



# The Thief That Stole Christmas (Indulgence)

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** I only meant to steal a little.

Just enough to fix a cause close to my heart

But I broke into the wrong damn house.

Turns out, Johannes and Cameron aren't exactly law-abiding citizens themselves.

They're criminals. Dangerous ones.

The kind of men who don't blink at a little breaking and entering unless you're dumb enough to do it to them.

Guess who ticked that box?

Now I'm their little thief.

Their brat.

Their problem to punish... and their toy to play with.

They should've tossed me out or tied me up for the cops.

Instead, they tied me up for themselves.

Looks like I just unwrapped two very bad Daddies for Christmas.

And they've decided I'm their favorite gift

**Total Pages (Source):** 18

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

My heartbeat picks up as I jog on silent feet towards the large imposing brick wall.

The skin exposed to the cold night air will be flushed and a rosy pink so unflattering, I've made a habit of never working out in front of anyone.

When I finally reach the exposed brick, I say a quick prayer of thanks to whichever deity still listened to me that the wall is covered in long, thick viney ropes of green leaves.

Digging in, I slowly make my way over the wall and jump down the other side, rolling onto my knees in a somersault to lessen the impact.

The large lawn is highlighted with huge spotlights, and the house itself with strings upon strings of Christmas lights, leaving very few spots for a thief to sneak in unexposed, but I've done ample research and a couple of dry runs, and I've yet to be discovered.

Another quick peek at my watch confirms the time as nine pm.

Andre Parker and his new wife will have left more than an hour ago for the Christmas function I had Rainbow Haven invite them to.

They will be out until well after midnight, giving me plenty of time to slip in.

If Momma could see me now, she'd have a heart attack.

She was a firm believer in you had to work for what you wanted, but I've tried that.

And still, Rainbow Haven wasn't coping with all the expenses.

Pushing down the guilt caused by thoughts of Momma—even if I was doing this for a good cause—I bring my focus back to the task at hand.

I'm not doing anything wrong.

Andre is not a good man.

He might have a reputation for not hurting women and kids, but that doesn't mean he made his money the good, clean way.

And there is no way I can pass up this opportunity.

I finally make it to the gutter I'm using as an ingress point, completely undetected, as with each of my practice runs.

Scaling up is a breeze.

Soon I'm at the little window the cook always forgets to close in her scullery.

I once again thank my lucky stars that I'm small enough to fit as I squeeze through the window frame.

I have a brief moment of panic when I'm halfway through, awkwardly hovering, when my hips get stuck.

But with a quick wiggle, I fall through and land with a soft thud.

I hold my breath because even though the Parkers left, doesn't mean the house is deserted; any number of the servants could be lurking in the halls.

When no one comes storming into my little hiding place, I can finally take a breath again.

I quickly dig out a little pen light and slowly push open the door.

I snag a sugar cookie on my way out of the storeroom, nibbling on it as I sneak through the maze of hallways, making my way to where Andre and Amanda sleep.

I've got some insider info from the cook's new assistant that Andre splurged on his new wife's Christmas present.

The beautiful necklace is made up of many precious stones that apparently have quite a story attached to them and are valued over the millions.

My fence assured me he can get rid of it, and with the money I make, I can create a kick-ass Christmas do and keep the home running for a good few months.

Soft mood lighting guides me, and my silent footsteps eat up the distance in no time.

The bedroom door is open, as is the door to the walk-in closet.

According to the assistant, as they were informed by one of the maids, there is a safe in the closet.

A very fancy, expensive safe.

One I should have no issues with, as it's another one of those things that I've done more times than I'm comfortable admitting.

Using skills I'd learnt as a kid from my biologicals to steal from rich assholes has never been part of the plan, especially not after being adopted by a rich couple of my own.

But needs must be met, and this is the only way I know how.

I shake off yet another wave of guilt and head into the closet.

And right there, as promised, is a state-of-the-art safe built into the wall.

I pull my tools out of the pouch strapped to my stomach and get to work.

In no time I have the door open and not only the famous necklace in my hands, but also a couple of stacks of cash.

Even more important though, are the documents.

I flick through them quickly and am surprised that Andre is keeping this kind of stuff in his home safe.

I place everything into my pack and retrace my steps.

Walking back into the store room, I'm almost convinced I hear something, but when I turn around to look there's nothing there.

I grab a few more cookies—this time, chocolate chip—and squeeze back out the window.

A mere hour later, I'm back in my little flat in Islington, giggling at another successful heist.

I dress in my fluffy rubber ducky pyjamas and curl into my twin bed, cuddling my rag doll, Petunia.

I dropped off the necklace at my fence on the way home and mailed the cash to Rainbow Haven with instructions to use it for the children's home.

From an anonymous donor, of course.

Once Billy sells off the gems, he'll send the cash to the charity too.

I'm about to nod off when I notice a dark figure stepping from the shadows.

Johannes

Wat de fok?

Here I thought staying at home would make for an uneventful night.

I didn't feel like getting dressed in one of Andre's ridiculous suits and sitting pretty while they schmooze with a bunch of rich assholes with way too much money and very little sense.

So I sent Barry along with Cameron to watch him and the missus instead.

I'm quietly enjoying one of the beers that Andre imports for me, reading one of Amanda's books—not that I'd ever admit it—when the silent alarm to their master bedroom gets tripped.

I place the beer on the table next to me, grabbing my phone to check the cameras on my app.

And just about fall over.

The tiny creature—because I can't describe her as anything but tiny—currently skulking through Andre's master suite is so small, a stiff wind will knock her over.

I get up from my La-Z-Boy and start making my way to the secret passage that runs to the main house from my cottage.

It opens up to his study, which has another hidden door connected to their bedroom.

He had these built in should one of his enemies ever attack at night so he had a quick escape, undetectable to anyone but me and the rest of his personal security team.

The little mouse is now busy working on the safe, and to my bloody amazement, she has it open much quicker than I like.

Going straight for the necklace Andre had made for Amanda as a gift, she packs it away ,along with all the cash and a bunch of files he had stashed in there.

I send a quick text to the boss, informing him of the break-in and our tiny thief.

I'm about to step through the hidden door when his response comes in:

Bossman: Follow her.

Find out who she works for and then notify Cameron so he can have her arrested.

Sending an acknowledgement, I lock the screen and put away the phone.

Little Mouse is on her way out the door.

As I know the route she took to get in, I let her go and rush back to the secret passage.

I stop in my bedroom to grab what I need, and head out into the yard whilst checking the camera feed again.

It's still clear, so I find a spot to hide.

And just in time, too.

The second I move back into the shadows she makes her way over the fifteen-foot high wall.

If I wasn't so pissed at her audacity, I'd probably admit to being impressed.

Following her through a small security gate, I stick to the shadows and follow her to a white van.

It's got a large colourful logo on the side, but in the dark it's hard to make out.

When she's in, I dart out and plug a GPS tracker under the back bumper on the passenger side.

She pulls away and I run back to my own truck. With the GPS plugged into my tablet display, I follow after her, leaving plenty of distance between us, trusting my gadget to keep track of my prey.

When she pulls into a parking lot at a very familiar twenty-four-hour diner, I take a moment to phone the boss to give him an update.

"Johannes, what do you have for me?"



“Hey, bossman. She’s just pulled into Billy’s, I’ve got a tracker on her car so I’ll head on in to speak to him and find out who the heist is for while keeping an eye on her remotely. We’ll know where she is at all times.”

“Good. And get my fucking necklace back while you’re at it.”

“Ja baas.”

He chuckles at my response before cutting the call.

Little Mouse leaves the diner with a brown paper bag and I sit in my dark truck and watch her leave like a proper creeper. When she’s out of sight, I head in to interrogate Billy, and quite fucking frankly am a little shocked by what he tells me.

He’s happy to part with the necklace at a discounted price once he learns who it belongs to and less than five minutes after entering the diner, I’m on my way again with my own brown paper bag.

Time to go catch me a mouse.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Cameron

“Cam, my boy,”

Barry says to me as he pops an hors d’oeuvres into his mouth.

“you need to stop looking like you’ve got a carrot up ya arse.

This is a social event and we need to blend in.

Just because they know we’re his hired muscle doesn’t mean we gotta stand out like sore thumbs.”

When he’s done with his little speech, he pops another morsel of mystery meat into his mouth, chewing rather disgustingly with his mouth open.

I’m not sure how he’s blending in more than I am when the guests around us all sneer at him with obvious disdain.

I’m still seriously pissy with Johannes for sending me along.

I know I’m still pretty fresh on Mr.

Parker’s payroll officially, but he pays me because of my connections, not for use as a hired goon.

As a policeman, I have some insider info for him, as well as the ability to keep him as

free and clear as possible.

I've been one hundred percent loyal to Mr.

Parker since he saved my mum from my asshole, abusive, drug-addicted dad.

He not only got rid of my dad—locked up for a good long while, taking the fall for some dodgy shit—but also gave her a good job, and made sure I got through school.

When he asked me to enroll as an apprentice with the Met Police, I jumped at the opportunity to pay him back for all the good he did for us.

This, however, was not part of the deal.

Amanda is a darling, and I appreciate all she's done to soften the edges of her new husband, but dragging him—and us—across the city to one charity event after another, finding causes to donate his hard-earned money to, is one of the few things about her that I don't completely adore.

There are much easier and better ways to find causes.

While Barry stuffs his face I keep an eye on the boss and his pretty young wife, her purple and pink hair shining under the bright lights of the auditorium they've used for the fundraiser.

She lets out a tinkling giggle as he whispers something in her ear and I have a twinge of jealousy at their relationship.

Theirs is a story told many times, and such a cliché, but it worked out well for them.

He saved a stripper from one of his dance clubs and made her his, and she in turn

gave his life meaning.

A sense of fullness he was missing.

Or so he confided in me at his stag party when he was a little drunker than he'd probably intended to be.

Mr.

Parker pulls away from Amanda and takes his phone out of his pocket.

When he frowns at whatever he sees on the screen, I give Barry a nudge, indicating he look towards the boss.

Barry merely shrugs, but his gaze is more attentive, analyzing the people around our two wards.

Mr.

Parker looks up from his phone after typing a reply and beckons me closer.

I slowly make my way through the throng of people so as not to raise any undue attention.

“Sir?”

“Someone broke into the house tonight.”

At this, Amanda lets out a soft gasp, her hand going up to cover her mouth. The other hand immediately reaches for her husband's, giving it a squeeze.

“Johannes has it under control and will follow the culprit to find out who’s behind it. But I’ll need you to intervene and have them arrested as soon as he has what he needs.”

“Why arrested, though? Don’t you just want Johannes and Barry to take them to the farm?”

I ask, referring to the network of pig farms Andre keeps to rid himself of any unseemly evidence.

The frown on his face when he looks at me would be enough to make the devil himself shake in his boots. I’ve no clue what I said to upset him; I was careful to not say anything too incriminating and there weren’t any ears within hearing distance, anyway. I’m about to apologize for whatever slight I might have caused when he clears up my confusion.

“When have we ever done anything to hurt a woman?”

At his words, the realization sinks in and I take a relieved breath.

“I apologize, sir. You never mentioned the thief was a woman. I shouldn’t have assumed.”

At this, Amanda lets out her cute laugh again and helps me soothe her raging beast.

“He’s not wrong, Boo. I made the same assumption,”

Amanda says.

Andre looks down at his sexy-as-sin wife and smiles at her as if he wasn’t two seconds away from ripping me a new asshole. I once again say a prayer of thanks to

whoever decided to send Amanda across his path to calm him down some.

“I’ll reach out to Johannes for a pickup location. I’m assuming you have some kind of evidence to assist in the arrest so we can keep it above board?” I ask.

“Johannes will have video footage,”

Andre murmurs and looks back at his phone again, perhaps looking for another update from his second-in-charge, before continuing.

“She might have been clever enough to bypass most of the alarms but she didn’t notice or disable the cameras. I’ll have Johannes contact you when he reaches out to give me an update. For now, we’ll head home so you can do what needs to be done.”

He looks at Barry, who’s standing right behind me.

“Fetch the car, please.”

With that, he dismisses us as the help he tends to still see us as.

I’m driving in the backup car behind them, almost at home when my phone rings.

“Johannes,”

I say in greeting.

“I trust you have a location for me?”

“Ja. But we have a problem.”

As usual, I wait out his taciturn reluctance to expand. When I don’t say anything in

answer, he huffs out in frustration before telling me what exactly his problem is.

“I followed her home and snuck into her flat to confront her.”

He did what?

What the actual fuckity fuck? The big, burly, motherfucking scary ass South African went against his boss’ orders. Instead of saying any of these things to him, I opt for the most diplomatic response I can come up with.

“And?”

“She freaked out. Jumped up to attack me or something. And tripped over these ridiculous fluffy slippers. When she finally untangled herself, I kid you not, she just passed out.”

Motherfucker.

“Johannes, did she hurt herself?”

“Nee. Don’t you think I’d have led with that? Or phoned an ambulance?”

he growls out at me.

“I’m not a fucking idiot, Cameron. I phoned you because I can’t just leave her passed out, but I also don’t really want a repeat performance. She might react better to you than me. You’re way less threatening. I’ll send you the location.”

Before I can point out that yet another stranger in her little flat might only serve to frighten her further, my phone pings with a notification and I open the map app. Within seconds I’m on my way to Johannes and the little thief to try and do some

kind of damage control.

Although, how they expect me to perform miracles is beyond me.

Zanya

Two very distinct male voices arguing in whispers are the first thing I hear when I wake up. I'm confused about who they are and where exactly I am when it comes back to me. The scary, bearded giant just about covered in tats hulking over me. Jumping up to try and find a hiding spot and coming to an abrupt stop when I realize exactly how big the guy is. After that, it's all blank. Which means I probably fainted. Again.

I might have a teensy problem with, you know, not breathing when I'm really super duper scared. This is why I've found other coping mechanisms, like being Little. Nothing helped soothe me quite as much as a huge coloring book and all the crayons with a pacifier or my favourite stuffy.

Unfortunately, when faced with a giant, I didn't quite have access to any of that. Hence the faint.

Classic move, Zanya.

I mentally shake off the last of the cobwebs, trying to keep my breathing even so they don't notice I'm no longer passed out.

I take stock of my situation. I'm lying on my two-seater couch with my favorite blanket draped over me. They don't seem to be close to me and their voices are faint, coming from the other side of the open-plan flat, but I can just about make out what they're saying.



“Johannes, seriously. Stop thinking with your little brain. Andre gave us instructions. We need to follow through,”

a smooth voice hisses out, and my heart plummets.

Andre. I should have known. I must have missed a security measure my contact didn't tell me about.

“I don't care,”

the other voice—he must be Johannes—growls out.

“I'm not letting you arrest her. If you know the whole story, if Andre knows the whole story, you'll both agree with me. Now help me move her onto her bed so she's more comfortable. Then we can phone Andre, update him, and wait for her to wake up.”

I don't seem to be in any immediate danger with at least the big grump on my side, so when the footsteps grow closer, I open my eyes and slowly sit up. No way I'm gonna pretend to still be passed out and have them manhandle me if I don't really need to.

But you want them to.

I smack the little devil sitting on my shoulder, ignoring her.

With my focus back on the room, I'm faced with two very different men. I take a moment to just stare at them, the Little in me squealing at the obviously dominant vibes rolling off both of them.

The growly one, the very, very tatted one, has to be at least three heads taller than I am and probably wide enough he has to turn sideways to walk through doors. His size

would normally be intimidating, but now that I know he's on my side, I think he looks like a big pink marshmallow just waiting to be squished up.

The younger guy with him, though. Oh my, he's a whole different kettle of fish. Only slightly shorter than his friend, very well-toned under the dapper suit he's wearing, and the softest looking blond hair that's begging me to mess it up, makes for a near-perfect package. But it's those eyes, the startling blue eyes framed by thick, long lashes that make him irresistible.

My libido is raging, and I'm not sure if it's because of the two men facing me down, or the fact that it's been way too long since I visited my good friend 'O'.

Who the heck am I kidding? Of course it's them.

They're both just standing there. Staring at me. Perhaps waiting for me to scream or pass out again. So I take it upon myself to break the ice.

"I know I asked Santa to gimme a Daddy for Christmas. But damn, that was over fifteen years ago. And neither of you are quite the Daddy I had in mind when I wrote him that letter. Not that I mind."

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Johannes

As a member of a couple of private clubs, I'm no stranger to the term 'Daddy'.

And I'm never one to yuck someone else's yum, but I was pretty fucking sure having a pretty little thing call me Daddy was never gonna be on my list of kinks.

But fuck.

My cock perked right the hell up at that.

And suddenly all the little hints become clear.

The cute PJs, the stuffed toy, and all the small things littered across her flat.

She's obviously very comfortable in her personal space and doesn't see a need to hide who she is here.

I catch Cameron perusing the room around us more closely now after Little Mouse's exclamation. Not long before he makes the connection and his face lights up in its own way.

He's never hidden the fact that he's into ageplay, and she's exactly what he's been looking for.

Not a fucking chance boet.

She's mine.

Finders fucking keepers.

And then reality comes crashing in and I realize who the hell I am.

She fainted at her first sight of me.

Regardless of the circumstances, there is no way in hell that I'd ever stand a chance with a cute little thing like her.

Her brown hair, previously put up in two buns on the sides of her head, is now adorably mussed, the bangs almost too long, just a smidge away from obscuring her view. Her large, brown, doe-like eyes are peering at us.

She leans over and grabs yet another stuffed bear from between the couch pillows.

Cradling the bear in her arms, she lifts a solitary eyebrow as if in question at the two idiots standing in front of her.

I've never been great at flirting.

First because women tend to run in the other direction when they see me coming, and secondly, because I never know what the hell to say.

Now isn't any different.

So instead of saying what I want to say, which is to inform her I'd be happy to be her Daddy, I open my mouth and insert my foot right in it.

"You should be glad you don't call either of us Daddy, Little Mouse.

If you did, we'd both be tanning your hide for the stunt you pulled tonight.

What the fuck were you thinking breaking into that house, of all places?"

I immediately regret my words when she straightens her spine and I can practically see the anger rising in her.

Before she can say anything, though, Cameron opens his big fat mouth and lays down his own wisdom.

"Sorry.

Forgive my friend here.

Johannes tends to speak before he thinks.

I, however, do not. And while I took my extra moment to think things through, I've come up with some interesting observations."

Little Mouse still looks spitting mad, but she stays quiet, giving him a chance to say his fill.

"You obviously have some skill to have managed to make your way into our boss's house.

This means you've done this more than once, yet you live frugally.

So that tells me you aren't stealing for your own gain.

Now, care to tell me why you didn't just contact Parker to ask for help? Instead of robbing him? Therefore forcing me to arrest you and have you locked up?"

As he says this, he takes his cuffs from his back pocket.

Little Mouse visibly gulps.

And I want to strangle him for frightening her further.

“Dammit, Cameron!”

I bark out.

“I told you, she’s not being locked up.

I won’t fucking allow it.

Fight me on this and I’ll make you disappear myself.

Your mother might be upset with me for a while, but not even Janet is stopping me from putting you in the ground if you follow through on that particular threat. Do you understand me?”

When I’m done raging at him, she looks perplexed, and he looks suitably cowed.

I am Andre’s second-in-charge for a reason.

And just because he grew up around me doesn’t mean he is exempt from my wrath.

With both of them staring at me, I pull out my phone and dial Andre’s number. It rings twice before he answers it.

“What do you have for me? Did Cam arrest her?”

“Nee.”

“Wat de fok, Johannes!”

he snaps at me and I pull the phone away from my ear slightly.

I’ve worked for him for years now, and I know how to handle him. A few more choice words make their way to my ears, and when he finally loses steam I give him my side of the story, all the while looking Zanya in the eyes.

As I tell Andre everything I know, she sinks further and further into the couch, trying to make herself smaller.

“So, what now?”

he asks once I’ve said my piece.

“You’re right. We can’t arrest her. But what else are we going to do with her?”

“I’ve got an idea, but you probably won’t like it.”

Zanya

I suppress a shudder at the words Johannes utters into the phone. If Andre’s not going to like it, I’m not convinced I will.

“We could use someone with her talents.”

There’s a pause when Andre must be responding to his statement. This isn’t quite as bad as I thought. If he has me work for him, I will still be able to do what I need to do.

The sexy younger guy with him, however, does not seem to like what he's hearing.

“Not a fucking chance! What are you thinking? If we caught her, someone else surely will, too!”

I'm a little offended by his declaration.

The only reason I got caught is that someone fed me bad information.

Yes, I might have been an idiot to work on that bad info, but I'm choosing to ignore that right now.

I'm a bloody good thief.

I'm about to point out my very valid argument but am once again foiled by Johannes when he tells his boss what Cameron said. He then proceeds to share the rest of his less-than-pleasing plan.

“I'll give her some training first, as I'm guessing the only reason I did catch her was that she didn't know about the silent alarm.

So, next time we'll make sure she has correct intel.”

“Uhm-”

I try to interject, but Johannes holds up a finger to silence me as he listens to Andre on the phone. He hums in agreement, then gets a devilish grin on his ridiculously attractive face. That does not bode well for me. The scowl on Cameron's face matches my mood to a tee.

“That's perfect. I'll help her pack a bag and we'll be back on the property in about an



hour.”

He hangs up on the call and looks at his friend.

“You heard the plan. I’ve got a spare room in the gatehouse for her, so I can keep an eye on her there, ensure she doesn’t run off, and she’ll be close enough for the training.”

“Wait a damn-!”

I again, unsuccessfully try to get a word in. This time I’m stopped by a very fierce gaze from Johannes.

“Watch your mouth, Little Mouse. Little girls do not get to speak like that. I might not be your Daddy, but while you’re under my care I’ll be in charge of your training and discipline. Now, go pack a bag and get some proper shoes on your feet.”

Oh damn. I shouldn’t be turned on right now, should I?

That certainly won’t do. Instead of showing them any of my thoughts or feelings, I choose to go with my armor instead.

“What are you gonna do if I don’t listen to you?”

I wanna pull them back the second the words leave my mouth. Only an idiot will ask their kidnapper and potential murderer what they’d do to you if you don’t listen. The words are out now, though, so I straighten my shoulders and look him boldly in the eyes. Even if I have to strain my neck to do so.

“I’ll tell you what, Little Mouse, why don’t you try and see?”

In a huff, I turn around and storm into my bedroom, slamming the door behind me.

When the cute Tatty Teddy poster falls off the back of my door, I go to pick it up, but somehow end up tearing it.

Instantly my eyes tear up and I have to swallow down the overwhelming emotions.

Carefully folding up my poster, I place it on top of my chest of drawers for safekeeping.

When I get back home—goodness knows when—I'll see about fixing it. For now, I try not to focus on the clusterfuck that is my life.

This was supposed to be easy.

A quick job to buy Rainbow Haven a little more time until I could come up with a more permanent solution.

At the very least, we need to get enough to give the kids a decent Christmas. If this is our last year, it might very well be the only decent holiday they ever have.

Now here I am, about to be carted off to live with the scariest motherfucker in all of East London.

And, apparently, trained by his henchmen.

Sucking up my reserves of courage, I head to the closet and grab a bag. A couple of outfits, knickers and my toiletries are the first to go in.

I hover over the drawer with my special stash, and after a quick pep talk, decide to just take it with me.

I'd rather have it and not use it than miss it later.

My pacifier, blankie, and one of the outfits I like to wear when I'm having Little night get shoved in under my clothes along with BOB. No way I'm going to share a house with the sexy giant and not need BOB around.

A loud pounding against my door gives me a fright, and I let out a little squeal.

Before I can call out, the door is smashed in and Johannes is standing there, all puffed up like The Hulk.

With my heart in my throat, I look at him, waiting to see what he does next.

"Are you okay?"

"Other than the heart attack you just gave me? Yeah, I'm fine."

"You screamed,"

is the only explanation he gives me.

"You nearly broke down my door with your pounding. And then you did break it down. I'm gonna make a noise."

Instead of responding to my retorts, his gaze roams my body from top to toe. He then takes in the room around me before zeroing in on my bag.

"You ready?"

"Do I have a choice?"

This time, he just walks deeper into the room, grabbing my bag from the bed. He zips it up and turns back to me.

“Cameron has headed back already. He needs to check on the security at the house.”

He stalks out the door and I follow behind, a mix of anxiety and excitement swirling around in my stomach. Or maybe I’m just hungry because said stomach lets out a loud rumble.

“Did you eat?”

he says, his voice a loud bark.

“Yes,”

I snap back at him.

“What?”

When I don’t respond, he stops in his tracks just before reaching my front door to look back at me. His dark gaze zeroes in on me and I swallow down my nerves.

“I had some cookies.”

He grunts and turns back around. I—for the briefest of seconds—think I’ve won that round when he finally responds.

“We’ll fucking fix that, won’t we.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

I follow Johannes back into my kitchen area, a little annoyed at his comment. He walks up to the stove, where he stops and looks at me, beckoning me closer with a crook of his finger. I cock my eyebrow as I rest my one hand on my hip. Not a chance I'm just gonna run when he calls me to heel.

“Little Mouse, get your ass here right now. I'll feed you before we go home.”

“You know, I have a name,”

I say, although secretly I like the nickname. I would never admit it aloud, but what Little girl doesn't dream about having a big strong Daddy calling them something special. Not that he's a Daddy, or I'm something special, but a girl can dream. And fantasize. Dammit, maybe I should have taken more than one toy.

When I focus back on my kitchen, there's a tense silence waiting for me. Now Johannes has the raised eyebrow, and I realise he must have said something while I was lost in thought.

“Excuse me?” I offer.

“You'll be excused as soon as you answer my question and get your ass into this kitchen.”

As I don't know what the heck he asked me and his tone frightens and excites me, I opt to follow his second demand instead. When I walk into the kitchen, he grabs me

by the hips and before I can shout out my protest, he has me perched on the kitchen counter.

I stare at this giant of a man trying to navigate the small space, and I have to suppress the snicker that's threatening to escape. He's rifling through cupboards and drawers, and the more this carries on, the louder his grumbling gets.

"Can I help you find something?"

"Do you have any actual fucking food in this place?"

Oh. Well.

"There might be some pasta in the cupboard next to the fridge."

He heads over, grabs it and a couple of forgotten spice containers. Next, he opens the fridge and grabs a lonely lemon I was planning to enjoy with the tequila I have stored under the sink.

"Definitely need a keeper,"

Johannes mumbles as he pops a pot of water on the stove to boil. Instead of arguing with him, I decide to go with a distraction instead.

"So, what are you making?"

Those dark eyes look straight at me, and he grunts before going back to his task.

Okay then.

Grabbing a pan from the drying rack, he starts talking as he puts it on the stove next

to the pot of water.

“You have nothing of any nutritional value, so I’m putting something together with what you do have. It’s a dish my ma taught me so I could feed my brothers when she worked late.”

I’m absolutely fascinated by his accent, with the rolling ‘r’s and his unique inflections. The rumbling of his voice also does things to me I’d rather not think about.

“There’s a big fancy Italian name for it, but basically it’s spaghetti with garlic oil.”

As he works, adding oil and garlic flakes to the rapidly heating pan, he explains what he’s doing.

“Really this should be done with fresh garlic, but in a pinch, this will do. You can add some pepper flakes, too, if that’s to your taste.”

The pan sizzles as he adds the flakes along with some green herb shit that was hiding in the cupboard, too. The water is boiling nicely now so he tears open the packet of spaghetti and pours it into the water.

I’m fascinated by him as he moves around. For such a huge man, he’s actually quite graceful and seems very at home in the kitchen.

“So you gonna tell me your name yet, Little Mouse?”

Oh! That’s what he asked me earlier. A small part of me is tempted to keep my name to myself, so I can carry on being his Little Mouse. But then I remember I’m not his anything so I blurt it out.

“Zanya.”

“That’s a pretty name,”

he says, resting against the opposite kitchen counter, one foot nonchalantly resting over the other. His attention leaves me feeling itchy all over.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Zanya. While that boils, I think it best you tell me how you got into Mr. Parker's place.”

“Oh, I’m not going to reveal my sources. And while we’re talking, there are a few things we need to discuss about this plan of yours.”

“Oh, ja?”

“Yes. I have a day job, you know. They’ll miss me.”

“What do you do?”

he asks, turning back to the stove to give the garlic another stir.

“I work at a charity for kids. I do their admin, help them clean, and do activities with the kids. It’s kind of a rec center where they can come and hang out, do some crafts and get a decent meal. For most of them, it’s the only safe space they know.”

I look up from my hands, where I’d been picking at the cuticles while talking.

He’s looking at me again, the look on his face indecipherable.

“You care about this place.”



“Yes. Growing up, I was fostered. I spent a lot of time there until I was adopted. And even after that my parents and I helped out together.”

I stop myself from saying more, not wanting to give away all my secrets, instead opting to hit him where it should hurt most.

“This year, there isn’t enough to keep them going anymore. And it’s almost Christmas, so I’m just trying to keep them afloat for at least that long so the kids can have one last solid Christmas before the world turns to shit again.”

“Okay.”

“Okay, what?”

“I’ll help you get it for them. I’ve already said I’ll train you, and I’ll make sure, even after Christmas, that this place stays open.”

His face is serious and incredibly earnest. And he’s throwing me for a huge fucking loop.

“Why the hell would you do that after I stole from your boss?”

“Because, Little Mouse, the passion in your voice when you talk about that place? Everyone should be so lucky to feel like that over something. I’d hate to be part of the reason it gets taken away from you.”

He drops this little bomb on me and then turns back to the stove. I watch as he drains the pasta and pours it into the pan with the sizzling garlic, all the while still explaining to me what he’s doing and why.

He’s carrying on like he didn’t just rock my world.

And then... he does it some more. Dishing up a huge plate of pasta, he steps up to me, rolls some on a fork and blows on it. When he's seemingly satisfied with it, he holds it to my lips, waiting for me to open up.

What is going on right now? I could grumble at his insistence to feed me like a toddler. But then I'd be a big fat hypocrite, wouldn't I? This is precisely what I've been dreaming about my entire adult existence.

So I open up my mouth and savour the taste of garlic goodness on my tongue. A soft hum of enjoyment escapes my lips as I chew and swallow the bite. Before I know it, the next one is right there ready and waiting for me.

Soon my belly is full and my eyes are growing heavy. I completely blame that for what I say next.

“You keep this up, I might beg you to be my Daddy.”

Johannes

Her eyes grow wide in surprise as she realizes what she just said to me. If I didn't have better control over my facial features, mine might have matched hers. As it is, I'm shocked at the warm feeling spreading in my chest at the word “Daddy”

leaving that delicate-looking mouth.

Speaking of, it's about time I put my foot in mine again.

“If I were your Daddy, you wouldn't be able to sit for a week after the stunt you pulled tonight.”

The cute, shocked eyes quickly turn angry, eyebrows drawing down. And her cheeks

redde n with the most adorable blush. When she opens her mouth to say something—scathing would be my guess—back at me, I put her last forkful of food in her mouth, very effectively shutting her up.

“There, Little Mouse, that’s the last bite. Now we can get you home and into bed.”

I place the plate in the dishwasher along with the pan and pot, making a mental note to come back tomorrow to clean up the kitchen. I help Zanya from the kitchen counter and softly place her back down on the floor.

The little creature is still fuming as she follows me out the door. I’ll have to be careful with her. The threat of locking her up is only going to keep her in check for so long. Everyone knows Andre has a reputation of never harming women, so she’ll know she’s physically safe from him.

When we reach my car, I put her bag in the boot before opening her door for her. Once she’s settled, I climb in and am about to order her to buckle up when I notice she’s out cold.

So with slow, quiet movements, I reach across, grab the belt and buckle her up.

The drive back to the house is long, quiet, and surprisingly relaxing. The amount of pride I feel in looking after this woman definitely bears some thinking about. It’s about time I phone Xander and ask for advice.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

I slowly wake when two large arms lift me from the car. Cradled in his embrace, I just want to close my eyes and carry on sleeping. But I'm going to need my wits about me for what's coming next.

"You can put me down now, big guy,"

I say, pushing against his chest unsuccessfully.

"Be still,"

he orders me and a shiver runs down my spine.

"I'll carry you inside and see you to bed."

Huffing out a breath, I stop struggling and take in my surroundings. We parked in front of a cute little cottage that would have been the gatehouse in an era gone past. Vines climb up against the brick face And little pots of shrubbery line the outside of the house. I'm sure in the summer they would be bright with color, and I kind of wish I could be around to see it then.

The most noticeable thing about the place is the insane amount of Christmas decorations covering the tiny house. Strings upon strings of lights sparkle in the early dawn light. I don't know what's more surprising: that this scary man has a home so well decorated for Christmas, or that I can't wait to stay there with him.

When we step up to the front door, he shuffles me around so I'm cradled in one arm while he unlocks the door. I gasp in shock when I take in the interior. I shouldn't, considering the outside, but the cute cottage is made up like any elf's dream house. A cosy fire is still crackling in the fireplace, just barely visible through the large archway leading to a living area. Wreaths are hung on the wall of the entryway, with fairy lights framing the archway.

He carries me into the living area where I can take in the warmth of the fireplace and the beauty of the large, live Christmas tree covered in bright, odd decorations. The only thing missing from the picture is the presents. As we're still a week away from Christmas, that makes sense.

I'm gently placed on a large comfy couch, and I watch as Johannes takes a step back to look at me.

"Right, so, I have a spare bedroom; it's nothing fancy but it has a bed and you'll have your own bathroom. I'll show you where it is in a minute. First, some rules."

This is a new feeling. The need to be coddled and looked after warring with the side of me that takes umbrage with him just taking over and bossing me around. My Little side just wants to roll over and let him do what he pleases, but the me that broke into his boss's place last night, the one that needs to be in charge, is not happy with this man barging into my life and laying down the law.

I find some kind of middle ground and cross my arms in front of me. I know I look like a petulant teenager right now, but I can't help myself. I'm tempted to stick out my tongue at him but barely manage to suppress the urge.

"While we're doing this, I need to know you're safe at all times,"

he tells me.

“I’m not interested in keeping you trapped here. You’ll be able to go to work and do your thing, but I need you to check in with me. When you’re not at work, we need to be concentrating on your training. I’ll speak with Andre about getting a list together of potential targets and I’ll gather what intel I can on them so we can run through possible plans and scenarios.”

Okay, that isn’t too unreasonable. I nod in answer and encourage him to continue.

“Part of making sure you’re safe is ensuring that you’re cared for. You’ll have at least two decent meals a day and no less than eight hours of sleep every night.”

He pauses to glare at me when I start to interrupt him.

“That’s non-negotiable, Little Mouse. You will be in no fit state to take on all we’ve got in store if you’re not well fed and rested.”

There’s a knock on the door, and we both turn to look in that direction. Cameron’s head pops into the cottage and Johannes beckons him in with the lift of a chin.

“Took you long enough to get here. I’ve been watching out for your car,”

Cameron says by way of greeting.

“I had to make sure she was fed first,”

Johannes answers.

“Apparently, all she’d had to eat is some of your mom’s cookies she’d pilfered.”

“Of course that’s all she ate. Look at her.”

Excuse me? What the holy heck does that mean?

“What did you just say, you cockwomble? What exactly is wrong with the way I look?”

“Not a single thing is wrong with the way you look, but you’ve got Little written all over you. You’re just waiting for a Daddy to swoop in and look after you.”

Not only are my hackles up, but now he’s got me up off the couch that practically swallowed me up, it was so comfortable. I storm towards him and poke a finger in his chest, not caring in the least that both of them are easily twice my size.

“Fuck you! I’ve been looking after myself just fine for long enough. I looked after myself after my biologicals threw me out like yesterday’s rubbish.”

Another poke in the chest and I’m standing on the tip of my toes so my face is closer to his. At this point I’m shouting at him, the events of the evening and early morning finally forcing me to reach my breaking point.

“Then, when I was stuck in foster care, who do you think cared for me? Not those twatwaffles that only had me so they looked good with their friends. Nope, again that was me!”

I’m breathing heavily, riding the wave of rage like a pro surfer, carefully balancing on that fine line.

“And then, when my adoptive parents were ripped away from me and I was left with nothing but a rotten uncle who won’t give me access to the money I need to save my second home, who do you think looked after me then?”

I pause, as if giving him a chance to respond, but probably more for a little bit of

dramatic effect.

“Oh, right! Me again. So, Mr. Perfect. You can fuck right off.”

“Feel better?”

Of all the things I’d have thought he would say after my rant, that is probably on the bottom of the list. The grumpy look on his face is replaced with a softness I don’t want to focus on right now.

Damn it.

I fall back onto my heels, physically deflating. I feel a lone tear run down my cheek, followed by another.

Before I know it, I’m pulled into Cameron’s arms, hiccuping sobs racking my body.

“Been keeping that in, have you? That’s okay, pretty girl. Get it out. I’ve got you.”

He’s rubbing my back in soothing circles, holding me up while I break apart in his arms. Keeping me together so I don’t shatter into a thousand little pieces. I don’t even know why I’m crying like this, but I can’t stop now that the floodgates are open.

“Jo, where is her room?”

he asks over my head before I’m picked up yet again.

I’ve no clue where he’s taking me, my face still buried in his pine-scented chest. My hands are gripping his arms like lifelines. A couple of steps later I’m being shuffled until I’m sitting in his lap. And then I’m being rocked, and slowly everything starts to feel just that little bit better. His fingers run through my hair in soothing strokes as he



continues to rock us back and forth in what I'm assuming is a rocking chair.

My crying quiets down, and I can finally take a breath that isn't racked with sobs.

"There we go, such a good girl, letting out all those icky feelings. Now close those eyes for me, and have a good sleep. Everything will be better once you've had a decent sleep."

Emotionally and physically wrung out, I can't do anything but obey his order. My eyes grow heavy, and before I know it, I'm fast asleep.

Johannes

Liewe fok.

Watching Cameron with the Little Mouse is exactly the wake-up I needed. He's the perfect guy for someone like her. And watching him care for her, soothe her in a way I know I'll never be able to do, brings it home.

I show them the way to the spare bedroom, where Ouma's rocking chair is still housed. He sits down in the chair with her, rocking her back and forth. I back up out of the room and head back to the living room.

I'd fed Zanya at her little flat, but didn't take the time to get myself something to eat, so I set about making breakfast. The methodical motions of kitchen prep unruffles some of my feathers, and before I know it I've got two plates full of toast, fluffy scrambled eggs, and bacon.

Just as I'm about to place the teapot on the kitchen table, Cameron walks in, looking like a million fucking bucks.

“She stopped crying and I got her to sleep.”

By silent agreement, he sits down at one of the place settings and pours himself a cuppa.

“She’s a feisty one, that’s for sure. I thought you were crazy when you shared your idea, but you might just be right. And it will liven things up again. Everything’s settled now that Amanda married the boss. I was starting to get bored.”

“You’ve certainly done an about-face pretty fucking quickly, boet.”

“Having a pretty little thing like that feel safe enough to break down in your arms will do that to you. To be honest, Jo, I know this isn’t something we’ve ever discussed, but we both go to the same clubs, so you know what I like. And she’s almost perfect.”

“Hmmm,”

I respond.

“What does ‘hmmm’ mean, exactly?”

“It means, I think you should be careful. It’s obvious she’s in a vulnerable state. And she’s going to be working with us.”

“So it’s not because you’re interested, too?”

“No!”

I say, and when he smirks at me, I could lean across the table and smack him in the face.

“Gotta say, Jo, didn’t know you would ever be into age play, but I suppose it just takes the right girl.”

“Fokof, man. I told you I’m not interested. And what the fuck are you doing trying to get me to admit I’m interested in the same girl you are?”

“Jo, mate, have you seen that girl? It will take both of us to keep her safe and well.”

I look at him, a frown on my face trying to work through what he’s saying. And then shake off the confusion because nothing’s changed.

“It doesn’t matter what I’m interested in, Cam. That girl will never be interested in someone like me.”

I shrug off the punch to the gut my own words cause.

“We’ll see about that,”

Cameron responds before digging into his breakfast.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Cameron

After a rather tense breakfast over which Johannes eyed me suspiciously, I head over to the main house, hoping to catch Mum before she gets drawn into preparing for the day. It's early yet, so I should be in luck. And if my timing is right, I might be able to mooch some baked goods off of her.

When I unlock the kitchen door, the smell of fresh muffins is the first thing that assails my senses. Followed by the warmth of a busy, cosy, yet still well-run kitchen. As always, Mum's dark auburn and grey hair is pulled up into a messy ponytail, the loose curls flowing down her neck. She looks good for her age. At forty-eight, her skin is still smooth and almost wrinkle-free, except for the laugh lines adorning her striking face.

I'd always thought she'd hook up with Johannes, but knowing what I know about him now, it makes sense that they never hit it off. Mum is way too much of a dominant personality to have anyone take care of her that way.

"Hey, Mum. What you got going?"

She pauses in her mixing and looks at me, her lips stretching into a huge grin.

"Baby! It's been too long, come gimme a cuddle. And a hand. You're a godsend. I overslept this morning, and I'm running a little behind."

I roll up my shirt sleeves, wash my hands, and grab an apron from the hook next to the pantry door. Stepping up behind her, I give her a kiss on the cheek and a quick

squeeze around the middle.

“Where do you need me?”

“You can start rolling out that dough for the croissants. I’ve got some chocolate to add to it in a bit. It’s Amanda’s favorite.”

After flouring the rolling pin, I set myself to the task at hand, lost in the moment and my thoughts on the events of this morning. I must have been lost in them longer than I’d thought because Mum calls my attention to her.

“You wanna tell me what you’re here to talk about, or are you going to play it off as just wanting to grab some breakfast?”

“I’ve actually already had breakfast with Johannes. I just came from there.”

“Well, then?”

she asks, pausing in her chopping.

It’s times like these that I’m both thankful and annoyed at the fact that we have as close a relationship as we do. It gets tough, trying to hide the fact that my mum works for one of the criminal masterminds of the city, but we make up for the missed times in moments like these.

“The girl from last night? The thief?”

I start, looking at the rolling pin instead of facing Mum. She answers me with a nod.

“She’s a Little. And even though I was wary of her to start off with, I can’t deny that the more I learn about her, the more I grow besotted with her.”

Mum passes over the chocolate and I start cutting the pastry and wrapping the chocolate in it as she'd taught me from a young age.

“You wouldn't believe the things she's been through, the life she's had to face. While Johannes was helping her pack up I came back here to clean up, but also got some contacts at the police station to look into her. I've not gotten everything back yet, but...”

I pause in my work and look at my mum, trying to find the words to convey what I'm feeling and thinking.

“Mum... I just...”

The words fail me so I take a deep breath and continue on, deciding to skip past that particular bit of history. Probably best that Zanya shares that herself with whomever she chooses.

“Anyway, after the clean-up was done, I went over to Johannes' to see why they took so long getting back, and I kind of said some things I shouldn't. Mostly because I didn't know what to do with the feelings inside me. I didn't mean to, but I snapped.”

“Oh, Cameron. You really need to learn to keep a guard at your mouth when you get like that. You know better,”

she scolds me.

Even though I'm a grown man of twenty-six, I feel my cheeks redden in a blush at being told off by my mum.

“I know, okay? In the end, though, it was a good thing. She wouldn't stand for my shit and called me on it. It was glorious. She was beautiful. There she was, poking me

in the chest like I'm not almost twice her size, and the next second she's a sobbing mess in my arms."

The pastries on the counter long since forgotten, I sit down on one of the stools Mum keeps there for a rest. My hands are covered in flour and chocolate or I'd have rested my face in them.

"I held her, rocked her until she fell asleep, and then I got to tuck her in. What kind of man am I that enjoys having a woman cry herself to sleep in his arms?"

"Cameron Jack Williams, don't you dare talk about yourself like that. Did you want her to cry?"

"Well, no."

"Did you enjoy the fact that she was crying or that you were the one to care for her?"

Well, isn't that just obvious? Nothing like a mum to open up your eyes to your own stupidity.

"Okay, fine. I get your point. But I'm not done."

I huff, a little annoyed at her for being a know-it-all.

"Well, get to it, then,"

she says, indicating I continue with my story while pointing at the forgotten pastries.

"Johannes likes her, too. I mean, we're members of the same club, so I know he doesn't normally go for the ageplay thing. But as a Service Top, it's only one step away from being a Daddy Dom, isn't it?"

She nods in answer so I continue on.

“The way he was looking at her? And protecting her? I’ve never seen him act like that. And I’m not sure she noticed it, but when I was putting my foot in my mouth about her needing a Daddy to care for her, he was about two seconds away from knocking me out. He probably would have, too, if she hadn’t started in on me first.”

“So, you’re scared to compete with him for her attention?”

“No. Nothing like that.”

I’m not sure how to bring up the rest of the issue.

“Just spit it out, Cameron. I can’t help if I don’t know what it is.”

“It’s kinda out there, though,” I say.

“More out there than discussing the fact that you’re a Daddy Dom with your mother?”

I chuckle at her response. That was a rather uncomfortable conversation. When she told me she’d seen the search history on my computer and would be there if I ever wanted to talk about anything, I thought I’d die of embarrassment.

“Yes, Mum. It kinda is. I don’t think I want to compete with Johannes for her attention.”

“Wait, Cam, baby boy. I’m confused. Didn’t you just tell me how besotted you are with her?”

“Yes.”



If she doesn't get what I'm trying to say, no way am I gonna spell this out for her.

"But you're going to step back and let him have his chance with her instead? She's half his age."

Well. Guess I have to.

"Mum! What the fuck does age have to do with it? And as it is, I'm probably going to have to force the man to make a move on her; he's too scared he'll break her. It's just that I think she'll be good for him. And me. And like... Mum!"

I let out an exasperated breath. This is harder to say than I thought it would be.

"I want to share her with him, okay?"

There's complete silence after my declaration. I don't know where to look, so I focus on finishing up the pastries so they can go in the oven. The air is thick and I don't want to look up and see what her reaction is. Instead, I grab some of the chocolate and a scissor and fold and cut the triangular pastries so they resemble little dragons. I saw it on a meme once, and even though Zanya might not want to look at me when she wakes up, I'm sure she'll enjoy looking at them. And eating them, if her cookie theft is anything to go on.

After putting on the finishing touch of chocolate buttons as eyes, I grab the tray and stick it in the oven. When I finally look up at my mum, she's got an indulgent smile on her face and the love shining from her eyes warms my soul.

"You done avoiding me now, baby?"

"I suppose. You don't think it's weird?"

“Cameron, I work for a crime lord who brought home a stripper and made her his wife after knowing her for one night. I raised a son to be an amazing man with a strong moral code, even though he somehow works as an inside informant for the previously mentioned crime lord. You telling me that you want to share a woman, a Little, with one of my best friends isn’t weird. It’s just completing the circle. I’m more worried about how you’re going to share a girl with Andre’s lieutenant and still stay on the force.”

“Yeah, I thought about that, too, but before we can do anything else, we need to get her to agree to date either of us in the first place.”

“Fair point, my boy, fair point. No, that the dragons are in the oven getting their arses roasted, how about you grab the bacon and fry that up? Are you sticking around or do you need to get to work?”

“I have a shift in a few hours.”

“Okay then, I’ll see to it that your girl gets one of those dragons. Hop to it now.”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

I wake up to a glass of orange juice next to my bed along with a note that lunch is waiting for me in the kitchen. As my nerves outweigh my hunger at this stage, I opt for a long warm shower instead. My bag is waiting for me on the rocking chair Cameron had used last night, and I blush at the memories.

Way to make it awkward, Zanya.

Before grabbing a fresh set of clothes, I take in the room around me. It's small, barely big enough for the double bed, chair and dresser. But tucked away in the corner is a small bookshelf stuffed with colorful books. Upon closer inspection, they're a bunch of fairy tales with very well-worn covers. These books were loved. Are loved, if their presence here is any indication.

The bed is covered in the softest blue blanket that looks like it was hand knitted and the comforter is a blue and white pattern covered in bright daisies. The lace at the windows are framed by curtains that match the bedspread and the overall feel of the room is cozy and sweet.

I've made peace with the fact that I'll probably be here for a while, so I take an extra minute to unpack, finding a spot for each treasured possession. My pacifier and blankie get placed under the pillow, and BOB is hidden underneath my knickers in the drawer.

Finally satisfied that everything is where it's supposed to be, I down the OJ, grab my change of clothes, and head to the bedroom door in search of the bathroom I was

promised.

And walk right into Johannes.

“You’re up.”

“Great observational skills, big guy.”

“I came to see if you’re ready for lunch yet. Cam’s mom sent food down from the big house. After that, I’ve been instructed to take you to meet Andre.”

“Okay, can I clean up first?”

“Yeah, I’ve got a spare towel in there for you.”

“I brought my own, thanks, Johannes,”

I say, waiting for him to move away from the door. When it’s clear he’s not going to, I tilt my head to the side and look at him questioningly.

“Big guy?”

“Yes, Little Mouse?”

“Was there something else or can I have that shower now?”

Realization lights up his face and he stumbles backwards, rubbing the back of his neck. For a giant, he’s pretty adorable.

Once I’m clean and fresh, I head out in search of the kitchen. I pad down the hallway on socked feet and come across another bedroom. This one is much bigger and

incredibly masculine. The room is made up of dark blues and grey and the required big-screen television is against the wall opposite the bed. Up next is a small study, the walls lined with bookshelves. A ridiculously old computer is on the large desk. If it wasn't for the fact that the place was immaculately clean, I'd have said no one has set foot in there since the early two thousands.

"This was my Ouma's house."

I'm startled by Johannes's voice behind me. He's staring into the room, looking at the old desk, lost in his head.

"I spent every Christmas here as a child. She was the housekeeper for Andre's parents. When I turned eighteen I stopped coming, believing I was too big and grown-up to visit her. Then she got sick. She didn't tell me how bad it was 'til it was too late. When I got here I only had a few weeks left with her. I nursed her to the end and haven't been back to South Africa since. When she passed, Andre offered me a job."

The sorrow in his voice is tangible, and I can't take it so I grab his hand with my own.

"Johannes, you don't have to tell me..."

"Nee, it's okay. I miss her every day. But it's been years, and I've learnt how to deal with the guilt and the sadness. When she wasn't cleaning up after the boss and his family, she was a writer. She worked with a lady in a village outside the city. Together, they wrote children's books. She created fairy tale worlds at that desk, and no matter how hard I try, I can't get myself to pack things up."

His words are breaking my heart. This scary-looking man is actually soft, so very soft and vulnerable.

“I take it she’s the one that got you into Christmas?”

The smile transforms his face. His eyes light up and when he looks down at me now, the ghost of grief is gone.

“Ja! She adored it. We’d spend days in the kitchen with the cook back then, baking cookies. Nights were spent in front of the fireplace stringing popcorn to decorate the tree. And until I stopped believing, she’d leave footprints in the powder on the floor so I’d think Santa had stopped by.”

I could so relate. Until I’d been adopted, I’d never known a decent Christmas, but after my parents took me in, they went out of their way to make it special for me. It makes me happy to know Johannes had that, too.

“Can I ask you something a tad personal?”

“Ja. But in the kitchen, so you can eat.”

His gruff response is more like what I’d expect coming from someone that looks like him, but I now have a better idea of the man hiding underneath that hard exterior.

I follow him down the hallway, back to the lounge and through the entryway to another archway I missed yesterday. The kitchen is small but serviceable for a cottage this size.

“I have some pie and mash with liquor.”

When I pull a face at him he laughs and lifts up the domes from the plates waiting on the table. There’s the plate of lunch, as promised, but next to it is the most adorable croissant I’ve ever seen. It’s been folded into a dragon shape with big chocolate button eyes. I immediately sit down and grab for it, but before my fingers can reach

the delicious and beautiful-looking pastry, Johannes puts the dome back on top of it. I quickly snatch back my fingers and scowl at him.

“Nope, Little Mouse. Lunch first, then dessert. We had a deal. Two proper meals a day. You’ve skipped breakfast already so you have to do lunch and tea tonight.”

The smug look on his face is a tad annoying, but the sparkle in his eyes is attractive and I can’t quite keep hold of my scowl.

“I had breakfast, though. You fed it to me.”

He lifts his eyebrow at me, somehow conveying an entire conversation with that one look. I deflate and grab the cutlery to start on the meal.

“Juice or tea? Or milk?”

he asks, walking to the fridge.

“Milk, please.”

I take my first bite of the pie covered in thick aromatic liquor and moan in pleasure at the taste. Johannes clears his throat behind me and I look at him in question.

“Uhm, do you want to have it in a glass?”

“What else would I have it in?”

He rubs the back of his neck and looks at his feet before responding to me.

“I... uhm, saw your stuff. At your flat. So I ran to the shop and got a few things... while you were sleeping, so I uh... got you a sippy cup. I just don’t know if you want

to use it now... or?"

Oh. My. Gosh.

I cannot figure out what the heck it is that I'm feeling right now, but I know I want to jump him and give him kisses and cuddles so he will stop looking so darn uncomfortable.

Instead, I take a moment to weigh my feelings. He already knows about my Little side. It's pointless trying to hide it. And I don't really feel embarrassed about it, either. But I'm not a hundred percent sure if I'm comfortable going there in front of him yet.

"I appreciate the gesture, big man. And I'll definitely take you up on the offer. But not today,"

I say with a soft smile, hoping he gets the message. He relaxes a bit and smiles back before turning to the fridge to grab the milk.

Soon a tall glass of milk is placed on the table, but before I can thank him he plops a Nesquik straw in it and I can't help the giggle that bubbles up. When I smile at him, he's hiding his face in the fridge again.

I don't understand how I can fall in serious like with one man so quickly. All I want to do is crawl into his lap and call him Daddy. Something I hope he won't have a problem with because I'm close to asking if I could have him for Christmas. Instead, I focus on finishing my lunch and admiring the dragon before gobbling it up. Before I know it, he's grabbing my plates, loading the dishwasher and leading me up to the main house.

Andre, here I come.



## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

This is not what I was expecting at all.

The refined, badass gangster is adorably besotted with his wife. So much so that I almost can't take him seriously. Almost. With just one cutting glare sent my way, I'm reminded exactly why I was scared stupid when I heard I had to come up here.

His wife, though? She's as cute as a button and even more South African than Johannes. Five minutes in her company and I already know she moved to London after her parents died to be raised by her grandma. After her gran passed, she was forced to work at Andre's strip club to make ends meet, where she caught his eye and they fell in love instantly.

Her long purple hair is absolutely to die for and when I expressed my admiration, she offered to 'hook me up' with her hairdresser friend who could do it at a great price.

"Dollface, I don't know why you insist on going to that back alley place when you can go to the best places now,"

Andre says to Amanda, his smile indulgent as he looks at her.

"Handsome, because she was there for me when I couldn't afford any better, why on earth would I desert her now?"

And in one sentence she has a new friend for life.

He doesn't respond, merely rolls his eyes, which gives me the idea that the two of them have this discussion often. My face splits into a grin at their interaction and Johannes—standing in the back corner of the large sunken lounge—smiles back at me. I'm momentarily blinded by the sheer brilliance.

Andre clears his throat and I quickly bring my attention back to him, surprised when I find confusion instead of annoyance in his gaze.

“Ms. Standish, Johannes has given me a brief rundown of why exactly you broke into my house last night and what his plan is going forward. But I'd like to hear from you.”

I swallow down my fear, knowing this man might be scary, but he has never hurt a woman. The worst he'd do is turn me over to the police, and although that would suck monkey balls, I'd still be alive and unharmed.

“It's kind of a long story, if you want it all.”

“I have nothing but time today. Carry on, Ms. Standish.”

“My bio parents were burglars. Not great at it, but not completely shit either, you know? They were plenty proud of the fact that they never stole from anyone less fortunate than them, and that they never ever hurt anyone while on a job.”

This part of the story is easy to tell, it's something I've shared with people on many occasions, but it's still nothing I'm overly fond of having out in the open. I can't quite look either Amanda or Andre in the eyes as I share my history with them, so instead, I face Johannes. His expression isn't quite neutral, but there's none of the pity I've grown accustomed to.

“I was probably around seven when they started teaching me how to help them. Small

things at first, but then once they were sure I had the hang of it, they'd send me in, because I was so tiny. They'd case the place, always showing me how and what to look out for. Once they were sure of all the little details, they'd talk me through the actual break-in. I was nine when I cracked my first safe. A prodigy, my dad called me."

At this, I shrug and hazard a glance at Andre and his wife. The cold, unfeeling look is gone from Andre's face and the tenderness in the younger woman's face is nearly my undoing. I quickly look back at Johannes, the acceptance there helping me carry on.

"On my twelfth birthday they had a big heist planned. But I was just heading into that awkward teenage phase and threw the biggest fit. I didn't want to do a job on my birthday. They were a little disappointed, but ultimately they were great parents and they left me at home. Mum was small, too, so she could fit in the tight places in a pinch.

"They were on their way home when they crashed. Both of them died instantly. I was taken to a home. It was tough. Lots of bullying, and they don't like to advertise it, but the food isn't great, nor very nourishing. These places run on limited funds. There's never anything for birthdays or holidays, and there's nothing else for these kids to do, except go to Rainbow Haven after school. They do their best to help with homework, they provide access to computers, and they have stuff like dance and art classes."

Talking about Rainbow Haven has some of the weight sitting on my chest lifting gradually. Even now, years later, everything just feels better whenever I'm there with the kids.. I'm still staring at Johannes, unable to face Andre and Amanda as I come up to the next part of my story.

"I was there for two years. They kept me sane. And through them, I met my new parents. Mary and William Standish. They were volunteers, and over the two years that I spent time there, I got to know them. I grew to love them, and lucky for me, the

feeling was mutual. They'd already been through the process to get registered as foster carers and they then applied to be my guardians.

“Living with them was like being in heaven. It wasn't perfect, we had our fights, but never, not for a second, did I ever feel unloved or unwanted.”

I wipe at a tear running down my cheek and when I blink, Johannes is crouched in front of me. I don't know how that man moved so quickly, but his hand is resting on my knee.

“You can take a break.”

“Johannes—”

Andre tries to say, but Johannes looks back at him, and Andre merely lifts an eyebrow and holds up his hands.

When he looks back at me, the tenderness on his face is almost my undoing. I take his hand in mine and pat the settee next to me.

“It's fine, big guy, I can carry on. It's almost done, anyway,”

I say, looking at him before turning my gaze toward the two people in front of me. Andre is frowning and Amanda is staring at Johannes with an odd look. Opting to stare at my hands instead, I carry on with the last part.

“They died a few years ago. They were old when they took me in, and even though I didn't know it at the time, Dad was sick. He went first. It was hard to watch, but not as hard as watching Mum go after him.”

The tears are flowing freely now, Johannes's hand in mine is keeping me grounded.

“The doctors said she was suffering from heart failure long before he got sick. I think she died of a broken heart.”

“What did they do, honey? If they weren’t volunteering?”

Amanda asks, but before I can answer Andre speaks up.

“William Standish, you said? Of Standish Industries?”

“Uh, yeah,”

I respond.

“Why the fuck are you stealing to fund your charity, then? I’m sure they left you with a fortune.”

I shrug, now able to look at them again. I wipe at my face and Johannes' hands me an honest-to-goodness cotton hankey. I smile at him before cleaning up.

“It’s in a trust until I turn thirty. My adoptive uncle is managing it.”

“That makes no sense. Even the most basic of trust funds ensures enough to get by, at the very least. That said, I don’t believe William Standish would leave his daughter with the bare minimum.”

“I dunno what to tell you, Andre. I get a stipend paid into my bank account every month. The rent on my flat is paid for by the trust, and I use my allowance to buy food. The little that’s left over I push into the Haven. It’s not even close to enough, so a few months ago, I started using my old skills. I have a friend who sends me targets to hit, people they know to be greedy and bad. Until you, of course. I heard about your stash at a charity event. I couldn’t pass up the chance to get my hands on it.”

The cheeky grin on my face now is matched with Amanda's. If I get through this a free woman, I'm definitely keeping her.

"I wouldn't have, either. And I wish I had your guts,"

she says to me before looking at her husband.

"Oh, honey! We just have to help her. We need to give those babies an amazing Christmas, and we need to get that place funded properly."

"Yes, Dollface. Johannes has a plan for that. We have our own list of assholes, and with some training from Johannes and Cameron, she'll be able to get in and out, no problem."

Then he looks to me before carrying on.

"And whatever you manage to steal, I'll match pound for pound."

I'm speechless. Luckily, Amanda has plenty to say.

"And we'll throw them an amazing Christmas party, all on us. The whole hog, with filled stockings, presents under a tree, and a dinner they'll never forget! It's gonna be amazing!"

And all I can think about is how amazing it would be if my parents could be here for this, and the feel of the large hand holding mine, very tightly.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

We spend a few hours talking about training logistics. Johannes will work on my physical training, while Cameron will focus on the security. After we're done discussing that, Amanda and I start on the plans for the Christmas dinner.

And by dinner, I mean extravaganza bonanza. Once Amanda sinks her teeth into something, she doesn't let go. What was going to be a dinner with a present for each of the kids soon turns into a whole afternoon filled with games, rows and rows of trees covered in decorations, and towers of presents. Somewhere during our discussion, both Andre and Johannes get up to go 'deal with business'. Amanda barely blinks when Andre tells her this, merely lifting her head for a kiss.

Much later Amanda leaves for an appointment after giving me strict instructions to come up with a list of gifts for the kids. I send a text to the director of Rainbow Haven to get started on it. Minnie might be small, cute and leaves you thinking of the cartoon mouse when you see her, but she's insanely fierce. She's the only one I know that fights harder for the kids than I do.

The only response I get from her is a promise to grill me for more details when I show up for work tomorrow.

I have never dreaded a Monday so much in my life.

Putting my phone away, I switch my thoughts to hunting down more delicious croissants from the cook. I'm about to make my way to the kitchen when a throat clears by the door. Cameron is leaning against the doorjamb with a hand shoved into

the pocket of his slacks.

“What has you frowning at your phone, Kitty Cat?”

“What’s with all the cutesy nicknames?”

He lifts a solitary eyebrow and straightens up. Slow steps bring him closer to me and I swallow down the sudden onset of nerves.

“How about instead of trying to snap at the hand that’s saving your arse, you respond to my question instead?”

“Ugh. Infuriating man!”

I say as I stomp a foot down on the floor. I’m not even sure why the heck I’m so annoyed at him right now, but I don’t feel like being reasonable and sensible, so I’m going with it.

“Why should I answer your question, Cameron? What’s it got to do with you?”

“Okay then, Kitty Cat, if that’s the way you wanna play it...”

He pauses and moves even closer to me. He’s just a couple of steps away from me now, and if he reached out he could probably grab hold of me. My heartbeat increases and I have to focus on controlling my breathing.

Another step, followed by one more, and he’s in my personal space. He leans down and whispers in my ear.

“Anything that has to do with you is now my business.”



He stops and places a soft kiss on my neck and I know I should pull away, punch him, or stamp on his bloody toes, but I can't move. I can't think or even focus long enough to come up with a response.

“The second you fell asleep in my arms this morning, it became my business. You can fight it all you want, Kitty Cat, but that only makes me enjoy it more.”

This time when he pauses, he softly nibbles on my earlobe, eliciting a shiver.

I take a deep breath, hoping to get a handle on my raging hormones and the sudden need to be filled by him. All it does is overwhelm my senses with his strong, masculine scent, intoxicating me even more.

Up to this point, other than his lips and teeth touching my neck and earlobe, he's kept his hands to himself. His body is hovering mere whispers away from mine, and all I need to do to be in his embrace is relax.

“Are you gonna tell me what had you frowning, Kitty?”

His husky voice sends more shivers down my spine.

I decide to just give in to the temptation and lean into his solid frame. The second I do, his arms wrap around my body, lending me strength. The relief of having someone else holding me up for a change is so immense that the words bubble out of me.

“My boss. She doesn't know what I've been doing to help keep the lights on. Now I need to try and explain to her where all this extra money is coming from, and I don't have the foggiest idea of how to start that conversation.”

He pulls away slightly and lifts my chin. The pads of his fingers trace down my

jawline, then my lips before he bends down to give me a soft, solitary kiss.

“Why don’t you let me handle that?”

Lost in the feel of his lips on mine, I can’t do anything but nod. His answering smile is blinding in its brilliance.

“Such a good girl.”

Well heck. Now I’m a wet girl too.

Cameron walks me to the gatehouse, giving me another chaste kiss before slipping away into the early evening dusk. And the moment I step into the cute Christmas-covered cottage, it feels like an ice-bucket has been dropped all over me.

What on earth is wrong with me? I feel like a yo-yo that’s being tossed around. One minute I’m being fed and cradled by a gentle giant, and the next I’m being rocked to sleep by a charming knight. And not only am I letting them in, allowing them to break down the walls that have been sheltering my heart since Momma and Dad passed away, but I’m very obviously playing with both of them, as well. Leading them on. Without a bloody care.

The warmth from the fire reaches me, even here at the front door, but my heart feels very cold. How on earth am I going to work with both of these men, not fall in love with them, and manage to not hurt them in the process?

I do know one thing, however: I don’t have the brain power to deal with it at the moment. That means there’s only one thing left to do. I head straight for my bedroom without a thought to see if Johannes is even at home. When I reach for my hidden stash, I’m already starting to sink lower into my Little space.

When I'm dressed in my onesie with my paci firmly in place, I set about making a nest. All the pillows and blankets are piled on the floor and in no time, I've made a comfy little hidey-hole. Last, but certainly not least, I grab a couple of the books from the shelf and settle in on my tummy, happily sucking away at my paci, slowly paging through the colorful books.

I'm pulled from my fantasy world of singing mermaids and a princess with locks of golden hair when there's a soft knock at my door.

"Little Mouse? You in here?"

At the sound of the giant's voice, joy bubbles up inside me, my Little headspace only focusing on the happiness of seeing one of the men that has made all the butterflies fly free in my tummy.

My head pops up from behind the bed and the bemused look on his face only serves to increase my excitement.

"What are you doing back there?"

"Reading!"

is my excited response.

"And what are you reading, little one?"

He takes a slow step into the bedroom, and when I don't ask him to stop, he moves in further, walking around the bed to inspect my blanket fort. Before I can answer his question about my reading material, though, he asks another one.

"Oh my, who taught you how to make a great fort like this?"

“You like it?” I ask.

“It’s brilliant!”

His response is exactly what I need to give me that last boost of confidence.

“Will you come read me a story?”

He hesitates slightly before nodding and kicking off his shoes. Gently, he climbs into the nest I’d created and settles next to me. I hand him the book I was busy with and show him where I’d gotten to. When his gentle rumble fills the room, I can’t stop myself from crawling closer to him. I lay my head on his lap and look up at the cutest giant in the whole world as he tells me fairy tales.

Tomorrow I might let the worries back in, but right now all I want to do is listen to my giant and pretend that he’s my Daddy.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

I'm no stranger to waking up early, or doing what needs to be done. But being woken up at the butt crack of dawn to do cardio with Johannes is not my idea of fun.

Apparently, it's important for me to be as fit as I can be, should the need to run arise. Also, it seems to be a requirement to have me huffing and puffing for breath before I've had any kind of caffeine or chocolate to help wake me up.

"Johannes, please. No one said I have to be fit as a fiddle on day one. Gimme a break, will ya?"

"Tell me, Little Mouse,"

he says before stopping to pass me a bottle of ice cold water.

"When exactly do you need all of this money by?"

I take a huge sip of the water, scratching my head before answering.

"Uhm, so... considering the money I got from the necklace, which I've already mailed so I can't get back, the Haven should be good for a couple of months, especially since Andre and Amanda are paying for the party."

The words tumble out of my mouth, the nerves at possibly upsetting him or Andre not allowing me to take a pause for breath. During our sit-down the previous day I'd successfully avoided the conversation about what happened to the stuff I took.

“Little Mouse, I knew this already. You can relax. I was just checking how much time we have,”

he says in response, taking a step closer to me.

“What about Andre?”

Johannes’s hand reaches up and pulls my lip from my teeth.

“I told him, little one. And I got the gems back from your associate. He knows Andre. You’re okay. I think, mostly, you’ve impressed the boss. And not a lot of people can say that.”

His tall presence surrounds me and I have to strain my neck to look up at him. I wipe my clammy hands against my thighs before grabbing hold of his forearms and standing on my tiptoes, bringing my face closer to his.

“Yeah? And you? Are you impressed?”

“Little Mouse, I’m enthralled,”

he says before lowering his lips down on mine. My grip on his arms tightens, but before I can give in to the kiss, he pulls away.

“You are enticing, enraging, and absolutely enchanting.”

He kisses me again, this time harder, his tongue seeking entrance to my mouth. When I open up for him, he delves in, tasting, taking.

Too soon, he pulls back again before rocking my world even more.

“Did you know, before you, I’d never even considered an ageplay relationship?”

“And now?”

“Now, it’s the only thing I can think about. I know I’m all wrong for you. Too big, too gruff, and way too inexperienced. But no matter how often I tell myself that, I can’t get you out of my head. Jy’s perfek vir my.”

“Hmmm, that sounds beautiful, what did you say?”

I ask as I wrap my arms around his waist. When I rest my head against his chest, I listen to his heartbeat and feel the rumble of his chest as he answers.

“You’re my perfect match.”

Johannes

I could kick my own fucking ass for saying all of that. After curling up with her in her fort last night, I’d just about made up my mind about stepping back and leaving her to Cameron. There is no way I know where to start being the Daddy she needs. But the second she turned nervous and insecure and her rambling started up, every ounce of my resolve crumbled.

The fact is, though, that Cameron will make the perfect Daddy. And as much as I’d like to keep this perfect woman to myself, that wouldn’t be fair to her, or him.

“Did you know my Ouma used to say that no one only has one perfect match?”

I ask, tightening my arms around her when she tries to pull away. I rest my chin on her head, breathing in her strawberry-scented shampoo.

“I think that maybe Cameron is your other match.”

Her small frame relaxes in my arms at my words and I rub soothing circles on her back as she hugs me tighter.

Her voice is muffled as she responds with her face still stuffed against my chest.

“You really shouldn’t get any more perfect. It’s no good for your reputation as a bad guy.”

My laugh rumbles from me and is soon joined by her tinkling giggle.

“Okay, you’ve rested long enough now. Time to get back to work,”

I say as I take a step back.

She responds with the most adorable growl that matches the frown on her face.

“Never mind. Not perfect at all. Your reputation is safe.”

The next thirty minutes is spent doing a few more sprints before taking her back to the main house. I’d rather have made her breakfast myself, but the hours are passing by and I promised Cameron I’d drop her off at his so he could have his own training with her. He’d already spent way too much time on the property, risking exposure.

After a breakfast of some more of the dragon croissants she seems to love so much along with fruit salad, I get her back to the gatehouse so we can both get cleaned up. And I can get some fucking stress relief.

Ever since the kisses we shared, my bloody cock has been hard as a rock and begging for attention. With the water of the shower running down my body, I palm my dick,



picturing that delicious mouth wrapped around the head. She'd be dressed in nothing but a cute pair of panties, her hair tied in pigtails so I can grab them and hold her still as I fuck her throat.

This is the reason I'm still not sure about being a Daddy Dom. I don't know how to feel about the fact that I want to fuck someone who will call me Daddy. But just the thought of her on her knees in front of me saying that one taboo word has precum leaking from my slit.

Roughly jerking at my erection, I close my eyes and lose myself to thoughts of her. Until I hear it. Soft moans of pleasure coming through the wall. My Little Mouse is pleasuring herself, maybe even to thoughts of me. Her moaning increases in volume and fervency and I find myself increasing my speed.

Her soft moans turn into louder groans with muffled words being cried out. My balls tighten and I'm close to letting go when I hear it.

Zanya reaches her own climax. And when she does, she cries out loudly.

“Yes, Daddy!”

The words pull me over the cliff with her.

For long minutes after, I stand under the spray of the shower, letting the evidence of my orgasm wash down the drain, wishing she really was here with me so she could drink it all up instead.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

After my solo time in the shower I'm ready to face whatever torture Cameron has planned for me. The drive to his place is quiet, both Johannes and I opting to keep our thoughts to ourselves. Every so often, I notice him looking over at me, and each time I can't help my smile.

Johannes heads into North Finchley, the rows upon rows of well-kept houses don't surprise me. It's exactly the kind of place I'd imagine the put-together Cameron staying.

"Okay, Little Mouse. I'm fairly certain I don't have a tail but I can't risk driving up to Cameron's house, so he's meeting you at the coffee shop over there,"

he says as he pulls up to the curb. He's looking a little nervous again and it takes me a second to realize what the problem might be.

"Uh, big guy?"

I ask, waiting for him to look at me.

"Can I have a kiss?"

The face behind the beard reddens again and he leans closer to me, offering me his mouth. My lips touch his, and the hair of his beard tickles my face. I sigh and lean into the kiss.

With my heart racing all over again, I hop out of the car, and with a wave, head into the cute coffee shop. It takes me only a few seconds to spot Cameron and the moment he sees me, he gets up and walks toward me with a cup in each hand.

“Johannes said you like hot chocolate,”

he says, offering me one cup. I eagerly grab it before taking a hearty sip. It’s the perfect combination of chocolate, cream, and melted marshmallowy goodness.

“Hmmm, thank you!”

“My house is just a few streets away. You warm enough to walk?”

I respond with a nod, and thanks to the hot chocolate I’m halfway to Little headspace, so I grab his hand and pull him out of the shop.

“Lead the way!”

He chuckles as he does just that. We stroll down the street, drinking our beverages and swinging our intertwined hands between us. The entire way he entertains me with stories of growing up in Andre’s world. Andre himself was very young when he took in Cameron’s mum, but he’d always made time for the younger boy, which quite clearly led to the hero worship I hear in Cameron’s voice.

“I know he’s a criminal and what I’m doing isn’t legal, but he has really strict rules. And as he says, someone has to keep the underbelly of London under control.”

I admire his resolve and confidence, and even though I don’t understand completely, he’s not wrong. The police can’t keep a handle on crime no matter how hard they try. Having someone, well... police them from the inside... is probably the best solution.

“What are we gonna do today?”

I ask when there is a lull in conversation.

“I’m gonna talk you through some rudimentary hacking of security systems, and we’ll start running through the guys Mr. Parker has earmarked for you to hit.”

“A snooze fest, then?”

I snark, and giggle when he growls and starts tickling me in retribution.

“Oh, you little minx! I’m gonna teach you to tease me!”

My laughter rings out as I pull away and start running down the pavement. The people around us smile as he catches me and throws me over his shoulder.

“I’ll show you a snooze fest, Kitty Cat.”

His arm is wrapped around the back of my thighs, keeping me in place as I squeal in protest. Before I can start struggling in earnest, he jogs up a couple of steps. When he opens the door, he puts me down gently before indicating I should precede him into the house.

This place is remarkably less decorated for the season, but there is a token plastic tree in the corner opposite the fireplace. It has a few sparse decorations on it, and it makes my heart sad that Cameron doesn’t have the same love for Christmas as my other... oh shucks, I was just gonna say boyfriend, wasn’t I?

“Kitty Cat, you’re doing it again. What’s that frown about?”

“Where are your Christmas decorations?”

Realization lights up his face as he smiles at me.

“I don’t spend Christmas here, precious. If I’m not on a shift, I normally try to sneak in the day before Christmas Eve and stay there with Mum for the duration.”

His explanation makes sense, but he needs to liven up the place. I make a mental note to ask Johannes if he has any spare decorations that I can use here.

“We have some work to do, Kitty Cat, but before we do that, would you like a snack?”

“Nope,”

I say, popping the ‘p’.

“I ate some of your mum’s dragon croissants before coming here.”

“Ah, perfect Little food, hey?”

I nod in response, smiling at him. He takes my hand and leads me into the kitchen where he has a laptop set up. I spend the next few hours proving I know how to break into basic security systems.

Cameron

Having Zanya in my house at my kitchen table is a lesson in restraint. Her long, dark hair flows down her back and her cute button nose is begging me to kiss it. She has this adorable little crinkle forming between her brows as she works on the steps to disable an alarm pad. I have a simulation set up on my laptop. Other than joining the police to serve Andre, I’ve always had a fascination with anything electronic, and at a young age set about learning everything I possibly could.

I'm not surprised to find that Zanya has no trouble with the tests I've set up for her. She's already proven that she's decent at what she does. But I need to get an idea of her abilities. And to her credit, not once does she get annoyed at doing things she already knows how to do.

"Well done, Kitty Cat!"

I praise her when she completes the last test I set up for her today.

"I think you deserve a reward."

She sits up straight in her chair, her face alight at the promise of said reward.

"Tell me, little one. Do you think you'd like to play for the rest of the morning while I make you lunch?"

She nods at my question and I laugh, gently lifting her face with a finger under her chin.

After kissing the tip of her nose, I head to the cupboard where I'd hidden my surprise.

I don't yet know what age her Little is, but I've yet to meet one that doesn't like coloring.

I grab the box of crayons and the jumbo-sized coloring book and bring them to the table.

Zanya has shut down the laptop and is eagerly waiting to see what I bring.

When her eyes land on my loot she starts hopping up and down in her chair, her hands eagerly reaching to me.

“I take it you like your surprise then?”

“Oh yes! The only thing that could have made it better is a binkie.”

Her face reddens with the most beautiful blush at her words. I make a mental note to discuss this with her some more later before handing her the book and crayons.

“How about instead of that, you color a picture for my fridge?”

Her smile grows shy and it warms my heart.

She nods, and once again that cute furrow appears as she pages through the book, looking for the perfect picture to complete.

Once she settles on a bear riding a bicycle, I take my cue and head to the freezer to grab the nuggets I bought for lunch.

Mum would probably have a heart attack at the processed meat, but once again, it’s a tried and true love of every single Little I’ve ever known.

After adding some mixed veggies to a steamer and popping the nuggets—along with my own pre-made steak and kidney pie—into the oven I sit down with my girl and watch her.

Johannes had texted me after their morning workout to warn me that he’d talked to her about being shared.

I know she still needs to hear from me that I’m okay with it, too.

But I don’t want to interrupt her while she’s so obviously enjoying herself.

The oven's buzzer goes off, so I get up and dish up our lunch.

Zanya grumbles when I tell her to pack up, but with the promise that she'll be able to continue her picture after lunch she moves everything aside and digs in.

"Daddy?"

My heart skips a beat at that one word and I have to push myself to remain calm before answering.

"Yes, Kitty Cat?"

"Daddy Jo said that he thinks you're both my perfect match."

"Uh-huh. And how do you feel about that, pretty girl?"

She's looking at her nuggets, pushing them around with her fingers instead of looking at me. I want to force her eyes up, but decide against it, waiting to see what she does or says next.

"Like I'm a bratty girl that wants too much."

Her being down on herself, though, is not something I can take.

"Zanya Standish!"

At my bark, she looks at me, her eyes large.

"Don't you dare talk about yourself like that. We're both grown men who know our own minds. If we weren't interested in doing something like that, you and I wouldn't even be having this conversation."



Her lower lip wobbles and I can see the waterworks building up. I know my voice was harsh, but it's important that she knows I'm serious.

“Now answer my question. How do you feel about having two Daddies?”

“Spoilt,”

she sobs before carrying on.

“and very happy.”

I finally give in to the urge and open my arms, inviting her into my embrace. She quickly hops off her chair and dives onto my lap. With her face buried in the hollow of my neck, I give her a cuddle.

“You should get used to being spoilt, Kitty Cat. I have a feeling that Daddy Jo is going to be wrapped around your little finger.”

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Cameron

The rest of the afternoon with Zanya goes beautifully.

After her bout of tears and my confirmation that both Johannes and I really are okay with having her as our Little, she shook off her worries and we enjoyed a day curled up on my sofa watching cartoons.

I peppered her with questions about her interests and the things she likes to do when not in Little space.

At first, she was shy to share with me, but the more we got into it, the easier it was.

When it started going dark outside, I wrapped her up in her outerwear and escorted her back to the coffee shop, where I handed her off to Johannes.

And nothing has ever hurt me more.

This was not going to work for me.

Not the sharing, but only being able to see her on the sly.

Andre has other informants on the force, so I guess I'm going to have to have a conversation with him sooner rather than later.

Zanya sends me a text with a bunch of emojis I have no clue how to decipher, but not a minute later I get another one from Johannes saying they're at home.

Putting my beer down on the coffee table, I decide to just get it over with.

“Cameron, I was expecting a call from you.”

Andre’s smooth voice greets me through the phone.

“Mr. Parker, I have a few things I’d like to discuss with you.”

“Yes. I figured. I’ve already got a replacement earmarked. But before you leave, I need you to do something for me. Well...”

he pauses and clears his throat before continuing.

“I suppose it’s more for you.”

I don’t know why I’m surprised he knows why I called. He didn’t get where he is because he’s an idiot. I’m also slightly relieved I won’t have to convince him to let me quit.

“Yes, sir?”

“I don’t trust Zanya’s uncle. I know you have a list of people to hit ready for her, and I don’t expect her to break into her uncle’s house, but I think we need to do some digging on him nonetheless. Something there isn’t right.”

“I agree. I already have some feelers out with a couple of contacts.”

I was suspicious of her uncle the second Johannes told me he’s holding her money hostage.

“Perfect. The second you have what we need you can come back to work directly for

me. I have a feeling that you and Johannes will have your hands full keeping that girl of yours out of trouble.”

“Don’t I know it, sir.”

His deep laugh reaches my ears before he cuts the call. With a lighter heart I dial Zanya’s number, eager to see her face again, even if it’s only been a short while.

Two rosy cheeks and eyes filled with joy greet me with a charming.

“Daddy Cam! You wouldn’t believe what I’m going to do tonight!”

Zanya

I’m still grinning after I get off the phone with one of my new Daddies. I’m still feeling slightly unsure about the situation, mostly because I don’t know how the two of them will do together, but for now I’m playing ostrich and enjoying it.

“Good chat, Little Mouse?”

Daddy Jo asks from my bedroom door.

“Uh-huh. Daddy Cam is gonna quit and come live with us!”

A range of emotions fly across his face and I can’t quite decipher all of them, but something looks a little sad, so I hop up from my bed and run into my giant’s arms. Without a thought, he catches me, lifting me up so my legs wrap around his hips.

“Daddy Jo? You don’t want him to come live with us?”

At my question he clears his throat and his hands squeeze my bum where he’s

holding me.

“Pragtig, that’s the first time you’ve called me that,”

he replies, his voice gruff.

“No, it’s not.”

I shake my head in denial.

But I realize every time I’ve thought of him as such in the last two days it’s been in my head.

And then there was the shower this morning, but he doesn’t know about that.

Before I can argue with him about it, I decide distraction might be the best way to go.

“What does that word mean? The one you just called me?”

“Pragtig?”

I nod and he smiles sheepishly.

“Pretty, precious, beautiful. All things that you are. But, Little Mouse, are you sure? About calling me Daddy? Don’t you think it’s too soon?”

I shake my head vehemently.

“Mama met Dad when they were in their forties. Both of them had been mostly single their entire adult lives. When they met, they fell in love instantly. They were engaged within a month.”

I smile as I remember Mama telling me their story every single time I asked her to.

“Mama always said when you know, you know.”

His answering smile warms my heart.

“Is that so, Little Mouse?”

I nod in answer, my head bobbing up and down with exaggerated motions.

“Even if I’ve never been a Daddy Dom before and will more than likely fuck it up?”

I gasp in mock shock and place both my hands over his mouth.

“Bad Daddy! That’s a very naughty word,”

I say with a giggle.

He responds by licking my hands, and I squeal as I pull them away.

“Little Mouse, it’s definitely a bad word, and if a mouse were to say that word, she’d have to get a spanking to teach her a lesson, but I’m pretty sure it’s okay for Daddies to say,”

he replies, the smile evident in his voice, even if his face is pulled into a frown.

“Now, tell me. What other plans did you cook up with your other Daddy?”

he asks as he carries me down the hallway to the kitchen. He places me down on the table and lifts an eyebrow when I don’t immediately respond to his question.

“Uhm, I might have maybe seen something I really wanna do...”

I smile at him, batting my eyelashes, hoping he'll agree.

“Ja?”

“Can I braid your beard?”

Johannes

“Come out, come out, wherever you are!”

Little Mouse’s voice rings through the house. If Andre could see me now, he’d probably fire me on the spot. But she looked at me with those big doe-like eyes, and I couldn’t say no. Even Amanda gave in after she lost Zanya’s attention for the third time during their party planning session.

And now the two of us are playing hide-and-seek with my Little Mouse, her laughter bouncing around the hallways as she peeks around corners and shouts “boo”

whenever she peeks into rooms.

Okay, so I’m watching the cameras. It’s not strictly cheating because I’m the one that’s hiding, and she’s so bloody adorable when she gets like this.

Zanya snuck into a bathroom on the second floor, and I’ve been standing behind the curtain in one of the guest bedrooms. I know there is no way she can miss me if she walks into the bedroom, but I’m also aware that she’ll get a kick out of my hiding spot so I’m sticking with it.

I watch as she nears the door to the room I’m hiding in and quickly close up the app on my phone that lets me monitor the security footage. The creak of hinges breaks the silence, and the sweet, sweet sound of giggles reaches my ears. Her soft footsteps make their way to my hiding spot.



“Boo!”

she exclaims as she pulls the curtain away from me.

“I found you, Daddy!”

When I lunge for her and start tickling her she tries to run away, but I keep hold of her waist, pulling her flush against my body.

“You might have found me, Little Mouse, but now I’ve got you.”

“No! Daddy! Lemme go! I has to find Manda!”

she gasps out between broken breaths.

I lift her up, her feet dangling in the air so I can whisper in her ear.

“I can tell you where she is and then you and I can go home and watch some movies instead.”

She instantly stills in my arms, the struggle over now that I have her attention.

“That’s cheating, Daddy.”

She pauses before pulling her head away so she can look me in the eye.

“I like your style.”

I place her down on the carpet and lead the way to the bathroom where ‘Manda is hiding, and within five minutes we’re headed back to my cottage with a plate full of cookies that my Little Mouse just ”

could not live without”.

“What you wanna watch, Little Mouse?”

I ask as I stoke the fire to life. Zanya is already curled up on the couch with a fluffy blanket that Cameron had sent over along with a bloody teddy bear. The man has game.

I have more.

I already have an order in for a new bed—one of the princess kinds with curtains and shit. It’s probably premature, because we haven’t discussed how long she’ll be here for her training or if and when she’ll go back to her place, but I figure even if she does, she’ll still be coming by, so it won’t be a waste.

“What’s your favourite Christmas movie, Daddy?”

She’s the picture of adorable innocence. Her hair is delightfully mussed by our tickle fight earlier, and her cheeks are still flush from when I chased her down the pathway to my cottage. And here she is, asking me what Christmas movie I want to watch, and all I can think about is having her wrapped around my cock.

I’m going to hell.

“Daddy?”

I’m pulled from my devilish fantasies by her calling me, and I want to kiss the frown from her face.

“Sorry, precious. Uhm, my favourite Christmas movie...”

I pause, making a show of thinking about it.

“is definitely The Grinch.”

Her entire body lights up with joy, she immediately sits up straight and looks at me with a huge smile on her face.

“Really? It’s mine too! The ol’ grumpy green grinch who learns to love Christmas always makes me happy.”

“That’s settled then, Little Mouse. Now tell me, does my little girl want some milk with all those cookies or will that ruin your sugar high?”

“Chocolate milk!”

I laugh as I head to the kitchen, shaking my head at her antics. Pouring some milk into her sippy cup, I hand it to her, along with her phone.

“Before we start the movie, you need to give Cam a call to say goodnight, in case you fall asleep on me again.”

Zanya grabs both the milk and the phone, and pulls a face as she sips at the plain milk before dialing Cameron’s number.

I queue up the movie and listen to her adorable voice as she tells him about our game and the day we had, and they make plans for me to drop her at the coffee shop again tomorrow. From listening to her half of the conversation, he’s planning on taking her shopping for Christmas gifts.

When she’s done, she hands me back the phone before curling up into my arms with the instructions to get the show on the road.

And because I'm a sucker for this girl, I do exactly as she asks.

Zanya

Oh my goodness.

What has a girl got to do to get a little action around here?

Somewhere between the big green monster causing havoc in the little town and his heart beating again, I'd moved from my Little headspace firmly into big girl mode. But Johannes obviously hasn't noticed.

My finger is tracing patterns on his thigh, softly stroking closer and closer to the ever growing bulge in his pants, and all he's done is place a soft kiss on my head and stroke my hair.

It's becoming increasingly clear I'm gonna have to make the first move here. My problem is that I'm not normally a very forward person when it comes to sex, so I'm really hoping that once I get the ball rolling, he'll go with it and take over.

Sucking up my nerves with the fervent hope that he won't reject my advances, I run my hand over his erection. His entire body pulls tight and his hand around my shoulders pulls me closer to his side.

"Little Mouse..."

His voice is a low growl that sends shivers down my spine. I can feel the ache deep inside me, begging to be filled with the rock hard cock I can feel under my hand.

"Yes, big guy?"

“You’re playing with fire there. Are you sure you wanna get burnt?”

In answer, I look up at him and give him a solitary nod before sliding off the couch and crouching between his legs.

“Precious girl, we haven’t talked about safe words or limits yet.”

There is a cute frown on his face and I smile at him before answering.

“Green for go, yellow for slow down, and red for stop. Hard limits are anything that will draw blood or involves bodily fluids that aren’t sexual. Soft limits are any kind of impact play that cause bruising or marks. You?”

“You’re rushing things, little one.”

His response has my heart sinking. Does he not want this, too?

He must read something in my expression because he rushes to add.

“I want it too, baby, but I want to make sure it’s good for you.”

“So? I’ve given you a brief rundown of what I don’t like. If you do anything that doesn’t work for me, I’ll use my safewords.”

“You sure?”

I nod in answer before asking him again.

“Now, what about you, Daddy? What are your limits?”

“I’m pretty much on par with you,”

he says, rubbing his hands through his hair before a smile splits his face.

“but my punishment? It runs more towards the fun side than the pain-induced side. If you’d like a sexual spanking I can help you out, but I’m definitely more of a Service Top.”

His words excite me. It also makes a heck of a lot of sense.

“I can deal with that.”

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Johannes

She's stunning.

Kneeling there in front of me, waiting for me to make the next move.

I get up from the couch and take her hand in mine, leading her to the bedroom.

Once she's standing in front of my bed I take my time undressing her.

With slow, torturous movements, I lift her pink polka-dot shirt over her head, revealing her pert breasts to the chilly air.

Her nipples are beautifully pebbled, begging for attention, and I'm quick to give in.

Bending over, I take one in my mouth, sucking on it until she's mewling with pleasure.

My hands move to her skirt and tights and push them down her hips as I move to her other breast.

I sink down to my knees so I can pull her clothes down all the way.

Holding onto my shoulders, she steps out of them.

Once she's free of her clothing, her naked cunt is right in front of my face.

I take a deep breath before lifting one leg over my shoulder, giving me easier access to the honey pot I've been dreaming of tasting for days now.

Her hands grab hold of my head, her fingers digging into my hair as I lick from the bottom of her slit to her clit, circling the little nub with my tongue.

Her breathless moans are music to my ears and I savor the taste of her arousal in my mouth.

I delve my tongue into her depths, fucking her with slow strokes.

It doesn't take much before she's coming on my face and I wrap my arms around her middle.

I stand up from the floor, her pussy still in my face and take slow steps to the bed, where I gently lay her down.

I move back and take a moment to admire her naked form.

She's got curves in all the right places, and her small breasts are just the perfect mouthful.

She's so petite I'm halfway terrified of breaking her, but I'm tired of fighting my need for her.

Moving to the side of the bed, I catch her following every step I take.

"I don't ever bring play partners home, Little Mouse, so I don't have any of the toys I'd like to use on you here, but I'll make do with a couple of ties, and then the two of us can do some online shopping tomorrow."



In answer, she bites her lips and nods.

I take it as consent that she's good with me binding her hands, so I grab two of the ties Andre makes me wear to his formal functions and attach both her wrists to my headboard. The whole time I pause in my ministrations to torture her breasts with little nibbles and licks.

Once I'm satisfied that her hands are secure but won't have the circulation cut off, I start taking off my own clothes. The way her eyes travel down my body, obviously taking in each scar, each tattoo, as my skin becomes exposed makes me feel seen, sexy. For once, I have no worries that my partner is scared of me. It's a heady feeling and I love it.

"Precious girl, I've been dreaming of sinking into your wet heaven since you broke into this bloody place. I'll take my time tomorrow. But tonight?"

I pause, waiting, ensuring I have all of her attention on me and not the very hard, naked cock I have in my hand. When she meets my gaze again, I continue.

"Tonight I'm going to fuck that pretty little pussy until you can't walk straight for the rest of the week."

And the cheeky little minx answers.

"Yes please, Daddy".

Zanya

That man is hung. Like a horse.

It's gonna hurt in the best way possible. He moves to the end of the bed and slowly

crawls until he's bent over my body. The crown of that delicious looking cock pokes at my entrance. But he doesn't push in. Instead his hand moves to my clit and does the most divine little flicks at my nub, making my body arch off the bed.

"Gotta make sure you're nice and loose for me, Little Mouse. I wanna sink into that cunt so bad, but I'm not gonna hurt you, baby."

He still has the evidence of my arousal on his beard, my juices sitting there plain as daylight, but yet he continues to push me closer and closer to another orgasm. Zings of pleasure rush through my body and as my release washes over me again, he pushes into me with that huge dick.

He draws a moan of pain-filled pleasure from me. I'm so impossibly full, yet somehow not full enough. I want... no... need more. And I beg him for it.

"Daddy, please. Don't stop now. More. Gimme more, please."

Finally his lips meet mine and my mouth opens for him, granting him access. I can taste myself and it only heightens my need.

As he fucks my mouth with his tongue, he spears me with his cock, owning every single inch of my body.

The feeling of being filled by this giant is beyond anything I could ever have imagined. It's absolutely perfect, and the only thing that could make it even more so would be doing this with Cameron, too.

But we'll have our time. Hopefully tomorrow after shopping and training.

My hands pull at their bindings, wanting to hold onto Johannes as he fucks me into the mattress. His large form covers me completely.

A hand sneaks in between our bodies, the gentlest of rubs at my clit pushing me over that edge for a third time. With my pussy tightening around him, I pull him with me.

He groans into my neck, the rough scratching of his beard just the sting I need to remind me that this isn't a dream. This is my life now.

Cameron

Fucker.

This is not how I wanted today to go. Zanya is playing on the floor in my lounge in front of the crackling fire. She squeed with delight when I unpacked the new puzzles and hasn't come up for air since. But now I have to burst her bubble. I send off a quick text to Johannes, informing him of the news I received. He responds almost instantly with just one word.

Fok.

Not very helpful, but incredibly accurate.

"Kitty Cat,"

I call out to her. Even with the news I have to share with her, there is still a bubble of joy that pops up at the cute smile she sends my way.

"You wanna build a puzzle with me, Daddy?"

she asks before she takes in my expression and her own falls to match my mood.

"What's wrong, Daddy?"

Patting the seat next to me, I invite her up. Without a moment's doubt, she hops up and curls into my arms.

“I have something to tell you, love, but it’s not going to be easy to hear.”

The nerves in me are impossible to settle but I keep it under wraps for my Little girl.

She nods at me, encouraging me to go on with a nudge of her shoulder.

“I’ve been looking into your uncle. Andre and I both had some thoughts about how he’s managing your money.”

She frowns at me and I place a soft kiss on her forehead, smoothing the wrinkles away.

“Kitty Cat, I heard back from my contact.”

I pause, trying to think of the best way to share this with her.

“Whatever it is, Daddy, it’ll be okay,”

she says, her smile timid.

Knowing that my Little is doing her best to make me feel better instead of the other way around is exactly what I need to get it over with.

“I know, love.

Your uncle has been stealing from you.

Your parents really did leave you a trust that will only pay out at thirty, but that isn’t

all they left you.

They left you a large number of shares along with a stipend much larger than the one you've been receiving.

He's been skimming it, marking it as donations to Rainbow Haven and other places like it, but keeping it for himself instead."

The room is quiet.

Zanya's face is carefully blank, but I can read her eyes.

Filled with hurt and sorrow.

I wrap my arms tightly around her, and as I settle her head against my chest, the first sob escapes.

Between deep breaths and a barrage of tears, I listen to her as she tells me how she always knew he didn't like her, but she never doubted he'd look after her the way his brother wanted him to.

Once she's all cried out, I hold her and rock her in my arms.

"How you doing, Kitty Cat?"

She pulls away, her eyes puffy and swollen from her crying spell. The determination in the set of her shoulders tells me she's over the worst of it.

"How do we get it back?"

she asks me, practically crawling onto my lap.

“Oh, you beautiful girl. As we speak, Andre’s best lawyers are working on it. Before the new year, your uncle will be locked up and your trust will be all yours.”

She lights up and smiles at me, and I respond by placing a tender kiss on her mouth. Her lips part, giving me the access I want. Our tongues tangle, and I savour the taste of her mixed with the chocolate cookies she’d snuck over with Johannes.

Grabbing her hand, I pull her so she’s straddling my lap, her core meeting the steel of my erection. The cutest giggle slips from her lips and I pull back to look at her laughing face.

“This is almost exactly how Daddy Jo and I started our sexcapades last night.”

“Oh, yeah?”

I ask, encouraging her to continue.

“Yup, we were cuddling, watching a movie on the couch, and then I convinced him to take the show to the bedroom.”

“Oh, well. I can’t have him show me up now, can I? I think I’ll have to ravish you right here on the couch. Show you and your Daddy Jo how the younger guys do it,”

I tease her.

She smacks me on the chest half-heartedly.

“Oh naughty, naughty girl. Did you just smack your Daddy?”

She shakes her head comically, but the twinkle in her eye tells me she’s with me all the way.

“Nuh, uh. I didn’t do nothing! I’m a good girl.”

“Oh no, Kitty Cat. I think that Daddy will have to teach you a lesson.”

“What kind of lesson, Daddy?”

“I think my little girl needs to have her pretty bottom spanked.”

Zanya gulps, but the way she wiggles on my lap makes it clear she’s just as turned on as I am at the thought of warming her ass.

“I’ll be good, Daddy! I promise!”

“Oh, you will be after I’m done with you, Kitty Cat. Up you get, pretty girl. You’re gonna bend over Daddy’s lap, and I’m gonna warm your ass for you.”

Zanya gets up from my lap and stands in front of me, waiting for my next instruction.

“Kitty Cat, you can stop this whenever you want. You know how these things work.”

I wait for her to acknowledge me with a ‘Yes, Daddy’. When I’m satisfied she’s sure of our scene, I tell her to push down her tights. Her naked pussy, shaved smooth, is a beacon, calling me closer.

Scooting forward, I pat my thighs and wait for her to lay herself down on my lap. My tiny princess has her ass at the perfect angle, and she mewls softly as my right hand strokes her naked cheeks. My fingers glance past her lips, and even so early on in our scene, she’s soaking wet.

“We’re going to start with five to each cheek, Kitty Cat. Daddy is just going to use his hand this time, but next time, we’ll get you your own paddle. Would you like that,

Kitty Cat?” I ask.

She doesn’t answer, just lifts her ass higher to meet my hands.

Her wiggling body grinds against my cock and I’m desperate to get in her. My hand comes down on her ass with just enough pressure to make a satisfying smacking sound. I pepper her spanking over both her round globes. Soon both are a beautiful shade of pink. When the last one lands, I let my fingers travel back to her wet cunt. One finger slips in between her lips and she moans in pleasure as I fill her.

“More, Daddy,”

she begs when I pull my fingers out.

Instead of answering her request, I continue with her funishment. My hand comes down on the soft, tender skin between her ass and thighs. Zanya cries out, both pleasure and pain evident in her voice. When her skin is warm to the touch, I give in to the urge to nudge my fingers back into her pussy.

My girl’s moans and cries have died down to unintelligible words tumbling from her lips and she’s taken to humping my leg like a mindless, horny bunny.

I take mercy on her, pumping first one finger, then two into her wet, hot channel. She fucks herself onto my digits, riding her way to her orgasm.

Once her cries of pleasure die down, I help her stand up before getting up and carrying her to my bedroom. I gently lay her down on the bed, grabbing the lotion and working it into her tender, blushed skin.

She’s on that special plane between asleep and awake, and when I push a strand of hair behind her ear, Zanya opens up a solitary eye. Her transcendent smile brightens



up the room, and when she opens her mouth to ask me her next question, my soul warms.

“Can I stay here tonight, Daddy?”

“Of course, Kitty Cat. I’ll let Daddy Jo know. Close your eyes and have a nap. We’ve still got loads of training to do later tonight.”

“Okay, Daddy, love you.”

Before I can respond, she closes her eyes and lets out the most adorable little snore.

Zanya

I'm absolutely exhausted. This day has been insane. Amanda and I have been shopping for Christmas gifts for the kids. Not only does she want to get every single toy, game, or accessory requested, we have to buy two new outfits as well as underwear, toiletries, and shoes for each child.

An entourage of scary looking men stay within shouting distance the entire day. Every time we leave a shop, one of them will come closer, take our shopping from us and miraculously make it disappear. On more than one occasion I tried to get her to agree to some online shopping, but this is one determined woman.

I'm incredibly thankful for everything she and Andre are doing for the Haven, though, so I'm sucking it up. It's also the last shop—or so she's promised me—meaning the end is in sight.

"I just need to get one more thing. It's a special request,"

she says as she grabs my hand, pulling me to a nondescript storefront with a simple sign over the door saying The Doll House.

Before I can ask what it is, because I'm the one that sent her the damn list, she pulls me into a brightly lit shop. Everywhere I look there are racks and racks of clothes. For Littles. Of all shapes and ages. Cute rompers, button up shirts in every color with matching pleated skirts, not to mention the onesies.

Oh my goodness, the onesies.

Unicorns, teddies, bunnies and puppies. Zebras and elephants, and oh my...

“Is that a mouse onesie? Manda, tell me that’s a mouse onesie.”

My voice is filled with awe as I take a slow step closer to the clothing item in question.

“Oh! Isn’t it just perfect! And we’ll have to get you a kitten one, too. You can’t play favorites with your Daddies, now can you?”

she says as she walks down another aisle and holds up the cutest calico one, with a fluffy hood and a long tail.

“Where did you find this place? I’ve lived in London my entire life and never heard of a place like this.”

“Oh, sweet, sweet girl, Cameron told me about it. Gave me his card and told me to go nuts. Of course, when big scary Johannes heard about it, he couldn’t be left out, so he’s got his own surprise for you.”

She holds her fingers up to her smiling lips.

“But you have to keep it a secret; I wasn’t supposed to say anything.”

I mime zipping my lips before looking back at the contents in the shop.

“I don’t know where to start.”

Without needing any further encouragement from me, Amanda grabs my hand and pulls me along every single clothing rack and shelf. She’s some kind of Jedi shopping master because each time my heart skips a beat or I get excited at the sight of

something, she grabs it and hands it to a shop assistant.

I feel like we've been in the shop for hours when I finally have more bags than the two of us can carry out. On top of all the cute outfits we got, I added some sexy lingerie, the most amazing bedazzled binkie , and five new stuffies for my collection.

Once we're loaded into the SUV with all our shopping added into the car following us, I let out a huge breath before allowing a giggle to slip out.

"Manda? That was the most tiring, yet exciting thing I've done in a long time."

"Oh, honey, if that's true, I'm gonna have to speak to your Daddies. They're definitely doing something wrong."

I feel the blush creep up on my face, but still, I join her in laughter.

When we get home Cameron is waiting in the driveway for me. Before the car even pulls to a complete stop I've got the door open and I'm running to him at full speed.

"Cameron! You're here!"

I jump into his arms, peppering his face with kisses when he picks me up, so I'm straddling his waist.

He swats me on my bottom before looking at me with a scowl.

"Kitty Cat. You never jump out of a moving car."

I look at his chest, some of my joy dimmed at my silly move.

"I'm sorry. I was just so happy to see you so I could thank you for my amazing gift!"

He lifts my face to look at him before smiling down at me.

“I’m glad you’re so excited to see me, love. But you need to be more careful. You’re very important to me. And I’m happy to hear you like your surprise.”

He gives me a kiss on the tip of my nose, letting me know we’re good before carrying on.

“But I have another one for you. Andre is inside the main house with Johannes. I had to beat him at a game of rock-paper-scissors to be the one to meet you outside.”

“Another surprise?”

“Yup, a good one, too. I think you’ll like this one best of all.”

Instead of putting me down and leading me in, he keeps hold of me and heads into the house. When we get to Andre’s office, he places another kiss on my head before gently lowering me to the floor.

Opening the door, he gestures for me to walk in first. And when I do, I stop dead in my tracks, barely two steps in.

There, on a plastic chair, is my uncle Albert. Tied up.

Johannes is standing just behind him, his hand on his shoulder, and Andre is sitting at his desk with a bored expression on his face.

I look to Johannes before questioning.

“What’s this?”

“We finally found all the evidence we needed.”

He clears his throat, steps away from my uncle and holds his arms out to me. Without thinking, I rush into them, accepting the hug I’m in desperate need of. I haven’t really dealt with the feelings of betrayal yet, and being faced with him is a shock.

“You needed for what, Jo?”

“To get you the revenge you want.”

With furrowed brows, I pull out of his arms and look up at him.

“What do you mean?”

Cameron answers.

“You can choose what happens to him, Kitty Cat. You live in our world now. You’re under our protection and part of the family. And in this family, we take care of our own. Part of that is letting you choose what happens to the person that wronged you.”

My heart beat picks up, and not in a nice way. Wiping my suddenly clammy hands on my tights, I look at first Cameron and then Johannes. Finally, I look at the person who will probably always have the final say.

“Do I have to choose now?”

Andre shakes his head before answering.

“Take the time you need. He’ll be kept in a guest room under guard until you’ve figured out what you want. I’ll let Johannes and Cameron take you to the cottage to discuss your options.”

Johannes leads me out of the office and to the front door, but I'm stopped by a concerned looking Amanda. In my excitement at seeing Cameron and rushing into the house, I'd forgotten all about her.

"You okay, honey?"

she asks, pulling me into a brief hug.

I tighten my arms around her and whisper softly.

"I will be".

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

Zanya

Daddy Jo is cute when he's nervous.

His brows are drawn down close to his nose, and he's concentrating hard on what he's doing.

The running water is making all the pink bubbles he let me pour in go all fluffy and white, and I can't wait to get in.

It's a huge tub, big enough for both of us to fit together if we wanted.

When we walked back into the cottage, I'd asked both of them if I could have some time to process before we talked about my options.

They were quick to agree.

Now I'm watching as he swirls around the water with his big, strong hands, and I'm jumping up and down with impatience.

"Little imp, you're going to have to stop that or you'll slip on the bathroom floor. Be a good girl now."

I turn around quickly at Daddy Cam's voice coming from the bathroom door.

"But I have crayons! For the bath!"



He chuckles at my joy, and before he can say anything else I hear Daddy Jo close the taps. A squeal of excitement escapes me as I turn around to face the bath again.

“It’s ready!”

“Cam, mate, just check the temp for me, will ya?”

His nerves are endearing and I rush to his side to give him a cuddle.

“I’m sure it’s perfect, Daddy. Can I get in the bath now, pretty please?”

He squeezes me back and then pulls away, looking me right in the eyes for once, due to his seat on the bath’s edge.

“Okay, Little Mouse, time to get undressed.”

His smile is soft and sweet, and the silly line between his eyebrows is gone, so I respond with my own grin. I lift my arms up above my head so he can pull my shirt up. When his hands reach for it, Daddy Cam speaks up again.

“Looks like things here are under control. I’ll leave you to it. Don’t take too long; our girl needs to show us all her new outfits.”

“Yes, Daddy!”

When he leaves the bathroom, my focus returns to the big softy in front of me. He paused in getting me undressed when Daddy Cam left the bathroom, and when I raise my eyebrow at him, he chuckles softly before pulling my shirt up over my head. He quickly gets rid of my skirt, striped tights, and panties before standing up. And without a moment’s pause, he lifts me and puts me in the bath.

The bubbles tickle my skin and I settle in without a second thought. When he passes me the big, colourful bath crayons, I take them and answer softly.

“Thanks, Daddy”.

I’m lost in a world of bunnies, flowers and magical clouds when he clears his throat, drawing my attention to him.

“Time we get cleaned up, Little Mouse. Is it okay if I wash you?”

“Oh! Yes, please,”

I answer with a nod, handing him the cloth I’d been using to clean up my drawings.

He takes the most tender care, slowly washing first my arms, then my legs and feet before helping me stand up so he can wash my body, too. When I am all covered in sudsy bubbles, he rinses the soap from me before declaring me sparkling clean.

“Time to get out now.”

My brow furrows at the thought of getting out and stopping my play.

“I don’t wanna!”

My lip pushes out in a pout and he reaches across, pulling on the lip before responding to me.

“You heard Cameron. I’d like to see all the pretty new things you got today.”

I huff out an annoyed large sigh before holding up my arms so he can pick me up again.

Within minutes I'm all dry and wrapped in a large fluffy towel. No point in getting dressed if I'm about to have a fashion show for my Daddies. Next, Daddy Jo has me sitting on the bathroom counter while he brushes and braids my hair. I feel so special and cared for.

"There we go, Little Mouse. Hop on down,"

Daddy says as he helps me.

With a pat on my bum, he sends me running down the hall to the kitchen, where I know Daddy Cam will be waiting for me. For us.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

After way too many outfit changes, giggles at our excitement for the kitten and mouse onesies, and making us play another game of rock-paper-scissors—so we could decide whose onesie she'd wear first—we're finally cuddled up on the couch with Zanya between the two of us. I feel an inordinate amount of joy looking at her on Cameron's lap, wearing the hooded mouse outfit.

"Kitty Cat, you ready to talk now?"

Cameron starts.

She nods in answer before looking at me.

"I don't want to hurt him."

"Then we won't hurt him, pragtig. We have all the evidence to get him locked up for a good while."

She's quiet for a long time, biting on her lower lip.

"Am I a very bad person if I don't feel like that's enough punishment?"

Cameron strokes her hair before answering

"No, that just makes you human. Honestly? I don't think jail time is enough, either. Do you have any other suggestions though, love?"

Again, she doesn't speak. I want to smooth away the frown on her face. And then the

most amazing thing happens. Her face lights up with pure joy.

“I have just the thing!”

She then proceeds to tell us her plan, and with each sentence, I like it more and more.

Watching Zanya as she stands in front of her uncle, shoulders squared, is a proud moment. She’s facing him head on. After making him wait until Christmas Eve. With a few careful social media posts, we’ve made it known that he’s taken a trip to warmer climates for the holidays.

We’re all dressed for the party at Rainbow Haven. Gifts have been wrapped and shipped off to the venue Andre rented for the event. We’ve decorated so many trees that I feel like I’ll be finding bits of tinsel everywhere for the next couple of months.

Albert swallows audibly as I take a step closer to them. My hand rests on her lower back to give her another small boost of confidence.

“I’ve made my decision and now it’s time to make yours, Uncle. You have two choices. Either we hand over everything we have, and we have a lot, and you’re put away for quite some time. And when you finally come back out, none of your friends will even want to look at you.”

The man in question opens his mouth to speak up, but a scathing look from me has him closing his lips.

“Or, and personally, I like this one best, I will give you exactly what you gave me.”

The look of confusion on his face is laughable.

“Ah, I see you don’t understand, Uncle. Here’s the deal. You sign over my trust and

all the shares in Dad's company to me. I get control of my own life and finances. In turn, I will gift you the same little flat I've been staying in, with the same stipend you paid to me every month. If I could live off it, so can you."

The weasely-looking man is furious. His face is bright red and you can practically see steam coming from his ears. But he doesn't say a word.

"What's it gonna be, boet?"

My voice is a low growl and his shoulders immediately slump. I have a reputation for a reason, and being able to use it for my Little Mouse is brilliant.

He whispers something inaudible and when Cameron clears his throat, the piece of scum speaks up.

"I'll give you back the trust. But what am I going to tell everyone when I have to move into that hovel?"

"You'll tell them what's good enough for your niece is good enough for you,"

I growl out.

Wisely, he chooses not to say anything else. Cameron explains to him that Andre's legal council has drawn up all the documents needed and we watch over him as he signs on each dotted line.

As soon as the paperwork can be filed in the new year, Zanya will have complete control of her finances and can finally do exactly as she wants. Until then, her uncle will remain here where we can keep an eye on him.

Finally done with the unpleasant business, we all head out to celebrate Christmas

with Zanya and her kids. And when we get home, I can give her her present.

No Christmas, after Ouma passed away, has ever been this perfect.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:17 am*

“Come on Little Mouse, just a tiny bit longer then you can go to sleep,”

Daddy Jo says as he picks me up from the car and carries me to the cottage. In his or Daddy Cam’s arms, I always feel so safe. And now the two of them have worked together to make the rest of the world a safe place for me, too.

I stifle a yawn as he enters the front door. Daddy Cam is right on our heels and he follows us to the kitchen.

Sitting me down on the kitchen counter, Johannes tenderly kisses me on my nose before walking to the fridge.

“We just gotta get the milk and cookies out for Santa and then we can get you all dressed up in your jammies and head to bed.”

He pours the milk into a tall glass while Daddy Cam gets the cookies we’d baked with his mum the day before.

Once again I’m picked up, this time by Daddy Cam, and taken to the lounge.

The fire has died down, but the room is still nice and toasty.

While I stay in the arms of one of the most amazing men in the world, I watch as the other puts the cookies and milk down on the coffee table before carefully sprinkling powder on the floor so we can track Santa’s footsteps.

“Time for bed, Kitty Cat, and for Johannes’ surprise.”



Immediately, I perk up. In the excitement of our busy day I'd completely forgotten about my big surprise. Daddy Jo chuckles when he notices my renewed energy.

"Come, let's go get our girl changed then we can go talk in the bedroom."

I want to question why exactly we can't just talk right here, but he's the Daddy, so I just go with it.

When I'm finally all dressed, this time in my kitten onesie, Daddy Jo kisses me softly before excusing himself to fetch my gift. I'm cuddled in my other protector's arms when he walks in with a huge rolled up piece of paper.

"What's this?"

I ask when he hands it to me.

"Open it and see, pretty girl."

When I do, I'm more confused than when I started. It's a drawing of a house. Well, a blueprint. I don't understand what they're showing me and look at them for answers.

"It's a house. For us. One with a playroom for you,"

Daddy Jo says, waiting to see how I respond. As I'm more than a little shocked, I just stare at the two of them, blinking owlishly.

"You bought us a house?"

I say when I finally find my words

"Well, no,"

Daddy Cam pipes up.

“He got a plot of land, and we got someone to draw up the plans. We’re building you a home. For our family. We know it’s still early, but it will take a while to finish it, so we have time.”

“You’re building me a home.”

My words are slightly monotone. I don’t know how to process what they’re saying to me. It’s unreal and terrifying and amazing and...

I look at them again, this time with tears in my eyes.

“You both know I didn’t have a great start to life. But I was lucky enough to find my forever family. When they were taken away from me, I thought that was it. And now you’re telling me I get to have that again.”

I pause, taking a deep breath.

“I love you both. And I cannot wait to live the rest of my life with you.”

That night, I go to sleep cuddling my newest stuffies, knowing that this is the best Christmas I’ve ever had. Knowing that things will only get better from here.

The End