



Sophia's Daddy (Littleworld #23)

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Category: Romance

Description: She works at a candy store. Free candy all day long! He's...a dentist. What could go wrong?

When Sophia agrees to a double date with Tate, she's leery about sharing her true self outside of the club she belongs to. She's never taken that kind of risk. She's never fully admitted to herself who she is on the inside.

Tate has had his eye on Sophia for a long time. She's exactly perfect for him—blue hair and all. He can be patient. He'll give her all the time she needs to know in her heart he's her man.

Sophia doesn't need time, though. It's obvious Tate is right for her. What she needs is trust.

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Chapter One

“Are you sure about this? Do I look okay? Maybe I’m overdressed. Maybe I should have picked something more adult. I look like I’m going to a party.” I run my hands through my hair, panic suddenly making my heart race.

Layla turns toward me and shakes her head, sending her nearly white pigtails flying. “Sophia, you look fantastic. Stop worrying. Tate is going to love this dress.”

We’re in the master bathroom at her house getting ready for date night.

Layla’s Daddy has invited Tate over, setting the two of us up.

It’s not a blind date because I’ve met Tate many times at the Dungeon, but I’ve never met up with him outside of the club.

I’ve never met up with anyone outside of the club.

I stare at myself in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door.

My hair is bright blue because I like it that way.

It’s in high pigtails, and I have bangs that cover my forehead.

It makes me happy. But it also means I have to choose my clothes carefully.

Today I’m wearing a white party dress with large blue dots on it.

The skirt is poofy and short, making it perfect for my Little.

The bodice is tight around my chest and kind of sexy, making that top half appear more adult.

It hugs my ample breasts and dips low enough to show some cleavage.

It's far fancier than necessary for what is basically a play date at Layla's house. The only thing keeping me from hyperventilating is the fact that Layla is dressed similarly in a pink party dress.

It's too late for us to change anyway. Tate will be here any second. Surely he won't judge me for overdressing. After all, he's seen me dressed like this plenty of times at the Dungeon.

I draw in a deep breath and let it out slowly. I've been half in love with Tate for a long time, but I've never had the guts to share my feelings with him. Until recently, when Layla told me he wanted her and Theo to set him up with me, I had no idea he was even interested in me like that.

I suppose I still don't know for sure what his intentions are, but he was persistent, so I assume he sees me as a potential partner. He must not mind my blue hair since this playdate was his idea. He specifically asked Layla about me—more than once.

I look down at my shoes. "Maybe the ruffled socks and Mary Janes are overkill."

Layla giggles. "They're not. You're perfect."

I'm irrationally nervous. The thing is, I'm not as Little as Layla.

Ever since she met Theo, she has regressed deeper than I've ever known her to play.

It was a surprise to her, too. She hadn't fully realized she would enjoy a younger age.

She has explained to me that it just sort of evolved that way between her and Theo.

Layla says it's much easier to fully engage your Little when you have a caregiver.

I get that. It makes sense. I've never had a full-time Daddy. I've done scenes at the Dungeon with a lot of different Doms—some of them Daddies—but I've never dated one outside of the club.

There's comfort in being inside the Dungeon. I never have to worry about being judged. I can be my inner Little for a few hours on a Friday or Saturday night and let go of any stress that builds up throughout the week.

I've done scenes with Tate. My usual MO is to intentionally misbehave with my friends so that we all attract the attention of a few Daddy Doms until they come over and spank us.

Tate has been one of them on many occasions.

He's a great spanker. My favorite. He's also incredibly handsome, but I had no idea he was interested in me for more than just an occasional play partner at the Dungeon.

I was surprised when Layla called me and told me Tate wanted to meet me outside the club. I'm glad we're doing it this way. A double date at Layla's house is a good stepping block. It's safe here. All four of us are in the lifestyle.

It's still going to be strange meeting up with people outside of the club.

It's like I stepped over a line into another dimension.

My Little is a side of me I keep in a black plastic bin in my closet.

I open it when I'm going to the club, take out an outfit, and put it back when I'm done.

It's like a box of Halloween costumes. In fact, if anyone ever discovered it, I could easily say that's what it is.

"Ready?" Layla asks. "Let's go downstairs." Layla takes my hand and tugs me toward the door. Toward uncertainty. Toward possibilities.

Am I ready for this?

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Chapter Two

I take a deep breath as I follow Layla into the living room. Her Daddy, Theo, is incredibly wealthy. His home is huge and extravagant. I've never lived anywhere this nice. Layla has told me he's a commercial real estate agent. I guess they make good money.

Tate has already arrived, and both men stand from where they're sitting on the giant sectional as we enter.

Layla runs toward Theo and jumps into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist as if she hasn't seen him for months instead of the fifteen minutes it's been since he last checked on us upstairs.

I shuffle into the room slower, rubbing my hands together, feeling more self-conscious than I ever have in my life. Maybe this was a mistake. I'm out of my element.

Tate—looking as handsome as he always does—gives me his award-winning smile and comes toward me. I wonder if he will hold out a hand to shake mine or what we might do as a greeting. Shaking his hand feels weird. It's not like I've never met him.

His smile grows as he approaches. "Sophia, you look so pretty in that dress." Instead of taking my hand, he cups my cheek and strokes my chin with his thumb.

My heart is racing, and my breath hitches as I tip my head back to look up at him.

I'm five-four. He's a foot taller than me.

His height and stature are part of what attracts me to him.

That and his thick brown hair and green eyes.

The dimples on his cheeks when he smiles.

His broad shoulders and muscles that make it look like he could easily lift me right off the floor and hold me the way Theo is holding Layla—effortlessly with a hand under her bottom.

But what I love most about Tate is the stern expression evident in the lines on his forehead even when he's smiling. He has that expression now, and it makes me shiver.

Sometimes at the Dungeon, I enjoy watching him from across the room and pretend he's the most powerful, firm Daddy in the world. It's all made up in my head, of course. I have no idea if he's as stern as he looks or not. I'm also not sure I would enjoy the level of dominance he exudes in real life.

My experience with domination is pretty limited, considering I'm a member of a kink club and visit it frequently.

I've seen every kind of kink. I've watched Doms and subs throughout the club and witnessed many forms of bondage and impact play.

I've seen fire play and knife play. I've held my breath as I glued my eyes to suspension play and other extreme rope play.

I'm mostly a voyeur. The only thing I've personally explored is spanking. It's always

more-or-less arranged. Layla, Amelia, and I had become experts at pretending to argue or fight in order to get the attention of surrounding Doms so they would discipline us.

That was before Amelia and her Daddy, Noah, got together and moved to the island. Soon afterward, Layla met Theo and moved in with him. They haven't come to the Dungeon together since Layla started living with Theo.

That has often left me alone at the club with no one to perform with in order to draw attention to myself. I've learned I'm not very good at asking someone to spank me, so it's been a while since I've had the experience. I'm actually itching to have someone's palm on my butt.

The best spanker of all is the man currently cupping my cheek and smiling down at me. There's no way I could possibly ask him to swat my bottom tonight. Not in Theo and Layla's home. That would be weird. The thought makes me clench my butt cheeks, though.

Tate lifts his hand from my face to stroke one of my pigtails. "Did you switch to a different shade of blue, Little one? This looks darker than last time I saw you."

My breath hitches. I'm stunned. I can't believe he would notice something like that. I nod. "Yes, Sir." I swallow after I mutter those words. Should I call him Sir? We aren't at the club. It's very confusing. The lines are blurred. I wonder how Layla does this.

"I like it. And it's an exact match with the polka dots on your dress tonight."

"Thank you."

Theo clears his throat a few yards from us.

“Layla and I are going to go put the finishing touches on dinner. Why don’t you two have a seat?

We’ll be back soon.” Layla is still wrapped all around him like a monkey, and I find myself envious of their relationship.

I’ve never dreamed of having that sort of connection with someone.

For me, being Little is a tiny part of me I indulge a few hours a week.

It makes me feel free to set my adult aside and relax to color, play with toys, do puzzles, and create imaginary mischief.

I read books about Daddies and Littles, but it’s never seemed like something I could actually live in real life.

The idea of being in a relationship with a Daddy Dom or living partly Little outside of the club as a lifestyle only recently started to infiltrate my brain since both Amelia and Layla have entered into serious full-time Dom/sub relationships.

I’ve started visualizing what it would be like late at night when I’m lying in bed tossing and turning. I didn’t use to have trouble sleeping, but ever since Layla asked me if I wanted to hook up with Tate, I’ve been nervous and restless. My visualizations have gotten more and more graphic.

I watch as Theo turns to carry Layla from the room. Her short dress is lifted up enough for me to see what she’s wearing underneath, and I bite my lip when I realize she’s neither diapered nor wearing ordinary panties. She has on training panties.

Layla has told me she spends a lot of time in a younger headspace now that she lives with Theo. Diapers wouldn’t surprise me, but I wasn’t expecting thick cotton training

panties for some reason.

I'm also aware that the two of them have left the room intentionally to give Tate and me time alone. I doubt Layla lifts a single finger in the kitchen. She has told me Theo does nearly everything for her.

Tate takes my hand, drawing my attention back to him as he guides me to the sectional and nods toward the spot where he intends for me to sit.

Goosebumps rise on my skin as I carefully follow his unspoken command.

It's subtle. He didn't say a word, but he made it clear where he wanted my butt planted.

It's also a bit of a struggle since it's difficult for me to get my dress tucked under my bottom.

I finally give up, aware that my blue panties are the only thing between me and the cushions.

Maybe this dress is a bit too short. Too late to worry about that now.

I'm fidgeting my fingers together, and Tate sets his enormous hand over both of mine. "Deep breath, Sophia. We're just having dinner with friends. I can feel your nervousness."

I swallow and try to hold still, straightening my spine. "I've, uh, never been Little outside of the club," I admit.

"Ah." He squeezes my hands and holds them against my bare thigh. "Think of Theo's house as an extension of the club for tonight. We're all four members. We just aren't

physically in the Dungeon tonight.”

“I’m trying. It’s weird. Do I call you Sir?”

“You may call me Sir or Tate or even Daddy if you’d like. Whatever feels right.” Tate adjusts my hands so he’s still gripping the one closest to him. His knuckles rest against my inner thigh, making it difficult not to squirm.

I stare at him, but no words come out. The only thing I’m currently aware of is his touch as he begins to stroke my thigh with his knuckles. Does he have any idea what he’s doing to me?

I’ve never mixed sex with my Little before.

When I’ve scened with a Dom or even a Daddy Dom, the only thing I’ve negotiated was a spanking.

I don’t know any of the Doms who have spanked me well enough to let them touch me intimately.

Sometimes the Dom has asked me if I wanted to come as part of the scene, but I’ve always declined.

It seems weird to let a basic stranger touch my pussy, especially in front of a crowd.

At home, in my imagination, late at night, I can picture my Little in sexual situations.

I’ve read hundreds of romance novels. I have fantasies about being spanked and then fucked hard.

I’ve visualized having a Daddy restrain me and touch my pussy, edging me for

punishment.

It's not something I would ever expect to experience in real life.

But Layla does. Amelia does, too. Is that something Tate wants? I shudder at the idea. Am I ready for something like that? The idea makes me feel very vulnerable. I'm not sure I can give that part of me to another person.

I'm worried because Tate doesn't know me at all. Not really. He might think he does, but he'd be wrong. Hell, Layla and Amelia don't know me well either. We're friends. We exchange texts and phone calls to meet up at the Dungeon, but we've never shared deeply personal information.

I know I've presented myself as a bit of a fierce, naughty girl at the club. Between the three of us, I was often the one who cocked my hip out and instigated the planned drama we caused. I would pretend to bully the other girls sometimes, causing us all to end up with our butts in the air.

In real life, I've never bullied a soul.

I'm not nearly as cocky or confident as the persona I put on when I'm at the club.

And she's not here tonight either because she lives at the club.

I can put on a pretty dress and frilly socks and put my hair in high pigtails, but it's apparent the persona I assume at the Dungeon is not the same one sitting next to Tate, and that's freaking me out. I don't know who this Sophia is.

"I don't know what feels right, Sir," I tell him.

"That's okay, too. Don't fret. How about we get to know each other better? I'll ask

you a question and then you can ask me one, back and forth. How's that?"

I nod. "Okay." As long as it's not too personal. I'm not sure how much I'm willing to reveal about myself.

"I'll start easy. Favorite color?"

I giggle. "Blue."

"Really?" His brows shoot up as though he's shocked, but he's grinning, and I love the way his eyes crinkle when he smiles.

He's older than me. I don't care how old he is.

I've always been attracted to older men.

They seem more confident than guys my age.

So, I go for that question. "How old are you?"

"Forty. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five," I murmur.

"Does my age bother you, Little one?"

I shake my head, sending my blue pigtails flying. "No. Does mine bother you?"

"Not at all. Age is just a number. I might be concerned if you were significantly younger than that, but I figured you were in your mid-twenties. Old enough to know your mind."

“I definitely don’t know my mind,” I blurt out in response.

He cocks his head to one side. “You don’t think so?”

I shake my head again, equally fast, whacking myself in the face with the ends of my pigtails.

“I have no idea who I am right this minute,” I admit.

Something about Tate makes me feel like I can open up a bit and be honest. It’s the way he has every bit of his attention on me as if he really cares about my feelings, interests, and thoughts.

I feel special. He never glances away. He’s oblivious to anything else in the room.

As if he knows this, he lifts my hand up to his lips and kisses my knuckles.

When he lowers our combined hands, he threads his fingers with mine.

Instead of returning them to the spot against my thigh, he turns his entire body to face me more directly, bringing a knee up and bending it on the couch.

He rests our hands against his own inner thigh.

For a moment, I miss his touch against my bare skin. It’s irrational. Why would I crave that sort of contact with him? It’s too soon.

I want him to know I’m interested even though I might not be able to say the right things yet, so I turn also, more fully facing him, also bending a knee so our shins are lined up.

I instantly feel nervous about this decision. My dress is covering my panties, but I'm much more vulnerable in this position.

Tate reaches his other hand over and sets it on my inner thigh where his knuckles had been stroking me. This is far more direct. His fingers are between my legs, precariously close to my open pussy. Inches now separate my soaked panties from his fingertips.

Tate gives me a slow knowing smile. "I bet you'll know who you are in no time. You just haven't let yourself see the real you before. Do you spend much time in Little space outside of the club?"

"No, Sir. Never."

His brows shoot up again. I've surprised him. "Never?"

I shake my head.

"Have you ever had a Daddy before?"

"No, Sir," I whisper.

He leans closer. "I'm honored you're willing to share this with me tonight then.

" While he holds my gaze, his fingers gently stroke my inner thigh.

He has magic powers, and I suspect he's fully aware of what he's doing to me.

I'm seconds from panting, and I definitely don't know this sexual Little Sophia.

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Chapter Three

“Dinner’s ready,” Layla calls from across the room.

I flinch, feeling like we’ve been caught in the act of something scandalous. That’s ridiculous, of course. We’re both fully clothed. We haven’t even kissed. It’s the lascivious thoughts in my head that make me feel like anyone can see where my brain is with a glance.

Even though I’ve never mixed sex with my Little, how am I supposed to keep them separate with Tate’s fingers touching me so intimately? I’m not sure how I can even rise and walk to the kitchen. My legs will probably buckle.

Tate stands and helps me up, not releasing my fingers.

I’m sad that he’s no longer touching my thigh, but I tamp that down and force my legs to move as he directs me toward the kitchen.

Theo is setting something on the table as we enter. “I didn’t think we needed to be formal tonight. Just an easy meal at the kitchen table.”

“Perfect,” Tate says as he guides me closer.

Theo sets a hand on Layla’s shoulder. “Potty first, Little one.” He turns to face us. “Excuse us for a minute.”

I hold my breath as he leads her out of the kitchen with a hand at her neck. Is he

going to the bathroom with her? My face heats as a door closes nearby, and I realize he has most definitely entered the bathroom with her.

Tate pulls out a chair. I'm half aware, but my gaze is still on the spot where I last saw Layla and Theo.

"Do you need to go potty, too, Sophia?"

I jerk my gaze to his. "No, Sir." What if I did? Would he take me like Theo did? My face heats a million degrees at the thought.

Tate sets a hand on the small of my back and ushers me to the chair. He even lifts me up and sets me on my bottom as if I couldn't have done so myself. A very Daddy move.

He sits next to me and cups my chin to turn my head his direction.

"I like you, Sophia. A lot. I have for a while. And I hope you feel the same way about me. I'm going to assume you do, or you wouldn't have agreed to meet me like this and gotten all dressed up for me.

" He gives me another one of his warm smiles.

I nod against his palm.

"Good. That said, I will not rush you in any way. Layla has settled into a very regressed lifestyle with Theo. I doubt if she pees without his help, but you and I don't have that kind of relationship yet, so if you need to go potty, just ask. I won't assist you."

I bite my bottom lip, absorbing everything he's just said and the precise words he

chose.

The keywords were yet and ask . I have to assume he'd like to have that sort of relationship with me or whoever his Little is.

And he has asserted his dominance by telling me to ask if I need to go potty. "Okay."

"Good girl." He releases my chin to stroke my pigtail.

My tummy does flip flops. He called me good girl. I've heard those words before sometimes when a Dom is spanking me, but they never meant anything until they came from Tate.

Theo and Layla return, and this is when I notice the booster seat on one of the chairs. Theo lifts Layla up onto it and proceeds to fasten her in with nylon straps that come up between her thighs and around her waist.

I'm mesmerized and not breathing. I've been aware that Layla plays at a younger age. She's told me so herself. But knowing and seeing are very different things.

I've never considered the possibility of living this sort of lifestyle.

In my head, my age play has always been confined to scenes at the club.

Not something real and tangible I might do outside of pretend.

Layla does, though. And I know Amelia lives even younger on the island.

All Littles on the island are fully regressed.

When I read books about fully regressed Littles, I get turned on, but lots of things I

read turn me on.

That doesn't mean I would do most of those things.

I'm never going to have sex with three shapeshifters or a giant blue alien who kidnaps me and brings me to his UFO.

I've always lumped age play in with that.

Until now.

It's a struggle to sit still while Theo buckles Layla at the waist, and my breath hitches when he guides her wrist down to her hip and cuffs her hand down so she can't lift it. I feel faint while he does the other one, and I'm not breathing at all as he snaps a tray onto the booster seat.

Layla squirms, but it's obvious this is their norm. She is completely restrained with her hands trapped under the tray. He's going to feed her.

I flinch when Tate's hand lands between my shoulder blades. "You okay, Little one?"

I suck in a breath and try to shake myself out of my shocked stupor. "Yes, Sir."

"Can I fill a plate for you?" Tate asks.

I tip my head back to look at him. "Yes, Sir."

"Is there anything you don't like, Sophia?"

I turn my attention to the table and scan the foods.

There's enough food here for ten people.

It's all appetizers. The only thing I see that I don't like is asparagus wrapped in bacon.

"I don't really like asparagus," I tell him, feeling my cheeks heat further.

I wouldn't ordinarily say anything in front of the person who prepared my meal.

I would probably even choke it down without a word, but Tate asked.

He smiles. "No asparagus for you, then." He puts one of everything else on my plate. It's far too much food. I'm not sure I can even chew and swallow, let alone eat a mound of food.

"That's a lot, Sir," I mutter as he sets the plate in front of me.

"Eat what you want, Little one. I'll finish it off for you." He winks at me before he fills his own plate.

Theo only fills one plate. He piles it high. He glances at me next. "I forgot to get drinks. What would you like, Sophia?" He sets his plate down and stands.

"Ummm, what is Layla having?"

"Well, she'll have water from a sippy cup while we eat dinner, but she'll take a bottle of formula before bed.

She gets a lot of her calories from formula, so don't fret if you notice her not eating much.

I don't expect you to do anything the same as Layla.

Our dynamic is unique. I can fix you water, juice, milk, or even formula if you want to try it.

I also have sodas and tea. I don't offer caffeine to Layla very often, but you're a guest." He smiles.

I'm overwhelmed.

"Oh, and you may use a regular glass, a plastic cup, a sippy cup, or a bottle. Whatever you'd like."

I turn toward Tate. I have no idea why. It suddenly seems like choosing a beverage and the type of container it's going to be in is the most monumental decision I've ever made in my life. Why am I looking to him for answers?

He strokes my cheek. "Would you like me to pick for you, Sophia?"

"Yes, Sir," I whisper.

"Have you ever used a sippy cup, Little one?"

I shake my head.

He turns his attention toward Theo. "How about apple juice in a sippy cup."

Theo nods and rises.

I watch as he opens a cabinet filled with bottles and sippy cups and pulls two sippy cups down. He unscrews the lids from both before filling one with water and one with

apple juice. When he returns, he hands the juice to Tate. Not me.

Tate holds the cup out to me. When I take it from him, he lifts his own water glass and clinks them together. “To new experiences,” he says.

I giggle. Everything about this evening is a new experience. That’s for sure.

Tate points at my plate. “Don’t feel pressured, Little one. Eat what you want,” he repeats.

“Yes, Sir.”

My attention shifts to Layla as her Daddy blows on a small bite of tiny quiche before offering it to her from a pink rubber spork. “Chew it well, Baby girl,” he instructs.

She leans forward to accept the bite and grins as if it’s the yummiest food ever.

I press my thighs together. I’ve never been this horny in my life. Not even while reading a naughty book or masturbating. It’s like I stepped right into the naughtiest book ever written, and I’m participating in it instead of reading.

Watching Layla is mesmerizing. She obviously eats with her hands restrained regularly. It’s natural to her. I notice Theo often grazes her nipples with his knuckles, which makes her arch and squirm.

I think I’m going to come in my seat.

“Eat, Little one,” Tate encourages.

I jerk my attention to my plate and reach for a tiny pizza. It could be one bite, but I bite off half of it and force myself to chew and swallow. It’s good, and luckily taking

the first bite makes me realize I'm hungry and gives me the encouragement to keep eating.

When I lift the sippy cup, I'm aware of Tate watching me. He's gauging my reactions to everything. I'm not surprised. He's taking mental notes. Anyone would do the same. I suspect he's intuitive enough that he knows me better than I know myself from watching me.

"So, what do you do for work, Sophia?" Tate asks.

I swallow my bite of stuffed mushroom. "I work at a candy store."

Layla giggles and swings her legs. "Sophia is so lucky. I wish I worked at a candy store. All-you-can-eat candy all day."

Theo taps her nose. "That's never going to happen, Little one, so don't get any ideas."

"Do they really let you eat candy at work, Little one?" Tate asks.

I nod. "Yep. Only the bulk candy. Not the packaged kind. But it's not as glamorous as it sounds. It smells divine in the store, but in reality, I can only eat a few pieces. If I ate more, I'd feel sick."

Tate nods. "I guess that's probably true for anyone who works in the food industry. I doubt people flipping burgers want to eat a burger after staring at hundreds of them for hours."

"Yeah." I take another bite, this time from a tiny pig in a blanket. "I get to take some home, too, though."

“Ah. What’s your favorite candy?”

“Gummy bears,” I declare. “They’re so good.” I let my eyes roll back.

Theo laughs a bit harder than necessary. “I think you should tell her what you do for work, Tate.”

I turn my attention to Tate.

He chuckles. “I’m a dentist.”

I gasp.

He laughs harder. “Do you know how bad gummy bears are for your teeth?”

I groan and wipe my lips with my napkin. “I should just go home now. There’s no way this could ever work out between us.” I’m half teasing. Half .

Tate cups the back of my neck. “Don’t you worry. I wouldn’t take away your favorite food group.”

I narrow my gaze at him, sensing a but.

He continues to laugh. “If you were mine, I would monitor your gummy bear intake and brush and floss your teeth every time you ate them.”

My eyes go wide. Did he say he would brush and floss for me? I glance at Layla and realize she probably hasn’t brushed her own teeth since she met her Daddy. Is that something Tate is interested in? Is he looking for a deeply regressed Little girl?

As Theo feeds Layla another bite and then holds her sippy cup up for her to take a

drink, I wonder for the first time in my life if maybe I would like to live the way she does.

A full-body shudder shakes my entire frame, leaving me both hot and cold at the same time.

Who am I?

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Chapter Four

After dinner—after Tate and Theo clean the kitchen—we all play a game around the kitchen table.

It's a hilarious memory game, and I find out I'm better at it than Tate.

Either that or he let me beat him. That's possible.

I don't know him well enough to be sure if he would let me win, but I get to know him better throughout the evening.

He seems genuinely interested and attentive. He smiles a lot, and every time I look at him, he's looking at me. It makes me blush and squirm. I keep thinking about how it felt to have his hand on my thigh and wishing I were sitting close enough to him for him to do it again.

When the game is over, I glance at the time on the microwave.

"I should get home. I have to work in the morning." Really I just don't want to stay so long that I'm keeping Theo and Layla from whatever their nighttime routine is.

If I had a Daddy like Theo, I'd be bouncing in my seat, wondering when my guests were finally going to leave.

I look at Tate. If I had a Daddy like Tate...

Tate nods. “Did you drive here, Sophia?”

I shake my head. “No. I don’t have a car. I took an Uber.”

“I’d be happy to drive you home, if you don’t mind me knowing where you live. I’ll totally understand if you’d rather I don’t.”

Relief floods me. I have been hoping he would take me home. “I’d like that. Thank you.”

We all stand, and I help Layla put the game pieces back in the box while Theo and Tate wander toward the living room.

“So?” Layla whispers.

I giggle. “Tate is nice,” I respond noncommittally with a shrug.

Layla rolls her eyes. “You already knew he was nice. Do you like him , like him?”

I glance toward the door to make sure the men aren’t returning. “Yeah. Maybe.” I do, but I’m still nervous and skeptical.

She claps her hands and bounces on her feet. “Yay. Are you going to invite him in when he takes you home?”

“I don’t know yet. Maybe.” I’ll have to see how I feel when that moment is upon me.

Layla and I lock arms as we join the men at the front door. That’s when I realize I’m still wearing my Little dress. I have a bag of clothes because I’d changed after I arrived. I’d intended to change back into regular, vanilla street clothes before leaving.

My bag is by the front door, and I point at it. “I should change really quick before we leave.”

Tate turns and picks up my bag. “You don’t need to change on my account, Little one. No one but me will see you.”

I chew on my bottom lip for a moment. It’s true that no one will likely see me. Maybe if I lived in an apartment building. But I don’t. I rent a small house near where I work.

Drawing in a deep breath, I say, “Okay.”

Tate’s brow furrows in that way that tells me he’s skeptical about my response. He tips my chin back. “If it makes you uncomfortable, you may go change first. I don’t mind.”

I shake my head. “I’ll be fine. Thank you.”

After a round of hugs and goodbyes, I let Tate lead me out to his black SUV.

He sets my bag in the back seat before opening the front passenger door.

As I step closer, he circles my waist with his hands and lifts me off my feet to set me in the seat.

He even pulls the seatbelt across me and fastens it.

I’m dizzy from his dominance as he rounds the car and climbs in. He hands me his phone. “Can you put your address in the GPS for me, Little one?”

I enter it with shaky fingers and hand it back.

“Good girl.” He attaches his phone to a holder on the dashboard and takes my hand in his. “Don’t panic. I’m just driving you home. If you’ll let me, I’ll come in and tuck you into bed, but that’s it. Nothing else is going to happen between us tonight.”

I tip my head back. “Because you don’t like me that way?” I blurt out before I can manage to filter my words. I cringe. I sound so ridiculous.

Tate frowns. “That’s not it at all, Sophia. I feel all kinds of ways about you. Tonight has only served to solidify what I already suspected.”

I inhale sharply. “What did you suspect?” I ask breathlessly.

He leans in closer and lifts my chin. “That you’re mine, Little one.”

I gasp, my jaw dropping. His? How can I be his?

He smiles. “Don’t you worry. I’m a patient man. We’ll take things at your pace. Nothing will ever happen between us that you’re not ready for.”

“Okay.” I breathe out. What am I ready for? “Will you at least kiss me goodnight?”

His smile is back. “Definitely, Little one.”

As he starts the engine and pulls away from the house, I take deep cleansing breaths. This date is going better than I ever imagined. It’s scaring the crap out of me, but I’m excited at the same time.

“Now, tell me more about Sophia. Do you have a space in your home where you can relax and be Little?”

I shake my head. “No.”

He glances at me, brows furrowed. “No? You’re only Little when you’re at the club?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“That’s only a few hours a week.”

“Yeah.”

“Why, Little one? Why don’t you indulge at home sometimes?”

I shrug. “I’ve always just thought of my Little side as a kink I fulfill for fun at the club, not a lifestyle. Not for me at least. I’ve never dreamed of having an actual Daddy.”

He reaches over and sets his hand on my thigh. God, I love it when he does that. It’s so possessive. At least it is in my head. “I bet there are millions of Littles who practice age play of some sort alone in their homes.”

I shrug. “I just haven’t.” I can’t explain it. I guess I’ve mostly been worried that someone would catch me playing and discover my secret. I’d be mortified if a delivery guy or salesman saw me playing through the window.

“Is it something you’d like to do, Sophia?” he asks gently.

I turn my face toward him. “I don’t know, Sir. I’m learning. Maybe.” That’s the truth. Until Layla called to set me up with Tate, I had never considered the idea of exploring beyond fake scenes at the club. It seemed farfetched.

By the time we get to my house, I’m a ball of lusty nerves from Tate stroking my inner thigh again. Apparently I have a sweet spot, and he’s found it. If he knows, he doesn’t say anything.

He parks in my driveway and jogs around the car to lift me out. After grabbing my bag from the back seat, he guides me to my front door with a palm at the small of my back. His gestures don't go unnoticed. I love it when he touches me.

I fumble for my key in the outside pocket of my bag that's still slung over Tate's shoulder. When I pull out the key, he takes it from me and unlocks my door.

As soon as he opens it, he reaches in and turns on the lights. "You should leave lights on inside when you're out at night, Sophia. It's not safe to walk into a dark house."

I stare at him, biting my lips. The adult in me wants to tell him to mind his own business. The Little in me is still in control, though, and she loves how bossy he is. Of course she does.

"Let me take a look around, Little one. Wait here." He leaves me right inside the entrance and takes off toward my small hallway. There are only two rooms and a bathroom. It's not really a hall at all.

He's back in five seconds. "What a cute place, Sophia." He's smiling again. "I feel like I know you better already." He locks the front door behind me. He must have set my bag in the bedroom because it's gone now.

"What do you know about me from ten seconds in my house?" I challenge. I'm curious what my home says about me.

"I know that you love books, both paperbacks and ebooks."

I gasp. "How can you tell I read ebooks?"

"There's an e-reader by your bed, silly Little girl."

I giggle. “What else?”

“Blue isn’t just a hair color. It’s really your only color.”

I giggle again. He’s right. “What else?” I challenge.

He faces me, takes both my hands in his, and lifts my knuckles to his cheeks. “Your Little isn’t nearly as hidden as you think she is.”

I gasp. She’s not? I look around, trying to imagine what I own that would make someone suspect I’m Little.

“Don’t worry, Little one. Only a seasoned Daddy would see the signs.”

“What signs?”

“There’s a much-loved small blankie on your bed. There’s a cartoon toothbrush in a matching holder in the bathroom.”

“Lots of people have blankies and silly toothbrushes,” I argue.

“Mmm. Do they have colored bath beads and bath crayons?” His smile reaches his eyes.

I’m surprised by how observant he is. “Sure they do. How else would they take notes when things pop into their head while they’re in the shower?”

He laughs hard, his head tipping back and his palm coming to his stomach.

I want to be mad that he’s laughing at me, but I can’t seem to do anything but giggle with him. I’ve never thought about how others would see my belongings.

Tate turns around, taking one of my hands in his larger one. “You have cartoon DVDs, Sophia. What will I find if I look in your pantry?”

He moves toward my kitchen, but I tug on his hand, stopping him. “Fine. You win. I guess I have some small Little tendencies, but I don’t own anything that would make it obvious to a regular guest.” Hell, apparently it wasn’t obvious to me either.

He turns to face me again and lifts a brow. “Let me see your gummy bear stash.”

I shake my head, laughing. “No way.”

“Fine. I won’t insist on it tonight, but the next time I come over, I expect you to show me.”

“Deal.”

Tate twists around behind me before I have any idea what he’s doing. He grabs my hand—the one I’m using to cross my fingers while I lie to him. I’ve been plotting where I might hide my gummy bears so he won’t know how many I have.

“You naughty, naughty, naughty girl,” he declares.

I blush. He’s right. I guess my behavior was naughty. “What are you going to do, spank me?” I challenge before I can fully think through what I’m suggesting. Does it matter, though? Tate has spanked me before. Lots of times. What makes tonight any different?

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I know the answer. We're not in the Dungeon tonight. We're alone in my house. If he meant me harm, my safeword would be useless. Granted, there's no way Theo or Layla would let me go home with a man they didn't fully trust.

Tate rounds back to my front and cups my face. "Is that what you want, Little one? Would you like me to spank you before you go to bed?"

I find myself nodding. It will feel so good and chase away a lot of the stress I've been dealing with for days while I waited for tonight to get here.

"Words, Little one."

"Yes, Sir. I would like you to spank me. Is that okay?"

"Yes, Sophia. It's a good idea. I bet you'll sleep much better after I swat your naughty bottom." He spins me around and pats my bottom over the ruffles of my dress. "Go get ready for bed. Yell out when you're done, and I'll come in."

I hesitate only a moment before I take off skipping toward my bedroom.

I close the door and lean against it for a moment.

I can't believe this is happening. Tate is in my house.

I just spent the evening with the sexiest man from the Dungeon, and he's going to spank me and tuck me into bed.

I've never had the luxury of being able to go to sleep after a spanking.

No matter how hard it was to pull myself together after an amazing scene over a bench with my bottom exposed to the room, I had to drag myself out of subspace and get an Uber to go home before I could collapse.

I'm so excited right now my heart is racing. I rush across the room, already reaching back to unzip my dress. I should have had Tate unzip it before I came in here. It's hard to get to the zipper, especially since the bodice is so fitted.

Finally I manage to escape the dress. I drop it in the hamper and open the top drawer of my dresser. It takes me a minute before I decide upon a royal blue nightgown. Before I can talk myself out of it, I also remove my blue panties and drop them in the hamper.

When I open the door to the bedroom and stick my head out, I find Tate only a few feet away, staring at me. He points toward the bathroom. "Go potty, Little one, and brush your teeth two times longer than usual. I'm going to check them when you come out."

I giggle as I step into the bathroom and do his bidding. This time when I come out, he's in my room, sitting on the edge of my bed. He's chuckling as I approach.

"What's funny now?"

"My Little girl who isn't Little except at the club also has a Tinker Bell nightgown."

I glance down. Oh, right. The tiny Tinker Bells on this nightie are subtle. After all, it's blue on blue, but sheesh, he's right. "They make these for adults."

"Uh huh. They make lots of things for adults, Sophia." He holds out a hand.

I go to him and let him pull me between his legs. “In addition to Tinker Bell jammies, they also make adult diapers, bottles, pacifiers, and onesies,” he points out.

I sigh. “Okay, so maybe I’m a tiny bit Little.” I seriously never thought about it. “But I don’t own any of those things you just listed. I’m not that Little.”

He eyes me skeptically. “Are you sure? You got pretty squirmy watching Theo feed Layla, and I thought you might slide off the chair and fall on the floor when he mentioned feeding her a bottle before bed.”

I lean in closer to Tate and drop my head to set my forehead against his chest, thinking.

He rubs my back and kisses the top of my head.

“It’s okay, Little one. You have a lot to think about.

I’m not judging you, nor do I care what age you prefer.

I’m just suggesting you take a look at what you really feel deep inside.

Maybe you’ve been in a bit of denial because you didn’t have a Daddy, and the thought of being your own caregiver didn’t appeal to you. ”

Could he be right?

He continues to hold me and rub my back. It feels so good. I never want him to stop, but eventually he moves his hands to my biceps and leans me back. He meets my gaze. “I really like you, Sophia. I want to explore this thing between us. Will you give it a chance?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good. Now, what time do you get off work tomorrow? Can I pick you up for a date?”

“I get off at five. Do you mean an adult date?”

“I think an adult date is a good idea. We can talk about what each of us wants in a partner in a serious headspace. Afterward, if you feel like it, we can come back here or go to my place where you can be Little. How’s that sound?”

I smile. “I’d like that.”

“Good. Now, do you still want me to spank you before you go to sleep?”

I nod, my cheeks heating. “Please, Sir.”

“First, though, I want to see your teeth. Did you brush them long enough?”

I giggle and open my mouth wide.

Tate grips my chin with his fingers and angles my head around. “You did a good job.”

I blow out a relieved breath, assuming he won’t actually consider taking over the task of brushing for me one day.

He chuckles. “That doesn’t mean I won’t become your worst nightmare when it comes to dental care, Little one. It’s in my nature. Now, how about I spank your pretty bottom for a while to relieve some of the stress you’re feeling?”

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Chapter Five

Tate guides me to one side of his lap and pats his thighs. “Climb up, Little one.”

I set a knee on the mattress and push up so I can lean over his lap. I’ve never actually been spanked in this position. At the club, the Doms usually arrange me over a spanking bench or even just bent at the waist with my hands on a table.

This position is more intimate, and I’m already trembling as Tate helps me get comfortable. “Lift your arms up and fold them under your cheek, Sophia.”

I do as I’m told, panting as Tate pushes my nightgown up to the middle of my back. He’s seen and spanked my butt before, but this is so different. We’re not even playing in the same field tonight. We’re alone in my house. No one is watching. No one will see how I react.

It seems like I can be more honest with myself and with Tate in this environment. I don’t have to worry about the noises I make or my reactions. I shouldn’t have ever been concerned at the Dungeon either, but it’s impossible not to think about those who are watching me.

Tate sets his palm on my bottom and gently rubs. “Do you usually get aroused when someone spansks you, Sophia?”

My breath hitches. I whimper as I consider my response.

“Sophia...” There’s a warning in his voice. “Honesty.”

“Sometimes...” I swallow and whisper, “when it’s you.”

For a split second, he freezes, his hand no longer moving on my bare skin, and then he squeezes my cheeks. “That pleases me immensely, Little one.” He slides his hand to one of my thighs. “Do you want me to give you an orgasm after I spank you, Sophia?”

I draw in a sharp breath. Do I want him to give me an orgasm? That’s an option? He has no idea that no one has ever touched me like that before.

“If it’s too intimate for you this soon in our relationship, I totally understand. Make no mistake, my clothes are not coming off tonight, Little one. But this is your scene. If you want me to finger your pussy after I spank you, I’d be humbled to do so. If it feels too soon, I won’t do it.”

I draw in another breath. Be brave . “I’d like that, Sir.”

“Good girl.” His hand comes back to my bottom. His other hand spreads out on the small of my back, making me shudder. “Spread your knees, Sophia.”

I suck in another breath. My thighs are squeezed together because I’m already aroused, and I’m embarrassed. My pussy is throbbing.

“Knees, naughty girl. I’m not going to begin until you open your pussy for me.”

I shudder again, my entire body quivering at his words. I’ve never been this aroused, and he hasn’t even started. But I open my thighs, my breath leaving my lungs in a ragged exhale.

“Good girl.” He lifts his hand and swats my bottom. Even though he’s done this before, and I’m not a stranger to spankings, this time is different. I feel it in my soul.

This means something.

I'm scared about my feelings. Tonight was technically our first date, and already I'm feeling things I've never felt before. I've never let myself even daydream about having a Daddy or even a boyfriend.

I'm twenty-five years old, and I've never had a serious relationship.

I've never met anyone I felt like being involved with.

Suddenly, as Tate spans my bottom so perfectly with just the right amount of growing pressure, I think I know the reason why.

I've been waiting for not just a man but a Daddy.

I've been waiting for someone like Tate.

Can I really have this?

I close my eyes and stop my mind from running all over the place, focusing instead on how good it feels to be spanked by this Daddy. He doesn't miss a single spot. He covers every inch of my skin, including the backs of my thighs.

In a few minutes, my bottom is hot and burns with every swat, but also my pussy is wet and needy. It's hard to keep my legs parted. My instinct is to squeeze my thighs together to get any amount of pressure against my throbbing clit.

When Tate stops spanking me, he lifts his hand away altogether, leaving my skin on fire. I need contact against it. I need him to rub the burn away, but he doesn't.

"Deep breaths, Little one. Is your pussy feeling greedy?"

I moan as I pull my knees in just enough to lift my bottom toward him in supplication. “Please, Sir.”

He lets me squirm for a moment before finally setting his hand on my thigh. His fingers wrap around precariously close to my wet folds just like he’s done several times tonight.

I’m panting and whimpering and wiggling my ass all at the same time.

“You love it when my hand is on your thigh, don’t you, Little one?”

I moan.

He slides his fingers infinitesimally closer to my pussy.

“Every time I stroked your inner thighs tonight, your breath hitched.” He emphasizes his point by lightly grazing my skin, and I arch my head off my folded arms and moan loudly into the silence of the room when he applies pressure to my skin, parting my folds, opening my pussy.

“I’m a greedy man, Sophia. I want this pussy to be mine. I want to mark you in a way you know you’re mine and erase everyone before me from your mind.”

I suck in a breath and hold it, pursing my lips.

“Does that scare you, Sophia?” he asks, undoubtedly misinterpreting my reaction.

I release my lips and mutter, “Yes, Sir.” It’s not a lie. I’m scared out of my mind. Mostly I’m afraid Tate is two seconds from ruining me. He doesn’t understand how deeply I want to belong to him and how important this is.

And then he asks the one thing that I can't avoid answering. "How many men have touched this pussy, Sophia?" His voice is deep, gravelly, so very dominant.

I shouldn't be shocked he would ask. He's obviously possessive. It's not something I knew about him before tonight, but from the moment he set his hand on my bare thigh soon after arriving, I suspected he would be the sort of man to take over a Little girl's life.

Can I do this? Can I give myself to him? It's monumental, much bigger than he understands, but as soon as I answer his question, he will know.

Instead of backing down, Tate presses harder against my skin, parting my pussy farther.

He leans his head closer to me. "Sophia, tell me. Tell Daddy. I want to know how many men I need to erase. I know it's personal, but you're under my skin, Little one.

I knew before Theo arranged this date tonight that I wanted you all the way under my skin, inside me.

I knew I wanted you to be my Little girl.

That's why I was so persistent about setting up a date.

I know you're scared. I know you're hesitant, and I fully understand that.

I'd be worried if you weren't, and I'll give you all the time in the world you need to trust and believe me.

Right now, I want to fuck your sweet pussy with my fingers until you scream.

Before I do that, I need you to tell me how many men you've had sex with. ”

“None,” I murmur, dropping my forehead to the mattress.

Tate stiffens. A heartbeat goes by before he removes his hand entirely. One second, I'm feeling rejected and about to cry. The next second, Tate grabs me around the waist and flips me onto my back in the middle of the bed.

I gasp as I land, my eyes wide as I stare up at him. He's on his knees, one knee between my parted legs, hands planted on both sides of my head. He has that expression I love on his face, his brow furrowed, the corners of his lips lifted at the same time. “You haven't had sex?”

I sniffle, nervous. “No, Sir.” I look away, afraid to see how he's going to react.

His breath is ragged. “Look at me, Sophia,” he orders.

I shift my gaze back to face him, my cheeks burning almost as much as my bottom.

“No one has touched this precious pussy before?”

I'm embarrassed. Must we harp on this a third time? I shake my head.

He lowers his forehead to mine, breathing heavily. “Sophia...” My name comes out of his mouth reverently. “Baby girl...”

I hold my breath.

“Were you going to tell me this?” he asks softly. He's not mad.

I shrug. I don't know the answer. Perhaps eventually but not tonight. He said he

wouldn't have sex with me. I didn't think he needed to know I hadn't been fingered either.

"I'm not going to finger you, Sophia."

I gasp. That is not the response I wanted. Even though I've been through fifteen emotions in the last thirty seconds, I'm still hornier than ever. Pulsing with need. Desperate to feel his touch.

He shakes his head. "I didn't mean I won't give you what you need, Baby girl. I mean I'm going to drop between your legs and suck your pussy. I'm going to make you scream. I'm going to make you know you're mine."

He doesn't wait for a response. He moves down my body, parts my thighs, climbs between them, and pushes my nightie up my torso, exposing my breasts.

I stare at him as he looks down at me.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous." Is he trembling?

My chest rises and falls while he stares at my breasts. I feel cherished in every way. No one has ever looked at me like Tate is right now.

I squirm under his scrutiny. "Please..."

"Please, Daddy..." he instructs. "Please eat my pussy, Daddy."

My breathing is so ragged I'm dizzy. I don't think I'm getting enough oxygen. His focus is intense. He's not going to move until I say what he wants.

I'm scared. So scared. I want this more than I've ever wanted anything. If he hurts

me, I'll be destroyed. But I have to take the chance. I lick my lips. "Please, Daddy. Please eat my pussy." My voice isn't as strong as I would have liked, but it's not a whisper. He hears me.

Tate smiles and lowers his lips to my breasts, kissing first one nipple and then the other.

I arch my chest as my arousal shoots through the roof. I need more, but I'm certain he's going to give it to me. "Please, Daddy..." I repeat in a stronger voice.

His mouth trails down my tummy toward my pussy. I can't believe he's going to kiss me there . I've read about such things, but I never expected to experience it.

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He plants one tiny kiss on the hood of my clit, and then his entire mouth engulfs my pussy, and he sucks.

I cry out at the intensity of emotions and sensations bombarding me.

He sucks again before flicking his tongue over my clit and spearing it into my channel. He moans against my wet folds and shifts his attention back to my clit, capturing it between his lips and laving it over and over.

I scream as my orgasm consumes me, grabbing his shoulders with both hands, digging my fingers into his firm muscles. I can't breathe. I can't think. My vision is blurred. All I know is this euphoria that's consuming me, leaving me dizzy.

Instead of releasing my pussy, Tate licks up and down between my lower lips several times before he hooks his hands under my thighs, pushes them higher and wider, and thrusts his tongue into my tight channel.

A long moan escapes my mouth as I tip my head back, my eyes rolling toward the back of my head. Oh. My. Heavens.

I'm trembling from the orgasm, and now I'm tingling everywhere as another release grows inside me.

I've never come twice. When I've come in the past, I've usually dropped the vibrator at my side and melted limply into the bed while I caught my breath.

I've never even considered bringing myself to another orgasm.

Tate is relentless. Without words, he demands that my body rise again and obey his silent command. He licks and sucks and teases every millimeter of my sensitive skin. My pussy is swollen and throbbing. I'm not sure I've fully come down from the previous release.

Suddenly he releases one thigh, brings his hand between my legs, and strokes between my folds.

I cry out and dig my fingers deeper into his shoulders. He's lucky my nails are blunt, or I'd be scoring him with ten half-moons.

Tate teases my entrance over and over. Nothing has ever felt so good in my life. I've touched myself, but I've never felt half of what he's bringing out in me.

Tate lifts his mouth and moves his fingers up to my clit, stroking it several times before he pinches it, and I think I might die. White hot intense pleasure courses through me.

When Tate lifts his head and meets my gaze, his expression is intense. "Fuck, Sophia... You're so fucking sexy. You have no idea. Come again for me, Baby girl. Come again so I can watch this time."

I whimper loudly as I turn my head back and forth against the mattress. A minute ago, I wouldn't have thought it was possible to obey this particular command, but I know better now. I'm absolutely going to come a second time.

"That's my good girl. Let Daddy make you feel good. Don't fight it. Give me another one, Sophia."

My pussy clenches, and I arch my butt clear off the bed as another orgasm forces its way out of my body.

This one is different. It lasts longer, and it's powerful in its intensity.

The first one was rushed and desperate. This second one is sweeter.

It brings a smile to my face as I languish in the waves of pleasure pulsing through me.

My world has shifted, and he didn't even enter me. I'm trembling, wondering how much better it would be if he pushed a finger into me or...his cock.

Tate doesn't remove his fingers until I'm sated and panting, my body limp against the bed.

Finally, he eases his fingers away from my clit, drops another reverent kiss to my pussy, and climbs back up my body. Along the way, he pauses to nibble my tummy and then lingers, nuzzling my breasts.

I'm blinking and slightly more coherent by the time his lips come to mine.

For a moment, he teases my mouth, nibbling and retracting until I'm squirming and whimpering.

He chuckles before he takes my mouth in a deep kiss. It's primal and possessive. He tastes of me, which oddly doesn't bother me. It feels naughty and intimate. Will he kiss me like this after I've sucked his cock? Will he mind tasting himself on my lips like he's forcing me to do?

I don't know why my mind is going in this direction.

I've never given a blowjob before. Why am I thinking about sucking Tate's cock?

I can't answer that, but I find myself wanting to do just that.

I want to suck him and torment him like he just did me.

I want to know what it will feel like to make him come apart. I want to watch as he explodes.

When Tate releases my mouth, he stares down at me, smiling like he's won the lottery. He's wrong. I have.

He rises up enough to take my hands in his and bring them over my head. He threads our fingers together and holds me captive. He focuses on my gaze next. "You're mine, Sophia," he growls.

I shiver, nodding. How could I be anything but his after what he's just done to me?

"Mine," he repeats. "Every inch of you. No one else will ever touch this body."

I draw in a breath, nodding again.

"Words, Baby girl. Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours, Tate."

"Daddy. I'm yours, Daddy."

I shudder at his intensity. It doesn't scare me.

This entire situation frightens me to death, but not his possessiveness.

That part makes me feel cherished. My fear comes from worrying I'll wake up tomorrow and find out this was all a dream.

Or worse, that he's changed his mind after ruining me for other men. Does he know how that would wreck me?

I lick my lips, realizing he's waiting for me to respond. "I'm yours, Daddy."

"Good girl." He slowly pushes himself up until he's on his knees looking down at me.

I'm naked with my nightie up around my neck.

He's fully clothed. He reverently strokes my skin, circling my nipples before tapping them.

"I meant to tuck you in and leave you, Baby girl. But that's not going to happen.

You have two options. Either you come home with me, or you scoot over so I can join you. "

I stare at him in shock for a moment before finally giving him a slow smile. "I'm too limp to get dressed, Daddy."

His grin is bigger than mine. "Take that nightgown off and scoot over, Baby girl."

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Chapter Six

When did he stop calling me Little one and switch to Baby girl? And why isn't it bothering me? He's Daddying me hard. I find I like it.

As Tate stands next to my bed and pulls his shirt off, I sit up, breathing heavily. Will he make love to me after all?

He shakes his head, smiling. "We're still not having sex, Sophia. You can't consent to that. You're in subspace."

I sit taller. "I'm not. I'm okay."

He chuckles. "You are, and it doesn't matter. I won't go back on my word." He kicks off his shoes and lowers his gaze to my torso. "Why is your nightie still on, naughty girl?"

I glance down as if I'm unaware of this fact. "I've never..." I swallow.

He sets his hands down alongside my hips, forcing me to look at him from inches away.

"It pleases me immensely that there are so many things you've never done, and I promise I will not take that for granted.

The rest of your firsts are mine. All of them.

I want two more firsts from you tonight.

I want you to let me sleep in your bed with you in my arms, and I want you naked. Can you do that, Little one?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good girl." He grabs the hem of my nightie himself and pulls it over my head. "Now, scoot your sexy body over so I can fit into this tiny bed next to you."

I giggle this time. My bed isn't tiny. It's a queen. But he's huge. I guess he has a king-sized bed. Whatever would I have needed a bed that big for? Until now.

Tate leaves me alone for a minute while he wanders through my house turning off lights. When he finally slides in next to me, he keeps his jeans on and pulls the covers over us both.

I suppose returning the favor and sucking him off is out of the question as he hauls me into his arms and spoons me. "Mine," he murmurs against my ear.

I sigh, feeling oddly content.

"I'll try my damndest not to fucking rush you, Sophia, but I want you in my home, in my bed, in my arms."

"This is happening very fast, Tate. I might need a few minutes."

He chuckles. "Minutes are long. How about seconds?" A few seconds go by before he speaks again. "Now?"

I giggle.

He kisses my ear. “I love that sound. Do it again.”

I can’t keep from obliging him.

He growls, the vibrations making me tremble.

“I don’t know if I can sleep with you touching me.”

“You’ll get used to it, Baby girl,” he whispers in my ear.

“Or...naked.”

“That, too. I’ll buy you all kinds of pretty nighties, but you’ll only ever wear them for the time it takes me to stalk toward you.”

I bite my bottom lip, grinning. “Do you have any faults?”

He gives me another chuckle. “Yep.”

“What are they?”

“I’m overbearing, possessive, and bossy. I will have rules, and I will control you, but you will like it.”

I have no doubt he’s telling the truth. I should be nervous, and once again I remind myself I am. I’m freaking out, but not for the reasons I should be. I’m not scared of Tate’s rules or bossiness. I’m looking forward to them. I’m still scared this can’t be real.

A few hours ago, I was reluctant to even have this double date. I think most of my worry revolved around the concern that I already knew I would fall hard for him, and

what if he didn't feel the same after an evening with me? Especially if I was in Little space.

Turns out he likes me in Little space. We should talk about that, too. "I've never been Little outside of the club before tonight," I remind him.

"You have, though, Baby girl. You just didn't realize it."

"Mmm." I suppose he's partly right.

"I'm not Little like Layla or Amelia, though."

He nibbles behind my ear for a few moments before licking the lobe. "The age you prefer to play at does not matter to me, Baby girl."

"Why did you start calling me Baby?"

"Mmm. I guess it feels more intimate to me. Anyone can be a Little girl. But Baby girl feels deeper."

I see his point, but... "Younger?"

"Maybe. We'll try out different things and see what you like."

"Are we going to try bottles, diapers, and pacifiers?"

"Yes. And if you don't like being that young, we'll abandon that idea, okay?"

"I guess."

"I know trying new things is scary, but be open minded for me, Baby girl."

“Okay, Daddy.”

“I love the sound of that.”

“How do you feel about blue hair?” I ask.

He chuckles. “I love your blue hair. I won’t change your personal style, Sophia. You’ve had blue hair since I met you. It caught my attention and held it. I’m not sure I’d even recognize you without it.”

I sigh. He really has an answer for everything.

“Time to sleep, Baby girl.”

“Naked.”

“Yep.”

“With you touching me.”

“Yep.” He chuckles. I’d do or say anything to keep him chuckling.

I take a deep breath and let it out slowly, closing my eyes. I’m not sure my brain is going to let me settle, but I’ll try. I’ll be exhausted tomorrow if I don’t get some sleep.

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Chapter Seven

I'm too warm. Why is my house so hot? Did the AC break down in the night?

And something is touching me. Holding me down...

I jerk my eyes open, gasping.

"Don't panic, Baby girl. You're with Daddy."

My memory floods back in, and I turn in the strong arms holding me to face Tate. Judging by the light coming in around my shades it's early morning. "You're still here."

He gives me a sexy smile. "Of course I'm still here. Where else would I be?"

"Not real?"

He kisses my lips gently. "I'm real." His hand comes to my hair, and he threads his fingers in it, angling my head to one side so he can kiss me deeper.

I'm panting by the time he eventually releases my lips. "I have to get up, Baby girl. I don't have anything here to wear to work."

I nod. "Of course."

"I'll pick you up here at six, okay? Will you pack a bag so you can stay at my house

tonight?”

I giggle. “Do I have a choice?”

“Yep. I can stay here in your tiny bed again.”

“My bed is not small. It’s a normal bed.”

“But I’m not a normal guy.”

“You do realize we’re only taking up about a third of the bed, right?”

He lifts his leg. “I’m hanging off the end.”

He’s right about that.

“Will you pack for several days, Sophia?”

I stare at him. Am I ready for this? It’s so fast. One minute we were practically strangers. The next minute, his hand was on my inner thigh, and I was panting with lust.

“Maybe...”

He kisses all over my face. “Please?”

I tip my head back to enjoy the feel of his lips on my neck. He makes it hard to say no. I moan instead of speaking.

He growls as he releases me and pushes off the side of the bed to stand. He reaches out to tug the covers down my body, exposing me entirely.

I shiver, forcing myself not to cross my arms and draw my legs up.

“So fucking sexy...” he purrs. He bends over and kisses my nipples, making them instantly stiffen. His lips move to my pussy next, and he plants one gentle kiss there. “Will you shave for me, Little one?”

“Down... Down there?” My voice squeaks.

He nods. “Yes, Baby girl. Your pussy. If the idea makes you nervous, I can do it for you.”

My eyes go wide, and I gasp.

“What? You don’t think I can shave a Little girl’s pussy?”

I try to picture these two scenarios. My first thought is that I can’t picture myself reaching between my legs and shaving my most sensitive parts. I know some women do. Most probably get themselves waxed. Could I do that?

When I try to visualize Tate shaving me, my face heats. That seems incredibly embarrassing. Maybe I’ll make a wax appointment. Could I do that during lunch?

“I could do it right now before I leave,” he suggests.

I shake my head, drawing my knees together. “No way.”

He chuckles. “You sort it out then.” He kisses me on the mouth this time before shoving off the bed.

I watch while he puts his shirt back on and then sits on the edge of the mattress to put his shoes on. His hair is thick and messy. Sexy. I want to run my fingers through it,

but I don't. I'm too stunned from this latest request. I can't breathe fully. After he leaves, I'll pull myself together.

When he's done, he stands. "Where is your phone, Baby girl?"

"Uhhh. I might have left it in the bathroom last night."

He heads that way and returns with it. "Open it for me so I can put my number in."

I sit up, self-conscious about my nudity, and unlock the screen before handing it back to him. I watch as he enters his number and sends himself a text.

He sets it on the nightstand. "I'll be here at six." He gives me one more kiss, lingering and growling as if he really doesn't want to leave.

My mind reels as he walks out of my bedroom, and I flinch when the door to the house closes. Already I'm wondering if he was really ever here.

I quickly slide off my bed and rush toward the front of the house. I pull the curtains back just a few inches in my living room and watch as Tate gets in his SUV. He's real.

I giggle as I turn and hurry back to my bedroom.

It's early, but I slept well, and I'm energized.

There's no way I could go back to sleep.

I take a quick shower and then sit down at my computer to search for local waxing places.

There's one on the same block as the candy store where I work.

I've never noticed it before. Why would I?

Waxing has never been something I've considered.

I'm surprised to see they open at seven in the morning, so I go ahead and call them, hoping I can book something during my lunch hour. I have to fortify myself and be brave when the woman informs me she has availability right now if I want to come in before work.

I'm shaking after I accept that time slot and hang up. Deep breaths. Deep breaths . My life has taken a one-eighty in just over twelve hours. I don't have time to ponder the implications. I have to get going.

Chapter Eight

I'm giddy when Tate shows up precisely at six o'clock. I open the door with a pep in my step and hold it wide to let him in.

He smirks. "You're awfully chipper, Little girl. Did you eat a lot of gummy bears today?"

I roll my eyes. "No. I only ate a few after lunch. And I brushed my teeth really well when I got home." I open my mouth wide and tip my head all around so he can inspect my teeth. "My new boyfriend is a dentist."

He grabs me around the waist and hauls me against him, kissing me senseless without hesitation. "Sassy girl," he mutters when he releases my lips. "Where is the gummy bear stash?"

I giggle. "I'm not telling."

He chuckles. "Did you pack any to bring to my house?"

I shake my head. "Nope. I packed Now and Later's."

He gasps, his eyes widening in horror. "Please tell me you're kidding. I might be able to tolerate a few gummy bears in your mouth from time to time, but Now and Later's are banned from your existence starting now."

I figured he would say that. I put on a fake pout. "But, Daddy..."

“I mean it. I’m putting my foot down. Those things are evil. Do you know how much money parents pay every year for fillings and then the fillings that get pulled out from those evil squares of sugar?”

I giggle. “I’m kidding. I don’t eat them. They take too long to chew. I’m too impatient.”

He blows out a relieved breath. “How about lollipops? Those are safer, especially if they’re made out of natural ingredients. How about if you switch to lollipops?”

I curl up my nose. “Where can you buy lollipops with natural ingredients? That sounds icky.”

He laughs. “Well, they have them at Littleworld.”

My eyes go wide. “Have you been there?”

“Yep. A few times. They don’t have a permanent dentist on the island. I go over for a few weeks every year to help out.”

My jaw drops. I’ve never imagined a scenario in which I might get to go to Littleworld. Could I maybe go with Tate someday? If we stay together. I mean we’ve only been dating for like one day. It seems intense and fast-paced, but that doesn’t mean we’ll really make it together.

He steps closer, pulling me in tight against him. “Did you want to go to Littleworld, Baby girl?”

I shrug as if it isn’t that big of a deal, but I’m sure I’ve already given away my feelings with my expressions. “I heard only really regressed Littles go there.” Layla went, and I know she was deeply regressed, but Amelia moved there recently. She’s

deeply regressed, too.

Tate kisses my nose. “Yes, but I bet you could try it. We could practice at home and see how it makes you feel first. If you hate it, we won’t go.”

“But...you would still go without me...” That part makes me sad.

He thinks for a second. “I’m not going anywhere without you, Sophia. Not ever again.”

I lean into him, practically swooning.

“Did you pack for a few days?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Do you need to do anything else around the house first? Plants need watering? A pet chameleon needs feeding?”

I giggle and shake my head. “Neither.”

“Then I guess we’re off.” He releases me to turn and pick up my bag by the front door. He heaves it up, grunting as though it weighs a thousand pounds.

I swat at his arm. “Daddy...”

He chuckles. “You do realize you won’t need anything in this bag while you’re at my house, right?”

I frown. “Why not?”

“Because I already bought you the few clothes you’ll need, and besides, I like you naked.” He winks.

My cheeks heat. “I can’t stay naked all the time.”

“Why not?” he teases as he leads me out the front door. He takes my key and locks it before tucking it in my bag.

Soon, I’m safely buckled into his SUV just like last night, and Tate is pulling away from my house. It’s surreal. I’m going to his home. I suspect it will be nicer than mine. Much nicer.

I fidget while he drives, looking around, watching where we’re going. When he pulls into a gated neighborhood, I gasp. This is way, way, way nicer than any place I’ve ever lived or even visited. I suddenly feel out of his league.

“You okay, Little one?” he asks as he takes my hand.

I nod, gripping his fingers. My eyes are wide as I take in the homes up and down the streets of his neighborhood. They’re all different. Unique. Custom-built.

When Daddy pulls into the driveway of an extremely modern home, I can’t believe my eyes. There are so many windows. I think the living room and whatever is above it are just wall to wall windows.

I’m still staring, mesmerized, as Daddy pulls into the garage and parks. He rounds the SUV to help me out, grabs my bag, and guides me toward the door. “Are you nervous?”

I nod. “Very.”

“Why?” When he opens the door and motions for me to enter before him, I suck in a breath.

We step into the kitchen. It’s all stainless steel and white.

Sleek. Modern. Luxurious. I’d be too scared to even use the microwave in here for fear I might leave smudges on the door or the handle. What if my food splattered inside?

Daddy sets my bag down and presses his front against my back, his hands coming to my shoulders. “It’s just a house, Baby girl.”

I twist my neck to look at him. “Are you serious? This is way more than just a house. It’s a mansion. I would never be able to afford something like this in my entire life.”

He bends to kiss my shoulder. “You don’t have to, Little one. I already bought it.”

I start shaking. I’m way out of place here. I feel like I should kick off my shoes so I don’t leave prints or dust on his tile floor. “It’s so...clean.”

“I have a cleaning service that comes in once a week.”

I guess that makes sense. How could he ever clean this entire place otherwise?

“Come. Let me show you around. Then I’ll feed you. I bet you’re hungry.”

I turn to look up at him. “Feed me? Like Theo does for Layla?” I shudder.

“If you want. But I didn’t mean that literally. We’ll experiment, Baby girl, and figure out what suits us.”

“Okay.”

When he holds out a hand, I take it and let him lead me through the house.

He shows me every room on the first floor, all of which are large, bright, and luxurious.

Except the media room. That room shocks me.

It’s totally dark with a giant television.

Daddy says we can watch a movie in there after dinner if there’s still time.

Next, he leads me upstairs. The guest rooms are just as opulent as everything else, and then Daddy leads me into the master bedroom. I giggle when I see his huge bed that’s not only long and wide but high off the floor.

I look around. “How many closets do you need?” I ask, shocked to see four doors leading off the room, and that’s not counting the double-door entrance.

Daddy wraps an arm around me from behind and points to the first door on the left. “That’s the bathroom.” He switches his finger to the other side of the room next. “Those are his-and-hers closets. I’ve already ordered some things to put in yours.”

“Mine?” My voice squeaks. Is he serious?

“Yes. Eventually, you’ll believe me that you’re mine in every way. You’ll need a closet, Little one. One side can be for your adult clothes, the other side can be for your Little dresses and things.”

I look back toward the door he didn’t mention next to the bathroom. “What’s in

there?”

He releases me. “Go look.”

I glance over my shoulder at him as I shuffle across the room.

I’m intrigued. When I open it, I find a totally empty room.

It’s not huge, but it’s bigger than the bedroom I have at my house.

It has two windows that overlook the back yard.

The floor is hardwood. But that’s all I see.

Not one piece of furniture is inside. “What’s it for? ”

“It’s a nursery. A place for one very special girl to escape to when she’s feeling Little.”

I gasp. My heart races as I spin around.

He comes closer. “What do you think? What color should we paint it? Pink? Purple? Orange? Red? Green?”

I chuckle, because he’s being silly. He knows I like blue better than any color in the world, but he can’t seriously be thinking about painting this room for me. We just started dating last night.

He lurches forward, grabs me around the waist, and lifts me off the floor.

I wrap my legs around his waist on instinct and cling to his neck.

“It’s yours, Sophia. I know it in my heart. I’ve never been so certain of anything in my life. The painters are coming tomorrow morning to paint it a soft blue. I’ll start filling it with furniture tomorrow afternoon.”

I stare into his eyes. He’s serious. “What if you get tired of me?”

“That will never happen. Do you think you’ll get tired of me?”

I shake my head so hard my ponytail flies around. “That’s not a possibility.” It’s him I worry about.

“Why the serious expression, Sophia?”

I lower my hands to his collar and play with it absently while I think. “How can you be sure?” I murmur.

“I don’t know, Baby girl. I can’t explain it.

I just know. I’ve known for a while. I’ve watched you play with the other Littles at the Dungeon for months.

All that time, I was gradually falling harder for you.

As soon as you came down the stairs in Theo’s house last night, dressed like a princess, any doubt I had fled. I knew you were mine.”

“Layla has a nursery,” I mumble, looking around. “She even has a crib and a changing table.”

“I’ve ordered those things for you, too, Little one.”

“But what if I don’t like to play that young?”

He shrugs. “You’ll always have options.”

“You’re not going to force me, are you?” I stiffen, worrying that deep inside, Tate really wants a Little who can be really regressed. I’m not sure I can be that Little.

He shakes his head. “No, Baby girl. Never. I told you I don’t care what age range you enjoy most. The only thing that matters is figuring it out and then doing whatever you need to make it perfect for you.

Some Littles like to switch around at different times.

You might like to hover at an older age on work nights and play younger on your days off when you don’t have to worry about facing people and pulling out of your regression abruptly. ”

I lean my chest against his, wrap my arms around his neck, and hold on tight while he sways in the middle of the room. Everything about Tate feels so right. I hope it’s real.

Eventually, he turns us, and we exit the empty room before heading back downstairs. “I do have quite a few things for Little girls in my house, even though I have never furnished that room.”

I pick up my head and look at him. “Like what?”

“I have a booster seat in the kitchen like the one Layla has. I have cups and bottles and plates and silverware. I have pacifiers and formula, diapers and wipes.”

I stiffen. “Did you used to have another Little girl?” For some reason this idea makes me feel icky. I don’t know why. It shouldn’t. Of course my Daddy would have had

Little girls before me. I'm being ridiculous.

"I've never had a Little girl of my own, Sophia. No Little girl has spent the night in my home before tonight. But I have lots of friends who are Daddies. Sometimes they come over for the evening, so I keep several things on hand they might need when visiting."

"Oh." I blow out a breath. That's a relief.

Tate carries me across the room, and lowers me onto a booster seat that's identical to the one Layla sat in last night. "When Layla and Theo first got together, Theo was completely unprepared. I took several things to his house for him to borrow until he could order his own things."

"That was nice of you."

He squats in front of me and pulls a strap up between my legs before pulling two more restraints around my waist and securing all three points together at my tummy. "I might have had an ulterior motive for all the times I went over to visit Theo and Layla."

He tickles under my ribs, making me giggle. "Me? You went over there to keep asking them to set us up?"

"Yep." He stands and attaches the tray to my seat.

"Why didn't you just ask me out at the club one night?"

"Because I never wanted to put you on the spot. I wanted you to be able to think about it and say no if it didn't feel right to you. This way was better." He bends down, tips my chin back, and kisses me. "Now you're mine."

Now I'm his...

Chapter Nine

Daddy opens a drawer in the kitchen and pulls out a coloring book, a box of crayons, and a pack of colored pencils. “Will you color me a picture while I make dinner?” He sets all of it on my tray.

I grin. “Yes, but don’t you want me to help cook?”

He chuckles. “Nope. I’d like you to be able to comfortably be Little when we’re at home. I’ll do the cooking and cleaning, Sophia.”

“Always?”

“Yes, always. It pleases me to take care of you. It fills me up inside. It also pleases me to dominate you.”

I lick my lips. “You said you would have rules.”

“Lots of them. Rules that would be appropriate for a Little girl to follow. I bet you can come up with most of them on your own. How about you think of them while I start dinner?”

“Okay,” I open the crayons, glad to see the giant box has six shades of blue in it. I really like to use all of them. I pull out a navy crayon and open the coloring book to a beach scene. It will be perfect for lots of blues.

As I start to color the ocean, I say, “No running in the house.”

“Yep. That’s a good one.”

“Mmm.” I’m pleased with myself. I think some more. “No cussing.”

“Definitely.”

When I glance at Daddy, I see him putting something in a frying pan. I think it’s chicken. “No using the stove?”

“That, too, Little one. Not the oven either. I wouldn’t want you to get burned.”

I look around for the microwave.

He glances at me and sees where my gaze has landed. “No microwaves either, Baby girl. For one thing it’s up too high. Daddy will manage the kitchen.”

I bite my lip and color some more before asking, “Can I use the bathroom alone?” Apparently Layla does not.

“We’ll negotiate that as we go along, Little one. If you’re playing at an age that’s old enough to use the potty alone, yes. If you’re playing younger, no. If we go to Littleworld, you won’t be able to use bathrooms at all. No Littles use the bathroom there.”

I draw in a deep breath. This doesn’t surprise me, but it’s a lot to think about.

I focus on my picture for a while as Daddy cooks. When I finish, I look up to find him filling plates. Good timing.

He sets our plates on the table and lifts my picture. “This is amazing. You’re really good at this. Have you taken art classes?”

I shake my head. “Nope. I just like to color.”

Daddy takes it over to the refrigerator and hangs it up with a magnet. “The first of many,” he declares. He brings me a sippy cup of juice before removing the coloring supplies.

I’m relieved when he sets my plate down in front of me and hands me a rubber-coated fork.

He tips my chin back and kisses me. “Did you want me to feed you like Theo did Layla?”

I shake my head. “Not tonight. Maybe another time?”

“Whenever you want, Little one. I don’t want to pressure you, but I would like you to try new things. When you feel like experimenting, I want you to tell me, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.” I pick up my sippy cup and look at it. “Maybe after dinner, you could feed me a bottle? Theo feeds Layla before bed. I think that would be relaxing.”

He beams. “I’d love that, Baby girl.”

He takes a seat next to me. “I didn’t make any asparagus. Is there anything on your plate you don’t like?”

“Nope. It looks so good, Daddy. Thank you.” I take a bite of chicken, broccoli, and rice and moan around the flavors. “Delicious,” I declare after I swallow.

“Such a polite Little girl. I’m glad you like it.”

I feel so at home as we continue eating. The silent times don’t even feel awkward.

Daddy asks me more questions so he'll know what I like and don't like. I ask him about his job, and he tells me about some of his funnier experiences with both kids and adults.

When we're finished, Daddy won't let me get up to help clean the kitchen. He does it all himself before releasing me from my seat. "How about a bath and then I'll rock you and feed you a bottle? How does that sound?"

I grin up at him. "You're going to give me a bath?"

"Yep."

"Are we going to have sex, too?"

"Nope. Not tonight. I don't want to rush you to have sex."

"Is it because I'm a virgin?" I ask as he guides me toward the stairs.

"Partly, but mostly because our relationship is important to me, and I want you to be certain beyond a shadow of a doubt that I'm it for you before you give me that gift. Okay?"

It's more than okay. It's the nicest thing I've ever heard. I squeeze his hand as I skip alongside him.

When we get upstairs, Daddy guides me directly to the bathroom, and I gasp when I see the size of his whirlpool tub. "That's more like a small swimming pool," I shout.

He chuckles. "It's not that big, but it will hold both of us when you're ready to take sexy baths with Daddy."

I wring my fingers together while I watch him turn on the water and test it with his hand until he's happy with the temperature.

He's seen me naked, but I'm still nervous about it.

It's awkward. I've never been naked in front of a man before him.

Plus, I straddle two worlds when I'm naked.

My head wobbles back and forth between being adult and Little.

When he'd spread me out on the bed, held me down, and made me come hard enough to scream, I was not Little. But this is different. He's going to give me a bath. Won't I be Little?

He sits on the wide edge of the tub and pulls me between his legs. "Talk to me. You look troubled."

"I'm fine," I murmur.

He tips my chin back. "New rule. No lying to Daddy. It's okay that you're nervous when we do new things. Totally understandable. But I want you to talk to me about your feelings. Never tell me something because you think it's what I want to hear."

"Okay, Daddy." I draw in a deep breath and glance at the tub. "I don't know if I'll be big or Little when I'm in the tub. That makes me nervous."

"Ah." He strokes my back. "I don't think you need to worry about floating back and forth between the two, Little one."

I'll take my cues from you. I bet you'll feel Little while you play with toys and I

bathe you.

I bet you'll switch to feeling pretty adult without hesitation when I reach between your legs and thrust my fingers into your pussy. " He lifts a brow.

My face heats, and I stare at him wide-eyed.

"Some Littles have difficulty shifting back and forth on a dime. Some don't. I don't think you'll have a problem, but if it's an issue, you'll tell me, and we'll figure it out together. Some Littles need alone time to switch back and forth. Others can just let it happen."

"Okay." I take a deep breath. He's not concerned about this at all, so I shouldn't let it bother me.

He sets me back a few inches and reaches for the hem of my shirt. "Arms up, Little one."

I'm trembling as I lift my hands above my head and let him remove my work T-shirt.

I didn't even have time to change before he picked me up, so I'm still wearing jeans and my Candy Shop shirt.

At least it's a pale blue with a dark blue logo because the owner doesn't care what color our shirts are as long as they're all the same logo.

In fact, she likes that we're all colorful and don't match precisely.

"This is sexy," Daddy comments as he runs his fingers along the edge of my white lace bra. It's the sexiest one I own. I don't usually wear anything this risqué because I've never had anyone see my bra before.

He meets my gaze as he unbuttons my jeans. “Do you have on matching panties, Baby girl?”

I nod and grin. “But don’t expect this from me on the regular. It’s the only matched set I own,” I warn him.

“So far...” He lifts that sexy brow again. I guess he’s planning to buy me more of them.

I grab his shoulders and kick off my tennis shoes while he lowers my jeans over my hips. The moment he reveals my panties, his breath hitches. “Fuck, that’s sexy, Sophia.”

I watch his face as he lowers my jeans down my body and gasp when he suddenly stands, lifts me off my feet, and sets me on the vanity. He makes quick work of tugging the denim down my legs and removing my socks.

When he’s done, he stares at me. His expression is intense. He licks his lips, making me shudder. He spreads my thighs with both hands and eases his thumbs over to the edge of my panties. “You shaved...” His voice is reverent.

“I had it waxed this morning, and uh...” I swallow.

He lifts his gaze to mine. “And?”

“It really hurt. I thought I might kick the woman in the face,” I admit.

He chuckles. “I bet. How about you let Daddy take care of it from now on? I can either shave it or use a cream that dissolves the new hair and keeps your skin smooth.”

“Okay, Daddy.” I like that plan much better. I wasn’t ready for him to do it today, but the idea is far more appealing than the waxing process. That was really painful. And I would feel very nervous trying to shave it myself.

Daddy stands me on my feet again, pops the clasp at the back of my bra so it falls down my arms, and lowers my panties. “How did I get so lucky?”

I bite my lip but release it on a squeal when he grabs my hips and lifts me off the floor to set me in the tub. He always startles me when he picks me up. I guess I should get used to it. He obviously likes carrying me and moving me around.

“On your bottom, Little one. I don’t want you to fall.”

I sit and hold the sides of the enormous tub while I watch him open the cabinet under the sink and remove a basket. It’s filled with bath toys, and I giggle.

“Have you ever had any toys, Little one? Or did you just have bath crayons so you could pretend that all adults have them so they can make grocery lists on the wall of the tub while they bathe?” he teases.

I shake my head. “I’ve never had any toys.

” But I think he’s right. I’ve made weird excuses in my head for the things I own that are actually Little, telling myself they were necessary for some adult reason.

I’ve often used the crayons to draw pictures, but then I erased them just as fast before I could let myself think I was actually Little in my own home.

Why have I gone to such lengths to hide from myself? No one would have ever known. Why would I care?

I feel lighter and gleeful as I choose a mermaid from the basket. I giggle as I dunk her in the water and find out her bodice turns from pink to blue when she gets wet.

“Can I wash your hair, Little one?” he asks.

I nod. “Yes, but it will turn the water blue.”

He laughs. “I bet that makes you happy.”

“Yep. Then it looks like the ocean.” I tip my head back to let him remove my ponytail holder, and squeeze my eyes closed tight when he pours water over my head.

“How often do you have to dye it to keep this vibrant blue, Little one?”

“Once a month. It fades over time, then I do it again.”

“I bet the entire bathroom looks like a blueberry when you’re done.”

“It looks like a crime scene between Smurfs!”

He laughs so hard I think tears come to his eyes. He’s not even mad at the prospect of me turning his bathroom blue? But what am I thinking? I don’t live here.

“Maybe I should take over that task. I’ll do it outside and wear gloves.”

I stare at him. He’s serious. My chest feels tight. “I just dyed it last week,” I murmur. “It will be three weeks before it needs to be done again.” I look down, emotion flooding me. Will I still be with him in three weeks?

He lifts my chin. “By then I hope you will have moved in with me and live here permanently, Baby girl.”

I swallow. Tears well up in my eyes. Move in with him... I just got here tonight. I planned to sleep over, and he's asked me to stay for a few days, but... Forever?

"Does that scare you, Sophia?"

I nod and then shake my head. Both are true.

He smiles broadly. "Time, Baby girl. You'll see."

I find myself smiling. He always says the right thing.

Chapter Ten

An hour later, I feel raw and splayed open, my soul bared as I settle into Daddy's lap in his huge recliner and let him bottle-feed me. I stare into his eyes and hold on to his pinky.

Nothing could have prepared me for this moment. I've never felt so Little, so cherished. I thought it would be too young for me, and I would hate it, but I was wrong.

As I suckle the delicious formula, I realize I might have lied to myself for all these years. Maybe a part of me really wanted to be this Little, but I didn't think it would ever happen, so I told myself I didn't actually want it as a way of protecting my heart from the inevitable.

How could I know that someone like Tate would come along and fill all my wildest dreams? My imagination sometimes goes there, especially when I read Daddy books or watch other Littles interact with their caregivers at the Dungeon.

Daddy's smile is warm and content. He's more relaxed just like I am. It's like we were meant for this moment, and I think we're both disappointed when the formula is all gone.

Daddy sets the bottle aside, but he grabs something else from the end table and holds it up. He doesn't ask. He taps my lips with the pacifier and says, "Open up, Baby girl. Take the paci for Daddy."

I open my mouth and let him pop it in. A deep sigh escapes my nose as I settle in again, leaning against his chest.

He rocks me back and forth, kissing my forehead over and over. When my eyes grow heavy, he lifts me in his arms and carries me upstairs. He's silent as he gently lays me on his bed. He pushes my nightie up and off my body, exposing my torso, and leans over to kiss me gently on the bellybutton.

I squirm, sucking the pacifier harder as he trails kisses down toward my pussy. My breath hitches and I suck even harder when he slowly eases my panties off and tosses them on the floor.

For a long time, he stares at my naked pussy, holding me open. Memorizing my glistening folds? It should be unnerving, but instead it's sweet. Sensual.

My chest is rising and falling, but I'm not nervous.

I'm happy. We just got together last night, and already I feel happier than I've ever felt in my life.

I can't imagine what my evening would have been like if I hadn't spent it with him.

What did I used to do with my evenings before I got together with Daddy last night?

Daddy touched me intimately in the bath earlier.

He stroked my folds longer than necessary.

He circled my nipples and my clit unnecessarily, leaving me panting and needy, but he didn't let me come.

I think he only did those things so I would know that I could be both Little and Big at the same time.

I hope he's going to let me come this time because I've been horny and wet for a while. I'm relieved when he finally lowers his mouth to my smooth pussy and sucks me.

I arch my chest and tip my head back, letting the pacifier drop out of my mouth, partly because I can't focus on both the paci and his attention, but also because doing so shifts me just enough into my adult headspace to fully enjoy his attention.

Suddenly Daddy stops teasing. He thrusts a finger into me while he captures my clit with his teeth and flicks it over and over until I'm a ball of lust. I explode against his mouth, screaming out his name as I ride the waves of pleasure. Praying this is all real and I get to keep him.

I'm still gasping for oxygen when Daddy lifts his face. He smiles at me while he wipes his lips on the sheets, then he pops my paci back into my mouth and leans toward the nightstand. When he rises back above me, he's holding a diaper.

My breath hitches, and I bite down on the pacifier. I stare at him while he opens the diaper. I've never been so nervous. I tried everything else, but this is huge. Even wearing it is huge. Using it is out of this stratosphere. Can I do it?

Can I not?

Daddy watches my face as he lifts my ankles with one hand to lift my butt off the bed. I let him. I let him tuck the diaper under me. I let him spread my knees wide. I let him rub diaper cream on my folds. I let him close the diaper around me.

And I feel nothing but warm and secure. Something in me snaps. It's a giant relief.

It's like my entire body relaxes as I settle into my Little.

Daddy scoots me to the middle of the bed, climbs in with me, and pulls me into his arms. He kisses the top of my head. "You are so precious, Sophia. So precious..."

I close my eyes and fall quickly asleep.

At some point in the middle of the night, I feel restless and start squirming. It occurs to me that I never went potty before we went to bed. I whimper behind the pacifier, hating that I need to wake up enough to go use the bathroom.

Daddy holds me closer, his arms tightening around me. His lips come to my ear. "Relax, Baby girl. I've got you in every way."

I reach up to pull my paci out of my mouth so I can tell him I need to go potty, but he gently circles my wrist, lowers my arm, and uses his other hand to hold my pacifier in my mouth.

"You're safe. You're with Daddy. No one is judging you here. Let your body relax. Use your diaper, Baby girl. I promise you'll like it. Don't think about anything except how good it feels to submit to Daddy and obey me. Relax your bladder, Sophia."

He wants me to use the diaper. I struggle for a few more seconds, wiggling in his arms, nervous about taking this step. It's huge. It's not the same as taking a bottle or sucking a pacifier. It's a giant step.

Daddy presses against my bladder, whispering encouraging words in my ear. "Wet yourself for Daddy, Baby girl. Let it go. After you do it once, it will get easier. You'll wonder why you ever slept at night without a diaper on."

I inhale and exhale deeply through my nose, still fighting a losing battle in my head.

Finally I give up the battle and let my body go limp. As soon as I relax my bladder, I can't stop myself from peeing what seems like a gallon.

Daddy cups the front of my diaper while I pee. It's so intimate. It should be humiliating, but instead it's just him showing me that he's in charge, and he cares.

When I'm done, a great relief rushes through me. It's not the first time in the past day, and it won't be the last I suspect.

I'm not ready to face the changing me part of this deal, though, so when Daddy stands next to the bed and drags me to the edge, I cover my eyes with my forearm.

He quickly removes the soaked diaper, wipes my skin clean, and slides another one under me. In no time at all, we're tucked back under the covers, and I fall back asleep. I'm even more content than earlier. I'm also happier.

Chapter Eleven

Even though I've left clothes at Daddy's house, I don't see him the next night because I have to work the later shift, and though he offered to pick me up and bring me home with him, I think I need a night alone to absorb everything that's happened in the last few days.

I think it makes him nervous because he texts me as soon as I get off work and again when I get home. He isn't pushy, just checking in. I could call him, but I suspect we would end up on the phone for an hour, and I really want to be alone for a while.

It's after nine when I get home, and I pace my small house for half an hour, looking at everything I own and pondering my life.

Everything is off, though. The place suddenly doesn't feel like it's even mine.

I get the sensation I've been just staying here, renting this space, temporarily.

It's true that I don't own the house, but I've never felt like an interloper before.

Also, it's too quiet. After years of being at peace with my own silence, I don't like it.

It doesn't feel like I belong here. I find myself wishing I had gone to Daddy's house instead like he suggested, but I'm not a big baby, and it's late.

It's after ten when I glance at my phone and ponder calling him.

I don't want him to think I can't be on my own. I've been on my own forever. Now I don't want to be. My entire outlook on life has changed so fast that I don't recognize myself.

I like the new me better. I hope she gets to stay. I'll be devastated if Daddy changes his mind or gets tired of me. I'm already so deeply his in every way. I've had intimate experiences with him that I've only read about in books before now. What if we break up and he tells people how kinky I am?

Who would he tell? Our mutual friends are also kinky.

Besides, I'm letting my brain run haywire.

There's no need in me making up ridiculous future possibilities.

They're so farfetched. I need to take a deep breath and live in the moment, accept my newfound good fortune, and enjoy every minute of it.

I force myself to go through the usual motions of my nighttime routine, taking a shower to wash off the scent of sweet, sticky candy.

I brush my teeth extra long because I know Daddy would approve.

I put on one of my cotton nightgowns and a pair of panties.

I pace around my room, restless. Finally I go to my closet, pull out my box of Little things, and rifle through it.

I don't know for sure what I'm looking for until I spot it at the bottom of the bin.

It's a stuffed dog. He's a terrier. I bought him last year when I dressed up as Dorothy

for a Halloween party at the Dungeon. He's the only stuffed animal I own. I snatch him out of the bin, put the lid back on, and rush over to jump into bed.

Snuggling the terrier against my chest, I curl up on my side, pull the covers over my head, and open my e-reader. Maybe if I read one of my many Little romances, it will take my mind off the fact that I'm lonely.

I can't focus, though, and I end up reading the same paragraph over and over until I give up. Still curled up and using the dim light of my e-reader to see, I stroke my terrier's head. "What's happening to me?" I ask him.

He stares at me, not responding. He really needs a name, and that thought makes me start crying. Why have I kept him in a bin in the closet for all this time? I bet he was scared in there. And why didn't I give him a name? How mean am I?

I pet him and kiss all over his face until he starts to look happier. I don't care that it's an illusion. I keep crying. Pent-up, nervous energy escapes me, and I nearly jump out of my skin when my phone rings on my nightstand.

I reach my arm out to grab it, see that it's Daddy, and answer it. "Daddy..." I sniffle.

"Sophia? Baby girl, what's wrong?"

I cry harder. "Everything. And I didn't name my dog," I sob.

"Slow down, Baby girl. Tell Daddy what's happening. Are you hurt or sick?"

I shake my head.

"Sophia?" His voice is urgent.

I realize he can't see me. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I don't know why I'm crying. It's just that my house is lonely and, and, and..."

"I'm coming over. I'll be there in a few minutes. Can you keep talking to me while I drive?"

I nod again and feel foolish. "Yes, Daddy." I sniffle. I'm being ridiculous.

"Did something happen, Little one?" he asks. I can hear his engine start. He's driving already.

"No. Yes. I mean, no. You, you, you..."

"Deep breaths, Little one. I will be there in a few minutes. Where are you?"

"Under the covers in my bed."

"Okay, will you be able to come out for a minute to open the door for Daddy when I get there?"

"Yes, Sir." I sniffle and hug the terrier closer, rocking him, silently telling him how sorry I am for keeping him in a box. When did I get this Little? Have I been in denial for all these years?

"What were you saying about a dog? Do you have a dog, Little one?"

I stare at the terrier in my hand. "No. I mean he's a stuffie."

"Ohh... Okay. Whew. I was confused for a moment." He chuckles softly, making me feel slightly lighter.

“I’m here, Baby girl. Come let Daddy in.”

I scurry out from under the covers and rush through the house to the front door. I fling it open and leap into Daddy’s arms, smashing the terrier between us.

He holds me tight as he enters the house and shuts the door behind him. Rubbing my back, he reassures me. “It’s okay, Baby girl. I’m here.” He heads toward my kitchen, opens a few cabinet doors, and finds a cup. After filling it with water, he holds it up. “Take a drink for me, Little one.”

I wish it were a sippy cup, but I don’t have one of those because I’m silly.

I let him hold it up as I turn my head to take a drink.

I’m holding on to him for dear life, my arms and legs wrapped so tightly around his body that he doesn’t even really need the hand under my bottom to keep me from falling.

“Good girl.” He sets the cup down and reaches between us to snag the terrier. “Who do we have here?”

I start sobbing again. “I don’t know,” I wail.

Daddy carries me to the couch and sits with me straddling him. His eyes are frowning, but he’s smiling at the same time in his signature look. “You don’t know who this little dog is? Did he sneak into the house while you had the door open or something?”

I can’t keep from giggling as I shake my head.

“He didn’t sneak in? How did he get here?”

“I bought him for Halloween last year.”

“Oh. I see. But you didn’t name him?”

I shake my head again. “No. I’m a terrible stuffie owner. He’s been in a dark box all this time. He should be very mad at me. And I didn’t even name him.”

Daddy looks at him closely. “He doesn’t look mad. I bet he’s already forgiven you. Let’s give him a name, shall we? How about Shinkerton?”

I giggle. “No way. That’s not a name.”

“Mmm. How about Brownie?”

I look at the dog and think about his suggestion before nodding. “I like that. He does look like a chocolate brownie.”

“He sure does.” Daddy hands him back to me. “Now, why all the tears? Surely you didn’t start crying because poor Brownie didn’t have a name.”

I shrug and look down, feeling self-conscious now that I’m calmed down.

“Tell Daddy what you’re feeling, Little one,” he encourages, rubbing my back.

I draw in a deep breath. “It’s just that everything has changed, and now my house feels weird and lonely. It’s silly.”

“It’s not silly. Your feelings will never be silly, Sophia.

A lot has happened in the last few days.

You've learned things about yourself you didn't know were true.

It's natural you would be feeling out of sorts and confused.

I'd be surprised if you weren't. Would you like me to stay here for the night? Would that help?"

I nod. "Would you, Daddy?"

"I'd do anything for you, Little girl. My heart is yours." He kisses my forehead and lifts me off his lap, setting me on the couch before standing. "I'll be right back. I'm just going to grab some things from my car, okay?"

I nod, wiping the tears from my eyes. I watch as he disappears out the front door, shaking while he's gone. I would think he would be frustrated with me for being such a big baby, but he doesn't seem to be anything except kind and caring.

When he returns, he shuts the front door and locks it. He has a bag over his shoulder, and he lowers it onto the coffee table. It's a diaper bag. It's not just any diaper bag. It's covered with blue teddy bears.

My breath hitches as he opens it. "Where did you get that?" I ask softly, leaning forward because I'm curious about the contents.

"I went to an adult age-play store today during lunch and got some supplies to keep in the car. Good thing because I bet there are several things in here you could use about right now."

I bite my lip as he pulls out a bottle and a small can of formula. I can only stare as he heads toward the kitchen and returns a minute later shaking the bottle.

I'm already relaxing at the thought of him feeding me. He only introduced me to this level of age play yesterday, and already I feel more connected to my younger Little, a side of me I hadn't known existed.

"Come, Baby girl." He shoulders the diaper bag and holds out a hand.

I take it, letting him lead me into my bedroom. The bed is a mess because I was under the covers and tossed them aside when I ran to the door.

Daddy sets the bag next to the bed, removes his shoes, and sits against the headboard. "Climb up and sit on Daddy's lap."

I scramble up onto his thighs. My heart rate slows as I lean back in the crook of his arm and accept the bottle.

"That's my good girl." He rolls me closer and kisses my forehead. "From now on, you'll sleep at Daddy's house. This bed is too small for me, Little one," he teases.

I keep sucking. I like sleeping at his house.

"We'll end your lease when you're ready. No rush. I want you in my home. Our home. Okay, Baby girl?"

I nod slightly.

He smiles. His gaze roams down to my nightie. "This is pretty." He fingers the ruffled sleeve. It's just a simple light-blue nightgown. His hand moves to my bare thigh, and I shiver. I really love it when he touches my thigh.

When the bottle is empty, I feel ten times better. Daddy gently lowers me onto my back on the bed and slides off to grab the diaper bag. The first thing he does is pop a

pacifier in my mouth. The second thing he does is push my nightie up and pull my panties off.

I twist my head around to find Brownie and hug him against my chest as Daddy puts a diaper on me. It's freeing. I can't believe how quickly I've accepted all these parts of me I keep realizing I haven't known were part of my makeup.

Daddy removes his shirt and his jeans, leaving on nothing but boxers.

This is the first time I've seen this much of him.

He arranges us in the bed, pulls the covers over us, and I really like the feel of his legs against mine.

I'm cocooned. I'm warm and comfy and far less stressed than I was earlier.

Daddy does this for me. He fills a hole. I sure hope he doesn't change his mind because I'll be devastated if I lose him. Before we officially got together, I might have been able to live my life without him in it, but now I'm ruined.

Chapter Twelve

“Sophia? I’m home.” Daddy’s booming voice reaches me where I’m sitting on the floor in the nursery. I jump up to run toward him, ignoring the no-running-in-the-house rule.

He’s already at the top of the steps by the time I get there, and he swoops me off my feet and kisses all over my face while he carries me back through the master bedroom and into the nursery.

I’ve been here a week, and it’s my day off.

Daddy had to go to work for a few hours this morning, so I spent the time organizing my nursery.

Daddy had assembled the last of the furniture yesterday, and he’d left me with instructions to fill the shelves with the multiple boxes of toys he’s been buying for days.

“Looks like you got everything situated,” he comments as he lowers me to my feet. “I think we need one small change.” He pats my bottom before he moves over to the corner of the room where I’ve set up doll furniture.

I watch, confused, as he shifts all of it two feet in one direction.

“There,” he declares.

“Why did you do that?” I ask.

He sits in the huge rocking chair and reaches out a hand, beckoning me to come to him. “My girl needs a timeout corner so she’ll have a place to think after a hard spanking.”

I cringe. In the five days I’ve been here, a few things have not happened. Daddy has not spanked me again after the first night, nor have we had sex. Daddy wants me to have time to acclimate and be certain of my feelings before adding sex to our relationship.

As for spanking, I haven’t done anything naughty. Granted, I haven’t had much time to do so. This is the first day we’ll both be home together for the bulk of the day. It’s noon, and neither of us works this afternoon.

I stare at the corner he’s created, trembling. “Are you going to spank me?” I murmur. I know he is.

“Yes. Why is Daddy going to spank you?” he asks.

“Because I was running in the house.”

“That’s right, and why aren’t Little girls allowed to run through the house?”

“Because they might fall and get hurt.”

“Exactly.” He reaches for the hem of my cotton dress and pulls it over my head. Seconds later, he bends forward to remove the only other article of clothing I’m wearing—my panties.

I shudder as soon as I’m naked. Even after a week, I still feel self-conscious when

I'm naked. I have to fist my hands to keep them at my sides instead of covering my breasts.

Daddy surprises me when he stands and heads for my crib. I haven't used it yet, and I watch as he lowers the side down below the mattress level. "Come, Baby girl."

I swallow as I shuffle toward him.

He pats the mattress. "I'm going to lift you onto the crib. I want you on your hands and knees, facing the wall."

I'm trembling as I assume the position he requests. I thought he would spank me over his lap on the rocking chair. I'm not sure what he has in mind now.

"Knees on the edge of the mattress, Sophia. Lower to your elbows."

I scoot back a few inches and do as I'm told, feeling incredibly vulnerable with my bottom in the air.

"Good girl." He pats my bottom. "Spread your knees wide and lower your bottom."

I start shaking as I follow his instructions. I'm ten times more vulnerable in this position with my pussy wide open and my bottom hanging off the edge of the mattress.

Daddy stands to one side of me and palms my butt cheek. "This is the perfect position for me to spank you, don't you think, Baby girl?"

I whimper. What I think is that my pussy is dripping wet because my legs are spread so wide, and I'm so very naked and exposed.

Daddy moves his palm to my inner thigh, making me shiver. He knows how much I like it when he touches me there. It's so intimate and possessive.

He strokes the sensitive skin a few inches from my soaked pussy. "Why is Daddy going to spank you?"

"For running in the house," I manage to mumble.

"And why does Daddy have rules?"

I think for a moment and decide to respond quite differently than he probably intended. "So that I can easily break them when I need my bottom spanked."

He grips my inner thigh, causing my lower lips to part. "Such a smart Little girl. Have you been thinking about getting a real punishment, Sophia?"

I nod against the mattress. "Yes, Sir." It's true.

I've been wondering what it would feel like for Daddy to discipline me for real.

I've only received two types of spankings—the arranged kind at the Dungeon that were administered by men who weren't really my Daddy and the fun kind Daddy demonstrated the first night we were together that ended in an amazing orgasm.

This will be my first punishment spanking. I'm nervous and exhilarated at the same time.

"When I spank you to discipline you, I won't let you orgasm afterward, understood?"

"Yes, Sir." I knew this, but it still makes me panic a bit. What if I come anyway because I can't help myself? Before Daddy, I never would have thought that could be

a possibility, but Tate makes my body react in ways I've never imagined could be a reality.

Daddy surprises me by stroking a finger through my folds, gathering up my wetness with his easy, gentle touch. He leans over and whispers in my ear, "So wet for Daddy."

I whimper, realizing I'm not going to like this a bit.

"You'll stay right like this until I instruct you otherwise."

A purr escapes my lips when his fingers move away, leaving my pussy pulsing. My clit feels huge. I want him to touch it. He's not going to.

He sets a hand on my lower back and swats my bottom, making me jump. "I won't make you count, Baby girl. I'm going to spank you hard and stop when I think you've had enough. Then you'll stand in the corner for ten minutes."

"Yes, Sir." I manage to whimper.

He lifts his hand and spanks me again, harder this time. It's enough to make me flinch. After the second one, he peppers my bottom all over, making sure to swat me as close to my pussy as possible every once in a while.

By the time he finally stops, I'm trembling from the strange combination of deep arousal and pain. I'm also panting.

Daddy stands behind me and grips both my thighs, squeezing them, forcing my pussy to open wider.

I lift my head and moan. The need for him to touch me is stronger than I've ever

experienced.

“Don’t come, Sophia,” he orders. “Rein it in.”

I whimper and squirm as I try hard to pull back my lust. It’s difficult. If this is going to happen every time he spans me, I’ll lose my mind.

“Good girl,” he finally says when my breathing evens out a bit. He moves his hands to my hips, lifts me off the mattress, and eases me to my feet.

My bottom is on fire. He didn’t rub it at all after he spanked me. It’s burning.

He points toward the corner. “Nose to the wall, hands clasped behind your back, feet wide.”

I sniffle as I shuffle toward the corner, and I’m close to tears as I assume the position he’s demanded.

“Good girl.” He’s right behind me. “Feet wider. If you can’t keep them open, I’ll have you squat in the corner with your knees spread wide.”

I wince. That sounds awful, so I spread my feet obscenely wider and lean so that my forehead touches the corner. I grip one wrist with my other hand, aware of my nudity and the fact that my nipples are hard and dancing against the wall.

“Pull your shoulders back, naughty girl. You’re not supposed to be using corner time to rub your nipples.”

My face heats. I’m embarrassed that he noticed.

My breasts sway as I awkwardly pull my arms back farther to keep my nipples from

touching the wall.

This position isn't comfortable. I don't think I'm going to like being disciplined.

It will be a lot nicer in the future if I just ask for good-girl spankings instead of misbehaving to get one.

Chapter Thirteen

It seems like forever before Daddy finally sets a hand on the back of my head. “Good girl. Your timeout is over.” He strokes both hands down my biceps and gently tugs my wrists apart.

My breath hitches as he helps me ease from the wall so I’m standing normally on my own accord. I turn toward him and wrap my arms around his middle, leaning into him. “I won’t run in the house again, Daddy,” I tell him.

He rubs my back. “Sometimes you will, Little one.”

I tip my head back and scrunch my nose. “I didn’t like that kind of spanking.”

He smiles. “I’m sure you didn’t. That’s what makes it effective. But Little girls make mistakes. It’s part of life.” He takes my hand and guides me to the changing table.

I bite my lip as he lifts me up and lowers me onto my back. We haven’t used this piece of furniture yet, and I’m not sure how I feel about it, but my anxiety increases when he secures me to the table with a strap over my waist.

My anxiety and my arousal.

He hands me Brownie next. “Hold this little fella while I diaper you, Baby girl.”

I squeeze the stuffie between my breasts, trying to focus on the ceiling. My heart rate increases when his palms come to my thighs from the end of the table. “Knees wide,

Little one,” he demands in a deep, commanding voice.

I can’t keep from moaning as I part them. There’s something incredibly arousing about being strapped down and exposed on this table. He’s seen my body many times by now, but every time he spreads me open and stares at my pussy, I find myself panting.

Daddy sets his hands on my inner thighs and guides them even wider. He thumbs my sensitive skin. “My Little girl really likes it when I touch her like this.”

I moan and squeeze the terrier tighter.

He makes no move to put a diaper on me. Instead he just stands there, stroking my inner thighs while I get more and more aroused by the second.

Daddy waits until I’m panting before he finally reaches for a diaper and slides it under me.

He takes his time applying diaper cream, making me squirm and writhe before he finally closes the diaper around my hips.

“Good girl.” He kisses my tummy and reaches around to unbuckle me. “I need to talk to you about something, Sophia,” he says as he helps me sit upright. His expression is unusually serious. His brow has the furrow I’m used to, but he’s not smiling.

I panic as my arousal vanishes. Is he tired of me? Did I do something wrong? Is he mad at me for running in the house? My bottom lip starts trembling, and tears well up in my eyes.

I know I’m overly sensitive after the spanking and timeout.

Daddy's eyes widen. "Oh, sweet girl. It's not a bad thing. Don't panic." He lifts me into his arms. "Wrap your legs around me."

I do as I'm told, gripping his shoulders at the same time.

He carries me across the room and sits in the giant rocking chair so that I'm straddling his lap. His hands come to my lower back, anchoring me. "Deep breaths, Baby girl. No reason to panic."

I try to draw in oxygen, but it sounds ragged.

"I'm just going to say this quickly so you'll stop panicking. My scheduled two weeks on the island were supposed to be in three months, but the dentist who was scheduled to start next week has gotten ill and suddenly had to cancel. He called me and asked if there was any way I could switch."

I stop breathing. I'm relieved he hasn't suddenly declared he wants to break things off with me. Even though we've been together for a week, and he's the bestest Daddy ever, I still worry this can't be sustainable. Surely he will change his mind about me.

A new panic wells up inside me. My bottom lip trembles as I mutter, "How long will you be gone?" I'll miss him terribly.

"Two weeks, but, Baby girl, I won't go without you."

My breath hitches. I blink.

His palms slide up my back. He gets that serious smiling look.

"Sophia, I know being in a relationship of any sort is new to you, and you're still adjusting, but I mean it in my soul every time I remind you that you're mine.

We will never sleep apart, Little one. It's out of the question.

I haven't answered my coworker yet. I told him I needed to speak with you first. If Littleworld doesn't appeal to you, or you don't think you're ready to go there yet, or you don't think you can possibly get off work, I will tell him to find someone else to take his place. ”

I gasp. My jaw drops.

He kisses my nose and smiles. “I would never make a unilateral decision like this without talking to you first, Sophia.”

“Littleworld?” My word sounds squeaky.

He nods. “It's short notice, and it's early in our relationship. Do not feel obligated to say yes to please me. You please me simply by existing. I need you to be honest.”

I might have balked a few weeks ago before I found out my Little was a bigger part of me than I've ever accepted. I probably would have panicked at the idea of spending time in a deeper regressed state, but I've changed in the last week. I've also spent a lot of time diapered and Babied.

Littleworld...

I smile at him. “Can we go to the parks, or will you have to work too much?”

He returns my smile. “We'll find plenty of time to visit the parks, Little one. Are you saying you'd be willing to go?”

“I'll go on one condition,” I tell him as a negotiating point comes to mind.

He lifts his brows high while maintaining the bossy smile. “What’s your condition, Little one?”

“Have sex with me. You keep saying I’m yours. Make me yours.”

His brows lower, but he maintains the serious-smiling look. “Are you ready for that step, Baby girl?”

I nod, sitting up taller and fingering the collar on his shirt. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Should we spend the afternoon in bed, then?” he asks, his eyes twinkling.

I grin broadly and nod. My pussy is still swollen and needy from my punishment. I clench my knees against his thighs. Will he let me off the hook for the spanking so soon?

He cups my bottom and tugs me closer so that my diapered pussy is crushed against his obviously hard cock.

My breath hitches as I grind wantonly against him. I tip my head back and close my eyes, desperately needing more of him. My arousal shoots from the ten it had been when he held me open on the table to a twenty. “Please, Daddy.”

Chapter Fourteen

One second we're sitting on the rocking chair in my nursery, the next Daddy is lowering me to his bed and whisking away the diaper I've had on for like two minutes.

He grabs a few wipes and cleans the diaper cream off my pussy, driving me to new heights as he takes his time, lingering in all my most sensitive spots.

"Daddy..." I finally moan. "Stop teasing me."

He chuckles. "I'm going to tease you for the rest of my life, little girl. Get used to it."

I moan and rise onto my elbows. "Okay, but tease me another time. Right now it's time for you to get naked and show me how much you love me."

I gasp and my jaw drops when I realize what I've said. I can't take it back. It's out there. My face heats until it must be bright red. I turn my head to the side, embarrassed.

Daddy leans over me and cups my cheeks, guiding my gaze to his. "No need to be embarrassed, Sophia. I love you so much it hurts. If you love me as much as I do you, then it's time to take our relationship to the next level."

"I do, Daddy. I love you." I know it's been fast, but I know my mind and my heart. Tate is it for me. He's my man and my Daddy. I want to spend every day with him for the rest of our lives. I want him to claim me in every way.

He kisses me gently, lingering without deepening the kiss until he pushes back and stands in front of me, his fingers coming to the top button on his shirt.

He's wearing black slacks and a navy button-down. It's what he wore to work this morning. His gaze never leaves mine while he slowly undresses.

I watch, licking my lips, mesmerized by the strip show. When the last thing he has on is his boxers, I push up onto my elbows again to watch him ease them over his cock and down his legs.

I draw in a deep breath and hold it, trying not to react.

I'm twenty-five years old. It's ridiculous that I'm still a virgin.

I know it's because I never wanted to fuck just any random guy.

It never felt right to me. Until Tate. Until a week ago when he swept me off my feet literally and figuratively.

This feels right. He's the one who should make love to me. No one else was worthy. That doesn't mean I'm not nervous. Are all cocks that large?

Daddy's erection bobs in front of him, and my mouth opens when he circles it with his hand and strokes from the base to the tip.

I lick my lips. He's had his mouth on me many times. I want to put my mouth on him. It's an instinct I've been aware of every time he sucks my clit, so I spin around and come up on my hands and knees to crawl toward him.

His brows rise.

“Let me taste you, Daddy,” I say in a sultry voice I don’t recognize.

He steps closer, still holding his shaft while his other hand comes to the back of my head. “Taste, Little one. Not suck off. Got it?”

I tip my head back to look up at him. “Why can’t I suck you?”

“Because I want to come in your sweet pussy today, not your mouth.”

“Oh.” I see. I lower my gaze to his cock. There’s a drop of white liquid leaking out of the small slit on the tip. I’m aware it’s precome. I’m well read. I crawl closer and stick my tongue out to lap at it.

The taste is salty, like I expected. I’m not ignorant, just inexperienced. On the next lick, I drag my tongue through the slit, pressing against it.

Daddy shudders as a soft moan escapes his lips. “Sophia...” He whispers my name reverently. “Baby girl...”

I lick around the broad mushroom-shaped head I’ve always read about, but that’s all he’s offering me. His hand is wrapped all the way around his girth just below the head.

After another flick of my tongue across the tip, Daddy steps back a few inches and releases his cock. “That’s enough, Baby girl.”

He opens a drawer on the nightstand, grabs a condom, and rolls it on in seconds. Then he surprises me by climbing onto the bed and dropping onto his back next to me. He reaches for me. “Straddle me, Sophia.”

I bite into my bottom lip. Straddle him? “Daddy?”

He reaches for my hips and lifts me up to lower me over him, giving me no choice but to part my thighs wide to accommodate him. I end up on my knees with his cock nestled against my pussy.

Daddy moans. “Fuck, that feels good. Rub your pussy against Daddy’s cock, Baby girl.”

I never expected to be in this position. I’m embarrassed because I have no idea what I’m doing.

Daddy holds my hips. “Make yourself feel good against Daddy’s dick, Sophia,” he repeats. “I want to watch while you come.”

I swallow. He wants me to masturbate against him. I’ve never done that either. Daddy always makes me come, usually while restraining me or at least holding me down, forcing me in a way to take what he gives me with his mouth.

His hands slide up to my breasts, and he cups them, thumbing my nipples until the tips are hard and swollen. It feels so good that I grip his hips with my knees and drag my pussy over his length. I can’t help myself. I need the contact.

“There you go, Baby girl. You have no idea how sexy you are right now. Do it again. Show Daddy your pleasure.”

Emboldened by my lust and his praise, I grind my pussy down on his shaft, gasping at how good it feels.

“Good girl. Such a good girl. Lift your arms up, Little one. Arch your back for me.”

I hesitate, but the look in his eyes is filled with love and encouragement, so I lift my hands up and clasp them behind my head, forcing my chest to jut forward. The

position causes my clit to have a more intense contact with Daddy's cock.

I moan as I rock against him. Who knew I had this much power over my own sexuality?

I mean I've never had a problem making myself come with my vibrator and my imagination, but this is different.

I'm masturbating against my Daddy while he watches and encourages me.

It's so hot, and I'm close to coming in seconds.

Daddy pinches my nipples, making me arch farther. My clit gets pressed so intensely against his cock that I suddenly can't hold back. I cry out as my orgasm shakes my body.

Daddy's palms remain on my breasts, holding me up as I lean forward into his grip. When I drop my hands, I grab his forearms, panting as the pulses of my release continue to shake me to the core.

When I'm spent, I release his arms and plant my palms on his chest to brace myself. I'm trembling.

Daddy's hands come to my hips. "Damn, you're sexy, Sophia. I nearly came with you."

I glance down at where I can see the head of his latex-covered cock. "I need you inside me, Daddy."

"I know, Baby girl. Use your knees to lift up a few inches. My cock will line up with your pussy. You can ease me into you at whatever pace you want."

I flush. I never expected this. “Why don’t you do it, Daddy?”

He slides one hand to the small of my back and the other to my face. “I’ve been stretching your sweet cunt with my fingers for days, Little one, but it’s still going to be tight. It’s also going to hurt this first time. I want you to take me at your speed, not mine. Can you do that, Baby girl?”

“What if I do it wrong?”

He smiles. “There’s no wrong in our bed, Sophia. There’s only right. My cock will find your entrance all on its own. All you have to do is lift up and ease onto the tip.”

Before I can lose my nerve, I do what he’s told me and push up a few inches, watching our connection as Daddy’s cock rises with me until it’s definitely lodged at the entrance. As if it has a mind of its own, it nudges against me, pressing, begging, teasing.

I gasp as I lower down an inch. It’s so tight. My arms are shaking, and I hold my breath.

Daddy keeps me from pressing down too far with his hands on my hips. “Take your time, Sophia.” His voice is gravelly, and his jaw is tight. This is hard for him. He wants more. He wants to be buried inside me.

That’s the end goal. It’s going to be tight. It’s going to hurt for a moment. I know all of this. Easing down won’t change it, so the moment Daddy releases my hips to stroke my breasts again, I thrust down, taking his cock all the way into my body.

Daddy and I both gasp at the same time.

I jerk my gaze to our connection, mesmerized by the fact that his cock is no longer

bobbing in front of me. It's inside me where it belongs. My pussy is throbbing, but the initial pain eases quickly.

"Sophia..." Daddy murmurs.

I need more, so I lift up a few inches and then drop back down, grinding my clit against the base of his shaft when I realize this part of every book is correct. It feels divine.

Daddy groans. I love that sound. It's more empowering than being on top. He loves this. He's pleased. I want to please him in every way, but this is certainly one of the ways.

The next time I lift up, I come almost off before thrusting back down, forcing myself lower, taking every millimeter of him. My eyes roll back as I arch my chest and wantonly fuck my man.

If I'd known it would feel this good, I would have done this years ago. Except I also know it wouldn't have felt like this until I met Tate, until I found the perfect man who I could connect with so totally that I would have been willing to give this piece of me to him.

Daddy suddenly grabs my hips and holds me steady while he thrusts his cock into me over and over from below. It's impressive and sexy. I think I'm going to come again.

"Don't hold back, Sophia. Come around Daddy's cock. I want to feel your pussy clench my dick."

At his command, I let my orgasm wash through me, and heavens it feels so much better than any previous orgasm I've had with an empty channel.

A moment later, Daddy joins me, grunting as he takes his own pleasure, filling the condom with his semen.

It's the best moment of my life.

Chapter Fifteen

A week later ...

I'm spinning in circles in the living room, worrying that we're forgetting something. I haven't gone on a vacation like this in my adult life. I guess it's not really a vacation for Daddy, but it is for me.

We're going to Littleworld, and I'm so excited I can hardly contain myself.

Daddy sets a suitcase by the front door and comes to me. He scoops me off my feet, cradling me against his chest to carry me back upstairs and into the nursery.

As soon as he lays me on the changing table, he kisses me. "No need to fret, Little one. As long as you have Brownie in your arms, that's all that matters. You don't need anything else. Daddy has it all covered. We'll be staying in a cabin, and it's furnished with everything we'll need."

"Are you sure I don't need more than just T-shirts, Daddy?" The thought of not wearing pants or skirts unnerves me.

He smiles as he straps me down at the waist. "I've been to the island many times, little one. Trust me. All Littles wear nothing but diapers and shirts. It's a dress code. No exceptions."

I take a deep breath as I part my legs for Daddy.

He's been easing me into what will be expected of me.

Except for the lunches he's packed for me to eat at work, I've had nothing but formula for the past week.

I've only worn panties while I was at work, too.

At home I've been diapered at all times because that's what will be expected on the island.

We're leaving in the late afternoon, and we won't arrive until after dark, so I won't get to see much of the island today. Daddy doesn't have to start working until the day after tomorrow, though, so I'll have a day to get acclimated before he leaves me at daycare while he works.

That part makes me nervous. The only thing that keeps me from panicking is the fact that Amelia will be there. She and her Daddy, Noah, live there. She goes to daycare when he works. At least I'll know someone.

The part I keep trying to ignore is the doctor's appointment Daddy made for tomorrow morning.

He says all Littles have to see the doctor soon after arriving on the island.

It's not negotiable. Apparently the clinic likes to have records of everyone staying on the island just in case something should happen while visiting.

I've never minded going to the doctor, but I can't stop thinking about all the kinky things that happen when Littles go to the doctor in the books I read.

The thought of being examined while I'm in Little space makes my pussy wet.

I'm worried it will happen when I'm in the office, and I'll be mortified.

Daddy puts a clean diaper on me, sits me up, and stands me on my feet. "Ready?"

I look down at myself. I'm wearing sandals and a white T-shirt. My nipples are pressing against the cotton. I try not to think about it, reminding myself that I will see everyone else's nipples, too.

"I'm ready, Daddy."

I say that, but my mind is racing in ten directions as Daddy loads the car and straps me into a car seat in the middle of the back seat. No one will see me through the tinted windows, but I still feel self-conscious riding in the car in a diaper.

I fall asleep as soon as we get on the highway and wake up when Daddy parks the car.

He kisses me on the forehead as he releases me from the restraints. "I hope you can sleep tonight after that long nap. You haven't slept enough for several days, so I think you'll be okay."

He's right. I've been bouncing off the walls since finding out about this trip. I didn't let myself believe it was real until I managed to get these two weeks off work on such short notice, but once that was taken care of, I started focusing on the fun we were going to have.

There are three parks on the island—an amusement park, a zoo, and a water park. I can't wait to visit all of them.

There won't be many people on the ferry at this time of night, and that calms my nerves, but as soon as more and more people join us in boarding the ferry, I realize I

have no need to worry about how I'm dressed.

Like Daddy said, every Little who gets on is dressed like me.

The only difference is many of them stare at me a few seconds longer because I have blue pigtails.

That's okay. All people do that. I'm used to it.

"It should be warm enough if you want to sit on the upper deck," Daddy says. "It will be hard to see the island until we get close enough to spot the lights in the distance, but you might enjoy the breeze."

I smile at him. "That sounds like fun, Daddy."

He's right. Even though I can't see much in the dark, the breeze feels amazing during the hour-long trip. Plus I can see the stars and the moon. I get excited as we get closer to the island and giddy when the lights come into view.

In no time, we're off the ferry and Daddy is stowing our belongings on the back of a golf cart. He straps me into a car seat behind him next, and we're off.

Daddy drives through the town. The streetlights allow me to see all the businesses even though they're closed at this hour. He points out several different shops on our way by, and then he heads out of the center of town and winds around until he finally pulls up to a cabin.

The porch lights are on, and I can see it's an adorable little log cabin among the trees. After Daddy unfastens me, I follow him inside and stop in my tracks. It's even better on the inside.

Like Daddy promised, it has everything a Little could need, including a stocked playpen in the living room and a nursery.

I watch as Daddy unlocks the bathroom with his fingerprint. He told me about restrooms on the island. Littles are not permitted to enter them at all without a caregiver. Not in any location. The only time I will be in a bathroom is supervised when it's bathtime or when Daddy brushes my teeth.

He gives me a quick bath, not letting me linger to play because we have an early day tomorrow. Soon I've had my last bottle of the evening, and we're snuggled in bed where Daddy holds me in his arms like he does every night.

I worry I won't be able to sleep after napping so long in the car, but I find myself drifting off soon enough. The last thing I'm aware of is Daddy whispering how much he loves me in my ear.

Chapter Sixteen

“Are you sure this is necessary?” I ask Daddy when we pull up to the clinic first thing the next morning.

“Positive, Little one. Not optional.” He parks the golf cart and releases me from my car seat.

“You won’t be having many treats while we’re here for two weeks, Baby girl.

None of the candy you’re used to sneaking when you’re at work.

But if you’re a good girl for the doctor and his staff, I’ll let you have a lollipop when we’re done. ”

I grin, irrationally giddy about the idea. I had a few gummy bears yesterday at work, but I’m aware my vice will be on hold during our visit.

“I have a surprise for you when we leave here, too, Baby girl.” He cups my face and tips my head back before we enter the clinic. “I know you’re nervous, but make sure you’re polite and respectful, understood?”

I nod. “I’ll be good, Daddy.” He’s right. I’m nervous. No matter how hard I work to distract myself from visions of doctor’s visits from my naughty romance books, I can’t shake the feeling that I’m about to have a very embarrassing exam.

A man is at the front desk when we arrive, and since we have the first appointment of

the day, he introduces himself as Nurse Brian and ushers us back to an exam room.

“Go ahead and remove her sandals, shirt, and diaper. Dr. Keys will be seeing her today. He’ll be in shortly,” he tells Daddy before he leaves the room.

I look around. “He didn’t leave us a gown,” I mutter.

Daddy pulls my shirt off while I’m distracted and lifts me onto the exam table. “You don’t need a gown, Little one. Don’t you worry. You don’t have any body parts the doctors and nurses haven’t seen before.”

I bite my lip as Daddy helps me lower onto my back so he can remove my diaper and sandals. At least I don’t have to think too long about this situation because the door opens again as soon as I sit back upright.

Both Brian and a man in a lab coat enter the room. The doctor holds out a hand to Daddy. “Tate. So good to see you. It’s been a while.” He turns toward me next. “And you must be Sophia.”

I nod and mumble, “Yes, Sir.” I can’t keep from folding my arms across my chest and squeezing my thighs together. I’ve never been naked in front of anyone besides Daddy before. People do not see doctors completely in the buff. It’s unheard of.

Dr. Keys strokes the top of my head and smiles. “No need to cover your chest, sweetheart. We see naked Little girls all day. Can you lower your arms and sit up tall for me, Little one?”

Goosebumps rise all over my skin as I obey the doctor. My nipples pucker into hard knots, and I press my thighs tighter, trying to keep my pussy from leaking.

“Are you a real doctor?” I blurt out before I can stop myself.

Brian chuckles. So does the doctor. “Yes, Little one.” He steps in front of me and sets his hands on my knees.

“Everyone who works here is a real doctor or nurse. If you get injured or sick while visiting the island, we can fix you right up. At the same time, this is an island reserved for deep regression. Most Littles who enjoy a twenty-four-seven age-play lifestyle also have a medical kink. We fulfill that need at the same time.”

I inhale deeply and hold it as I look at Daddy. He has that expression on his face. Darn him. He’s smiling, but his gaze is narrowed at the same time. His look tells me to behave.

Dr. Keys pats my knees. “Spread your legs for me, Little one. You’re clenching so tight you’re going to injure yourself.”

My face heats a million degrees, and I glance at Daddy as it is completely confirmed to me that this visit will indeed be just like any number of doctors’ visits I’ve read about in kinky books.

I don’t think a person can actually injure themselves clenching their thighs together, but I reluctantly part my knees a few inches.

Brian hands the doctor a rubber ball, which Dr. Keys holds up to my knees. “Open wider, Little one. I want you to hold this ball between your knees while I examine you. It will give you something to focus on.”

I swallow hard as I part my thighs wider. Wetness leaks out of me. Even though I fully understand this is the entire point of the visit, I’m still embarrassed, and that makes me even hornier.

Daddy holds my hand at my side, stroking my knuckles even though it does nothing

to calm my racing heart as the doctor steps to the other side and sets his stethoscope against my naked chest.

He listens in several places before switching to my back. When he's done, he looks in my ears, nose, eyes, and throat like any doctor would for a routine visit.

It almost seems normal until he has me lie back and lifts my hands over my head. "Nurse Brian will hold your hands out of the way for me while I examine you, Little one."

I grip the ball tighter than ever, trying not to drop it.

I can't stop the rush of arousal that consumes me the moment the nurse restrains my wrists.

I arch my chest and lift my knees. A moan escapes my lips.

I'm mortified. I know all of this is exactly what is expected, but I can't seem to escape the cycle.

It's a constantly spinning circle of emotions.

I'm aroused from the exam, which embarrasses me, which makes me even more aroused and on and on.

When the doctor starts asking Daddy questions about my health, I grow increasingly more embarrassed and therefore hornier.

"Does she wet her diapers regularly?"

"How are her bowel movements?"

“Does she use a pacifier?”

“Does she take her bottles without complaint?”

“Any issues with her bottom? Her breasts? Her vagina? Her urethra?”

“How is her behavior? How often do you spank her? Are timeouts effective?”

I slide deeper and deeper into a horny ball of regression, my body betraying me as it reacts to every word and Daddy’s responses.

Dr. Keys spends far more time than necessary examining my breasts. When I squirm too much, he adds a strap across my ribs right below the globes before he switches to thumbing my nipples and then pinching and twisting them.

I’m panting and whimpering. I can’t look at anyone. I get it. I understand why Littles go to the clinic. I don’t even care anymore. I need to come so badly I’ll die if someone doesn’t put me out of my misery soon.

Things go from embarrassing to more mortifying when the doctor puts my legs in stirrups and straps them down at my thighs and my ankles.

I moan as he spreads the stirrups wider than I thought possible before he sits on a rolling stool between my legs. He addresses me directly. “I’m going to put a catheter in your little pee-pee hole, Sophia, so I can get a urine sample. Have you ever had a catheter before, Little one?”

I shake my head.

Daddy sets a hand on my chest between my breasts. “Words, Baby girl. Remember your manners.”

I lick my incredibly dry lips. “No, Sir,” I whisper, shuddering. It turns out forcing me to interact only makes me hornier. Daddy knew that. Darn him.

“Does it ever hurt when you go peepee, Sophia?” the doctor asks.

“No, Sir,” I murmur again. I hold my breath at the strange sensation of having a tube pushed up into my tiny hole. To make things even more humiliating, instead of a silent bag to collect my peepee, the doctor lets it fall into a metal bowl. It sounds like thunder in the room.

When it’s over, he leaves the tube in and opens my pussy to swab my cervix. “Is she on any form of birth control?”

“Not yet. We’ve discussed it, but she hasn’t seen a doctor yet.”

“I can give you a birth control shot today if you’re interested, Little one. It’s quick and easy.”

I look toward Daddy.

He smiles at me as he rubs my chest. “If that’s what you want, Little one.” At least he’s not going to make decisions about birth control for me. He’s a very controlling Daddy, and I enjoy every minute of it, but he stops short of imposing on my bodily autonomy, and I appreciate that.

I nod. “I think that’s a good idea,” I tell him. We have discussed it before, and I’ve done a bit of research. I’ve been leaning in the direction of the shot before today. Might as well get it out of the way.

The doctor suddenly strokes my rectum, making me clench my butt cheeks. “Just putting some lube at the entrance to your bottom, Little one. I’m going to take your

temperature, Sophia.”

I bite my lip when I realize he means rectally. I should have seen this coming. After all, the doctor uses a rectal thermometer in every kinky medical book I’ve read.

“Deep breath, Little one,” the doctor encourages as he slides a metal rod into my bottom. “Good girl,” he praises.

Daddy cups my face and leans over to kiss me. “You’re doing so well, Baby girl.”

I’m panting. My pussy is leaking. The catheter is still in me and making me hyper aware of my urethra. It seems to take forever before the doctor eases the thermometer out of me. “I’m going to examine your bottom now, Sophia. Another deep breath.”

I can’t keep from sucking in oxygen as he presses against the tight ring of muscles at the entrance to my rectum. Before I can fully think about it, Dr. Keys pushes a finger deep into my bottom.

I’m instantly overloaded with sensations. This is the last straw. I moan loudly, and my body starts shaking. I’m going to come.

That’s when Daddy moves his hand down from my chest to my pussy. The moment he strokes my clit, I orgasm. The release is long and hard. The doctor strokes inside my bottom the entire time.

My vision blurs, and I lie limp and panting when it’s over. I’m vaguely aware of the doctor finishing up. He removes the catheter while he gives instructions I can’t hear to my Daddy. He gives me a shot in my arm. My eyes are still squeezed shut when I hear the door close.

Daddy is at my side. “They’re gone, Baby girl. You can open your eyes now.”

I'm aware of my legs lying unrestrained against the table. I don't recall the doctor removing the straps or the stirrups. I was in a haze of sexual release that rocked my world.

"Look at Daddy," Tate says, his face close to mine.

I finally blink and focus on him. I'm grinning. I can't help it. "Holy shit," I mutter.

"Language, naughty girl." His voice is teasing. "I'll schedule another visit to the doctor while we're here. You can never be too careful when it comes to health."

I don't even protest. I'm so sated I can't lift a limb yet.

"Good thing I brought the stroller," Daddy says. "I think we're going to need it when we get to the zoo."

That brings me back to the present. "We're going to the zoo?"

Daddy diapers me and helps me sit up. He puts my shirt on and hands me a red lollipop. "Yep. We're meeting Amelia and Noah there."

I moan around the flavor of the lollipop as soon as I pop it into my mouth. As soon as Daddy has my sandals back on me and stands me on my feet, I wrap my arms around him and hold him tight. I love this man. We have a very unconventional relationship, but it's working for us, and I love him.

Chapter Seventeen

I squeal the moment I see Amelia. She and Noah are waiting for us in front of the lions' exhibit at the zoo. I would run toward her, but Daddy has me strapped into a harness. He's keeping me close to him with a short leash at the small of my back.

It took me a few minutes while we were in the parking lot to convince Daddy that I didn't need the stroller. I'm not shaking anymore. I'll probably have strange dreams about that visit to the doctor for the rest of my life, but they won't be nightmares. What a wild experience.

Amelia is also on a leash, so it's not until our Daddies get close to each other that I'm able to finally reach out and hug her. I haven't seen her for a while, not since she moved to the island with Noah.

Noah and Daddy greet each other while Amelia and I hug and rock back and forth.

"I can't believe you're here," Amelia says when we finally pull apart. "I got to see Layla a few weeks ago and now you. I'm so excited."

"Can you believe she's married?" I ask.

Amelia shakes her head. "It's so weird. Just a few months ago the three of us were raising cane at the Dungeon without a Daddy in our sights. Now look at us." She giggles. "How long will you be here?"

"Two weeks," I tell her.

She claps her hands. “We’re going to have so much fun. Noah says you’ll be going to daycare with me tomorrow while your Daddy works.”

I nod. “Is it fun there?”

“It’s the best. We’re going to have a blast. I promise.”

“Who’s ready to see some lions?” Noah asks.

Both of us bounce on our feet excitedly.

“After that can we see the bears?” Amelia asks.

“Yep. We can see as many animals as you want.” Noah gives a tug to her leash, hauling her back until she’s leaning against his chest. He leans over and kisses the top of her head.

We follow the two of them through the entrance to the lion exhibit. A few seconds later, Daddy gives a tug to my leash, too. I nearly fall into him and start giggling. I know he won’t let me fall.

He leans his head down to whisper in my ear, “Do you have any idea how much I love you?”

I tip my head to face him and smile. “Yes. I love you just as much.”

He slides a hand up my tummy and cups one of my breasts, making my breath hitch. His lips come to my ear again. “Do you have any idea how fucking hard I was, watching you come apart on that exam table?”

My face flushes. I bite my bottom lip, not responding.

His warm breath hits my neck, sending shivers down my spine. He asks yet another question. “Do you have any idea how hard I’m going to fuck your sweet pussy when we get back to the cabin?”

I whimper. Suddenly I’m not nearly as interested in seeing lions and bears.

Daddy sighs dramatically. “I guess it will have to wait until this evening.”

Feeling mischievous, I turn in his arms and pull his head down so I can whisper in his ear this time. “Didn’t you say there are private changing stations all over the parks?”

He groans.

“Let’s see how long I can hold my pee before you need to change me,” I tease. “Maybe I can even pretend to be naughty so Noah and Amelia think we’re in a changing room extra long so you can discipline me,” I suggest.

“You naughty, naughty girl.”

I giggle and shrug. “You made me this way. A few weeks ago, I barely even realized I was Little. It’s all your fault.”

Ignoring everyone around us, Daddy squeezes my breast and pinches my nipple. “I’m going to tease these tight little titties every minute or so until your diaper is so full you can hardly walk. I don’t care who’s looking.”

Well, darn. He bested me at my game.

It’s okay. I love this game. I’m not sure how long I can go without wetting myself, considering what I now know the reward will be, but it will be fun finding out.

Every day of my life will be fun from now on because becoming Tate’s Baby girl is

the best decision I've ever made. I will never regret it.