



# Mind Games: The Obsession of Dr Lewis

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**Category:** Urban

**Description:** A villainous Dr with a sinister agenda. Dont expect a hero within these pages.

Daisy Knight

When Daisy acquired a new psychiatrist, she didn't think much of it, as she'd been passed around for years. She soon realised that Dr Lewis wasn't who he portrayed himself as, and his treatment methods were highly unorthodox. Bit by bit, he picks at her brain until she reveals all of her shameful secrets.

Dr Nathan Lewis

When Dr Lewis noticed the number of therapists Daisy had seen, he took her case pro bono. There is nothing he loves more than a challenge. As he descends into Daisy's life and brain, he plays with her sanity and claims her broken mind as his ultimate prize. He forgoes his professional oath to explore the deadly depths of his obsession.

The novella contains traumatic themes, past childhood abuse, Daddy-themed throughout, and uncomfortable methods of 'treatment'.

This book is not suitable for sensitive readers. 18+

**Total Pages (Source):** 28

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

The dinner menu was worth the trip to the conference. It was good to keep updated on changes within the healthcare system, no matter how tedious it may be to travel to these events. This one wasn't great since I'd not learnt anything new.

"Dr Lewis, may I trouble you for a moment of your time?"

No, but I couldn't say this, so I turned to face the woman who stood beside my table.

I indicated for her to sit at my table. If I recall correctly, she worked in my city.

"I'm Dr Cavall."

"Ah, yes. I remember now. How can I help you?"

"I have a patient that has been playing on my mind, and it's not something that happens often," she said.

I nodded to acknowledge her statement because we needed to keep our distance so we could treat our patients effectively.

"She has had eight different therapists, and none of them have managed to get to the root cause of her behaviour. She has recently gotten into trouble, and no matter what I try, I cannot get her to open up to me."

I put my glass down as I was intrigued. Going through eight therapists was

impressive.

“What age is she?”

“Twenty-seven,” she said with a look of concern marring her face.

Cavall was in her early fifties and a well-respected psychiatrist. I’d only ever heard good things about her ethics and progress. I was surprised she hadn’t gotten her patient to open up to her.

“I know you have a reputation and a manner in which you make progress with the most difficult of patients,” she said with a hopeful look.

She wasn’t wrong because I was upfront about which route I would take the therapy and, if required, adjust or prescribe medication. Some of my prescription medication was natural. I pushed people in ways that were not conventional, and I got away with it because of my end results.

“Send me what you have on her. I will look into it and see if I can make it my pro bono case. I cannot promise anything, as I get a lot of referrals.”

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I scanned through the documentation that Dr Cavall had sent me by a secure courier service. The young woman was a mess who refused to cooperate with any of her therapists. I could recognise all the signs in her file.

Daisy Knight was the perfect mess that I needed to alleviate the boredom from rich people’s ‘problems’ that I usually dealt with. The private sector was highly lucrative, especially with having my own practice, but this is why I would take a few charity cases on every once in a while. Every once in a while, I needed a headfucked

impossible case.

With a smile, I picked up Dr Cavall's card and dialled her number.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

“What part of I got fired, don't you understand?” I snapped at the cocky little bitch behind the desk.

This is what I hated about the Job Centre. Most of the staff made you feel like a useless scumbag—the dregs of society, begging for a handout.

“You cannot get your benefits straight away. If you got fired, we would need to investigate further. These are the new rules to prevent benefit fraud,” she said in a bored voice.

“And how am I supposed to pay my rent, bills and food in the meantime?”

“You should have thought about that before you got fired. You need to move along. Other people are waiting,” she said, looking past me.

I felt sick when I thought of my monthly bills and the debt I was in. It was no point in verbally abusing this sadistic little cunt, but I hoped she got diseased by a cheating partner with genital warts.

I smiled at the thought and gave her my middle finger before I walked away. The next stop was my doctor to see if they could try to help me with my disability claim. My old coping mechanisms were beginning to fail, and I could see myself crumbling shortly.

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“I've spoken to Dr Cavall, and she will support your application. However, you need to see her first as there are some stipulations about a new therapist.”

I squeezed my head as my doctor's words sank in. It didn't come as a surprise she knew I was fucking around during our sessions.

Of course, there were stipulations. Why couldn't I get a fucking break?

“Good. I will write out the details for the new psychiatrist,” Dr Johnson said with a cheery smile. “She will cover the rest with you.”

I reluctantly smiled back because he was one of the good ones, and I didn't have many of them in my life. He knew I kept going on and off my meds, but I couldn't help the way my brain was. This must be the fifth therapist I was going to see. I didn't see the point in sharing details of a past I wanted to forget.

What could they offer me? The only thing I would accept was drugs or amnesia.

The memories snuck back, and with them, so did the overwhelming sense of shame, guilt, and anger. I wondered if it was worth going to the supermarket before going to the food bank, as I could use a drink today. Stealing was always a last resort, but there were days when I had difficulty functioning.

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I checked the address on the piece of paper Dr Cavall gave me after she admitted defeat and palmed me onto Dr Lewis. I always felt a sense of achievement when they gave up on me. They lived in a different reality from me. It would help my claim if my doctor and therapist sent their recommendations. Dr Cavall suggested that I ask Dr Lewis for it.

This was one of the fanciest offices I'd been to, and I was uncomfortable before I stepped inside. With a sigh, I walked inside, ignoring the receptionist, who I knew was looking at my dishevelled appearance. By the time I reached the elevator, I was angry enough to stab the lift button several times until my finger hurt. I needed my money until I found another job.

The new hoity-toity therapist could kiss my ass.

This morning, I'd grabbed some clothes from the clean pile, but as I looked down, I saw the creases on them. I tugged at my T-shirt to stretch the material out, but it was useless. I zipped my mismatched light-grey jacket up to hide the creases. My jeans didn't look too bad until I noticed a stain from the ramen noodles I had last night. At least the stolen vodka helped ease some of my tension. I got off at the 6th floor where there were two offices.

Mind Solutions Partnership.

I pushed the glass door open and walked toward the receptionist. She had a perfect smile, and her eyes wandered over me, but her friendly expression didn't change, and I relaxed.

"I have an appointment with Dr Lewis," I said to her with a tight smile.

"Of course, take a seat. Would you like a drink?"

I almost sighed because it wouldn't be the kind of drink I needed.

"No, thank you," I said before I walked towards the seating area.

There wasn't a single stain on the carpet, and every piece of glass and gold on the table was polished to perfection. I didn't sit on the comfortable-looking seats but

looked out of the windows.

What was the point of it all?

No matter what I tried to do in life, I never managed to complete it. At best, I had menial jobs which just about kept me on top of all my household bills.

“Miss Knight,” A deep voice called my name, pulling me out of my dire and depressing thoughts.

He was tall, dark, and middle-aged. He wore thick-rimmed glasses that he probably didn't need but wore to look intelligent.

No. He wore them to hide his eyes.

He fiddled with the frame as he watched me. His dark hair was combed back with shorter sides, giving him a younger look.

He loved himself.

A lot.

His dark brown fitted suit would make anyone else look like a blob of shit, but he pulled it off with his matching waistcoat and the darker shade of brown shoes.

My guard came up instantly. Although he had a pleasant smile on his face, his eyes told me this guy was not all he seemed.

My stomach dropped as he walked closer, but he paused to scrutinise me before lifting his hand in a greeting as opposed to touching me.



“I’m Dr Lewis, pleased to meet you,” he said with a smile.

I nodded but kept my eyes on his silvery grey eyes.

“Please follow me,” he said and, with that, began to walk towards a corridor.

I shouldn't have pissed Dr Cavall off, now I was stuck with this fairy motherfucker.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

She wasn't what I expected, and judging from how she scrutinised me, she wasn't buying my charm—yet. I expected her to be an oddity and perhaps more manly with the trouble she got into, but she was petite in stature and attractive. Most of the women that came to me would always make an effort. I saw this in their hair, make-up, nails, and choice of clothing. She looked scruffy and, at first glance, not much to look at.

I held the door open for her as she walked in. The scent of stale alcohol wafted from her. Her thick, long hair was a fiery reddish-brown colour, and she couldn't be any taller than around 5ft 3 inches. Her eyes were a hazel colour with hints of green and yellow in them, most unusual. She downplayed her features, and the only reason for this was to hide. I closed the door. She jumped and turned to face me, but her eyes lingered on the closed door.

“Please take a seat,” I said, watching to see where she would sit. I had an office table with comfortable leather seats.

The two couches and an armchair were arranged around the coffee table. When she settled on the corner of a sofa, I knew she was trying to place herself as far away from me as possible.

She looked around the room, and her lips twitched with amusement.

“Is something funny?”

“You certainly like the colour of shit,” she said.

There was a lot of brown and cream in the room, but my brown suit might be overkill in my office. I glanced down at her clothing and worn-out trainers. I wouldn't be taking any fashion or decorating tips from her.

“Indeed. You've had eight therapists before me. That is quite an accomplishment,” I said as I sat on my armchair.

“Huh. I thought you were my fifth or sixth,” she said with a genuine look of surprise.

“Dr Cavell mentioned an incident at work which led you to be terminated.”

She relaxed on the couch as she saw this as a safe subject.

“You will be able to relate to this since you must have been born in the 60s or 70s,” she began to say.

The cheeky little bitch knew what she was saying when she made a dig about my age. I was only forty-one. My face must have given me away because she smiled before she continued.

“In the 80s, it was all the rage to harass women sexually. You know, grab an ass, rub your dick on someone or proposition them. I chose not to have a work colleague's hands on me, and I got fired.”

I picked up my notebook and glanced at the notes I'd jotted down.

“So you hit him with a burning hot basket full of fries before you knocked him to the ground, sat on him, and repeatedly punched his face?”

“Actually, the basket was empty, but yes. Shouldn’t I defend myself?” she asked as she crossed her arms defensively.

“You don't think that reporting his behaviour to a senior member of staff was the correct thing to do?”

“Management doesn't want troublemakers. Another girl before me had reported him, and nothing was done about it.”

“Society has laws that we follow. What do you think about rules and lawlessness?”

Her eyes died before me, and her stare turned blank.

“They are all lies to keep because no one protects the weak. They only protect the wealthy,” she said in a cold, stern voice.

“What age were you when you realised this?” I asked softly.

I knew she ran away from home at the age of fifteen. She was resourceful in travelling and finding shelters, but she only stayed at the same ones for a short period of time. She lied about her age and got jobs off the books in small businesses. My investigator had several alias names listed for her.

“Too young,” she snapped at me with anger simmering in her eyes.

I steered the conversation to her current circumstances while I recalled Dr Cavall’s notes of her theory on deep-seated childhood trauma in Daisy’s past. Daisy put up a facade of being strong, but she was locked into being a victim of her past. She was dishevelled, stank of alcohol, and her eyes had circles beneath them.

I would help Daisy in ways she could never imagine.

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After Daisy left, I spent a great deal of time reviewing all of her records. This is why I decided to become a psychiatrist rather than a psychologist. I could access medical files and write prescriptions. However, it would take some time to organise my calendar so that I could spend less time in my office and offer more video appointments.

I knew what I was. Certain people triggered my darkest urges, and Daisy pushed every single button I had. It felt Godlike knowing that I had a person's life in my hand. Most people succumbed to my wishes in the end. People's brains fascinated me, and it didn't matter if they were men or women.

I would need to find and visit Daisy's past problems. I needed to visit her parents' house. The PI did a good job, but I needed personal information. A thorough investigation was always required before a person went missing.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

Dr Lewis was more helpful than I'd anticipated. It had been five weeks since I'd been seeing him, and the new trial medication for Psilocybin mushrooms was something that was helping me. I never liked the usual drugs my doctor prescribed me, and I wouldn't have taken these, but Dr Lewis has assured me that they were natural.

He knew I didn't like being in his office. So we would meet in various coffee shops around the city. The atmosphere was much more relaxed, and I got free hot chocolate, which was a bonus. I wasn't drinking as much alcohol, and my usual spiralling thoughts had lessened.

He advised me to hold off on looking for a job until we could work on my treatment. He also wrote to the Department of Work and Pensions to ensure my disability claim wouldn't be rejected. Other than Dr Cavall, he seemed to care about my personal circumstances.

My phone vibrated, and I picked it up.

Dr Lewis: My video appointment ran longer than expected. Can you meet me at my house?

I frowned at his message because it felt a little strange going to his house. He hadn't given me any creepy vibes and always kept our appointments professional, regardless of the setting.

Me: Sure, send me the address.

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I paused at the white five-storey townhouse. It was in an affluent area, which didn't surprise me, but the sheer size of his property did. I peered down at the basement level, where there was a small decked area, but the windows were all barred up. Robberies were common in the city, and these type of windows weren't uncommon.

I climbed up the steps and rang the doorbell. When Dr Lewis opened the door, he was wearing a white shirt and navy trousers. It was strange to see him without his full suit. He smiled politely and moved back to let me inside.

“Thank you for coming. I didn't anticipate getting caught up in that meeting,” he said.

His house was as grand as his office and worth several million, given its size and location.

“That’s okay. There was a direct bus from my area to yours,” I said, glancing at the artwork in the open hallway.

The canvas was red and black, and I did a double-take as within the strokes of the paintwork, it looked like a horned face hidden within the pattern.

“Let’s go into the kitchen. I could use a coffee. Would you like a hot chocolate?”

“Uh, yes, please,” I said, following him through the hallway.

I was taken aback when we reached the kitchen because it wasn't sleek and modern but more homely.

“Take a seat,” he said as he waved a hand towards the kitchen table.

“You have a beautiful house,” I murmured as I pulled the wooden chair back to take a seat.

“Thank you. So, how has your week been?” he asked.

“The mushroom pills that I have been popping have made a difference. I've felt much more relaxed,” I said as I watched him move around to gather everything up.

“Good, but you realise that at some point, we need to delve a little deeper to help you develop better coping mechanisms. Alcohol isn't the answer.”

I touched the cream wooden table. Everything had a look and feel of quality. I wanted to avoid this conversation because every therapist had the same goal. To pick at my brain and bring those horrid memories back. It made me stabby just thinking about it. I glanced at his wooden knife block and felt a pang of sadness at the missed opportunities to stab my tormentors.

Before I knew it, Dr Lewis had placed the mug of hot chocolate in front of me. It had whipped cream and chocolate drops on it, and I knew before tasting it that it was Belgian chocolate.

He turned to get his coffee before he sat down. When he took a sip, he stared at me with a strange expression. I wondered if his meeting had been bad news.

“Do you live with your family?” I asked politely as I took a sip of the hot chocolate.

The cream covered my upper lip, and I licked it off. His eyes followed my tongue before he looked away.

“My parents live in the south of France, and I'm an only child,” he said before he took another sip of his coffee.



“Oh, I meant if you had a partner or children,” I said, since the house was massive, but I kept that to myself.

This was the best hot chocolate I’d ever had. It was just the right temperature since he knew I liked my hot drinks lukewarm. I took another long sip of the comforting, sweet drink.

“No, I live here alone,” he said with a smile. “How much did you drink this week?”

“I had one bottle of wine and no spirits,” I said carefully. It was really three bottles, but it was better than drinking straight vodka and rum.

“Tell me about your first boyfriend or girlfriend?”

I blinked at his question and swallowed. He usually limited his questions to my present and future goals.

“I’ve had one boyfriend, and it didn’t work out. I’m happier on my own,” I said tightly. “My first female friend stabbed me in the back.”

“Hmm, most people are selfish cunts,” he said with a nod while my mouth fell open at his profanity.

I began to feel tired all of a sudden.

“Why don’t you tell me about Tom and Violet?” he asked with a sinister smile.

That was when the full-blown panic burst through me. I looked at the hot chocolate, and it began to blur. The hot chocolate was drugged.

This is what I deserved for trusting someone again.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

I caught her head before it crashed into her mug. The fear and panic on her face was perfect. I picked her up and carried her downstairs to the basement. I usually had the room stripped bare, but for her, I left a few books on PTSD and childhood trauma. The others were fiction books I'd picked up from a bookshop near my office.

I laid her down on the bed and placed the shackles on her wrists and ankles before reaching for the longer chain that was attached to the wall to snap the collar into place. She needed to be completely vulnerable, so I began to cut away her clothes. When I cut her panties away, I saw she didn't own a razor, but that was something I would take care of before she woke up.

She was too skinny, which is why I was surprised that she had large breasts hidden away under her baggy clothing.

In time, Daisy would become Daddy's perfect little girl.

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I'd adjusted her shackles while I shaved her body. My dark urges were as strong as they were the day I met her. The only variation was that my fixation with Daisy grew in a different direction from all of my previous test patients and victims. I wouldn't need to use electric shocks or psychological torture on her to become compliant. Her soul was as shattered as her mind.

I dried her skin and moved back to admire my handiwork. She didn't look perfect, so

I lifted her head up and untied her hair to trail it over her breasts. Tom, the dirty bastard, had kept her diary, and he had quite the collection of photos and a couple of videos, which I relieved him of. Daisy and I had a lot of work to do in order to eradicate him from her life. My fixation with Daisy was unlike previous ones.

When she began to stir, I picked up the bowl of water and razor and moved it to the side table. Her eyes fluttered, and the chains rattled, but when she saw me, she tried to sit up before she understood her situation.

“You're supposed to help people,” she croaked out.

“You won't see it yet, but I am helping you.”

She began to scream and tug on her shackles. Her screams were so loud that I winced, but she couldn't keep it up for long as her voice began to crack.

“If you're done, then let me tell you. This basement is soundproofed, and the windows are unbreakable. You can look out of them, but no one can see inside.”

“Why am I naked? You perverted bastard,” she hissed at me before she glanced down. “You shaved me,” she gasped out.

“Because you can no longer hide anything from me. In almost a decade, you have had nine therapists. This ends when I say it ends. No one will be looking for you. Remember that because I can keep you in my basement indefinitely,” I said sternly before I bent down to pick up the bowl and towel. “You’re shaved because I want you shaved. When I return, we will talk about Tom and Violet,” I said as I headed towards the door.

“Fuck off. I'm saying nothin’ to a sick shitfuck like you,” she spat out.

“Wave to the camera when you're ready to talk.”

“Go fuck yourself, you sick cunt.”

I closed the door with a smile as the colourful profanities continued. They all seemed to have similar bravado when they arrived.

It never lasted.

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She didn't crack. She allowed herself to piss on the bed and lay on the wet bed without uttering a word or waving her hand to the camera to gain my attention. I turned the heating up for the basement before I went upstairs to retire for the night. She obviously needed the night to dwell on the severity of her situation.

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The warm sun shone on my face as I woke up with a smile. I lay in bed and contemplated how Daisy's disposition would be during her first weekend of treatment. The thought of getting inside her head excited me, and I headed straight for the shower before I dosed myself with some coffee and took her breakfast downstairs. I thought of the attic decor for Daisy's next stage as I went downstairs to check on my wayward patient.

The room was silent when I opened the door. I sat her breakfast on the side table since I would be hand-feeding her. With her anger issues, I didn't want to be wearing the breakfast. She didn't look at me or acknowledge me in any way, but her expression was positively mutinous.

“Good morning. Are you ready for breakfast?” I asked as I glanced at her naked

body, but by the time my gaze returned to her face, her lips were tightly pursed.

When she didn't respond, I sat on the edge of the bed and stroked her cheek, ignoring her when she tried to shake her head. The smooth silver ring around her neck suited her.

“Be a good girl for Daddy,” I murmured.

It was a direct hit because her eyes widened as a look of horror and disgust appeared on her face before it rapidly changed to one of anger and settled on hatred radiating from her. What started as a shiver persisted into trembling, and I witnessed her in fight or flight mode.

“Today, we start your treatment plan. If you do not comply, you will not find my methods to make you talk to your liking,” I said with a stern warning clear in each word.

My own ego and anger morphed together as I glared down at her. She would never reach a tenth therapist because the buck stopped with me.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

I couldn't look away from his cold yet angry grey eyes. My mind flitted back to the first day I met him. He wasn't wearing his glasses this morning, but why would he? He didn't need to hide the sick monster anymore. It was all out in the open now. I closed my eyes because of the nauseating thought of my reality. He could do anything to me or simply murder me, and no one would know or care.

“I will be back to haunt you if you kill me, you sick fuck,” I whispered as I felt tears trying to leak out of my eyes against my will.

“You have two rules that will ensure my leniency. Always address me as Daddy and obey me. It's as simple as that,” he said, sounding calm again.

I swallowed before I opened my eyes because he didn't deny the fact that he could kill me.

“Aren't doctors supposed to take some kind of an oath?” I asked as he reached for the food.

His head swivelled around, and he scowled at me.

I stared at him in confusion momentarily before remembering what he said.

“You've got to be shitting me,” I mumbled before adding in a louder voice. “Daddy.”

I cringed when I said the word.

What sort of a nasty pervert was he?

His face instantly changed to a pleased smile as he turned with the plate settled on his lap.

“I lied when I took the oath,” he said with a wink.

He didn't speak as he began to feed me bites of food. It was almost cold, but it tasted good because I had only eaten my lunch the day before. It wasn't the supermarket's own brand. The full English breakfast he provided was quality produce.

I watched him as he fed me. He wanted me soft and compliant, but I didn't know how to be either of these things. My life had rarely let me put my guard down. By the time he finished feeding me, I'd managed to depress myself with my own thoughts.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked with a smile.

I struggled to say the words but forced myself because a cup of tea sounded comforting.

“Yes please...Daddy,” I choked out.

His smile instantly widened, and his eyes flared briefly, but he turned and had a small black insulated cup in his hand.

“Take your pill with it,” he murmured as he held the mushroom pill between his fingers.

I opened my mouth, and he placed it inside before he slipped his hand beneath my neck and the base of my skull to lift me up so I could drink the tea.

“That’s my good girl,” he crooned. “You’re going to be a very good girl for your Daddy.”

I didn't miss the or else insinuation in his devious eyes.

He unchained me from the bed while he changed the bedsheets and let me use the toilet. The bathroom was basic and white, with only a bar of soap, a toothbrush and toothpaste in it. My collar chain extended to the bathroom, and I wondered how many people he had kept in his basement.

I believed him when he said he lied when he made his oath. He enjoyed playing games which was not something that I was looking forward to. I rinsed myself off in the shower since I’d peed myself last night, but there were no towels, only toilet paper and paper towels for my hands.

When I walked into the bedroom, the grey bedsheets were gone, replaced by white ones. He sat on a stool beside the bed, holding a notepad and pen.

“Can I get under the covers, please, Daddy? I’m cold,” I said as I winced using that word again.

When he nodded, I let out the breath I’d held onto.

I settled under the covers and tucked them over my shoulders. He had left the heating on all night since I’d had no covers on me last night, but I’d hardly slept. I hadn't felt cold, but my mind was disturbed by the sudden events.

“Comfortable?” he asked with a gleam in his eye.

I nodded so I wouldn't need to say the word.



“Good. Now tell me about Violet and Tom,” he said while giving me a hard stare.

I lay back on the bed and fixed the covers to look at the white ceiling. The room was painted plain grey, but it wasn't unpleasant. His basement was nicer than my apartment. I closed my eyes because I knew he wouldn't stop hounding me unless I told him. I couldn't walk away from him like I did with my past therapists.

“Violet was my Mum...a long time ago. It was always us, except for the odd boyfriend here and there. I think she was a good mother initially, but she changed over time,” I said, mulling it all over as I went along.

The only thing I shared with my mum was our hair colour. I don't know who I took after because I didn't know who my dad was.

“What's your earliest memory of her?” he asked, causing me to open my eyes.

“I was three or four, and she was angry that I scratched one of her CDs. I was scared because she was shouting, and I felt bad about what I did,” I said flatly. “My mum was strict and not a very affectionate person.”

She coped with stress as well as I did. She found affection for my half-brother.

“What age were you when you met Tom?”

I kept my eyes focused on the ceiling. I have no idea how he found out about my incubator or her partner, but this is why I never mentioned them in therapy. Had I managed my emotions and actions better, I wouldn't have been locked up in a madman's basement.

“I was five. He came to our house for dinner. We played with my dolls together. I thought he was another of my Mum's fleeting fancies, but Tom stuck around.”

“Did you ever want to call him Dad or Daddy?”

“Probably when I was about six or seven, but I got used to calling him Tom.”

“What was Violet and Tom’s relationship like?”

“It started good, but when I think on it now, they drank a lot and brought the worst out in one another,” I said, thinking about how my mum was all about Tom.

“And when was the first time Tom touched you inappropriately?”

My heart began to pound erratically, and I couldn't look at him, so I kept my eyes focused on the ceiling. I don't know how he knew about Tom, but my mind went to Melissa, the first back-stabbing bitch I met on the streets. She was the only person I told.

I didn't want to remember because I still felt the initial discomfort of knowing it felt wrong.

What he did felt so wrong.

It felt so wrong.

Until it didn't.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

She froze completely, and I could see the alarm on her face. Her breathing got faster, and the longer she lay there caught in that moment, the worse her terror got. When tears began to roll down the side of her face, she blinked, but it didn't stop them from gaining momentum.

“Big deep breaths, Daisy. In and out,” I said loud enough to startle her before I began to breathe in and out to demonstrate.

I knew she had been through several techniques to try and work through her emotions. A few of them were a while ago with another therapist.

“In,” I said, inhaling. “And out.”

I repeated this until I saw her trying to breathe through it.

“There's my good girl,” I said softly. “Keep breathing those big, deep breaths. In and out.”

I picked up the large Winnie the Pooh bear from under the bed and slipped it under her covers.

“We can pick this up tomorrow, Daisy, but I will expect you to continue,” I said firmly as I stood up to leave.

She looked smaller, with just her head poking out of the covers. The flow of tears had

slowed down, but she was in an emotionally fragile state. My methods might seem brutal to her, but they were necessary, and I would use every dirty trick in the book.

I needed this to work but didn't want to damage her psyche. It had to be a complete transformation.

She needed to accept me as her Daddy.

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I set up my tablet and watched her while I reviewed her diary notes. She didn't move for almost an hour. When she saw the bear, she looked confused for a moment. She stared at the bear and its red T-shirt for a long time before she tucked it beside her pillow away from the camera and turned to her side. Her eyes didn't stay open for long, and she fell asleep with what seemed like a sigh. This was a promising start.

With the constant overthinking, stress, alcohol, mood swings, and potentially having two decades of this cycle, I expected her to eat and sleep more for a few days.

Her diary had a twelve-year gap. She stopped writing in it when she was fifteen, so I could only presume that she left home after that age. When I broke into her old home, there was no sign of her anywhere until I checked the garage and loft. There were plenty of photos and achievements around the house for their son, but it looked as if Daisy never existed. They made a concentrated effort to forget about her.

My fascination with how the brain works came from observing others, which led me to realise how much my thought process differed. I was completely detached and often feigned emotional reactions to fit in. In the comfort of my home, I could relax and be myself. With Daisy, I didn't want to hide my negative traits. I wanted her to witness my ugly side and accept it.

I picked the tablet up and studied Daisy's sleeping face. I traced my finger over her face. She has such delicate features, and what was done to break her had several contributing factors. We all had our demons, and Daisy needed to learn how to confront them. Otherwise, they would continue to haunt her.

???

I decided to make her a light but nutritious lunch: roasted pepper, garlic, and lentil soup with a slice of crusty bread. After she woke up, she was still a little bleary-eyed. When she looked up at me, her eyes were dull but cautious. I smiled when I saw the plush bear still by her side. Her cheeks flushed when she caught me looking at it.

"Did you have a nice nap?" I asked her, and when she nodded, I scowled at her.

I let her avoid proper responses before, but not now.

"The correct response is, 'Yes, Daddy,'" I said.

"Uh, yes, Daddy."

"Sit up. Daddy is going to feed you," I said as I sat down.

When she sat down, she held the covers up.

"Pull the covers down. Daddy wants to see your beautiful breasts while I feed you."

She didn't move but tossed the covers off in an angry motion. I broke a piece of the bread and dipped it into the soup before presenting it to her. She opened her mouth, and her lips brushed off my fingers, causing her to become flustered.

"When was the last time you fucked a man, Daisy?" I asked as I brushed my thumb

along her lower lip.

She looked away from me towards the windows.

“Maybe around five or six years ago,” she said flatly.

“Do you remember your rules?”

“Uh, yes. Sorry, Daddy.”

“Why so long ago?” I asked as I fed her some more bread and waited until she had swallowed it.

“I didn't like it, Daddy,” she said but still wouldn't look at me.

“But you cum when you finger yourself, don't you?” I said as I lifted the spoon.

Her wide eyes snapped towards me before she frowned. “Yes...Daddy,” she said, catching herself this time.

I fed her some soup for a few minutes and picked up the remaining bread.

“I think you would cum for your Daddy because if you didn't, I would do terrible things to you,” I said with a smirk. “Daddy knows how you need to be fucked. Daddy knows everything about you.”

Her cheeks turned pink, and she looked away from me. Her breathing turned choppy, and her rose-tipped breasts began to rise and fall. It was arousal this time and not panic.

“I bet if I touched your pretty little hole, it would be wet right now, wouldn't it,

Daisy?" I whispered as I fed her the bread.

Shame kept many people from enjoying their most basic functions. Be it past experiences, a gaslighting partner or perhaps religion.

"Why are you doing this to me...Daddy?" she whispered so quietly that I could barely hear her.

"You would've been arrested eventually for your anger outbursts. You're an alcoholic. You cannot get your shit together and have refused the numerous occasions where people have tried to help you. That behaviour is no longer an option in my basement," I said as I observed the expressions flitting across her face.

She clenched the covers between her hands but didn't deny anything I said.

"You would have met an early death. Now your life is in your Daddy's hands," I said softly, watching her fear take over. "Remember your rules, and you have nothing to worry about."

It was clear to me she wanted to live and hadn't got to the utterly hopeless stage in her life. She had all the signs of death by addiction or suicide. Without a support system, it would only have been a matter of time.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

He wasn't lying. My life meant nothing to him because he had already written me off. I was twenty-seven, and I'd achieved nothing in my life. I barely survived to make a living and drank to numb my pain. There was no social life, friends or family. There was nothing in my life that had any meaning or purpose.

"In return, Daddy is going to look after you," he said with a smile.

What? Caged in his basement forever? If my mother hadn't looked after me, why would he?

My cheeks flushed as I thought of how he shaved me all over. I tried to push the thought out of my head. He fed me the last of the bread with the delicious soup. His eyes dropped to my breasts, which made me want to cover myself up. I felt indifferent when I saw myself naked. Most of the time, I tried not to look.

"Like a sugar Daddy?" I asked, confused by why he wanted me to call him Daddy.

"No, it is more of a dominant and submissive role. The psychology of it goes a little deeper than simply an age gap, wealth and sex. All you need to understand at this point is that I look after you, and you obey me," he said as he opened the side table drawer.

He pulled a wooden hairbrush out.

"Turn around," he said, and I turned away from him.



My eyes caught the Pooh bear, and I held onto the fluffy soft toy. It was childish but comforting. Yet having him made me feel a little safer, even if it made little sense. I used to beg and pray for someone to save me from Tom. The one time I hid, he made it into a game, but when he found me, he hurt me so badly that I never hid from him again.

By the time I snapped out of the memory, Dr Lewis braided my hair.

“How did you learn to braid...Daddy?”

“I've been preparing since the day you came into my office, so I've had some practice.”

A shiver ran down my spine, and the chill that accompanied it.

“Do you want Daddy to make you cum?” he asked as he traced a finger down my spine.

“No, thank you, Daddy,” I squeaked in a panic.

With a chuckle, he stood up and took the tray to leave the room. I couldn't help but watch him as he left. He was attractive. His dark hair was almost black, he was quite a bit taller than me, and those grey eyes had a tinge of black around them. His hair was always styled perfectly, and he was clean-shaven with a pearly white smile. His build was muscular, considering he sat for most of his job.

It was a shame he was a power-hungry control freak. No one would believe me if I managed to escape and told them what Dr Lewis did. He looked like a respectable doctor. No one ever believed me, or if they did, they ignored me.

But it didn't stop me from wondering how hard he could make me cum.

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I dreaded today's session because I knew he wouldn't stop this time. Today he would demand that I answer all of his questions.

He let me have a bubble bath last night but he washed every inch of me with his hands. It was embarrassing enough to know that he had shaved all my body hair off after I'd stupidly drank that hot chocolate. He asked me again while he dried my body with a towel.

"Do you want Daddy to make you cum?"

Again, I politely declined, but the words played on my mind for hours after he left. Eventually, I fell into a deep slumber, too exhausted to care that he could come back down. Only to wake up this morning and find myself unmolested. My deep, dark, and sick side to me was disappointed. My sane and sensible side was content.

God, I needed a fucking drink.

There was no way he would give me a drink. He might enjoy me begging for it. He fucked with my head so much. Instead of my usual vicious thoughts circling around my head, he was at the forefront of everything. I went over the questions he asked me again and again, only to realise he somehow knew too many details. He asked me when Tom had touched me, not if he had touched me. Perhaps he believed me.

It took me four years to be able to tell my mum, and instead of helping me, she attacked me. I thought about it for years and concluded that she either knew all along or blamed me. Her precious husband could do no wrong. She gave up any pretence after that, and I was left to deal with Tom for another three years before something snapped inside of me, and I ran away. He became more brazen and depraved over the years.

With a sigh, I turned over and cuddled into the soft fur of Pooh Bear. As horrid as Dr Lewis was in taking my freedom and my clothes while sticking me in his basement, I felt grateful for the comfort of being able to hug the cute bear. The sun shone into the small decking area. The majority of these kind of townhouses were converted into apartments. Space was very much coveted in the city.

The door opened, and I glanced over my shoulder to see Dr Lewis walk in, holding a pale green ceramic bowl. My eyes skimmed over him. It was the first time he wasn't wearing a suit, yet he still managed to look formal. My cheeks heated when I focused on his hands. The same hands that touched every inch of my body last night.

He sat on the bed, and I saw that he had porridge with a red berry sauce on the side for breakfast. I opened my mouth when he lifted the spoon to my lips. He had a calm energy this morning. I studied his face while he fed me and wondered if he enjoyed taking care of me or if he was pretending.

Did he enjoy the control? Was this part of his 'treatment'?

"Thank you, Daddy," I said after he fed me the final spoonful.

A genuine smile was my reward. It softened his cold grey eyes as the slight wrinkles at the corner of his eyes showed. He looked like a normal, attractive man. The striking contrast between his dark hair and lighter eyes was an unusual combination. He no longer needed his glasses to hide behind since his crazy was now out in the open.

"Good girl. You deserve a reward," he murmured as he stood up with the bowl.

He left the room for a few minutes and returned, holding some neatly folded clothes in one hand and a glass of water in the other. It was a pale blue, lightly checkered pyjama set. He unbuttoned it, and I held my arm out for him as he dressed me. It all

felt very intimate, but it wasn't creepy. Tom never put clothes on me. He only used to take them off.

I stood up and watched him bend down to put the bottoms on for me. When I looked down, he had white cotton panties in his hand. I held his shoulder while I put my foot through the underwear before he slipped the warm, brushed cotton bottoms on. It dawned on me that Tom only used to remove my clothes.

“He used to tell me how much he loved me,” I whispered. “They all lied.”

He glanced up at my words, but I looked away from his piercing eyes.

“While I cannot take all of your pain away, baby. I will ensure that the ones who failed to protect you will pay for what they did,” he vowed.

I swallowed the lump in my throat before I met his eyes. They had a fierce look, and I was shocked at his barely contained anger. His words hit home about making them pay.

“What do you mean by making them pay?” I asked, puzzled as to why he would care.

Did he know Tom and Violet?

“All in good time. Take your medicine while I comb and braid your hair. I have pretty blue ribbons for your hair today,” he said as he stood up.

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, looking away from him again.

For some reason, it was getting easier to call him Daddy.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

She took the pill I had left beside the glass of water and sat on the bed, waiting for me to comb her hair. Her words sent a fury through me. The victims that I had encountered never triggered such protective emotions in me. The perpetrators were the ones that I toyed with before killing them. Daisy would learn about Tom and Violet's mindset. With my sessions, she would understand how their roles were the cause of trauma but also how to come to terms with the hand she was dealt with. The rest she would pick up from the books. She had no choice if she wanted to alleviate the boredom of being locked up.

On the positive side, she was beginning to adjust. I never anticipated her delight in voluntarily thanking me while calling me Daddy. It gave me hope that things would progress faster than I'd planned. She put the glass on the side table and settled down on the bed, but she put her bear on her lap as she stroked him.

I unbraided her hair from last night and began to comb the soft, wavy auburn locks. As a teen, she often wrote about how she hated herself and everyone else. Her self-care was nonexistent.

"You have beautiful hair, Daisy. I'm glad you didn't cut it," I said as I brushed it back before I put the brush down.

"Thank you, Daddy," she whispered.

I braided her hair and tied it off with the matching pale blue ribbon. My speed was improving, but the result could have been more neat than it was. Because of her past,

I knew she hated pink, so I avoided the colour in her room and clothes. Her diary was an open wound, full of shame, anger and pain.

“Why did you never tell any of your therapists about your mum and stepdad?” I asked as I stroked her braid.

With a sigh, she moved back on the bed until her back rested on the headboard. I watched as her hand pressed down on the plump bear’s belly. She closed her eyes before she spoke.

“He always said no one would believe me or people would think I was crazy. I wanted to forget everything, and I didn't want a stranger judging me.”

“How's that working out for you?” I said, unable to hide my disparaging tone of voice.

Her eyes snapped open, and her green-brown eyes were full of fire. I almost smiled because this was Daisy, the fighter. She had such unusual eyes they seemed to change each time I inspected them. Daisy was unaware of how attractive she was. This little gem had been hidden away, waiting to be discovered.

“You won't ever forget about it. It would be best if you confronted it, dissect it and be able to live with it. Daddy will help you every step of the way,” I said with my eyes dropping to her pink lips.

Five to six years without sex was a long time. It wouldn't be long until she gave in, but I might need to help her along. She tempted me in a manner that pushed all my buttons in the worst way possible. As fucked up as it was, she would be more susceptible towards me because of her past.

Her anger deflated, and she stretched her legs out from under her. I took my shoes off

and sat beside her, my legs extended out next to hers.

“You can tell Daddy anything, and I would believe you, but I won't ever judge you,” I said before squeezing her hand.

She didn't pull away from me, and her fingers slowly curled around my hand.

“I did some terrible things after I ran away,” she whispered.

“Did you kill anyone?” I asked casually.

She gasped as she turned to face me, and I winked at her. “You're talking to a kidnapper.”

She smiled faintly and shook her head before she looked away from me.

“You're a bad Daddy,” she said.

I remained silent because she didn't know the depths of my depravity and how much I embraced that side of me.

“I've felt ruined since the first time Tom touched me, but when I ran away, I had to survive. I was fifteen, so I couldn't claim government benefits without being reported to Violet. I was too scared that I would be sent back. When I left, I hid in train toilets to get as far away as I could, but living on the streets or finding shelter being underage was hard,” she said before she paused to take a few deep breaths, and her hand began to feel clammy. I rubbed my thumb over her knuckles.

“I worked on the streets for money,” she said after a long pause. “I met a girl a few years older than me, and we did it together for a while.”

She let out a mirthless laugh. “I mean, why not? I was ruined anyway.”

“What happened with your boyfriend?” I asked, curious about what made her avoid men altogether. Her stance was more extreme than that of any other patient.

“I tried to date, but I’d only ever been connected to Tom. He used me for years until it became a sordid, twisted relationship.”

I clenched my teeth together, but I relaxed again because, eventually, the only sordid, twisted relationship she would have would be with me.

“When Tom dated my mum, he would stay over, but after a while, he began to touch me. He worked his way slowly until he worked his way under my underwear. When he moved in, he encouraged me to give him special kisses,” she said flatly.

“What age were you then?” I asked softly.

“Between six and seven. After a long time, blow jobs weren't enough, and my mum was pregnant. When I was eight, he told me it was time for me to become a woman,” she said, but she tried to pull her hand away.

I picked her hand up and held it between both of mine.

“He enjoyed hurting me. No, he loved hurting and humiliating me,” she spat out. “I hate him so much. At times, I wanted to hurt him, but I was small and weak.”

She began to cry softly, and I pulled her up onto my lap, but she began to struggle. I clamped my arm around her waist and legs to hold her against me.

“Let it all out, Daisy,” I said before I kissed the top of her head.



Her soft sobs continued, but she kept her head on my chest. I moved my hand from her waist to her arm to gently stroke her.

“I told my mum when I was twelve, but she slapped me and called me a liar. They had a few fights, but Tom continued coming to my room. I gave up after that. I even began to enjoy it. There was only emptiness inside of me. It was a cold and dark place that I was in, but he was the only one who showed me any affection in the house.”

“What about your brother?”

“My mum kept him away from me. I had my meals in my bedroom. I wasn't part of the family after I told her,” she said quietly as she wiped her face. “I was the household punchbag.”

Unfortunately, Daisy's story wasn't unique. Some mothers prostituted their children or looked the other way like Daisy's did. Her brother was nineteen years old now. Her mother was fifty-four, and Tom was fifty-eight.

“You were a child, Daisy. There was little you could do against a grown man. He groomed you for years,” I said as I continued to rub her arm.

“Logically, I know that, but my head gets so fucked up. The memories—”

She didn't finish her sentence, but I stayed silent to let her finish.

“Humans want to believe the best in people. As a child, this is even more so. When you feel up to it, start reading the books I got you,” I said when she said nothing. “The Psilocybin pills will help you.”

My eyes widened when she moved close to me before placing her arm around my

waist.

She was hugging me.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

No matter his ulterior motive, it felt good to share a few moments from my past, but how he held me tightly against him helped me more than I could've imagined. Here I was in his basement with a metal collar around my neck, but his embrace and words made me feel safe. I put my arm around his waist. He was hard, strong, warm and comforting.

Maybe I was crazy.

???

I woke up alone but well-rested. There was a book about complex PTSD on the pillow beside me. My stuffed bear was tucked into the covers with me, and I hugged him. His words echoed through my mind.

Daddy will help you every step of the way.

For twenty-two years, Tom ruled over my mind. Dr Lewis was allowing me to free myself in his own twisted way. He didn't say anything derogatory about my past, but who knew what he thought? He was shameless in his admission of capturing me.

I would always carry Tom and Violet with me, but perhaps with Dr Lewis's assistance, he would be a muted voice rather than the roaring, chaotic demon inside me. I closed my eyes.

"This is our little secret."

“It won't hurt again.”

“Look how wet you are, Daisy. You want this, don't you?”

“You're prettier than your mother. Come and give me a special kiss.”

“Tonight is special. I'm going to fuck you somewhere else. You will love it, Daisy.”

“If you tell anyone, who do you think people will believe? A dirty whore like you or a respectable businessman like me?”

“You are nothing.”

“You are mine.”

“I love you, Daisy. You're so good with your mouth, better than your mum.”

“I know you're awake,” he whispered into my ear as he slid into bed with me. “Your mum is asleep. She didn't believe you. If you tell anyone else, I will hurt you far worse than tonight. I could kill you, and no one would care.”

It wasn't just his voice or nasty laugh. I remembered his weight on top of me. The cruel slaps and pinches, and the times I thought he would choke me to death. His eventual effort to try and make me cum. He loved doing that to me because he knew it broke me a little more each time.

I hated them all, but I hated Violet the most. I couldn't call her mum anymore.

Why didn't she protect me?

My tears soaked the pillow beneath me. I felt weak for crying. That's all I ever did:

shed tears for those monsters. I would bet my life on it that they didn't care if I was dead or alive.

I reached for the book Daddy left me because I was tired of allowing them to win.

???

I swallowed when the bathtub was full of water. Daddy stood up and began to unbutton my top. He threw it in the corner before he slowly peeled the bottoms down. I almost touched his hair as he did the same with my knickers.

“Get in the tub. The water should be perfect,” he said as he stood up and took my hand.

I held his hand while I stepped into the bubbly water. The bubbles made me smile. He didn't skimp on the bubble bath.

“You did very well today,” he said as he began to rub the washcloth around my neck.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said as I thought of the bittersweet day.

He paused to pull his sleeve up before he began to wash my breasts, but he didn't use the washcloth. My eyes closed, and I lay back when I felt him spread my legs as he rubbed my pussy. It felt as if he was only washing me until he began to circle his fingers around my clit. My breath caught in my throat as I felt the desperate need for him to finger my pussy. His fingers left my pussy to trail along my ass, and his fingertips rubbed my asshole.

It was all too brief. He picked up the washcloth and began to scrub my skin. He lifted each arm to wash me before doing the same with my back and legs. After he washed and rinsed my hair, I waited for him to ask me again.

“Do you want Daddy to make you cum?” he asked softly.

I couldn't speak, so I shook my head. He controlled everything around me, and this was the only aspect I had control over. I looked at him nervously, but his face was relaxed, and he had a faint smile on his lips.

The rest of the night was similar to the previous one, with the exception of wearing clothes again. He dried me off and put me in pale green pyjamas before tucking me into bed. Some twisted part of me liked the collar because it meant he was keeping me.

“How long will I be living here, Daddy?” I asked as he sat on the bed beside me.

“That depends on you, but a Daddy looks after his little one, and I want to be your forever Daddy,” he said as he picked up a book.

That night, he read to me, and I reached out to hold his hand, but my mind was reeling from the implication of his words.

???

The days soon turned into weeks, with good and bad days, but Daddy always had patience with me throughout our sessions as well as the aftermath. He took me to the park. At first, it felt like he was taking a dog out for a walk, but then he took me to the swing park, and I cried the entire way back home because it reminded me of how carefree I used to be as a child. When people began to stare at me, Daddy put his arm around me and tucked my face into his coat.

I didn't feel better until we reached home, and he put on my pyjamas and fluffy socks. He made me hot chocolate, which made me cry again, but he sat me on his lap while I finished it. He didn't say a word as he held me as we lay on my bed. When I woke up,

he was gone, but my collar was around my neck.

He never once made me feel foolish for expressing my emotions, and I realised how much I'd held onto. The altercations I had over the years were pent-up anger explosions because I couldn't regulate the conflict within myself.

I only had a vague recollection of my father, and Violet wasn't forthcoming about why they had broken up. Daddy made me feel whole again. My DIY job just wasn't enough anymore.

I wanted Daddy to make me cum tonight.

Nathan

It had been four weeks and six days. Daisy's intense therapy was ahead of schedule. The first five weeks weren't a complete waste since I saw her as I began to uncover her past and conclude my treatment plan for her. When she woke up from her nap, she touched the collar around her neck, but I saw no distaste on her face. Only relief. She was perfectly primed to be my submissive because she felt safer wearing her collar.

Daisy's dissociation from others was linked to the complex post-traumatic stress disorder. She had difficulty in forming a healthy relationship with anyone. She disliked most people and kept herself hidden away in her dingy council flat. The likelihood of her future would have been drugs and alcohol or an abusive relationship.

There was no alcohol, and her weight was much better. Her hair was thicker and glossier than before. The dark circles from under her eyes were almost gone, and she craved more during bath time. She couldn't hide the lust in her eyes or how slippery her pussy was when I touched her.

It wouldn't be long before I made her mine. I knew she would masturbate once I left her room, but she would soon learn to abide by my rules. Thomas Abbott would be the last thing on her mind when I was inside of her. She was worth the wait.

Daisy Knight's brain and body were all mine. The gift that would keep on giving.

???



“Do you want Daddy to make you cum?” I asked hoarsely as I stroked her wet pussy and watched her eyes flutter before they closed.

“Y-yes, please, Daddy,” she whispered, but she gripped my wrist.

I took a deep breath and stood up to reach for a towel. The thought of tasting her pussy made my dick throb and my balls ache. Sadly, that wouldn't be tonight. I calmly held my hand for her and helped her up before she stepped out of the bathtub. She stood on the mat while I rubbed the towel over her body.

After I towel-dried her hair, I combed it and dried it off with the hair dryer. I took my time in braiding her hair before I tied the red ribbon at the end. It matched the red Pooh bear pyjamas that I'd bought for her. I smiled when I thought of her excitement with such a simple gift. My girl had come a long way. I grabbed the red pyjamas and guided Daisy through to the bedroom while she giggled at my sudden impatience.

“I can tell you're going to be a naughty girl, Daisy,” I said sternly, but I couldn't contain the grin at the sound of her happiness because she was falling nicely into my well-constructed trap.

“I'm sorry, Daddy,” she said as she reached the bed.

I would miss seeing the chain hanging from her collar, but I would love to see her tied to the bedposts in her new room. Or hanging from the ceiling on her special swing. She had no idea of the wicked and nasty thoughts my mind descended to while she remained caged in my basement.

I put her pyjamas on the bedside table while she sat on the bed. When I turned to face her, she played with the red ribbon at the end of her braid. I sat behind her and pulled her back before laying her on the bed.

“No more masturbating at night. If you want to cum, you need to ask me,” I said as I stroked her cheek with the back of my fingers.

Her cheeks bloomed full of colour, but she didn't avoid eye contact, which was a good sign. I brushed my lips over hers, enjoying the feel of her soft flesh. The anticipation radiated from her, and I knew my slow but steady progressive method was perfect for her.

I moved down her body and gently cupped her breast before I rubbed my thumb over her pink nipple. My hand slipped between her legs as she eagerly spread her legs. I pushed my middle finger inside her wet pussy while using my other fingers to rub her fleshy lips.

My mouth latched onto her nipple, and I sucked on her rosy-tipped nipple. She sighed and began to push her pussy onto my finger. I slipped a second finger inside her pussy. It felt hot, tight and dripping wet. She was dancing perfectly to my tune.

“Oh,” she said before she moaned as I began to finger fuck her.

Her pussy tightened around my fingers. I sucked on her hardening nipple harder and lashed her with my tongue. I released her nipple and began the slow torture all over again.

“Daddy, please make me cum,” she moaned.

“Do you like Daddy’s fingers inside you?” I said against her breast before I licked over her pretty nipple while massaging her breast.

She arched her back and offered her breasts to me. It wouldn't be long until I coaxed her libido into a frenzy. My fingers slid in and out of her slippery cunt. Her breathing became erratic, and I moved over to her other nipple. Her head was flung back on the

pillows, and her intermittent moans became louder.

“Yes, cum on my fingers. Let me feel your cum on them. Be a good girl for Daddy and cum for me,” I said, moving up to her neck as I kissed and licked her flesh while I played with her tits.

“Yes, Daddy. I’m going to cum,” she cried out as her pussy began to clench around my fingers.

I sucked on her neck, gently biting into her porcelain skin, wanting to paint her entire body with love bites. I slid my fingers along her breast until I pinched her nipple.

“Cum now, Daisy. My good girl,” I said with my breath becoming erratic.

As soon as she began to cum, squeezing my fingers as she cried out. I lifted my head to see the pleasure on her face as I fucked her as hard as I could. The lewd wet sounds of her pussy was a triumph. I didn't stop moving my fingers, but I felt her slick cum coat my fingers. Her body relaxed, and she fell back on the bed.

I moved between her legs before I pulled my fingers out. She sighed again and opened her eyes. I raised my hand to show her my wet fingers before I sucked her sweet essence off them. My dick throbbed within its confines.

I closed my eyes as I enjoyed the taste of her on my tongue. Once my fingers were clean, I leaned down and kissed her but pushed my tongue inside of her mouth, wanting her to taste herself. She didn't hesitate, and she kissed me back.

“You taste better than I could have imagined,” I said when I pulled back from her.

Her lips were wet and swollen from our kiss, but a soft smile graced them.

“You will sleep well tonight,” I murmured before fixing the covers around her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said as she yawned.

“Goodnight, Daisy,” I whispered as I leaned down to kiss her cheek.

I got up to leave the room, switching the light off behind me.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

I lay awake in the darkened room, mulling over what happened. It was much better than the last time I tried to have sex. There was no chemistry, and it felt wrong. The kissing, the touching, and, at the time, it disgusted me. I wasn't sure if the disgust was at myself or Luke, but I had to stop it and kick him out. Tonight was a different story. I reached out for Pooh and cuddled into him before closing my eyes.

???

Daddy sat me on his lap as he fed me breakfast, and I felt the bulge of his cock beneath me. He fed me a bite at a time but kept his hand on my naked thigh. By the time I was finished eating, his fingers had inched up towards my pussy. I ground my ass on his cock until he groaned.

“You want to see Daddy’s cock?” he asked as he began to massage my breasts.

I glanced down to see his large fingers gripping them. Unable to help myself, I pushed my hand between us to feel his cock. His lips touched my neck before his fingers curled around my throat.

“Yes, Daddy,” I said because I wanted to feel him inside me.

“Why don't you get on your knees and thank Daddy for your breakfast?” he murmured huskily.

I didn't think twice and slid down his lap until I was on the floor. He stood up and

unzipped his trousers, but his eyes stayed glued to me as I stared at him. He sat back down, and I glanced down at his dick for the first time.

It was long and hard, with various veins scattered around the thick length. It was flushed pink, and some parts were almost purple. I wondered if he was hard last night. The rounded tip of his cock was smooth and perfectly formed. It was the first cock that I found attractive to look at. I looked up at his smiling face when his fingers curled around the base.

“Open up for Daddy,” he said, and I automatically opened my mouth for him.

He pushed his cock into my mouth but pulled my head down for me to swallow him.

“That’s it, Daisy. Suck Daddy’s dick until I cum inside your hot little mouth. If you do a good job, I will fuck you after lunch,” he growled as he pulled me away from him.

He didn't give me much time to adjust when he pushed my head down again as he thrust upwards. I remembered what to do, so I stretched my jaw wide open and stuck my tongue out. Each one of his moans and gasps egged me on, and I gripped the material of his trousers and began to bob my head up and down on his cock.

I used my tongue beneath his cock and felt the bulging veins as I sucked on him. He was thick and long, but I didn't care because I thought about how he would feel inside my pussy. I knew it wouldn't hurt.

“Damn. You're so good at swallowing me up, Daisy,” he gasped as he stood up and grabbed my face in both hands to lift my head. “Daddy needs to get in real deep. I want to fuck your neck.”

Once he had me in position, he pulled back and thrust into my neck, almost causing

my breakfast to come up. His dick was stretching my throat and neck out as I swallowed around him. He did this a few times until he pressed my face against his pelvis. Even as I struggled to keep him inside my neck, I held onto his trousers.

“Daddy wants to cum all over your pretty face, Daisy. I want to see you covered in my cum,” he whispered before he began to fuck me with short, sharp stabbing motions.

I groaned around his cock at the image, and I wanted to taste his cum the way he tasted mine last night. I stuck my tongue out and licked his balls.

“Oh fuck, yes. Good girl, Daisy. Lick my balls. Use your tongue to make Daddy cum,” he panted.

My pussy throbbed and ached for him. I was so wet between my legs. I never knew I could be so turned on by sucking someone. He didn't make me feel dirty. He made me feel sexy.

His cock hardened, and I felt it jerk inside me as his cum spurt inside of me. He quickly pulled out and began to spew his hot cum over my face while I gasped for air. I closed my eyes but kept my mouth open, and Daddy pushed the head of his cock back inside until I felt the last of his cum drip onto my tongue. His heavy breathing filled the room, and he stroked my hair.

“You're Daddy's girl now,” he said before his hand moved over my face.

I kept my eyes closed as he rubbed his cum into my face. I tightened my lips around him and pushed myself onto his cock. With the taste of him on my tongue, I began to lick and suckle on him.

It wasn't too bad being Daddy's girl.

He pulled out of me and dug his hand into his pocket to pull a thick silver chain with a solid silver heart pendant on it. I glanced up at him with a smile as he put it on me.

“This means that you are Daddy’s girl forever now,” he said, and when I felt the thick collar come off, I froze. “You are going into your new room. It’s fit for a princess.”

“A new room?” I asked cautiously.

“Yes, but you will like it,” he said as he pulled me up onto my feet.

I waited nervously as he tucked his dick back inside before he began to fasten his trousers. He handed me, Pooh, before he picked up my pyjamas from last night and a stack of my books.

“Follow me,” he said as I stared at the chain and collar on the bed.

I didn't like the change but reluctantly followed him as I looked around his house. We went up four different flights of stairs until we reached a white door. It has two locks on it. One had a keyhole like the basement door, but this one had a second one that was only on the outside of the door.

He opened the door, and I saw the massive bedroom full of sunlight from the various windows. It was decorated in white and pale blue. The bed was a huge white four-poster bed. The back wall has a variety of different coloured butterflies painted on it. When I looked at the light, I saw a chandelier-type fixture with white flower-shaped lights and pale blue flowers in the middle.

The bedside cabinets were white. On one side there was a matching white lamp with a darker blue base at the bottom. There was a large rocking horse, a white swing on the other side of the room, and a door that led to a bathroom. Next to the doorway were white floor-to-ceiling-sized bookshelves. It had a pale blue beanbag and a dark



blue rug beneath it.

“What do you think? I had it decorated for you,” Daddy said as I continued to take the room in.

I glanced at the windows on the slope of the roof. The room was beautiful.

“It’s beautiful,” I whispered.

Daddy walked to the bed and put my pyjamas there before he put all the books away on the bookshelves. I touched the pendant on my new chain and felt a pattern beneath it. When I looked down, I saw an inscription on it.

Daddy’s Girl.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

I watched so many expressions flash across her face. The room was perfect and had a calming atmosphere, which would help her adjust swiftly to her new environment. I walked back to the bed and sat down before I patted my leg until she came and sat on my lap. When I touched her pussy she was deliciously wet from sucking my cock.

My dick began to twitch as I began to finger her wet cunt. She began to rock her hips on my lap, and her breath became uneven. I slipped my arm around her and felt her breasts before I tugged on her nipple until she gasped. The additional medication was working wonderfully. It wouldn't be long until her needs became as depraved as mine.

“So lovely and wet for your Daddy,” I said before I kissed her shoulder blade. “Sadly, you will need to wait until I am ready to let you cum.”

She groaned and tried to rub her ass against me, but I ignored her.

I pulled my fingers out of her pussy and looked around her to see her face before I held them up to her mouth. She didn't hesitate to grab my hand and suck my fingers into her mouth. I pushed them in and out of her mouth, rubbing my fingertips along her wet tongue.

“I’m going to run you a nice hot bath before our session today. After lunch, Daddy will feed your hungry pussy some of his cum,” I said before I set her on the bed and stood up to study her disappointed face.

Daisy adapted very quickly to her new life, but I wouldn't take any unnecessary risks that could jeopardise my future.

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Her eyes darted to mine every so often as I fed her the chicken noodle soup. I would need to start going into the office for a few days a week. She would be more comfortable in her new bedroom while I was gone, so it was pointless telling her in case she began to stress out about me leaving the house.

She had a better understanding of her past trauma, and I ensured she studied how parents or abusers could gaslight their children. The strict routine helped her eat and sleep well. Some days, she took short naps in between her reading. Her snippy attitude was gone, but with time, I knew my girl would have some naughty days, and I was ready for them.

“I don't understand. Why did you choose this profession, Daddy?” Daisy asked after she had the last spoonful of the soup. “You're not like any of my other therapists,” she added cautiously.

I was cold and hard. When people opened up about the root cause of their problems, I had no empathy. My focus remained on the treatment. It didn't surprise me that she picked up on my lack of emotions. I was fully aware that I had little to no emotional intelligence. I could only feign interest, and that became tiresome.

“I had no intentions of becoming a psychiatrist. It was an opportunity that presented itself to me. I was a very different person back then, but the more I learned about psychology and people, the more it intrigued me. The brain is fascinating. My practice allows me to choose my clients, and I'm not working like a dog in the public sector.”

Her frown cleared up as she mulled on my words.

“Have you kept other women in your house like this?” she asked, but she looked away from me and faced the window.

“I’ve never wanted to be a Daddy to anyone until I met you,” I said honestly because I saw the vulnerability in her eyes before she turned away from me. “I wanted to spank the fuck out of you the first day I met you. Bend you over my knee and slap your ass until you couldn’t sit on it.”

“Woah,” she said in surprise as her eyes snapped back to my face.

“Enough talking. Take your clothes off,” I said impatiently before I put the empty bowl on the side table.

I pulled out the restraints that were hidden beneath the mattress. They were attached to the bedposts in advance. I only needed the top ones this afternoon. Once they were on the bed I began to strip out of my clothes. Daisy bent over to slip out of her underwear, and her peach-shaped ass was in the air.

“Have you ever been spanked on your ass, Daisy?”

“No, Daddy. If I got hit, it was slaps to my face or sometimes punches,” she said as she stood up. “One time, there was a broomstick involved.”

She spoke about it as if she were discussing the weather. We would need to delve into that a little deeper in tomorrow’s session.

“Do you want to be spanked?” I asked as she turned to face me, but she became distracted by seeing me naked.

She nibbled on her bottom lip before she clenched her thighs together. When her eyes homed on my cock I felt the energy shift in the room. She wanted me in a way she couldn't control the hunger in her eyes or her body language. My cock jerked in response, and I felt the precum begin to leak out before it began to drip down my dick.

“Do you want to be spanked, Daisy?” I asked again.

She glanced up at me before she nodded hesitantly.

“I won't use the paddle for your first time, only my hand,” I said as I closed the distance between us.

I guided her to the bed before I lay her down. I used the velcro straps on her ankles to secure her legs to the top of the bedposts. She lay spread-eagled on the bed with her lily-white ass at my disposal. I lowered myself towards her pretty pink pussy that glistened with arousal. Using the tip of my tongue, I ran it between her folds, teasing Daisy with the faintest of touches.

“Daddy's good girl. Always wet for me, Daisy,” I murmured as I trailed my fingertip to her asshole.

No one was ever going to fuck her holes again because they belonged to me.

I kissed her pussy before I began to lick her hole until my mouth and chin were covered in her juices. When I began to suck on her clit it drove her wild, and she bucked beneath me. I eased off and licked her clit before I pulled away. She would cum with my dick inside of her.

“Do you like Daddy eating your pussy, Daisy?” I asked as my mouth trailed to her inner thigh.

I kissed her thigh before I decided to toy with her ass.

“Yes, Daddy. It feels like heaven,” she moaned.

“How about a little bit of hell?” I mused before I began to lick her puckered asshole.

I didn't wait for an answer, and I pushed my tongue against her tight ring as I rubbed her clit. Her hole opened up as my tongue went inside her ass. I gripped her hips to stop her from moving.

“No, Daddy. That's not—” she broke off with a cry as I began to circle my thumb around her clit.

I eased my tongue in and out of her spread ass, loving the fact that she had no power over what I did to her. It wasn't long until I felt the tension ease from her body. She was my perfect little fucktoy. I pulled my tongue out to inspect her asshole before I licked her from her ass to her pussy.

It was time for her first spanking.

Daisy

I was frozen in disbelief that Daddy was licking my ass with such slow but careful precision. Tom has made everything hurt. The first time he sodomised me, it felt like a knife stabbing at my insides, and I thought I would die from the pain. Everything with Daddy was the opposite.

“I’m going to spank your ass but also slap your pussy once,” Daddy said as he began to sit up.

“Yes, Daddy,” I said eagerly because I wanted to know what a spanking felt like.

I wanted to feel any friction on my pussy because I was desperate to cum. It was strange since I’d never felt as horny as I was right now. Daddy could ask me to do anything, and I would as long as he made me cum.

The first slap on my ass cheek felt nice. He gripped my leg and began to slap my ass cheeks, alternating sides with each slap. When I looked at him, he was looking down at my pussy and ass. I gasped at the sudden sting as his slaps grew harder. A small smile appeared on his face, but he had a look of triumph accompanying the smile.

“Your ass looks pretty in pink,” he drawled before he slapped my pussy like he promised.

The pain began to bloom from his harsh blow, but he gently rubbed my pussy, soothing the pain away.

“I've got a special spanking paddle for you if you forget your rules or decide to be a naughty girl,” he said as he slipped his fingers inside of me.

“A naughty girl?” I queried because I had been compliant since he captured me in fear of what he might do to me.

“Yes, if you are a brat. This includes any cheeky remarks or if you are sullen,” he said lazily as he began to slide his fingers in and out of my pussy.

He was saying it as if he wanted me to act out so he could punish me. I wasn't sure if I liked the sound of a paddle, though.

“You have such a pretty cunt, Daisy. Did you like it when Daddy shaved your pussy?” he said as he began to rub my clit.

“Yes, Daddy. It felt a little strange at first,” I said, thinking back on how he shaved my body.

“Daddy will always look after you,” he said with a smile.

I didn't believe him because I knew he would get rid of me one day and move on to someone else. The thought hurt me more than I expected. I never expected anyone to stay in my life.

“Such a sceptical look on your face,” Daddy said as he tutted at me. “One day, you will learn to trust me.”

I almost scoffed at that, but I glanced at his cock. A drop of precum was oozing out of him and dripping onto the bed.

“Yes, it's time Daddy fucked you, isn't it?”



I bit into my lip and nodded. The straps he put on my ankles held my legs wide open. He towered above me, but his lips were gentle when they covered mine. He pried my lips apart to kiss me. I kissed him back, loving the feel of his stubble and tongue as it flicked against my lips. He deepened the kiss, and I pushed my fingers through his hair.

I moaned when I felt the tip of his cock slide down my pussy until he reached my entrance. He pulled back, and I could only stare into his darkened silver eyes.

“Are you going to be a good little slut for your Daddy?” he whispered before he licked my lips.

My eyes widened at his words, but he slipped the tip of his cock inside of me. At that point, I realised I would be whatever he wanted me to be.

“Yes, Daddy,” I panted out.

“Say it properly, baby,” he said, teasing me with his cock by moving deeper inside of me.

“I’m Daddy’s little slut,” I said.

“Yeah? Do you want to be Daddy’s little fucktoy?” he said as he began to move back and forth inside of me.

“I want to be your fucktoy,” I said impatiently.

He grinned at me before his mouth descended on mine, and I felt his cock surge inside of me. The sudden movement took my breath away as his thick cock forged its way inside of me. He groaned into my mouth, but he didn't pause in his movements. He began to move his hips as he fucked me the way I needed it. I wrapped my arms

around him when he slammed himself deep inside me.

He filled me up like no one ever had. The tip of his dick was so deep inside of me that it hit against something. He put his head beside my neck and began to thrust hard and deep. I felt his hot breath against my skin.

“You're going to be on Daddy's cock day and night, Daisy. I'm going to fuck you until I'm the only one you see. This hot little pussy is Daddy's now,” he said into my ear.

His hand was on my breast, and he gripped it tightly as he continued to rut inside of me. His strokes slowed down as he began to tweak my nipple, and he licked my ear.

“Harder, Daddy. I want to feel you,” I moaned with an inexplicable desperate need radiating from my core.

He moved his hands beside my shoulder and began to pound into me at a furious pace. “Hot, tight pussy. You're such a good girl to take my big dick,” he grunted.

I slid my hands down to his ass and felt the hard muscles as he worked to give me what I needed. The sensation of his cock tunnelling itself inside me made my heart pound excessively, and I gasped for air.

“Oh God,” I wailed as I felt myself nearing my orgasm.

His hair fell over his forehead, and he had a vicious look on his face, but he was laser-focused on me. Sweat was forming on his brow, and I dug my nails into his ass. I could see the pleasure I was giving him, and it pushed me over the edge as I came on his cock. I pushed my pussy against him as I let out a strangled cry.

When all my muscles tightened, I felt my pussy convulse around him, and I saw the

relief on his face as his thrusts faltered. His eyes closed as his face twisted, and I felt his hot cum spray my insides. His cock throbbed and pulsated as more cum squirted inside of me. It was the hottest moment of my life to watch Daddy cum inside my pussy. I squeezed my muscles all around his hard cock until he grunted.

Daddy took a few deep breaths before he opened his eyes. His face relaxed, and his eyes softened.

“My good girl,” he crooned before he kissed my sweaty forehead. “My perfect little fucktoy.”

If anyone else used these kind of derogatory words towards me, it would make me feel cheap, but Daddy said them in such a loving way that I liked it when he spoke to me like this.

I knew it was wrong, but it also felt like destiny.

Nathan

I paused as I shut the oven door because I realised I was humming. Thoughts of Daisy flooded through me. Within seconds my dick began to harden. I had weeks of pent-up desire inside of me. I moved to the counter and began to crush her pill for her drink. The white powder was crucial in these early days. This afternoon's experience was one I wanted to repeat, so I would give her a second dose today.

Not many women could take the length of my dick, but Daisy demanded for me to fuck her harder. The entire time I watched her carefully, it didn't seem like she had any flashbacks to her past experiences with Tom. Becoming her Daddy was part of her treatment, but I never expected to love the dynamics of our roles. I wanted her to feel loved by me, but I also wanted her adoration.

I glanced at the time before I checked to see what she was doing. She lay on the giant beanbag with a book in her hand. I zoomed in on the small screen of my phone and saw it was a thriller she was reading. She hadn't opted for the selection of romance books that I'd bought for her.

I exited the camera app and began looking for Daddy Dom books. Her nightly story-time should include some hot Daddy stories. I had encountered plenty of them when I considered her unique treatment plan.

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With the tray balanced in one hand, I unlocked her door. She was still on her bean bag, and when she saw me, she put her book to the side. I walked to the bed and

placed the tray on the side table.

“Dinner time,” I said, lifting her berry drink off the tray.

She came and sat on the bed. When she held her hand out for her drink, I ignored it and put the straw to her lips. I watched as she began to suck on the drink.

“Are you enjoying your books?”

She nodded as she continued to drink. When she stopped, I pulled the drink back and discreetly stirred it with the straw before picking up her plate. I’d already cut the food into bite-sized chunks. She dutifully began to eat the steak and the variety of vegetables.

“Daddy, what’s that?” she asked as she pointed towards the white sex swing hanging off the ceiling.

“It’s a swing. You can use it to read if you want, but the additional straps are there for when Daddy wants to fuck you on it,” I said, unable to contain the smile when her head snapped back towards the swing.

Her mouth fell open as she inspected the swing in a new light. It looked like the kind of padded swing you would have for a veranda. I didn’t blame her for not noticing the straps. She knew it was time to wash up when she finished most of her drink.

“No bath tonight since you had one earlier,” I said as I helped her up. I enjoyed knowing my cum hadn’t been washed away from her pussy.

I’d changed into a T-shirt and sweatpants since I knew what I wanted to do to her tonight. The thought of seeing her tits bouncing up and down as she rode my dick made me stick my hand down my pants to squeeze my impatient dick. I pulled it out

when she walked towards me. Today, I'd braided her hair into two pigtails, but one was lopsided.

Nothing in life is perfect, but I knew Daisy was the closest to perfection I would come across. Irrespective of every sordid detail she shared with me about her past, she somehow managed to keep a part of her innocence. The optimistic hope was that there were some good people amongst the shitty ones. That was the only thing that stopped me from lashing out as usual. I recognised corruption far quicker than virtue.

I pointed towards the floor between my legs, and Daisy immediately knelt before me. Pulled the ribbons off and began to unbraid her hair to leave two messy pigtails bunched on either side of her neck.

"Suck Daddy's cock," I said before I pushed my thumb into her mouth.

The feel of her sucking on my thumb gave me an idea for later. I pulled my thumb out of her mouth to watch her shuffle closer and eagerly reach for my waistband. When she tugged on the loose waistband, she paused when the tip of my dick appeared. I stood up to pull my dick out for her before I sat down again.

She wasted no time and began to lick my cock like an ice cream cone. The feel of her wet tongue swirling around the tip of my dick made me growl. It didn't phase her, but she opened her mouth to suck my dick. Her hands worked on my length, and I loved the fact that her touch wasn't timid.

She worked her magic with her mouth and hands until I was dripping precum into her mouth. She moaned and sucked harder, which made me grab her hair with each hand, and I pulled her down onto my dick. I eased my path past her tight throat and began to rock my hips to enjoy the feel of her tight opening while she tried not to gag.

"Daddy's perfect cock sucker. Tighten those lips around me, Daisy," I said softly.

I didn't think about power or control when she lifted her eyes to meet mine. I saw my future as her protector, and I didn't want to be intimate with anyone other than Daisy. Her eyes were like rare gems that sparkled in an assortment of colours. I was grateful that she'd hidden away from the cruelty of this world.

"My beautiful girl," I crooned, and she gripped my thighs with her hands before she took another few inches of my cock down her throat.

"Is your pussy wet for Daddy?" I asked as I began to fuck her mouth a little harder.

She moaned and tried to nod. I tilted her head up so I could see her tear-stricken eyes before I pushed the rest of my cock down her throat. I moved my hand down to her throat to feel the bulge before I pulled her head back and forth on my dick. Her tight throat felt amazing, but I wanted her pussy again. Reluctantly, I pulled her off my dick.

"Stand up, Daisy," I said, watching as she gasped for air.

She held onto my legs and stood up. I slipped my fingers around her waistband and pushed her underwear and pyjama bottoms down until she stepped out of them.

"Sit on Daddy's lap."

When she leaned down to sit, I grabbed her waist and pulled her down before I arranged her legs so they were on either side of mine. It left her pussy open for my touch. My dick rested on her ass and lower back. I wasted no time in touching her wet pussy. She moaned, and her head fell back.

I smiled and continued to rub my fingers over her pussy until she was panting and grinding her ass on me. I slipped my hand beneath her top to toy with her nipples. When I finally pushed my finger inside her, she began to weep.

“Please fuck me, Daddy,” she wailed.

“Shh. Daddy wants to play with your pretty pussy first,” I said, ignoring her frustrated moan.

Her pussy was drenched, so I pushed two fingers inside of her and began to fuck her with them. When I started to move deeper and faster, she moved her ass to ride my fingers. Her soft cries were music to my ears. Teasing Daisy would be my new pursuit from now on.

It was good to know that the medication was working.



## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

My heart was pounding uncontrollably, and my heavy breathing would give any pervert a run for their money. I leaned forward to rub myself on Daddy's cock and tried to push his fingers deeper inside of me. I groaned in frustration because I needed his dick. When he began to chuckle, I could have inflicted serious bodily harm against him.

"Do you want to ride Daddy's cock?" he murmured before he used the grip on my breast to pull me back against his chest.

It was subtle, but I felt him kiss my shoulder.

"Yes, please, Daddy," I said eagerly.

He pushed me off his lap only to twirl me around to face him, and I didn't waste any time before I climbed onto his legs. I don't know what voodoo magic he used, but I'd never been this horny or open with anyone else. He gripped my ass and lifted me up before he moved his cock beneath me. I sighed in relief as I began to sink down his length.

"Thank you, Daddy. Oh, thank you," I gasped as his thick hard cock filled me up.

I grabbed his shoulders, uncaring if my nails made him bleed. I dug them into his T-shirt. My feet were dangling above the floor, so I was unable to ride him. I used my grip on his shoulders and tried to move, but it didn't give me the momentum that I needed. So I did what any girl would and began to grind myself on him, rubbing my

clit against him.

He growled at me before he gripped my ass and began to move me upwards. I didn't hesitate to slam myself back down on him. When I glanced at him, his eyes were on my breasts, but he didn't stop bouncing me up and down on his cock. All I could do was hold onto him and enjoy the ride.

When he began to thrust up at the same time, I felt his cock hit me hard as I fucked him back. The tension built up until I lost all control of my body. I came so hard that I forgot how to breathe. My pussy began to grip his cock, and I felt every delicious ripple as my orgasm continued. I heard him grunt as he held me on his cock. I rested my head on his shoulder as he came inside of me.

There was so much cum that I felt it drip out of me when he began to move me up and down him again. His hands slid beneath my top, and he fell back onto the bed, taking me down with him. He rubbed my back but kept his cock inside of me as we lay in silence. It felt nice to be held by him.

After a short while later, Daddy got up with a sigh and pulled me off his cock. I almost complained, but I was too relaxed to do or say anything. I smiled and stared at the ceiling while his cum continued to drip out of my pussy. The same thought struck me again. I didn't feel guilty or dirty after having sex with Daddy.

I was so deep in my thoughts that I jumped when I felt the warm washcloth between my legs. Daddy stood between my legs and was cleaning me up. My lips began to tremble, and tears welled up in my eyes until Daddy became blurred. Daddy paused for a moment before he continued. I couldn't bring myself to look at him.

Why was I so fucking weak?

Daddy lifted the covers and tucked me under them, but instead of leaving, he climbed

into bed with me. He had taken his clothes off, but when he pulled me into his arms, I loved lying against his warm, naked chest.

“You're going to drown us with your tears, baby,” he whispered to me as he stroked the back of my head.

“I-I'm sorry, Daddy. There were so many times I wanted to die or wither away cleaning myself up after h-he—” I broke off, unable to finish as I began to sob.

I felt him move away, and I tightened my arm around him. He began to wipe my face with some tissues.

“No one is ever going to touch you again. Daddy will always keep you safe,” he said, but I could hear the undertone of anger in his voice. “Do you understand?”

I nodded and took the tissue from his hand to wipe my nose. Daddy took the tissue from me, and I felt him move to put it on the side. He made me feel safe because part of me never stopped looking over my shoulder. I hadn't seen my family since I was fifteen, but the fear never fully left me, no matter what I told myself.

“Why don't we try something?” Daddy said, drawing me away from my dreary thoughts.

I glanced up at him to see his devious look, but he had a lopsided smile on his face, which made me smile back at him. He began to push me down his body, and I followed his lead.

“A self-soothing method. Suck on my cock until you fall asleep, but I expect you to wake up with my dick in your mouth.”

“You're terrible, Daddy,” I said, shaking my head at him, but the idea was intriguing.

“If I bite you in my sleep, it’s your fault.”

“It’s a risk that I’m willing to take in order to help you,” he said with a chuckle.

I grinned while I wriggled my way down to his dick. It was semi-hard, but I opened my mouth and felt his cock slide into my mouth. Daddy pushed himself deeper until his cock touched the back of my throat. Although he washed himself, I could smell myself on him and put my hand on his hip, trying to get comfortable.

“Lift your head,” Daddy said, and when I did, he pushed a pillow beneath my head.

I gently sucked on his cock while avoiding grazing my teeth on him. Daddy placed his hand on my head before he fixed the covers so I could breathe better.

“My good girl, keep sucking on Daddy’s cock until you fall asleep.”

I relaxed my mouth and sucked his hardening cock. I squirmed a little as my pussy throbbed in response. It was comforting, and it wasn't long until I fell asleep.

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When I woke up, I almost bit down on Daddy’s cock until I remembered last night. I gently sucked on Daddy’s soft cock and gently began to wank his cock until he started to get harder. His guttural moan let me know he was awake. I tightened my lips around him and sucked harder.

His cock jerked in my hand, and it thickened as I rubbed him. I used my tongue and rubbed my tongue against his cock. I wanted to drink his cum down, to have his thick seed spill all over my tongue, but then I remembered how good he felt inside me last night.

I reached down between my legs and began to rub my pussy as Daddy began to push his cock in and out of my mouth. At this point, I didn't know who was more depraved.

Me or him?

Nathan

Waking up to Daisy sucking on my dick was like a dream come true. I didn't enjoy seeing her cry or upset, but I knew the memories would grow more distant over time. There would always be flashbacks, but I would ensure she could handle them. I gripped her head and began to move in and out of her mouth while she pumped her hand up and down my length.

I pulled the covers off and turned her onto her stomach but kept the pillow beneath her hips. She spread her legs for me as I licked my fingers before I touched her sweet pussy. To my surprise, she was already wet for me. I climbed over her and placed my knees on either side of her to watch as she lifted herself up with her elbows. Her pigtails were a tangled mess, but I would fix her hair after her bath.

“Is my girl hungry for Daddy’s cock this morning?” I murmured as I rubbed my dick up and down her wet cunt.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said breathlessly as she wiggled her ass which made me smile.

I guided my cock inside her tight little hole before I leaned over her and kissed the top of her head. Once I had my hands on the bed, I began to push my cock inside of her, making her moan.

“Does that feel good, baby? Because I love feeling your hot little cunt stretching out for Daddy,” I said beside her ear.

“It feels amazing,” she panted as she raised her head.

I began to kiss her cheek and worked my way to her brow before I began to fuck her in a slow but steady rhythm.

“I love the way you move your ass, driving my dick deeper. Squeeze your cunt for me. Let me feel your beautiful cunt clenching me,” I said as my body slapped against hers.

She released a shuddery breath before her pussy clenched around me, which caused me to moan at the feel of her working her muscles as I fucked her.

“Yeah, that’s it. Keep squeezing Daddy while I fuck your precious little cunt, baby,” I panted in her ear as I began to fuck her harder. “Daddy needs to feel you cum.”

She nodded her head, and I grabbed her jaw to twist her head towards me so I could kiss her. I began to fuck her mouth at the same time as her pussy. Her cunt flooded with a gush of liquid which drove me deeper. I released her mouth and began to fuck her hard and fast until her moans of pleasure filled the room.

“This is my pussy, Daisy. You’re all mine. Daddy will love you forever,” I vowed as I let my obsessive confession spill forth.

Her body turned rigid beneath me, but I ignored it.

“Say it. Daddy loves me,” I said before I kissed her cheek. “Say it.”

“Daddy l-loves m-me,” she stuttered.

“Shout it out,” I said as I pounded into her as hard as I could.

“Daddy loves me,” she cried out.

Her pussy went wild as she came, and I lay on top of her moving down to my elbows before I continued to fuck her through her orgasm. Her ass bounced back off the pillow each time I fucked into her. The feel of her clenching pussy and soft ass against me was too much.

“Daddy’s going to fill you up, baby. Take my cum,” I said through clenched teeth as I felt my balls tighten.

Even as my cum began to spurt out of me, I continued to fuck her. I wanted to drench her insides with my cum. The need to mark her, own her and keep her was an obsession that was spiralling out of my control. I nuzzled into her neck and shoulder as her head fell onto the bed. I remained on top of her, enjoying the feel of her pussy around me while she was trapped beneath me. She sighed as I pushed my hand under her top to play with her breast. Her cunt clenched around me when I pinched her nipple.

“You’re mine, Daisy,” I vowed.

???

I slept with her every night since I declared my love for her. After two weeks, I considered releasing her from her room, but the fear of losing her made me hesitate. So, I decided to give her more freedom around the house in incremental stages. I got her a large pale blue pop-up tent and set it up in my office so she could be with me while I worked. She had a few teddies and some books in it, and she loved being inside the tent. I may have fucked her in it a few times, but she was irresistible no matter where the setting was.

My Achilles heel.

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I finished attaching the dildo on top of her white rocking horse and stepped back to admire my handiwork. When I glanced at Daisy, she looked partially sceptical but also curious.

“Daddy wants to see you ride the horse, Daisy. It’s part of your therapy,” I said with a straight face before I sat on the stool beside the rocking horse.

She crossed her arms, but all it did was draw my attention to her breasts. I patiently waited until she sighed and walked towards the horse. We both knew her pussy was wet since she had sat on my face. I saw the resolution on her face as she swung her leg over the horse.

The long black dildo stood upright on the seat, and I held my breath as I watched her cunt slide down it until it was out of sight. She held the handles, and her eyes were closed. I used my foot and began to rock the horse. She gasped at the sudden movement, and her eyes flew open.

“Ride it, Daisy. I want to see you fuck yourself.”

She began slowly, but it wasn't long until she rode it hard and fast. To see her fucking the fake dick was a sight to behold. Her face was bright red, and her knuckles were white because of how tightly she held the handles. She looked stunning as she fucked herself on the silicone cock. Her breasts were swaying with the movements.

When I used the remote for the vibrations to start, it didn't take her long to cum on the cock. Once she came down from her orgasm, her cum smeared the black dildo, and I tried to hold back my jealousy of an inanimate object. It was for the greater good.

She would learn to love her body the way I did. I wanted to rip the shame and guilt away from her, but I knew it could only happen through patience and time.

“My good girl,” I crooned before I stood up and lifted Daisy up to lay her on the swing.

I was far from being done with her.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

As each day passed, I felt a little stronger in my heart and mind. Daddy let me out of my room more, but always kept me close to him. I knew he went to the office sometimes, but he had left me a radio and installed a TV in my room. It was strange, because I was happy living with Daddy. He looked after me in ways no one ever had and I didn't need to worry about a job or my benefit claims. Daddy wasn't very forthcoming about his life but he wasn't the cold and hard therapist I first thought he was.

He had a very dark sense of humour which I didn't mind. I was frightened that he would change his mind and toss me to the side when he saw how weak I was in some rough sessions. If he saw how damaged I was I thought he wouldn't love me anymore. That he didn't want to be my Daddy, but when he held me at night it subdued my fear.

I still sucked his cock every night. It became a habit, but I loved having him inside of me. There had been a few nights where we'd fallen asleep with him inside my pussy. Daddy seemed to love it as much as I did.

I knew he took advantage of me but he hadn't hurt me—yet.

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I nervously fixed the material of my dress. Daddy bought me a stunning royal blue dress, but it was so tight, and the two long slits on either side made me nervous. I'd put on weight since living with Daddy but seeing my new figure made me realise

how gaunt I'd been. It was full-sleeved, but the deep V-neck showed too much of my boobs. The gold slingback heels were perfect though because the heels weren't too high.

“Wow!”

I looked at the mirror and Daddy stood behind me.

“Give me a twirl,” he demanded as the salacious look in his eyes intensified.

I smiled at his response and turned around.

“How did you curl your hair?” he murmured as he held my waist.

“Conditioner and some scrunch drying,” I said as I traced my finger down his blue tie.

He wore a dark grey suit that matched his eyes. It was much better than the brown one he wore the first time I met him.

“I don't think I will make it home without fucking you, baby,” he said as he tipped my head back and kissed me.

I rubbed the pink gloss off his lips with my thumb, trying to calm the flutter of excitement in the pit of my belly. My first date with Daddy was going to be unconventional, and I couldn't wait.

???

Daddy seemed agitated when he handed his keys to the valet. I looked at his black Porsche and wondered if he thought his car might get damaged. When I looked back

at Daddy, he glared at the guy who held his keys. I put my hand into his and tugged it until he broke his death glare off the poor man.

“What’s wrong, Daddy?” I whispered.

“He was looking at your breasts,” he snapped back at me as we walked towards the hotel.

I bit my lip to stop myself from smiling at his jealousy. He was still seething by the time we were sat at our table. When the host left, I stood up and walked around the table to sit on Daddy’s lap. He sighed and put his arm around my waist.

“You chose the dress, Daddy. I’ve never worn anything like this before,” I said as I rubbed his jaw.

His eyes rose from my breasts to my eyes.

“I won’t be making that mistake again,” he said ruefully. “What do you fancy?” he asked as he picked up the menu.

“You pick for me, Daddy,” I said before I parted my dress.

Daddy instantly pushed his hand between my legs. He froze and looked at me.

“Oh, you naughty girl. Where are your knickers?”

“I forgot to put them on, Daddy. I’m so sorry,” I said before I bit my lower lip.

“You are so fucked tonight,” he said sternly.

“Would it help if I crawled under the table and sucked your cock?”

I saw him swallow as his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

“Sit on your seat and behave yourself,” he said, but his eyes twinkled with the promise of retribution.

???

Daddy fed me the last of the ice cream. Once he had calmed down, he was warm and engaging with me for the rest of the evening. For the first time, I observed him interact with other people, and he was aloof toward them. The contrast was apparent, and it helped dissipate all of my negative, insecure thoughts.

He paid the bill and stood up to hold his hand out for me. I smiled and put my hand into his, but we didn't leave the hotel. Daddy led me towards the lift.

“Where are we going, Daddy?” I asked as the doors opened.

A couple came out of the lift but the man's eyes homed in on my chest. I winced and looked at Daddy. He didn't miss it either. When we stepped inside the lift, he viciously stabbed the lift button.

“The next time we go out, you can wear a nun's garb,” he muttered angrily.

“I used to be a prostitute, Daddy, so I don't think that would be suitable,” I said dryly.

He turned towards me and began to walk me backwards until my back touched the lift wall.

“It shouldn't matter what you wear. They shouldn't be looking at you, and you did whatever you could to survive. You were a kid,” he said as he pressed his body against mine.

I melted into him as I felt a weight lift off from my chest. My past held so many bad memories that I became comfortable with my self-flagellation. I fucked my own head up.

The door pinged and Daddy pulled away from me, but pecked my lips before leading me out of the lift.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, leaning against him.

When he stopped at a door and pulled out a keycard, I glanced up at him in surprise. He had a smirk on his face.

“You can thank me in the morning,” he said with a wink.

It was just as well I wasn't wearing any panties because they would have been ruined.

Nathan

Daisy wasn't as predictable as I'd thought she would be, but it only ingrained the fact that she was my one and only. It started with her therapy files which progressed to her medical files until I met the smart assed girl in person. It took weeks to investigate her family and prepare my house for her.

She stepped into the room, and I closed the door behind us. Daisy had filled out, and her sexy figure attracted more attention than I could handle. The fervent urge to protect her from all men was ironic since I was the biggest wolf in her life, but I was shameless. I glanced at the table and saw the ceramic pot there.

I yanked my tie off and removed my jacket as Daisy wandered around the room, inspecting everything as she went. It was a large room with a living area with two large panelled windows on one side and another two adjacent to them. We were in a corner room and could see most of the city.

I began to unbutton my shirt when she twirled around to say something, but she closed her mouth when she saw my state of undress. I kicked my shoes off to remove my trousers and underwear. Her eyes moved down towards my dick. There was no hiding my erection.

I picked up the ceramic pot as I walked towards her. Once I reached her, I put the pot on the table beside the window before I pulled her to face the window. I moved her hair to the side and pulled her zip down. When she tried to turn around, I held her in place. I pulled the dress down her shoulders and stooped down to kiss her neck.



“Who was a naughty girl today?” I whispered into her ear as I dragged the dress down her hips until it slid down her legs.

She moved her hands to cover her breasts and pussy.

“Daddy, someone will see us,” she cried out.

I pulled her hands away and placed them on the window.

“That’s part of your punishment, Daisy. I want the whole city to see me fuck your naughty little ass. Don’t move your hands.”

I nudged my leg between hers before I pulled her legs apart with my hands.

“I’m going to fuck your asshole tonight, Daisy. You’re going to cum with Daddy’s cock in your ass,” I said as I played with her tits.

“Daddy—”

“Shhh. Naughty girls get their ass fucked. Hard,” I said as I pulled her hips back until her ass was in the perfect position.

Her heels helped with the height difference. I reached out towards the table and took the lid off the pot. The hotel provided me with the olive oil I’d requested. While Daisy went to the bathroom, I booked a room for the night as a surprise. I dipped my fingers into the oil before I began to rub it over her tight asshole.

“Look at all those windows. Do you think someone can see your dripping wet pussy?” I taunted before I began to ease my finger into her tight asshole.

She was incredibly tight, and I frowned because I would need to stretch her out to

loosen her muscles.

“Oh God. I am not sucking your dick tonight,” she suddenly blurted out.

I couldn't help but snicker at where her mind went.

“No, baby, you can sleep with my dick stuffed up your asshole tonight,” I said before I focused on pushing a second finger inside her hole. “Yes, your little rosebud is opening up nicely for Daddy’s big cock.”

When she didn't say anything, I reached around her to play with her pussy. She gasped and closed her eyes as she began to pant. I could see her face in the reflection of the window. I pulled my fingers out to smear my dick with oil before I poured some on my fingers.

“I’m sorry for not wearing the knickers you bought for me, Daddy,” she said fretfully as I began to push my fingers inside her holes again.

“Why do I get the feeling that you will be naughty again, Daisy?” I drawled.

“Uh, maybe you're paranoid,” she said. “I know a good therapist if you want her number.”

I grinned as I began to fuck her ass with my fingers. The oil eased my way as I worked on stretching her hole out. She clenched her pussy and her ass around my fingers as a moan left her mouth. I felt the oil dripping down my leg, and I pulled my fingers out of her ass and placed the tip of my cock against it.

“I’m going to fuck that sass right out of you,” I said, giving her clit a final rub.

“Will it help if I apologise again?” she asked, turning to look back at me.

“Nope,” I said as I began to push my cock into her ass.

When she began to tighten her ass, I slapped her ass hard.

“If you keep that up, it’s going to hurt. Relax your muscles and let Daddy in,” I said, but I didn’t stop until the head of my cock sunk into her ass.

She grimaced before she hung her head down. I reached for her pussy again and began to slide my fingers up and down her wet slit. When I felt her relax her muscles, I began to inch my way inside of her again.

“My good girl, you can take Daddy’s cock,” I crooned soothingly.

When I was around halfway inside her, I began to slowly fuck her ass.

She raised her head and moaned. “Oh God, you’re so big, Daddy.”

I leaned down and kissed her back. “You can take me, Daisy.”

She groaned when I thrust deep inside her hole.

“Yeah, give me that ass, baby,” I growled before I grabbed her swinging breast.

I remembered the men ogling her today and began to fuck her so hard that I felt my balls swinging. I pushed my fingers inside her pussy. She cried out, but she pushed herself back on my dick.

“Whose ass is this, Daisy?” I growled out as I felt her pussy clench around my fingers.

“I-It’s yours, D-Daddy,” she stuttered in between my thrusts.

I stood upright and held her ass cheeks to watch my dick sink in and out of her beautiful ass. I paused to pour some oil down her ass and my cock before I pulled out. The oil began to drip into her gaping hole. I gripped her ass again before I pushed my dick back inside of her. Unable to help myself, I pulled back out. I started to tease her with long, slow strokes.

I groaned when my balls hit her ass. I grabbed her arms and held her as I began to fuck her hard and fast. When her ass clamped down on me, I gasped for air before I slammed my dick until my balls slapped against her pussy. My heart was pounding like crazy.

“Yeah, baby. Cum for me. Cum on Daddy’s cock,” I grunted as my fingers dug into her wrists.

I continued to fuck her as she cried out in pleasure and pain.

“That’s it, give it to me. Give me this ass,” I shouted out as my cum shot out. “Fuck.”

I pulled her wrists to keep her ass still until I’d finished cumming inside of her. I lifted her up and held her against my chest as I continued to fuck my cum deep inside of her ass because it was mine now. I kissed her cheek.

My dick was definitely staying in her ass tonight.

Daisy

I was lying in bed reading my book when a news bulletin made me look up at the television. I felt sick when I saw a picture of my mother and Tom. They looked ancient. Tom's eyes looked as evil as I remembered them, and Violet's face didn't fare much better. The photo vanished as the reporter came on the screen. I reached for the remote control to increase the volume.

“The police have offered a limited response as it is a pending case. They refused to comment on the anonymous information that had been leaked to a national news outlet. The leak confirmed that Violet Abbott allegedly killed her husband by poisoning him. The couple from—”

I switched the TV off, not wanting to hear anything else about the family I walked away from. A real family didn't sexually abuse a child or gaslight them when the child begged for help. When people talked about their families, it was often with affection, but I genuinely despised mine.

Tom was dead, and Violet poisoned him.

I remembered my breathing exercises as memories began to hit me from various time points of my childhood. I didn't know how to feel. Daddy had shown me the cycle of how an abused child could try and mentally defend themselves, but when the parent or guardian is the abuser, the child would still want love and care from them. A defence and attachment system which created chaos in the minds of children.

Tom was dead and hopefully rotting in hell. I could easily believe that Violet had

killed him. Their relationship was far from harmonious. I wondered what my stepbrother Thomas was like, but I pushed the thought away because he was Tom and Violet's son. They hadn't been creative with his name.

I glanced up when I heard the door being unlocked, and Daddy rushed into the room, but he paused to look at my book before glancing at the TV.

"I know," I said flatly as the numbness began to take over.

Daddy didn't say anything, but he walked toward me to sit on the bed and pulled me onto his lap. I let him hold me, and there was a vague sense of comfort, but I felt detached from reality. When I didn't move, Daddy tucked me into bed and climbed under the covers with me.

"Do you love me even if my brain is broken?" I asked woodenly.

Daddy's arms tightened around me before he answered.

"I love you even more because your brain is broken," he murmured.

I sighed and put my hands on his chest.

Daddy was as fucked up as me but in a different way.

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When I woke up from my impromptu nap, Daddy's hand was inside my panties, and he had a smile on his face. I returned his smile sleepily back at him before I lifted my leg up and put it over Daddy's. My past could get to fuck because my present was here and ready to play. When Daddy pushed a finger inside of me, I closed my eyes to enjoy the feel of him inside me.

Daddy began to kiss me, and I sighed into his mouth before opening my eyes. His eyes were closed, and I brushed my hand through his dark hair. He began to kiss me harder, and his eyes snapped open. The silver icy eyes mesmerised me, and my pussy contracted around his fingers.

I had to wonder which version of Daddy was the real one.

???

Daddy didn't let me out of sight for the next three days. I was almost about to beg him to leave me locked in my room when he had to go to the office. I lay on my bean bag looking at the glittering star and butterfly stickers Daddy had stuck on the ceiling for me. He did so many silly little things to make me happy, and I appreciated every single one of them.

I sat up and went to my bookshelf to get the sketching pad and colouring pens from the various art supplies he'd bought for me. I'd never been particularly artistic, but I wanted to show Daddy that I cared for him in my own way. I rummaged around and got the pencils out for my outline.

These were all the things I didn't enjoy as a child, and as a twenty-seven-year-old adult, it was healing to experience these activities. Daddy might keep me locked away from the world, but he took care of me. The more I thought of Daddy, the more horny I became. I knew he had cameras in my room, and I had a wicked idea. The night at the hotel had been—illuminating.

Nathan

I bought a coffee and headed towards my car, glad to be done in the office. My office manager deserved the raise for the commendable job she had done in my absence. It was one less thing to worry about. My practice was in good hands between her and the other therapists.

I took a long sip of my cinnamon-laced latte before I checked my phone. Daisy had bounced back a little too quickly for my liking after seeing the news about her mother's arrest and stepfather's death.

My mouth dropped open when I saw she had the black dildo stuffed inside her pussy. The same black dildo that was supposed to be on her rocking horse. She lay sprawled on the bed with her legs spread open, going to town on herself. It wasn't soft or subtle movements. She was fucking herself hard and fast.

"Fucking hell," I muttered to myself.

I threw my phone on the passenger seat and drove home like a homicidal maniac. I knew I would get a few tickets on the route home, but I didn't give a shit. If Daisy needed a hard fucking it would be from me and that goddamn dildo I was stupid enough to leave in her room. My cock was so hard as the image of her ramming the dildo in and out of her pussy was seared into my brain.

I drained the coffee by the time I parked my car and grabbed the phone to see her again. The dildo was gone, but she was fingering her sweet pussy and playing with her nipples. I took a screenshot as evidence before I picked up my briefcase to exit



my car. I paused to take a deep breath. She knew the rules.

If Daisy wanted to play with fire, she should be prepared to get burnt.

I got everything together, and it took a couple of trips to take everything up to the attic level, but it would be worth the effort. By the time I unlocked her door she sat on the bed fully clothed with a smile on her face. I did a double-take because it hadn't taken me long to get everything together and heat up the water. She wore a red off-shoulder sweater with a pair of black leggings. Her legs were crossed over, and she sat primly on the edge of the bed.

“Hello, Daddy. How was work today?” she asked impishly.

“Work was good, baby. I managed to finish up quicker than I anticipated,” I said casually before I piled the bags on the floor.

“Oh,” she said before she frowned at the items I’d brought.

“How was your morning?” I asked, moving towards her.

“Uh, nothing out of the ordinary. I just did some reading and drawing,” she said, but her eyes were fixed on the metal stand.

Everything about her made me scrutinise her. The casual yet poised position on the bed. The sweet, innocent expression with her eyes entirely devoid of any deceit. Had I not seen her fucking herself with my own eyes, I would completely buy her innocent facade. I never made mistakes in reading people. Never.

“What’s wrong, Daddy?” she asked as she batted her eyelashes at me.

It wasn't until that precise moment I realised that I didn't need to lock her bedroom

door anymore. She wasn't the fragile flower she was named after. She was free from the fear that had once ruled her life. I relaxed because it simply meant that I could push her a little harder.

I'd been following the current of the water when I usually went against it. Rules did not apply to me, Dr Nathan Daniel Lewis.

“Are you sure you didn't do anything else?” I said, glancing at the rocking horse and seeing the dildo hanging off the handle of it instead of being strapped to the seat. She didn't have time to put it back on, or she didn't know how.

“Not that I can recall,” she said with her face scrunched up as if she was racking her brain about my question while theatrically tapping a finger on her cheek.

I moved everything I brought upstairs and placed it at the bottom of the bed. As I began to walk towards her, I saw her tense up, but I pulled my phone out and showed her the picture of her playing with herself.

“Who's that? Wait, is that supposed to be me? That is photoshopped, Daddy,” she said with an exaggerated look of horror.

Someone needed to award her an Oscar for her performance, but I rolled my eyes at her before I grabbed my hand and brought it up to my nose. The only thing I could smell was the perfumed scent of her hand soap. Daisy managed to keep a straight face throughout her hand inspection.

“Go and get three towels from the bathroom,” I said dropping her hand as I narrowed my eyes on her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said sweetly before she gave me a demure smile as she stood up.

I got to work and began to hook everything up. I left a few toys in the bags but took out the essentials. She came back with two bath towels and a hand towel. I took the blue towels from her and spread them out on the bottom of the bed but left the hand towel to the side.

“Take your clothes off and lie back on the towels, but keep your ass on the edge of the bed,” I said as I took my suit jacket off.

Even though I had set the enema bag up on the stand, I could tell from her bewildered look that she didn't have a clue what it was for. She tugged at her sweater and pulled the loose material off before she slid her leggings off. I wasn't surprised to see she wasn't wearing any underwear.

When she lay down, I strapped her ankles to each of the bedposts. The long straps held her spread wide open. I couldn't help but picture the dildo going in and out of her pussy when I saw her splayed out for me.

“What’s that for, Daddy?” Daisy asked as she pointed to the stand that held the enema bag.

She leaned up on her elbow as she looked at the enema kit. Her nipples were pinker than usual, indicating she’d been rough with them. I smiled and traced a single finger from her ankle to her inner thigh, but I didn't touch her pussy.

“That bag is full of warm water, which is about to be deposited into your ass,” I said before I lifted the tube and began to spread lube on it.

“Water?” she asked in confusion.

“You broke my rules. You touched your pussy, and you lied to me about it,” I said as I traced the tube down her pussy to her asshole.

I pushed the tube into her asshole. It was thin and long, so I began to slide it in and out of her until she clenched her ass.

“Oh, no. You will keep your hole open for me,” I said before I slapped her pussy, ignoring her gasp of pain.

“Oww, but Daddy, it might be that dissociative disorder you mentioned. I don't recall touching myself,” she said in earnest.

My lips twitched with amusement as she tried to pass it off as a loss of time and being unaware of her actions. I grabbed the pump and activated the water flow before I set the anal plug to the side.

“Oh, no,” she whispered as the water began to fill her ass up.

“How many times did you cum, Daisy?” I asked as I picked up the chained nipple clamps.

Her eyes were locked on my hand. In which I held the nipple clamps on. The satisfaction of seeing her bratty bravado dissipate was only the beginning.

She would be a sobbing mess by the time I was done with her.

Daisy

I was in too deep of a hole to back out now, and I had an idea of where he would put those painful-looking clips. Daddy got home much quicker than I'd expected. I'd cut it close by putting my clothes on and washing up in time. When he began to sniff my fingers like a rabid dog, I'd almost lost it.

"Cum? I was reading and then drawing, but after that, I think I might have fallen asleep," I said. I swallowed when he began to swing the chain around his pointer finger.

Fuck it. In for a penny, in for a pound. I had no choice but to double down.

Daddy's eyes darkened, and a malicious smirk appeared on his face.

"I was going to go easy on you had you been honest with Daddy," he said, reached down and tugged on my nipple.

He was such a liar but it was in my best interest not to call him out on it right now. The sudden pain in my nipple made me suck my breath in, and I saw the black and silver mini clip pinching my nipple. He tugged my other nipple until it hardened and stuck the other clamp on.

I closed my eyes at the pain, but it didn't stop my pussy from reacting to the stimulation. When I felt him pull on them, my eyes flew open, and he placed the chain over my lips. The pain that had begun to dull down intensified.

“Open up,” he said lazily as he continued to tug on the chain.

I quickly opened my mouth, and he placed the silver chain over my open mouth.

“I would advise you not to drop that chain, Daisy,” he said ominously as he tapped the tip of my nose, reminding me of the time he did the same in the basement.

I closed my mouth and teeth over the chain, trying to ignore the tugging sensation on both of my nipples. A muffled moan escaped from my lips as I lifted my head to ease the discomfort. It didn't help that water continued to fill my ass up. Daddy was rummaging in the large bag again, and when he pulled out a short, tasselled whip, I knew I wouldn't last long before I caved.

He sat the damn thing on my stomach as he began to unbutton his shirt. I'd cum twice, but watching Daddy strip out of his clothes made me greedy for a third orgasm. I almost groaned when he began to unbuckle his belt. The bulge in his trousers was unmistakable, but I didn't think he was going to let me cum anytime soon.

“Anything you want to confess to before we start, Daisy?” he said as he began to unzip his trousers.

“I accidentally got some pen marks on the bean bag. Sorry, Daddy,” I said sincerely while keeping an innocent look on my face.

He hesitated at my words before he pulled his trousers down. I gulped when I saw the tip of his cock at the waistband of his white boxers and wondered if I should reconsider my confession. A stomach cramp took my mind off his dick, and I felt myself break out in a cold sweat. I glanced at the blue enema bag and wondered how much water was left.

Daddy picked up the black whip with the million tassels on it. It didn't look like it could do much damage, but it depended on where he hit me with it and how much force he put behind it. He trailed the whip down my body until he reached my pussy. I held my breath, but he didn't strike me.

He was toying with me.

He moved so fast that I didn't see it coming when he whipped my breast.

“Oh, fuck,” I gasped when the whip hit the nipple clamp, but the chain slipped from my mouth and fell out.

I never managed to catch my breath, and he whipped my other breast. The third strike hit my stomach before he started whipping my breasts again. I panted through the pain until I adjusted to the sting of each stroke against my flesh. I lost count of how many times he repeatedly whipped me across my torso and stomach.

Daddy paused, and I sighed with relief as the sting began to fade, but when Daddy moved to the bottom of the bed, every muscle in my body stiffened.

“Last chance, Daisy,” he drawled as he stepped between my open legs and trailed the whip down my pussy again. “How many times did you cum when you vigorously fucked yourself?”

“Daddy, have you ever been diagnosed with schizophrenia?” I asked, remembering the symptoms from one of the many psychology books he had bought for me.

A genuine smile appeared on his face, showing a hint of his teeth, and his eyes twinkled in amusement briefly. He leaned over me and put the chain in my mouth.

“If you drop it again, I will whip your ass black and blue with my belt,” he said as he

squeezed my breast before he stood up again.

I clenched my teeth on the chain and lifted my head to avoid pulling on the clamps. I was aching all over, but I couldn't deny that a part of me loved it.

"I won't lie, but I'm going to enjoy this," he said as the amusement vanished and he looked at my pussy. "You? Not so much."

Just as I braced myself, I felt the first vicious whip land across my pussy. It was worse than I could have imagined, and my legs jerked, but the restraints didn't leave much room for movement. Daddy began to alternate his strikes against my inner thighs before hitting my pussy.

With each strike, my teeth clamped down on the chain, and I grunted like a wild animal. I gripped the bed covers, and my feet were tightly curled up to help me through each lashing. When I began to tear up, I considered defeat, but some stubbornly idiotic part of me refused to give in.

When Daddy struck me three consecutive times on my pussy. I promptly dropped the chain and sang like a canary.

"I came twice, Daddy. I'm sorry, please stop," I cried out quickly as he raised the damn whip in the air. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not sure how sincere your apology is," Daddy said before he rubbed his fingers over my burning pussy. "How can you be sincere when your pussy is leaking everywhere during your punishment?"

"I-I have no control over...well...you know," I stuttered at his absurd question.

He pushed two fingers inside my pussy, and I automatically clenched around him as I



bit my lip. He was killing me with the enema and nipple clamps, but now he was torturing me through my pussy.

“I’m very sorry, Daddy, but I was so bored, and I know you have cameras in here somewhere,” I began to say because I needed to cum again.

“You see, that’s the problem, Daisy. You are too smart for your own good,” Daddy said as he peeled down his boxers enough for his cock to pop out.

My mouth became parched, but Daddy didn't hesitate to push himself inside of me. I could feel him stretch my pussy out until his balls rested on me. He leaned over and hooked his finger on the chain while he began to fuck my pussy. When he tugged on the chain, I cried out, and my legs began to tremble. I tightened around his cock, and it felt much better than the silicone dildo.

“You don't get to cum on Daddy’s cock,” he said before he tugged at the chain again.

A stab of disappointment hit me, and my face fell, but when I studied his face, it showed me that he was serious. He wasn't going to let me cum.

I didn't like this fucking punishment.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

My cock throbbed and jerked inside of her when her face fell. I dropped the chain and pulled out of her, ignoring the look of desperation she gave me. Her tortured pink nipples looked painful, but she hadn't complained once. I held her breast and licked the tip before covering it and the clamp to bite her.

“Oh, Daddy. Please fuck me. I’m sorry for breaking your rules,” she groaned.

She wasn't sorry enough yet, but she would be shortly.

I lifted my head to see my teeth marks on her before I stood up and walked around to the side of the bed. I removed my boxers and kicked them to the side before climbing onto the bed. She stared at me but didn't speak. I pushed her arms up and knelt over her until my dick covered her face.

“You're going to swallow my cock and taste your cum while you do it,” I said as I slapped my dick across her face.

She closed her eyes as I cock slapped her another few times. She opened her mouth for me, and I rubbed my dick over her tongue and lower lip before I watched her swallow my dick. She opened her eyes, and I reached for her wrists to lean forward. Once I was in a comfortable position, I slammed my hips towards her face until I felt my cock slid into her neck.

“Yeah, you take my cock, Daisy,” I said as I released her wrists to get a better grip on the bed. “Because I’m going to fuck your mouth like you fucked that dildo.”

Her moan vibrated around my dick, and I chuckled at her trying to complain. I glanced between us before I pulled back and began to face fuck her. It took her a few moments to get used to my pace, but once she relaxed her throat, it became easier to thrust in and out of her mouth. I could feel her saliva soak my balls, but it only made me fuck her harder.

“You wanted to play, baby. Daddy is simply obliging you,” I panted as I kept the pace fast and furious, uncaring when her teeth began to graze my dick because I didn't mind a little pain. “Daddy is going to use this tight little fuck hole until you make me cum.”

She couldn't do anything but keep her jaw open and try not to gag. I couldn't deny that had throat felt like her pussy, and there was plenty of precum and saliva that eased my path. The problem was that the journey home and her tight throat were about to make me cum. I reared back and slammed myself against her face until my balls slapped her.

“Keep that mouth wide open and stick your tongue out,” I growled at her as I crouched over her chest.

I pulled my cock out of her mouth before I began to wank over her wet mouth. I rubbed the tip, and when my balls reared up, I made sure that the tip of my dick was at her mouth. I watched as my cum spurt out and covered her pink tongue with my thick gooey cum.

I grunted as I watched it move to the back of her throat. My dick throbbed as jet after jet of cum sprayed inside her mouth. It was only until I squeezed the last of it out and rubbed it over the tip of her tongue that my malice diminished. A twenty-minute car journey with a rock-hard dick and blue balls hadn't been pleasant.

“Good girl, now swallow Daddy's cream up,” I said as I pulled my cock away from

her mouth.

While she swallowed my cum I rubbed my cock all over her wet face before I got up and put on my boxers. I leaned over the bed and tugged on the chain. My reward was her frustrated groan as she struggled to move her legs. I unclipped the clamp to hear her take a sharp intake of breath at the pain, but I gently sucked and licked her. After sucking and releasing her tit a few times, I did the same with the other rosy pink nipple.

“Daddy, please can I cum?” she whispered softly.

“Not yet, baby,” I said with a grin as I saw the relief on her face.

She was so gullible.

The enema would take a while, and I would enjoy edging her by playing with her pussy until she broke down.

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It took another thirty minutes until her ass was full to the brim. By the time I plugged her ass, she was a chaotic yet stunning mess. I untied her ankles from the bed and began to rub her feet before I worked my way up her legs.

“How do you feel, baby?” I asked.

Her head shot up, and she pursed her lips together before answering me.

“Horny, sore and cranky,” she grumbled.

“Let’s get you to the bathroom then,” I chirped, earning another sullen look.

I helped her into the bathroom and removed the plug before I sat her on the toilet. She groaned and held her abdomen. I let her be and closed the bathroom door behind me. I noticed her sketchbook on the bean bag and a few minor pen marks on the bean bag. Remembering her earlier confession made me smile. I picked up the drawing pad and opened it up.

She had sketched butterflies around the page with a few flowers and grass. It was the words that she'd never uttered that filled my dead heart with life.

I Love My Daddy.

This was it. My obsession with Daisy and her fractured mind was complete. As long as she never found out the truth, I didn't anticipate any significant problems with her. If anything, she had responded far better to my unorthodox treatment than anyone who had come before her. I traced the colourful words with my fingers, but when I heard the toilet flush, I put the book down as I'd found it.

I'd planned on fucking her ass until she begged for mercy, but my baby deserved some sweet loving.

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Daisy lay on top of me on her Nintendo Switch while I read through some files. It wasn't comfortable, especially when she became exuberant, but if I wasn't inside her, I wanted her as close to me as possible to me.

“Die, you motherfucker! Hahaha, take that,” she shrieked as she elbowed my ribs.

I rubbed my hand over my face because she was probably playing with some prepubescent kid. It has been three days since she put her glorious self-loving show on for me. She'd slept like a log that night. Daisy was content in my home, and I

knew she loved me.

“Oh, sorry, Daddy. I know you're working, but Zinger742 was asking for it,” she said before uttering more insults at the other gamer under her breath.

I put my file behind me on the table before I took the Switch from her.

“Too much of it isn't good for your eyes,” I said when she began to grumble.

“I'm not the one who wears glasses, Daddy,” she sassed.

I began to tickle her ribs until I got to her armpits due to her thrashing around.

“I'm sorry, not there, or I'm going to pee myself,” she screamed in between laughter.

I grinned and turned her to face me so I could give her a proper hug. She huddled up to me, sat on my lap, and wrapped her arms around me. Her head was on my shoulder, and I sighed before hugging her.

Dr Cavall unwittingly gave me the best gift I'd received, wrapped up with a bow tie.

Daisy

The park was quiet this evening, but I preferred to avoid seeing people. It broke the bubble I was in. Daddy might be a hardass, but over the weeks and months, I noticed he always put me first in everything he did. No one had ever done that for me before.

“We should get a dog, Daddy,” I said, clutching his hand tightly before I tried to play my pity card. “I always wanted a pet, but my incubator wouldn't let me. I was so desperate I would bring bugs and insects in from the garden and hide them in my room.”

“Hmm, sure. A guard dog would be good for the house,” he said, giving me his sensible opinion.

“Uh, I was thinking about a cute, manageable dog, not one that I could ride like a horse,” I said with a frown.

“You won't be riding anyone but me,” he said with a chuckle before he let go of my hand and held my waist.

I grinned and leaned into him to put my arm around him.

“Of course, Daddy.”

Suddenly, someone bumped into me, and before I knew it, Daddy pushed me towards the bushes. I stumbled off the narrow path and onto the grass. By the time I turned around, Daddy was confronting the guy.

“She should have been watching where she was walking,” the guy said.

He wore casual clothes and looked a little scruffy, but I recognised his aggressive attitude. He was the type to be carrying a knife. My heart pounded in fear. If anything happened to Daddy, I would fucking stab that bastard myself.

Daddy calmly sucker-punched him in the face, and the man dropped onto the open field. Daddy sat on him and began to use his head as a punching bag.

“No one fucking touches my girl,” he said in between his speedy punches.

I moved a little closer until I saw the man’s bloody face. He groaned at one point before he lost consciousness, but Daddy was still punching him until my knickers became wet.

There was something wrong with me if violence turned me on, but I couldn't break it down because I wanted Daddy to fuck me.

I gripped Daddy’s shoulder as his arm was poised to punch him again, but he turned to look at me. My heart skipped a beat at the murderous look of rage blazed in his eyes before he looked me up and down.

“Are you okay? I pushed you—”

“I’m fine, Daddy, but let's get the fuck out of here before you have to knock out any witnesses,” I said, cutting him off, but I dug my fingers into his shoulder.

Daddy stood up, but I saw his bloody hand. Before I could check it for cuts, he stuffed it into his pocket and grabbed my arm. We began to walk towards the exit, and neither of us looked back at the man.



“If I had a dog, I could have thrown it at him,” I said as we sped towards his house.

He grunted but didn't say anything. I could feel the tension in his body as we walked. Daddy slowed down once we were a few blocks from the park.

“I didn't mean for you to see that, baby,” Daddy said slowly as he rubbed my back.

I glanced at him because he had chosen his words carefully. His hands moved from my back to my waist.

“I thought it was hot, Daddy,” I said before I paused. “No one's protected me before. You're the only one. My own mother refused to believe me when I told her that her husband had been fucking me for four years.”

I didn't feel anything but disgust when I spoke about Violet. Because of that bitch I had to put up with three more years of Tom's abuse. Her trial wasn't for another six or seven months, but I wanted her to rot in jail. I wanted her to sit in a cell and ruminate the way I did for years. The way I almost destroyed myself because of that nasty bitch.

“Do you think you could be Violet's psychiatrist in jail so you can fuck with her head?” I asked as the wicked idea hit me because I knew Daddy could be a vicious bastard when he wanted to be.

Daddy stopped walking, and I turned to see what the problem was. He grabbed my ass and began to maul my mouth. I didn't know what got into him, but I jumped up onto his thighs. He caught my ass and pulled me up until I could wrap my legs around him.

I hope that meant yes.

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“Mmm, I’m so stuffed. How can you cook like a chef, Daddy? You do it so quickly, but it always tastes amazing. You know, I’m kind of jealous,” I said as I rubbed my belly.

Daddy smiled at me, and my eyes dropped to his injured knuckles. They had scabbed over now, but he caught the other man’s teeth, so it would take a few more days to heal.

“Why are you jealous?”

“I can't cook anything nice for you in return. Most of my food was ready-made meals or straight-up junk food. No one taught me how to cook, and when I tried, I found cooking for one was depressing.”

“Baby, I love feeding you. Look how nicely your sweet ass has filled out,” he said playfully before grabbing a handful of my ass.

He also loved spanking it with the ‘Daddy’s Cum Slut’ paddle. I wiggled on his lap just thinking about it.

“I love you, Daddy,” I said softly as I put my head on the crook of his neck. “I’ve never loved another person before. Thank you for everything, Daddy. You gave me everything I needed and more.”

“My sweet girl. I've been waiting for you to tell me,” he said as he pulled my pigtail to the side. “Daddy will always love you until my very last breath.”

A single tear rolled down my cheek because, for the first time, I believed his words of love for me. We didn't have therapy sessions daily anymore because I didn't need as

many. Daddy forced me into a position where I had to learn about my brain and its function.

All the books and time he gave me had been crucial for my progress. He never locked me away again, but I wasn't sure if it would have bothered me if he did. He nurtured me in a way that healed a significantly damaged part of me.

Daddy wiped my cheek. He never missed a thing.

“I’ve got you a new necklace, so you will always remember,” he murmured, then stroked my cheek.

I perked up with excitement, and Daddy laughed. The happiness on his face warmed my heart because it reflected my own.

Nathan

The afternoon was sunny, but it only shone after the rainfall, much like life. I sat on the bench and looked at the gravestone. The name on it was Joshua Matheson, but the remains inside were of Dr Nathan Daniel Lewis. The young Frenchman whose life I stole lay in my place, dead. He bore my old name on his gravesite.

I did everything to erase who I used to be and managed to reinvent myself when I crossed paths with Dr Lewis. I hadn't returned to the graveyard for years. Part of healing Daisy healed my own demons. I was no longer the frail boy who was abused by his mother's boyfriend. Or the angry monster who couldn't control his bitter contempt for the world.

Daisy's life had been virtually parallel to mine, except she didn't turn out to be a killer. I killed my rapist and hers. Tom died a little each day. I loved watching him deteriorate. It would be a triumph to see Violet go down for a murder that I'd committed. She poisoned her husband, but I'd placed the poison in their house.

Over the years, I'd killed so many people that I'd lost count. People spilt all their secrets to me, and I took note of their sins before I hunted the worst of our society. They wouldn't say outright that they were paedophiles, but I always found the evidence. At times, I would wait years until I set up the perfect death for them. The justice system was flawed, and it did not protect children.

Daisy didn't know my basement was once a torture and kill room. My shed had a lifetime supply of tools and rolls of plastic sheeting. It's not that I didn't trust her, but I didn't want her to carry my burden or worry about me.

I smiled faintly, thinking of how much she loved her new gold heart necklace. It had a thick, circular but hollow chain with a polished heart and a simple inscription. I never wanted her to forget that her Daddy loved her.

Daddy Loves Daisy.

My sick, twisted girl, who glimpsed at the monster in me but loved me regardless.

I stood up to stand beside the gravestone.

“Thanks for the last twelve years, Dr Lewis,” I said before I hesitated to leave. “I told you that I would get my shit together. It’s a pity you turned out to be a sick bastard.”

It was the last time I would step foot in this graveyard because I was done with my past.

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Daisy sniffled, but I ignored her. So when she repeatedly sighed, I finally looked up at her. Her ass was stuffed with a silver plug, but it was the small red welts from her paddle that made my cock jerk. She was bent over the coffee table, writing out her lines.

“Daddy, my hand hurts from writing,” she complained.

“It didn’t hurt when you lay in bed wanking off when you should have been napping,” I said dryly before I turned the page over in my book.

Over the years, I studied as much as my brain could absorb so no academic would question my knowledge. The habit had become part of my life.

“But Daddy, I sleep better after...you know.”

“You know the rules. Finish your lines off,” I said before I focused on the new page.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said sourly.

The truth was that we both loved sex, but only with one another. Daisy had progressed magnificently since I chemically dosed her with medication that stimulated her libido. However, after a few weeks, she no longer needed it.

I watched and waited for her to tense or have flashbacks, but it never happened. I knew all about the shame, guilt and anger because they mirrored Joshua Matheson’s. Through our sessions, I knew the challenges of her past, and it helped me to avoid her triggers.

I never enjoyed sex with anyone unless I was the dominant one. Since I couldn't open up to anyone, it was difficult to find any outlet for sex, let alone a true submissive. My profession wouldn't allow me to go to certain clubs on a regular basis. To have a ‘normal’ healthy relationship, I would need to trust a woman, and until Daisy, I never could. My closet had far too many skeletons in it.

“Finished,” Daisy practically shouted.

“Crawl over here and let me check, baby,” I said as I put my book aside.

She was beautiful with her bunches on either side of her head and the way her breasts swayed as she crawled towards me, dragging along the sheets of paper in her hand. I held my hand out as she reached my feet.

I will not finger my pussy without my Daddy being present.

I checked the pages while doing a quick calculation.

“Good girl, but next time it will be five thousand lines to write,” I said just to fuck with her. “Go upstairs and bend over your beanbag. Daddy is going to fuck your ass.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said sweetly.

She grabbed my knees and jumped up before she practically skipped out of the living room. She loved her space in the attic and hadn't wanted to move into my bedroom, but we always slept together. The room had no bearing on me.

I smiled and stood up when I heard her running upstairs. Daisy had a few years left until her IUD needed to be replaced, but if we decided to have a child, it would need to be a joint decision. Until then, I would enjoy fucking all of my baby's sweet holes.

When I reached the attic, she lay over the bean bag with her ass in the air. I grabbed some lube and threw it on the bed before I removed my clothes. I took my time because I knew Daisy was watching me.

She confessed that she wanted to fuck outside ever since I fucked her at the hotel window. Her playful and adventurous nature was coming out, but I would give my girl anything she wanted. If she knew about the depth of my obsession with her, she would have run and never stopped.

I picked up the lube and crossed the floor until I stood above Daisy. She loved this room because I decorated it for her and the amount of light that poured into it. This was her safe space. Safe from everyone in the world except for me.

“Does my baby need a nice hard assfucking?” I drawled out as I reached down to play with the silver plug in her ass.

“Yes, please, Daddy,” she said eagerly.

Her asshole was nicely stretched out around the plug. I slowly pulled the plug out, listening to her delicious moan as the first metal ball slipped out of her ass. After the largest ball came out, the other two came out with ease.

I sat it on the wooden floor away from the rug before I squirted lube inside of her gaping asshole. By the time I lubed my dick up, she held her ass open for me. I crouched over her and teased her ass by rubbing the tip over her hole.

“Do you need me to plug this little hole up, Daisy? Tell me how much you need my cock in here,” I said when she tried to push her ass up.

She groaned at my words, and I knew her horny little ass was desperate since I’d kept her waiting for almost two hours.

“Daddy, I need your cock deep in my ass. I love it when you use me like your little slut, Daddy. Please fill my holes up with your cum. Don't ever stop fucking me,” she said as she squirmed on the bean bag.

Her words reverberated in me, and my cock began to drip. I pushed the head of my cock against her closing asshole before I gripped each one of her bunches as handles.

“Yes, thank you, Daddy,” she cried out as I began to sink my cock inside her ass.

“You begged me so prettily, Daisy. Daddy will fill you up with all of his hot cream. I would never stop fucking you, baby. Never,” I said as I began to give her small, shallow thrusts.

Her asshole gripped onto me, and I knew she needed more. I held her hair tightly before I thrust deeper. Within seconds my balls hit her ass, and Daisy cried out in



pleasure.

“Yes, harder, Daddy. Harder,” she moaned as she let go of her ass and placed her hands on the floor to brace herself.

“My little backdoor slut. You're fucking perfect, Daisy,” I said before I gave her what she needed.

She yelped each time I slammed down into her quivering hole. If the bean bag weren't between her and the floor, she would have collapsed from the force of my thrusts. I dropped her hair and gripped the floor, covering her body while I rode her ass hard and fast. She kept her muscles relaxed as I plundered her asshole.

“Cum for Daddy,” I groaned as her ass continued to suck me in. Her tight hole always made me cum quickly.

Unable to help myself, I savagely fucked her throwing my body weight onto hers as my balls began to tighten up. I gave her what she wanted a deep hard, painful fuck. No one could take my length the way Daisy could.

“Y-Yes, Daddy. L-Like that. So good,” she said, trying to speak as I used her tiny fuckhole.

She wailed as she came so hard that I had difficulty in moving in her ass. Her hole clenched around me, and I pushed through her tight muscles until my cum began to spill into her ass. A series of groans left my lips as I felt all of my cum squirt into her tight asshole. I ground my hips against her as her hungry hole swallowed up my cum.

She let out a shuddering sigh and put her face on the rug.

“I needed that so badly, Daddy. Thank you,” she murmured, moving her face to the

side until I saw her eyes were closed.

I kissed her shoulder before I lifted us both up. I kept her on my dick as I manoeuvred us onto her bed. She was ready for her nap now, but she would need to sleep with my cock inside her ass because I wasn't leaving her.

“I love you, Daisy,” I said when we were comfortable beneath the quilt.

“I love you more, Daddy,” she said with a yawn.

That wasn't possible, but I remained silent and held her close to me.

## Page 26

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

Three Months Later

It was our first Christmas together, and Daddy went crazy. The house was lit up inside and out. Since he didn't have a single Christmas decoration and we bought them all, he told me he did it for me. My brother got all the expensive gifts, and I was the afterthought. Tom bought me a laptop for my fourteenth birthday but used it to make me watch porn with him.

Daddy never waited for me to ask for anything. He could read me like a book, but when I began to look at all the pretty Christmas items, Daddy went nuts and bought too much. It was overwhelming because I never knew I could love someone with every fibre of my being, but having it reciprocated simply blew my mind.

Daddy made me feel like a child and a woman. He helped me regain and heal some of my youth while making me feel like his soulmate. The accolades he received for being the best in his job were well-founded.

I met up with Dr Cavall and lied through my teeth about my relationship with Daddy, but she was too delighted to see me happier and healthier since our last meeting. I didn't like to think about where my life would have led me had she not referred me to Daddy.

When Daddy came into the room, I had to snigger at his Christmas pajamas. They matched mine, but he looked absurd in his. The red and white snow-filled background showcased the red-nosed reindeer. He held a large present in his hand, so

I tried to stop laughing. He looked disgruntled as he walked towards me.

“Why did I let you talk me into buying this abomination?” he said gruffly, but the accompanying look of disgust on his face was comical.

I couldn't hide my grin. He did it because he loved me more than he hated the ‘his and hers’ pyjama set.

“You really love the Christmas tree, don't you?” he asked softly as he sat on the floor beside me.

“I really do, Daddy. I sometimes struggle to think of ways to thank you for what you do for me,” I said, feeling overly emotional. It was Christmas tomorrow, and part of me was scared of being so happy.

“I think sucking my cock every night more than covers it, baby,” he said with a raised eyebrow.

I giggled and moved to sit on Daddy's lap.

“I love being your dirty girl,” I said as I snuggled into him.

Daddy kissed me softly on my lips, and I placed my hand on his stubbled cheek and kissed him back. He deepened the kiss and playfully traced his tongue over my lips before softly slipping his tongue against mine. I sighed when he pulled away from me.

“You never demand anything from me, Daisy, and it makes me want to give you the world,” he said as he stared into my eyes.

His words were passionate, and I could see the love in his eyes for me. I hoped he

liked my present for him. It was a simple vase inscribed with Daddy's Choice at the front. He could put different notes inside it with suggestions of what he wanted to do to me or what he wanted me to do for him. Daddy had many dark desires, and I wanted him to be open with me without considering my past.

"Open your present, baby," he said as he nodded towards the box.

"But it's Christmas Eve," I said.

"You get to open one present early every year," he said with a smile.

I immediately sat up excitedly and clambered off Daddy's lap, ignoring his chuckle. I tugged at the red bow, but when my eyes caught the holes in the box, I quickly yanked the lid off and saw a light sandy-coloured puppy with a black snout and dark eyes. Its ears flopped down. They were the same light colouring, but the tips were black. My heart melted at its cuteness. I couldn't speak, so I gently picked the puppy up with tears streaming down my face. The pup began to lick my face, and I was a goner after that.

"My adorable little darling," I crooned as I cradled her against my chest. "Oh, Daddy, she is perfect. Thank you!"

"It's a boy, baby," he said as he placed his arm around me. "He is an Anatolian Shepherd dog. He is going to rip anyone apart if someone tries to hurt you."

"No! Look at this little angel. He wouldn't hurt a fly," I cried out, defending my angel.

"He has one of the strongest dog bites and will be almost a metre tall once he is fully grown. He will need to get some training, though," Daddy said while he stroked my baby's head.

I looked at Daddy because he was precisely like the puppy, innocent-looking but could come with a sharp bite.

“Can I call him Bear?” I asked, thinking of Pooh Bear and a Grizzly Bear combination.

“You can call him whatever you want, baby. I think we should buy a house in the countryside. They need a lot of exercise, and I don't want you out on the streets if I am at work.”

“I don't care where we live, Daddy, as long as we are together,” I said as I climbed back onto his lap.

“Oh, we will always be together, Daisy. I'm going to make sure the next house has a large basement in case you ever try to leave me,” he growled.

I glanced at his fierce expression and shook my head at him.

There was his sexy psychotic bite.

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By March, we had moved into the large countryside manor. Bear loved the large estate to roam around on, and Daddy loved that it had a basement. As for me, I loved the fact that Daddy renovated the entire attic as our bedroom.

I never returned to my flat, but Daddy organised everything for me. He got me a new phone but gave me my debit card back. Since he added me to most of his accounts, I didn't see the point of having mine.

I took it to painting, and Daddy encouraged me to pursue it. He thought I could sell

some, but I think he needed to get his eyes tested. My suggestion landed me over his lap with a delicious spanking.

The estate was eerily silent without the background noise of a city, but I grew to appreciate the peaceful environment. Especially since we were surrounded by nature. Bear became my companion and confidant. He never judged me for half the shit that came out of my mouth.

I had a niggling suspicion that Daddy was jealous of my relationship with Bear. I knew this because I felt as if I was cheating on Daddy by having sessions with Bear. The looks Daddy would give Bear when he came and rested his head on my lap or sat beside me was a dead giveaway.

The only thing that played on my mind was Violet's trial. Daddy told me that my half-brother was fine on his own since Tom's life insurance policy was paid out to him. I had no idea how Daddy found out, and I didn't want to know.

Violet needed to remain in prison. The pictures I'd seen of her online only showed her unflattering evil side. Tom was dead, and I hoped he suffered immensely before he died.

I could put Violet's trial verdict out of my mind in another few weeks.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Nathan

Daisy began to slide down the bed, but I grabbed her shoulders. As much as I loved having her mouth on me, tonight I needed her pussy.

“Come here, baby. Climb up and sit on my dick tonight,” I said.

Her head popped up as her eyes widened in surprise. I winked at her before I dragged her on top of me. I closed my eyes when I felt her hand on my dick. Her pussy was still wet with my cum which helped her slide her hot little cunt down my length.

She sighed before she gripped my chest and began to ground herself on me. I smiled lazily and opened my eyes to see my naked girl enjoying herself on my dick. I cupped her breasts to play with them before I pinched her nipples, and like clockwork, her pussy tightened around me. I pulled her down until she rested on my chest.

“I love you, Daddy,” she murmured as she rubbed my chest.

“I love you too, baby,” I said as I rested my hand on her lower back.

She kissed my chest and relaxed again.

“I was wondering, how would you feel about us having a baby together?” I asked, tracing my fingertips in small circles on her back.

“It’s a terrifying thought because I always vowed never to have children. I would have gotten a hysterectomy if the National Health Service had allowed it,” she said



quietly.

My heart sank at her words.

“But that was all before I met you. I couldn't protect myself, let alone a baby. All those times, I wanted to say no, but I said nothing. Until he made me think I deserved to be used. As a kid, you believe the threats adults make. If we had a baby together, I know you would kill anyone who tried to hurt our child,” she said.

I felt her tears on my chest, and I swallowed the thick lump in my throat.

“I would burn the world down if anyone touched our baby, Daisy. Either of you,” I said once I managed to control the whirlwind of emotions coursing through me.

“Fine, but you aren't going to spoil our children,” she said. “It’s bad enough that you spoil me like you do.”

I discreetly wiped the tears from my eyes. Not only was she on board, but she also used the word in a plural context.

“No spoiling the children,” I said, repeating her words.

“Oooh, Bear is going to love our babies,” she said.

I rolled my eyes because she had wanted to get him some sheep or goats to play with ever since she researched his breed. Only Daisy would want to get more pets for her pet.

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“Are you okay, Daddy?” Daisy asked.

My focus was on defensive driving because I needed to get us home safely but quickly.

“Hmm. I’m fine. We just need to get home,” I said as I kept my eyes on the road.

“It might be confusing if we all call you Daddy,” she mused.

I glanced at her with a smirk.

“We can leave our Daddy antics for our bedroom.”

The thought of fucking Daisy without her IUD was driving me to distraction, which is why I was extra vigilant in my driving. I would be forty-two in a couple of days, and like Daisy, I’d never wanted to become a father. However, after being with Daisy, she became part of my heart and soul. I wanted to share every experience possible with her.

I indicated to turn into our private road as I slowed down but kept an eye on the car behind me before I turned in. The last thing I needed was to be rear-ended when I needed to fuck some babies into Daisy.

As soon as I parked, I jumped out to pull Daisy out of the car and threw her over my shoulder. When I opened the door to the house, Bear began to bark in excitement.

“Aww, my baby,” Daisy cooed to him.

I bent down to pet his head before I hauled Daisy upstairs.

“You know he is following us, right?” Daisy said as she began to baby-talk to Bear.

“Yeah, he can watch,” I said with a grin as I walked towards the next flight of stairs.

“That’s nasty. My baby would end up biting your ass, thinking you were killing me,” she said.

“I would let him since your pussy might not survive,” I said with a chuckle. “I’m joking. He won’t be in the room for long, but he needs some loving because we were out.”

“Do you hear that, Bear? Daddy does love you,” she said as I reached our room.

I set her on the bed. Bear was jumping up on my legs, so I lifted Bear up and put him beside Daisy. My eyes caught the vase on the bookcase. Although it said Daddy’s Choice on it, I encouraged Daisy to put her ideas into it, too. The Post-it notes were white and blue, so we knew whose they were. I lifted one of hers and unfolded it.

#### Daddy-Doctor + Patient Roleplay

This was perfect since we had just been to the doctor. I was tempted to open a few more of hers, but I would need to do that on the sly. This was one that I should have thought of, considering that I had my basic medical bag downstairs. She was busy cuddling with Bear, and it would give her some time to reassure him before he got kicked out of the room.

“I will be back in a minute, baby,” I said as she lifted her head from Bear.

“Okay, Daddy,” she said before she giggled as Bear demanded her attention again by jumping on her chest.

The little mutt had wide paws, but he had never scratched her. He had grown a fair bit over the last three months, and he loved the open space on the property. I went into our second bedroom and wondered which bedroom was best converted into a nursery. The attic would need to become a playroom.

I checked Bear's room to top up his food and rinsed his bowl out before I added some fresh water to it. Daisy didn't know that I had a pet dog once, but my bitch of a mother's junkie boyfriend kicked her so hard that she never recovered.

Tara was put down shortly after that. Tara was not put down by a vet because that would have cost money. The incident was what broke me enough to plan their demise. It was unfortunate that I killed them painlessly, but I was young.

It hadn't been difficult to add a synthetic opioid to their heroin. I felt nothing for either of them when I found them dead the following morning. I may have been born into a fucked up household, but my academic acumen in retaining knowledge was like a hidden superpower for me.

I could find ways to visit her now that Violet was sentenced and in jail. She would suffer, and I would decimate her mind enough to cause her to have a nervous breakdown.

As I faced the precipice of a new dawn that I had never imagined, I recognised that Daisy had altered my sense of connection and outlook on life. Our children would change me again and possibly make me feel human again.

When I reached the attic, my heart fluttered in excitement as I pictured our future. Daisy lay flat on the bed with Bear lying on her belly and chest. They both had their puppy dog eyes on me. With a sigh, I put my white coat and medical bag on the couch before I joined them for cuddles.

There was no way that I would be able to stop myself from spoiling our children.

## Page 28

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 5:17 pm*

Daisy

Three Months Later

It was exactly a year since I consumed my drugged hot chocolate and found myself in Daddy's basement. It was the perfect date for us to register our wedding. The civil ceremony was a simple one, and our neighbours came to be our witnesses since Daddy shouldn't be marrying his patient. The year also marked my ban from alcohol. Daddy had reduced my mushroom medication gradually until I no longer needed it.

Daddy let me buy a stunning white and gold princess dress, but Daddy wore a black tux, so my dress didn't look over the top. After we parted ways with Mark and Jenna. The photographer took our pictures in the gardens. It was a beautiful sunlit afternoon. The day couldn't have been more perfect.

Daddy helped me and my dress into the car. Bear was happy in the back seat, but I turned to give him some loving. He was far too large for me to carry him now, but it didn't matter because he was still my baby bear.

"Where are we going?" I asked when I realised we weren't on our route back to the house.

"We are going to the coast, where I am going to fuck Mrs Lewis on the beach. Bear can watch if he wants or play in the water," he said.

"Mrs Lewis makes me sound old," I said as I slumped into my seat. Although, the sound of being fucked on the beach perked me up.

I jerked upright and turned to face Daddy.

“But I didn't pack anything,” I said in a panic. “How long are we going for?”

“Relax, I packed everything last night. We are staying at the beach house for a week,” he said before he took my hand.

“You're always so sneaky, Daddy,” I grinned.

“Old habits die hard,” he said as he kissed my hand before setting our joined hands on his lap.

I didn't ask where we were going or how long it would take because I was content to spend some time with Daddy and Bear by the sea. I glanced at my rings. The oval solitaire diamond ring sparkled under the warm rays of the sun. The gold wedding band matched the ring and my necklace. Daddy wore a simple platinum ring. I rubbed my fingers over his ring. We were married. It was difficult to believe how much my life had changed within a year.

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Daddy woke me up when he opened his door, and I felt a cool breeze rush into the car. Bear began to pace around the back seat with excitement while Daddy let him out.

“Stay,” Daddy said just as Bear was about to run off.

I opened my door, but Daddy lifted me out of the car to carry me towards the house. I glanced back to ensure Bear hadn't run off but sat beside the car. The trainer did an excellent job, but we had to adhere to their guidelines at home. Daddy was better than me because I was too soft with him.

Daddy unlocked the door while juggling with me and called Bear. He carried me upstairs until we reached the bedroom. The sea view was opposite the bed, and the full-length windows made it even more breathtaking.

“Baby, you relax. I’m going to get our luggage and take Bear out for a quick walk,” he said as he tugged his tie off.

I nodded and eyed him up. He had removed his jacket before he got in the car, but he looked just as sexy in his black trousers and white shirt. He put his arm around my waist before he kissed me.

“And don't you fucking dare touch your pussy,” he murmured.

“Why would you be putting ideas into my head, Daddy?” I said with a coy smile as I traced a finger over his lips.

“I will know, Daisy. I always do,” he said with a fiendish look.

My smile vanished, and I pushed away from him to look around the room. There was no way he had cameras in here. His laughter echoed behind him as he walked away and whistled for Bear.

Whatever.

He didn't know about the pregnancy test that I had stuffed between my breasts.

Nathan

Six Months Later

The lighting was terrible, and the pale yellow walls did nothing to brighten the dated and grimy room. Violet walked into the room, and I smiled at her. She would see it as

a friendly gesture, but I took in her weary face, devoid of emotion. Her pale skin made her look like a ghoul, and the dark circles under her eyes didn't help.

“How are you today, Mrs Abbott?” I asked as she sat across the table from me.

She lifted her head, and I saw the irritation tighten her face.

“Call me Violet,” she said in a flat voice.

“My apologies, but I like to keep my sessions professional,” I said, but I wanted to remind her of her marriage and Tom.

I opened my notebook and wrote the date at the top of the page. A small flutter of excitement passed through me as I remembered that Daisy was due to give birth to our son in nine weeks.

“Why don't we talk about Daisy Knight today?” I said with a smile to hide my festering rage.

My drive to the prison had given me time to strategise my questions in order for them to have a maximum impact on her. The downside was the fury that I had to tamper down.

Surprise momentarily flitted across her face before she narrowed her eyes on me. The look of suspicion didn't last as she became wary and looked away from me. She put her hands on her lap and began to fidget.

“It's been over thirteen years since you last saw or heard from Daisy. What was your reaction when you finally realised that Tom was sexually abusing your daughter?”

“That's a lie,” she snapped at me before tucking her greying hair behind her ears.



“You knew he would sneak away at night. When he bought Daisy a laptop, how did that make you feel? It was such an expensive gift,” I said as I tapped my pen on the notebook.

“She was an ungrateful brat. She never deserved all those gifts he showered on her,” she said defensively as she placed her hands on the table.

“She was eight years old, Mrs Abbott. He had been grooming her for a long time before he raped her,” I said, trying not to clench my teeth, but I wanted to push her for a reaction.

I studied her as I waited for her response. Her hair and eye colour may have been similar to Daisy’s, but the dead, soulless look in her eyes was all Violet. Her arrest, trial and short time in prison had aged her.

“That didn't happen,” she said in a quieter voice, but she could not look at me as she kept her head facing down at the table.

Her reaction was gratifying because it made me realise that my mother’s would have been similar had she been given the chance.

“How did it make you feel that your husband didn't want to fuck you anymore?”

Her head snapped up at my direct hit.

“He must have missed her after she ran away,” I said with a tight smile, but my stomach churned at the thought of Tom.

My only consolation was that he died a painful death.

“Who are you? How do you know about Daisy? I haven't spoken about her for years.”

“It’s my job to know everything. You said that you had no motive to kill Tom, but there was the life insurance policy that you stood to benefit from, and he abused your daughter,” I said with a slight shrug.

“I told you before. I didn't kill Tom. Without him—”

“Ah, yes. He brought in the money from his business. So you betrayed the trust of a child for your comfort. Got it.”

“Dr Lewis, I never—”

“Mrs Abbott, I believe you. I believe that you didn't kill your husband,” I said, snapping my leather notebook shut. It was only there as a prop.

“Y-You do? Can you help me with an appeal? Testify about my mental—”

“No. I put you in here. Why on earth would I want to help you get out?” I said, watching her hope slowly morph into bewilderment as her brain tried to catch up with my words.

“The arsenic powder was easy to plant since Tom was the only coffee drinker in the house. I want you to sit and rot in your cell for the rest of your natural life. If you are released from your life sentence, I will be waiting for you, Violet,” I said in a low voice as I finally let my anger seep through.

She glanced towards the door in fear before nervously looking at me.

“But w-why did you do this to me?”

I stood up and straightened my jacket before I lifted my notebook.

“I hate paedophiles, but I hate the enablers just as much. I enjoyed watching Tom

wither away to nothing. You were worse. Instead of protecting an innocent child, you ensured that the sexual abuse continued.”

She gulped before her back went rigid and sat upright in the cheap plastic chair.

“I will get my solicitor to—”

I began to laugh, cutting her off again.

“Who is going to believe you?” I said with a grin. “The receipt for the arsenic was found in your house. The poison was in your jar of coffee. Tom had been fucking one of your neighbours. No one will believe you, Violet.”

It took Daisy courage to confide in Violet. It was only fair that Violet felt a tiny fraction of what Daisy did. I leaned on the table until I was close enough for her to move back in her seat.

“Day after day. Week after week. Month after month. Year after year, you will be stuck in here for a murder that you didn't commit,” I said with a grim smile. “Try not to hang yourself, Violet.”

I stood up to leave, and by the time I got to the door, she was sobbing. I paused when she began to howl like the bitch she was, but not in empathy. I wanted to savour her anguish because it would keep me going until my next visit.

My wife was safe and happy, but at times, when she got a distant look in her eyes, I knew where she was. It took me years to block my past, and I knew she had a long way in her journey. Sometimes, it wasn't about forgetting but about releasing all the negative feelings towards yourself.

I would be by her side until the end of my days.

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The soothing classical music on the way home helped calm me down. By the time I parked my car, I was happy to be home with my family. Bear must have alerted Daisy to my return because she stood at the front door waiting for me. She smiled happily, and her hand rested on our baby.

She wore a teal shirt dress, which looked perfect for some easy access action. When I reached the top of the stairs, Daisy had stepped out with her bare feet.

“Hi, baby. Where are your slippers?” I said, ignoring Bear’s initial growl.

If he wasn't such an excellent guard dog, I would be irritated at how possessive he was of Daisy. He would’ve slept next to Daisy instead of me had I not put my foot down and kicked him out of the bedroom. She talked to Bear as if he were a human. At times, she would pause for his reaction before she carried on with her one-sided conversation.

“Hi, Daddy. You know I can't always find them when I look down,” she said with a smile. “How was work?”

“Fucking amazing,” I murmured before I rubbed her belly and guided her inside.

She knew what I was doing with Violet, but I never told her when I went or what I said. I would inform her with basic information if she had any general questions about Violet. The last thing I wanted was for her to be stressed in any way during her pregnancy. The woman had caused Daisy additional trauma, and I wanted to keep her away from Violet’s hateful nature.

“Mmm, Daddy. You always look hot in your work clothes,” Daisy said as we walked into the hallway.

“Is my baby needing some dick?” I said as I petted Bear since he was calm again.

“Yes, I can hardly get my hand down there,” she sulked as I stood up with a grin.

“Hey, that’s not my fault. That is Lucifer’s doing,” I said, dropping my briefcase on the floor to put my arms around her.

“We are not calling our son Lucifer Lewis,” she said with a frown.

Ever since she showed me the pregnancy test I went from pride to being content with our life. The entire experience bonded us in ways I hadn't expected, from reading books on pregnancy to practical preparations for the arrival of a new life that we created.

Daisy experienced some anxiety when doubts crept in regarding motherhood, but we worked through them together. She never knew that I had similar insecurities about fatherhood. Helping her helped me become resolute about what kind of man I needed to be for my family.

Her frown faded, and her eyes softened as she looked up at me. I never wanted the love in her gaze to diminish. I gently kissed her lips but began to unbutton her dress.

“Bear is watching,” she murmured.

“Give it up, Daisy. He watched us fuck outside.”

“That was one time and in a natural habitat, but I think he is still traumatised.”

I rolled my eyes but stopped unbuttoning her dress before I scooped her up to take her upstairs. She chuckled and put her arms around my neck.

“I love you, Daddy,” she said with a broad smile curving her plump lips.

I waited until we reached the bedroom we used on the first floor. Bear stood behind us but didn't step inside the room. I kicked the door shut and put Daisy on the bed. She watched intently as I removed my clothes. I loved her burgeoning pregnant body. I climbed onto the bed and resumed unbuttoning her dress.

“You're the love of my life, Daisy. I've been obsessed with you since I read your file. The day you walked into my office and insulted my Tom Ford suit roused a beast inside of me. Our love is twisted, and our dark souls complete one another. You are the only person who made me feel alive, baby,” I said solemnly before kissing her rounded belly.

When I carefully moved over her belly to face her, she was blinking away her tears. It was becoming easier to open up to Daisy. She never asked any prying questions about my family or my past. I wasn't proud of who I was in my younger years. The world was full of damaged people.

But Daisy was my miracle.

Daisy

Seven Years Later

I pushed Nathan away from me when I heard Camellia giggling outside our door. When he groaned, I glanced at him. He had flopped onto his back and flung an arm over his face. My birthday fuck would need to wait.

“You wanted to be a Daddy,” I whispered when I heard Darius colluding with Camellia.

His lips curled upward, and he lifted his wrist away from his eyes.

“I wanted to be a Daddy as soon as I met you and felt the urge to bend you over my

knees to spank the fuck out of you,” he said as his silver eyes sparkled with amusement.

I groaned and flopped back onto the bed.

“You've not had your ass whipped in a while, baby,” he said as he leaned on his elbow, turning towards me.

“Why don't you make a start on breakfast, and I will be down in ten?” I said as I turned towards him.

“A lot could happen in ten minutes, and I don't trust you, so get your ass out of bed,” he said with a grin.

“It would only take me one minute, but I need the other nine to wash up,” I grumbled.

The kids knocked on the door, and Nathan told them to come in. I sat up and quickly kissed Daddy's cheek with a smile.

“Happy birthday, Mummy,” Camellia shrieked in excitement as the door flew open with a flurry of movement.

Darius grinned and held a bouquet of flowers and a box, while Camellia had an envelope. Nathan moved the covers down so the kids could snuggle between us. Bear stood in the doorway, but he was restlessly moving.

“Come on, Bear. You can come in,” Nathan said as the kids climbed over him.

Camellia was born three years after Darius, and we decided that five was the perfect number for our family—well, seventeen if you count the goats and the chickens.

Darius patiently waited while Camellia thrust the envelope into my face as she

climbed onto my lap. I brushed the dark curls away from her face before I kissed her.

“Thank you,” I said as I took the card from her.

Nathan kissed the tops of their heads before he got out of bed. Bear nudged my hand, and I stroked his head. He had been curious about Darius after he was born but he took well to both of the children and treated them like his charges.

“I’m going to get a vase. I will be back in a minute,” Nathan said as he pulled a T-shirt over his head.

My eyes rested on his black shorts, but Darius leaned over Cameilla.

“Happy birthday, Mum,” he said with a grin, which made me smile because he had a missing tooth.

I turned to give him a tight hug and a kiss. Darius had my lighter hair, but both inherited their father's grey eyes, which I loved.

Nathan paused at the doorway and looked at us before our eyes met. He didn't need to say anything. He told us every day that he loved us. Our children were cared for and safe.

Daddy had kept every promise he made to me and knew I loved him unconditionally. Daddy’s dark past was a part of who he was, just like mine was. He cracked Violet’s head like a walnut, and she didn't last long.

“I love you,” I mouthed to him.

He put his hand to his heart before he turned to leave, and I returned my attention to the children.



I listened to the kids' chatter, my heart overflowing with love and gratitude. My family was my entire world, and Nathan's love freed my soul from pain and torment.

My dark Daddy.

The End.