

Chapter One: A Papa's Promise

"Don't fidget, Mandy."

"I'm not, Papa."

Ethan Sharpe almost smiled at the small lie. Mandy *was* moving, not from disobedience, but because the strain of standing in the corner was starting to make standing still difficult. She always fidgeted if he made her stand for more than thirty minutes.

Ethan stood from his chair, pleased to observe his fidgety Little One for a few moments before walking over. It was an image he never tired of seeing. His Little Mandy—her hands were clasped at her back, holding the hem of her skirt off a bottom and thighs colored bright pink with an overlay of darker pink oval splotches.

He walked over to stand beside her. Forty-five minutes seemed like an adequate amount of time under the circumstances. But he knew her relief at being released was likely secondary to the relief of going to the corner in the first place. Mandy hated the paddle—especially when he used it on her thighs.

"Oh, Papa, you aren't really going to paddle me there, are you?" she'd asked, looking back frantically when he'd laid the surface of the maple implement just below her freshly spanked "sit spot."

"I absolutely am, young lady. And don't you dare argue. We both know you deserve it."

Mandy was usually so well behaved for her papa. But lately she'd been a bad little girl, a fretful little girl. Ethan knew it was because a work project had kept him away from Eden Institute more than usual. And with the dedicated Nanny Prim's time divided between Mandy and her two friends Elise and Daisy, Ethan's Little One had begun to feel neglected.

Being a Papa was a big responsibility. It meant providing a Little with a feeling of safety and security. It meant providing a safe place for her to sink into her deep feelings of submission. Like the other Bigs at Eden, Ethan awoke each day with the knowledge that he was responsible for the needs of another adult who had put herself in his hands. He set her schedule, monitored

her diet, selected her clothing and saw to her health. He supported her physically and financially, relieving her from every care in the world.

When she was naughty, he punished her. Ethan never erred in that. It was his gift to her as she bared her bottom with perfect, childlike submission. Each session was the renewal of his promise to always give her what she needed.

Ethan dropped his large hand to Mandy's bottom, cupping the curve of one welted cheek before tracing the edge of an oval mark with his fingers. Mandy flinched under his touch and moaned, arching her back ever so slightly.

Her arousal was evident, not that she would even try to hide it. This was her gift to him. Mandy knew her papa appreciated that the exquisite pain awakened a need that matched his own.

He breathed in the musky aroma of the wetness trickling down the inside of her thigh. She'd been wet from the moment he'd bared her bottom. As he'd spanked her, Ethan had glimpsed between her kicking legs to see the petals of her pussy flush with excitement. It had been difficult to concentrate, but he'd stayed on task. As a disciplinarian, he knew when to punish. And when to reward.

It was now time for the latter.

"You can drop your skirt, my little Mandy," Ethan said.

She complied, looking up at her papa with dread. "Is it over?" she asked.

"Let's see...you disobeyed your nanny, hurt another Little's feelings on the playground and pouted when I arrived here late even though you knew I had to work." He paused. "What do you think?"

Mandy hung her head. "You're not finished, are you?"

"What do you think?" Ethan was quiet for a moment before pointing to his desk. "Go bend over," he said.

Mandy sniffled pitifully as she slowly walked across the room. Her ruffled panties were still down around her ankles, causing her to take little baby steps in her patent leather shoes.

She looked so much like an adult-sized child with her short pink dress with the ridiculously large sash and stiff crinoline underskirt. But when she bent over, it was clearly a woman's bottom back on display, the curves so lush and pleasant.

His cock was rock hard, straining towards her. It would be so easy to just forgive her now, to unzip his pants and shove into her. He swallowed hard, imagining Mandy coming hard

with his first thrust, her pussy clamping down before he could even withdraw for another. It was one of the things he loved about her. She was always ready for him.

But she'd been such a bad girl, and another of his gifts to her was his control. *He* decided when punishment was over, not her. If he gave in now, she may be initially grateful. But on reflection later, she'd feel disappointment.

The punishment plugs were in a special, black box with red lining. As soon as Mandy saw Ethan remove it from the drawer, her expression became one of both fear and craving. The punishment plugs were Eden's sternest form of correction.

"I don't want a plug in my bottom!" The statement ended in an open-mouthed, childlike wail as Mandy watched her papa coat the tip with lubricant.

"Well, you should have thought about that before you were rude to Nanny and your friend and your papa." He stepped forward to pull a welted cheek away from its twin. Mandy stamped her foot helplessly. Ethan could not help but smile. "Mandy?"

The warning in his tone was enough to still her, and he turned his attention to the dusky rosette between her cheeks. He brushed a fingertip across the little pucker, delighting when it twitched.

How many times had he plugged her for preparation, or for pleasure? How many times had his cock felt the tight grip of the ring of muscles now trying to resist the intrusion of the plug he pushed against it?

"Oh, please, Papa...no...I'll never be bad again." Mandy spoke through her tears as her papa continued to press the plug persistently against her. Then she moaned as the tip breached her tight little portal, and Grant watched with renewed fascination as the plug disappeared into a bottom stretching to accommodate the widening triangular shape.

After a moment, only the flange was visible, the disk spreading her cheeks slightly apart.

"Owie!" she sobbed, but he could see that beneath her plugged bottom hole, her pussy dripped with need. "It hurts!"

Ethan leaned over until his mouth was just inches from her ear.

"Mandy, do you remember our conversation about the difference between "hurt" and "harm"?"

"Yes, sir."

“Then tell me, what’s the difference?” He smoothed a tear-soaked strand of hair away from her face. “Go on.”

She took a hitching breath.

“Harm is bad. You never get over it. Hurt comes from punishment. It goes away and leaves just a lesson and lots of hugs and kisses.”

“What else did I tell you about the difference between hurt and harm?”

Her whimpering subsided. “You told me I would feel the hurt of punishment if I was bad, but that you would never, ever harm me.”

“That’s right?” he said. “Does this hurt?”

“Yes,” she sniffled. “But only until you make it stop.”

“That’s right,” he said. “Because you know your papa will always give you a punishment that hurts, but he’ll never harm you, will he?”

“No, Papa,” she said. “And Papa always makes it all better.”

“Have you learned your lesson, Little Mandy?”

She nodded again. “Yes.”

“So you’ll be good?”

“Oh, yes, Papa.”

“Do you want Papa to make it better?”

“Oh, yes, please, Papa.”

Ethan moved behind her, looking down as he unzipped his tailored trousers. He palmed his cock, feeling the ridges of the veins under the skin. He was so hard it ached. Below the flange, her pussy all but dripped with need.

He took her the way she wanted, slamming into her with no preamble. She climaxed immediately, the tightness of her pussy accentuated by the pressure of the plug. The rhythmic grip of her pussy was so strong it almost hurt. It was all he could do to control himself long enough to prolong the act with a series of thrusts that drove her back up pleasure’s peak. When Mandy came again, he joined her.

Her eyes were closed, her lashes fluttering against her pale cheeks. Ethan had never felt so overwhelmed with emotion. His touch was almost reverent when he reached down to brush the back of his fingers against her soft face.

“I love you, my Little Mandy.”

The blue eyes opened and she looked back at him. “Papa, why do you sound sad?” she asked.

He kissed her on the cheek. “I’m not sad,” he said. But even as Ethan spoke the words, he knew it was a lie. Things were changing, and life at Eden as they knew it was coming to an end. He wondered how he and the other Bigs at Eden would be able to tell the Little Ones in their care.