

Chapter One: A Difficult Patient

“I really don’t understand what’s gotten into her.” Julian Blackstone kept his voice low as he stood at the shoulder of Dr. Grant Fullwood, who was studying the chart belonging to Bonnie, Julian’s Little One. Behind them, the 28-year-old blonde laid on the exam table, curled on her side, sucking her thumb. She wore a bored, petulant look in her pretty face.

“Is her appetite good?”

“Excellent.”

“Is she going potty like she should?” the doctor asked.

The older man nodded. She keeps a sticker chart so we can keep up with it, since she’s prone to binding when she gets emotional. But there haven’t been any issues. And as you know, we have her on a regular cleansing schedule.”

The doctor sighed. “I checked her temperature. She doesn’t have a fever. Her glands aren’t swollen. She’s not complaining of any pain. And the only symptom you’ve described is that she’s simply not coming.”

“She’s not coming at all.” As the leader of the Eden Institute, Julian Blackstone liked to believe he was in control of everything – the Ultimate Papa in a community built on procuring and training young women for age regression and deep sexual submission. That his Little One had lost her sexual responsiveness was obviously unnerving.

“At this point, I believe Bonnie’s sudden change is due more to psychological reasons than physical ones,” Dr. Fullwood said. He paused. “Mr. Blackstone, I’d like to try a few things with Bonnie. But I’ll need your full cooperation.” He fixed the older man with a serious look. “Can I count on you to allow me to do what’s best for Bonnie ... and for you?”

“I trust you implicitly.” Julian said, but he cast a worried glance at Bonnie as Dr. Fullwood turned around and walked back to the exam table.

“Well now, little Bonnie,” the physician said, putting her chart down on a nearby table before moving to look down at her. “It seems that you are in good health. But your Papa is quite worried about you. He said that you’re little pussy isn’t producing any moisture, no matter how nicely he strokes or spansks you. Is that true?”

Bonnie, who still had her thumb in her mouth, sullenly regarded the handsome doctor over her curled fist. She shrugged her response.

Dr. Fullwood reached over to pluck a latex glove from a nearby box. He pulled it on and raised his arm, continuing to stare down at Bonnie as he snapped the end of the glove several inches below his wrist.

“I think it’s necessary to check your pussy, Bonnie,” he said. “Just to make sure there’s nothing wrong. Let’s get those panties off.”

Now she removed her thumb from her mouth. “I don’t wanna!” she said, glaring. Then she looked over at Julian Blackstone. “I don’t wanna, Papa!” she repeated. “I wanna’ go *home*.”

She tried to rise, but Dr. Fullwood put his broad, ungloved hand on her belly to restrain her as he raised the other so the nurse could squeeze a dollop of lubricant on his fingers. However, before she could, Bonnie attempted once more to wriggle away.

“Hold on, Nurse Steele,” Dr. Fullwood said, and the tall, blonde nurse stepped back as the doctor renewed his grip on his resisting patient.

“There will be none of that, young lady,” he said, and the handsome kindly face the Littles had become used to grew stern, the square jaw clenched in resolve. “It’s about time you learned what happens to little girls who are bad for the doctor.”

An athletic 6’2”, Dr. Fullwood was easily able to lift the struggling 5’ Bonnie from off the exam table and haul her to a nearby chair. The diminutive Little, used to getting her way, cried out desperately for her Papa as the dark-haired physician threw her over his lap and flipped up her short skirt. But from his vantage point across the room, Julian Blackstone refused to intervene.

“What is Rule Number One of my exam room, Little One?” the doctor asked over Bonnie’s wails of protest as his long arm wrapped around her waist and his gloved hand pulled down her panties.

Realizing her Papa was not going to save her, a suddenly nervous Bonnie cast a wary look over her shoulder. “Um...um...”

Dr. Fullwood raised his gloved hand and brought it down hard on her upturned bottom; the blow resounding through the exam room was quickly followed by a high-pitched shriek from a now very frightened Little.

He repeated the question. “What is the one rule Littles are given when they come to my exam room?”

This time, Bonnie was quick to reply.

“To...to...submit for the exam because it’s for our own good!” she hastily replied.

“And what’s the penalty for not obeying?”

“It’s not fair!” she suddenly objected. “Only Papas and Mamas and Nannies should spank...OW! OW!”

She couldn’t complete her complaint, for Dr. Fullwood had leveled two more hard slaps to her upturned nates. Fat tears slipped from between eyes now squeezed shut in abject humiliation.

“And usually they do,” the doctor said patiently. “But Mamas and Papas and Nannies all have agreed that in this room, I am the authority. If a Little act ups, I may ask them to spank. But if a Little is particularly naughty, I may decide to do it myself. And that’s just what I’m going to do to you right now!”

With that, Grant Fullwood raised his hand and brought it down – hard – across the lower portion of Bonnie’s pert bottom. The force of the steady spansks by his glove-covered palm gave the punishing blows an extra sting. Soon Bonnie was wildly kicking her legs as the grim-faced physician turned her bottom from pink to a dusky red. Bonnie’s cries became open-mouthed bawls as the fight left her and she went limp over the broad lap underneath her.

“Now, are you ready to let me examine that little pussy?” Dr. Fullwood asked.

Bonnie’s nod was barely perceptible, and as she submissively parted her thighs to give the doctor access, she buried her face in his pant leg, sobbing shamefully.

The doctor had extended his hand again so the nurse could apply the lubricant to his gloved fingers, but after glancing down between Bonnie’s parted legs, he looked back at the nurse and shook his head. It was clear that the lubricant wasn’t needed. Naughty Bonnie was producing more than enough of her own, and everyone in the room knew that her wails now were as much from shame as discomfort.

Dr. Fullwood inserted his fingers nonetheless. It did a Little no favor to not follow through with a procedure, even if it were no longer necessary. His long fingers moved past the slippery folds of her sopping pussy, sinking into her core. He pressed down on the sensitive spot just behind her pubic bone, circling her hard, throbbing clit with his thumb.

“Nooooo!” she cried. “I’m going to come! I don’t want to!” She was fighting it. He could tell. Dr. Fullwood looked over to where Julian Blackstone was standing, his eyes fixed on the scene playing out before him. The physician nodded, and Julian knew what he had to do.

“Come for him, Bonnie,” her Papa said. “Come for the good doctor. You have my permission.”

Bonnie came, sobbing with need and shame as her pussy pulsed hard on his glove-covered fingers.

After a few moments, Dr. Fullwood withdrew his hand from between Bonnie’s leg, removed the glove and tossed it into the wastebasket. “Up you go,” he said, helping the shaking young woman to her feet. Her eyes looked dazed and her legs were shaking as she walked to her Papa, rubbing her bright red bottom as he pulled her into his arms.

“So,” Dr. Fullwood asked. “When was the last time you gave Bonnie a serious punishment spanking?”

Julian stared at him, stroking Bonnie’s hair as she sobbed into his chest.

“I’ve given her a few spankings for bratting....” he began.

“No. I’m not talking about a spanking that she initiated,” Dr. Fullwood said. “I’m talking about a spanking that she *deserved* – one that pushed her beyond her limit.” He nodded towards the young woman, who was still sobbing tears of humiliation, unable to even look at either her Papa or the doctor.

“Aah,” Julian said quietly, and dropped a kiss to Bonnie’s head. “It’s been quiet some time, hasn’t it, Poppet?”

She nodded against his chest.

Dr. Fullwood grunted and picked up her chart. “We are all adults here, even if some play roles of Bigs and some play roles of Littles. Sometimes when we get settled into our roles, we forget that our needs can reach a plateau. A Big can still feel dominant spanking a Little One who wants it, but she may not feel submissive if she has to manipulate him into it. It’s the submission that puts a Little into Littlespace – that place of ultimate emotional and sexual surrender. For some – like your Bonnie – that can only come from real, stern correction. The more she manipulates you into spanking her, the more dominant she feels – and the less submissive. It’s that submission that makes her come. Without it, she won’t.”

Julian nodded his head and then smiled. “Doctor, I knew hiring you was a good idea.” Then he held Bonnie at arm’s length. “As for you, Little One, things are about to change. From now on, bratting will get you nowhere. If you must brat for a spanking, then it will clearly be a spanking for fun. But you’ve been getting away with far too much lately, and it’s high time I reassert my authority with some proper discipline. In fact, when we get back, I believe I am going to pull my cane out of retirement. Once your bottom is a little less tender, I’m going to make it sore all over again. Perhaps then you’ll come to me if you need real punishment rather than making me bring you here.”

“No, Papa! Not the cane!” She was sobbing again – real genuine tears that had Dr. Fullwood nodding his head in approval.

“Come along,” Nurse Steele said, stepping forward. “Let’s get these panties up and go get you a teddy bear.”

The doctor stopped her. “I’m afraid we’re all out of the comfort bears we give patients. Can you order more?” he asked. “Just call Tisdale Novelties. They’re on the Eden approved list. You’ll find the number in my Rolodex.”

“Certainly,” Nanny Steele said. “How about a lollipop instead, Bonnie?”

The chastened blonde nodded. The men stood watching as the pair walked away.

“I was going to prescribe stricter punishment,” Dr. Fullwood said. “But you beat me to it.

“I can’t thank you enough,” Julian said, shaking his head. “It’s not easy seeing Bonnie come for another man, but this wasn’t just a necessary lesson for her. It was a hard lesson for me as well.” He sighed. “Sometimes I feel like the Eden Institute takes up too much of my time. I started this place so men like me – like us – can train and enjoy our Little ones without outside influence. I’ve presided over the selection and procurement of women for dozens of men. I’ve counseled men on how to guide and their Littles into the fullness of submission. I’ve overseen the staff here and made sure the powers that be are stroked and mollified so that we can continue the arrangement we have with the legal authorities, police and prison system. It’s a tough job. Sometimes I get so involved that I forget to properly take care of my little girl.”

“Well, it’s better late than never,” Dr. Fullwood said. He held up a finger. “As a matter of fact, I was wrong about not having a prescription. He took out a pad and jotted down something down. Tearing the slip off, he handed it to Julian Blackstone. “Here,” he said. “This is a prescription for a special salve. There’s a pharmacy – well, apothecary is really a more apt

description – over on Brubaker Street. The gentleman who runs is a master of herbs and elixirs. By modern standards, he’s probably considered something of a relic. But he specializes in concoctions that aid in both punishment and pleasure...”

When Julian raised a curious eyebrow, the doctor held up his hand. “Don’t ask me to explain. Just take this script to him and have him fill it. The next time Bonnie is out of line, coat a large plug with this ointment and put it in her ass. I believe you’ll find her so sufficiently chastened that she’ll never question your roles again.”

Dr. Fullwood began writing another prescription. “And since you’ll want to also give her nice rewards when she’s good, have my man mix you up some of this ointment. A dab on her clitoris and she’ll be all but begging you to take her.”

Julian Blackstone held out his hand with a smile as he accepted the second prescription. “I’ll drive over after I put my little Bonnie down for a nap. Thank you, Dr. Fullwood.”

“Any time,” the physician replied.

Dr. Fullwood watched Julian walk out and turned to remove his lab coat. Bonnie had been the last patient of the day, and he was ready to kick back and have a cocktail. His full lips curved in a frown as he walked back through the office and put the patient chart back in the file cabinet. Before Bonnie’s appointment had taken such a dramatic turn, he’d planned to have a word afterwards with Julian Blackstone about whether there’d been any progress in finding him a potential Little One of his own. He’d gone through the Eden binders several times, lingering over the extensive background information and psychological profiles, but none of the women really appealed to him. It was troublesome; Dr. Fullwood knew that the last client to be paired with a Little – Max Brookshire – had not found what he wanted in the binders, either. And while the Englishman had found the perfect pairing with the maid, Elise, Dr. Fullwood knew Julian Blackstone was likely frustrated to have the carefully screened non-violent offenders rejected a second time.

But Dr. Fullwood knew he had to be true to himself. These weren’t relationships to be casually entered. A woman with the capacity to be a Little was a rare jewel in possession of a sensitive nature. The only thing worse than not finding a match was rushing into the wrong one. He did not want to be responsible for letting down such a precious soul.

And if anyone knew the importance of such relationships, it was Grant Fullwood. He’d always been attracted to the age play lifestyle, and held not just a medical degree, but a degree in

psychology, with an emphasis on alternative sexuality. His extensive knowledge of Littles and Bigs was as much a curse as a blessing now that he was ready to choose a little one of his own. He knew incredible pleasure and closeness could be found in such pairings, but he also knew all the things that go wrong.

Dr. Fullwood had hung his lab coat on the coatrack and was reaching for his blazer when the door opened. Nurse Steele, the sturdy, no-nonsense woman he'd recently hired to assist him, smiled when she saw him.

"On your way home?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so, Nurse Steele," he said. "I believe a drink is in order."

"That sounds fantastic." She sighed, rubbing the back of her neck as she looked at him. "It has been a long day." She paused. "Would you like some company?"

He glanced up at her. "Thanks, Leah. But no. I think I'm going to just brood in silence this evening, and maybe go over those binders again. I have to say that seeing all these Bigs with their girls is making me want my own Little One more than ever."

"Maybe you're looking too hard, Grant," the nurse said. "Has it ever occurred to you that the answer may be closer than you think?"

"No," he said definitively. "All the girls here are happily taken. Besides. I have very narrow ideas about what I want. Finding it's going to be a trick."

"If you say so," she said, regarding him for a moment. "Have a good evening, then. And don't forget your phone," She nodded towards the desk. "I heard it ring when you were talking to Mr. Blackstone."

Dr. Fullwood murmured a 'thank you' as he picked up the phone. He didn't like interruptions when he was seeing patients and only checked it occasionally throughout the day. But as he listened to his voicemails now, one made him stop cold.

"Doctor, are you all right?" Nurse Steele eyed him with concern.

He lowered the phone as he replied. "Nurse Steele, I understand that Mr. Blackstone is occupied with his little Bonnie, but if you could get word to him that I need to speak to him immediately, I would appreciate it. Please tell him I'd not disturb him otherwise, but this is an emergency."