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# **DADDY'S LITTLE NIGHTINGALE**

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**A Frontier Daddies Prequel Novelette**

**HONEY MEYER**





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## CHAPTER ONE

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**G**wen Vogel was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. And Gavin Bayard had seen more than a few women. Growing up with a half-dozen older sisters would do that to a man. But there was something special about Gwen. Gwennie in his head when he saw her. Which he did three days a week when she was leaving the hospital after her shift.

Working hospital security wasn't his idea of a dream job, but it was an easy gig to land after his years in the Navy. It let him bring home a paycheck while he decided what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. Also, it let him flirt with nurses and doctors and admins, and all the other women he saw every day.

But the truth was, even if he had a friendly smile and a kind word for everyone, he only truly had eyes for Gwen. With her blond hair that was always fastened into a perky ponytail, deep brown eyes, and curves for days, she showed up almost nightly in his dreams. And here she came now.

A lot of the nurses wore their scrubs to and from the hospital but the nurses who worked in pediatric oncology didn't. It was

only her ID hanging from her lanyard that had told him where she worked.

“Evening, Gwen,” he said, ducking a nod to the brightest spot in his day, an angel who usually sported jeans and chucks and a superhero or cartoon tee.

He’d often wondered if Gwen was a Little. Hard to tell during their brief chats, although he was almost certain she was an s-type with the way she flushed and how her lashes fluttered when he complimented her. And maybe it was just fashion, but she had a pretty sizable collection of mini backpacks that starred animated movie characters. Not to mention her damn socks that peeked out from over her low-tops. The playful prints and colorful graphics made him wonder if she ever traded those in for sweet thigh-high stockings or maybe ankle socks with lace at the hem. Yeah, Gwennie would be a very pretty Little girl.

“Hey, Gavin. How’s it going?”

A lot of people rushed by him, not saying hello or even acknowledging his existence. That was fine. People who worked at the hospital were busy, often stressed. He couldn’t blame them if they didn’t have anything left to spare for him at the end of the day. But he treasured the brief moments when Gwen would stop to chat. She was one of those people who actually cared about the answer when she asked people how they were.

“Going alright today, how ’bout yourself?”

He knew the answer before she replied, though, and also knew she wasn’t going to tell him the truth.

“Fine,” she said brightly, a smile plastered on her face.

If she was his Little girl, he’d circle a hand around her wrist, look her in the eye and tell her to stop lying to him before he turned her over his knee. She was not fine. There was tension holding her shoulders around her ears, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

“You sure about that?”

Her smile faltered, and he could see the struggle she buried under chipper greetings and cute clothes.

“Yep. Just another day,” she said, her tone bordering on insistent. As if saying it with aggressive certainty would make it true.

He had to swallow the growl rising in his throat. Shouldn't be imposing his dominance where it hadn't been asked for even if he wanted to wrap her in a big hug, take her home and feed her before washing her up in a bubble bath. Gwennie sure seemed like she could use a Daddy to look after her, but what did he know? Maybe nothing.

“Can I walk you to your car?”

He always asked and she never said yes. Today was no different.

“No thanks, it's not far. Night, Gavin.”

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## CHAPTER TWO

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**I**t had been an awful day, and even seeing her favorite burly security guard hadn't cheered her up. Gavin was friendly as always but her heart was too heavy to be buoyed by his kindness or the fact that he was possibly the most attractive man she'd ever seen.

She couldn't call him handsome. He was too rough and craggy, too...tattooed. Bearded. But with his bulging biceps, thick forearms, and meaty thighs that even his security guard uniform couldn't hide, he never failed to make her heart beat faster. Well, almost never. This evening was an exception.

Part of her wanted to give in to the pressure behind her eyes and let the tears fall. Tell him she'd had to transfer one of her patients to hospice today and it hurt so badly. Not as much as it hurt Connor and his family, obviously, but she'd been caring for the twelve-year-old while he was in and out of the hospital fighting leukemia for years.

Most of the time Gwen loved her job. It was hard, but she loved spending time with the kids, helping families, and working with a team to kick cancer's butt. Far more often than not, they were successful. She'd watched hundreds of kids get better and

go home to their families so that they could grow up and have long, normal lives. But sometimes there were days like this.

If she let the emotions swirling in her spill out in a gush of tears, would Gavin comfort her? Really, with a guy who looked like he could rip a phonebook in half with his bare hands, it could go either way. He would either give her the best hug in the whole universe or he would look at her like she was a poisonous scorpion and back the hell up.

She'd thought about saying yes to him before when he'd asked to walk her to her car. Wondered if maybe he would ask her out or maybe even kiss her once they were out of sight of the hospital entrance. But it didn't seem right for him to leave his post to do that. Even if security did sometimes escort people to their cars when it was late at night. It wasn't dark now, just the usual twilight.

It was tempting to drop her backpack to the ground and bury her face in his broad chest, then cling to him as though he were a lifeboat in a tempestuous sea, but she wouldn't. She didn't know him. She didn't know him but she did enjoy their three-times-per-week exchanges, and perhaps enjoyed even more the tipped-head, raised-brow, crossed-arm glares she got when she picked up an extra shift or two.

Gavin had made it clear he did not approve of her working what he considered too much. Maybe she should've told him he could shove his condescension, or work the shift himself so they weren't short-staffed, or pay off her student loans if he wanted to have an opinion about how much she worked. But the truth was she liked the idea that he cared. Maybe fantasized about him caring *more* when she got home.

She didn't particularly want to destroy her fantasies by disclosing some of her realities. So even though it took her a long moment to actually walk away after she'd said goodnight, Gwen did, in fact, leave. Allowed herself one last beat of looking into Gavin's kind hazel eyes before she steeled herself for the walk to

her car and for the ride home, bricked up a wall to contain her despair long enough to get back to her apartment where she could weep alone in peace with only her stuffed animals and her cat to witness her falling completely apart.

It must've rained earlier because the pavement was still damp and the smell of petrichor hung in the air. It seemed cruel somehow, that the scent that reminded her of living and breathing, the world coming alive, surrounded her after she'd had to admit she'd failed and her failure meant a twelve-year-old boy was going to die.

Gwen let the fresh scent fill her senses and distract her while she walked, hoping to keep her emotions at bay for a bit longer. She did a good enough job distracting herself and putting one foot in front of the other that she didn't notice the man until he blocked her path and grabbed her arm.



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## CHAPTER THREE

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As was his habit, Gavin kept an eye on Gwen's figure as she retreated into the distance. He still greeted people entering and leaving the hospital, but if he wasn't actively watching movement at his post, he would let his gaze wander to her until she was safely in her car.

He said goodnight to a few more nurses who were headed home after their twelve-hour shifts, his mind mostly still on the way Gwen had looked when she left. Fragile, like the tiniest tap on the glass of her facade would send the whole thing crashing down.

Gavin desperately wanted to shatter her. Let everything she kept inside come bursting out and when she did, put her back together and hopefully take on some of her burdens before she could squirrel them all away inside again. But there was no way he was going to break her if she'd end up alone among the shards.

Why he hadn't asked her out already was a sticky problem. He didn't want to make things awkward, and he didn't want to make her uncomfortable. There were always people coming and going when he got the chance to chat with her and he didn't want to put her on the spot. Didn't want her to feel pressured to

say yes because she didn't want him to be embarrassed by rejection, or obligated to say no because she was at work.

But there was no question in his mind when he heard a man's angry voice coming from the direction she'd walked off in that he was going to intervene.

Gwen was already a good fifty yards away, but he could still see the guy grab her arm. That's when something inside him snapped. No one touched Gwen like that, and no one spoke to her like that.

He took off in an adrenaline-fueled sprint, heart pounding, senses sharpening—same thing that used to happen whenever he'd headed into combat. All those years in the Navy had to be good for something in civilian life, and coming to the defense of a woman he thought he could love was something he was damn proud to be good for.

As he got closer, the man's angry tone turned into heated words.

"You were supposed to help him, you were supposed to save him. And now my son is going to die because you didn't do your fucking job."

*Fuck.*

Brain snapping the information together like puzzle pieces as he slowed and then came to a stop, Gavin realized this situation didn't call for muscle but tact. The truth was he was better with brute strength than diplomacy, but the best battle was one you didn't have to fight; everyone knew that.

He hated the way the middle-aged guy's fingers dug into Gwennie's arm, how he'd probably leave her with bruises she didn't ask for, but he also didn't think the man actually meant to hurt her. He was hurting, and he wanted to take it out on someone. Well, if he couldn't talk him out of hurting anyone, the man could throw a punch at Gavin. God knows another broken nose wasn't going to make much of a difference to his ugly mug.

"Scuse me, sir?"

The guy's focus snapped from Gwen to him, and Gavin could see the agony on his face. Long nights of worry and despair etched into the skin around his eyes, knowledge that it was only going to get worse tightening his scruffy jaw. Didn't look like the guy had slept in days; maybe he hadn't.

"I need for you to let her go."

This was very simple. Not quite no harm no foul because Gwen looked distraught and Gavin hated that she was upset, but he wasn't in a hurry to use force on a grieving father. If the guy took his hands off Gwennie, he could walk away.

Both of the people in front of him were breathing hard: the man in the grip of irrational fury and Gwen overwhelmed by fear. He needed to get them all out of this situation without making it any worse.

"Hurting and intimidating this woman isn't going to help your son. I don't think you want to hurt her, but maybe you don't know what else to do. If you let her go, I'll do my best to help you figure that out. Find someone to talk to—"

The man scoffed and Gavin couldn't blame him. Talking wasn't his favorite, either. He'd rather get his feelings out through his body than through his mouth. Guy didn't strike him as ex-military or particularly athletic, but maybe he felt the same way.

"You don't want to talk to anyone. I don't blame you. But if you want to hit someone, you best take a swing at me. Because I guarantee that you're not going to lay another finger on her. You try it and I'll have you face down on the ground before you blink. That's not going to do any of us any good. I'll have to fill out a bunch of paperwork and you'll lose time with your son. Is that what you want?"

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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When she'd seen Gavin headed toward her like a human freight train, Gwen had been of two minds. Part of her had turned into a swooning heroine, a damsel who couldn't wait to be saved from her distress by her knight in polyester and practical shoes. The other part had worried her hero might overreact and deck Mr. Murphy. Gavin had always been kind to her, but push had come to shove. He could definitely benchpress two of her, but she hadn't been certain he'd bother to take names before kicking ass.

She'd rarely been so glad to be wrong.

It wasn't that she was okay with Connor's dad assaulting her—she wasn't—but she could empathize with his frustration and how devastated he must be with the news he'd gotten today, and how she seemed like someone he could lash out at. She was relieved Gavin was there to keep John Murphy from lashing too far.

John's fingers loosened on her arm and she resisted the urge to make a break for it. It might get her out of the situation but it might also derail the detente Gavin had engineered. She wanted everyone to be able to walk away from this.

"No," John muttered. "That's not what I want."

"Didn't think so. Now let her go, and you and I will take it from there."

Gavin wasn't even looking in her direction but his presence was comforting anyway. There was no doubt in her mind that what he said was true. John Murphy wasn't going to hurt her because Gavin wouldn't let him.

Mr. Murphy's grip on her loosened further and then his arm fell to his side before he scrubbed his hands through his thinning hair. He made a frustrated noise and then turned to her.

"I'm sorry, Gwen. You've shown nothing but kindness to our family and here I am..." He shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose. "There's no excuse for my behavior, but I hope you'll accept an apology. I know you did everything you could for Connor."

Her heart went out to Connor's father. Every time she lost a patient or transferred them to hospice, she felt as though she lost a piece of her soul. She couldn't imagine the death of a child. If her heart was getting torn to bits piece by piece, *his* must feel as though it was being shredded into nothingness.

"I do, and please don't give it another thought. Go be with your family."

John nodded, downtrodden and grief-stricken. Then he looked around as though he didn't know what to do next.

"I'll walk you back," Gavin told him in a tone that was kind but brooked no argument, and Mr. Murphy nodded again.

Before she could make a beeline for her car, Gavin focused his piercing gaze on her. "Go to your car, Gwennie, and lock the doors. I'll see you there in fifteen."

Gwennie? The pet name weakened her resolve and made her feel small, vulnerable. Even so, she mustered her determination to get out of here and not throw her distress at a man who was essentially a stranger.

She started to say that she didn't want to wait around, she

was going to head home, and she'd see him in a few days for her next shift but Gavin cut her off with a decisive shake of his head. What remained of her resistance crumbled and she whispered, "Yes."

Satisfied, Gavin dipped his chin in acknowledgment and then clapped a hand on Mr. Murphy's shoulder to lead him back to the hospital.

Gwen rubbed her arm absent-mindedly as she walked the rest of the way to her car, her movements feeling mechanical as she unlocked her car. She tossed her bag in the passenger seat and slid in behind the steering wheel. She briefly considered starting up her car and going home despite Gavin's directive, but she couldn't ignore how her hand was shaking when she tried to turn her key. All the feelings she'd been doing her best to hold at bay flooded her, and she burst into tears.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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Leaving Gwennie was the last thing he wanted to do, but he wasn't sure the shell of a man that was Connor's father would make it back to the hospital, never mind get in touch with someone who could support him.

Gavin wasn't totally sure what they could offer him—what could anyone do for a parent who was watching their child die? But talking to a counselor or the chaplain or doing any damn thing would be better than yelling at Gwennie.

Once he'd handed Connor's dad off to Betty, his counterpart at the main security desk, and informed her he was going to go check on Gwen, Gavin set off at a run. Didn't stop until he'd reached Gwen's silver sedan where she was crying in the driver's seat.

He took a deep breath to settle his own emotions and then tapped gently on her window. Poor Little girl startled and snapped her wide-eyed gaze to him. Made Gavin feel pretty good that there was at least some relief in her expression when she registered it was him and she unlocked the door.

Not waiting for her, he opened it and squatted down so he

wasn't towering over her. There was a time and place for that but it wasn't here and now.

"How bad are you hurt, Gwennie?"

She blinked at him even as she rubbed her arm where Connor's dad had left red marks that Gavin had no doubt would turn black and blue. "Hurt?"

"Uh-huh. I know he grabbed your arm and that'll need some ice. Did he hurt you anywhere else?"

Gwen shook her head, blond hair swinging behind her.

"Good. Now get out of the car."

"Why?"

"Because you're shaking like a leaf. You're in no shape to drive home."

"But I—"

"I know you want to go home. I'll take you. Or if you don't feel good about me knowing where you live, I'll wait with you until someone you know can pick you up."

He hated the idea of sending her off with someone else but he wasn't going to be a prick. She'd had enough dealings with overly aggressive men today and he wasn't going to pile on.

"I don't have anyone who can come," she muttered. That couldn't be true—she had a lot of friends on staff here if no one else—but Gwennie struck him as the kind of person who never wanted to be a bother.

"Then Gavin's taxi service it is. You want me to drive your car so you'll have it and I'll take a rideshare back here? Or would you rather go in my truck?"

He held his breath because the girl looked like she was going to argue. He'd hold onto his patience but damn if he didn't want to fling her over his shoulder and haul her away from here, away from this day.

"Truck, please," she said softly. "And can we— Would it be okay if—"

"What do you need, Gwennie?"



“Could I go home with you?” she asked, looking like she was going to fall to pieces any second. “I don’t want to be alone, and...”

“You can come home with me any day for any reason,” he told her and offered her a hand out of the car as he stood.

Gwen didn’t take it which stung, but only until she stepped out of her car and into his arms.

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## CHAPTER SIX

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She shouldn't be doing this, any of this—crying all over a man she barely knew and using his crisp black shirt like a tissue, asking him to take her home. Gavin was going to think she was nuts. But instead of backing away slowly and saying he'd send her the dry-cleaning bill, Gavin just held her tighter. Rubbed her back, murmured into her hair.

“You've had a rough day, haven't you, Gwennie Vee? Don't you worry, Daddy's going to take care of you.”

Gavin calling himself Daddy probably should've set off alarm bells in her head, but just as he'd held her tighter when she broke down, so too did she cling to him harder when he made the implicit offer. If this Mack truck of a man wanted to be her Daddy, she would let him. Nothing would fix how she was feeling but goddamn if some babying and succor wouldn't help to ease the pain.

He held her until her weeping slowed to sniffles and then told her to get her things out of her car and lock it. Then offered his hand.

Not taking it never even crossed her mind.

It felt incredibly right to slip her small hand into his, and she

only realized how cold she was when she felt his firm, warm grip. He led her to a big blue truck that looked like it had seen better days, handed her up into the passenger side, and even buckled her seatbelt.

He was on the phone by the time he'd walked around the truck and was climbing into the driver's side.

"Yeah, I'm gonna take her home, make sure she's okay."

There was a brief pause during which it occurred to her that Gavin was still on the clock. He couldn't—

Maybe sensing her impending argument, Gavin spared her a glance that said "Don't you dare." Another day she might've pressed but today she was grateful. Today all she wanted were hugs and cuddles and soft words from her Daddy, and if Gavin wanted to play that role for now then she'd take it.

"Will do. Thanks, Betty. See you tomorrow."

He hung up then, and started the truck. The engine rumbled to life and then they were on their way.

"Text someone where you'll be," Gavin directed as he turned out of the parking lot, and then rattled off his address.

Gwen switched her brain all the way off and did as she was told.

They rode in silence to Gavin's house which she appreciated. She didn't want to cry again without Gavin being able to hug her, even if he kept a hand on her at almost all times during the drive. Just above her knee, spanning the yoke of her shoulders, or his thumb and forefinger digging into the tense muscles of her neck.

When they arrived at a small but neatly kept bungalow, he pulled into the driveway and came around to open her door. Didn't seem surprised that after he'd undone her seatbelt she simply reached her arms out. No, he picked her up like she weighed no more than a child and carried her inside.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

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“**W**hat do you need, Gwennie Vee?”

Still looking shell-shocked, she stared up at him. If he’d questioned before, he was almost certain now. With the way she’d clung to him when he called himself Daddy, how she’d silently asked to be picked up? Gwennie was a Little. So maybe an open-ended question was too much. Littles did better with choices.

“You can have food, a bath, bedtime, or cuddles.”

“Cuddles, please.”

Oh, sweet baby voice. She was sinking deeper into Little Space and he couldn’t blame her. He just hoped she’d let him still be her Daddy when she wasn’t hurting quite so badly.

“Okay, let’s get some ice on that arm so there’s not too much swelling. What do you say?”

“Yes, please.”

“Those are very nice manners, Gwennie, but who are you talking to?”

Her cheeks flushed a gorgeous pink as she pinched her lips between her teeth. “Yes, please, Daddy.”

“Oh, now there’s my perfect little girl,” he told her, pressing a kiss to her forehead that made her sigh.

He grabbed a cold pack and wrapped it in a towel, toted Gwennie over to the couch where he sat down with her and put the ice on her arm. Executing her request, he held her close, cuddled the snot out of her. Literally. He’d have to do laundry tonight but it was a small price to pay for making Gwennie feel even a fraction better.

The sniffles, though, were killing him. She was just so sad. He couldn’t make the sadness go away—and he wouldn’t want to. Her compassion and empathy were some of the things that made her good at her job—but he would like to help her forget for a little while.

Taking her pert little chin in between his thumb and his forefinger, he forced it higher to get her attention.

“You seem really sad, Gwennie. And that’s okay. It’s normal to have really big feelings about people you care about, and I wouldn’t want you to hide that from me.”

Her big doe eyes, wide and glossed with tears, gazed back, listening to his every word. Made him feel like more of a hero than most of his time in the Navy to have this woman looking at him with so much trust in her eyes.

“But it would be good to take your mind off it for a bit, and I think I know something that could help.”

“You do?”

“Mm-hmm. You trust me?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

The lack of hesitation set his heart on fire, and it was then he knew he would burn for this girl for the rest of his days.

“I’m going to spank you, Gwennie. Not because you’ve been bad, and I’ll never spank you when I’m angry. But even though I know you did everything you could for Connor, I bet you still feel guilty. That true?”

“Yes,” she admitted, voice shuddery with tears.

“Well, a lot of times getting their bottoms spanked helps Little girls cry out their big feelings and helps ease their guilt. Will you try it for me? I promise lots of cuddles after.”

He wanted her to say yes. And selfishly not just because he thought it'd really help, although he did. A part of him wanted Gwennie to hand over so much of herself that she'd never be able to take it all back.

The flames in his chest licked all the way to his brain when she whispered, “Yes, Daddy.”

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

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She'd never been spanked before, but it felt somehow familiar when Gavin turned her over his knee. Gwen felt safe there, and even though she knew he was about to hit her with his big, meaty hand, she felt loved instead of afraid.

"That's a good girl," he told her, stroking her from her neck all the way down to her backside. "This isn't a punishment or discipline. It's to help clear your head and make you feel better. If you get scared or if it hurts too much, you tell me to stop and I will. That's Daddy's promise to you, Gwennie Vee."

"And Daddy would never break a promise."

"No, I never would. Especially not to my precious Little girl."

Everything seemed to be in soft focus but also in technicolor. Trepidation filled her tummy but every time he called her a pet name, she softened. Daddy wouldn't hurt her, no way. So she hoped with all her might that this would help.

"Ready?"

"Mm-hmm."

He didn't start very hard at all—over her jeans, it felt more like a light thud than anything else. But Gavin worked up steadily until he was laying down firm spansks from the rise of her back-

side to the tops of her thighs. She'd started to feel something when he told her he was going to take her pants down.

She cooperated by lifting her hips so he could undo her jeans and slide them down to mid-thigh, and she understood why he'd done it when the first crack of his hand landed with only a thin layer of cotton between her flesh and his. *Ow*. She gasped but didn't tell him to stop. Indeed, when he hesitated, she whimpered.

"Please, Daddy, more."

"Okay, Little girl. Don't you worry. Daddy's here now."

Gwen lost her head as he began to spank her again, this time what she could tell was in earnest. The rest had been a warm-up, Gavin testing the waters. But this? This was real. The crack and sear of pain, the heat that was building, the way the tender attentiveness and the agony twisted and twined together until the storm cloud inside her burst and she was crying again, big heaving sobs that she couldn't stop even if she'd wanted to. She didn't want to. This was what her Daddy had been after and she wanted to give it to him.

She did feel cleaner, brighter somehow after he turned her over, cradled her against his chest, and praised her. It wasn't all gone, but it helped.

"Thank you, Daddy," she told him. "Thank you for being here for me today."

It seemed like not nearly enough to give him in return for everything he'd done, but she could hear what she hoped was the beginning of love in his voice when he replied, "You're welcome, Gwennie. I'm going to be here for you for the rest of your life."



Thank you so much for reading "Daddy's Little Nightingale"! Gwen and Gavin's story is a prequel to the Frontier Daddies series. Join these lovebirds and the rest of Gavin's crew in



Enclave, Alaska, a safe haven for Littles and their caregivers where they can live out their HEAs in 24/7 DDIg/age play dynamics!

Next up is Knox and Lujha's story in *Daddy's Little Second Chance*, the first full-length book in the Frontier Daddies series: <https://readerlinks.com/l/3169966>

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If "Daddy's Little Nightingale" is the first taste of Honey you've had, there's a whole lot more where that came from! You've got the Clover City Littles series to glom and you can start from the beginning with *Twyla's Teacher Daddy*.

*Gunnar doesn't like brats but maybe Twyla's never had anyone teach her how to be good. Maybe he could be that man. Maybe he could be her daddy.*

Or if Hollywood drama is more your speed, you can go with *Ashby's Action Hero Daddy*, the first book in the Bright Lights Little Darlings series.

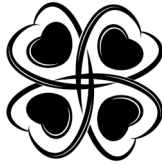
*Being a superhero on screen doesn't make you man enough to be a little girl's daddy.*



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## A NOTE FROM HONEY

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Thank you so much for reading “Daddy’s Little Nightingale”! I hope you loved reading Gavin and Gwen’s story as much as I loved writing it, and I hope you’re looking forward to seeing more of Daddy Gavin and his Gwennie Vee in the Frontier Daddies series! Join these lovebirds and the rest of Gavin’s crew in Enclave, Alaska, a safe haven for Littles and their caregivers where they can live out their HEAs in 24/7 DDLg/age play dynamics!

If you enjoyed “Daddy’s Little Nightingale,” I would love it if you let your friends know so they can experience Gavin and Gwen’s relationship too! They can download it for FREE from BookFunnel here: <https://readerlinks.com/l/3170284> Or if you downloaded your copy from Amazon, lending is enabled to make it easy to share with a friend!

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You can find the most up to date list of my books on my website: [honeymeyerromance.com](http://honeymeyerromance.com).









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## ABOUT HONEY MEYER

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Honey Meyer lives in New England, and loves to watch the seasons change outside her window as she writes Happily Ever Afters for littles and their mommies and daddies. She loves to read and write age play romances, and she can't wait to bring you more stories—always sweet with a little sting!

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