



Gavin (Alpha Daddies #6)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: Alpha Daddies is a wolf shifter series that follows the lives of strong Alpha Protectors and the women they are fated to mate.

Molly is scared out of her mind. She's always been introverted and shy. She would rather have her head in a book than anything else. Mean girls at school laugh behind her back because they're jealous. Molly was born with the mark of the Alpha Protectors.

Gavin has been ready to claim his mate for years. His only concern? Will she have an unusual ability like other recent mates? When he meets her, he knows he'll deal with whatever Fate throws at him because nothing in the world matters more than Molly.

Gavin is stunned by the odd things that happen to Molly as she prepares for her first shift. Why does she insist it's too loud in their home, and why does she keep sliding completely under water and holding her breath? As Molly's powers are revealed, Gavin will do anything to ensure her life is as comfortable as possible.

The books in this series include strong elements of age play. If this genre is offensive to you, this may not be the book or series for you.

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Molly inhaled deeply and took the knife from her mother's hand. She couldn't stop shaking. The last thing she wanted to do was peel and slice potatoes.

Her mother shook her head, sighing in dismay. "Honey, you need to learn to cook. This is important. How are you ever going to be able to prepare meals for your mate if you don't pay attention and learn from me?"

Molly pursed her lips, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to fall. She should be eager and excited to learn to serve her future mate. She was eighteen years old for heaven's sake. In two years, she would attend her mating ceremony and move away from the valley to live with a stranger.

To say she was scared would be an understatement.

The truth was she wasn't like other girls. She'd known that from a very young age. She was shy and introverted. She didn't have close friends. She preferred to be alone in her room reading than doing anything else.

But she was born with the mark of an Alpha mate, and there was no escaping her fate. On her twentieth birthday, she would attend the official ceremony and move to some illusive home in the mountains with a man she'd never met.

She didn't know anything about him, not even his name or age. Nothing. What if he was unkind? What if he hated her timidness? What if he liked his potatoes peeled perfectly?

At the moment, that was her focus—learning to use a knife.

She should have mastered cooking years ago. Other girls did. Most of the girls she knew had been helping their mothers in the kitchen since they could stand on two feet. They either enjoyed it or they pretended.

It was hard for Molly to know if she was truly different from everyone around her or if they were all faking it and had similar feelings of apprehension.

Most females living in the valley would eventually find their mates among the eligible men also living in their midst. They would be courted and mate someone of their own choosing.

Not the fated.

Not Molly.

No...

Why did she, of all female shifters, have to be born with the mark of the Alpha Protectors?

As if being shy hadn't been a big enough stigma to make her stand out, Fate had added being marked to her pitiful existence so that other girls would not only think she was a freak for her timidity but also treat her with a certain level of disdain because they were jealous.

Jealous . Madness.

Molly would trade her stupid mark with anyone, any day. Let one of them spend their days cutting up potatoes and learning how to cook the perfect roast. That wasn't entirely fair. All girls learned to take care of their future mates, but at least most of them would choose their mate.

“Molly...” Her mother murmured. “You have to get your head out of your stories and pay attention. You’re so distracted that you’re going to cut yourself or reach into the oven without a potholder and burn yourself.”

Molly picked up a potato and held the paring knife up to it. She rarely paid attention when her mother cooked because she had no interest.

“Honey, don’t hold it like that. I swear, you’re going to sever an artery.”

She sighed. It was always like this. Her mother would leave her alone for a week or so and then demand she join her in the kitchen and learn to cook.

Cleaning was another skill she needed. She would be expected to keep her new home spotless. That was what good mates did. They took care of the home. Cooking and cleaning.

Oh joy. How fun.

At least when Molly was cleaning, she wasn’t likely to cut herself with a knife. Cooking gave her more distress. Knives were not her friends.

Molly’s mother picked up a second potato and started peeling it.

“Like this, honey.” She didn’t raise her voice.

Ever. She was always patient, but Molly knew she was growing concerned.

Maybe it didn’t matter that Molly hadn’t been born to cook and hadn’t learned gradually as a child.

But the clock was ticking. She needed to get with the program.

After watching her mother, Molly tried to emulate the process. She wasn't good at it, and it took her twice as long to peel the potato than her mother, but at least she didn't cut herself.

Dealing with raw meat was worse. Gross. Bloody. She had to hold her breath and purse her lips to keep from vomiting. She wasn't exactly a vegetarian. She could eat meat, but she didn't want to handle it in the raw stage.

Molly felt like a freak of nature. It seemed she was doomed to disappoint her mate, which might drive him to anger. Maybe if she started preparing dinner early in the afternoon, she could manage to get something edible on the table by the time he got home from patrolling.

Her knowledge about Alpha Protectors was limited.

It wasn't just her. No one in the valley really knew much about the communities of Alphas who lived in the mountains surrounding the valley.

What they did know was that the Alphas existed to protect the citizens of the valley.

Presumably they patrolled the mountains every day to do so.

Would he take some time off after their ceremony?

That unnerved her. If he hovered around her, he would figure out quickly that she sucked as a mate.

If he wasn't home most of the time, she could keep him from realizing her housekeeping skills were paltry because he wouldn't know how long it took her to do each task.

Molly had far bigger concerns about other expectations her mate would have besides cooking and cleaning.

He would of course want her to spread her legs for him.

And he would expect to impregnate her. The thought of accepting his, uh, member, into her body made her toss and turn at night.

The thought of getting pregnant and having a baby as a result terrified her.

Her mother set down her knife and turned toward her.

She wrapped her up in a hug and held her close.

“I know you’ve never been thrilled by the fact that you were born with the mark of an Alpha Protector, and I’m sorry it’s so stressful for you, but it’s an honor, honey, and I promise everything will work out.

Fate does not make mistakes. If She saw fit to mark you, She knew what She was doing.”

Molly took a deep breath and held her mother close. All she could do was hope her mother was correct.

If not...

If her mate was displeased with her lack of skills and tendency to hide in a quiet corner reading...

Molly would find herself in a world of hurt for the rest of her life.

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Chapter One

Two years later ...

“Take a deep breath, honey. Goodness and mercy,” Molly’s mother muttered.

“You’d think we were sending you off to be slaughtered,” her father added.

As far as Molly was concerned, that might as well be her fate. Slaughter. It might be preferable to facing her mate. Today. Now.

She was shaking like a leaf in fall as she knelt on the ceremonial pillow in the government center. It was customary for the female to arrive first and be situated on her knees in the middle of the round room, where she was expected to remain with her head bowed until the ceremony was over.

This had all been explained to her thoroughly by her parents in the last few days, but no words could keep her from being nervous.

Soon, her mate and his parents would enter the official room, and she would be surrounded by the five people. Her mate’s father would speak the ceremonial words, and then it would be done. Molly would officially be mated to a stranger. A man she won’t have set eyes on yet.

Molly flinched as the door opened. She held her breath, heart racing so fast that sounds were muffled. She felt like she was underwater. Noises were muted, and she was heavy. She hoped she wouldn’t faint and further embarrass herself.

Thank goodness it wasn't important for her to listen closely to the words spoken because she wasn't capable. She was using all her energy to focus on her mate's shiny black shoes and the cuff of his dress pants.

The only words she was expected to speak were "I do." And she managed to utter those two tiny words when the time was right.

The ceremony was short, as she'd known it would be. Near the end, her mate had placed his hand on top of her head, which had surprisingly steadied her.

Her breath hitched as the door to the room closed a second time, indicating she was now alone with her mate.

It was hard to control the panic. She kept taking deep breaths, but nothing would stop the trembling and anxiety.

Her mate—whose name she now knew was Gavin—squatted in front of her and slid his hand from the top of her head around to tip her chin back. He smiled as he met her gaze. "It's over, Little one. They've all left."

She swallowed. Over? To her it was just beginning. It would never be over. Granted, she knew he was referring to the ceremony, but that part was the least of her concerns.

Gavin slid his palm down her arm until he reached her hand.

She looked down at their connection, somewhat stunned to realize how much larger he was than her.

She'd been told the Alpha Protectors were larger than any man she'd ever encountered in the valley, but that had obviously been an understatement.

This shifter could crush her like a bug without flinching.

He didn't look inclined to harm her, though. He was smiling warmly and caressing the back of her hand with his thumb. "Can you stand, Little one?"

She nodded. She wasn't entirely sure her legs would hold her up, but she needed to seem agreeable. It wouldn't do for her to disobey an order from her mate within seconds of their ceremony.

Molly rose on wobbly legs, shivering.

"Are you cold, Baby girl?"

It didn't seem reasonable for her to be cold, but her teeth were certainly chattering.

Gavin released her hand, shrugged out of his suit jacket, and wrapped it around her.

"Thank you, Sir," she whispered.

"You're most welcome, Molly. I really like your name.

Molly. So pretty. I've spent twenty years wondering what your name might be.

" He cupped her face again. "I wondered what your skin would look like and your hair. Your eyes... You're stunning in every way.

You look like a porcelain doll with your alabaster skin, nearly black, sleek hair, and bright blue eyes. "

She couldn't think of a thing to say, so she simply repeated herself, "Thank you, Sir."

“Gavin, Little one. You may call me Gavin for now.”

For now ? What would she call him later?

She was struggling to breathe. He was incredibly handsome, but so very large. His thick hair was brown. So were his eyes. His skin was tanned in stark contrast to her white skin.

Gavin slid a hand around her and pulled her closer, his fingers spread wide to encompass her entire back. His proximity was grounding. She would have expected to panic at his touch. Instead, it calmed her.

Suddenly he moved both hands to her hips, lifted her off the floor, and brought her up so they were eye-to-eye. He set his forehead against hers. He used one forearm under her butt to hold her up. His other hand splayed across her back again.

Holding her gaze, he said, “I know you’re scared, Molly, but I will do everything in my power to make sure you don’t stay that way for long. I promise to be everything you need from me.”

“Okay,” she whispered. She’d never been this close to anyone, but he was her mate. He would see her naked before this day was over. He would expect her to take him into her body. There was no way for her to control how much that one fact freaked her out.

He smoothed his hand up under her hair, cupped the back of her head and neck, and kissed her gently on the lips.

His kiss stunned her, but it felt nice. It felt...right. Maybe she truly did have nothing to fear. Except she knew that was a lie. What was he going to think when he found out she was a horrible cook?

No matter how often her mother tried to teach her how to manage a kitchen, she'd failed to put together even the simplest of meals.

In the last few weeks, her mother had left her alone in the kitchen to prepare dinner for the family.

Molly inevitably burned part of the meal.

No two parts were ever ready at the same time, either.

She had no idea how women all over the valley and even the globe managed to put meat, vegetables, bread, and salad on the table at the same time. It baffled and concerned her.

"Mmm. You taste as good as you look," he murmured against her lips. "And your scent... I'd heard from other Alphas that the scent of my mate would drive me bonkers. They were not wrong." He moved his lips around to her neck and inhaled deeply.

Molly trembled. She liked his scent, too. Masculine. Woodsy. Strong. Was strong a scent? She thought so.

"Let's go home," he declared before easing her down his body until she was standing on her gold sandals. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a vial. "I'm going to put a drop of this under your tongue. It will put you to sleep so you won't suffer anxiety as I carry you up the mountain."

Asleep...

Molly wasn't sure how she felt about this new detail. She'd rather be awake. But apparently this was part of the custom, and he had his reasons for sedating her for the

journey.

“You’ll be safe the entire time, Little one. I promise. When you wake up, we’ll be home.”

“Okay,” she whispered. She wanted to be agreeable. No matter how panicked she felt on the inside.

Sure enough, a few seconds after the drop hit her mouth, she felt herself going limp, and she was marginally aware of him lifting her into his arms to cradle her against his chest.

Did he also kiss her forehead and call her good girl ?

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Chapter Two

Gavin was beside himself. He'd known from his brother Felix and all the others who had recently mated that his mate would bring him to his knees the moment he met her.

They were right. He was wrapped tightly around her tiny finger already. He would do anything for her. Forever.

It was the middle of the afternoon, and she still hadn't begun to stir in his arms. He hadn't put her down since arriving at home. He'd been rocking her back and forth and staring at her features for two hours.

She was the prettiest Little he'd ever seen. Her tiny button nose and porcelain skin were mesmerizing. He wanted to see her blue eyes again.

He'd fed her a bottle when they'd first arrived. He'd figured she probably hadn't eaten much that morning since she'd been so nervous, and he hadn't wanted her to wake up ravenous.

Luckily she'd taken the bottle without stirring. His sweet Little girl had sucked it down and continued to sleep. Perhaps she also hadn't slept well last night or even for a week.

None of those things were uncommon. From what he'd heard, every mate felt some level of panic on the day of their ceremony. And who could blame them? They had no idea what to expect. Fated mates spent their entire twenty years protected and

coddled more than other females in the valley.

Decades ago, it had been determined that Alpha Protectors would be united with their Fated mates on the female's twentieth birthday. The age was relatively arbitrary, but the custom had been in place for a long time.

Gavin was thirty-three. Most Alpha Protectors learned of their mate's birth at some point in their own childhood, but sometimes an Alpha might be even older when his mate was finally born.

Gavin's brother, Felix, had been twenty-five when his mate, Khloe, had been born. Felix had all but given up on the notion of being matched with a mate. Fate had Her reasons, though. Felix had mated a few months ago. Gavin's mate had been born three months after Khloe.

Nevertheless, twenty was still very young. Gavin couldn't blame his precious girl for her anxiety. He would have been far more concerned if she hadn't been unnerved by the entire process of pomp and circumstance. She'd probably been in a state for weeks or months as her looming mating grew closer.

What she couldn't have understood was that the two of them would click together instantaneously, which would put all her apprehension to rest in no time. But first she needed to awaken.

Finally Molly whimpered and squirmed in his arms.

He was sitting in the rocking chair in her nursery, and he smiled down at her with all the warmth and promise he felt as she opened her pretty eyes.

"Hey there, Little one," he whispered.

She blinked several times before licking her plump pink lips. “Are we at your home?”

“Our home, Little one. And yes. We’ve been here a while. I’ve been waiting for you to wake up. I bet you needed the sleep.”

She slowly pushed herself to sitting. “You were holding me all this time?” Her cheeks turned pink.

“Yes, Baby girl. I enjoyed every moment of it. I will hold you often.”

She frowned adorably.

He chuckled. “You’ll see. Can you feel the bond between us?”

She hesitated and then nodded.

“It’s powerful, and it will continue growing every hour until we can’t stand to be separated.”

Gavin unfastened the cuff on his sleeve and rolled it up to show her the mark on his forearm. It was an exact duplicate of the one she was born with.

“Wow,” she whispered. “I always heard our marks would match, but it’s still strange to see.” She lifted her hand and reached with one finger as if to touch it.

Gavin stopped her with a gentle grip on her wrist. He brought her fingers to his lips and kissed the tips. “The mark is powerful, Little one. When you touch it, it will make you feel things you’ve never experienced. Hell, I haven’t ever felt that way either, of course.”

“Just touching it?” she asked.

Gavin nodded. “That’s what I’m told. And the sensations will increase to proportions we can’t grasp when we align our marks against each other.” He turned her arm over, knowing exactly where her mark was.

She wore a gorgeous ivory dress that had delicate lace at the wrists. The lace was intentionally woven in such a way that he could see her mark through it, and yet it gave her some protection before they were prepared to align their wrists.

“What...” She cleared her throat. “No one told me anything special would happen if our marks touched. I thought their existence was simply a way Fate used to match us up.”

“The reason no one mentioned anything about their power to you is simple. Most citizens of the valley don’t know what happens between an Alpha Protector and his mate. There are many customs we live by in the mountains that are nothing like what you’re accustomed to in the valley.”

Her face paled, and her lips parted, but she didn’t speak.

She’d undoubtedly considered asking him about the local customs and then decided against it. He couldn’t blame her. She was going to suffer from information overload in the coming days.

Suddenly she glanced out the window and stiffened. She surprised him by pushing off his lap to stand in front of him, wringing her hands together, totally flustered.

He didn’t like the loss of contact with her, but he hated her distress even more. What was going through his Little mate’s head?

“I’ve kept you from whatever you usually do all day. I bet you have things you need to attend to. It’s getting late in the afternoon. I should start dinner. I’ll do that while

you're gone."

He frowned. Whatever was she talking about?

He reached for her hips and brought her between his legs. "Molly, I'm not going anywhere, Little one. Not for weeks. It's customary for Alpha Protectors to spend about a month with their mates before returning to our usual duties."

Her eyes widened, and her face paled further. "Maybe you'd like to go for a run to get some fresh air?"

Perplexed by her odd insistence on him leaving her, he pulled her closer and gently kissed her lips. "I don't need fresh air, Little one. Are you trying to get rid of me?" he teased.

That was exactly what she was doing, though he had no idea why. Couldn't she feel the bond between them as much as him? Did she not realize what a frenzy she would be in if he left her alone?

"Of course not," she argued. "I just... I like to work in the kitchen alone. If you hover, I'll probably burn something."

He chuckled. "Ah. Your mother told you that you'd be expected to cook for me, didn't she?"

"Of course. All females look after their mates."

"Not in the mountains, Little one. We live just the opposite. Alpha Protectors take care of our Little mates, not the other way around."

Her brow creased. "You... You're going to cook for me tonight?"

He smiled. "I will always cook for you, Little one. In fact, I will forbid you from touching anything dangerous in the kitchen."

She glanced over his shoulder toward the nursery door. A shudder wracked her small frame. "Everything in the kitchen is dangerous if you're me," she muttered.

"What do you mean, Little one?"

She met his gaze and held it. When she spoke, she did not answer his question. "You're seriously going to cook for me?"

"Always. If you need something to eat, you'll ask me to get it for you. I don't want you touching the stove, oven, or microwave. Nothing that might burn you. Definitely no knives. Understood?"

She continued to stare at him without blinking. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, Baby girl."

"Men in the valley don't do much cooking or cleaning."

"I'm aware, but up here in the mountains, we dote on our mates in ways you've never experienced.

Our bond is fierce, and with it comes the intense need to protect.

I won't want you doing anything that might put you in danger.

You are the most important person in my life now.

I already know that deep in my soul after just a few hours.

I knew it the moment I scented you before I even stepped into the ceremonial room. ”

“But...”

Gavin shook his head. “No buts. That’s just how Alpha Protectors are wired. We take care of our mates in every imaginable way. You’ll see.”

“I’m...” She licked her lips again. “I’m a terrible cook.”

He laughed. His entire body shook when he did so. “Then you won’t mind me doing the cooking.”

She narrowed her gaze. “Are you pranking me?”

He laughed harder. “No, Little one. I’m serious. The mates of Alpha Protectors do not cook or clean. None of them. I promise. If I could wrap you in bubble wrap to ensure your constant safety, I would, but I don’t expect you’d like to be bundled up in bubble wrap,” he joked.

She licked her pretty lips. “What are my duties then? How do I serve you?”

He smiled. “You won’t have duties, Little one. As soon as you tell me what your interests and hobbies are, I’ll get the supplies you need to fulfill your desires. Some mates like painting, coloring, or other arts. Some are musicians. What makes you happy, Molly?”

Her brow furrowed deeper. “Is reading a hobby?”

“Of course. Do you like to read, Baby girl?”

She stared at him, clearly in disbelief. “More than anything.”

“Then we’ll get you all the books you want. Paper or on an e-reader, or both.”

He loved the way she searched his face. Her breathing was heavy, and she swallowed several times. “You’re for real?”

He chuckled. “For real, Molly.” It was time to introduce her to her surroundings. Though she’d glanced out the window and toward the door, he didn’t think it had registered in her head yet what else was in the room.

Gavin turned her around in his arms so she was facing outward between his legs. He wrapped his arms around her middle and held her back against his chest. “This room is yours.”

After a heartbeat, her breath hitched. “Mine? This looks like a room for a child.”

He kissed her neck, lingering so he could inhale her scent over and over. “Alpha Protectors take our role as mates very seriously. You will be coddled, pampered, and spoiled for as long as we live.”

She scanned the room slowly before settling her sights on the one piece of furniture that was sure to make her tremble. “That’s a crib.”

He kissed her neck again. “Yes. It will keep you safe when you nap.”

“I won’t sleep with you?”

“You will always sleep with me at night, Little one. That crib is for naps. When I put you down in the afternoon, the four sides will ensure your safety.”

She twisted her head to look at him directly over her shoulder. “From what? Falling out of bed?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve never fallen out of bed.”

“And you never will. When you’re in your crib, you will stay on your bottom at all times. I don’t want you standing inside the enclosure for any reason. If I catch you trying to climb over the side, I will spank your bottom.”

Her cheeks turned pink. After a heartbeat, she jerked her gaze back to the room and homed in on the changing table. “Gavin...” she murmured.

He could feel her heart rate picking up.

It was totally expected. The next few days would be filled with revelations she knew nothing about.

“You will learn to submit to me deeply, Little one. At times, I will take care of you in every way. I know it’s difficult to fathom, but soon you’ll crave my dominance. ”

“You want me to wear diapers?” she whispered.

“Sometimes. Don’t panic, Baby girl. Trust me. When you’re ready, you’ll want to wear them. Diapers help Little girls feel deeply nurtured.”

She shuddered in his arms.

He could sense her nerves, but she wasn’t running. She remained in his arms. Small victories.

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Chapter Three

Molly was too stunned to argue. She couldn't wrap her head around Gavin's plans for her. It was hard to process anything in this room because she was still hung up on the huge revelation that she would not be cooking for him tonight or any other night.

The relief she felt over that was tremendous, but the odd role reversal shocked her. Her entire life she'd been told she needed to prepare to service her mate. That's how things were in the valley. Apparently not in the mountains.

This room...

It was impossible to grasp what his expectations were. The thought of wearing a diaper or napping in a crib was impossible to internalize. "Gavin..." she muttered again.

"The mates of Alpha Protectors call their Dominants Daddy."

She flinched. Daddy ?

"It's a term of endearment among my people, Baby girl."

How odd. "You don't want me to call you Gavin?"

"I won't forbid it, Little one. But when you're ready, you'll call me Daddy with more frequency. It will come naturally."

That was hard to fathom. Everything about this situation was surreal. She felt like she was out of her body, watching this unfolding of details.

“I can feel your stress level, Little one,” he said against her ear. “I’m going to touch you with my mark to help center you. It will be powerful, but it will help you understand how strong our bond will be.”

She watched as he lifted one arm from around her waist and held his marked wrist in front of her. “Touch it, Molly.”

She held her breath as she lifted one shaky hand out. She had no idea what to expect. Nervous energy filled the room like a living being. It was palpable.

It was so odd leaning into him like this. No one had ever been this close to her, and she felt the sizzle of power. She didn’t understand it, but what she did know was that she never wanted him to let her go. And she badly wanted to touch his mark. She was drawn to do so.

Everything around her faded as she set her fingertips on his mark. Her breath hitched. An electric current flowed between them. That was the only way she could think to describe the sensation.

But there was more. Something awakened inside her. Something she couldn’t identify. A need. It was so odd. A tightness in her stomach. She started panting.

She wanted to turn in his arms and flatten her front to his. She wanted to press her mark against his. She was drawn to do so as if by a higher power. And that’s exactly what was happening. Fate was nudging her.

She started trembling and couldn’t remove her fingers from his mark.

Finally he pried her loose and brought those fingers to his lips, kissing them.

Molly turned in his embrace, wrapped her arms around his neck, and honestly would have crawled up him like a monkey if the dress hadn't been in the way.

She didn't have to get quite so extreme, though, because he tucked his forearm under her butt and stood, taking her with him. He was so large that her feet were nowhere near the floor. If he dropped her, she would probably break a bone.

She held on to his neck, partly to ensure she wouldn't fall but mostly because she wanted to touch his skin. She could feel his pulse. It seemed to be in sync with her own. Was that a thing? And why did she know it?

Gavin carried her out of the strange room.

She wanted to look around and familiarize herself with his home, but she couldn't break her gaze from his. There was a magnetic pull between them. Her mother never mentioned anything like this. Then again, apparently her mother never knew this would happen.

Molly was freaking out inside. Her heart felt like it would beat out of her chest. Fear and curiosity were at war. Neither was winning.

The sound of a door opening and closing was all she registered before she realized they were outside. The cool evening breeze hit her face and whipped her hair around.

Gavin set her butt on some kind of ledge, but he kept his arms around her. "Take a deep breath, Baby girl."

She nodded.

He chuckled. “Molly... You have to breathe.”

Was she not breathing? She inhaled deeply.

“That’s my girl. Maybe the cool mountain air will help.”

She scrunched up her face and shook her head.

He chuckled. “Yeah, it’s not helping, is it?”

She gripped his neck. “I don’t understand.”

“It’s the bond, Little one. It’s intense. It will increase with every passing moment.”

Molly took another deep breath. “I want...” She had no idea how to finish that statement.

He set his forehead against hers. “I know, Little one. I do too. There are a lot of things I need to explain to you. Can you focus enough to listen to Daddy?”

She nodded. “I think so.” She twisted her head around to look over her shoulder. He had settled her on the wooden railing that extended around a deck. It was a long way down to the ground.

“I won’t let you fall, Baby girl. Never.”

She shivered. She trusted him, but she was still nervous.

He must have sensed that because he scooped her off the barrier and moved to sit on a porch swing, keeping her on his lap. He held her hands with one of his large ones.

She looked down at their connection against her thighs. His hand was so big that it swallowed hers entirely. “When you touch me...”

“Yeah. I know. But I’m not going to stop touching you. I can’t imagine when I’ll stop touching you for any reason.”

She couldn’t imagine it either, if she was honest. His touch scared the bejesus out of her, but at the same time, she never wanted it to end.

He gave her hands a squeeze. “There are a lot of customs we live by up in the mountains that are nothing like the ones you’re aware of in the valley.”

“Like the fact that you’re going to cook? Surely you were kidding.”

He chuckled.

She loved that sound so much, and she liked the way her entire body shook on his lap as he laughed.

“I’m not kidding. Not only will I cook, but I will also take pleasure in feeding you.”

She frowned. “Feeding me?”

“Yep. Sometimes I will feed you from my plate or your own. Other times I will give you a bottle.”

She gasped. “A bottle?”

“You already had one while you were still sleeping. I didn’t want you to wake up starving.”

“I sucked from a bottle?” This was hard to believe. How could she have slept through something like that?

“The potion I gave you really knocked you out, Baby girl. You slept for hours.” He lifted her hands to his lips and kissed her knuckles. He did that a lot, as if he couldn’t stop himself.

She liked it.

“The biggest thing no one could have explained to you is how strong the bond is between Alpha Protectors and their mates. It’s intense. You’re already aware. This sensation is going to continue to grow. It’s nature’s way of pressuring us to consummate our mating.”

She shuddered. “Consummate. You mean have sex.”

“Yes. I will never rush you, Molly. We will have sex when you’re ready.

I don’t care how long it takes. I want you to be comfortable.

But I will warn you that it will be hard to ignore.

We will both be restless until we cross that line.

After I’ve been inside you, your body will begin the process of preparing for your first shift. ”

“That’s the same in the valley,” she pointed out.

“Yes. The logistics are the same. The strong unwavering urge is not.”

That made sense.

“No one will bother us for several weeks unless there’s a particular concern among the Alphas. It’s customary to give newly mated couples time alone. And trust me, we’ll be grateful for every moment of that time.”

For some odd reason, she understood. If he were to set her down and walk away right now, she would feel the loss deeply.

A noise somewhere in the mountains made her sit up taller and look around.

“What’s wrong, Little one?”

“Nothing. I just heard a noise. It’s so loud out here. Not like in the valley.”

He was frowning when she turned her gaze back to his. “Loud?”

“Yes. The sounds of nature I mean. I never heard them in town.”

He slowly nodded. “What kinds of sounds?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. Rustling. Small animals probably. Tree limbs when something steps on them. Birds. Breathing.”

His eyes went wide. “Breathing?”

She shrugged. “I guess you’re the one breathing.” Why was he looking at her so strangely?

He searched her face as if he was looking for something.

Feeling self-conscious, her cheeks heated. She wanted to change the subject. “Where does everyone else live? How far apart are your homes?”

“They’re scattered around the mountain. It’s about a half mile to my brother’s house.”

“You have a brother.”

“Yes. Felix. He’s twelve years older than me, and he claimed his mate three months ago.”

“Oh. Do I know her?”

“I don’t think so. She was from another part of the valley. Her name is Khloe.”

Molly shakes her head. “I guess not.”

“You’ll meet her soon, though, Little one. You’ll meet several Alpha mates when you’re ready. There have been a number of matings in the last few years.”

“Do all of them...”

“Have nurseries?” he supplied.

She bit her lip and nodded.

“Yes, Little one. All of them are coddled just like you will be.”

“And they don’t think it’s weird?”

“I’m sure all of them did at first. It’s jarring and unexpected. But I can assure you

they're all happy.”

Molly had a million questions, but she couldn't find the words.

She was on information overload. This day had gone nothing like she'd expected.

First and foremost, she had assumed the two of them would have consummated their bond by now.

Her mother had made it sound like that would have been the first thing they did as soon as they'd reached the house.

Instead Gavin wasn't pressuring her to do so at all.

Part of her was relieved. The thought of taking his manhood into her body had worried her for months. It would hurt. At least the first time. Her mother had confirmed so.

Another part of her was oddly concerned with the fact that Gavin seemed in no hurry to take her to his bed. Was he not attracted to her?

The blood drained from her face. That would be awful. She thought he was the handsomest man she'd ever seen in her life. If he didn't feel the same...

“Molly... What's on your mind? Tell me.”

She shook her head. “Nothing.”

He slid his hand to the back of her neck. “I know you'll have a billion questions in the coming days, and I want you to ask them. All of them. I won't have secrets from you, Little one. Any concern you have, bring it to me.”

“Okay.”

He lifted a brow. “Start with whatever thought made your face turn white just now.”

She licked her lips. She was never going to be able to hide anything from him. That was obvious. “Do you, uh...” She took a deep breath. “Do you feel the same things I feel?”

His brow furrowed. “You mean the bond, Little one?”

“Yes.”

“I suspect what I feel is even more intense than what you’re experiencing because I was at least aware it would happen.

I’m less in shock than you.” He cupped her face and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

“Molly...” His voice was reverent, endearing.

“You are my world. From the moment I stepped into that ceremonial room, nothing else will ever matter to me as much as you do.”

Her breath hitched.

He smiled. “Baby girl, I mean that. You’re the prettiest Little I’ve ever set eyes on. Your dark silky hair is mesmerizing. Your eyes are so blue I’m lost in them. Your skin is soft and creamy. I want to bury my nose in your neck and inhale your scent forever.”

He had said all of that while they’d still been in the ceremonial room, but it was

reaffirming to hear it again. It calmed her nerves.

“Ask me your next question, Baby girl,” he encouraged.

“My mother said...”

He rubbed her back. “I bet your mother gave you a lot of advice. I’m glad she didn’t send you off to your mate with no information.

I’m sure she told you everything she knew about matings among shifters in the valley.

The problem is she couldn’t share what she didn’t know.

I don’t want you to think she withheld information.

It sounds like she did a good job of preparing you, but there was only so much she could say. ”

Molly nodded.

“Go on, Little one. Talk to me.”

“She said I would be expected to, uh, consummate our relationship as soon as possible.” She pursed her lips.

“Ah. Well, here’s the thing. When shifters in the valley mate, they already know each other.

They choose their mates. They spend time courting.

Hopefully they're very much in love and eager to consummate as soon as their ceremony is over.

But our mating is different. We've never met each other.

It wouldn't be fair for me to strip you out of your clothes and pressure you to accept me into your body so quickly. ”

“Oh.” He was so kind. It endeared her to him more by the minute.

“Don't confuse the fact that I haven't tossed you onto my bed with some sort of reluctance to do so, Little one.

I'm anxious to fully claim you in every way.

But I'm not an asshole. I want you to crave that connection with every ounce of your being before we take that step.

It doesn't concern me at all. Neither of us will be able to hold out for long.

The more time we spend together, the longer we breathe the same air, touch each other, look at each other, scent each other...

No one can ignore that pull for very long. ”

She nodded. “I feel that,” she admitted. “Thank you for explaining.” She shivered.

“Are you chilly?”

“I don't know. Maybe?”

“Let’s go back inside. We can eat dinner and get to know each other better.”

She smiled. “I’d like that.” Nothing about this day was as she’d expected, but everything about it was better than she could have anticipated.

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Chapter Four

Molly was such a delight.

Gavin couldn't take his eyes off her for more than a few seconds at a time. After carrying her inside, he settled her in the highchair where he intended to feed her as often as reasonably possible.

She giggled and rolled her eyes as he fastened a strap around her middle. "I'm not sure I understand this custom. You don't seriously think I might fall off of a chair, do you?"

He chuckled, trying to decide if he should give her a taste of what submission felt like. Now seemed like as good a time as any.

Dominance among males in the valley was the norm. Females submitted to their mates in most households. It was a natural tendency among wolf shifters. However, nothing she'd witnessed could have prepared her for the level of submission he would expect from her.

It wasn't simply a matter of convincing her to adhere to some odd antiquated societal norms. Not even close. It was Fated and would fall into place with no effort.

But Molly couldn't grasp it yet. He cupped her chin, tipping her head back so she was looking him in the eyes. Damn she was perfect. Yeah, he was going to give her a taste of what deeper submission felt like.

He released her chin, lifted one of her delicate hands, and kissed her fingertips.

She trembled, eyes wide with wonder as he lowered her hand to her side and fastened her wrist securely next to her hip. The hitch in her breath made his cock jump. Her pulse was instantly rapid.

He secured her other hand the same way before pulling a chair closer and sitting, putting them eye-to-eye. Gavin set his hands on her thighs, wishing she wasn't wearing several layers of ceremonial clothing.

After a few moments, he smoothed his palms over her hands and up her arms until he was cupping her face.

Molly was panting. Her cheeks were bright red. He could smell her arousal. It probably confused her to death. There was very little chance she'd ever experienced arousal like she was right now.

Perhaps in the past few years she'd thought of what it would be like to be with her mate.

It was possible she'd touched herself to thoughts of him.

But nothing she could have conjured in her mind would have compared to what she was experiencing at this moment.

And this was just the beginning. The tip of the iceberg.

Gavin stroked his thumbs along her bottom lip, watching her expression as her eyes slowly hooded with lust. Her cheeks were flaming hot. Her pulse was visible in her neck. And her scent...

Her scent filled the house, making his cock harder than ever. He knew he would find her pussy wet if he reached under the layers of her skirt and shifts, but now wasn't the time for that. His goal was to demonstrate how submissive she felt. Describing it would do no good.

"Gavin..." The one word was breathy and filled with need. She arched her chest forward, straining against the straps around her wrists.

He leaned forward and gently kissed her lips, teasing her. He did so again, lingering until she whimpered.

"Daddy," he whispered against her mouth.

"Daddy..." she repeated. Nothing had ever sounded sweeter.

He wouldn't pressure her, but he didn't feel apologetic about teasing her just enough to make her understand. So he kissed her again before trailing a finger down her chin, along the center of her neck, and lower between her breasts.

She moaned, arching for him. Her eyes rolled back. She gripped her thighs together. "Daddy..."

He kissed her again before reluctantly releasing her wrists. When her hands were free, he brought her right hand up to his mouth, kissed her palm, and then pushed her sleeve down just far enough that he could press his lips against the edge of her mark.

Molly gasped. "Oh heavens."

He did it again and again, flicking his tongue over the design before finally releasing her.

She was breathing heavily, and sweat beaded on her forehead. She stared at him in awe.

He smiled. “You’ll submit to me because it feels good, Baby girl.

I’ll restrain you often because it will drive you up a wall.

When I hold you down, your arousal will consume you.

You’ll learn to trust that I would never in a million years hurt you.

You’ll crave my dominance because it makes your heart race.

When you’re fully ready to take me into your body, you’ll know. You’ll be desperate.”

She nodded. “Yes.”

He kissed her again, lingering, letting his tongue drag along the seam of her lips until she parted for him. Her sweet moan filled his mouth as he teased her tongue with his.

It took every ounce of his self-control to release her lips and pull away. “I’ll make dinner.”

She swallowed hard. “Maybe I’m not so hungry after all.”

He chuckled. “Is my Little girl being funny?”

She bit her lip.

Gavin popped the tray onto her highchair and moved away quickly.

He needed a few feet of space between them if they were ever going to eat.

He suspected they would not survive many more hours before she begged him to take her.

It would behoove them to eat first. She would need a lot of fuel for the coming hours and into tomorrow.

Granted, he would feed her bottles and snacks while her body prepared for her first shift, but filling her tummy first was imperative.

At the advice of his brother and his parents, Gavin had made a stew before he'd ever left the house that morning. It had been simmering on low in the oven all day. As soon as he opened the oven door, the scent filled the room.

"Oh wow, you are a good cook," she said.

He turned to wink at her. "I can hold my own."

Gavin filled a large bowl and set it on the table before preparing them both a drink and setting a sippy cup of juice in front of her.

She giggled as she picked it up. "A sippy cup?"

He chuckled.

"Let me guess. It's another one of your odd customs."

"Yep."

"And all the mates of Alpha Protectors have highchairs and sippy cups?"

“They do.”

“Cribs? Changing tables? And don’t think for a minute I haven’t noticed the playpen filled with toys in the living room.”

“Nothing gets by you, does it?” he teased.

She sighed as she took a drink, but she didn’t balk or throw the cup at him. That had been a possibility. She was perplexed but good-natured about everything he was tossing at her.

He sat at the table and angled her chair so she was facing him.

She leaned forward on her elbows. “You’re seriously going to feed me, aren’t you?”

“Yep.” He dipped the spoon into the stew, gathered the perfect bite, and blew on it before offering it to her. “Careful, it’s hot.”

Watching her open her mouth to accept this first bite made his chest tighten. He took a mental picture. It was impossible for her to understand the overprotective nature of an Alpha Protector. It was ingrained in him. The need to care for her in every way was in his blood.

Every Alpha went through this transition period with their mate. It was unavoidable. No newly claimed mate was prepared for the level of dominance she would encounter. Some accepted it easier than others.

Molly was taking things in stride. He suspected she was so relieved to find out she wouldn’t be expected to cook for him that she would accept just about anything.

He needed to prepare himself for the fact that she would eventually balk.

Every Little girl did. Be it today or tomorrow or another day in the near future, something would cause her to hesitate and push back.

Considering how adorable she was, he was almost looking forward to meeting a disagreeable Molly.

She purred around the bite.

Purred .

His Little wolf shifter had a soft, delicate feline purr that endeared him to her even further.

“That’s so good,” she said, reaching out with one hand. “You know...you could put some in my own bowl and hand me a spoon. I promise not to choke.”

“You know...” he echoed, “I could restrain your wrists to your sides for every meal and make you squirm as you wait for each bite, sassy girl.”

She quickly tucked her hands under the tray, her cheeks turning pink. Her expression sobered, and she lowered her gaze. “Sorry, Sir.”

He frowned as he set the bowl down on the table and fully faced her before lifting her chin. “What are you apologizing for, Little one?” He didn’t like this timid retreat.

She swallowed. “I didn’t mean to be disrespectful.”

“Molly, I didn’t take it that way at all. I teased you. You teased me. I like your sassy side.”

“I don’t have a sassy side.”

He smiled. “Sure you do. Maybe it just hasn’t had a chance to fully come out yet.”

She searched his eyes with her pretty blue ones. “My mother?—”

He shook his head. “Your mother meant well when she gave you advice about all kinds of things. She shared what she thought best. But she isn’t here.

It’s you and me now. Forever. We’ll forge our own path.

I will be bossy and dominant with you because it’s my way, but I do so from a place of affection.

I will have rules that exist to keep you safe.

I will have other rules that exist because they will make you squirm. ”

Her brow furrowed, and she pursed her lips.

He couldn’t expect her to understand. In time she would. “Do you know what happens to naughty Little girls who break rules or sass their Daddies?”

She shook her head as he slid his hand around to cup her neck. Her pale skin turned an even darker pink.

“They get their bottoms spanked.”

Molly’s eyes widened as she gasped, but she also clenched her thighs together.

“Do you know why naughty Little girls break rules and sass their Daddies?”

Another head shake.

“Because they like having their bottoms spanked.”

Her brows drew in tighter.

“You’ll see, Little one. In no time at all, you’ll understand. The dynamic between you and me will look nothing like any relationship you’ve witnessed in the valley. What you watched between your parents won’t resemble our interactions at all. It’s jarring at first, but you’ll grow to love it.”

“I don’t understand.”

Gavin leaned in to kiss her briefly. “You will, Baby girl. In the meantime, I don’t want you to fret over anything like sassing me. It’s adorable. I enjoy the banter. When you’re ready to experience a spanking, I’ll take you over my knees and introduce you to a world you can’t begin to grasp.”

She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth, not blinking. Her pulse increased under his palm. She was absolute perfection.

Gavin was one fucking lucky Alpha.

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Chapter Five

Molly couldn't stop thinking about everything her mate had said during dinner. It was so confusing. And her body's reaction to his words was even more confusing.

She hadn't recognized herself when she'd talked back to him, and she'd immediately regretted her bold words. But he'd made light of her sass and even embraced it as if he wanted her to spar with him.

Her mother would be appalled if she knew Molly had spoken so boldly to her mate. The woman certainly never spoke like that to Molly's father.

But there was something different between Molly and Gavin. Something she'd never felt or witnessed before. She felt oddly close to him even though she'd only been here and conscious a few hours.

Nerves ate at her as he finished feeding her and cleaned the kitchen. He'd said he wouldn't rush her to have sex with him, and that had shocked her. She'd mentally prepared herself to take him into her body tonight.

The odd thing was that a part of her wished he would just do it. It was inevitable anyway. Putting it off would only drag out her nervousness. But she appreciated him not rushing her.

And that was her emotional response. Physically she couldn't begin to understand her body's reaction to him. It was like her mind and her body were two separate beings. The magnetic pull he described was a real living being. It planted thoughts in her

head she'd never experienced before.

As he removed the tray from her highchair and unfastened the strap round her waist, all she could think about was touching his mark again. It had scared her the first time, but she wanted to feel that sensation again.

Gavin lifted her up and stood her on her feet. "Maybe you'd like to explore your nursery a bit. You didn't get a chance to look around earlier."

"Okay." She liked how he took her hand in his. His huge palm enveloped hers. She liked the physical contact, the warmth, and the way he seemed to ground her.

She hurried alongside him to the room he referred to as a nursery. She was curious but freaked out at the same time. Grown women in the valley did not have nurseries. They cooked and cleaned and took care of the young. That's what Molly had been raised to expect.

Instead, this new world was the opposite. She wondered if she was perhaps asleep and having the strangest dream ever. That made more sense.

Gavin moved across the pretty room and sat in the giant rocking chair where he'd held her when she first woke up. "Look around, Little one. This space is yours. I want it to be a place you can relax and enjoy whatever makes you happy."

She let go of his hand but stood for several seconds breathing heavily, watching as he rubbed his palms together between his knees. Her instinct was to step closer to him, press her body against his. She wanted his hands on her, rubbing her back. She didn't like this separation.

Even more curious and embarrassing, she found herself wishing he would remove her dress and the layers of shifts under it. She craved his gaze on her body. Not just his

gaze but his hands.

A deep shudder shook her from head to toe, and she quickly spun around to take in her surroundings as he'd suggested.

She was rooted, though, uncertain where to begin and not wanting to take a step away from him.

After a few moments, he cupped her hips and drew her backward between his legs. He wrapped his arms around her middle and kissed her neck. "It's hard to focus on anything but the growing bond, isn't it, Little one?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered. Thank goodness he understood.

"Yes, Daddy ," he responded.

She trembled as she leaned her weight into him. "Yes, Daddy." Why did that word sound more natural now than it had earlier? Maybe because he asked her to use it, and she wanted to please him.

"Mmm. I like the sound of that, Little one." He kissed her neck again.

Goosebumps rose all over her.

"I know you're feeling all kinds of unexpected emotions.

I am, too, Baby girl. We're one being now.

Fate put us together, and She does not make mistakes.

It's confusing at the same time. I want you to take a few minutes to explore.

Then you can come back to me. I'll be right here, watching you.

I'll never be more than a few feet away from you for weeks, Little one. ”

She gripped his huge hands at her waist and whispered, “I don't want you to let go of me.”

“I know, Little one. That's normal. I promise.

” He kissed her shoulder now and nibbled around her neck.

He wasn't making things easier. Her brain scrambled.

Finally he lifted his head and set his chin on her shoulder.

He pointed toward a corner of the room with one finger.

“How about we get you a giant beanbag chair so you'll have a place to read. ”

She smiled. “I'd like that. I promise not to read more than you allow. My mother said...” She winced. How many times was she going to start a sentence with my mother said ?

He chuckled. “Let me guess. Your mother warned you not to bury your head in a book all the time because she thought it would anger me.”

“Yes. She suggested I set a timer and make sure it's okay with you before I disappear into my silly stories.”

He stiffened. “Molly, nothing you enjoy will ever be deemed silly by me. If reading is something you love, I will buy you all the books in the universe to make you happy. I

won't require you to set a timer, Little one.

You never need to worry about angering me.

Making you smile will always please me greatly.

I may come in and swoop you right out of your beanbag chair when it's time to eat so you don't starve to death, but I won't punish you for doing what you love. "

She turned in his arms. He was too good to be true. She needed to see his face. He looked serious. "I get lost in my books sometimes," she warned him.

He rubbed his nose against hers. "I'll find you."

"I've always been introverted and shy. I prefer to be alone with my fantasies than interacting with other people." She was proud of herself for being bold enough to tell him about her personality quirks.

"I bet you won't feel very shy around me for long, Little one. I will know every inch of you inside and out. I will ask you a million questions until I know your mind, and I will also touch every inch of your body until I know what brings you pleasure."

The idea of that both unnerved her and intrigued her. She'd never felt this bold before. She couldn't have imagined leaning into her new mate, flattening her palms on his chest like she was, smoothing them up toward his neck.

If someone had told her tonight would look anything like this, she would have laughed. Her own parents would blink several times if they saw her now. She was aware of her introverted side, but she was just so drawn to him that she ignored the timid girl she'd always been.

A new Molly was peeking out.

Daddy...

He lifted her hands from his chest and kissed her palms. "Explore, Little one. You need some time to process and think."

Could he be any better?

She gave him a shy smile, took a deep breath, and turned to face the strange room. Gravitating to the bookshelf, she dropped to her knees and tipped her head to one side to examine the few books he'd already arranged for her.

"I didn't know what you'd like to read," he said from behind her. "I didn't even know if you liked reading at all."

She twisted her head to grin at him. "I read all kinds of books. Thank you." When she turned back, she picked up something that was about the size of a book but had a screen. "Is this an e-reader?"

"Yes."

"I've never had one." She trailed a finger reverently around the edge of it. "You fill it with electronic books, right? I've heard of them."

"Yes, Baby girl. You can put as many books on there as you want."

"As many as I want? Like a dozen?" She glanced at him again.

He chuckled. "Like a million. More than you could ever read."

She jerked her attention back to the device and giggled. “Seems like it would get heavy.”

His deep laughter filled the room. “It will weigh exactly the same. I guess you’ve never seen one?”

“Some people have them. I’ve heard of e-readers. But we didn’t have one at my house. I read paper books from the library.”

“You’re going to love Damon’s mate. Her name is Olivia.

She’s nearly blind, but reading is her passion, too, and when she first shifted, she found out her wolf has perfect vision.

If you’re worried about me finding you curled up in a corner reading for hours, imagine poor Damon.

He has to chastise his mate for spending too much time in her wolf form. ”

Molly listened closely to her Daddy, partly because she found she loved his voice. The tone burrowed under her skin and made her tremble with the desire to drop the e-reader and hurry back to his arms.

She couldn’t keep from giggling. “I guess if her human can’t see, she’d want to spend as much time as possible in her wolf form. Does she shift in the house?”

“Yep. She sits in her nursery in her wolf form. Damon says it gets a bit lonely because she obviously can’t talk to him when she’s shifted.”

Molly pushed out her lip in a pout, an expression she didn’t think she’d ever made before. “That would be a bummer, but I can’t blame her. If I could only see in my

wolf form, I'd do the same."

Daddy shocked her when he dropped onto his knees next to the rocking chair and crawled toward her.

More like stalked in slow motion. She could see the laughter in his eyes, so she couldn't keep from giggling as he approached.

At least she had the wherewithal to put the e-reader back on the shelf before he snagged her ankle and gave a tug, causing her to fall onto her back.

She smiled up at him without an ounce of trepidation or fear, watching mesmerized as he removed first one gold sandal and then the other. When he was finished, he tossed the ceremonial shoes aside and kissed her feet, tickling her.

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Molly twisted out of his reach and hurried to crawl away from him. It felt like her face had a permanent grin on it. She didn't think she'd smiled this much or laughed this often in her life.

Not that she'd ever been unhappy or sad or depressed. She just hadn't ever fully fit in with other...with anyone. She'd been here only a few hours, and she felt a connection with Gavin that excited her and gave her a sense of belonging. Of peace.

She scrambled faster, loving the way he pretended to chase her. He was moving at a snail's pace. She was hampered by the long dress and the layers of shifts. Her knees kept getting caught up.

Eventually, she nosedived forward. For a split second, she feared she would hit her head on the floor, but suddenly Daddy was there. His hand slid under her and scooped her up before she could injure herself.

She was breathless as he hauled her to her knees, averting a possible collision with her face. "You caught me."

"I'll always catch you, Little one. I'm sorry. That was my fault. I should have taken this dress off you." He plucked at the front of it. "All this material. I've never understood how women in the valley can stand the hinderance."

She turned to face him again, staying on her knees, which put them eye-to-eye with him sitting. "What do you mean? Won't I still wear dresses like this here?"

He gave her a devilish slow smile. "Never. We don't adhere to the same custom of

modesty as in the valley. When it's warm, you'll wear short dresses with tiny sleeves. When it's cooler, I'll put legging or tights on under your dresses and add a sweater. You'll have more freedom to play."

Molly blinked at him. "Short dresses?"

He chuckled and pushed to his feet. "Come. I'll show you." He held out a hand to help her stand.

She nearly tripped over the layers doing so. Finally she followed him to the closet. And her eyes bugged out of her head when he opened it. It was filled with rows of pretty dresses. He wasn't fibbing. They were short.

Daddy bent to lift her by the waist and hold her up higher so she could see them closer. He lifted her up so often, and it didn't cause him a bit of exertion. He was so much stronger and larger than any shifter she'd ever known.

She should have expected that to be the case.

It wasn't as if Alpha Protectors never came to the valley.

They did sometimes. People would whisper about their size and fawn over them.

But Molly mostly ignored the larger-than-life male shifters.

She rarely paid attention. She mostly didn't want to think about her own doom—the Fate that had always been growing closer and closer.

Today, the day she would be plucked from her life and forced to live in the mountains with a stranger.

She was still nervous. There were so many unknowns. She had yet to have sex or shift—two of the biggies. But somehow she felt a calm washing through her that settled inside her and told her everything was going to be okay.

“Would you like to change into one, Baby girl?” Daddy asked.

She wrapped an arm around his neck, leaning her head against his. The idea was tempting. “They’re so pretty. All the other women wear these?”

“They sure do. It won’t seem as strange after you get together with other Littles. I promise.”

“They don’t look long enough to cover my...” Her face heated. She wasn’t about to say what she was thinking.

“Panties?” he teased, tickling her.

She giggled and swatted at him.

“They’ll cover the important parts, Little one. No one but me will see all of you.”

He’d mentioned before that he would eventually know every inch of her, and the idea unnerved her. “You don’t need to see all of me,” she murmured.

He tipped her chin so he could make eye contact. “Are you sure you’re fully aware of what mates do together in the bedroom, Molly?”

She flushed and lowered her gaze. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Did your mother tell you we would have sex in the dark or under the covers?”

“Not exactly. She didn’t go into detail. I just assumed.”

“Little one, I meant what I said. I will be intimate with every bit of you. I don’t want you to misunderstand. When I take this dress off of you, I will explore your entire body—with my eyes, my hands, and my mouth.”

She shuddered. Surely he was exaggerating.

He cupped her head and kissed the top. “Every inch, Baby girl. I will spread you open on the bed and suckle your pussy until you scream so loud in pleasure you scare all the animals in the vicinity.”

She gasped.

“Glad we had this chat. I wouldn’t have wanted you to be surprised. I think your mother left out a few parts.” His voice was jovial, and he gave her another tickle, but she was rather horrified.

Daddy chose a dress from the closet and turned to stride across the room. Before she fully grasped his intention, they were in the hallway and then entering a larger bedroom. The bed was huge. This was his room. Theirs she supposed.

Nervous energy sizzled around her. She wasn’t sure what his intentions were, but she kind of hoped he was going to let her change into the small dress. That idea intrigued her.

She’d spent her entire life stifled by the ridiculous modest clothing worn by women of the valley. The thought of shedding this silly ceremonial gown and leaving the layers behind for good sounded like a win.

Gavin lowered her onto her back on the bed and set his palms on either side of her

head, hovering over her. He held her gaze with his intense stare.

Her heart raced. She had no idea what he meant to do right now, but she wasn't scared. She wanted to know.

He inhaled deeply, and Molly was smart enough to know he was scenting her. She could scent him, too. In fact, she turned her head toward his marked wrist and reached up to clasp the entire thing with her hand.

Chapter Six

The room started spinning. She was aware of all the air leaving her lungs and murmured words coming from Daddy, but nothing made any sense. Nothing except an all-consuming need for something she couldn't identify.

She couldn't release him. Couldn't or wouldn't. He was saying something, perhaps encouraging her to let go, but she was under water. His voice was muted. All she could discern was his tone. It was soft and kind. He wasn't angry.

His lips met hers, and she moaned into his mouth as he kissed her deeper than he had any time before. She'd never seen two people kiss like this, not even her parents. Maybe they did so in private.

She wanted more. More of the unknown.

His fingers threaded in her long hair, angling her head to one side so he could deepen the kiss. His tongue danced with hers, tasting, taking, licking, sucking.

A deep primal sound filled the room. It came from her. Or maybe him. It didn't matter.

She needed more from him with a strange clarity she shouldn't have possessed. Nudity. Skin on skin. More contact. More of his kisses. His mouth everywhere like he'd told her.

She broke the kiss, but only to beg. "Please, Daddy..."

He was panting, his arms shaking at her sides. “Molly...”

“There are a million buttons up the back of this dress. Maybe cut it off?”

He chuckled. “Not a chance, Little one. If you want this dress off, you’re going to let go of Daddy’s wrist and roll onto your tummy so I can take my time unbuttoning it.”

She frowned. “Scissors would be faster.”

“My Little girl is so eager.”

Her cheeks heated. “Gavin, don’t tease me.”

He sobered and kissed her again before prying her fingers off him. “Roll over, Baby girl.”

She scrambled to obey him. It wasn’t easy flipping over with her waist-length hair and all the material of her skirts in the way. She got all tangled up and frustrated.

Daddy finally set his huge hands on her hips and lifted her a few inches before settling her. He gathered her wild hair in one hand and gently pulled it to the side she wasn’t facing.

Her breath hitched when his hand splayed on her back and he leaned over to kiss her neck. “Relax, Baby girl. Listen to Daddy.”

She nodded.

“I’m going to take this dress off. I suspect you have so many layers on under it that I won’t be able to glimpse one inch of your skin still. I want you to take deep breaths while I work these buttons. When I’m done, you can decide if you want me to go

further.”

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered. She already knew her answer.

“I know the bond is powerful. When you touch my mark, it’s hard to focus on anything except getting more contact with my skin. That’s normal. That connection will grow more powerful by the day. But I will not rush you. I want you to be ready before we take steps that aren’t reversible.”

She licked her lips. “It’s inevitable, though, Daddy,” she argued.

“Yes, Little one. It is. But it doesn’t have to be today if taking me into your body makes you too nervous.”

“Okay,” she murmured. It was strange how she woke up this morning petrified at the thought of a man entering her body with his member. Once she met Gavin, that fear actually doubled because he was so big. But now... Now she craved everything he would do to her.

He started at her neck and slowly worked every button through its hole, obviously taking his time. By the time he reached the last one over her butt, she was trembling.

Daddy lifted her off the bed, stood her on her feet, and sat on the edge where she’d just been. He reverently stroked her cheeks before lowering the pretty ceremonial gown down her arms until it pooled at her feet.

Her body was still fully concealed, but her arms were exposed. That was enough to make her shiver. Her arms had never been exposed to anyone. She’d worn long sleeves every time she left her bedroom since she’d been a small child.

“How many layers of this modest material do you have on?” Daddy teased, fingering

the narrow strips on her shoulders.

She giggled as he trailed his fingertips down her arms, causing goosebumps in their wakes. “Seems like a dozen. Why does it suddenly feel stifling and ridiculous.”

He brought his lips to her bare shoulder and kissed. “The only time you’ll ever wear anything like this in the future will be when we go into the valley. And that’s not going to happen often. It will make me feel growly.”

She giggled again. “I can’t picture you growly.”

“You will eventually.”

She boldly brought her hands to the front of his dress shirt and started undoing the buttons down his front. She barely knew herself. If someone would have told her this morning she would remove her mate’s shirt for him later today, she would have blushed and looked away.

Daddy cupped her face and kissed her, distracting her, making it hard for her to keep on task, especially since she couldn’t see what she was doing. But she managed to get several buttons undone while he sucked on her tongue and her lips.

“When will I see you growly?” she managed to ask breathlessly, trying to return to his earlier statement. Her curiosity was piqued. “When I break one of your rules?” The idea unnerved her.

“Never, Baby girl. I will never raise my voice at you, look at you in frustration, or strike you from a place of anger. You have my word. You will only see my eyes blaze when someone else threatens you.”

Her breath hitched. “Who would threaten me?”

He sighed, wincing slightly. “Do you understand why the Alpha Protectors exist, Little one?”

She nodded slowly, thinking. “To keep the citizens of the valley safe.”

“Exactly. There are occasional threats from beyond, Baby girl. We prefer they be infrequent, but they do exist. Life in the mountains has its risks. I will educate you on those risks, but not today.”

“Okay.” Risks ... She’d never thought about what the valley was being protected from. Other wolves? She knew there were other packs in other valleys. Maybe they weren’t as friendly. Maybe they also had Alpha Protectors who defended their territories.

She recalled that not too long ago a female shifter from the valley was abducted on her mating day.

When her Alpha Protector had arrived for the ceremony, she’d been gone.

Molly had heard that the woman was eventually found safe by her mate, but she had no idea who had abducted her or why.

Maybe that sort of thing was what Daddy was talking about.

He cupped her face again. “Don’t you fret, Little one. Other Alphas are guarding us tonight. We’re safe. You will always be safe. I will make sure of it.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

He kissed her lips again. Every time he did so, he scrambled her brain a bit more. She knew he sometimes kissed her intentionally to soften her. It worked, and she didn’t

mind.

When he released her lips this time, he held her gaze while undoing the last few buttons and removing his shirt.

She gasped as the expanse of his chest was exposed to her. He was even larger without his shirt, though that wasn't logical. His chest was broad and muscular, with a dusting of brown hair.

In her modest home, she couldn't remember ever seeing her father's chest, but she was certain he was nowhere near as built or broad or tall as Gavin.

Molly reached up with trembling fingers and touched him.

He sat still, letting her trail her fingertips along his pecs and down to his abs. When she lifted her gaze back to his, he flipped her hand over to expose her wrist. "I'm going to kiss you here, Little one."

She nodded.

He brought her arm to his lips and let his mouth graze lightly over the mark.

Her knees nearly gave out, but he grabbed her waist with his free hand to steady her. "Powerful, huh?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"Do you want me to remove your shifts, Molly?"

"Yes, Daddy." She didn't hesitate. She was so alive, and she wanted to experience the rest.

Gavin gathered up all the layers in his hands at her sides and slowly lifted the stifling material. “Arms up, Baby girl.”

She held her breath as she lifted her arms above her head. A second later, she stood before him in nothing but her white panties.

Daddy was not breathing. He wasn’t blinking either. His gaze roamed up and down her body.

Perhaps she should have been embarrassed, but all she could feel was beautiful because that’s what she read in his expression. Awe and reverence.

His hands were trembling as he finally cupped her breasts, and she nearly collapsed into him when he stroked her nipples with his thumbs.

He caught her, supporting her with his enormous palms. “Molly…”

“Will you claim me now?” she asked softly.

“Are you sure, Little one?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

He rose from the bed, lifted her once again, and settled her on her back. His hands came to the elastic of her panties at her hips so he could lower them down her body. And then she was naked.

She fought the urge to cover herself. Naked wasn’t an experience she was used to. She didn’t even bathe naked. Plus, certainly no one ever saw her bare skin.

Her chest rose and fell as she watched him look at her. When he set his hands on her

knees and guided them open, she inhaled sharply. She couldn't believe this was happening. Nor could she comprehend the bombardment of emotions consuming her.

Daddy bent her knees and pushed them high and wide, exposing every bit of her most private parts.

She reached for his shoulders and whimpered. "Daddy..."

"Let Daddy look at you, Baby girl. You will not hide yourself from me. Never again. When we're alone, I will want to see all of you like this.

For the next few weeks, I will rarely dress you, Little one.

You'll grow accustomed to my gaze on your gorgeous body, my hands roaming over your curves, my mouth suckling every inch of you. "

She panted. His words were so foreign. It was hard to fathom what he described.

"Look at me, Molly."

She jerked her gaze from his chest to his eyes.

"I'm going to suck your pretty nipples, then I'm going to lower my mouth between your legs and lap at your pussy with my tongue."

She pursed her lips. His mouth? On her down there? Her face heated, but she found she also really wanted to know what that would feel like.

"Have you ever touched your pussy, Little one?"

She shook her head, the temperature of her cheeks rising.

“You’ve never stroked your clit until you reached orgasm, Baby girl?”

She stared at him.

“You don’t even know what an orgasm is, do you, Molly?”

“No, Sir,” she whispered.

“In a minute, you’ll know.” He lowered his mouth to her breast.

The moment he drew her nipple in between his lips, she arched her chest toward him and whimpered. Holy heavens. She couldn’t make a coherent thought. Her breast felt heavy as her nipple grew hard and tight.

She considered touching him, but she couldn’t manage to send any messages to her hands, which lay limp at her sides, partially under her knees.

In seconds, she was panting, and Daddy switched to the other nipple to treat it to the same delicious assault.

Her mother definitely didn’t tell her about this. Molly wondered if her mother even knew. And then all thoughts of anyone besides Gavin fled the mountain.

His touch... His mouth... The way he held her knees obscenely wide...

He left her nipple wet when he suddenly lowered his head between her legs.

She held her breath for a heartbeat, and then his mouth was on her again, and she cried out. Her eyes rolled back as he dragged his tongue over a spot she’d never known existed. A sensitive bundle of nerves that seemed to draw every ounce of her attention.

When he captured the bud between his teeth, she came apart, screaming as intense pleasure consumed her, pulses making her body throb over and over. Her vision swam as she gasped for air.

Daddy didn't stop. Instead he thrust his tongue into her.

"Ohhh..." The sound was foreign to her, and she tried to buck him off her, overwhelmed and certain she couldn't take more.

But she was wrong. The need grew. In the back of her mind, she thought she should be mortified for him to put his mouth there, but she couldn't find the will to care.

It felt better than anything she'd ever experienced in her life.

That place where he had his tongue... That's where he was going to put his...shaft. Right?

Suddenly, he sucked again, seemingly every inch of her private parts. She stopped breathing as she reached for that elusive cliff she'd crashed over moments ago, and lifted her hips clear off the bed as she tumbled into the abyss again.

Oh, oh, oh, oh ...

The pulsing resumed, her channel clenching around his tongue.

Nirvana.

Chapter Seven

Gavin didn't release his mate's delicious pussy until she finally winced from overstimulation. When he did, she went limp on the bed, and he wiped his lips on the sheets beside her before kissing his way up her body.

He couldn't resist circling her nipples with his tongue, one at a time, loving the purring sounds coming from her.

"Daddy..."

He finally lifted his head to meet her gaze. Her eyes were glazed over but aimed his direction. She was smiling, though he doubted she was aware. So sexy. Prettiest woman he'd ever set eyes on.

Sure, Fate made him believe that no matter what, but She was not wrong about this match. Molly was already his entire world. He felt like the luckiest man alive.

Her chest rose and fell with every gasp for oxygen.

Her breasts were fucking perfection, the tiny pink tips so stunning he would never tire of looking at them.

He'd meant what he'd said earlier. He would not let her wear clothes very often in the house, but damn.

He wasn't inclined to let her cover her breasts for a long time.

Certainly not until they were forced to come up for air and face other shifters.

Traditionally, Alpha Protectors spent several weeks alone with their mates before venturing out and establishing their own new normal. At that time, he would resume his duties within the pack, leaving her with other Littles under the care of one of the other Alphas when he was on patrol.

However, several recent matings had ended up being disturbed within days of consummation. There were new forces at play. Bear shifters had infringed on their territory and threatened their way of life.

Gavin hadn't been kidding when he'd told his precious mate there were Alpha Protectors guarding them. New measures had been put in place to ensure no beings were able to sneak up on newly mated couples during their honeymoon period.

In a few days, Gavin would be able to center himself better and pay closer attention to his surroundings, but for now, his focus was entirely on his mate, her first claiming and her first shift. Knowing his brothers were out there, ensuring no one could sneak up on them, calmed his nerves.

Not just his fellow Alpha Protectors. A few of their mates were also on watch.

This was something new that still unnerved every member of his extended family.

A few recent mates had powers no one had ever known to exist in a female shifter.

Powers that were instrumental to the task of protecting the valley.

Gavin couldn't deny the number of times he'd fretted, wondering if his mate would also have unknown powers.

He doubted she knew either. Part of him wished she would not be saddled with such a burden.

He wanted to protect her, keep her coddled and pampered.

But he was aware he might face forces beyond his control.

For now, he would focus on nothing but her pleasure, ensuring she reached total bliss over and over before he took her innocence, causing her to enter her transition until she experienced her shift.

The sweet smile on her lips warmed him to the core. She was sated and blissed out. Stunning in every way.

Panting, she finally managed to mutter, "I... I didn't know."

He kissed her lips, aware that he was giving her a taste of her own arousal.

She moaned. "We didn't even..."

He chuckled. "Not yet, Little one. I wanted you to understand what it means to be mine. What I will do to you often."

Her eyes went wide, and her mouth dropped open.

He nuzzled her neck. "Several more times tonight, Little one, and every single day of your life."

"Daddy..." she whimpered.

He lowered his lips to her nipple and captured the tight bud gently with his teeth

before releasing it and meeting her stunned gaze again.

“Molly, you haven’t even experienced a tenth of what our matings will be like.

I have yet to put a finger inside you, let alone my cock.

And our marks have not touched each other. ”

He loved the way her eyes widened in almost horror.

He chuckled again. “We don’t have to do anything else tonight, Little one.”

She pushed up onto her elbows and glared at him.

He would have laughed if she hadn’t been so serious.

“Oh no you don’t. No stopping.” She dropped back down and lifted her right arm, extending her mark. “Show me.”

“How about I get you something to drink first.”

She sighed dramatically as she went limp on the bed.

He laughed as he pushed to standing. “Sassy girl.” He kissed her tummy. “Don’t move. Not an inch. If you do, I’ll flip you over and swat your naughty bottom before I make you come again.”

He left her lying there while he padded into the kitchen to fill a sippy cup with formula.

She needed calories as well as fluid. The next time he fed her would be by bottle.

She would be so sated and tired as she moved into the transitional phase before her shift that she wouldn't likely balk by then.

When he returned, she was exactly where he'd left her. She hadn't even pulled her knees together. She was a vision, sated and relaxed enough that she was uninhibited.

Her pin-straight, almost black hair fanned around her, making her look ethereal. In fact, he froze in his spot and took several moments to stare at her, soaking in her radiance.

She was his. Forever. He finally had his mate in his home. After years of waiting and watching some of his friends and even his brother claim their mates, he'd claimed his own. It nearly brought him to his knees.

The coming hours would be a frenzy of sex and caring for her until he helped her through her first shift. Afterward, they would sleep hard for hours, but this moment...

He wanted to memorize this picture.

"Gavin..." Her sweet voice called to him.

He climbed up to sit with his back against the headboard and patted his lap. He was still wearing his dress pants. They would stay on until she was certain she wanted him to expose his cock. That did not have to be tonight, but he suspected she wasn't going to be put off.

"Come, Little one. Let me feed you."

She rolled onto all fours and crawled over to him. "What did you bring me to drink?"

"Formula, Little one. It has all the nutrition you need for times when sitting at the

table eating solid foods isn't the best option."

"Is that what you fed me from a bottle earlier?"

"Yes, and I'll feed you several bottles throughout the night. But I thought you might prefer a sippy cup this time." He helped her settle on his lap and leaned her back slightly in his arms.

She took the cup from him and examined it before taking a sip. "Mmm. Not bad."

"You'll learn to crave it at times, Baby girl, especially when you feel very Little and want Daddy to take care of you in every way."

She stared at him as she drank.

He knew the ways of his people were foreign and took some getting used to, but she was adjusting well so far. At least she wasn't in a panic over his plans to care for her.

In minutes, she drained the cup and handed it to him. "I guess I was thirsty."

He reached to set it on the nightstand.

Molly looked down at herself. "I can't believe I'm naked."

He slid a hand up her hip and continued until he cupped her small breast.

She moaned at the contact, arched into his palm, and grabbed his wrist. Her small fingers inadvertently touched his mark, making her gasp as her eyes went wide.

Gaze on his, she licked her lips. "I want more, Daddy."

“Okay, Little one.” He would not deny her. He couldn’t. His cock had been hard for hours. It was painfully tight in his pants as he forced it to wait.

“Will you take the rest of your clothes off?”

“Are you ready for that?” He thumbed her nipple.

“Yes,” she breathed out.

Gavin lifted her off his lap and set her on the bed before sliding off the side.

She spun to face him and rose onto her knees near the edge, his eager Little girl, uninhibited. Patiently waiting.

Keeping his gaze on her face, he removed his pants, taking his briefs with them.

She bit into her bottom lip and stopped breathing as her wide eyes took in his raging erection.

Lowering her bottom onto her heels, she palmed her thighs.

No sound came from her mouth, but he could sense her fear and unease.

It was expected and normal. She’d never seen a cock before, and she certainly wouldn’t have seen one this large.

Gavin circled his girth with his hand and eased his grip up and down his shaft, causing precome to gather in the slit.

Finally, she sucked in a breath. “That’s going to go inside me?”

“Yes, Little one. I will help prepare you with my fingers first. I’ll stretch your tight cunt until I’m confident you’re ready. It will still hurt when I first enter you, Baby girl, but only for a few seconds. After that, all you’ll know is pleasure. I promise.”

She swallowed hard. “Your tongue was tight.”

“I know, Little one.” He knew that fact well. He’d nearly groaned when he’d thrust into her. Even he’d had a moment of hesitation wondering how the hell he would be able to fill her with his cock. But he knew logically they would fit together perfectly. All mates did. Molly would be no exception.

His jaw was tight at the thought of her experiencing even a single moment of pain, but it couldn’t be helped. She would hardly remember it after the fact. Plus, it would only be the once.

She lifted her gaze. “I’m scared.”

He released his cock to step closer and cup her face. “I know, Baby girl. That’s normal. Trust Daddy to take care of you, okay?”

“Yes.”

He slid his hands under her arms to lift her onto her knees, putting her face-to-face with him. Embracing her, he drew her chest against his, loving the feel of her soft breasts as they pressed into his pecs.

When he took her mouth, she moaned immediately. He could scent her fear, but her arousal was stronger. While he kissed her, he lifted her right hand, threaded their fingers together, and finally pressed his mark directly against hers.

Molly gasped, her mouth pulling back as her eyes went wide.

His jaw tightened. He was as stunned as her. No matter how many of his friends and relatives had told him what this experience would be like, there was no way to fully describe it.

The world opened up. The house ceased to exist. It faded around them as if they were in a void. Just the two of them. United. Floating. There were no specific sounds, or maybe his ears were ringing.

He didn't blink. His gaze remained focused on hers, and she did the same. He could see into her soul. They remained frozen in time, mesmerized. Her essence wove around him, swirling, intertwining with his until they were not two beings at all but one.

And then the lust slammed into him at the same moment it did her. He recognized the change in her eyes, the way her pupils dilated, the panting.

She grabbed his other arm with her hand, her chest rising and falling as their breathing synced and their heart rates matched.

He reluctantly pulled his mark from hers.

There was a certain amount of euphoria from the simple act of letting their marks touch, and he would explore that with her more later.

Perhaps they could even orgasm from staring at each other while their marks aligned, but right now, he wanted more.

He needed to be inside her. He needed to completely consume her.

Gavin grabbed her waist and lifted her up higher, pulling her against him so that her tummy pressed against his chest. She was so small that his cock easily settled

between her legs in this position.

She grabbed his shoulders and gasped when his dick stroked through her folds. When she tried to squirm as if to lower herself onto him, he stopped her.

“Not like this, Little one. Let me stretch you first.”

She shook her head. “Please. I need...” She wiggled, shoving herself downward, trying to impale herself.

He quickly lowered her onto her back, nearly dropping her as they bounced onto the mattress. His cock managed to find her entrance and force its way into her, but only the tip.

Molly moaned, still trying to force herself to consume him.

“No, Little one,” he repeated. Grabbing her hips, he hauled her almost all the way to the other side of the bed. Before she could protest again, he dropped his elbows between her legs and latched on to her pussy with his mouth.

Heaven. Her taste. Her scent. He would never get enough.

Molly fought him. “Daddy...”

He recognized the frenzy. He even understood it because he felt it, too.

But it was his responsibility to make sure this experience was as positive for his mate as possible.

He wouldn't be able to prevent her from experiencing some initial pain, but he could minimize it, and he could make it so that it was all but forgotten by the time they

were done.

While she fought him, he settled an arm across her hips. She was surprisingly wiggly for someone as tiny as she was. Before she could squirm out of reach again, he set his mouth on her clit and thrust one finger into her.

Heavens she was tight. His cock stiffened at the feel of her channel gripping his finger as if his dick knew it would soon bury itself in the same location.

Molly dug her heels into the mattress, tried to lift her hips, and cried out.

Gavin suckled her sweet bundle of nerves as he eased his finger in and out of her. All her purring and squirming was making his cock harder by the second. At this rate, he was going to come against the bed long before he got inside her.

When he thought she could tolerate it, he added a second finger. So tight. He feared he might actually hurt her.

“Gavin,” she screamed.

For a moment, he thought she was in pain, but then she came, her channel clenching his fingers while her clit throbbed against his tongue. He took the opportunity while she was in the middle of her orgasm to add a third finger and scissor all of them around inside her.

He knew it would be best if he entered her right on the heels of this orgasm while she was loose and sated and still needy, so before the last of her tremors faded, he released her clit, removed his fingers, and crawled up her body.

Positioning his cock at her entrance, he cupped her face and met her gaze. “Eyes on mine, Molly.”

She whimpered as she met his gaze. “Please, Daddy. I need you.”

He kissed her lips and thrust all the way to the hilt, praying to any deity who would listen that she not be traumatized by this experience.

Molly’s eyes rolled back as all the air left her lungs. A long moan escaped her lips before she suddenly grabbed his shoulder blades and bucked her hips. “Do it again. Daddy, move .”

Blessed angels.

Chapter Eight

There were no words to describe the total and utter bliss Molly felt as Gavin thrust into her. Maybe there had been a twinge of discomfort, but really it had just been tightness, and she welcomed that grip because it caused every nerve ending inside her channel to come to life.

If she thought it had felt nice having him suckle her nipples or put his mouth on her pussy, that had been nothing compared to the moment he pushed a finger into her. And now this.

It was as if he belonged inside her. They fit together as though it were destined, and it was. According to Fate, Molly had always been his from the beginning of time. She would never doubt Her choices again. That was for sure.

Tremors that had already existed before he entered her simply continued, growing in strength. She vaguely understood what an orgasm was after the two he'd given her before, but she didn't think the euphoria was supposed to go on and on like this without end.

She gasped when Gavin pulled out, her eyes going wide as she reached for him. "Gavin..."

He kissed her lips and flipped her over, pulling her hips up and lining his thick length with her opening from behind.

Molly fisted the sheets, trying to keep from being shoved forward. She arched her

head back as the room filled with a loud growl. It wasn't him. It came from her. It was primal and demanding. Her wolf wanted everything he would give her.

Her breasts swayed heavily as she did everything she could to brace herself and take every thrust.

Gavin's mouth came down on her shoulder. He kissed her there, but then he nipped her skin, the slight pain driving her need shockingly higher.

Suddenly, he rose onto his knees, grabbed her hips, and cried out her name. "Molly..." He reached under her with one hand to pinch one of her nipples. "Come, Little one. Now."

As if her body was no longer her own, it obeyed him, a powerful orgasm shaking her entire frame while he growled low and loud, filling her with his essence.

It seemed very loud in the room. She figured her ears were ringing from the sound of Gavin's primal growl and the wild beat of their hearts. She was aware of both.

When he eased out of her, he wrapped his arms around her and lifted her, turning her around to pull her against his chest as he stood and moved away from the bed.

She had no idea where he was taking her, nor did she care. A few seconds later, she was aware of water running, and she turned her gaze toward the sound just before he stepped into the shower.

"Shh, Baby girl. I've got you. Deep breaths. Your heart is racing, Little one."

She tried to inhale deeply, but it was hard. She was hyperventilating.

"Breathe with me, Molly," he ordered. "Come on. In..."

She didn't think she could possibly follow his order, but apparently her body had other ideas and knew who its Alpha was. She found herself inhaling and exhaling every breath with him.

"Good girl." He let the water run down both of them, keeping her face out of the stream. She had no idea if it was hot or cold. It didn't matter. It was blocking out the sounds. Why were her ears ringing so loudly?

Gavin stroked her skin and rocked her. "That's my girl. So perfect. So beautiful."

She thought he might have washed her, but it was hard to focus. She was so hot. Burning up. As if she had a fever. Her eyes wouldn't stay open. She kept trying, but it wasn't worth the effort.

He kept talking to her, but it seemed like he was far away or maybe it was hard to hear him over the ringing in her ears. It didn't matter. He took care of everything. He dried her off and carried her out of the bathroom.

She managed to whimper when he put her down, but he rolled her to her side and held her in place with a firm hand on her hip. "I need to take your temperature, Little one. Hold still for Daddy."

She fought him futilely, not understanding until he held her butt cheeks open, exposing her tight hole. When realization dawned, she struggled to get away from him, but she was no match. He held her steady as he pressed something hard and cold into her bottom.

"No, Daddy," she cried.

"Shh. Be a good girl for Daddy. Stay still. It should take hours for your temperature to rise in preparation for your transition, but you seem really hot to me."

She gave up the fight but sniffled while he held that horrible thermometer in her bottom.

Finally, he removed it, and she blew out a breath. Why were her eyes so heavy? Why were her ears seemingly clogged? His voice was wrong. Distant. White noise seemed to muffle everything he said.

He gently rolled her onto her back and lifted her hips to push something under her. When he pulled it up between her legs, she fought him again. “No, Daddy, no.”

“Yes, Little one. You need to take a bottle, and you’re so hot.” His voice sounded concerned.

He picked her up again, cradling her in his arms. His skin, which had earlier felt warmer than hers, now felt cool to the touch. Did she have a fever?

He carried her through the house, rocking her constantly. When something tapped her lips, she opened her mouth and eagerly accepted the nipple, sucking frantically. So thirsty. She drained the bottle.

“Good girl.”

Cool air hit her moments before the strange ringing in her ears grew almost painful. She screamed and covered her ears.

“Molly. Fuck. What the hell?”

She fought against him, screaming louder. Were they outside?

She forced her eyes open, confirming they were on the back deck. Keeping her hands over her ears, she shook her head.

The moment he carried her back into the house the pain eased. She gasped for breath. “Please don’t do that again,” she begged, sobbing.

“Okay, Little one. I won’t.” He held her close, bouncing her gently.

Finally, she was able to lower her hands and rest against his chest. Her heart slowed. She knew it did because so did his. Their hearts were beating in sync. She assumed her anxiety was making his heart beat rapidly with hers, but she didn’t understand anything that was happening.

Suddenly, Gavin was speaking. “Hey, Felix. Yeah, need your help.”

It took a moment to realize he was on the phone. Felix was his brother. Why was he calling his brother?

“It’s Molly. I don’t think her transition stage is normal. She was overheated within seconds of consummation, and I think she’s in pain. Her head hurts or something. She’s in obvious distress. She keeps covering her ears. When I took her outside, she screamed as if it hurt. The air or something.”

At least she wasn’t crazy. Something about this wasn’t quite right.

“Yeah... Okay... Uh huh... Thanks.”

“Daddy,” she whispered. “What’s wrong with me?” She wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Nothing, Little one. Every transition is different. I think yours is just happening faster than usual. I’m going to take your temperature again. Can you be brave for me?”

She nodded. She didn't like having him push that dumb thermometer in her bottom, but she would endure it if he thought it was necessary.

This time when he lowered her onto her side, she didn't fight him. She accepted the pillow he tucked in front of her, hugged it close and pressed her ear against it. When she covered her other ear with her hand, some of the ringing stopped.

She pouted, but she didn't argue as her Daddy opened her diaper, parted her cheeks, and eased the rod into her bottom again.

Daddy soothed her with gentle touches and soft words she couldn't fully hear. Finally he was done, and she was back in his arms.

"I think you will shift soon, Molly. You'll be so much more comfortable after your first shift. The fever is making you delirious."

She snuggled into him, breathing easier when he wrapped a soft blanket around her.

He even pressed it against her ear and kissed her forehead.

A moment later, something tapped her lips, and she opened them, thinking he was going to feed her more.

The expected nipple popped into her mouth, but when she sucked, nothing came out.

Daddy rolled her against his chest so that their bare skin was flush against each other.

Everything he did calmed her further, and she was grateful for his insight.

Maybe all matings were like this, and he knew exactly what to do.

But she suspected something about hers was different.

She knew it was because he'd called his brother in confusion.

She dozed off for a while, waking up only when he took her temperature again. She whimpered, hating the fact that he'd lowered her to the bed once more. And she nearly panicked when she realized she'd wet her diaper.

Daddy brought his lips near her ear and lifted the blanket just enough to speak to her. "I've got you, Baby girl. Forever and always. Lean on me."

She squeezed her eyes tighter. She hated opening them. She couldn't block out the ringing, but she could keep her eyes closed so she didn't have to see anything.

Daddy was quick to get her temperature, put a new diaper on her, and bundle her back up in his arms. He brought his mouth to her ear again. "You're burning up, Little one. Do you still want the blanket?"

She nodded, not willing to release the pacifier. She didn't care that she was hot. She only cared that she was cocooned.

More pacing. More resting. Something was happening to her. She assumed her body was preparing to shift. That was expected. But why was she so...off?

The next time he lowered her to the bed to take her temperature, something was different. She was hotter than ever, but she also found herself aroused.

Maybe he accidentally brushed her skin with his mark. Her breath hitched, and she pushed the nipple out of her mouth, yanked the blanket away from her body, and reached back for his hand—the one holding her cheeks apart. "Daddy..." she moaned.

“Molly?”

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Overwhelming desire consumed her. “Need you...” She trembled as he held the rod inside her. She wanted him to be done with that. She found herself gripping it with her bottom. An embarrassing desire to have him touch her there made her cheeks heat.

She groaned into the mattress and pushed her bottom out toward him, mortified but unable to stop herself.

When Daddy twisted the thermometer and pushed it deeper, she whimpered.

She was on her side, leaning forward, reaching back for his wrist. When her fingers touched his mark, she held tight, gripping him with strength she didn’t know she possessed.

“Okay, Baby girl. Just a minute.”

She bucked against him, impatient and silently begging for him to touch her in her forbidden hole. The strange drive consumed her and wouldn’t let go. He surely thought she’d gone mad.

As soon as he finally removed the thermometer, she started crying for no reason. An odd desperation drove her to twist around and grab at him. He was wearing loose pants, but he shrugged out of them. At least he wasn’t going to deny her. Thank the heavens.

Gavin climbed onto the bed, sat against the headboard, and lifted her, turning her until she straddled him. “Look at me, Molly,” he demanded.

She met his gaze, seeing him for the first time in a while. Not waiting for him to say anything else, she lined herself up with his erection and thrust her body down over it.

He groaned so loud it shook the entire house. His hands came to her hips, steadying her as his jaw dropped open. “Heavens, Little one.” He panted, his breaths once again matching hers.

She couldn’t fathom how she was so aware of their synced breathing, but she very much was.

Grabbing his shoulders, she lifted partway up and thrust back down.

For the first time since he’d last been inside her, she felt centered.

More inside herself. The ringing stopped. All she heard was blessed silence.

Molly wrapped her legs around her Daddy’s hips and sat flush against him, his erection fully impaling her. She was hot, and the frenzy was still there, but she wanted to catch her breath. Her mind was oddly clearer.

“There you are, Little one.” He smiled at her. “If I’d known all I needed to do was make love to you so I could see your eyes, I would have done so earlier.”

She was shaking as she flattened her palms on his chest. “Is it always like this?”

“Not exactly. But everyone’s first shift is different. Your temperature is high, Little one. I suspect you will shift very soon.”

She rose up and thrust back down, loving the way every nerve ending sizzled from the contact. “Touch me, Daddy,” she begged.

His large hands were on her back, and he slid them around to her breasts, cupping them and thrumming her nipples.

She arched her chest toward him. “More...”

He pinched her buds and gave them a twist.

She moaned. “More, Daddy. Touch me everywhere.” Her face heated further, but as hot as she was, she doubted he could have noticed.

Luckily he understood because his hands smoothed down to her bottom, and he pulled her cheeks apart. “Here, Baby girl?” He stroked her tight entrance.

She nodded as she lowered her gaze, mortified by her request.

Daddy held her bottom open with one hand and brought the other up to her lips. “Look at me, Molly.”

She slowly lifted her gaze.

“Good girl. Never be embarrassed to ask for what you want. I told you every inch of you inside and out was mine. I mean that. Even your bottom. Lots of Little girls enjoy having their little bottoms penetrated. No reason to panic. Suck Daddy’s finger. Get it all wet so I can slide it into you.”

When he tapped her lips, she opened for him. She held his gaze while she sucked on his middle finger. She couldn’t believe how naughty she was behaving. So much had happened today. So many things she hadn’t expected. And now this. So dirty.

Molly boldly swirled her tongue around Daddy’s finger, watching his expression until he popped it out and lowered his hand behind her.

Her eyes rolled back when he stroked the sensitive nerves at the entrance to her rectum. He didn't need her saliva. Her own wetness was running out of her pussy to coat everything, including her tight hole.

"Eyes on mine, naughty girl. You will look at me while I breach your pretty rosebud."

She whimpered as she looked at him. It should be humiliating, and it was, but that humiliation made her pussy clench harder around his shaft. "Please," she begged, squirming against the base of his erection.

Daddy pressed his finger against the tight ring. The pressure was welcome. The anticipation made her shiver. "Yes..."

He didn't stop. He pushed his thick digit up into her, not stopping until his palm was flat against her bottom.

Molly gripped his shoulders as hard as she could as if she could tether herself to Earth by doing so. By instinct, when he slowly eased his finger out, she planted her feet and lifted off his shaft. When she slammed back down, he pushed back in at the same time.

"Fuck, Molly..." His tone was reverent. He liked this. "Take what you need, Baby girl. Fuck Daddy's cock as long as you'd like."

She took her time, easing up and down, moaning around the dual sensations.

Nothing could have prepared her for this unbelievable bliss.

No one could have explained it to her. She doubted anyone she'd ever known in the valley had experienced this.

It was something reserved for Alpha Protectors and their mates.

And for the first time in Molly's life, she thanked the heavens that she'd been born with the mark of her mate.

After twenty years of fretting and feeling disgruntled, she felt privileged and peaceful. The luckiest girl alive.

She wanted to take her time. She wanted to make this last for hours. In her soul, she knew as soon as they reached their mutual orgasm, everything would change. She didn't understand how she was aware of that fact, but there was no doubt.

When she pulled off him, the ringing would resume louder than before. She would shift for the first time. Her world would never be the same, and she hoped it would be better.

She couldn't keep this languid pace, though. The drive to ride him hard was too strong and consuming her.

Heaven. Pure heaven.

Tossing her head back, she held on tighter, bouncing harder and faster. She was oddly aware of every sensation from the way her breasts bobbed with her movements to the way her pussy gripped her Daddy's shaft to the way his finger penetrated her naughty hole.

It was too much.

"Come, Baby girl. Come all over Daddy's cock."

Chapter Nine

Gavin was nervous. Neither of them had said anything, but he was certain the moment they reached their peaks and he slid out of her, his girl was going to go back into that dark place again.

He hated that place. He didn't understand what the fuck was happening to her or what it meant. All he could do was pray that it had something to do with her first shift and wouldn't happen again.

But he had his doubts.

He gritted his teeth as his precious Little girl rode him harder, slamming down with such force that his cock was buried deeper than he would have thought possible with each thrust.

He kept his finger in her tight bottom, moving it in sync with her thrusts, giving her what she needed, and so fucking impressed and proud of her for asking for this.

His girl was strong. She'd told him she was shy and introverted and hadn't had many friends, but with him, she would not be that timid Little girl.

She would be confident and free with him.

She would laugh and play. She would be naughty when necessary and accept his palm on her bottom when she craved his discipline.

Her body hovered for a long heartbeat before her channel seized around his cock. All the breath left her lungs as she writhed with her release. He watched her for a few seconds, holding back until he couldn't any longer.

His vision blurred as he came hard, the force of his ejaculation against her cervix causing him to see stars.

Luckily he had the wherewithal to hold on to her with his free hand as they floated back to Earth because she started shaking violently almost instantly. Her hands came to her ears.

He didn't understand that at all. He'd never heard of anyone's mate having issues with their ears during the transition period.

As quickly as possible, Gavin pulled his finger out of her tight hole and lifted her off his lap. He took a few seconds to grab a wipe for his hand before scooping her up and carrying her into the bathroom.

This time, he turned on the water for the giant tub, hoping a cool bath would soothe her.

It was hard to hold on to his mate. She bucked and squirmed violently in his arms. Her eyes were once again squeezed shut as if the light bothered her.

Perhaps every single one of her senses were painfully heightened.

That would explain her covering her ears, closing her eyes, and fighting against him as though his very touch was too much to bear.

As soon as the water was high enough, he climbed in, sat against the back of the tub, and arranged her between his legs.

She was nearly hyperventilating.

Panic crawled up Gavin's spine. This was not normal. Granted, he'd never been present for any other mate's transition, but he was well-educated on the subject. No one had described it like this.

Gasping for air, Molly gripped the edges of the tub before suddenly scooting down and completely submerging herself.

Gavin's breath hitched as he watched his mate disappear under the water. Her long hair floated all around him, making it hard to see her face.

Seconds ticked by while he watched in horror, but when he reached for her wrist to pull her up, she grabbed his arm, held tight, and shook her head. What the living hell?

He held his own breath, counting, thinking to give her only a few more seconds before he forced her out of the water. Just when he was about to yank her up, she popped out, gasping for oxygen.

Her hair plastered to her face and all around her body.

Gavin started to speak, but he didn't get a chance before she did it again, diving back under the water. "Fuck." This time he gathered her hair to one side so he could at least see her.

Molly stared up at him through the water. She lay very still, looking a hundred times more peaceful. She slowly wrapped her tiny fingers around his wrist where he held her hair and gave him a strange reassuring squeeze. Her eyes were clearer.

Gavin's jaw was tight as he kept a close eye on her. Whatever the fuck was happening, he didn't like it. He trusted her, though. He would do his best to honor her

wishes.

She popped back up again, panting, dragging in as much oxygen as she could, and then gone.

Fucking hell.

His heart couldn't take this. He swooshed her hair out of the way yet again. This time he set his hand loosely on her chest, needing to feel her heart. It beat strong with no sign of panic from her. Her lack of panic kept him in check.

In a flash of movement, Molly popped out of the water, spun around, straddled him, lined his cock up with her hand, and thrust downward.

Gavin's head fell backward. He had to grab the edges of the tub to steady himself. His mate was full of surprises.

She flattened her body against his, her arms coming around him to hug him tight. "Sorry."

He chuckled as he found a brain cell and spread his palms on her back. "Molly, you never need to apologize for climbing over my cock. But I wouldn't mind understanding why you're trying to make my heart stop with all this submerging yourself under water."

"I don't know," she murmured.

He kissed the top of her head. "You don't know..."

"It's quiet."

“Is it too loud in here?” he teased.

“Yes.”

He stiffened. Was she serious?

“Except when you’re inside me. And when I’m under water.”

He rubbed her back, trying to make sense of her words and coming up short.

“I think I’m ready to shift.”

“I suspect you are, Little one.”

“I want to stay right here for a minute longer, okay?”

He chuckled again and tipped her head back. “Precious mate of mine, like I said, sit on my cock any time you want.”

She bit her lip, smiling. “Water would flood the bathroom if I started bouncing up and down.”

“I don’t give a fuck if water floods the entire house, Little one. Bounce on my dick if that’s what you need.”

She stared at him. “I need to shift.”

“Okay.”

“Can I do it in here?”

“In the tub?”

“No. I mean in the house. Or even in the bathroom.”

He nodded. “Assuming you’re not as large as Felix’s mate, Khloe. I guess we’ll find out.”

Molly frowned. “She’s big?”

“Enormous.”

Molly’s brows furrowed. “I’ve never seen a large female wolf.”

“Neither had any of us.”

“Will I be big?”

“I don’t know, Little one. Nothing would surprise me at this point. But don’t you worry. The bathroom is large. You’ll be fine. Would you like to get out, dry off, and try?”

She shook her head. “There won’t be time to dry off.”

He frowned. This was so unbelievably surreal. “How do you know?”

She shrugged. “I don’t have any idea. I just know. When I lift off you, I’m going to shift.”

The oddest part was that she had such clarity, not just about this topic but in general. Females on the verge of their first shift did not experience this level of clarity ordinarily. They were usually scared and confused. Shivering. Burning up from their

body temperature.

He cupped her face and kissed her lips. Her heart was calm.

He believed in his soul she was right. She was so certain.

“I’m going to lift you out of the tub and set you on your feet.

Don’t fight it. Sometimes it helps to close your eyes and take a deep breath.

Let your wolf come to the surface. Before you know it, you’ll be on all fours.

I’ll climb out behind you and be right next to you the entire time, okay? ”

“Yes, Daddy.” She reached with her tiny hands to press them to his cheeks. “I’m not scared.”

He smiled. “My brave girl.” One more kiss. “Ready?”

“Yes.”

He grabbed her around the waist, and in one swift move, lifted her off his cock and over the side of the tub to set her on her feet.

He kept one hand on her hip to be sure she didn’t slip and fall, but she took a step back out of his reach, closed her eyes, inhaled deeply, and let the shimmer of the shift take over.

Before he could move to get out of the tub, his gorgeous mate was on all fours in the middle of the bathroom.

Fuck, she was stunning. Her fur was the same nearly black color of her human hair. She was most definitely not huge like Khloe. In fact, she was kind of small.

She also wasn't scared. He could scent her calm in the air. She drew in a deep breath through her nostrils and let it out of her snout. As she lowered to sit on her haunches, Gavin climbed out of the tub.

He never released her gaze. His heart swelled as he fell deeper in love with her. Peace washed through him. She was perfect. There had been no need to worry. He had a million questions, and there would be rough waters ahead, but her wolf was stunning and flawless.

Without taking his gaze off hers, he snagged a towel so he could dry off. When he finished, he started to wrap it around his hips.

His mate snarled, baring her teeth before she lurched forward, grabbed the edge of the towel with her teeth, and yanked it to the floor.

Gavin laughed. Apparently she didn't like the idea of him covering his cock.

She tipped her head to one side and stared at his erection for a long time as if memorizing it for later. She'd seen it before. She would see it a million times in their lives. But for some reason it fascinated her now.

He stood still, letting her look. He doubted he would ever be able to deny her anything. He'd climb a tree to the very top if she wanted him to pick her a specific apple.

After a while, she lifted one paw and nudged the towel on the floor toward him.

He chuckled as he bent to pick it up. "Oh, may I cover my cock now, my queen?" he

joked.

Her eyes were a deep blue similar to those of her human side, and his sassy mate rolled those eyes before tipping her head back and howling. As she did so, she must have startled herself because she fell over backward and had to scramble to roll onto her paws to get her balance.

Gavin reached out and stroked her fur. “So soft. You’re the most gorgeous wolf I’ve ever laid eyes on, Little mate of mine.”

Molly tipped her head to one side and rubbed her snout against his palm.

“Are you ready to shift back, Little one?”

She scrambled out of his reach, growling, baring her teeth again as if he’d suggested she leap off a cliff.

He furrowed his brows. “Okay. Take your time. No rush.” Tugging the towel free from his hips, he dropped it to the floor again and used his foot to mop up the water. Maybe his cock would entice her to shift back.

It did not, however. She simply moved around so he could continue sopping up the water. She even boldly turned and pranced out of the bathroom.

He followed her, surprised when she bounded onto the bed, spun around in circles, and finally dropped down into a little ball, setting her jaw on her front paws.

He couldn’t keep from smiling at her. “Do you think you’re going to sleep in wolf form, naughty girl?”

She sighed heavily and settled deeper.

He set a knee on the edge of the bed and leaned close to her. “Newsflash, Little mate, there’s no chance in hell you’re going to sleep on this bed in wolf form.”

She peered over the edge and looked around.

“Oh no you don’t, Baby girl. You’re not sleeping anywhere in wolf form. You’re going to shift back, and I’m going to hold your sexy human body in my arms in this bed. Every night of our lives.”

She snarled and resumed her position. Such a defiant, naughty girl.

Gavin chuckled. “I know you’re curious to find out what it will feel like when I spank your pretty bottom, Molly, and you’re going to find out if you don’t shift back soon.” He rubbed his palms together.

Her eyes widened, and her ears stood up.

“That’s right. I’m going to start counting. Whatever number I get to before I have my human mate back is how many swats you’re going to get on your naughty little bottom.”

Molly leaped to her paws. Apparently she wasn’t interested in being spanked tonight because she closed her eyes and shifted back so fast no one would believe it was her first shift.

As soon as she was back in human form, she covered her ears and sat trembling in front of him.

Gavin dropped to his knees next to the bed and set his hands on either side of her hips. “Molly, what’s wrong? Talk to me.”

“It’s so loud, Daddy.”

He frowned. “What’s loud, Baby girl? I don’t hear anything.” Is this what she’d been doing all evening? Covering her ears from noises he could not hear?

“Everything. So many noises.”

He could scent her frustration and her stress. She squeezed her legs together as he watched and felt her distress grow. He was at a loss and helpless to figure out how to fix this for her.

Finally, he had an idea. He held out a finger, rose, and padded from the room. After hurrying to his office, he grabbed his headset from next to the computer and rushed back to his mate.

He held it up and met her gaze so she could see his lips. “This is a noise-cancelling headset. I use it for music, but maybe it will help.” He wasn’t sure if she heard him fully or not, but he lifted the set over her head and lowered it so the two sides covered her ears as she moved her hands away.

She grabbed the headset on both sides and grinned up at him as relief flooded her system.

Thank goodness as her mate he was so in tune with her emotions.

He might not be able to read her mind, but he could definitely sense when his mate was in distress or calm.

Happy or sad. He would learn every one of her scents in the coming days and be able to know what she needed.

Right now, she was giddy that he'd silenced the noises.

Now, what the absolute fuck were the noises she spoke of?

Chapter Ten

Molly was exhausted. She could tell by the look on her mate's face that whatever she was experiencing was not normal. All she had the energy to internalize, though, was that his headset blocked out everything and allowed her to breathe.

He lifted her off the bed, stood her on her feet, and proceeded to change the sheets on the bed. She was still running hotter than normal, so she wasn't cold, but her knees were quickly threatening to give out from exhaustion.

Finally, he was done, and he grabbed a diaper from the nightstand. He held it up before pointing at it and then the bathroom. He was giving her a choice. Toilet or diaper.

She swallowed hard as she made the strangest choice she'd ever made, lifting her finger to point at the diaper.

Her primary thought was that she was about to sleep ten hours, and she was afraid she would sleep so hard that she might wet the bed.

That would be far more embarrassing than letting him diaper her.

Gavin lifted her up to gently settle her on her back on the bed.

He kissed her tummy before he lifted her heels to slide the diaper under her.

Self-consciousness washed over her when he spread her legs wide, and the moment

he turned to open the drawer on the nightstand, she pulled her knees together.

When he resumed facing her, he narrowed his gaze and gave her a stern look, saying nothing. She wouldn't have been able to hear him, but also he didn't need to say a word. She understood his reprimand fine.

Her cheeks flushed as she parted her thighs, and they heated further when he made no move to continue. It took a second for it to dawn on her that she hadn't spread wide enough. She whimpered as she pressed her knees into the mattress, opening her pussy up completely.

"Good girl," he mouthed as he opened the tube he was holding.

She didn't dare argue or move an inch while he squeezed some kind of ointment on his finger and then carefully spread it on her pussy.

Her lips trembled the entire time. Nerve endings she'd never been aware of before today were no longer dormant.

He'd awakened something in her that would forever be present.

A need that was now growing as he stroked her folds.

She whimpered when he put the lid back on the tube and pulled the front of the diaper up around her hips. Breathing heavily, she was aware that her nipples were hard and her pussy was swollen and wet. How often would this happen?

He surely knew. Nothing would ever get by him. His shaft was fully erect, though she had no idea what it would look like when it wasn't because she'd yet to see it in any other state.

Daddy moved around the room, turning off lights before returning to the bed. He'd left a nightlight on in the bathroom. It illuminated the room enough to keep her from getting scared if she woke up in the night.

The bed dipped as he joined her, and he easily moved her right where he wanted her before pulling the covers over them, arranging her back against his chest, and wrapping his arms around her.

He kissed her neck before lifting the edge of the headset just enough to whisper, "You're safe, Little one.

Sleep. I'll be right with you all the time. "

"Thank you, Daddy," she responded as he settled the earpiece back into place. She took deep breaths. The silence was welcome. Her mind wouldn't relax, though. She had too many questions.

Why was it so loud in his house? She thought it was even louder outside. It hadn't been loud when she'd first arrived. That sensation hadn't started until they'd had sex.

Molly was soothed by his touch. He had to know she wasn't sleeping, and he continued to stroke her skin, up and down her arm. Eventually, he threaded his fingers with hers between her breasts but his thumb still moved back and forth across her knuckles, sometimes bumping against her nipple.

Every once in a while, he kissed her shoulder, acknowledging neither of them was asleep. She felt bad that she couldn't talk to him. It seemed like he was reassuring her it was okay. He understood. He would figure this out.

His heart beat in sync with hers. That must be a mate thing. She hadn't known about it, but it made sense. She'd been aware of their hearts aligning since she'd first met

his gaze. Perhaps even sooner. The moment he'd set his palm on top of her head during the ceremony.

He gave her peace. She felt reassured he would always do so for the rest of their lives.

What's wrong with me?

Daddy lifted the edge of the headset again. "Nothing is wrong with you, precious girl. Settle. Rest. Daddy will figure this out tomorrow."

She must have spoken out loud. She squeezed his hand between her breasts, so grateful to Fate that she'd been matched with the most amazing Alpha Protector, a man who very calmly accepted her strange behavior and promised to slay her demons.

So tired ...

Molly drifted off, her sleep so deep that she was only marginally aware when her Daddy later fed her a bottle and changed her. He gave her a pacifier and stroked her cheek as she went back into a deep sleep.

She was fairly certain he fed and changed her several times after that.

She sucked hard on the pacifier and her bottles.

She didn't have the energy to open her eyes, so she didn't try.

He didn't require her to. He simply took care of her, tucked her back in, kissed her temple, and let her go back into the deep sleep she apparently needed.

Finally she came more fully awake. She blinked open her eyes to discover the sun was setting, the dim light cast across the room.

She pushed to sitting, surprised to discover she was wearing a soft nightgown.

It was nothing like any nightgown she'd ever worn since it covered barely more than her chest, but it was soft and pretty.

She felt rested. When she attempted to lift the earpieces from her head, she winced, disappointed to find out the noises persisted. Nevertheless, she removed the headset, trying to focus on the particular sounds that seemed to be inside the house.

She determined she could separate those from anything else. Her Daddy was in the other room. His voice was one. There were three other voices belonging to other men.

Suddenly he appeared in the doorway and rushed toward her. "Hey, Baby girl." He scooped her up and held her against his chest. "How do you feel?"

"Better. I was so tired. I guess I slept all day." She wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck.

He chuckled. "You slept two days, Little one."

She gasped. "I did?"

"Yes, but that's not too strange. Your body needed sleep after your first shift. How are the noises?"

"Still there. Who's here?"

"Felix, Damon, and my father, Ezra. They're building something for you. It's almost

done. Want to see it?”

She cocked her head to one side, confused. “For me?”

“Yes, Baby girl.” He grabbed a soft blanket from the end of the bed and wrapped it all around her before carrying her out of the room and into the living room.

Sure enough, three giant Alpha Protectors filled the space. They all looked up, stopped what they were doing, and grew very silent.

She recognized Gavin’s father from the ceremony. She hadn’t looked him in the eye that day, but she knew it was him by his age and his voice when he spoke softly. “Sorry, Little one. Did we wake you?”

She shook her head. “No, Sir.” It took everything in her not to cover her ears. Instead she leaned one of them against her Daddy’s neck and pressed tight to cut down on some of the noise.

Tears came to her eyes, though. She couldn’t stop them. “Why is it so loud, Daddy?” she whispered.

He rubbed her back. “I don’t know, Little one, but I think we found a way to fix it.” He turned her to face the other side of the room.

The living room was now half the size it had been two days ago. There was a wall running down the middle of the room, cutting it into two sections. The new wall wasn’t painted. “What is it, Daddy?” she asked.

He carried her through the strange heavy door.

Everyone else followed, and Ezra shut the door.

Molly jerked upright and gasped. Her eyes went wide as she looked around. “How’d you do that?”

Daddy blew out a relieved breath. “Thank fuck. It worked? Are the noises gone?”

“Yes! How?”

“We’ve worked around the clock to build this insulated room, Little one.

The walls are thick and filled with a material that blocks out all sound.

I was awake half the night thinking after the headset helped you settle, trying to figure out a way to make it so you wouldn’t have to wear the headset all the time.”

She couldn’t stop grinning. The relief was tremendous.

Daddy turned her to face the two men she didn’t know. He pointed toward the first one. “This is Damon. His mate is Olivia. She’s the one I told you about whose human side is blind, but her wolf can see.”

Damon smiled at her.

“And this is my brother, Felix. His mate is Khloe. She’s the one I told you whose wolf is large. She and Olivia both have unusual attributes like you do.”

Molly shifted her attention back to her Daddy. “You think I have unusual attributes?”

He chuckled. “I’m sure of it. We just don’t know what it means yet.”

“What is it that you hear, Little one?” Ezra asked.

“I’m not sure. It seems like everything.”

“And you never experienced this before your mating?” he asked.

“No, sir.” Molly was so relieved that she was shaking.

Daddy rubbed her back, still holding her. She hoped he wouldn’t put her down. She was only wearing the nightgown and a diaper. She didn’t want anyone to see either of those.

Daddy kissed her cheek. “You panicked when I carried you outside. Was it louder out there?”

“So loud, Daddy. Like ten thousand people screaming.”

“People?” Damon asked.

She shrugged. “And twigs and every animal in the forest. And everyone nearby who was talking.”

The men all glanced at each other. “No one was nearby talking, Baby girl,” Daddy told her. “Some other Alpha Protectors were keeping watch over us, but they weren’t talking.”

She frowned. “I’m sure they were.”

He patted her bottom. “Okay. Well, you can’t hear any of the noises in here, right?”

She smiled. “No. It’s so nice.”

“I’d like to step back out of the room. Do you think you can focus on what you hear

so you can tell us, Little one?”

“I’ll try.”

“I’m going to take you outside for a minute, too, so you can compare. Then we’ll come back in here, okay?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Does it hurt?” he asked before opening the door.

She thought for a moment. “I guess it sort of hurts. It’s more like annoying.

I can’t focus or hear what I need to hear because of all the other noise.

Imagine if you were in a building and the fire alarm went off beside your head.

You would feel a sort of pain and cover your ears.

People around you might be shouting over it, but you would only see their lips moving. Annoying.”

Daddy listened closely, his brows furrowed. “Okay, you squeeze my hand tightly if it’s too overwhelming and you want me to bring you back in here.”

She nodded and braced herself for the onslaught of noises that were about to assault her.

The moment Ezra opened the door, she winced, but she took a deep breath and tried to focus.

Think. Listen. She knew this wasn't normal.

She'd never heard of something like this happening to anyone before, and it would seem neither had anyone among the Alpha Protectors.

She looked around the room and thought about what she was hearing, itemizing as many individual things as possible. It was so hard to separate them because all the noises were on top of each other.

When Gavin moved to the front door and glanced at her, she nodded. She could do this. It wasn't going to kill her. It was just so weird.

The second he opened the door, her breath hitched. It was so much worse outside. For a moment, she thought perhaps she was hearing every single sound on Earth at once.

She gripped her Daddy's hand where he held it against her front, but she nodded toward the clearing in front of his house. Again she tried to itemize the sounds and voices. She closed her eyes. It was much harder outside because nothing was muffled.

When she was ready, she squeezed her Daddy's hand, and he turned to hurry back into the house and through to the special room.

Chapter Eleven

Gavin hated the tension on his mate's face. It was impossible not to internalize her stress. When her heart rate increased, his did also to match. Everything that happened to her physically happened to him.

To a certain extent, the alignment of their bodies was normal. All mates fell into sync with each other. Alpha Protectors and their mates formed even stronger bonds than citizens in the valley. But Gavin wasn't sure his friends and relatives experienced this same level of synchrony.

As soon as they were all back in the room with the door closed, Molly blew out a breath and shuddered. "That's so weird." She threw her arms around his neck. "Thank you so much for building this room."

"You're welcome, Little one." He leaned her back so he could meet her gaze. "I'll do anything for you, Molly. Always."

Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, and she swiped them away.

He rubbed her back, not wanting to rush her. "Can you tell us what you heard, Baby girl?"

She turned so she could face the others at the same time.

"The thing is I can hear everything. Even though you weren't talking, I could hear the shuffle of your feet and the rustle of clothes as you each moved."

I could hear each person's breathing, the hum of the heater, and the sizzle of electricity.

Every creak in the house. All at once as if there were a microphone blaring them all louder than they should be. ”

Everyone listened intently, brows drawn together.

“And when we went outside?” Gavin encouraged.

“It increased a hundred times. Every animal in the area. Their natural sounds, the twigs they step on, the leaves moving in the breeze. It seems like I can hear the air itself. But also so many voices.”

Felix frowned. “I don't get that part. Whose voices? No one is out there.”

“I think they're far away. I can't pinpoint anyone in particular.

They're distinct, but I don't know any of the people.

The only thing I think might give us some idea of how far it extends is that I can hear the collective hum of everything happening in the valley.

Nothing specific, but I know it's the valley because those are sounds I'm familiar with.

Cars, horns, school bells. That kind of thing. ”

Damon's eyes widened. “That's pretty far.”

“Can you hear female voices?” Felix asked.

Molly nodded. “Yes. Lots of them. Like several women are together.”

Gavin nodded. “They are, Little one. Olivia and Khloe are at Felix’s house. His is the closest home to here.” He turned to face the others. “Who else is with them?”

Damon chuckled. “All the girls. Jezebel, Suzette, and Leah are also there. Arion is with them. He made them all line up for self-defense classes before he would let them play. Brock and Elias are on patrol.”

Molly twisted back to look at Gavin again. “Take me back outside.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I want to see if I can tell what anyone is saying. Maybe I can isolate some noises from others. I’m not sure.”

Gavin didn’t want to overtax his mate. They were bombarding her with so many things during a time that should be spent naked in his arms. Nothing about this mating was usual.

Her shift had even been odd. He realized after the fact that all the strange things like dunking herself underwater had been to keep the noises at bay.

After reaching out to his father and several other elders, Gavin had come to the conclusion that no one had ever heard of something like this happening before. But strange things had happened several times in the past few years, so it was growing less shocking.

Molly bounced excitedly in his arms, so he couldn’t deny her. He held her close, kissed her temple, and headed back outside. This time the others waited in the insulated room, which was probably for the best. It would cut down on at least a

fraction of the sounds.

As soon as Gavin stepped outside, Molly closed her eyes and tipped her head back, turning slowly to angle herself how she wanted.

He smiled as he watched her. She had positioned one ear exactly in the direction of Felix's house. There was no way she could know that, but it did give validity to the fact that she might indeed be listening to the other mates.

Finally, she covered her ears and nodded.

Gavin hurried her back in through the house and into the new room.

As soon as he shut the door, she breathed out a sigh of relief and lowered her hands. "Can we go to Felix's house?" she asked, her eyes wide with excitement.

Gavin frowned. "Someday soon. Why?"

"They're using finger paints, and Arion said they could have candy after dinner if none of them got paint on the carpet."

Felix groaned. "Finger paints..."

Damon laughed. "If that's not solid confirmation that Molly can hear at a great distance, I don't know what is."

Felix pulled out his phone and tapped the screen.

A few seconds later, he said, "Khloe, you girls better be sitting at the table with those paints. Did Arion put a cloth down first? And if I find out you had more than one piece of candy, I'll spank your bottom both before and after your bath."

” He hung up immediately, not giving his mate even a fraction of a second to respond.

Gavin chuckled. “I suspect you just shocked the hell out of them.”

Seconds later, Damon’s phone rang. He answered it on speaker. “Hey, Arion. How are things?” he said, barely containing laughter.

Arion was quick to respond. “Would you please tell me how Felix knew what the girls were doing from all the way over at Gavin’s house? Now, they’re all mad at me because they think I called you and ratted them out.”

The women could be heard talking over one another in the background.

Molly covered her ears again.

Gavin set his large palms over hers to help block out whatever was bothering her now.

Damon took the phone off speaker and held it to his ear. “Long story. I’ll explain when I get there, but for the love of all that is holy, keep the candy to a minimum.” He disconnected.

Gavin lowered his hand and rubbed Molly’s back. “Was the phone too loud, Baby girl?”

“I think it opened a connection to everything beyond it,” she said.

Ezra rubbed his face. “Amazing. I should go. I’m going to meet with some other elders first thing tomorrow. I’ll call you afterward.” He patted Molly’s back. “Hang in there, Molly. Don’t you fret. Gavin won’t let anything happen to you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Damon looked at Gavin. “Before we leave, Felix and I will move your mattress in here. Is there anything else you want us to move?”

Gavin slid his hand into his Little girl’s hair and leaned her head against his shoulder.

He hadn’t thought of that, but he was grateful they had.

He definitely wanted to be able to spend some quality time with Molly without the headset.

“Thank you. That’s the only large thing for now.

We’ll come up with a more permanent solution soon. ”

He already had an idea, but it wasn’t something they could accomplish in a day or two. It would take time. In the meantime, Molly was going to be spending the majority of her days in this insulated room. It was unavoidable.

Damon and Felix maneuvered Gavin’s mattress through the door and into the small space. The doorframe was barely wide enough to accommodate the mattress. They hadn’t gone any larger because none of them had even known if this would work. Thank heavens it had.

After everyone was gone, Gavin settled his Little mate on the mattress, covered her ears with the protective headset, and set about gathering everything they would need for the evening.

Essentially moving into the small barren space took a bit of time, but soon he had the door sealed off and could remove the ear protection, look his sweet mate in the eyes,

and converse with her alone for the first time since he'd claimed her.

Before he managed to say a word, she crawled over to him, rose onto her knees, lined her mark up with his, and pressed them together. Apparently she was as desperate to have him inside her again as he was to be there.

"I love how our hearts beat together," she murmured, holding his gaze. "Does that happen to everyone?"

"Yes, Little one, but it might be stronger with us. More noticeable. I'm not certain."

She inched closer, breathing heavier. "Less talking. More nudity," she whispered.

He glanced down at her. She was still wearing the adorable cotton nightgown. Her hair was a wild mess hanging loose down her back. Her diaper needed changing, but it was about to get removed and not replaced anyway.

He needed a moment to soak in how precious she was. Nothing else mattered but the fact that she was here, and she was his. The rest would work itself out. It had for Damon and Felix. It would for Gavin, too.

He broke their connection and tugged her nightie over her head. The moment he flung it behind him, he lowered her to her back, removed her diaper, and cleaned her up.

"Good thing you're not too bent out of shape about letting Daddy take care of you, Little one. I bet you'd much rather be diapered than have to leave this room to use the potty."

Her cheeks turned pink as she whispered, "It's not so bad for pee, but..."

He dropped his hands down alongside her head to look at her. "I'll give you a suppository tomorrow morning to help you empty your bowels. You can do it in the potty if you want, but if I decide it's too upsetting or stressful, you'll do as I say, understood? What Daddy decides is final."

She squirmed. There was no way for her to hide the arousal that leaked out of her pussy at his declaration. "Yes, Sir," she murmured.

He lowered himself just enough to kiss her lips.

"Good girl. I know you're embarrassed and probably confused by your body's responses to my dominance, but I want you to know that what you're feeling is normal.

This desire to submit to Daddy on a much deeper level than you expected is the way of our people.

When I tell you to do something, you'll obey me because that's how you're wired, Little one.

It's natural for your body to react to my demands.

You want to please me, and that makes your little nipples hard and your pussy wet and needy. "

Her cheeks were so red now they had to feel hot. She licked her lips. "Yes, Daddy."

Chapter Twelve

Gavin was so filled with love for his mate, it was hard to contain it. “Good girl. Now, I want you to roll onto your tummy, pull up onto your knees, and reach back and hold your bottom open for me, Little one.”

She gasped, her eyes going wide.

Gavin was paying very close attention, though. He was well aware that a rush of wetness leaked from her pussy at his command. She would be embarrassed, but her need to obey him was stronger than her desire to avoid a humiliating position.

Besides she was going to like what he had in mind. She just didn’t know it yet.

“Molly...” he warned.

She quickly flipped over and assumed the position, her small frame trembling.

Her bottom was so pretty, and the tiny rosebud extremely sexy.

He grabbed the bag of things he’d brought from the bedroom, opened it, and pulled out the small plug and lube. When he popped open the lubricant, she flinched.

“Stay still, Baby girl. Daddy is going to rub some lube onto your bottom and then put a plug inside you.”

She whimpered. “What...”

He brought the pink glass plug around to her line of sight to show it to her.

She trembled and met his gaze, but she didn't argue.

“How about if you hold it in your mouth and suck on it like you do your pacifiers while I prepare your bottom?”

She swallowed hard, but let her lips part when he brought the bulb to her mouth.

“Such a good girl.” His cock doubled in size as she began to suck on the glass.

He set his palm on her lower back to steady her trembling body while he squeezed some lube onto her tight hole. When he set it down and began to rub the slick substance into her, she arched her back.

“Stay still, Little one. Keep holding those cheeks wide for Daddy. I want you to get used to exposing your bottom to me. It will help you learn that no part of you is ever off limits to Daddy.”

She moaned deeply as he pushed his finger deep into her hole. He'd done so the other night, but tonight he was doing it before she was in a deeply aroused state. He wanted her to be fully aware of her exposure and her submission.

She was so fucking precious. She barely hesitated to obey him, and this was a very intimate request. If she could push her sweet bottom up for his inspection and hold her cheeks wide for him, she could do anything.

The fact that she was panting and her pussy was dripping her arousal from the exposure spoke volumes.

“Such a good girl. Let it feel good, Little one. Concentrate on how Daddy's finger

feels rubbing up inside your bottom. Soon, I'll start cleaning out your rectum, and I'll expect you to cooperate."

She shuddered, but one of the primary benefits of being a shifter was the ability to scent every distinguishable change in her body chemistry. His girl was so unbelievably aroused now that she would probably come with one stroke to her clit.

Gavin reached over, popped the plug from Molly's mouth, pulled his finger out of her, and pressed the heavy glass into her rectum.

"Daddy..." she moaned, the sound lingering as she rocked forward, still holding her cheeks open like the good girl she was because he hadn't given her permission to do otherwise.

He cleaned his fingers before reaching for her hands and letting her cheeks close around the plug. He lifted her by the hips and stood her on her feet. With her bottom facing him, he held her steady with one hand and twisted the plug with the other. "So pretty. How does it feel?"

"Weird," she murmured.

"Turn around, Little one."

She turned to face him as he rose to his full height. He towered over her, knowing it made her feel very Little. "You're the prettiest Little girl ever, Molly," he said as he pulled his shirt over his head. "Clasp your hands behind your back for me, Little one."

She shivered as she obeyed him. The position pushed her breasts forward and forced her shoulders back.

“Good girl.” He flicked her nipples with his pointers, loving the way she rocked into his touch. “The plug is made of glass, which makes it feel heavy in your bottom. It will keep you aware of it every time I put it in you and remind you that Daddy can touch you there whenever he wants.”

“Yes, Sir.”

When he’d first brought her home, he never would have expected her to so quickly submit to him. Not on this level. Every Little girl eventually came around to letting her Daddy take total control, but Molly was proving to be not nearly as hesitant and shy as she’d professed.

New mates sometimes found they had a latent personality they hadn’t been aware of, but it usually needed to be gently coaxed out. Standing before him, naked and proud, with a plug in her bottom on what was basically their second sexual encounter was very brave.

Gavin popped the button on his jeans and shrugged out of the rest of his clothes.

Molly licked her lips, her gaze shamelessly homed in on his cock.

Gavin stroked it from base to tip, watching her breath hitch as she subtly leaned forward. “Do you want to taste it, Little one?”

She flinched before answering without looking up, “Yes, Daddy.”

He was so much taller than her that she wouldn’t have to bend far to take him into her mouth.

He stepped closer, constantly aware of her scent, ensuring she didn’t panic.

He would never ask her to do something she wasn't eager to try.

If he got even a single whiff of fear or trepidation, he would pull back.

Putting her mouth on his cock was not a requirement. It never would be.

But his Little girl started panting. Her lips parted. "May I, Daddy?"

He cupped the back of her head. "Such nice manners, Little one. You'll keep your hands clasped behind you, but you may taste." He closed the last few inches, held his cock steady, and guided her head toward the tip.

The moment her tongue flicked the slit, his breath hitched. There was no way to hide his racing heart, and there was no need. Like her, he couldn't hide his scent or body language. They could read each other well.

She tipped her head back to meet his gaze. "What do I do, Daddy?"

"Whatever feels right, Little one. We're mates, Molly. Just like no part of your body is off limits to Daddy, I will not deny any part of my body to you either. Some Little girls like to suckle their Daddy's cock. Some aren't as turned on by it."

He cupped her face, feeling the pulse point in her neck. "Sometimes Little girls find it soothing to hold it in their mouths almost like a pacifier. You may take Daddy into your mouth any time you'd like as long as you don't use your teeth." He lifted a brow.

She stared at him, biting her bottom lip, processing his words. There wasn't a snowball's chance in hell her mother had mentioned cock suckling.

"Did you enjoy the taste, Little one?"

She nodded.

“You might be drawn to it, Baby girl. The scent you get from me mostly comes from the semen that leaks from the tip. That same substance is what will eventually adhere to an egg inside your womb to create our cubs.”

Her eyes widened as her jaw dropped.

He smiled. “When we’re ready, Little one. Daddy can scent when you’re in heat. I won’t fill you with my semen during those times until we’re ready to make a baby.”

“But I can swallow it?”

Fuck, she was precious. “If you desire.”

She turned her attention back to his pulsing cock, which he still held in one hand. When she leaned closer, she opened her mouth wide and sucked him in far deeper than he would have expected.

Gavin gritted his teeth to keep from moving an inch or making a sound that might scare her.

She bobbed up and down on him slowly, going deeper each time.

She was going to bring him to his knees.

As it was, he was struggling to hold back.

He’d gone too long without release. He hadn’t come since the last time she came.

It hadn’t seemed right to pleasure himself while she’d slept, and besides, most of that

time he'd been busy helping build this room.

Her arousal was heavy in the room. He couldn't easily reach her pussy from this position, but he could stroke her nipples. Releasing her head, he slid his fingers down to toy with one hard bead.

Molly moaned around his shaft, the vibration driving him to the edge.

He wanted to warn her he was about to come, but there was no time, and he couldn't find the words. Seconds after her moan, she drew him in deeper and swallowed. That was the last straw.

Gavin came so hard and fast that he worried she would choke on his release.

His precious mate didn't flinch, however. As if she'd sensed his impending orgasm, she was ready and swallowed over and over, not letting a single drop of his semen escape. He didn't think that was even possible for a woman's first blowjob.

He would never underestimate his Little girl. That was for sure.

As he caught his breath, he pinched her little nipple, holding her captive.

She licked his cock clean before releasing him to look up into his eyes. "That made me feel so powerful, Daddy."

He chuckled. "I guess you could see it that way."

She rolled her eyes. "You think you were still in control while I did that?"

"I know I was, Baby girl." He twisted her nipple to emphasize his words.

She rose onto her tiptoes. Her hands were still clasped behind her back where they belonged.

She hadn't even broken form. He wouldn't usually insist she keep her hands away from his cock, but he'd known this first time he would have blown his load much sooner if she'd also touched him with her fingers.

After one more pinch, he released her swollen bud. "Be a good girl and lie in the middle of the mattress for Daddy. I want you to put a pillow under your hips, bend your knees, spread your legs wide, and reach your hands over your head."

She backed up, crab walked into the middle of the mattress, and assumed the position he'd demanded.

Gavin stroked his hand up and down his still-rock-hard shaft while he stared at his gorgeous mate.

He loved how her hair fanned out all around her, the way her chest rose and fell with her breaths, her tiny pebbled nipples begging for attention, and the arousal glistening all around her pussy and inner thighs.

She'd dripped down her legs while she'd sucked him.

He dropped onto his knees between her legs. "Tell Daddy what you want, Little one."

Her cheeks flushed. "Uhhh, you inside me, please."

"What part of me? My tongue? My fingers? My cock?"

"Yes."

He chuckled. He wouldn't torment her further tonight. He dropped his mouth to her pussy and sucked as much of her as he could fit his lips around. He needed her taste in his mouth. He needed to swallow her orgasm.

It didn't take long. His girl was so horny that she bucked and cried out seconds later.

Chapter Thirteen

Molly had never dreamed anything would ever feel this good. As she panted, trying to draw oxygen into her lungs, all she could think about was how badly she wanted her Daddy's cock inside her.

The release she was experiencing wasn't enough. She didn't think anything would ever be enough. She'd struggled to think of little else besides this from the moment she'd woken up earlier. A part of her had been disappointed when she'd discovered other people were in the house.

She fully understood now why newly mated couples took several weeks to be alone together. She wasn't sure a month would be enough.

Luckily, she didn't have to beg. Her Daddy crawled up her body, lined his shaft up with her still-pulsing entrance, and thrust all the way into her.

She cried out as he filled her. The pressure was so welcome. It seemed like it had been far too long since he'd been inside her. He clasped her hands above her head and held her down, aligning their marks.

Molly screamed as another orgasm dragged her under before he could even pull partway out. The combination of their marks touching, the plug in her bottom, and the taste of his essence in her mouth drove her over the edge. Stars bounced in front of her.

Daddy started thrusting in and out, driving her from one orgasm to the next. She

couldn't catch her breath, and she didn't want to. She only cared about how it felt to be filled and consumed by Gavin.

His mouth came over hers, and her own taste mixed with his, the combination so potent that she floated out of her body.

More , she thought in her head. More .

He gave her more until they had no choice but to come up for air before one of them passed out. When he did, he held himself over her by his elbows, giving her lungs some space to expand.

He was still deep inside her, their combined releases leaking out around the base of his shaft. He was smiling. "I love you so much, Molly."

"I love you, too, Gavin."

When they could breathe almost normally again, he licked his lips. "I don't want to take you out of this room again tonight. I want you to remain sated and blissful. How about if I go clean up a bit and come back with some wet cloths to wash you with so you can avoid the noise?"

"Thank you, Daddy." She knew she couldn't stay in here forever.

If this affliction was permanent, she was going to have to find a way to live with it.

She would need to learn to focus on the sounds that mattered and tune out the others.

It would always be nice to have this room where she could retreat and relax, but she couldn't hide from the world forever.

Daddy kissed her before finally easing out of her and standing. “Don’t move, Little one.”

“I won’t, Daddy.” She lay splayed out wide, arms still above her head, knees bent and open. She liked the way he looked at her with such longing that she would never argue with him when he wanted to see her naked body.

She held her breath while he slipped from the room, bracing for the few seconds the door would be open and relaxing when it was finally closed again.

While he was gone she stared unseeing at the ceiling. It was hard to concentrate on anything but the smell of their combined releases filling the small space and the heaviness of the glass plug in her bottom.

She shuddered at the memory of her Daddy commanding her to spread her cheeks for him and keep her bottom raised while he fingered her tight hole and finally put the naughty plug in her.

Molly clenched around it, her face heating. She would never be able to hide from him how aroused she got every time he ordered her to do something. It didn’t matter what it was. She found she craved his dominance so deeply that she would do anything he demanded and get wet doing so.

When he returned, she suddenly knew she needed one more thing from him. “Daddy?”

He dropped down between her legs and started cleaning her folds. “Yes, Little one?”

“Will you spank me?”

He cocked his head and chuckled. “Yes, Baby girl. I bet you’re curious.”

“Yes, Sir. I want to know what it feels like.”

“I suspect you’ll enjoy it greatly. Heaven knows what I’ll be able to use to discipline you if you orgasm when I spank your naughty bottom.”

“Will I orgasm?”

“Probably, Little one.”

“Does everyone?”

“No. For some Little girls, spanking is a good deterrent that keeps them from disobeying their Daddies. But, I’ll admit, lots of Little girls do like having their bottoms swatted. If that’s the case for you, I’ll try standing you in timeout when you’re naughty.”

Molly scrunched up her nose. “Timeout? Like in the corner?”

“Yep.”

She glanced toward one of the corners in this blank room. “That sounds awful.” How boring .

He chuckled. “That’s the point.” He finished cleaning her and bent to give her a peck on the lips. “You won’t do naughty things if you don’t like the way Daddy disciplines you.”

Certainly not if he intended to make her stand in the corner.

He sat next to her and patted his thighs. “Roll over and climb onto Daddy’s lap.”

She rose up and crawled over his thighs. It was awkward and embarrassing, especially when he arranged her in the position he wanted her in. He settled her so her head was on one side of his thighs, her face angled away. Her bottom was the highest point with her knees on the other side of him.

Daddy set one hand on her back and the other on her bottom.

She clenched when he pressed against the plug.

“I will leave the plug in, Little one. It will vibrate inside you when I spank you. But you need to relax your muscles. Don’t squeeze your bottom.”

She whimpered. “Yes, Sir.” She forced herself to relax.

“Good girl. Keep your arms folded under your cheek, Little one.”

She lifted her face to tuck her forearms under her and settled back down.

Daddy rubbed her bottom for a long time before finally swatting one side.

Her breath hitched, but it didn’t hurt as badly as she’d expected.

His next slap landed on the other side, and she relaxed now that the anticipation was past.

Gavin rhythmically spanked her, back and forth, slowly increasing the pressure. The sensation was shockingly soothing. She found herself relaxing and going into her head, enjoying the way her bottom grew hotter and hotter.

The position was so submissive. Being naked over his lap with his hand splayed out on her back helped her turn control over to him and recognize what her future would

be like.

She'd never known any relationship like this in the valley, and he'd suggested mates in the valley weren't as deeply bonded as his world. She was beginning to understand what it meant to be the mate of an Alpha Protector.

She took deep breaths and blew them out. They felt like acceptance. She was nervous about what her weird hearing would mean for the future, but she also knew that all she had to do was rely on her Daddy to figure things out.

Gavin would see to her needs, always. All of her needs. He would expect her to submit to him in all things, but nothing about that idea seemed the least bit daunting. His idea of obedience meant decades of pleasure for her.

Molly was limp and sleepy when he finally stopped spanking her. Her pussy was wet, but she felt too tired to climb over him.

It turned out she didn't need to exert herself at all.

Without a word, Daddy spread her legs wide and reached between them to ease his fingers into her slick heat.

He pressed his palm against the plug and set his thumb on her clit.

"Come, Little one. Give Daddy one more pretty orgasm, and then you can sleep."

She immediately shuddered around his hand, her release calm and gentle. She felt even more sated as the pulses died down and her Daddy removed his hand.

She could barely open her eyes when he lifted her up and laid her on her back. When he slid a diaper under her, she squirmed. "Daddy, the plug..."

“The plug stays, Little one. I want you to feel it in your bottom every time you wiggle in the night.” He fastened her into the diaper and cradled her in his arms, tapping her mouth with a nipple. “Take a bottle for me, Molly.”

She parted her lips and found the energy to suckle the formula until it was all gone, and she was only slightly aware as he traded the bottle for a pacifier before turning out the lights and tucking her against his side.

Molly was the luckiest Little girl in the world, she thought as she snuggled against him, burrowing under the covers.

Their combined scent was strong in the small room. It made it hard for her to fully settle down. Something about it called to her. Every inhale drew more of his essence into her, especially since she was totally under the covers.

Daddy stroked her back as she continued to squirm. Finally, she scooted down his body as if drawn to do so. A force she didn't question was at work as she climbed between his legs and rested her head on his thigh, using it as a pillow.

She was finally warm and snuggly and right where she wanted to be. His cock rested against her cheek, and she nuzzled it, inhaling his masculine scent with every breath. She was exactly where she was meant to be. Home. Loved. Cherished.

Daddy lifted the covers on one side to create a small tent, which allowed oxygen to get in. He rested his hand on her head and stroked her to sleep.

Chapter Fourteen

Two weeks later ...

“Are you ready, Little one?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Molly looked down at her dress and back up at him. “You promise the other girls will have on similar clothes?”

“I promise, Baby girl. Plus, you’re fully covered. It’s chilly today. Your leggings and sweater will keep you warm.” He pulled her sweater around her and buttoned just one button near the top.

They were in the insulated room. It looked nothing like it had the first day, though. Her Daddy had painted it pink. He’d also filled the entire inside with toys, games, puzzles, and every other imaginable thing she could want. That included books. Dozens of them. And her e-reader.

He was squatting in front of her, and he cupped her face. “Are you okay wearing panties? No one will judge you if you’d rather wear a diaper.”

“I’ll be okay. I can use the potty at Felix’s house.”

“Okay. If you change your mind, tell Daddy, and I’ll put a diaper on you. All the girls wear them sometimes. I promise. I’ve got the special ear plugs in my pocket. You’ve got a pair in your dress pocket, too.” He patted her side.

She nodded. “Got it.”

He’d ordered several pairs of ear plugs that did a really good job of blocking most sounds without being as bulky and cumbersome as the headset. She would always keep a pair on her in case she needed them.

Today they were leaving the house for the first time to visit several other women at Felix’s house. The most important thing was for Molly to learn all their voices so they could verify that she could identify specific people from a distance. She would meet all their Daddies, too.

Molly had practiced shifting several times, but this would be her first time outside and her first run.

Daddy cupped her shoulders. “Are you nervous about shifting?”

“No, Daddy. I like shifting. The noises don’t bother me when I’m in wolf form.” It wasn’t that she couldn’t hear things. She could still hear way more than she should, but most of the white noise was tamped down, making it far less annoying.

“Okay, I’ll trot along slowly. I don’t want to rush you or cause you to have to run too fast. If you get winded, yelp at me to stop or slow down.”

She nodded. They weren’t going very far. She doubted it would be a problem. His brow was furrowed, so she threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tight. “I’ll be fine, Daddy. I promise.”

He tucked a hand under her bottom and lifted her up, rising to his full height which left her several feet off the floor. One of her pigtails got caught under his arm, but she leaned to one side to tug it free.

He set his forehead against hers. “When all the girls get together, there are always shenanigans. Some silly naughtiness is fine. If you do anything more than that, what will happen?”

She sighed. “I’ll stand in the corner.”

“Do you like standing in the corner?”

She shook her head. “No, Daddy.” He’d put her in timeout twice so far, and she hadn’t enjoyed it. It was boring.

He patted her bottom and then reached into his pocket with his free hand to pull something out.

Molly gasped when he held up one of the pink glass plugs he liked to torment her with. It was a rather large one.

“Do you want Daddy to put this in your naughty bottom while we’re at Felix and Khloe’s house?”

She shook her head so hard her pigtails flew around and whipped both of them in the face. “No, Sir.”

“Then you’ll keep the naughty to a minimum.”

“Yes, Sir.” She clenched her bottom, which he knew since his hand was spread over both cheeks and she was wearing panties. She did not want to have him take her into the bathroom and plug her bottom at someone else’s house. That would be embarrassing.

“I guess we’re ready to go.” Daddy carried her outside, stood her on her feet, and

took a few steps away from her.

She tipped her head back to look at him. His brow was furrowed. He wasn't overly fond of the idea of going out today. He'd told her he'd rather have her all to himself for two more weeks, but this was important, and he was making an exception for research purposes.

She smiled at him before she closed her eyes and let the shift take over. A few seconds later, she was peering at him in wolf form. The noises were dampened now that she had shifted. She could hear a lot of people, and she assumed most of them were at Felix's house.

Female voices stood out, all talking over one another. The male voices were more subdued. They were discussing snacks for the girls.

Molly cocked her head to the side and giggled in her mind when she heard one woman tell the others Gavin and Molly were on their way.

She knew from her Daddy that voice belonged to Khloe, who was clairvoyant and could recognize people's intentions.

Already she had one voice isolated and they hadn't even left the property.

When something nudged her flank, she turned to see that her Daddy had shifted. She'd been inside her head, listening intently, and hadn't paid attention.

Daddy nodded in the direction she knew Khloe and Felix lived, and the two of them took off.

Molly instantly felt alive and free. She'd never run like this before. It was invigorating. She wanted to run and run until she ran out of breath. That would have

to wait for another day.

As they grew closer to their destination, she became aware that a distinct set of male voices was coming from another direction. She tried to hear what they were saying, thinking they would be other Alpha Protectors.

Maybe she wasn't meant to eavesdrop on the Alphas, though. That could be a problem. What if she overheard something she wasn't supposed to hear?

One of the voices caught her attention, and she came to an abrupt stop, panting heavily as she tipped her head and held her ears high.

"The wolves? Fuck them. They're inferior beings. Why are you always so concerned with your precious wolves?"

Molly's heart raced as she held very still, listening closely. Who were these men who apparently weren't wolves? It made no sense. Were they humans?

"Shut up, asshole. You don't know what you're talking about. The wolves aren't bothering anyone. They aren't nomadic. They stay in their packs and stick to their territories. You have no reason to bother them."

Sardonic laughter followed, making Molly's fur stand on end.

She jerked her gaze forward when her Daddy nudged her with his snout. She considered shifting to tell him what she'd heard, but the voices were far away and not an immediate threat, so she decided to nod and continue following him.

Minutes later, they trotted into a clearing next to a cabin. Daddy shifted back to human so fast she hadn't even had a chance to bring her own human to the front of her consciousness.

He turned toward her, breathing heavily, making her realize they'd completed the last part of their trip at a rapid clip.

Molly felt bad for scaring him, and she drew in a deep breath and brought forth her human. The moment she was in her human form, she rushed into his arms.

Daddy caught her and lifted her off her feet. "You heard something."

"Yeah." She covered her ears.

He hurried into the house.

There were so many people inside that Molly felt overwhelmed. It helped that they all stopped talking and froze in place as soon as her Daddy shut the door.

For a moment, she stared at them, confused, and then she realized they were doing this for her, silencing the noise, or at least bringing it down to a minimum.

She lowered her hands as every ounce of her shy, timid side washed through her and turned her into the introverted girl she'd been her entire life. She'd almost forgotten that girl. For two weeks she'd lived in another girl's skin. Or at least she'd thought she had.

Now, she felt all their eyes on her and embarrassment consumed her. She turned her face and buried it in her Daddy's shoulder.

Daddy rubbed her back. "It's okay, Little one. Take a breath. Everyone is just trying to be respectful of your gift."

Gift ? Was he crazy? Why would he call her stupid supernatural hearing a gift?

After a minute, she noticed it wasn't as loud in here as it could be. She'd learned to ignore the heat vents, the electricity, and the creaking floorboards. About ten people were breathing, but it wasn't as difficult to ignore after two weeks.

Daddy continued to rock her, patting her bottom. He didn't rush her.

She felt like all eyes were on her, and she didn't like it. Tears welled up, and she swallowed hard to push them down. The last thing she wanted to do was cry.

Be brave .

Chapter Fifteen

Molly finally lifted her face and turned to see five women who were indeed dressed almost the same as her standing in front of five enormous Alpha Protectors, each of whom had his hands on his own Little.

Daddy kissed her cheek. “I’m going to let everyone introduce themselves one at a time so you’ll know their voices.”

She nodded.

Daddy pointed to the couple on the right.

“Hi, Molly. I’m Arion, Damon’s brother.”

The woman in front of him said, “And I’m Jezebel.”

“I’m Brock.”

“I’m Suzette.”

“You know me. Damon.”

The woman in front of him wasn’t looking directly at Molly, and Molly wasn’t surprised when she introduced herself as Olivia. Her human was blind.

“I’m Elias, Brock’s brother.”

“I’m Leah.”

“Hey, Little one,” Felix said, his hand firmly placed on Khloe’s shoulders.

“And I’m Khloe.”

“Nice to meet you all,” she whispered, trying to shake the fact that they were all looking at her.

“Now,” Daddy said, “I want you to be able to spend some time with everyone so you’ll remember their voices, but first, can you tell us what you heard when you stopped running right before we arrived?”

What Daddy didn’t know was that Molly already had all their voices memorized.

She wouldn’t mind spending time with them, but she knew who each of them was already.

Their primary mission had been accomplished.

It wasn’t his fault for thinking she would need more time.

She hadn’t realized it wouldn’t be necessary until this moment either.

Focusing on his question, Molly swallowed down her fear and looked toward Daddy. “Two men were talking about the wolves. What does that mean? Are there some humans living in the area who aren’t shifters?”

Daddy tensed. “No. Those were probably bears.”

Molly gasped. “Bears? Bear shifters?”

“Yeah, I should have told you about them. That’s my fault. It never occurred to me you would hear anyone that far away.”

Felix cleared his throat. “I guess we don’t know for sure how far away they are just because she heard them.” He wrapped a protective arm around his Little’s chest.

Khloe closed her eyes and tipped her head to one side in the same way Molly did when she was trying to listen. “They’re not in the vicinity, and I don’t sense anyone has plans to head this way.”

“What did you hear?” Arion asked.

Molly recounted their exact words, impressed with her ability to recall everything with such precision. This odd gift of hers was startling her as well as everyone else.

“Fascinating,” Olivia said. “There has to be a reason why so many of us are finding we have unusual talents that didn’t make themselves known until after we were claimed.

Between my ability to communicate telepathically, Khloe’s ability to know when the bears might move this direction, and now Molly’s ability to hear them talking from a distance... ”

“Together we’re a force,” Khloe added.

Molly squirmed in her Daddy’s arms, wanting him to put her down so she could stand at the same level as the other women.

He obliged, squatting to set her on her feet.

Molly thought for a moment before focusing her attention on Olivia. “What does it

mean that you can communicate telepathically?”

Olivia faced her. “The bears have the ability to talk to one another when they’re shifted.

It’s not an ability wolves have, at least no wolf shifter anyone’s heard of.

For some reason, I can also communicate with the bears in my head.

The first time I encountered them, I realized I could hear them talking to each other.

I didn’t understand because they were shifted.

And then they suddenly stared at me when I had a thought.

Apparently they’d heard my internal dialog, too, and that’s when we all determined I had this odd ability I share with them. ”

“That’s incredible. And these bears? Are they a threat?”

“Not necessarily,” Elias responded. “Most of them seem very kind and have been helpful. A few have befriended us and have come to warn us when the rogue members of their group might be a threat.”

Molly nodded. “I don’t know how useful my skill is since I can’t exactly sit on the back porch listening to hundreds of voices around me. I’d go mad.”

Khloe smiled. “You don’t have to sit around waiting to hear anyone talk because the moment any of them make a decision to head this way, I sense it. I can call you.”

Molly grinned. “And then I can step outside and eavesdrop.”

“Exactly,” Khloe confirmed.

Felix gave her shoulders a squeeze. “I suggest we not let on to any of the bears that Molly can listen in on them. She’s not going to know who is who among them until the first time she has an encounter with them, but it might be best if we not reveal her powers to any of them yet.”

Molly nodded. “It’s true I don’t know who is who, however, it would seem I have an eidetic memory for voices. I know all of yours perfectly from just one simple introduction. I now know and can single out which of those bears is a friend and which is a foe. I won’t forget.”

“Impressive.” Damon shook his head in surprise.

Gavin leaned around to meet her gaze. “Did you have an eidetic memory before?”

“No.” Molly shook her head. “I didn’t even realize it until everyone introduced themselves.” She was glad her Daddy was still squatting behind her because she turned in his arms and whispered into his ear. “I feel like I’m a freak.”

He cupped her ear to respond, “You’re not, Little one. There’s no such thing here. No one, and I mean no one, is thinking that.”

She still leaned into him, feeling self-conscious like everyone was staring at her. They were staring at her, of course, because she was the one who had the floor, but that didn’t mean they were judging her.

“Can Molly come with us to my play room?” Khloe asked.

“I think that’s a great idea,” Damon responded. “We Daddies will meet in the kitchen while we prepare a snack for you girls.”

Arion nodded. “Is there any chance you six could agree to a shenanigans ban for the next hour?”

Jezebel giggled. “Not a chance, Daddy. Don’t be silly. What kind of a welcoming committee would we be if we didn’t teach Molly our naughty tricks?”

Molly stiffened. She didn’t want to end up in a timeout.

Daddy cupped her ear again. “I withdraw my previous warning. I want you to have fun with the girls. I won’t punish you today as long as you don’t do anything that’s a safety concern.”

She twisted to hug him again. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Khloe held out a hand toward her.

The moment Molly set her fingers in Khloe’s palm, she felt a welcome sense of belonging. Maybe she didn’t need to be worried about them judging her. Maybe this group was as tight-knit and kind as Daddy had told her many times.

“Leave the door open, girls,” Felix called out as soon as they were all inside the playroom.

Khloe rolled her eyes and covered her mouth to stifle a giggle.

Suzette was holding Olivia’s hand and guided her as they all sat in a circle on the rug in the middle of the room that looked very much like the nursery Daddy had prepared for Molly.

Molly sat next to Olivia.

Olivia smiled at her. “Before we leave, I’ll shift so I can see what you look like. I tend to spend a lot of time in my wolf form because it’s so much easier when I can see. Daddy doesn’t like it when I do it too much in the house because then we can’t communicate.”

Khloe groaned. “At least you can shift in the house. My wolf is so large I would knock stuff over and crush the furniture.”

Olivia reached out and found Molly’s hand before threading their fingers together. “Don’t be nervous. We’re all nice.”

Molly appreciated her new friend’s kindness. “Thank you. I’m usually very introverted. I’m not used to having any attention on me other than mean girls making fun of me for reading too much.”

“They were all just jealous,” Leah said. “And they have no idea that now you’re not only a bad-ass Alpha mate but you also have abilities they’ll never have.”

Khloe jerked her attention to the door.

Elias called out from somewhere in the house, “Leah, language.”

Leah cringed and whispered, “The Daddies have supernatural hearing.”

Olivia giggled. “Apparently Molly’s is even better. None of them can hear the bears talking from miles away.”

“True.” Leah sighed. “So, it must be weird hearing so many things.”

Molly sat taller, digging deep to be brave.

These women were her friends. She was sure of it.

Somehow she would manage to come out of her shell and be more confident.

None of them were going to laugh at her behind her back.

Daddy had promised, and she got that vibe from all of them.

“It was almost painful at first. I didn’t understand what was happening to me.

It was just loud. Always loud. Then Daddy and the others built me the silent room in the house.

It’s much better in there. Plus, I’ve been practicing tuning out the erroneous noises. ”

Khloe nodded. “I’ll make sure I can reach you quickly in the event I sense something you should listen in on. Does your Daddy let you have a phone?”

Molly shrugged. “I don’t have one yet, but I didn’t ask him.”

Olivia squeezed her hand. “I’m sure he’ll do whatever is necessary to keep the pack safe.”

“Why do you think we have all these odd skills?” Molly asked.

Suzette shrugged. “It started happening when the bears appeared in the area. I was kidnapped by one of the rogue bears on my mating day before the ceremony. My Daddy found me by my scent, but that’s when the Alpha Protectors learned about the bears and that they can mask their scent from us.

Ever since then, it’s like the universe is sort of fortifying the skills of the pack. ”

Molly cringed. “Do you think there’s a threat?”

Jezebel twirled one of her pigtails around a finger nervously.

“No one knows. But what we do know is we’ll be ready.

Once Olivia realized she could communicate with the bears telepathically, the elders started taking her gift very seriously.

And then when Khloe discovered she could sense people’s decisions... ”

Molly turned toward Khloe. “How does that work?”

“I don’t know. I get these visions. They come with no warning.

They don’t have to be ominous. For example, as soon as you and Gavin made the decision to come here, I knew it.

But it extends to the bears, too. Sometimes the ones who have become liaisons for us come to tell us something.

I know when they’re coming. But there’s a bit of a price I pay.

” Khloe looked down at her lap and fidgeted.

Leah leaned in and hugged Khloe. “It’s okay to tell Molly. I know you’ll feel better after you do.”

Molly remembered that Leah and Khloe were sisters. They were obviously very close. She wondered what Khloe was embarrassed to tell her. Everyone else already knew. They were waiting.

Khloe took a breath, but she didn't look up. "I have to be diapered all the time," she whispered, "because when I get a vision, I lose control of my bladder."

Molly's heart reached out to Khloe, who was obviously mortified by this fact.

"That's okay, Khloe," she said, "I wear a diaper almost all the time, too, because it's so uncomfortable for me to leave the quiet room to use the potty."

I tried for a few days, but Daddy finally took the choice away from me because he knew I was keeping my bladder too full for too long to avoid the noises. "

Khloe lifted her gaze and nodded.

Molly continued, "Today is the first time I've had panties on in a long time. I wasn't even sure if I could remember not to pee myself. I've been nervous about it since I got here."

In fact, Molly realized she had to go, and she started jiggling her legs. Maybe all this talking about peeing pushed her to the edge. Suddenly, she jumped up and rushed from the room.

Chapter Sixteen

Gavin jerked his gaze up the moment he sensed Molly hurrying into the kitchen. His heart raced as he took quick strides to get to her. He immediately scooped her up. “What’s wrong, Little one?”

She cupped his ear. “I have to go potty.”

He was on the move toward the bathroom before she could finish the thought. Without a word, he stood her by the toilet, pulled her leggings and panties down, and lifted her onto the potty.

Molly let out a relieved breath as she peed.

Gavin kept his hands on her thighs and stroked her skin. “You waited kind of long, Baby girl.”

“I didn’t realize I had to go until it was suddenly urgent.” Her cheeks were pink, and he feared she was embarrassed.

“It’s okay, Little one. You made it.” He wiped her before lifting her back onto her feet.

“Daddy...”

“Yes?”

“That was too stressful. Will you please just put a diaper on me?”

“Of course, Baby girl.” He was surprised, especially since she’d gone now, and she’d made it. But he certainly didn’t mind diapering her. He preferred it when she let him care for her intimate needs. “Hold my shoulders.”

He reached down to remove her shoes and pull her leggings and panties off before swinging her up onto the changing table Felix had in the guest bathroom.

Not every house had a changing table in the bathroom, but Gavin knew Khloe usually wore a diaper, so perhaps that was why.

In fact, maybe that was why Molly asked for one.

Gavin grabbed a diaper from the shelf under the table and lifted Molly’s legs to slide it under her. He opened a drawer to find some cream and applied it to Molly’s folds.

“Daddy…”

“Yes, Baby girl?”

Her cheeks were bright pink, and she didn’t meet his gaze. “Will you put the plug in me, too?”

Now he was even more surprised.

“Did you do something naughty, Little one?”

She shook her head. “No. It just makes me feel like you’re with me even when you’re not. Is that silly?”

He bent over and kissed her tummy. “Not at all. Every time you squirm, you’ll be reminded that Daddy loves you and that no part of you is off-limits, won’t you?”

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured.

He tried not to gloat, but inside he was ecstatic. He’d never dreamed he would have a bond this close with his Little. It simply wasn’t something anyone could describe. They’d tried, but until an Alpha Protector experienced their own bond with their mate, they could not fully grasp the intensity.

As he pushed the plug into his girl’s bottom, she bit her lip and whimpered. Her essence leaked out to fill him with every breath he took. She was the most precious creature on Earth.

There were so many questions about her gift, and he knew they wouldn’t likely get answers for possibly years to come, but it didn’t matter.

He would do everything in his power to hone her gift and make sure she was ready to support the pack any way necessary.

Whenever she was needed, she would step up to the plate.

Yes, it was scary. He didn’t like her being in any danger.

He hated that she was bombarded with noises all the time.

He would prefer she have an easy life with no worries.

But that’s not the hand they were dealt, and she was so very brave, never complaining about the discomfort she felt every time she was out of the silent room.

She hadn't said a single word about the toll it was undoubtedly taking on her to block all the excess noises to be here. She would probably fall asleep when they got home and sleep clear until morning.

Gavin would watch over her. She would be safe and loved.

As soon as he had the diaper secured, he replaced her leggings and her shoes. When he lifted her up, she wrapped her small arms around him. "Thank you, Daddy. I love you."

"I love you, too, Baby girl." He kissed her neck and rubbed her back for a while before tucking her panties in his pocket and standing her on her feet. "Are you ready to go home? Or do you want to go back with the girls and stay for lunch?"

"I want to stay, Daddy."

"Okay. You let me know if it gets too overwhelming." He gave her bottom a pat to send her off toward Khloe's playroom. He watched her until she disappeared. She was so adorable, and all his.

Based on the way she skipped to rejoin her new friends, he knew she was feeling far more confident. There was no way she would have asked to be diapered if she was still worried they would make fun of her, not even after most likely discovering Khloe was diapered.

Returning to the kitchen, he resumed his spot around the large table with the other men. They were all rather somber for this meeting. It seemed monumental that yet a third mate had odd powers. Several of the pack elders had joined them by speakerphone earlier.

Arion sat absently tapping a pen on the table. "I think we need to be prepared that

there will be more mates with more abilities.”

Gavin swiped a hand down his face. “I agree with the elders that we should prepare the next few Alpha Protectors due to mate that they should be aware to look out for possible traits no one can predict. That way they won’t be blindsided, and they’ll be able to handle the shock smoother than I did.”

Felix chuckled. “I was so stunned the first few times Khloe’s entire face went blank as she had a vision that I thought I would lose my mind.”

Damon set his elbows on the table. “At least you had one example in Olivia. I had nothing. I nearly died when I first saw her standing so close to Surge and Thorn. Hell, we didn’t even know the bear shifters’ names yet.”

Gavin nodded. “I’ll speak with Hayes, Jayce, and Isaac when I get home. Hell, I owe them big time for jumping in to help me out on such short notice. Hopefully I’ll be able to repay the favor one day.”

Gavin hadn’t mentioned to Molly that a dozen Alpha Protectors had descended on their house the moment the two of them left earlier. It was a surprise. One he was certain she would appreciate.

Elias leaned back in his chair. “I spoke to Hayes a few days ago. His mate comes of age in a few months. He’s been ready for her for years. The man is always tweaking his nursery.”

Gavin chuckled. “He did get an early start. She’s going to be one very lucky Little girl. He’s been devoted to her for a long time from a great distance.”

Brock laughed and gave Arion a shove next to him. “No Alpha Protector in the history of Alphas has ever been as prepared as this man.”

“Hardy har har,” Arion responded, but he was grinning. He didn’t give a fuck that everyone knew he’d watched his mate from a distance most of her life. He’d been obsessed and devoted to her long before she’d come of age.

Most of the Alpha Protectors didn’t allow themselves to become overly invested in their mates until close to the claiming ceremony.

For one thing, it was frowned upon for them to know too much ahead of time.

They were also deeply discouraged from making contact in any form.

But occasionally some Alphas knew more than others about their mates.

Brock sighed. “Too bad there’s no way to get a head’s up about these random powers. It would be a lot easier on upcoming Alphas if they were prepared and not blindsided.”

Gavin nodded. “That’s for sure. I’d give anything to have that kind of hindsight.

When Molly started covering her ears and telling me it was too loud, I was in a panic.

But I freaked the fuck out entirely when she slid under the water in the bathtub and held her breath over and over.

I had no idea what the hell was going on. She was trying to avoid the noises.”

Everyone cringed.

“That would have caused me to pull my hair out,” Brock muttered.

A serious thought came to mind, and Gavin needed to address it. “If Molly can hear

the bears communicating with each other from a great distance, she can easily hear any conversation between any two Alpha Protectors on this section of the mountain, including meetings with the elders.”

Everyone nodded slowly.

Felix ran a hand through his hair. “I’ve had the same concerns with regard to Khloe knowing the possible movements among our people.

I spoke with the elders about this issue a few weeks ago.

I’ll make them aware of Molly’s abilities, too, but the reality is the elders recognize the importance of these newfound powers among our mates.

They aren’t concerned about secret meetings, nor do they have any interest in keeping information from any of us.

If something comes up in the future that worries them, they will address it with us then. ”

Gavin nodded. “Thank you. I’m sure they will reach out if they have any specific questions.”

Felix pushed his chair back and stood. “Guess we better get some lunch ready for the Littles. When they get hungry, their naughty sides will come out, and they’ll start plotting against us.”

Gavin rose. “I shudder to think what we’ll be up against as there are more and more of them. The shenanigans will get out of control.”

Arion rubbed his hands together. “Collective spankings. Imagine the volume in the

room if we have to spank six naughty girls all at once.”

Gavin winced. He would have to take Molly out of any situation like that. Either that or plug her ears beforehand. Other people’s sniffing and crying would be too much for her to handle.

Chapter Seventeen

“Are you having trouble tuning out the Daddies?” Khloe asked Molly.

Molly turned toward her new friend, realizing she was covering her ears. She lowered her hands. “I’m getting better at focusing on specific people, but yes, it’s hard. They’ve had some of the elders on speakerphone, too. So there are ten voices in the kitchen.”

It was almost more than Molly could tolerate. She was growing exhausted. She didn’t want to listen in on the men, but it was so hard to tune them out. It was like being in a room with dozens of conversations and trying to decide which one to focus on. But all of them were loud.

Molly was surprised when it was Olivia who leaned into the middle of the Littles to say, “Let’s plot something naughty. It will take Molly’s mind off the men. Besides, we need to initiate her.”

Everyone giggled.

Before Molly had arrived here today, she would have panicked at this suggestion, but Gavin had assured her it was okay for her to join in the shenanigans, so she was far calmer about the idea. “What kinds of things do you guys do to get into trouble?”

“Well,” Jezebel said, “the last time we were together...”

Molly was the one to interrupt with peals of laughter. She held up a finger. “You’re

going to have to go back farther than that. I was already mated the last time you all got together. I know about the fingerpainting and the candy.”

More giggles from everyone.

“That’s so weird,” Leah exclaimed, holding her stomach. “We hadn’t even met you yet. We didn’t know you could hear us from a distance.”

“There’s no way the Daddies would let us paint. It’s too close to lunchtime.” Suzette tapped her lips, thinking. Suddenly her eyes lit up. “How about if we all hide in the closet so when the Daddies come to get us, they panic when we’re not here.”

Molly nodded, grinning. That seemed harmless. No one would get hurt. Plus, it would be a short-lived prank. Obviously the Daddies would scent all of them and easily find them in the closet. Their disappearing act would only cause a few seconds of nervousness.

Khloe turned toward the closet behind her. Instead of bothering to stand, she crawled quickly that direction and reached up to open the closet door. It wasn’t huge, but they would all fit in under her dresses if they stood really close together.

Under a round of hushed giggles, they all hurried into the closet.

Molly was on one end, pressed against Khloe. When they closed the door and stopped whispering, the immediate drop in noises caused Molly’s mind to calm some. She could still hear dozens of voices and sounds, but she was getting a break.

The interesting thing was she was the only one aware of when the Daddies would specifically find them. She could hear them putting the finishing touches on lunch and discussing the sudden silence coming from the playroom. They chuckled over the idea that the girls were undoubtedly quietly plotting.

Before they had a chance to come investigate, though, Khloe grabbed Molly's arm tightly. A second later, she dropped to the floor, landing hard on her knees.

Molly gasped, uncertain what was happening.

Olivia was on the other side of Khloe, and she sprang into action, jerking the closet doors open. "Daddy," she shouted. "Khloe's having a vision."

Molly lowered to her knees next to Khloe and wrapped her arms around her new friend so she wouldn't fall and hit her head.

She'd never witnessed one of these visions before, but she sensed the total detachment as if Khloe had checked out entirely and had no control over her body. Her eyes were blank.

Distant chattering that hadn't been there before filled Molly's ears just as six frantic men rushed into the room.

The moment Felix tucked his arms under Khloe, Molly got down on her hands and knees and crawled out of the closet, under everyone, and between legs until she reached the hallway.

She jumped to her feet and ran for the front door. Before she could open it, though, all the air left her lungs as her Daddy wrapped his huge arm around her and lifted her into the air.

"Daddy, no. I need to?—"

He cut her off. "I know, Baby girl. I understand. You'll go with Daddy, though." He opened the front door and stepped onto the porch.

Molly squirmed in his arms, a sense of urgency consuming her.

The moment he set her down in the clearing, she shifted. She didn't dare move. Her Daddy would put her in a two-day timeout if she didn't stay where he could see her. It didn't matter, though. She didn't need to wander off. She'd only needed to get outside so she could hear better.

Molly was aware of Daddy standing very close to her, but she closed her eyes and tipped her ear toward the voices. She recognized one of the voices as belonging to the nicer bear shifter. The other voice wasn't one she'd heard before, but she quickly determined it belonged to another bear shifter.

She breathed a bit easier when she realized the two of them were both friendly.

"You say the wolves are all at Felix's house?"

"Yes. I overheard Drow telling Firat. Apparently the two of them have been scouting the wolves' movements. I swear one of these days the wolves are going to stop trusting us if those two idiots don't stop fucking terrorizing them."

"We need to put a stop to their idiocy once and for all."

"Do you think the council would hear our case and take action if we requested an audience?"

"I don't know, but we have to try. We can't keep tracking those two assholes and running to warn the wolves. One of these days, Drow and Firat are going to evade us and rain terror down on a peaceful pack of wolves who do not deserve their wrath."

"I'm not sure putting an end to Drow and Firat will do any good. They have amassed a following. Someone else will just take up their cause."

“Then the council needs to address that problem, too. They also need to specifically assign someone of our own to keep tabs on those idiots.”

“Should we volunteer?”

“Probably.”

Molly tipped her head closer. Her ears were high, giving her the ability to hear every syllable.

Something was odd about what she was hearing, though.

It was strange. Muffled. She couldn't put her finger on it.

And the speakers sounded like they were winded, as if they were running while they chatted. Why would they be running?

Movement to Molly's right caused her to glance over as two wolves joined her. If she hadn't been warned about Khloe's size, she would have probably stumbled backward and fallen. Instead, she forced herself not to react. She nodded toward Khloe to acknowledge her.

The other wolf would be Olivia. She wandered around until she was facing Molly.

Damon and Felix joined in human form.

Felix spoke. “They won't be here for another fifteen minutes. Molly, can you shift back so Olivia can see your human before she shifts?”

Molly glanced at her Daddy who nodded. She tipped her head one more time to make sure the two bears weren't speaking again, and then she shifted.

When she once again stood in human form, so did Khloe. Olivia continued to stare at Molly for several more seconds before joining the other two in her human skin.

Molly felt like she belonged to an odd girls' club. It was invigorating to be part of something bigger than her. After a lifetime of hiding in the corners, her face buried in books, trying to avoid anyone noticing her, she suddenly felt important.

She had so many questions. She asked the most pressing one first. "How do you know how much time we have until they get here?" she asked Khloe.

Khloe shrugged. "I don't know. I just do. I can't always tell exactly, but they're moving, so I can sort of judge."

Felix stood behind her, his hands on her shoulders.

Molly couldn't blame him. If she collapsed like she had in the closet every time she had a vision, that would have to scare Felix to death.

Molly was surprised he didn't insist she remain on all fours all the time.

And then she thought back on what she'd seen of Khloe so far.

The corners of everything in her room were padded.

She'd held Khloe's hand on their way to her playroom.

Also, Khloe had been the first to sit when they'd arrived, and she'd done so in the very center.

She'd crawled over to the closet when they'd decided to hide, and she'd positioned herself between Molly and Olivia once they were inside.

It would seem she did have a dozen precautions in place just in case she had a vision.

Molly noticed Olivia had a good sense of where the other two were standing, because she seemed to look back and forth between them as they spoke. If someone didn't know she was blind, they would probably never figure it out.

Olivia even reached out and easily clasped Molly's hand. "I'm confused. You looked like you were listening to something. Who were you focused on?"

"Two of the bears. I think they were both good ones. One of them was the one I heard talking to a bad guy earlier. This time he was with a friendly sort."

Olivia shifted her attention to Khloe. "Who is on their way here?"

"Thorn and Surge. Both friendly."

Olivia turned back toward Molly. "But you heard them talking?"

"Yes. It was odd. I didn't understand. Sort of muffled as if they were jogging. Are they coming this way in human form?"

Everyone gasped at once.

Molly stiffened. "What?"

"Holy shit," Gavin muttered as he set a hand on her shoulder.

Damon set his palms on his mate's biceps at the same time, so the six of them were facing each other in a triangle.

"Someone tell me what's going on," Molly insisted.

Olivia was still squeezing her hand. “I think you can hear them speaking to each other telepathically.”

“Telepathically? You don’t think they were speaking out loud?” That would explain the odd muffled sounds, but Molly shuddered at the thought. It was impossible to wrap her head around.

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Olivia nodded. “I guess you couldn’t hear me, though. I tried to communicate with you while we were both shifted, but you didn’t hear me, did you?”

Molly shook her head before considering Olivia couldn’t see her. “No. I only heard the bears. Surely I wasn’t in their heads.” That seemed so farfetched.

“Nothing would surprise any of us anymore, Molly,” Damon said.

Khloe took a deep breath. “I guess we’ll find out when they get here.”

“What were they saying?” Gavin asked.

Molly shuddered as she recalled their discussion.

“They were talking about two other bears named Drow and Firat. They were mad that those two keep snooping on us, and they’re worried they won’t always realize it, and we might get hurt.

They want to go to their council and ask for someone to take action or at least let them keep closer tabs on the two rogue bears. ”

“That’s incredible,” Arion said, making Molly aware that everyone else had also gathered outside around them.

Felix sighed. “I still think we should keep Molly’s abilities a secret from the bears for now. Even though Surge and Thorn have proven to have our best interests at heart time and again, it might not hurt to have Molly’s ability in our back pocket in case we

need her one day.”

Gavin pulled her closer. “I agree. Besides the fact that she can spy on them and warn us when something is going down, I wouldn’t want her ability to get back to Drow or Firat.

They already see us as the enemy. There’s no telling what they might do if they found out Molly can hear them plotting.

” He tensed at her back, and Molly followed suit.

Her Daddy was right. She didn’t want to live in fear of rogue bear shifters.

The two voices suddenly filtered into her consciousness again, and she held up a hand to keep anyone from speaking, grateful when everyone hushed.

Molly patted her Daddy’s arm before wiggling free of him and stepping away from the others to shift. She could hear fine in her human form, but her wolf could block the rest of the noises far better than her human and filter out the precise communication she was interested in.

A few seconds later, she was in her wolf body, ears perked, head tipped.

Khloe spoke. “They’re almost here. Two minutes.”

Molly nodded, grateful for the information.

It really helped her understand distances.

That wasn’t something she had mastered yet.

She would need to practice. It would be easy.

Daddy could arrange a time when everyone had conversations in their homes so Molly could begin to memorize at what distance she was hearing each of them. Easy enough.

Khloe and Olivia shifted next to Molly while she focused on the approaching bears.

“I don’t think they’re going to be too pleased to see us.”

“I doubt it. Wasn’t Gavin’s mating ceremony a few weeks ago? It seems like every time a new female joins the Alphas there’s a new round of unrest that stirs up Drow and Firat. That can’t be a coincidence.”

“I agree.”

Molly looked toward Olivia who was watching her, head tipped to one side. It didn’t seem that Olivia was able to hear the bears yet. How close did they have to be for her to communicate with them?

A more pressing question was whether or not Molly would be able to speak telepathically with the bears. The idea freaked her out, but it was also kind of cool.

Khloe suddenly shifted to human form, followed by Olivia.

Molly wasn’t sure why, but she felt like it would be better if she remained in her wolf skin.

Arion, Brock, and Elias were in wolf form, and the three of them took up a protective stance flanking the group.

The moment two large bears loped into the clearing, Molly gasped. It didn't matter that she'd been expecting them. They were bears. And they were huge. No wonder everyone considered the rogue pair a threat. If they were this big, they could take out six wolves at once.

The bears shifted into human form as soon as they were close enough. They smiled warmly at the group and nodded around, greeting everyone by name. Finally, one of them looked directly at Molly. "You must be Gavin's new mate. I'm Surge, and this is Thorn."

Gavin stepped closer to Molly and set a hand on her flank.

She leaned into him, though she did give the bears a polite nod.

Gavin spoke. "Molly is rather introverted. She's not used to so much attention. It makes her uncomfortable," he said, making excuses for her.

She was grateful, but she also didn't get the feeling anyone expected or wanted her to shift. She was perfectly fine remaining in her fur, observing. The last thing she wanted to do was answer any questions that might cause her to give away her abilities.

Surge faced Olivia as if she was his liaison, which was interesting since she couldn't even see him. He switched his attention to Khloe next. He was well aware that the two women had powers. When he moved his gaze to Molly, she tried not to tremble. Don't let him see your fear .

There was a lengthy pause before Surge spoke again, slowly turning his attention from Molly to Felix. She'd bet her next meal he was dying to ask about her possible abilities, but he was too polite. The less he knew, the better.

“We came to tell you that Drow and Firat are up to something again. They were apparently spying on you. That’s how we knew you were all together here today.”

At least that matched with what Molly had heard, which would go a long way toward trusting these two. What unnerved Molly was that she’d missed the two rogue bears who had apparently been stalking them earlier.

Granted, it was possible she had been blocking the sounds coming from outside so well that she’d been unable to hear them. After all, she wouldn’t have known to run outside and listen in on Surge and Thorn if Khloe hadn’t fainted.

Another possibility was that Drow and Firat hadn’t spoken a single word to each other while they’d been snooping. Molly wasn’t psychic. She wouldn’t know if bears were nearby unless they spoke.

Thorn spoke next, addressing Khloe. “I assume you knew we were coming or you wouldn’t have been out here waiting for us.”

“Yes.”

He glanced at Molly. He wasn’t as diplomatic as his friend. “Does Molly see the future or talk to bears?”

“Not that we’re aware of,” Felix responded. “Perhaps you wouldn’t mind shifting and trying to talk to her? Then we’ll know.”

Molly flinched, but she supposed this plan was a good one. Plus, she was as curious as everyone else. She had no idea if she could talk to bears telepathically.

Surge and Thorn nodded and then shifted, the same sort of shimmer she witnessed with wolves, mesmerizing Molly.

As soon as they once again stood in their unbelievably enormous bodies, they looked at one another. “Nice to meet you, Molly. I’m Surge.”

“And I’m Thorn.”

She stared at them blankly and took a risk. “I’m Molly.”

Neither of them flinched. They couldn’t hear her. Fascinating.

“I guess she doesn’t have Olivia’s special talent,” Thorn communicated to his friend.

“Apparently not.”

The two shifted back, and Molly leaned heavily into her Daddy’s side. She would be glad when these bears were gone.

“Well, that’s all we came to say,” Surge said.

“We’re truly sorry for those among us who refuse to live in harmony.

I know your pack is a peaceful group. The other wolf packs in the area are equally friendly and peaceful toward us.

We hope we’re able to put a stop to this madness.

I promise we’re working toward a peaceful coexistence.”

“Thank you,” Damon said. “We appreciate you giving us a head’s up when there is possible unrest.”

Surge smiled at Khloe. “I guess you’ll let everyone know the next time we come

visiting. Hopefully it won't always be to bring bad news."

"Thank you."

The bears waved before turning and bounding into the forest.

The moment they were gone, Molly shifted back, grateful when her Daddy picked her up. "I want to go home, Daddy." She'd never been more exhausted in her life.

"Of course, Little one. I guess you could hear the bears but they couldn't hear you."

"Yeah. That was weird. Plus, they're so big." She set her head on her Daddy's shoulder.

Gavin turned to the group. "We'll pass on lunch. Thank you for having us. We'll talk again soon. I suspect Molly has about a dozen ideas, but she needs a nap." He rubbed her back.

She barely had the energy to wave at everyone before shifting and trotting alongside her Daddy. All she could focus on was getting to her quiet room and falling asleep, probably for an entire day.

Chapter Eighteen

Gavin felt bad about the number of Alpha Protectors who were surrounding the house when they returned. He'd meant for their presence to be a good surprise, but Molly was dead on her feet. Surprises weren't something she could possibly appreciate this afternoon.

She hesitated when they stepped into the clearing and glanced at him.

Gavin shifted and motioned for her to do the same. As soon as his Little girl was in her human form, he scooped her up, carried her past everyone, and headed straight through the house and into the insulated room.

After shutting the door, he lowered her onto the mattress and proceeded to take off her shoes.

“What are all those people doing here, Daddy?”

He gave her a smile as he removed her leggings before pulling her sweater off and lastly her dress over her head.

He preferred to tuck her into the bed in nothing but her diaper.

She would get too warm if she went to sleep wearing all those clothes, especially since she had a tendency to burrow into him as soon as he joined her.

He pulled the covers back and patted the space where he wanted her to lie down.

It didn't surprise him for his sweet Little girl to comply without complaint.

She also didn't say a word as he opened her diaper, bent her knees, and removed the plug.

He didn't want her wearing it too long. She smiled as he fastened her back up.

Once she was under the covers, he handed her the doll she'd grown fond of in the last few weeks—a soft doll that didn't have any hard plastic parts. This was the one she often took to bed.

Gavin set his hands on either side of her and smiled. “Those men are working on a surprise for you, Little one. I don't want you to worry about it right now. You're exhausted. I'm going to fix you a bottle, and then I want you to go to sleep. Daddy will tell you about the surprise later.”

“Okay, Daddy.” She yawned. His utterly precious Little girl didn't argue, partly because she trusted him and was almost never argumentative. She'd accepted that what he said would always be the law. He suspected she also didn't have the energy to question him further in this case.

He bent to kiss her nose. “Don't move. I'll be right back.” Gavin hurried to the kitchen and returned in less than a minute, shaking a bottle. He climbed up beside her, propped himself on an elbow and popped the nipple in her mouth.

She held his gaze while she eagerly suckled. On this she wouldn't argue either. There had been a few times in the early days after their mating when she'd balked at taking a bottle or insisted she wasn't thirsty, but Gavin had never backed down.

After their second go around, he'd made her stand in the corner for thirty minutes before explaining to her that Daddy knew best when it came to nutrition. He would be the one to decide when she needed to eat and what. If he thought she was too tired, he

would bottle feed her.

He'd made it clear that arguing with him on this subject would not be tolerated. The next time she whined about taking a bottle, she would stand far longer than thirty minutes in the corner and then sit and write sentences about the importance of obeying her Daddy until her fingers hurt.

Molly had never once argued about eating again.

Not only that but when he fed her like this, when he knew she'd rather beg him off and go to sleep, he was certain she remembered that discussion every time.

He could see it in her eyes. Her submission.

But he could also scent it because her silent obedience made her horny.

Not aroused enough to actually have sex in her drowsy state, but enough for him to know that obeying him made her pussy wet.

He held her gaze and stroked her forehead until the bottle was gone and she fell into a deep sleep. After trading the bottle for her pacifier, he finally snuck out of the quiet room to touch base with his pack members.

"Daddy..."

Gavin's heart beat faster every time he heard that sound coming from his mate's lips. If they lived ten thousand years, he would never grow tired of it.

It was late. He'd turned out all the lights and locked up for the night.

The only light in the quiet room was the small night light he kept in there so his Little girl wouldn't be scared and confused if she woke up in the night.

The room was airtight with no windows, so it was impossible to know if it was night or day outside.

“I’m right here, Little one,” he whispered as he removed his clothes to join his sweet girl in bed. She’d slept all day, and she still sounded groggy.

He wasn’t surprised. Every time she exerted herself by listening intently to the voices and sounds around her she ended up drained, but this morning was the first time they’d left the house, and they’d been gone for hours. Every moment of that time had been intense for Molly.

As soon as he was naked, Gavin slid under the covers alongside his precious mate.

She sat up and looked around.

“Did you lose your pacifier, Baby girl?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

He reached behind him where he kept a stash and lifted one up. “Ta da.”

She giggled as she took it from him. “How many of those do you have?”

“A few dozen. I never want to be turning the house upside down looking for one. And they are all the same brand, so we won’t have to worry about finding the right one either.”

She giggled again. “You think of everything, don’t you, Daddy?”

“I try, Little one.” He tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear. It was disheveled from a day of sleeping. Her pigtails had long since completely slipped out of their bands. Who knew where those were. Lost in the bed somewhere. He had plenty.

She cocked her head to the side. “You didn’t tell me why all those people were here earlier.”

He smiled and ran a hand up and down her back, loving that she was no longer concerned about her nudity. He enjoyed seeing her pretty breasts while they talked late at night.

“Those men were other Alpha Protectors doing some work for Daddy.”

She rolled her pretty eyes and swatted at his chest. “Daddy... I’m not blind. I could see they were Alpha Protectors. They were all huge like you. Plus it was obvious they were working. Tell me what they were doing , Daddy.”

He chuckled. “Okay, naughty girl. They aren’t finished yet, so don’t get too excited. It will take a few more days for them to get the job done.”

She rose onto her knees, put her small hands on his chest, and bounced, heedless of the way her breasts jiggled as she did so. “Daddy...” she whined.

He couldn’t keep from grinning. “What?”

“Daddy!” This time she shouted. “Stop teasing me.”

He reached across to lift her up and settled her straddling his waist. With his hands on her hips, he held her gaze. “They’re insulating the outer perimeter of the entire house.”

She frowned. “What does that mean?”

“It means when they’re done and after we replace the windows with a thicker glass, the entire house will be a quiet zone. I’m even relocating the heating and air-conditioning units so they will be outside of the barrier and cut down on the humming

noise.”

Her eyes went wide. “The entire house? I won’t have to stay in this one room all the time?”

“Nope. You’ll have free run of the entire house.”

A naughty glint sparkled in her eyes. “Run? I can run in the house?”

Gavin slid his hands up to cup her breasts before pinching her little nipples. “No, naughty girl. You may not run in the house. Don’t twist Daddy’s words.”

She arched her chest toward him, her eyes switching from playful to sexy. Her voice was sultry when she spoke again. “So we’ll be able to sleep in your bed again?”

“ Our bed, Little one, and yes. Thank goodness. Daddy was going to end up with a bad back from crawling around on the mattress on the floor in here,” he teased.

She planted her palms on his pecs and rolled her eyes. The laughter was gone, though. Her aroused scent filled the room. “Silly Daddy.” She rocked her diapered pussy back and forth on his stomach.

He released her nipples, flipped her onto her back, and removed her diaper. He loved the way she breathed heavily while he cleaned her pussy. “Stand up, Little one,” he ordered as he lowered to his back.

As soon as she scrambled to her feet, he guided her to straddle him. Before she could react, he grabbed the backs of her hips and bottom in his hands and hauled her forward to bring her down over his face.

She squealed.

Keeping a firm grip on her, he angled her over his mouth and sucked her entire pussy.

Molly immediately moaned so loud the sound vibrated off the walls. She grabbed the top of his head to steady herself. Even though he'd stunned her, she didn't fight him. Her pussy dripped into his mouth, making him growl against her folds.

"Ohh..." Her purr was adorable. Shocking her was always precious. It only took a few flicks of his tongue over her clit before she came.

While she was still pulsing, he lifted her again and moved her down his body, lining her up with his cock. She was still in the throes of her orgasm when he lowered her over his dick.

Her eyes rolled back, and it was a good thing he was holding her by the waist or she might have fallen in any direction. Instead, she grabbed on to his forearms.

"That's my good girl. Take Daddy nice and deep. I want to hear you scream, Little one."

She moaned as he talked dirty to her. He hadn't been inside her since before they'd gone to Felix's house that morning. In the two weeks since their mating, with the exception of the first few days when she'd slept, they'd never gone this many hours without fucking.

For that reason, Gavin was on the verge of an orgasm before he managed to lift and lower his Little girl even one time. His cock was so fucking hard, and this position was so damn deep. It seemed like their hours without sex today had made her channel tighten up.

"Molly..." he moaned as he lifted her again and groaned deeply as she slid back down his cock.

“Gavin...” she responded, her voice filled with lust. She leaned forward, set her palms on his chest, and took charge, grinding her clit down at the base of his shaft before using her feet to rise and fall several more times.

Gavin tried to hold off as long as possible, but it was a losing battle. “Come, Little one,” he ordered.

Ever the obedient Little girl, Molly cried out her release as her pussy gushed down his shaft.

He let out a roar, following her into the land of sheer bliss.

When the waves of her release subsided, she collapsed over his chest, breathing heavily. He didn’t have the energy yet to move her, so he rubbed her back and her sweet ass for a while until he knew she was getting too groggy to stay awake any longer.

He finally lifted his sleepy girl off his cock, gently lowered her onto the mattress next to him, and leaned over the edge to grab supplies. He never stopped smiling as he cleaned his girl up, covered her pussy with a protective cream, and secured her in a nighttime diaper.

She was limp and sated by the time he popped her pacifier in her mouth.

Lastly, Gavin cleaned himself up and lowered onto his back next to her. He didn’t need to arrange her against him because Molly did exactly what she’d done every night for the past few weeks. No matter how tired she was, she always did the same predictable thing.

His precious Little girl crawled between his legs, snuggled her head against his thigh, and nuzzled his cock.

She took a deep breath and let out a long contented sigh.

His girl was her most peaceful when she was right here between his legs with her nose against his always-semihard erection.

She liked to inhale his scent in the night.

He stared at her for long minutes, grinning the entire time. She was a blessing he would never take for granted. Finally, he pulled the covers over them, careful to leave a tented section opposite her face so she could get good oxygen.

Her breaths against his cock had become a soothing balm to his soul.

He closed his eyes as he stroked her hair against his thigh.

There were a lot of unknowns in their world.

Her skills caused a million questions and concerns that would need to be addressed in the coming months.

But they would figure everything out together.

There were no other options. Molly was his world. His universe. His soul.