



LITTLE

Lola

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“Why don’t you try this, sweetie?”

Lola’s mother placed a ripped-out flyer on top of her job listings stack. The monitor bathed Lola’s face in colorful light as she rapidly clicked in the tabs and windows open on her desktop. Nearly every pixel was crammed full of rainbow colored, candy-based games. Without even taking her eyes off her precious cookies, candies, and unicorns, she spoke.

“What?”

“I just thought, maybe you could find a nice boy. You know, to take care of you. I know it’s been hard for you finding a job...”

“No thanks. I’m kind of busy.”

When her mom left the room, Lola

sighed and closed her colorful windows. Instead she opened up white, black, and blue windows full of job boards. She slowly clicked around, looking at one listing for only a few moment before moving to the next. Fast food? Gross. Secretary? Boring. Elementary school teacher? Lola smiled as she thought about reading children's books and singing nursery rhymes all day. But when the job requirements listed a degree in children's education, Lola closed that window too.

After a while, Lola was tired. She looked longingly at the bookmarks for her games. There were just too many boring jobs out there.

Her gaze fell to the speed date flyer.

Lola picked it up. It started in just an hour, and there would be snacks. Already, she was salivating. Why not? Maybe she might meet someone. Maybe she'll get some yummy candy. But at least it would be less boring than looking for a job the rest of the night.

Lola jumped up from her computer desk and made her way to the closet. She stripped off the teddy bear printed pajamas she had been wearing all day and shrugged on one of her mother's hand-me-down clothes. Her rough fingernails snagged the fabric, making little loops of thread appear on the dress. It was faded, saggy, and made her look like a middle-aged housewife from the 80's, but Lola didn't care that much.

She grabbed an oversized leather bag, stuffed her cell phone into it, and headed to the bathroom. Lola splashed her face with water, barely looking in the mirror. Then she called her mom.

“Mom! I decided to go to the speed date!” she said. “Can you brush my hair?”

Her mom rushed over. She scrapped the brush through Lola’s long blonde hair, smiling the entire time. Lola winced with each stroke, and when her mom was done, her hair seemed slightly less frizzled than before. She pulled it into two pigtails, tied off with shiny plastic baubles, and hopped into her mom’s car.

When they arrived at the building,

Lola's stomach started to tie itself in knots. It looked like exactly the kind of place she never fit in. The women had impossibly smooth hair and walked with ease in high heels as tall as stilts. The men had slick backed hair and stubbly beards. Lola was just about to tell her mom she wanted to go home when she pushed her out of the car.

The door slammed behind her, and her mother waved.

“Have a great time, sweetie! I'll be back to pick you up,” she said. Then she drove out of the parking lot. Lola stood there, fighting the tears welling in her eyes, before she decided to go inside. What other choice did she have?

The room was packed with people.

Men and women stood on opposite sides of the large hall, and in the middle, an old lady was yelling at a microphone.

“All right! Here’s the moment you’ve all been waiting for!” she said. “Ladies, take a seat at one of these tables. In a few moments we will start the speed dating. A man will come to your table, and you will have just two minutes to fall in love.”

Lola rolled her eyes. She walked over to a table and found just what she’d been looking for. In the middle of the table was a bowl full of candies. She wasted no time unwrapping one and letting it’s sweetness dissolve in her mouth.

When all the women were seated, the

old lady spoke again.

“All right. Ready, set? Date!”

A loud bell rang, and the men ran to the women’s tables’. A man with styled blonde hair sat down across from Lola. He draped his arm over the back of the chair.

“Hey,” he said. “I’m Jake.”

“Uh, hi Jake...”

“You know, I’m not normally the type of guy to speed date...”

Almost immediately, Lola’s eyes glazed over. Jake’s voice continued to echo in her mind, but she just couldn’t force herself to pay attention to what he was saying. She was looking at the candy bowl, trying to make her next choice, when he interrupted with a

question.

“You know what I mean?”

Lola looked at him and panicked. She hadn't heard a single word he said.

“Uh, yeah...”

As soon as she finished speaking, a loud bell rang. The old woman's voice blared from the crackling speakers.

“Time to move on!”

Jake left without even saying goodbye and another man approached Lola's table. He had glasses as thick as coke bottles and almost fell into the seat in front of her with a thud.

“I'm Richard,” he said. “You probably don't know, but I'm kind of a big deal on the Internet.”

Lola looked at him as he cracked a

smile.

“I know girls don’t know anything about computers, but on Reddit there was this flamewar...”

Again, Lola’s eyes glazed over. Richard’s voice simply droned in her ears, and she couldn’t even distract herself with candy. His smell had taken away her appetite.

Lola’s gaze swept the room. Nearly everyone looked the same. She knew maybe some of the guys would be attractive by most standards, but she just wasn’t interested. But then she saw him.

The girl at the table was blushing so fiercely that her face was bright red. She leaned in towards him, flashing an almost impossibly wide smile and

chattering away. Lola could see why. He wasn't dressed extravagantly. His dark jeans and pressed white shirt didn't have flashy designer names. His full brown hair wasn't painstakingly coiffed, but just brushed cleanly away from his face. Still, there was something about how he held his body. Something about the quiet confidence and the muscles peeking out from under his collar.

“Hello!” Richard yelled. He waved his hand in front of Lola's face. “Anybody home?”

Lola snapped back into reality.

“Oh, uh, sorry...”

The bell clanged again before Richard could even say anything. He jumped out of his seat and practically

threw the seat under the table.

Lola looked down, fiddling with her fingers. If only she could get someone like that guy. He wouldn't be like these other jerks. Lola's heart ached a little, remembering how they didn't even ask her name.

Finally, she took a deep breath and looked up. The guy she had spotted was walking in Lola's direction. She wondered who he was going to sit with. Probably someone luckier than her. Then their eye's met.

Lola couldn't breathe. He was looking at her! His dark eyes were trained on her's and he was coming right in her direction. Lola almost didn't believe it when he pulled out the chair

and sat in front of her.

“Hello,” he said.

He waited for Lola to reply, but she was having a hard time even thinking.

“My name is Tobias White. What’s your name?”

“Lola Smith,” she blurted out.

“Lola.” Tobias said her name slowly, drawing out each letter carefully as if he were examining it.

“What a beautiful name. And what brings you here?”

Lola hesitated. What was she supposed to say? That she’s unemployed, lives with her mom, and came just to get some candy? She played with the frayed ends of her hair, looking down so she didn’t have to meet Tobias’

gaze. Then she brought her nails to her mouth, but Tobias spoke before she managed to nibble on them.

“Lola, put your hands down,” he said. His voice was deeper and firmer than before. Lola slammed her hands into her lap, her heart thumping. She looked up and saw he had a stern but kind expression on his face.

“Lola, I think we should see each other again,” Tobias said. “Outside of this place.”

She couldn't believe what he was saying.

“May I have your phone number?”

Lola rifled through her purse and pockets, pulling out candy wrappers and lint while searching for a piece of paper.

When she finally found a receipt, she realized she had nothing to write with.

“Um, can I have a pen?”

Just then, the bell rang. Tears welled up in Lola's eyes. She blew it.

“Here,” Tobias said. His voice wasn't annoyed, just calm. He slid a thick white business card towards her. His name and number were embossed in gold. As Lola reached for the card, her fingers brushed over Tobias'. She felt the warmth of his skin just for one moment, and then pulled her hand away.

“Call me,” Tobias' said.

Lola nodded her head, wagging her pigtails.

The rest of the speed dating went by in a blur. By the time Lola walked out of

the building, her mother was already waiting in her beat-up car.

“How did it go, sweetie?”

“It went okay, I guess.”

“Don’t worry,” her mother said. She petted Lola with one hand as she drove. “Someone will see how special you are one day.”

Lola didn’t answer. Instead she looked out the window, thinking about Tobias. Why was he interested in Lola? Why was he even at that stupid speed date event?

When she got back to her room, Lola pulled Tobias card out of her bag. It had already been stained by all the junk in there, but it was mostly in good condition. She looked at the card

closely, turning it over with her fingertips.

Should she call? Lola brought the card to her nose. She could smell the faint odor of his cologne. No way.

Lola shoved the card in a drawer and threw herself on her bed. He was probably joking. What would he see in her anyway? It was better just to forget about it.

And she did. A week passed and Lola's days remained the same. Her mother quietly pushed open her door.

"That speed dating event is happening again tonight," she said. "Why don't you try it again? You might be luckier this time."

"No, I think I'm done with speed

dating.”

When her mom left the room, Lola thought about the night she met Tobias. It was probably a joke, but so what? All she had done since then was browse tumblr and eat pizza. She still had no job. What did she have to lose?

Lola rummaged through her drawers until she found the card again. It was a little worse for the wear, but she could still read the numbers. She picked up the phone and dialed, her hands shaking the whole time.

“Hello, Tobias? You probably don’t remember me, but I’m Lola Smith.”

“How could I forget you? I’ve been waiting for your call.”

Lola blushed, hearing his words.

“That night, you said you wanted to meet?”

“Yes, let’s meet at Bonne Chance cafe tonight. Can you make it in the next hour?”

“Y-Yeah.”

“Great, I’ll see you soon Lola.”

Lola could barely remember getting dressed. Her heart was beating so fast that it was difficult for her to concentrate. In the car with her mother, she tried to calm herself down.

“Why are you going to the cafe? I thought you were staying in tonight,” her mom said.

“I had other plans tonight.”

Lola’s mother looked at her with her eyes wide, but didn’t say anything.

At the cafe, Lola looked around. It didn't take her long to find Tobias in the crowd. She sat down across from him, and was surprised to see him smiling at her.

"I was hoping you wouldn't stand me up," he said and laughed a little.

Her, stand him up? Was he crazy?

Tobias got up to offer Lola a seat, and slid her smoothly until she was sitting right next to him. He sat down beside her, close enough that she couldn't avoid those big dark eyes.

"I thought we should get to know each other a little better. Away from the loud speakers and two minute restrictions," he said. "So please, tell me a little about yourself."

Lola felt her chest tighten, what was there to say?

“Well, I live with my mom right now, so I’m looking for a job. It hasn’t been going very well,” she said. “I don’t normally go to speed dating. I don’t think the guys there were the kind of guys I’m looking for.”

Tobias leaned in, raising an eyebrow.

“No? What kind of men are you looking for, Lola?”

“Ah, well...” Lola stammered and looked down at her lap.

“Would you like me to tell you a little about myself?” Tobias asked.

“Yes, please.”

“I’m an architect. I design buildings,

mostly smaller commercial ones like this. I'm really interested in fancy skyscrapers," he said. "Have to travel a lot for my work. It's difficult, but I have been able to meet a lot of interesting people along the way."

Lola was impressed. So he was a big fancy architect. What was he doing talking to her? She brought her fingers to her lips without even thinking.

"Lola."

Before he could even say anything else, she hid her hands under her dress.

"I'm sorry. It's a habit, I..."

"Lola...." Tobias looked at her. He rested his elbows on the table, and came close to Lola.

"Are things going well for you?"

Lola paused for a moment. She was shocked.

“What do you mean?”

“It’s hard isn’t it? You get nervous, and your mother is trying to push you out of the house. Have to look for a job and act like a grown up, but you can’t even keep your hands out of your mouth.”

Lola’s cheeks burned and she looked away from Tobias. She knew her faults. Who was this guy to just lay them all out there like that?

“What I mean is I think I can help you. In a way that we can both benefit.”

She looked back at him with eyes open wide.

“Help me?” she asked.

“Give me your email, and I’ll explain

everything.”

Lola started to rummage through her pockets when Tobias interrupted.

“Here,” he said. He held out a smart looking leather notebook and elegant pen. “I came prepared this time.”

When Lola finished scribbling her email address, Tobias tucked the notebook away into his pocket.

“Now, I think it’s rather late. You should go to bed.”

He took her hand, leading her outside to his sleek black car. Lola sat on the plush seats and was too shocked to say anything the whole ride home. She only kept looking at Tobias, the car, and feeling the warmth left behind from the touch of his hand.

When he dropped her home, Lola's mother couldn't believe it.

"Who was that?" she asked. Her voice was full of wonder as she watched the car drive off into the distance.

"Just a friend," Lola said.

"A handsome friend," her mom said.

As soon as Lola entered her room, she turned on the computer. She knew he probably wasn't going to email her so soon, but she couldn't help herself.

To her surprise, an email from "twhite" was already sitting in her inbox. She clicked on it, with her hands shaking a little.

It was a contract. Lola quickly read through the terms. According to it, she would agree to be completely obedient

to Tobias at all times. Any disobedience would result in punishment as he deemed fit. In exchange, Tobias would help Lola improve her life. He would assist her in things including, but not limited to a healthier lifestyle, job hunting, and...

Dressing, bathing, and grooming? Lola had to read this part again to be sure she was right. She wasn't a little girl. She was 23! Lola didn't need any help taking a bath or getting dressed.

Lola was a little uneasy by now, but she kept reading. A driver would take her to a special hotel suite every afternoon. The arrangement would be for a one month trial period, and she could back out any time she wished. Also, Tobias would monitor her 24/7 via an

electronic device.

When she was done reading, Lola's heart nearly thumped out of her chest. What kind of contract was this? She almost deleted the email, but something stopped her. Okay, so it was a little strange. But Tobias said he wanted to help her. The way he looked at her, the way he asked about her before he talked about himself, how he touched her, all of that made her believe him.

Besides, it was only temporary, right? Who wouldn't want a rich, handsome guy taking care of them for at least a little while?

So Lola printed out the contract and signed it before going to bed. But by the next afternoon, she was having second

thoughts. Her heart jumped when the doorbell rang.

“Lola, someone is here for you,” her mother said. “Shouldn’t you come out?”

She reluctantly changed out of her yellow ducky pajamas she’d been in all day and went to meet the driver. Before she left, her mother whispered.

“Why is a driver here for you?”

“I’m going to meet my friend,” Lola said.

“The one from last night?”

“Yes.”

Her mother smiled widely.

“Have fun,” she said, practically pushing Lola out of the door.

Throughout the whole car ride, Lola’s stomach was tying itself in knots.

What was she getting herself into? Surveillance? Baths?

The driver took her to a tall hotel. It's silhouette loomed over the rest of the city. Lola recognized it as the kind of place she'd normally never step foot in. They took an elevator all the way to the top floor, where the driver left her at the penthouse. Lola forgot her second thoughts for a moment when she saw the suite. She had never been in a hotel room that had more than one story before, and she just wanted to stare at the huge windows looking out over the city.

Tobias' face brightened when he saw Lola arrive. He let her look around, marveling at the art on the walls, before

saying anything.

“Do you like it?” he said.

Lola froze. She hadn't realized he was watching her.

“Yes,” she said. “But why are we here?”

“I thought you'd be more comfortable here during our trial period. It might feel a little safer than if we were at my house,” he said. “Think of it as a neutral ground.”

When Tobias mentioned their trial, Lola remembered what she meant to say.

“About that, what was that contract about?”

“What do you mean?”

“With the bathing, the dressing, and the monitoring. I thought you were going

to help me, not treat me like a little kid!”

“Lola, you don’t know it, but there are other people like you,” Tobias said. “People who have trouble being adults. People like you who are really meant to be someone’s baby girl.”

“Baby girl?”

“Yes, and I’ll be your Daddy. I’ll take care of you. You won’t have to worry about anything, as long as you are good.”

Lola thought about Tobias’ offer. Sure, it sounded a little strange. But if he was just trying to help her, what did she have to worry about? Maybe he was right, maybe she was supposed to be someone’s “baby girl.”

“And I would have to call you

Daddy?”

“Isn’t that what little girls call their fathers?”

“And this is just a trial?”

“Yes,” Tobias said. “You can back out at any time. Just say the word.”

It felt strange, but something appealed to Lola about having the tall man in front of her take care of her needs. Maybe she wouldn’t mind calling him “Daddy.”

“Okay,” Lola said. She handed Tobias the signed contract. “Daddy.”

He took the contract, signed it, and put it away in the drawer of a desk. When he walked back to her, his smile was beaming. Lola blushed to think he looked so happy just because of her.

“All right, my little Lola, let’s get started,” Tobias said. “We don’t have a lot of time before your bedtime.”

Lola’s eyes widened when she heard that she had a bedtime, but she kept quiet. Tobias led her to a room that was full of fancy exercise equipment. Right in the middle was a treadmill, and the walls were lined with mirrors. She looked around, what were they doing here?

“You’re not overweight, baby girl, but just because you’re thin doesn’t mean you are healthy either. All those hours you spend in front of the computer and the candy you eat instead of meals could cause you to get very sick one day,” Tobias said. “So you’re going to

exercise everyday from now on.”

“You want me to get on that?” Lola pointed at the treadmill. She pouted her lips and crossed her arms. “No way!”

“Lola.” Tobias’ voice became stern and low. “I’m going to warn you once. Remember that you’ll be punished if you disobey my rules. Do you want to be punished?”

Lola continued to pout, but she stepped up onto the treadmill and held on to the bars.

“That’s better,” Tobias said.

He set the machine for 15 minute. It gradually started up, increasing in speed. Lola hardly ever walked, let alone ran, so she couldn’t keep up with the pace.

“I think I’m going to fall off!” she

yelled.

“Don’t worry, I have a way to make sure you won’t.”

He pulled out a long, flat, black paddle and stood behind the treadmill. Every time Lola slowed down, he smacked her bottom with it. The crack made her jump, stinging her skin until she was sure it was red.

Lola’s lungs burned. Sweat rolled down her face, drenching her clothes and making her even more uncomfortable. Her feet, unaccustomed to such a workout, stung with every step she took. On top of it all, she had to try her best to avoid Tobias’ paddle on the soft skin of her bottom. Just one more step and she was sure she’d collapse.

The machine turned off with a trumpet like sound and Tobias started to clap.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” he said.

Lola didn’t answer. She was too busy trying to catch her breath.

“Now that you’re all sweaty, it’s time to go get clean.”

He led her to a large bathroom. The floor was covered in blue-green tiles and the room smelled faintly of lavender. The shower head just stuck out of one wall, and wasn’t separated by a tub or glass divider.

Piece by piece, Tobias undressed Lola. She didn’t mind at all until she felt him reach for her bra clasp. Her checks

blushed as he pulled it off, revealing her breasts and their pink nipples. She was almost too embarrassed when he pulled off her panties too, leaving her sweaty and completely in front of him.

Tobias guided Lola to the shower, turning it on so that the water cooled her skin. After she got wet, she reached for the shower gel, but he wouldn't hand it to her.

“Come here,” he said. Tobias was standing right outside the range of the shower. He was fully dressed, with a poof and bottle of shampoo in his hands. In front of him was what looked like a small wooden bench. Was he really going to bathe her?

Lola walked over to Tobias and sat

on the bench. At first, it was strange to be naked while this rich, handsome man lathered her hair, but soon Lola relaxed. Her body was so tired after the treadmill that the warmth of the shower and his touch were soothing. She loved the light rosy smell of the shampoo and the gentle press of his fingers against her skin. It wasn't that bad after all, was it?

Tobias shampooed and conditioned Lola's hair, taking care not to get the suds in her eyes. Then he took the poof and rubbed it all over her body. Lola melted into his arms as his fingers slid the fruity, slippery gel over her skin. He scrubbed until her skin was pink and tingling. Tobias' fingers passed over her nipples, making them harden into little

balls.

When he made Lola open her legs and bend over so that he could clean her, the blush crept back into Lola's cheeks. His fingers prodded in her most private places, wiping them clean, and she was mortified. But the embarrassment was gone again when Tobias started to rub a luxurious sugar scrub over Lola's skin. The sugar scratched a little, but the thick oil and the scent invaded her senses. She felt like she had bathed in perfume.

As Lola rinsed off, she felt cleaner than she had ever felt in her life. Her skin was soft, shining from all of Tobias' scrubbing, and lightly scented. She just wanted to keep running her hands over her own body, but her Daddy

wasn't done with her yet.

He used a small cloth to wash her face, making sure not to forget the little crevices behind her ears. Then Tobias wrapped Lola in a big, warm, fluffy towel. She was about to use it to dry her hair when he stopped her. Instead, she sat on the bench while Tobias carefully combed through her hair, detangling each knot by hand.

Lola was nestled between Tobias' legs and felt so comfortable there. He held her close to him as he worked, and she could feel the warmth of his body against her freshly washed skin. Even though it was a little embarrassing, no one had ever taken so much care of her before.

Finally, Tobias led Lola to the bedroom and made her lie on the bed. He dried her off, even remembering to get the little spaces in between her toes that tickled so much she couldn't help but laugh. The lotion that he used melted into Lola's skin, leaving it supple and moist.

“Baby girl, turn around for me.”

Lola rolled over on her stomach. Tobias took a fluffy puff and dusted baby powder all over her bottom. The familiar smell filled the whole room.

“Turn over again, little girl.”

She rolled back onto her back, but when Tobias brought his next item, her eyes opened wide.

“What is that?”

“It's a diaper, obviously.”

“You want me to wear that?”

“Little girls wear diapers, don't they?”

“No, absolutely--”

The words stuck in Lola's throat as she saw the expression on Tobias' face. She didn't want to find out what his punishment was for bad little girls.

“Okay Daddy.”

“That's a good girl,” he said.

Tobias easily lifted Lola's bottom to slide the diaper underneath. For a while he stood there, looking at her with her legs spread on top of the pouffy fabric. His dick swelled to see her like that, but he knew it wasn't the time yet. When he tightened the straps, Lola sat up, testing the feel of her new diapers.

They crinkled as she moved and formed a pouffy padding under her bottom. Her legs were pushed apart by the thickness of the fabric and she couldn't walk the same way as she could with her panties. Lola waddled a little as she made her way to Tobias and couldn't help feeling even more like a little child. But she hadn't expected to enjoy the feeling of the fabric rubbing up against her kitty as she walked, massaging her.

Tobias pulled out a little pink dress from a drawer, showing it to Lola before pulling it over her head. The hem came down to her upper thighs, barely covering the bulging diaper. Lola looked at herself in the mirror, but she didn't

smile.

“Don’t you like it, baby girl?”
Tobias asked.

“I don’t wear dresses.”

“Why not?”

“I’m not pretty enough to wear dresses,” she said.

Tobias pulled Lola close to him, pressing her against his chest. He kissed her forehead and whispered to her.

“Little Lola, even when you are covered in sweat you are beautiful.”

Lola wanted to cry. No one, not even her mom had ever told her that she was beautiful. Not even as a joke. Tobias’ words seemed very serious as he held her. He thought she was beautiful? Even after seeing her covered in sweat? Even

after washing every inch of her body?

Tobias squeezed her tight and then held Lola at arm's length.

“Come on my beautiful baby girl, it's time for dinner.”

He took her to another room, where it seemed that dinner had already been prepared. Lola's eyes immediately jumped to the delicious looking chocolate cake that sat on the dessert stand. Her hands nearly reached for it, but she stopped herself. She looked at Tobias and then looked at the plate in front of her.

It was a plain salad. Lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and an odd crouton here and there. A nice looking salad, sure. But it was no chocolate cake.

“Daddy?”

“Yes?”

“Can I have chocolate cake for dessert?” she asked as sweetly as possible.

“Maybe. But only if you finish every bit of your salad first.”

Lola reluctantly grabbed the fork and speared a bit of lettuce. She shoved it into her mouth, and was surprised that it didn't taste as terrible as she thought. Her body was starving after all of that unexpected exercise, and nearly anything would taste delicious at this point.

Soon enough, she was surprised to see an empty plate in front of her. Then her mind turned to the cake again.

“Daddy, look I ate all my salad,”

Lola said. She held the empty plate up so that Tobias could see. “Can I have my cake now?”

Tobias got up and put a slice of cake on a plate. He brought it over to Lola, but he didn’t give it to her. Instead, he put a small piece on the fork.

“Open your mouth, baby girl,” he said.

Lola opened her mouth. When the chocolate-y goodness reached her tongue, she couldn’t wait for more. Tobias served her another bite, and another, and then he stopped. She looked at him, confused. Wasn’t this her reward for eating that salad?

“You already eat too many sweets. I can’t encourage you by giving you a

whole slice of cake, now can I?”

Lola was about to complain, but she realized that she actually did feel full and satisfied. Not only that, but she was tired. She yawned, stretching her arms wide.

“Looks like it’s time to put my little Lola to bed.”

Tobias picked Lola up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. He rested her on the bed and crawled in beside her with a book in his hand. After pulling the blanket tight over Lola’s body, he started to read.

“Once upon a time, in a far away place, there was a princess who was more beautiful than anyone else in the land...”

Lola's head lay on Tobias' chest and she could hear his voice rumbling as he talked. She felt warm against him, and her rubbed her shoulder while he read. Her eyes began to grow heavy as he held her, and she realized that this whole Daddy thing wasn't so bad. She felt protected. Safe. There wasn't anything in the world besides Lola, her Daddy, and the feeling of being in his arms.

The next morning Lola woke up at home. She was in her room, out of her little clothes, and it almost felt like the whole thing had been a dream. Was it?

Lola rushed to her computer to check for the email Tobias had sent her the night before. It was there, and blinking at the top of her inbox was a new email.

She clicked on it, holding her breath. What would he have to say now?

Good morning baby-girl,

I had to send you home since it was past your bedtime. I hope you aren't too upset that I didn't get to say goodnight.

Here is your list of rules for today. I expect you to follow them all to the letter. Remember, I will know if you don't. You are wearing an electronic monitor on your necklace, and if you take it off I will punish you even more severely than if I catch you being bad.

1. Brush and detangle your hair.

2. Wear the clothes that I have provided for you. You will find them in a package in your room.

3. Refrain from eating any sweets. No cereal or pancakes covered in syrup for breakfast. You may have a salad or even pasta (without sauce) for lunch.

4. Don't bite or pick at your nails.

5. Limit your computer time to 3 hours, and take a break every 30 minutes.

6. Take a walk outside for at least 30 minutes.

7. Look for a job within walking distance of your home, so that you don't have to rely on your mother for transportation.

I will send a driver to pick you up this afternoon. Be a good girl until then.

Your Daddy

Lola had to read the list three times just to be sure she had understood. She knew Tobias had rules, but this many? She pondered how she would get through the day. No candy? Almost no computer? And she had to take a walk? Outside?

She wanted to give up. Lola thought about quitting, going back to her life and doing what she had always done. Without Tobias.

That was what stopped her. Lola remembered the feeling of his rumbling chest as he held her and read her bedtime story. If she quit now, she'd never feel that again.

So Lola took a deep breath. She could do this. After psyching herself up,

she wrote Tobias' rules down on a piece of paper and started the day.

In the bathroom, Lola carefully brushed her teeth and washed her face, thinking of how her Daddy would want her to do it. Then she combed and brushed her hair, separating it into two sleek ponytails. The clothes that Tobias left for her weren't the little clothes that she had expected. Instead they were just newer versions of the grown-up clothes she had been wearing.

She cooked herself oatmeal for breakfast and was surprised to find that even though she missed her sugary Fruity Pebbles, it felt better to follow the rules. She imagined Tobias watching her through the monitor and being proud.

Her enthusiasm waned when she started to look for jobs. Lola managed to take her breaks, but the temptation to play games was almost too great. She found her cursor hovering over the brightly colored icons that were just begging to be clicked. Her character was just a few points away from leveling up. It wouldn't take a lot of time to get a new achievement. Just a few minutes wouldn't hurt, right?

Before she could give in, Lola made herself take a walk. She couldn't be tempted by games outside, at least. But after a few minutes, she already started to get tired. The sun beamed down on her. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead and thirty minutes started to

feel like forever. By the time she returned back home, Lola was exhausted.

She flopped onto her computer chair and couldn't resist it anymore. Before she even knew it, the computer screen lit up and the familiar music began to play. It felt like Lola had only just sat down when the doorbell rang.

Her stomach dropped. What time was it? She looked at the clock. Five hours had passed since she first started playing! When the doorbell rang again, she knew she was in trouble. Slowly, Lola gathered up her things and walked to the car.

During the whole ride, Lola's mind was restless. What would Tobias'

punishment be? It couldn't be that bad could it? Maybe he wouldn't give her any dessert. Or maybe he would send her to the time out corner.

When she arrived, Lola knew it was worse than she had imagined. Tobias was waiting for her. Instead of a smile, his face was upset. It felt terrible just to know she was the reason he felt this way. She had disappointed him.

Tobias came and stood in front of Lola, his hands on her shoulders.

“Baby-girl, you broke the rules. And on your very first day too.”

Lola looked down. She couldn't look into his eyes.

“You spent all day on the computer, and you didn't even call about a single

job. Do you think that's good for you?"

Lola shook her head.

"I'm sorry Daddy."

"I know you are, but I'm going to have to punish you so that you can learn never to do that again."

Tobias led Lola to the exercise room again, but she was pretty sure no exercise was going to be happening tonight. Her heart started to race as she imagined all the things Tobias might do to punish her. Why did she have to play those games? Now they certainly didn't seem worth it.

He stripped her until she was standing naked in front of him. Lola's nude body was reflected in all the mirrors of the room. Then he sat down

on a bench and motioned for Lola to come close.

“Lay your stomach across my lap,” he said sternly.

As she did, Tobias grasped Lola’s body tightly. One hand held her by the waist and another rested on her bare bottom.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

Lola could see herself, bent over and exposed on Tobias’ knee. She knew what was coming, but she couldn’t believe it.

“Daddy, I’m sorry!” she said.

“I know.”

As the words left his lips, Tobias’ hand lifted off of Lola’s bottom. She tried to brace for the impact, but her legs were forced so far apart that she

couldn't move. Then, smack! The first impact knocked the air out of Lola's lungs. She gasped at the sting of her soft flesh.

Tobias started to spank Lola hard. He alternated from cheek to cheek, in a rhythm that covered Lola's entire bottom in red marks. She felt the full impact each time, jumping under his hand. Soon her bottom was on fire with the spanking, bringing tears to her eyes.

"Oh, Daddy," she yelled. "I'm so sorry! Please stop. It hurts!"

"I know it hurts baby-girl. It's your punishment. Now, do you think it's good for little girls to disobey their daddies?" Tobias asked. His blows never stopped raining on Lola's bottom as he spoke.

“No, Daddy!”

“So why did you disobey me Lola? Why did you play games instead of looking for a job?”

Lola searched her memory. It all seemed so stupid now. Why did she disobey Tobias?

“I don’t know, Daddy!” Lola cried.

Tobias continued his spanking, waiting until she gave him the correct answer. Lola wanted to get up and run away, but his grip on her was so strong that she couldn’t escape. Instead, she searched her mind for another answer.

“Because it made me feel better! I was tired, and I didn’t want to work, and it was fun!” Lola yelled. She started to sob.

“Shouldn’t you call your Daddy if you don’t feel good, so that he can help you?”

“Yes!”

“Good girl.”

Finally, Tobias’ hand stopped it’s spanking. Lola continued to cry, but he held her close and rocked her in his arms. He opened a tube of lotion and spread it across Lola’s stinging skin. His fingers gently massaged her bottom as he rocked her, soothing the pain.

Tobias spoke to Lola softly.

“You can’t disobey my rules just because you are tired or because it’s fun, okay? Every time you do, I’m going to have to punish you until you learn your lesson.”

Lola shook her head. Even though the pain was still there, she found herself feeling happy in Tobias' arms. She hoped that her spanking would excuse her from the rest of the night, but Tobias had other plans. Lola ran on the treadmill again, even though her bottom ached as she moved. Tobias bathed her, and they had a healthy quinoa dinner before changing Lola into her polka dot pajamas. By the time she drifted off to sleep while they were watching cartoons, Lola could barely feel the soreness beneath her.

She woke up the next morning in her room again. Just like the other night, there was a neatly folded stack of clothes and a brand new email in her

inbox. Lola read through Tobias' list, determined not to have a repeat of yesterday. She didn't want to feel the sting of his hand for the second day in a row.

Everything seemed to be going well. Lola had brushed her hair, put on the right clothes, and even managed to call a few job offerings. She took her breaks, and every time the icons for her games tempted her, she resisted. Just the memory of Tobias' firm hand smacking her bottom was enough to deter her.

But that was until her mother entered the room.

"Hi sweetie," she said. "I know you've been working hard. And you seem, I don't know, different ever since

you met that friend of yours. But I just wanted to peek in and see how you are doing.”

“I’m fine, mom.”

“Oh well, that’s good,” her mother said. She stood around awkwardly for a moment, before pulling something out of her pocket. “Well, I know how much you like candy, so I got you this chocolate bar. I hope you like it.”

“Thanks, mom,” Lola said as her mother left the room.

Lola knew that her mom meant well, but this felt like some kind of sabotage. The candy sat on her desk, tempting her. Just looking at it, she could imagine the chocolate coating her tongue and dripping down her throat.

But she remembered Tobias' rule. No sweets. So she put the bar away in a drawer and forgot about it. Instead, Lola took her walk and ate her pasta for lunch. It wasn't until later in the day, after she finished everything that she was supposed to do, that she remembered the chocolate bar.

Lola was waiting for the driver to come pick her up when her stomach growled. She wasn't ravenously hungry, but she was in the mood for just a little something. A snack. Maybe even a candy bar.

Before she could even think about it, the bar was out of her drawer and sitting on her desk. She looked at it, examining the shiny wrapper. Tobias had told her

to call if she felt like breaking a rule. That he would help. But he would never let her eat a candy bar. How would he know if she just had a tiny nibble? A teensy little bite?

Lola's hand seemed to move with a mind of it's own. Soon the candy bar was unwrapped, lifted to her lips, and entirely eaten. She didn't even realize what had happened until the only thing that was left was the chocolatey taste on her lips. Just then, her cellphone vibrated. It was a text. From Tobias.

How could he know? Lola's hands were shaking as she checked her phone.

Expect a suitable punishment, baby-girl.

Lola's stomach dropped. Her mind

replayed the details of her last punishment. Was he going to spank her again? Or would it be worse this time? She could barely concentrate for the rest of the day, knowing that her punishment was waiting for her.

She greeted the driver as if he were her jailer, and her mind ran wild the entire car ride. By the time Lola actually stood face to face with Tobias, she felt as if she had already experienced all of the punishments imaginable.

“Oh, baby-girl. I thought you learned your lesson yesterday,” Tobias said. He came close to Lola, gently cupping her chin in his hand. He tilted her face up to look at him.

“What happened?”

Already, Lola's eyes were filled with tears.

"I-I don't know," she said.

"You know that I have to punish you for eating that candy bar, right?"

Lola nodded her head, sniffing.
"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"That's a good girl."

Lola didn't try to resist this time when Tobias led her to the exercise room. She expected him to spank her again, and got ready to lay over his lap. But when he made her get on the treadmill, she was surprised.

"Do you know why I don't want you to eat sweets, little Lola?" He asked.

“Because they aren’t good for me?”

“That’s right. They don’t have all the nutrients you need to stay healthy. And it’s my job to make sure you stay healthy, isn’t it?” Tobias said. “They are also bad for your teeth and full of empty calories. So do you know what we are going to do now?”

Lola shook her head. “No, Daddy.”

“We’re going to run off all the calories you gained from that candy bar,” Tobias said. “And you’re going to get a good spanking while doing it.”

Tobias undressed Lola, so that she was naked on the treadmill. Then he adjusted the setting so that the slope was so steep, she felt like she was climbing a mountain. Finally, he turned it on and

increased the speed to twice what she had run before.

“Naughty girls need to make sure they stay on the treadmill. You need to keep running, or I’ll spank you even more if you fall off.”

Lola ran faster than she ever thought she could. Sometimes she felt like she was slipping off the back of the machine, but when she remembered Tobias’ threat Lola used every bit of strength to stay on. Her lungs were working overtime. Her breathing felt ragged, and every fiber of her legs was calling out in pain.

“Daddy, I know I shouldn’t have eaten that candy bar. I’m sorry!” she yelled.

“I know you’re sorry, but naughty

girls like you need to be taught a lesson. You still disobeyed me even after your spanking yesterday. So what am I supposed to do with such a bad girl?"

"Daddy, I can't keep running!"

"Yes you can, baby-girl."

Tobias went to one of the storage closets in the room, and pulled out a large studded paddle. He walked back to Lola and stood behind her, holding the paddle level with her bare bottom.

"I'm going to give you a little encouragement."

He pulled the paddle back, and then it came down swiftly. Smack! The first blow threatened to throw Lola off the treadmill. The impact of the leather and dull spikes stung her skin, turning it red

almost instantly. Tears sprang to her eyes and she yelped. She tried to catch herself, but the blows kept coming.

Soon Lola's bottom hurt more than her feet. She wanted to cover it with her hands, but she worried that they would get caught up in Tobias' assault as well. She started to cry.

"Daddy, please! I can't run anymore! I won't eat sweets anymore without your permission!"

Tobias smiled, but didn't stop swinging the paddle.

"Why not?"

"Because it's bad for my health, my teeth, and full of empty calories!"

"And what will you do instead?"

"Eat something healthy or call you!"

Lola yelled. She felt exhausted. If Tobias didn't let her stop now, she was sure she would faint.

Then Lola felt the treadmill slow down.

“That’s good enough for now, my little Lola.”

Tobias picked Lola off the treadmill and held her in his arms. It felt strange to feel his clothes rub against her naked skin, but Lola was happy just not to be running anymore. Her entire body felt sore and achey. She closed her eyes and rested her head on his chest.

“Open your mouth,” Tobias said.

Lola was too weak to protest, and opened her mouth without even looking. Tobias pressed something soft between

her lips. He explained as he walked to the bathroom.

“This is your pacifier, Lola. Anytime you want to eat some sweets, or you feel nervous, just suck on this. Okay?”

Half asleep already, Lola nodded her head. It felt silly, but sucking on the squishy pacifier was actually calming her down. She continued to suck on it absentmindedly until Tobias tucked her in that night. He kissed her forehead and she blushed.

“No more naughtiness, okay?” he whispered.

That was the last thing Lola remembered before she drifted off into sleep.

After Lola woke up the next morning,

she was still sore, but things seemed to go better. She didn't spend her entire day playing games on the computer, and even managed to get some replies to her job hunting efforts. When she was nervous, she texted Tobias. And when she wanted to eat sweets, she secretly sucked on her little pink pacifier.

Before long, she started to actually enjoy going on the walks Tobias made her take. Her fifteen minutes on the treadmill each night started to seem like a piece of cake, and Lola even developed a taste for spinach. She wasn't perfect, but Lola managed to get through most days without breaking a single rule.

But those weren't the only changes.

Lola started to love the feeling of her diapers. The smell of the baby powder and the sound of the fabric crinkling beneath her reminded her of Tobias with each step. At home, she felt incomplete without them.

Soon, Lola started to dream of Tobias. She would wake up in the morning with her hands between her legs, wet and sticky. Every time she saw him, her body would feel hot. When Tobias washed her kitty, it took all of her strength not to press against his fingers so that he could slide in.

One day, Lola and Tobias were watching cartoons together when he turned to face her.

“Lola?”

“Yes, Daddy?”

“Isn’t there something that you’re not telling me?”

Lola felt her heart start to thump. Was there a rule that she broke? Did she forget something by mistake? She searched her memory, but couldn’t think of anything. She turned to look at him with puzzlement on her face.

“Something has been bothering you, hasn’t it?” Tobias asked. “Something down here?”

He dragged his fingers down her body until his hand landed between Lola’s legs. She had dreamed about this many times, but couldn’t believe he was actually doing it!

“If you have a problem, you should

always ask me, baby-girl. Do you want me to help?”

Tobias looked at Lola with a smile. She took a deep breath and nodded her head.

“Yes,” she said. “Please.”

Quickly, Tobias pulled Lola’s frilly dress over her head. He pulled off her diaper and spread her legs wide in the chair. Lola could see that, as he crouched between her knees, his pants were tight from a bulge that had appeared there.

Tobias had seen Lola’s kitty so many times before. He bathed her, changed her, punished her. But now, the way he looked so intently at her made Lola’s heart race. She could feel herself getting

slick and wet, and he hadn't even touched her.

When his first finger slid inside, Lola felt like she had been waiting an eternity. Lola gasped as he teased her clit between his fingers.

“How does that feel?” he asked.

“It feels good, Daddy” Lola said.

She shivered from the delicious feeling that was coming over her body. Soon both of Tobias' hands were slipping between Lola's glistening wet lips. He massaged her throbbing little clit until she dug her fingers into the chair to keep from bucking. She wanted to grind her hips against him, but she kept still.

Tobias brought his face between

Lola's legs, and soon his warm, wet tongue replaced his fingers. He lapped up and down her lips, swirling around her swollen clit.

“And what about this?” Tobias asked. His face was glistening with her juices, and the look on his face told her he already knew the answer. As his tongue resumed his duties, Lola threw her head back and moaned.

“Oh Daddy, it feels so good.”

Soon Lola couldn't help herself. Her back arched, lifting off of the chair as Tobias' tongue wound around her clit. She closed her eyes, overwhelmed by the tingling sensation running all the way from the tips of her toes up to her head. Lola stopped thinking, focusing only on

Tobias' wet tongue spreading her wide open and tasting every last bit of her.

Finally, Tobias added his fingers to the licking of his tongue. The combination of his fingers thrusting into Lola and the stimulation of his tongue brought her over the edge. She screamed his name, clenching every muscle in her body until she had no more strength left. Then Lola collapsed on the couch, drained of her energy.

The last thing she remembered before drifting off to sleep was Tobias' warm touch and his voice.

“There, baby-girl. Doesn't that feel better?” he said. “Just tell Daddy when you need his special help.”

After that, Lola never hesitated to ask

for Tobias' "special help." The days continued to pass without a hitch. Lola had gotten used to her new schedule, and she was even starting to put on a little muscle. She smiled to herself when her mother looked at her with wide eyes one day.

"Lola! You look so much healthier! Have you been on a diet?"

"No," she said. "I just decided to change some things."

Tobias and Lola spent all of their evenings together. Some nights they watched movies, Tobias simply petted Lola's head as she told him about her day. It was simple, but Lola looked forward to the driver coming to pick her up each day. It was like she was going to

her secret playground. Where she could be with Tobias and be little with no worries.

That was, of course, until Lola's very first job interview. She had spent the entire day before scouring the Internet (with breaks, of course) looking for interview tips. She practiced what she was going to say and printed out twenty extra copies of her mostly blank resume. You know, just in case.

Lola had sweat through her blouse before the interview even began. Her hand was clammy and shaky as she shook her interviewer's hand. It was an hour long ordeal. When it was all over, Lola wanted to curl up in a ball.

"We're sorry," they said. "You just

don't fit the qualifications that we are looking for at the moment. Good luck with your job hunt!"

Tears streamed down Lola's face as she walked home. She threw her resumes in the trash and hopped on the computer. Her cursor didn't even hesitate to click on those icons she had avoided for such a long while now.

When Tobias' called, she turned off her phone. Lola even kept playing (stuffing sweets in her mouth every so often) when the driver came to pick her up. When her mom came to check on her, she wouldn't budge.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm busy," she said.

Eventually, night fell, and the only

light in Lola's room was the glow of her monitor. She was done with her job search. Done with these stupid rules. Done with Tobias.

Then Lola heard something she hadn't expected. The doorbell rang and Lola heard her mother talking to someone. The front door creaked open, and then determined footsteps began to make their way to her room. One step after another, they came closer and closer until they were right in front of Lola's door.

The door opened and there was Tobias. He closed the door behind him. He wasn't smiling. Lola refused to look at him.

"Lola. You spent the whole day on

the computer, played games, and ate sweets instead of real food.”

“Yes.”

“You ignored my calls, and you ignored the driver I sent for you.”

“Yes.”

“Then you even tried to ignore me.”

“Yes.”

“Do you have an explanation for yourself?” Tobias asked. Then his voice became quieter, softer. “Or don’t you want to see me again?”

Lola was surprised that tears rolled down her cheeks. She tried to wipe them away, but they came quicker than her hands could move. Soon she was sobbing.

“I’ve been trying so hard,” she said.

“I’ve been doing everything you wanted me to. All the things everyone says I’m supposed to do since I’m a grownup. And it still didn’t work. They didn’t want me, no one wants to hire me!”

Lola bawled, her breath getting caught in her throat. She couldn’t even talk anymore. Tobias walked up to her and wrapped his hands around her shaking body. Lola tried to resist, but gave in to the warmth of his embrace.

He rocked her back and forth. Tobias didn’t speak, yell at Lola, or punish her. He just held her and wiped the tears from her cheeks. After she had calmed down a little, Tobias tried talking to Lola again.

“Lola, there is a week left in our

trial,” he said. “Do you want to end it now?”

Lola shook her head. It wasn't Tobias' fault that her interview hadn't gone well. In a small voice, she said, “No.”

“Then you know I will have to punish you.”

Just at the word, Lola's body flinched.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said.

Without another word, Tobias peeled off Lola's rabbit printed pajamas and underwear. Her eyes opened wide when she realized what he was going to do, right in her house, with her mother in the next room. He wouldn't, would he?

Tobias pulled her onto his lap, and

with practiced hands held her down. Before she could protest, the first smack landed on her bottom with a crack! Lola tried not to make a noise. She didn't want her mother to come into her room and find her like this, but it was hard. Tobias' hand rained slap after slap on the round soft flesh of Lola's bottom. All she could do was clench her fists until it was over.

When Tobias finally pulled up her underwear and got her dressed to go out, Lola barely felt like she could walk. On the ride to the hotel, she was looking forward to her regular bath and dinner. But when Tobias led her to the exercise room, she was confused.

“Take off your clothes,” Tobias

ordered.

Lola hesitated. “Why?” she asked. “I don’t normally run on the treadmill naked.”

“Oh baby-girl, did you think I was done punishing you?”

Lola’s stomach dropped at his words. More punishment?

“Naughty girls like you need much more punishment than a few slaps on the bottom. You didn’t only disobey me, but you ignored me and the driver. What do you think should be the punishment for that? Hmm?”

Lola didn’t answer, afraid that he would really do anything she said.

“So get undressed, little Lola. Before I have to punish you for that too.”

She pulled her clothes off as quickly as she could manage, and then folded them neatly on the floor beside her. Lola didn't want to add making a mess to her list of transgressions. While she undressed, Tobias pulled a rope, large flogger, rod, and weighted clothes-pins from one of the storage closets. When he returned to her, he started to wrap the rope around Lola so that her upper arms were attached to her back.

“This time I'll make sure you won't forget your lesson, baby-girl.”

He tied another bit of rope around Lola's wrists, and then attached it to a pulley on the ceiling. Tobias took the rod, which had cuffs on both ends, and clasped it onto Lola's ankles. It pushed

her legs wide apart so that she couldn't close them. Then he took the clothespins and carefully placed one on each of Lola's nipples. The weights pulled the pins down, stretching Lola's nipples and causing jolts of pain to shoot through them if she moved. Finally, Tobias used the rope and pulley to lift Lola until she could only support herself on her tip toes. Her body felt stretched and pulled in every direction.

Tobias walked around her, tapping the flogger against the palm of his hand.

“You can't just shut down when things don't go your way. You can be a baby-girl when you're with me, but out in the world it's another story. If you have a bad day at work, you can't just

quit in the middle of the day!”

He circled around until he was standing right behind her. Tobias pressed the flogger between Lola’s legs, dragging the leather strap slowly up between the lips of her kitty all the way to the cheeks of her bottom.

“So what should I do with a spoiled little girl? Hmm?”

“Daddy, please don’t! I promise I’ll be good!” Lola blurted out. She couldn’t stand it anymore.

Before she could even finish, the crack of the flogger left a million burning little stings all over her skin. Lola jerked forward, the weights on her nipples tugging at her breasts as she moved.

“Daddy!” Lola yelped.

She was rewarded with another whip of the flogger. Her body started to tingle from the stretch of her position. Lola wanted to say that she was sorry, that she would never do it again, but she knew that any more protests would just mean another crack of the flogger. So she kept quiet as the tears fell from her eyes.

Tobias looked at her, bent over and spread open in front of him. Lola’s bottom was already turning bright red and swelling in the places where the flogger hit it. He ran his hand over the marks, smiling when Lola jumped at his touch.

“I think my naughty little Lola needs

fifty swats to learn her lesson,” Tobias said.

Lola wanted to yell when she heard the number. Fifty? How was she supposed to make it through that many? Already her body burned from Tobias’ smacks.

“And you are going to help me count in a nice, loud voice. Aren’t you baby-girl?”

Lola hung her head. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl.”

Tobias raised his hand high in the air. When he brought it back down, the flogger stung Lola’s flesh with fire. She wanted to clench her cheeks, scream, move, anything, but he had her stuck in place. It took all she had just to gather

enough breath to talk.

“One!”

Lola yelped through her tears. She just had enough time to inhale before Tobias' next blow came down on her behind.

“Two!”

The numbers seemed to blur together after ten smacks, and Lola was barely aware of the pain. She felt almost as if she was in a trance. Soon, Lola only noticed the slightly delicious pulling of the weights at her nipples. The straps of leather as they hit her behind gave her electrical shocks of pleasure. Tears still streamed down her face, but now she wasn't sure she wanted Tobias to stop. Yes, she was a bad little girl. And she

needed to be punished.

But finally, they came to the end.

“Fifty!” Lola screamed.

Every nerve in her body burned, and not just with pain. When Tobias lowered her from the pulley, she collapsed on the floor of the exercise room. The cold concrete was comforting to her hot, sweaty body.

Tobias ran his fingers over the red, swollen marks on Lola’s bottom.

“There, baby-girl. Have you learned your lesson?”

It was all Lola could do to nod before drifting off into sleep. Her body relaxed as Tobias picked her up, and the last thing she remembered was the soothing feeling of the lotion he rubbed

all over her body.

The next day Lola woke up at home, it was impossible for her to forget her lesson. Her whole body ached. But even after days went by, and the ache subsided, Lola continued to be on her best behavior. Instead of thinking the worst after every failed job interview, she just picked herself up and moved on. They weren't worth her tears.

Soon, Lola began walking into offices with her head held high. She wasn't afraid to be rejected anymore. She smiled, knowing that Tobias would be there behind her. So what did she have to worry about?

Then the impossible happened. Just days before the trial was over, Lola

walked out of an interview with news she never had before.

That evening, she ran into Tobias' arms as soon as she saw him.

“Daddy, I got a job! I got a job!”

Tobias lifted Lola up into the air, swinging her around the room. She wrapped her legs around his waist in order to hold on.

“Good job, baby-girl!”

Tobias squeezed Lola tight. She had never seen him smile so wide before, and she felt good to have made him so happy. Excitedly, she kissed him. But not on the cheek, like he tended to kiss her. On the lips.

Their spinning stopped when Lola's lips touched Tobias'. He continued

holding her, keeping her close, but now Tobias pressed his lips against hers. Lola could feel the bulge in his pants pressing against her thighs.

Tobias walked, holding Lola like this, to the bedroom. He laid Lola on the bed, leaning on top of her. It seemed like they never parted even though they pulled off each other's clothes. Their hands roamed all over each other's bodies, feeling the heat of their skin. Tobias grabbed one of Lola's breasts. He pinched the nipple between his fingers and watched her squirm underneath him.

Lola's hands reached down between their bodies. She found his hard, throbbing dick and held it in her hands.

Already, her kitty was slick and wet. She wanted him.

“Daddy, please,” Lola said.

Tobias covered her mouth with another kiss. With one hand he held her down, and the other spread her legs wide. Everyday when Tobias bathed Lola, changed her, when her beautiful little kitty was right in front of his face, he had wanted this. Now he was going to take his time.

Lola’s lips were swollen from the force of Tobias’ kisses. His stubble scratched at her skin as he trailed his lips down her neck. At the same time, he plunged his fingers into her kitty. Lola was so wet that they slid in easily, and she bucked her hips to push them in

further.

It was as if every inch of Lola was simply crying out for Tobias to fill her with his hard dick. Every kiss, every flick of her clit, every twist of her nipple only made her cry out for him. And Lola's moans only made Tobias play with her more. He wanted to fuck her, but he also wanted to see her come. He wanted to see her shivering body and hear her moan his name.

Tobias increased the speed and strength of his thrusts. His fingers alternated between plunging deep into Lola and rubbing her own juices over her swollen clit. She rocked under him, her little breasts bouncing with each push. Tobias looked down at Lola,

smiling, admitting how cute she was with her naked body covered in a pink blush.

With his breath ragged, Tobias leaned next to Lola's ear. "Come for me, baby-girl."

His voice sent her over the edge. Lola lifted her hips in the air, holding on to Tobias so tightly that her fingers dug into his skin. Her muscles clenched hard while waves of pleasure flowed over her. Lola moaned, shuddering as she came down and collapsed on the bed.

Everything stopped for a moment as she caught her breath. Then Tobias sent a jolt of electricity through her sensitive clit. He massaged it between his fingers, smiling when he saw that he got her

attention.

“We’re not done yet,” he said.

Lola saw Tobias lift himself up. His dick stood at attention, waving above her. Tobias took Lola’s hand and wrapped it around his dick. She felt the heat of it, it’s hardness, the throbbing of blood inside. She knew what she wanted.

Lola guided Tobias’ dick into her kitty. It was so wide that it hurt a little as he pressed against her entrance. She screamed as he pushed in, stretching her wide open.

But Tobias didn’t stop. His rhythm continued, getting slightly faster with each stroke. Lola could feel every ridge and crevice of his dick as it moved in

and out of her. Soon the pain had disappeared, and Lola was mindlessly lost to the pleasure.

Lola could smell the sweat dripping off of Tobias. With each thrust, she heard his grunts as he pushed into her. Lola could feel something building up inside of her. Each of Lola's nerves burned. Every touch Tobias made, every kiss seemed magnified.

When she came, Lola's body exploded with pleasure. She felt helpless. There was nothing but her and her Tobias. Her daddy.

Tobias came into Lola, filling her up with his hot cum. It dribbled between her legs as he pulled out and gathered her up into his arms. Then sleep came.

The next morning when she woke up, Lola was surprised not to be in her room. She looked around. She was still in the hotel, wearing her little night gown. But where was Tobias?

He walked into the room with a towel around his waist. He had seen her bathe so many times, but this was the first time she saw him wet from a bath. He rubbed a fluffy towel over his head as he walked, and didn't see that Lola was awake until he reached the bed.

“Oh, good morning baby-girl,” he said. “Since you've been so good lately, I called your mother and let her know you were staying here. I have a surprise for you.”

“A surprise?”

“Well, since you’ll be getting your first real grown-up job, I thought I’d take you out shopping to get ready. You can have anything you want!”

Lola wasn’t quite as excited as Tobias was. She tried to smile.

“Thanks Daddy,” she said.

Tobias came close to Lola and kissed her deeply.

“Don’t be like that. It will be fun. I promise.”

Instead of the driver coming for them, Tobias drove Lola himself. She felt self-conscious as she sat next to him in the car. After all, they had never really been outside of the hotel room together since the whole trial started. Even after last night, it felt like they had only just met.

The first place they arrived was a salon. Lola looked inside, at all the fancy women getting their hair and makeup done, and her heart started to race. She'd never been inside of one before. Her mother had always cut her hair.

As Tobias opened the door for her, Lola hesitated.

“Come on baby-girl, don't worry,” he said. “I'm with you. I just want everyone to see you the way I do. A beautiful girl.”

He looked down at her, smiling, and offered her his hand. Lola took it. She took a deep breath and walked in. The salon was full of strange noises and the smell of perfumes. Everywhere Lola

looked, people were being transformed into what looked like movie stars.

When the hairstylist came to her, Lola tried to be calm.

“Hi, I’ll be your hairstylist today. Can you tell me what you’d like?”

The woman seemed nice. Her makeup was pretty, but simple, and her smile seemed genuine. When Tobias pressed his hand into the small of Lola’s back, she felt confident enough to speak.

“I just want you to make this look neat,” Lola said. “Can you do that? So that it’s smooth instead of frizzy?”

The hairstylist chuckled. “Of course I can do that for you.”

Lola watched as the woman washed her hair, cut it, and then dried it. Nothing

she did seemed so complicated, but by the time it was all done Lola felt like she had watched a magic trick. The dull, frizzy blonde she had known all of her life was replaced by a shiny, golden blonde. It fell smoothly over her shoulders and moved like silk. Lola couldn't help but smile.

But she wasn't done. Since Lola had gotten over her finger biting habit, her nails had gotten longer and stronger. She tried to cut them into a pretty shape, but they usually came out awkward. So Tobias arranged for Lola to get a manicure as well. By the time she left the salon, she felt like she had the prettiest hair and nails in the world.

It was time to get her new work

clothes. Lola wasn't too excited, but she knew it had to be done. They went to one store after another, picking up sensible heels and pencil skirt suits. Lola had never even tried on so many clothes at once, and it felt exhausting. She wanted to complain, but the look on Tobias' eye let her know what would happen if she was going to be naughty. The thought of getting spanked in public wasn't totally unpleasant, but she thought better of it. After a few hours, they were finally done.

“So baby-girl, I didn't tell you about the whole surprise,” Tobias said. “Since you were so good during this part, I have a reward for you. Come on.”

Lola followed after Tobias, holding

on to his hand. What could it be? When they arrived at a store selling brightly colored and patterned dresses, her eyes widened.

“Why are we here?”

“Why do you think?”

“I can get something from here?”

Lola asked. Her voice was full of awe as she scanned the racks of cute clothing.

“Anything you want.”

Lola started to rifle through the racks. She picked up pink sun dresses, polka dot shorts, striped jumpers, everything that caught her eye. Lola tried on each piece, one by one, until she figured out the perfect outfit. It was a light pink dress that came down to her thighs. The pattern was made out of tiny boy and girl

rabbits playing together in a garden. She thought she had never seen anything cuter.

When Lola presented herself to Tobias, she was beaming.

“Can I get this one Daddy, please?”

“I’m going to get all of them for you, baby-girl,” he said.

For a moment, Lola was speechless.

“Really?”

“Yes, and go back into the changing room, but don’t take that off.”

Lola went back into the room, not sure what would happen next. Soon Tobias passed her some shoes, cute frilly white socks, and ribbons to tie her hair.

“Go ahead,” he called from outside.

“Put them on.”

There was something special about putting on the clothes that Tobias had picked for her. It was almost as if they wrapped her in his love. When Lola finally looked at herself in the mirror, she couldn't believe the transformation.

She wasn't the pale, skinny girl who wore her mother's hand-me-downs and bit her nails anymore. She was Lola, Tobias' cute little girl.

Lola felt a little self-conscious walking out of the store dressed little, but just one look at his happy face calmed her heart. As the day went on, Tobias took Lola to a movie theatre to see the latest Disney film. Then they went on a merry-go-round, where they

held hands on the galloping horses as they bobbed up and down. Just when it couldn't get any better, Tobias took Lola for some handmade strawberry ice-cream. She covered her cone in sprinkles, but then looked back at Tobias, worried he'd be angry about her eating sweets.

“Just for today,” he said. “You deserve it.”

As they walked through the park, Lola happily licked her ice-cream. The sun was setting and the sky took on an amber tint as the day grew dark. They walked quietly, hand in hand. As if this is what they had always done.

Lola couldn't imagine being happier than this. Even though she had to get

some grown-up clothes, and the salon had been a little scary, today had been nothing but fun. Actually, it had probably been the happiest day of her life.

She looked up at Tobias. it was only a month ago that she had met him, and in a few days their trial would be over. Lola's smile disappeared from her face. And would that be it? Would Tobias be gone from her life? Would she go to this new job and never see him again? Her heart clenched.

“Daddy?” she said.

“Yes, baby-girl?”

“I was thinking, I don't want to live with my mom anymore.”

“Well, when you get your new job I can help you find an apartment. That

won't be a problem," Tobias said.

"No...What I mean is," Lola said. "Daddy I want to live with you!"

Tears poured from her eyes and she started to sob. "I don't want to go back to being without you!"

Tobias stopped and threw his arms around Lola. Her tears drenched his shirt.

"Oh baby-girl," he said. "You don't know how much I've wanted for you to say that. Don't worry. You won't be without me ever again."

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[Sign up for my Book Release Notifications to get a free copy of Chikan: Taken in Public on the Morning Train! You will also get exclusive discounts, more free erotica, and new release notifications.](#)

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Thank you!

Ellen

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[Sweat and Curves: A BBW and Her Trainer](#)

Trisha, a voluptuous BBW, goes to her doctor one day and finds out she has to lose weight or risk her health. When she goes to a brand new 24 hour gym, she gets way more than just a workout from her handsome new trainer Evan. She soon finds out that he prefers curvy women when he makes her spread her

legs on the gym floor. The gym is pretty quiet late at night, but will they get caught practicing their new "advanced workout" where everyone can see?

[Curves for the Chef: A BBW and her Ex-Soldier Billionaire Chef's Erotic Romance](#)

She, Veronica Ward, is a voluptuous journalist who doesn't have the time to cook. He, Eric Walker, is sexy, a self made billionaire, a war veteran with a dark and secret past, and her next journalism subject. When Veronica is assigned to cover the handsome chef, she can't get her mind off of Eric. He offers to show her the ropes in the kitchen, and

a lot more starts to heat up besides the stove. Eric's a man who knows how to get what he wants, and he'll make sure she learns a lot more from him than just how to make a soufflé!

[Chikan: Taken in Public on the Morning Train](#)

Samantha Lawrence is all alone and defenseless in the big city of Tokyo. Taking the train to her very first day of work, she is sandwiched in front of a man who can't keep his hands to himself. Who would have guessed that she would end up wet, exposed, spanked, and banged, all before 9 AM?

[The Tentacle and I](#)

Pearl diver Akiko Yamada is aching to get out of her provincial little town and into the big city. When she tries to make some extra money, she finds herself entangled in the arms of a tentacle monster that wants more out of her than pearls. Can she hold her breath while the monster's tentacles take her in every hole?

[Best Friends Forever: A Virgin Lesbian First Time Experience](#)

High-school seniors Bella and Sasha are just one month away from graduation. They are spending their last moments together hanging out as usual, but a risqué school project has them doing things they've never done before.

It gets hot and steamy, but will their be able to get their hands and mouths off of each other before Sasha's parents find out?

[She's the Billionaire: An Erotic BDSM Story of Female Domination](#)
[Book I: Meet Your Boss, Chris Baker](#)

New lawyer Richard Holder can't wait to get personal with the lovely ladies of his firm. But when he crosses the line with his sexy boss, she makes him an offer he can't refuse. He'll have to bend over and swallow much more than just his pride. Can Richard obey his new Dom and keep his job?

[She's the Billionaire: An Erotic
BDSM Story of Female Domination](#)

[Book 2: Who's the Dom?](#)

New lawyer Richard Holder has been blackmailed by Chris Baker, his boss, into becoming her slave. But Richard wants to prove that he's the kind of guy who dominates women, not the other way around. He finds a young girl at a club who is eager to bend to his will, but what will happen when his new Dom finds out he's broken the rules? He gets smothered in her juices, but will she let him find any release?

[She's the Billionaire: An Erotic
BDSM Story of Female Domination](#)

[Book 3: The Dinner Party](#)

Richard, a new lawyer, has completely submitted to Chris Baker, his domme and boss after she blackmailed him. But tonight she has something totally unexpected in store for him. He never imagined that he would see her totally stuffed in all of her holes, but when does he get to join in the fun?

[She's the Billionaire: An Erotic
BDSM Story of Female Domination
Book 4: The Final Contract](#)

It's been a long time since young Lawyer, Richard Holder, has heard from his ex-Domme, Christianne Baker. But she surprises him one day with a new offer that he just can't refuse. What tricks

has she got up her sleeve, and what will Richard have to do to get it? Richard is bound, spanked, and taken by Baker In more ways than he can possibly imagine. But how will this Domme-Sub relationship end?

[Training Kate: The Submission of a Maid](#)

[Book 1: Kate's Exhibition](#)

Kate and her dom Michel have agreed on a strange arrangement. He rents Kate out to wealthy strangers who are allowed to do any and everything to her. She's collared, banged, and stripped right in the middle of their living room! But the real fun is yet to begin.

[Training Kate: The Submission of a Maid](#)

[Book 2: Kate's Introduction](#)

Kate, a maid, has been given to a rich older couple by her dom Michel. They get to do whatever they want with for a weekend, and they seem to have something pretty big in store for her. Will Kate be able to become a proper submissive and learn all of their rules? Everyone and anyone can take Kate any time they want, and they do it often. Kate is spanked, banged, humiliated, and thoroughly dominated, but the party hasn't even started yet.

[Mind Control 101: Hypnotizing My Little Sister's Best Friend](#)

College students Trevor and Lindsey are taking an introductory psychology class when they are assigned a group project together. When Trevor discovers that he can use hypnosis to get more than a good grade, Lindsey is in for a steamy class project. He gradually eases her into dropping her clothes, showing off her hot body, and finally getting banged until she loses control. But will their hot after school activities be enough to get them an "A?"

[Mind Control 101: Hypnotizing My Big Brother's Best Friend](#)

College students Trevor and Lindsey are taking an introductory psychology class when they are assigned a group

project together. Lindsey has always had feelings for her big brother's best friend, and hypnosis might be just the way for her to get more than just a good grade. She convinces him to drop his clothes, show off his muscles, and fill her to the brim with something a little sexier than his school smarts. Can she keep herself from pushing him over the edge, and will their hot after school activities be enough to get them an "A?"

[Popping My Husband's Cherry: A Strap-on Honeymoon](#)

Newlyweds, Amy and Paul, are spending their honeymoon in a tropical paradise. But all is not well, and Amy realizes that Paul just can't perform like

he used to. When Amy's friend, Jessica, introduces her to the advantages of pegging, she has an idea that will make for a much hotter second honeymoon. Will Amy be able to get what she wants and make Paul open his mouth, bend over, and get taken from behind?

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About The Author

Ellen Dominick has been writing professionally since 2002. Even though she has written for many newspapers and magazines, Ellen has always had a passion for fiction. So now she is diving into the wild world of erotica.

Ellen has lived all over the world, but she loves to visit Tokyo and buy

hand braided bondage ropes whenever she can.

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