



Her Hollywood Master

(Master Me #6)

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Category: Romance

Description: "I'm in charge—you will give yourself to me completely."

After firing the spoiled starlet from his film, she shows up at his front door, soaking wet and begging.

But if she wants back on the picture, she'll have to submit.

He's in charge of her now. In charge of her days.

In charge of her nights. In charge of her Hollywood-perfect body.

And she'll call him Daddy.

Trouble is, when the filming is over, he might not want to let her go.

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M arissa gripped the door handle of her convertible Porsche as her sister Bev screeched onto Ventura Boulevard. The wind whipped her wet hair into an impossible tangle. She shoved it out of her eyes, hunching over her script and reading the same line over and over again.

“Can’t you put the top up?” she snapped when her hair blew in front of her eyes for the twenty-fifth time.

Her sister pressed the button on the dash impatiently, smacking it over and over again. “No, it doesn’t work, remember?”

Oh yeah. Another thing in her life that was broken.

She looked at the clock. Nine-thirty. She was supposed to be on the set by nine sharp. “I told you we didn’t have time to stop at Starbucks,” she said, wanting to blame anyone but herself for the screw-up her day had become.

Bev lifted her eyebrows, then braked hard when she didn’t make the light. “Chill out. It will be fine.”

“It will not be fine. I told you, Antonio is already pissed at me for flubbing my lines yesterday. Showing up late will not improve things.”

“Just improvise. You’re good at that. Don’t forget, Joel Sutherland requested you as his co-star, and he’s one of the producers. It doesn’t matter what Antonio thinks. Besides, everyone knows Antonio is a temperamental bitch.”

She sank lower in her seat. Normally her sister's optimism buoyed her, but at the moment, Bev didn't seem to grasp the enormity of Marissa's problems.

"Oh hey, you know?" her sister said, starting to dig in her purse as she wove in and out of traffic. "I have the perfect thing for you." She pulled out a plastic baggie of little pills. "I got these from the hot pharmacist at that party at Chateau Marmont this weekend."

"What are they?" Marissa asked doubtfully.

"Dexedrine. For A.D.D. For you it will be a little bit of an upper, which is good since you only got, what—three hours of sleep last night? They'll help you focus. Take one. Trust me, you'll love it."

She looked dubiously at the pills. Well, she could use all the help she could get at this point. She popped one in her mouth and sucked down the last swig of her venti iced latte just as Bev pulled up at the studio.

"Okay, I'll see you tonight. Text me when you're done."

"Wait—you're not coming in? You promised to help me with my lines today."

"Aw, baby, you don't need me. Mom and I have appointments to see Dr. Perdion, the dermatologist who uses the sheep placenta facials? So I can't today. But I'll be there tomorrow, I promise," she said kissing the air.

Marissa sighed. Her mother and sister spent every dime she earned and then some. Even the advance she'd received for this movie had been tapped for their never-ending exploits. One more stem cell facial and she'd be broke.

She jogged into the studio and onto the set where she met several stony stares, and a

disapproving frown from Joel Sutherland, which made her insides swirl.

“There she is,” someone said, and an assistant whisked her off to make-up.

“You look like hell,” Becky, the make-up artist said, looking at her with a critical eye. “Did you get any sleep last night?”

“Not much,” she mumbled, burying her nose in the script.

“Please tell me it’s because you were up all night memorizing your lines.”

She gave Becky an icy stare and the girl waved her palms. “No offense. I just know you’ve been having a rough time getting them down since we’ve been back in L.A.”

They’d shot the first third of the Canyon del Oro in New Mexico over the summer and she’d been on the top of her game then.

This was her dream movie, after all. A psycho-thriller with Joel Sutherland, the iconic Hollywood megastar.

Joel had three Oscars and enough sex appeal to melt the wax off her car and he’d personally requested that she—Marissa Sparks—co-star with him.

Filming with him had been smooth. No Hollywood snobbery on his part—he’d been charming and gentlemanly. He’d coached her through some of the more dramatic scenes and calmed her nerves during the stunts. And she’d known all her lines then.

But her life had fallen apart between then and now.

Billy Foxx, her rock star boyfriend had publicly cheated on her, leaving her for a supermodel, her mansion was about to be foreclosed on because her mom and sister

couldn't stop hemorrhaging money, and the endless stream of all-night parties were starting to catch up to her.

"Okay, you're all set. You'd better get out there, they've been waiting for you."

Like she didn't already know. She bit back her reflexive thanks. She didn't appreciate being shamed by her make-up girl. Bolting for wardrobe, she slid into her skin-tight ninja catsuit in record time.

"Where. Is. Sparks?" Antonio, the director bellowed.

"I'm right here," she called out, breathless. The drug her sister had given her was starting to kick in and she felt mega-alert, as if all five senses had been heightened. She felt like the lithe and dangerous spy she played in this movie.

"Sparks, get in the elevator, let's go," Antonio, the director, hollered. "Do you realize I've had everyone on the clock here since nine a.m.?"

"I'm sorry," she called out. She searched her mind for an excuse, and not arriving on one, left it at that.

"Do you remember the action sequence?"

"Yep. I've got it."

She stood in the elevator, cameras and lights all trained on her, and got into character.

"Scene 95, Take 7," the assistant cameraman's helper called out and hit the slates.

She pushed the fake elevator button and the doors closed.

When they opened, Joel stepped on. She sprang into action, giving him one of the high kicks they'd had her training for all summer.

The two wrestled in a choreographed sequence that she was proud to say would not be re-shot with stunt people.

It ended with him holding a knife to her throat, one arm wrapped around her shoulders from behind.

"Who are you working for?" he hissed.

She inhaled, but no sound came out. Her mind had gone completely blank. She stood there like an absolute idiot, her breath stalled in her throat.

"Cut," yelled Antonio, throwing down his clipboard and stalking forward. "Have you learned any of your lines?"

"Yes, I know them, I'm just..."

Antonio looked from her, to Joel, who still held her captive despite the fact that cameras were no longer rolling. "I can't work like this," he said to Joel. "Somebody get me a fucking coffee before I totally lose my shit."

Joel's muscled arms held her like steel bands, his breath warm on her ear.

All summer long she'd fantasized about him—his on-screen character, the real-life actor—everything.

He'd been kind and polite but elusive. No invitation to hang out off the set ever came, even though they were stuck out in the middle of nowhere together. Now he probably hated her, too.

He turned her to face him. The day-old stubble on his face defined his picture-perfect jaw and a lock of hair fell down his forehead as he frowned at her. “What’s going on?”

The knot in her gut tightened. She could take Antonio’s fury—the man was known for his fiery temperament—but Joel’s irritation made her want to crawl in a hole and never come out.

“Nothing! I just blanked on my line, that’s all. I can do it now—I’ve got it.”

He narrowed his eyes. “What is your line?”

She blinked at him. Her mouth had gone dry and the speed from the pill was making her heart gallop. “It’s We’re on the same side. Jones sent me .”

His lips flattened. “Close,” he said.

Her mind raced. What the hell was her line?

“Listen, Marissa. I personally requested you to audition for this movie. I wanted to work with you. I thought you showed a lot of depth in Green Bayou and you have major box office appeal. But it seems like your personal life is getting in the way of this movie.”

Her eyes burned, but she took a giant gulp of air to stave back the tears. The dexedrine made her feel racy and she bounced on her heels to dissipate the sudden burst of energy threatening to bowl her over. “No, I got this. Really. I won’t let you down, I promise.”

He looked unconvinced. “You already have,” he said, lifting one expressive eyebrow.

She cringed. “I’m sorry. You’re right, my personal life has been a little stressful since we’ve been back in L.A., but I will get it together, okay?”

“Look at me,” he said.

She snapped her gaze to his, startled by the sternness in his tone.

“You have twenty-four hours to show me you’re ready and willing to work on this movie. I want you on time, with your lines memorized and your head in the game when you show up tomorrow, understood?”

“Yes, sir,” she said in a small voice.

The words yes, sir always went straight to his cock.

Particularly when they came from a hot young actress whose nipples protruded through her costume as if she liked being scolded.

What he wouldn’t give to see her in a naughty school girl outfit.

He’d bet she could rock the pigtails, those full lips of hers pouting when he rolled up his sleeves to spank her.

He shook his head, walking away and pushing all thoughts of violating Marissa Sparks out of his mind.

In this industry, getting spanky with a co-star was out of the question.

Nobody kept a secret in Hollywood, and the media would turn his kink into some kind of pedophilia in the blink of an eye.

Still, she brought out the dominant, protective side of him.

He wanted to pull her away from the excessive partying, shelter her from the gossip and take her over his knee for a long, hard lesson in respecting herself and her profession.

This wasn't her. Or at least, he'd seen a different Marissa in New Mexico, when she'd been away from her rock-star boyfriend and her wilder-than-Paris Hilton sister. She'd been serious about her work then, and sweet, almost shy around him.

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He'd found her staring at one of the gossip rags one day.

He had snatched it out of her hand, rolled it up and swatted her ass with it.

"Don't you know the first rule to surviving Hollywood is never to read the gossip about yourself?"

"But then he'd seen her face. She looked like she'd been kicked in the gut.

He unrolled the paper to take in the headline.

Bad Boy Billy Foxx Cheats on Actress/Girlfriend Marissa Sparks .

"I'm sorry, kid. That sucks," he'd said with sympathy.

She had shrugged, her jaw tightening. "Good riddance," she'd said. But the public humiliation of being cheated on seemed to have kicked off her current downward spiral.

He looked over at her now. She sat hunched over her script, her lips moving as if she were whispering her lines.

"Sparks, did you figure out your line?" Antonio called out loud enough for the entire set to hear.

"Yep. I'm ready," she said, springing to her feet and jogging back to the elevator.

Antonio started the shoot again and Joel entered, wrestling physically with Marissa—one of his favorite parts of the job.

He captured her against his body, holding the dull prop blade at her throat, feeling the flutter of her rapid pulse against his knuckles.

Her breasts were pushed up by his arm, her nipples hard again. “Who are you working for?”

“Easy, big guy. We’re on the same side. Jones sent me.”

“Cut!” Antonio yelled. “What the hell is wrong with your face, Sparks?”

Her hands flew to her cheeks in terror. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, your lips are twitching, your pupils are tiny and there’s a muscle pulling your left nostril up. Are you on coke?”

“No,” she gasped. “I’m not. I took a prescription?—”

“Fuck this,” Antonio said, cutting her off in disgust. “Get out. Get the hell off my set. You go home and get your shit together and if you don’t show up tomorrow ready to roll, you’re fired.”

Technically, Antonio couldn’t fire her. Joel was an associate producer, so he could call the shots. But then he’d run the risk of Antonio quitting.

Marissa’s slender shoulders slumped. No defiance or backtalk from this little starlet—she had submissive written all over her.

Another reason he found her so attractive.

He'd released her from the hold, but he still stood close enough to feel her body trembling.

She licked her lips. "I'm sorry," she said, her voice cracking.

Antonio had already walked away so she turned to Joel, her eyes not quite meeting his. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I really am."

Again, a surge of protectiveness came over him. He wanted to take her in hand and remedy this for her. "Don't be sorry, just fix it," he said, leveling her with a stern look.

She nodded. "I will. I promise." She turned away.

"I liked the yes, sir, you gave me earlier," he said before he could stop himself.

She turned back to him, her cheeks flushing an enchanting shade of pink.

A glint of something—recognition? connection?

deviant sexuality? appeared in her eye. Once more, the evidence of her arousal showed in the stiffened peaks of her nipples through the latex catsuit.

One corner of her full lips turned up. "Yes, sir," she murmured, her voice sultry and thick, like honey.

It took all his self-control not to lean forward and smack her ass as she turned away.

She kept it together as she walked out of the studio trying to figure out how she was going to get home.

Neither her sister nor her mom answered their phones because, of course, they were getting sheep placenta facials that probably cost one thousand dollars each.

They should've been helping her here today.

It was their fault she'd been up most of the night because no one had wanted to leave the party and take her home.

She started walking. Maybe she could call a cab.

Her phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and glowered. Julie, her agent. "Hi Julie," she said.

"What in the hell is going on?" Julie demanded. "I just got a call from the studio saying you're in danger of being fired."

She had planned on playing it cool, but instead she made a ridiculous snorting noise trying to hold back the tears.

Julie softened. "What's going on? Is this still about Billy Foxx? Do you need to see a therapist or something?"

"No," she exclaimed, scowling. "I just need to get a good night's rest and everything will be fine in the morning, I promise."

"Okay," Julie said, sounding unconvinced. "So why is your mom calling me asking if I can get you a few commercials for extra cash? Have you run through your advance already?"

"My mom called you?" she asked, stunned. Her mom served as her manager, which had been great when she was still a teenager, but now was a constant source of

annoyance.

“Yeah. What’s the deal?”

“So she knows I’m out of money?”

“Marissa, what’s the deal?”

“I don’t know. They spent it all. New car, new house, trip to Europe. It’s gone. My accountant said we can’t pay the mortgage on the house and we’re in danger of getting foreclosed on.”

“Who’s they? Your mom and sister?”

“Yeah,” she said, walking so fast she began to huff.

“Well, who the fuck’s in charge? Is it your money and your life or not? Look, I know you’re young, but you’re an adult. You signed these contracts on your own, and the money is yours. You could get a real manager. You don’t have to let your mom run your career like she did when you were thirteen.”

“Okay, thanks, nice talking to you,” she sang out in a false-friendly tone.

“Listen, Marissa, I’m not trying to piss you off. But you’re a lot harder to represent when you start pulling this temperamental star bullshit. You’re not established enough to act like a diva.”

“I am not a temperamental star!” she snapped, hating that she sounded like a petulant child instead of an accomplished professional. “I’m just...having a rough patch.”

“Well get over it. Immediately. Or we’re both screwed. Because I have no intention

of returning my cut of your advance if you get fired. Understand?"

She hung up without acknowledging Julie. Bitch. Her stomach clenched in a tight knot because she knew every word Julie had said was true.

She had walked several blocks now and realized she was near Cafe Desta, the hip lunchtime restaurant for film crew and actors. She could wait here until her sister and mom emerged from their spending spree.

"Good morning, Ms. Sparks," the maitre d' said, "Table for one?"

God that sounded so pathetic. But yes, that was her life now.

"Yes, please," she said.

"Inside or out?"

"The patio would be great. Thanks," she said, her eyes skittering around to see if she recognized anyone.

She saw several execs from other studios, a few agents and a B-list actor.

She wondered what they'd heard about her.

Damn. Hollywood was worse than middle school in terms of social anxiety.

Maybe it was just the dexedrine talking.

She sat down and pulled her phone out of her purse. She only had a little bit of battery left. Probably not her best plan to have her phone play the part of lunch date today. She turned it off and stuck it back in her purse.

The waitress came around and she ordered a chamomile tea. If only they could make it strong enough to counteract the amphetamine coursing through her system now. At this rate, she wouldn't sleep for days.

She searched through her purse for her lipgloss and then decided to organize the jumbled mess in her bag.

She began to remove the contents of her purse one by one, placing them on the chair beside her so she didn't call attention to herself.

She could just see that headline: Lonely Marissa Sparks Asked to Leave Restaurant for Acting like Bag Lady.

"She supposed that would be better than some of the other half-truths they'd said about her.

She glanced up as the maitre d' showed three other people to the patio.

Oh shit.

She sank down in her chair, wishing she had a hat or sunglasses to hide behind. Joel and two of the female supporting actors were coming toward her. It annoyed her that he'd asked them to lunch. Or maybe they'd asked him, but still—she'd never been invited to a meal with him.

"Oh, there's Marissa," she heard Joel say as she pretended not to see them. "Do you mind? I need to have a talk with her."

"No, I don't mind," one of the actors said, although she obviously did. She and her cohort took a table for two, looking disappointed.

And Marissa should not feel so satisfied over that.

She watched him approach out of the corner of her eye, still pretending she hadn't noticed his arrival. His long legs made the trip a short one. He stopped opposite the table from her.

She lifted her eyes and put on her best smirk. "Have you come to lecture me again?"

Da-yum. Marissa Sparks was batting her huge baby blues at him, a naughty, coquettish smile on her face. She had changed into a slouchy mini-dress that fell off one shoulder. Did she know what that did to him?

He imagined she did. That was what gave her the "it factor"—the ability to produce the perfect persona for every occasion. A true actress.

He leaned down and rested his hands on the table, invading her space. "Nah, I thought we could go straight to the spanking."

To his delight, her pupils dilated and her smile widened as if she was amenable to the idea. She waved to the seat across from her. "Have a seat." She began to pick up several personal articles strewn about on the chair beside her, stuffing them into her purse.

"What were you doing?"

"Oh, nothing. I started organizing my purse and I got a little carried away. The prescription I took was for A.D.D, but I think it gave me a little too much focus."

He slid into the chair, which seemed way too far away from her. "Do you have A.D.D.?"

She raised both eyebrows and gave him a “don’t be stupid” kind of look.

“Right.”

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The waitress handed him a menu and took his drink order. “Did you already order?” he asked Marissa.

“I’m not eating,” she said. “Not hungry.”

“You know, at the risk of playing Daddy, I’m going to tell you that I think you need to try to get something in your stomach. You’ll need it with that pill you took, even though it took away your appetite.”

He’d been testing her with the word Daddy , and she didn’t disappoint. Her mouth opened, the flirty smirk returning.

“Okay, Daddy,” she said, looking at him from under her lashes. “What do you suggest I eat?”

His cock went rock hard.

She picked up her cup of tea and sipped it, never removing her eyes from his.

He smiled, a virile sense of power coursing through him at her acceptance of his game. He glanced at the menu. “Any dietary restrictions?” Everyone in Hollywood had a diet they followed, whether vegan, gluten free or whatever the new fad.

“I’m paleo.”

“Paleo,” he repeated, trying to remember what he knew about that diet. “Isn’t that the opposite of vegetarian? All meat?” he teased.

“No grains, no legumes, no dairy, no processed food or refined sugar.”

He winked. “Got it. You’re lucky I’m not vegan or we’d really be at odds today.”

Her lips curved into a sultry smirk. “Then you’d be giving me that spanking with my panties down.”

Oh no she didn’t. He wondered if she knew how close he was to throwing her over his knee right then and there. Now that would make a good tabloid story.

The waitress returned with his iced tea. “We’re ready to order,” he said, shooting a glance at Marissa to see how she’d take his removal of her autonomy. “Marissa will have the steak salad and I’ll try the fish tacos.”

She didn’t look annoyed. If anything, it seemed to please her, a delicate pink shading her cheeks.

“So what’s going on with you?” he asked when the waitress had left.

Her flirty bravado fell away. She dropped her eyes and stared into her cup of tea. “Are you really going to lecture me again? Because I’m not up for it.”

He believed her. She looked fragile, as if emotions bubbled just beneath the surface. Compassion outweighed playing stern. “No, I’m not,” he said gently. “You already have my opinion on the matter.”

“Right,” she said, blushing, but the teasing look returned. “I’d better show up tomorrow, on time, with my lines memorized or you’ll spank my ass.”

He wanted to keep the dominance flirtation going, but protecting his movie came first. He shook his head. “No, I should have spanked your ass two weeks ago. We’re

beyond that point, and I hope you know it. One more ruined day of shooting and you're off the project."

She didn't look shocked. She did understand the severity of the situation, after all. Her hand trembled as she brought the teacup to her pouting lips. "I know," she said when she had swallowed.

The waitress brought their food and despite her claim of not being hungry, she wolfed down her salad, which satisfied him for some reason.

"Feel any better?"

"Are you going to say you told me so?"

He laughed. "Nope." He handed his credit card to the waitress before she had a chance to leave a bill.

"Thank you for lunch," Marissa said. "And for not yelling at me."

"I never yell."

"You just spank?" she teased, pushing a strand of her honey-brown hair out of her eyes.

"Don't forget it." He winked. "Do you need a lift home?"

She picked up her cell phone, looking flustered and swiped the screen. "Oh," she exclaimed. "Looks like my sister's waiting outside. Thanks again for lunch," she said, jumping up.

"Get some rest," he called after her, stopping to say goodbye to the actors he'd

abandoned to sit with her.

“I know, I know,” she said, turning back and giving him an eye roll. “I’ll be back tomorrow ready to film.” She turned and walked swiftly out, looking every bit as frantic and harried as she had when she’d arrived on the set that morning.

He sighed. He sure hoped she would pull it together.

“Thanks a whole lot,” she snarled at Bev when she hopped in the backseat of the Porsche.

Her mom sat shotgun. Of course Marissa had to ride in the back seat—it was only her car, paid for with her money, right?

But, no. As always, her mom and Bev ran the show while little sis picked up the scraps.

“That prescription made my eye twitch and Antonio sent me home for the day. And pretty much, if I don’t show up on time with my lines memorized tomorrow, I’m fired. ”

“They can’t fire you,” her mom said breezily from the front seat. “We have a contract. Besides you know your lines.”

“Yeah, and they’re saying I’m in breach. And I did learn my lines at one point, but I have since forgotten them.”

“Well, that’s not like you, sweetie.”

She clenched her fists, though not even sure who to be angry with or why. Maybe just herself. “Look, I just really need to get some sleep. Can you guys give me some

peace and quiet when we get home?”

“Well, sure, but I invited some people over,” Bev said.

Frustration gnawed at her, but she shoved it back down. She was just crabby because she hadn’t slept. Unlike Bev, who could party six days a week without showing any sign of stress, she didn’t do well without at least seven hours of dream time.

When they arrived at her mansion, she slipped into her bedroom (not the master suite—her sister had taken that because.

..well, she couldn’t remember how that happened) and flopped on the bed.

A strange mixture of exhausted and chemically wired, her mind swirled in a foggy mess.

Images of Antonio’s angry face, the uppity make-up girl, and Joel floated before her eyes.

She recalled the feel of Joel’s restraining arms around her—the delicious strength, the way he hadn’t let go even after Antonio had called cut .

And what had all that flirty daddy-talk been about?

Joel didn’t strike her as the lewd sex joke type.

But it hadn’t been lewd, really. And it hadn’t exactly seemed like a joke, either.

She could picture Joel as the old-fashioned strict school-master, bending her over his desk for three strokes of his cane.

Her pussy clenched. She slipped her hand into her panties. God. Joel was a real man, not like the party boy types she always dated. What would it be like to be his girl? Did he like to play spanky panky in the bedroom? Obviously.

She rolled to her belly for better leverage, humping the mattress as her fingers worked their magic.

She returned to her school-room fantasy.

She'd be in a little plaid skirt, of course.

He'd roll up the sleeves of a buttondown shirt.

She undulated her fingers between her legs, the heel of her hand pressing on her clit, her middle finger reaching all the way back to touch her anus.

He would lift her skirt—slowly of course, and pull her panties down himself.

Oh God, that was hot. Then he would tap her exposed buttocks with the cane.

“Count them, Marissa,” he would command.

She came, her pelvic floor lifting and lowering with wave after wave of delicious release. Relaxation seeped into her muscles for the first time in days. She relaxed into the pillow. Maybe she would be able to nap.

Fifteen minutes later, she was lying on her back, reliving the ugly scene with Antonio.

The pill Bev had given her kept her wide awake.

She rolled over and climbed out of bed. Maybe it was better to stay awake now and just get to bed early tonight.

She'd go to her room before Bev's friends showed up so she wouldn't have to talk to anyone.

She headed downstairs and plopped herself in front of the television with the script. She looked at the pages, but the words lay meaningless on the page. She rubbed her eyes. Well, she could review it in the morning, after a good night's sleep. Right now she just needed to veg out.

She flipped through the channels to Hollywood Gossip . She didn't know why she tortured herself with it, but, like an addict, she just had to check it daily to see if she'd been mentioned.

Supermodel Ella Janes is in Hollywood this week with her new boyfriend Billy Foxx who is playing at Clayton Theater tonight. Rumor has it Marissa Sparks was not in attendance at his concert last night, as things did not end nicely when Foxx dumped her for Janes.

She flipped the channel, her lunch sinking to the bottom of her stomach like a stone.

It shouldn't surprise her. The gossip had circled that topic relentlessly since August. She scrolled through the channels until she came across an older Joel Sutherland movie.

Just the sound of his voice sent tingles down her spine.

She tucked her legs up under her to watch.

She indulged in movies until dinnertime and then grabbed two nitrate-free all-beef

hot dogs from the fridge and sat down to eat them, sans bun.

The dexedrine had started to wear off and exhaustion had set back in.

Her eyelids felt gritty and dry and her brain was moving slowly.

She'd take a nice long bath and go to bed. Tomorrow morning she'd be a new woman.

She heard voices outside and the front door opened. Bev and a boisterous crowd of people filed in. "Let the party begin," Bev called out happily.

She groaned. Time to hide. She stood up and padded to the foyer, slipping around the corner to the staircase. The sight of a tattooed man stopped her.

No. Way. She wanted to throw up. There, in her living room, stood her sister, her ex-boyfriend, his new supermodel girlfriend and all of his band members.

Before she could bolt for her bedroom, Billy's blue-gray eyes drifted up the staircase and landed on her. "Heeey Marissa," he said softly, like she was a spooked dog. He left Ella Janes standing there and headed up the staircase toward her. "I was hoping you'd be here. We really need to talk."

They did?

"We do?"

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“Yeah.” He put a hand on her low back, like he still had rights to her and guided her back into the kitchen. “Listen, babe,” he said in his dragged out, stoner-surfer voice. “I’m so glad your sister invited us over, because I’ve been feeling like we have this thing hanging between us.”

“This thing ?”

“Yeah, you know...What happened between us this summer.”

She folded her arms across her chest. “What exactly did happen between us this summer?” She hated the tight, high-pitched timbre of her voice.

The front door opened and closed and the number of voices downstairs increased. Someone turned on the stereo.

“You know, it’s not about you, babe. I hope you understand that. I met Ella and we just had this instant connection .”

“And you’re telling me this now? Two months after I find it out from the tabloids?”

“Okay, hey. I understand you’re a little pissy about it all. But I just wanted you to know that I still love you. I think you’re awesome. I had a ball with you. And I don’t want there to be any hard feelings between us.”

“Well, you can’t always get what you want, now can you?” It wasn’t that snappy of a line, pretty cliché, actually, but it was the best she could come up with. She wasn’t good at confrontation. She stomped out of the kitchen, up to the third floor to her

bedroom.

This sucked. Why would Bev invite her ex and his new girlfriend to her house— her house , dammit—to party? Especially on a night when she had to get a good night's sleep or her career would be over?

She skipped the bath and crawled into her bed, pulling the covers up to her chin as the band began to do a sound check. Great. Now she had to listen to Billy Foxx and his boy band playing all night long. She held the pillow over her ears.

So much for a good night's sleep.

Marissa woke in sweat-dampened pajamas. Sunlight streamed in through her window, baking her with its intensity.

Ugh. She got out of bed and turned on the ceiling fan. What time was it, anyway?

She looked at her clock and shrieked. Literally shrieked.

Nine-forty. She'd been due at the studio at nine.

She hadn't set her alarm because she figured after going to bed at eight p.m., she'd be up at the crack of dawn.

She raced to the bathroom and took a thirty-second shower, stopping only to heave twice down the drain.

She froze when she climbed out and caught her reflection in the mirror.

No. F-ing. Way. A giant cold sore had appeared on her upper lip.

She looked like she should be starring in a horror movie as the zombie girlfriend from hell.

“No, no, no, no, no,” she wailed as she threw on some clothes and dashed down the stairs.

Her living room was littered with beer and liquor bottles, party guests still hanging out on her couch or passed out around the room.

“No, no, no, no, no,” she repeated as she searched for the keys to her car. Bev had them last, which meant they might be anywhere. She pounded back up the stairs and threw open Bev’s door. Her sister lay naked, one leg tossed over Billy Foxx, also naked.

She started to heave again. This shouldn’t be her life. It really shouldn’t. She found her sister’s purse and dug the keys out.

“I really hate you,” she muttered as she slammed the door and ran down the stairs two at a time.

Downstairs Ella Janes was stumbling around her living room.

“Your boyfriend’s upstairs in my sister’s bed,” she said as she passed her by.

“I know,” the model breezed, her lids half-lowered over red eyes. “It’s cool. We have an open relationship.”

Ugh. “Well, that works out great for you, I guess,” she said, running out the door.

She jumped in the car, cursing her sister and mother the entire time.

Considering it was her money they lived on, you'd think they would pay a little more attention to her career.

Weren't they supposed to be managing her?

She slammed on the brakes at a red light hard enough that her seatbelt locked.

She hated driving. Bev should be driving her right now.

Pulling the visor down, she flipped open the mirror. Crap. The cold sore was still there, staring back at her, the visual metaphor for uninvited guests in her life. She hit the gas when the light turned green and screeched into the parking lot at the studio, running inside.

The cast and crew were all standing on the set and every head turned when she burst in. She caught a glimpse of Joel, his arms folded across his chest, his gaze stony.

"You," Antonio shouted, striding up to her. "How dare you show up late again?"

"I know, I'm soooo sorry," she said.

"You're sorry? That's it? After ruining yesterday's shoot, you have the nerve to show up late today and not at least try to tell me you were in a car accident, or your mother died or something?"

She spread her palms. "I don't have an excuse. I messed up. But I'm here now, and I'm ready to go."

He narrowed his eyes, leaning into her personal space.

"What's on your face?" He pointed a fat finger at her, his lip curling in disgust. "A

cold sore?” His face tensed in brutal lines.

“You are finished.” He drew a line across his throat.

“Fired. Get off my set. I can’t wait for you to stop acting like a spoiled diva while I’m trying to make a movie, here. ”

“Please, Antonio—I know this looks bad, but?—”

He walked away, holding up his hand.

She ran after him. “Listen, it won’t happen again. Ever. I promise! I’m really sorry?—”

He left the set and slammed the door in her face.

She pushed back the wedge of emotion that threatened to erupt. Do not fall apart here. Not here. Unable to think of what to do, her legs carried her back outside to her car. She climbed in and sat in the driver’s seat, unseeing and motionless.

No thoughts passed. No emotions. She checked out completely, just sitting there in her parked car with the top down, because the mechanism to close it was broken. She probably sat there forty-five minutes before the sound of a door slamming started her out of her stupor.

Emotion flooding back, she put the key in the ignition and started the car, tearing out of there before she made an even bigger fool out of herself.

Rain poured down, running off his windshield in rivulets.

Joel had spent most of the day in an emergency meeting with Antonio and the other

producers discussing the fate of the movie.

Two of the producers were ready to scrap it and walk away.

Joel had too much invested in it to be willing to take a loss.

Unfortunately, he didn't have the additional funds to invest to hire a new actress and start over.

The filming was two-thirds complete, after all.

Despite Antonio's adamant protest that he'd never work with Sparks again, Joel had advocated trying to salvage the movie by putting the screws to Marissa and basically forcing her to perform in her contract.

The studio's lawyer had put in a call to her mother and her agent, letting them know she'd be sued for breach of contract and demanding the return of her advance, plus damages.

He hoped she'd hire a lawyer and they would negotiate for the completion of the movie.

Antonio had insisted he would quit if they brought her back, but eventually, Joel made him see reason. The director wanted this movie—his baby—finished as much as Joel did.

He pulled up to the front gates of his Venice Beach mansion and stopped. There, sitting in an open convertible Porsche, getting soaked in the rain, sat Marissa Sparks. What the hell was she up to?

He threw the car in park and opened the door, standing up in the rain. "Most people

put up the top when it rains,” he called out to her.

“It won’t go,” she said.

He waited, but she didn’t explain her presence.

“What are you doing here?”

“May I come in? Please? I just want to talk to you.”

He nodded and stepped back into his dry car, hitting the remote to open the automatic gate.

It swung open and he motioned her inside ahead of him.

He followed her up the drive to where she parked in the circle in front of the house.

Opening the garage door, he drove in, then got out and beckoned to her.

She arrived like a drowned rat: shivering and dripping wet. She wore microscopic shorts and a tank top and both were soaked through, clinging to her curves. Mascara streaked her face. It was hard to tell if the tears that caused the tracks were still flowing or if it was just rain on her cheeks.

“Come on in,” he said, holding his arm out to her and escorting her in with a light touch at her low back.

“Wait here,” he said, leaving her on the tiled floor of his kitchen.

He retrieved a giant fluffy orange towel from the bathroom and returned, wrapping it around her and blotting her hair and face.

“Thanks,” she said, looking as small and forlorn as a lost child, her blue eyes huge in her face.

He raised his eyebrows in expectation.

“Joel,” she said, sounding breathless. “I came here to beg you—please—to give me another chance. I know I screwed up. I screwed up big time. I’m not going to offer you any excuses because I know you don’t want to hear them.

I just want you to know that I’m sorry. Really sorry.

As sorry as a person can be. And if you let me back on the movie, I would work every minute of every day to prove to you I can do the job you hired me for.”

He looked at her a long time. “What makes you think I can get you back on the movie? The decision isn’t just mine.”

“I know—” she trailed off, her eyes pleading.

His cock stirred. He happened to love that look on a woman.

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“Listen, Marissa. Maybe there’s a chance I can get you back on the movie, but a lot of things would need to change.

I think you need some distance from your family.

Everyone knows your house is a party twenty-four/seven.

And honestly, I think you need a real manager.

Someone who takes the job of getting you to work ready to perform seriously.

I don’t think your mom is cutting it. Would you be willing to consider a new manager? ”

She shrugged, looking miserable. “If that’s your condition.”

His condition. Was he calling the shots on her life now? If so, his conditions would be something a little different.

As if she read his mind, she said, “You’re my daddy, right? You tell me what to do.” She peeked up at him from under her wet lashes.

His cock stiffened, but her suggestion grated. Was she really propositioning him to keep this job?

Tell her you’ll have the studio’s lawyers contact her. Tell her to come back when her life is together.

He closed the distance between them—a mistake, because then he had to touch her. He brushed her wet hair back from her shoulder. “What are you suggesting, little girl?”

Her nipples stood in stiffened peaks through her wet tank top. “I...I don’t know. I just...I’d like a little guidance.”

Tell her to leave.

Desire overruled reason. “Take off your clothes, Marissa.” If she wanted to play the sex card, he’d let her play it.

She looked at him, hope flittering across her face, her chest heaving. She yanked her clothes off, quickly, as if doing it before she chickened out. Or perhaps before he changed his mind.

“Put your nose in the corner,” he said, pointing to the juncture of the two walls.

Her eyes flicked to his and then to the corner. She took one step, and looked back at him with a question.

He gave her a stern, raised-eyebrow look.

She turned back to the wall and approached it, stopping when she reached the corner. She peeked over her shoulder.

She made an incredible sight. He hadn’t had any doubt about the perfection of her form, but seeing her fully naked made him catch his breath.

Perfectly proportioned, slender but curvy, she had the body only one in one thousand wanna-be models or actresses possess.

Her flawless ivory skin held the clarity of youth, two dimples at the base of her spine accented the delicious globes of a perfectly round ass.

The ass he intended to spank until she screamed.

He sauntered up behind her, reaching around pinching one nipple between his thumb and forefinger as the other hand reached for her pussy.

He found her swollen and wet. But he didn't want her to think she could just waltz in and seduce her way back into the movie.

She'd have to give up more than that to buy him.

"You were very naughty today," he said, sliding his finger along her glossy folds as he tugged her nipple enough to make her gasp. "What happens to naughty girls?"

She panted, her hands coming to cover his.

"Hands on the wall," he snapped.

Her hands shot forward.

She certainly was obedient. But he shouldn't be surprised. He'd sensed the submissive in her before. Wasn't that the whole reason he found her so attractive?

"What happens to naughty girls?"

"Th-they get spanked?" she asked, her voice quavering.

"Spread your legs," he ordered sternly, nudging her heel with the toe of his shoe.

She stepped her feet wider.

With the added space between her legs, he had room to lightly slap her sex. He spanked her there and she squeaked. He brought his hand up a few more times.

“That’s right, they get spanked. Did you come here to get spanked by me?”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured.

“Hmm,” he said, his cock straining at his zipper.

His brain screamed at him to pull back. He should not mix business with pleasure.

Not in this town. This was the sort of thing that would land him in a lawsuit, or a tabloid scandal.

He could just see the headline: Actor/Producer Joel Sutherland Forces Actress to Submit to Bare-Bottomed Spanking to Stay in Movie.

“If you want me to be your daddy,” he said, his hand traveling to her tantalizing ass, “you would have to stay here until the filming is over. You would live under my rules, and I am very strict. You would receive long, bare-bottomed spankings. And we would start with a serious punishment for your disrespect of everyone’s time these past few days. ”

She went quite still, listening.

“Are you prepared to accept my terms?”

Her breath rose and fell in short gasps, her perky breasts moving with it. He slapped between her legs from the back. “Are you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Are you sure?” Hell, he wasn’t sure. This might be the stupidest move he’d ever made. But the smell of her arousal made the animal in him push forward. He slid his fingers between her legs and found her swollen sex practically sopping with natural lubricant.

“I’m sure,” she whispered.

He wrapped one arm around her waist and pressed his cock against her low back, breathing in her ear. “Good girl. It takes courage to give yourself to Daddy. I want you to stay in the corner with your hands and eyes on the wall. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she murmured.

Marissa listened to the sound of his footsteps as he walked away. Her heart pounded in her chest like a cat trapped in a pillowcase. She didn’t believe she was doing this. She suspected she was in way over her head, not that she’d ever performed on the old “casting couch” at all.

Exactly how far would he take this game?

Was it all for sexual pleasure or did he have a nastier motive in mind, like he was filming the whole thing for blackmail?

No, that was stupid. He wasn’t like that.

He’d never been anything but a gentleman to her.

Still, she had no guarantee that he wouldn’t just have his fun and send her off with a “good luck,” or “sorry I can’t help you more. ”

“Let’s go, baby doll.” She jumped to find him behind her again. He took her hand and led her to the couch where he sat down and pulled her over his lap.

The position should have frightened her, but instead it turned her belly to molten liquid, a swirling heat that caused moisture to leak onto her inner thighs.

Joel circled his warm hand over her buttocks, making her skin tingle in anticipation. He brought his palm down with a loud smack. “Why am I spanking you, little girl?” he asked, rubbing away the sting and then repeating the action on the other cheek.

Her mind raced between her fears of degrading herself this way and white hot desire. “Ahh, what?” she asked, trying to play back his words and understand the question.

He delivered a flurry of hard slaps, two on one side, then two on the other, and again.

She wriggled, squeaking.

“Why am I spanking you?”

“Because I was bad?” she asked, the muscles in her pelvic floor fluttering. His hand stung, but in the most delicious way, warming her skin, giving her a focus for all the sexual tension growing within.

“Yes, you were naughty, Marissa. Tell Daddy what you’ve done.”

She drew a breath, suddenly not liking the game nearly so much.

His hand continued to rain down at rapid intervals, making it hard to speak.

“I’m sorry,” she cried out, the only words her brain produced.

“Thank you for your apology,” he said calmly, still beating out a steady tattoo on her naked bottom.

Heat had begun to build, and she no longer enjoyed the spanks, as they came too fast and too hard.

“Please...”

He paused and rubbed her blazing flesh and she attempted to catch her breath. “You’ve misbehaved, Marissa. You brought the production of my movie to a halt. Because of you, there may not be a Canyon del Oro . I will lose my entire investment.”

Her stomach tightened, all eroticism fading. She wasn’t afraid—he didn’t sound angry—but guilt made her feel sick. She had only thought about her own loss of fortune. She hadn’t considered how much Joel had invested in the movie or what would happen to him or the movie without her.

He tapped something smooth and hard against her sit spot.

She craned her neck around to see. He held a large wooden hairbrush in his hand. Her bottom clenched reflexively.

“Little girls who disrespect their director, co-stars and self get spanked with the hairbrush.”

Her belly flipped. He brought the back of the brush down against her sit spot and she jolted forward, trying to crawl off his lap. It hurt. Way more than his hand. This was not fun. Not at all.

He clamped an arm around her waist and hauled her back into position, pinning her

two legs under one of his to hold her in place.

“Wait,” she shrieked, alarmed.

He said nothing, just started spanking at a quick pace, alternating one side and the other in quick efficiency.

“Owwww,” she howled, still struggling.

“You have been a mess ever since we left New Mexico. You are on the path to throwing your entire career away, and I’m not going to let you take the movie down with you.”

“I am sorry!” she gasped. “Ouch, please!”

“I know you are, sweetheart. But I have to keep spanking until I’ve decided you’ve learned your lesson.”

“No-o,” she wailed. She wished she had not offered herself up like this.

She’d been picturing something totally different.

Something that didn’t hurt so much. Something sexier.

This wasn’t sexy. Well...it sort of was, but she didn’t have time to enjoy it because she was too busy paying attention to the pain exploding on her poor bottom.

“Marissa, I’m sorry about your boyfriend, if that’s what this is all about. But you are better than this.”

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Just his mention of Billy made her cringe.

How freaking pathetic was she? Was she really going to ride this train till it hit bottom over that loser?

No. Maybe he had been the impetus for her irresponsible behavior, but here, in the presence of a real man, he seemed completely insignificant.

And she sure as hell didn't want to admit to Joel that she'd let some loser rock boy sink her ship.

A sob of frustration welled up in her throat and she held it, drawing a fluttered breath.

“Don't hold it in, sweetheart. I want your tears.”

Fuck. That. Except his request seemed to summon exactly that—a wall of emotion surged from her chest into her throat and came out in a cough, which turned into sobs.

The tears weren't far behind. She tried to hold it in—she didn't want to cry in front of him, certainly not bent over his lap being spanked with a hairbrush. It was too humiliating.

She held her breath, then choked on a sob erupting from her chest.

“That's it, Marissa,” he said, his voice rich with warmth, even though he continued paddling her throbbing bottom.

She kicked her legs. “Please,” she wailed. “Please stop.”

“Let it all out, baby girl,” he said.

She collapsed over his legs, crying like a baby, surrendering to the idea that he’d never stop spanking her. And that was when he finally did stop, circling her bottom with the brush, its smooth wood now a caress.

“Oww,” she sobbed.

The brush disappeared and his hand massaged her swollen ass, the heat making her flinch.

She continued to cry. Insecurity blasted through her. How would she ever look him in the eye again? What if he pushed her out the door with a wham, bam, thank you ma’am and never let her back on the movie? What if he told everyone?

“Don’t...don’t leave me,” she blurted with a sob, then froze, wishing she could pull the words back into her foolish mouth. She hadn’t meant to say that. Leave her? How could he leave her when he wasn’t even dating her? She held her breath, wanting to slither off his lap and hide under the sofa.

Joel lifted her up to cradle on his lap. “Of course I won’t leave you. Daddies don’t leave their Little’s just because they’ve been naughty.”

She covered her face in her hands.

He pried her fingers back. His gaze was warm and loving, as if she were his beloved child and not an unreliable co-star with a huge cold sore on her lip. He kissed her wet cheek. “The spanking’s over and you’re forgiven.” He pulled her head against his chest and stroked her hair.

She leaned into his warmth, his gentleness soothing her raw emotions. It was a surreal moment. “Did you enjoy that?” she asked, not angry, just trying to understand him, or what just went down.

As if in response, his cock twitched beneath her bare thigh.

The corner of his mouth turned up, but he shook his head.

“No.” He stroked his thumb across her collarbone and down, cupping one breast. “Well, yes, some of it,” he admitted with a wolfish smile as he flicked her nipple with his thumbnail.

“You looked pretty cute standing in the corner.” His cock moved against her bottom.

His arousal reassured her, gave her a sliver of confidence back. She wanted him—needed him, actually. She kissed him lightly on the neck. Then again a little higher, on his earlobe.

His cock pressed more insistently, but he nudged her off his lap to stand. Before she had a chance to register her disappointment, he stood and scooped her back into his arms, carrying her down the hall to a beautiful master bedroom.

Joel bypassed the bed and kept going, into the master bathroom where he gently set Marissa on the travertine tile counter.

She winced a little and glared, which made him smile.

He rather enjoyed a pouting girl after a good spanking.

Marissa made a perfect Little. He knew her body responded to his dominance, but he didn’t know what was going on in that beautiful head of hers.

Was she just playing the part he asked her to play to stay in the movie?

He turned on the shower and waited until the water warmed, then held out his hand.
“Come in here, baby.”

She touched her half-dried straggly hair and looked chagrined.

Easing off the counter, she took his hand, allowing him to help her into the large two-person tiled shower stall.

“This is beautiful,” she said as he propelled her forward into the angle of the water spray.

She sighed, leaning her head back into the water.

He shucked his clothes and stepped in with her. Picking up a bar of soap, he rolled it between his hands before sudsing circles around her perky size C’s.

“Mmm,” she covered his hands with her own and closed her eyes.

“Beautiful girl,” he murmured. He proceeded to soap every line and curve of her torso.

When he reached her pretty little pussy, he soaped her mound and outer lips and crouched down with a razor.

“Little girls are smooth and bare for their daddies,” he said.

He lifted one of her knees over his shoulder to give himself access and carefully shaved her entire area clean.

When he stood back up, she wore the most tantalizing expression. The actress playing the ingenue, her face radiated innocent pleasure while she held her body in seductive repose. Her full breasts arched up, her bottom angled out. “Turn around,” he said, his voice thick.

She turned to face the spray of water.

He grasped her waist and pushed her forward. “Hands on the wall,” he said. Lathering the soap again, he slid his fingers into her crack, sudsing the insides of her cheeks, massaging her anus with his middle finger until her knees buckled and she moaned with need.

He realized he hadn’t brought a condom into the shower, nor had they really negotiated sex, just spanking. He wrapped one arm around her waist and put his lips to her ear. “I want you,” he said in guttural tones.

She answered by pushing her ass back against his aching shaft.

“Do you want me to take you, Marissa?” he asked, not wanting to use the Daddy/little girl talk for sex in case she did not feel comfortable mixing it with their new dynamic.

“Yes, Daddy,” she breathed, answering both questions.

“Don’t move,” he said, stepping quickly out of the shower to grab a condom from the drawer. When he returned, she looked as if she’d taken the order to heart, standing as still as a statue, the spray of water beating down her back and running down the slopes of her reddened ass.

He ripped open the condom and slid it on as he re-entered the shower, wasting no time. “Push your bottom back,” he commanded.

She arched more, rolling her pussy back to his view.

He pushed his shaft against her, seeking her wet channel. The head of his cock made contact with her heat, parting her folds. “Oh God, you feel so good,” he said, sliding in, relishing the bliss of her tight channel.

She made a pleading sound, as if she wanted more.

He braced one hand on the shower wall beside hers and reached the other around to find her clit, flicking the little button intermittently to tease her.

She moaned, throwing her head back to rest on his shoulder, arching like a porn star beneath him. Her muscles gripped his cock and when he realized she was doing it on purpose—tightening and releasing—he lost all control.

He shoved in, balls deep, and began to pound into her with hard, upward thrusts. He braced her hips with one hand around her waist, the other against the wall beside hers. The water accentuated the slapping sound of his flesh against hers.

“Oh my God,” she panted. “Yes...harder.”

He nearly lost it. He slammed into her again and again, punishing her hot ass each time his hips connected with hers, pummeling her sweet little pussy until she raised her voice in a throaty cry.

Cum shot down his shaft, the release explosive.

He pinched her clit and she came, her body jerking back against his, the inner walls of her pussy clenching his cock like a fist.

“Oh yeah,” he groaned as his orgasm continued, augmented by her spectacular finish.

He remained pressed against her, waiting until her muscles relaxed and she sagged against him.

He eased out of her and removed the condom, stepping out of the shower. He quickly dried off and pulled on his clothes. When she turned off the water and peeked out from behind the curtain, he held a large towel open for her.

Her face split into a sweet smile, grateful and demure at the same time.

The urge to completely care for her hit him hard.

He wrapped her up in the towel, drying her and squeezing out her hair.

She stood docilely, allowing it, although looking slightly bewildered and shy, as if no one had ever pampered her before.

He helped her into his robe and led her by the hand to one of the chairs in his bedroom, where she could see the ocean while he combed out her hair.

With the punishment and sex concluded, she grew nervous. He sensed the question emanating from her, and wondered whether she'd have the courage to ask it.

"So...what happens now?" she asked at last, stealing a glance at him as he dragged the comb through her hair.

He dropped into the chair beside her. "I will advocate for your return to the movie. The studio will probably want something from you."

"Like what?"

"Well, they're going to want a guarantee you will fulfill your contract, which I'm

going to provide, since I'll be managing you, as your Daddy," he said with a wink.

She gave him a shy smile.

"You will learn your lines, show up on time and give one hundred and ten percent every day you're on the set."

"Of course."

"You may need to accept a pay cut to cover the expense the studio has incurred on the wasted shoots."

Her eyes rounded and she looked miserable about this condition, but she still nodded.

"So we have a deal—you and I?"

"Yes, Daddy," she murmured, then lifted her head with a questioning look.

"Yes, you will call me Daddy or sir when we're alone; Joel when we're working or with others."

She gave him a chaste peck on the cheek.

"You will behave with maturity and grace when we're in public. When we're alone, you'll be my baby girl. Oh, and there's something else we should discuss. Some people don't like to be in ageplay mode when they're having sex. What are your feelings?"

She rubbed her lips together. "So this is called ageplay?" When he nodded, she said, "Well...isn't sex kind of the point? I mean, this is a fetish, right?"

“That’s how I feel about it. But some people feel like it’s too incest-like, or pedophiliac—I don’t know if that’s a real word,” he said with a grin.

“Do...um...are you interested in children?”

“Absolutely not. I like adult Littles. A sexualized adolescence. Really, I like to be completely in control, so Daddy fits the bill. And just for the record, psychologists have confirmed there’s no correlation between an interest in ageplay and pedophilia.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean any offense. I’m just trying to understand.”

“I know. None taken.”

“So I’m your Little? Until we finish shooting the movie?”

“You will give yourself to me completely. I’m in charge of you now, and you know how I will deal with disobedience.”

He watched the flush stain her cheeks, her eyes dilating.

He’d been looking for any signs that she resented the spanking he’d given her earlier, but it seemed he’d read her right—submission turned her on.

He caught her face in his hand and turned it, kissing the side of her mouth without the cold sore.

“Don’t worry—I’m going to take good care of you. ”

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Her body tingled all over. Even though she hadn't liked the spanking once it had become intense, now the heat and pulse of it seemed to keep her in a state of heightened sex drive.

She couldn't stop staring at Joel's lips, feeling his sheer masculine power pouring over her in waves.

She wanted him to take her again, the way he'd taken her in the shower—roughly, wholly.

She'd never had sex with that level of passion before, and now she never wanted to have it the old way again.

He picked up the comb and continued gently detangling her hair at the same time he dialed a number on his phone and put it to his ear.

“Marissa is back on,” he said when the person on the other line answered.

She stilled, listening. The sound of an angry male voice answered him.

“She's here at my house and she's going to stay here until the filming is over. I will personally guarantee her full cooperation.”

More angry tones. It must be Antonio. At least she hoped it was Antonio and not studio executives. Antonio's hot head she could handle. Pissed off cut-throat execs, not so much.

“I’ll set up a meeting with the studio for tomorrow morning and we’ll hammer out the details. Nine a.m. Okay, I’ll see you there.”

He ended the call and made another one, this time to someone at the studio. From what she understood, they agreed to arrange a meeting for the morning.

The thought of meeting with them the next day with her tail between her legs made her feel sick. And she would need to let her mother know what had happened so she could be there as her manager.

“Do you think they’ll take me back?” she asked when he hung up.

He pursed his lips. “I think the pay cut will be the key to making this all fly.”

She slumped in his lap.

He rubbed her back. “It will be all right. You will need to look properly remorseful, but I won’t let them eat you for lunch. I promise.”

She leaned back into his arms, wanting to believe him, wanting to trust this make-believe game of having a big, strong, all-powerful daddy to look after her could really be true.

But she still didn’t even understand the rules of the game.

And it was a game—she had no illusion of keeping Joel Sutherland for longer than it would take him to wrap up the movie filming.

“Tell me what happened to you this morning, Marissa.”

She stiffened and tried to sit up, but he pulled her back down, stroking her arms. She

drew a breath. “My sister invited my asshole ex-boyfriend and his band over to play a house concert at my place last night.”

He waited, saying nothing.

“I had a hard time getting to sleep and I guess I forgot to set my alarm,” she admitted.

“So you stayed up partying against last night?”

“No,” she snapped, twisting around to glare at him. “I couldn’t sleep because my sister invited my asshole ex-boyfriend and his band over,” she repeated, wanting him to see how this was all Bev’s fault.

He looked at her, his face impassive.

“What?”

“What options did you have to change that situation to prevent a problem for yourself this morning?”

Pressure built beneath her nose and cheekbones as hot anger rushed to her face. “I don’t know,” she snapped.

She waited for him to snap back, but he said nothing.

She considered his question. “I could’ve left, I guess, and stayed at a hotel. But I shouldn’t have to, it’s my house!”

He nodded.

She swallowed. “I could’ve kicked them out, but then it would’ve looked like he got

to me.”

“Did he get to you?” Joel asked, studying her.

Tears pricked her eyes. “No,” she said, too vehemently. She dropped her head to get control.

He put a finger under her chin to lift it back up. “Did you love him?” he asked softly.

She scowled. Sitting on Joel Sutherland’s lap with a sore bottom and his full attention made Billy Foxx seem completely insignificant. She shook her head. “No.”

“So what got to you?”

“He publicly humiliated me. He didn’t even have the decency to break up with me before he started?—”

Joel touched her lips, stopping the diatribe. “Do you want to be with him?”

Did she? She’d been happy enough with him.

Except now she knew he was a two-timing playboy who had just slept with her sister while his girlfriend had passed out in the room below.

“No,” she said decisively. As she said the word, a weight cleared from her chest. She didn’t want to be with Billy Foxx, so his betrayal meant significantly less than it had a few moments before.

She sucked on her lower lip. “You probably think I’m a mess.”

“No,” he said, his thumb stroking her cheekbone. “I think you’re a talented actress

with incredible potential whose current lifestyle choices might be affecting her well-being.”

She looked at him from under her lashes, allowing a hint of coquettishness. “And I just need a daddy to look after me?”

His lips curved into a devastating smile. “That’s what I’m thinking. A very strict Daddy who will not hesitate to warm your bottom for you.”

She wanted to believe he could make it all better, but the underlying anxiety over her big-picture problems remained. She shoved them down to the pit of her belly and snuggled into his warm embrace. “Thank you,” she murmured.

“Are you hungry, little girl?” he asked, stroking her hip. “You must be. What have you eaten today?”

“I’m starving,” she admitted, starting to stand up.

He lifted her off his lap and stood, patting her bottom. It wasn’t nearly as sore as it had been an hour ago, which was slightly disappointing.

She wrapped his robe more tightly around her and trailed him into the kitchen.

He opened the refrigerator door and peered inside. “Turkey sandwich?”

“I don’t eat bread, but sure.”

He paused. “Right.” He looked back in the fridge.

“It’s fine. I’ll just have the turkey. Do you want me to fix dinner?”

“No,” he said, pulling out the sandwich fixings. “I’m making dinner. Your time would best be served...” he paused as if inventing it as he went, “bending over that counter and showing Daddy your punished bottom.”

Something fluttered in her belly. Her head felt hot and buzzy.

At the tender age of twenty-four, she’d spent more than half her lifetime performing.

She understood perfectly what he wanted from her, and she was happy to comply.

She walked to the granite countertop and leaned over it, hiking the robe up to reveal her bottom.

Reaching back, she ran her hand over her cheeks, squeezing a little to renew the pain.

She winced. Still tender. She heard the sounds of plates coming out of the cabinet, mayo and mustard bottles squirting.

She decided the robe was in the way and slipped it off, letting it fall to her feet.

Fully naked now, she rested her cheek on the counter and reached back with both hands, rubbing her bottom like a naughty girl.

Joel’s hand tangled in her hair and he lifted her head up. His breath felt hot in her ear. “You look so cute like that, little girl.”

“I was hoping,” she purred.

“Were you?” His voice sounded deep and gravelly. He caught her nipple and tugged it, pinching and rolling it between his fingers. She crossed her legs and squeezed, her pussy clamping in response.

He slapped the back of her thigh, lightly. “Open those legs for Daddy.”

She slid her feet apart.

He slapped again, a little harder.

She gasped.

“Wider.”

She stepped out further.

“Good girl,” he said, his fingers reaching around the front of her to stroke along her slit.

“Now, let’s go over some rules of the house,” he said, sliding open the drawer beside her and pulling out a rubber spatula, followed by a heavy wooden spoon.

Moisture began to seep between her legs and he gathered it, spreading it up her labia and circling her clit.

“I expect instant and complete obedience from my baby girl,” he said.

“And I will control your entire world. You won’t leave the house without permission, you won’t eat or drink unless I approve the food and you won’t watch television unless I determine if the shows are appropriate.

I will dress you or give final approval on any outfit you choose. ”

She giggled and then yelped when the wooden spoon connected sharply with her ass.

“Do you think that’s funny, little girl?”

“No sir, no Daddy,” she yelped.

He patted her bottom with the spoon. “Any disobedience or sass will be immediately punished. I can be a very stern daddy.”

Why did those words make her want to swoon? She literally felt light-headed as she gripped the edge of the countertop. She wanted to cry, or laugh. No, she wanted to come.

“Please take me, Daddy,” she asked in her best little girl voice.

“Interlace your fingers and put them on the back of your head,” he said gruffly. “And don’t move.”

He left the room and she felt abandoned until she realized he’d probably gone for a condom. Sure enough, when he returned, she heard the sound of the package ripping open. She wiggled her bottom, hoping to look tempting.

“I’m going to have a hard time not taking you morning, noon and night,” he said, sliding one finger over her swollen slit again.

“But that’s not part of our arrangement.

” He leaned forward and bit the flesh between her neck and shoulder, his sheathed cock angling between her legs.

“You can tell me no,” he breathed in her ear, even as the head of his penis pushed into her.

She furrowed her brow, trying to decipher his meaning. He would be her daddy and spank her but not have sex with her? That just seemed weird. Wasn't the whole point of the game a fetish? Something that turned him on?

“Put your hands back on the counter to brace yourself,” he murmured.

Just the words brace yourself had her pushing back at him, eager for something rough and raw. “Please take me, Daddy,” she repeated.

He grabbed her hips and began to pump in and out with more force. “You’re a very good girl to give yourself so eagerly to Daddy,” he said.

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She liked the praise and arched her back for him, clenching her pussy around his cock to make it tighter for him.

“Oh God, I love it when you do that,” he said, his movements growing rougher. “You’re so tight, just like a little girl should be for her Daddy.”

“Oh yesss,” she squealed.

He slammed into her and stayed and she let herself go, the orgasm rippling through her in a series of contractions. Joel wrapped both arms around her chest and lifted her upright, kissing her neck. “Good girl, Marissa. My little Rissa-Roo.”

The endearment sent another orgasm squeezing his cock.

She drank in his affection, in wonderment at how easy it was to please him. His expectations were clearly defined. All she had to do was do whatever he said. Her personality, her life had already been set up that way. She’d just never experienced such a sweet reward.

Joel slipped out of her and disposed of the condom, washing his hands.

He put the robe back around her shoulders, holding it out for her to slip back on.

He wrapped his arms around her waist to tie it in front.

Picking up her hand, he pulled her to the barstools at the breakfast counter, lifting her to sit on one.

She giggled. "I can get up myself."

"Not when your Daddy wants to do it for you," he said, arching an eyebrow sternly.

She giggled again, tucking her hair behind one ear and peeking up at him. Adorable.

He set a plate in front of her and she smiled. He'd wrapped turkey in lettuce leaves and rolled them up with mustard and mayo into four little logs. A pickle and sliced tomato stood on the side of the plate.

"Mm," she said, picking one up and nearly devouring it whole. "This is so good," she said with her mouth full.

He smiled indulgently and dabbed mustard from the corner of her mouth with a napkin.

She blushed and licked at it, teasing him with the sight of her little pink tongue. "Why are you being so nice to me?" she asked.

"It's my job," he said. "I took you on as my Little. That means I take care of you."

She looked at him blankly.

"A daddy dom is different from a sadist. We like control, but we also like to care for our submissive."

She sat up straighter. "So what exactly...what else do you like?"

He picked up one of her turkey rolls and fed her a bite. "I like to spank. A lot," he admitted.

She blushed. “I got that part.”

“I’m into a total power exchange. I call all the shots. But I also take full responsibility for your pleasure, safety and well-being.”

She chewed slowly. “So is this serious? Or just a game?”

One corner of his mouth tugged upward. “A serious game, I suppose.”

She seemed to accept that. “So I’m your Little?”

He smiled. ‘You’re my Little.’

“Just like that? We go from one lunch date to a total power exchange?”

He shrugged. “You made a deal with the devil.”

She slid off her barstool and stepped between his knees, brushing her breasts against his shirt. “Lucky me,” she breathed.

“You may not think so by the end of the week,” he said, wrapping an arm behind her and squeezing her bottom possessively.

She shivered against him. He chuckled and kissed her hair.

“Come on, let’s get you to bed.”

“But it’s only eight o’clock,” she protested.

“Yeah, but you look exhausted, and I have a feeling you haven’t had a good night’s sleep in a while.”

“Can I watch TV?”

“I don’t know, can you?”

She rolled her eyes. “May I?”

“No,” he said, taking her elbow and leading her toward his bedroom. He paused in the hallway, considering. He didn’t want to smother her, or make her feel obligated to service him. “Do you want to sleep in your own bed, or with Daddy?”

“With Daddy,” she said immediately.

Her certainty sent a wave of warmth through his chest, inspiring another urge to care for his baby girl. Marissa Sparks just needed some loving attention and structure. The poor girl had been starved for it, as far as he could tell.

“I really don’t think I can sleep,” she complained when they got into his bedroom.

He pulled back the covers and patted the bed. “When I tell you it’s bedtime, I don’t want any arguments or you’ll be going to bed with a sore bottom.”

“I already am going to bed with a sore bottom,” she protested. He put his hands on his belt buckle and started to unhitch it and she shot up on the bed with widened eyes. “What are you doing?”

“Do you need another spanking to help you go to sleep?”

“No, Daddy,” she said, the pout of her lips making his cock twitch for her again.

“Good girl,” he said. “Just this once I will lie down with you to help you fall asleep.”

She smiled and scooted over, making room for him. He climbed in and pulled her head down on his shoulder, cradling her against his chest.

Within five minutes, she had fallen asleep.

He watched the slow rise and fall of her chest, studying the delicate bone structure, the creamy skin. The cold sore on her lip was the only thing marring her perfect looks.

He smiled. He had a wicked plan for helping her get rid of it.

Marissa woke at five in the morning. Joel slumbered next to her, his sculpted body as beautiful close up as it was on the silver screen, but all desire had fled.

Anxiety over the meeting with the studio gnawed at her.

She'd dreamed they had yelled at her, and she had screamed back, like a bratty teenager, insisting it wasn't her fault.

She stepped into the shower—the same shower where Joel had shaved her pussy and taken her up against the wall.

Things seemed completely different now, the next day.

She still had her screwed up life to figure out and Joel.

..well, Joel was just trying to make a movie.

She needed to remember that. She would hold up her end of the bargain, but losing herself in this illusion of being taken care of would be dangerous.

She got out of the shower and toweled off. She found her clothes from the day before neatly folded on his dresser. She brought them to her face and sniffed. Freshly laundered. She slipped them on and wandered out to the living room, standing at the glass wall overlooking the ocean.

“Did I say you could get dressed?”

She whirled around to find Joel standing behind her in nothing but his pajama pants, his arms folded across his muscled chest.

She wanted to brush him off—she wasn’t in the mood for his games. Instead, she sighed. “No, sir.”

“Take them off.”

Her pulse quickened. Well, at least playing the game was better than awkward morning-after conversation. She pulled off her shirt and tossed it on the couch.

He pointed at it. “Neatly folded.”

She rolled her eyes and picked it up, folding it into a neat square. She removed her bra and placed it on top.

He waited, his glittering eyes traveling over her body.

She unbuttoned her shorts and pulled them off, along with her panties. She shrugged. “Okay. They’re off.”

“Bend over the arm of the sofa,” he said, his voice silky.

“Why?” she demanded.

“Instant obedience,” he reminded her, strolling to the kitchen.

“It’s too early for this,” she grumbled.

“It is certainly too early for you to be getting sassy with me,” he said.

She heard the rattle of the drawer open and close. He held the big wooden spoon in his hand when he returned. He sauntered to her side and ran a hand over her bare ass.

She squeezed her eyes closed. “I don’t want this,” she said, kicking up her legs even though he hadn’t started.

He continued to stroke her. “This isn’t punishment, little girl. This is stress relief. You’re nervous about the meeting and I’m going to take the edge off.”

She stood up, but he put a hand on her upper back and pushed her back down. “Wait—what?”

“You need a spanking.”

“I do?”

He slapped her bottom and immediately rubbed away the sting.

Okay, maybe she didn’t mind it so much. He repeated the action several times, warming her skin without really hurting her.

She sighed, giving herself over to him.

“I need you to remember who is in charge of you when we’re at that meeting.

” He continued his slapping and rubbing, until she began to welcome it.

He began to pick up the speed, omitting the rubbing in between.

“You have been a naughty girl. You will go in and act contrite. You will say very little. I’ll do the talking. Understand?”

“Yes,” she gasped, the intensity beginning to pick up.

“Your agent and your mother will probably be there. Who is in charge of you?”

She hesitated, understanding his question. Did she really trust him to run her life? Wasn’t that Julie and her mom’s job? It frightened her to have to please all three of them. How would that work?

Joel stopped spanking her. “Are you in or out?” he asked.

She lay there, frozen. Was she going through with this, in the light of day?

Her mother would think he’d brain-washed her.

Her agent would be furious about the pay cut.

Should she let them try to negotiate with the studio and forget about this crazy arrangement with Joel?

But if she backed out, would the studio still take her?

Would Antonio? Or did that all hinge on Joel’s support?

She stood up and snatched up her clothes, running back to his bedroom.

She yanked them on, hopping on one foot, then the other, her vision blurred with tears.

His drapes were open, showing another spectacular view of the ocean.

She heard the sound of his footsteps coming down the hall.

She ducked down, sitting on the carpeted floor between the bed and the sliding glass doors, pressing the heels of her hands to her leaking eyes.

She didn't even know why she was hiding—it was absolutely ridiculous—but her brain was too jumbled to make sense of anything.

“Marissa?”

She held her breath.

“It's okay, baby. We just need to talk.”

Was it absurd that she wanted him to find her but didn't want to answer? She sniffed, giving away her position.

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He walked around the bed and gazed down at her. She didn't know what to expect. Would he be stern? Business-like? She didn't dare look at him.

"Baby-girl," he said softly, "everything's going to be all right.

I promise." He squatted beside her. In the next moment, he pulled her into his arms, cradled like a child.

"You're scared and you're feeling pulled in too many directions.

You're a pleaser by nature and you're not sure you can please everyone. "

She couldn't believe he nailed it. She burst into tears, burying her face in her hands.

He cradled her head to his chest, rubbing her ear with his thumb. "Shh. It's going to be all right."

"How?"

"I know it's tricky, baby, but we'll work it out. I promise."

She sniffed, embarrassed her tears were wetting his chest.

He held a tissue to her face. "Blow," he said.

She tried to take it from him, but he refused to give it.

“I said, blow, little girl,” he said, but his voice was gentle.

Joel held Marissa, pouring his strength into her. He hated that he hadn’t been able to head off this breakdown—he’d been trying to help her through it with the stress-relief spanking, but now he feared he’d backed her into a corner.

He wanted to tell her she didn’t have to do this with him, that he’d still help her get back on the movie, regardless.

Except he couldn’t make himself say it. He truly did believe she’d be better off here, with him.

He wanted to help her get her life back together.

If he let her walk away now, she’d walk right back into the mess she left.

He had no confidence in her finding her way out, when she hadn’t even been able to show up on time, even under the threat of being fired.

And if he was completely honest, he would admit he didn’t want to give up this extremely hot opportunity for fantasy-fulfillment with her.

He hadn’t dated anyone since his divorce and it suddenly felt like his heart had started beating again. He cared again. He desired again.

He rocked her, stroking her hair until the tears stopped.

“I think I do need that spanking now,” she sniffed.

He stilled. Had he heard that right? Hell, yeah! Not one to ever let a spanking go undelivered, he maneuvered her into the face-down position. Her butt looked so cute in

her tiny cut-offs, but he'd have to be careful not to leave marks on any part of her thighs because they didn't cover much.

He spanked her with the jean shorts on first, just because they were too sexy not to spank over. When she began to wriggle, he requested she pull them down.

She reached back and shuffled her shorts and panties down.

He closed his eyes to keep the mental picture.

It was one of the most submissive poses—the lowering of panties while already over the lap.

His cock strained against her hip, but he had no intention of getting his own needs met this morning—this was for Marissa.

He kept it light, planning to give her enough time to settle into it.

She relaxed over his lap, not offering much protest in the form of wiggling or dodging. Gradually, he picked up the intensity. She began to gasp and jerk under his hand. He kept it at that level until she whimpered.

“Just a little more, baby girl. I want to be sure we get all your endorphins flowing.”

“Mmmph.”

He picked up the intensity just a little more and her head jerked up, her back arching as she squeezed her cheeks together. “Stay in position,” he warned.

“Is it enough?” she asked.

He bit back a laugh. “It’s enough when your Daddy says it’s enough,” he said firmly, still spanking hard.

“It hurts,” she whined, rolling her bottom from side to side like she might swim away.

“I know, baby. You’re being a very good girl right now staying on Daddy’s lap for your paddling.”

She moaned.

He delivered five more full-strength swats and then brought his hand to rest on her warm skin. “It’s over, baby. Come up for some sugar.”

She scrambled to turn around and he cradled her again, wiping her tears. She nestled into him, as if eager for his tenderness. He loved being able to give her what she needed.

“Come on, let’s get you some breakfast.” He helped her pull up her panties and shorts, zipping and buttoning them for her, then picked up her up.

She giggled and kicked. “What are you doing?”

“Carrying my little girl. Wrap your legs around my waist like a monkey.”

She obeyed, holding her own weight with her legs and snuggling in close. Of course she knew just what to do. Marissa Sparks had a latent Little just begging to be nurtured. He carried her to the kitchen where he made her a smoothie.

“Yum,” she said. “What’s in it?”

“It’s my detox special—kale, pineapple, almonds, chia seeds, coconut oil and lemon

juice.”

She took a sip and made a smacking sound with her mouth. “Wow.”

“You like it?”

“I love it. So you think I need detoxing?” Her finger went to the cold sore on her lip.

He raised an eyebrow. “What do you think?”

She flushed, her shoulders sagging and he immediately regretted it. After the meeting he could scold her all he wanted. Right now she needed hand-holding. He checked the clock. Only seven a.m. They still had some time to kill.

“Let’s take a walk,” he said when they finished their smoothies.

“On the beach?” she asked, her expressive face lighting up.

“No, in traffic. Of course on the beach,” he said, grabbing her hand and leading her out the kitchen sliding door and down the deck stairs to the sand below.

“I can’t believe you live right on the shore,” she said, as if she didn’t command a salary worthy of any kind of house she wanted.

He wondered what her financial situation was.

“So...did you play daddy with your ex-wife?” she asked. “I’m sorry—if that’s too personal.”

“No, that’s not too personal. You have a right to ask. Yes, but not all the time. We went in and out of it, I guess. We always had a D/s relationship.”

“What does that mean?”

“Dominant and submissive. I spanked her when she was naughty,” he said with a grin.

Marissa stopped to pick up a shell. She rubbed at the mother-of-pearl sheen with her thumb. “Why did you...I’m sorry. It’s none of my business.”

“What?”

She darted a sidelong glance at him. “I was just wondering why it ended,” she said softly.

“Oh. Well, she left me for her yoga therapist.”

Marissa said nothing, as if waiting for more.

“I walked in on them screwing in the living room. In retrospect, I don’t think it was the first time she cheated on me.”

“Her colossal mistake,” Marissa said softly.

He smiled. “You’re sweet. She did, actually, decide it was a mistake, but I wasn’t willing to take her back. Once that kind of trust has been broken, there’s no recovering from it.”

She slid her palm in his. “Do you know, I found Billy Fox in my sister’s bed yesterday morning? While his new girlfriend was stumbling around downstairs?”

He squeezed her hand. “That sucks. I’m sorry.”

She shrugged. “His girlfriend said she didn’t mind, so I guess they were made for each other. Better her than me.”

He glanced at his watch without letting Marissa see. He wanted to delay her panic as long as possible. Finding a natural moment, he steered her back in the other direction so they’d arrive at his house around the time they had to leave.

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Marissa checked her phone on the ride over in Joel's Mercedes. Her battery indicator was on red. "My mom called seven times," she said.

"Why don't you call her now, to prep her for the meeting?"

"Nah. I'll let her stew," she said.

He raised an eyebrow but didn't comment.

"I also have a text from Ella Janes."

"The supermodel?"

"Yeah, my ex's new girlfriend. She says she wants to hang out. What is wrong with these people?"

He chuckled. "I don't know, but don't engage with the crazy."

She shut her phone off. "I won't."

Julie, her agent, pulled into the studio parking lot right after they did. "Marissa," she called, walking over in a crisp but sexy business suit, her heels clicking on the pavement.

"I'll let you two talk," Joel said in a low voice, heading inside.

Julie pointed toward the door he'd entered. "You came with him?" Not waiting for an

answer, she gave a knowing nod. “Nice work. What’s on your lip? Listen, I can handle this. Your job is just to look contrite and let me do the talking.”

“That’s what Joel said,” she muttered.

Julie raised her eyebrows. “Did he? Smart man. Let’s go. Oh God, there’s your mother. Come on, let’s go in before she catches us.” Julie grabbed her arm and tugged her through the door and into the elevator, closing the doors before her mom appeared.

“Try not to let your mom say anything crazy, okay? We’re just lucky they’re willing to talk terms to keep you on the movie.

I don’t know what the hell is going on, but you need to get your shit together, sugar, or your entire career is sunk.

Yesterday everyone was throwing out the old she will never work in Hollywood again lines about you. ”

If Julie meant to reassure her, she’d done a terrible job.

She touched her cold sore with her finger and trailed after her agent into the appointed conference room where Joel held out a chair for her to sit beside him.

Antonio sat across the table, his fingers interlaced, staring at a corner of the ceiling.

Joel dropped a hand onto her nape in a signal to everyone in the room of his support.

She exhaled and forced a smile.

“This is Alan Gray, from legal, Joe Rymes, you know Doug Smit, the producer. And

we're just waiting on Mr. Betts, who will represent the studio executives today," Joel said.

Her mom toddled in and plopped down on her other side. "Where have you been? I've been trying to call you for the last twelve hours," she hissed.

Marissa shrugged. "My phone was dead," she said.

Joel's eyes slid sideways to look at her but he didn't comment.

Mr. Betts came in and the room fell silent. "So, what are we looking at?" he said, obviously not into small talk.

Alan Gray, the attorney for the studio spoke up, directing his attention to Julie. "Well, as you know, the studio is prepared to file for breach of contract."

"Bullshit," Julie cut in. "You need her to finish this movie, she's ready to finish it. I don't even know why we're here to talk."

"We're here because I have been trying to make this film all week, but your little?—"

"All right, Antonio," Doug Smit cut in, "we know it's been a rough week. We're here to talk about how to get back on track. The studio is willing to rehire Ms. Sparks under a few conditions."

"Which are?" Julie, asked.

"The cost of delays will be deducted from her salary."

"That is ridiculous," her mother snapped.

Marissa shot her a warning glance.

“To what tune?”

“Seventy-eight thousand. And counting, because from the looks of her face, she won’t be returning to film tomorrow.”

Marissa flushed and it took all her willpower to keep from touching her cold sore.

“Again, I’m calling bullshit,” Julie said. “Ms. Sparks clearly has a medical condition that prevents her from working. You give her hassle on this and I’ll have the union and her attorney down your throats so fast you?—”

The attorney held up his hand. “We just need some assurance this won’t be an on-going issue.”

“It won’t be,” Joel said. All the eyes turned to him, some registering surprise. “Marissa will be staying with me for the remainder of the shoot and I will make sure she stays healthy.”

Everyone turned to look from her to Joel and back again and no one said a word for a full three seconds.

She sat frozen, not sure how to play this particular scenario.

Was she still the sorrowful starlet? For some reason, she felt the part of Joel’s babygirl coming on, but that wouldn’t be right.

He said she had to be mature in front of others.

“Well, that’s good enough for me,” Doug said. “Obviously Joel has an enormous

stake in getting this picture done right. If he's taking responsibility, I feel comfortable giving the go-ahead to rehire Marissa."

Her mom opened her mouth and Marissa tensed, but no sound came out.

"Great. Where do we sign?" Julie asked.

The attorney pulled out a contract and slid it over to her. Julie scanned it and signed, pushing the papers to Marissa and tapping her signature line. She signed without reading it.

Betts stood up and everyone followed suit, shaking hands and leaving the room.

"Julie," her mother said, "do you really think we had to settle for that?"

Julie rounded on her. "I think Marissa came close to losing her entire career yesterday and I think you're partly to blame. It's time to hire Marissa a real manager who can keep her on her game."

Her mother's jaw fell open.

Marissa turned and made a beeline for the door.

Joel's warm hand touched her back and she wanted to turn and dive into his arms and hide there.

How bizarre. One night playing his baby girl and she'd actually turned into the child he wanted her to be.

God, if she'd didn't watch out, he'd rip the very fabric of her identity from her.

But she could sort through that later. Right now, she didn't want to have any conversation with her mom, and Joel seemed to be backing her up on her escape.

"We'll be swinging by Marissa's place to pick up some of her things because she'll be staying with me during the remainder of the filming," he said.

"Oh," her mother said, her wide blue eyes blank. She could see her mom's bitchy side warring with her star-worship of the great Joel Sutherland.

Marissa kept walking briskly, imitating Julie's confident stride. She didn't look back at her mother or Joel, but she felt Joel's presence right behind her. She climbed in his car the second he hit the unlock button on his fob.

He sat down beside her and dropped a hand on her knee. "Are you okay?"

She exhaled. "Yeah. Let's just get going, though, okay?" She didn't want her mom toddling over to her window and wanting to "talk."

He put the car in reverse and backed out.

"Just so we're clear, if you ever give me that passive-aggressive line about your phone being dead when you really just didn't want to call me, I will bend you over my lap and spank your bare bottom until you can't sit down."

She gaped in surprise.

"And when I've finished paddling you raw, I will put a plug in your naughty ass and you'll stand in the corner with your panties down and your red cheeks on display until I'm sure you've learned never to play games with Daddy."

Heat flushed down her neck, across her breasts and to her core. Her bottom prickled

at the threat. "It was true," she said in a small, babygirl voice.

He lifted an eyebrow and she shrank in her seat. "I will spank you for lying, too."

She chewed on her lip, trying to figure out if he meant it as a warning or if she'd just earned a spanking. "You would spank me, or you will?"

One corner of his mouth tugged up. "Consider it a warning, little girl."

She couldn't decide if she was relieved or disappointed.

Joel followed Marissa's directions to her house and pulled into the circular drive. The mansion was enormous, three stories of balconies and marble fountains spitting water out front. It didn't really seem like Marissa, but he didn't say so. Probably her mother had picked it out.

He followed Marissa inside to find last night's party still going on. Music blared on the stereo and beautiful drunk and stoned people stumbled around in partial nudity.

"There you are," her sister exclaimed, zipping over.

Her pupils were tiny, her skin pale and the muscles around her mouth pulled taut.

Definitely coked up. She directed her gaze at him, reaching out to touch his chest. "Joel," she purred, "so nice to see you at our humble abode." She swept an arm out, almost knocking over the girl who'd come up behind her.

"Hi Marissa, hi Joel," the girl said. He recognized her as the supermodel Marissa's boyfriend had left her for.

He put his hand on Marissa's hip.

“What’s going on?” her sister Bev asked.

“I just came to get some stuff. I’m going to stay at Joel’s while we’re shooting the rest of the movie.”

Bev arched a plucked brow. “Oh? Well, where’s the car? I needed it this morning.”

“Where’s my car?” Marissa asked, the tendons in her neck straining.

He rubbed his hand up and down her side. “It’s at Joel’s,” she said.

Seeing her inability to be direct, he said, “Marissa’s going to need her car while she’s staying with me.”

Bev stiffened. “Is that so?”

“Well, I’d better get going,” Marissa said.

“Aw, you’re leaving?” the model said. “I was hoping we could hang out.”

Marissa’s brow wrinkled and she opened her mouth, then shut it again.

“Sorry,” he said, propelling Marissa forward, “but we have to rehearse for the movie we’re filming.”

Marissa took the steps two at a time, as if she wanted to leave it all behind. He caught up with her on the landing, trailing her into what must be her room, although it didn’t appear to be the master bedroom of the house. She slammed her purse down with a loud huff.

“Hey,” he said, “what has you so riled up?”

“Are you kidding me?” she snapped, whirling to face him. “Did you see the state of the house? Those same people have been in my house for like, three days now.”

“So why didn’t you ask them to leave?”

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Her hands balled into fists, her jaw thrust forward. “Why don’t you just keep out of it?”

He recoiled, shocked at the amount of anger directed toward him. “Hey,” he said sharply. “You don’t talk like that to me. Ever. Are we clear?”

She didn’t answer, turning away to stomp to her closet, but not before he saw the tremble in her lower lip.

Damn. What she really needed was another good spanking, but there was no way he’d risk embarrassing her by doing it there. “Come here.”

She ignored him, opening and closing the drawers to her dresser with more energy than necessary.

“One....two...three.”

She arrived at his feet just as he finished the third count, her lower lip stuck out, her arms folded across her chest.

He hid a smile. She was absolutely adorable when she pouted.

She actually stamped her foot, dropping her arms, her fists balled at her sides. “What’s so funny?”

He reached for her waist and pulled her closer. “Nothing. I’ve just never seen such a sexy sulk before.”

Her shoulders relaxed and the anger on her face disappeared. She nibbled on her lip, her eyes skimming his face but not landing anywhere.

He pulled her up to straddle his waist, squeezing her round bottom through her Daisy Dukes.

“Baby girl, I know there are a lot of open issues for you here with your sister and your mom and the house. I know it stresses you out. But it’s no excuse for being naughty.

” He continued kneading her bottom, pulling her hips tight against his, his growing cock pressing against the seam of her shorts.

“Daddy won’t tolerate sass from his little girl.

I’m going to take care of your naughty bottom when we get home.

Right now I just need to you to pull it together enough to pack what you need for a few days and we’ll get out of here. Okay?” he asked, peering into her face.

The ghost of a smile appeared and she nodded.

He grasped her jaw and brought her face to his mouth. He kissed the corner of her mouth, away from the cold sore. “Good girl,” he said, lifting her to stand and patting her ass. “What can I do to help you pack?” he asked, following her to stand.

She shook her head. “Nothing,” she said, but turned and stepped back against him, her forehead against his chest.

He put his arms around her and held her close.

“I know things are pretty messy right now,” he murmured against her hair, “but I’m going to help you get your life together, at least as much as you’ll let me.

In the end, it’s your show. I want you to know that.

You’re subject to my rules, but I’m not going to take over the big real-life choices. ”
He kissed her forehead.

“Thanks...I think,” she said.

He ran his hands along the bottom edge of her shorts. “If you have more shorts like this, you’re welcome to bring them along. And any other little girl clothes you might have.”

She giggled into his shirt and pulled away. “I have a whole drawer-full of short shorts,” she said, pulling open a drawer and grabbing a handful of clothing, which she tossed at him.

He caught them and set them on the bed. “Where’s your suitcase?”

She pulled a suitcase out of the closet and handed it to him.

He placed it on the bed, unzipped it and started packing her clothes into it.

She had an ungodly amount of clothing, which didn’t surprise him. “We can always come back. So maybe just think about packing for a week. Bring your workout clothes, a couple dressy things, and then just short shorts. I’ll probably have you naked or in little girl clothes most of the time, anyway.”

She giggled, darting a shy look at him as she pulled a couple dresses from her closet.

She threw some sandals and sneakers at him, along with a pile of underclothing and a cosmetic bag.

“Let’s go,” she said. “I really want to get out of here. Even if you are going to spank me when we get home—I mean to your home,” she corrected.

He slapped her ass. “It’s your home too, while you’re staying there, sweetheart.” He picked up her suitcase.

“Oh, it rolls,” she said, lunging for the telescoping handle.

He pulled it out of reach. “Please,” he said. “I’m a man. I don’t need to roll a suitcase.”

She giggled. “Okay, big man.” She leaped at him, nearly knocking him back as she attached herself to him, straddling his waist with her legs. “But can you carry me and my suitcase?”

He bounced her higher. “That’s my girl,” he said, pleased she was letting her Little out. She tried to get down, but he didn’t allow her.

“I was just kidding,” she said.

He opened the door.

“Joel,” she said, sounding a little panicked. “Let me down. You’ll fall down the stairs and kill yourself. And all those people are down there.”

He set her down, not wanting her to suffer embarrassment.

Her mom appeared from one of the bedrooms. “So what’s going on, exactly?”

“I need Marissa to stay with me until we finish shooting the movie,” he said, although she must already know that part.

“Marissa—”

“I gotta go, Mom,” she said, walking toward the stairs.

He experienced a moment of pity for Marissa, that she had to run away from all her problems because they were too scary for her to handle.

He hoped he could help her with that issue, but he also knew it was huge and deeply ingrained into her personality.

It went with the submissive part of her in an un-actualized angry teenager kind of way.

But his role now was to support, so he followed her down the stairs and out the door, putting her suitcase in the trunk of his car.

She sat in the front seat and fished a pack of gum out of her purse. “Want some?”

“No thanks,” he said with a smile, pulling out.

“No, seriously, you have to try it. It’s grape and lemon together. It’s sooo good.”

He smiled. “Okay, baby. I’ll try your gum.”

She beamed and unwrapped a piece, popping it into his mouth.

“Mmm,” he said. “This is good.”

“You see?” she said.

He chuckled. He drove to his house and pulled into the garage, cutting the engine.

“All right, little girl. It’s time for your spanking.”

Her shoulders sank. “You were serious?”

“Very. Go to our bedroom and wait for me.”

“Our bedroom? Uh...okay.”

She looked over her shoulder twice as she walked.

He didn’t make her wait long, just pulled her suitcase out of the trunk and followed her in. She sat on the edge of the bed, twisting her fingers together.

“Take off your shorts, Rissa Roo.”

Her eyes lifted at the pet name and he thought he saw a faint smile as she stood up and unbuttoned her shorts. She started to pull them down, then stopped. “Shorts and panties?”

“Just shorts. I like to pull your panties down myself, and I like them to stay at your thighs.”

She dropped the shorts at her feet and stepped out of them.

He sat on the bed and patted his thighs. “Bend over my lap, little girl.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes, Rissa?”

She sucked her lip. “Do you have to spank me?”

“Yes, I do, little girl. Are you still sore?”

“A little,” she said. “And I think I’m more scared now than I was yesterday.”

He picked up both her hands. “Sweet girl. Yesterday’s spanking was a very serious punishment. Today will not be so harsh, as long as you’re a good girl and stay in position. Can you do that for Daddy?”

She nodded. “Yes, sir.”

“That’s my girl.” He patted his lap once more and she lowered her chin and bent over, her torso resting on the bed.

He slapped her delicious ass, fairly hard.

“Ooh!” she gasped.

He slapped her other cheek.

She expelled her breath with a big puff.

He spanked her again, and she lifted the pointed toes of one foot.

“Feet down,” he reminded her, although he found her pose cute in a sex-kitten kind of way. Sex kitten pretty much summed up Marissa Sparks. He lowered her panties to her thighs, making the perfect frame for her toned ass.

She squirmed on his lap as he began to pick up the pace, issuing little mewls of protest. Her bottom took on a pink blush, his fingers leaving red lines that faded.

“Do you ever sass your Daddy, Rissa Roo?”

She turned to mush at the pet name. It made her feel so fully his. His hand crashed down on her upturned bottom again. “No, sir,” she cried. Why did his spanking make her feel like his, too?

“Do you ever use that tight tone of voice with me that you use with your sister and your mom?”

She hesitated. She couldn’t help that tone, it just came out when she was stressed. But his hand continued to smack her poor bottom as she deliberated, so she whimpered. “No, Daddy.”

“You don’t sound very convincing,” he said.

“Ouch.” She rolled over his lap, her hip connecting with his stiffened cock. Evidence of his arousal made her squirm even more, suddenly aware of her own growing need. Her pussy pulsed, burning for his touch. “I’m sorry, okay?”

He didn’t stop or lighten up for a moment. “Rissa, will you be using that tone with your Daddy?”

“No,” she moaned, although she really wasn’t sure.

“You know what that tone tells me?”

“Ow! No.”

“No, sir or no, Daddy. Mind your manners little girl.”

“Ooh, ooh ooh, sorry Daddeeee,” she wailed. “No, sir!”

“It tells me my baby girl is upset about something that she’s keeping in, so the way it comes out is in a very tight, angry voice. Am I right?”

Suddenly it wasn’t a game. She really was a little girl who felt about two inches tall. She wanted to cry. She snorted, holding back the threatened tears.

Joel stopped and rubbed her burning bottom. “Aw, sweetie. I’m sorry you’re holding in things that upset you. I don’t ever want you to do that with me. It’s not healthy for you and it’s certainly not good for our relationship. Do you understand?”

Now she couldn’t help but cry, a huge sniffing sob taking over her breath.

He rubbed her back. “You’re my sweet baby. It’s important I always know what’s bothering my baby so I can help her feel good again. That’s my job, pretty girl. Do you believe me?”

She sucked in her breath and sniffed. “I w-want to believe you,” she said, sounding exactly like a six-year-old.

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“Well, you can,” he said softly. “Daddies take good care of their little girls. You’re safe with me. Your feelings are safe. Your bottom is not safe,” he said with another hard but playful slap.

“Ouch,” she protested. “You’re mean.”

“No, I’m kind. I punish my little girl so there’s never any irritation that hasn’t been dealt with. Your bottom will always pay when you displease me,” he said, patting her tingling ass.

Her skin flushed all over, heat crawling up and down her arms and legs, her backside throbbing. She wanted him to touch between her legs, but he seemed to purposely avoid her pussy, circling all around her bottom and lower thighs without ever more than a brush on her nether lips.

“I’m going to finish your spanking with a strap. If you lie down and take it like a good girl, I’ll give you twenty strokes. If you’re naughty, I will start the twenty over.”

Her head jerked up and she looked over her shoulder at him, reaching back to cover her bottom as if he already had the strap. “I’ll be good, Daddy, I promise.”

He helped her to stand and shame washed through her. She stood with her head bowed, her fingers knit in front of her. Joel stacked two pillows from his bed on top of one another and pointed to the pile. “Lie over those.”

“But Daddy...” she whined. Somehow, she’d really become a child, incapable of any mature response.

“Now, Marissa,” he said, his voice hardening.

“Daddy, you’re embarrassing me,” she moaned as she laid over the pillows, her bare bottom high in the air for his punishment.

“Open your knees wider.”

She started to obey and then stopped. That would expose her pussy for the strap.

“Please don’t make me do that, Daddy,” she whimpered.

“Open them, Marissa. Daddy wants to see your glistening little pussy while he whips you.”

Reluctantly, she slid her knees wider.

He slapped her bottom and then dipped two fingers over her slit.

“Oh!” she exclaimed.

But he withdrew them all too soon.

“Please, Daddy? Please touch me again?”

“No, little girl. When you’ve been naughty, you can’t expect Daddy to pleasure you before you’ve been punished, can you?”

“No, sir,” she said with a sigh.

He went to a drawer and opened it, pulling out a wide leather strap.

She shuddered.

“Yes, Rissa Roo. You earned a strapping.” The skin on her bottom crawled in anticipation of the whipping. Would it be easier to take than his horrid hairbrush?

He placed a hand lightly on her low back and swung. The whoosh of the strap flying through the air arrived just before the sound of its slap across her cheeks.

“Ughn,” she groaned, closing her lips and ducking her head into his soft bedspread.

He brought the strap down again and she gasped.

By the third stripe, the first one had begun to burn as if on fire. “Ahh,” she moaned.

He continued to leather her, making neat stripes down to her thighs and back up again. By the time he reached a dozen, she couldn’t stand the pain. No thought preceded it, she simply scrambled off the pillows and slid off the bed.

“Where do you think you’re going Marissa Sparks?”

She covered her face with her hands. “It hurts,” she whined.

“What did I tell you? If you took it well, I would give you twenty strokes, but if you didn’t cooperate, we would start over from the beginning.”

“No-o,” she moaned. She rubbed her smarting ass. “I can’t. It hurts, Daddy. Please don’t spank me anymore.”

“Marissa, twenty strokes with my strap is not too much to take for the way you misbehaved today. Now lie back over these pillows or Daddy will have to get very stern with you.”

She moaned. “Don’t be stern, Daddy,” she wailed as she climbed onto the bed and lay

back over the pillows. She caught the glimmer of a smile when she stole a glance at his face.

“That’s better.” He didn’t even wait a beat. The leather strap came sailing down across her cheeks, picking up where he’d left off, except that he began the count at one again.

She squeezed her eyes closed so tight, little starbursts danced around the edges. She squeezed her bottom, too, not that it provided any protection whatsoever.

“Daddy is not happy with that little walking away in the middle of punishment stunt you just pulled,” he said.

“Sor-ry.” She really was sorry. Not just for the extra spanks it cost her, but she was embarrassed that she hadn’t been able to take it. She crossed one ankle over the other and tried to hold her feet down while her poor bottom absorbed the whipping.

When the twenty strokes finished at last, he stood silent.

She lifted her head to find him simply gazing at her, his eyes dark.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said in a small voice, reaching back to rub her throbbing bottom.

“I know you are, peanut. It’s forgiven now. Daddy forgives his little girl.”

Even though she knew he was just playing a part, the words warmed her chest. What was wrong with her? It frightened her how much she seemed to crave his approval.

“I want you to just rest here for a few minutes, but stay in position. Okay?”

She meant to ask why, but no sound came out.

She dropped her head back onto his bed. The humiliating position in which she lay left her completely exposed and vulnerable.

And also turned on. Her inner thighs quivered and her toes scrunched up as she imagined him returning and taking her from behind. She could hardly wait.

When Joel returned, she looked over her shoulder to see him carrying a quart-sized glass measuring cup filled with what smelled like fresh coffee.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“Coffee. For your enema. It’s a liver cleanse, so it should help clear all the toxicity that’s causing your cold sore.”

She’d stopped listening at the word enema. What?

She started to get up, but he anticipated her flight, pressing a hand into her low back and touching something to the backs of her legs.

“Do you feel this?” he asked.

“Let me go,” she pouted.

Suddenly a line of pure fire erupted on her backside and she screamed.

“That is my crop.” He tapped the wicked instrument to her bottom, which she’d squeezed tight. “I require your total and complete cooperation or I will be using this crop on your bottom. And considering it’s already blistered, I don’t think you would enjoy that.”

She forced her held breath out. “No, sir,” she mumbled.

“Daddy will be giving you a coffee enema every day until your cold sore disappears.”

“But—”

“No, Rissa. I’m in charge here.”

She dropped her face back to the bedspread.

She couldn’t believe this was really happening.

It was too embarrassing to even consider.

She buried her head under another pillow and pretended she was anywhere but with her ass high on display for her new kinky.

..boyfriend—? er, Daddy, to give her an enema.

“Reach back and hold open your cheeks for me, sweetheart.”

No. Way. Did he really want her to hold her own cheeks apart? It was bad enough to lie there and pretend it wasn’t happening.

“Open your knees,” he ordered. “Spread those cheeks wide for me.”

She reached back, cringing as she gripped her burning cheeks and parted them.

She smelled something like coconut and then Joel began massaging oil all around her anus. She didn’t want him to touch her there, and yet she found herself moaning and pressing back wantonly.

“I’m a...virgin back there,” she said, clearing her throat.

He increased the pressure on the massage, breaching her hole and rubbing all around the inside.

She moaned again.

“I’m so glad, Rissa Roo. I want to be the first to take your tight little ass. I will teach you how to please your Daddy.”

She squealed, her anus and pussy clenching down in a shudder of excitement, despite the resistance from her brain at the thought of anal sex.

“And after your enema, you’ll be nice and clean inside, so Daddy can do whatever he wants with his baby girl’s pretty bottom.”

She moaned again, feeling lightheaded.

He removed his finger, which she found disappointing, but he replaced it with the thin plastic nozzle for the enema. It didn’t hurt and when he didn’t move it, she hardly felt it at all. She wondered what it would be like if the nozzle had been a little wider around.

Suddenly a warmth began to fill her bowels. “Ahh,” she cried in alarm.

“Just relax, baby girl,” Joel said in a soothing voice. “You’ll need to hold this for at least twelve minutes.”

“Oh my God,” she cried in panic, feeling like she had to get up and run to the bathroom.

“Are you full? I’ll stop the flow,” he said.

The sense of urgency remained, even after he had clamped the tube.

“I have to go,” she wailed.

“Shh, relax. The need will pass after a few moments.”

She didn’t believe him. She had to go, and she had to go right then. But for some bizarre reason, she didn’t want to disappoint Joel by proving him wrong. He seemed to think she could do this.

She focused on her breathing, then starting silently reciting lines from the script to distract herself. After a while, she realized he’d been right, the urgency had passed. She sighed and laid her head in her arms.

Marissa looked so damned hot folded over the pillows with the enema tube coming out of her thoroughly reddened ass.

He set a timer on his phone and placed it by her, in case she wanted to keep track of the time herself.

She didn’t emerge from the pillow she’d pulled over her head.

Adorable. The fragility of her emotional state concerned him, though.

He wanted to reassure her and win her trust so she could really let go and be his baby girl.

She lasted eight minutes, and then her feet began twitching against one another. “Daddy,” she said, her voice rising in pitch on the last syllable. “I, um...Daddy? I

can't hold it any longer.”

“Okay, baby girl,” he said, slipping the insertion rod out of her ass. “You may go potty.”

She rolled off the bed, moving carefully, as if afraid she might explode. Her little buns squeezed together, giving her a duck-walk as she rushed for the bathroom with a single-minded focus.

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He stood in the doorway watching, his arms folded.

“Oh, God,” she groaned, “do you have to watch?”

“You’re lucky I’m not into diapers or the kind of daddy who insists on taking you to the potty myself and wiping your ass.”

She dropped her face into her hands, but giggled. The muffled words, “this is so embarrassing,” reached him.

He grinned.

She wiped and flushed, standing up. “Okay, all done.”

“That was only half the bag. You have one more round to go.”

She groaned. “Did you just make up this coffee enema stuff or is this really going to help?”

He picked up her hand and led her back to her position over the pillows, inserting the wand in her anus and releasing the clamp on the tubing to allow the organic coffee to flow.

“It really is an effective liver cleanse. It causes the liver to release toxins and get rid of them immediately. Normally when you take a liver tonic, the toxins have to go through your digestive system where they can be re-absorbed.”

She jerked when the warm liquid hit her, a little shudder running across her shoulders. She moaned softly. He wished the nozzle on the end of the enema bag was wider—more like a butt plug, so he could move it around and take her ass with it at the same time he filled her.

She held her body still for him and whined less, the unknown of it all conquered with the first round. He started the timer on his phone and leaned over to stroke Marissa's hair. "You're doing so well, Rissa Roo. Daddy will have to reward you for your cooperation."

Her head lifted. "Really?" she asked, her voice hopeful.

"Absolutely. What would you like for a reward?"

"Well..." Her feet twitched together again, but she showed no other sign of discomfort. "What are my choices?"

He ran his hand down her back. "I'll take you out for a fun date. You can pick what we do."

"You mean, like, dinner?"

"I mean, whatever you want. Dinner, a show, a picnic, a nightclub. You tell me what feels like a treat to you."

"You know what I've always wanted to see?"

She sounded so childlike. It warmed his heart to hear her natural enthusiasm bubbling up. "No, what?"

"Cirque du Soleil. Can you believe I've never seen them perform? And I love that

kind of stuff.”

“I can arrange that,” he said, his mind already running ahead to figure out how to swing it. They’d have to go to Vegas for the night, which would mean booking a private jet, because he didn’t have his own. But it could be done.

His timer beeped. “Twelve minutes. You made it, baby. I’m so proud of you.”

“I did? Oh God,” she groaned. “Take it out, take it out, take it out.”

“Hey, don’t get antsy now when you were doing so well.” He slid the nozzle out of her anus and patted the back of her thigh.

“Well, you were distracting me. Now all I can think about is?—”

“Think of what I’m going to do to that ass of yours now that it’s clean.”

She hurried to the bathroom and released the coffee.

He didn’t follow this time, instead texting a producer-friend of his who had his own Learjet, asking for the favor.

When she emerged, she removed her shirt and popped off her bra in a clear invitation.

Lust kicked through his veins. “Bring that sweet little body over here.”

She walked over, her eyes sultry.

“On your knees,” he said, his voice rough.

She licked her lips. Her peach-tipped nipples stood erect as she slowly lowered to her

knees, her big baby-doll eyes never leaving his face. “Daddy, may I please...?”

“You want to suck Daddy’s cock, baby girl?” he asked, unbuttoning his pants and allowing his member to spring free of his boxers.

She moistened her lips again.

His cock jerked in anticipation of meeting that little pink tongue. Tragically, he realized he would need to use a condom because of her cold sore. Grabbing one from the nightstand, he ripped open the foil package and slid it on. “Daddy’s ready, little girl,” he said.

“Am I your good girl?” she asked, grasping his cock and kissing the head with closed lips.

He buried his hands in her hair. “Yes...now open your mouth and show Daddy just how good you can be.”

“Oh, I can be very good,” she purred, running the tip of her tongue under the rim of the head.

He tightened his grip on her hair.

She maintained the seductive eye contact and licked a slow line from the base of his balls to the frenulum.

Stretching her lips, she engulfed his entire cock with her mouth, sending a shudder of pleasure down his inner thighs to the arches of his feet.

She deep-throated him, her tongue swirling along the underside of his dick while she sucked him, hard.

His knees went weak. He grasped her head and pumped his hips, thrusting his cock in and out of her mouth as he held her still.

She made enthusiastic noises, her hips gyrating in a little dance, giving away her own arousal.

“Baby, you are so good,” he moaned. But he wanted more.

He pulled his cock out and lifted her roughly to her feet, propelling her backward.

He protected the back of her head with his hand when she hit the wall, then lifted one of her knees and plowed into her.

She cried out, looping her arms around his neck.

He shoved in hard, pressing her body against the wall, thrusting in and up with each glorious stroke. The condom came off, so at the last moment he pulled out, pushing her back to her knees and cumming all over her breasts.

She clutched at her pussy, as if dismayed by his hasty retreat.

He pulled her to stand, then lifted her to straddle him, walking her to the bed, where he dropped her unceremoniously on her back and spread her legs wide. “What’s the matter, does your pussy need some attention?” he asked, slapping it.

She shrieked and tried to close her knees, but he held them open.

“Does this sweet little yoni want to come, too?” He rubbed her clit with his thumb at the same time he slid two fingers inside her.

She writhed under him, her legs thrashing.

He pumped his fingers in and out, all the while vibrating her clit until she gushed, bucking in the most beautiful display of combined orgasm and female ejaculation.

Marissa bounced on her heels, unable to stop smiling. She couldn't actually remember a time anyone had ever followed her whim when making plans. Maybe because she always deferred, letting others decide. Maybe because no one had ever asked her before what would make her happy.

Joel had. Not only had he asked, he had delivered. Immediately. Somehow he'd arranged to fly them to Vegas on a private jet and they now stood in the elevator at Aria Resort and Casino, heading down to see Cirque.

She slid a glance at Joel, delighted to find him watching her, as usual. She'd never been paid so much attention in her life.

"Are you excited, little girl?" he asked, his lips tugging up in amusement.

She flipped her pigtails. "Yes, Daddy," she murmured, hoping the other people in the elevator wouldn't hear.

Or maybe she hoped they did. She wasn't entirely sure.

The two of them garnered a lot of attention as celebrities out on the town, with people pulling out their phones to snap pictures as they went by.

She'd dressed to please her daddy, using her best attempt at sexy Little clothes.

Joel had promised to take her shopping for more baby girl outfits the next day.

Tonight she wore a baby doll dress, the kind with the fabric gathered between her breasts and falling loosely to mid-thigh with a pair of kitten heels.

She had a pair of panties with a bow on the back and a cut-out to reveal the top of her buttocks.

She'd gone simple with the make-up—lots of mascara to bat her lashes, a touch of rouge and an almost bare gloss on her lips.

The elevator doors opened and everyone stood back as Joel ushered her out and down the hall. A long line had queued for the show, but the man taking tickets looked over and waved them ahead of the line.

“Good evening, Mr. Sutherland, Ms. Sparks. Welcome to our show.”

They thanked him and walked down the aisle to front row seats. Joel waited for her to sit, but the moment he sat down, she stood back up and scrambled onto his lap. “Thank you, Daddy,” she purred in his ear. To the people seated behind them, she said, “Don't worry, I'll move when the show starts.”

“Is that Marissa Sparks?” one of them asked and they whipped out their cell phones to snap photos.

She wiggled on Joel's lap, feeling his cock hard under her bottom. She slipped her sandal off and ran her bare toes up the inside of his pant leg.

He squeezed her thigh. “My baby girl is excited, isn't she?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered.

The lights dimmed and the show began. She slid to her own seat and sat back to take in the sleek bodies moving in choreographed acrobatics.

Each act was more riveting than the last, and she gasped and applauded with the rest

of the audience.

As a performer herself, she loved a well-executed show.

And she wasn't the type who sat back and criticized or got snarky.

If entertainers were working hard to give it their all, she gave them her full enthusiasm as an audience member.

"That was amazing," she exclaimed when the show ended. She jumped to her feet to give them a standing ovation.

Of course, Joel's eyes were on her. And not in a critical way. She soaked up his attention, although she knew she shouldn't get used to it. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed his cheek. "Thank you so much for taking me here!"

His hand slid down her back and patted her bottom. "Anything for my baby girl," he said.

Warmth flooded her chest.

He led her upstairs to the luxury suite he had booked. "What part did you like best?" he asked.

"I loved it all. They were so talented. And the music!" She stopped gushing, realizing how silly she sounded. "I know, I'm a dork. I can't help it—I love live performances. I should've been on Broadway, but I don't sing."

Joel took off his shoes and unbuttoned his shirt.

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She kicked off her heels and started to pull out one of the bands around her pigtail.

“Don’t—” he said. “Leave those in. I want to fuck you with the pigtails.”

She shivered, loving it when he sounded so base. No one had ever spoken to her that way before. She rewrapped the band and pulled on her hair to lift the pigtail high on her head. She turned her head from side to side, whipping the pigtails around.

“I’ve wanted to see that show for years, but Bev always rolled her eyes and made fun of me, so I never went.”

Joel stopped on his way to the bathroom with his cosmetic case. He looked at her thoughtfully and opened his mouth, then shut it and continued onto the bathroom.

“What?” she demanded, following him in.

He didn’t look at her as he took his sonic toothbrush out of the bag and applied a thick line of toothpaste along the bristles.

“What were you going to say?”

He turned slowly, pursing his lips.

“What?”

“Do you need Bev’s approval to go?”

All her giddy excitement evaporated; anger seared like a hot curling iron.

She put her hands on her hips. “No,” she snapped.

“All I’m saying is that no one would ever go with me before.

I was trying to thank you .” Her voice snarled in the same tone he had spanked her for using with him earlier.

Her bottom clenched at the memory, but she held her ground, glaring at him.

His face remained impassive as he regarded her little snit.

Her heart jumped erratically in her chest, defensive anger and a vague panic tangling around each other. Was he being her daddy right now, or just Joel? Had she just offended him for real?

“Do you like being a victim?” he asked.

She flinched, his words cutting her. Wanting to inflict the same pain, she drew back her palm and slapped him across the face.

When he turned away, she went cold and her knees buckled.

What had she done? Had she crossed a line? And the real question that had her blood pressure building: would he break up with her over it?

He turned away so she wouldn’t see his surprise, his eyes smarting from the sting. He drew a deep breath to calm the instinctual anger that flared with any physical attack.

“Joel?” She sounded lost. No, terrified. The fact that she’d called him “Joel” instead

of “Daddy,” told him how much she feared he’d reject her for this.

His irritation drained. He’d hurt her feelings and she’d lashed out. He shouldn’t have pushed her so far. He turned back. “That was very naughty,” he said evenly. “Would you like Daddy to slap you across the face?”

She searched his face. “Yes?” she offered.

The unexpected answer give him a pang in his chest.

Marissa was watching him with wide eyes. He opened his arms. “Come here, baby girl.”

She flung herself into them so hard he stumbled back.

He wrapped her up tight in his embrace, kissing the top of her head. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

She twisted her fingers into his shirt.

“I’m sorry.” He rocked her like a slow dance in middle school, their bodies locked together in a swaying shuffle. “I’m not criticizing. I’m on your side, baby girl. I just wanted you to think about why you’ve given your power over to others and what you get out of it.”

She pushed away from him, and dropped to a crouch, covering her ears with her hands.

“Sweet girl,” he said, kneeling beside her and pulling the little ball that made up her body onto his lap and into his arms. “I’m not judging. I’m just asking the question.”

Her tear-streaked face popped out of her folded arms. “But I’ve given my power to you,” she cried.

“I know, baby. You made a conscious choice to do so. I hope there are some rewards besides just staying in the movie.” His gut tightened and he dropped his voice at the end of the sentence.

He wasn’t sure he wanted her to answer that.

He rushed forward. “I just want to be sure you’re making a conscious choice about the rest of your life. ”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Okay. I’ll drop it for now. But I have a feeling it will come up again, sweet pea. And when it does, there will be no slapping,” he said, giving her his most stern daddy look.

She dropped her chin and pushed her lower lip forward. “I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“You’re going to be very sorry, little one. Take off your dress and stand in the corner with your panties down.”

She scrambled to obey, one hundred percent submissive again.

So vulnerable, so sweet. He needed to remember to tread very carefully on the subject of her family.

It was the issue that most blocked her, but he would do everyone a disservice if he managed to get in the middle of her relationship with her mom and sister.

Somehow, whatever change happened, would have to come completely from her, in her own time.

He watched her as the babydoll dress fluttered to her feet and she stepped out of it, walking to the corner. She looked over her shoulder at him and he raised his eyebrows expectantly. His cock stiffened as she hooked her thumbs in her panties and lowered them to her thighs.

He took off his belt, making sure she heard the sound of it whiz through the loops.

Her shoulders raised by a half-inch and she started to look over her shoulder, but stopped herself.

“Marissa, I want you to come over here and bend over the bed.”

She turned and started to pull up her panties, but catching the small shake of his head, stopped. “Sorry,” she muttered, blushing as she shuffled over to the bed with the panties tangling around her thighs.

His cock thickened.

He strolled up behind her and gripped her ass, squeezing roughly. Although she still showed marks from her punishment earlier, she didn’t flinch at his touch. Satisfied she could take another spanking, he wound the buckle end of his belt around his fist.

“You were a very naughty girl, Marissa,” he said, bringing the belt down across her bottom.

She gasped and lifted onto her toes.

He struck her again and again, loving the whap of leather against bare skin and her

little cries of pain.

After five strokes, she began to kick up one heel and list to the side to avoid the belt.

He pressed his hand into her lower back. “Hold still, baby girl, or my belt will catch your hip.”

“I can’t,” she moaned. “It hurts, Daddy.”

He kept whipping her as he spoke. “I know, sweetheart, but Daddy has to punish you before we can move on.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, her voice catching on a sob.

He spanked on, watching her fingers twist into the covers, and her back heave with labored breath.

“I’m sorry, Daddy. Please no more! I’ll never, ever slap you again! I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she began to plead, her feet prancing on the ground in a frantic dance.

He gave her thirty-five strokes in all, then dropped the belt and rubbed her flaming bottom.

Her breath was coming in sobs, but he couldn’t see if she was actually crying or not. She turned her head to the side. “Oh, please take me, Daddy,” she whispered.

His cock swelled, pressing against his zipper. He had thought she would need a cuddle first, or time to recover, but hearing the lust in her voice made the blood rush in his ears. He gripped her ass, squeezing her heated flesh.

She moaned and spread her feet wider, pushing back at him.

He slid a finger over her glossy slit. "My baby liked her spanking."

"No, sir," she said in a tiny voice.

"No?"

She twisted to look over her shoulder, then started to erect herself.

He pushed her back down.

"No, Daddy," she insisted. "I don't like to be in trouble with you. I really don't." Her brow furrowed and she rolled her face down on the bedspread. "I just need you now, that's all," she said, her words muffled in the fabric.

His heart contracted painfully. "Of course you do, sweetheart," he said, sliding his finger over her plump folds. Her pussy was open and wet, so ready for him. "I will always give you what you need after your punishment has been concluded."

"Please," she pleaded. "Now?"

Joel chuckled and she heard the crinkle of a condom. "Daddy's going to take you hard tonight, little girl," he threatened, but his cock entered her like a caress. "Daddy's going to take your pussy and your ass until you're too sore to walk tomorrow."

The muscles of her pelvic floor fluttered with excitement, even as her mind protested. She whimpered.

He pushed in and out of her with slow, deliberate strokes, nearly withdrawing completely before re-entering. The tease was killing her.

“Daddy, I need you,” she whined.

He shoved in hard and she sucked in her breath with a gulp. “Like that?” He pulled back and slammed in hard again.

“Yes,” she gasped. “Yes, please. Please take me hard, Daddy.”

He groaned and she sensed his loss of control.

He pounded into her, taking her roughly, punishing her blazing ass with the slap of his flesh against hers.

She should have known pain would feel this good.

She’d been suffering her whole life for her art.

How much more beautiful to offer up her pain for his pleasure. For her pleasure.

Reaching around the front of her, he pinched one nipple between his fingers, squeezing until she squealed and writhed to get away. When he released it, she went limp.

“Ow, oh God,” she moaned. “Da-deeee.” She loved calling him Daddy. This game they played felt so natural to her. She knew her lines, knew her part without needing to study the script. She’d been born to this role.

He slid his hand down her torso, over her shaven mound. He diddled her clit, rubbing the swollen nub and sending streaks of pleasure shooting through her.

She lost her mind completely. She screamed as her entire body jerked in wave after wave of clenching muscles and undeniable pleasure. He pulled out before she’d

finished but continued to flick her sensitive nub as she came and came.

She finished, melting into the bed with the exquisite release. The sound of a bottle squirting lube reached her ears, but her brain had exited with her orgasm, so she didn't realize his intent until she felt the head of his cock at her back entrance.

She immediately tightened her cheeks and lurched forward, trying to climb up on the bed.

Joel smacked the back of her thigh hard enough to make her yelp. "Where do you think you're going?"

She whimpered, no good answer coming to mind.

"I told you I was going to punish your naughty little bottom and that means you get used in your most private hole."

She squeezed her cheeks even tighter.

He slapped each one twice. "Open up for Daddy. Show me you can be a good girl."

She willed herself to relax, first one cheek, then the other.

"Reach back and pull your cheeks apart for me."

Mortified, she turned her face into the bed, but reached back with both hands and spread her bottom to reveal her quivering anus.

"That's it," he said, pushing his cock against it again.

She flinched, but forced herself to exhale and relax.

“Open for me,” he said, applying more pressure to her sphincter.

“I can’t,” she whined, afraid it would hurt.

“Push back like you’re bearing down.”

Apparently she was incapable of disobeying him. Her body immediately complied and suddenly the head of his cock had breached her entrance. She gasped at the intrusion.

“Stop. It’s too big,” she cried, the stretching sensation frightening her.

“I’m not too big. Your little bottom just needs to get used to taking Daddy’s cock.”

Oh God. His lurid words had an intoxicating effect on her body. Her limbs melted like butter, the pucker of her anus relaxing and allowing him to push deeper.

“Daddy...” she whimpered, not because it hurt, just because it scared her.

“You’re doing a good job, baby girl. Open for Daddy. Don’t resist. You belong to your daddy. Your little body is for Daddy to take whenever he wants.”

All her bones disappeared. She’d become hot liquid, yielding to him as he plunged ever deeper.

The sensation was too intense. Too fantastic, too much.

She wanted more and she wanted it to stop at the same time.

She needed to come again. She wanted release.

She wanted him to take her harder and not move at all.

She began to whimper non-stop.

Joel cupped her nape, somehow both pinning her down and comforting her at the same time. He picked up the tempo, which she desperately craved, even as she tore at the covers and squealed with the sensation.

“Too much,” she managed to gasp.

“Give yourself over to me,” he commanded, not slowing or lessening the pounding he was giving her.

She had no choice but to comply—her resistance caused tightening, which caused pain.

“Take me, Daddy,” she mumbled, riding the crest of a wave of tormenting pleasure until it crashed with his coveted release.

He buried his cock deep in her ass and came.

When he finished, he didn’t pull out, but moved her hips away from the bed and reached between her legs.

She expected him to tease her clit again, but to her shock, he slapped her pussy.

Over and over again, he spanked her delicate folds until she came once more, his cock plugging her ass her voice raised in a howl. As her muscles fluttered, he pulled out of her ass and plunged his fingers in her pussy, wiggling them against her contracting walls.

She would've sank to the floor if he hadn't picked her up and laid her on the bed, curling up beside her and covering her with blankets.

"I love you," she murmured, then froze, her breath catching.

"I mean..." Her heart began to pound. What the hell was wrong with her?

This wasn't love. This wasn't even a relationship.

She didn't know what the hell it was, but she sure knew one didn't go declaring one's love in the first two days of a purely sexual relationship.

"It's okay," he said, kissing her forehead. "You can say I love you without it being a solemn vow of eternal commitment. Love is a state of being. You're feeling it right now and you expressed it." He kissed her forehead again. "I'm feeling it, too, sweet girl."

She exhaled and curled into his body. Her heart still ricocheted around in her chest. She ought to be relieved by his understanding. Why, then, had disappointment begun to leak into her bliss like a dark stain of ink?

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“Please, please, please don’t give me an enema today?” Marissa pleaded the next morning, turning her best puppy dog eyes on him, and clasping her hands under her chin in supplication. “My cold sore looks so much better.”

“And that’s the best reason to continue with your treatment,” he said, hiding his amusement.

“No, but Daddy?—”

He arched a brow. “Yes?”

Her face flushed beautifully. “My bottom hole hurts today. From last night. Please can we skip a day on the enema? Please?”

She was too adorable to resist. He let his smile show. “All right. If you’re a good girl all day, we’ll skip it. But if you misbehave I will give it to you as punishment, understand?”

“Yes, sir,” she said, beaming.

“Come on, we’re going to a juice bar, and then shopping.”

“For my Little clothes?” she asked, looking eager.

“Yes. Vegas is the perfect place to find every sort of costume under the sun. And I have quite a few I’ve been picturing you in.”

“Is one of them a Catholic school girl?”

His cock thickened as his brain produced an image of her bent over his desk with her panties down. “Certainly. Along with Little Bo Peep, Alice in Wonderland, and footie pajamas with a drop bottom in case I need to spank you before bed.”

“What should I wear to go shopping?”

“Mmm. I can’t really get enough of your short shorts. I’d like to see them with some tube socks and rollerskates and a halter top.”

“And pigtails?”

“Of course.”

She hopped out of the bed, then stopped. “Daddy, may I please take a shower now?”

He smiled. “No. Daddy’s going to give his little girl a bath this morning.

I need to inspect your little body.” He swung his legs off the bed and stopped to pick her up, hoisting her to his hip.

She made it easy for him, knowing just when to jump and wrapping her legs around his waist to support her weight.

He carried her into the bathroom and started the water running.

“Hop in, little girl,” he said, patting her bottom.

She stepped in the tub, lowering herself to sit and then lie back.

She'd lost the seductiveness she'd shown in their first few encounters.

Now it seemed she'd dropped fully into her Little self.

She looked up at him with a giddy pleasure, as if nothing pleased her more than splashing in the bath.

"Are you coming in, Daddy?" she asked, batting her eyelashes.

"No. Daddy's going to wash and inspect his baby girl.

" He picked up a washcloth and soaked it.

He brought it to her neck, dragging it over the slope of her shoulder and down her arm, massaging each finger as he reached her hand.

He repeated the action on the other side, then rubbed the terry cloth over her nipples.

She giggled and moved away as if he'd tickled her. "Daddy," she protested.

He made his face into a frown. "Rissa," he said in a warning tone. "A spanking on a wet bottom would not be a nice way to start the day, and then I'd have to give you that enema, too.

She immediately went still, her large eyes blinking and obedient. "Okay. Sorry, Daddy."

"That's right. When Daddy wants to touch his baby girl, she must give herself without complaint."

"Okay, Daddy," she said, looking shy.

He rolled the pebbled tip of one nipple between his finger and thumb as he rubbed the other with the washcloth. When she jerked, he tightened his grip on her nipple, pinching it and pulling it.

She gasped and leaned forward to follow the movement, her expression alarmed.

He smiled. “That’s a good girl.” He released her nipple and she fell back, panting. He resumed with the washcloth, stroking every inch of her. Then he had her dip her head in so he could shampoo.

She moaned when he massaged her scalp. “I’ve never had my hair washed before. I mean—” she giggled. “Not by a man. I mean not by a man who wasn’t my hair stylist. I’ve always wanted to—ever since I saw *Out of Africa* .”

“Wasn’t that movie before your time?”

“My mom loves Robert Redford. And she made sure I had a complete cinematic education,” she said. “It’s one thing she did right, I guess.”

He caught the sadness in her voice and he leaned over the tub to see her face.

“Your mom must have done a lot right, because you’re a brilliant actress who has made it all the way to the top in just a few short years.

Just because your career may have outgrown her management, doesn’t meant you can’t appreciate all she’s done for you. ”

Marissa’s eyes filled with tears and she dropped her head, shoulders slumped. “I don’t want to fire her. I mean, I do, but...I can’t.”

“Hey,” he said, putting a finger under her chin. “You’ll know when the time has

come and you'll do it in a way that leaves you both satisfied."

Marissa searched his face, as if wanting to believe him but not sure if she could.

He kissed her forehead. "You will. Just set your intention that it happen at the right time and in the perfect way and it will."

She looked doubtful.

He reached between her feet and pulled the plug. "Time for your inspection," he announced. He helped her out of the tub and dried her off.

"Interlace your fingers and put your hands on top of your head," he said.

She covered her face with her hands first, making a rueful giggling sound.

Then she spread her fingers and peeked shyly through at him.

He had adored the coquette, but the emergence of Marissa's younger persona warmed him.

It meant she trusted him. Or at least he hoped it did.

This persona was adorable, and while less sexualized, it gave him a sense of masculine power—his protective, care-taking instincts surging to the surface.

Which didn't mean he wouldn't still play sexual with her, since she was okay with mixing the two.

He raised an eyebrow and she giggled nervously, lifting her hands and placing them on her head as he had requested. Her nipples jutted out with excitement. He trailed a

finger along the inside of her arm, from her wrist to her armpit, brushing the sensitive skin.

She squirmed and giggled, twisting to dodge away, but not removing her hands from her head.

He opened a drawer and removed a small glass bottle of peppermint oil. He dripped a few drops on his fingertips and brought them to her nipples, circling them.

Her breath sucked in with a hiss.

He blew on her taut buds, knowing the peppermint gave them that cool-hot feeling and the air moving across them would intensify it.

She shivered and gave a little whimper of desire.

“Turn around, bend over and put your hands on the side of the tub,” he said, his voice rough.

She did as he asked, standing with her thighs pressed together.

“Open your legs.”

She widened her stance.

He stroked her buttocks and down the back of one thigh. Bringing both thumbs to her labia, he parted her outer lips. “Mmm, very pretty, Marissa.”

She bounced on her heels.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, lightly tapping her dewy slit. “You want Daddy to

touch you here?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned.

He picked up the bottle of oil and applied some to his fingertips. “All right, baby,” he said and rubbed the oil over her clit.

She gasped and brought her feet together, squeezing his hand with her thighs.

He brought his hand down on one cheek with a resounding slap. “None of that, Rissa-Roo. Daddy has put a special medicine on your naughty parts and you are not allowed to touch them unless Daddy gives you permission.”

“Will Daddy touch them?” she asked plaintively.

He chuckled and patted her bottom. “Not now, little one. Go get dressed.”

She erected herself and whirled around stomping her foot. “No fair,” she said, folding her arms across her chest.

He grinned.

She turned and stomped out with a huff, but when he trailed her out, he found she was getting dressed as instructed, so he left her to it and took a quick shower.

When he emerged she had dressed in her short shorts with a t-shirt tied up in the back to bare her midriff and stretch the material taut across her perky breasts.

“Good girl,” he said. “If you keep that up, Daddy might just let you come before the day is through.”

Marissa's naughty parts didn't just tingle, the peppermint oil made them throb in a slow, pulsing heat that made her want to dig her fingernails into Joel's back while he took her fast and hard. But it seemed that wasn't going to happen right now.

He led her to the elevator and the moment the doors closed in the empty car, he shoved his hand down her shorts, his fingers rubbing her screaming clit. She didn't care if the doors opened and the entire world found them having sex, she wanted him then and there.

But he seemed bent on torturing her, because as quickly as his hand had dived down her pants, he withdrew it, smirking. The elevator doors opened and he led her out.

"Meanie," she muttered as he led her to the front of the casino where a limo stood waiting.

He spoke to the limo driver and settled into the seat, then pulled her onto his lap, spreading her legs wide and rubbing his fingers along the seam of her shorts.

Close to orgasm, she grasped his hand to make him press harder, but he slapped her inner thigh.

"Naughty girl. Do you remember what Daddy said? You are not allowed to orgasm until I give you permission. Do I need to spank your naughty bottom right here in this limo?"

She must be deranged, because she wanted to say yes. The idea of being spanked in the back of a limousine, with the danger of the driver hearing sounded über hot to her. Her need to please him won out, though and she gave him her full obedience.

Joel took her to a mall first, where they hit the lingerie stores and he bought her all kinds of cute panties with bows and ruffles.

He made her try on babydoll negligees for him, then pushed his way into the changing stall with her, once more tormenting her throbbing clit with pinching and rubs. Still, he did not allow her to climax.

Next he took her to a sex costume shop, where they found all the outfits and more.

Sweet little princess dresses, Catholic school girl outfits, little German barmaid, Alice in Wonderland.

They bought white ankle socks trimmed with lace, and knee socks and rollerskates.

The actress in her revelled at the chance to play each and every part to perfection for her delicious daddy.

On the flight back home, she modeled the school girl outfit.

“Get over my lap for a lesson with the ruler,” Joel said, waggling his eyebrows.

She glanced toward the cockpit. “This is only a thirty minute flight.”

“Thirty minutes is plenty of time to stripe your pretty little bottom. Now get over here.”

She giggled and draped herself over his knees.

He peeled the white ruffled-bottomed panties down and ran a hand over her skin. “Such a perfect bottom for spanking,” he observed.

She giggled, absurdly pleased with the compliment.

He slapped the ruler down, lightly at first, gradually working up his speed and the

force behind it.

When he pulled her in tight against him, her arm bent behind her back, she knew it was going to get intense.

She didn't mind—not when he held her that way, controlling her entire body, keeping her locked against his torso so she couldn't wiggle or get away.

Her pussy wept with desire as he lit a new fire on her backside.

He finished just before as the plane landed, pulling her to his lap and holding her close for the landing.

“Good girl,” he murmured in her ear.

She closed her eyes, drinking in the warmth, her bottom burning almost as hot as her heart.

Too bad this couldn't be real. Too bad it was all just a fantasy, played out between two willing partners.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:03 am

“So how did you manage to get yourself hired back?” Becky, the makeup girl asked as she applied cover up to the remaining redness above her lip. “I didn’t think Antonio would bend again for you.”

The muscles under her armpits tightened, making her ribs feel too small. “I don’t really think that’s any of your business.”

Becky had the grace to look flustered. “Right. Well, I’m glad you’re back. People were pretty devastated when it looked like the whole picture was going down because of you.”

Her jaw clenched and her belly, already roiling with nerves, twisted into a hard knot. “Maybe you could just do the make up and leave the commentary at the door,” she muttered.

“What’s going on?”

She and Becky both jerked at the sound of Joel’s deep voice and the mascara wand caught her cheek, leaving a streak of black moisture. Becky stared up at him, her mouth falling open. Neither of them spoke.

He gave Becky a hard look. “What commentary?”

Becky flushed and put the mascara wand back in the container, her hands shaking.

Marissa suddenly pitied her.

“What is your name?”

The make up artist cleared her throat. “Um, Becky,” she said, her voice cracking.

“Becky, what is your job around here?”

She swallowed. “Make up?”

“Right,” he said, levelling her with a look that made Marissa shiver just to witness. She didn’t ever want to be the subject of one of those looks. “So why are you hassling the talent?”

Becky’s face had turned beet red and Marissa was blushing in sympathy for her. “No, I’m not, I mean, I’m sorry,” she threw Marissa a desperate look. “I didn’t mean to hassle her. I-I’m just glad she’s back, that’s all. I’m a fan.”

A fan. Ha. That was a laugh.

Joel continued to regard Becky with a stony look and folded his arms across his chest. “Can you finish up?”

Becky used make-up remover to clean the smudge of mascara, but her fingers trembled too much to reapply it.

The girl took a deep breath and blew it out with her lips pursed, like she was doing yoga breathing.

Marissa picked up the wand and leaned toward the mirror, putting it on herself.

She held her eyes wide so it wouldn’t smudge and turned back to the make up artist. “What else?”

“Um...lips.” Becky fumbled for her lip pencil, darting a glance up at Joel, who still glowered at her.

“Hey, I’ll be right out, okay?” Marissa said, realizing if Joel didn’t leave, her make up would take twice as long.

He nodded once, gave Becky one more look and left the room.

Becky finished the look without meeting her eye. Tension hung between them like heavy clouds. Marissa couldn’t think of anything to diffuse it. She really didn’t want to be treated like crap by her make up artist, but she also didn’t want her shaking in fear or hating her now.

“Okay, you’re good to go,” Becky said.

“Thanks,” she muttered and bolted for the door of her trailer.

Joel literally stood outside it, waiting.

Her heart leaped. For some reason, she thought things would be the same as before on the set.

She hadn’t expected Joel to let everyone see they had a relationship—whatever that relationship may be.

It turned her gooey inside to be acknowledged publicly by him—Joel Sutherland, A-list movie star.

But no—it wasn’t just the public acknowledgement that had her swooning.

It was the way he continued to dote on her.

After their night in Vegas, she'd begged him not to give her another enema, since her lip had improved. He had prescribed exercise instead and invited her to do Crossfit with him.

"Uh, Crossfit kills me. I mean, literally. I throw up from the exertion. Does a dance class count?"

He'd grinned at her. "Sure, you can take a dance class for your exercise."

To her absolute shock, he had not only taken her to dance class—after they dropped her car off to have the roof mechanism fixed—but he had sat and watched the entire thing.

She'd been almost giddy from the attention.

Dance had always been her greatest love—she'd been a competitive dancer growing up, but her mom had pushed her into acting, since that's where the money was to be had.

She showed off for Joel, hitting her triple pirouettes and tilts and nailing the contemporary combination at the end.

His presence had fueled an energy in the entire class—every dancer treating it like an audition, doing her best for the famous movie star in the waiting room.

Of course, she was famous, too, but she came to dance.

The students there knew that and gave her a respectful amount of space.

She remembered Naomi, a girl on her dance team growing up.

Naomi's parents—both her mom and her dad—had sat and watched every single dance class, every rehearsal, every performance.

Marissa and the other dancers had hated her for it.

She just seemed so much more loved than the rest of them.

Marissa's mother, despite offering every bit of criticism of her performances, never stayed to watch classes or rehearsals.

She had always been too busy getting her hair done, dating the next prospective stepfather or shopping with Bev.

And she'd considered dance a necessary skill, but nothing worth pursuing seriously.

After the dance class, she'd rushed, like a child, into Joel's arms and he had picked her up, pulling her legs around his waist.

"Great job, Marissa," he had exclaimed. In her ear, so no one else could hear, he said, "I could tell you did your very best for Daddy. I'm so proud of my little angel."

She'd turned giddy with the attention, giggling and warm as he lowered her down and offered to take her out for a treat.

Having Joel there yesterday made up for every single one of her mom's absences. And now here he was, protecting her from her make-up artist and standing protectively outside her trailer, like he wasn't the biggest name on the set.

He took her hand. "Are you okay?"

She looked back over her shoulder toward her trailer, where Becky was coming out.

“Yeah. Totally. Thanks.”

“Okay, so we’re going back to the same scene we stopped on. I know you know the lines this time, so just relax and shine, all right, baby?”

He knew she knew her lines because he’d made her rehearse them all afternoon the previous day. Not that she’d minded one bit. She loved acting with him.

“Do I seem nervous?” she asked.

“I can tell you’re edgy, but that’s my job,” he said, giving her a wink.

“It’s your job to know or to make me edgy?” she teased.

His expression grew wolfish. “Both. In the appropriate times.”

He led her to the set and into the elevator, where he wrapped both arms around her from behind. She leaned into his strength.

“More light on the left side,” Antonio called out. “Let’s see the close-up of Marissa’s face.”

She held still while they made the adjustments.

“We are ready to roll.” A cameraman’s assistant hit the slates with the digitized scene and take number. “Cameras...and...” Antonio pointed at them, “Action.”

They ran the scene. Joel brought his arm around her waist, the knife at her throat. They wrestled in the choreographed fight scene they had rehearsed the night before. The one that had ended with him on top of her, tickling until she squealed “mercy.”

Electricity ran between them. Every touch made her want more, every line he spoke in his deep, resonant voice made her quiver. They finished the scene too soon for her taste and a silence fell over the set after Antonio yelled, “cut.”

“Nice work,” Joel murmured, helping her up.

Antonio was walking over with a strange glint in his eye.

She resisted the urge to shrink back against Joel.

“Very interesting,” he said.

“What?”

“The chemistry here.” He waved a finger back and forth between her and Joel.

“That was totally different. I want more of it. I want...” he looked into space.

“We’re going to re-shoot the warehouse scene.

I want that energy, that—” he grasped air in both his fists, shaking them, “connection. In fact,” he said, thrusting one finger in the air, “we should add a scene. Get me the screenwriter—no, nevermind, I will write it.” He stared into space.

“An evening scene. In the hotel lobby. He is having a drink, and she enters in a tight, red dress and sits down across from him. He orders her a drink. She won’t take it, but she drinks his instead.

Cut scene.” He closes his fist. “Next scene, in the hotel room, they are fucking like cats—you know what I mean? Wrestling, pinning each other down, biting. Can you do that?”

She tipped her head back to look at Joel, and found him focused on her, as usual. He winked. “I’m pretty sure we can.”

Antonio went straight to the new scene. When he got excited about an idea in his head, there was no slowing him down. He barked at the costume department until they produced the red cocktail dress and altered it on the spot to hug Marissa’s tight little body like a glove.

She played the hotel bar encounter perfectly: sultry glances, pouty lips. He wanted to screw her for real. Filming sex scenes was notoriously awkward. Even if he did feel like getting naked with a co-star, they had twenty-five other people standing around watching.

The next scene happened in a hotel room, which Antonio found on another movie’s set. There were all kinds of phone calls and red tape, but when he insisted, he got his way.

“Okay, now give it all to me,” he said, looking at Marissa. “Walk in, take your clothes off, piece by piece, and attack your man. Or vice versa. I don’t care. You two figure it out while we get set up.”

He turned to Marissa, thinking she might need coaxing or cheerleading, but she grinned at him with a sparkle in her eye. His heart did a double-beat. This was the Marissa from New Mexico. The one who loved what she did. The Marissa he had wanted on his movie.

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He grasped her hair in his fist and pulled her head back. “I’m going to fuck you for real under those covers, little girl,” he growled in a voice only she could hear.

Someone near them whooped.

“Get that on film,” Antonio ordered, pointing to one of the grips.

“Camera’s rolling,” the grip said.

He released her hair and her head snapped up. In a flash she leapt at him, her legs snapping around his waist, her hands on either side of his head. She used his ears to tug his head back and bent to kiss him, her tongue sweeping over the seam of his lips, licking inside.

He returned the kiss, walking forward until her back met a wall. Pinning her between his body and the plaster, he grasped her wrists and pinioned them over her head. He held her in place and lowered his head until his mouth found her breast. He bit and she cried out, a sexy, wanton sound.

The sound of running footsteps and whispers alerted him that all the cameras were on now, getting different angles of the same shot.

He buried his face in her cleavage, yanking down the neckline of the red dress far enough to reveal a white lacy bra.

He used his teeth on the lingerie. A camera moved in close and low.

He lowered her so he could get her clothes off and she lunged for him, tearing open his shirt with enough force to pop the buttons.

He ripped her dress off over her head.

She reached for his pants and came up holding his stage knife, the tip pointed at his throat. "On the bed," she said.

The corner of his mouth twitched up as he backed slowly toward the bed. When his legs hit it, he caught her wrist and flipped her onto her back on the mattress. He was amazed it worked without rehearsal, but their connection was strong and clear, each one knew when to let the other lead.

He held the point of the knife to her jugular and she lifted her chin, offering her throat, yet also managing to look defiant.

He traced a line down her skin with the tip of the knife, dragging it until he reached her bra, which he slit in the middle.

He hadn't been sure if the stage blade would be sharp enough, but the fabric split, springing open to reveal Marissa's youthful breasts.

And he suddenly wished no one else could see them.

They were pure perfection, like the rest of her.

He tossed the knife onto the floor and took her nipples between his fingers, pinching and lifting them both until she arched and gasped. When he released them, she drew back her hand and slapped him. He pounced, gripping her throat with one hand as he attacked her with his mouth, biting her neck.

“Sorry,” she whispered, probably worrying whether he’d spank her for slapping him again.

He flicked his tongue in her ear.

She dug her fingernails into his back. “Condom,” she rasped.

Condom. Did she really believe he was going to have sex with her on the set? The idea made his cock even harder.

“Condom,” he repeated, making something out of it. He got up, patting his pants pockets for his wallet, which of course, was in his trailer.

Someone waved from behind the lights. He strode forward and accepted a condom from one of the grips.

He sensed every eye on him. They had to see his erection tenting his pants.

There was no time to think—the cameras were rolling.

He kicked off the trousers and climbed under the covers where Marissa had taken refuge.

She grabbed him the moment he knelt on the bed, throwing him to his back and straddling him.

Her panties were white satin and lace, the gusset moist where she’d rubbed her pussy against his cock.

She grabbed the condom from his fingers and ripped it open with her teeth.

Ducking under the covers, she scooted down, lowering his boxers and taking his length into her mouth.

He nearly shouted at the shock of it. In his periphery, arms waved frantically.

They wanted the covers off her head. Jesus.

The entire cast and crew were going to see her suck his cock.

He threw back one corner of the blankets, shielding the view of his member, but revealing the back of her head bobbing over him.

She could be pretending from their angle. Or so he hoped.

She slid the condom over his cock and tackled him, throwing her body on top of his. He immediately rolled so he landed on top, his cock straining between her thighs, the heat of her pussy tormenting him.

He gave her a savage kiss while she pulled her panties to the side and gave him access. He still hadn't decided whether or not to actually do it when his cock made the decision for him, sliding in to her hot tunnel.

She arched, thrusting her pussy over his cock, taking him deeper than he thought possible.

He laced his fingers over the tops of hers, holding her hands down as he shoved in and out of her.

He bit her neck. He didn't want to come with everyone watching—didn't want to have to dispose of a used condom and confirm for the world that they'd had real sex on film.

But he wanted her to come. He wanted her to receive the pleasure she deserved.

He pulled out and rolled her to her belly, entering from behind as he grasped her hair and pulled her head back.

She lifted onto her forearms and hissed at the mixture of pain and pleasure, baring her teeth and looking over her shoulder like a feral cat.

“I’m going to make you come in front of all these people,” he growled in her ear.

She gave an audible cry of excitement.

He pounded into her harder, scooting the bed with each thrust, making Marissa’s breasts bob, the ropy muscles along her spine taut.

But he couldn’t think about her—not how unbearably beautiful she looked, nor how much he wanted to make her scream.

He needed to remember their audience, forget about his pleasure.

He shoved in deep and stayed, simulating his orgasm.

She arched and swallowed a cry, her muscles squeezing his cock, perfectly programmed to come when he did—the evolutionary necessity for reproduction. Neither of them made a sound as he held her upper body bowed, her head falling back, her whiskey-colored hair tumbling across her naked back.

When her muscles finished fluttering, he released her and they both flopped to the mattress with a sigh, as if they’d just completed a strenuous workout.

They held their position as the cameras moved in closer, one coming in from above to

shoot straight down on them.

They lay there, breathing as one for a full seven seconds more until Antonio yelled, “cut” and the entire set erupted into cheers.

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“Do you think Antonio would give us a copy of that take?”

Joel was driving her to pick up her car from the repair shop after their shoot. He smirked. “I’ll bet everyone there today asks him for a copy. You were incredible—quite the improviser. Have you studied Stanislavski?”

She flushed under his praise. “A little. I was just following your lead.”

“Yeah, but you really went for it—without any hesitation. That’s what defines a good performer, baby.”

She squirmed, her face growing hotter, pleasure warming her entire body.

“Although, I have to say, the daddy in me was ready to kill every man who got to see your perfect breasts today.”

Her head swam, drunk on his appreciation. “You’d have to kill everyone who watches Canyon del Oro, too, then,” she said.

“Don’t think I won’t do it,” he joked, pulling a mock stern voice.

Her pussy clenched. She loved it when he turned dominant.

God, she loved it when he did anything. Her gaze swept over his muscled arms at the steering wheel.

An actor who wasn’t self-involved. A man’s man, who knew how to treat a woman.

Well, if one thought women ought to have their panties pulled down and their bare bottoms spanked until they squealed.

Which she never dreamed would turn her on half as much as it did.

Joel pulled in to the repair shop, and accompanied her in, like the gentleman he was. The men at the counter scurried up to help her. “Good evening, Ms. Sparks. We have your convertible all set to go. The total charge with the new part and labor comes to four hundred and fifty-eight dollars.”

She handed him a credit card. “Sure. Here you go.”

Joel touched the small of her back in that possessive way he had. She looked over her shoulder and smiled.

The man turned back, looking uncomfortable. “Uh...I’m so sorry, but this card was declined. Do you have another card?”

Her neck grew warm as she dug in her wallet for a different card. “Sorry about that, please try this one.”

A few moments later, he turned back with the same chagrined look.

“That one didn’t work either?” Her heart thudded in her chest. Fucking Bev. Or her mom. What the hell was wrong with them, anyway? Had they really maxed out every credit card she had?

Joel leaned past her and handed the man his credit card. “Here, put it on this.”

She ground her teeth. Great. Joel already thought she was a total fuck-up. This just went to prove it.

“I’ll pay you back,” she said, looking out the door instead of at him.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, easily. When she didn’t respond, he put a finger under her chin and turned it to face him.

She dragged her eyes to meet his. “Thanks,” she said, her chest heavy. Taking handouts from her co-stars was not exactly a dream come true.

He touched her nose, then turned to sign the credit card slip. “I’ll see you back at the house.”

She nodded, digging in her purse for her phone as they walked out.

He caught her wrist when she pulled it out. “I don’t want you talking while you drive,” he said, back in full daddy mode.

She rolled her eyes. “I’ll put it on speaker phone.”

He held the phone up out of her reach. “No. No talking and driving. Period. Understand, young lady?”

“Come on, don’t be an—” she stopped, about to say asshole . But that wasn’t the way they talked to each other and she knew exactly how he’d deal with her if she did. Besides, this wasn’t really worth a battle. “Fine,” she sighed. “I’ll wait ‘til I’m home. I mean, at your place.”

“Which is your home.”

She walked toward her car without acknowledging him, then realized she was being rude. “Joel?” she called out, stopping and turning to see him walking toward his car.

He stopped and looked back.

“Thank you.”

He smiled and turned back to his car.

God, just that smile made all her resistance melt.

She climbed in her car and palmed her phone again.

He wouldn't know if she kept it on her lap and spoke on speaker.

She looked in her rear view mirror. He appeared to be waiting for her to pull out first. She tucked the phone back in her purse.

He was right. She was a terrible driver, especially in L.A.

traffic. She needed all the focus she could get.

She exited the parking lot and merged onto the busy street, hitting the accelerator.

Joel cared about her. Either that or he was just flexing his authority.

But no, that didn't seem right. He was looking out for her.

That realization made her ache with longing. She could not get attached to this man. She could not lose her heart. Because in two or three more months, filming would end and it would all be over.

She pulled up to his house and entered the code to open the giant iron gate. His garage door stood open and his car was parked inside. She parked in the drive and

pulled out her phone, hitting the number for Bev as she walked in through the garage door entrance.

“Marissa,” Bev exclaimed, sounding like she was tipsy. “Just the girl I want to talk to. I need the car.”

“Well, that’s why I’m calling. I just picked it up from getting repaired and none of my credit cards were good when I went to pay for it.”

“Oh, yeah. I know. Mom’s checking into it,” she said, sounding unconcerned.

“What exactly is she checking into?” she asked through clenched teeth.

“I don’t know—getting an increased credit line?”

“Bev, we are out of money. I haven’t paid the mortgage in three months. The credit cards are maxed. And I just signed a contract saying my pay would be cut for Canyon del Oro. ”

“I heard about that. I can’t believe Julie went for it.”

She stomped up the stairs with impatience. Her sister was not getting it. They had a real problem, here.

“Marissa, I need the car, honey. You can ride with Joel to and from the set, can’t you? Mom and I have been totally stuck here for the past two days because you had the car. That’s ridiculous.”

She choked a little on her own spit. Ridiculous?

Having her own car was ridiculous? Well, of course it was.

But she couldn't figure out how to justify saying no.

Her sister was right, she and Joel carpooled into the studio.

And in all honesty, she preferred him driving her everywhere.

Dance class wouldn't have been half as fun if she'd driven herself.

"Fine," she said. "You can have the car. But you have to come here to get it."

"Great, I'll have Ella drive me over. Oh, she wants to hang out with you, you know. She said she texted you but you didn't reply."

She blew out her breath in a huff. "I'm pretty busy right now," she said.

"Okay, but you're missing out. She's totally cool."

Right. Just like all of Bev's beautiful party-girl friends. "Do you know how to get here?"

"No, can you text it to me? I don't have a pen."

She huffed again. "Fine." She hung up without saying goodbye and opened the message box to text her sister directions.

"What was that about?" Joel asked.

"Bev's coming to get the car," she said, realizing too late that her voice had the snappish quality he didn't like.

"No," he said immediately.

She stared at him. “What do you mean, no ?”

“I mean, you’re not going to say yes and then bitch about it. Either give your sister your car and be content or say no. It’s your car, and your decision. You don’t have to get passive-aggressive.”

She went white hot, feeling like slapping him again. Or storming out. She turned away to leave the room.

He caught her around the waist and pulled her back up against his torso. “Don’t walk away when I’m speaking to you,” he said, but the firmness had gone out of his voice. It came like a rich rumble in her ear.

She went still and waited. What would he do next? Spank her again? Heat and excitement began to thrum, seeping through the anger and defensiveness.

“Turn around and look at me.”

She waited a full two seconds before she turned, folding her arms across her chest.

He reached for her arms, prying them out of their defensive position and pinning her wrists behind her back with one strong hand, as his other came to cup her chin. “Did you hear what I just said?”

She thrust her jaw forward. “I heard you.”

“So what is your decision? Are you calling Bev back to tell her no?”

She blew out her breath. “Well, that doesn’t really make sense. I mean, you can drive me to the shoot.”

“It doesn’t matter. The car is yours and you resent your sister for using it. Right?”

She sounded rather petty when he put it that way. “Well, sort of, yeah. Because she doesn’t ask, she just assumes.”

“Okay, so set some healthy limits.”

Her shoulders sagged. She couldn’t. Her sister and mom were stranded and she didn’t need the car. She spread her hands. “Well, they’re totally stranded without a car.”

Joel didn’t say a word.

“So you think I should just tell them to fuck off?”

He swatted her backside with a stinging blow. “Language, young lady. And no, I definitely don’t think you should tell them to fuck off.”

“So what do you think I should do?”

He shrugged. “It’s not my decision to make, it’s yours. I’m just demanding you make it with integrity.”

She felt like stomping on his toe. “What the hell does that mean?”

Another spank. “You make the choice that’s right for you, and then be happy with it. I’m not going to let you get pushed into something that upsets you.”

Tears blurred her vision and she blinked them back. Jesus Christ. When had anyone ever cared about her feelings on anything before?

He eased his grip on her wrists and rubbed her back. “Do you understand, baby girl?”

No one's going to walk on you when I'm around. So what's your decision? Do you want her to borrow your car or not?"

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She did understand what he was saying, but she still couldn't find her way out of her tangled desires.

Yes, she wanted to tell Bev no. But it didn't make sense when she had no good reason to do so.

And then it clicked into place. She was choosing, of her own free will, to let her sister borrow the car.

So she had no right to begrudge Bev for it.

She drew in a deep breath. "I'm going to let her borrow it."

"And you're happy with that choice? You're not going to be grouching about it later?"

Her mouth firmed and her eyes narrowed.

"Okay, I'm just making sure." He drew her into his arms, squeezing her butt with his big hands. "I'm not judging you, angel. But it's my job to protect you, even if it's from yourself."

"Who protects me from you?" she asked, just to give him a hard time. "Shouldn't I have a safe word or something?"

"You may have a safe word if you like, but a good daddy doesn't need one. My job is to be so in tune with you that I know when to push your boundaries and when to pull

back.”

Why did those words make her feel all swimmy inside?

“Have I pushed too far yet?”

“No, Daddy,” she said and tucked her face into his chest. She felt like saying I love you again, but this time managed to keep her imprudent confessions to herself.

She need to stop falling in love with this man right away.

“Am I in trouble?” Marissa asked, drawing back, her big eyes even wider than usual.

He kept his expression inscrutable. “What do you think?”

Her hands went to cover her bottom, which made his cock surge against his jeans. God, she really tweaked him. She started to back away.

He advanced without hurry, following her as she backed into the living room.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said. “I shouldn’t have snapped at you. Or cursed.”

He allowed one side of his mouth to lift in a slight smile. “Thank you for that apology, sweetheart. Now take your clothes off.”

She shivered and reached for the buttons on her shorts.

He really hadn’t intended to spank her. He just wanted her naked and submissive, bared for his pleasure. But a good spanking was never off the table as far as he was concerned.

“Panties too?” she asked as her shorts dropped to the floor.

“Yes, little one. Panties too, today. I want you fully bared to me for the rest of the night.” He folded his arms across his chest and leaned back against a wall to watch. “The whole crew got to see your spectacular breasts today, but only I get to examine the full package.”

Marissa’s lashes lifted, suddenly the seductive ingenue.

She held his eyes as she peeled off her thin t-shirt and tossed it on the floor.

Hooking her thumbs under each bra strap, she slowly pulled them out and over her shoulders, peeling them down until the cups of her bra flipped over and her perky breasts sprang free.

His cock surged against his zipper. Her nipples had already beaded up, the rosy tips pointing at him as if to demand his full attention.

She unhooked the back of the bra and dropped it on the pile of clothing puddled at her feet.

The panties came next. She feigned shyness and turned her back on him, looking over her shoulder coquettishly as she slid them down.

Another twitch from his cock. Her ass begged to be reddened.

“Come over here,” he commanded.

She turned and walked over, biting her lip in a decidedly seductive manner. She stopped before him, bowing her head.

He reached for her breasts, squeezing them both roughly, then pulling each nipple toward him.

She gasped and stood on her tiptoes, leaning into him.

“Go to the bedroom. In the top drawer of my dresser, you’ll find a buttplug and lube. You will also find nipple clamps and the chain that runs between them. Bring them to me.”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured, an excited tension radiated from her.

He smacked her ass as she departed to hurry her along. Settling on the couch, he crossed one ankle over his knee to wait.

She returned, her hands full with the requested items. She stood over him and started to dump everything on his lap, then seemed to think better of it, tipping her hands back to catch everything to her chest. She lowered to her knees at his feet and dropped her chin, placing her hands and the items she’d brought in her lap.

He stroked her hair, then her cheekbone.

“Good girl,” he said. He uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, picking up one of the nipple clamps.

When he opened the alligator mouth, she flinched and watched with wary eyes as he brought it to her nipple.

Even though she looked fearful, the smell of her arousal hit him like the aroma of the finest wine.

“Open your knees for Daddy,” he said, reaching with his left hand to slip his fingers

between her thighs. She slid them apart by an inch. “A little wider.”

She parted her legs further.

He brushed a fingertip over her pudenda with a feather touch.

She shivered, her breath growing ragged. Her big eyes lifted and pleaded with him.

“You want more, little girl?”

“Yes, please...Daddy.”

He tapped the folds covering her clit. “You want me to touch you here?”

“Um...yes. Yes, Daddy.”

He circled the outside of her lips, still stroking with the lightest touch.

She rolled her pelvis forward to encourage more contact.

He slid his finger over her pleats with more pressure, finding her swollen and wet. “Baby wants me,” he observed. He pushed two fingers inside her at the same moment he affixed the clamp to her right breast.

She shrieked and lifted her pelvis up from her heels, standing on her knees.

He withdrew his finger, making a tsking sound. “Sit on your bottom, little girl.”

She whimpered, but sat back down, gazing up at him with need.

He returned the pads of his fingers to exploring her folds, watching Marissa’s eyelids

drop as she made a slight humming noise of appreciation.

He circled her clit, rubbed and pinched it, bringing her back to standing on her knees, whimpering for more.

He clamped the second alligator clip over her left nipple and tugged the chain to make her gasp.

“Lie over my lap.”

She dived over his lap, her thighs open, as if begging for his continued touch.

He began to spank her—hard. Not for any reason. He wasn’t upset that she’d been snappish, nor did he think she deserved punishment. He just wanted the pleasure of making her squirm and wriggle in pain.

“Daddy,” she gasped, the muscles in her back taut as she arched her torso.

“Yes, my dear?” he asked casually, all the while continuing to spank at a rapid pace.

“Are you mad at me? I’m sorry!”

“Daddy isn’t angry,” he said. “This is a good girl spanking. It reminds you to be good for your daddy, so you remember he’s in charge.”

“Ohh.” Her response came out more as a moan than a word. Her juices leaked onto her inner thighs, confirming she found that idea as appealing as he did.

She lay still for the next ten spans or so, then began to wiggle, her bottom squeezing.

“Relax your muscles,” he said, slapping the back of her thigh.

“Ow,” she cried, but released her clenched cheeks.

He continued to spank until her skin had turned a lush shade of pink and she had begun to bounce around and cry out, her muscles tightening again. He picked up the lube from the floor and spread a dollop over the butt plug.

“This will keep you from clenching,” he said, pushing the bulbous tip against her little rosette.

She squealed and tightened even more.

He slapped the backs of her thighs several times, hard.

“Oweeee.”

“Do I need to get the crop to remind you to be a good girl?”

“No, Daddy,” she wailed, but her bottom was still on complete clamp-down.

“Open for Daddy. One...two...”

“Ahhh,” she moaned, but softened her muscles.

“That’s better,” he said. “Take a deep breath.”

She opened, her low back expanding with air.

“Exhale.”

As she blew out her breath, he pushed the plug forward.

She gave a squeak of protest and he stopped pushing forward, but held the ground he'd gained.

“Open.”

Three seconds passed and she unclenched.

“When Daddy decides you need a plug in your ass, you take it. Understand?”

She opened a little.

“That’s better. I can see you’re trying. Just a little more, sweet girl.”

“I can’t,” she wailed.

“Yes, you can. You took Daddy’s cock, you can take his plug. Now open up or Daddy will put the plug in you and then cane you seven times for being difficult.”

She made a mewling sound, but her bottom opened and the plug slid in, stretching her over its widest diameter before it seated, deep within her.

“Oh Daddy,” she moaned.

He lifted her off his lap and pulled her to sit, facing away from him with her knees hooked over his, her thighs held apart. He wrapped an arm around her waist and brought his palm back smartly over her mound.

She gasped in surprise.

“Daddy’s going to spank your pussy now, little girl,” he said, nipping her ear.

She let out a quavering moan.

He slapped her pussy, the moisture gathered there making a loud smack. “Marissa, you’re soaking wet,” he chided.

“I knooooow,” she wailed. “Daddy?—?”

He slapped her again and again. “Yes, baby?”

“Oh, God, please .”

“What do you need, baby?”

“I want you to take me. Please, Daddy?”

“Get on your knees and forearms,” he said, his voice roughened with lust. He lifted her off his lap and pushed her down at his feet, fumbling for a condom from his wallet.

Her ass had never looked so delectable— her cheeks colored by his hand, the plug stuffed in her rear entrance.

He pulled her hips and impaled her on his ready cock.

“Oh, yeah, Daddy,” she crooned.

He held his position and pulled her hips to move her tight channel over his cock. She gave herself to him, following his lead.

All the unspent desire pent up from their morning on-screen romp had him rock hard as he yanked her into him, burying his cock in her delicious heat. “You feel so good,” he said. “So...damn...good.”

“Oh please, Daddy,” she cried, her voice rising to a desperate pitch.

He pulled harder, faster. Then, wanting more leverage, he clipped, “On your stomach,” and wrapped an arm around her waist, following her down with his dick still deep inside her. The second she hit the floor, he pounded into her, thrusting hard and deep, hitting her front wall with each stroke.

She let out a single, sustained note—a high-pitched keen that didn’t stop as he plowed in and out of her with a violent need. Cum surged down his shaft.

“Oh hell yeah ,” he shouted, slamming into her and staying buried as he shot his load.

“Oh, Daddy, oh Daddy, oh Daddy,” Marissa wailed, her hips bucking under him, her muscles squeezing his cock like a fist. He seemed to come forever, the intense pleasure of her contracting muscles milking every last bit of seed from him.

They panted, his body covering hers, her back heaving against his chest. She clenched her muscles on purpose this time, sending one more shudder of release through him.

“Oh God, little girl. You keep that up and I’ll never let you up.”

She turned her head to the side, resting it on her hands. “You like that?” she asked, doing it again.

He groaned. “I like it. I like it so much I might institute mandatory kegel exercises for you so you keep in shape for me.”

She giggled. “Okay.”

He brushed her hair off her neck and nibbled on it. “Okay? You’ll do it to please your daddy?”

“Anything for Daddy.”

He rolled to his side and wrapped his arms around her. Damn. She was perfect. He sure wished he knew if it was all an act.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:03 am

M arissa wrapped a towel around her waist and padded, barefooted out to the kitchen, combing her wet hair.

She was sore, in the most delicious way, from the rough sex the night before.

Joel had gone to Crossfit. Antonio had texted that he didn't need them until the next day, so she'd been indulging in a lazy morning, sleeping in and then taking a thirty minute shower.

The sound of the door from the garage reached her and she smiled, wondering if she should drop her towel entirely and let Joel find her naked.

She should have realized the footsteps were too fast, too light, but she was wrapped up in her fantasy of being taken by her hot, dominant daddy again.

She pulled off her towel and tossed it over the back of a chair, then pulled the espresso machine forward, as if she always made coffee in the nude.

"Oh," a female voice exclaimed.

She jumped and shrieked, diving for the towel.

"Oh," the woman repeated inanely. "I didn't realize Joel had...a guest." She said the word guest like it was the equivalent of lice or rats. Despite discovering Joel, indeed had a guest, she came in, dropping her purse on the counter like she belonged there.

Fuck. She must be his ex-wife. "Um...what are you doing here?"

She walked straight into the kitchen and opened the cabinet, pulling out a ceramic airtight container, which she popped open. From a lower cabinet she pulled out a coffee grinder.

So that's where he kept them.

"I had some time to kill on this side of town, so I thought I'd stop in and have a snack.

I get cranky when I get low blood sugar," she said as if that explained everything.

"I saw the Porsche, but I thought maybe Joel had turned in the Tesla or something. He changes cars every six months, you know."

Actually, she didn't know, and for some reason that really pissed her off.

"I'm Marissa," she said, then kicked herself. What the hell was wrong with her? This woman barged in on her, not the other way around.

"Right," she said. "Marissa Sparks, of course. I know Joel really wanted you for Canyon del Oro ." She poured some beans into the coffee grinder and started it up, turning to give her an up and down look while it ran. When it stopped, she said, "I'm glad it worked out."

Sweat trickled down Marissa's ribs and her heart ricocheted around like a pinball in a machine.

Why did it bother her so much to know Joel had talked about her with his ex-wife?

It felt like a complete violation. Like he'd cheated on her or something, but that was stupid.

That was before she even knew him. Except here she was, in his kitchen, making her own coffee while Marissa stood around naked under her towel.

For some reason, she didn't want to leave her in the kitchen to go get dressed. Like she needed to hold her ground.

She tightened the towel. "What's your name?"

"Oh. Sorry, I'm Allie," she said, holding out her hand.

Marissa took it reluctantly, and of course, her towel loosened and slipped, so she had to yank her hand back to catch it before she wound up naked again.

"I'm Joel's wife. I mean, ex-wife. I'm still not used to saying it," she said with a rueful laugh. "It hasn't been that long, you know."

Heat crept up her neck to her ears. No, she didn't know, really. She didn't know anything, did she? The snarkiest part of her wanted to say something like, "How's your yoga instructor?" But she kept her inner bitch inside. Making waves wasn't her style.

Allie scooped the freshly ground coffee into the espresso machine and poured a cup of water in, then walked to the fridge and pulled out the milk and a carton of blueberries.

She opened the blueberries and scooped a handful, popping them into her mouth.

No spoon, no bowl. Her germs all over their blueberries.

The espresso machine began to hiss and Allie filled the frothing cup and started steaming her milk.

Okay, this was just getting ridiculous. Apparently her cup of coffee would have to wait until Allie had taken care of her hypoglycemic needs.

“I’m going to get dressed,” she muttered, stalking to the bedroom. With any luck, the ex would be gone by the time she returned. Except she couldn’t stay away. She threw on some clothes and came back out, drawn like a magnet to metal.

Allie was sorting through a stack of mail.

Seeing the physical evidence of her marriage to Joel—even if it was just mail being sent to his address—stabbed Marissa in the heart.

“So how’s the filming coming? I heard things had been slow since you’ve been back from New Mexico.”

Her breath stopped and a knot formed in her belly. What the hell had he told her? Something about her? About how she’d fucked up? She managed a one-shoulder shrug as an answer.

“When is the release date, do you know?”

“June fourth.”

“Oh, right. I knew that. Well, I’ll have to come to the opening. I already bought my dress for the big opening of Joel’s movie *Cerebral* next week.”

She felt like she’d been punched in the gut. He was taking his ex-wife as his date to the opening of one of his movies? What the hell?

She’d been foolish to even pretend she had a relationship with him. She hardly knew the guy. He had an ex-wife, with years and years of history, a woman he was

obviously on friendly enough terms with to let her keep a key to his house and drop in unannounced at any time of day.

Why the hell would she imagine, even for a second, she had any place in his life? They had an arrangement until the filming was over. Nothing more. And the sooner she got that through her pining heart, the better.

Joel carried all the grocery bags into the house in one trip. He'd stopped to buy steak and staple items, planning to make a nice dinner for Marissa that night. He wanted to reward her for her submission the night before.

Just thinking about the way she'd looked on her knees at his feet had him hard again. He opened the door from the garage and headed in.

Marissa sat at the kitchen table, the earbuds to her mp3 player in her ears. She was bent over the script, which was odd, since she knew it inside and out by now.

"Hey sweetheart," he called out.

She looked up, her face devoid of any expression.

A spike of concern shot through him. Something was off.

He set the grocery bags down and walked over to drop a kiss on the top of her head. "What's up? How was your morning?"

She pulled the earbuds out of her ears and stood up, nodding. "Yeah. Good. I'm going to go for a walk on the beach now. I'll see you in a little bit, okay?"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hang on just a minute." He bit off the "little girl" he almost tacked onto the end. Some instinct told him this wasn't the moment to bring out the

dominance. Still, he couldn't help his take charge personality. "I'll go with you," he said. "I just need to put the groceries away."

"No, that's okay. I kinda feel like being alone." She pushed past him.

"Marissa—" He caught her around the waist but she pried his hand away and stepped back.

"I just need some space right now, okay?"

A blast of cold went through his limbs. "Yeah, okay. We'll talk when you get back," he said.

She left without answering.

He stood frozen for a moment, digesting the scene.

What had happened to make Marissa shut down?

Something with her mom or sister? Maybe they had shamed her for the deal she'd made with him.

He grimaced, hating that he might have made a whore out of her in some people's eyes.

He rubbed his chest, which suddenly ached, and not from his workout.

Whatever had happened, he wanted to fix it.

But he had no clues to help him decode Marissa when she had her walls up.

He put the groceries away, all the joy he'd imagined in cooking for her gone. He paced through the house, looking for clues. He even crossed the line and violated Marissa's privacy by checking her cell phone, but she hadn't received or made any calls or texts that day.

He settled in the living room, opening the drapes to look out at the ocean. How long would she be gone? What if she didn't come back? His heart constricted. No, she had to come back, she'd left her purse here. But what if she packed her things and walked out?

He stood up and began to pace again. An hour and a half passed before he saw Marissa walking up the beach toward the house.

Relief rushed through him. He started to head out to meet her, but held himself back.

She'd asked for space, he needed to give it to her.

His domineering personality would only smother her if she was feeling skittish about their arrangement.

His cell phone rang and he pulled it out of his pocket. Damn. His ex-wife.

He answered it, his eyes following Marissa's path to the back door. "Hey, Allie. What's up?"

"So, Marissa Sparks, huh?"

He sighed and rubbed his forehead. He had no idea how she'd heard when it hadn't even hit the tabloids yet, but it wasn't really her business.

"Was she mad about me stopping by?"

He went still. Downstairs, he heard the back door open and close. “Yeah,” he said. “You could say that.”

“Sorry. I didn’t know she’d be running around naked. I didn’t mean to startle her.”

Marissa’s head appeared as she came up the steps, and she looked in his direction, but didn’t quite make eye contact. She walked past without saying anything.

Irritation with Allie flared. “Look,” he said, “you can’t just stop by here. This isn’t your house anymore.”

Marissa’s steps faltered and she stopped, looking over her shoulder uncertainly.

He gave her a grim look.

“Well, I was just picking up my mail. And I had an appointment on your side of town, so I stopped in to make myself some coffee and have a bite to eat before I went.”

“Next time stop at Starbucks, instead. I’ve moved on, Allie. And you should, too. Popping in at my house uninvited and unannounced is bad form.”

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Allie was silent and he cursed inwardly.

Despite the fact that she'd cheated on him, he still cared about her.

He didn't love her, he didn't want to be with her, but he also didn't want to hurt her feelings.

He ran a hand through his hair. He sighed.

"It's time, Allie. I need you to respect my boundaries. We're not married."

"But we're friends."

"Yeah, but friends don't get in the way of each other's love lives."

Marissa drifted back toward the door to the kitchen, standing just outside it, looking in.

He met her eye. "Listen, I gotta go. No more unexpected visits."

Allie spluttered. "I can't believe this?—"

"I mean it," he said, his voice firming into a dominant tone.

"Fine," she snapped and ended the call.

He tossed the phone on the counter. "Come over here, right now," he said pointing to

the floor in front of his feet.

Her eyes widened in surprise at his stern tone and she complied, scurrying over.

“Don’t you ever walk away again without telling me why you’re mad at me,” he said.

She opened and closed her mouth, stunned at the reprimand. His mouth was set in a firm line, his jaw muscles visibly tightening. The authority he projected made her knees wobble and all her own anger evaporate. She didn’t like being the subject of his anger.

He picked up her wrist and spun her around pinning it behind her back. Pushing her torso down on the counter, he said, “Pull them down.”

She didn’t ask for clarification; she had no doubt what he meant, even if she didn’t understand why she was being punished. Her fingers fumbled at the button and zipper and she slid her shorts and panties down to her thighs.

His belt buckle jingled behind her, followed by the whoosh of the leather sliding through the loops. She shivered.

He didn’t say a word, he just began whipping her with the leather.

She flinched, lurching against the counter to get away, her legs trembling.

He laid down line after line, traveling down her bottom and back up again, the slap of leather against skin making a loud whap. She cried out with each stroke, her bottom clenching and her hips dodging from side to side.

“Marissa, my job is to take care of you. And I can’t do that if you put up walls and keep me out. If you’re upset or mad or scared, I need to know about it so I can fix it.”

His calm rational words didn't mesh with the excruciating whipping he was laying down.

Despite the pain, heat had flooded her core, spreading the petals of her sex, her body ready to be taken by him. Even the pain began to feel good, as if he somehow was converting her emotional angst into the thin stripes on her ass, freeing her with each wicked stroke.

At last he stopped, and she panted, her knees buckling.

To her disappointment, he pulled up her panties, then her shorts, reaching around the front to zip and button them.

Like a daddy would. He turned her around, picked her up, and set her on the counter.

His expression was no longer hard, the lines had softened and his gaze looked tender, and concerned.

Cupping her face, he leaned his forehead against hers. "I'm sorry."

A sound bubbled out of her—half laughter, half scoff. "Is that how you show you're sorry?"

The corner of his mouth tugged up in his famous lop-sided grin.

"Sometimes." He stroked her face. "I'm really sorry.

You shouldn't have had to deal with a surprise drop-in from my ex-wife.

And if you would've just talked to me about why you were upset, I would've told you that things are over with Allie.

Forever. Our divorce is final and I'm never taking her back.

We may be amicable, but that doesn't mean there's any chance of a reconciliation. ”

Her lips trembled. She could think of no words to say. Joel had made things right again for her, as usual.

He pulled her hips toward him, wrapping her legs around his waist and picking her up to carry into the bedroom.

He stood her in the center of the floor and pulled off her shirt.

She moved to help strip but he caught her wrist, bringing it to his lips for a kiss.

“Daddy's doing it,” he told her. She stood docilely as he moved behind her.

He unhooked her bra and dropped it to the floor, cupping and circling her breasts with his palms. He slid a warm hand down her belly, which she immediately sucked in.

“Don't,” he whispered. “Daddy loves your tummy the way it is.” He kissed behind her ear. “Daddy loves you the way you are.”

Her knees buckled. Had he just said he loved her?

But no, he'd said before it's a state of mind, not a promise.

Still, her body had gone weak. She leaned her head back on his shoulder as he unbuttoned her shorts and slid his palm inside, gliding over her mons, one finger teasing her swollen outer lips.

Her pussy was wet, almost embarrassingly so and he spread her moisture up to her

clit, alternately circling and flicking.

“Daddy...” she breathed.

“What do you need, little girl?”

“I need you...”

He slid one finger inside her and she moaned, wanting more.

“I need you inside me, Daddy. Please, Daddy.”

He maneuvered her toward the bed, shoving her panties and shorts down her thighs at the same time. They dropped to the floor moments before he turned her, picked her up by the waist and tossed her back onto the bed.

She giggled and waited, catching her breath as he stripped. Dear God, his muscles! Adonis had nothing on him. Her sex leaked in anticipation. He slid a condom on his beautiful cock before he climbed over her. Grasping her wrists, he pinned them over her head.

“What happens if you’re mad at Daddy?”

She arched a brow to cover the flush creeping over her face at discussing their fight so soon after it happened. “I get spanked?”

He quirked a smile and touched her nose. “Very funny. No, little girl. You got spanked for shutting me out. Try again. What should you do if you’re mad or upset with Daddy?”

Her face burned and she tried to look away, but found it impossible with him holding

her wrists pinioned overhead, his face just inches away from hers.

Out of nowhere, the tears that hadn't come all day, that hadn't come when he whipped her, popped into her eyes. "I'm sorry," she choked.

"Sweetheart," he murmured, his voice a caress.

"You're long forgiven. I'm making sure you understand the lesson.

" His knee settled between her legs, in the place she wanted his cock.

She rubbed her mons over it, greedy for stimulation.

"Tell me what you should do," he murmured, the tenderness in his voice nearly breaking her.

"I'll talk to you, about it," she said, her voice breaking a little at the beginning.

"That's my girl," he said, shifting to position with his sheathed cock between her legs. She arched, straining against his hold.

He bent to suckle one nipple, his teeth grazing it, torturing her with waves of heat rippling down to her core.

"Please," she whimpered.

He seemed unhurried, moving to her other nipple and giving it the same treatment.

"I need you," she cried. "Please, please, please, Daddy."

He buried his face in her neck, biting her shoulder as he slid into her.

“Yesss,” she breathed.

He made a rumbling sound, almost a purr, except the kind that comes from a lion, not a housecat.

For a second he didn’t move, and she wriggled impatiently beneath him, until he chuckled. “You want Daddy’s cock?” He withdrew and shoved it deep inside her, forcing her up the bed by at least five inches. He repeated the action, taking her hard, the way she wanted it.

“Daddy’s going to take you until you cry, little girl. Have you ever been taken so hard you cried?”

She rolled her head on the bed, her eyes already glazing over with pleasure.

He continued to thrust deep and hard, propelling her to the head of the bed, then dragging her back down to the center of the bed. In one deft motion, he flipped them both over, so she now lay on top, their bodies still connected. “Ride me, Marissa,” he said, his voice thick.

She pushed herself up to sit, cowgirl style, and rode, finding her own rhythm, gliding her pussy over his cock, grinding her clit against it.

He cupped her sore bottom, squeezing and kneading it, pulling her hips over his to help her rhythm. Just as she began to lose her breath with exertion, he flipped them back over, pinning her hands beside her head, interlacing his fingers over the tops of each palm.

“Look at me,” he commanded, moving with slow, deep strokes. “I only have one baby girl.”

She moaned, ready to explode.

“...and she’s you. And when I take a baby girl, she’s my whole universe.”

She shattered, lights dancing before her eyes, the tears he’d promised squeezing from the outer corners of her eyes as she cried out. Her vaginal muscles squeezed his cock, her body shuddered and she shoved her pelvis up to keep him as deep inside her as she could.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:03 am

Joel craned his neck around the kitchen doorway to look at the television. Marissa had just turned up the volume on Hollywood Gossip .

Joel Sutherland was seen with Marissa Sparks at a showing of Cirque du Soleil in Vegas, this past weekend. Photos of the couple were posted on Twitter and Facebook and Sparks was reportedly seen on Sutherland's lap before the show. What do you think, Ryan, is this the next Hollywood "It Couple"?

Well, I don't know. Marissa Sparks has certainly been making the rounds. Just a few months ago she was reportedly engaged to rock star Billy Foxx, but of course that ended when ? —

"Turn it off, Marissa," he called out. "What did I tell you about following the tabloids?"

The television clicked off and Marissa unfolded her long legs from the sofa and walked to her room without answering. He turned back to the kitchen, but stopped when he heard a sniff. Was she crying?

He started to follow her then stopped. If it was about Billy Foxx, he wouldn't be much comfort to her. That thought settled in his stomach like a heavy stone. Was she still heartbroken over Billy Foxx? He needed to know.

He followed her into the bedroom, where he found her blowing her nose. He leaned against the doorjamb. "What is it, baby?" he asked softly.

She jumped and turned around. "Oh!" She tossed the tissue in the trash. "Nothing."

“Were you crying?”

She rubbed her eyes. “No,” she said, but her eyes drifted to the side.

“What’s bothering you? You know it’s my job to take care of you and I can’t do that if you don’t let me know what’s going on.”

She gave him a weak smile. “I know. Nothing’s going on.”

His chest tightened. “Okay,” he said, returning to the kitchen.

He couldn’t force her to confide. Well, if he went into full dominant mode he could, but something held him back.

Maybe he feared her answer. If she still pined for Billy Foxx...

He shook his head as if to erase the thought.

He needed to remember they had a short-term arrangement.

Just because she played his game didn’t mean she wanted a permanent role in his life.

He finished preparing their morning smoothies and they drove to the studio in relative silence. Marissa stared out the window, as if absorbed in thought.

They went to the editing room, because Antonio said he wanted to show them something.

He met them with a huge grin on his face. “Come and see this,” he said mysteriously.

They sat down and he hit play. Images from their lovemaking splashed across the

screen, spliced with dialogue and action sequences, with a fast-paced musical score playing behind it all. Goosebumps stood up on Joel's arms.

"How's that for a trailer?" Antonio asked when it ended, a satisfied smile stretched across his face.

Marissa peeked at him, as if looking for his approval. For a moment, her needy innocence—her submission to his authority—took his breath away.

He returned Antonio's grin, squeezing Marissa's knee. "It's brilliant."

"That will sell movies," Antonio said with full authority. "That was what this film was missing. You two brought it to life." He slapped Joel on the shoulder. "Okay, now back to work. Actually, today I just film Marissa's fight scene with Lee Rogers, so you can go home if you like."

"No, I'll stay," he said.

Marissa lifted her eyes and beamed at him, once more stealing his breath. More and more, it seemed he would do anything for that grateful smile.

He accompanied her to make up, knowing she had some issue with her artist. He stayed to watch and they readied her, then found a place near the cameras when they began to roll.

The scene involved a fight up on a catwalk.

He sat back to watch Marissa's lithe form move through high kicks and dodges.

No stunt double would be necessary for this scene—Marissa had the moves and she approached the scene with a ferocity that made her impossible not to watch.

Antonio's attitude had turned to pure glee, even with her, and he moved the filming around her, making love to her with the cameras. "Yes, that's it!" he called out every so often as they repeated the sequence several times.

On the last run, Marissa lost her footing, missing her choreographed dodge out of Rogers' way.

His kick caught her on the hip and sent her flying backward, into the light tree, which toppled onto her when she landed.

She screamed as she fell and his heart flew into his throat. He charged onto the set to rescue her.

Pain exploded in Marissa's head and something hot burned her arm. The lights blinded her. Someone pulled them off and she blinked up, trying to focus on the sea of faces crowded around.

"Get back. Give her some room."

She exhaled. Joel was there.

"Hey, baby," he said softly, kneeling beside her.

"Joel," she croaked.

"Tell me what hurts, sweetheart."

"Ugh. I'm so embarrassed." She looked around at all the people staring at her.

"More space. Step back, out of the way."

“I’m calling 9-1-1,” someone said.

“No,” she said, turning pleading eyes on Joel. “I’m okay.”

“Just hold off on 9-1-1,” he said.

Again, she exhaled. How did he always know exactly what she needed?

“What hurts, baby?”

She pushed herself to sit up and rubbed the back of her head.

“Come here, let’s go in your dressing room and take stock and then we can decide what kind of help you need.”

That sounded wonderful to her. She nodded and he helped her to her feet, wrapping a strong arm around her shoulders and leading her to the dressing room. Her legs shook, but she didn’t feel that hurt, just embarrassed by all the attention.

Joel shut the door to her dressing room and lifted her to sit on the counter. “Let’s take a look at you, baby girl. Let me see your head.”

She turned and he gently palpated the back of her head.

“Yep, you have a goose egg there. What else?”

She twisted her arm to look for the burning sensation. A red mark had already raised. “I think one of the lights must have burned me.”

He inspected it, then kissed the skin below it. “A little aloe vera would come in handy right now. Anything else?”

She shook her head and smiled wryly. “I think I’m fine. Just embarrassed. Thank you for rescuing me from the ambulances.”

He chuckled. “All right, I’m going to get you some ice. Do you want to see a doctor?”

“No. Definitely not,” she said.

“Do you want to wait here alone, or should I find you company?”

“Alone. Thanks.”

He went to the door and opened it. Becky, her make up artist stood outside, her knuckles raised as if she were about to knock.

“Oh! Uh, sorry. I just wondered if I could get her anything?”

“Yes. Ice and aloe vera, if you can find any.”

“Sure thing,” Becky said. “I know exactly where to find some. I’ll be right back.”

Joel shut the door and turned back to her. “Looks like you get to wait with me.”

She tried to steel herself against his devastating smile. There was a reason this man had won the heart of almost every woman in America—he had the rugged good looks to make females swoon. And he was as manly as the roles he played, not like the pretty-boy actors who cried over hangnails.

That morning when Hollywood Gossip had reported about the two of them, it brought back all the gossip about her and Billy.

How many more weeks until the reports were about her breakup with Joel?

Or about Joel's new girlfriend? She couldn't handle it.

Not again. Not with him. Joel was different.

What she had with him was different. She could be herself, she could be less than herself—her most vulnerable, child-like self, and he still treated her like the most special girl in the world.

How could she live knowing he was giving that to someone else?

The thought literally made her cry. And of course he had noticed, because he always seemed in tune with her.

He sauntered over and stood between her knees, dropping a kiss on the top of her head. "How do you feel now?"

She smiled up at him. "Fine. I'm so glad you were here today. Thank you for staying to watch me."

He lifted her chin. "Of course I stayed to watch you," he said, a fond smile curling his lips.

A tap at the door sounded and Becky came in with an ice pack and the stem of an aloe plant. She bustled over and split the aloe leaf, applying it to the back of her arm. Marissa held the icepack to her head.

"I'm going to let Antonio know you're all right. Do you think you can return to filming today or do you want to go home?"

“No, I’m okay to keep filming.”

He gave her a wink. “That’s my girl,” he said and left.

She bit her lip, wondering if that sounded odd to Becky.

“Um, Ms. Sparks, I wanted to apologize for offending you the other day,” the makeup artist said.

“I realized it sounded really bad, but I promise I didn’t mean it that way.

I’m a huge fan of your work. I mean, you’re the reason I was so excited to get this gig.

And...” She stopped and picked a thread off Marissa’s costume.

“I was just worried about you. And the way things were going. But I shouldn’t have said anything and I know it sounded critical?—”

“It’s okay,” Marissa cut in. “Thank you.”

“Marissa,” Joel said, kissing down the back of her neck. “Do we need to get you a gown to wear for the opening of Cerebral, my picture that’s releasing this week?”

She twisted around to peer at him with her wide blue eyes. “Do—am I going? You want me to go? I mean, with you?”

He lowered one brow. “Yes, little girl.” He turned her to see her face. “Do you not want to go?”

“No, I do...” she had blushed and appeared flustered. “Aren’t you taking your ex-

wife?"

"What? No. Did she say that? Absolutely not. I thought we were clear about her being out of my life."

Marissa bounced on her heels an impish smile appearing on her face. "So we're going shopping?"

He smiled indulgently. "Yes, my dear. Go grab a sweater."

She lifted up on her tiptoes and pecked his cheek, her Little coming out. "I'll be right back," she said, skipping off the bedroom.

On the drive to see her stylist, Marissa's phone buzzed. "It's Bev," she said. "Is it passive aggressive if I don't answer?"

"Yes."

She hit answer. "Hey Bev."

He heard her sister's voice speaking. Marissa sighed. "Well, I don't know. I can ask." She lowered the phone and looked at him. "Bev and my mom would like to come to your opening."

"Of course, no problem. I'll put their names on the guest lists."

"You don't have to," she whispered.

"It's my pleasure, Marissa," he said firmly.

She sighed and put the phone back to her ear. "Yes, he said he'll put your names on

the guest list....No. Just the two of you. Well, I don't know, but I'm not going to ask?—”

“They may each bring a guest.”

She frowned at him. “Okay, he said you can each bring a guest,” she said grudgingly. “All right, I'll see you there. Love you, too.” She hung up and slumped back in her seat.

“What's with the attitude, Roo?”

Her eyes lifted at the endearment. “They're just such mooches. It's embarrassing.”

“They're your family and I'm happy to have them.”

“Don't you think they're mooches?”

He hesitated, not wanting to wade into dangerous waters. “I know you want me to side with you where your family comes in, but I really think it's best if I remain a neutral party. That way I can be a sounding board for you when you're making decisions.”

She leaned across the center console to lay her head on his shoulder. “I like you,” she said with a sigh.

“I like you too, sweet girl,” he said. After a moment of silence, he asked, “So did my ex say she was going with me?”

“Yeah,” Marissa said.

He squeezed her hand. “Sorry for the misunderstanding.”

She shot him a naughty grin. “Does this mean I get spanked again?”

“Would you like that?”

A blush colored her cheeks and she chewed the inside of her cheek. “No,” she said at last, and he realized he’d been holding his breath.

“Too bad you’re not in charge,” he teased, touching her cheek before turning his eyes back to the road. “And just so you’re prepared, I get to pick your dress today.”

She sat back in her seat, beaming, her eyes on him. This couldn’t all be an act. She had real feelings for him, he knew she did. But did she know that? He wished he knew how to broach the subject.

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Marissa straightened her dress and drew a long breath as the doorman held the door open for her.

“You look beautiful,” Joel said as he joined her, a light scolding in his tone.

“So do you—I mean,” she broke off with a giggle.

He squeezed her hand. “I won’t let any sharks eat you,” he said, the same words he’d spoken before their meeting with studio execs. And he’d delivered on his promise then.

“Who will you let eat me?” she teased, darting forward, out of his grasp and into the lobby of The Standard, where the opening night fete was being held.

He lunged, chasing, and caught her about the waist, lifting her off her feet.

She squealed and giggled, kicking, not caring if they drew attention.

The flash of bulbs confirmed they had.

He set her down, tickling under her arms. “Only I get to eat you,” he growled in a low voice in her ear.

She turned in his arms and beamed up at him. “Goodie,” she murmured.

“Come on,” he said, looping an arm around her waist and leading her to the banquet hall.

She stiffened when the first people she saw were Bev and Billy, nestled against each other like love-sick teenagers, but Joel squeezed her and she suddenly didn't care. If her sister wanted to date the biggest man-whore in Los Angeles, who was she to complain? She certainly didn't want him anymore.

She saw her mother standing by the bar and gave a little wave. Her mother waved back enthusiastically, making a beeline for them.

"Joel, thank you so much for leaving our names at the door, we wouldn't want to miss your big premiere."

"My pleasure," he said.

"Joel, there you are," Tim Steiner, the producer of the movie said. "Come here, I want to introduce you to someone."

Joel glanced at her apologetically.

"Go ahead," she said. "I'm fine."

He patted her hip and excused himself.

"Listen, Marissa," her mother said in the tone that made her brace herself for bad news. "I don't know what your plans are with Joel, but I think we should put the mansion on the market. Cash flow is getting a little sticky."

Oddly, she didn't even feel like rolling her eyes at the understatement. "I know, Mom."

"I've put some of my handbags on ebay, and I've already sold twelve, so that should cover the month's mortgage."

Marissa's eyebrows shot up. "You're selling your handbags? Wow."

Her mother's shoulders sagged. "I know I haven't been the best manager. Especially where money is concerned. Maybe—" her mom broke off and stared out at the guests. "Maybe it's time for you to find a more professional manager."

Tears stung her eyes. "No way," she said, a lump in her throat. "I don't think I'm ready for that."

Her mother gave her a watery smile. "I know Julie's been advising it for years now. And I've been thinking about moving back to Atlanta."

"You have?" she asked, her jaw dropping.

"Yes, I've been corresponding with an old boyfriend and...well, I'm just ready for a change. And it seems like you are, too."

"What about Bev?" she asked.

Her mother lifted one shoulder. "She says she's moving in with Billy. We both know that's a mistake, but she'll have to figure it out for herself, I guess."

Funny, hearing Bev was moving in with Billy didn't hurt at all. Not one bit. If anything, she felt like giggling.

"Mama, I love you," she said, wrapping her arms around her mother's still-elegant neck.

Her mother kissed her. "I'm so proud of you, Marissa Jean. You have worked so hard and accomplished so much." Her eyes filled with tears. "I always knew you'd be a star, but even I am dazzled by you."

She hugged her mother again. “Stop. I’m not wearing waterproof mascara,” she scolded.

“I know, me neither,” her mother said. “Come on, let’s get you a drink.”

She circulated through the room with her mom, not once feeling ashamed of her as she stopped along the way to talk to actors or agents she knew. After she found a drink and left her mother with Bev, she found Joel giving a brief, on camera interview.

“So you and Marissa Sparks...”

“Yes,” he answered, confirming their relationship.

Her heart picked up speed.

“She’s been known as Hollywood’s wild child this fall, but rumors say you tamed her. Did she just need a mature man?”

Joel caught sight of her and winked. “Maybe I just needed someone youthful.”

“How serious are the two of you?”

“Well, It’s still pretty new. Right now we just need to get through the filming of Canyon del Oro , the movie we’re starring in together.”

It was a perfectly reasonable answer. Why, then, did a knot twist in her stomach to hear it?

Was it because the public at large always knew more about her personal relationships than she did?

No, it was more than that. His comment was just a painful reminder that they didn't have a relationship at all—they had a verbal contract that extended through the filming of this movie.

And when that ended, would her contract be renewed?

Or would she be handed her humiliation on a platter?

Tears burned her eyes. How could she even begin to enter the dating world again after she'd given her whole self—her dignity, her body, her vulnerability—everything to this man?

She walked away, heading outside to the patio for fresh air.

“Hey.” Joel wrapped his warm arms around her from behind.

She stiffened.

He stilled. “Hey,” he said again. “What's up?”

“Nothing, I'm just getting tired. Would you mind if I got a cab home? I know you need to stay and circulate.”

Joel turned her around to see her face. “What is it?” he asked.

She shook her head “Nothing. I just want to go home, that's all.”

“Okay,” he said slowly, studying her face. “Give me fifteen minutes.”

She nodded mutely, her heart sinking. She would have preferred to be alone with her insecurities, so she could get them under control. For all her acting abilities, it seemed

with Joel, she was an open book. Always bared to him.

She stayed outside, taking deep breaths, and telling herself she would be all right without him.

“So what happened?” Joel asked his silent date on the ride home.

“Nothing. I told you that,” she said.

“You’re lying.”

She said nothing.

He hated moments like these, where he wasn’t sure whether to push in dom mode as Daddy, or back off and just be Joel. He opted for pushing. “Do you remember what happened the last time you put walls up when you were upset?”

That wrung a small smile from her—a good sign, but she still didn’t speak.

He parked in the garage and met her as she attempted to bolt inside without waiting. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Joel, I’m really tired.”

Her use of his name struck hard, but he persisted.

He picked up her hand and with the most gentle of touches, bent it behind her back, holding it there as he guided her forward, toward his office.

“I’m sorry, love, but we need to talk. You have one more chance to tell me what’s going on or I will help you talk. ”

Her cheeks colored, but she clamped her teeth together in a stubborn refusal.

He opened the door to his study. “Bend over my desk.”

She took two steps toward the desk, then stopped, turning back. Not an outright refusal, but it seemed she needed more help.

He picked up her hand again, returning it to her low back and propelled her forward until she reached his desk.

He pushed her torso down and delivered a flurry of sharp spanks over her dress.

“Reach your hands straight out in front of you to grab the other side of my desk.” He held his breath, still not sure whether she would comply.

She reached them forward and he exhaled. She did want this.

He lifted the skirt of her dress and peeled the snug-fitting gown up over her hips.

She wore a pair of the new panties he’d bought, satin with a heart-shaped cutout in the back to show the cleavage of her ass.

He ran his hand over her luscious curves.

“I might have to leave these on while I spank you.” He hooked his fingers in the elastic.

“On second thought, they will make a beautiful frame for my work when I’m finished.”

Marissa only shifted but he sensed a giggle in her. Encouraged, he picked up the

riding crop he'd stowed in the corner. "I'd been planning on having you wear your new school girl outfit to try this out," he said, swishing it through the air, "but it seems you have need of it now."

Her shoulders stiffened at the sound. He smoothed back the hair covering her face so he could watch her expression. Tapping the crop on her vulnerable backside, he said, "Last chance. Tell me what's bothering you."

She said nothing.

He brought the crop down smartly.

She yelped, starting to erect herself.

He pushed her torso back down and made a tscking sound.

"Sorry, sweetheart. There's only one way to get yourself out of this position, and it's to tell me what's going on in that beautiful head of yours.

" He waited a few beats for her to reply and when she didn't, he brought the crop down again, making a red weal directly below the first one.

She whimpered.

He tapped. "Ready to talk?"

"No," she said sullenly.

Well, at least she said something. He whipped her with the crop again.

She sucked in her breath, her face screwing up in pain.

“All you have to do is talk, baby.” He kept his voice warm and loving—no stern daddy tonight.

“I can’t,” she whined.

He sliced the crop through the air again.

She cried out, squeezing her buns together, then let out a low moan as she released them.

He ran his hand lightly over the raised welts. “What upset you tonight, love?” he asked.

“I just?—”

She squeezed her eyes closed, a tear rolling out of the corner and across the bridge of her nose.

He caught it with his thumb and wiped it away.

“Yes, baby?”

“I just want to know what happens when this is all over.”

His heart contracted. He dropped the crop and pulled up Marissa’s panties. Helping Marissa to stand, he enveloped her in his arms. “I don’t want it to end, sweet girl. I don’t want it ever to end. Do you?”

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She buried her face in his neck, pressing her body tightly against his. “No,” she exclaimed, as if offended he’d asked.

He chuckled into her hair, stroking her back. “Are you upset about what I told the reporter? I will go back and tell them everything if you like. How I tamed you, how I take you back here...” He wiggled a finger between her buttocks.

She lifted her head and slapped his chest. “Shut up,” she said, laughing through her tears. “You big jerk.”

“I’m sorry,” he said, serious again. “Honestly, sweet girl, I wasn’t sure if you wanted more. I mean, I blackmailed you into this arrangement, which was unfortunate, because then I never knew if you really wanted to be with me or if you were just going along for the ride.”

She narrowed her eyes, the smudge from her wet lashes only making her look more beautiful to him. “How could you not know? You always know how I’m feeling.”

He kissed along the curve of her cheekbone to her temple, then he bit her ear. “Even daddies get nervous about the things that matter most to them.”

She pulled back, her eyes glittering with unshed tears.

She laughed with a sob and wrapped her arms around his neck, squeezing tight.

“I need you,” she said. “My whole life I’ve felt lost, like I was just drifting from one influence to the next.”

With you...I remember who I am. The real me. The silly, stupid me.”

“Hey,” he chided. “You’re talking about the girl I love.”

She laughed through her tears. “I love you, too, Daddy.”

He tugged on her dress. “Take this off, Marissa.”

Her expression became seductive as she slinked her way out of the designer gown.

He picked her up to straddle his waist, biting at her nipple as he walked down the hall to the bedroom. She responded in turn, biting his ear, his neck, unbuttoning his shirt.

Joel laid her down on the bed and pulled off her panties. Picking up her ankles, he lifted them in the air and slapped her exposed bottom. The position pushed her pudenda forward, through her legs, so his palm caught her pussy, already weeping for his touch.

She jerked but didn’t protest, even though the lines from the crop still sent zings of pain ringing through her. She found it only heightened the experience.

He slapped her several more times, then lifted her ankles even higher and lowered his head to stroke along her slit with his tongue.

She moaned, wanting to thrust forward into his mouth, but unable to control anything in the position he held her. “Oh yes...please,” she whimpered.

He ran his tongue along the seam of her outer lips, then parted them and licked his way up to her clit, which he circled and flicked.

“Mmm...ohhh,” she moaned.

He continued, sucking the little swollen nub until she wriggled and writhed against him, frantic for release. He lifted his head and applied his palm to her backside again with several slaps, then returned to his ministrations.

“Oh yes, Joel...”

He penetrated her with his tongue, then returned to her clit, sucking until she couldn't stand it any longer, and she bucked, an orgasm rocking through her.

When he lifted his head, he looked pleased with himself. He placed her ankles over his shoulders and pulled a condom from his pocket, sliding it on his thick cock. Pressing the head of his manhood against her entrance, he rubbed, parting her and sliding in.

They both groaned.

He gripped the fronts of her thighs, pulling her hips against his with each in-stroke, plowing deeply into her. She gave herself over to him, still relaxed from her orgasm. She watched as his need grew, his movements becoming rougher and slightly erratic.

Just as she thought he was about to climax, he pulled out.

“Daddy's going to take your naughty back hole tonight,” he said, pressing his cock, still wet with her juices against her tight rosette.

She sucked in her breath, relaxing to allow him in. She felt pressure first, then a burning as he breached her hole, then the overwhelming sensation of fullness. “Ohh,” she moaned, instantly ready to come again. “Oh, please.”

“Yes, baby,” he growled, pushing in and out.

She squeezed her eyes closed, fireworks already exploding behind them. She couldn't

take much more before she shattered. “Joel—Daddy—please!” She nearly wept for release.

“Oh yeah, baby,” he said, shoving in deeply and staying there as he pinched her clit, hard.

She let out a wail as the most delicious release swept over her body and she lost her mind entirely.

By the time she came back to reality, Joel had pulled out and was cleaning her with a damp washcloth.

“You’re everything to me,” she murmured.

He smiled. “Am I?”

She nodded.

“That’s good, because I want you to prove it.”

She pushed herself up on her forearms and blinked, trying to wake up her brain. “What do you mean?”

He went to the dresser and came back with a box. “I have something for you.”

He opened it and pulled out a beautiful yellow gemstone heart pendant, hanging on a black ribboned cord. “I want you to wear this, sweetheart, to show you’re my babygirl. Will you do that?”

She sat up, warmth pouring into her chest. She reached for it, her fingers still trembling from the intense sex they’d just had. “It’s beautiful. What is the stone?”

“Lemon citrine. Do you like it?”

“I love it,” she breathed, holding it to her chest, tears shining in her eyes. “It’s perfect.”

“Let me put it on you,” he said, taking it from her and reached around behind her neck to fasten the clasp. “I want it on at all times, unless you ask my permission to take it off or wear something else. Or unless you’re in costume, of course.”

His words made her nipples and pussy thrum. She was his. Truly his.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, giving him her best fluttery-lashed gaze.

He fell onto her, holding the back of her head as he pushed her back onto the bed, his lips meeting hers with a renewed hunger. She wrapped her legs around his waist.

“I’m yours, Daddy,” she murmured.

“You’ll always be my baby girl,” he said. “And Daddy will take very good care of his little princess.” He kissed her again with passion and promise, filling her heart with joy as he proceeded to show her pleasure once more.

**

Thank you for reading Her Hollywood Master! Be sure to check out the other stand-alone titles in the Master Me collection.