

CAROLYN FAULKNER



A
BABYGIRL

For Christmas

A BABYGIRL FOR
CHRISTMAS

CAROLYN FAULKNER



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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Chapter 1

He could tell as soon as she came in the door that she'd had a bad day. There was no smile, no running joyously at him to be lifted into his arms, no happy cry of "Daaaddy!" as the worries and cares of the day fell away from her because she was home, where she didn't have to deal with the stressful, demanding, adult things she did at work.

Usually, the layers of being a successful, highly motivated, in-charge professional fell away from her as soon as she walked through their door. The transition from the take-charge, no nonsense CEO of a multi-thousand-dollar company she'd created herself to his little girl as soon as she got home was pretty seamless. It began as soon as she put the key into the lock, so that by the time she had put her briefcase down next to her very adult, very high heels on the rug in the tile entryway—where they belonged—she was already, fully, his little girl.

But this afternoon, she made it all the way to their dining room table, briefcase still firmly in hand and stilettos making her nearly half a foot taller, wearing a deep frown the entire time.

As he came out of his office to stand a few feet away from her, her Daddy immediately noted all of those clues about how

she was feeling from her appearance and attitude, most importantly the ones she didn't even know she was showing him.

"Babygirl," he intoned, deliberately soft and low, saying nothing more than that.

Her frown transformed slowly into more of a pout, and he knew she was getting there, to where he always wanted her to be with him. She wasn't actively resisting him; the pull of what he represented to her was too emotionally powerful and important for her to really be able to do that anymore. And he didn't think she really wanted to, either, as she might have at the beginning of their relationship.

But sometimes it was harder for her to shed her big girl panties than others, usually when things weren't going so well at work.

It had been that way for her lately, as she was expanding her company into an unfamiliar area and things were unusually uncertain and unsettled, so she had to be on top of everything and everyone. It was taking up much more of her time than it usually did, and even though he did his best to make sure she got as much relaxed, coddled, and cuddled little girl time with him as possible, it obviously wasn't nearly enough.

But, as much of an uber-Daddy as he was, Wyatt was still very careful not to intrude on her work life. He was supremely proud of her success, and he absolutely understood that she both wanted and needed to work. She could very easily have just stayed home and been his little girl—he would have loved that. But he also knew, although she loved that aspect of their relationship, she wouldn't really have been happy. She needed the adult outlet of work to make her feel good in the same way his work did for him—in a way he couldn't do for her—and he was behind her a zillion percent.

And he did very much like the stark contrast between what he knew she was like at work and how she was with him—he loved how little she was with him, that she had to ask him if she

could have a snack or use the potty, when the people who worked for her wouldn't have guessed that she was anything but a Domme.

He'd only ever had to step in once, when she'd worked so many hours of each day—and thus spent so much time away from him—that she'd been able to hide from him that a cold she'd had had become something much more serious.

He'd stopped in to visit her—joking that it was a conjugal visit—but then he'd gotten a good look at her when she rose to greet him. The rest of her face was pasty white, but her cheeks were flushed red, her eyes looked unfocused, and she barely had enough breath to talk.

Seconds later, she was in his arms, and he was carrying her out of her office, glaring at her assistant and hollering for someone to get the elevator door. Her company limo met them as he came out of the building, and he told Duck—her chauffeur—to drive as fast as he needed, to get her to the hospital as quickly as was humanly possible.

Once there, he carried her past the desk while announcing who he was—as he had privileges at that hospital—and into an open cubicle, completely ignoring the commotion he was causing. He was shouting orders at everyone, and they jumped to do his bidding, whether they ought to have or not.

He'd put his foot down then, keeping her home with him for ten days, hiring a nurse to watch her when he had to work, and not allowing her to so much as talk to her office at all for the first five days. She wasn't allowed her laptop or her iPad, either. He wanted her to rest. Then he restricted her work time to just an hour or two a day, literally taking the phone out of her hand and ending the call by telling her assistant that she needed to rest and she was going to take a nap.

Of course, she had given him the hairy eyeball for that, but he had immediately reminded her—in a no-nonsense tone that let her know she had better not have any doubts that he would

do exactly as he said—that she should have been glad he hadn't told Remy that she was going to be "put down" for a nap. That would have given them something juicy to gossip about over the water cooler.

She'd blushed beautifully and sunk down under the covers, pulling them up to her nose and murmuring, "Yes, Daddy," at that.

After the ten days, he let her go back, but only part time, and when she got home from her morning at work—it was never in question as to whether she'd work mornings or afternoons; she was a morning person, through and through—he'd made her nap for several hours. She'd always fallen asleep for him, no matter how much of a fuss she tried to put up about not needing one, not that she got away with much of that.

And he wouldn't hesitate to do the exact same thing again if he thought she was getting run down. She hadn't been at all happy with how autocratic he had been in caring for her, and she hadn't hesitated to let him know that.

Wyatt had listened to every bit of her rant, not once interrupting or telling her to calm down—and she was quite vociferous. But she was never disrespectful, and he knew that she had a valid point.

When it came down to it, though, he was more than her Daddy, he was her Dom, but that was a small percentage of their relationship that didn't usually come into play, except in situations like this, as she was nearly always little with him.

When he'd spoken, there was no trace of sarcasm or condescension in his tone; it was quiet, even, and calm. "I understand how you feel, dear heart. I do. And I know you think I'm sometimes a bit overzealous or overprotective of you, which is why I consulted with Dr. Kai, the pulmonologist on staff, and he agreed with my treatment plan for you." Wyatt had crossed to stand in front of her, carefully not crowding her.

"I know you think you're invincible, little one, but you're not."

He could see her anger crumbling, no matter how hard she tried to hold onto it. "Your lungs are your weakest point, and left untreated—as yours had been until I stepped in," he pointed out in a voice that was much sterner than it had been when he'd begun, "that infection could have taken you from me." His last phrase was a choked whisper.

He cleared his throat, continuing sternly, seeing that with every word he uttered, she was getting littler and littler. "And we will soon be having a very serious discussion about the fact that you defiantly and deliberately chose to conceal your illness from me."

But here and now, with her standing there obviously exhausted and grumpy, in a situation that he thought could be leading to a something much like the previous alarmingly serious health concern, he intended to head that off as quickly as possible. Wyatt could see that her lower lip was trembling—just from his use of that very potent endearment—and he began to move toward her, knowing what was going to come next. Her Daddy got to her just as she covered her face with her hands, beginning to sob heavily into them, dissolving into his tight hug.

Rina felt his arms wrap tightly around her as he surrounded her with his warmth and his big, soothing presence. Even in heels, she barely reached his shoulder, and despite the fact that she was far from skinny, he was easily able to overwhelm her physically—not necessarily even sexually, always—and sometimes that was just what she needed.

He lifted her into his arms, and she had long since learned not to chide him about doing that, making snide, insulting remarks about his back and her weight only ensured that she'd be put on her tummy on the bed and very thoroughly punished for doing so before he did anything else.

Wyatt moved them to their big bedroom, which was decorated eclectically in a mish-mash of what he liked and what she both liked and needed—lots of the room done in the starker,

more austere style he preferred, the rest of it—the majority of it, actually—decorated entirely to his little girl's tastes. There were lots of green, Tinkerbell touches, lots of pink and purple, and, of course, stuffies, as well as a big toy box, and a vanity he'd designed himself and had handmade, giving it to her as a celebration of their first Little-versary—the day she had become his little girl.

When Rina had voiced concerns about how their room would look to anyone else, he had told her he didn't give a fuck about that—and her Daddy almost never swore. He had said, in no uncertain terms that this was *their* bedroom, *their* house, and *their* sanctuary, and they were going to make it be how they wanted it. Then he'd cupped her cheek and told her—reminded her, really, as she was wont to forget—the only person whose opinion she ever needed to worry about was his, and he already adored her and loved the thought of her having as many little things about their room as possible.

Wyatt put Rina down—perpendicularly—on his side of the bed, reaching into the headboard to hand her the nearest stuffie, Moxie, the first one he'd ever given her. She was a floppy brown puppy that was getting a bit worn around the edges, but that was okay—it was just that she was well loved and the one she usually picked to sleep with and hold on to when he was tending to her—especially if it she had to be punished. Those were times when Moxie could practically be wrung out, she'd been cried into so much.

Then he plucked something from his nightstand drawer, gently pressing her big pacifier into her mouth. That meant that unless he asked her a direct question, she was not allowed to take it out. Not allowing her to be verbal when her big and her little were very much so added to all of the touches and tweaks that would help her shed her cares and bring her little side fully to the fore, where it belonged.

She sat up immediately, though, when he turned away from her for a moment, reaching for the straps to her shoes.

"Tsk, little girl," he chided gently as he got things out of her bureau, having heard her move, and turning back to her with supplies in his big hands. His eyebrows rose above his glasses as he put a finer point on his scolding. "Are you allowed to undress yourself?"

She shook her head and lay back, the hand that had been going to be naughty going immediately to the other, instead, fidgeting with her fingers.

"You may use your words, baby," he coaxed.

She popped the pacifier out of her mouth, answering in her little voice, "No, Sir," before replacing it.

His "That's my good girl," was warm and soothing.

Soon, he knelt unhesitatingly before her—as he had many, many times before—taking her foot on his raised knee. The straps were nimbly unbuckled and her beautiful shoes were slipped off one by one. Her Daddy brought the other foot up to his face, when he was done, pressing his mouth into her arch and nibbling on it, just a bit, with the edges of his teeth, knowing full well what her reaction would be.

That earned him a giggled, "No, Daddy! It tickles!" as she tried to reclaim her leg. He held onto it for a few seconds, though, long enough to reinforce the idea that he could keep it if he wanted to—not that she didn't already know that—then he let go. Her hose were next, then the suit jacket, blouse, and skirt, until she was left before him in bra and panties, everything he had taken from her having been put in its rightful place as he went along.

Daddy was a stickler about not making messes, and yet his little one was all in favor of them, something his loving, consistent discipline was working on curing—in most cases. He did understand the need for them occasionally—in instances such as

finger painting or the like. But in general, she was always expected to clean up after herself as best she could.

All of her bras were front closing, purely for his own ease of removal, which he did immediately, bringing it over to the hamper while holding it with just his fingertips, as if it was infected with nuclear waste. There were precious few instances in which she was allowed to wear one at all, and he mourned each time, and she had lost a slew of them to his greedy scissors when she forgot and wore one longer than she was allowed to around him—to say nothing of the spanking she also got on the spot. Her breasts were beautiful, and he hated to see them any way but free range, especially considering their lifestyle.

He wasn't much in favor of big girl panties, either, no matter that hers were very pretty and lacy and feminine. They were much too provocative for his little girl, so they were next to go, although they weren't treated with quite the same revulsion as the bra. But that was only because of his reverence for the area which they cradled in the absence of a pull up, a diaper, training pants or, preferably, his hand or mouth.

When he returned to her, he put several things down on the bed next to her. Wyatt took a moment to gaze down at her, taking a slow, deep breath, barely able to comprehend the idea that she was his, even though they'd been together for a while. She wasn't perfect looking or acting. He didn't want that, but she was absolutely perfect for him. He mused about how hard it had been for him to get her to believe that concept while he was courting her, very thankful that she had finally come to realize that he wasn't just saying those words to get her to surrender to him, but that he believed them very deeply.

One arm had a stranglehold on Moxie, clutching the raggedy dog against her left side, her other hand rested on her tummy. Her lovely legs were drawn up, heels just barely catching the edge of the big bed, and he frowned slightly when he noticed that she was holding them closed.

There were times when such behavior would get her into trouble—when he could sense that she meant to be defiant by doing that. But Wyatt didn't think this was one of those times, partly because that would be unusual behavior for her, and partly because he was quite sure this just meant that she wasn't quite there yet. Parts of her—most probably certain stubborn pockets of her big, beautiful brain—were struggling against accepting being treated as a little girl, even though that was definitely what the rest of her big, beautiful body wanted.

And the last thing he wanted to do was to be strict and stern with her when what she needed was for him to be loving and gentle. He paid such close attention to her that he felt he had a pretty good handle on her moods, and he was rarely wrong when he trusted his instincts with her.

And when he was wrong, he could sense it almost immediately, and she wouldn't hesitate to let him know and could do so merely with her body language, loud and clear.

That kind of fiasco had him apologizing to her in a way that would probably be seen as very un-Daddy like, definitely undommish. But Wyatt prided himself on knowing what she needed and on guiding her in just the right way, whether it be with pain or pleasure, and when he got it wrong, he could barely forgive himself.

But he never hesitated to do so, for her sake. She was never angry at him about it, for which he was eternally grateful, even though his mistakes did often result in unexpected pain and tears. He never wanted her to worry that he would ever do anything to her that he didn't think would be good for her.

Once he'd pried himself out of his reverie about her, Wyatt's fingers barely brushed the outside of one knee.

Rina whimpered once from behind her binky, but then her legs began to part.

"That's it, lovely," he praised. "Little girls like you always part their legs for their Daddies, because this area," he let his entire

hand cup her there firmly, "right here, is made just for Daddy, isn't it?"

She met his eyes, looking just a bit tentative, but he gave her a soft smile as she nodded her head up and down while coloring prettily for him.

"That's right. You've been big for much too long, and you've lost sight of who you really are. But Daddy knows just what to do to help you with that, darlin'."

Daddy had spent a lot of time on the East Coast, but he'd been born in Texas, and sometimes that drawl slipped back into his speech, usually when he was tending to her in one way or the other.

He stepped between her now splayed legs, reaching down to draw his finger down the center line of her body, over the amazingly soft skin of her belly. There was a time when she would have tried to stop him from doing that—out of embarrassment that it was not as flat as it should have been, according to some. But "some" were most definitely not "him", and he had painstakingly gotten her to the point, he thought, where she no longer worried about such things as there was absolutely no reason for her to.

Wyatt didn't stop when he encountered her mons, which was devoid of hair. He personally kept her entire body as hairless as possible, certain that it enhanced her feelings of littleness.

That big, callused finger was dragged down her kitty, running over her clit without so much as a by your leave, making her yelp and arch and very nearly close her legs against him instinctively.

His finger halted its descent, and she was given a deep throated, one word warning. "Babylove."

They fell apart again almost before he finished saying that powerful nickname.

It continued on its way, over a quim that was already seeping sweet honey, making him groan slightly, and not stopping until that moisture had been brought down to her tight little flower.

Rina struggled and fussed a bit at that, as she always did whenever he focused his attentions there, but he knew they were mere echoes of her puritanical upbringing and that she actually quite enjoyed him touching her there, despite her protestations, as he'd patiently proven that to her many, many times.

But still, Wyatt left off and straightened up, reaching for a box of baby wipes and using several to clean all of that very sensitive area as he put her legs up and back, one hand easily big enough to hold onto her ankles as he did so, and not stopping then, either, until he had dragged it down over her bottom hole, which had her mewling behind her pacifier.

Then he baby powdered her generously, slipping a diaper beneath her bottom that had her complaining much more loudly. He could easily interpret that she was saying "pull-up", even though her mouth was quite full.

Diapers were to be used for their purpose. If he put her into a diaper, there would be no bathroom privileges for her if she needed to go number one. Whereas pull ups meant that she would have to ask him before she went, which presented its own challenges, but at least she'd be using the toilet.

"No, my princess. I can tell in your eyes that you need to be very little for a while, and we have this entire long weekend together. Remy has been given orders from me that he's not to call your cell, only the landline, to get ahold of you—and then only if there's an outright apocalypse. And with the exceptional way you've trained your team, you know that's not going to happen. Everyone's off for three days, and, for you, it's going to be a very little weekend."

She had always kept those who were closest to her in her organization as up to speed on what was going on with the company as she was, for exactly this reason. So, she could be sick and out of touch for almost two weeks, if need be, or that she could have some uninterrupted time with her husband for a long weekend without coming back to a sinking ship.

Rina knew she'd seen the last of her phone until Tuesday morning, and when she was little—especially in diapers—she wasn't allowed to use the landline.

And she also knew what it meant when her Daddy flipped her over onto her tummy, with the diaper still beneath her, too.

She immediately began to whimper and mewl again from behind the pacifier, but her Daddy ignored her, having already filled the red rubber bag that hung over their bed with warm water before she'd arrived home, in anticipation of how he had thought she would need to be treated this weekend.

And he was right.

Wyatt put a big dollop of KY on her little bottom hole, which made her flinch, but then he put a hand gently on her lower back, to remind her not to put up too much of a fuss as he pressed the douche nozzle—rather than the enema nozzle—into her behind.

Rina keened and whined and fake sobbed, and he soothed her by rubbing her back, but she knew that nothing was going to deter her from getting a good washing out, as she always did before she was put into diapers, so that she wouldn't have any excuse to need to use the potty.

It was an enormous amount, as it always was, soapy and agitating and making her have to beg to be allowed to go from very early on, knowing she wouldn't be given permission to until she'd taken every last drop and then held it for a good fifteen minutes—sometimes a half an hour. Sometimes, Daddy even made her roll over while she was holding it, so that it worked its way well up into her.

He wasn't trying to be cruel, just wanted her thoroughly cleaned out. He did his best to soothe her and tell her what a good girl she was being, even stopping the flow sometimes—with that infamous "click"—but he would not relent.

Occasionally, he even touched kitty while she was being filled, and she hated being made to enjoy it, but he was too skilled with

his fingers for her to ignore what they were doing to her, despite the way her bottom was roiling.

Her original cries might have been bluffing, but she was always genuinely crying and writhing with need before he let her to go to the bathroom, which she practically ran to, once he allowed her to.

When she returned, she had to put herself back the way she had been, lying on her tummy on the diaper again, so that if he wanted to—and sometimes he did, especially if it was a punishment enema—he could give her another that was much the same, only twice as bad.

He didn't do that—this time.

Instead, he flipped her over onto her back again, and she couldn't help but sigh in relief.

"You know what Daddy has to do before he puts you into your diaper, baby, don't you? So you don't get caught touching kitty, which would be very naughty indeed."

She shook her head frantically back and forth, mewling from behind her pacifier, more loudly when she heard a very different kind of "click", and then the buzzing began, growing louder as he brought the enormous head closer to her.

"Keep your legs open like a good girl. That's it. You know you have to come hard before Daddy can put you into your diaper."

It was so powerful that she was practically afraid of it—one of those that looked more like it was actually meant for soothing muscles than the purpose for which most people used it. It plugged in, rather than using wimpy batteries, and it—and her Daddy, when he used it—meant business.

The vibrator—the only one he ever used on her—brought her from zero to a zillion almost as soon as it touched her little button, as Daddy called it. He teased her a bit, making her shudder when he dragged it over the bundle of nerves he very carefully exposed, moving it down her entire cleft and back up,

although he didn't usually put it off very long before he settled it right on top of her clit.

She whimpered and gasped and almost tried to arch away, but she knew better than to do that—now. He was so skilled with it that he was able to ride out her motions without letting it change the position he was holding the tormenting implement in, in the least. All of her gyrations brought her no relief.

And neither that thing—nor her Daddy—was going to give her any choice about what was going to happen to her.

She was going to come, whether she wanted to or not—mindlessly, uncontrollably, and frequently, until her Daddy thought she was sated, for a while anyway. And that was exactly what happened.

The first wave snuck up on her, slamming her, clit first, into paradise, making her jerk and jump and contract and convulse, all at once and separately through the entire violent episode.

And that slid almost immediately into the second climax, which was what brought her to tears, not that it was going to grant her any mercy. She often cried as he forced her to come over and over again.

Her body often wanted some sort of remission then, but he didn't allow it, repositioning the head of the vibrator and amping the speed up a notch before covering that part of her again, his smile of gratification widening when she climaxed seconds later, three times in a row, screaming hoarsely with each one.

And he was just getting started. By the time he finished with her, she was a limp rag doll as he put the vibrator away and picked her up, putting her to bed as the young toddler she was right where he'd left off.

The diaper was very well padded and snug fitting—feeling wonderfully soft against her bare kitty—and terribly thick between her legs, and she knew that—if he allowed her to walk this weekend at all—she would be doing so with an awkward, bow legged gait.

Then he pulled a diaper cover up and over her thickly padded bum that was a girly pink with rows of ruffles across the backside before reaching for first one foot, then the other to slip them into her very little girlish footie sleeper. All of hers were the kind with the drop seat, so that he could easily check to see if she was wet without undressing her, or pull down her diaper enough to bare her bottom if she needed a spanking, too, but Rina didn't like to think about that aspect of them.

When he put her hands into the thumbless mittens that attached to the cuffs of each sleeve, she knew that she was going to be treated as if she was very little indeed, probably for the entirety of this weekend. Those mittens left her pretty much entirely dependent on Daddy for everything, since she couldn't hold so much as a spoon for herself. It had been a while since she was quite this little, not since early on in their relationship, when Daddy had been quite keen on making her as little as possible as often as possible.

As he tucked her under the covers, putting her down for a nap, her Daddy curled himself around his little girl from behind, holding her tight as he caressed her soothingly, almost drifting off himself as he reminisced about how they'd come together, especially that very first, very special Christmas week they'd spent together.

It hadn't all been roses and pacifiers; she hadn't come to him easily.

But she was well more than worth the wait—worthy of any and every kind of wait.