

Daddy's Girl

By

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Chapter One

The house was silent when he slipped in the side door from the garage, and he closed the door quietly, just in case.

No squeals of "Daddy!" said in that somehow naturally high pitch of hers, despite the fact that she was in her thirties. No sounds of not-so-little feet pattering swiftly towards him, no warm body plastering itself against his until he could wrap her up and lift her into his arms, her legs clamping around his waist as if she truly was the little girl he'd always seen her as.

"Punkin?" he ventured, but not too loudly, looking around for her. No signs of her in the living room or the den, which doubled as her play room, no age appropriate toys – mostly My Little Ponies and coloring books – strewn on the floor for him to scold her lightly about.

In fact, the place was almost abnormally quiet. She wasn't allowed to shut the bathroom door, so he easily noted that that the guest bathroom in the hall was open and empty as he passed by, the kitchen, too, not that that was unusual. Unless she asked for special permission, she wasn't allowed to use the stove when he wasn't home with her to supervise, or better yet, do it for her.

She was much too young for that.

The door to their bedroom was half shut. He squeezed his not inconsiderable bulk into the gap to spy her there, stretched out in the play clothes he'd dressed her in himself this morning, on her side with one leg drawn up in her favorite sleep position, the pacifier that was clipped to her shirt and leashed by a pretty purple ribbon tucked between those beautiful lips. He could see her suckling on it in her sleep, and he ignored his thoughts of her suckling at something else in favor of making sure that she was all right and hadn't taken sick, although he already had a good idea why she was there.

Crouching by her next to the bed, his hand automatically cupping the golden crown of her head, fingers gently massaging where they landed, he leaned over her, accenting the dramatic differences in their sizes which never failed to amaze him, and whispering against her ear, "Don't wake up too much, baby love, but are you all right?"

He saw the pacifier fall out of her mouth as she stretched slightly and yawned, not even having opened her eyes, but nodding slowly, murmuring, "Mmm-hmm." Although, that would have been no more than a sigh to anyone but him, as he knew her so well.

"Just felt tired and had to have a nap?" he asked softly, pulling the pretty pastel throw she'd knitted them from the end of the bed and spreading it out over her because she looked a little cold in those shorts. The air conditioning had gone a bit overboard, as it had a tendency to do, and he didn't want her getting chilled.

"Yeth."

When she was as tired as she had gotten lately, as he had allowed her to get, he reminded himself with a grimace, she regressed even further than usual and often slipped into a bit of a lisp.

Wanting to disturb her as little as possible, but knowing what he needed to do for her, he located the binky and pressed it past those rosebud lips. "You just relax, love bug. Daddy needs to change you, but you don't have to be awake for that."

Elastic waist shorts made easy work of it. When they were having what he called 'potty training' days, which were actually the exact opposite of that since she was confined to diapers during that time, he always chose anything with elastic, even skirts, which she loved to wear because they were girly and were even easier, but they weren't going out, so he'd settled on shorts this morning.

They were down in a second, and he reached for the baby kit he always had handy near the bed that contained everything he needed to take care of her, disposing of the well used wet one and its components – his love was a very heavy wetter – before remembering to put the waterproof changing pad under her.

His baby had just gotten to the point where, if she was diapered for any length of time at all, she wasn't able to control when she wet, which was something he found very powerful indeed. It was also something he knew she had struggled against a bit, psychologically anyway, and he had understood that, although he hadn't allowed it to deter him from guiding her to that point, regardless.

But now, he knew he needed to be prepared, although he had also taken the precaution of putting a water proof mattress pad on the bed, too, just in case his brain failed him, which wasn't at all unheard of.

He took his time, cleaning her carefully with plenty of sensitive skin wipes. She was sleepy, relaxed and malleable, instead of the wiggle worm she could be whenever she was awake and being changed. His love was prone to rashes everywhere, but here in particular, so he was very scrupulous about cleaning her up, practically giving her a bed bath every time, then soothing her tender skin with lotion and adding a protective layer of ointment to prevent diaper rash, not that she'd ever been subject to that. He was much too attentive to her to allow that to develop.

His movements were slow and practiced. He had trained himself to become adept enough at doing this that she could – if she was of a mind to – pretty much sleep right through it, and that was what she did this time, mostly. He saw a few indications that her slumber was light, but despite his efforts – or maybe because of them – she remained exactly as he had wished she would once he'd found her. She was mostly asleep as he placed both the diaper and several strategically placed soaker pads beneath her, catching her delicate ankles in one big paw and lifting her hips just slightly so that he could tuck them under her bottom, then securing the diaper around her with re-sealable princess tapes.

His hands couldn't help but linger on the big, soft bulge between slim legs that she could now barely close, drinking in the sight of her like this, in just a pretty t-shirt with classic Pooh – one of her favorites – on it and a diaper, immediately deciding not to put her shorts back on. Instead, he put the diaper kit neatly away and pulled the throw up over her again, tucking it in at her neck the way he knew she liked and patting her well-padded bottom soothingly before leaving through the crack in the door from whence he had come.

While she slept, and he monitored her through an iPhone app that allowed him to see and hear her on his current phone through his strategically placed older phone, he got dinner going. A big salad that he knew she'd object to immediately, although he'd make sure she ate a healthy portion of it anyway, spinach with garlic and fresh parmesan – another thing she would object to but would be expected to eat some of anyway. Also, chicken baked in spaghetti sauce with mozzarella cheese, which he knew would be her favorite part of dinner, although it would also be her smallest portion. He opened a bottle of wine for himself and poured ice-cold milk into a pink sippy cup for her, which he put back into the fridge until they needed it. Then he cleaned up after himself, paid the few bills that had come in that required actual checks rather than being set up to be paid online and put a load of laundry in.

When she rolled onto her back and yawned loudly, then whimpered, "Daddy?" he was in the living room, reading a technical magazine on his Mac, which had the same monitoring app on in the background. He heard her crystal clear and was in their room, folding himself down next to the bed at her head again, practically before she finished calling for him.

"Good evening, sleepyhead!" he teased gently, brushing the slightly sleep damp baby hair away from her face with the edge of his big hand. "Did you have a good nap?"

She nodded exaggeratedly, which was often a sign that she wasn't in a mood to talk or even had regressed to the point of being pre-verbal. He'd never pinned that down, really, because it didn't make any difference to him which it was. He never expected her to be any particular way, besides respectful, polite and obedient. If she didn't want to talk or didn't feel she could, she didn't have to. Taking care of her – especially when she was being so little around him – was an honor and a gift that never failed to touch his heart.

Her arms went up in the age-old supplication of a little one who wanted to be picked up. He responded without thinking, as always, gathering her into his arms and bringing her into the living room to tuck them both into the corner of the big sectional, holding her on his lap with her head on his chest, letting her wake up slowly and quietly, as she was wont to do.

Pushing a few buttons on his laptop changed the playlist from the Bluetooth speakers to soft children's favorites. He simply held her there, while she yawned and eventually played with the top button of his shirt. He murmured funny stories to her about his day just to see her smile around her pacifier, interrupting him only to place her much smaller hand in his, squeezing it in their secret signal that she was wetting at that moment. This caused him to hold her just that much more tightly, whispering, "Good girl," against the top of her head.

The buzzer went off on the oven a few minutes later, and he rose with her in his arms as if she weighed absolutely nothing, but then, to him, she probably did. He was easily twice her weight – at six-five and nothing but solid muscle, not a spare ounce on him – and her barely five feet, hundred pounds was nothing compared to what he bench pressed every day, every other day, or whatever his training regimen was.

She could see as he brought her into the kitchen that he had set up her high chair – the beautiful mahogany one he had built for her with his own two hands that, because she was such a small woman, didn't look that much bigger than a real one – at the end of their snack bar. But as gorgeous as it was, decorated with hand-painted flowers and several of his nicknames for her and

even a cartoon likeness of her, as well as her name emblazoned on the top of the back of the seat in pretty pink script letters, she didn't like the confinement it represented. She began struggling in his arms – however mutely – as soon as she laid eyes to it.

"Sera."

Usually, her name, said in that tone, was more than enough to get her to correct her behavior – and quickly. But she was overtired – very overtired. Exhausted might be a better word. Her nap having been a drop in the proverbial bucket towards making up the sleep she'd lost, and that meant that she was much more prone to tantrums than she ever was. Normally, she was very even-tempered, and even a bit too accommodating for his tastes, not given to bratting in the least.

But when she was as tense and stressed and overworked as she was, all bets were off.

Subduing her wasn't at all hard, and although he hated to do it, it was nevertheless accomplished with quick and quiet efficiency. She found herself seated exactly where he wanted her to be scant seconds later, and there was no getting out of her high chair until her Daddy *let* her out. That would only be when she had eaten everything he deemed she should eat for whatever meal they were having.

Salad bowls appeared first, and she strained her face as far away from him as she could get it while he tried not to smile at her efforts and said, as he nonetheless dished her out some, adding her favorite ranch dressing, "You don't have to have any salad, darlin'."

Sera turned back to look at him in stunned silence.

Her Daddy just shrugged. "It's up to you how long dinner takes us. If you eat what you're given in a timely fashion, then we'll have a nice dinner, then maybe watch a movie or a little television even, snuggle in bed, and maybe even have some special time together. If you're naughty and stubborn and refuse to eat, then you'll lose your chance at those fun things, now won't you? And you'll end up sitting there on a sore bottom, eating it anyway, and then being put to bed early for being disobedient."

Sera frowned deeply. She hated it when he was so blasted logical and horribly, awfully...*right*.

And movies and TV were great treats she was seldom allowed, so it was doubly hard to refuse to comply. And she did want to snuggle with him, and special time with him was what she lived for.

So, when her favorite pink plastic princess fork came at her with a load of salad on it, she wanted to open her mouth, she really did.

But she just couldn't do it.

She didn't *want* to eat salad.

And no one was going to *make* her.

Which was where she went horribly, terribly wrong.

Because the man sitting in front of her was *definitely* going to make her, and he would never shirk from physically chastising her for defying him, and in a manner that never failed to make her thoroughly regret her disobedience.

And even knowing – and acknowledging – all of that to herself, and knowing, too, that there was nothing in the salad that she didn't like, she still couldn't make herself open her mouth, because her stubborn little self just wasn't having it. She was at the end of her rope, and even the helping hand that Daddy always represented to her just wasn't within her grasp at the moment.

In most cases, her Daddy was a patient man, a very patient man. He never demanded more of her than he thought she could give, stretching her own preconceived limitations very slowly and carefully along the way, not bulldozing his way into her life or into his Daddyhood or hurrying her along her way to becoming a full time little for him.

But there were times when patience was not a friend to either of them, although he doubted she would see it that way.

So, after giving her a couple of chances to take the small bite he offered her – more than he probably ought to have – he put the fork back in the salad bowl resolutely, leaned forward to remove the tray that held her in place, and plucked her out of her seat to lay her gently but firmly over his lap. He lowered the back of her diaper, and within seconds of her last stubborn refusal to cooperate, she found herself howling from the vigorous, stinging application of his very big hand to her small, rounded behind.

And he didn't discipline in half measures. If she found herself being spanked, for whatever reason, if he was going to take the time and make the effort – then she was going to get a full, hard spanking. Her Daddy was of a mind that she should have as good a reason to obey him in smaller things as bigger ones, as disobedience in either case would be met with a thorough and painful reprimand.

So when he tucked her back in behind that big, babyish tray, on the bottom he'd just diligently swatted to a carmine red, she was still whimpering and sniffing pitifully despite all the padding on which she was perched.

And the fork was represented to her immediately.

Sera opened her mouth dutifully, however slightly.

"Good girl." Daddy patted her bare leg and a familiar thrill ran through her, one of the very adult desire of her body and one of a very childish pride at his praise, comingled so thoroughly by now that they were virtually indistinguishable from each other, each equally potent to her mind and body.

As he'd given her a small portion of salad, it was finished quickly and with no more fuss. If she'd been pressed, the adult little girl would have had to admit that it tasted good, but luckily, no one asked her, because she would have hated to have had to admit that defeat.

The spinach was next, and Sera was no more receptive of it than she had been of the previous offering, but instead of refusing to eat it, she put her hand out and gently pushed his away, which he had to have allowed because there was no way she could have moved his arm against his will.

That naughty action got her a raised-eyebrow look of warning that she didn't heed, and the second attempt was deflected in the same manner, although she bit her lip as she did it.

Daddy put the bowl and the fork down, and her sore bottom clenched automatically in anticipation of what she thought was imminent.

"Seraphina Delaney Randall, do I need to tie your hands like a naughty girl?" he asked, holding her chin in his hands so that she couldn't avoid looking at him.

Tears filled those big baby blues then overflowed them, dribbling down onto his hand as she sniffled and swallowed hard at his firm tone. "No, Daddy."

Once the spinach was taken care of, the chicken was met with absolutely no resistance at all, as he'd known it wouldn't be. He'd given her extra cheese, as he'd known she would like, cutting it into small, bite-sized pieces, which he fed to her as he ate his own dinner, now somewhat cold. He kept up a steady stream of little stories he thought she might find amusing or interesting that required no response from her, wiping her face when the cheese and sauce made streaks down her chin and frequently patting her leg or taking her hand and kissing the back of it with a bold wink which made her blush beautifully.

When they were done, he used a wipe on her spaghetti sauce face, taking much more time than was needed until she tried to fight him off. Which was a hopeless cause, but had her dissolving into helpless giggles, as she made a valiant effort to do so, nonetheless as he stood back from her at one point, daubing at her face with the wipe like an artist adding the last swipes of paint to his masterpiece.

He brought their plates and utensils to the kitchen, loading them into the dishwasher and cleaning up the table and her tray with a cloth. When he came back to get her out of her high chair, she shook her head vehemently.

"TSSERT?"

There was chocolate chip cookie in the fridge. An enormous, damned good, butter cream frosted, chocolate chip cookie. Too good. Normally, he didn't allow sweets in the house. If she wanted something sweet, she could ask for it, and he would always allow any of the fresh fruit he always kept on hand – her favorite types of apples, grapes, oranges, cherries – whatever was in season at the time. He always made sure there was plenty around to satisfy her sweet tooth in a more nutritious way than candy or cookies.

But the place where she'd been working – consulting – had had a party because the big project she'd been working on with them was finally, after weeks of working almost around the clock, done. More than that, it was successful, largely because of her efforts, and they had given her a cookie cake as a going-away present.

Apparently, they were all too aware of her sweet tooth, too – something he intended to talk to her about sooner rather than later.

Right now, though, he wanted to get her out of her chair.

"No, poppet, no dessert tonight." He felt that she'd had entirely too much of that stuff lately, probably much more than he'd seen her have, and sometimes sugary stuff wired her up if she had it before bedtime.

Not that he bothered to explain his reasoning to her. He had no need to. If he said no, then it was no.

He had been prepared for a tantrum but, surprisingly, there wasn't one. What happened was worse, as far as he was concerned.

She simply began crying, overtired crying, inconsolable weeping, as if her last loved one had just died in front of her under cruel and unusual circumstances.

So he lifted her out of the chair and tucked his hand beneath her butt to support her as her legs made their way around him, arms creeping up to clutch his neck at the same time her moist face was buried against it, and he began to walk to the bedroom with her.

Her head shot up like it was on a spring at that. "Movie? TB?"

Full stop as he gazed into her swollen eyes, head angled a bit, eyebrow slightly up. "Do little girls who had to get a spanking to eat their dinner get TV or a movie, Seraphina?"

More inconsolable crying, which carried on through the hot, soothing bath he drew, to which he added a bit of jasmine and lavender, both scents she liked but that also had a calming effect on her. By the time he lifted her out of the bath and stood her in front of him as he bent down on one knee to dry her, she was just snuffling a bit and hiccoughing the occasional sob.

He could see, as he moved the soft, fluffy towel over that flawless skin of hers, that despite the heat lamp she was standing under, her nipples were tight and hard, and she fidgeted badly when he made her spread her legs so that he could dry her kitty.

But there would be none of that tonight, either. Although, as she was standing there, he did reach between them – which even now, still made her blush as if it was the first time he'd ever done that to her – on the pretext of 'inspecting' her to make sure she was quite dry, he discovered that she was actually quite wet, which wasn't unusual for her.

Everything about the way he treated her, the way she lived, turned her on at least as much as it did him, and he had never failed to find the irrefutable evidence her body provided in regards to that.

But with a few moisture slickened flicks at that eager, proud pearl, he removed his hand, and she groaned in need.

Still wrapped in the towel, he brought her to their big bed, depositing her at the end to diaper her securely again. Then he popped a Piglet nightshirt over her head that was just the slightest bit too small lengthwise, ending just past her diaper, so that it constantly peaked out from beneath it and would easily scrunch up in the night, exposing the diaper completely while she slept.

Then he installed her under the covers and went to the kitchen to get her nighttime bottle, filled with what she liked to think of and refer to as tea, although it wasn't. It was lukewarm spring water with a bit of lemon added, as well as a half of a melatonin dissolved into it to help her sleep. Even as an adult, she had a hard time swallowing pills, and he'd gotten her off the

prescription sleep aid her doctor had prescribed, preferring that if she had to take something to fall asleep – and he was working on weaning her off everything – it be something natural. She was fully aware of what she was drinking, and her only complaint was that it worked all too well. She fell asleep much more quickly, slept more deeply and stayed asleep longer since he'd made the switch.

When he returned, he stripped, tossing his clothes into the hamper then joined her in bed, pulling her to his side and holding her in that very babyish position in his arms while he held the bottle, and she drank from it until it was gone – every last drop of it.

He put her pacifier into her mouth, tucked her in against his side, her head on his chest, and just talked to her in a deliberately soft, droning voice, sometimes singing low and slow, feeling her body melt into his even against her will. She tried unsuccessfully to fight it, especially since it was only eight-thirty, and much too early for a thirty-two year old woman to go to sleep.

But not if she was a Daddy's girl.