

LITTLE DAPHNE



HEATHER AMBROSE

BLUSHING BOOKS

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## CHAPTER 1



**S**peed dating.

So far, all I've met are misfits and hard-luck cases, but the next guy who sits down at my table looks promising. He's about thirty-five or so and is dressed in charcoal gray slacks and a light blue, button-down Oxford-cloth shirt with diagonal stripes. He's clean-shaven and he has a happy sort of face. I sit up straight in my chair and smile at him.

"Hello, there," I say, shaking his hand. It's soft, and I can tell he's never done a hard day's work in his life. "My name's Daphne."

"I'm Liam. It's great meeting you, but let me get straight to the point. I need a Little. Do you know what that is?"

I run that through my memory bank and see if I do know what it means.

"I think so," I tell him. "Is that that whole age-play thing?"

His smile grows wider. I guess he figures if I know what it means, then there's a chance I might be into it.

"Yes. Interested?"

"I'd have to hear more about it," I tell him.

"All right. Why don't we do this? Why don't I take you to dinner and we can talk about it?"

“Okay. I’ll follow you over.”

“Excellent.”

We leave the speed-dating place and he walks me to my car, a firm, guiding hand at the small of my back. He helps me inside, which definitely gets him points for politeness, and then he says he’ll just pull around. A couple minutes later, he pulls up in a black Mercedes, one of the more expensive models. The car is immaculate, which leads me to believe he’s just gotten it washed, so points for cleanliness, too. I back my ancient Honda out of the space and he leads me to an expensive-looking restaurant in West Hollywood. I go park my car myself, while he has his car valeted, and when I walk up to the front of the restaurant, he’s waiting there for me.

“I meant to tell you to let them park your car,” he says.

“That’s okay. I never use the valet.”

He holds the door open for me, and the hostess, who’s writing something down, knows him.

“Oh, hello there, Mr. Fairfax. Give me one second and I’ll show you to your usual table.”

“No problem.”

She finishes jotting something down in her book and then she turns to him. “Ready?”

He nods and we follow her, his hand on my back again. The girl shows us to a booth next to a window near the back. Once we’re seated, I glance around the restaurant. There are white tablecloths and fresh flowers at every table. Not just a flower in a vase, but a full-on flower arrangement at each table.

“I’m glad I wore my good jeans today,” I tell him. “This is kind of a nice restaurant.”

Liam glances at me and says, “You’re not a vegan or anything like that, are you?”

“No.”

“No food allergies?”

“Huh-uh. I can eat pretty much anything. I can’t stand hot dogs or bologna, though.”

“Good,” he laughs. “Neither can I.”

“Our first common ground.”

He cracks open his menu and says, “Order anything you like.”

“Even a whole lobster?” I ask, just to be facetious. Honest to God, they’re so expensive, the price isn’t even on the menu.

“Yes,” he says. “Of course.”

“Just testing you. I wouldn’t dare. It would be too messy.”

“That’s something to work on.”

“Yeah. I love lobster.”

“Then may I suggest the linguine with lobster and black truffles?”

“That sounds good,” I nod. “I’ll try that.”

“How about a nice glass of Chardonnay to go with that?”

“All right.”

A minute or two later, the server comes and sets a basket of bread down on the table between us. Liam smiles up at him.

“Hey, Ben. How are the acting lessons coming along?”

“Great, Mr. Fairfax. Would you like to hear the specials?”

Liam shakes his head and places our orders. He waits until the guy leaves us, and then he looks at me, his brow furrowed.

“If you’re interested in the position, which it sounds like you are, there’ll be a contract and a few other forms to sign.”

“Contract?” I say, helping myself to a piece of sourdough bread and some butter. “What kind of contract?”

“Nothing out of the way,” he tells me. “Just something to spell out the terms of our agreement. If you’d like, I’ll give you a copy and you can take it to your lawyer.”

I giggle. “Funny. I’ll take a look at it. What about the forms? What are they?”

“A simple non-disclosure agreement, and an agreement that you won’t be a Little again for one year after leaving me.”

“Why’s that?” I ask.

“To keep you from trading up right away. You’ll likely meet

some rich and powerful men while you're with me, and I don't want any of them stealing you away."

"Do I have to be a Little all the time? Even when we go out?"

"No. This is more of a private transaction."

"And just how little am I supposed to be? I don't have to wear diapers and sleep in a crib, do I?"

"No. Let's just say you're around ten."

I stare at him a moment, and he starts looking nervous. He glances away and starts playing with his fork, so to let him off the hook I say, "All right. I guess I can handle that."

He smiles at me again and we chat for a while before the server returns with our food. Everything smells delicious, even Liam's dish, even though I'm no big fan of fish. The dishes are artfully arranged and mine has a couple of shaved truffles on it with a trio of nasturtiums on top.

"I can never remember," I tell him. "Are these edible?"

"They have to be. They're on top of your food."

"Oh. Yeah. Makes sense."

Liam waits for me to begin, and when I do, he picks up his knife and fork. The flatware is heavy and well-polished, and the fork feels good in my hand. He's not really watching me, other than the occasional glance in my direction, but I can tell he's registering the way I eat, so I try to use my best table manners at all times. Even so, I make a couple of mistakes, first by cutting up my linguine instead of twirling it on my fork, and then by holding my wineglass by the bowl.

"I can see we'll have to get you some etiquette lessons," he tells me.

"Yes, um..."

"Daddy?" he says hopefully.

"Yes. Daddy. I don't have to have a different name now, do I?"

"No. Little Daphne has a nice ring to it."

"What's going to happen?"

He pitches his voice low and says, "Well, hopefully you'll move

in with me, and role-play being a little girl. When we're having our alone time, I'll dress you up like a child and discipline you if you're naughty."

"Discipline me?" I ask. "How?"

"You'll come over my knee for a good, sound spanking."

He's not smiling anymore, so I know he's serious, and the way he says it, I have a feeling he's more interested in the spankings than he is in me being a little girl. Whatever. He's a rich guy, let him enjoy his fantasies and fetishes. Anyway, I've watched my share of spanking videos, so I don't mind indulging in a little OTK from time to time.

"What are you going to do besides that?"

"I'm going to love you and protect you."

I take a bite of my linguine and chew it. The lobster's cooked perfectly and is buttery soft in my mouth.

He says, "Where do you live, Daphne?"

"Sherman Way and Galt."

"I'm not that familiar with the Valley, but I think I know where that is."

"Yeah. It's kind of a not-great neighborhood," I tell him.

And he says, "How's your lease? Do I need to buy you out of it and put your furniture in storage?"

"You mean I'm supposed to live there full-time?"

"Little girls need their daddies."

"Right."

We continue to eat for a while and then he says, "Would you like to come back to my place after dinner and see the house?"

"Sure."

After dinner, he drives me up Mulholland and stops in front of a sensational house built into the side of the mountain. It's like a movie star's house, and when we get inside, there are huge windows overlooking the entire Valley, which is all lit up and gorgeous. Off to the right is a pair of French doors leading to a deck with a swimming pool. It's one of those infinity pools, with

a hot tub and nice teak lounge chairs to sit out and sun yourself in.

“Oh, wow,” I say. “I can’t wait to try all this out.”

“Whenever the urge strikes you,” he tells me.

He leads me on a tour of the house. It’s opulent and ultra-modern, until we come to what will be my room. It’s set up like a ten-year-old’s bedroom, but a ten-year-old from maybe the late seventies. The furniture is white with fake gilding, and there’s a canopy bed with pink ruffles overhead, and a bedspread to match.

“So, I have to live in this all the time?” I ask.

He glances at me and says, “Yes. It helps with your mindset.”

I scan the room again and notice the fashion dolls and the three-story house of their dreams. There are other toys, too, and a bookshelf full of children’s books. I pluck one off the shelf and it’s *The Wizard of Oz*, a book I loved when I was a kid. I open it up and skim through some of the pages.

“See?” he says with a grin. “You’re getting the hang of it already.”

“But what will I do?” I ask. “What will I do when you’re gone to work? Do I keep my job?”

“No. This is your new job. Now, tell me, what’s the one thing you wish you had time for?”

“I wish I had time to finish my degree, but they’re mid-semester right now.”

“What else?”

“I wish I had time to learn how to paint. I mean, I know how to do airbrush to a certain degree, being a cake decorator, but I’d like to learn to paint with a paintbrush.”

“There are classes, surely?”

“Yes, um, Daddy. I just have to look them up.”

“Stop stumbling over it,” he tells me, and makes me say ‘daddy’ a bunch of times in a row. “Now what were we talking about?”

“Painting classes,” I tell him. “Looking them up.”

“Yes. That’ll be your first assignment, then, looking them up.”

After that, we sit down at his thick glass dining table and discuss



the particulars of the job. I see from the contract that his full name is Liam Isaac Fairfax. As we go over it, he writes in that he'll allow me to put in my notice and keep working at the bakery until the two weeks are up, and in the meantime, I can pack up my apartment and get ready for the move, all of which he'll pay for. The salary's about five times what I make decorating cakes, and I won't have to stand on my feet all day. I'll get to live in this awesome house with a handsome guy who's only about fifteen years older than I am, and all this just to dress up like a little girl and act purposely naughty (I'm assuming.)

"So, no sex, then?"

He actually has the good grace to blush when I say that, and he says, "That's entirely up to you."

"I don't know," I tell him. "Can we see how it goes?"

"Of course." He writes that into the contract, too, that sex is at my discretion. "Mostly, I need a Little who can handle a strict disciplinarian."

I find the thought of being disciplined by him very erotic. Actually, I feel like doing something naughty right away, to sort of test the waters.

As if reading my mind, he says, "Would you like a little sample, before you sign the contract?"

"Okay."

He goes and sits on the couch, rubbing his hands on his knees. I stand there, unsure of how to get started, but he takes care of that for me.

"Come on. These delays will only add to your punishment."

I get up and go over to him. He tells me to pull down my pants, but I feel awkward doing it. He reaches out and unzips my jeans, and then he yanks them down to my knees. My panties soon follow, and he guides me down over his lap.

"Since you're new at this, I won't spank you very hard, but I am going to be thorough."

"Thank you, I guess?"

“Let’s begin.”

He’s true to his word. The first few smacks aren’t painful at all, but as time goes on and he smacks the same places again, they start to sting a little bit. I’m not sure if he’s turning up the heat or not, but when he gets to my thighs for the third time, it makes me want to stick my hand back and protect myself. Daddy’s spanking firm and fast, and his smacks keep landing everywhere. I lock my feet together to try to bear it, but he is relentless, and I know I’m going home with a hot, red bottom after this.

He spansks me for quite a long time, and when he’s finally finished, he lets me up. I stand up in a daze and pull my jeans back up. I almost want to cry, he did such a thorough job, but I hold back my tears.

“Daphne?” he says.

“Yes, Daddy?”

“Come here and sit on my lap.”

When I do, he takes me into his arms and cuddles me, kissing the top of my head repeatedly.

“Your hair smells nice.”

“Thanks. It’s the conditioner.”

“Do you want to talk about what just happened?”

I shrug, but the truth is, I do. “How does this hurt when you weren’t even going that hard?”

“Repeated blows to the same area.”

“Are you going to spank me much harder than this?” I ask.

“Yes. Sometimes. It’s in the contract.”

“I mean, it’s okay, but how much harder?”

“I’ll use the belt, or a paddle. It really depends on what your crime is. Ever gotten it with a belt?”

“No. My dad ran off when I was three, and my mom never spanked me but once or twice with her hand.”

He pulls me in closer and kisses my cheek and says, his voice all sweet, “You have a new daddy now.”

The way he says it just makes me melt. I turn my head and our

lips meet. So much for no sex. He kisses me slowly at first, and then with more passion.

“Are you sure about this?” he asks.

“Yes.”

“I’m still going to spank you, if need be.”

“I know.”

He reaches out timidly and grabs my breast. I drop my head back and moan, mostly to encourage him, and he squeezes the other, holding me upright with his free hand.

He says, “When I saw you across the room today at speed dating, you looked like the kind of girl I thought I’d like. I was afraid you were going to choose the nerdy guy in the Hawaiian shirt, though.”

“He told me a funny joke, but I can’t remember it now.”

The corners of his mouth curl up in a warm smile, the warmest since we met. “What would you like to do right now?” he asks.

“You forgot to show me your bedroom.”

He lets go so I can stand up, and then he says, “It’s this way.”

“I hope you know I never sleep with a guy on the first date. But I figure, these are special circumstances, so...”

He nods. “Don’t worry. I have condoms upstairs.”

As usual, he’s brisk and business-like, something I’ll have to break him of. He shows me to his room and kisses me once we’re inside. He cups my breast, and then he starts unbuttoning my blouse.

“Yes,” I whisper into his ear, and I start undoing his shirt to reciprocate. I pull it loose from his waistband, and then I slide it off his shoulders and down off his arms. He does my top, and then, with one hand, he unhooks my bra.

Maybe he’s not quite as businesslike all the time as I thought. When I go for his pants, he stops me.

“Maybe I’d better handle this,” he tells me. “I am the daddy, you know.”

"I'm just nervous," I say. "I tend to rush things when I'm nervous."

"There's nothing to be nervous about with me."

"I know."

I stop trying to undress him and let him finish taking off my clothes instead. Once he has me naked, he has me pick up our shed clothing and fold it neatly, and then go put it on a nearby chair.

"Daddy likes it when his little girl is neat and tidy."

"Yes, Daddy."

He takes his pants off and throws them over the back of the chair, and then he calls me to him and turns me to look at my bottom.

"Not too bad," he says.

"No, Daddy."

"You be a good girl and come to bed now."

He leads me to the bed and together, we whisk back the covers and lie down. He immediately pulls me into his arms for another kiss, this one more devastating than the first. He really is a good kisser, and I wonder where he learned it, how many Littles he's had before me. He certainly is cute enough, with his light brown hair and those blue eyes of his. They're a real blue, too, not a washed-out blue. And his body. He's in excellent shape. He must hit the gym every day.

His bed is very comfortable, and has what are probably about a million thread-count sheets on it. It's a low platform bed, with Chinese woodwork on the wall behind it, and more on the ceiling. Three Chinese lamps hang suspended over the bed, and there's a round Oriental rug at the foot of it. The coffered ceiling is also lit, and that's the only light we're using. It's all very low-key, which is surprising for such a button-down kind of guy. I scoot in closer and he kisses me again, and then he grabs my breast again, not timidly this time, now a little aggressively. He gives it a firm squeeze, and when he gets to my nipple, he rakes his thumb over it, sending a jolt down to my pussy.

"You like that?" he whispers.

"Yes."

He ducks his head and starts sucking on my breast instead of just squeezing it, and it feels so good, so right. When he's done with that one, he lays me out flat on my back and works on the other one.

"Oh, Daddy," I say, willing the word to come naturally.

"Yes, baby?"

"You're really awesome at this."

"Just wait."

He kisses each breast and then he kisses a trail down my belly to my cunt. I open up to him when he gets down there, and hooks my legs over his shoulders. I catch my breath when he touches his tongue to me, and pet his thick, brown hair as he gently parts my labia to expose my clit. He wastes no time getting started, licking me from one end of my pussy to the other. I moan as he slides his hands under my bottom and tilts my pelvis to dart his tongue in and out of me and all around my clit. My eyes tear up, it feels so good, and I don't realize what kind of tension I've been carrying until I come with a sob of joy. He doesn't let up on me quite yet, though. He keeps going until I have a second glorious orgasm, and really burst into tears.

He's beside me again in a flash, holding me and asking me what's wrong.

"I haven't come in ages," I tell him. "It's been months since my last date."

"Hence the speed dating?"

"Yes, but don't get the wrong idea. I wasn't trying to bone the Hawaiian-shirt guy. I just...wanted to find a boyfriend."

"Why such difficulty?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm not rich or glamorous, so it's kind of hard to find one in this town. I mean, who wants a cake decorator from Van Nuys?"

"I do. Now dry your eyes and stop putting yourself down. Do you know how to put a condom on a man?"

"No."

"Well, let this be your first lesson, then."

He hands me the packet and a tissue off the bedside table. I wipe away my tears and blow my nose, and then I tear the packet open. I put it on the end of his cock, and try to unroll it, but I have it on upside down. I apologize and turn it over, and then I roll it down the length of his shaft until it's on. He puts me on my hands and knees and enters me from behind. I hear him moan when he slides himself all the way in, and it cheers me up immeasurably.

Daddy grabs my hips and pistons in and out of me. He's the oldest guy I've ever been to bed with, but I guess I'd better get used to it, if I'm going to be his Little. I wonder if being paid to act like a little girl makes me a prostitute, but then I decide I don't care. Besides, since having sex is up to me and not mandatory, I guess I'm in the clear.

He smacks my butt and tells me to pay attention, and I clear my head and get back into the game. He gives me another swat just for the hell of it, and it seems to turn him on, because he picks up speed and fucks me harder, so hard it makes me grunt and groan. This, too, seems to get him going, because he swats me once more and when I moan, he comes, probably just as hard as I do, judging by the way he cries out and hangs onto me.

Leaning down, he kisses my shoulders and the back of my neck. I feel him carefully withdraw, and then he gets up and disposes of the used condom.

When he comes back, he says, "I have my latest test results, if you want to see them."

"I have mine somewhere at my place," I tell him, "but I'm clean. I haven't been with anyone in a really long time. I mean *real* long."

"How long's real long?"

"Going on two years?"

“Yes. That is a really long time. If you find them, let me know, and we’ll file them away with the contract.”

“How romantic.”

“I’m sorry,” he tells me, looking a little bit ashamed. “Next time we’ll cuddle, when I don’t have to fool around with a condom.”

“Okay.”

I go to the chair and get my clothes to start getting dressed. He joins me and pulls on his boxer-briefs and puts on his slacks.

He says, “You don’t hate your room, do you?”

“It’s just so pink,” I tell him.

“I can have it painted and the carpet changed out, if you like.”

“Can’t we put in wood flooring?”

“It’ll be hard to kneel on when you play,” he tells me.

“Oh. Good point. We’d better leave it, then.”

“I have a question,” he says. “Would you mind terribly if I asked you to wear a school uniform sometimes?”

“With the plaid skirt and all? No problem. Why, are you going to veer off and play Headmaster once in a while?”

“No. We’ll just do bad report cards, or pretend that your teacher called.”

“Cool,” I tell him. “I imagine Daddy’s strict about bad grades.”

“Things will get progressively more uncomfortable if you come home with a bad report. Then, of course, there are lines to write and corner time.”

“Is it crazy that I’m kind of looking forward to it?” I ask.

“So am I. I enjoy disciplining naughty little girls.”

“No kidding.” I say. “What happens when I’m good?”

“You get spoiled.”

“Like how?”

He says, “Treats, and jewelry, and new clothes and all kinds of things.”

“Grown-up things?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll be very, very good,” I tell him.

He laughs. "Not too good, I hope."

"No. Not too good."

"Let's hope these two weeks pass quickly, so you can get all moved in here," he says.

"Speaking of which, I hate to say this, because I'm having a nice time getting to know you, but I have to go home and get ready for work tomorrow."

"Will you text me when you get off work? I'd like to see you tomorrow evening, if that's okay."

"Oh, sure. I get off about one, and I usually take a quick nap, so how about two, three o'clock?"

"That sounds fine," he tells me.

I crouch down to tie my shoes and say, "What time do you get home?"

"I generally get here about six or seven."

"That's not too bad. Gives us a couple hours together anyway, if I stay up late."

"Good. Let me take you back to your car now."