
THE BILLIONAIRE'S LITTLE GIRL

Door County Daddies
Book 1

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Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

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eBook ISBN: 978-1-63954-366-3
Print ISBN: 978-1-63954-367-0

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Dyani

For a person who usually overthinks most of her life, I had completely messed up. To be fair, I was in survival mode when I embarked on an unplanned escape from a life which had become overwhelming and now dangerous. That life included a boyfriend who developed a gambling addiction to support his drug addiction. After he cleaned out my checking and savings accounts and maxed out my credit cards, he told me it was a matter of life and death for me to get him more money. He knew that I had inherited my grandfather's house for which the mortgage was paid in full and that I would soon be receiving funds as the beneficiary from his life insurance policy. Those things were kept in a safe deposit box at the bank and I alone could retrieve them. He had begged, cajoled and now threatened me.

Brant burst through the back door in the middle of the day and started screaming at me. He had a wild look in his eye that was terrifying, and I went into fight or flight mode. Brant was almost twice my size, and although when I first

met him, he seemed like a gentle and even thoughtful guy, he had changed after working as a dealer at the Oneida Casino for a year. I believed he had gotten mixed up with some really bad people. He was desperate now.

I would never forget Brant's explosion of anger when I told him there was no way I would go to the bank and get the documents so he could steal even more from me. He had begun slapping and then punching at my face and upper body as he raged about what he would do if I called the cops. I stopped arguing, and when he knocked me to the floor, I curled up into a protective ball until he finally stopped. I didn't move until I heard him stomp out saying he would deal with me when he got home from his shift at the casino. His last words to me were, "If you don't cash in the life insurance policy and sell this house, they're going to kill me—kill us! Do you get it?"

I knew I was not safe and that I had to get out of there before he returned. I locked the door behind him and began to pack—fast. I was gone in twenty minutes—no time for planning.

Now, I was exhausted and anxious. I had thought it would take an hour to drive from Green Bay to Sturgeon Bay up in Door County, but it had already been nearly two. In my haste to get away as fast as I could, I had not listened to a weather forecast so didn't know that the typical gray March day was going to turn into a wicked late winter storm. I wore only a jacket and short fashion boots so was not at all dressed appropriately for the snowstorm I encountered as I made my way up to Sturgeon Bay and on into the peninsula that was Door County. The traffic had slowed and thinned as the roads were becoming slippery.

Visibility was also decreasing. I wish I had more than just the outline of a plan.

I had enough cash to stay in a low end hotel during this, the off season, but hoped to get a job right away—I'd do anything—and then look for a place to live. Large resorts who employed many young people each summer, sometimes had dorm-like facilities for the seasonal employees to use. Perhaps I could stay in a place like that until I could figure things out. I didn't know if Brant would come after me or not, but my heart broke as I thought about leaving my job and my best friend Annie, at the Oneida Farm. Still, I understood I was in a dangerous situation and I willed myself to load up the bare necessities and get on the road. I could figure out everything else later.

By the time I got to Sturgeon Bay, which was the first city at the base of Door County, the storm was full-blown. The conditions were almost white-out as I encouraged my fifteen year old Honda Civic on. At first, I could follow the lights of other cars but decided I would have to get farther away than Sturgeon Bay. I chose to continue on Hwy 57 along the east side of the peninsula, to Cave Point. There were very few cars on the road and I felt alone and frightened. Evening was fast approaching and visibility would get even worse.

I thought to pull over and use my phone to find a hotel nearby, but I had purposely turned it off, thinking it couldn't be tracked. Then I was not sure about that. I was afraid to turn it back on. I shoved it in the pocket of my jacket and drove on. It was getting dark, and in desperation, I scanned the landscape for any lights, hopeful that I could take shelter somewhere until the storm passed. I realized that I was at a crossroads where a county road met Hwy 57 and I strained my eyes to look up at the skyline where I saw some lights. They were either attached to a

tower or a dwelling up on a hill. I had no choice but to try to make it to the light.

The snow had turned to an icy rain, making driving treacherous. Just getting traction with my old tires was difficult, but I turned down the narrow county road and did my best. Suddenly, there were extremely bright lights shining in my rearview mirror, blinding me. I thought a vehicle was bearing down on me and I tried to pull off the road to get out of its way. I became flustered and lost control of the car. It began to slip slowly at first, and then faster, heading straight for some trees. The air bag deployed, completely blocking my vision, and then I heard glass crashing and felt a sharp, cutting pain in my right leg. I struggled to push the airbag out of my way and tried to get out of the car. That's when I became aware that someone had opened the driver's side door.

"I'm here to help. Try not to move," said a deep voice.

I looked down to see tiny pieces of glass that had cut through my jeans and into my leg. At least one was still lodged there. The sight of the blood—which had always bothered me—made me feel dizzy and weak. Then everything went black.