



Puck Me Daddy

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Category: Sport

Description: Hes the NHLs most elusive bad boy.

Im the reporter who landed an exclusive interview.

But one slip of baby girl from his lips changes everything.

Tilly Jameson is a determined journalist wholl do anything for the perfect story—even chase down hockey superstar Demian Pierce, who hasnt given an interview in four years.

Behind closed doors, Tilly hides a secret: she longs for someone to take care of her. But exposing that hidden side of herself could ruin her career.

Demian Pierce rules the ice with brutal precision and keeps the world at arms length. No one sees past his cold exterior—until Tilly walks into his interview room and something inside him recognizes what shes hiding.

When he invites her to a hockey game and gives her a private glimpse into his world, Tilly discovers Demians own carefully guarded secret: hes a strict disciplinarian looking for someone to cherish and coddle.

One contract. Two people with everything to lose. A connection neither can deny.

Before long, Tilly is over his knee, and deep in his heart. But can they trust each other enough to risk everything for a chance at the perfect match? Or will the pressure of their secret lives force them apart?

A steamy, emotional romance featuring a hockey star with a dominant streak and the woman who melts his icy exterior.

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It was the biggest day of my life.

I was a grinder. Someone who worked hard, never took anything for granted. For the past five years I'd been working non-stop towards today.

"Don't fuck this up, Tilly," I said to myself, checking my makeup in the car mirror. I'd done my normal "pretend to be a normal human" trick this morning. Somehow, I still managed to look a little unusual. I couldn't help go a little more powder pink with the lip-gloss than was strictly normal.

Still. No time to worry right now. I had a once-in-a-lifetime interview to conduct.

The glass doors slid open with a whoosh, releasing a blast of frigid air that raised goosebumps on my skin. I stepped inside the Colorado Avalanche training facility, my heart beating like a drum solo in my chest. Glass trophy cases sparkled under the fluorescent glare. The click-clack of my heels echoed down the minimalist hallway, bouncing off motivational posters that looked more sparse than inspiring. I wasn't used to wearing heels, and I felt a little unsteady on my feet.

I hugged my notepad tight, like a life preserver keeping me afloat. This was the assignment of a lifetime. A one-on-one with NHL bad boy Demian Pierce, the six-foot-something hockey prodigy who'd ghosted every reporter for the past four years. And somehow, he'd agreed to talk. To me. Little ol' Tilly Jameson, ink-stained cub reporter.

Why me? The question sizzled in my brain as a security guard ushered me deeper into the labyrinth of concrete and steel. Before I could ponder for long, a man in a

charcoal suit intercepted me. He had the chiseled face of an action figure and the blank stare to match.

"Miss Jameson? I'm Mr. Pierce's handler," he said, pumping my hand in a vise grip. "Let's go over the ground rules. No personal questions, no off-ice photos, and his family is strictly off-limits. Capiche?"

"Got it," I said, bristling at his patronizing tone. Who did this stuffed suit think he was, telling me how to do my job? I snuck a glance at my notepad, where I'd scrawled potential questions in my loopy shorthand. What drives your perfectionism, Demian? How do you handle pressure on the ice? And the million-dollar stumper: Why start giving interviews now, after stonewalling for so long?

The handler droned on, but my mind wandered to the upcoming interview. Demian Pierce, in the flesh. My stomach did a flip-flop at the thought. I'd seen him on TV, all rippling muscles and brooding stares as he sliced across the ice. But in person? I had no idea what to expect.

I took a breath and plastered on my best professional smile. The handler might be a grade-A jerk, but I was determined to make the most of this chance. To dig deep and uncover the man behind the mask. The real Demian Pierce.

Nerves jangled through me as we approached a set of double doors. This was it. The moment of truth. I clutched my pen tight and sent up a silent prayer to the journalism gods.

Please, let me get something good out of him.

The handler swung open the door and ushered me inside. A windowless conference room greeted me, its steel gray walls seeming to close in under the buzz of fluorescent lights.

I was surprised by how clinical this place was. Most of the other teams I'd visited had facilities that were full of personality. Not here though.

I made my way to the rectangular table in the center of the room. Black leather chairs ringed it like sentinels. I chose one at random and sat, feeling the chill of the seat through my skirt.

With slightly shaky hands, I set up my recorder and checked the angle. The red light blinked at me accusingly. Get it together, Tilly. You've interviewed senators and CEOs. You got this.

Yeah but none of those bozos had the looks of a supermodel and the talent of a super-genius.

Plus, Demian had mega Daddy energy.

But I wasn't going to let myself think dangerous thoughts like that. No way.

As I arranged my notes, I couldn't quiet the butterflies in my stomach. Demian Pierce wasn't just any subject. He'd burst onto the scene like a supernova four years ago and had dominated the NHL ever since, leading his team to back-to-back Stanley Cup victories. His on-ice moves were pure genius - even a sports illiterate like me could see that.

Off the ice though? That's where things got murky. Rumors swirled about his volatile temper, his clashes with teammates and coaches. He'd been spotted stumbling out of more than a few bars and clubs, a different clinging brunette on his arm each time.

All of which begged the question—why had he agreed to this interview? And why me, of all people?

The door clicked open and I sat up straighter, pulse thrumming. This was it. My eyes widened as Demian himself strode in, seeming to suck all the air from the room with his presence.

Even though I knew he was tall, his sheer physical presence surprised me. He was broad, too, his suit jacket straining against his muscular shoulders. A thin scar sliced through his left eyebrow, a souvenir from some on-ice battle. But it was his eyes that made me catch my breath. A stormy, intense gray that seemed to look right through me as they scanned the room.

For a split second, I swore I saw surprise flicker across his chiseled features as his gaze landed on me. Like he'd expected someone else. Someone older, probably. More seasoned.

The thought made me sit up even straighter, a flush warming my cheeks. I would show him I could play with the big boys.

"Mr. Pierce," I said, rising and extending my hand. "Tilly Jameson. National Post. It's a pleasure to meet you."

His eyes met mine as he clasped my hand in his much larger one. An electric zing shot up my arm at the contact. His skin was surprisingly warm, the calluses on his palm scraping my own soft skin. I caught a whiff of his cologne, something dark and spicy, with an undercurrent of . . . cold? Like he'd stepped straight off the rink.

"Ms. Jameson," he replied, his deep voice surprisingly soft yet commanding. "The pleasure is mine."

But even as he said the words, I sensed the wall slamming down. The way his shoulders tensed infinitesimally, his expression hardening into a mask of careful control.

He released my hand and slid into the chair across from me, every movement precise and measured. Like a big cat poised to strike.

I swallowed hard and flicked on my recorder. "Thank you for agreeing to this interview, Mr. Pierce. I know you don't do many of these."

His lips quirked, not quite a smile. "First time for everything."

Clearing my throat, I glanced down at my list of questions.

"Shall we start?"

"No time like the present."

"You've accomplished an extraordinary amount in a few short years - Stanley Cup victories, MVP awards, scoring records smashed left and right. To what do you attribute your . . . meteoric success?"

I cringed inwardly. Meteoric success? Really, Tilly? That's what you're going with?

But Demian merely leaned back in his chair, steepling his fingers. "Hard work," he said simply. "Dedication. A desire to be the best. My training routine is brutal. No excuses."

I waited for him to elaborate, but he remained silent, his gaze locked on mine. Waiting to see how I'd respond.

Challenge accepted, Mr. Pierce.

I leaned forward, pen poised. "And what fuels that desire?"

For the barest instant, I saw something flare in those gunmetal eyes. Something hot and intense and almost . . . hungry. But then it was gone, shuttered behind the mask once more.

"I don't like to lose," he said, voice low. "Simple as that."

Something about the way he said that made me squirm in my leather chair. I had a feeling nothing was ever simple with this man. But it was a start. I jotted his answer in my notes, along with a reminder to circle back to it later. To keep digging until I uncovered the real Demian Pierce beneath the polished facade.

The rest of the interview was equally tense and guarded, but I managed to coax a few interesting tidbits out of him. His post-game rituals (listening to classical music, strangely enough), his favorite snack on the bench (protein bars, of course), and even a rare smile when I asked about his teammates (who he referred to as "a bunch of knuckleheads" but there was affection there, I was sure of it).

But it was when we finally broached the subject of his personal life that things got . . . interesting.

"I know you're a very private person," I began, treading lightly. "But your fans are curious about the important people in your life."

His entire demeanor seemed to freeze. "My personal life is just that," he said, voice icy. "Personal. Private."

"Of course, but—"

"No buts, Ms. Jameson. My personal life is off-limits. Period."

I raised my hands in a placating gesture. "I understand, Mr. Pierce. I don't mean to

pry."

"Good," he said, standing to leave. "Then we're done here."

"Wait!" I blurted, panic gripping my chest. This couldn't be it. I couldn't walk away with nothing but surface-level fluff. Not after how hard I'd worked to get here.

He turned, one eyebrow quirked in silent challenge. "Yes, Ms. Jameson?"

I'd come here to take a shot, and I was gonna take it.

I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of my career resting squarely on my shoulders. "I know you're a man of . . . practicality," I ventured, treading carefully. "So let me just come out and say it. I'm . . . intrigued, Mr. Pierce. In a way I haven't been about someone in a long time. And I think, maybe, if you'd give me a chance, and answered some of my questions, it might feel good. I don't like to lose, either."

The silence that followed my confession was deafening. I'd never been so terrified or exhilarated in my entire life. Finally, he laughed, a deep, throaty sound that I felt down to my toes. "You're ballsy, I'll give you that," he said, smirking. "But you're also crazy if you think I'd ever—"

"I'm fine with being called crazy. My editor called me crazy for putting all the work I did into getting the interview. He told me you'd never agree to it. That I was—what did he call me?—bonkers. And yet, here we are, and here you are. And I've got a feeling that you're about to answer some questions that go a little bit deeper than just softballs about your nutrition regime."

He studied me intently, his eyes probing my own like he was searching for a hidden agenda. "I don't know if I can trust you," he said at last.

"Trust is a two-way street, Mr. Pierce. And I'm willing to take the first step, if you are."

He seemed to mull it over for a moment before reaching a decision. "Fine. Ask me some questions. I'll answer."

"Listen," I said, abandoning my notes entirely. "Your fans want to know the real you—not the carefully-curated image you—and your handlers—let them see. I'm not here to pry into your private life. I just want to understand what drives Demian Pierce, the man, not just the hockey player."

For a long, tense moment, he stared at me. I could almost see the wheels turning in that formidable head of his. Then, to my surprise, he huffed out a short, humorless laugh.

"I don't know if I've ever met anyone quite like you before, Tilly," he said, with a grudging respect in his voice.

Gently, as if I were made of glass, he reached out and tucked an errant strand of hair behind my ear. His touch was feather-light, but it sent shivers cascading down my spine. I told myself it was just the thrill of the chase, but deep down, I knew it was more.

"Fine," he said, his voice low and rough. "I'll give you five minutes. But after that, we're done, understood?"

"Understood," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. The weight of his gaze held me captive, and I fought the urge to fidget under the intensity of it.

"Alright then." I cleared my throat, forcing myself to focus. "What do you do off the ice to center yourself?"

He shifted in his chair, those storm-gray eyes narrowing slightly as he turned to me. "Solitude is important. I value privacy." His tone was measured, each word deliberate. It felt like he was offering me a tiny glimpse into a world he kept tightly closed.

"Privacy," I echoed, intrigued. There was something heavy in that single word, like it carried layers of meaning. My fingers brushed over the stickers on my notepad, feeling the playful designs beneath my fingertips. Did he even notice?

"What about you, Tilly?"

"Me?"

He fixed me with those steely eyes. "You said trust was a two-way street. You have a stressful job. I'm interested in how you unwind."

My heart raced.

I couldn't tell him, of course. Couldn't let him know that my favorite way to unwind was to get out my stuffies, pull out the coloring books, and spend a couple of hours in Little Space.

"You know," I said, blinking. "I like watching Netflix. True crime stuff."

His eyes narrowed. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Y-yes."

For a moment, I thought he was going to push me more. "Fair enough."

If he knew I was a Little, I'm sure he'd laugh me out of the interview room.

Our eyes locked, and time slowed. My heart raced, thumping loudly in my chest. I caught a flicker of something—curiosity, maybe?—in his gaze before it disappeared behind that familiar mask.

"So, do you ever have any fun routines or rituals before a big game?" I pressed, hoping to extract more from him. "Superstitions, perhaps?"

A hint of amusement danced across his lips, but it was gone in an instant. "I have routines," he said cryptically, his voice dropping to a softer timbre. "Things that help me focus."

In that moment, I could feel the tension shift, something warm sparking between us. I wanted to reach out, to close the distance, but his handler's rigid posture reminded me of where we were.

"Like what?" I asked, leaning forward slightly, drawn in by the intimacy of his tone.

"Specific thins," he said, catching himself, the walls around him rising once again. "I'm a member of some private clubs—"

The handler cleared his throat, a sharp reminder of the boundaries we were skirting. I could see the discomfort etched on his face, but I wasn't ready to back down. Not yet. "Private clubs?"

"I think that's enough questions about that," the handler said, without hesitating."

"Okay aside from the clubs, uh, everyone has quirks. What do you do? A lucky pair of socks? A favorite playlist?"

Demian's jaw tightened, but there was a flicker of something vulnerable beneath his stoicism. I saw it—a fleeting expression that hinted at the man behind the athlete.

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "it's about finding your own space. Your own rhythm."

"That sounds comforting," I replied, my voice softening. I leaned in, desperate to bridge the gap between us. My mind raced with possibilities, imagining the kind of comfort he might offer beyond the confines of this room. "What about personal relationships? Do you find comfort in those?"

"Comfort can be a double-edged sword," he countered, refusing to engage with my question. His expression grew serious. "It makes you weak if you're not careful. You always need to balance comfort with discipline."

"Comfort can make you strong, too," I quipped back, trying to keep the conversation alive. "It all depends on how you look at it."

His gaze flickered over me, uncertainty mingling with intrigue. In that charged silence, I felt the air thicken, each heartbeat echoing louder than the last. What was he really thinking?

"Maybe," he conceded, his voice barely above a murmur. "But right now, it's just . . . complicated."

"Complication often leads to clarity," I said, my pulse quickening.

"Or chaos," he shot back, his tone firm, yet I sensed the underlying challenge.

"A relationship with the right person can help you find some order in that chaos," I urged, emboldened.

For a brief moment, I thought I saw a crack in his armor, a flicker of interest igniting in his eyes. But just as quickly, it vanished, replaced by that well-worn mask once again.

"Change the subject," the handler demanded. There was no room for argument in his tone.

"Fine. Why today? Why grant an interview now, after all this time?"

He hesitated, a shadow crossing his features. For an instant, vulnerability flickered in his eyes as he searched for the right words.

"Sometimes," he said quietly, "you realize it's time to let someone in. Even just a little bit. Even if it pushes you out of your comfort zone."

I bit my lip as Demian's gaze settled on me, the weight of his storm-gray eyes sending a shiver down my spine. I tried to focus on my notes, but my fingers betrayed me, doodling tiny flowers in the margins instead of the questions I'd rehearsed. It felt childish, yet somehow freeing in this tense moment.

"Demian," I started, forcing a steady voice, "do you believe in fate?" The question hung in the air, heavy and probing.

He leaned back slightly, assessing me with that cool intensity. "No," he replied, his voice low. "I believe in making your own fate. There was a softness there, a flicker of warmth beneath his stoic exterior. I could sense something deeper hidden behind those walls, but the handler shifted uncomfortably, ready to cut us off.

I hugged my arms around myself, feeling anxious. Why did I feel so small under his scrutiny? I straightened in my seat, trying to project confidence, but the flutter of embarrassment washed over me like a tide. His attention wrapped around me, both thrilling and intimidating.

"Hey, um . . ." My phone vibrated suddenly, jarring me out of the moment. The sound shattered the fragile connection we were building. I fumbled for it, heart racing as I

silenced the interruption. "Sorry about that!"

Demian's lips twitched, almost forming a smile. It was subtle but enough to make my cheeks flush. I could feel the heat creeping up from my neck. Was he amused by my fluster?

"Time's almost up," the handler interjected, his tone clipped. I felt a pang of disappointment, mixed with relief—the tension was almost unbearable. But I wasn't done yet. I wanted more.

"Just one more question?" I asked, desperation creeping into my voice.

Demian's gaze held mine, an electric current running between us. I could see him weighing his options, the slightest hint of a challenge dancing in his expression. "Make it count," he said.

"Okay . . . what do you really want people to understand about you?" There it was—my chance to dig deeper.

For a moment, the room fell silent, the air thick with anticipation. He leaned forward, the intensity of his focus sending my heart racing faster. "People only see what they want," he replied, his voice barely above a whisper. "But understanding takes time. There's more going on beneath the surface."

In that moment, I felt the world shrink around us. The handler faded into the background, and it was just me and him—two souls caught in an unscripted dance. There was a promise in his words, something that stirred the longing in my chest.

"Thank you, Demian," I said softly, the weight of our shared moment hanging between us. As he stood, the space between us crackled with unspoken possibilities.

As we wrapped up, my fingers fumbled over my notes, trying to capture every detail before they slipped away. My cheeks burned, and I could feel Demian's gaze on me—intense, curious. I gathered my things, hastily cramming my notepad into my bag.

Then he stood, towering and imposing. Strong arms flexed beneath his fitted shirt as he pushed back his chair. He moved with a confidence that made my pulse quicken. “You okay?” he asked, his voice low, tinged with a softness that made me want to lean closer.

I swallowed hard, caught off guard by how much I wanted him to ask me that. “Yeah. Just... uh, trying to get everything.” My flustered attempt at professionalism fell flat. I could feel a mix of excitement and anxiety swirling in my stomach.

Demian stepped forward, closing the space between us. The air shifted, crackling with an electric tension. “You did well in there, baby girl,” he said, genuine admiration lacing his tone.

I almost melted.

He'd called me baby girl. Probably something he called everyone.

There was no way he could know.

“Thanks,” I replied, surprised by the flutter in my chest. The way he looked at me, almost protective, sent shivers down my spine.

As I turned to leave, I felt his presence lingering behind me—strong and magnetic. Each step toward the exit felt heavier, the pull of wanting to look back almost unbearable. I glanced over my shoulder just in time to catch him watching me, those storm-gray eyes holding something unspoken.

My heart raced, thoughts tumbling over one another. Did he feel it too? The connection? The tension? I quickly turned away, reminding myself this was business. He had a thousand girls who probably threw themselves at him every day. He probably hadn't even noticed me. Probably wouldn't remember my name tomorrow. But the heat on my cheeks belied my internal struggle.

I walked through the sliding glass doors, my mind racing. The clatter of my heels echoed down the hallway, but all I could think about was him.

Outside, I took a deep breath, the crisp Colorado air hitting me in waves. I needed to transcribe my notes, but more than that, I needed to reflect on what had just happened. How could I have felt so drawn to him in such a short time?

I replayed his guarded answers, the flashes of vulnerability, and the undeniable chemistry. I wanted to see him again—not just as a journalist seeking a story but as someone intrigued by the man behind the public persona.

What was happening to me? I shook my head, trying to dismiss the thought. But it lingered, taunting me. The question hung in the air: Would I get another chance? And why did I want him to see me again so badly?

I walked to my car, each step heavy with anticipation. The door hadn't closed completely; it was wide open, and I was itching to step through.

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I stepped into my apartment, the buzz from the interview with Demian still coursing through my veins. The sterile chill of the team's facility was a distant memory as I was enveloped in the warmth of my own space. Stuffed animals lined the couch, their vibrant colors popping against the pastel fairy lights that twinkled around the walls. The scent of soft vanilla from the air freshener was like a comforting hug, a stark contrast to the clinical smell of the conference room.

Kicking off my heels, I sighed as the plush carpet soothed my aching feet. Every step deeper into my sanctuary brought a sense of safety and familiarity. My eyes scanned the cartoon posters—from "My Little Pony" to vintage Disney—each a testament to my Little side. This was my world, a place where I could let down my guard and just be.

I sometimes had nightmares about people from work at the newspaper seeing my sanctuary. I always thought I'd get fired if anyone found out. The worst would be my boss. The editor was a nightmare and he had a reputation for bullying in the office. I hoped my secret would never get out.

I tossed my bag onto the small table, scattering crayons and stickers across the half-finished coloring book. My mind was a whirlwind, replaying every charged moment from the interview. Demian's gaze had been intense, almost too much to bear. His answers were guarded, but there was a softness in his voice when he called me "baby girl." That moment had nearly sent my heart soaring out of my chest.

I tried to convince myself it was nothing, just a slip of the tongue. But I couldn't shake the feeling that Demian had seen more of me than he should have. His piercing gray eyes seemed to look straight through me, like he could see the vulnerability I

kept hidden beneath my professional facade.

The memory of his voice, the way it rumbled with a quiet intensity, sent a shiver down my spine. I could still feel the heat of his gaze, the way it lingered on me, making me feel both exposed and oddly cherished. It was a dangerous mix, one that left me feeling both thrilled and terrified.

I sank onto the couch, surrounded by the comforting presence of my stuffed animals. Here, I could let go of the professional determination and just be Little Tilly, the girl who loved cartoons and coloring books.

But even as I tried to relax, my mind kept drifting back to Demian. The way he carried himself, the quiet confidence and measured control, it was all so . . . compelling. I couldn't help but wonder what lay beneath that guarded exterior. Was there a nurturing, protective side to him? Or was he just another "bad boy" hockey player, all charm and no substance?

I should probably type up the interview notes, but I felt like it might be dangerous to do it just yet. If I heard his rumble voice again, I was liable to do something pretty naughty.

I picked up a crayon, twirling it between my fingers as I stared at the coloring book. Coloring usually calmed me, but today, it felt like a futile attempt to distract myself from the storm of emotions inside me. Demian had stirred something deep within me, something I hadn't felt in a long time.

I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to let Demian see this side of me. To let him see the real Tilly, the one who loved stuffed animals and fairy lights and cartoons. The one who yearned for a meaningful connection, despite her fierce independence.

I sank onto my bed, a sea of plushies parting beneath me. My fingers trembled as I grabbed my phone, scrolling to Alana's number. She was my rock, my sanctuary, the one person who understood every part of me—including the Little side I kept hidden from the world. It was easy with her because she was a Little, too.

I hit call, my heart pounding like a kick drum. The ringtone barely finished its first trill before Alana's voice chirped in my ear.

"Tilly! What's shakin', bacon?"

I couldn't help but smile at her greeting. "Hey, Alana."

"Uh-oh," she said, her playful tone shifting to concern. "What's wrong? You sound . . . different."

I took a deep breath, picking at a loose thread on my comforter. "I . . . I interviewed Demian fucking Pierce today."

A squeal almost burst my eardrum. "Shut the front door! The hockey god himself? How did you swing that? Oooh, tell me everything!"

I hesitated, my cheeks heating up. "It was . . . intense. He was intense."

Alana gasped dramatically. "Did he spank you with his stick?"

"Alana!" I choked out a laugh, my face burning hotter. "No! But . . . I got this feeling, like he could see right through me, Alana. Like he knew. I'm all jumbled up inside."

"Then let's un-jumble you," Alana declared. "Meet me at Little Haven. We can build blocks and talk about everything."

I hesitated, rubbing my eyes with the heels of my hands. "I dunno, Alana. I'm pretty beat."

"Come on, Tilly," she coaxed. "You know you wanna. And who knows? Maybe building a castle will help you figure out your Prince Charming dilemma."

I laughed, my body already relaxing at the thought of retreating to our Little space. "Alright, you win. But only because I really need to talk this out."

"Yay!" Alana cheered. "Okay, see you in a bit. Love you, Tilly-bean."

"Love you too, Alana-banana." I hung up, my heart already lighter.

Rolling off the bed, I started gathering my things, eager to get to Little Haven. Eager to process this whirlwind of emotions churning inside me. Eager to figure out what the hell I was going to do about these Demian feels.

I pushed open the pastel-blue door of Little Haven, and a warm hum of laughter wrapped around me like a blanket fresh from the dryer. The gentle tinkle of lullaby music seeped into my bones, and my shoulders dropped for the first time all day. The club was a cozy wonderland, filled with plush rugs and beanbag chairs that swallowed you whole. Low tables were strewn with crayons, coloring books, and building blocks—all the essentials for a Little to retreat from the grown-up world.

The scent of cotton candy sweetened the air, wafting from the vintage-style concession stand in the corner. Littles, dressed in onesies and other playful getups, were scattered about. Some were deep in concentration over a craft, others giggled together like they didn't have a care in the world. My eyes scanned the room and landed on Alana, tucked away at a corner table. She wore a pair of bunny ears and was sipping from a hot pink sippy cup, her eyes sparkling with that familiar mischief.

She spotted me and her face lit up. "Tilly!" she squealed, jumping up and enveloping me in a big hug. Her warmth seeped into me, and I felt my body relax further. She pulled back, her hands on my shoulders, and gave me a little shake. "Okay, spill. What's got you all twisted up?"

I took a deep breath, the words bubbling up inside me. But before I could start, Alana tugged me towards the table. "First things first," she said, patting the seat next to her. A pile of pastel blocks sat in the middle of the table, waiting to be turned into something magical.

I slid into the chair, the smooth wood cool against my legs. Alana hummed softly, her fingers already clicking blocks together. I started arranging my own pieces, the clack of plastic soothing my frayed nerves. The music, the hum of voices, the soft shuffle of papers and crayons—it all worked like a balm on my frazzled mind.

My heart rate slowed, and the tension in my chest began to unravel. This was my safe space, my haven. Here, I could be Little Tilly, not Tilly Jameson, the rising star journalist. Here, I could process the whirlwind of emotions that Demian had stirred up inside me.

Alana looked at me, her eyes soft with understanding. "Alright, Tilly-bean," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Tell me everything."

I took a shaky breath, my fingers pausing on a bright yellow block. And then, piece by piece, I began to unload the puzzle of emotions and experiences that had turned my world upside down. The sterile conference room, Demian's piercing gaze, the rumble of his voice that made my stomach flip. Each memory was a block, and I was trying to build them into something that made sense. Something that wouldn't leave me feeling so utterly exposed. Alana listened, her eyes wide and her blocks forgotten. She knew, just as I did, that this was more than just a story. This was my heart, raw and vulnerable, laid out on the table between us.

My fingers trembled slightly as I reached for another block, the cool plastic grounding me as I began to spill my guts to Alana. "Demian was so intense."

Alana leaned in, her eyes wide and eager. "Intense how?"

I bit my lip, trying to find the right words. "Like a panther, I guess. All coiled power and control. And his voice—" I broke off, a shiver running down my spine. "His voice was like thunder. Deep and rumbley, you know? It just . . . it did something to me."

Alana let out a soft "Whoa."

I could feel the heat rising in my cheeks as I confessed, "I was keeping it together, but then, he called me 'baby girl,' Alana. And I swear, my knees just . . . they went weak. I couldn't even stand up straight afterward."

Alana's mouth dropped open. "He did what?"

I nodded, my face burning with embarrassment and something else—something hotter and more volatile. "I know, right? And the way he looked at me, it was like he could see right through me. Like he knew something about me that I didn't even know myself."

Alana's eyes widened, and she leaned back, a grin spreading across her face. "He totally knows you're a Little."

My heart stuttered. "What? No way," I protested, even as a thrill shot through me. "I was so careful, Alana. I kept it professional. I didn't even—"

But Alana was already laughing, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Tilly, you literally doodle all over your notepads and bite your lip when you're nervous. You

might as well have a neon sign above your head that says 'Baby.'"

I groaned dramatically, half mortified and half thrilled by the idea. "Oh god, do you really think so?"

Alana nodded, her grin never fading. "Girl, it's written all over you. And if this guy is as perceptive as you say he is, and he knows anything about Little stuff . . ." She trailed off, letting the implication hang in the air.

I could feel the tension in my chest building again, a mix of excitement and dread. I reached for another block, my hands shaking slightly as I stacked it on top of the others. Alana mirrored my actions, her giggles subsiding as we both focused on the growing tower.

But even as we built, I couldn't shake the feeling of Demian's eyes on me, the rumble of his voice in my ears.

"I don't think he'd tell anyone. Do you?" I asked.

"No. He wouldn't."

"If my boss finds out—"

"I think Demian Pierce has better things to do than to ruin the life of journalists he barely knows."

A block teetered at the top of our towering creation, and Alana's grin widened, her eyes gleaming with a familiar spark of mischief. I mirrored her expression, feeling the warmth of friendship and shared secrets bubbling within me. Suddenly, a sharp vibration against my thigh made me jump. I lurched forward, nearly toppling our masterpiece. Alana steadied it just in time, giggling as she playfully swatted my arm.

“Jumpy much?” she teased, sticking out her tongue.

I flushed and scrambled to grab my phone from my pocket. “Sorry, I—” My voice caught as I scanned the message on the screen. My heart did a somersault, lodging itself firmly in my throat.

Alana’s eyebrows shot up. “What is it?” she asked, leaning in to peer at my phone.

I could barely process the words, let alone speak them aloud.

Hey Tilly, it’s Demian. I’d like you to come see the real me in my environment. No handlers. No limits. Be my guest at the next Avalanche game. -DP

“Earth to Tilly,” Alana sang, clicking her fingers in front of my face.

I blinked, my cheeks heating up again. “It’s . . . it’s Demian,” I managed to stammer.

Alana’s mouth formed a perfect ‘O’ as she grabbed the phone from my hands, her eyes eagerly scanning the message. “He’s basically asking you on a date!” she squealed, clapping her hands together in delight.

My stomach did a flip, and I could feel the heat spreading down to my neck. “No, it’s not like that,” I protested weakly, even as my heart hammered against my ribs. “It’s just a professional courtesy. He probably wanted a follow-up interview or something.”

Alana rolled her eyes, thrusting the phone back into my hands. “Tilly, wake up and smell the coffee. This is personal. He wanted you to see him—not the hockey player, but the real Demian,” she said, wagging her eyebrows suggestively.

I swallowed hard, rereading the message for the hundredth time. I’d like you to come

see the real me. The words sent a shiver down my spine, igniting a warmth deep within my core. There was an intimacy in his tone, a subtle hint at something more. Something . . . private.

Alana watched me, her expression a mix of excitement and concern. "Tilly, this was a good thing," she said softly. "You deserved to have some fun, to explore this connection. And who knew? Maybe he was the one who would finally see you for who you truly were."

Her words struck a chord, resonating deep within me. I took a deep breath, my fingers tracing the edges of the phone. The message was still there, still real, still waiting for a response. And as I stared at Demian's name, I couldn't help but feel a sense of inevitability—like that moment had been building since the second our eyes met across that conference table.

My heart raced as I imagined seeing him again, feeling his intense gaze on me, hearing his voice rumble in my ears. I pictured myself in the stands, watching him dominate the ice, his powerful form moving with grace and precision. The thought sent a jolt of electricity through me, igniting a fire that spread through my veins like wildfire.

Alana's eyes had sparkled with mischief as she leaned in, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "You know, I've been thinking. There was something about Demian, right? Like, he had this . . . energy."

I swallowed hard, my mind racing. "Energy?"

Alana grinned, her teeth grazing her lower lip. "Yeah, like, he was all controlled and commanding. It was hot, right? And he had said something about private clubs. What if . . . what if he was a Dom?"

My eyes widened, and I felt a jolt of electricity shoot through me. "A Dom? You mean, like, a Daddy Dom?" The words tumbled out of my mouth before I could stop them, my cheeks flushing with heat.

Alana's grin widened, and she nodded eagerly. "I don't know? Maybe? Maybe he's just a Dom? It's hard to know. Think about it, Tilly. He was protective, he had that quiet commanding vibe, and he was obviously into you. What if those clubs he mentioned were, you know, lifestyle clubs?"

I took a sharp breath, my mind spinning with the possibility. I couldn't deny the undercurrent of Dom energy I had felt from Demian, the way his gaze had seemed to pierce right through me, the quiet command in his voice. The idea that he might be a Daddy Dom sent a quiver of excitement and nerves through me, my stomach fluttering with butterflies.

"I don't know, Ally. It's probably a bad idea. Doing anything with him." I murmured the reasons, ticking them off on my fingers. "Conflict of interest, potential heartbreak, and he's got a 'bad boy' rep, Alana. I couldn't just . . . I couldn't just ignore all that."

"No-one's saying you have to marry him! It's just a bit of fun. You wanted to see him in his element, see what was beneath all that ice and stoicism."

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Yeah, I did. But that didn't make it a good idea. I do silly things all the time!"

Alana reached out, grabbing my hand and squeezing it tightly. "Tilly, come on. Take a risk for once. Isn't that what being a Little is all about? Letting go, exploring, feeling?"

Alana was right, I knew she was. But taking that risk, stepping into Demian's world, was terrifying.

She reached up, squeezed my shoulder. Her touch was reassuring. “What’s your heart telling you?”

I closed my eyes, trying to listen to that inner voice. It was screaming at me, loud and clear, drowning out the doubts and fears. I wanted this. I wanted to see him, to explore this connection, to dive into the unknown.

I opened my eyes and looked at Alana. Determination surged through me, hot and fierce. “I’m doing it,” I said, my voice steady.

She grinned wider, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “Atta girl.”

I turned back to my phone, my fingers hovering over the keys. I typed out a reply, my heart pounding with each letter. “I’d love to see you in action. Count me in.” I hit send before I could second-guess myself, adrenaline coursing through my veins.

Alana let out a whoop, drawing a few curious glances from the other Littles nearby. I couldn’t help but laugh, the sound bubbling up from deep within me. It was done. I had taken the plunge.

I just hoped I wouldn’t get in too deep.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:42 am

The hockey game was not like what I expected.

Stepping into the arena was like being swallowed whole by a beast made of sound and color. Neon lights pulsed along the corridors, guiding the human blood cells flowing through its veins to their designated seats. The air was thick with the scent of popcorn and hot dogs, laced with an underlying note of excitement that made my heart race. I clutched my bag strap with one hand, the other hidden inside, grasping my phone, which was already recording.

When I'd mentioned to my editor that I was meeting Demian after a hockey match, he'd gone berserk, and practically ordered me to record it so that I could write an article about it. My editor's voice echoed in my mind, "Capture the evening, Tilly. That way, if that weirdo says anything bizarre, you've got it on record." Easy for him to say, he wasn't the one standing here, jittery as a cat on a hot tin roof.

I found my seat among the roaring fans, their cheers a physical force pushing against me. I fumbled with my phone, trying to keep my head straight, to balance the journalist hat with the . . . other hat. The one that had my adrenaline spiking.

Then, the players skated out. Spotlights swept across the ice, illuminating him. Demian. Number 19. Even in full gear, he stood out—a sleek panther ready to pounce. My breath hitched as he glided with that effortless grace, his tall, broad form commanding attention.

"Jesus, he's something else, isn't he?" The guy next to me leaned in, nudging my arm. I just nodded, my gaze locked onto Demian as he took his position.

A surge of adrenaline rushed through me, the magnetic pull from our interview flooding back. My phone shook slightly in my hand as I started recording notes, but my eyes? They were glued to him. Pierce, his name emblazoned on his jersey.

"You a Pierce fan?" The guy asked, his eyes on the ice but his attention clearly on me.

I nodded again, my mouth dry. "Something like that."

He chuckled, "Well, he's got a hell of a slapshot. I bet we're in for a treat today."

A treat indeed.

I took out a notebook, determined to make some notes.

"You writing something?" the fan next to me asked.

"Just something for the paper."

He nodded in acknowledgement.

My mind flashed back to our interview, his intense gray eyes, the way his presence filled the room. The way he filled . . . other things. I shifted in my seat, heat coursing through me.

Demian turned, his helmet obscuring his face, but I could feel his gaze. It was like a physical touch, sending a shiver down my spine. The air around me felt electric, every nerve ending standing at attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer boomed, "Welcome to tonight's game!"

The crowd roared, but all I could hear was the pounding of my own heart. All I could see was number 19. And all I could think was, Game on, Demian. Game on.

The arena lights dimmed, spotlights swooping and converging on the ice. The puck dropped with a sharp crack, sticks clashing like drawn swords. I gripped my pen, notebook balanced on my knee, but my eyes were glued to Demian. He launched into motion, powerful legs propelling him forward, carving the ice with sure, swift strokes.

"Come on, ref! You fucking blind?" a fan behind me shouted, his voice hoarse with passion. I'd missed whatever it was that the ref was meant to have seen, but I jotted down the quote, the fervor in the air palpable. But my gaze strayed back to Demian, his broad shoulders cutting through the chill, his every movement a symphony of controlled power.

He slammed an opponent into the boards, the crunch of impact resonating in my chest. A shiver ran through me, not from the cold, but from the raw, primal display. Demian was a force on that ice, a predator in his element. I bit my lip, trying to focus on my notes. Crowd size: massive. Atmosphere: electric. Me: distracted as hell.

"Pierce is on fire tonight!" the announcer boomed. Demian sped past, stick handling with deft precision, his form a blur of grace and muscle. My pulse quickened, heat pooling low in my belly. This was more than just a game; it was a dance, a brutal ballet, and Demian was the star.

He slid near my side of the ice, spraying a fan of snow against the plexiglass. I started, my heart thumping. His helmet obscured his face, but I felt his gaze, intense and piercing. Like a caress, it sent a shiver down my spine. I inhaled sharply, the air crisp and cool, a stark contrast to the heat coursing through me.

"You getting all this, sweetheart?" The guy next to me leaned over, his eyes on my

notebook.

I nodded, my mouth dry. "Every word."

He chuckled, nudging me with his elbow. "Make sure you mention me!"

I laughed. "Will do."

Demian swooped past again, his presence commanding, impossible to ignore. My pen hovered over the page, forgotten. I was here to report, to capture the spirit of the game, the energy of the crowd. But all I could focus on was him—his power, his grace, his undeniable allure.

A roar from the crowd, a crash of bodies against the boards. I jumped, my heart pounding. The action was relentless, the players tireless. But Demian was a class apart. He moved with an arrogant confidence, a smooth grace that belied his brute strength. It reminded me of a dancer, a lover—all power and artistry combined.

I shifted in my seat, heat flooding through me. This was more than just a game; it was foreplay, a tease, a tantalizing display of male prowess. And I was more than just a spectator; I was a participant, a willing captive to Demian's spell. My notebook slipped from my grasp, forgotten. All that mattered was him, his prowess, his power. His promise.

He was dominating the other team.

I gripped the edge of my seat, knuckles white, as Demian sliced through the chaos. Then, like a bolt of lightning, his gaze locked onto mine. Time froze in that split second.

Before I could process the jolt of connection, Demian wound up his stick. A crack

echoed through the arena as he blasted a slapshot toward the goal. The puck sailed past the goalie's outstretched glove, ripping into the net with such force it sent a shiver down my spine.

The crowd exploded, a deafening roar that vibrated through my chest. I shot to my feet, heart pounding wildly. "Holy shit," I gasped, clutching the collar of my shirt. Professionalism be damned—I was just another fan, swept up in the exhilaration, cheering for him. For Demian.

"That's how it's done, folks!" the announcer boomed, but his voice barely registered over the thunderous applause. I couldn't tear my eyes away from Demian, circling the ice like a conquering hero. He skated toward my section, and I swear I could feel his presence before he even reached the plexiglass.

With a cocky half-smile, he lifted the puck from his stick, tapping it against the barrier. My breath hitched as he flipped it over the glass, sending it spinning directly into my hands. I fumbled, clutching it to my chest, fingers curling protectively around the cold, slick surface.

"Lucky girl!" someone shouted nearby, but all I could focus on was the heat rising in my cheeks, the electric thrill coursing through me. This was more than just a souvenir.

"You gonna share that puck, sweetheart?" The guy next to me leaned over, his eyes gleaming with envy.

"Not a chance," I breathed, clutching it tighter. My heart raced, a mix of exhilaration and embarrassment flooding through me. I couldn't stop smiling, my cheeks aching from the width of my grin.

I sank back into my seat, the puck clutched tightly in my hands, a pulsing reminder of

the intimacy we shared amidst the roaring crowd.

The rest of the game passed in a blur. I was too caught up watching Demian to take in much of anything else. He moved like liquid silver, fluid and relentless, a stark contrast to the chaotic storm of the game. Every assist, every goal, every command he barked at his teammates—it all pulled me under his spell.

The final buzzer blared, a harsh, echoing blare that signaled the end. The Avalanche had won, and the crowd roared. I stood, phone still recording, capturing the jubilant screams and stomping feet. But my eyes—they were locked onto Demian as he pulled off his helmet, his damp hair sticking up in dark spikes. His face was flushed, eyes gleaming with triumph and something else. Something primal.

He looked at me. Really looked at me. A wave of heat crashed through me, starting at my toes, flooding up to my cheeks. I thought I might combust right there, melt into a puddle on the sticky arena floor.

His gaze didn't just see me; it touched me. Intimately. Like a secret caress in a room full of people. I swallowed hard, my breath hitching as if he'd actually brushed his fingers against my skin.

I was meeting Demian after the game by the players exit. Moments later, a security guard came to collect me and guide me through the throng.

It wasn't just me waiting. Other reporters clustered around the exit, a swarm of hungry vultures waiting for their pound of flesh. I hung back, fingering the puck Demian had given me in my bag, next to my phone. My heart pounded in my chest, each beat echoing in my ears like a drumroll.

I snuck a glance at my reflection in the metal door. Cheeks flushed, hair a frizzy mess from the arena's heat. I looked like I'd been riding a rollercoaster—half exhilarated,

half terrified. "Calm down, Tilly," I muttered to myself, tucking a loose strand of hair behind my ear. "This is not a date. This is work. He just wants to open up more, for his public image."

But my body wasn't buying it. My nerves hummed like live wires, every inch of me tingling with anticipation. I could still feel his gaze on me, like a phantom touch. I could still see that commanding presence, the way he owned the ice. The way he might own me, if I let him.

A commotion at the door snapped me back to reality. The players were starting to emerge, laughing and shouting, high on adrenaline and victory. I took a deep breath, forcing my professional mask into place. But my heart wouldn't stop pounding. And my hand wouldn't stop clutching that damn puck.

I was in trouble. Big, big trouble.

Finally, the very last player to emerge was Demian. Still dressed in his under-armor top, a duffel bag slung over his shoulder like it was no big deal. His eyes swept the area, and when they landed on me, everything else faded into background noise. He walked towards me, all slow and steady, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Damn. You look gorgeous," he said, his voice low.

I almost passed out.

"Ex-excuse me?"

"Sorry, is that out of line?"

My heart kicked into overdrive, pounding so hard I could feel it in my fingertips. I was aware of the phone in my hand, still recording, but I couldn't form a single word.

He looked at me, really looked, and it was like we were the only two people in the world.

“No. Not out of line,” I managed.

“Sorry. I wasn’t expecting to say that. I just—instinct took over.”

I could feel my cheeks getting redder and redder.

“It’s fine. Thank you. Thank you for the friendly compliment.”

He tilted his head towards a quieter spot in the hallway, and I followed him, my heels clicking on the polished floor. The air was cooler here, but I could feel the heat radiating off him. He was still amped up from the game, every line of his body taut and ready.

He turned to face me, his voice softer than I'd ever heard it. "I don't usually do this, Tilly. Give people tickets to games. Meet them afterward. I can't explain it. I just have this feeling about you."

His words hit me like a punch to the gut. I hesitated, my thumb hovering over the record button on my phone. I didn't know what to say, what to do. I was here for a story, but this . . . this felt like something else entirely.

He leaned in, his voice barely a whisper. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about you since the interview. It's kind of annoying, honestly. But the fact is . . . I think I might like you, Tilly. I hope that's not too forward."

I flicked off the recorder, my breath hitching. This moment was too raw, too real, to be turned into a soundbite. I looked up at him, my heart hammering in my chest. His eyes were intense, but there was a softness there too, like he was laying down his

cards, waiting for me to show my hand.

“You might like me?”

He shrugged. “Romantically. I know it’s a lot. I just, uh, find it hard not to be honest. Part of the reason coach doesn’t let me do interviews. I’m a little impulsive.”

I swallowed hard, my mouth suddenly dry. This was uncharted territory, a blurred line between professional and personal. But in that moment, I didn’t care. I was drawn to him, to the intensity in his eyes, to the promise of something more. And I was ready to dive in, consequences be damned.

Frankly, I found his confidence to be really damn attractive. He knew what he wanted, and he wasn’t afraid to try to get it.

Demian's hand, still warm from the game, slipped around my wrist. His fingers, strong and sure, circled it easily. He didn't tug or rush, just guided, his touch sparking a trail of goosebumps up my arm. I looked around, half-expecting flashbulbs or eager fans, but the hallway was empty save for the distant echo of slamming lockers.

"Come with me? For a bite to eat? We can talk," he murmured, his voice low and steady. It wasn't a command, but a suggestion, one that sent a thrill through me.

There was no way on Earth I could say no. “Okay. That sounds good.”

He led me out and I found myself matching his stride, his pace confident but never hurried. My heart still pounded from his earlier words, a rhythm that seemed to echo in the quiet corridor.

I expected him to lead us to some VIP lounge, all sleek leather and hushed tones. Instead, we pushed through a side door, the cool night air biting at my cheeks. Across

the street, a neon sign flickered, the letters "Patty's Place" blinking in and out. A burger joint. My surprise must have shown because Demian chuckled, a soft rumble that sent a shiver down my spine.

"I'm not big on fancy," he admitted, his voice wrapping around me like a warm blanket. "But I am big on burgers." He shot me a playful smile, a side of him I hadn't seen before. It made my cheeks flush, my stomach flipping in a way that had nothing to do with hunger.

"Plus, I had this instinct that you might be a milkshake fan," he added, his eyes twinkling with amusement. I stumbled slightly, his hand tightening around mine to steady me.

Well, he was right. I was just about the biggest shake fiend you could imagine. I'd had a lot of shakes in a lot of spots around town, but never Patty's Place.

"I have been known to enjoy the occasional milkshake. From time to time."

"Perfect." He gave me a warm smile that made my stomach do backflips.

The diner was a blur of red vinyl and shiny chrome. We slid into a booth, the seat squeaking beneath me. Everything felt normal, almost surreal after the charged atmosphere of the arena. The faint hum of the fryer, the clink of cutlery, the low murmur of conversation—it all anchored me, even as my heart continued to race.

Demian ordered for both of us, rattling off pancakes and a vanilla shake for me and a burger for himself. Then, without missing a beat, he added, "Extra sprinkles on the pancakes, please." I blinked, my mouth opening slightly in amusement. He couldn't possibly know, could he? My love for pancakes, my silly obsession with sprinkles . . . it was all too much.

He looked at me, his eyes holding that same intensity from before, but now there was a softness too. A playfulness.

“How did you know I’d want extra sprinkles?”

“Who doesn’t want extra sprinkles?”

I laughed.

Demian leaned back, his eyes never leaving mine. The air between us crackled, the tension palpable. I could feel the weight of his gaze, the promise in his eyes.

“Sorry,” I said, “this is so weird. I can’t really believe I’m here with you.”

“Me too,” he said. “I can’t remember the last time I let someone new into my life. It’s actually pretty nerve-wracking.”

“You don’t get nervous.”

“I do. Before every single game.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“It’s true. If I didn’t get nervous it would mean I’d stopped caring. I bet you were nervous about our interview.”

“Of course.”

“Me too. But this, right now, is the most nervous I’ve been for years.”

Just then, the waitress slid a towering burger in front of him and a milkshake topped

with whipped cream and sprinkles in front of me.

“So,” he said. “No handlers tonight.”

“That means I can ask you whatever I want.”

“Right. But, uh, before that, I’d like to interview you,” he said, his voice low and steady, yet commanding. My breath caught, a hitch that felt like a tiny gasp for air. The power dynamic shifted palpably, sending a thrill down my spine. I nodded, a small gesture of surrender, letting him take the reins.

“Me? I’m not interesting enough to interview.”

“I disagree.”

“I bet you can’t ask a single question which would give a juicy reply.”

Demian leaned in, his forearms pressing against the sticky table surface. His muscles flexed slightly, a subtle display of strength that made my heart race. His gaze was intense, piercing, like he was looking straight through me. "Tilly," he began, his tone soft yet firm, "are you a Little?"

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H oly fricking hell.

Well, I'd been wrong. Demian managed to find an interesting question to ask me, after all.

It hung in the air between us, a grenade waiting for me to pull the pin. "Are you a Little?" His words echoed in my mind, each syllable a hammer strike against my carefully constructed walls.

I stared at him, my heart pounding in my chest. All thoughts of milkshake and pancakes had vanished from my brain. Heat flooded my cheeks, and I could feel the flush spreading down to my neck. Vulnerability washed over me, a wave threatening to drag me under. I grasped for a lifeline, anything to deflect the intensity of his gaze.

My throat was dry.

"What do you mean by 'Little'?" I asked, my voice steady despite the storm inside me. I pretended not to fully understand, even as my heart raced with the truth. My fingers found the cool surface of the table, tracing invisible patterns to ground myself.

Demian leaned back in his booth seat, the vinyl creaking under his weight. His gray eyes never left mine, but his posture was relaxed, almost casual. The hum of the diner filled the silence between us as he took a moment before speaking.

"I think you know. But just in case. A Little is someone who finds comfort in a more . . . childlike headspace," he began, his voice low and steady. There was a gentleness in his tone, a confidence that made me want to lean in, to listen closer. "It's about

finding safety, playfulness, a sense of security. Like a kind of play therapy. A way to forget responsibilities and just be."

His words painted a picture I knew too well. I could see it in the way his eyes softened, the way his shoulders relaxed as he spoke. He wasn't just explaining; he was sharing a piece of himself, a piece that resonated deep within me.

My fingers continued their dance on the table, tracing patterns only I could see. I could feel the rough edges of the scratches, the cool smoothness of the worn spots. Each sensation grounded me, kept me present as I listened to him.

"It's not just about role-playing," he continued, his voice barely audible over the diner's hum. "It's about letting go, trusting someone else to take care of you, even if it's just for a little while."

His words were a slow caress, each one wrapping around me like a warm blanket. I could feel the pull, the desire to lean into that comfort, that safety. But fear held me back, fear of the vulnerability, of the exposure.

I watched his lips form each word, the subtle shift of his expression as he spoke. There was a sincerity in his eyes, a depth that made me want to trust him, to open up to him. But the walls I'd built were high and strong, and fear was a powerful glue holding them together.

Yet, as he spoke, I could feel those walls beginning to crumble. The promise of safety, of understanding, was a siren call I found hard to resist.

I stared at the swirl of whipped cream and sprinkles on my milkshake, a chaotic mirror of my insides.

There was no point in pretending.

"Yes, I'm a Little." The words tumbled out, barely above a whisper. Admitting it felt like jumping off a cliff, naked. But Demian's eyes were warm, safe, like a blanket fresh from the dryer. My stomach fluttered, a mix of relief and sheer terror.

He leaned forward, his face lighting up like a kid on Christmas morning. "I knew it," he said, his voice a low rumble of excitement. "From the moment I saw you in that interview room."

I arched an eyebrow, disbelief coloring my voice. "Oh, really? And how exactly did you know that?"

A smirk played on his lips, a sexy quirk that made my heart stutter. "It was the way you fiddled with your pen, bit your lip," he explained, his voice low and steady. "Those doodles. It wasn't just nerves, Tilly. It was a Little's energy, pent-up and eager to break free. My Little radar was going berserk."

His words sent a shiver down my spine. I thought I'd always been so careful, so guarded. How could he see through me so easily? My fingers traced the cool edge of the table, grounding me. "You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" I challenged, but there was no heat in my words. Just curiosity, and a growing need to understand this man.

Demian's smirk deepened, and he leaned back, his eyes never leaving mine. "I've spent enough time in certain . . . communities," he said, his voice a low purr. "I recognize the signs, Tilly. And you, sweet girl, have 'Little' written all over you."

His words sent a jolt through me, a mix of fear and exhilaration. I'd never met anyone like him, someone who saw through my walls, who understood my needs without me even saying a word. It was terrifying. It was exhilarating. It was everything I never knew I needed.

The neon lights of the diner buzzed overhead, casting a pink and blue glow on the Formica table as I laughed, a sound that bubbled up from my chest, nervous and disbelieving. "Come on, Demian," I said, leaning back in the booth, my fingers drumming a quick rhythm on the table's edge. "There's no way a big-shot hockey star like you could pick up on something so subtle. You're telling me you took one look at me and just . . . knew?"

Demian's lips pursed, his shoulders lifting in a casual shrug that did nothing to hide the coiled power beneath his sport coat. "I just knew, baby girl."

I shook my head, a smile playing on my lips, even as my heart pounded. "You're crazy," I said, but there was no heat in my words. Just a growing curiosity, a need to understand this man who seemed to see right through me.

Demian leaned forward, his gray eyes locked onto mine, serious and sure. "I'm not crazy, Tilly," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'm a Daddy Dom."

His words sent a jolt through me, like I'd touched a live wire. My eyes widened, and I felt my breath hitch in my throat. He reached across the table, his hand resting atop mine, warm and steady. His touch anchored me, even as my mind whirled.

"It's not something I share with just anyone," he said, his thumb tracing circles on the back of my hand. "Especially not with reporters." His eyes held mine, open and honest. "But I see something in you, Tilly. Something that makes me want to trust you."

I swallowed hard, my heart pounding in my ears. His touch, his words, they all wove a spell around me, drawing me in, making me want to trust him too. But fear held me back, fear of the vulnerability, of the exposure. I took a deep breath, my eyes searching his, looking for any sign of deceit, any hint of insincerity. But all I saw was openness, honesty, and a warmth that made my stomach flutter.

I leaned in, my voice low and urgent. "I promise you, Demian, I won't tell a soul." My hand was still beneath his, his warmth seeping into my skin, making my heart race. "Most journalists would kill for this story, but I'm not most journalists."

Demian's eyes searched mine, looking for the truth.

I held his gaze, unblinking, wanting him to see the sincerity in my eyes.

His face was illuminated by the harsh glow of the diner signs, his jaw tight, eyes intense. He was a man who knew the weight of his secrets, who knew the risk he was taking.

A moment passed, then another. Then, slowly, his face relaxed. He nodded, a soft exhale escaping his lips. "I believe you," he said, his voice a low rumble.

Those three words sent a surge of happiness through me. It was a strange feeling, being trusted so implicitly by someone like Demian. A man who had every reason to be guarded, to be suspicious. Yet, here he was, placing his faith in me.

Demian leaned back, his hand slipping away from mine, leaving my skin tingling. He ran a hand through his short hair, a distant look in his eyes. "I stumbled into this lifestyle years ago," he began, his voice steady, controlled. "Curiosity, mostly. I ended up in an age play club, not really knowing what to expect."

I listened intently, my fingers tracing the rim of my glass, the condensation cool against my skin. I could picture it—Demian, young and curious, stepping into a world he didn't yet understand.

"I've played in clubs on and off over the years," he continued, his voice low. "But it was always . . . casual. Nothing serious." His eyes met mine, and I saw a flicker of vulnerability. "I never found someone who truly clicked with me. Someone who

wanted more than just a scene."

My heart twinged with compassion. This big, strong hockey player, so sure of himself on the ice, was just as lost as I was when it came to this. Searching for a connection, for something real. I knew that feeling all too well.

His hand rested on the table, fingers tapping lightly against the surface. I watched the movement, the subtle rhythm, and found myself wanting to reach out, to still his restless energy. "I've been looking for something more meaningful," he admitted.

His words hung in the air between us, raw and honest. I felt a tug in my chest, a longing to be that something more for him. But I pushed the thought away, not ready to acknowledge it, not ready to admit how deeply his words were affecting me.

Instead, I just nodded, encouraging him to continue. I wanted to hear more, to understand him better. To see where this conversation would lead us.

I traced the rim of my melting milkshake with a spoon. I could feel the weight of Demian's gaze, waiting, hoping for more from me.

"I've never had a Daddy before," I admitted softly, the words tumbling out before I could catch them. My cheeks flushed, but I pressed on, encouraged by his openness. "But I've spent plenty of time in Little space. With friends, mostly. It's. . . it's never been sexual. Just comfortable. Safe."

I glanced up at him, his intense gray eyes urging me to continue. My fingers twisted the spoon, the cool metal grounding me. "But with the right person . . ." I began, my voice barely above a whisper. My heart pounded, but I pushed through the nerves. "It could be more. Deeper. Intimate."

Demian's eyes never left mine. He leaned in slightly, his large frame blocking out the

rest of the diner. All I could see, all I could focus on, was him. His scent, a mix of clean sweat and faint cologne, filled my nostrils, making my stomach flutter.

"You think so?" he asked, his voice a low rumble. His hand moved slowly across the table, his fingers brushing against mine. Just a soft touch, barely anything, but it sent a jolt through me, like a live wire sparking.

I laughed nervously, the sound catching in my throat. "Yeah," I managed to say, my voice steadier than I felt. "I think so."

His fingers lingered, tracing the back of my hand. His touch was gentle, but there was a roughness to his skin, callouses from years on the ice. It was a stark contrast, soft and hard, and it sent a shiver down my spine.

A nervous laugh escaped him too, a deep sound that resonated within me. "This is... unusual," he admitted, his fingers still exploring mine.

I smiled, my heart pounding in my chest. "Unusual good or unusual bad?" I asked, my voice teasing.

His gaze met mine, held it. There was a heat there, an intensity that made my breath hitch. "Good," he said, his voice firm. " Definitely good."

Our plates sat forgotten between us, the food growing cold. But neither of us cared. This conversation was more nourishing than any meal could ever be. Each word, each touch, was feeding a hunger deep within me. A hunger I hadn't even known existed until now. Until him.

Demian's fingers were warm, his touch firm, like an anchor point in a suddenly spinning world. He leaned in, his voice a low rumble, barely audible over the clink of silverware and the hum of late-night conversations around us.

"Tilly," he started, his gray eyes locked onto mine. "I want to be your Daddy."

My heart thudded against my ribs, like a bass drum kicked by a reckless drummer. I blinked, speechless. His words were so direct, so sure, like he had seen right through me and knew exactly what I needed to hear.

I managed to find my voice, a mere whisper. "How . . . how do you know?"

A soft smile played on his lips, a hint of vulnerability in his eyes. "I can't explain it, Tilly. It's just a feeling. Like finding a missing piece you didn't know you were looking for."

His words sent a rush through me, a whirlwind of fear, excitement, and relief all tangled together. I felt overwhelmed, like I was standing on the edge of a cliff, looking down into something vast and unknown. But there was also curiosity, a deep, eager pull to see where this could go.

My breath hitched, and I reached for his other hand under the table. My fingers grazed his palm, a tentative touch that felt like a leap of faith. His hand closed around mine, warm and secure, a silent affirmation that he was in this with me.

"I feel . . . overwhelmed," I admitted, my voice barely above a whisper. "But also . . . curious. Eager, even." I felt the heat rush to my cheeks.

Demian's thumb brushed against mine, a gentle rhythm that sent a spark up my arm. His eyes never left mine, steady and sure. "We can take this as slow as you need, Tilly. But I want you to know, I've never felt this way before. It's fast, I know, but it's real."

I took a deep breath, trying to steady the storm inside me. His words, his touch, his presence—it all felt so right, like a key clicking into a lock. I squeezed his hand, a

silent promise that I was willing to trust his instinct, to trust mine.

"I want to see where this goes, too," I said, my voice steadier now. "I want to know what this could be."

Demian's mouth quirked up at the corners, then he leaned in, his voice low and steady. "There's something I want to show you, Tilly." His gray eyes were serious, the flecks of lighter gray like ice on a winter lake. "It's at my place."

I mirrored his lean, the air between us vibrating with something electric. "What is it?" My heart was pounding, a drumbeat in my ears.

"A contract," he said, his voice barely audible over the hum of the diner. "It outlines . . . us. What we could be. Boundaries, expectations, safewords." He emphasized the last word, and my breath hitched.

His gaze held mine, steady and sure. "It's not legal, just . . . personal. A promise to keep each other safe."

I swallowed hard, my fingers tracing the cool condensation on my glass. This was real. This was happening. My mind raced, but my body was already reacting, a warmth pooling low in my belly.

Demian's hand reached across the table, his fingers grazing mine. "Will you come back to my place, Tilly? Read it. See if it feels right?"

My heart pounded in my chest, a frantic rhythm that matched the pulsing neon lights. I understood what this meant, the significance of this next step. A contract. His place. This was more than just a conversation in a diner. This was a doorway, a threshold to cross.

I looked around the diner, the bustling waitress, the trucker in the corner booth, the teenagers sharing a milkshake. Ordinary life going on, oblivious to the storm brewing inside me. Then I turned back to Demian, his gaze steady, his jaw set. He was offering something I'd always yearned for, a connection I'd only dreamed about.

A sigh escaped my lips, a mixture of nervousness and elation. "Yes," I said, my voice soft but sure. "I'll go with you."

His eyes flared, a spark igniting in their gray depths. Our gazes locked, and in that moment, an unspoken vow passed between us. This night was going to change everything. The air was thick with anticipation, the promise of something profound and intimate and utterly terrifying. And I was ready to dive in headfirst.

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Stepping up to the impressive front door of Demian's penthouse, my mind whirled from our conversation in the diner. This was all happening so fast, but it all felt so right. In my time as a journalist, I'd learned to be suspicious of things that seemed to be too good to be true, but honestly, so far, Demian hadn't given me any reason to doubt him. I had to try to silence the reporter in me right now, and let my Little take the reins.

"Home sweet home," said Demian, leading me inside.

His private domain unfurled before me, a vast expanse of contemporary elegance. Subdued lighting bathed the room, casting elongated shadows that danced upon the polished surfaces.

Floor-to-ceiling windows framed the glittering Denver skyline, a dazzling panorama of twinkling lights against the inky night. The muted hum of city life seeped in, muffled by the luxurious insulation enveloping us. My heels clicked softly against the marble floor, the sound echoing in the cavernous space.

"Can I take your coat?" Demian's voice cut through the silence, startling me. I hesitated for a moment, clutching the fabric closer before relenting. His fingers brushed mine as he took it, the brief contact sending a jolt up my arm.

He hung my coat in a closet, the door closing with a barely audible whisper. Turning back to face me, his eyes held an intensity that made my heart race. "Would you like a drink? Water, perhaps?"

I nodded, my throat suddenly parched. "Yes, please. Water sounds perfect."

“Good,” he said. “I want you clear-headed for this.”

As he moved toward the open-plan kitchen, I couldn't help but study him. His tailored shirt clung to his muscular frame, a testament to the grueling physical demands of his profession. The stark contrast between his public persona and this guarded, almost vulnerable side intrigued me.

The penthouse's open-plan kitchen gleamed with stainless steel appliances and marble countertops. Demian moved with an easy grace as he filled a tall glass from the faucet, the water sparkling under the overhead lights. He extended it toward me, his gaze intense.

"Drink," he commanded, a hint of concern etched on his chiseled features. "I'd have offered you a beer, by the way, but . . . I need you clear-headed for our discussion."

I nodded, accepting the glass gratefully. “I don’t really do alcohol,” I said. “Doesn’t agree with me.”

Demian nodded. “That’s good. A girl like you doesn’t need to drink to have fun.”

I swallowed, wondering what kind of fun he was referring to. Then I remembered I was meant to be drinking my water. I felt myself wanting to be good for Demian, to do all the right things, so I drank. The cool liquid slid down my throat, calming the storm brewing within me. My thoughts swirled like a tempest, torn between the allure of this enigmatic man and the fear of surrendering to desires I barely understood.

As I drank, Demian leaned against the counter, arms crossed over his broad chest. His gray eyes scrutinized me, as if gauging my resolve. I fought the urge to squirm under his scrutiny, determined to prove that I could handle whatever came next.

"You know, you're not what I expected," I blurted out, then inwardly cringed at my

lack of filter. But it was true; this man, this athlete, this superstar, now stood before me, offering a glimpse into a private world few ever saw. He was exceptional, yes, but not in ways I'd ever imagined.

A ghost of a smile played on his lips. "You're full of surprises, too, Tilly Jameson."

A shiver ran down my spine at the sound of my name rolling off his tongue. I took another sip of water, savoring the chill that spread through my body, grounding me in the present. The air between us crackled with tension, electric and intoxicating. I knew that whatever happened next would change everything.

Following Demian through the living room, my eyes were drawn to the glass cabinets that lined the walls. Trophies, medals, and framed Colorado Avalanche jerseys gleamed under the ambient light, a testament to his accomplishments on the ice. The largest of them all, an oversized photograph of Demian hoisting the Stanley Cup, dominated one wall. I couldn't help but feel a mix of admiration and trepidation. This man, who had achieved so much in his public life, now stood before me, baring a side of himself few ever saw.

"Impressive, isn't it?" Demian's voice cut through my thoughts as he gestured toward the display cases.

I nodded, swallowing the sudden lump in my throat. "It's . . . incredible. You've done so much."

He shrugged, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "It's been a journey, that's for sure. But enough about me. There are more important things we need to discuss."

His words sent a shiver down my spine, and I couldn't help but wonder what lay ahead. As he led me further into his penthouse, my heart raced with a potent mix of

excitement and apprehension.

With a nod, I followed Demian down a short hallway, my heart thumping wildly in my chest. My eyes were drawn to the strong lines of his back, the way his muscles moved beneath his crisp white shirt. I swallowed hard and tried to focus on the path ahead.

He pushed open a heavy wooden door, revealing a starkly contrasting space. His office was all sharp angles and sleek surfaces, the air heavy with the scent of leather and polished wood. A large mahogany desk dominated the room, its surface uncluttered save for a single lamp casting a pool of warm light. A black leather couch sat against one wall, its smooth surface inviting yet somehow intimidating.

Even more hockey memorabilia lined the shelves, a testament to his illustrious career. My eyes lingered on a silver trophy, its surface gleaming in the dim light. I could almost hear the roar of the crowd as Demian hoisted it above his head, the taste of victory on his lips.

"Have a seat," Demian said, gesturing to the couch. His voice was low and steady, a calm anchor in the midst of my chaotic thoughts. I sank into the leather, its cool surface sending a shiver up my spine. He took a seat behind the desk, his fingers flying over the keys of a sleek desktop computer. The screen flickered to life, casting a pale blue glow across his chiseled features.

I clasped my hands in my lap, trying to still their trembling. My mind raced with questions, doubts, and a tantalizing undercurrent of desire. What was he planning? What did this all mean? And why did I find myself wanting to surrender to his every whim?

"Tilly," Demian said, his voice cutting through the silence like a knife. I looked up, meeting his gaze. His eyes were cold and assessing, like a predator sizing up its prey.

"Are you ready for this?"

I hesitated, then nodded slowly. "Yes," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "I'm ready."

The corner of his mouth quirked up in a smirk. "Good," he said, his fingers dancing across the keyboard once more. "Then let's get started."

The room filled with the soft hum of the printer, a rhythmic accompaniment to the hammering of my heart.

Demian's office was a stark contrast to the warmth of the living room; here, everything felt sharp and precise, from the crisp lines of the mahogany desk to the razor-edged creases in the blinds. Even the books lining the shelves seemed to stand at attention, their spines perfectly aligned like soldiers awaiting orders. I imagined Demian having meetings with his manager in here. Maybe even some of his teammates had been in this room at one point. And now, here I was. About to sign up to a whole new world of discovery . . .

A faint scent of leather polish hung in the air, mingling with the smell of fresh ink as sheets of paper slid into the printer tray. I swallowed hard, my throat suddenly dry. This was really happening.

My gaze flicked to the lone photo on the wall—a younger Demian, arms raised in triumph. There was a wildness in his eyes, a fierce determination that sent a shiver down my spine. But there was also a tenderness, a passion that excited me in a different way.

"Tilly," he said, breaking the silence. I jumped, tearing my gaze away from the photograph. He held out a stack of papers, his expression unreadable. "It's time."

Demian returned from the printer, two stacks of papers in hand. He sat down next to me on the black leather couch, the documents crinkling softly in his grip. My eyes widened as I saw the first set, labeled "Non-Disclosure Agreement." I swallowed hard, my stomach doing flips.

He handed me the papers, his fingers brushing mine for a brief moment. "I trust you, Tilly," he said, his voice steady and reassuring. "But this is necessary. You understand, right?"

I nodded, taking the documents from him. The legalese swam before my eyes, but I forced myself to focus. Confidentiality, penalties for breach, non-disclosure of personal details—it was all there, plain as day. And yet, beneath the cold, impersonal language, I felt a strange sense of warmth. He was letting me into his world, his private sanctuary, and he was trusting me to keep it safe.

"I understand," I murmured, scanning the last few lines. "And I promise, I'll keep everything confidential."

He smiled, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "I know you will, Tilly. I have faith in you."

As I signed my name at the bottom of the page, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. I was being given access to a side of Demian that few people ever saw—and he was trusting me to handle it with care. It was a heady feeling, a mix of excitement and trepidation that made my heart race.

But beneath it all, there was something else—a growing sense of arousal that I couldn't ignore. As I handed the signed NDA back to Demian, I felt a flush creeping up my neck, my breath coming faster.

He noticed, of course. His eyes flicked down to my lips, then back up to meet my

gaze. "Are you okay, Tilly?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

I nodded, trying to keep my voice steady. "I'm fine," I said. "Just . . . nervous, I guess."

He leaned in closer, his breath warm against my cheek. "Don't be nervous, baby girl," he whispered. "I'll take care of you." Gently, he took the pen from my hand, his fingers brushing against mine in a brief, electric touch.

Demian signed with a flourish, his signature bold and confident. The weight of his commitment was palpable, and I felt a shiver run down my spine. This was it—we were crossing an invisible threshold together. The realization sent a jolt of exhilaration coursing through my veins, mingling with the fear that still lingered.

"We're in this together now, Tilly," Demian said, his voice low and serious. "I'll take care of you, always."

I bit my lip, trying to contain the whirlwind of emotions swirling inside me. The intensity in his eyes was mesmerizing, drawing me in like a moth to a flame.

"Thank you, Demian," I whispered, my voice thick with emotion. "I can't wait."

As I continued to read, Demian's voice cut through the silence like a knife. "Remember, Tilly—this is all about trust. About giving yourself over to me completely, without reservation or hesitation."

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes never leaving mine. "Can you do that? Can you trust me to take care of you, to guide you through this journey?"

I hesitated, the weight of the question bearing down on me like a ton of bricks. But then I thought of the way he'd looked at me in the diner, the way he'd listened to my

fears and doubts without judgment or condescension. And I knew, with a certainty that defied logic or reason, that I could trust him.

"Yes," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "I trust you."

A slow smile spread across Demian's face, his eyes gleaming with a mixture of pride and hunger. "Good girl," he murmured, the words sending a thrill racing through me. "Then let's begin."

My eyes followed Demian's long fingers as he handed me the second document. Instantly, I saw the word "Contract" written at the top.

The air in the office seemed to thicken, charged with a strange energy that made the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. I took a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves as I reached for the papers.

"This is a template contract from the age play club I go to," Demian explained, his voice calm and measured. "It covers different roles, responsibilities, boundaries, and safewords to ensure both parties remain safe and respected."

My gaze fell on the section covering discipline, and my heart skipped a beat. The thought of being punished by Demian sent a thrill of fear and excitement coursing through me. I remembered the way he'd looked at me in the diner earlier, his gray eyes simmering with an intensity that made me weak in the knees. Could I really trust him to take care of me, even when it meant pushing my boundaries?

I forced myself to keep reading, my eyes skimming over the sections on rewards, clothing preferences, and emotional support. The more I read, the more my head spun. This was so much more than I'd ever imagined, and yet it felt right somehow. Like I was finally finding a piece of myself I didn't even know was missing.

"What do you think?" Demian asked, his voice cutting through the silence like a knife.

I looked up at him, my heart pounding in my chest. His expression was unreadable, but his eyes were fixed on me with an intensity that made me feel like I was the only person in the world.

"I . . . I don't know," I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper. "It's a lot to take in. I like it, I think. I like it a lot. I just feel . . ."

Demian nodded, his face softening slightly. "I understand. This is all new to you, and it's important that you take your time to process everything. But know that I'm here to guide you through it, every step of the way."

His words were like a balm to my frazzled nerves, and I felt a wave of gratitude wash over me. I took a deep breath, letting the air fill my lungs before slowly exhaling.

"Okay," I said, my voice steadier now. "Let's do this."

Demian smiled, a slow, warm smile that reached his eyes. "That's my girl."

And with those words, I felt a strange sense of peace settle over me. This was it. I was taking a leap of faith, trusting Demian to catch me if I fell. And as terrifying as it was, there was nowhere else I'd rather be.

With a trembling hand, I traced the lines on the contract, each word a promise of surrender. The leather couch beneath me was cool and unyielding, a stark contrast to the heat building within me. Demian sat beside me, his presence both comforting and intimidating.

He leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees, and began to dissect the document

piece by piece. His voice, steady and calm, guided me through the labyrinth of clauses and expectations. My heart pounded in my chest as I wrestled with my own desires and fears.

"Heavy bondage?" He asked, gaze locked on the paper. I swallowed hard, my throat dry.

"I . . . I don't think I can do that one," I whispered, my voice barely audible, as I pointed at "predicament bondage". "Or that one," I said, pointing at "mummification."

Demian smiled nodded, his expression softening. "Don't worry," he said. "Some of these examples are very extreme. We won't be doing anything you're not into. Not a single thing." He jotted a note on the margin of the contract before moving on to the next point. Public play, age regression, discipline . . . some things didn't sound too scary at all. In fact, they sounded very exciting.

As we delved deeper into the contract, and Demian made a note of anything I didn't like the sound of, I felt a strange sense of relief. This man, this powerful, enigmatic figure, was willing to tailor our dynamic to my needs, to respect my boundaries even as he pushed me to explore new horizons. It was a heady mixture of vulnerability and empowerment, and I found myself drawn to him more with each passing moment.

"What about punishments?" He asked, his voice low and gravelly. I felt a shiver run down my spine at the word, my body responding in ways I couldn't fully comprehend.

"I . . . I don't know," I admitted, my voice shaking. "I'm not sure what I can handle."

Demian looked at me then, his gaze piercing through the fog of uncertainty that clouded my mind. "We'll take it slow," he said, his voice gentle yet firm. "We'll find

what works for you, and we'll adjust as needed. But know that I will always prioritize your safety and well-being."

His words, simple and sincere, filled me with a warmth that spread from my chest to the tips of my fingers. I felt a rush of gratitude, a sense of being seen and understood in a way I had never experienced before. I knew that I was making the right decision, that Demian was a man I could trust to guide me through this uncharted territory.

Gradually, I felt the tension in my body begin to ease. The contract, once a daunting obstacle, now felt like a roadmap, a guide to the journey that lay ahead. I knew there would be challenges, moments of doubt and fear, but with Demian by my side, I felt ready to face them head-on.

In fact, as we continued to discuss the specifics of our dynamic, I couldn't help but feel a growing sense of arousal. The idea of submitting to Demian, of letting go of my inhibitions and embracing my inner child, was intoxicating.

"Before we go ahead and sign this, Tilly, I want to make one thing crystal clear. I want you to be my Little girl," Demian said, his voice taking on a commanding tone that sent a thrill through me. "I want to take care of you, to protect you, to cherish you."

I bit my lip, my heart racing at his words. "Yes," I said, my voice barely audible. "I want that too."

He leaned in, his breath warm against my cheek. "Then let's make it official," he said, his lips brushing against my ear. "Let's sign the contract and seal our bond."

My hand shook as I signed the contract, the pen feeling foreign in my grasp. Demian's signature, bold and confident, already graced the line above mine. The black ink gleamed under the soft office light, a tangible testament to our mutual

agreement.

I exhaled slowly, my heart pounding in my chest. The document felt heavy in my hands, as if it contained the weight of the world. I glanced at Demian, his gray eyes locked onto mine, revealing a depth of emotion I hadn't seen before.

"Well, looks like it's official," he said, his voice low and husky. A smirk played at the corner of his lips, but his gaze remained serious.

I nodded, swallowing hard. "Yeah . . . I guess it is."

After signing the contract, I sat there, my heart hammering in my chest. The weight of our agreement seemed to hang heavy in the air, pressing down on me like a thick blanket. I fidgeted with the hem of my blouse, my fingers tracing the intricate stitching as I gathered the courage to ask the question that had been lingering on the tip of my tongue.

Demian must have sensed my apprehension because he reached over and placed his hand on top of mine, stilling my fidgeting. His touch was warm and reassuring, sending a jolt of electricity up my arm. I swallowed hard and looked up at him, my eyes meeting his piercing gray gaze.

"So...are we going to start tonight?" I asked, my voice wavering slightly.

Demian's expression softened as he brushed a loose strand of hair away from my face. "Not tonight, sweetheart," he said gently. "I want you to be rested and able to fully process the magnitude of what we've agreed to."

I felt a mixture of relief and disappointment wash over me. Part of me was eager to dive headfirst into this new dynamic, to explore the unknown and surrender myself to Demian completely. But another part of me was scared, unsure if I was truly ready to

embrace my Little space in such an intimate way.

Demian seemed to sense my internal struggle because he leaned in and pressed a tender kiss to my forehead. "We'll take things slow, Tilly," he murmured. "I promise you, I'll get this right for you."

His words were like a balm to my frazzled nerves, calming my racing thoughts and easing my fears. I leaned into his touch, savoring the feel of his strong arms around me. For the first time in a long time, I felt truly safe and cared for.

Finally, I pulled away from his embrace and looked up at him, my eyes shining with anticipation. "Thank you," I said. "For everything."

As I gathered my belongings, the weight of the signed documents nestled in my bag, I felt a sudden urge to use the bathroom. My throat went dry, and I nervously asked, "Um, could I . . . ?"

Demian leaned against the doorframe, his muscular arms crossed over his chest. A sly smile played on his lips as he responded, "Of course, Tilly. But remember, you need to call me Daddy if you want my permission." He winked at me.

My heart pounded like a drum, and my cheeks flushed with heat. I hesitated, the word "Daddy" stuck on the tip of my tongue. Swallowing hard, I finally managed to whisper, "Daddy, may I go to the bathroom?"

The moment I said it, a jolt of electricity coursed through me. It felt strange yet oddly comforting to call him that—like slipping into a well-worn pair of shoes. Demian's eyes gleamed with approval, and he gave a curt nod. "Go ahead, sweetheart," he said, motioning toward the bathroom.

With trembling legs, I made my way across the plush carpet and closed the door

behind me. Taking a deep breath, I reminded myself that this was what I wanted—to explore this part of myself with someone I trusted. And after tonight, I knew without a doubt that Demian was that person. He had shown me nothing but kindness, patience, and understanding, and I felt safe in his capable hands.

Mustering up my courage, I splashed some cold water on my face and took a few steadying breaths. I looked around the exquisite bathroom, grounding myself. It was decorated in shades of cream and gold, with intricate patterns adorning the walls and floor. A large clawfoot bathtub stood in the corner, begging to be used.

“Not exactly grounding,” I whispered to myself with a chuckle. “I feel like I just stepped into a magazine.”

With a smile on my face, I opened the door and stepped back into the office. Demian was sitting at his desk, his fingers steepled beneath his chin as he watched me intently.

"Feeling better?" he asked, his voice laced with concern.

I nodded, managing a weak smile. "Yes, thank you."

He stood up and walked over to me, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder. "You did great tonight, Tilly. I'm proud of you."

His words filled me with warmth, and I felt a sudden urge to throw my arms around him. But instead, I simply smiled and said, "Thank you, Daddy."

The word slipped out easily this time, and I felt a flutter of anticipation at the thought of what was to come.

Demian opened a drawer in his desk, taking out a small yellow bundle. He brought it

over to me, revealing a plush bear with oversized ears and a soft, inviting smile. The sight of it tugged at something deep within me.

"Take this," he said, his voice gentle yet firm. "It's to remind you that I'll be there for you, even when we're apart."

I hesitated for a moment before accepting the gift, feeling the velvety fur beneath my fingertips. As I hugged the stuffed animal to my chest, a warmth spread through me, banishing the lingering chill of uncertainty.

"Thank you, Daddy," I murmured, the words coming more naturally now.

Demian's eyes softened, and he leaned down to press a tender kiss to my forehead. "You can tell me his name tomorrow."

I nodded solemnly. "Yes. I need to get to know his personality first."

Demian grinned. "Well, of course you do. You can't go calling your stuffie Mr. Sunshine if it turns out he's super grumpy."

I giggled. "Exactly. And I can't call him Cuddles if he doesn't like to be touched."

Demian arched an eyebrow. "He likes to be touched, sweetheart. I can promise you that."

I felt my cheeks burn thinking about touching Demian . . .

"Right, I'll pick you up at 9 a.m. tomorrow, sweetheart," he murmured, taking my phone and punching his number into it. "Text me your address, then get some rest. I want you ready for what comes next."

He smiled led me towards the door. "Make sure to wear something . . . appropriate."

His gaze held mine, conveying a silent understanding of what he meant by 'appropriate.' A frisson of excitement coursed through me, mingling with the ever-present nerves.

Stepping into the elevator, I clutched the plush bear tightly, its softness offering a measure of comfort in the face of the unknown. My heart swelled with a potent mixture of trepidation and a sense of belonging that I couldn't quite explain. Tomorrow, I would delve into uncharted territory, guided by the man who now stood watch over me in both body and spirit.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:42 am

I stepped into my apartment, the click of the lock echoing like a gunshot in the quiet. My heart pounded, a mix of thrill and anxiety coursing through me. The living room lights were dim, casting long, dancing shadows that matched the whirlwind in my mind. Every corner, every surface seemed to echo Demian's words, his presence, and the weight of the contract I'd signed.

I dropped my keys into the bowl by the door, the clatter jarring. My bag hit the kitchen counter with a thud, and I pulled out the NDA, the crisp paper crinkling under my touch. I spread it flat, my fingers tracing the bold signature at the bottom. His signature. A shiver ran down my spine, a blend of excitement and nerves.

"What have I gotten myself into?" I murmured, scanning the words again. Confidentiality. Non-disclosure. Terms I knew well from work, but this time, they sent a jolt through me. This wasn't just a story; this was his life, his trust.

I looked down, my gaze landing on the plush bear in my hands. Its beady eyes seemed to stare back reassuringly, and the soft fur was comforting against my chest. A swell of warmth spread through me.

"This is crazy, Tilly," I whispered to myself, hugging the bear tighter. The warmth turned into a knot of uncertainty. I was used to chasing stories, not becoming part of them. But Demian . . . there was something about him. And I loved the way he'd looked after me tonight. I even loved the way he'd insisted I go home to rest after this, to give me time to process everything. I loved it, but I was impatient for more.

I sank onto the couch, the bear still clutched to my chest. The room was silent, but my mind was a whirlwind. I could see Demian's face, hear his voice. "Baby girl," he'd

called me. The words sent a shiver down my spine, a mix of excitement and fear.

I tried to relax with a couple of cartoons but it was no use. I needed to try to sleep, to clear my head completely so I could wake up refreshed and ready for whatever tomorrow had in store.

“Come on, Bear,” I said. “Let’s get ready for bed.”

As I cleaned my teeth and put on my pajamas, I wondered what to call my new stuffie. It felt like a big decision, one I wanted to get right.

The bear's glassy eyes stared up at me as I tucked us both into bed, its fur soft against my cheek. My mind was a blender set to high, thoughts whirling and crashing into each other.

I tossed and turned, the cool cotton sheets twisting around my legs. Dreams came in fractured pieces—ice rinks filled with stuffed animals, contract clauses written in crayon, Demian's stern face melting into a smile. I jolted awake more than once, heart pounding, only to find the bear still clutched tightly in my arms.

"This is ridiculous," I muttered, flipping my pillow to the cool side. But even as I said it, a warmth spread through me. There was something comforting about having the stuffie there, a tangible link to Demian and the strange new world he was introducing me to.

Eventually, to my great relief, morning light crept in through the blinds, casting stripes across my comforter. I stretched, feeling the tight muscles in my shoulders protest.

“Morning, Bear,” I said to my new companion.

I padded to the bathroom, the tiles cold under my feet. The shower helped wash away the remnants of the restless night, steam filling the room as I let the hot water run over my tense shoulders.

Itoweled off, wrapping the soft cotton around me like a shield. Now, I needed to pick an outfit. Demian had asked for something "appropriate." But appropriate for what? For a day at the beach? Or hiking up a mountain? Or going to a fancy restaurant?

No, of course he didn't mean any of that stuff. The way he looked at me as he said the word "appropriate." I just knew, in my heart, that he wanted me to wear something Little.

Rummaging through my closet, I pushed past the professional blouses and tailored pants. There, tucked away in the back, was a pastel pink t-shirt with a cartoonish print of a little yellow kitten—something I'd bought on a whim and never worn in public. I held it up, the soft fabric feeling foreign in my hands. It was a statement. But wasn't that what this whole thing was about? Stepping out of my comfort zone?

I slipped it on, the material cool against my skin. It felt strange, almost daring, to wear something so openly playful. But there was a thrill too, a sense of freedom. I turned to look in the full-length mirror, my reflection staring back at me with wide eyes. I looked . . . different. Softer, maybe.

I put on some denim hotpants, too. Playful but sexy. And then I added a pair of white frilly socks. I definitely hadn't worn these in front of anyone before. I'd only ever worn them to bed in the winter but they did look super cute with this outfit. I put my hair in pigtails too, completing the look.

"Okay, Tilly," I said to my reflection, taking a deep breath. "You can do this."

I grabbed a long camel-colored trenchcoat from the closet, something to conceal my

choice from prying eyes. As I slid it on, I felt a flutter of nerves and excitement. I was really doing this. Stepping into the unknown, one pastel pink t-shirt at a time.

“Wish my luck, bear,” I said, giving him a kiss on his black plastic nose, surprised by how cold it felt against my warm lips. “Hey,” I said, giggling. “I just thought of a great name for you.”

The gleaming black SUV idled at the curb like a panther ready to pounce. I stepped out of my apartment building, the brisk morning air nipping at my nose, heart pounding like a kick drum in my chest.

Demian spotted me immediately, his piercing gray eyes meeting mine through the windshield. I ducked into the passenger seat, the coat hiding my t-shirt as I fumbled with the seatbelt.

"Morning, Tilly," Demian said, his voice a low rumble that sent a shiver down my spine. "How'd you sleep?"

I managed a nervous grin, my fingers still trembling slightly from the adrenaline. "Not too bad, all things considered."

He chuckled softly, pulling the SUV into traffic. "All things considered?" he asked, glancing at me with an arched brow.

I nodded, looking down at my hands folded in my lap. "Yeah, you know. The contract, the bear, the . . . everything."

Demian reached over, giving my hand a gentle squeeze. "It's a lot to take in," he agreed. "But you're doing great."

His touch sent a jolt of warmth up my arm, and I felt the tension in my chest ease a

bit. We drove in silence for a few minutes, the cityscape blurring past the windows.

Demian cleared his throat, his hand still resting on mine. "So, did you think of a name for your bear?" he asked, a playful note in his voice.

My cheeks warmed instantly, and I nodded. "I did, actually," I admitted, my voice barely above a whisper.

He glanced at me, a smirk playing at the corners of his mouth. "And?" he prompted.

I took a deep breath, steeling myself. "Captain Frosty," I announced, the words tumbling out in a rush. "It makes me think about you on the ice. But also, he has this adorably cold little nose."

Demian threw his head back and laughed, a deep, genuine sound that made my heart flutter. "That's perfect," he said, grinning at me. "Absolutely perfect."

A spark of joy lit up in my chest at his approval, and I found myself grinning back at him like an idiot. There was something so freeing about this dynamic, about embracing this side of myself with someone who accepted it—accepted me—so completely.

Demian gave my hand another squeeze, his thumb tracing circles on my palm. The touch was innocent enough, but it sent a wave of heat coursing through my veins, setting my nerves alight. I squirmed slightly in my seat, the trenchcoat suddenly feeling a bit too hot.

"You okay?" Demian asked, glancing at me with concern.

I nodded quickly, my mouth suddenly dry. "Yeah, just . . . kinda warm," I admitted.

He smiled knowingly, his eyes lingering on me for a moment before turning back to the road. "We'll be there soon," he promised.

Before long, the SUV rolled to a stop beside a large nondescript building, its brick facade weathered and worn. No sign, no flashy lights—just a heavy steel door and a faint hum of activity from within. I craned my neck, trying to get a better look out of the car window, but Demian's hand on my arm stopped me.

"This is it?" I asked, skepticism dripping from my voice.

Demian nodded, a small smile playing on his lips. "Not what you expected, huh?"

I shook my head. "Not exactly. I thought we were maybe going to the beach."

Demian smiled. "I'd love to go to the beach with you. We'll do that soon. But I think you'll enjoy this too." He squeezed my arm gently, his voice low and reassuring. "It's a private space, Tilly. For people like us. Littles and their caregivers can be themselves here, safe from prying eyes."

My heart thudded in my chest, a mix of excitement and nervous energy pulsing through my veins. In my time as a journalist, I'd learned a lot of secrets. But I never knew about this. A whole world hidden within the city I thought I knew.

Demian got out of the car and came around to open my door. He held out his hand, and I took it, stepping onto the quiet sidewalk. The air was cool, but my palms were slick with sweat. I wiped them discreetly on my coat, trying to steady my breathing.

He led me to the door, where he knocked sharply, three times. A small panel slid open, and a pair of eyes appeared. They widened slightly at the sight of Demian, and the door creaked open, revealing a dimly lit hallway.

"Welcome back, Mr. Pierce," the doorman said, stepping aside to let us in.

Demian nodded, his hand resting possessively on the small of my back. "Thanks, Jake. It's good to be back."

We stepped inside, and the door closed behind us with a heavy thud. The sound echoed down the hallway, and I jumped slightly, my nerves on high alert. Demian's hand rubbed soothing circles on my back, his touch grounding me.

The hallway opened up into a large room, and my breath caught in my throat. Before us stretched a gleaming ice rink, smaller than regulation size, but beautifully maintained. Fairy lights twinkled overhead, their reflection dancing on the frozen surface. Around the rink, couples skated hand in hand, their laughter echoing through the air. Some wore bright sweaters or playful onesies, their cheeks flushed with joy and exertion.

A surge of delight washed over me, and I couldn't help but grin. It was like stepping into a snow globe, a tiny world of childlike wonder tucked away from adult responsibilities. My fingers itched to grab my notebook, to capture this hidden sanctuary in words. But this wasn't a story I could tell. This was a secret, a precious gem to keep tucked away in my heart.

Demian turned to me, his eyes soft. "What do you think?"

I nodded, my grin widening. "It's perfect."

He smiled back, his hand reaching up to brush a strand of hair from my face. The touch was gentle, almost innocent, but it sent a spark of heat through me. I leaned into his touch, my eyes fluttering closed for a moment. When I opened them, Demian's gaze had darkened, his pupils dilating slightly.

He cleared his throat, his hand dropping to help me out of my coat. "Let's get you ready to skate."

I nodded, slipping off the coat to reveal the pastel t-shirt and hotpants underneath. Demian's eyes raked over me, his jaw tightening. He approves, I thought, a thrill of satisfaction coursing through me.

He led me to a bench by the rink, then handed me a large paper bag I hadn't realized he'd brought in with him. "I love your outfit, baby girl," he said. "It's perfect. But I brought this for you to slip on top to keep you cozy while you skate."

I opened up the paper bag to find a super cute onesie. It had little doggy ears and looked a lot like Bernie the St. Bernard, the mascot for the Colorado Avalanche. I squealed with delight. "I love it!"

I put it on, loving how soft the fabric was against my skin and how protected I felt with my arms and legs covered.

"Let's find the right pair of skates for these little feet," he said, taking a look at my feet and then grabbing a couple of different pairs of white skates with little hearts and rainbows on them.

Kneeling before me, he helped me step into the first pair, and I was amazed that they fit perfectly. His strong hands were gentle as he laced them up. His fingers brushed against my ankle, and I suppressed a gasp, the touch sending jolts of electricity straight to my core.

He looked up at me, his eyes holding a question. I nodded, my cheeks flushing pink. Yes, I wanted this. Yes, I was ready.

Demian smiled, rising to his feet. He held out his hand, and I took it, stepping onto

the ice. The cold seeped through my skates, grounding me, anchoring me to this moment. This was real. This was happening. And I couldn't wait to see where it would lead.

The ice stretched out before me, a glistening expanse of cold, hard reality. I took my first cautious step, the blade of my skate digging into the surface. A wobble, a slight slip, and then Demian's firm grip steadied me. His hand was warm, secure, a lifeline in this foreign territory.

"Easy there, baby girl," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that sent a shiver down my spine. "I've got you."

I looked up at him, my heart pounding. His eyes were filled with an intensity that made me feel both exposed and cherished. He believed in me, and that made all the difference. I took another step, and another, Demian's hand never leaving mine.

The air was cool, crisp, filled with the sound of blades cutting into ice and the distant hum of conversation. The fairy lights above us twinkled, casting a soft glow that made everything feel just a touch magical. I pushed off, gliding a few feet before wobbling again.

Demian chuckled, a warm sound that wrapped around me like an embrace. "That's it," he encouraged, his voice steady and sure. "You're doing great."

I beamed at him, my cheeks flushing with pride. It was silly, really—I was just skating, something kids did every day. But here, with Demian, it felt like more. It felt like I was learning to let go.

He skated backwards, his movements fluid and confident. He held out his hands, beckoning me toward him. I hesitated, then pushed off, gliding towards him. My steps were tentative, but his smile grew wider with each one. I reached him, my hands

landing in his, and he pulled me close, steadying me.

"See?" he said, his voice soft. "You're a natural."

I laughed, a carefree sound that echoed through the rink. I felt light, unburdened. It was a feeling I hadn't experienced in . . . God, I couldn't remember the last time. Demian's hands squeezed mine, and I knew he felt it too—this connection, this ease.

We skated like that for a while, Demian guiding me, encouraging me, praising every small triumph. I felt myself leaning into him, relying on him. And it felt good. It felt right.

Eventually, we stepped off the ice, my legs wobbly and my heart full. Demian led me to a tucked-away stand, the scent of greasy burgers and salty fries filling the air. The decor was whimsical, all cartoonish hockey mascots and bright pastel walls. It should have been tacky, but instead, it felt safe, comforting.

Demian ordered for us, and we settled into a booth, the vinyl seats squeaking beneath us. I looked around, marveling at the details—the miniature hockey sticks hanging on the walls, the goalie masks with exaggerated features, the penalty box decorated with stuffed animals. It was a world away from the stark reality of my usual life, and I found myself relaxing, letting the warmth and comfort wash over me.

"I can't believe somewhere like this exists," I said.

Demian grinned. "I helped set it up, actually. I always enjoyed the club I went to, but I figured that Daddies and Littles didn't always want to be in that kind of environment. You know, getting hot and heavy late and night. Sometimes, they just want somewhere to go and have some innocent fun." He paused. "It's not easy for people like us to be ourselves in public."

I loved hearing that. People like us. As if me and Demian Pierce had anything in common!

“Everybody here has been personally checked by me or my employees and can be trusted. Nobody here cares about anything but having a good time.”

“It’s must be hard for you,” I remarked. “Being a celebrity. Being watched all the time. Being chased down by . . . people like me.”

Demian squeezed my hand. “You’re not one of them,” he told me. “You’re one of us.”

Another warm, fuzzy feeling ran through me.

"You did great out there, by the way" Demian said, sliding a plate toward me. The burger was massive, dripping with cheese and topped with crispy bacon. My stomach rumbled in appreciation.

"Thanks," I said, taking a bite. The flavors exploded in my mouth, and I couldn't help but moan in appreciation. Demian's eyes darkened, and I felt a thrill of satisfaction. I liked affecting him like this, liked knowing that I could make his control slip, even if just for a moment.

We ate in comfortable silence, the sounds of the rink washing over us. As I finished my burger, Demian nodded toward an area behind the rink. “You seen the soft play yet, Tilly?”

My eyes lit up as I took in the slides, the ball pit, the padded floors. It looked like a haven for Littles, a place where they could let go and just be.

"Want to check it out?" Demian asked, a hint of amusement in his voice. But there

was something else there too—a warmth, an understanding. He got it. He got me.

I nodded eagerly, my heart drumming with anticipation.

Demian held my hand as we walked over to the soft play area. We kicked off our shoes, Demian's strong hands steadying me as I swayed slightly, already eager to dive into the ball pit. The scent of plastic and faint remnants of sanitizer filled the air, a strangely comforting mix that promised fun and safety.

“One sec,” said Demian, holding me back. “Take off your onesie first, or you’ll get too hot, sweetheart. Plus, I want to see that super cute outfit you’re wearing underneath.”

I grinned, loving how Demian was taking care of me like this. I unzipped the onesie, not feeling in the least embarrassed about what I was wearing now. In fact, I felt proud, and I loved how approvingly Demian looked at me.

I slid into the ball pit, sinking into a sea of colorful spheres, the cool plastic orbs shifting beneath me, supporting me in their chaotic embrace.

Demian slid in beside me, his larger frame causing a minor avalanche of balls to cascade over us.

Laughter bubbled up from deep within me, a sound so pure and carefree it surprised even myself.

Demian's eyes crinkled at the corners, his normally reserved expression replaced with genuine amusement. He bopped me on the head playfully with a red ball.

"That's against the rules!" I accused, scooping up a handful of balls and tossing them at him in playful retaliation.

He deflected them with ease, his reflexes as sharp as ever. "And what exactly are the rules here, Tilly?" he teased, lobbing a few balls back at me gently.

I stuck out my tongue, a childish gesture that felt incredibly liberating. "No using your hockey skills to outmaneuver me," I shot back, trying to maintain a stern expression but failing miserably.

Suddenly, our eyes met, and a palpable hush fell over us. The air between us shifted, charged with an electric current that made the tiny hairs on my arms stand up. Demian's gaze softened, his eyes dropping to my lips before flicking back up to meet mine.

He leaned in, his hand cupping my cheek with a tenderness that made my heart stutter. His thumb brushed softly against my skin, sending shivers down my spine. Time seemed to slow as he moved closer, his breath mingling with mine. And then, his lips captured mine in a gentle, lingering kiss.

My pulse roared in my ears, a thunderous beat that drowned out all other sounds. Warmth flooded my body, a heat that started at my core and radiated outwards, leaving me feeling flushed and dizzy. I returned the kiss, my hands reaching up to tangle in his hair, pulling him closer. The plastic balls shifted around us, their cool hardness a stark contrast to the warmth of Demian's body pressed against mine.

When we finally broke apart, I felt breathless—from the kiss, from the sheer novelty of this new dynamic, from the raw intensity of emotions coursing through me. Demian brushed a strand of hair behind my ear, his fingers lingering on my skin, his touch grounding me in the moment.

"You're amazing, Tilly," he whispered, his voice low and husky. "Your trust, your willingness to explore . . . it means more to me than you can imagine."

I smiled, feeling an effervescent rush of acceptance and possibility. This was uncharted territory, a blend of vulnerability and exhilaration that left me craving more. With Demian by my side, I felt safe, seen, and cherished in a way I never had before. And in that moment, surrounded by a sea of colorful balls, I knew I was exactly where I belonged.

We emerged from the ball pit, the soft mat squeaking under our feet, plastic balls clinging to our clothes. Demian reached out, brushing a stray ball off my shoulder, his fingers grazing my neck. I shivered at his touch, a spark igniting beneath my skin.

"You look adorable in that outfit, Tilly," he said, his voice low and warm, like a gentle rumble of thunder. I felt a blush creep up my cheeks, my heart still pounding from our kiss.

He took a step closer, his hand cupping my elbow. "You want to play some more, sweetheart? Maybe on the slide?"

I swallowed. Was there any way I could tell him that all I wanted to do right now was kiss some more? I shook my head, lost for words.

"I don't want this day to end just yet," he said, his gray eyes searching mine. "I want to spend more time with you, but not here. Come back to my place?"

My breath hitched, my mind racing. I knew what he was asking, what he wanted. More intimacy, more exploration. A chance to dive deeper into this dynamic we'd started. My heart hammered against my ribs, a mix of excitement and nervousness coursing through me. I could feel the heat of his body, could see the rise and fall of his chest. He was waiting, giving me space to decide.

I looked up at him, his chiseled jawline, his expressive eyes, the slight parting of his lips. I wanted more. More of his touch, more of his warmth, more of this feeling of

belonging. I felt a smile tug at the corners of my mouth, a warmth spread through me.

"Yes, Daddy," I said, my voice barely above a whisper. "Yes, please."

His face lit up, his eyes crinkling at the corners as he smiled. He took my hand, his large fingers wrapping around mine, making me feel small, protected. We walked towards the exit, our shoulders brushing, our hands swinging gently between us. Each step sent a thrill through me, a mix of anticipation and excitement. I was stepping into the unknown, but with Demian by my side, I felt safe, ready to explore.

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I stepped inside Demian's penthouse, my heart thudding with anticipation. The scent of leather and sandalwood greeted me, familiar and comforting. Sunlight streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a golden hue over the room.

My eyes swept over the sleek modern furniture, taking in the details I'd missed last night. In the daylight, the place seemed warmer, less intimidating.

Demian closed the door behind us, and we hung our coats on the coat rack. He guided me to the couch, his strong hand resting on the small of my back. As we sat down, I felt a flutter in my stomach. This time was different; there were no contracts to review, no signatures to give. Just the promise of a deeper connection waiting to unfold.

"Are you okay, Tilly?" Demian asked, his voice steady and reassuring. His gray eyes met mine, searching for any hint of hesitation.

I took a deep breath and nodded. "I'm a bit nervous, but excited too."

He smiled, his chiseled jaw softening. "We can take things slow. Whatever pace you need."

I bit my lip. "I'm not sure slow is what I want."

Demian chuckled. "Interesting."

We restated our boundaries, ensuring mutual respect and clarity before anything more intimate began. Demian gave us a safeword, "Frosty", which we could use any time

we needed things to stop without judgment. I appreciated his concern, knowing that he valued consent and clear communication above all else. As we talked, I felt the tension in my shoulders ease.

"Remember," Demian said, his hand gently covering mine, "you can always use your safeword if you need to stop. We're in this together."

I looked into his eyes, feeling the sincerity behind his words. "Thank you," I whispered, squeezing his hand in return. "I trust you."

Demian rested his hand gently on my thigh, sending a jolt of electricity through me. My heart raced, and I could barely contain my excitement.

"Tilly," he began, his voice low and soothing. "Are you ready for a bit of playtime? Nothing serious, just some light discipline to set the mood."

I swallowed hard, my throat dry. "I-I think so," I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Good girl," he said, his fingers tracing circles on my leg. "I need to make it clear that you haven't broken any rules, baby girl. I'm not disciplining you right now as a punishment. I'm disciplining you to show you what it feels like to have a strong Daddy. To show you how important it is to set boundaries for you, so that you can be safe and grow as a person. But most of all, I want to show you how it feels to be disciplined while you're feeling relaxed. So you know it's not something to be scared of. To show you that actually, it can be kinda fun."

I nodded. "I think I get it. This is a test-run. To show me what's in store for me if I step out of line."

Demian smiled. "Exactly. So that in the future, if you break any of our rules, you

know what's coming."

I squirmed on the couch, reminding myself of the rules in our contract. No putting myself down. No disrespecting Daddy. No argument about bedtimes or daily routine. No curse words. "Thing is," I said, "I'm a good girl, Daddy. I don't think I'll ever break a rule."

Demian chuckled. "We'll see about that."

I nodded, my mouth suddenly parched. "I guess we will," I managed to say, my voice stronger this time.

With a gentle tug, Demian pulled me onto his lap, my back pressed against his chest. His strong arms encircled me, holding me securely in place. I felt a shiver run down my spine, my body alive with anticipation.

"Relax, sweetheart," he murmured, his breath warm against my ear. "This is all about having fun and exploring our connection."

I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath as I leaned into his embrace. The scent of his cologne filled my nostrils, sending a wave of desire coursing through me.

"Are you ready?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

I nodded, a shy smile playing at the corners of my mouth. "Yes, Daddy," I replied.

Demian reached around to the zipper of my hotpants and undid it, then he positioned me over his lap and with a sharp tug, he pulled my hotpants down, along with my panties.

"Holy shit, baby girl," he marveled. "You're a work of art."

I squirmed slightly in his lap, embarrassed to be baring my ass to him but pleased by his reaction at the same time.

Suddenly, Demian administered a soft spank, sending a warm heat through my body. I gasped, my eyes fluttering open in surprise.

“What do you think, little one?” he asked. “Think you can take it harder?”

“Definitely,” I panted. “Definitely harder.”

He spanked me again, harder this time, and I moaned in pleasure. “Harder, Daddy,” I panted.

He spanked me again, and again, each time harder than the last, until I was crying out in both pain and pleasure. My skin was on fire but the space between my legs was wet.

“Interesting,” said Demian, finally stopping and stroking my ass, pinching my cheeks ever so slightly, and running his finger gently along the crack between them. “Looks like you enjoyed that as much as I did.”

His strong hands guided me to my feet, the warmth of his touch sending a shiver down my spine. He pulled me toward him, and I felt the hard heat of him pressing into my stomach. Now I could see what he meant. He had enjoyed that as much as me.

He cupped my face, his gaze locked onto mine, and leaned in for a slow, lingering kiss. The playful energy from moments ago transformed into something more intense, more electric. My heart pounded in my chest as I melted into his embrace.

He pulled away, his eyes gleaming with desire. "Are you ready for what comes next,

sweetheart?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

I nodded, my voice trembling with anticipation. "Yes, Daddy," I replied, the words rolling off my tongue with ease.

With gentle care, Demian slipped off my t-shirt, his fingers tracing the curve of my shoulder as he revealed the lacy bra beneath. His touch sent another jolt of pleasure through me, and I couldn't help but gasp. He continued his slow, deliberate movements, removing my bra and leaving me in nothing but my frilly white socks. The large windows showed the whole of the city beneath us, but I knew nobody could see us all the way up here. We were just two specks, vibrating with sexual energy.

The cool air of the penthouse brushed against my exposed skin, heightening my senses.

"You're breathtaking," Demian murmured, his voice low and husky. He ran his fingers over my breasts, eliciting a shiver from deep within me.

As he led me to his bedroom, I felt a surge of trust and desire. The tender yet authoritative words he used underscored our agreed-upon roles, and I reveled in the depth of his care. I placed my palm against his chest, feeling the steady rhythm of his heartbeat mirroring my own.

We stood there for a moment, lost in the intensity of our connection. Demian's gray eyes seemed to pierce through to my very soul, and I knew in that instant that I had found something special, something rare.

"I'm going to take care of you, Tilly," he whispered, his breath warm against my ear. "You can trust me."

And with those words, I knew that I did trust him, completely and utterly. I was ready

to explore this new facet of our relationship, to let go of my fears and insecurities and embrace the vulnerability that came with true intimacy.

Demian lifted me onto the bed, gently pushing me back until I was lying on his silky sheets, looking up at the ceiling. His lips brushed against my inner thigh, making me shiver. My heart raced as his mouth moved closer to the center of my desire. His touch was gentle, yet deliberate, each stroke a delicate dance that sent waves of pleasure coursing through me.

"Relax, Tilly," he murmured, his breath hot against my skin. "Let go of any self-consciousness. I want you to feel safe, loved."

His words resonated deep within me, and I found myself surrendering to the sensations. Demian's tongue traced slow, deliberate circles around my most sensitive spot, drawing out a mix of arousal and emotional release. Each touch reminded me that this was more than just lust—it was about trust, vulnerability, and connection.

As my breath grew ragged, I threaded my fingers through Demian's short-cropped hair, urging him closer. He responded with a low growl, his touch growing more insistent as he lavished me with attention. I felt myself teetering on the edge of something profound, my body trembling with anticipation.

"Let go," he urged me, then he returned to his pleasure-giving, his tongue working harder than ever to elicit a climax from me. It didn't take long. It hit me like a tsunami, a giant crashing wave of delight, my entire body getting swept up by it.

Demian watched me with hungry eyes, then moved up to my lips, kissing me long and deep, crushing the weight of his hard, ripped body down onto me, grinding his erection, still clothed behind his denim jeans, between my legs.

"More Daddy," I panted. "I want more."

I reached for his jeans but he grabbed my wrist tight.

“Daddy decides when it’s time for that,” he said, tutting playfully. “Ask me again. Nicely.”

I swallowed. “Please, Daddy,” I said. “Please get naked for me.”

“Ask me again,” he commanded. “Beg me. Tell me what you want me to do to you.”

“Please, Daddy,” I begged, squirming on the sheets, my pussy hot and wet, satisfied and desperate for more all at once. “I beg you, Daddy. Take off your clothes and fuck me, Daddy. Fill me up.”

Demian let his eyes rake over my body, a dominant look in his expression that I hadn’t seen fully before now. I loved every minute of it.

“Alright,” he said at last. “Seeing as you asked me so nicely. But I’m warning you, I won’t hold back.”

I nodded. “I understand. I don’t want you to hold back, Daddy.”

Demian let out an animal growl then he stood up and pulled his t-shirt up over his head, revealing rock hard abs and pecs, an athlete’s body. He pulled down his jeans right after, his pants coming off with them. Clearly, he wasn’t ashamed of his body and it was easy to see why. His cock was thick and hard, perfectly straight and ready to plunge into me. He grabbed something off his nightstand and put it between his teeth, biting off the wrapper. Then he rolled a condom onto his thick length, groaning in anticipation.

“Holy shit, baby girl,” he panted. “I’ve been thinking about doing this to you all fucking day.”

I smiled as I thought about Demian wanting to fuck me on the ice and in the ball pit. It made the memory of our day even more special.

He climbed over me, kissing me again as he entered me slowly, splitting me open, thrusting deep inside me, maintaining eye contact the entire time. He shuddered. "Fuck, you feel perfect."

He began to move now, but his rhythm remained unhurried, allowing every sensation to settle like a warm embrace. As our bodies moved together, I felt a deep sense of intimacy unlike anything I had ever experienced before. My breath hitched with each slow thrust, the mix of physical pleasure and emotional vulnerability overwhelming me. I clung to Demian, my fingers digging into his broad shoulders as I surrendered myself to the moment.

"You're mine, Tilly," he whispered, his voice low and husky. "Completely and utterly mine."

I nodded, because I knew that I was. I belonged to Demian, body and soul, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

My world shrank to the size of Demian's embrace, his warmth enveloping me as his movements grew more urgent. His guiding hands traced patterns on my skin, leaving trails of fire in their wake. He grabbed handfuls of me, he pinched my nipples, he bit my shoulder. He was claiming me, every bit of me, as his.

I clung to him, my nails digging into his back as I whispered words of encouragement. His soft words of reassurance washed over me, drowning out the noise in my head and leaving nothing but the exquisite sensation of his body against mine.

As we reached the precipice together, I felt a rush of ecstasy mixed with an

overwhelming sense of connection. We crested the wave in unison, our breaths mingling as we rode out the aftershocks. For a few moments, neither of us spoke—the silence filled only with the sound of our ragged breathing and the pounding of our hearts.

Demian pressed a tender kiss to my forehead, his arms wrapping around me as we rested in the afterglow. "You're something else, baby girl," he murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction.

I returned his words with a shy smile, feeling more cared for than I ever had before.

"I want you to know," he said, "that this wasn't a one-time thing. What we did just then—that's the tip of the fucking iceberg, sweetheart. I'm going to do things to you, to take things from you, to give things to you, that you've never experienced. Not in your wildest dreams." He groaned and kissed me again. "Fucking you is like fucking heaven, Tilly. I never want to let you go."

"Then don't", I whispered breathlessly. "Please don't."

He ran his fingers through my tangled hair, smoothing it away from my face. "How about a warm bath now?" he suggested. "To soothe that little red butt of yours?"

The offer sent a shiver of anticipation down my spine, and I nodded eagerly. The thought of sinking into a steaming tub, surrounded by fragrant bubbles and Demian's tender care, was almost too enticing to resist.

As he helped me stand, I leaned into his touch, savoring the feeling of being cherished and protected. Demian led me into his lavish bathroom, where the clawfoot tub waited like a gleaming porcelain throne. Steaming water cascaded from the faucet, enveloping the room in a warm, fragrant embrace. Bubbles danced on the surface, inviting me to sink into their velvety depths.

My heart fluttered as he helped me undress, his fingers brushing against my skin with a gentleness that made me ache for more. With each piece of clothing that fell away, I felt myself shedding the weight of the world, leaving behind nothing but bare vulnerability.

As I stepped into the tub, the water enfolded me in its soothing embrace, washing away the lingering tension from our passionate encounter. Demian knelt beside me, his strong hands gliding over my shoulders and arms in deliberate strokes that left me breathless. Every touch seemed to echo with a silent promise—that he would always be there to protect and care for me.

Our roles felt crystallized: he the steadfast guardian, and I the cherished little one, safe within his care. It was a dynamic that both thrilled and terrified me, but I couldn't deny the allure of surrendering to his guidance.

"You're so precious to me," Demian murmured, holding my chin in a tender yet firm grip. His gray eyes met mine, their depths filled with a warmth that threatened to melt my defenses. I nodded, swallowing hard against the sudden lump in my throat.

After what felt like an eternity, Demian helped me out of the tub, wrapping me in a fluffy towel that smelled faintly of his cologne. As I dried off, I slipped into one of his oversized hockey T-shirts, the fabric swallowing my frame in a cozy embrace. The soft cotton clung to my damp skin, a tangible reminder of our connection.

"You can sleep in this tonight," I told him.

"Wait," I said. "I'm allowed to sleep at your place?"

He smiled. "You're not just allowed. It's Daddy's orders."

It was kind of early but I didn't care. I was tired after such an exciting day, not to

mention such a restless night last night. Demian must have sensed it—another way he was looking after me.

Leading me to his bed, Demian tucked me in with a gentle smile, asking if I wanted a bedtime story. The childlike request sent a thrill racing through me, and I nodded eagerly, snuggling deeper into the blankets.

He began to read from a well-loved book about a determined little bear who lived in an enchanted forest. The tale was lighthearted and sweet, filled with lessons about courage and perseverance. As his deep, soothing voice washed over me, I felt a pang of sadness for my new stuffie, still waiting for me at home.

Demian must have noticed the shift in my expression, because he paused mid-sentence, his brow furrowing in concern. "What's wrong, baby girl?"

I hesitated for a moment before admitting, "I just . . . I wish I had Mr. Frosty here with me."

A slow smile spread across his face, and he leaned down to press a kiss to my forehead. "I can get you another stuffie for this place too," he offered. "Or, if you'd like, you and Mr. Frosty could just move in with me."

My eyes widened in surprise, and I nodded, unable to find the words to express my elation. The thought of sharing a life with Demian—of waking up every morning in his strong arms—filled me with a happiness I'd never known before.

As Demian resumed reading, his voice lulled me toward sleep, each word carrying me further away from reality and into the realm of dreams. I drifted off halfway through the story, my heart full and my body humming with contentment. In the safety of his embrace, I knew that I had finally found my home.

Sunlight streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a warm glow on Demian's penthouse as I stirred awake. I couldn't believe I'd slept for so long, all through the night. In fact, I'd slept like a baby.

My senses slowly adjusted to the unfamiliar surroundings, and the scent of freshly baked goods wafted through the air. I sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes, and spotted Demian in the doorway. He stood there in jeans and a t-shirt, one arm raised up against the frame showing off his impressive biceps.

"Morning, sleepyhead," he said. "Ready for some breakfast?"

I practically jumped out of bed with excitement and bounded over to him. "Something smells good, Daddy!"

"Follow me," he said, leading me to a large wicker hamper on the kitchen island. His muscular arms flexed as he lifted the lid, revealing an assortment of iced pink pastries, mini doughnuts, and other treats nestled within.

"I took the liberty of ordering breakfast from a local bakery. I hope you don't mind. Didn't know what you liked, so I ordered one of everything"

I couldn't help but smile at his thoughtfulness. "Not at all. It looks amazing."

The pastries were arranged on a tiered stand, while the mini doughnuts sat atop a bed of powdered sugar. Strawberries, blueberries, and raspberries filled small bowls, adding a pop of color to the display.

I sat at the island and Demian handed me a cartoon-themed plate with stars all over it, complete with matching cutlery, and a small sippy cup filled with juice. My cheeks flushed with happiness as I took in the playful yet meaningful setup. This man, who exuded strength and confidence in every aspect of his life, had taken the time to

create an environment that catered to my needs and desires.

We sat at the island, indulging in the delicious spread before us. Demian watched me with a tender gaze, his eyes filled with warmth and affection. I savored each bite, relishing the sweetness of the pastries and the tanginess of the fresh fruit.

As we ate, Demian regaled me with stories of his hockey career, sharing both triumphs and setbacks. His openness and vulnerability allowed me to see a side of him that few others ever experienced. I felt honored to be let into his world, and my heart swelled with gratitude.

The act of eating breakfast together, using age play-themed utensils and sipping from a sippy cup, accentuated my sense of being cared for. I reveled in the gentle vulnerability that enveloped me, knowing that I was safe and cherished in Demian's presence.

“So,” he said softly, “I have hockey practice tonight.”

I nodded. “I understand. I’ll get out of your hair. I have some work I should catch up on later, anyway.” I was already drafting an email to my boss, scrapping the initial story idea about Demian's scandalous secrets. Instead, I planned to focus on his true character—a gentleman and a talented athlete.

He shook his head. “That won’t be necessary. You live here now, remember? We’ll go by your place later if you like. Grab your stuff?”

I grinned. “Okay.”

“But before that, we have a few hours to spare. Unless you need to work right away?”

I shook my head. “Nah. I have time to hang.”

Demian looked pleased. "Great. Remember you mentioned wanting to go to the beach yesterday? How about a day trip?"

A squeal escaped my lips before I could contain it. The excitement was too much. Then reality hit me. "Oh no, I don't have a swimsuit with me."

He dismissed my concern with a simple wave. "We'll stop by a store on the way. Pick whatever you like."

I thanked him, trying to suppress the giddiness building inside me. "How can I ever repay you?" I teased, batting my eyelashes.

His playful grin sent a shiver down my spine. "I'm sure we'll think of something," he said, suggestively.

Before I knew it, I found myself on my knees, a spark of mischief in my eyes. I licked my sugar-coated lips and Demian growled, pulling me closer.

"This is one way to do it," he said, his voice tight with desire.

My hand reached for his zipper, as the scene faded around us, leaving us on the precipice of another passionate moment. The thrill of anticipation washed over me, making my heart race and my skin tingle. I knew this was just the beginning of our adventure together.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:42 am

I woke to the soft hum of the city outside, light filtering through the tall windows of Demian's bedroom. My bedroom now too. The sheets rustled as I stretched, my hand reaching for the familiar softness of Captain Frosty. I pulled the stuffed bear close, his fuzzy fur tickling my cheek. This had become my morning ritual, a comforting start to days that were anything but ordinary.

Demian's side of the bed was empty, the sheets cold. He was an early riser, always up before the sun to train or handle business. I listened for him, hearing the faint clink of silverware against porcelain from the kitchen. My stomach fluttered, a smile tugging at my lips. This was home now, a place filled with warmth and routine and . . . discipline.

I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, the cool wood floor grounding me. I knew I was cutting it close on time. On weekdays, Demian expected me to be at the breakfast table by seven sharp. He liked us to spend a full hour together as Daddy and Little before I went to work. Helped me to de-stress.

I glanced at the clock: six fifty-five. Five minutes to brush my teeth, splash water on my face, and pull on some clothes. I could make it if I hurried. But I didn't hurry. Instead, I found myself tracing patterns on the floor with my toes, a secret smile playing on my lips.

Demian's voice echoed down the hall, firm and steady. "Tilly, it's seven."

"Coming," I called back, my voice light, breezy. I knew I was playing with fire. He hated tardiness, saw it as a sign of disrespect. But I also knew the thrill that followed his stern looks, the firm grip of his hands. I craved it, the push and pull, the dance of

power.

I strolled into the kitchen, the clock ticking loudly behind me. Demian sat at the table, his gray eyes steady, watching me. His jaw was set, a sure sign of his mood. He'd already eaten, his plate pushed aside, a glass of water sitting in front of him. My plate was still full—scrambled eggs, toast, fruit. My stomach growled, but I knew better than to reach for the food just yet.

"You're late," he said, his voice low, controlled. "And you're not even dressed yet."

I shrugged, feigning nonchalance. "Just a few minutes, Daddy."

His eyebrow twitched, a tiny movement that sent a shiver down my spine. "A few minutes is still late, baby girl."

I bit my lip, looking down at the floor. My heart pounded in my chest, a mix of anticipation and nervousness. This was the dance, the give and take. I craved his discipline, the firmness of his rules. It made me feel seen, cared for. Grounded.

Demian pushed his chair back, the legs scraping against the floor. He patted his lap, his eyes never leaving mine. "You know what to do."

I did. I walked over, my steps slow, deliberate. I lowered myself over his knees, my breath hitching as his hand rested on the small of my back. He lifted my nightshirt, exposing my bare bottom. His hand was warm, calloused from years of hockey. It felt rough against my soft skin.

The first spank was sharp, a sting that radiated through me. I gasped, my body tensing. He rubbed the spot gently, soothing the sting before delivering another smack. Each strike sent a jolt through me, a mix of pain and pleasure that left me craving more.

"Why are you being punished, Tilly?" he asked, his voice steady.

"Because I was late," I breathed, the words coming out in a rush.

He hummed, his hand rubbing circles on my heated flesh. "And why were you late?"

I hesitated, the answer catching in my throat. Because I wanted this. Because I needed to feel his hands on me, guiding me, correcting me. Because in these moments, I felt more grounded than ever.

He spanked me again, the strike sharper. "Answer me, baby girl."

"Because I wanted your attention," I admitted, my voice soft.

His hand stilled, his touch gentle now. He helped me up, turning me so I straddled his lap. His eyes were softer, the gray warmer. He cupped my cheek, his thumb brushing away a tear I hadn't realized had fallen.

"You have my attention, Tilly," he said, his voice low. "Always."

I leaned into his touch, my heart swelling. This was what I needed, what I craved. The discipline, the guidance, the love. It was a delicate balance, a dance of power and tenderness.

"I love you, Demian," I said, the words flowing from me naturally, easily.

A slow smile spread across his face, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "I love you too, Tilly," he said, his voice filled with a tenderness that made my heart ache.

He leaned down, his lips capturing mine in a soft, gentle kiss. I melted into him, my body pressing against his. His hand tangled in my hair, holding me close as the kiss deepened. I moaned softly, my body aching for more.

He pulled back, his breath ragged. "Not yet, baby girl," he said, his voice husky. "First, you eat your breakfast."

I pouted, my body throbbing with need. But I knew better than to argue. Instead, I nodded, a small smile playing on my lips. "Yes, Daddy," I said, my voice soft and submissive.

His eyes flashed with desire, his hand tightening in my hair. "Good girl," he growled, his voice filled with promise.

I admit, I rushed my breakfast after that. Who wouldn't? The quicker I ate, the more time I got to spend with Demian before work. One more hour of bliss before I had to head to the office . . .

The fluorescent lights of the newspaper office buzzed overhead like a swarm of lazy bees. I walked in, my shoulders relaxed, none of the usual tension knotting my muscles. The clatter of keyboards and the hum of distant conversations didn't grate on me like they used to. Instead, I felt a calm, a sense of purpose that was new, different.

"Tilly, in my office," barked Matt, my editor, from his doorway. His tie was askew, his shirt rumpled. The vein in his forehead throbbed—a sure sign he was pissed.

I walked in, unhurried, and took a seat across from him. His desk was a mess of papers and old coffee cups. He glared at me, holding up a printout of my article on Demian. "What the hell is this?"

I didn't flinch, didn't feel the usual urge to shrink back. In my time with Demian, I'd grown as a person. Learned to see the strength in submission. Discovered how resilient I could be. And of course, spending an extra hour in bed with Demian this morning had kinda relaxed me . . . "It's the piece you asked for," I said, my voice steady.

"It's bland, Tilly. Where's the scandal? Where's the dirt?" He slammed the printout onto his desk.

I shrugged. "There was no dirt to find, Matt. Demian Pierce is a good guy."

He scoffed, running a hand through his thinning hair. "Good guys don't sell papers, Tilly."

I stood up, looking him straight in the eye. "Maybe not. But I did the right thing. And that's worth more than a few extra sales."

His mouth dropped open, but I turned and walked out before he could say another word. The old Tilly would have fought, argued. But not anymore. I had more important things to focus on.

Later that evening, I sat on the couch in Demian's penthouse, my laptop perched on my knees. The city lights sparkled through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a warm glow over the room. I took a deep breath, my fingers hovering over the keyboard. I was nervous, exhilarated, like I was standing on the edge of a cliff, ready to jump.

"You sure about this, baby girl?" Demian asked, sitting beside me. His hand rested on my thigh, strong and reassuring.

I nodded. "I need to do this. For me. For others like us."

He smiled, his eyes warm. "Then go for it, Tilly."

I started creating my very own blog, the words pouring out of me. I wrote about the dance of power and tenderness, about the strength found in vulnerability. I wrote about the nurturing dynamic, the give and take, the profound intimacy. I left out names, specifics, but I infused it with genuine warmth, with my heart.

Demian rubbed my back, his touch gentle, encouraging. I glanced at him, his eyes filled with pride. It spurred me on, gave me the courage to hit 'Publish'. My heart thudded in my chest as the post went live. I did it. I actually did it.

I set the laptop aside, my body buzzing with excitement. Demian pulled me into his arms, his lips capturing mine in a fierce kiss. I moaned, my body melting against his. His hand tangled in my hair, holding me close as the kiss deepened.

He pulled back, his breath ragged. "I'm proud of you, Tilly," he said, his voice husky.

I smiled, my heart swelling. "Thank you, Daddy," I whispered.

His eyes flashed with desire, his hand tightening in my hair. "Now," he growled, "let's get you fed." He led me to the kitchen.

I slid onto a stool at the kitchen island, watching as he moved around the kitchen. He filled a pot with water, set it to boil, then turned to me. "So, how does it feel?"

I tilted my head, a soft smile playing on my lips. "How does what feel?"

"Being true to yourself," he said, leaning against the counter. His eyes were intense, seeing right through me.

I took a deep breath, letting the question sink in. "It feels . . . right," I said finally. "Like I've been wearing someone else's clothes my whole life, and I finally found my own. They fit perfectly."

He smiled, a slow, sexy curve of his lips that made my heart flutter. "I'm proud of you, Tilly."

I ducked my head, a blush heating my cheeks. "Thank you, Daddy," I whispered.

He turned back to the stove, dropping pasta into the boiling water. I watched him, my heart swelling with emotion. This man, this strong, caring, incredible man, was mine. And I was his.

We ate dinner, our knees touching under the table, his hand resting on my thigh. Each touch was a promise, each glance a secret whisper of what was to come. The food was simple, just pasta with butter and garlic, but it tasted like the best meal I'd ever had.

Demian raised his glass of sparkling water, his eyes meeting mine. "To you, baby girl," he said, his voice low. "To your courage, your honesty, your heart."

I clinked my glass against his, my eyes filling with tears. I took a sip, the bubbles dancing on my tongue. I set the glass down, my heart pounding. I needed him, needed his touch, his strength, his love.

I stood, moving to him. He pushed his chair back, his eyes darkening as I straddled him. His hands gripped my hips, his fingers digging into my flesh. I could feel his hardness pressing against me, sending a wave of heat through my body.

"Demian," I whispered, my voice hoarse with need.

"What do you need, baby girl?" he murmured, his lips brushing my ear.

"You," I gasped. "I need you."

His lips captured mine, his kiss fierce, possessive. I moaned, my body melting against his. This was my celebration. This was my reward. This was my love.

The laptop screen flickered, reflecting in my wide eyes as I stared at the notification count. Comments were pouring in like a sudden rainstorm, each one a tiny thrill zinging through me. I clicked refresh again, watching the numbers climb. Fifty, sixty,

seventy . . . My heart pounded in my chest, a rhythm of exhilaration and disbelief.

This is real, I thought. People are reading. They're understanding.

I scrolled through the comments, my fingers trembling slightly on the trackpad.

Anonymous345: Thank you for this. I always thought I was alone.

LittleLostOne: Your words are like a warm hug. I needed this today.

CuriousKitty: I'm new to this. Where do I start?

Each message was a tiny window into another person's soul, a whisper of connection. I could feel their relief, their curiosity, their longing. It was intoxicating.

"Baby girl, you're smiling like you just won the lottery," Demian said, leaning over the back of the couch. His voice was a low rumble, sending a shiver down my spine.

I tilted my head back to look at him, grinning like an idiot. "It's just . . . people are reading, Demian. They're getting it."

He brushed a thumb over my cheek, his eyes soft. "Of course they are. You've got a way with words, Tilly."

I turned back to the screen, eager to respond. My fingers hovered over the keyboard as I thought about my reply. I wanted to be informative, gentle, encouraging.

I wrote out replies full of empathy and understanding, talking about communication and trust. And the importance of finding the right partner.

I hit send, my heart fluttering. Demian's hands squeezed my shoulders, his touch firm and grounding. I leaned into it, letting his strength fuel my confidence.

More comments popped up, questions about dynamics, about safety, about love. I answered each one, my thoughts flowing like a river, steady and sure. This was what I was meant to do. This was my purpose.

Hours passed like minutes. The sun dipped below the skyline, casting the room in a warm golden glow. Demian's penthouse was quiet, the only sound the soft tapping of my keys and the distant hum of the city below.

Demian's hand wrapped around mine, pulling me from my trance. "Time for a break, baby girl," he murmured. "You've been at it for hours."

I blinked, looking up at him. His eyes were tender, proud. I nodded, saving my work and closing the laptop.

"You know," I said, as Demian led me into the bedroom, "I used to think that keeping everything separate was the key to staying strong. Never let them see you sweat, right?"

Demian's lips curved into a small smile. "And now?"

I paused, considering. "Now, I think strength is being able to sweat in front of everyone and still keep going."

He nodded, his eyes soft. "You're doing more than just keeping going, baby girl. You're thriving."

I felt a warmth spread through me at his words. He was right. I was thriving. And it was all because I'd embraced my vulnerability, allowed it to become a bridge connecting me to others—to my readers, to Demian.

I took a deep breath. "I think I'm ready," I said, the words tumbling out before I could catch them.

"Ready for what?" Demian asked, setting his book aside.

I took a deep breath, my heart pounding. "To let go of the newspaper. To fully embrace this. To be . . . me. No more reporting on other people's secrets. I only want to talk about my own. Anonymously, of course, but still . . . authentically."

Demian's expression shifted, pride and love gleaming in his eyes. "You're sure?"

I nodded, a sense of resolve washing over me. "I've never been more sure of anything."

The next morning, I walked into the bustling newsroom, the noise and chatter a familiar symphony. I clutched the envelope in my hand, my resignation letter tucked safely inside. My editor looked up as I approached, his eyebrows raising as I placed the envelope on his desk.

"Jameson," he barked, leaning back in his chair. "What's this?"

I straightened, my voice steady. "My resignation, sir."

His face reddened, a predictable rant bubbling up. "You're making a mistake, Jameson. You have a bright future here—"

But his words faded into the background, a dull hum against the pounding of my heart. I felt a profound sense of relief, a weight lifting from my shoulders. I was no longer bound by the constraints of traditional journalism, no longer hiding behind a professional persona.

I turned, walking out of the office with my head held high. The city sprawled out before me, the possibilities endless. I couldn't wait to share this news with Demian, to celebrate this leap of faith together.

As I stepped onto the crowded sidewalk, the sun warmed my face, a gentle breeze ruffling my hair. I felt alive, exhilarated. This was my strength. This was my vulnerability. This was my love. And I was ready to embrace it all.

The cold nipped at my nose as Demian led me, blindfolded, through the crisp night air. The crunch of gravel beneath our feet echoed in the quiet, the scent of pine and winter crispness filling my lungs. His hand, warm and firm, gripped mine, guiding me with a confidence that made my heart flutter. I trusted him implicitly, but the not knowing sent a thrill of anticipation and nervousness zipping up my spine.

"Demian, where are we going?" I asked, my breath misting in the chill.

"Patience, baby girl," he replied, his voice a low rumble. "We're almost there."

We came to a halt, and I heard the creak of a door opening. A warm gust of air brushed against my skin as Demian led me inside. The sound of blades cutting through ice and soft laughter echoed around us.

Demian removed the blindfold, and I blinked, adjusting to the light. We were standing in the age play rink, the ice glistening under the soft glow of twinkling lights strung up around the rink. We hadn't been here since our first date.

Demian smiled, those gray eyes sparkling. "Today is a special day, Tilly. You took a huge step, and I want to celebrate that bravery with you."

"Thank you, Daddy," I whispered.

As we stepped onto the ice, I wobbled, my ankles threatening to give way. Demian's strong arm wrapped around my waist, steadying me.

"I've got you, baby girl," he murmured, his breath warm against my ear. "Let's try something new today."

I nodded, my nerves melting away under his reassuring touch. He guided me forward, his voice low and soothing as he instructed me on a new move. I listened, my body relaxing into his as we glided across the ice.

Halfway around the rink, Demian paused, turning to face me. He pressed his forehead gently to mine, his eyes locked onto mine.

"I am so proud of you, Tilly," he said, his voice thick with emotion. "Your bravery, your strength . . . Every single day, it astounds me."

Tears welled up in my eyes, his words wrapping around my heart. I laughed, blinking away the tears. "Demian, I—"

"Shh," he whispered, pressing a gloved finger to my lips. "Just feel, baby girl. Feel my love. Feel your strength."

I nodded, my vision blurring as tears spilled over. He was right. I could feel it all—his love, my strength, our bond.

As the night wore on, we found our rhythm, our laughter echoing through the rink. Demian's touches grew more playful, his hands lingering on my curves, his whispers hot against my neck. Each graze of his fingers, each heated look, sent a jolt of desire coursing through me. By the time we stepped off the ice, my body was humming with need.

"Let's go home, Daddy," I said. "I need to be with you."

Demian pressed a kiss to the top of my head, his arms tightening around me. "I need to be with you too, darling. Forever."

I never imagined my life could change so completely in such a short time, yet here I was—living in a penthouse that felt more like home than anywhere I'd ever been,

sharing my mornings with a man whose discipline and devotion made me feel safe enough to grow. My old world of hard-hitting headlines had given way to an existence where I could finally write the truth about myself, even if it was under an anonymous byline. The strength in vulnerability, the freedom in trust—these were lessons I’d only dreamed of learning.

In the hush of late evenings, I wrote my age-play column at the kitchen island while Demian practiced his stickhandling drills on the balcony, the two of us separated only by glass and a deep, mutual love for what we did. Sometimes I would pause and watch him, a perfect blend of power and grace. At times, he’d come inside, tapping his stick on the tile floor just to remind me of the authority I both craved and respected. And yes, there were still moments when I deliberately broke a small rule just to feel that firm, guiding presence. But now I understood: it was less about rebellion and more about reaffirming the intimacy that had changed my life.

Friends and colleagues sometimes questioned my choice to step away from traditional journalism, to guard my identity behind a pseudonym. Yet every response I offered to a struggling Little, every heartfelt comment from a reader who felt “seen” for the first time, confirmed that I was exactly where I needed to be. I was helping people, but I was also helping myself—untangling old fears, shedding old skins, finding strength I never knew I had.

And Demian was there through it all, the unwavering constant in my new world. With each day that passed, we only grew more certain of how deeply our lives were entwined. He’d knead my shoulders when I was hunched over the laptop too long, make me giggle by tickling my sides if I slipped into stubbornness, and remind me with a single stern look when it was time to put my things away and listen to him. The dance of power and affection never felt forced or contrived; it felt natural, grounding us both.

We weren’t perfect, but perfection had never been our goal. We wanted only to be honest: with ourselves, with each other, and with the small corner of the world

following my words from behind a screen. And so we pressed forward—loving, learning, laughing. Every day, we discovered fresh ways to show our devotion, whether on the rink at dawn, in playful spankings at breakfast, or in the hushed late-night conversations that lulled me to sleep in his arms.

If life was a story, this was far from the end—more like the start of a new volume. There would be new challenges to face, fresh boundaries to push, and more secrets I might choose to share online. And Demian would be there, strong and kind, ready to guide me and let me guide him when he needed it most. I looked at Captain Frosty perched on the shelf, and at the confident man I called Daddy, and realized, with both a little thrill and a calm certainty, that this—this nurturing, liberating, beautifully unorthodox life—was exactly where I belonged.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING!