

---

TRAINED BY HER  
DADDY

---

SHELLY DOUGLAS



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

©2020  
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. The trademark Blushing Books is pending in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Shelly Douglas  
Trained by Her Daddy

EBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-490-4  
Print ISBN: 978-1-64563-491-1  
Audio ISBN: 978-1-64563-492-8  
v2

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

---

Sitting in front of a blank computer screen, I tapped a white lacquered nail on the thick glass that topped my desk. My publisher had recently suggested I spend a week at his father's house to understand how a submissive and dominant really live together.

Was he kidding?

A familiar ping rang out from my computer, indicating I'd received a new e-mail. And damn if it wasn't the devil himself, Jake Wolk.

*Lori,*

*My father and I are anxiously awaiting your response.*

*Jake*

With fingers perched on the keys, my intent was to send him an e-mail politely declining his offer. But then I pulled my hands from the computer keyboard and gazed at the lit screen.

The same year my fifth grisly murder mystery novel made it

to the New York Times bestseller list, I watched with surprise as an unknown erotic romance author published a trilogy of successful kinky novels. And soon after taking the literary world by storm, she was asked to turn her stories into screenplays. So, why couldn't I do that? I'm a professional fiction writer, so how difficult could it be to create an erotic BDSM scene, right?

Wrong.

In a hurry to have the series of sexy stories I'd written under a sultry pen name published, I quickly submitted them to an up-and-coming BDSM publisher. But to my horror, one by one each book died a dramatic death on all the retailer sites. It reminded me of the female victim in my last suspense novel, who had a brick tied to her ankle by the perpetrator before getting hoisted into the deep end of a swimming pool.

I can only imagine Jake's disappointment in my sales—after all, I'd been an established author and my ranking had soared on Amazon. So, there was no doubt in my mind he hoped I'd give a boost to his new publishing company. It was right after my most recent novel tanked that he decided to be honest with me and suggested we have a conversation via Skype.

During our meeting, he said it was obvious I had no knowledge of BDSM, and my books were too *sweet* and *light* for the taste of his readers who wanted their taboo sex to sizzle off the page. I'd heard the man had a reputation for not mincing words when it came to dishing out constructive criticism, and though I've always been the lover of a straight shooter, my heart sank as I listened to his blatant comments. While steadying myself for the ultimate blow of being fired, he then surprised me with a three-hundred-sixty-degree turn, stating I was a natural talent who probably just needed some real-life experience in the world of D/s. In a last-ditch effort to defend myself, I told him all about my ex-boyfriend who was a dominant man, and Jake's lips politely remained closed in a straight line until I was finished.

Then he slowly shook his head and said it sounded like my *Dom* was about as vanilla as the flavored creamer in his coffee.

Although my publisher was single and extremely knowledgeable in the lifestyle of D/s, he felt it would be unprofessional for him to train me as a submissive, and I agreed wholeheartedly. But the next bit of information to roll off his tongue was about his father, a real-life Daddy Dom, and the forty-five-year-old man had already agreed to train me.

Were they nuts?

After rolling my eyes to the ceiling, I placed my shaky fingers back down on the keys. Though I hated feeling like a failure where my kinky novels were concerned, and it would've been easy to throw in the towel, I'm far from a quitter.

Straightening my back, I took a deep breath and tapped the reply icon.

*Jake,*

*Your faith in me is appreciated more than you know, and I've given some serious thought regarding your father's generous offer to train me in the D/s lifestyle. I'm willing to participate in this adventure, and I look forward to hearing from him.*

*Thanks,*

*Lori*

I reread the e-mail three times while gathering the courage to send it. Then I finally worked up the nerve and pushed the damn button.