,” I protested, wiggling on his lap. “What if someone sees?” We were in public, after all. “I don’t give a single flying fuck, Little one. Let them see me feeding my best girl some yummy ice cream so she doesn’t get sticky again.”

I hesitated, but then decided I didn’t give a “single flying fuck” either. I was proud to have Bash as my Daddy and I didn’t care if people saw him Daddying me. I realized how lucky I was to have him.

Opening my mouth, I stopped fighting him and accepted the bite he held out for me.

“Good girl, baby.”

Once the sweet treat was gone, I looped my arms around his neck and kissed his cheeks. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“You are very welcome, baby.”

“I’m the luckiest Little girl in the world,”

“And I,” he said, booping my nose, “am the luckiest Daddy in the world.”

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Three Months Later

Allyson

“I’m doing it tonight!” I said as I tossed my pen down into my textbook. Eloise and I were supposed to be studying, but I had more... personal things on my mind.

“Yeah, we have to do it tonight, that’s the due date,” Eloise said, looking up from her calculator.

“No, not the math midterm! Bash! I’m doing Bash tonight!”

A faint flush bloomed across her face, but she sat up on my mermaid bed and studied me. “Yeah?”

“Yes. I’m tired of waiting on him.”

“In all fairness, I think he’s waiting on you,” she said.

She wasn’t wrong.

“How are you going... Do you need advice?”

Grabbing her hand, I squeezed. “I know the logistics. Thank you.” I knew it must have been hard on her to offer help because of her religious background.

She nodded, her lips pressed tightly together. “Are you on birth control?”

I nodded. "Elliot prescribed the pill about 6 weeks ago. He thought they might help with my cramps."

"That's good then, you won't have to worry about a condom."

"I think maybe when he goes to take a shower, I'll just get in with him and go from there."

She nodded. "If he knows you're ready then he will take over and all you'll have to do is get naked."

Yeah, judging by how possessive Daddy was, that's what would happen. I'd be okay with that.

"Have you done anything yet?"

I shook my head. "Just lots of kissing, but his dick is hard a lot so I think he wants to..." I trailed off, feeling unsure all of a sudden. We'd been together for three months and he hadn't done anything.

"I am sure he does, Allyson. I was only asking because... well, sometimes it can be scary if you're not used to it and I don't want you to be scared. It's a lot of feelings at once and even though Blade and I have been intimate lots of times, sometimes I still get bombarded with feelings," she said, sitting up and throwing her arms around me.

I hugged her back. "Thank you for telling me."

"It's still so beautiful, being with someone you love like that. Don't get me wrong. I love my special time with Daddy. I just didn't want you to be scared if you have big feelings," she said, taking my face in her hands.

"Well, that makes for a sweet picture," Daddy said, walking into the room with Uncle

Blade behind him.

“Is it sweet or naughty? What are you Little ones plotting?” Uncle Blade asked.

We both giggled and shook our heads. “Is a secret, Daddy,” Eloise said.

“A secret,” I confirmed.

“Well, you two Little ladies can share some m0re secrets tomorrow. I need to get this Little one to therapy,” Blade said, picking up Eloise after she’d packed her things back into her backpack.

“Bye, Eloise. I love you.” I waved.

“Bye! Love you! Text me later!” she yelled over Blade’s shoulders and he carried her out of my nursery.

I hoped I had very sexy things to tell her later.

“Okay, Allybaby. I’m all done working out,” Bash said, lifting me from the playpen in his home gym. “Daddy’s going to take a shower. Do you want to go to your nursery, or do you want to go to the bathroom with Daddy?” Daddy had a rule about me wandering the house when he wasn’t able to keep an eye on me. Usually I played in my room with a baby gate across my door as a reminder not to leave the room until Daddy came and got me, or I played on the floor in Daddy’s big bathroom. When he worked out, he kept me in a large playpen. I could easily step over the sides, but I wasn’t allowed to. Daddy would get me out when he was done with his workout.

“The bathroom with you, Daddy.”

“Good plan, I like when you’re close to me, Little one. Pick some babies to bring with you,” he reminded me.

I picked two babies and blankets out before Daddy lifted me in his arms and carried me up the stairs and into his bedroom. He walked into the closet. “Grab Daddy a shirt and some shorts, Allybaby.”

I grabbed a shirt that said Daddy AF and some running shorts off the hanger.

“Good choice!” he praised before carrying me into the bathroom and setting me on the cozy rug away from the large shower.

“What are the rules, Little one?”

“No leaving the bathroom unless it’s on fire,” I sassied.

He laughed and booped me on the nose. “Sassy girl.”

I grinned and he kissed my forehead before setting up the shower. It was the same thing every day. He’d hang his clean clothes over the towel rack, step inside the shower, and then toss his dirty clothes over the glass doors before turning on the water.

I set my babies on the ground and covered their faces with the blankets. “I’m not tryin’ to suffocate you, I just dun think you wanna see what’s gonna happens next,” I whispered to them.

“Did you say something, Allybaby?” Daddy asked, shutting the water off so he could hear me.

“No, Daddy.”

He turned the water back on and I stood, stripping off my dress and training panties. Tiptoeing across the floor, I slowly opened the glass door and stepped inside.

The draft must have given me away because Daddy turned quickly and then smiled at me when he saw me. He'd been rinsing his hair. I watched the water roll down his lean body and wished I was one of those drops of water.

Oh, fuck. He was beautiful. His chest was broad, his arms and legs sculpted, his chest chiseled and fussy. My eyes landed on his cock. It was semi-erect and curved upward. It was also huge—girthy and long.

“You have very big eyes, Little girl.”

“You have a very big penis,” I said.

Daddy threw his head back and laughed and I basked in the happy sound.

“Come here, let me look at you,” he said, reaching for my hand.

I closed the distance between us.

“Fuck me, you're beautiful.”

I ducked my head, but he was fast and caught my chin.

“No, look at me, baby.”

I did.

“Good girl.”

Bash

I could get lost in Allyson's emerald eyes.

"Good girl," I praised when she obeyed me. "The shade of your eyes has become my new favorite color. Your lips are so full and now I know they are the exact same shade as your nipples. Your breasts, fuck me, they are the perfect size," I said, reaching out to cup them, one in each hand. "They're just right for my hands to hold. And your pussy being bare? That's just icing on the cake," I said, wrapping one arm around her until she was pressed against my erection. I rested my forehead on hers.

"I want you, Daddy. You've been so patient, but I'm ready now," she whispered, her warm breath fanning across my face.

"Yeah?"

She nodded.

Reaching behind me, I shut off the water. Picking her up, I didn't even bother drying us off in the bathroom, I just grabbed a towel on my way out.

I deposited her in the middle of the bed and dried us both off quickly. Before she could get too nervous, I covered her with my body. Her legs opened to make room for me and I settled between them.

Taking her mouth in a heated kiss, I explored her freely with my tongue. Kissing her was addicting and dizzying. Releasing her mouth, I pulled back enough to tug at a nipple, making her gasp.

"Did that feel good?" I asked, tugging it again.

"Y-yes," she cried, arching against me.

Dipping my head, I sucked her other nipple in my mouth, flicking it with my tongue.

“Daddy!” she cried, making me smile against her breast.

“That’s right, baby, I’m Daddy in bed too.”

Inching my way down her body, I settled between her legs. Using my thumbs to spread her open, I was delighted to see she was soaking wet.

“Oh, you’re so wet for Daddy, baby. Such a good kitty, doing exactly what it’s supposed to do,” I praised before bending and pressing a kiss to the top of her mound. “You’re so pretty and pink for me.”

I used my tongue to taste her and as I expected she was fucking delicious.

“You really are my sweet baby, aren’t you? You taste so sweet.”

Peeking up at her, I was pleased to see she looked content and curious, definitely aroused, but not at all fearful.

“Daddy’s going to suck your clit and finger your little pussy until you come for him, okay? Then once you’re nice and relaxed, I’m going to claim you. Does that sound okay to you, Little one?”

“Yas, Daddy. Please claim me.”

Lowering my mouth to her core again, I sucked her clit into my mouth and slid a finger into her gently. Feeling resistance, I stopped. She had a hymen. Hating that it would be more painful for her, I threw that energy into bringing her the best climax possible. Cupping an ass cheek in each hand, I pressed her even harder into my mouth.

“Daddy!” she cried, her thighs trembled on my shoulders. Pulling back, I kissed her kitty again. “Let it feel good, baby.” I took her back into my mouth and sucked again while flicking her with my tongue. “Daddy!” she cried right before she exploded. I lapped her gently making sure we chased every ounce of pleasure for her.

Climbing up her body, I slid my hands under her head and cradled it. “That was so beautiful, baby. Thank you.”

She gave me a content grin. “Thank you, Daddy. That felt so good.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” she nodded.

“Let’s see if we can make it even better.”

I lined myself up with her core, keeping her head cradled in one hand. “This is going to hurt a little at first, baby. I’ll go as gently as I can, but if you need to stop, I want you to tell me. I won’t be upset at all. There’s no rush.”

“I promise, Daddy.”

Pressing a kiss to her lips, I held myself up with my free hand and eased inside her. Her eyes widened and she bit her lip.

“I promise it will only hurt this one time, baby.”

She nodded and I pushed through her hymen before stopping. I still wasn’t fully inside her, but I knew that had to be painful.

“Ouchie! Ouchie!” she cried. Tears pooled in her eyes before rolling down her cheeks.

Bending, I kissed her tears. "I know, baby, but you're being so brave for me," I soothed, easing her head back down to the mattress and reaching between us to gently stroke her clit. She relaxed second by second and I slid into her a little deeper. When there were no more tears, I slid the rest of the way home.

"I'm all the way inside, baby, you're taking me so well," I praised, easing out a bit before sliding back in.

She gasped.

"Does that hurt, baby?" I asked, worried.

"No, Daddy. It feels amazing."

"Good, that's what Daddy wants to hear."

I worked to find a pace that kept her gasping in pleasure. My own balls felt like they were going to burst and my dick was so hard that it hurt, but this first time was all about her, you never got another first time and I wanted her to look back and know how special she was to me.

"Daddy!" she cried, pushing her breasts against me. I bent and took a nipple in my mouth, sucking it softly. Her thighs trembled once again and I knew she was close. "That's it, baby, you're going to come again on Daddy's cock, aren't you? You're going to be a good girl for me, aren't you?"

"Yes, Daddy!" she cried, shattering.

Her cunt pulsed against me, and I thrust home once more before filling her with my cum.

Pressing soft kisses to her face, I laced our hands together. "I love you, Little girl. So

damn much. I've wanted to tell you for weeks, but I didn't want you to feel like I was pressuring you for anything."

She laughed, soft and light. "I wouldn't have felt pressured, Daddy." She looped her arms around my neck. "I love you too, Bash. Thank you for keeping me."

"Little girl, nothing and nobody will ever cause me to let you go. You're my world, my Little, my love."

I kissed her again, a silent promise of my commitment to love her forever and ever.

The End