



# Her Stepbrother Master (Master Me #7)

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**Category:** Historical

**Description:** Naughty girls will be punished, Mouse.

College Coed LuAnn should not be lusting over her gorgeous stepbrother, especially when hes taken on the temporary role of her guardian until her parents return home from Europe.

She certainly shouldnt be calling him daddy and letting him take control of her life. But when she gets kicked out of her college dorm, Brads the one who shows up to collect her, and now she must answer to him... or suffer the consequences.

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# Page 1

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Sarah Wharton College for Women

Lorna Post Dormitory

LuAnn Walters had sobered up at least an hour ago and now she found herself fighting back tears.

Mrs. McCormick, their dorm mother had ordered her and her three roommates to pack up and evacuate their dorm room at Sarah Wharton Women's College.

She sat in the parlor of the dormitory and drew her knees up to her chest, the remaining liquor in her stomach churning.

The words of the new hit Everly Brothers' song "Wake Up, Little Susie" kept running through her head.

Yep, she was definitely in "trouble deep."

"Remove your feet from the chair," their house mother Mrs. McCormick snapped, her thick brows lowering over beady eyes. "A young lady does not sit like a six-year-old."

LuAnn dropped her feet back to the floor and shifted. Her eyes burned from crying and her tongue had dried up in her mouth. Just a month from graduating, she'd really blown it this time. Her father would kill her.

Mary, a first-year student, still sniffled next to her, her handkerchief wound tightly in

her fingers, her blond pin curls hanging limp. The door swung open and a short, portly man came in.

“Daddy!” Mary jumped to her feet.

“Not one word,” the man boomed, his expensive tweed jacket straining at the shoulders. He smelled of pipe smoke, which turned LuAnn’s stomach. He looked at Mrs. McCormick. “Where are her things?”

“They are already packed and standing in the hallway, Mr. Anderson.” Mrs. McCormick sounded pleased with herself.

“I am deeply ashamed that a daughter of mine has been expelled from Sarah Wharton College,” he said.

“As I said on the phone, Mr. Anderson, the girls have not been expelled from school, only evicted from the dormitories, since they have repeatedly broken the rules here. They will, however, be on probation.”

“Same thing.” Mary’s father took his daughter by the upper arm and tugged her roughly toward the door.

“She won’t be coming back. Obviously, she doesn’t take the education I’m spending a fortune on seriously.

I knew letting a girl go to college was a mistake.

Good night, Mrs. McCormick.” He pulled Mary out after him.

Mary cast a panicked glance over her shoulder at LuAnn, who shrank down further in her seat.

She was the only one left now. Who would pick her up?

Her father and stepmother were in Europe and Mrs. McCormick wouldn't say who she had contacted in their place.

Her Aunt Betsy and Uncle Roger? She couldn't remember who had been listed as her emergency contacts on her application and registration forms. Would they have listed her oldest stepbrother, Brian?

He lived and worked nearby in Hanover as an attorney.

She chewed her lip. What would her parents do when they found out?

Surely they wouldn't pull her from school when she only had a month until graduation.

But she could hardly commute from home, which was two hours away.

The sound of a motorcycle roaring into the parking lot made Mrs. McCormick glare out the window. LuAnn's heart jumped. Could it be?—?

A tap sounded on the door and it swung open. She looked up and caught her breath.

Her stepbrother appeared, but not the one she'd expected.

Brad, Brian's younger brother, the rebel of the family and the object of all her teen fantasies, walked through the door in his leather motorcycle jacket.

His motorcycle helmet had tousled his wavy, dark hair.

He scanned the room, his gaze arriving on her face. "Hey, mouse."

The pet name he'd given her when she was in middle school made something flutter in her belly. She stood up on wobbly legs. "Hi Brad," she said, her voice cracking.

"Mrs. McCormick, I presume?" he asked, turning on his easygoing smile.

The housemother narrowed her eyes to scrutinize Brad. LuAnn imagined he looked a bit too much like the young men Mrs. McCormick had caught in their dorm room and not enough like a responsible adult here to claim his kin. "Yes..." She drew it out so it sounded more like a question than a response.

He held out his hand. "Brad Stanford, LuAnn's brother."

"Stepbrother?" Mrs. McCormick asked. "Or brother-in-law?" Clearly the different last name was taxing her brain.

"Stepbrother. You called our older brother, Brian, but he's working through the night on a legal case and couldn't get away. He sent me instead." Turning to LuAnn, he asked, "What happened?"

She stared into Brad's ocean blue eyes, her breath catching in her chest, as it always did when he was around. She'd had a paralyzing crush on him since the day he'd moved in with them when she was thirteen years old.

Brad raised an eyebrow, shifting subtly from the carefree rebel to the authority figure he represented.

LuAnn swallowed. "I broke some dormitory rules."

Brad said nothing, as if waiting for her to elaborate.

"We were, uh, drinking. And smoking. And we sneaked boys into our room."

Brad's face grew serious. "I see."

"It was not her first violation of rules, either. She's been written up a few times already for smoking, sneaking out after hours and missing curfew," Mrs. McCormick was happy to interject.

LuAnn pressed her lips together.

Turning to the older woman, Brad said, "I'm sorry for the trouble she's caused." He beckoned to LuAnn with a quick curl of his index finger. "Let's go."

She stumbled forward, still shaky from both the liquor and the disastrous evening.

The moment they stepped out of the office, Brad shocked her by smacking her backside, hard.

She jumped and scooted forward, out of his reach.

"You're in big trouble, mouse," he said.

She looked over her shoulder to see if he was serious. He had a way of teasing that always confused her.

He didn't appear angry. In fact, he wore the same nonplussed expression as always, but her bottom sure stung.

"I know." It was a safe enough answer. She'd be in big trouble with her parents when they showed up.

But did he mean she was in big trouble with him?

Her bottom tingled where he'd spanked her, heat flowing not only to the smarting skin, but to her sex as well.

She didn't know what to expect from her stepbrother.

Worse, Brad's stern demeanor embarrassed her more than if it had come from some other family member.

Even though he'd never thought of her as more than a silly little girl, she'd spent years tongue-tied in his presence, trying to show him she could be as cool as he.

To be treated like a child by him in this situation stung more than the slap to her bottom, which she reached back now to rub.

"Where are your things?"

"Over here." She led him down the corridor to what used to be her dorm room. Her trunk and three suitcases stood packed outside the door, the stuffed bear Brad had given her for Christmas when she was thirteen sitting on top.

He picked it up and looked at her, cocking a brow.

She snatched it away, bending to pick up a suitcase to hide her flushing face.

Brad lifted the trunk as if it weighed nothing and marched down the hallway and out the front door, passing Mrs. McCormick without comment.

"Will LuAnn still be attending Sarah Wharton?" Mrs. McCormick asked.

"I don't know," he said, without turning back. "That's up to her dad, I guess."

LuAnn picked up the smallest suitcase and followed him as he marched through the parking lot, straight to her light blue Thunderbird.

Her father had bought it brand new for her when she went off to Sarah Wharton so that she'd be able to drive home on weekends to visit.

He'd always been generous with money—not so much with his time or approval.

“Keys, mouse.” He set the trunk down and held out his hand.

She lowered the suitcase and fished in her purse, pulling out the keys and promptly dropping them at his feet. “Sorry,” she said, breathless again as she stooped to pick them up. She bumped his arm with her head as she came up. “Oh.” She staggered back. “Oops.”

The corner of his mouth twitched, but otherwise he ignored her antics, still holding out his open palm for the keys.

She dropped them into it. “Brad?—”

He hefted her trunk into the backseat of the T-bird, then placed her suitcase in on top of it. “What?”

“What are you...where are you taking me?”

“I’m taking you home to Surry, I guess. Wait here,” he said, turning to head back to the dorm.

She watched his back as he walked away, his wide shoulders strong and sturdy, the leather jacket giving him bad boy appeal. Brad had always been a ladies’ man. He’d had one year of high school left when he moved in with them, and he’d gone dancing



with a new girl on his arm every other weekend.

While Brian had lived with them to attend a local college and all through law school, Brad had moved out right after high school, preferring to work his way through an architecture degree, living on his own.

She'd overheard their parents conjecture that he wanted his own place to bring girls home, which had only enhanced his mystique in her eyes.

She looked around the parking lot until her eyes fell on his Ducati parked near the door.

What was his plan? To drive her the two hours home and come back for his motorcycle?

And did he plan to just drop her off to stay at her parents' house unchaperoned for the duration of their vacation?

She wouldn't be able to attend her classes, and she was so close to finishing her two-year Associate's Degree with a teaching certificate.

Brad returned with the last two suitcases and fit them in the trunk.

"Get in." He lifted his chin toward the passenger side door.

"Wait, Brad," she said, turning her best puppy dog eyes on him. "Let's just discuss this for a minute. You can't very well take me home and leave me there unchaperoned until my dad and your mom return."

He pursed his lips, considering.

## Page 2

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“And you know my father’s health isn’t good.

The doctor told him to take a vacation before he has another heart attack.

He will go ape over this. Do you really want to worry him?

” Her father was owner of a chain of appliance stores across New England.

While the business had made him wealthy, it required long hours and constant supervision.

Brad raised an eyebrow. “You should’ve thought of that before you got yourself kicked out.”

“I agree. I really messed up. I’m sorry. But please... please reconsider taking me home. We only have a month left of classes. I could stay here, finish out the year, and head home when my parents return.”

“Stay here, where?”

She winced and lifted her shoulders. “May I stay with you?”

Brad gestured impatiently toward the passenger side door. “Get in.”

His adorable little sister probably thought living with him would give her a free pass to continue the partying and bad behavior.

Her memories of him in high school must include his numerous missed curfews and long lectures from their parents about leaving fast girls, fast cars and motorcycles behind and getting serious about a career.

Still, her concern over her father's health was legitimate.

And there was only a month left until she graduated.

But if she thought he'd let her get away with drinking, smoking and cutting classes while staying with him, she'd be sorely disappointed.

He could wield a paddle just as readily as her father.

In fact, he was rather fond of spanking a girl when she acted up.

Not that this would be the same. LuAnn may be drop-dead gorgeous, but she was a sister, not a girlfriend.

Too bad his cock couldn't remember that.

He'd been avoiding his sweet sis for years because she provided too much of a temptation.

Her rather obvious crush on him hadn't helped matters.

She picked her nails as she sat in the passenger seat. "I'm really sorry you had to come and get me," she said in a small voice.

Brad regretted being gruff. Despite all her efforts at acting cool and joining the fast girls, her underlying nature was cherry-sweet. Reaching over, he cupped her face.

Her full, berry lips parted. Sensual lips that made his pulse quicken. He realized he was stroking her cheek with his thumb in a rather un-brotherly way, and he dropped his hand, starting the car. “So who were these boys you invited into your room?” he asked, in a voice tinged with authority.

LuAnn drew in her breath. “They’re from Battleton College. My friend Mary invited them.”

“Are you seeing one of them?” The thought of little mouse being sexually active made him want to take her home and lock her up for the next five years.

“No.”

He frowned. “Then why were they in your room?”

She turned to gaze out the window. “It was a mistake, okay?” Her voice cracked on the words.

“Hey,” Brad murmured. Had something happened? His blood began to heat on her behalf. “Look at me.” He glanced back and forth from the road to her face as he drove. “Did something happen?”

She blinked rapidly and her hand slid to her breast, as if she remembered someone pawing at it. “No,” she said, her voice tight.

Brad pulled over and switched off the ignition. When she didn’t turn to face him, he cupped her chin and forced her to meet his gaze. “Something happened, didn’t it? Were you...violated?”

More tears spilled, but she shook her head quickly. “No...no. One of the boys was getting handsy with Mary and she didn’t like it so I—I kicked up a fuss. That’s why

we got caught.” She dragged in a stuttered breath as the sobs broke free.

“I see,” he said. “So it was trouble with the boys or eviction from the dormitories.”

“Well, I didn’t know we’d be kicked out.”

“I know, mouse.” Brad handed her a handkerchief, wanting to kill the boys from Battleton. “You made the right choice.”

“Did I? I’m not so sure. I got all three of my friends kicked out, too, and Mary may never be able to return to Sarah Wharton. She had another year to go for her Associate’s Degree. Maybe I should’ve just let things happen.”

His jaw tightened. “No,” he cut in. “Your mistake was inviting them in to begin with. After that, you made the best choice you had.”

She pulled her face away and buried it in her hands.

Brad watched LuAnn cry for a moment, his fingers flexing into fists. “What are their names?”

“W-what are you going to do?”

He shrugged. “Have a little talk with them about their manners.”

“I, um, I’m not sure.”

His eyes narrowed.

“Honest. One was called Derek and the other John. I never heard the other two guys’ name and I didn’t get any last names.”

“Hmm.” He didn’t fully believe her. Starting the car, he drove to his place.

LuAnn looked out the window when they arrived. “Where are we?”

“My abode.” He stepped out of the car and grabbed two of her suitcases, leading her up the stairs to his little apartment, which sat over the garage of his landlady’s house.

“Thank you for bringing me here,” she said in a small voice.

She seemed so diminished, he wanted to wrap her up in his arms and make her forget her rough night. But if he was going to let her stay with him, he needed to play stern.

She’d been right. He couldn’t very well drop her off in Connecticut and leave her unattended for several weeks until her parents returned.

His brother Brian would make a far better chaperone than he, but Brian was so wrapped up in his big case, he might not see the outside of his office for weeks.

Besides, after what had happened with the Battleton boys, Brad needed to know she was safe.

“Just because I’m not telling our parents doesn’t mean you’re getting off scot-free.

” He brought her suitcases to his bedroom.

He would sleep on the couch—it was the gentlemanly thing to do.

He walked back out to where she was standing, looking ruffled and contrite.

“Mrs. McCormick said this wasn’t the first time you’ve broken the dormitory rules.”

“No.” Her face flushed and she lowered her eyes. “That’s true.”

“So you love college because it’s one big party, right? Boys and cigarettes and liquor?”

“I like my classes.”

He almost laughed. “You’re lying.” He watched as fresh color bloomed across her cheeks. Before he could stop himself, he said, “I will punish you for lies, little girl.”

Her eyes widened and she swallowed, but something made him think his words excited her. The quickened breath perhaps, or the way her plump lips parted.

“Do you have a brush in your purse?”

“Yes, why—?” She rummaged in her handbag for it. Before he could answer, understanding dawned on LuAnn’s face and she drew the hairbrush she’d retrieved tight against her ribs.

“Because I intend to spank you for breaking the dorm rules.” He pried the brush from her fingers and led her by the elbow to the couch, where he sat down and pulled her over his thighs.

“You can’t spank me,” she insisted, struggling to get up.

He wrapped an arm around her waist to hold her in place. “No? Would you rather I let your father do the job when he gets home?”

She went still. “No. Does this mean you won’t tell him?”

“I won’t tell him, mouse. Just like you never told on me all those times you watched

me climbing in and out my bedroom window late nights in high school.”

“Doesn’t that mean you should skip this spanking now? Because you owe me?”

He chuckled. “Probably. But I’m not going to.

” His cock gave a surge of interest at the enticing sight she made.

Spanking naughty girls was a pleasure he’d been indulging in since high school, when he’d given his first spanking to Angela Jamison, who had literally thrown herself at him afterward.

But he shouldn’t think about those kinds of spankings now.

This was LuAnn, his little sister, and this was real discipline, not something sexual.

Or at least he’d keep telling himself that.

He pulled her skirt up and let it drape over her back, exposing her white lace-trimmed panties. She froze, lifting her head as if to listen for what he would do next. He picked up the wooden hairbrush and aimed it for the lower part of her right cheek, smacking her sit spot.

She jerked, tightening her buttocks. She had a lush bottom, he realized, as he smacked the other sit spot.

Curvy but muscular, her twin globes had a perkiness that made his blood heat.

He’d bet she did wonders for a swimsuit.

He picked up his pace, spanking one side then the other in a steady rhythm,



wondering idly whether her breasts were as magnificent as her ass.

But it was wrong to think of little LuAnn that way.

She was his stepsister, not a girl he intended to put the moves on.

Except the lovely young woman did not resemble the skinny thirteen-year-old he'd lived with for a year and called mouse.

And the way his body reacted to spanking her was definitely not brotherly.

LuAnn cried out, writhing over his knees. He yanked her waist in close, pinning her down as he continued to paddle her bottom.

"Ouch, stop!" She reached back to cover up.

"Remove your hand or I will pull down your panties and spank you on your bare bottom, little girl." He wasn't sure where that came from—it certainly wasn't appropriate.

She tucked her arm back under her chest, but a few minutes later it came flying back again, her hips rolling and listing to dodge his punishing blows.

He grabbed her wrist and pinned it behind her back. "I warned you." He peeled her panties down to her thighs.

LuAnn gasped, squeezing her legs together.

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He went a little dizzy at the sight of her perfect, round and reddened cheeks.

Even with her legs pressed together he could see a glimpse of her pink sex below, dewy with moisture.

He stared at her pussy as he began to spank again, lust kicking through him.

The display of her arousal leaking between her thighs made his cock turn rock hard.

He bounced his knees to shift her away, hoping she hadn't noticed his erection jutting into her hip.

"Please," she cried.

He continued mercilessly, wanting to be sure he established his position of authority with her so she would follow his rules while living in his apartment. Or maybe it was just that he liked the sound of her little cries.

"Ow, please stop."

He wanted her tears. This was a real, disciplinary spanking, and if he wasn't going to tell her father, he needed to do a thorough job of it.

She kicked her heels, forcing him to clamp one leg over hers to pin her in place. She fought even harder, but he had her locked in position, her upturned bottom perfectly angled for punishment.

He continued spanking and she continued struggling, until at last he heard a sob and she collapsed over his knees, defeated.

Relieved at her submission, he lightened the spans, but still paddled on, not wanting to teach her that a spanking ended as soon as she cried. He gave her twenty-five more, knowing he would leave her sore enough to remember the spanking the next day.

She lay over his lap, her body limp.

He pulled her panties back up and smoothed down her skirt. When he lifted her to sit beside him, she immediately jumped up, heading for the bathroom.

As he heard the click of the lock, a wedge of guilt tweaked him.

He'd humiliated her. He'd been her childhood idol—the epitome of “cool” in her eyes, and he'd just bared her bottom and spanked her like a naughty child.

How stupid of him. Without the kissing, cuddling or sex that usually followed spanking a girlfriend, she'd be left with nothing but tatters of her pride.

He walked to the bathroom door and put his ear against it. All he heard was the soft sound of crying. He tapped on the door. “LuAnn?”

She didn't answer.

Cursing, he stuck his thumbnail in the keyhole and turned it, hoping he wouldn't find her on the toilet. She wasn't. She was standing, looking in the mirror at her tear-streaked face. She whirled around and he caught her wrist, pulling her up against his body.

“LuAnn.” He wrapped his arms around her.

She stiffened at first, but he held her close until she softened against him.

She smelled sweet, like freshly baked bread and banana splits with a touch of brandy on the edges.

Her brown hair spilled out of her ponytail like strands of silk.

He liked the sensation of her body melting into his, the soft curves of her breasts meeting his ribs, her wet cheek pressing against his chest.

He felt compelled to reassure her, to reward her for her submission to his punishment, yet he didn’t know how. He’d planned to be very stern and lecture her about his expectations, but now he found himself only wanting to soothe away the embarrassment he’d caused.

He kissed the top of her head.

She lifted her face, looking surprised and before his better sense stopped him, he bent his head and kissed her on the mouth.

She kissed him back, moving her impossibly soft lips against his.

Electricity tingled every place he came in contact with her, his cock surging against his trousers, his hand moving to cup her nape.

Oh, hell, what am I doing?

With effort, he pulled away and released her. Propelling her into his bedroom, he hefted the suitcases on their sides. “Which of these has your nightgown in it?” he

asked.

Dazed, LuAnn blinked, her bottom throbbing in a steady beat with her heart. “I’m not sure. I was still tipsy when I was packing,” she admitted. Her body trembled from Brad’s kiss. What had it meant?

To her surprise, Brad chuckled. Now, it seemed, he was back to being the cool, laidback guy she remembered.

Which almost made it worse. It was one thing if he was going to pretend to be her parent and scold and spank her, but she didn’t want Brad—the hero of so many childhood fantasies—thinking of her like a little girl he needed to discipline.

He unlatched the bags and threw them open, fishing out a wad of nightgowns, as well as her cosmetic bag. He handed them to her. “Go get ready for bed, mouse.”

She didn’t meet his eye as she took the things and ducked back into the bathroom to change. While she brushed her teeth, the phone rang.

Who would call at two in the morning? A girlfriend?

Brad picked it up. “Hello?”

She spit out her toothpaste and rinsed her mouth, opening the door to eavesdrop.

“Well, she was caught drinking, smoking and having boys in her room, but we’ve worked it out so she can stay in school.”

Brian. Of course—they had called him first. Now he was checking up on her. She held her breath. Brad had said, “we’ve worked it out” as if he’d negotiated for her to stay at the school. She appreciated his keeping their arrangement a secret from Brian.

“Listen, she’s already been paddled for it. Considering her dad’s heart problems, I’d prefer we not mention this to him. He would snap his cap.... Yeah, I’ll make sure she buckles down with her studies and she is definitely grounded for the rest of the school year.” He turned a stern gaze on her.

Her tummy flipped at the look, her bottom throbbing more insistently as if warning her not to cross him.

She still wanted to crawl under a bush and hide after what he’d done.

Yet something fluttery moved inside her when she thought about being face down over his knees with her panties down.

Had he been able to see her sex? She feared he had.

The intimacy of it sent frissons of heat to her core.

Brad hung up and turned to her. “Did you hear that?”

She nodded, chastised. “Yes. I’m grounded for the rest of the school year.”

“That’s right. I want you to make me a list of your class times. You may not go anywhere, except to school and back without my express permission. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured, then flushed. He was only four years older than she. Hardly someone to call sir.

But he seemed to like it, giving her a lazy grin, his eyes dropping to the neckline of her nightgown, then jerking back up.

She touched her bruised breast, remembering the animal who had tried to have his

way with her that night.

“What happened?” Brad demanded.

She’d played it off earlier, as if it had been her friend who had been in trouble, not her, but not much got past her stepbrother.

She took a step back. “Nothing. I should go to bed now. Do I sleep on the couch?”

“You sleep in my bed.” He came over and led her into his room.

He actually pulled down the covers for her, as if she were a child and he meant to tuck her in.

It would have bothered her, except she loved his nearness – the warmth from his lips still on her mouth, the heat of his body reaching her as he stood so close behind, corralling her against the bed.

The muscles between her legs clenched with excitement as images of him pushing her down on the mattress and having his way with her flitted through her head.

Funny how she screamed when the boy from Battleton tried, but the image of Brad ravishing her made her skin prickle with heat.

But Brad wouldn’t have sex with her. He saw her only as a little mouse, his skinny, gangly stepsister who used to follow him around but was always too painfully timid to speak in his presence.

She climbed into bed and raised her gaze shyly. Instead of pulling up the covers, he reached for the hem of her nightgown. She froze, her breath stalling in her throat. Did he want her?

He dragged it up, not slowly, but with a business-like intent, forcing it to slide up under her poor, raw cheeks. He brought it all the way up to her armpits and then stopped, staring down at her breasts, his brows lowering.

She lifted her head to peer down. Angry finger marks still stood out, turning a puffy blue around the edges.

Brad glowered. "I want his name."

She swallowed, pulling down her nightgown and sitting up, eager to end the examination.

She had lied earlier, she did know his name, but she'd been frightened of what Brad might do.

There had always been an unpredictability to him, a dominant fierceness, that made her think he just might go get himself into trouble.

Should that bother her so much?

"Tom McGuire."

He nodded. "Thank you."

Grasping her thighs, he dragged her back down on the bed and flipped her on her belly.

He landed three hard smacks on to her tender bottom and she shrieked.

"That is for lying to me earlier. The next time you lie to me, I will make you stand in the corner with your panties down after your spanking. Understand?"



Fresh tears sprang to her eyes, but her sex contracted repeatedly, thrilled by his threat. What was wrong with her? Well, hadn't his tough guy persona always been what appealed to her?

He rolled her back over, tucked her in and gave her a brotherly kiss on the forehead, handing her Marshmallow, her teddy bear. "Goodnight, mouse."

"Goodnight," she whispered as he switched off the lamp.

She should have fallen straight to sleep, considering the hour and the adventure of the day, but she lay awake a long time, listening to Brad get settled, then imagining being punished by him.

Or made to stand in the corner. She imagined all the things he might force her to do—strip off her clothes and stand naked before him, spread her legs and let him examine her charms, bend over and show him the little rosette of her bottom hole.

Why did those scenarios excite her so much?

She brought her fingers between her legs and into her panties.

Her sex was damp—wetter than she'd ever been before, and it seemed huge, as if it had swelled open to welcome her fingers.

She'd touched herself in the past, but only on the outside of her panties.

This time her finger slid inside her feminine folds, surprising her with its moist heat.

She pushed the heel of her hand against the upper part of her mons and rippled her fingers, gliding in and out.

She replayed the scenes with Brad over and over again as she touched herself: the way he'd peeled down her panties and paddled her without mercy; the safety of standing wrapped up in his arms after he'd unlocked the bathroom door to check on her; the kiss—not passionate but sweet nonetheless; and the perfunctory way he'd lifted her nightgown—as if he owned her and had every right to inspect her body without asking.

Boy, Brad really knew how to send her, as her girlfriends would say.

She bucked in a climax, squeezing her thighs together as her inner muscles fluttered in wave after wave of intimate release.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

Brad lay on his back on the couch with his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling.

He would make the young man who'd forced himself on LuAnn pay.

The strength of his desire to avenge her surprised him, almost as much as he'd shocked himself by pulling up her gown to search for bruising.

Why in the hell he thought he had the right to do such a thing was a mystery.

LuAnn brought out something in him—an unusual protectiveness and the need to nurture.

It was different than when he'd turned a girlfriend over his knee or scolded her for irritating him.

Those encounters had a detached quality—the need to dominate, the need to satisfy them sexually, but never the need to care for them on a personal level.

He'd always been a ladies' man—making it plain from the start that he wasn't the boy they would marry, and if they wanted to stick with him, they'd have to follow his rules.

He supposed it was LuAnn's youthful innocence that made him want to take care of her.

Or the fact that she was family. Or his memories of her as a vulnerable adolescent.

If only she hadn't turned into a full-grown woman, so lush and voluptuous...

He woke to find her in her nightgown, banging pots and pans around in his kitchen.

The thin satin material left little to his imagination—the curves of her ass, the outline of her panties all too apparent.

The panties he had peeled down to her thighs the night before.

He sat up, covering his morning wood. This would not do.

He needed to stop thinking of his stepsister this way.

Little Sister. Little. Sister. Not a hot young ingénue making scrambled eggs in his kitchen.

Unbidden, he pictured her as his very own sweet wife, preparing his breakfast in nothing but an apron.

Perhaps she'd have a freshly reddened ass for getting sassy with him. Oh God.

He stood up and bolted for the bathroom where he splashed cold water on his face. When he came back, he found LuAnn gasping over burned eggs. "Holy hell!"

He chuckled.

She yanked the frying pan of smoking eggs off the burner and dropped it onto the yellow laminate countertop without a hot pad.

"No," he yelped.

She gasped, realizing the problem and jerked the pan from the counter, sending it flying to the floor with a crash, eggs splattering all over the linoleum.

“Dammit all.” She bent over to give him a perfect view of her bottom, spread and lifted.

He couldn’t resist—he landed two sharp slaps to her backside. “Young lady, that sort of language does not become you.”

The truth was he didn’t care if she cursed, but it gave him a reason to swat her oh-so-attractive buttocks, so he went with it. Based on the way she jumped and howled, he’d bet she still smarted from her spanking the night before.

Her face flushed a deep shade of pink and her jaw thrust forward. “I have heard you curse many times, Brad Stanford.”

He grinned. “But I’m not a sweet girl like you.”

At that moment, someone tapped at the door and Mrs. Verlaine called out, “Hello? Brad?” Of course she’d be snooping over here if she heard a female voice.

He quickly threw a dish towel over the burn mark on the counter and crossed the room to open the door. “Hello Mrs. V.” He gave her his most charming smile.

She craned her head around the doorjamb to take in LuAnn, who was scrambling to clean up the spilled eggs. “Well, what is this?”

“Mrs. V, this is my little sister, LuAnn. LuAnn, Mrs. V, my landlady. LuAnn is a student at Sarah Wharton, but she was having a hard time getting serious about her studies while living in the dorm, so our parents thought it would be best if she finished the last few weeks of the semester living with me.”

Mrs. Verlaine gaped. “Your sister?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t see any resemblance.” She peered at LuAnn suspiciously.

“No, she takes after her father and I take after my mother,” he said, which was not a lie. He laid what he hoped was another devastating grin on the nosy woman.

“How long will she be here? There’s only one bedroom.” She glanced at the couch, which thankfully still sported a pillow and blanket from his night’s rest.

“Just a month. I’m sleeping on the couch and letting her have the bedroom.”

“Will I be washing her clothes, too?”

“I will do the laundry,” LuAnn interjected. “Both of ours. It’s the least I can do.”

“I see...well, you’ll be using extra water and electricity with two people.”

“Oh, I doubt it will amount to much difference in your bill, but if it does, I’m sure you’ll inform me,” he said evenly.

She craned her neck around for one more curious look, then withdrew. “Well, we’ll talk about it later, then.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He waited, looking at her with an impassive face until she backed out and turned around. “Have a nice weekend, Mrs. Verlaine.”

“Thank you,” she said, but did not wish him the same.

He shut the door and rolled his eyes.

LuAnn picked up the frying pan and turned on the water in the sink, scrubbing it with a fierceness it didn't deserve.

He walked over and gently clasped her shoulders. "Thank you for making breakfast."

Her shoulders sagged. "I didn't mean to burn the laminate. What do you think will happen?"

"I'll probably have to pay for it. It was an accident, mouse, I'm not mad."

"I'm sorry I made a mess." Her eyes filled with tears.

He smiled and touched her nose. She was being silly and he found it endearing. "You cleaned it up. It's over. Are you going to try again, or are we eating toast for breakfast?"

She swiped a tear with the back of her hand and squared her shoulders. "I'll try again. Oh, wait," she said, slumping. "You're out of eggs."

He gave her a reassuring grin. "Toast it is, then. How about I make it while you get dressed?"

"Yes, sir," she said, sending a thrill of excitement straight to his cock.

She looked so sweet in her nightgown with her head bowed in submission.

He glanced at her breasts shifting underneath the thin fabric.

Why were her nipples hard? He stepped back and allowed her to pass him before he

did something stupid like pin her against the kitchen counter and screw her until she screamed.

He made the toast, slathering on a thick layer of butter and jam and cutting them into little triangles, as if she was a small child.

He set them at the table with a glass of milk.

For some reason, he was getting into the caretaking role with her.

When she came out, he held out her chair for her, smirking when she winced sitting down.

He placed a napkin on her lap. She looked up at him, blushing.

He shrugged and dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "Eat up, sweetheart."

Brad had her so mixed up and befuddled, she hardly remembered how to speak. The fact that he treated her like a child infuriated her...except that she rather enjoyed being the center of his attention. Had he really cut her toast into little squares? Did he think she was six years old?

Her bottom still tingled from the swats he'd landed on it for swearing, so sitting on the hard wooden chair hurt her tender cheeks.

She watched Brad's tall, broad-shouldered figure as he moved about the kitchen, cleaning up the rest of her mess, and scrubbing the burn mark on the counter as he made his own toast. Just watching his muscular form and the chiseled lines of his jaw brought butterflies to her belly.

It was odd to see a man so efficient in the kitchen, but she supposed he'd lived on his



own for six years now. She wondered if he had girlfriends over much. Probably not, if that was how his landlady reacted to guests. That thought came as a distinct relief.

When he finished buttering his toast, he plopped down across from her.

“Why did you move away instead of staying with us during college?” She’d hated when he left, and then he hardly visited, staying away despite the fact that he only lived two hours away.

“I’m not like Brian. I don’t kiss authority’s ass, and I don’t particularly like living under another man’s rule.

Your dad wanted to help us, I know, but I couldn’t bear to be taken under his wing like Brian.

” A muscle in his jaw tightened. “All the advice and admonishments—It just wasn’t my thing. ”

“You don’t like my dad, do you?”

He chewed a bit of toast and swallowed before he spoke.

“It’s not that. Yeah, I was mad at my mom for getting married after my dad died.

But it wasn’t your pop’s fault. He makes her happy and he provides her with a good life, so I have no right to complain.

I was still a kid when we moved in together, even though I thought I was a man. ”

She’d thought he was a man, too. “You sure made things harder on yourself by insisting on working your own way through college.”

He laid one of his lazy grins on her. “See that’s the part your old man never understood. I don’t mind hard work. I’d just rather work my tail off and be my own man than be under the thumb of someone else.”

“But now you have a boss at the architecture firm who you have to please, right?”

He looked chagrined. “I do. But I plan to open my own architecture firm as soon as I have enough experience. I definitely wasn’t made to do another man’s bidding.”

She considered whether she was. She hadn’t given one whit about Mrs. McCormick’s rules when she’d lived in the dorm, but something about Brad made her want to do everything he asked.

As if Brad knew her thoughts, his eyes swept over her face and down to her breasts with a predatory gaze.

Her neck grew warm. What would Brad’s bidding be?

She’d be living here under his rules, and he’d already made it clear what the consequences for disobedience would be.

Her sex contracted, thinking about the bare-bottomed session over his knees and his threat to make her stand in the corner with her panties down.

## Page 5

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“Make me that list of your class times and schedule, because those will be the only times you’re allowed out of this apartment without special permission.”

“You were serious about grounding me?”

“Yes, young lady, I was.”

“But, Brad, I can hardly get into any trouble staying here with you. Surely there’s no need...” she trailed off at his dark look.

“You’re grounded. And you know what will happen if you defy me, don’t you?” He arched a brow.

She swallowed hard. “Okay.”

“And we’ll have to drive back to Sarah Wharton to pick up my bike.” He stood up and picked up her plate, as well as his.

“I can get those,” she said, jumping up.

He turned and gave her a lopsided grin. “Are you sure? I’m not certain I trust you in my kitchen anymore.”

She snatched them away, wanting to prove her usefulness. She would cook and clean for him for the duration of her stay, just like a housewife. The idea cheered her. Playing house with Brad sounded like a delightful game.

She washed the dishes while he cleaned up in the bathroom, and they headed out. He drove her car again, of course. It didn't bother her, she rather liked sitting beside him, pretending they were on a date. As they drove, they passed a clearing where large tents and colorful carnival banners waved.

Before she remembered to be a sophisticated young lady, she drew in a delighted gasp. "Look! A carnival!"

Brad turned and grinned at her. "Do you like carnivals?"

She nibbled her lip, wondering if she was acting too childish. Giving a nonchalant shrug, she said, "Well, they can be fun, you know, with the right people."

He laughed, and she suspected he saw through her. "Well, considering you've been so naughty, I shouldn't indulge you, but if you spend the rest of the day studying, then tomorrow I'll take you after church."

"Really? You'd take me yourself?" She beamed at him. "Can we go on your motorcycle?"

He looked amused. "We'll see. You have to behave yourself today, though, got it?"

"I will. I will study all day, I promise."

He chuckled her chin. "That's my girl."

"You sound like my father."

He smirked. "Well, you've heard of in loco parentis ? I'm in charge of you right now, which means I'm acting in place of your father. You're welcome to call me Daddy-O."

She giggled. “Okay, Daddy.” It sounded wrong and right and somewhat naughty to call him that.

He didn’t know what had made him say it—the daddy thing just slipped out—but when the word came out of his lips, a dark thrill lit through him. LuAnn had always been off-limits, her status as sister made her untouchable, which only seemed to make the attraction between them stronger.

True to her word, LuAnn studied all afternoon. She also insisted on making dinner, which consisted of chicken sandwiches, pickles and potato salad. He sat down to eat with her.

“Thank you for making dinner, mouse.”

She beamed. “I plan to earn my keep by cooking and cleaning.”

He shoveled a bite of potato salad into his mouth and began to chew, then froze when his tooth struck a very crunchy potato.

“What?”

“Nothing,” he said, trying not to laugh.

Brow furrowed, she took a bite. “Oh no,” she groaned. “What did I do wrong?”

He spit the food into his napkin and smirked. “Did you boil the potatoes first?”

She frowned, her face flushing. “You’re supposed to boil them?”

“Yes, mouse.” He chuckled.

Her shoulders sagged.

“I guess I need to buy you the Betty Crocker cookbook that no household is without these days,” he said with a wink.

She snatched his plate away and stomped to the kitchen. “You do not!” She scraped the potato salad off his plate and returned it, dropping it unceremoniously in front of him.

He narrowed his eyes in warning. “Don’t be embarrassed. It was a simple mistake.”

“Don’t tell me how to feel.”

“Watch your tone, little girl.”

She stomped on his toes with force enough to hurt them.

“Uh-oh,” he said, scooting his chair back.

She immediately retreated, probably suspecting his intent. He caught her wrist and pulled her forward, face down over his knees. She pounded on his legs. “Stop it! Let me up!”

“Quiet down, mouse, or you’ll have Mrs. V over here to witness your spanking. I don’t think you’d like that, would you?”

“Stop it,” she repeated, although she did lower her voice.

He flipped her long poodle skirt up her back.

“I will not tolerate tantrums or disrespect while you’re in my household,” he said.

“And I rather enjoy spanking you, mouse, so you’d be wise to remember it.

” Since he’d done it once, he went straight to pulling her panties down, ignoring her hand flailing behind to cover her delightful rump.

He began to spank her fast and hard, punishing her flesh with firm slaps.

Right side, left side, middle, he alternated his target each time.

Setting up a steady rhythm as she bucked and writhed on his lap. His cock grew hard at the sight of her.

“Ow...please!” she squeaked.

He kept at it, even though his hand stung.

Her wiggling caused her hips to rub against his hardened cock, tormenting him with the sensation. He brought his hand down on the back of her thigh, four times in the exact same place and she howled between clenched teeth. He gave the other side the same treatment. “That was very naughty, mouse.”

“Sor-ry!” she wailed. “Please stop.”

He didn’t want to stop. It felt too good to apply his palm to her perfect ass, turning her milky white skin to pink.

“Please?” she begged, kicking her legs.

Like the night before, he saw evidence of her arousal on the glossy lips of her sex. The urge to touch her there sent a wave of feverish heat pouring through his body. He stopped spanking and closed his eyes, drawing in a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” she gasped again. “Please.”

He opened his eyes again, finding control. Running his hand over her warmed cheeks, he caressed her curves. “Naughty girls will be punished, mouse.” Of their own accord, his fingers brushed the outer lips of her sex.

She went still.

He circled her bottom again, once more allowing one of his fingers to brush her feminine charms.

Her legs fell open.

His breath stalled in his chest. He circled again, this time taking his middle finger slowly and deliberately up the slit of her pussy. Her nectar coated his finger, the slickness making his cock jerk to be inside her.

A small sound came out of her mouth—something like a moan.

He needed to stop this right away, before he did something even more inappropriate.

Lifting her up, he stood her between his knees.

Remembering her panties were still tangled around her thighs, he hiked up her skirt, getting a glimpse of her silky thatch of curls and the frontal view of her pussy.

He pulled her panties up and held her thighs, under the skirt.

He liked the sensation of her bare skin under his fingers.

He stroked down her legs and back up again.



Her knees trembled but she held still for him, her eyes wide and focused on his face. “I’m sorry,” she murmured again.

He forced himself to drop his hands. “It’s over, mouse,” he said. “Let’s eat this nice dinner you made us.”

She blushed and tugged at her sweater set, straightening imaginary wrinkles.

He stood and brushed away the tears on her cheeks.

Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her in for an embrace and dropped a kiss on the top of her head.

“Cooking will get easier, I promise. This way you’ll be all ready for a husband when the time comes.

” He said it lightly, but the words stuck in his throat like glue.

The idea of her marrying made him close his hands into tight balls.

No man would be good enough for LuAnn or treat her the way she deserved to be treated.

LuAnn sat wearing her pillbox hat and white gloves between Brian and Brad at church the next day, proud to be with the pair of handsome, broad-shouldered men.

They both would be considered fine catches in their own right.

Brian was the serious lawyer who hardly ever emerged from his work.

He had the same blue eyes and dark wavy hair as Brad, but their personalities were

completely different.

Brad was carefree and easygoing while Brian played everything straight as a pin.

She hadn't been to her stepbrothers' church before, either attending the campus chapel or driving home for the weekend and worshipping there.

She received a number of curious looks, and a few nasty ones from some eligible young women who must have considered her to be a threat. After the service, a few of them came over. Brad rested his hand at her low back, a gesture which surprised her.

"Hello, Brad," said a young woman with red hair and a ponytail so high it looked like an antenna sticking out of the top of her head. She batted her eyelashes in a simpering fashion that made LuAnn want to shove her into the closest mud puddle.

"Hi, Becky." Brad played it cool, leaning forward to offer his cheek for a kiss without disengaging his hand from LuAnn's back.

Becky stared at LuAnn pointedly.

"This is LuAnn," he said.

She waited for him to add my kid sister , or my little sister , but to her satisfaction, he didn't. Maybe he wanted Becky to think they were a couple because he didn't want to court her interest. Well, she would be a willing party to any such deception.

She glanced at Brian, who smiled at a pretty blonde.

"That's Sally," Brad said in an undertone.

He had leaned his head toward hers so they both looked together.

It also served to snub Becky, as she clearly wasn't part of the conversation.

“Brian is sweet on her. I expect they'll be engaged before the end of summer. ”

She smiled, both happy to see Brian in love and delighting in the closeness and shared secret with Brad.

Becky sniffed and flounced away.

“Ex-girlfriend of yours?”

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“Ugh, no. She’s way too annoying. I dated her sister for about a minute last year and this one has been all over me ever since.”

She hid a smirk. It was uncharitable of her to feel glee at another girl’s misery, but where Brad was concerned, she had few scruples.

“Come on, I’ll introduce you to Sally.” He led her over to Brian and the pretty young woman.

“Hi, Sally,” he drawled, leaning in for a cheek kiss.

Brian scowled and she wondered if he could possibly be threatened by Brad. The younger brother had always been the ladies’ man, while Brian had been too buried in his studies to worry about women.

“This is LuAnn,” he said.

“She’s our stepsister.” It was Brian who filled in that piece of information.

“Oh,” Sally said, her mouth rounding into a pretty circle. “How nice to meet you. At first I thought Brad finally had taken a serious interest in a girl. Too bad.”

She almost choked on her own spit. “Right. Not me.” Too bad, indeed.

Brad took her hand. “Come on, let’s get going. We have a carnival to attend.”

“Carnival? I thought you said she was grounded.”

She winced at the disapproval in Brian's voice.

Brad shrugged, pulling her away. "She is, but she studied all day yesterday, so this is her reward. See you later," he said over his shoulder.

"Brad—" Brian called after him, a note of warning in his voice.

"Don't worry. I have it covered."

"We're riding on the motorcycle, right?" she asked as they headed toward her Thunderbird.

"Yes, silly. Although your dad would probably kill me if he knew. That's one more thing we'll have to make sure he never finds out."

She pushed the tendrils of guilt away. Her parents needn't know about any of this—not about getting kicked out of the dorm, nor about her living with Brad, especially not about the bare-bottomed spankings he'd given her.

She wouldn't change her present situation for the world. Living with Brad brought out a yearning for more of him—more closeness, more touching, even more spanking. She liked being under his control. His game of playing strict made him all the more devastatingly attractive to her.

He drove the car back to his apartment where she changed out of her Sunday best and into a pair of Capris and a blouse.

She tied a pretty red print scarf around her neck.

When she came out of the bedroom, Brad went in, passing her in the doorway.

His eyes raked over her, taking in her outfit with an appreciative glint in his blue gaze.

He had already unbuttoned his cuffs, and a flash of heat went through her body as she pictured him taking off his shirt.

He touched her shoulder as they passed, his torso brushing her back, sending tingles of heat across her skin.

What did that strong chest look like naked?

Did he have hair dusting the sculpted muscles? Or was it smooth?

She stumbled back, blushing, and walked toward the front door, where she bounced on her heels as she waited for him to emerge.

The bedroom door opened moments later and he came out, dressed in blue jeans and a white t-shirt, carrying his black leather jacket. He walked over to her and held it open.

She looked at him, confused.

“Put it on...it’ll protect you from the wind.”

The idea of wearing his jacket made her tingle with happiness. But that was silly—it wasn’t like it meant anything—he wasn’t her high school beau giving her his letter jacket. Still, she ducked her head to hide her smile as she slid her arms into his jacket.

He turned her around and zipped it for her, all the way up to her chin.

“I do know how to zip things.”

“Don’t sass me or you’ll earn another trip over my knee before we go,” he said, making her belly flutter.

She kept her mouth shut, but wondered why he did things like that for her.

Was it because he still thought of her as too young to take care of her own basic needs?

That seemed ridiculous. She’d been thirteen years old when they met, old enough even then to zip a jacket or put her own napkin on her lap.

So why did he persist in treating her like a little girl? It seemed strange.

He put a helmet on her and buckled the strap beneath her chin. “You look cute,” he said, tweaking her nose.

She sniffed. Cute, huh? Not exactly the image she wanted to convey.

“Come on.” He picked up her hand and led her to the motorcycle. He climbed on and she swallowed, suddenly daunted by the big bike. He seemed to notice, because he said gently, “Don’t be scared, mouse. Hop on.”

She drew a breath and swung her leg over the bike, sliding onto the seat behind him.

“Put your arms around my waist.”

She placed her hands on his hips as he kicked the motorcycle into life.

He pulled one of her wrists across his waist. “You’re going to want to hang on,” he cautioned as the bike lurched forward.

She gasped and clung to him, losing all compunction about getting too close.

Pressing the front of her body against his back, she slid her hips forward until they touched his, winding both arms around his waist. The wind made her gasp for breath and squeeze her eyes shut.

Brad wore sunglasses, and she now understood why.

Her eyes watered as she blinked to take in the scenery whizzing by.

The ride was magnificent, terrifying and utterly thrilling at the same time. Sort of like Brad himself.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

Brad chuckled at LuAnn's death grip on his waist, which tightened every time he turned or leaned the bike. Despite the fact that she'd been playing at being wild, her beguiling innocence showed through in so many ways.

He'd never dated nice girls, not even after he'd graduated and started working as a professional. He wasn't the sort of boy to bring home to mother, for one thing, or he hadn't been in high school. And since he wasn't looking for a serious girlfriend, he'd run with the fast girls.

LuAnn may want to pretend she fit in with that type of girl, but she didn't. Underneath the rebellion was a sweet and polite girl. The kind of girl he'd never have.

He arrived at the carnival and parked his motorcycle. They walked together to the ticket counter where he bought a long string of tickets to play the games. "I can hold my jacket if it's too hot now."

"No," she said quickly. "It's not too hot. Thanks." She beamed at him, resplendent in dimples and perfect, white teeth.

He grinned back and touched her nose. She liked wearing his jacket, pretending he was her boyfriend.

He shouldn't let her. He should clarify his role as big brother, and nothing more.

Except ever since he'd taken her over his knee and then held her in his arms, he had no interest in being her big brother.

Why, in all his dating, had he never met a girl like her? So fresh and sweet, so adoring.

She looked around, standing on her tiptoes to survey it all, and bouncing on her heels with excitement.

“What should we do first?”

“Ferris wheel,” she exclaimed.

“Ferris wheel, it is,” he said, putting his hand on her back and leading her toward the giant rotating disk.

The line was long, but she spotted a few young women she knew who waved them in.

“Hey, LuAnn,” a dark-haired girl said with a curious look. “I heard you left Sarah Wharton.”

“Nope,” she said, only blushing a little. “I just moved off-campus.”

The girls stared at him. “This is Brad,” she said, “my, um...” She darted a glance at him. “...friend.”

He didn’t contradict her. They were friends, after all.

Sort of. In the we’re-related-by-marriage-and-I-can’t-keep-my-hands-off-her way.

Not wanting to stay and chit chat with her fellow coeds, he excused himself.

“I’ll be right back, mouse.” When she gave him a panicked look, he said, “I promise I’ll be back before it’s our turn, okay? ”

“Okay,” she said, her face relaxing.

He walked over to lean against a building and pulled his pack of cigarettes out from where he’d rolled it in his shirt sleeve.

He lit up, watching LuAnn pretending not to watch him.

What was it he found so irresistible about her?

The simple fact he couldn’t have her? No, there was something more.

He couldn’t put a finger on it—it was more than the protectiveness he felt for her, more than the lust she inspired, or the way she blushed, or her starry-eyed gazes.

Maybe it was all those things wrapped up into one.

The snaking line had moved up and LuAnn was looking over at him. He stubbed out his cigarette and walked back to...he almost thought his girl . And he never said that, not about any girl he dated. And the wrongness of it somehow made it feel even more right.

She turned to him as he approached, her green eyes lighting up as her lips curved into a wide smile.

This was the mouse he’d observed when she thought no one was watching.

When she forgot to try to be cool or impress others.

He’d always loved watching her childlike enthusiasm for simple pleasures like Ferris wheels and, well, his presence.

Her unwavering regard filled him with pride, as if he was someone so much more important than an entry-level architect in his second year of the profession. He wanted to kiss her berry lips suddenly, with an ache that had him sucking in his breath to inhibit the urge.

Wrong. This all was so wrong, and yet he couldn't stop letting it play out. He found his stepsister too fascinating, too tempting to leave alone.

They climbed on the Ferris wheel and he put his arm around her shoulders, allowing her to snuggle up against his side and pretend she was afraid.

Her hand trembled on the bar, but he knew it wasn't from fear.

Around and around the wheel went, their bucket tipping forward and swinging with each lurch as the conductor loaded the people.

At last they all were seated and the wheel began to spin.

The passengers broke into cries of glee, and LuAnn joined them, lifting her hands from the bar and reaching toward the sky, her eyes wide with delight. He grinned back at her, the childish joy contagious.

"I love the view from up here," she said as the wheel spun around once, then twice, then a third time. The conductor began to stop it, car by car to let the passengers off. "Aw." She stuck out her lower lip.

He wanted to kiss it. No, he wanted to bite it between his teeth—gently, of course. He wanted to pull her onto his lap and tease her with his hands and lips and tongue until she squirmed with delight.

Of course, he did no any such thing. Instead, when the conductor let them off their

car, he took her to the bean bag tossing booth and won her a big, fluffy brown teddy bear with a gingham ribbon around his neck.

“This can replace that ratty old white bear I gave you years ago.”

“No way. I’m not getting rid of Marshmallow.” ” She squeezed the bear, twirling back and forth with it. “I’ll just add Beary to my collection.”

He smiled. “Beary, huh? Cute.” Like you.

Her cheeks turned pink and she ducked her head, adorable in her embarrassment.

“Oh, he’s absolutely dreamy, Lu,” Beth said, handing her a cigarette and lighting a match.

She didn’t know Beth that well, but they’d been in the same dorm and had gone to squeal at an Elvis Presley concert together once. It was nice to have a friend to sneak off behind the bathrooms with to have a cigarette. “I know. But we’re not...um, dating.”

“That’s not how it seemed to me. I saw the way he looked at you.”

She held the cigarette out to the flame and inhaled, then coughed when her lungs filled with smoke. “How did he look?”

“Like he thought you were adorable. He had an indulgent sort of smile.”

She frowned. Adorable and indulgent. Both words sounded big-brotherly. Not passionate. Or adoring. Or lustful.

Well, what did she expect? She had acted like a child back there. Why, oh, why had

she made such a fuss about the bear? She didn't want him to find her adorable. She wanted to be sophisticated, smart, sexy, sassy. She wanted to be far from the little "mouse" he still called her.

She needed to come up with a new strategy. Maybe instead of hiding back here smoking, she should just march over and ask him for a cigarette. Except she never could light it up without coughing. That wasn't cool.

"Well, he's not my boyfriend. But maybe soon..." she said with a wicked smile.

Beth dug in her purse and handed her a gold tube of lipstick. "Here," she said. "Make yourself appealing."

"Thanks." She accepted the gold tube and pulled off the cap. The lipstick was bright red—bolder than Marilyn Monroe's. "Gee, do you think this is too much?" she asked, but rubbed it over her lips before Beth could respond.

"No, you look sharp. Very sultry."

She took a puff on the cigarette, looking at the stain her lips left behind. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, silly. It's perfect. See?" Beth smeared the daring shade on her own lips, puckering them in an imaginary kiss.

LuAnn giggled and closed her eyes, leaning forward to imitate Beth's pose. "Like this?"

"Yes, dahling, you look mahvelous."

She dropped her cigarette and rubbed it out with her round-toed pump. "Thanks." She

gave the girl an air kiss. “Let’s go see if it works.”

She walked out from behind the restrooms toward the big tent where the animals were kept. The sky had clouded over and she was glad, now, that she’d kept Brad’s jacket.

“There you are.” His deep voice sounded behind her as he caught her elbow. His brows were lowered. “I’ve been looking for you. We need to get out of here before it rains. Come on,” he said, tugging her toward the parking lot.

It took her until they reached the motorcycle to realize what the hurry was. Duh. Of course it would be unpleasant to ride in the rain. She zipped the teddy bear he’d bought her inside the leather jacket as they hustled toward the motorcycle.

He picked up the helmet and began to slip it on, then stopped with a frown. “Have you been smoking?”

She shrugged. “Yeah, so?”

His lips flattened. “You’re too young to smoke.”

“I’m twenty years old,” she said, lifting her chin.

He put his arm around the front of her waist and turned her sideways to smack her backside. “You don’t need to try to look glamorous by smoking, LuAnn Walter.”

Her face flooded with heat at being swatted in public. She needed to dissuade him of this image he had of her, right away. Why couldn’t he see she had grown up and was ready to play at his speed? “Why shouldn’t I be able to smoke? You do.”

“Well, I’m an adult.” He grasped her chin with his fingers, holding her face captive.

“Were you smoking to impress me?”

“What? No,” she said, but her protest came out too loud and shrill to sound true. She hadn’t been. Not really. But maybe wearing his leather jacket and seeing him smoking had made her want to accept that cigarette from Beth.

“The truth, little girl.”

She stamped her foot and tried to pull her chin away, but his fingers tightened. “I am not a little girl.”

“You are. You’re my little girl to watch over, remember? Listen to me, mouse. No more smoking. I’ll quit, too. I don’t want to be a bad influence on you.”

She rolled her eyes. He made her sound like a thirteen-year-old girl who still hero-worshipped him and copied everything he did. That wasn’t it. She smoked because she was a grown up, exercising her independence and pleasure.



## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

He popped her butt again. “Do not roll your eyes at me, young lady, or I will bend you over this motorcycle seat and spank you in front of everyone at this carnival.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

He folded his arms across his chest and smirked. “Try me.”

She flushed and looked away. She didn’t want to cave in, but didn’t dare to test him.

He grasped her nape and pulled her close, so close she lost her breath when her breasts came in contact with his ribs. “Say, I promise I won’t smoke again, Daddy,” he rumbled.

Her sex contracted. She couldn’t decide if he was teasing by calling himself Daddy or if he really meant it. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out.

His lips were inches from hers and his slate blue eyes bored into her with an intensity that made her entire body flush with heat. “Say it, little girl, or I will punish you, right here and now.”

Another squeeze of her vaginal muscles and a slithering sensation in her belly.

“I...” She cleared her throat. “I promise I won’t smoke again... Daddy .” Her nipples tingled, tightening under her cone-shaped bra.

His lips curved into a satisfied smile. “Good girl,” he murmured and planted a kiss—darn it all—on her forehead, not her lips.

Still, she basked in his approval, which warmed her to her toes.

He didn't break their gaze as he reached for the motorcycle helmet and slid it over her head, buckling the chin strap. He looked at the sky and his smile faded, his expression tightening. "Come on, mouse. We need to hurry."

She settled behind him on the bike seat, wrapping her arms around his waist.

He started the motorcycle and kicked off, wasting no time getting them out of the parking lot and back on the highway.

Rain began to fall only a few miles later, first a few drops, and then a steady downpour.

She hunched her shoulders and hid her face against his back, feeling guilty that she wore his jacket and he was left unprotected.

The sky darkened. Their speed made the drops of rain bite, stinging her legs and arms and anywhere else they hit.

The thin Capri pants clung to her legs, soaked.

By the time they made it back to his apartment, her teeth were chattering with cold, her body shivering and shaking.

Brad couldn't believe he had driven LuAnn on his motorcycle in the rain. It was utterly irresponsible of him. In addition to being unsafe, he now feared she would catch her death of cold, because her slender body trembled in paroxysmal shivers.

He parked the bike and helped her off, putting an arm around her waist and hurrying her upstairs to his apartment.

“Come on, let’s get you into a hot bath.” He led her toward the bathroom.

She made no protest, looking small beneath his helmet and leather jacket.

He turned on the hot water in the tub and took the helmet from her hands when she removed it.

He moved to unzip his jacket before she could.

Something about her, looking so cold and lost, brought out the protector in him.

He needed to take care of her now, needed to be the one who fixed this mistake he’d made.

He shucked the jacket and began to unbutton her blouse.

She looked down at his hands, her green eyes widening in surprise.

“What?” If she had protested, he probably would have stopped. But she just shook her head so he went on.

Of course it was wrong. He knew it was wrong, and yet the knowing made it all the more enticing. He opened the soaked blouse, revealing her white bra, constructed out of satin with the stiff cones that made her breasts look like twin mountain peaks. He reached behind her and released the fasteners.

She gasped and shifted, taking a side step but then stumbling back like a nervous filly.

“It’s okay,” he murmured, turning her around to face the tub and cupping her breasts from behind. He rolled her nipples between his fingers, pinching and rubbing them.

Her breath turned ragged.

“I’m going to get you warmed up,” he said, as if he acted only to keep her from catching a chill. His raging libido said otherwise.

She held still, the trembling changing from the larger shivers of cold to something more internal.

“You’re being a very good girl,” he praised her. “Daddy likes it when you let him undress you for bath time.”

One of her knees buckled and he caught her around the waist, pressing his hips against her low back, his erection straining against his wet jeans.

He leaned forward and nibbled on the shell of her ear, warming the cold flesh with his breath.

Returning to his exploration of her breasts, he squeezed one of her nipples, gradually increasing the pressure until she made a squeak of protest.

“These little breasts belong to Daddy.” He didn’t even know where the words were coming from, but they sounded so wicked, so right, a surge of lust nearly made him dizzy. He needed more now . How far would she let him go?

She kicked off her pumps. He unzipped the back of her Capri pants and peeled them down to pile in a damp heap at their feet.

She stood in nothing but her panties. He dropped to a crouch at her feet and kissed her calf, then her inner thigh, wrapping his hands around her sweet little backside.

Leaning forward, he pressed his face against her panty-clad pussy and bit at her

nether lips with his teeth.

She swayed against his hold, her hands coming to grasp his hair. He nipped again, then peeled the panties down and planted a kiss at the apex of her sex.

“Brad?” The uncertainty in her voice tugged at his heart.

His vulnerable little girl. So unsure of herself, so unaware of her own perfection and beauty. Of course he was making a bad girl out of her. He really should stop.

“Shh,” he said. “Daddy wants to take care of you.” He stood up, turning off the water and taking her hand. “Climb in, baby girl.”

She obeyed, stepping into the hot water and sitting, leaning her back against the tub and slumping down so the water covered most of her delectable body.

He stood and looked down at her, drinking in the sight.

His eyes roamed from her flushed face and dilated eyes, down to her peach-tipped breasts, which seemed to float on the water, nipples puckered and beaded up from his touch.

Further down, her soft belly and the thatch of silky brown curls beckoned to him.

A devious thought crossed his mind. He opened the cabinet and took out his razor and shaving cream. “Little girls should be bare for their daddies,” he said softly.

Her eyes widened. “Wh-what?”

“When you’re all warmed up, I want you to sit up on the edge of the tub so Daddy can shave you.”

Her cheeks turned a dark shade of pink, which traveled down her neck and across her chest. “I-you can’t.” She shook her head.

“Do you need a spanking on your bare, wet bottom to remind you who’s in charge around here?”

Her chin dropped and she gaped at him.

He knelt beside the tub and dipped his hand in the water, stroking her calf, up the outside of her leg to settle on her hip. “You’re my little girl, and I want to shave you.”

“But why?”

He gave her a devilish grin. “It’s what Daddy wants. And daddies always get what they want.”

He knew he had crossed the line of what was appropriate the moment he began undressing her, and yet touching her felt so right, and the words he spoke seemed to excite her as much as they did him, even if she seemed confused. Of course she was bewildered, poor little pet.

“My darling mouse. I won’t hurt you. Can you believe that?”

Her head wobbled on her neck, but it appeared to be a nod.

“And I promise if you’re a good girl, I will make you feel wonderful after your bath.”

Her eyes searched his for meaning, but he said no more, continuing to stroke her wet body.

She swallowed, locking her gaze with his, and climbed out of the tub, sitting on the

edge with her knees pressed together.

He crouched in front of her and pried them apart. "Open for Daddy."

She blushed again, her hands fluttering to her face and covering it.

"That's it," he encouraged. "You don't have to look. Just keep your knees wide open." He pulled them out as wide as she could handle.

He picked up the shaving cream and brush and painted it all over her mons, coating her thatch of curls.

Using his straight razor, he took his time to shave her mound bare.

He pulled her labia closed to protect her delicate bits as he shaved the surrounding area.

A tell-tale slickness met his fingers, and he made a point of brushing his fingers lightly over the length of her slit several times as he worked.

LuAnn remained perfectly silent, holding still for him, but hiding behind her hands.

"There," he said when he'd finished. "Climb back in the tub to rinse off the shaving cream."

She dropped her hands, cheeks still pink, and climbed into the tub.

He reached in to run his fingers across her mons, pleased with the smoothness he found there. "Mmm," he said. "What a sweet little pussy." He stood up and held out a towel. "Pull the plug, sweetheart, it's time for bed."

She obeyed and climbed out, allowing him to wrap her into the towel and dry her off. When he finished, he wound it around her head, and took her hand, leading her, naked, into his bedroom.

She hadn't spoken. He supposed she was as shocked as he was with his behavior. Yet if she wanted him to stop, she would have said something. No, her body told him everything—her nipples were beaded up and pointed, her skin flushed.

“Lie down.” He pulled the covers back.

She sat on the bed, twisting her fingers in her lap.

He leaned over and pressed a kiss to her forehead. “This is the part where I make you feel good, baby girl. I’m not going to have sex with you, if that’s what you’re afraid of.”

Was that disappointment on her face? Embarrassment and confusion, certainly, but he thought he saw something else there.



## Page 9

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His cock strained at his jeans at the idea of being inside her. But no...he wouldn't go that far. LuAnn was a virgin. He wouldn't take that from her.

LuAnn couldn't breathe. She didn't know what kind of game Brad was playing with her, but she didn't want it ever to end. Her entire body vibrated with desire.

Why would he undress her, shave her, and take her to his bed, but not have sex with her? She couldn't understand it. He had picked up a bottle of something from his nightstand and squirted some kind of liquid in his hand.

"Lie back, mouse," he said, his voice sounding deeper than normal. His eyes had darkened, appearing midnight blue now instead of their usual ocean.

She eased back onto her elbows, watching his movements.

"This is baby oil." He tipped the bottle and dribbled some on her tummy. Her muscles jerked and quivered at the sensation.

Brad grasped her wrists, pulling her forearms away from covering her breasts and pinning them over her head. With his other hand, he began to massage the oil into her skin, his hand hot against her flesh, searing her with his caresses.

She bit her lips to keep from moaning, closing her eyes. Her entire body trembled, and not just from nerves. Something in her inner core clenched and released.

He coated her breasts with the oil, circling around her nipples and squeezing them into stiff peaks. Stroking down her side, he rubbed around her flank, his fingertips

sliding underneath her to cup her bottom.

She sighed, waves of pleasure cascading through her.

He dragged his hand down her thigh, rounded over her knee, then slid up between her legs.

She inhaled sharply, squeezing her thighs together.

He made a tscking sound. “Open for Daddy, mouse. I want to make you feel good tonight.”

For some reason, tears pricked her eyes. Not because she didn’t want him to touch her, but just from the sheer intensity of her emotions—embarrassment and desire tangled up in the shock of her first intimacy with a man.

“Are you scared, mouse?”

She shook her head.

“I won’t hurt you, I promise. You can trust me.”

She did trust him and if she was afraid, it was only of falling madly in love with a man she was pretty sure she couldn’t have. But that was no reason to deny this moment. She relaxed her gripping muscles, allowing him to slide higher, closer and closer to her pulsing sex.

The moment he touched her there, a jolt of electricity ran through her and her bottom popped off the bed.

“Shh.” He stroked a finger along her honeyed slit.

She'd never felt anything like it before. She had touched her sex, but she didn't remember it being so wet or slick. And she didn't remember the sensations reverberating through every part of her body the way his touch did.

Her knees fell open and her head dropped back as she opened to his ministrations.

He found a place that made her hips fly up off the bed, her muscles squeezing.

Climbing over her, he used both hands now to explore her body.

He pushed one of her knees up and out to the side and parted her nether lips with his thumbs.

She whimpered and covered her eyes with her hand, too embarrassed to look. She wished the lights were out, or the covers were up.

"What a pretty pussy you have," he murmured, bringing the pad of his thumb to that sensitive place again and gently rubbing.

Her teeth clamped shut and she bucked again, a cry stopping in her throat.

"Do you like that, mouse?"

An incoherent sound came from her lips.

He traced the inner lips of her sex, spreading her nectar up to her clit, then slid one finger inside her.

"You're so tight, baby girl. I'm just using my pinky finger," he said. He pushed it inside her and pulled it out again.

She was a virgin, but it didn't hurt—it didn't seem like enough, somehow. She arched her back, begging for more.

He removed his little finger and slid a thicker one inside, getting deeper this time until she felt him tickling her inner wall.

She squirmed, her hips dancing up and down.

He pinned her pelvis to the bed and lowered his head to her sex, flicking his tongue over her sensitive nub at the same time he pushed one finger in and out of her.

She cried out, trying to squirm under his hold, the feeling too intense.

“I’m going to count to three and I want you to come.”

She wasn't sure what he wanted or what he meant, but he began to count.

“One...” He shoved his finger deeper, the knuckles of his hand pressing against her entrance with delicious pressure. “Two...” He pumped his finger faster, in and out, while he sucked at her nub.

She wanted to scream and tear his hair out. She flailed beneath him, frantic for something, but she didn't know what.

“Three.”

She came unglued, her body convulsing, her sex squeezing his finger as wave after wave of release washed over her.

He held his finger buried deep inside her, but he continued to suck her button until her climax had passed.

She lay back, limp as a rag doll, her arms and legs splayed open without shame.

Brad kissed up her belly, to her breasts and neck and finally settled over her, bringing his lips to hers.

She wrapped her arms around his neck as he gave her a sensuous kiss, his tongue licking against the seam of her lips until she parted them and gave him entry.

To her great disappointment, he climbed off her, looking somewhat pained. She didn't miss the gigantic bulge in his pants where his manhood had swelled.

He pulled the covers up to her chin and tucked both teddy bears in beside her. "Good night, sweet girl."

"Am I going to bed?" she asked in a wobbly voice. "I can't sleep naked—I, uh, need my nightgown."

A wicked-looking grin crossed his face. "Daddy put you to bed naked. That means you sleep in the nude."

She stared up at him, eyes round as saucers, trying to understand. He wasn't going to sleep with her, but he wanted her to remain naked...it didn't make sense.

Brad switched off the light, leaving her lying in the dark, feeling about as small as a four-year-old put to bed by her Daddy.

Small in a cherished and loved sort of way.

Her entire body radiated warmth from his caresses and her climax.

Her sex still pulsed, slick and swollen from his ministrations.

As satisfying as it had been, she still wanted more.

She wanted Brad naked, covering her body with his own.

Golly, she'd never felt more aroused in her life.

And confused. She rolled to her side, tucking both teddy bears against her chest. She wondered what it would be like to sleep with Brad instead.

Would he pull her into his muscled chest the way she held the bears?

She imagined how safe and cared for she'd feel.

Why had he simply pleased her and left to sleep on the couch? Nothing about her sexy stepbrother made sense, did it?

*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

Brad sat across from the Jones Architecture client and listened as Jeff Jones, his boss and the owner of the company, tried to upsell the poor client a million features in his new home that he didn't need.

The way he'd been trained, the true art of architecture was designing the most functional and beautiful structure and still remain in budget.

He remembered his professor had said, "Anyone can design a palace to perfection with unlimited funds. However, it takes true talent to make it fit in your client's price range."

The annoying part of it all was that Mr. Jones was in cahoots with the builder, who provided him kickbacks for recommending or insisting on unnecessarily expensive building materials.

The client, Mr. Washburn, sat sweating. The cost of his home had crept up each time so that now he was looking at almost one-third again what he'd originally set as his high-end cap.

And Mr. Jones had a remarkable way of selling things to Mrs. Washburn so that her husband became the bad guy every time he said no.

She was a pretty young wife, with ribbons in her hair and a crisp, cherry-print dress. Of course, Washburn wanted to give her everything she dreamed of. And he thought it was horrible that the man was being diminished in his wife's eyes because of this house.

These were the things that made him want to start his own business. He would run it with integrity. He would give his customers the very best possible product and not try to rip them off with foolish notions.

“Jonathan, wouldn’t the breakfast nook be lovely?” Mrs. Washburn cooed.

A knock sounded on the conference room door and Miss Frank, the secretary, poked her head in. “I’m so sorry to disturb you, Mr. Jones, but your wife is on the phone and she says it’s an emergency.”

Mr. Jones frowned, but quickly recovered. “Well, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll leave you in Brad’s capable hands for a few minutes.”

Mr. Washburn spoke the moment the door shut, as if he’d been waiting for a chance to speak with him alone. “You did the original design, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you approve of all the upgrades Mr. Jones recommends?”

He hesitated. It would be very bad form to say anything negative about his boss or the way he ran his business. If he valued his job, he would keep his mouth shut.

“Come on, you can tell me the truth. What would you do, if you were me?”

Brad drew in a deep breath, looking toward the door as if Mr. Jones might pop back through it at any moment. “To be perfectly honest, sir?”

“Yes, that’s what I’m asking.”

“I would insist on using the original design and nothing more.”



Mr. Washburn straightened his spine. “That’s what I thought. I’m glad to know my instincts were right about you and about him,” he said, lifting his chin toward the door. “I think I will take my business elsewhere.”

Brad jolted in his seat. “Oh, no, Mr. Washburn. There’s no sense in starting over. We already have a design that worked for you.”

“I know, but I can’t work with someone I don’t trust. Don’t you worry, I won’t tell Jones what you said to me. And if you want to design my house for me on the side, I’d be happy to pay you to do it.”

Brad stared at the man, waffling between loyalty to his employer and the golden opportunity laid before him.

But having one client didn’t mean he could sustain a business, and he’d have to quit to take this job, because it would surely come out when they arrived at the building phase, and then he’d be fired on the spot.

Washburn slid his business card across the desk. “Think it over, sonny,” he said and stood up. “I’d like to give you the business, and I’ll be sure to tell everyone I know how honest and trustworthy you are.”

Brad took the card and dropped it into his jacket pocket, clearing his throat. Before he could answer, Mr. Jones entered.

LuAnn walked out of her interior design class filled with ideas.

She wondered if Brad would mind if she redecorated his apartment.

Despite the fact that he was an architect, the place had few, if any, decorative touches.

It sported a Davenport, sitting chair and a television—a new one, twenty-one inches—which must have cost a fortune.

Nothing on the walls besides the hooks to hang hats and jackets.

She supposed he just paid attention to structure. Or maybe he just didn't bother for his own place.

“Hi, Lu,” a friendly voice sang out.

She turned around to see Beth walking toward her.

“How's your man?”

She blushed, remembering the things Brad had done to her the night before. How had she gone from a good girl pretending to be fast, to a very naughty girl overnight? She didn't even feel ashamed, although she ought to. She just was incapable of saying no to Brad.

“He's good, I guess.”

“Where are you headed now?”

She shrugged. She didn't have to rush home, because she'd given herself extra wiggle room by telling Brad she had another afternoon class. “I was just going to go to the library. How about you?”

“I have a date with a Battleton boy,” Beth said, “but not for another hour. Want to grab a cup of coffee?”

“I'd love to, thanks.”

The women walked to the student union and poured coffee from the urn, mixing it with cream and sugar. They sat down by a window and sipped the hot liquid.

“I don’t know why Sarah Wharton and Battleton don’t combine. All the other colleges are coed these days,” Beth complained.

“I know, but my father would not have let me go to college at all except to a women’s college.”

“What did he say about your trouble with the dorms?”

She nibbled her lip. “He doesn’t know yet. My parents are in Europe at the moment.”

“Well, we’re so close to graduation now, he can hardly pull you. I mean, he’s paid for two years’ worth of tuition, he’d be a fool not to let you get your teacher’s certificate.”

“That’s what I’m hoping.” She ignored the stab of guilt from her deceit. The thought of her time with Brad ending brought on a fresh twist of anxiety. But she couldn’t think about that right now. She needed to make the most of the experience while she had it.

They finished their coffee and she accompanied Beth to the front of the Student Union, where she planned to meet her date.

“What’s his name?” she asked.

“Tom McGuire.”

She choked on the breath she’d been drawing, the memory of being mauled by him still fresh in her mind. Her hand drifted to her bruised breast. “Be careful, Beth. He’s

the type who doesn't stop when a girl says no. Where is he taking you?"

A red convertible pulled up, the offending Battleton boy behind the wheel. A jolt went through LuAnn when she realized he wore a piece of tape over his nose, as if it had been recently broken. Had Brad done that?

She shouldn't be so thrilled. She really shouldn't.

"I don't plan to say no," Beth said with a naughty smirk. "I'll see you later. Thanks for the chat."

Tom glowered at her from the window and touched his broken nose. "Are you two friends?" he called out through the open window.

Was he not even going to get out and open the door for Beth? What a cad. She lifted her chin. "Yes, we are. I hope you're on your best behavior with her."

"You shouldn't have invited me to your room if you had a boyfriend," he said, causing Beth to turn and gape at her.

She gave a quick shake of her head, her mind reeling.

Had Brad pretended to be her boyfriend and not her brother?

Her heart skipped a beat. She gave the bewildered Beth a quick embrace.

"Call me if you need me to pick you up or anything," she said, scribbling Brad's phone number on a piece of notebook paper and pressing it into her friend's hand. "And be careful."

"I'll be fine. But, thanks," Beth said.

She turned away before she had to talk more to Tom.

Brad had defended her. The memory of his daddy game returned to her. She loved being the subject of his protection and tender care and if he wanted to call himself daddy, it was fine with her.

Her own father loved her, she knew that, but he hadn't had much time for her growing up.

Her mom had died when she was six, so he'd hired Mrs. Appleton as their housekeeper, and she'd been the one who really raised her.

Brad's mom had entered their lives when she was thirteen, and she'd offered LuAnn love as well, but she'd also taken what little of her father's attention she'd had.

Having a male who lavished her with the attention and affectionate regard she'd always longed for came as an intense pleasure.

The fact that it came in the package of Brad Stanford, her sexy stepbrother, made it all the better.

And worse. Because even though she'd never felt so safe and cared for in her life, she wasn't sure why he was doing it.

Was he really just filling in until their parents returned?

Or did he have romantic feelings for her too?

Brad fingered Mr. Washburn's card in his pocket. He'd told LuAnn he planned to start his own firm someday. It was the first time he'd voiced his ambition, and now it seemed the act of voicing it had set wheels in motion. He had an opportunity—did he

risk his job and run with it?

The rebel in him wanted to. Ironically, it would effectively put an end to all his devil may care activities.

It was long past time to buy a car and sell the Ducati, but he'd been clinging to his bad boy image for the past few years, despite his professional job.

He'd been refusing to look for a wife, refusing to grow up.

Something about having LuAnn in his apartment changed his outlook on everything. She trusted and admired him, and that made him want to be worthy of her sweet esteem. He hated that she'd tried to emulate his bad habits—smoking and running with fast girls.

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He knew he'd crossed a line with her when he'd taken things beyond the point of propriety the night before and the guilt at defiling her innocence weighed on him, but it also made him consider a future he'd never dreamed of before for himself. One with LuAnn at the center of his life.

Suddenly, his entire existence had shifted.

The meaninglessness of plodding through work, the need to act like a teenager standing up against authority outside of his office job, all fell away.

Things seemed brighter now. He could imagine a life with purpose—with a little wife to care for and keep.

A naughty little housewife who required his protection and punishment.

He pulled out Mr. Washburn's card and stared at it. He would need to make a decision soon. And not just about the job...

LuAnn had seen little of Brad since the night he shaved her private parts and put her to bed naked.

She had a feeling he was avoiding her. Things had gone too far, and now he'd pulled back.

Just like her friend Jenny Hill and her boyfriend Mark back in high school, They'd made it to third base and then he'd immediately dumped her.

He'd been afraid, they'd decided. Because he was a good Catholic boy and they both had been so close to going all the way and losing their respective virginities. Poor Jenny had been devastated.

Not that Brad was a virgin—she was one hundred percent sure of that. But he probably felt guilty about sullyng her. Or maybe because he still thought of her as just “mouse,” his bratty little sister. That thought depressed her.

She had dinner ready for him when he came home that night—meatloaf and steamed carrots with butter. She'd set the table and had the food covered to stay warm while she waited, studying.

He came in, looking as dapper as ever in his button-down shirt and tie. She had a hard time deciding which look she liked better—the James Dean bad boy in jeans and the leather jacket or this one—the handsome young professional.

She stood up and smoothed the fluffy skirt of her gingham halter dress. If she was his wife, she'd greet him at the door with his favorite drink and a kiss. The idea thrilled her. To be Brad Stanford's wife... But he didn't seem the marrying type. Playboys didn't marry, did they?

He carried a thin paper bag under his arm and he handed it to her. “Here, mouse. I bought you a present.”

“For me? Really?” She snatched the flat package from his hands, tearing into it. “Oh, Brad, thank you!” she exclaimed when she saw the new Debbie Reynolds album. “How did you know I wanted this?”

He grinned. “You're always singing that “Tammy” song. I figured you might like to play it, too.”



She threw her arms around his neck, forgetting to be sophisticated. “You’re the best.”

He took the album from her and walked to the record player, putting it on.

She watched him, her chest filled with warmth. “I made you...um, us, some dinner,” she said.

“Thank you, mouse.” His easygoing smile made her knees go weak.

“I could make you a drink. I mean, I could have a drink waiting for you when you got home, if I knew what you liked.”

When he gave her a strange look, she knew she’d gone too far. She wasn’t his wife. She was a stepsister whose presence he had to endure for a few weeks, no more. Her face grew warm.

“I’m starved, kiddo. What’s for dinner?”

“Meatloaf and carrots,” she said. “It’s your mom’s recipe.” Okay, now that just underlined the fact that she was family, not a love interest. They shared parents, for God’s sake.

She shoved all her fantasies about Brad Stanford out of her mind and sat down at the worn wooden table to eat.

She ran her fingers over one of the scratches in the wood.

If he’d let her decorate his place, she’d beg him to buy one of the fancy new Formica tables.

She’d seen one she absolutely loved—white with red chairs. So chic.

“Brad?”

“Yes, mouse?”

“Did you pay a visit to Tom McGuire?”

Brad’s expression darkened and he stopped with his fork halfway to his mouth. “Why?” His voice was as hard as steel.

She smiled and dropped her eyes to her plate. “You did that to his nose, didn’t you?”

His shoulders relaxed. “He didn’t speak to you, did he?”

“No, I just saw him driving by.”

“Good.”

She waited, but he said nothing more, and she didn’t press. She had her answer, and she loved it.

They finished the meal and she washed the dishes and put away the leftovers. After wiping the table clean, she spread her books and notes out on it to return to her homework

Brad leaned over her and flipped her text book back to read the cover. “Advanced Algebra, eh? How are the studies going?”

“Boring,” she sighed. “I don’t really see why I’d need to know this to teach in an elementary school.”

“Well that’s true,” he said, sliding in to sit beside her. “How is your grade in this

class?”

“B minus.”

“We’ll have to get that one up. I’ve been meaning to go over all your classes with you. I’m sorry I haven’t had a chance until now.” He pulled a piece of paper from his shirt pocket and unfolded it. It was the list she’d made of her class times. He scanned it. “How do you like interior design?”

She perked up. “I love it. I have a solid A minus in that class.”

“Good girl.”

His approval shouldn’t mean so much to her, but she loved the interest he took in her and her classes.

“How about your English and History courses?”

“A minus and B plus.”

“Good. What other classes do you have?”

“That’s all this semester,” she said, then stopped, realizing she’d tripped up.

He glanced at the paper. “What’s this one?” he asked and pointed to the class time she’d listed every afternoon from two-thirty to four.

She nibbled her lip. Okay, that wasn’t actually a real class, it was the one she’d written down to give herself some wiggle room. She hadn’t wanted to stay cooped up in his apartment by herself all day, every day. She’d go crazy. “Uh, that one is a hands’ on teaching lab.”

He lifted his brows with interest, which increased her guilt over lying. “Oh yeah? Which class is it associated with?”

“Um...it’s...”

“Are you lying to me, mouse?”

“Well, no, what do you mean?”

His eyes narrowed. “It was a simple question. I get the feeling you’re lying about something. What is it?”

She shivered. How did he know? “What makes you think that?”

“You have three seconds to come clean, or I’m going to get a wooden spoon from the kitchen and?—”

“I don’t really have a class,” she said quickly. “I made that one up so I wouldn’t be stuck here all the time.” She winced at his darkening expression.

“So you decided to defy my rules, little girl?” He pulled out a kitchen chair and sat down on it. “Your little bottom is going to be very sorry. Lift up your skirt, pull down your panties and lie across my lap. Now. One...”

The firmness in his tone had her scrambling to her feet. Was he actually mad? “Two...”

She wrestled her skirt up and slid down her panties.

“Three...”

She dived over his lap like a scared rabbit.

He ran his hand over her bare buttocks, circling them. Shivers of anticipation shot through her. She tensed when his hand lifted away. When it returned with force, she squeaked in surprise.

He set a brisk pace, spanking her bottom in a pattern of left, right, middle over and over again. “LuAnn Walter, I already warned you once about lying.”

She bucked at the stinging blows. “Ouch...oh! I know—I’m sorry.”

“Not only did you lie, but you acted in a deceitful way, tricking me to avoid part of your punishment, which was to remain in this apartment studying when you’re not in classes.”

“I’m sorry.” She wriggled under his rapid-fire smacks, finding his hand almost as hard as the hairbrush he’d wielded that first night.

“Ouch, ooh,” she cried. “Please.” Worse than the stinging pain, his displeasure with her made her want to crawl under the table.

She wanted his forgiveness, needed to earn his approval again.

And her body’s incomprehensible reaction to the spanking was to make her pussy pulse with heat.

What was wrong with her? She shouldn’t be thinking about Brad’s fingers shoving inside her again, nor about the way he’d rubbed baby oil all over her body a few nights before.

And yet, that was all her brain conjured. Desire coiled deep in her core.

Oh, dear—oh, heavens! A gush of liquid released from her sex, wetting her inner thighs.

Brad stopped paddling her.

Mortified, she rolled off his lap in a lurch, desperate to hide her face.

Brad caught her with a strong arm around her waist and pulled her back onto his lap.

She twisted her neck to bury her face in his shirt. She would have preferred he tossed her back over his knees for more spanking than to have to face him now.

“Hey,” he said softly, his hand at her face gentle. “Look at me.”

She pressed her cheek against his shoulder, refusing to obey.

“Are you embarrassed?”

She whimpered.

“Do you know what happened?”

She gave her head a subtle shake. Did he know? It sort of seemed like she’d peed on him, except she hadn’t released her bladder.

“Baby, that was hot. The guys I hang around with—they like to brag that they can get a girl to squirt, but I thought it was a myth. I’ve never seen it before. You’re my first.” He nudged her head until she faced him.

She opened first one eye and then the other. “That—that was a good thing?”

“Heck, yeah. That was every man’s fantasy. And I wasn’t even touching you there.” He pressed his lips to hers with soft exploration. “Very hot, mouse,” he murmured.

A liquid warmth filled her chest, snaking down her core and pooling between her legs. She kissed him back, parting her lips and extending the tip of her tongue to tease him.

He pulled away and smiled at her, stroking her cheek.

“It wasn’t pee,” she said, needing to make sure he knew.

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*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

Brad's lips twitched. "You know what, mouse? Even if it had been pee, there'd be no reason for you to be ashamed. You're my baby girl and I'm your daddy. I would simply put you in the bath to clean you up."

A fresh bloom of heat licked through her as she remembered the last time he'd given her a bath.

He must have remembered, too, because his hand moved up her thigh, under her skirt.

Her panties were still tangled around her thighs, so his palm reached her bare buttock, hot from his punishment. He squeezed.

"And afterward, I would rub you down with baby oil," he said.

"But since your spanking wasn't finished, I wouldn't be able to give you any pleasure.

I'd have to spank your bottom again, and the oil would make it sting even worse.

"He was dirty-talking, she realized. And it worked, because more moisture leaked between her legs.

He gripped her buttock more firmly, his fingers pressing into her smarting flesh.

"What did I tell you would happen if you lied to Daddy again?"

Distracted by thoughts of Brad rubbing her naked body with oil she simply blinked at



him.

“Do you remember?”

Her tummy clenched when she recalled his threat. She nodded.

“Say it.”

“You said I’d have to stand in the corner with my spanked bottom on display.”

“That’s right, baby girl.” He picked her up and stood her on her feet between his knees. Pointing to the corner, he lifted his chin.

She hesitated, but he raised one eyebrow, looking displeased again. She leaped into action, spinning around and heading for the corner.

“Hold your skirts up so I can see those rosy red cheeks.”

Her pussy clenched. Why on earth would he want to see her punished bottom?

She wrapped her fingers in her skirt and hiked it up, inch by inch until it reached her waist. Imagining what her bottom must look like from his perspective, she squeezed her cheeks together reflexively, then forced them to relax. This couldn’t be more mortifying.

Or maybe it could. A few minutes later a knock sounded at the door and she whirled, dropping her skirts and giving Brad a panicked look.

“Go into my bedroom and shut the door.”

She didn’t wait to be told twice, scurrying for the safety of the bedroom, her face hot

with shame at the idea of her humiliating punishment being witnessed. She heard the sound of a female voice, but it didn't sound like Mrs. V. She paced the room, twisting her fingers. Who could it be?

Brad's raging erection thankfully eased at the interruption, but the sight of Dottie, one of the girls he'd been casually dating before LuAnn moved in, did not come as a pleasant surprise. He leaned against the doorframe, blocking the door. "Hi, Dottie, what's going on?"

"Nothing, I just was in the neighborhood. I thought I'd stop in and say hello." She unzipped her pink jacket a little, calling attention to her ample cleavage.

He groaned inwardly. "I'm sorry, now is not a good time for me, okay, sugar?"

She stepped closer and grasped his shirt, batting her eyelashes. "Are you sure? I thought we could go dancing. You're the best jitterbug partner around, you know. Or we could stay in..." She tried to move past him into the apartment.

"Nope. I'm busy tonight. I may be tied up for quite a while, actually."

Her smile stiffened and her eyes shifted to look over his shoulder. "Well...all right," she said, clearly in no hurry to leave. "I guess I'll see you later."

"Yep. I guess so. Bye, Dottie." He shut the door to end any further conversation and sighed.

He hoped LuAnn hadn't heard and been further mortified.

While he enjoyed humiliating her for his pleasure, actually degrading her in front of someone else was a totally different thing and he didn't want to lose the trust she had in him.

He walked in the bedroom to see LuAnn dart to the corner with a rustle of skirts, hoisting the hem to show off her still-bared bottom.

Lust kicked through him. She still wanted to play.

Or to please him. Either way, she was just the way he wanted her.

He crossed his arms and leaned against the doorway.

“LuAnn, since you were very naughty, I’m going to have to use my belt on you tonight.”

She peeked over her shoulder, her eyes wide with fear.

He pointed at the bed. “Bend over the side of my mattress.” He unbuckled his belt and pulled it from the loops.

She backed away from him. “Brad, no, please. I’ve learned my lesson, I swear!”

He gave her a hard look. “I think you’re close. I’m going to give you five strokes with my belt, and after each one you will say, I will never lie to Daddy again . Understand?”

She nibbled her lip, but walked over, as he instructed.

He wondered if the high color in her cheeks was from embarrassment or arousal. He suspected a bit of both.

She folded her torso over the edge of the bed.

“Lift your skirts, LuAnn. From now on, I will always spank you on the bare, and if

you fail to present yourself properly, I will ask you to take off all your clothes.” He used a sharp, scolding tone, and judging from her blush and widened eyes, she didn’t enjoy his displeasure.

She hoisted her skirt, gathering it up under her arms. Her bottom still held the color from her hand-spanking, rosy splotches concentrated over her sit spots.

He could spank her all night and never grow tired of it.

The little squeaks and moans she made, the way she danced under his hand, the incredible sight her bare bottom presented, all intoxicated him.

He rolled the buckle end of his belt around his fist to shorten the length of the strap to about a foot and a half. Although he’d only promised her five strokes, he intended to make them memorable. Her lie had irritated him and he didn’t want the behavior repeated.

He’d never spanked a girl with a belt before, so he took careful aim, not wanting to miss his mark. Snapping it down, he caught both buttocks across the middle.

LuAnn gave a muffled scream, her fingers twisting into his bedcovers.

He waited. One second passed, then two.

“I will never lie to Daddy again!” she cried, as if she’d only just caught her breath to speak.

“Good girl.” He swung the belt again, making a neat line precisely below the first.

Her feet pranced on the floor and she sobbed into the covers. “I will never, ever lie to Daddy again.”

The third stripe landed below the first two, at the juncture where buttocks meets thigh.

She squeezed her buttocks and bounced on her feet, making panicked sounds, her face still buried. "I will never lie to Daddy." She sounded breathless again.

For the fourth welt, he made a diagonal stripe from her right down to her left, then used a backhanded swing to lay one on the opposite diagonal after she'd spoken.

Her back shook, but she still managed to speak the words he'd ordered.

The task completed, he scooped her up into his arms and carried her around to the head of the bed, where he sat down with his back against the headboard, her shaking body cradled in his arms.

He thumbed away her tears. "Shh. It's over now and Daddy's forgiven you. We won't speak of it again."

She pressed herself against him, as if she couldn't be close enough.

Wrapping his arms around her, he rocked her side to side, murmuring sweet endearments into her silky hair.

She reached for her panties, but he stopped her, dragging them off her.

"Daddy's not finished with his baby girl yet," he murmured in her ear.

She shivered, but he doubted it was from fear.

"LuAnn," he said huskily, "Your body belongs to Daddy." He caressed her welted bottom with his palm, making light circles over the swollen flesh. "This bottom

belongs to Daddy, and when you're naughty, Daddy will punish it on the outside and inside."

Her head jerked up, her eyes wide.

"If Daddy decides you've learned your lesson, then he can make it pleasurable for you. If he thinks you still require correcting, he will use it to help you remember who you belong to."

Her breath had quickened—the sobbing breaths long gone, replaced by short inhalations that made her perky breasts heave. "D-do you think I've learned my lesson?"

The question pleased him. It meant she didn't question or object to anything he'd asserted, only wanted to know which treatment to expect.

He smiled and brushed his lips across hers.

"Yes, baby girl. You took your spanking very well. Daddy is proud of you. Now, I want you to take off your clothes and lie across my lap again."

To his delight, she obeyed, scrambling back off him and turning her back as she unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it from her shoulders. The corset-bra followed, then the girdle and skirt. She crisscrossed her arms over her breasts and turned around.

"LuAnn, drop your arms. You never hide from Daddy."

She licked her lips and the sight of her tongue made him dizzy.

"Now, baby girl." He brought a tinge of warning to his voice.

She dropped her arms, clasping her fingers in front of her little pussy instead.

He patted his lap. "Lie down, mouse."

She crawled over him with her bottom raised in the air and settled exactly where he wanted her.

She was perfection. Seeing her like this made him vow to only spank her in the nude, despite his earlier edict.

Her naked breasts pressed into the bed, her slender shoulders hunched.

The graceful curve of her spine led to the delightful dimples at the back of her pelvis.

And then there was her glorious ass. He loved the way it looked bearing his marks.

He pinned her wrists at her lower back. Reaching for the baby oil beside the bed, he dribbled a line down her cleft, smiling at the way she jerked at the sensation.

He rubbed the oil into her crack, massaging her inner cheeks, circling the pretty pucker of her anus.

He rolled his index and middle fingers in the oil.

"You see, when you're naughty, my sweet little mouse, I have to remind you who is in charge." He applied pressure to her anus, gently circling his finger. "Let me in."

Her little sphincter clenched, along with her buttocks.

He slapped the back of her thigh three times and she shrieked. "I said, let me in."

“I-I don’t know how.”

“Take a deep breath.”

She complied.

“Now blow it out and relax this.” He wiggled his finger at her back entrance.

She obeyed and his middle finger slid inside. He eased it in and out and she arched for him, giving a cry of surprise.

“You see, baby girl? Your bottom is mine to do whatever I please to it. Does that feel good?”

She made an incoherent sound.

He began to push his finger deeper with each slow inward stroke. “Do you like that? Or do you want Daddy to stop?”

“Yes...no, no, no.”

“I can’t understand you, mouse. Tell me what you want.”

She didn’t speak for so long he thought he’d have to chastise her again, but then she lifted her head and said hoarsely. “Please don’t stop.”

He chuckled. “That’s my girl. I can make it good for you. When you’re very obedient, it makes Daddy want to give you every kind of pleasure.”

She moaned.



He swept one finger of his other hand down over her glossy slit, stopping at the swollen nub of her clit.

She gave another cry, lifting her hips in the air, arching and spreading her thighs wide for him.

He nearly groaned himself. “My baby girl wants her pussy touched, doesn’t she?” He circled her sensitive nub and pumped faster with the finger in her anus.

She made a choking sound.

“What was that, baby girl?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered.

He smiled at her use of the word Daddy . Sliding one finger into her pussy, he withdrew it and circled her clit, then repeated the motion.

She panted, her inner thighs trembling.

He added a second finger into her dripping pussy, stroking her front wall.

She jerked and he knew he’d hit her sweet spot. She began to wriggle and moan with a desperate pitch.

He added a second finger to her anus and alternated strokes, plunging deep inside her pussy, then her rectum, as she began to cry out.

“Oh, please, oh, please, oh, Daddy, oh, golly, oh, Daddy....eeeeee.” She shattered, her body convulsing under his hands, her hips bucking, her thighs jerking.

“That’s it, baby doll. That’s my little girl,” he crooned. When she went still, he plunged a few more times, drawing out another mini-release, her inner walls squeezing and milking his fingers. Easing his fingers out, he slid her off his lap and went to the bathroom to wash up.

He returned to find LuAnn up, scampering about to replace her clothing.

“Did I say you could get dressed?”

She froze.

“No clothing. I want you to brush your teeth and get back in that bed. It’s early bedtime for you tonight.”

She scowled. “What?”

He gave her a warning look. “If you don’t want another spanking, you will do as you’re told, young lady.”

Confusion clouded her face, but she dropped her clothes, slipping past him to the bathroom. He waited for her to return and tucked her into bed with the two teddy bears she clung to like a six-year-old. “Sweet little mouse,” he murmured as he kissed her forehead. “I love having you here.”

She looked up at him, her big green eyes full of questions, but he clicked off the lamp and left before she could ask them. He didn’t have answers to all her questions, because they were the same ones he was asking himself.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

LuAnn checked the mirror in the morning, slightly disappointed to find only a faint few lines left from her spanking the night before.

She wanted to remember everything about it.

She primped in the bathroom for an extra-long time, partly because she wanted to look beautiful for Brad, but partly because she felt a bit shy about seeing him after what had happened.

She heard him moving around in the kitchen and knew he'd already be ready for work in his crisp button-down shirt and tie, his hair slicked back and styled.

"Mouse," he called. "Breakfast is ready."

That made her rush out. She wanted to be the one to make their meals. "Oh, wow," she said when her eyes fell on the stack of pancakes on the table. "Thank you."

He pulled out a chair for her, like a gentleman, and something in her chest fluttered. She could get used to being the object of Brad's attention. In fact, she already dreaded the end of the semester and all the unknowns it brought.

She slid into her chair and placed a napkin on her lap, digging into the fluffy pancakes. "These are delicious." She licked a spot of syrup from her lip.

Brad's eyes were on her mouth, his lids heavy.

"Brad?" she began tentatively.

“Yes, mouse?”

“I’d like to make a nice dinner tonight, but I’ve already spent the allowance my father gave me for the semester. I didn’t have to buy groceries living at the dorm, so it went rather fast now that I’m buying my own food.”

Brad moved to reach for his wallet in his back pocket, then seemed to reconsider. Scooting his chair back, he said, “Come sit on Daddy’s lap and ask him sweetly.”

Her heart picked up speed. Dabbing the corners of her mouth with her napkin, she stood and walked over to him.

She straddled his lap and pressed her warm core right against the bulge in his trousers, rocking her pelvis forward and back.

She twined her arms behind his neck and leaned forward to speak in his ear.

“Daddy,” she said in her best baby-girl voice, “May I please have some spending money?”

The surge of his cock against his trousers was the only confirmation she needed. She may not understand the meaning behind Brad’s games, but she did know how to play. In fact, it seemed she’d been born for nothing other than to be Brad’s plaything.

He gripped her bottom and pulled her even closer, closing his eyes for a moment, as if to savor the feeling. For the first time, she felt as if she were in charge. Some of Brad’s control had slipped as he showcased his desire for her. Why had he still not taken her, then?

“If you keep this up, little girl, I’ll be broke in no time.”

She nibbled on his ear. "I just need a widdle bit of money, Daddy," she said, still using a baby voice.

His fingers squeezed her bottom tighter. "Reach into Daddy's back pocket for his wallet." His voice sounded thick.

She stretched her arm, seeking the billfold, but feeling the muscular lines of his buttocks as she did. She pulled it out and sat back, a satisfied smirk on her face as she played the part of the greedy child. Opening the wallet, she batted her lashes at him. "How much may I have, Daddy?"

"All of it," he said, lids low. "You can have all you need."

She beamed at him, but plucked out a twenty dollar bill, leaving at least another fifteen for him. "This should be enough." She folded it and tucked it inside her bra, loving the way his eyes followed the movement hungrily.

She leaned forward and kissed his cheek. "You'd better go to work, Daddy, or you'll be late."

He started, as if he'd forgotten all about work. Helping her off his lap, he stood and picked up his lunchbox. "I'll see you tonight, little girl. Be good."

"I will, Daddy." She beamed her most innocent smile.

When he left, she cleaned up the dishes and apartment, her spirit dancing a little jig. Playing house with Brad was more fun than she'd ever imagined.

Brad opened the door to the apartment and stopped dead in his tracks. LuAnn looked like the perfect little housewife, in a strapless red and white polka dot dress, with a bold red scarf at her neck. She'd tied a red satin ribbon around her head to hold the

hair out of her face.

She turned to him with a bright smile, but when he just stood there, her expression dimmed. She smoothed the front of her dress. “Do I... Well, I?—”

Finally, he made his lips move. “You look beautiful.”

Her shoulders relaxed and the smile returned.

“And it smells delicious. What are you cooking?”

“Roast chicken, potatoes and carrots, and I made a homemade apple pie,” she said, beaming. “I also washed and ironed all your clothes and cleaned the apartment.”

He frowned. “Did you study at all today?”

She put her hands on her hips and stomped her foot, in the childish way he found so appealing. Mainly because he liked having a reason to spank her naughty little bottom. He adored her innate childishness.

“Can’t you just say thank you, LuAnn?”

He grinned and sauntered closer to her. “Thank you, LuAnn,” he said, slipping his hands around her waist and letting them wander to her delectable buttocks. He squeezed and kneaded her cheeks. “Still sore?” he asked, remembering how beautiful she looked during her spanking the night before.

She hesitated, as if not sure how to answer.

He touched her nose. “The truth, mouse.”

She grinned. “Not really. But that doesn’t mean it didn’t hurt like the dickens at the time.” She gave another foot stomp.

“Stomp your foot again and you’ll go back over my knee,” he growled in her ear.

She shivered against him.

A knock at the door made them spring apart, and he had to adjust his pants to hide his erection. Pulling the door open, he groaned inwardly. Dottie again. The girl could not take a hint.

She pressed a plate of cookies into his hands and attempted to push her way past him. This time, he stepped aside, so she could see he had company.

“Oh,” she stopped short when she saw LuAnn.

LuAnn gave her a tight smile. “Hello.”

“Dottie, this is my...stepsister LuAnn. She’s staying with me for a few weeks while she finishes up her studies at Sarah Wharton. So you can see, this really isn’t a good time.”

Dottie’s eyes swept around the room, taking in the dinner preparations and the beautifully set table, complete with a candle in the middle. Her brow furrowed. “Stepsister?”

“Yes, my stepsister. Like I said, she’s staying here with me and she’s just fixing supper. Thank you for the cookies, though.”

Dottie’s face clouded with confusion. “Oh...okay. Well, I’ll see you in a few weeks, then?”

“I’m not sure.” He didn’t want to commit, but also didn’t want any drama if he broke things off permanently right there. Her lips pursed, but he was already escorting her to the door. “Thanks again for the cookies. I’ll see you around.” He hustled her out.

When he turned back, LuAnn had made herself busy in the kitchen, scrubbing down counters that already appeared clean. She fiddled with the knob on the oven, then returned to scrubbing some more.

“How long until supper’s ready? Judging by the smell, it must be close.”

“Oh, actually, it’s going to be a while longer.” She sniffed and turned back to the counter, still wiping things down.

He retreated, changing into more comfortable clothes, then settled on the sofa to read the newspaper. After a half an hour, he smelled something burning. “Are you sure that chicken isn’t done? It smells ready to me.” He headed for the oven.

She blocked him, stepping in front of it and folding her arms across her chest and lifting her chin. “Nope. Not ready.”

He narrowed his eyes. Leaning to the right, he looked at the dial on the oven. She’d cranked it all the way to the hottest setting. Grabbing her by the waist, he picked her up and moved her away from the oven, throwing open the door on the smoking chicken.

“What in the hell has come over you, young lady?” he demanded, grabbing a pair of hot mitts and yanking the food out to set it on top of the stove.

Her jaw thrust forward at a stubborn angle and she shrugged.

“You burned our dinner on purpose, didn’t you?”



Her lips tightened.

He folded his own arms across his chest, mimicking her body language. “What is this about? Dottie? Because she is nothing to me.”

“Right, and I’m just your stepsister .”

Ah. Now, he understood. He reached for her, but she darted out of the way, her lower lip trembling.

“Am I still just mouse, your gangly kid sister to you?” Tears began to spill down her cheeks.

“Because I’ll have you know, I’m a full-grown woman now.

I’m old enough to marry, and do...the things married people do.

And you just keep treating me like a baby. ”

He advanced slowly, and this time, she let him touch her. Picking her up, he sat her on the kitchen counter and cupped her face.

“Baby girl, I only said that to Dottie to save your reputation. How would it look to have an unmarried woman living with me? It would be a scandal. You know that. Believe me, I wanted to get rid of Dottie as quickly as possible, and if I could’ve told her you’re my girl, I would have.

” He stroked her hair back from her face.

“Mouse, the feelings I have for you are not even remotely brotherly. I know I’ve been treating you like a little girl, but it’s not because I don’t know you’re a full grown

woman.

It's because it turns me on to play daddy to you.

I like thinking of your entire body belonging to me.

Mine to take care of, mine to pleasure. Mine to punish.

” He nudged her chin until she looked at him. “I thought maybe you liked it too?”

She flushed and lowered her eyes. “Yes,” she whispered. “I like it. Very much.”

“But?”

“But what about Dottie?” she asked.

“It's over with Dottie. I promise you.”

“What about...”

This was the one question he'd been turning over and over in his mind. “What about us?” he helped her finish.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: August 8, 2025, 8:06 am*

They'd cause a scandal, even if he married her and made her his little wife, the way he'd been imagining.

Their parents would be mortified, and LuAnn's father had the heart condition.

Bottom line—their parents would never approve, which meant if he wanted to keep LuAnn as his own, he'd be cutting ties to her closest family—and his.

“What do you think?” he asked.

Her look shone with utter vulnerability—one part pleading, one part mortification. She dropped her eyes.

“Mouse, I want to keep you as my own. I want you to be my baby girl and my wife, but I'm having a hard time reconciling what that would do to your reputation and your relationship with your father.”

Her lips parted and he watched understanding dawn.

To his shock, she pushed herself from the countertop into his arms, straddling his waist and clinging to his neck, like a child.

He laughed. “What does this mean, little mouse? You'll have me?”

“I've always been yours.”

“It's settled then,” he said against her soft hair.

“But we still have this little matter of the burned dinner to discuss.” He carried her to the Davenport where he sat her down and rotated her legs so they dangled over the arm of the sofa.

Lifting her ankles into the air, he pulled her bottom up to rest on the arm of the sofa, raised for him.

Her skirts fell away, revealing a pair of silk stockings attached to garters.

He ran his hands along her thighs. “My, you do look all grown up tonight, don’t you?”

She giggled.

“From now on, no more bobby socks and saddle shoes. I want you in heels and stockings at all times.” He slid her panties off. “But the panties are optional.”

“Dad-dee,” she said, reaching up to cover her bared bottom.

He reveled in the fact that she’d called him that without prompting, accepting her role as his baby girl.

“Now, you must clasp your hands behind your knees to hold your legs back. If you move them or drop your legs, I will give you a second spanking when this one is over for disobedience. Understand?”

She looked petrified, which shouldn’t turn him on so much. But she must have trusted him, because she obeyed. “Yes, Daddy.”

He walked to the kitchen and picked out a wooden spoon from the drawer. By the time he returned, her sex, protruding and on display between her legs, had plumped

and opened, dewy moisture showing along her lips. He longed to touch her there, but discipline came first.

He brought the wooden spoon down on her right sit spot, then her left. Her bottom jerked with each one, but she stayed in position, as he'd instructed. "LuAnn, this morning you asked Daddy for money, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

He applied the spoon again, ten times in rapid succession, alternating right and left cheeks.

She mewled.

"What did you want the money for?"

"To make you a nice dinner."

He began to spank her left sit spot, bringing the spoon down on the same spot, over and over again, until she howled in pain.

"And what happened to my dinner?"

She whimpered.

He waited.

"I burned it," she said at last. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I was a bad girl."

His cock went rock hard. "You were a very naughty little girl." He applied the spoon to the right sit spot and this time she began vocalizing immediately.

“Ooh, ooh, ahhh, ow, ohhh....please, Daddy!”

He gave her pussy a light tap and she shrieked. Holding her hands to control her legs, he began to apply the spoon with real vigor, first right, then left in a relentless rhythm.

LuAnn let out a continuous scream through closed lips.

“You wasted Daddy’s money and burned our dinner on purpose. Daddy will not tolerate your fits, little girl.”

“I’m sorr-ee,” she howled.

He did not slow down or stop. “If you are upset with Daddy, you will talk to him about it, understand, little girl?”

“No fits,” she babbled frantically. “No fits, I promise. I’m so sorry. I’ll never do it again. Please, Daddy!”

He stopped and tapped her bottom with the spoon, surveying his work. Her skin had turned a dark shade of pink that promised to leave her sore the following day. “You were very naughty.”

Tears ran down from the outer corners of her eyes.

“I’m really sorry. I really am.” She looked beautiful to him.

He should not wish to see the girl he loved in such a state, but to him it was an intensely erotic sight.

And judging by the liquid freely coating her nether lips, some part of her enjoyed it as

well.

“When you displease Daddy, you take it in the bottom,” he said, arriving at a decision. He wouldn’t take her virginity until they married—which they needed to do straight away—but he felt comfortable exercising anal discipline, considering she’d made her decision plain.

Her eyes rounded and her hands came unclasped.

“Whoops.” He caught one wrist. “Did I say you could let go?”

“Bra—Daddy, no,” she whined.

He began to spank her rapidly again with the spoon. “Do you need more spanking to be compliant?”

“Ooh,” she shrieked. “No, Daddy. I’m compliant.”

“That’s better,” Brad said, looking every inch the stern disciplinarian. “Stay there.” He left for the bedroom.

Thrills of fear and excitement slithered through her.

When he returned, he carried the baby oil. Brad unbuckled his belt and his cock sprang out.

Her inner thighs quivered—no, her entire body trembled. The position he’d put her in was beyond humiliating with her legs up in the air like a baby having her diaper changed, her bottom not just bared to him, but spread with her female parts protruding lewdly.

Her cheeks throbbed from the paddling with the spoon—not quite as much as the hairbrushing he’d given her that first night, but nearly so.

She stared at his manhood, a bit shocked to finally see how a man’s private parts looked. She wondered how the rest of his body looked naked. She licked her lips.

He rubbed the baby oil over his cock, then put some on his fingers and massaged it into her most private hole.

She moaned like a hussy. Her sex ached for his touch, but he had yet to pay it any attention.

“Spread your cheeks for me, little girl.”

“I—” She couldn’t believe he asked that of her. “I can’t.”

“Yes, you can, baby girl. Do you trust your Daddy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered. Squeezing her eyes closed with embarrassment, she parted her cheeks.

Brad pressed the head of his manhood against her back hole. Gripping her waist, he held her immobile as he pushed against the tight ring of muscle. “Take a deep breath, sweetheart.”

She drew in air and held it.

“Now, blow it out and push back at me.”

She exhaled, but didn’t understand the second part of his instructions. Nevertheless, he breached her entrance, causing a burning sensation. She tightened against the



intrusion, which only increased the ring of fire. “Oh,” she gasped.

“Relax, baby girl. Let Daddy in.”

Anxious to please, she willed her body to relax and allow his plunder.

He brought the pad of his thumb to the sensitive nub at the apex of her nether lips and rubbed. Pleasure shot through her.

He pushed in further, bringing more pleasure, mingled with the burning sensation that frightened her, but didn’t really hurt.

“Oh Daddy,” she moaned. She loved calling him Daddy —it felt so wrong and yet so right.

He filled her, moving slowly in and out, while he circled the sweet spot on her pussy.

The intensity made her frantic for release, and she thrashed her head back and forth, whimpering and babbling an incoherent plea for release. It contained many Oh’s , Ah’s and Ooh’s , culminating in a long string of “please, please, please, please, please.”

Brad vibrated his thumb over her raw pussy and her body convulsed, fireworks shooting behind her eyes.

“Oh, hell, you’re so hot, LuAnn,” Brad cried in a roughened voice and shoved deep inside her, stretching her back hole wide. He remained buried in her ass, eyes closed, his hot fluid filling her.

She knew how these things worked from hanging out with some faster girls at Sarah Wharton. She hadn’t known about females also secreting fluid, but for this part, at

least, she'd been prepared.

Brad eased out of her. "I'll be right back, sweetheart," he said, running his hand over her hip with a light caress.

She didn't want him to leave, but he returned just moments later with a warm washcloth, which he used to clean her. It embarrassed her to have him wiping her bottom like a baby, but it tweaked her, too. Her nipples grew hard again and every nerve ending tingled.

Brad picked up the throw blanket her mother had crocheted for him from the Davenport and wrapped her in it, settling her on the sofa in a more comfortable position. "I'm going to see what I can salvage of dinner, sweets."

"I'll do it. It's my fault." She jumped to her feet.

He gently pushed her back down. "Daddy will do it. I want my baby girl to rest."

Warmth slid down her chest like a sip of hot cocoa on a winter's night. Being cared for this way made her feel so important, so special. She soaked up Brad's attentions like a sponge.

Brad returned a few minutes later and scooped her into his arms, blanket and all.

He carried her to the kitchen, where he sat in a chair at the table and settled her in his lap.

He'd made one plate of food and he fed her from it with his fingers, pulling bits of meat from the overcooked chicken and slipping them between her lips.

She ate what he fed her and sighed, beyond content. The throbbing in her bottom and

back-hole only served as a pleasant reminder of being utterly claimed by Brad. He planned to make her his wife. She could scarcely believe it—all her teenage fantasies come to fruition.

Brad spent the night on the couch again, determined not to take LuAnn's virginity before he made her his bride. Of course, he'd more than taken her innocence already, but it seemed important to leave the last act for consummating their marriage.

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LuAnn woke before he did, looking picture perfect as she stood in the kitchen making him breakfast. She'd pulled her hair into two pigtails tied up with ribbons and he had a feeling she knew exactly what that did to him.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind and kissed her neck.

“Good morning, mouse. You look adorable.”

She turned her face into his kiss, melting back against him. “Why do you like me as a little girl?”

“Because you are—by nature. You're sweet and bubbly and full of life.

And because I want to be your daddy—the man who controls every part of your life, from the clothes you wear, to the things you do.

The man who bares your bottom and spansks you raw when you disobey.

” He squeezed her ass, noticing her quickened breath.

“A husband controls, doesn't he?”

“A daddy-husband controls more. He controls everything.” He palmed her breasts, squeezing and lifting them. “Plus, he protects, comforts and nurtures. Do you like the way Daddy takes care of you?”

She gave a little moan. “Yes, Daddy.”

He forced himself to release her or he'd be carrying her off to the bed before breakfast. "What did you make Daddy for breakfast?"

"Oatmeal," she said. "Sit down and I'll bring it to you."

He smiled and sat, watching her move around the kitchen with a bounce in her step. "How many days until you graduate, mouse?"

"One more week of classes, then a week of finals."

"And when do our parents return from Europe?"

"Next week."

He rubbed his face, considering.

LuAnn brought a bowl of oatmeal to him. "Are you having second thoughts?" She twisted her fingers together as she stood by his side.

He pulled her onto his lap. "No, mouse. Definitely not. I'm just thinking about the best way to break it to them. If we were worried about your father's heart with your trouble in the dorms, just think of what this will do to him."

LuAnn sucked on her lip, looking adorable. "I don't know. There's nothing wrong with us marrying. We're not related by blood, and we weren't even raised together. We lived together for just a few months a long time ago."

He nodded. "I agree." He picked up her hand and stroked each delicate finger. "Help me decide, mouse. Should we wait until they return to tell them first, or do we elope this week and tell them when it's done?"

Her face broke into a brilliant smile, but then her brow furrowed. “I’d love to marry you today, but I think we should tell them first.”

He squeezed her hand. “Okay, Lulu,” he said inventing a new nickname for her.

“But let’s go to the courthouse to get a license and blood test.” He hoped, for her sake, their parents did not disown them both forever.

If they disapproved, he would still whisk LuAnn off to elope.

They’d gone too far down the path to pull back now.

He loved her. He realized he always had.

He’d thought it was lust, or just wanting what he couldn’t have, but it went deeper.

She’d been the one perfect girl for him all along—his baby girl.

She kissed his head and stood up, serving herself a bowl of oatmeal and sitting across from him.

He watched her eat, looking shy and excited, blushing the same way she had as a thirteen-year-old.

As long as he was following his dreams and eschewing convention, it seemed time to make a change with his job, as well. LuAnn deserved a husband who had the courage to be a man, and make his own way in his career, rather than wait for a boss to give him the chance to move up.

He’d been carrying Mr. Washburn’s card in his pocket since their meeting. Calling him meant Brad should be prepared to leave his current position and now he had a

future wife to consider.

“I may have my first client if I decide to go it on my own,” he said, deciding it best to be frank with her about the situation.

Her eyes lit up. “Really, Brad? That’s fantastic!”

“Yes, I’m seriously considering pursuing it. But it’s risky. If I start my own firm, I won’t have a steady income to support you.”

“I think you must,” she said, without hesitation. “It’s what you’ve always wanted. I will get my teacher’s certificate at the end of this semester, and I can work until we have children.”

His heart twisted at her willingness to sacrifice for him. “I hope that won’t be necessary, mouse, but it helps me to hear you’re not daunted by the risk.”

She drew herself up. “Of course I’m not. You were born to be your own boss.”

“And yours,” he said with a wink.

She giggled and blushed.

“Thank you, baby girl.” He pulled Mr. Washburn’s card out of his pocket and walked to the phone, asking the operator to connect him with the number.

“Mr. Washburn? It’s Brad, Brad Stanford, the architect from Jones.”

“Yes, hello, Brad. I was hoping you would call. Have you considered my offer?”

“Yes, sir. I’d like to draw up new plans for your house.”

“Wonderful. Why don’t you and your wife come over for dinner one night this week and we can discuss it more?”

“My wife?” He glanced over at LuAnn, who nodded eagerly. “I’m not married yet, but I’d love to bring my fiancée, thank you.”

“How about tomorrow night?”

“That sounds wonderful, Mr. Washburn.”

He took down the address and hung up, turning to LuAnn. “Are you ready to schmooze on my behalf?”

“Of course I am.”

He swept her into a bear hug, kissing and nibbling at her neck.

She moved even closer, her firm breasts pressing against his ribs.

“Good,” he said, kissing her temple. “I’d better go before I pick you up and carry you into that bedroom to have my way with you.

” Another kiss fell on her soft lips. “I love you, little girl. Be good today.”

“I will,” she promised.



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LuAnn re-checked her lipstick in the mirror and adjusted her pillbox hat, poking another pin in to hold it in place.

Slipping on her gloves, she gave herself one last critical look in the glass.

Brad needed her to fit a certain image tonight at the Washburns, and she intended to play the part perfectly.

She had been dragged to enough ladies' teas, luncheons and formal dinners with her parents to know how to act like a lady, but even so, nerves had her on edge.

Hearing the sound of Brad's Ducati pull into the driveway, she exited the bedroom, brushing the skirt of her black floral print dress. The petticoats underneath it made a shushing sound as she walked, brushing against her stockings.

Brad came in, looking sexier than Elvis Presley in his leather jacket. He swapped it for a suit jacket, and then swept his eyes over her in an up and down appraisal. He gave a whistle. "Baby doll, you do grown-up so well."

She waltzed over to him and tilted her head up for a kiss. "I thought you liked me as your little girl?"

He slid his hands over her waist, brushing his lips across hers, careful not to disturb her lipstick.

"I love the whole glorious package. I like the little girl in the woman's body, and I like your serious, mature side, too."

” He wormed a hand between them and squeezed her nipple through her bra.

“But most of all, I like having a baby girl whose little body belongs to me alone.”

Her pussy clenched. She may not intellectually understand Brad’s game, but her body responded to it like a match to gasoline.

“I love that you never pull away from me,” he murmured. “And yet, you’re so innocent. So different from the other girls I’ve been with.”

Her face grew warm and she did pull away. “Spoken too soon,” she said lightly, to cover her embarrassment. She hated that he saw her as young and inexperienced. She wanted to be sophisticated, especially tonight with the Washburns.

He held his palm out for the car keys and led her out, holding the door for her. She wondered what Mrs. Verlaine thought about a boy who held the door open for his sister. Would she find it odd?

“Are you nervous?” she asked. He didn’t appear to be, but she thought perhaps he should worry a bit more.

He glanced over and dropped a hand on her thigh. “Not with you by my side,” he admitted gruffly. “Knowing I’m acting for two changes everything. I want to make you proud to be my wife.”

Tears stung the backs of her eyes and tickled her nose. She’d felt the same way. She had never studied harder than she had that day, suddenly determined to do her very best in case he needed her to get a job.

He pulled up at the Washburn’s house and opened the car door for her, holding out his arm for her gloved hand. “Mrs. Stanford,” he murmured.

She glowed. “Mr. Stanford.”

Mr. Washburn met them at the door and ushered them into the parlour, where his wife offered them cocktails. Brad had a martini, and she accepted a spiked punch, sweet and delicious.

“How delightful to meet you,” Mrs. Washburn said.

She couldn’t be much older than LuAnn, although Mr. Washburn appeared to be middle-aged.

She had a youthful eagerness LuAnn found infectious.

“We are so thrilled that your husband agreed to meet with us away from his office,” she confided.

“We just knew from the start that he could design our dream house within our budget.”

“It’s true,” Mr. Washburn interrupted, overhearing their conversation. “I want my wife to have everything she desires, and we think you can give us that house, Brad. Are we right?”

“Yes, sir, I believe you are,” Brad replied. “At least I can promise you I’ll give you the best design I can and keep it to whatever budget you set for me. That’s the true art of architecture, at least the way I was taught.”

Mr. Washburn looked pleased. “I have a wide circle of influence, you know,” he said. “And if you deliver on your promise, we will be sure to give you all the referrals you deserve. You shouldn’t be working for that hornswaggler Jones.”

Brad shoved his hands in his pockets. “Actually, Mr. Washburn, if I take this job with you, I will be obligated to terminate my employment with Mr. Jones. Otherwise I risk being fired for stealing their business.”

Mr. Washburn gave him a shrewd look. “You do have moral standards, don’t you? Well, I’m glad. That was what made me trust you in the first place. Will you have enough business?”

Brad smiled wryly. “That remains to be seen. But this is a step I wanted to take, anyway, and you’ve just given me the opportunity, so I’m grateful, sir, for your confidence in me.”

“Well, dinner is ready. Let’s go in and sit down,” Mrs. Washburn said, ushering them into the dining room, where she’d set the table with china and silver.

The couples enjoyed a comfortable meal together, and afterward, the men adjourned to the study to talk business and she and Mrs. Washburn—who insisted she call her Babs—drank more punch and talked about their dream houses.

LuAnn realized she would probably have this conversation a thousand times in her future as Mrs. Brad Stanford, and it delighted her.

All her studies in interior decoration and family finance would support Brad’s career perfectly.

When they left, Brad walked her to the car, but instead of opening the door, he pushed her up against it, pressing his knee between her legs and kissing her, hard.

“Brad,” she gasped, breathless. “Please, they’ll see.”

“What will they see, little girl?” he asked, his voice a low growl in her ear. “Will they

see what happens when you're a good girl? How your Daddy can't wait to put his hands all over you?"

Her knees buckled and had she not been pinned against the car, she would have slid down the side.

Brad crushed her breast under one palm, nipping at her neck. His erection pressed against her belly, solid and exciting.

"Are you going to make love to me?" she panted. She didn't know what gave her the courage to ask such a thing, but there it was—the words had come out of her mouth and she couldn't take them back. In fact, she didn't want to take them back.

Brad eased back away from her and opened the door, holding her elbow to help her in. "No," he said, sounding disappointed.

"Why not?" she demanded the moment he slid into the driver's seat. "We're getting married."

"I don't want to deflower you until our wedding night."

"What makes you so certain I am a virgin?" Her need to be sophisticated and experienced in his eyes won out over honesty.

He stilled. "You're not?"

She hesitated. Would he think less of her? Or more? She discarded the line of thought. Either way, she wanted him to take her, and she wanted it to be that night. She shook her head.

"It—it wasn't the other night with those boys from Bradley, was it?" he asked, a flash

of anger appearing on his face.

“Oh, no, no, not them. It was in high school. With a boyfriend. Just once. But you see, there’s no point in waiting.” She slid closer to him on the seat and reached out to stroke her hand up his thigh. “This little girl wants Daddy to reward her.”

Brad shifted in his seat and she glanced down to see the tent in his trousers.

Shyly, she slid her hand up between his legs and gave it a tentative squeeze.

Brad groaned.

Remembering all the stories the fast girls had told in the dorm bathrooms, she maneuvered herself down until her face reached his crotch and unbuttoned his slacks. Brad’s manhood sprang out and she gripped it, extending her tongue.

Brad hissed and threaded his fingers through LuAnn’s hair, evicting her hat with a flick. Fortunately, they were almost home, or he would have wrecked the car. He somehow managed to pull the T-bird into the driveway and turn it off.

LuAnn sat up and licked her lips, looking devilishly sweet.

“Get in the bedroom,” he growled. “This instant.”

She giggled and leaped from the car, dashing up the steps and using her own key to open the door.

He took a moment to right his trousers before getting out, and inhaled the night air to ease his raging lust. He was shocked to discover she wasn’t a virgin, but not overly disappointed. It meant he no longer had to wait to have her, and at that moment, little else mattered.

He found LuAnn in the bedroom in her underclothing. She dived for the bed, still giggling.

He tackled her. “Are you trying to hide under the covers, little girl?” He yanked the sheets back and straddled her legs. Hooking his index fingers under each strap of her bra, he peeled them down.

She clutched the shaped cups of her bra to her breasts, squirming and laughing below him.

“Do I need to tie you up?”

LuAnn’s eyes dilated and she lifted her hips.

He shifted to unfasten her silk stocking from the garter and slid it off her leg. Stretching it between his two hands, he gave her a wicked smile. “Hold out your wrists for me, sweetheart.”

To his delight, she only hesitated for a moment before she lifted her arms, pinning her delicate wrists together. He wrapped the stocking around her wrists and tied it snugly, then guided them to the post of the bed and secured them above her head. Giving it a test tug, he smiled with satisfaction.

LuAnn’s gaze held equal mixtures of trepidation and lust as she squirmed in anticipation of his touch. He slid his hands beneath her to unhook her bra and eased it up her arms, wrapping it, along with the stockings, around her wrists. He drew a breath at her perfect C cups.

“You are so beautiful. You know that, don’t you, baby doll?”

She blushed and bit her lip.

“Do you?” he asked more emphatically.

“You make me feel beautiful,” she whispered, causing his heart to lurch.

“Well, you are ,” he said firmly. “It’s a fact. But I’m glad I help you see it.” He lowered himself and kissed down her neck and down her sternum. Pinching both her nipples at once, he squeezed and lifted.



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She gasped, arching into him. Confusion flitted across her expression. “What are you doing?”

“Torturing you. I like to hear your cries and squeals.”

“Do you like to hurt me?”

“Yes.” He figured honesty was best if he expected her to commit her life to him.

He stroked her nipples with his thumbs, teasing the stiffened peaks.

“I like to give you pleasure and I like to give you pain. I like for your entire existence to be under my thumb. But you’ll always be safe with me. Do you believe that?”

A tear slid from the corner of her eye, but she nodded her head.

His heart seized. Lowering his head, he licked the salty liquid from her cheek. “Why the tears?”

She shook her head. “I’m just happy,” she said in wavering voice.

He exhaled and his heart began pumping blood once more. “Are you sure? I might be able to limit your torture to only the times when you require discipline.”

She gave a bark of laughter. “Absolutely not. I’d much rather have it when I’m not in trouble.”

He grinned and settled over her, taking one nipple into his mouth and sucking hard, then biting gently.

She moaned and squirmed, tugging at her bound hands.

He took the nipple between his fingers and pinched, rolling it as he moved to the other side, offering the same treatment with his lips and teeth.

Kissing down her belly, he unhooked her other stocking and rolled it down, then eased off her girdle, which doubled as a garter belt.

Next, he divested her of her panties, loving the way she looked away with embarrassment when her pussy was exposed.

He drew in a breath. "You shaved it again."

She smiled. "Daddy likes it bare."

He pounced on her, nipping her neck as he rolled his hips against hers.

"I may not be an expert," she said in a breathy voice, "but I think you're wearing too much clothing for this to work right."

He chuckled and pushed himself upright, unbuttoning his shirt as fast as possible. He tossed it over his shoulder, pulled off his undershirt, and removed his trousers and skivvies.

LuAnn lost her shyness, lifting her head and staring at his manhood boldly.

He smiled. "Bend your knees and spread your feet apart."

Alarm flitted across her face, but she obeyed without questioning him.

He made an approving noise deep in his throat. “Look at that pretty pussy.” Dew glistened between her nether lips, so plump and perfect. He pushed her knees up to her shoulders and traced her sex with his tongue, parting her lips and investigating all her folds.

She moaned and her knees pressed back against his hands. He circled her clit, flicking his tongue over the sensitive nub until she began to pant, her cries growing louder and more needy. He penetrated her with his tongue, then licked from anus to clit, ignoring her squeal of protest.

Grabbing a condom, he slid it on. They might be marrying soon, but he wouldn’t compromise her. He settled between her open legs, returning his focus to the torture of one nipple, which he pinched as he rubbed his sheathed cock over her glossy slit. He pushed against her tight entrance.

She tugged at her bonds and whimpered.

He met resistance and pushed harder.

She cried out in pain and he froze. It had been several years since he’d had a virgin, but he remembered the feeling of breaking her hymen.

LuAnn had lied.

A sharp spike of regret stung him. He would have taken more time, or been more gentle. Certainly, he wouldn’t have tied her up.

The tension in her body eased as she caught her breath. He slid his cock deeper and she responded by tilting her hips to take him into the hilt. Her head tilted back, hair

spilled across the pillow. She looked too beautiful, too alluring not to go on and give her pleasure. He'd scold her later.

He slid his hand behind her nape and kissed her, sliding his tongue between her lips as his hips gently rocked into hers.

She moaned into his mouth, her legs circling his back and pulling him in closer.

He sucked her tongue, nibbled and teased her lips, then moved to her ear and down her neck as he established a slow rhythm, burying his cock deep inside her on each glorious inward stroke. Her tight pussy hugged his manhood, intensifying his pleasure with every movement he made.

He closed his eyes and began to pick up speed, fucking her harder, until she used her bound hands to brace herself against the headboard. Sliding out, he picked up her feet and tossed them over his shoulders, entering her from the same diaper changing position he'd used to take her ass.

Her eyes rolled around in her head as she moaned. "Oh, Daddy, please...yes. Please give it to me. Harder."

Had she really just said harder ?

He slammed into her, his flesh slapping against hers, his cock plunging so deeply into her tight channel.

He lost control before he meant to, his balls contracting.

"Oh, Lulu, baby girl, you're so good," he groaned, cum shooting down his shaft and filling the condom as he buried himself deep inside her.

She bucked, her body understanding the timing perfectly, her muscles gripping his cock and milking it as her own release ripped through her.

He caught the look on her face—the glassy-eyed abandon, her mouth opening into an “O” and her fingers fisting around the stockings.

It caused a second surge of cum to shoot down his cock and the desire to see that expression on LuAnn’s face every night—heck, even every morning, noon and night—and to be the man who helped her reach her every pleasure.

He reached up to free her hands and rolled their connected bodies onto the side. Kissing her hair, he murmured endearments as he unwound the stocking from her wrists and rubbed the chafing away. “I love you, mouse,” he whispered hoarsely.

“I love you, Daddy.” She snuggled into his chest.

Contentment washed through him. He waited to get up and dispose of the condom until she had fallen asleep, her breath coming in soft sighs.

LuAnn woke still cradled in Brad’s arms, the place she wanted to be for the rest of her life. She found him looking down at her with a warm affection, stroking the hair from her face.

“Good morning, Daddy,” she murmured.

He smiled and brushed a kiss across her lips. “Good morning, little girl.” His face grew sober. “We have something to talk about, you and I.”

She felt her heart pick up speed. “What is it?”

He studied her, as if considering his words. “You lied to me again.”

“Oh.” She almost giggled, but when she caught his expression, she was glad she held it back.

“I don’t really care about you being a virgin on our wedding night,” he said and she bit her lip, realizing she’d taken something away from him.

She’d just been thinking about her own wants and needs.

“What I do mind is you thinking you can manipulate me through lies every time you want to get your way.”

Her face flushed with heat, her throat closing.

“Who is the man of this house?”

“You are,” she whispered. She thought about adding, “Daddy,” but the timing didn’t seem right. He seemed too serious.

“Who makes the decisions?”

“You do.”

His expression softened slightly and he touched her cheek.

“That doesn’t mean you don’t influence my decisions, mouse.

Probably if you’d sat on my lap with those puppy dog eyes and begged sweetly, I would’ve given you anything you desired.

But instead you lied. It tells me you don’t respect me, my decisions or my authority. ”

Her lips trembled. She would have rather he tossed her over his lap for a hard spanking than be scolded like this.

She didn't like earning his displeasure—not at all.

“I do respect you, Brad. I'm really sorry.

It was selfish of me. I didn't think you would mind so much—” She broke off at his frown.

“I was wrong,” she hurried on. Tears began to swim in her eyes. “I won't lie again, I promise.”

He nodded. “I'm actually not sure I believe you, Lu.”

“I want you to think about what it means to be my baby girl. Do you know what I expect of you?”

She started to nod, then stopped. Did she? “I-I don't know.”

“What do you think?”

“Um, truthfulness?”

He smiled, the corners of his eyes crinkling. It came as a relief to see the affection still there. “Yes, mouse. Truthfulness. Obedience. Respect. It's not hard. Do you trust me?”

She nodded without hesitation. Of course she trusted him.

“Do you believe I love you and want to care for you the best way I know how?”

That part was new, but when she remembered all the tender moments of caring he'd shown her, since the first night she'd shown up, she knew the answer was yes. She nodded.

"Then you can trust my decisions are made with your best welfare in mind."

She nibbled her lip. It was like having a parent—a daddy. She may not always agree, but she did know he meant to protect her and wanted what was best for her.

"You are welcome to influence my decisions. I expect to hear your opinions and I don't mind if you argue with me, so long as it's respectfully. But if you're going to be my wife, mouse..."

She stared at him, her belly clenching at the if. What did he mean if she was going to be his wife? Was her position in question?

"...well, I need to trust you, too. I need to know you are honest with me and you never hide things from me, even if you know it will get you a spanking."

Her nose burned. "What do you mean if?" she croaked.

He caught her face in his hands and shook his head. "I didn't mean if. I'm sorry. You are already a wife in my eyes. You are my baby girl, my one and only. You are my everything. Nothing will change that."

Tears spilled down her cheeks—tears of relief.



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“I made a mistake, mouse. I blurred the lines between discipline and pleasure from the very beginning. The truth is that I couldn’t resist you.

Every time I saw your sweet little bottom bared to me, I wanted to possess all of you, in every way.

So, I can see why you might even think it’s fun to lie to me.

” He tucked a piece of her hair behind her ear as she blushed, wanting to hide her head under the pillows.

“So that’s why I want to talk about this now.

Your lies hurt me and they would hurt our marriage. Can you see that?”

Her face crumpled and she hid it in her hands.

He pried them away. “No, don’t hide from me, mouse. Never hide. You’re my baby girl and you have nothing to hide. I get to see all of you—even when you’re ashamed.”

She was ashamed, and having him name it made it even worse. She fought him for her hands, to keep hiding her face.

He rolled her to her back and pinned her wrists beside her head.

She squeezed her eyes closed, turning her face away.

“Look at me, mouse.”

She panted, still shutting him out.

He waited, expecting her obedience.

Apparently she was incapable of disobeying, because her eyes opened of their own accord and she found herself looking up into his azure stare.

“No more lies, mouse. Promise me.”

A tear leaked out of the corner of her eye. “I promise,” she choked.

“Tonight I will punish you. I will make it memorable so we won’t have to repeat this lesson—ever again.”

It wasn’t fear that tightened her belly, even though she knew she should be afraid. It had something to do with being bared by him—bared to her soul.

I get to see all of you—even when you’re ashamed.

There was no hiding from her Daddy. He would punish her, probably in humiliating ways, and she would still feel safe. There were no ifs. She belonged to him.

Still holding her wrists captive, he bent his head and caressed her lips with his in a soft kiss.

“I want you naked and kneeling in the corner when I come home from work tonight. Understand?”

Her nipples hardened. “Yes, sir.”

He kissed her again. “Good girl.”

Brad spent the day with a semi-hard cock, thinking over possible punishments for LuAnn.

Despite his resolve to separate discipline from pleasure, he doubted he’d be able to resist ending it all with her release.

Her little wet pussy was too alluring, her desire too heady, her climaxes too intoxicating.

It was too late for that night, but he sketched the design for a little wooden paddle, shaped with an oval and a handle.

He would drill a hole for a ribbon to hang it on the wall, and paint it with LuAnn’s name on the back.

He was good at wood-working and had a friend with a shop where he could use the equipment.

It would make a perfect wedding present.

On his lunch break, he drove to a supply store and found a sturdy rattan cane certain to make an impression on LuAnn’s voluptuous backside. He also stopped by the motorcycle garage and put up a for sale sign for his Ducati.

The last vestiges of rebellion in him had disappeared with his new role as husband.

He was the authority now. He was daddy. He made the rules.

And LuAnn deserved a daddy who acted like a grown-up.

For the first time, he wanted to buy a car and a small house.

He wanted to man up and provide not just for LuAnn, but for a family.

He never thought he'd want those things, but he realized now, he'd felt the change the very first time he'd taken little LuAnn over his knee. Being her daddy was his destiny.

Driving home with the cane resting across his thighs, his thoughts went to his pretty little girl. Would she be in position? He imagined the sight of her, kneeling naked, her head bowed. Was it wrong he was this excited to punish his soon-to-be wife? Probably.

He parked the bike outside and walked up the steps.

The apartment was spotless, as if LuAnn had spent all day cleaning.

The furniture shone with fresh wax, the floors were scrubbed and polished and not a thing was out of place.

The table had been set and the place smelled of a freshly cooked dinner—a pot roast, judging from the covered pot on the stove.

He hung his leather jacket on the hook behind the door and toed off his shoes.

He found the door to the bedroom slightly ajar.

LuAnn looked even more breathtaking than he'd imagined.

She'd put her hair in pigtails and blue ribbons, but otherwise did not wear a stitch of clothing.

Her creamy white skin glowed in the soft light from the curtained windows.

Her slender shoulders were lifted slightly, as if in anticipation of her punishment, making the line of her spine even longer.

Her bare feet were tucked around her bottom, framing her buttocks with the two dimples at the back of her pelvis shaping the top of the picture.

“Good girl, mouse,” he murmured.

She turned her ear slightly in his direction, but kept her eyes fixed on the juncture of the walls.

“Have you thought about our discussion this morning?”

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

“And?”

She twisted to look over her shoulder, her eyes pleading. “I’m so sorry.”

He nodded, satisfied. “Thank you. Your punishment will begin in just a moment. You may stand up if your knees are getting stiff, but keep your nose in the corner.”

Leaving the cane on the bed, he went to the kitchen where he fished a carrot out of the crisper drawer. He scrubbed it, then cut it with a paring knife, forming it into the perfect shape to insert in LuAnn’s ass.

When he returned, LuAnn was standing in the corner, looking so sweet and vulnerable and beautiful it made his eyes smart. He grabbed the baby oil from the nightstand and set it with the carrot plug and cane on the bed. “Come lie over

Daddy's lap, Lulu," he said as he sat down.

LuAnn turned, her eyes sweetly downcast. She padded over to him. Her lower lip stuck out in a little pout, but there was no defiance in her. She stood between his knees, her gaze reaching the level of his chin. "Are you mad at me?"

He wrapped his palms around the backs of her thighs and drew her closer. "No," he murmured. "Daddy's not mad. I'm going to spank my baby girl, and then we'll put this behind us. No more lies, only trust and honesty between us. Okay, little girl?"

Her lip trembled.

He steeled himself against the urge to go completely soft. Pulling her across one of his legs with her torso resting on the bed, he wrapped the other leg over hers to keep her from kicking.

The first swat sounded loud in the quiet apartment and hit hard enough to leave the bloom of his hand print. He repeated it on the other cheek of her luscious ass. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he settled into a rhythm, spanking steadily.

She gasped and squirmed, but didn't protest. He loved the way she gave herself over to him, the honey dew between her nether lips proving she loved receiving her punishments as much as he loved giving them.

He slapped her with punishing force, making his own hand sting as he painted the entire lower half of her bottom red.

After a few minutes, her whimpers grew louder and came with each swat. Her little bottom tightened, buns gripping as if that would protect them against the steady onslaught of his spanking.

He watched as her slender fingers wrapped into the covers of his bed.

When she took the fabric into her teeth and began to tear at it, he stopped.

Reaching for the baby oil, he trickled a stream over her crack, smiling when she jerked.

He rubbed the oil into her blazing cheeks, then gave a few more slaps, knowing the oil made them sting all the worse.

“Daddy’s going to punish your bottom hole, Lulu. You were a very naughty girl.”

She moaned into the covers.

He parted her cheeks with the fingers of one hand, holding them open as he dragged the carrot through the oil, using it to paint her anus.

She attempted to squeeze her cheeks together, but a low growl from him put an end to that.

“Open for Daddy.”

He sensed her forced relaxation as she sank deeper into submission, her puckering hole tightening and releasing. He applied steady pressure and she blew out her breath as the sphincter opened and let in the carrot.

“Good girl.”

He pressed the narrow, tapered end in and out, getting her used to the sensation before he began to plunge it to the full width. He’d cut a notch at the top to hold it in and he eased it toward the widest part now.

Her tight hole spread to accommodate the carrot as he pushed it all the way up to the notch, where it settled. She panted as if she'd just run a marathon.

“Tonight is about the carrot and the stick, Lulu. Normally, a carrot would be the reward, but in this case, both will be used for punishment.”

She lifted her head and looked over her shoulder at him in confusion.

He eased her off his lap, arranging her so she was bent over the edge of the bed. Picking up the cane, he tapped her bottom with it. “The carrot and the stick.”

Her eyes rounded and he had the pleasure of watching her anus contract around the carrot, making it move inward, as if her ass would swallow it.

He stood on her left side and put one hand on her lower back to hold her still. “Six strokes of the cane.”

The alarm in her green eyes should not be so satisfying. But she trusted him. She lay perfectly still, waiting for his punishment.

He tapped the cane several times on her ass, just below the carrot, perfecting his aim. Drawing it back, he let it swing.

She lurched to her tiptoes with a scream.

“I know, baby girl. This spanking will hurt, not just tonight but for a few days. I want you to remember how your lies hurt Daddy.”



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He was probably laying it on too thick. She already felt remorse, he was sure of that. But he was in full disciplinarian-mode now, and the words just seemed to come out of him. He tapped the cane again, just below the first stripe.

Her shoulders hunched in anticipation.

He let it fly, the swish of the thin rod through the air reaching his ears a moment before her next scream. A second red line streaked across both buttocks, just below the first. “That was two.” He didn’t make her count this time—he doubted she’d be able to.

He repeated the tapping for the third line to prepare her skin for the strike. He delivered it with precision, pleased with how neat and even the welts lay.

LuAnn had begun to cry softly in the covers, her face completely buried.

He stroked her back. “You’re doing so well, baby girl. Just three more and we’re finished.”

She gave a whimper of assent.

Her ass made the most glorious sight. Her lower cheeks had been painted the prettiest shade of blush, the carrot nestled between them as a symbol of her complete humiliation. The cane marks stood out as raised, puffy lines, a darker red from her cheeks.

And despite the pain, which he knew must be testing her limits, sweet honey dripped

from her pussy.

He wanted to bury his cock in that nectar and pound her into oblivion.

He wanted to gather her into his arms and tell her how perfect she was, how utterly beautiful, sweet and undeniably his.

But he also wanted to savor every moment of the spanking, which had him nearly dizzy with lust and the power coursing through him.

He tapped the cane below the third line. He didn't hold back. He made each stroke count, made his baby girl pay for her naughtiness. He laid the fifth line at the juncture where buttocks meet thighs and the sixth on the back of the thighs. She howled the loudest for that one, her feet dancing.

"It's over, it's all over, baby." He scooped her into his arms and settled her on his lap. "You're my baby, my sweet little girl." He showered her face, eyelids and tears with butterfly kisses.

She sobbed, then sniffled, then cried a bit more. When she started to play with the buttons on his shirt, he eased her head back to wipe her tears away.

"Are you hungry, baby doll?"

She shook her head, lifting her wet lashes shyly. "I just want Daddy."

He cupped her cheek and brought his lips to hers, kissing her, teasing her pretty pout with his tongue. "I love you, baby girl."

Her arms tightened around his neck. "Is Daddy going to..."

He waited, even though he knew what she wanted.

“Do we need to wait for our wedding night?”

He threw back his head and laughed. “No, we’re not waiting for our wedding night. But I’m not sure I should allow you to have any pleasure.”

The eyelashes dropped. No complaints, no protests.

“That doesn’t mean Daddy doesn’t get to come.”

Her green eyes lifted again and she sat up a little straighter, as if eager to be of service.

He cupped her breast, rubbing her nipple with his thumb. “Are you ready for Daddy to use your little body for his pleasure?”

She blushed and sucked on her lip, nodding.

“Good girl.” He lifted her from his lap and arranged a heap of pillows in the middle of the bed. “Lie over these so Daddy can take you hard from behind.”

Her eyes rolled back, lust evident in the way she arched her breasts up and hollowed her back. She looked so much like a Hollywood pinup—no, better than a Hollywood pinup girl. Curvy and delectable, but with pigtails and a little girl pout. His cock throbbed to be inside her.

She knelt up and tipped her torso down over the pillows, her bottom lifted in the air.

“Spread your legs,” he said hoarsely.

She parted her delicious thighs.

He shucked his pants and skivvies and knelt behind her, parting her cheeks to ogle the carrot still stuffed in her back hole. He moved it in and out, stretching her hole wider.

She groaned, the juices of her pussy dribbling down her leg.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard, Lulu.” He ripped open a condom and rolled it over his cock. He rubbed the head over her swollen slit.

Her pussy was still virgin-tight, barely parting to allow him in. He pushed on the carrot again and she arched back into him, her little cunt opening to accept his dick.

“That’s it, good girl,” he murmured in encouragement, as she squeaked.

He eased in until the front of his pelvis contacted her welted bottom, and she squirmed from the renewed pain. He pumped in and out, slapping her sore bottom each time. “It’s like another spanking, isn’t it, Lulu?”

Her pussy gushed in response, squeezing his cock. He loved that her body responded to his dominance. They were made for each other—two halves of a whole.

“Oh, please, Daddy,” she moaned.

He pounded into her harder, his balls contracting. Cum shot down his shaft and he continued to slam into her three more times, then buried himself deep in her sopping channel and came.

LuAnn came too. Her muscles gripped his cock, milking it with the flutters of her release.

He eased down, covering her body with his own, kissing her neck. “You took your pleasure without asking Daddy permission,” he murmured.

She looked back at him, confusion in her glassy eyes.

He smirked. “Your body belongs to me. That means you need to ask permission to come.”

Her eyes rolled back again, a shiver running through her. “Thank you, Daddy,” she mumbled.

He laughed. “Trust me, baby girl, the pleasure was all mine.”

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LuAnn fidgeted with her gloves, tugging at the wrists to adjust them. She laced her fingers in her lap. She opened and closed her purse a dozen times, just to hear it snap.

“It’ll be all right,” Brad soothed as he guided the car into their parent’s driveway, although his jaw looked tight and he’d spoken very little on the drive.

She’d begun to panic about an hour before, running through all the possible scenarios. It probably wouldn’t be all right. They would be disowned. And forever cast out.

Brad walked around and opened her door, taking her hand to guide her out of the Thunderbird. She yanked it out of his grasp when the front door opened.

Jane Walters, her stepmother, came out, a broad grin on her face. “Well, what a surprise! Two of our children home to visit at once—such a delight.” She drew her son in for a kiss, then bestowed one on LuAnn. “Please come in, sweetheart, your father will be delighted.”

“How was Europe?” she asked, trying to calm her beating heart.

“Oh, it was lovely, darling. We loved the French Riviera—Nice is nice, as they say!”

“Did Father relax?”

Her stepmother made a face. “He was on the phone to the stores every day—cost us a fortune in telephone bills! But, yes, I think he did slow down enough to ease his ticker.”

God help his heart when he finds out about Brad.

They followed her stepmother inside where Brad shook hands with her father and she gave him a hug and kiss.

“Come on into the kitchen, I just made a cake,” her stepmother said. She started to make coffee and LuAnn got out the plates and forks for the three-layer chocolate cake.

“Thanks for coming,” her father teased. “Otherwise, I’d have to wait until after dinner for my cake.” He gave her a wink and another pang shot through her. She hated to ruin his jovial mood.

They sat down at the table. “So, LuAnn, I must have you to thank for bringing Brad home—I don’t think he’s come on his own once since he moved away. Were you too nervous to drive on your own?”

The breath left her chest. Now was the moment. She glanced at Brad.

“Actually, LuAnn and I have been seeing each other,” he said.

All the air seemed to leave the room. Her stepmother blinked, uncomprehending. Her father’s eyes bugged.

“You what?” her father snarled.

Brad nodded calmly. “I’ve been dating LuAnn.”

Dating was a very nice way of putting it.

“We’re going to get married.”

Her father's brows slammed down. "Absolutely not. Are you out of your mind? You can't date and you can't marry her. She's your sister, for God's sake."

"Bob," her stepmother said, her eyes wide and worried. "Your heart."

Her father drew in two deep breaths.

"She's not my real sister," Brad reasoned. "And we're in love."

"No," her father cut in. Then a horrified look came over his face as he turned to her. "You're not in the family way are you?"

"Of course not," she snapped, although she had no right to sound so defensive. She was the one who had tricked Brad into having sex with her before they married.

"Then you will not marry. I forbid it."

Brad stood up, his lips tight. The two had always butted heads, but this time it was much worse. He held out his hand to her and she scooted her chair back to stand. "I will marry LuAnn with or without your permission."

"No," her father thundered.

"Yes," she said, stepping closer to Brad, who wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

Her stepmother looked ready to cry.

"I'm sorry," LuAnn said.

"Now wait a minute—" her father began, but Brad was already leading her out the door. "Get back here this instant."



“Bob, please,” her stepmother cried, her voice breaking.

Brad led her out of the house and down the driveway, pulling open her car door for her. “It’s all right, baby girl,” he said, wrapping her into a hug.

Oddly, it hurt much less than she’d thought.

She’d expected that outcome, really, and now, at least, the anticipation of it was over.

She didn’t feel afraid or upset—not with Brad standing in front of her, willing to shield her.

She looked up at the window and saw both their parents looking out at them, her stepmother’s hand on her father’s arm in what appeared to be an entreaty.

“Come on,” she murmured, pulling away. “Let’s go.”

LuAnn’s father didn’t think he was good enough for her. Brad wasn’t sure he blamed the man. After all, their first year as stepfather and son had been explosive. He’d had a devil-may-care attitude about life in general, and Bob Walters had tried, unsuccessfully, to bring him in line.

He didn’t think his stepfather ever believed he’d graduate from college, much less hold down a professional job, especially without the elder man’s financial help and supervision. The fact that Brad had accomplished something with his life had never been recognized.

As he stood next to his bride at the courthouse, four days after their fallout with their parents, guilt wormed its way into his chest. LuAnn deserved better than this.

She deserved to have a traditional wedding, and to be given away on the arm of her

father.

He should have taken more time to assure his stepfather of his worth as a husband and provider for LuAnn.

Brian and Sally had come. His brother had been stunned by the news of their planned elopement, but had quickly recovered and declared himself in support of their union.

LuAnn looked gorgeous in a strapless white lace and chiffon tea-length dress.

He'd given her a bouquet of white roses to hold and a string of fresh-water pearls to wear.

Despite the circumstances, she glowed, looking as happy and radiant as a bride ever looked on her wedding day.

The judge recognized Brian, and greeted them warmly, calling them up to the bench for the ceremony. Brian stood behind him, like a best man, and Sally stood beside LuAnn.

"Do you have a ring for the bride?"

"I do," he said, digging into his pocket.

LuAnn gaped at him in surprise.

"You didn't think I'd let you marry without a ring, did you?"

Her smile brightened the entire room and made his breath stall in his chest. Spending the rest of his life working to earn that look from his bride would be a worthy endeavor.

He opened the ring box and withdrew the little ring—a white gold band with a flower shaped out of diamond chips.

“Oh, Brad, it’s beautiful,” she breathed, holding out her finger.

“Hang on, sweetheart, I think there’s an order to this,” he said, looking at the judge expectantly.

The judge laughed. “Indeed, there is,” he said and proceeded to officiate the brief ceremony in which they both said “I do.”

“By the power vested in me by the State of Connecticut, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.”

Brad held both her hands and leaned forward for a brief, but warm kiss, one which he hoped conveyed the promise of a great deal of passion in the imminent future.

They turned around to exit and LuAnn gasped. Their parents stood in the hallway. His stepfather’s hands were jammed in his pockets and his mother’s shoulders were bunched up to her ears. He glanced at Brian, who must have given them the time and location of their marriage ceremony.

His brother shrugged. “Mom wanted to be here.”

Indeed, his mother stood there, twisting her fingers, a sheen of tears glistening in her eyes. She threw her arms around him as if they’d been estranged for years and not a week.

LuAnn released his hand and he turned to see her offering a kiss to her father, who looked awkward, but not angry, this time.

Her father cleared his throat, but no words emerged from his mouth.

Instead, it was Brian who spoke. “Sally made a cake. Would you all like to come over to my place to celebrate?”

Actually, he’d rather carry his wife home and show her all the ways she belonged to him, but he flashed a smile. “We would love to. Thank you, Sally, that was so thoughtful of you.”

Sally beamed and he wondered how long it would be before he and LuAnn attended her wedding to Brian. He turned an inquisitive look on their parents, who agreed to meet them there as well. As they walked to the car, his stepfather pulled him aside.

“I wanted to apologize, Brad. The news of your relationship with LuAnn came as a shock, but upon reflection, I don’t think you two are unsuited.” He spoke stiffly, as if he’d rehearsed the words.

He handed him an envelope. “I know you’ve always been too proud to accept my help, but I hope you will take this wedding gift,” he said. “I want you two to buy a house with it, and a car. I don’t want you driving LuAnn around on that?—”

“I sold the Ducati,” he cut in. He forced himself to take a breath and accept the overture. “I appreciate the gift. I’d like to design a custom house for LuAnn, and I didn’t know how I’d be able to with starting my own firm.”

“Your own firm?” He braced himself for criticism, but instead, his stepfather smiled and visibly relaxed. “Well, that sounds wonderful.” He stopped and shook Brad’s hand. “Will you let me know if I can help?”

“Of course, sir,”

“And you’ll take good care of her?”

He smiled. “I will take her happiness and care as the most important duty in my life.”  
He shook hands with his stepfather and returned to LuAnn.

He wrapped an arm around his beautiful bride, pulling her against his side and kissing the top of her head. “Are you ready for some cake, Mrs. Stanford?”

She beamed up at him, love shining in her eyes. “Say it again.”

“Mrs. Stanford.”

“Yes. Again.”

He wrapped her up in both arms. “I love you, Mrs. Stanford.”

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Six Months Later

LuAnn couldn't believe she had actually followed Brad's orders as she stood cooking over the stove in their new rental house in nothing but an apron, garters and stockings, and stiletto heels.

If one of their new neighbors happened to come to the door to borrow a cup of sugar, she would have to hide under the bed and pretend no one was home.

And pray they hadn't seen her through the windows.

Still, the naughtiness of it all had her heart fluttering about in her chest.

Her husband had an utterly filthy, wicked mind and she adored him for it. Becoming Mrs. Brad Stanford was more than a dream come true. Every day had become a discovery—of her own true nature, of passion, of exploring her inner child, and of course, of submission to her very dominant husband.

His new business had steady enough work that she could stay at home as his housewife, a job she simply adored. Brad had designed a house just for her and was having it built with the money her father had given them. He said she could decorate it any way she pleased.

She heard the door click open and purposely did not turn from the stove, since the best view of her outfit was from behind.

Brad gave a soft groan. "Oh, Lulu, you're killing me."

She twisted to smile over her shoulder with her best innocent look. She lifted one high heel in the air. “Whatever do you mean? I’m just preparing your dinner, Daddy.”

He walked up behind her and grasped her naked buttocks, his fingers sinking into her flesh with a possessive firmness. “You look good enough to eat.”

“Hmm,” she said smugly. “Yes, that was sort of the idea.”

He gave her bottom a slap. “Dinner can wait. Get into the bedroom.”

She giggled and pulled away, running down the hall with a “you can’t catch me” taunt.

Brad laughed and gave chase. He caught her at the bedroom door and threw her up into his arms with a whoop. “Do you know what, sweetheart?” he asked, carrying her to the bed.

“What, Daddy?”

He laid her on her back with her legs in the air. “Daddy’s cock has been waiting to be inside you all day.”

She lifted the apron out of the way to reveal her pussy, shaved bare for him. “I’m ready for you.”

He gripped her thighs and lowered his head to her pulsing core. “Are you?” he rasped, flicking his tongue out to taste her juices.

She jerked at the touch. “Oh, Daddy.”

“I’m going to put a baby inside you, Lulu.”

She leaned up on her elbows, surprised. “What?”

“No more condoms. Daddy’s going to get his baby girl pregnant.”

She didn’t think it would be possible to still blush at the things he said, but she did now. “Are you ready for children? I thought we were going to wait until your business was more established.”

Brad undid his trousers and freed his erection. “I want to see my baby growing in your belly.” He rubbed the head of his cock over her sex and finding her more than ready, pushed in.

She tipped her head back and moaned.

“Who does this little body belong to, Lulu?”

“To Daddy,” she groaned as he withdrew his cock almost entirely before pushing in anew.

“That’s right. And so if Daddy decides it’s time for Lulu to get pregnant, does my baby girl have a choice?”

She loved when he talked this way—making her feel so completely possessed by him. “No, Daddy,” she moaned. “I don’t have any choice. Daddy can do whatever he wants with my body.”

He picked up the pace, pushing in and thrusting up with each stroke, hitting the spot on her inner wall that made her come undone.

“Oh, Daddy, yes.”

“Daddy’s going to fuck his little girl senseless, morning, noon and night, until she



gives him what he wants.”

Her first climax ripped through her, as much from his words as from the plundering.

“That’s it, baby girl, squeeze my cock with your tight little muscles.”

She contracted her core on purpose and he lost his breath, his eyes rolling back. She loved when the power shifted this way, almost as much as she loved having no power in the relationship.

He began to slam into her with force. “I’m going to make your sweet little pussy sore from all the fucking.”

The coil of her second orgasm wound tighter and she arched, offering her body up to him.

“Oh, LuAnn,” he groaned. “You feel...so... good .” He brought his thumb to her pussy and rubbed her nubbin of pleasure. “Come for me, baby.”

Her muscles contracted on command and he shoved in deep, the hot liquid of his climax filling her as she found her own release.

He shuddered and lowered himself to kiss her neck. “Baby girl,” he murmured, “I love being in charge of you.”

She smiled up at him. “That’s a good thing, Daddy, because I love it when you take charge of me!

” She snuggled against him, loving the way his arms immediately wrapped around her, the delicious comfort she always found there filling her with warmth.

“This is where I always want to be,” she murmured.

“Where, baby doll?”

“Here, in your arms. With you.”

He kissed her hair. “That’s good, because this is where you belong, sweetheart.”

She sighed, closing her eyes and basking in the glow of Brad’s affection.