

# **Spank Me, Daddy!**

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### Note to Reader

This novella describes sexual "age play" activity between consenting adults. The "little girl" in the story is a grown woman not a minor, nor is the title character really her father.

## Spank Me, Daddy!

The restaurant was dark, lit only by the candles which flickered on every table. In the darkest corner sat a man and a woman. Anyone present would note that he was much older than she was. Uncle and niece, perhaps? But her hand crept out across the tablecloth to stroke his fingers. A very affectionate niece. She looked up at him with wide, besotted eyes. A favorite uncle indeed.

"Daddy, may I have a glass of wine?"

Victoria squirmed in her padded velvet chair. She loved going out to dinner with Daddy. There was something so deliciously naughty about being in a public place and knowing what might happen if she misbehaved. The threat of a sound bare bottom spanking was never far from her mind. Her lacy white panties were already soaked, so wet she felt like a little girl who had had an accident in her undies. Victoria was excited.

Daddy glanced at the wine list and Victoria held her breath. Though she loved wine, she actually wanted Daddy to say no, she couldn't have a glass. He looked at her then closed the list with an emphatic sound.

"No, I don't think so, Vicky. Not this time. We haven't forgotten how naughty you were last month when I allowed you to have that cocktail. *That* will not be happening again, I can tell you. It was way too much alcoholic drink for a little girl."

Victoria wriggled, secretly delighted that Daddy had forbidden her the wine. She liked wine a lot but not as much as being kept firmly in check by a strict Daddy who knew how to spank a naughty little girl's helpless behind. Her panties clung to her pussy and she had to resist an urge to slide her mischievous fingers inside them and rub her hard little clit.

The waiter arrived. Victoria sat up straight, as Daddy had taught her to, and folded her hands demurely in her lap. She could feel her nipples pushing against the soft fabric of her light summer dress as she carried out Daddy's unspoken instructions to the letter. Back straight, eyes front, knees together like a well brought-up young lady. Already she wanted to have an orgasm and simply from being a good little girl.

As usual, Daddy ordered for himself and for Victoria, not pausing to inquire whether she had any preferences of her own. The tip of her tongue crept out and wetted her pale pink lips. This time Daddy was going to make her eat something she did not really like. Her heart began to beat faster. It was a test of her obedience. When the waiter had gone she pouted and began to play with her fork.

"Daddy, you *know* I don't like meatballs."

Her voice was quiet but very petulant and Daddy's eyes darkened in warning.

"You will eat what is put before you, Vicky. I want to see a clean plate. If you leave so much as a

morsel or make the slightest bit of fuss I will take your panties down right here in the restaurant and spank your bare bottom until you cry. Do you understand?"

Victoria's heart seemed to leap in her chest and her tummy felt as if it had turned to water. Daddy was very stern. She didn't say anything but continued playing with the fork, pretending to stab the bread.

"Stop that, Victoria."

Victoria gulped. Daddy only used her "Sunday name" when she had been really, really naughty. She laid down the fork and folded her hands in her lap again, eyes downcast and moist with tears.

"That's better. Now stay like that until our food arrives."

"Yes, Daddy," whispered Victoria, almost unable to speak for the lump in her throat. She really hadn't meant to be a naughty girl so soon into the outing. What made her truly happy was being a good girl and obeying her Daddy's commands but little girls will be little girls, petulant and pouty and flouncy. Victoria thought about the spanking Daddy had given her before they left for the restaurant. It was not a hard, bare bottom punishment spanking but a short, sharp "warning" spanking, several firm swats on her panties. It was a warning to behave and be a good girl. Already, she had let Daddy down. Victoria's lower lip trembled. She felt just awful.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she bleated, plaintively. "I didn't mean to be naughty!"

Daddy sighed and replied in a very firm, patient, even tone of voice.

"Yes, you did, Vicky. You're not stupid. You were told to behave before we left home and warned the moment you began to act up. You willfully ignored your Daddy and started messing with the bread like a one year old baby. You're pushing your limits again."

Victoria's face was scarlet. Of course, Daddy was right. That was exactly what she was doing. She pushed her limits all the time. And Daddy had warned her about that. She swallowed hard, thinking about the dreadful whippy switch which was kept for her very worst behavior.

The waiter returned, bearing two steaming plates, steak for Daddy and meatballs for Victoria.

"Your meatballs, sweetheart."

Daddy smiled. Victoria spread her napkin over her lap and thanked the waiter nicely. She did not like meatballs. She had never liked them. She would have liked to have had a nice juicy slice of steak like Daddy but that was not little girl food. Little girl food was meatballs and gravy and mashed potato. She picked up her fork and began to eat her potato. Daddy's steak looked absolutely delicious. It wasn't fair. She knew, however, that any complaining or fussing would only get her into more trouble so she kept quiet.

"How is your steak, Daddy?"

Daddy would be pleased if she made an effort to make polite, grown-up conversation. He paused, a succulent-looking mouthful en route to his lips.

"It's very nice indeed, thank you, Vicky. Now eat your meatballs, not just your mashed potato. Remember – I want to see a clean plate."

Victoria stabbed a meatball, trying not to make a face. The texture made her feel all squirmy inside. She wanted steak. It wasn't fair. But she had to be a good girl. She *would* be a good girl and please Daddy. Slowly, reluctantly, she raised the dripping meatball to her mouth. If only she were allergic to meatballs. But she wasn't. She simply disliked them intensely.

"Please may I have some ketchup, Daddy?"

Some tomato sauce would help to disguise the taste. Daddy shook his head, his mouth full of yummy tender meat.

"No, Vicky, you may not. You will eat your meatballs plain."

Victoria sighed. She took a tiny nibble of the meatball. It tasted oily and the texture was gritty. Yuck. Daddy was being so mean. He knew she hated meatballs.

The waiter paused by their table.

"Is everything OK? How are your meatballs, darling?"

Victoria smiled stiffly.

"They're very nice, thank you."

She knew Daddy would whip her bare bottom very hard if she caused a fuss. Little girls were supposed to be quiet and obedient and not give grown-ups any trouble. When the waiter had gone, Daddy laid down his knife and fork and looked very hard at Victoria. She could feel gravy on her lips.

"Wipe your mouth with your napkin. If you sit there nibbling like a little mouse we will be here all night. Eat up."

Victoria put down her fork.

"But Daddy, it's so *yucky*. I *hate* meatballs. You *know* that." Her voice sounded horribly whiny. As soon as she had spoken she knew that she'd gone too far.

Daddy sat back in his chair. Victoria knew that he was staring very intently at her, deciding what her punishment would be. She was too ashamed and nervous to meet his gaze. Humbly, she began to eat the awful meatballs, chopping each one into tiny fragments which she then enveloped in mashed potato. They weren't too bad when she ate them that way. As always, she had made a big fuss about nothing. Daddy was very quiet. She began to feel guilty again. When would she ever learn?

"What a nice clean plate!"

The waiter picked up the empty dish and looked inquiringly at Daddy.

"Shall I bring the dessert menu?"

"No, thank you, just the bill."

When Daddy had paid for the meal he looked sternly at Victoria.

"I had intended to allow you a small treat tonight, Vicky, a little something from the dessert menu. Needless to say, your antics put a stop to that."

Victoria's heart sank. She really had let Daddy down at the restaurant. Maybe he would never take her out again and she'd have to eat all her meals at home in future.

"Time to go home. Put on your coat and button it right up to the neck. It's cold outside."

They walked home through the damp November streets. Daddy was still very quiet. Victoria began to feel quite desperately miserable. She wanted to please Daddy more than anything in the whole world. It made her feel so happy and excited when he was pleased with her. So why did she keep testing her limits and being a naughty girl?

When they reached home, Daddy unlocked the door and told Victoria to take off her coat and shoes and go straight to the sitting room. She looked up at him, cheeks flushed, eyes full of tears.

"But Daddy..."

Daddy placed a warning finger over her lips.

"Enough, Victoria. Go to the sitting room and stand on the rug. I will not tolerate any more disobedience."

Trembling, Victoria crept along the hallway and opened the sitting room door. A cheerful wood fire blazed in the fireplace, all ready for Daddy and

Victoria to have their after-dinner coffee and a nice cuddle before bedtime. That was not going to happen. Victoria was going to be spanked for naughtiness instead. A tear squeezed out of one eye and rolled down her face. Daddy was going to take down her panties and spank her helpless little bare bottom until she screamed and cried like a two year old. And, worst of all, she had let him down again. Slowly, she walked to the fireside rug and stood by the punishment chair, head down, eyes focused on the pattern on the rug. Her hands were clasped demurely before her.

After what seemed like an eternity but was probably no more than a couple of minutes, Daddy entered the room and closed the door behind him. Victoria's heart began to pound. She could not bear to look up, just incase Daddy had brought the terrible whippy switch. The pattern on the rug began to look rather blurry as more tears filled her eyes and slid down her hot red cheeks. She could not speak. Daddy sat down in the punishment chair and Victoria could feel his eyes burning into her. Still, he said nothing. The silence was dreadful. Finally, he spoke.

"What did I tell you before we left the house this evening?"

Victoria swallowed. She was already crying.

"You, you said I was to be a good girl, Da-Daddy."

Daddy's voice was very calm but very stern.

"Yes, Victoria. You were clearly told to be a good girl at the restaurant. And have you been a good girl?"

Victoria gulped, her whole body shaking with a mixture of misery, nerves and a strange kind of excitement.

"N-no, Daddy."

"What happens to naughty little girls who can't behave, Victoria?"

Victoria sobbed.

"They, they get their bare bottoms spanked, Daddy."

"Yes, Victoria, they do. You were told to be behave and instead of being a good girl, you played with the bread and made a fuss about eating your meatballs. As a result, you got no dessert and now you will go over my knees for a long hard bare bottom spanking."

Victoria stamped her foot.

"But Daddy, I wasn't *that* naughty! I was good *most* of the time!"

Daddy's voice darkened like a thundery sky.

"Over my knees."

"It's not fair! I ate all my meatballs!"

Daddy reached up and pulled Victoria, struggling furiously, over his knees. She was crying hard, her face crimson and tear-stained, her mouth open in a babyish wail.

"P-please don't spank me, Daddy!"

Daddy paid no attention and flipped up Victoria's dress. Her bottom was wriggling around desperately as she kicked and screamed. He was going to get a lot of satisfaction from spanking her hard. She certainly deserved it. Her panties were transparent and lacy, showing off her round firm bottom. Daddy took hold of the waistband and firmly tugged them down, exposing two vulnerable milky white cheeks.

*"No! Please, Daddy!"*

Daddy placed the palm of his hand against Victoria's helpless, squirming bare bottom. He knew she was not just very upset but also a very excited, aroused little girl. Her pussy was extremely wet.

"Naughty little girls who can't behave in public get their panties taken down and their bare bottoms thoroughly spanked, Victoria. It's for your own good. You must obey your Daddy."

Victoria writhed and pushed her bottom against Daddy's hand. Her passion ebbed as she felt Daddy's strength pinning her down. He was so much bigger and stronger than she was. That made her feel safe and secure but also a little bit scared. Daddy raised his hand and brought it down sharply against the fleshiest part of Victoria's bottom.

*"Ow! Daddy!"*

*"What should little girls do, Victoria?"*

Victoria snuffled like a piglet.

*"Be-behave!"*

"Yes, Victoria. They – should – behave."

Daddy punctuated his sentence with three really hard smacks and Victoria's bottom quivered and began to turn pink. She squirmed and sobbed. She knew Daddy was right. He continued to spank her with his bare hand until her bottom was hot and very red. Her anger vanished and she began to submit nicely rather than kicking and trying to pull away. The spanking really hurt but it was not as bad as the terrible switch. Finally, Daddy stopped spanking. Victoria's bottom throbbed.

"Now, you will stand in the corner with your panties round your ankles and your dress raised to show your naughty well-spanked bottom."

Meekly, Victoria shuffled across the rug to the nearest corner. She did exactly as Daddy told her. Her very damp panties lay in a crumpled mess about her ankles and she lifted her dress to show her hot, red, sore bottom. She felt strangely happy because she knew Daddy really loved her. None of her previous boyfriends had ever cared enough to discipline her. Only Daddy. Her bottom tingled and her pussy was swollen and slick with juice. She knew Daddy was sitting in his chair watching her very closely. She knew that it disappointed him when she let him down and that he had to punish her to make her good. She loved Daddy so very much.

After a few minutes of corner time, Daddy called to Victoria.

"Come here, angel."

His voice had changed, become quite gentle and tender. Victoria knew that Daddy had forgiven her for being a silly naughty girl. She stepped out of her panties and rushed over to the punishment chair, kneeling at Daddy's feet.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy," she whispered, laying her head on Daddy's lap. Daddy stroked Victoria's hair. He understood that she really *meant* to be a good girl. But naughty little girls will be naughty little girls...

\* \* \* \*

The next day was Saturday and Daddy decided that they would take a little outing to the park. Victoria was very pleased. She loved going for walks with Daddy. Before they left the house, Daddy would tell her what kind of clothes to put on, so she didn't do anything silly like try to wear high-heeled sandals on a wet day.

"Remember, Vicky. I love you just as you are. To me you are the prettiest little girl in the world and always will be. You don't have to dress up to please me."

Victoria thought of Daddy's kind words as she pulled on cozy pants and a sweater. They made her feel very warm inside and cherished, the way all little girls should feel.

At the park, Daddy took Victoria's hand and they walked along the pathways, not talking of much in particular, just happy to be out together. Victoria felt very peaceful. After a while, they came to the big glasshouse and went inside for a break from the cold damp weather. As always, Victoria looked at the big orange goldfish in the pool. She was leaning over a little wooden bridge, watching the fish swim slowly around, when a movement caught her eye. She glanced up. There was a very attractive young woman on the other side of the glasshouse. Daddy was looking at her. Victoria's heart sank. She returned to gazing at the fish but they had suddenly lost their appeal. The young woman was very beautiful. Prettier than Victoria. She was wearing very tight grey pants which showed off her neat little bottom and she had a waist-length mass of glossy dark hair. Victoria felt very strange inside but she decided not to say anything. She knew Daddy would be very cross with her and it would spoil the lovely afternoon. So she bit her bottom lip and stayed silent.

"Can we go outside again, please, Daddy?"

Daddy looked down at Victoria in mild surprise.

"Certainly, if you want to, sweetheart. Have you had enough of watching the fish?"

"Yes, thank you, Daddy."

Victoria took Daddy's hand and gently tugged him in the direction of the glasshouse doors, deliberately leading him away from the girl in the

grey pants. She saw his eyes swoop in once last time to appraise the girl's bottom and she began to feel almost annoyed. She thought Daddy had said that *she* was the prettiest little girl in the whole wide world. Why did he have to look at other girls? She began to feel quite stubborn, though her real problem was insecurity.

Outside, the air felt colder than before, after the warmth of the glasshouse. Victoria shivered and Daddy reached down to fasten the top button of her jacket.

"We mustn't have you catching cold, angel."

Victoria blushed. She knew, in her heart of hearts, that Daddy loved her very much and would never do anything to hurt her. Oh dear. Had she been silly about the pretty girl in the glasshouse? She decided not to say anything, not to be a nuisance. She was sure Daddy didn't really mean to look at the other girl or not in a bad way, anyway. She stood up on her tiptoes and planted a big kiss on Daddy's cheek.

"I love you, Daddy!" she smiled.

They continued their walk around the park, looking at the wintry gardens. There weren't many flowers left but it was just lovely to be out walking with Daddy. Victoria felt very special, as she always did when they were out together and she had her Daddy all to herself. They sat down on a bench, although it was quite chilly and Daddy gave her a cuddle. Little birds hopped on the ground

nearby looking for crumbs. Victoria was as happy as she had ever felt in her life. Then something else happened. Daddy's head turned to one side and Victoria followed his gaze. Not too far away another young woman was walking. Like the girl in the glasshouse, she was prettier than Victoria and slimmer too. She wore a long, figure-hugging skirt and her bottom wriggled as she walked. Daddy's eyes followed the young woman until she was out of sight. Victoria began to feel very upset. She folded her arms and stiffened her body against Daddy's as if she didn't want him to cuddle her any more.

"I'm cold."

The words came out petulantly and Daddy raised an eyebrow.

"Are you indeed? Well, we had best do something about that. Would you like some hot chocolate?"

Victoria swallowed. She loved going for hot chocolate with Daddy on a cold winter day. It was one of her favorite treats and Daddy didn't let her do it very often because he didn't like her to have many sugary things. Hot chocolate was reserved for those days when Victoria had been a very good, very well-behaved little girl. She bit her lip, terribly conflicted. She knew that if she made a fuss about Daddy looking at the other girls he would be very cross and she would not have her hot chocolate and

probably be sent to bed early with a very sore, very hot red bottom.

"Yes, please, Daddy."

Victoria's voice sounded rather flat. Daddy knew something was wrong.

"What is it, Vicky? Are you feeling unwell?"

Victoria decided to play Daddy for sympathy. She blushed as she told the little lie.

"Kind of. I have a sore tummy."

Daddy looked concerned and Victoria felt even more guilty.

"Only a little bit of a sore tummy. Nothing, really."

Daddy looked at her intently.

"Perhaps you shouldn't have any hot chocolate. It's very rich and might upset your tummy even more."

Victoria began to feel quite annoyed. Why was Daddy always right about things? He was always one step ahead of her. Usually she loved that feeling but sometimes, when she was cross about something, it got under her skin and made her mad. She wanted to kick Daddy sometimes. She knew if she ever did that, however, that he would take the terrible switch and whip her bare bottom to a mass of welts. She wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. She kicked her heels against the base of the bench instead.

"Daddy, why did you look at the girl in the glasshouse?"

The words tumbled out in an emotional rush. Victoria couldn't help herself. She could not keep them inside any longer.

Daddy looked at her, perplexed.

"What girl in the glasshouse, Vicky?"

Victoria felt confused. How could Daddy look at a girl's bottom and not remember? Was he playing games with her? He did remember but he didn't want to say so. She began to feel even more annoyed. Daddy was not going to make it easy for her to say what was on her mind.

"The one with the tight grey pants", she muttered, her teeth gritted. Daddy smiled.

"Oh, right. The pretty young lady with the nice bottom."

Victoria felt awful. Daddy did mean to look, after all. She hadn't imagined it. Daddy had looked at another girl's bottom and liked it. Victoria thought of her own bottom. Like many little girls, she was not always confident about the way she looked. She privately thought that her bottom was a bit plump but Daddy told her he liked it.

"Oh."

Daddy frowned.

"What is this about, Vicky?"

Victoria continued kicking her heels against the base of the bench. She was filled with a strange mix of feelings and she didn't know what to do about them. She knew Daddy would be very annoyed if she made a big fuss but the feelings inside her were

building up like a head of steam. She wanted to let them out.

"Daddy, you looked at the girl in the long slinky skirt too."

Daddy looked exasperated.

"What girl in a long slinky skirt? What, you mean the redhead who walked by a few minutes ago?"

Victoria nodded, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes. You told me that I am the prettiest little girl in the world, Daddy. You said that just this morning. You told me you don't care what I wear, that I don't have to dress up in fancy clothes to look nice. And then you look at other girls. You watch their bottoms. It's not fair, Daddy!"

Daddy looked very cross. Victoria's heart sank. She knew she had gone too far but she had to say what was on her mind. She had felt like an invisible little girl when Daddy looked at the other girls, as if she was no longer special and the only one in the world.

Daddy was very quiet. Finally, he spoke.

"Victoria, I am not going to police myself when we are out together in public. If I want to look at other young ladies' bottoms, I will. In fact, if I feel like sitting on a park bench all day watching pretty girls, that is exactly what I will do. Do you understand?"

Victoria did not reply. What Daddy was saying was too hard and painful for her to accept. Finally she whispered.

"But I don't want you to, Daddy."

"That doesn't matter to me, Victoria. You are just a little girl. You do not have the right to tell your Daddy to do anything. Do you understand?"

Victoria knew that what Daddy was saying was right. She knew that he was the Daddy and she was his little girl and that he was the one who told her what to do, not the other way round. It was her place to obey not his. Usually, that was what they both wanted, more than anything else in the whole world. Obeying Daddy gave Victoria a wonderful feeling inside most of the time. She felt hurt and lost, as if she wanted to cry.

"But why do you want to look at other girls, Daddy? Am I not enough for you?"

Daddy sighed.

"Victoria, you are more than enough for me. Just because I happen to look at pretty girls walking by, it does not mean that I want them to be *my* little girl. *You* are my little girl."

Victoria's eyes filled with tears. She was very confused and conflicted. Worst of all, she knew she had spoiled a lovely afternoon.

"I'm sorry Daddy but I just hated you watching those other girls. It made me feel all funny inside. It gave me a sore tummy."

Daddy laughed.

"Did it indeed? Well, I am going to give you a sore bottom when we get home to take your mind off your imaginary sore tummy. Listen to me, you

little wretch. I love you, Vicky. I have done almost since the day I met you. There are many, many gorgeous young ladies for me to look at but there is only one Victoria. You are being a very, very silly girl."

Victoria pouted. She heard Daddy say that he loved her and that she was the only one for him. The vulnerable part of her also heard him mention the "many, many gorgeous young ladies" and she still felt awful. She wished she were as beautiful as Miss World. Maybe then Daddy wouldn't have to look at any other girls. Thoughts of changing her hairstyle and going on a terribly strict diet passed through her silly mind.

Daddy took Victoria's hand.

"Come along. We are going home. No hot chocolate for you, miss. Just a hard bare bottom hairbrushing and then bed."

Victoria felt very angry indeed and rather frightened too. The hairbrush hurt much more than Daddy's bare hand. It was not as dreadful as the switch but it could be very, very painful.

"I didn't mean..."

Daddy placed one finger against Victoria's lips.

"Enough. You will be quiet, Victoria. I've had more than enough of this nonsense."

Victoria's eyes opened wide in indignation.

"It's not nonsense, Daddy! I saw what you did! You looked at the other girls' bottoms! They were nicer bottoms than mine."

Victoria began to slide into a pool of self-pity.

Daddy's face was as dark as thunder.

"Victoria, what part of "enough" did you not understand?"

Victoria ignored him. She tossed her head willfully but did not reply. Daddy was very angry. This did not happen very often so she knew she was in a lot of trouble. If she continued being insolent and disobedient the switch might come out. Victoria pushed that thought to the back of her mind. It was too awful to think about.

Daddy took her face in his hands and looked intently into her eyes. She wanted to shut them.

"What part of "enough" did you not understand, Victoria?"

Victoria began to feel dizzy. She had gone too far. She had a terrible sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. She had really annoyed Daddy.

"I don't know," she mumbled.

Daddy's voice was very level, very firm but with an edge that told her she had crossed the line into very naughty behavior.

"I told you to stop and you didn't. What is that called, Victoria?"

Victoria did not want to answer. She knew what it was called but did not want to admit she had been so naughty.

"What is it called, Victoria?"

Victoria knew Daddy would keep asking the question until she replied. Her voice cracked as she whispered "Disobedience."

"Yes, Victoria. It was disobedience. And what happens when you are disobedient?"

Victoria's heart was beating like a drum.

"You spank me."

Daddy's voice was very serious.

"Yes, Victoria. I take your panties down and I spank your bare bottom very hard indeed until you cry. And that, alas, is exactly what is going to happen when we get home. You will bring me the hairbrush and I will apply it long and hard to your behind until I get my message across. Am I clear?"

Victoria could not reply for the awful lump in her throat. She wanted to cry.

"Am-I-clear?"

"Y-yes, Daddy."

Daddy's voice was so serious and so terrible that Victoria felt as if she wanted to run away.

The walk back home was not a happy one. Sometimes Victoria dragged her feet and held back, prompting Daddy to take her very firmly by the wrist and propel her forwards. Victoria wished a hole would open up in the ground and swallow her. She did not want a long hard bare bottom hairbrushing. Or, at least, a big part of her didn't. One part of her understood that she badly needed Daddy to discipline her for she couldn't seem to discipline herself. It was a rather sad and flushed

little girl who arrived home and stood waiting for Daddy's direction in the hallway. Daddy took off his jacket and hung it on the hook by the door. Victoria watched the strong muscles in his arms flex. He was a powerful man and she was just a vulnerable little girl. Part of her became very excited at that thought and her panties got damp. Daddy's "coming home" routine seemed to be going on forever. Victoria felt dizzy. She didn't want to go over Daddy's knees for a hard lesson from the hairbrush. Or did she? She knew that Daddy was right and she wanted his big strong arms to wrap around her and keep her safe from everything, including herself. Insecurity was very self-destructive. Finally, Daddy looked at Victoria. She felt a kind of electric jolt, a thrilling sensation that was a mix of fear and sex. Her panties were soaked, her nipples very hard.

"Victoria, go to the bedroom and fetch the hairbrush. I will be waiting for you in the sitting room."

"Y-yes, Daddy."

Victoria's legs felt very wobbly as she climbed the stairs to fetch the hairbrush. It sat on the little table beside their bed. That was its place, always in view and ready for action, should Daddy decide to warm Victoria's bottom before bedtime. But, as daddy always said, there were spankings and spankings. Some spankings were for fun and to turn Victoria and Daddy on. They didn't really hurt, just a bit of

stinging and delicious heat that made Victoria wriggle over Daddy's lap and her pussy moisten and her little clit swell and tingle. Punishment spankings were something else. They hurt a lot and they were meant to. Little girls should not disobey their Daddies.

Slowly, fearfully, Victoria crept downstairs with the hairbrush. The sitting room door was open, the cheerful glow from the fire spilling into the hallway. Victoria shuffled across the cold floor of the hall in her socks, feeling as if she wanted to cry. She was about to get a very, very sore bottom.

Daddy sat in the punishment chair, his arms folded, looking very serious. Victoria held out the hairbrush. She was trembling. She felt so vulnerable when Daddy decided she needed to be spanked.

"Give me the hairbrush, Victoria and then kneel."

Victoria did as she was told, going down on her knees before her Daddy. This was a good reminder of her place in his life. She wanted to look up at him with her beseeching blue eyes and maybe even beg for his mercy but she knew it wouldn't work. Once Daddy had decided to spank her nothing would change his mind. He was very stubborn that way. Victoria knew, in her heart of hearts, that she would actually hate it if Daddy did change his mind and gave in to her girlish tricks. She would hate that with a passion.

Daddy tapped the back of the hairbrush against the palm of his hand. Every time he did that, Victoria felt another electric jolt surge deep inside her pussy. They weren't quite orgasms but close. She felt intensely aroused in a vulnerable, nervous little girl way. None of her other boyfriends had made her feel these electric shocks, only Daddy. Daddy held the special key to her kind of lock.

"Pull down your pants and your panties, Victoria."

Victoria could hardly breathe. She knew she had to do exactly as Daddy said or he would get extremely annoyed with her. She pulled down the cozy winter pants and the pretty lacy panties underneath, revealing a very vulnerable bare bottom which trembled along with the rest of her. She loved kneeling before Daddy. It reminded her that she was not a big person like he was. She was just a little girl with no rights. Her place was beneath Daddy, obeying him. He told her that was all she had to remember in life. That obeying Daddy was the secret to their happiness. It was true.

"Victoria, why are you going to be spanked with the hairbrush?"

Victoria's face turned very red. She remembered the nonsense about the girl in the grey pants and the redhead in the slinky skirt. It all seemed long ago and far away and somehow irrelevant. How could she have thought that Daddy was really

interested in those girls? She wanted to confess her silliness and naughtiness.

"I was jealous, Daddy. I didn't like you looking at other girls."

Daddy smiled. Victoria got the impression that he wanted to laugh but was keeping it in.

"Yes, Victoria. You were jealous. And you know, don't you, that you have absolutely no reason to be envious of any other girl?"

Victoria gulped. Tears of shame were not far away.

"Y-yes, Daddy!"

Daddy continued tapping the hairbrush against the palm of his hand and Victoria's skin ruffled with gooseflesh. She could not bear the tension. Daddy was going to prolong this spanking and really teach her a lesson.

"I like looking at attractive girls, Victoria. Most men do. It doesn't mean anything. If I look at a pretty girl, does it mean I am going to throw you away and run off with her? No, of course not. *You* are my little girl."

Victoria gasped. She realized that some silly frightened voice deep inside her must have thought that Daddy would prefer the other girls to her. Daddy was very wise to understand that. The heat from the fire warmed her bare bottom as she knelt before Daddy, waiting for her punishment. Finally, Daddy gestured to his lap.

"Victoria, I love you and would never do anything to hurt you. I know you are a sensitive little girl and I am sorry you felt hurt when I looked at other girls. I'm sorry because you *should* know better. You should know that you are Daddy's only girl."

Victoria clambered over Daddy's knees, her pants and panties about her ankles. She did not make a fuss and struggle and kick. She wanted Daddy to punish her for she knew that she really had been a very silly little girl. Every day, Daddy showed her how much he loved her and told her too. The girls in the park meant nothing to him. They were no more than pretty birds or flowers, something nice to look at but quickly forgotten.

Victoria felt the cool smooth back of the hairbrush against her bare bottom. She knew it was going to hurt and she would cry but she wanted Daddy to spank her hard. She had made him feel sad by doubting his love for her.

Daddy held Victoria firmly with his free arm and she knew it was going to be a very sore spanking.

"I'll teach you whose little girl you are. Once and for all."

With that, Daddy brought the hairbrush down on Victoria's bare bottom very hard and very fast. Victoria cried out in pain and distress. The hairbrush really hurt. Much more than Daddy's bare hand. It was a hard, stingy, burning kind of punishment and Daddy was showing Victoria no

mercy. The spansks landed one after the other in rapid succession and it wasn't long before Victoria's bottom was very red and very hot. She wanted to submit to the spanking completely but it hurt so much that she could not help wriggling around and trying to escape. Daddy's arm held her down. Victoria heard him breathing hard as he concentrated on keeping her in position and disciplining her soundly. Her bottom felt as if it was on fire.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Daddy!"

On and on Daddy spanked with the hairbrush. Victoria writhed in pain, sometimes squeezing her bottom cheeks together to fight the discomfort but most often just wriggling around like a fish on a hook. Her little feet kicked impotently on the rug and Daddy ignored them. He was far too big and way too strong for Victoria.

Smack, smack, smack.

"Ow, Daddy! It *hurts*!"

Daddy paid no attention to Victoria's frantic cries. He was going to teach her a lesson she would remember for a very long time. Preferably, he thought to himself, for the rest of their lives. He spanked Victoria's bare bottom with the hairbrush until it was a deep red, so sore that she would not be able to sit down. There would be bruises on it the next day and they would be a nice reminder of the lesson.

Finally, Daddy stopped and put down the hairbrush. Victoria's face was almost as flushed as her naughty bottom and she was sobbing helplessly.

"I-I'm s-so sorry, D-Daddy!"

Daddy stroked Victoria's bottom and she convulsed with arousal. Pussy juice dribbled down the inside of Victoria's thighs. She had really needed that long hard hairbrushing.

"I know you are, honey. You know that Daddy loves you and you alone. You were a silly jealous little girl and made a fuss over nothing and you got your bottom spanked very hard by your Daddy as a result."

"Yes, Daddy."

Victoria parted her thighs and ground her hips over Daddy's lap. Being a good girl for her Daddy and being punished very soundly when she was naughty was all she understood. Daddy laughed.

"It seems I have a very horny little girl to deal with now. I knew you needed that hairbrushing, young lady. On more than one level."

"Yes, Daddy," smiled Victoria, suddenly feeling like the happiest little girl in the whole wide world.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday morning it was back to the normal weekday routine. Daddy went to work at the office and left Victoria with a detailed list of instructions

for her day. He knew that if she wasn't kept fully occupied, her girlish mind would soon turn to thoughts of mischief and naughty tantrums would be the end product. Daddy was a kind man but he also had very high standards for his little girl. Victoria was expected to eat exactly what she was told to for breakfast and lunch, do her exercises, take a brisk twenty minute walk, plus see to whatever household chores needed to be done. If she kept to Daddy's program as closely as she could, Victoria found that the day passed quite quickly and she managed to stay out of trouble. Daddy would arrive home at 6pm and he wouldn't have to lecture her and pull down her panties for a spanking. Everything, in fact, went very smoothly. But on those odd days when Victoria's hormones got the better over her or a silly thought took root and grew into an overblown preoccupation, things did not go so well. The longer Victoria lived with Daddy, the more she found that her bad days were very few and far between. Basically, she loved doing things to please Daddy. In fact, she lived for it. When he looked at her at the end of the day and praised her for a day well spent, she felt like the happiest little girl in the world.

Victoria looked at the piece of paper which was stuck to the fridge door.

Breakfast – one slice of wholegrain toast, not too much butter, sugar-free fruit spread.

That was so boring. When Daddy found Victoria, she had been quite overweight. Not fat but plump with a little bit of a double chin. Daddy explained to Victoria that she was not doing her health any favors and that underneath the extra layer of fat there was a gorgeous little girl waiting to come out. He had put Victoria onto a strict diet and exercise program and she had lost all the excess pounds. She looked and felt so much better and the pleased expression on Daddy's face when he looked at her in her pretty lingerie and saw a sexy girl with a round, firm bottom, made Victoria's heart swell with joy. But diets could be so dull...

Victoria opened the fridge door to take out the fruit spread. There was nothing wrong with it but it was a bit dull. It tasted a bit like watered down jam. She sighed. She'd almost rather skip breakfast altogether but that wasn't a healthy thing to do and Daddy would be very cross if he knew she hadn't eaten at all. He wanted a slim, healthy girl not a hungry, out of sorts one. There were lots of nice things in the fridge. Most of the time Daddy and Victoria ate the same kind of things, just in different amounts, but there were some things that Daddy could eat that Victoria was not allowed. Like cake.

*Oh, yummy.*

Victoria peered inside the fridge. On a plate sat a large slice of chocolate cake, her very favorite kind with the whipped cream and dark cherries on it.

She stared at it, transfixed. It was a very big slice and it looked absolutely delicious. Victoria imagined how the soft cream would melt on her tongue and how sweet and juicy the cherries would taste. She thought of the yielding, moist texture of the chocolate sponge cake and the way it would stick to her lips. She shut the fridge door with a thud. Suddenly she felt horribly, frighteningly tempted. She had been so good about her diet because she really wanted to please Daddy. She loved it when she could pull on a pair of size 4 pants and cry out gleefully "Look, Daddy! Look how slender I am now!" It made her feel like a million dollars. Eating cake did not help you get into size 4 pants. Victoria took a slice of bread from a packet and stuck it in the toaster. Boring, boring toast again. She knew she had to be good, no matter how hard it was and how tempted she sometimes felt to cheat. Pleasing Daddy was worth the effort.

The morning passed and Victoria did her exercises and went for her brisk twenty minute walk. When she returned home, breathing hard as Daddy said she must, she thought of the chocolate cake again. It was such a big slice. Daddy would not notice if she ate just the teensiest weensiest portion. She could take a very sharp knife and just carve a sliver off one side of the cake. Surely Daddy was not intending to eat such an enormous portion all by himself, anyway. If he did that, maybe *he*

would get fat. Victoria tiptoed across the kitchen, feeling incredibly sneaky even though she was quite alone in the house. She opened the fridge door. The first thing she saw was the glass full of carrot and celery sticks which she was allowed to snack on if she got really hungry between meals. Victoria did not really like celery and she preferred her carrots cooked. The luscious chocolate cake beckoned to her, all sweet and moist and utterly delicious. Victoria picked up the plate. Her whole body was trembling slightly as it always did when she knew she was doing something that Daddy would not approve of. She thought of him sitting in his office, working very hard, and she felt very guilty. She almost put the cake plate back in the fridge.

*Just a teensy weensy taste. That's all. That won't matter. Daddy wouldn't really mind.*

Victoria told little lies to herself as she put the plate on the kitchen table and went to find a sharp knife. She knew very well that Daddy *would* mind even if he knew that she had licked the cake. He had forbidden her to have any cake at all and an order was an order. If she disobeyed it was a very long, very hard bare bottom spanking.

The little devil on Victoria's shoulder was enjoying itself.

*Cut carefully and you can have a whole little slice with a bit of everything on it, cream, cherries and cake too.*

Shaking with nerves and naughty excitement, Victoria cut herself a very thin slice of cake. It toppled over sideways and made a telltale mess on the plate. She could clean that up with a piece of paper towel. It was too late to go back. The deed was done. She had to eat the little slice she had shaved off. Or throw it away and pretend it never happened. Victoria paused, dessert fork raised. She still had a choice. She hadn't eaten the cake. She *could* hide it in the garden. Daddy would never know and she would still be a good girl, sticking to her diet. She looked longingly at the cake.

*Go on. You know you want it.*

Devils on shoulders can be very persistent. Her heart thudding wildly, Victoria speared a morsel of cake and stuffed it into her mouth. To her surprise, it didn't taste as wonderful as she had expected. It was very, very sweet and the fact that she was not supposed to be eating it at all seemed to sour the experience. Victoria laid the fork down. She felt slightly sick. Daddy was right again. Chocolate cake was not good for little girls and certainly not in the morning and when she was forbidden it. Shamefully, Victoria cleaned up the plate as best she could and put it back in the fridge. She wrapped the sliver of cake in a piece of paper towel and took it out into the garden. She hid it behind Daddy's rose bushes. Then she slunk back into the house and did an extra set of tummy firming exercises because she felt so guilty.

At 6pm, Daddy came home from work. He was looking especially cheerful and he patted Victoria on the bottom when she rushed to meet him.

"That little bottom of yours is looking sexier every day, angel! Your diet and exercise are really paying off."

Victoria blushed hard. She could not help herself. She thought of the sliver of cake behind the rose bushes and hoped a squirrel had eaten it. Guilty paranoid thoughts of Daddy somehow finding the cake surged through her mind. She tried to look happy.

"Thank you, Daddy. I'm so glad you're pleased with me."

Victoria felt rather flat. She knew she had let Daddy down, really, so his compliment did not seem entirely deserved. She served dinner and they had a normal meal, perfectly pleasant, though Victoria kept sneaking anxious glances out of the kitchen window. When they had finished their main course, Daddy sat back in his chair and smiled.

"And now, Vicky, you will bring me that slice of chocolate cake in the fridge. It's been a long hard day and I think I deserve a treat."

Victoria stood up.

"Yes, Daddy."

Daddy smiled and put his arm around Victoria's waist.

"You weren't tempted by the cake, I hope?"

Victoria flushed, scarlet.

"I-I... No, Daddy."

Daddy looked at her intently.

"I hope you weren't tempted, Vicky."

"No, Daddy."

"Good."

Victoria opened the fridge door. The cake sat on its plate, as luscious and delicious as ever but strangely unappealing to the guilty, trembling little girl. She took it out and put it before Daddy then got him a dessert fork.

"Get another fork, Vicky. I've decided that you have been such a good girl about sticking to your diet and exercise program that I will let you have one taste of my cake."

Victoria looked at Daddy in horror. Her eyes filled with tears of shame.

"But I can't! I don't want to!"

Daddy raised his eyebrows.

"You don't want a taste of chocolate cake, Vicky? I thought it was your favorite before I put you on your diet?"

Victoria nodded her head. She was unable to speak for the feelings of shame and guilt. Daddy was going to let her have a little mouthful of cake for being such a good girl. It was too much to bear. She burst into tears.

Daddy looked very concerned.

"Angel, what on earth is wrong?"

He pulled her gently onto his lap and Victoria sobbed pitifully on his shoulder.

"I took some! I was t-tempted! It wasn't much, Daddy! I'm s-sorry!"

Victoria's words tumbled out in a frantic, tearstained rush. Daddy let her sob until her crying and trembling subsided and then he spoke, in a very quiet, very stern voice.

"Victoria, you have been a very, very naughty little girl."

Victoria looked up, her face all blotchy and swollen with crying. She knew that tone of voice. When Daddy was very quiet and very stern she was in deep trouble. Her tummy turned to water and her legs began to shake.

"I didn't mean to, Daddy!"

Daddy looked very solemn.

"Yes, Victoria, you did. You must take full responsibility for your actions. You are not a baby. You are a big enough girl to know what is right and what is wrong. I told you that the chocolate cake was not for you, didn't I?"

Victoria squirmed.

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered, utterly miserable.

"Victoria, what happens to little girls who disobey their Daddies on important matters?"

Victoria cried out in fear. She knew what was coming.

"No, Daddy!"

Daddy pushed Victoria off his lap. She sank to her knees and clutched the legs of his pants.

"Please don't switch me, Daddy! *Please*, don't!"

Her voice was rising, becoming almost hysterical. The switch was a terrible thing, a long narrow piece of wood that stung and burned like a swarm of hornets. Victoria groveled pathetically. She was so scared she felt sick to her stomach. Daddy had only switched her twice before and each time she had had such a sore, bruised, welted bottom that she had had to sleep on her tummy for a week.

Daddy looked grim.

"That is enough, Victoria. Get up off your knees and stop being a silly girl. You know what happens when you disobey me. Go to the sitting room and take your panties down and bend over the punishment chair. I will be through shortly."

Victoria stood up, trembling like a leaf. It was like a nightmare. Everything suddenly felt unreal and very, very unpleasant. She wanted to keep begging Daddy not to punish her but she knew he would not listen and, in fact, she would only earn more strokes of the switch for her efforts. She dragged herself along the hallway and into the sitting room, feeling physically ill. Her dinner sat in her stomach like a lead weight and she was nauseous. The switch was the worst thing in the world. And she deserved it. She had disobeyed Daddy over one of the important things. Disobeying Daddy was always, always wrong but

when it was something major like her diet program it was much worse than playing with the bread at the restaurant or complaining about having to eat meatballs. It was even worse than telling Daddy he shouldn't look at pretty girls in the park. Victoria entered the sitting room. The punishment chair sat in its usual spot by the fire, looking especially menacing. She walked slowly over to it, truly feeling as if she was part of a very bad dream. She lifted her dress and pulled down her sheer white panties, the ones she had bought specially to please Daddy because he liked to see her bottom through the fine silky fabric. She leaned forwards and placed her hands, palms down on the seat of the chair, presenting her bare bottom to the empty room. And she waited for Daddy to come with the terrible switch.

It felt like an eternity, the moments marked by the tick-tick-tick of the clock on the mantelpiece. Eventually, the sitting room door opened and Daddy came in. Victoria wanted to cry. Her heart was pounding so hard her entire body was trembling. Disobedience was a terrible, terrible thing. What had possessed her to disobey Daddy? She bit her lip in anguish, waiting for Daddy to speak.

"Victoria, I am very disappointed in you, little girl."

Victoria's eyes filled with hot, painful tears. She lived to please her Daddy and make him happy.

His pleasure was the most important thing in the whole wide world to her. Disappointing Daddy was the worst thing of all. Why, she loved Daddy so very much, disappointing him was actually worse than getting a savage whipping from the awful cherry switch.

"I-I-I'm sorry!"

Victoria's voice sounded pale and pathetic in the warm sitting room. The heat from the fire was oppressive. It seemed to scorch Victoria's wicked bare bottom. She stood, bent forwards, shaking violently with nerves, every fiber of her being on fire with an intense sense of shame. Daddy placed a cool steady hand on the small of Victoria's back and she flinched involuntarily.

"Victoria, are you allowed to eat chocolate cake without asking your Daddy's permission?"

Victoria's face burned. Perspiration prickled her forehead. The room was so warm and her disgust in her dreadful behavior was complete. She wriggled in deep discomfort.

"N-no, Daddy."

Daddy took a handful of Victoria's hair and wrapped it about his fingers. It was a gesture he kept for those mercifully rare times when Victoria had been extremely naughty. Victoria's head jerked back as Daddy lifted her face up and spoke to her in a grim tone of voice.

"Look at me, Victoria. Look into my eyes."

Reluctantly, Victoria opened her eyes and Daddy was satisfied to see the expression of contrition in them. He also enjoyed the way her lovely blue eyes were wet with tears, the lashes long and dark and damp. She looked pretty and very, very subservient. A sound whipping was good for little girls, whether they were really disobedient or simply a little bit naughty. Daddy's cock grew hard at the sight of Victoria's misery. He intended to make her learn her lesson.

"That's better, isn't it? You know very well you should not have stolen a slice of cake. If you want some cake you must ask Daddy very nicely if you may have a little taste. You know, Victoria, that you are on a diet and exercise program and that you must stick with it and stay slim and gorgeous to please your Daddy. Daddy enjoys having a stunning little girl on his arm when he walks out, you know. He doesn't want a spotty, pudgy little brat who pigs out on stolen sweet things."

Daddy watched Victoria's face very closely. He deliberately flattered and humiliated his little girl in the same speech, knowing how desperately Victoria really did want to look slim and pretty for him. She was always ecstatic when she could squeeze into some item of clothing that had languished at the back of the closet for years. Victoria adored being Daddy's very pretty girl. Daddy saw the mixed emotions flit across Victoria's face. He could always read her like a little book. Sometimes it was a very

silly, childish book, all baby words and utter nonsense. Sometimes it was an absolute pleasure, simple yet lovely. Daddy liked a quiet life. Simplicity suited him nicely. He smiled inwardly at Victoria's hot, red face. He knew she wanted to be a lovely slim sexy little girl for Daddy and the very thought of her former pudginess was enough to send her scurrying off to the gym to do a double workout.

"Victoria, I am going to switch your naughty bare bottom long and hard for your disobedience. There will be no argument and you will submit completely to your punishment. In addition, you will have no treats whatsoever for the next four weeks. I will teach you to listen to your Daddy and mind what he tells you. Your place is to obey, little girl, not to make up the rules as you go along. That is playing games and we're not doing that, are we, little one? We are not role players, you and I, but living this in real life."

Victoria pushed her bottom up towards Daddy. Her lower back was beginning to ache a little in the awkward, humiliating position over the chair. She listened very closely to what Daddy said to her, opening up, acquiescing completely, submitting to Daddy's will like a good girl. She knew she had slipped up and succumbed to temptation but that she would do her very best to make amends. She knew Daddy was right. He really did know what

was good for her and he would never never harm her.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I know I deserve a whipping."

Victoria's voice cracked with fear and emotion. She was very frightened and yet strangely peaceful in her heart of hearts. She was scared of the terrible pain of the switch yet happy that Daddy knew what to do with his naughty little girl. He understood her need for strong limits and wouldn't rest until she learned to comply with his orders 100% of the time. It was true – they weren't playing Daddy and little girl. It was a real, true way of life. No time off ever. No taking little naughty breaks. Total obedience.

"That's my good girl, Victoria. I am sad and angry that you disobeyed me but I will show you what happens to disobedient, insolent, impudent girls who don't mind their Daddy. Bend right over and raise your bottom as high as you can."

Victoria swallowed hard and obeyed instantly. She put her head down and lifted her pretty bare bottom as high as she could to receive her punishment whipping. She couldn't have refused if she'd wanted to. Daddy's control of her was absolute and a wonderful thing. It was going to hurt and hurt terribly.

Snap!

There was a sharp cracking sound and the thin cherry switch made contact with Victoria's poised bottom.

"No!"

Despite her willingness to submit to the punishment, Victoria screamed. The switch really really hurt. It was a very different kind of pain to hand spankings and hairbrushings and strappings and paddlings. It burned as if Daddy had cut Victoria with a hot knife. Victoria wanted to move away but Daddy's free hand held her down.

"I'll teach you what happens to naughty little brats."

Daddy's voice was very calm but extremely strict. Victoria began to cry freely. Again the awful burning switch snapped against her bare bottom, making her jump like a fish on a hook. She would do anything not to have to feel that sensation and she knew that Daddy hadn't even started to whip her yet. It was just a warm-up, a few strokes delivered along with a very stern lecture about what happens to little girls who do not do as they are told.

"Will you ever think of disobeying me again, Victoria?"

"N-no, Daddy!" wailed Victoria, wriggling her striped bottom and dancing from one foot to the other in agonized anguish. She so wanted the whipping to be over and to be in the corner, exhibiting her well-deserved welts for Daddy's pleasure.

"I hope not because I want a well behaved, pretty, slim little girl. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy!"

Snap! Snap! Snap!

Daddy began to deliver the main part of the switching. Victoria writhed and screamed and begged for mercy. Her little feet danced about on the carpet and her bare bottom wiggled and wriggled and clenched and ground and rapidly became covered in the thin red welts from the dreadful punishing switch.

"Ow! Ow! No!"

Victoria's words were barely coherent, a long, unintelligible emotional babble, filled with tears and childish groveling for mercy. It was all very satisfying for Daddy. He enjoyed watching his little girl's bottom become very very sore. He knew that she would never ever steal a slice of chocolate cake again and that she would be especially attentive and obedient.

"Good girl, Victoria. Take your whipping like a big girl. Daddy loves you but you must learn to behave and obey."

"Y-y-yes!"

Victoria danced and sobbed, her hair all straggly and damp with tears and her face as scarlet as her terribly sore bottom. She was in a lot of pain but taking it all for Daddy. She really was a good girl at heart, a good, obedient, submissive girl. Daddy felt pleased with her. She was learning her lesson. She would be even more of a pleasure after her whipping.

Snap! Snap!

Daddy delivered the final few strokes of the switch and Victoria sobbed and ground her hips in agony. Her bare bottom was very very sore, covered with the red welts from the cherry switch in a criss-cross pattern that was deeply satisfying for Daddy. They were marks of his ownership and protection.

"Good girl, Victoria" he repeated. "You may go kneel in the corner now. I'm very pleased with the way you took your punishment. I know you won't disobey me again."

"Th-thank you, Daddy."

Victoria knew that Daddy liked it when she thanked him very nicely for her punishments. She shuffled off to the corner with her panties around her ankles, holding her dress up so Daddy could enjoy the spectacle. Her bottom throbbed terribly as if she had fallen into a patch of stinging nettles or been chased by a swarm of hornets. She knelt in the corner, head bowed, dress lifted up, showing Daddy her very sore bottom. Daddy sat down in a chair.

"Yes, that is much better, Victoria. It's a while since you last had a sound whipping and I truly believe that it has done you a lot of good. In fact, I might consider whipping your bare bottom from time to time, whether you are really naughty or not."

Victoria gulped. That sounded like a very frightening thought but she did not say anything because it was not her place to tell Daddy what he could or couldn't consider. She was just a little girl with no rights at all. It really wasn't a game. Daddy wasn't a role playing Daddy but a real life, always there Daddy. He would not accept part time submission and obedience from Victoria.

"Raise your dress and show me your bare bottom, Victoria. That's lovely. You really do have a pretty bottom, precious."

Victoria knew that she was forgiven. Gladly, she lifted her skirt and bent forwards to show Daddy how nice her bottom looked. She knew that daddy was quite right and pretty bottoms did not come from munching on stolen cake. They came from eating healthy food and exercising every day. Daddy knew that. Daddy knew what was good for her. Victoria smiled. Now that the terrible whipping had ceased she enjoyed the sensation of having a very hot, very sore well-whipped behind. It made her feel sexy. She felt like a naughty little girl who had been very soundly chastised (as indeed she was) and that gave her a deep sense of rightness and made her little pussy very wet indeed. It was the most arousing thing in the world to be a Daddy's girl, to exist just for Daddy's pleasure, to obey him in all ways and make him a happy man. It was deeply sexy to be whipped long and hard and to be left with harsh welts that would

last for days, visual reminders of Daddy's ownership. Victoria wanted to have an orgasm. Punishment became the most exciting thing in the world when the pain was all over. A red hot very sore bottom was exquisitely sensitive to further spankings. Daddy could turn her over his knees before bedtime (as he likely would) and give her just a little baby's pitty-pat spanking and it would sting and burn like a hairbrushing. That was the secret of a terrible whipping. It was a gift that kept on giving for several days. Each time Victoria sat down she would feel the sting and burn and ache of a welted bottom. And it was so very well deserved.

Daddy made Victoria kneel in the corner for much longer than usual, savoring his little girl's genuine remorse and the arousing sight of a nicely striped behind. Disciplining Victoria was deeply satisfying. Daddy knew that she would be very good for at least the next few days and that he could look forward to a surplus of hugs and kisses and loving remarks and all the good, worthwhile things that came from a well-timed switching.

"Now, angel, run upstairs, take off your clothes and jump into bed. You are going to be in bed by eight o' clock every night from now on, until I am satisfied that your behavior is big girly enough to allow you to stay up late.

Victoria pouted slightly then rapidly checked herself. Daddy had to stifle a grin when he saw this. The lesson wasn't quite over. Daddy knew

that Victoria was a wet and horny little girl after her hard whipping and corner time. He could see the pretty pink lips of her sweet little shaved pussy moistening up and glistening with "fuck me, Daddy" dew. Well, Victoria would have to be a very good little girl and wait for Daddy to fuck or lick Victoria's hot silky cunt.

"I want the light out in five minutes, sweetheart. Brush your teeth and I'll be up in a couple of minutes to tuck you in."

Daddy turned his face away to stop Victoria from seeing his amusement. Victoria's face was a picture. On one hand, she really, really wanted to be a good obedient willing little girl and do exactly what Daddy told her to. On the other, she was hot and wet and as horny as a cheap little slut. She stood up and began to walk towards the sitting room door, not exactly dragging her feet but not moving as quickly as she should have. Pausing in the doorway, she smiled brightly and asked "May I wear my pretty nightdress, Daddy? The white lacy one?"

Daddy shook his head though he would very much have liked to see Victoria in her white sheer baby doll nightdress. In fact, the thought of the fine silky fabric coating her curves like glimmering cobwebs made his cock harden. But no. Victoria had to learn. She was expecting to receive Daddy's favors as a kind of reward for submitting nicely to her punishment. Punishment, thought Daddy, as he

watched Victoria slink along the hallway and heard her creep up the stairs, is not an act which requires a subsequent reward. Punishment is what it is. Intense discipline delivered when required for disobedience. Daddy drew the screen over the fire and turned off the lamps. He could hear Victoria's bare feet padding overhead. She wasn't stamping around like a brat (just as well or she'd be over the chair for another hard switching) but there was something about the tone that suggested frustration. Poor little Victoria. Daddy smiled. It was rather naughty of him to tease his little girl but she really did deserve it.

In the bedroom, Victoria sat up in bed, wearing an old pair of pale pink brushed cotton pajamas, the ones she wore when she had her period or wasn't feeling well. Daddy sighed inwardly. He would much rather have seen his little girl wearing something flirty and feminine and revealing. Was she playing her own little game by wearing the ugly old PJs? Victoria smiled.

"Will you read me a bedtime story please, Daddy?"

Daddy shook his head.

"No, angel, not tonight. You have just been soundly whipped for disobedience and I'm afraid your punishment will continue. No lacy nightdress, no bedtime story, just lights out and off to sleep."

Victoria's eyes looked enormous in the dim light of the bedroom. Daddy wanted to laugh. He knew

how aroused his little girl was. She needed to come. Her bottom was very sore under her fluffy pajama bottoms. It was a wonder she was managing to sit on it at all. Daddy watched Victoria closely as she wriggled in that intriguing, exciting blend of pain and pleasure. Her welts stung and her pussy tingled. She wanted Daddy to do something about her pussy but she couldn't say anything. Instead, she held up her arms and cooed "Big kiss for Daddy!"

Daddy sat on the edge of the bed and cuddled Victoria. Naughtily, she let the chaste goodnight kiss turn into something raunchier and tried to insert the tip of her tongue into Daddy's ear. Daddy grabbed Victoria's wrists and held them tight.

"No, Victoria. Bedtime. Good things just don't happen to naughty girls on punishment nights. Behave yourself."

Victoria flushed and looked both miserable and incredibly frustrated. Daddy almost felt sorry for her – she had the feminine equivalent of blue balls, her clit all engorged and tingling and just waiting for the release of an orgasm. But no. Victoria would go to bed with no supper, no lacy nightdress, no bedtime story and no sexual favors from Daddy.

"May I play with my vibrator, Daddy?"

Victoria knew the answer before it came. No. Silently, she slid beneath the sheets, until all Daddy could see was a pair of big blue eyes and some tufts of hair.

"Sweet dreams, precious."

"Sweet dreams, Daddy."

Daddy closed the bedroom door. He would take a long warm bath and hop into bed when Victoria was sound asleep, not before. She would learn that his word was law and that she couldn't always have exactly what she wanted, even if it was something she was accustomed to receiving. Daddy actually enjoyed spoiling his little girl but he didn't want a spoiled girl. There was a big difference.

"What a day!"

Daddy strode down the hall and into the bathroom. A pair of Victoria's skimpiest panties hung on a rail inside and he almost wished he had let her put on her naughty nightdress. After all, she was so eager to please when she knew she was in the wrong. He thought of her warm, velvety mouth descending over his cock and groaned. She gave wonderful blow jobs when she had been punished for naughtiness. But no. Daddy's word was supposed to be law. Daddy ran a deep bath and soaked in it for a while. No sounds issued from the bedroom. It seemed that Victoria had been a good girl and gone to sleep in her ugly pink pajamas. Daddy looked at the skimpy see-through panties on the drying rack. Mmm.

In the bedroom, Victoria lay wide awake, her fingers moving furtively beneath the bedclothes. She slid her hand beneath the elastic waistband of her pajama bottoms and cupped her slick little

pussy. She was so unbelievably horny. Her bottom felt very hot and sore and the thought that Daddy loved her enough to punish her hard when she was disobedient was the biggest aphrodisiac of all. Victoria wriggled her welted bottom against the sheet and let out a tiny moan. She really needed to release her sexual tension. She had to have an orgasm.

Back in the bathroom, Daddy was soaping a pretty impressive erection. The thought of Victoria's tight little bottom squirming beneath the switch and her wonderful acceptance of the punishment made Daddy extremely aroused. Slowly, he lathered his cock, enjoying the slippery sensation of the soapy lather on his skin. He listened for sounds from the bedroom and almost thought he heard a little squeak but his ears might have been playing tricks on him.

Victoria also strained her ears to hear whether Daddy had finished his bath and was draining the tub. Her wicked little fingers moved rapidly beneath the covers, masturbating as fast and hard as she could. She couldn't help herself, it was just too exciting. Her fingers rubbed wildly at her swollen deep pink clit and she made little fucking motions with her hips to speed up the process. She had to come. She had to get some release. Her eyes were closed tight with the effort and another little moan escaped her parted lips as she approached her climax.

Daddy continued massaging his erection. It was slightly frustrating. He had sent Victoria to bed early and now he had a prize-winning hard-on that he really would have liked to have plunged deep into his little girl's hot wet pussy. Daddy thought of Victoria in her sweet little baby doll nightdress, all sheer fabric and lace trim and ribbons. He grasped his cock and pumped hard. Victoria's nipples pushing against the fine white fabric, her thighs all smooth beneath the lacy hem. Her legs up over her head as Daddy fucked her little brains out...

Victoria was reaching the point of no return. Her fingers appeared to have a life of their own, quite disconnected from her brain. They kept up a fast, hard rhythm. Victoria's pussy was as wet as it had ever been, slick and juicy. She paused to dip her fingertips into her honey and then carried on, gasping and grinding her aching, throbbing bottom against the sheet. She was going to come.

Daddy pumped his cock hard and fast, his gaze fixed on Victoria's skimpy panties. Oh God, her bottom looked so good in them, all firm and round and oh so spankable. Daddy's balls were tight, he was ready to shoot his load. He let out a long animalistic groan. His cock was swollen, rigid and ready to erupt.

Victoria reached the point of no return. She was a well punished little girl with a very hot, sore bottom and she wanted to be Daddy's little fuck toy

and she wanted to be so obedient yet she kept on being naughty...

*"Fuck me, Daddy!"* screamed Victoria, her head thrown back in ecstasy, her hips grinding madly against the sheet.

In the bathroom, Daddy let out a long low groan as a large spurt of semen dribbled into the suds. He heard Victoria's scream and knew exactly what it was. The little minx. Daddy pulled the plug and stepped out of the tub, wrapping his dripping body in a toweling robe. He marched along the hallway, leaving damp footprints on the carpet. He threw open the bedroom door and snapped on the light. Victoria lay staring at the ceiling, her eyes rather glazed.

"And just what do you think you are up to, young lady?"

Daddy tried to make his voice stern but it almost cracked with amusement. Victoria's bottom lip trembled.

"I had a bad dream, Daddy."

Daddy sat on the edge of the bed.

"I see. A nightmare that makes you cry out 'fuck me, Daddy'. Fascinating."

Victoria's face went as red as her bottom.

"I said that in my sleep?"

She giggled nervously.

Daddy stared at Victoria.

"Victoria, I know exactly what you were up to."

Victoria blushed even harder. There was no point denying it.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I was so..."

"Horny?"

Victoria giggled again. She realized by the tone of Daddy's voice that she was not in too much trouble. Daddy understood that naughty little girls who had just had their bare bottoms thoroughly switched for disobedience could get very very excited.

"Pull down your pajama bottoms and get over my knees."

Victoria's eyes opened wide. A spanking on a painfully welted bottom would be very sore.

"I didn't mean to be bad again, Daddy! You didn't say not to finger myself!"

Daddy almost laughed out loud. The expression on Victoria's face was an absolute picture. He had to force his voice to be stern.

"Pajama bottoms down, Victoria. If they aren't already, that is. And *get over my knees.*"

"Yes, Daddy."

Victoria did as she was told, wincing as she wriggled around to lower her pajama bottoms. Her bottom really did hurt. Meekly, she slid out from beneath the bedcovers and maneuvered herself to lie across Daddy's knees. Daddy admired the redness and welts of his little girl's well-whipped behind. He began to caress Victoria's bottom, making her moan and squirm.

"So, my naughty little girl decided she had to play with herself, did she?"

Daddy traced the thin, raised welts on Victoria's bottom with the very tip of one forefinger and she shuddered with pleasure.

"Victoria likes having a scarlet, soundly-whipped little bare bottom?"

Victoria groaned, an unintelligible blend of "yes" and "no". She didn't want Daddy to think she wanted another painful switching. Daddy continued gently stroking the contours of her bottom, tracing delicate patterns up and down the cleft of her buttocks, approaching her pussy but never actually touching it. Victoria began to grind her hips and pant, trying to push her hot moist cunt towards Daddy's tickling fingers.

"Daddy's little girl is still hot for it, isn't she?"

Victoria's bottom clenched and relaxed in little spasms. She didn't know whether Daddy was going to spank her again or just tease her. It was torture. Her clit was swollen again and she wanted another orgasm. Daddy's wicked fingers continued to play with her squirming bottom, caressing welts and almost but not quite sliding into her helplessly wriggling pussy.

"Daddy, please!"

"Did you want something, my angel?"

Victoria clenched her teeth. Her clit was full and hard, tingling. She was very very wet.

"Yes, Daddy!"

Daddy planted a little playful swat on Victoria's bottom and she leapt like a fish. Even a tiny spank could hurt on a very sore bottom.

"What does my little precious want?"

Victoria's bottom ground wildly, making rapid fucking motions, urging Daddy's searching fingers to enter her slippery pussy.

"I want to come again, please!"

"Again? Why, isn't that a little greedy, my love?"

Victoria squawked in frustration.

"*Please, Daddy!*"

Daddy smiled and slid his free hand under Victoria's body. He began to rub her bursting little clit at the same time as gently spanking her with his other hand. Mmm, she was so wet. It felt so good. His cock rose to the occasion, pressing hard against Victoria's writhing hips.

"Ooh, yes, Daddy!"

He had hit the spot. Victoria shrieked.

"Ooh! Yes! Yes!"

She shuddered her second orgasm, coming hard, her hot, welted bottom squirming frantically against Daddy's spanking hand. Daddy took a deep breath. It was time for *his* repeat performance.

"On your knees, Victoria. Suck me."

Victoria slid to the carpet and parted Daddy's damp robe. His cock immediately sprang to attention and she clasped it with both hands. It was very very hard.

"You will suck me and you will swallow every last drop like a good little girl."

Victoria placed her lips over the head of Daddy's cock. Her bottom throbbed.

"That feels so good, precious."

Victoria began to suck Daddy's cock. She enjoyed giving him a blow job when she had a sore bottom as it made her feel especially submissive and aroused. Daddy's balls were very swollen and full, all ready to shoot another load of creamy come into her mouth. Victoria did her very best. Up and down went her little head, bobbing rhythmically over Daddy's rigid shaft until he began to groan.

"That's it, sweetheart. Nearly there..."

He was so hard. It felt so good. She was such a good little cock sucker.

With a shout, Daddy ejaculated into Victoria's mouth and like a good girl she swallowed every last drop.

"Jesus Christ."

"Was that a good one, Daddy?"

Victoria looked up at him, all wide eyed and smiling. Daddy leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on the end of her nose.

"Angel, you were a very very good girl. Daddy feels much better for that. Now, hop back into bed. Maybe I *will* read you a bedtime story, after all."

Victoria looked delighted.

"Ooh, thank you, Daddy! Can we have *The Story of O*?"

"Of course, precious."

Daddy took the book from the shelf and waited for Victoria to climb back into bed and get comfortable. She looked very happy and relaxed and he had a feeling of great satisfaction. Little girls could be a lot of work at times but he wouldn't change anything about their life together, not for the world. Victoria looked up at him as he held her close and opened the book.

"I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too, sweetpea."

THE END