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# ASHLEY

Little Girl - Book Two

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REBEL CARTER



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Ashley

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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.

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## Chapter 1

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**H**e was watching her. She knew it. Turning her head to the side, Ashley Soren bit her lip and squirmed beneath the hot gaze of the stranger staring at her from across the room. She might, under normal circumstances, shy away from an unknown man's gaze, but seeing as she was buzzed on wine and content in the safe space of her friend's apartment, she didn't. Besides, it was Friday night, and didn't that mean little girls should be allowed to be naughty?

She grinned at the thought. Yes, she should be allowed some indulgences and the man staring at her was easy on the eyes. Ruggedly handsome in a way that thrilled Ashley, with thick dark brown hair that skimmed his shoulders and piercing gray eyes she felt transfixed by. He was broad and thick-thighed, just the way she liked her men, with defined arms and shoulders that she wanted to get her hands on. And then there was the scar that slashed across the left side of his face, from brow to chin, only adding to his handsomeness. It wasn't ugly or scary but added another level of mystery and a kind of rough beauty to his features. Without the scar, the man might be pretty, but with it, he was gorgeous.

If she did that sort of thing, which she most certainly did not. She swallowed hard, taking a long swig of her Cosmo and daring to glance his way again. And again, she was met with an unwavering stare that made her hungry and skittish. Hungry for what, she didn't know, but she bet it had something to do with finding a nice, quiet, little corner of the party currently going on around her and surrendering herself to the stranger. He might push her hair to the side, his calloused fingers skimming her neck and collarbones as he slowly kissed her skin, teeth nipping and making her whimper while his free hand dipped lower to pull the short skirt of her sundress up. His fingers would pull at the delicate fabric of her panties before palming against her aching cunt, forcing her legs apart, and he would, he would—

"Holy shit," Ashley whispered, squeezing her eyes shut. How many drinks had she had tonight? She shivered and turned away from the man with a jerk of her shoulders. She never thought this way about men. All of her sexual encounters had been with long-term partners, men she had grown accustomed to and slowly fallen into bed with. Not men she made eyes at from across a crowded penthouse and fantasized about being taken by. She'd either had too much to drink or not enough. She eyed her empty glass suspiciously and decided that it was the latter. A drink would calm her nerves after all, wouldn't it?

Forcing herself not to look over her shoulder at the gray-eyed stranger, she hustled toward the makeshift bar area of the party her longtime friend, Natasha, was hosting. It was in celebration of her engagement to the only man Ashley knew of who could make her friend go doe-eyed and swoony—Silas. She grinned, watching the couple as they danced together in the crowded space. The penthouse was sprawling, but what looked like all of Brooklyn had turned out to wish the couple well. It was beautiful, really, and Ashley was smiling broadly as she watched her friend twirl in her fiancé's arms when a hand appeared beside her on the marble countertop.

"Hey," a voice husked out, and Ashley's hands that had been mixing a drink stopped moving. She bit her lip, instinctively knowing who it was without even looking or having heard his voice. A voice that was just as she imagined it would be, all low baritone and caramel tones. Swallowing hard, she looked up and felt her chest squeeze when a pair of steely gray eyes met hers.

It was him. Her stranger.

"Hey," Ashley breathed for lack of anything else to say. She was still staring at him, speechless, when he reached out and took the vodka she'd been holding from her hand.

"You're drinking Cosmos, right?" he asked, unscrewing the bottle with a flick of his wrist.

Ashley nodded. "That's, ah, right."

He hummed and began to prepare a new drink for her, a drink, she noted, that included a very healthy helping of alcohol. A minute later, he slid the freshly prepared Cosmo toward her with a wink.

"Thank you," she said with a blush as she raised the glass to her lips and took a hasty sip. "It's delicious."

"Not as delicious as I suspect you are, baby girl."

Her eyes widened at that. "Excuse me?" She coughed, trying to make sure she had heard the man right. "What did you say?"

"I said," he leaned closer to her, his eyes dropping to her lips, "that drink doesn't look nearly as good as you do."

"Oh."

His smile broadened. "Oh."

"Thank you." Ashley demurred when she wasn't sure of what else to say. Her words only seemed to make the man's eyes darken with lust.

"You have manners," he observed.

She shrugged, looking down at the drink she was holding. "My daddy taught me to say thank you." The words slipped from her mouth before she was even aware she was blurting them out. She went red at the admission and fiddled with her drink.

"You learned that lesson real good, sweet girl."

The back of Ashley's neck flushed hot at the stranger's words, and she fought back the urge to thank him again. Instead, she nodded and mumbled a quick, "I should go." But the hand on her wrist made her freeze. Her fingers tensed on the glass in her hand and she forced herself to take in a shallow breath before finally raising her eyes to his. Intense, smoldering gray eyes met hers.

"Where are you going, kitten?"

She shook her head, feeling out of her depth. Men didn't look at her like this, didn't call her kitten and sweetheart, didn't make her want to be reckless and ramble to them, and they sure didn't set her on fire with a single touch.

"Quiet," she finally said, still avoiding his eyes. Ashley went to move away from him, but the pressure on her wrist didn't vanish as she had expected. Most men would have let her go, and she would have wanted most men to let her go, but this man didn't, and she was glad for it.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked.

"What?" Her eyes widened in surprise.

"The quiet," he said, rubbing the inside of her wrist gently, his message unmistakable. He wanted her. She licked her lips and felt like the inside of her mouth was filled with sand. What else did one do when an impossibly gorgeous man asked to join them for quiet when they both knew it was just an excuse to leave the crowded room. When she'd said it, the excuse had been just for her, but now... now, it had implications.

They would go somewhere alone—together. Someplace where eyes couldn't see them, and maybe, just maybe, he would put his hands on her like she'd imagined. Ashley had to choke back a groan at that thought, and she gave him a slight nod, just a tip of her head, so miniscule that if he hadn't been watching her closely, he would have missed it.

"Okay," she murmured, voice lost in the pounding base beat, but somehow he still heard her.

"That's my good girl," he praised her, and Ashley glowed from it. Why, she didn't know, but she liked how attentive this man was and how freely he gave her tender words. And they hadn't even made it to *Quiet*. She was in trouble, but Ashley found that she didn't much mind trouble. At least, not right now and not with this man.

He slipped his hand into hers, and she felt a shiver of excitement race through her at the gesture. His hands were rough, calloused, so very manly. It made her feel delicate and small. Something she'd never much felt like, which had made her a terrible ballerina in her youth. She glanced up then at Natasha, memories of their teenage years spent together preparing and practicing their paces for their company's next big production coming back. Even then, there had been no mistaking that Natasha was a prima ballerina. She had come from a legacy of dance, after all. Ashley had been grateful for the other girl's genuine friendship. It wasn't easy growing up a ballerina, and especially not when your body refused to fit the mold of what a professional ballerina should be—lithe, muscular, narrow hipped and swan like. Ashley had been all of thirteen when she'd stopped meeting body expectations for a dancer. She was wide-hipped and thick-thighed, with generous breasts and an ass her mother bemoaned for making her costumes impossible to fit, which was where Ashley's love of costuming had begun. Hating the shame of having to stand in front of the other dancers and the accusing gaze of the costumer, Ashley had learned to alter her dance kits to fit her frame. The other girls hadn't been kind to the odd girl out, for which, in retrospect, Ashley couldn't fault them. They were just kids and they were all desperate to belong. That made her easy pickings for the others, no matter how sure footed or quick she was to pick up new choreography. Different in her own way, Natasha

had never been like the others, though. She was more talented than the rest, a star in the making, but there had been an aloofness to the girl that had made her hard to relate to. Ashley soon discovered it was because she didn't trust easily. She didn't blame Natasha for being wary, not with her family history. The Ochenko women were rigid. And somehow, their prodigy had gravitated toward Ashley with an openness that surprised even her, but she had always been grateful for Natasha's friendship. It was real and true, a rarity in their world. She had never judged Ashley on her appearance, never made her feel less than or different, either.

She swallowed hard, suddenly feeling like that preteen girl who had just realized she didn't fit the standard measurements. Biting her lip, she cautioned a look up at the man holding her hand and nearly fell over her feet when she saw he was looking back at her. She didn't see critical and cold eyes searching for a fault but ones warmed through with an expression she didn't quite understand. His eyes were heavy on her, pupils dilated from lust, and she reeled when he dropped his gaze to her chest. Just a bit of cleavage was showing from her sundress, and he licked his lips while his eyes moved over the exposed flesh.

There wasn't a bit of misgiving in his face. This man liked what he saw, and Ashley didn't know if that scared her or excited her. Her feet slowed at the realization and she felt like she'd been turned to stone. It was one thing to flirt with a gorgeous man, but to carry it out... she squirmed, pushing her thighs together. There was no mistaking that she wanted this—wanted him. But she was also nervous. Ashley had never been one for wild nights or random hookups, and the borrowed boldness of her cocktails had suddenly begun to wane in the face of what she was about to do.

"I, ah..." Her eyes darted to the side as she struggled to find the words she needed to tell this man she wasn't sure what to do next.

His hand came to her waist, fingers curling against her and



pressing her close to his front until they were standing thigh to thigh. She could feel the solid warmth of him through her thin dress and she shifted again, but this time, her movement pushed her thighs against the bulge in his pants.

"Do you want me, baby girl?" he asked, eyes fixed on hers.

She nodded, lips pressed together in frustration. Why was it so hard to say it? He walked them back into the hallway behind them. It was quieter here, easier to pretend it was just the man who made all of this so much easier. Ashley sucked in a lungful of air as the man kept walking them back until she bumped against a closed door.

He cocked his head to the side, eyes sliding away from hers and to the door. "Do you want to go in there with me?" he asked, nodding at the closed door behind her.

She bit her lip and looked away. The man's hands came up to cup her face and tilt her head back to look at him. "Eyes on mine, baby girl. I need you to use your words. Do you want this?"

Ashley was silent for another moment. The only sound in her ears was the demanding pounding of her heart. "Yes, Sir," she answered, and the dark look in the man's gray eyes intensified to something like fire. This time, it didn't scare her but stole her breath.

He leaned forward, hips grinding against hers and making her groan. "You want me to take care of you, little girl?"

"Yes," she gasped, arching her back and molding herself to this man. Anyone could leave the party and see them like this, her shivering against a door with him grinding up against her, each movement forcing her sundress higher.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Sir," Ashley tried, but the title made him give a slight shake of his head.

"I'm thinkin' you need something softer."

Ashley's eyes widened. "I do?" she asked, voice coming out breathy and catching when he swiveled his hips in a just-so way.

He grinned and tapped her nose. "Sweet girl like you doesn't need a Sir. She needs a Daddy."

"She does?" Ashley whispered. The coiling feeling in her belly was building. A pressure she had always felt but had never been able to name was bearing down on her with more force than she could ever remember, and she shivered again. Daddy. That seemed right, like a key fitting right into a lock, a lock to a very heavy weight Ashley hadn't realized she'd been carrying until this beautiful stranger had said the words and awakened something in her that craved release.

His fingers skimmed her cheek, a thumb pressing on her bottom lip, and her mouth popped open at the pressure. He blew out a breath and nodded with a jerk of his chin.

"She does," he said, thumb moving up and against her lip until Ashley's tongue darted out to meet it. The man stifled a groan and licked his own lips. "Do you want Daddy to take care of you, little girl?"

"Yes, please."

His fingers tightened on her jaw slightly. "Yes, what?"

Her cheeks flushed, but she forced herself not to look away from him. "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl," he murmured, dropping his head to kiss her, and it stole her breath away. The gentle tone and words from the man were at odds with the way he kissed her. His mouth moved hungrily against hers, possessively, in a manner that told Ashley she was his, and his alone. Lips and tongue danced together until she was left whimpering and clinging to him.

"Please," she choked out when they parted. For him to stop, or to keep going, she didn't know. He flexed his hand that was still cupping her chin and squeezed her again.

"Please, what?"

"Please, Daddy."

He smiled, and Ashley felt like she'd been given the sun. A warm happiness filled her at the bright smile on his face. "You're

so good for me." His praise sent her higher and she leaned into him.

"Thank you," she demurred, unable to meet his eyes any longer.

He chuckled and kissed her cheek. "Good girls get treated sweetly," he told her and opened the door behind her. Ashley tilted her head, looking back into the dark room behind her. She knew it was the spare bedroom of her friend's apartment, that there was a big fluffy bed with a lovely thick rug she liked to dig her toes into and a window with a beautiful view of the city. She knew all those things without the light to show her because it was the room she was supposed to stay in tonight.

"In case you get too wild," Natasha had told her with a wink when she'd shown up that night. Ashley had tried to refuse, but the idea of a beautiful luxury room and a sound night's sleep seemed like a dream when compared with her drafty walk up that seemed determined to kill her or the three roommates she shared it with. Roommates who never seemed to sleep, which meant Ashley never got a full night's rest. She had accepted after minimal cajoling, and now, here she was about to make use of that comfy bed but not quite in the way she'd imagined enjoying it.

Ashley slipped her hand into the man's and led him inside her room. "Please come inside, Daddy."

*In case you get too wild.*

The words echoed in her head as she stepped into the room. It was time to see just how wild a little girl could be.