

Littleworld
book 18



JOSIE'S DADDY

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

PAIGE MICHAELS

Josie's Daddy

LITTLEWORLD, BOOK EIGHTEEN

PAIGE MICHAELS

Copyright © 2023 by Paige Michaels

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. And resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

✿ Created with Vellum

Contents

[Newsletter](#)

[About the Book](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Author's Note](#)

[About the Author](#)

Join my newsletter to stay up to date on all things Paige
Michaels!

[Paige's Newsletter Sign-up](#)

About the Book

Josie's Daddy is a follow-up story from Princess Josie, a novella in Twisted Daddies from the Twisted Tales Anthology Series. You don't need to have read the previous book to enjoy Josie's continuing story, but if you want to know how she met her Daddy, Princess Josie is the place to start!

Littleworld is an amazing vacation spot on an island reserved strictly for age play. Visitors can indulge in deeper regression without fear of being judged. In fact, it's mandatory and addictive. Some guests find themselves unwilling to leave the island...

Josie has sensory sensitivities that make it hard for her to be brave and face the world. She's been a member of the Dungeon for a while, but talking to a Daddy has always been out of the question. Until she meets Chase—the first man who doesn't even flinch about her idiosyncrasies. Now, she's his, but something is still missing from her life.

Chase has had his eyes on Josie for months. When he recognizes her sensitivities, he knows he's the man to help her navigate life. He's willing to be her everything. He's also hoping a trip to Littleworld will prove to them both that a deeper submission is just what they need.

Josie is keeping a secret though. The sooner Chase can get her to open up, the sooner he can reveal his own secrets. He's certain she'll be pleased, if she would just listen to him.

The books in this series include thorough medical examinations as well as strong elements of age play, including

diapers, bottle feedings, spankings, and other forms of discipline. If these aspects of age play offend you, this may not be the book or series for you.

[Anabel's Daddy](#)

[Melody's Daddy](#)

[Haley's Daddy](#)

[Willow's Daddy](#)

[Juliana's Daddy](#)

[Tiffany's Daddy](#)

[Felicity's Daddy](#)

[Emma's Daddy](#)

[Lizzy's Daddy](#)

[Claire's Daddy](#)

[Kylie's Daddy](#)

[Ruby's Daddy](#)

[Briana's Daddies](#)

[Jake's Mommy and Daddy](#)

[Luna's Daddy](#)

[Petra's Daddy](#)

[Eloise's Daddies](#)

[Josie's Daddy](#)

[Littleworld Box Set One](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Two](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Three](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Four](#)

Holidays at Rawhide Ranch

[Felicity's Little Father's Day](#)

[A Cheerful Little Coloring Day](#)

Would you like to see a map of the island?! This link will take you there!

[Map of Regression Island and Littleworld](#)

Prologue

“Josie, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you smile as brightly as you’re smiling today. Tell me all about it,” my counselor, Melissa, says as soon as I sit down on the loveseat in her office.

I’m sure I beam even brighter as I smooth my hands on my thighs. “I met someone.”

Her eyes widen. “A man?”

I nod, giggling. “Yes. His name is Chase. He’s a detective with the local police department. And he’s a Daddy Dom. The bestest Daddy Dom in the world. And he has a sister with sensory processing disorder, so he understands me.”

“Wow.” She smiles back at me as she leans back in her chair. “Where did you meet him?”

“At the Dungeon.”

“That makes sense. Did you just meet him for the first time?”

“Not really. I’ve known him for months, but last Friday, I had a bit of a breakdown when I arrived for the costume party I was telling you about, and he noticed and helped me. It was so sweet, and I’m in love.” I can’t keep from blurting all this out.

“You look happier than I’ve ever seen you, Josie. I’m so excited for you.”

“He even met my parents yesterday,” I inform her. “They love him too.”

“That’s wonderful. And you say his sister has some sensory sensitivities? I bet that really helps him understand you.”

I nod. “Yes. He has special padding on the seatbelts in his car, and he changed all the roses in front of his house from red to pink because I told him I don’t like red, and he bought me green catsup. Did you know they make green catsup?”

She chuckles. “I think I’ve seen colored catsup before.”

I keep rambling. “And he understands about my aversion to zippers and buttons and stuff. He changes into a plain T-shirt after work for me, and he bought new sheets for his bed that match the ones at my apartment.” I clap my hands together. I know I’m giddy.

“That’s amazing. I’m so happy for you. Do you think you’re taking things too fast? It’s been just over a week, and you’ve already seen his sheets?” Her brow furrows in concern.

“I’ve seen him every day, and he was the perfect gentleman for an entire week. We didn’t have sex until Saturday,” I inform her.

“I guess that’s impressive.”

“He has the best house, and he even has a nursery for me. He’s been looking for his Little girl for a long time, and he added stuff to it after he met me. Did you know that Daddy Doms have nurseries in their houses?”

Melissa chuckles. “Yes. I’ve known Littles who’ve had nurseries before. Have you experimented at a younger age since you met him?”

My cheeks heat as I bite my lip and nod. I know Melissa understands my kink and works with other people who enjoy age play, but I still worry about how she might react to how young I’ve been playing.

“Does that embarrass you?”

I shrug and fiddle my fingers in my lap. “I guess kind of. I mean it doesn’t bother Chase, and he encourages me to spend

as much time in whatever age range I want, but it's kind of weird talking about it out loud."

Melissa nods. "I can understand that, but I want to make sure you're the one making the choices. I know age play is often a total power exchange, and I assume if you're spending time under the age of one that you're also letting Chase make most of the decisions for you. It's important to remember that you have to give that power willingly. He can't take it. Have you discussed that?"

I nod. "Yes. Chase is the bestest Daddy ever. He hasn't pressured me at all. I promise. He's really good at recognizing what I need and providing it for me. And you know what the weirdest part is?"

"What's that, Josie?"

"I hardly have any triggers when I'm with him. I like it when he touches me. I like to sit on his lap. I don't even mind his jeans when sometimes the button or zipper touches me."

"That's great, Josie. I'm really happy for you. How is work going?"

"Good. Daddy set up a desk for me so I can work at his house sometimes. He messages me throughout the day too. I'm comfortable at his house, and that's huge. I don't like to go to other people's houses. They make me nervous. The first time I went, I was kind of scared, but when we pulled up and he told me he'd had the red rose bushes torn out to be replaced with pink, I knew he was the one."

"At this rate, you won't even need me anymore soon," Melissa teases.

I frown as panic sets in. "That would make me sad. I like seeing you."

"I like seeing you too, Josie. Don't you worry. I didn't mean to imply that you should stop coming. We'll see how things go. If you continue to be this happy and well-adjusted, you might be able to start coming less often though. We can address that possibility down the road sometime."

“Okay.” I rub my hands on my thighs again, wondering if it’s really possible that a day might come when I won’t need Melissa to help me see life through a healthier lens. I’ve never considered that possibility. The idea is kind of exciting and scary at the same time.

I’m twenty-two years old. I just moved out of my parents’ house and into my apartment near them a year ago. I’ve been working on my independence. I’ve been successful too.

Meeting Chase changes everything. I know I’m leaning on him. “Do you think it’s a bad thing for me to let Daddy take care of me?” I ask Melissa as it occurs to me that I’ve spent a year separating from my parents to make sure I can take care of myself.

“Not necessarily. You just need to be careful. I assume there are a lot of times when he’s at work and you’re on your own. You have to be able to cook for yourself and manage anything that comes up just like you would alone in your apartment.”

“That’s true,” I murmur.

Melissa sits forward. “Life sometimes throws us curveballs, Josie. I want you to have the ability to manage those curveballs. That means you need to continue to hone all the skills necessary to live on your own. You haven’t known Chase very long. Just be careful that you don’t lean so heavily on him that you end up backpedaling all the work we’ve done. That doesn’t mean you can’t spend time in Little space. Spend all the time you want exploring whatever makes you comfortable and happy. But be mindful that you need to also be able to take care of yourself.”

I nod. “Okay.”

“How about when Chase is at work you make sure you’re still doing the things we’ve discussed for months. Check your lists. I think you’ll feel even stronger if you can combine this new life change with your current practices. Keep a journal, and when we meet next, you can go over the list with me. How does that sound?”

I smile. “Perfect. Thank you, Melissa.”

Chapter One

One month later...

“Josie, I’m home.”

I jerk my gaze to the time in the corner of my computer monitor and gasp. It’s already six o’clock? “I’m coming, Daddy,” I call out as I hurry to close my document and shut down the computer. “Shoot, shoot, shoot,” I murmur as I save my work. “Hurry... Ugh...” Why must the computer always move in slow motion when I really need it to respond faster?

I can hear his footsteps in the hallway, getting closer. *Shoot*. I squirm in my desk chair, knowing I’m going to get a spanking before our fun night even starts.

“Josie...” His stern voice fills the room from the doorway.

I twist my neck to look at him. Every time he comes into a room, it takes my breath away. As a detective, he doesn’t wear a police uniform, but he almost always leaves the house in perfectly ironed slacks, a dress shirt, and a tie. Today’s pants are khaki. His shirt is navy, and his tie is maroon. Yeah, he’s mouthwatering.

“Hey, Daddy. You look so handsome,” I inform him even though his brows are narrowed and I know I’m about to get in big trouble.

“Josie...” Another warning as he saunters into the room, one hand loosening his tie. “Did you forget to set your alarm? Or did you deliberately disobey the rules?”

I sigh, dropping my shoulders. It's not going to do me any good to continue hurrying to shut down for the night. I've been caught. "I forgot to turn on the alarm," I inform him softly. "I'm sorry." I wiggle back and forth in my chair, knowing my bottom is going to be on fire soon.

Daddy reaches me and tucks a finger under my chin to tip my head back, forcing me to meet his gaze. He's smirking now. "Did you really forget, or is it possible you're still sitting in this office working on purpose?"

I gasp, my eyes going wide. "No, Daddy. Why would I deliberately break the rules?"

"Mmmm, maybe because you haven't done anything naughty enough to warrant a spanking for several days, and you thought you'd test the boundaries again to see if I will always follow through on my promise to discipline you when you're naughty?"

His suggestion is ludicrous, isn't it? I swallow. I don't know how to respond.

Daddy squats down in front of me, putting us at eye level. "What's the rule, Josie?"

"If I'm going to get up early in the morning and start working when you leave for work, I have to end my day by five."

"How many times has Daddy reminded you of that?"

"Dozens," I admit.

"When was the last time I reiterated that rule, Baby girl?"

"This morning before you left, Daddy," I mutter. I clench my butt cheeks at the same time.

He nods toward the computer. "Close your document, shut down the computer, and go to the nursery. I'm going to go change clothes. I expect to find you naked when I meet you in the nursery." He cups my chin and kisses my lips gently before rising and turning to leave the room.

"Yes, Sir." I quickly turn back to the computer and do as I'm told.

There's merit to his suggestion. I didn't exactly intentionally work this late, but I might have sort of possibly consciously not set my alarm and left my demise up to fate.

I rush to the nursery, strip out of my leggings, T-shirt, and panties, and drop them all in the hamper. During working hours when I spend my days translating novels into German, I always dress in a similar outfit as today.

Most of my clothes come from a specialty shop that caters to people with sensitivity issues. I don't have tags or zippers or buttons and, in most cases, not even seams.

Bras are extremely uncomfortable, so I almost never wear one. They make me feel like I'm suffocating, and they are itchy and too tight. Though there are a lot of online shops that make socks I can tolerate, I prefer to be barefoot most of the time.

Before Daddy joins me, I've done as I was told, and I'm standing in the middle of the nursery naked with my hands clasped behind my back. My unruly, curly hair is pulled up in a messy bun.

Daddy shuffles into the room almost silently. He's wearing black jeans, a black T-shirt, and black shoes. We're going to the Dungeon tonight, and this is his usual attire for the club. He looks even sexier and mouthwatering now than he did in his tie.

We haven't been to the club since we started dating over a month ago. A lot has happened since then, including me moving in with Daddy and giving up my apartment. In many ways, it seems like it's been far longer than a month.

Daddy is careful to show me his hands as he approaches and doesn't make any sudden movements when he wraps his fingers around my hips. He's always been careful and respectful of the fact that I ordinarily don't react well to being touched without my knowledge.

The truth is Chase's touch has never bothered me. There's something different about him that sets him apart from anyone else in the world. It's how I knew from the moment he first

squatted down in front of me at the Dungeon that he was the one.

The perfect Daddy.

I'll never forget that moment in my life. I had been about to have a panic attack when he'd lowered himself in front of me to carefully remove the shards of a yellow lollipop from the bottom of my shoes. The stickiness had been the last straw that had pushed me to the edge.

That entire evening had been a disaster of my doing. I never should have shown up at a costume party with a cheap princess dress made of very itchy material that hit all my trigger buttons. I shouldn't have decided to wear the clear jellies in an effort to imitate Cinderella's slippers without trying them at home first. I should have anticipated the crowd, the loud music, and the flashing lights.

The red punch on the table next to me had just caught my eye and given me the willies when I'd stepped on the lollipop.

Chase had saved the day. He'd done so without touching me any more than necessary. He'd also crawled under the table to talk to me when I'd shoved myself into the corner to catch my breath. He'd carried me out of the club and taken me home where he'd tucked me into bed and then slept on my couch to make sure I was okay.

I love him. And I sometimes push the envelope because I trust him to give me what I need when I need it, including a spanking.

Daddy lifts me up and swings me gently onto the changing table. "How was your day, princess? Did you get a lot done?" he asks casually as if I'm not in trouble.

I'm not sure what his game is, but I nod. "Yes, Daddy."

He gently lifts my arms over my head before grabbing a diaper from the shelf under the table.

I'm confused as he lifts my hips and slides the diaper under me. Isn't he going to spank me first? "Daddy?"

“What, Baby girl?” He applies diaper cream to my folds, taking his time, making it difficult for me to focus as my arousal grows with every stroke of his fingertips.

“Uhhh, aren’t you going to spank me?”

“Yep. Later.”

“Later? When?”

He lifts the front of my diaper over my hips and fastens the sides before tapping my nose. “Later when you least expect it.”

I hold my breath. He’s never done this before. “You mean like at the club?”

“Perhaps.” He cleans his hand of the cream before lifting me once more and settling me on my feet.

My heart starts racing. Tonight is the first time we’ll be going to the Dungeon together as a couple. It’s the first time I’ll be going as someone specific’s Little girl. I’ve never played with anyone at the club. I’ve always been too shy, and I tend to cringe when people get too close to me. Mostly I’ve belonged to the Dungeon at Melissa’s recommendation so that I have a safe place to practice my preferred kink.

“Can’t you just spank me now and get it over with?”

Daddy chuckles as he takes my hand to lead me from the room. “Nope. What I could do is spank your naughty bottom, stand you naked in timeout, and make you stay home tonight. Would you like me to ground you for a week for your behavior?” He glances down at me as we walk down the hallway.

“No, Sir,” I whimper. He’s threatened to ground me before. Grounding can mean lots of different things, ranging from no cartoons or no coloring to no playing with toys. So far, I have not been grounded.

“Then your other option is to trust me to decide when to spank you. The anticipation will be part of your punishment, princess.”

I'm rethinking my decision to sort of deliberately disobey the rules tonight. Why did I choose tonight?

When we reach the kitchen, Daddy lifts me up and settles me on my booster seat before pushing me up to the table.

I'm only wearing a diaper. Nothing else. I'm sure the exposure is part of my punishment. He knows I'm still not incredibly comfortable being naked for longer than it takes to change me. Being naked in the kitchen while he hands me crayons and a coloring book is a lot to ask of me.

I shift my weight on the seat, grateful that Daddy found a company that makes diapers for adult Littles with sensitivities. They are as comfortable as diapers can be without tight elastic around my thighs and the horrifying sound of Velcro every time he changes me.

"Color me a pretty picture while I get dinner ready, Baby girl."

"Okay, Daddy," I manage to say without too much exasperation in my voice. The way he chuckles tells me I wasn't very successful.

I try to focus on the paper and staying inside the lines while he cooks. I can't help but grin and glance at him every time I tuck a crayon back in the box and choose another. It's hard to keep them upright because he removed all the red-shaded ones before he gave me the box. He's the best.

Daddy put all the ingredients for baked potato soup in the crockpot last night and had it ready so all I had to do was turn it on low at lunchtime and now it's ready. It smells so good when he takes off the lid. My stomach grumbles.

"Did you talk to your mom during lunch, princess?" he asks as he fills our bowls. He knows I always talk to my mom at lunchtime. I was doing that before we met too.

"Yes. My parents are going away this weekend." I smile. Until recently, it never really occurred to me that my parents have rarely taken time for themselves in twenty-two years because of me. Now that I have Chase, they know they can leave, and I'll be fine. In fact, Chase has gone with me to my

parents' for dinner every Sunday since we got together. He says it's important.

I hate that I've been such a burden on them. I hate even more that I didn't really realize it until the last few weeks.

Daddy sets our bowls down before cupping my face and tipping my head back. "Good for them."

"Yeah." My smile broadens. "I think they love you more than me already."

He chuckles. "No, they don't, Baby girl. They just trust me to keep you safe and happy, that's all." He bends over and kisses my forehead.

Instead of pulling back like I expect him to, he trails kisses down to my lips and gives me a mind-blowing lingering kiss there that leaves me panting as he continues down my neck and my chest before kissing both nipples and then suckling one into his mouth.

I'm panting as I drop my crayon on the table and thread my fingers in his hair. "Daddy..." My voice is deep and husky and needy.

He releases my nipple with a wet pop and sits in his seat as if nothing happened.

"Daddy!"

"What?" He's grinning, though, as he glances at my breast. "You better not wipe my kiss off, princess. You'll hurt my feelings."

I shiver. My nipple is all wet and tingly, and he wants me to let it air dry? I'm going to self-combust. My pussy is wet too. I try to squeeze my legs together, but of course that's not possible around the bulk of my diaper.

Daddy removes my coloring book and crayons from in front of me. "Hands in your lap, princess."

I shudder as I do as I'm told. This is our routine. When we're both home and we aren't in a hurry, Daddy likes to feed me himself. It's hard to keep from reaching for the spoon, so he makes me tuck my hands in my lap.

I'm so aroused I don't know how I'm going to eat at all, but Daddy knows this. He's devious tonight. Probably because I was naughty. I bet he's going to torment me all evening with his fingers and his lips.

Daddy blows on the first spoonful, tests the heat level with the tip of his tongue, and brings the spoon to my lips. It's so intimate. Erotic even. I moan around the first bite because I know that drives him a bit crazy too.

"Naughty girl," he teases.

"What?" I bat my eyes as I lick my lips. "It's yummy. I always moan when my food is good."

He chuckles. "It's going to be a long night for my naughty Little girl."

Chapter Two

“Oh my God, you’re here!” Zia squeals as I enter the daycare at the Dungeon. She rushes toward me but stops before touching me.

I’ve known Zia since I joined the club. She’s my best friend in the club. She’s always very understanding of my sensitivities.

Her gaze roams down to my Cinderella dress. “This is so pretty. Did you get it for your birthday last week?”

I nod and smile before I twirl around in a circle to let the skirt flare out. “Daddy ordered it from a special seamstress. I love it so much.” I turn to glance at him.

Daddy slides a palm down my arm and clasps my hand before leaning closer to kiss me. “Shall I let you catch up with Zia for a while?”

I nod. “Will you stay close?”

He kisses me again. “Of course, princess. I’ll stand right on the other side of the half wall and talk to some of the other Daddies. I won’t leave your sight.”

“Okay. Thank you, Daddy.”

Zia is grinning from ear to ear after I watch Daddy walk away and look back at her. “I’m so happy for you.”

“Thank you.” I rock back and forth on my new ballet slippers. They’re super comfortable. I’ve never been as comfortable in my clothes at the Dungeon as I am tonight.

“What else did you get for your birthday?” she asks.

I beam at her. “Tickets to Littleworld. We’re going for a *week*.” I practically jump up and down on my toes.

Her eyes go wide. “Serious. You are so lucky!” Zia squeals, clapping her hands together as we both jump up and down now, giggling. “I can’t believe you get to go to Littleworld for an entire week. I wish I could go with you. Can I get in your suitcase?”

I giggle. “Probably. You’re tiny enough,” I joke. I spin around in a circle, twirling fast so my light blue skirt flares out all around me. I’ve been waiting impatiently to wear it the first time to the Dungeon tonight.

“You’re going to fall,” Zia teases as I come to a wobbly stop in front of her again.

I cringe and glance toward the half wall of the daycare area to find Daddy staring at me. His eyes are narrowed in a silent reprimand, but his lips are tipped up at the corners, so I know he’s not really angry at me for spinning.

I spin a lot. It’s his fault really because he keeps buying me such pretty dresses with full skirts. This one reaches almost to my knees. Most of them do.

Most of the Littles at the Dungeon wear shorter dresses than me. Daddy ordered mine slightly longer because I can’t stop myself from spinning, and he knows I wouldn’t want anyone to see my specially-made pullups either. He thinks of everything.

I could have worn panties to the club. He gave me a choice before we left the house, but since I knew I would be spending the evening in my Little headspace, I didn’t want to risk having an accident. So I chose the pullups, and my dresses are so full that no one can tell what’s on underneath.

“I love the blue. It’s so pretty,” Zia tells me.

“Thank you.” I glance at Daddy again. He’s talking to another man I’ve seen here several times. I think his name is Gabriel. And I think he talks to Daddy just outside the daycare because he has the hots for Zia.

Zia glances in the same direction as me. She stares for several seconds before shifting her attention back to me. Her cheeks are flushed, and she's biting her bottom lip.

I grin and lift my brows.

She giggles and shrugs. "A girl can look, right?"

"Of course. A girl can also walk up to a Daddy she likes and talk to him," I point out. I've seen her stare at him longingly many times in the past.

Her face turns pink. "I don't think I can do that."

"Why not?" She's ordinarily far more outgoing and extroverted than me. Except when it comes to looking men directly in the eyes. I've noticed this about her.

She rolls her eyes and cocks out a hip. "Don't act like you talked to Chase every time you saw him. I saw you the night of the party. He swept you right off your feet, literally." She sighs dramatically. Practically swoons.

I cover my mouth to keep from giggling too hard. She's right. "True. I shouldn't judge others."

Zia picks nonexistent lint off the skirt of her lavender dress. It's cotton and short with pleats that make the skirt full. I've never seen her wear a diaper. I'm pretty sure she doesn't play that young. I hope when she realizes I've started letting myself enjoy a younger age range, she won't judge me.

Zia takes a breath and stands taller. "When do you leave for Littleworld?"

"Next Saturday." I bounce on my feet for the millionth time. I get excited every time I think about this upcoming vacation.

I can't stop myself from spinning around in another circle. This time, I wobble far enough that I nearly fall on my butt. My ballet flats are slippery on the bottom, which makes it possible for me to spin like that, but at the same time, they make it harder for me to control the twirls.

I gasp when two firm hands land on my shoulders. When I tip my head back, I find Daddy looking down at me from

above and behind. “You have two choices, princess. Would you like to give Daddy your shoes and go sit on your bottom and play with something on the rug? Or would you like me to take you over my knees and spank you here in the nursery before the night even gets started?” He lifts one brow high.

I purse my lips and stare at him for a moment, pondering my options. He knows I like it when he spanks me. He knows part of the reason I keep spinning is because I know I’m breaking the rules, and I know he will eventually spank me. On top of that, he’s already planning to spank me. I wonder if he’s going to double my punishment.

Part of the fun of being Little is defying Daddy from time to time just enough to get my bottom spanked, but I’d rather hold off until later in the evening. “Sorry, Daddy.” I bend down to pull my shoes off and hand them to him.

I like being barefoot better anyway. Part of my sensory processing disorder includes the fact that most shoes bother me. These cute ballet flats are the most comfortable shoes I’ve ever owned—thanks to Daddy.

When we’re at home I never wear shoes, but it’s a must when we go out. I sometimes wear my special socks without seams and tennis shoes I can slip on. But these flats are my new favorites.

“Good choice, Baby girl,” Daddy says as he kisses my forehead. “Go have fun.”

Zia giggles as I wiggle free of Daddy and skip across the room toward the plush rug where we can sit and talk.

I love how my dress flairs out around me when I sit as though I’m really a princess.

Zia plops down in front of me, leans toward me, and whispers, “I’ve heard Littles only wear T-shirts and diapers on the island. Do you think that’s true?”

I nod. “Yes.”

She shivers. “I’m not sure I could do that. I love being Little, but I’ve never worn a diaper. Are you nervous about that?” Well, that answers that question.

My cheeks heat as I shake my head. “Not really.”

“Have you tried it before?” she asks after glancing around and leaning in closer.

My face must be bright red by now. I won’t lie to my friend, but this is a pivotal conversation. What if she doesn’t want to be my friend anymore after I tell her the truth?

I swallow hard and nod. “Yeah.”

Her eyes widen slightly. “Oh. Sorry. I didn’t mean to make you feel self-conscious. It’s okay. I’m not judging you. What’s it like?”

I glance down and shrug. How do I explain it to her? “Freeing, I guess,” I murmur, being honest. “I like being in a younger headspace. Daddy takes care of everything, and I don’t have to worry about anything at all.”

She reaches over and takes my hand, giving it a squeeze. “I get that. It sounds nice. Maybe if I had a Daddy of my own, I would be willing to try diapers and stuff too.” She glances toward the men again.

I do too. Gabriel is watching us.

Zia continues, “That would take a lot of trust though. I’m not sure I could ever trust someone that totally. I’d die if he made fun of me.”

“A good Daddy would never ever make fun of you, Zia. That would be awful. He wouldn’t be a Daddy at all.”

“I guess I would worry that he wouldn’t like taking care of me. I’d constantly feel self-conscious and worried about what he was thinking.”

“Not if he was the right Daddy,” I reiterate. Chase would never ever, ever make fun of me. I know it in my heart. I may have worries and concerns sometimes, but never that.

“Do you have a nursery and a crib and all that now that you’re living with Chase?”

I nod. “Yes. It’s so pretty. Maybe you can come over one day for a playdate and see it.”

She grins. “That would be fun. Does Chase take care of *everything* when you’re super young?”

“Yep. *Everything*.” I emphasize that last word just like she did. I’m feeling bolder and less self-conscious since she seems genuinely curious and not grossed out. “He even feeds me a bottle sometimes, and I have a pacifier. I’ve started spending a lot of time in a younger age space evenings and weekends. It’s hard to explain, but it’s sort of freeing not to have any responsibilities.”

“That’s so awesome. It’s a lot different from living alone and hiding who you really are most of the time,” she points out dreamily.

“Yeah.” I take her hand. “Thank you for being so understanding. I was worried about what you might think of me if I told you I’ve been younger lately.”

She squeezes my fingers gently. “I would never judge you, Josie. We’re friends. I’m kind of jealous even though I’m not sure I could ever let myself go and spend as much time as you do in Little space.”

“Don’t you at home?”

She shakes her head. “Not really. Sometimes super late at night, I pretend in my head, but I don’t have many things in my apartment that would give away my secret. I mostly just let myself be Little while I’m here at the Dungeon.”

I didn’t realize Zia was living her life without indulging her Little side more than once or twice a week. It makes me sad. “Why?”

She shrugs and looks down at her lap. “My parents are pressuring me to meet and marry a respectable man. They have no idea I belong to this club or that I’m Little.”

I wince. “I’m so sorry.” I’m very fortunate my parents know I’m Little and have supported me for many years. I didn’t have to hide the fact that Chase was a Daddy from them. I’m sad for Zia.

“You’ll be miserable if you lie to yourself and settle for someone boring who doesn’t understand you,” I point out.

“I know.” She plays with the hem of her dress. “I just don’t know what to do about it. If I tell them about my Little side, they will never understand. If I let them steamroll me into marrying someone they choose, I’ll hate my life. It’s a mess.”

My chest tightens. Now I understand better why she doesn’t make eye contact with Gabriel or anyone else. “You just graduated from college, right?” I remember her telling me this when we first met. “Did you get a job yet?”

She shakes her head. “No. I applied for graduate school. I start in the fall. You know why?”

I cringe. I’m pretty sure the answer is not going to be because she loves her chosen profession and wants to continue her education.

“Because it was the only way to get my parents off my back for two more years. I told them I don’t want to settle down and get married until I get my masters.”

“Zia, that’s so sad.” I feel bad for her. “What’s your degree in?”

“Education. I could be a teacher. In fact, I’d love to teach school. But I know that’s not what’s going to happen. My parents are kind of wealthy. They want me to marry one of their friend’s sons and stay at home and make babies.” She cringes. “Babies? I don’t *ever* want to make a baby. It doesn’t appeal to me at all. They think it was important for me to get my education but not *use* it. That would be beneath me.” She rolls her eyes.

I’m still holding her hand, and I squeeze it again. I don’t know what else to say. She’s really in a bind. “Maybe going to school for two more years is a good plan. At least you like your degree choice. It will give you options in the future and buy you some time.”

“Yeah. That’s the plan.” She sits up taller, pulls her hand free, and wipes her watery eyes. “Let’s do something fun. Wanna work a puzzle?”

I nod enthusiastically. “That’s a great idea.” We stand up and scramble over to an open table.

Chapter Three

We are just finishing our puzzle when Daddy sits in the chair next to me. He tucks a stray curl behind my ear and meets my gaze. “Have you thought about doing a scene with Daddy here at the club tonight, Baby girl?”

I squirm on my seat and shrug. I know what he’s talking about. I owe him a spanking. I’ve tried not to think about it because I’m uncertain.

“I’ll give you some options,” he says. He’s not whispering. Zia can hear him just fine.

“Okay, Daddy.” I fidget in my seat but meet his gaze. I like it when he gives me options. I know he won’t do anything that will make me uncomfortable. He always ensures I’m pleased with how he cares for me.

“I could take you over my knees and spank you here in the nursery in front of other Littles. I could take you to a more public spanking bench if you’d like to experience being watched by other people outside of your circle. I could get a private room and spank you alone inside the club. Or, if you’re not ready to do any of those things, I’ll wait until we get home and spank your naughty little bottom totally in private.”

That’s a lot of choices. I glance around. Other Littles get spanked in this room every night. Several have tonight even. Lots of people have an exhibitionism fetish. I’m not sure I’m one of them. This is a new concept to me since prior to tonight I’ve never been at the Dungeon with a Daddy. I’ve never

played with anyone. I've always come here alone and just interacted with other Littles.

I chew on my bottom lip as I ponder my options, grateful Daddy has given me options. I'm tempted to try something new. He's always sensitive to my needs and my quirks, while at the same time making sure I know I won't be getting away with my naughty behavior from earlier.

I glance at Zia because she's squirming on her seat across from me. Her cheeks are pink. Is she affected by my choices?

A moment later, Gabriel appears. He's smiling as he sets his hands on the table before lowering to the seat next to Zia. Ahhh. I bet she's flushed from him approaching rather than my Daddy's list of spanking options. Maybe both.

Daddy sets his hand on my neck and guides my face toward his. He meets and holds my gaze, waiting for an answer.

I lick my lips. "Maybe in a private room?" I hedge. I don't think I'm ready for anything public, not even here in the daycare. But I want to at least challenge myself to doing it here inside the Dungeon.

"Good choice, princess." He stands and takes my hand.

"Now?" I ask. Of course now, but I was hoping for more time to think about this.

"Yep. Now. I already lined up a room in case you made that choice."

"Oh." I look back at Zia as Daddy leads me out of the room.

She gives me a little wave of encouragement. Her face is bright red, and I feel kind of bad about leaving her at the table with Gabriel. She's obviously nervous about talking to him.

Maybe I should mention it to Daddy, and we should put off this punishment. I glance up at him, but he doesn't look like a man who's going to be deterred right now. He's determined.

I zip my lips and let him guide me down the hall and toward the private rooms. I've never been in one, so I don't

know what to expect, and I hold my breath as he opens the door and lets me in.

I release it slowly as I take in the room. It's not as scary as I expected. In fact, it's not scary at all. It has a bench in the middle, a love seat on one wall, and a hutch along another wall.

Daddy shuts the door and faces me, cupping my cheeks. He holds my gaze, his brows furrowed. "You can back out of this, Josie. You know that, right? You can always back out of anything at any time."

I nod.

"You don't have to prove anything to me, princess. Nor do you need to do anything to please me. I love you no matter what. I'm going to spank you because you like it. I'm going to spank you in this room because I think you'd like to challenge yourself to try something new, but if I'm wrong or you're not feeling it, we won't do it."

Part of me loves that he's giving me options and plenty of chances to change my mind. But part of me likes it when he's totally in control and doesn't give me choices. It's...easier.

Daddy leads me over to the loveseat, sits, and pulls me onto his lap. Sitting. Not over his knee. He slides a hand up my back. "Tell Daddy what you're thinking."

I swallow. "I'm thinking I like it when you make the decisions."

He lifts a brow. "You don't like that I gave you so many choices?"

I slowly shake my head as I rub my palms on my thighs. "It's easier if you tell me what to do, Daddy."

"So, you won't mind if I take you out into the center of the club, strip you naked, handcuff you to the chain spider web, and spank you in front of everyone?"

I suck in a breath as the blood drains from my face. "Is that what you want?" I whisper, petrified.

“Nope. I want what’s best for my girl. I want my Little girl to be the happiest she can be. I want her to communicate with me so I can be certain her needs are being filled.” He narrows his gaze.

“Oh.” He’s never said these kinds of things to me before.

“I’ve noticed lately that you’ve been letting Daddy make every decision. And maybe that’s fine. Maybe it’s what you need. But I think we need to address it so I’m certain you’re happy.”

“I’m happy, Daddy,” I respond quickly. I am. I love letting him make all the decisions. It takes a huge weight off my shoulders. I trust him. He makes good decisions. Unless he really did want to chain me naked to that scary-looking spiderweb in the main club.

Daddy grips the back of my neck. “In two days, we leave for Littleworld.”

I grin. I can’t wait.

He smirks. “You’re looking forward to an entire week of letting Daddy make all the decisions, aren’t you?”

I nod, trying to read him. I’m not sure why he’s so worried about this topic. I love how he Daddies me, and he knows it.

“What does Melissa say about our arrangement?”

I flinch. Why is he bringing up Melissa right now? “Uhh.” The truth is Daddy has asked if he could go with me to my counseling sessions every week. Well, he’s offered to go. He hasn’t been pushy about it, but he says he wants to meet my counselor.

I’ve put him off every week so far.

Melissa has also suggested that I bring Daddy to a session so she can meet him. I know she’s worried about my ability to make good choices and how fast I jumped into this relationship, considering I’m twenty-two, and this is my first boyfriend. The only reason why she hasn’t been more insistent is because she knows I’ve brought Chase to my parents’ house

every Sunday since I met him. She realizes there's no way I would do that if he weren't a good guy.

I've told Melissa every week that I don't want Daddy to be there and take up part of my hour yet. I'm not going to be able to put either of them off much longer.

The truth is when they meet, neither of them is going to be very happy with me. Melissa has been giving me tasks I have not taken seriously, and I have not told Daddy about any of it.

Melissa will be disappointed and concerned. Daddy will... yeah, he'll also be disappointed and concerned, but he'll spank my naughty bottom and undoubtedly enforce that grounding he's threatened several times. I'll be grounded from everything for like a year.

I've been naughty. This is the first time I've ever been defiant like this. Even though it's indirect, I've never been the sort of person who could disobey anyone or fib.

Daddy sighs. "When we get back in town, I'm going with you to your next appointment, understood?"

I drop my shoulders. "Yes, Sir." He isn't asking. He's telling me. I can't argue with that. Plus, it will be time for me to face the music. Hopefully our week on Regression Island at Littleworld is amazing, because when we return, the real world is going to suck me under.

Daddy points at the spanking bench. "I know you've seen people get spanked on one of those before, but I assume you've never done so."

I glance at him. "You're the only Daddy I've ever had. And you're the only person who's ever spanked me." He knows that.

He chuckles. "Sassy girl."

I wince. "Sorry, Daddy."

He kisses my forehead before standing me on my feet. After he rises, he takes my hand and leads me to the bench. "Even though we're alone in this room, and no one can see us, I'm still going to leave your clothes on this time. It's enough

that we're inside the club. I don't want to overwhelm you. Baby steps. I'll push your dress up and your pullup down, but that's as exposed as you're going to be, and only for my eyes."

"Yes, Sir."

He lifts my hand and sets my palm on the smooth surface. "Touch the bench, Baby girl. Familiarize yourself with it. Make sure you're okay with how the leather feels against your skin."

I run my palm across the top. It's smooth and pliable and cool to the touch. It doesn't give me any triggers. My heart is so full of love for this man I can hardly stand it. He always knows exactly what to say and do to make sure I don't have any sensory issues in a new environment.

This is why I like him to make decisions for me. He does it so well. I trust him completely. He's so in tune with me, and he has been from the first night he crawled under the table in this very club to help me keep from hyperventilating from overstimulation.

"I'm ready, Daddy."

He smiles approvingly before lifting me up and lowering me onto my stomach on the bench. "Put your elbows on the padded sections under your arms and your knees on the padded sections below your hips."

I do as I'm told. It's actually comfortable.

Daddy lifts my dress up high on my back before easing my pullup down almost to my knees. It's tight with my legs spread so far. "How do you feel, princess?"

"Good."

"Nervous?"

"A little, Daddy." Only because this is something new.

"Good girl." He rubs my bottom in the same way he always does before spanking me. "You must tell Daddy if you change your mind or something doesn't feel right. Don't be brave. Daddy will never be mad at you for telling me to stop. I

will, however, be mad if I ever find out you didn't stop Daddy when something didn't feel right."

"Okay, Daddy. I promise."

"Ready?"

"Yes, Sir." I'm beyond ready. I've been anxiously awaiting this spanking for hours. Spankings help me purge my icky feelings, and Lord knows I've had some icky feelings lately that need purging, especially since I'm not being totally honest with my Daddy or my counselor.

The first swat is light. Daddy sets his free hand on my lower back. "Remember to keep your elbows on the padding, princess. If you reach back, I might accidentally swat your hands and injure you."

"I will, Daddy." Daddy rarely restrains me because there aren't many types of restraints I can tolerate. The most restrained I usually find myself is the seatbelt in his car or the strap that goes across my waist on my booster seat in the kitchen.

Daddy doesn't restrain me to the changing table or the bed or any other place because he knows it might trigger me. Not the act itself but whatever material the straps are made of.

I squirm because my bottom craves more contact. He gave me one light swat and stopped.

He rubs my warm cheeks and resumes his spanking, starting out slower, gentler, and building up until he's finally spanking me with enough force to sting.

God, I love when he spansks me. And I love this bench. It's comfortable. It's designed for this. It's easier to keep from wiggling onto the floor than when I'm across Daddy's lap. Sometimes he spansks me on his bed, but I'm squirmy when he does that too. The bench is forcing me to remain basically in one place.

Daddy eventually pauses, palming my heated skin while he moves his other hand to my cheek. "Are you doing okay, princess?"

I'm panting. Now that he's stopped, I clench my thighs and grip the elbow rests with my fingers. My pussy is wet.

Daddy brushes a lock of hair off my forehead. "Use your words, Baby girl."

"It feels so good, Daddy." My voice is squeaky.

He leans over and kisses my temple. "Do you want more?"

"Yes, please."

I moan as soon as he continues. Before I met Chase, I never had a single clue why anyone would want to be spanked. Now I can't imagine my life without it. It's freeing. It's grounding. It's arousing.

When he stops the next time, I'm trembling. "Thank you, Daddy," I murmur.

"You're welcome, princess." He rubs my bottom for a few more minutes while I catch my breath before easing my pullup back into place and lifting me into his arms.

Daddy carries me to the loveseat where he sits, cradling me in his lap. "I'm so proud of you. I know that was a big step, even with the private room. I've never spanked you anywhere except my house or your apartment."

I nod against him, snuggling in closer. "Maybe next time I'll be able to do it in the daycare."

"Maybe." He strokes my back. "You might have an entirely different feeling about public spankings by the time we get home from Littleworld." He chuckles.

I tip my head back to look at him. "Daddy..."

He laughs again. "You never know. Littleworld is a magical place. It's a unique environment. Elijah says the dynamic is different on the island where everyone is either a caregiver or a Little nearly twenty-four-seven. It's a mindset. When you're on the mainland, you can compartmentalize. Most people have to. They have to go to work and the store and do everything required of life. But the island is like a permanent scene where you will spend the entire week totally regressed."

I smile at him. “I can’t wait.” It sounds like paradise to me. A place where I don’t have to be in charge of me *ever*? “Are we going to see Elijah and Petra when we arrive?”

“I didn’t set up anything specific yet. I’ll call Elijah when we get there.”

Elijah is a friend of Daddy’s who’d worked on the same police force as him here on the mainland before he took a job in security on the island. Petra, his Little girl, used to be a member of the Dungeon. I didn’t know her well before she moved with her Daddy to Regression Island, but I met her several times. I’m looking forward to seeing her.

Littleworld is going to be the best fun ever.

Chapter Four

I've never been on a ferry before. I love it. I've been grinning for the entire hour. We're sitting up on top, and the wind has been blowing against my face the entire time while I watched the island grow bigger and bigger.

Well, Daddy is sitting. I've been standing because I'm too excited to sit. He picked seats for us along the railing, and he's held me between his legs with his arms around me for the whole trip.

I'm giddy and nearly bouncing. And I don't mind standing in the circle of Daddy's arms because he's cocooning me a bit, which keeps me from worrying about the fact that I'm only wearing a T-shirt, a diaper, and my shoes and socks.

Almost every Little on the ferry is dressed the same, so it shouldn't bother me, but this is my first time in public in such a young headspace, so I'm self-conscious.

"What are we going to do first?" I ask as the ferry docks.

Daddy kisses my neck. "Our first stop is the clinic."

"The clinic? Like a doctor's office?"

"Yep. All Littles check in at the clinic when they arrive, Baby girl. The doctor will get a file started in case anything happens to you while you're visiting."

I frown. "I don't need a doctor, Daddy. You didn't mention this before."

He turns me so I'm facing him, keeping his arms around me. "I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to spend time

fretting about it. And I heard your mom ask you if you'd made a yearly physical exam last week. You told her no and promised you would." He lifts a brow. "Did you make that appointment?"

I sigh. "No. I don't like to go to the doctor."

"All the more reason. And I'll be with you the entire time."

"I don't like doctor's offices. They have a smell and sharp things. I don't like sharp things. I don't like needles either. I won't need a shot, will I?"

"That seems unlikely, princess. It's just a checkup. The doctor needs to know one of his guests has sensory issues anyway. It's an important part of your file."

It's obvious I'm not going to talk him out of this, so I lean into him, squeeze my eyes closed, and take deep breaths. It's probably best that he didn't tell me before right now.

Daddy rubs my back. "You'll be fine, princess. I promise."

"You'll go into the exam room with me, right?" I mumble against his chest.

"Yes. Of course. I will not leave your side, Baby girl."

Chase understands me better than anyone alive. I'm confident he understands me better than my parents. I don't know why, but he just does, and it makes my life so much easier because he runs interference for me everywhere we go.

He knows what I can and can't handle. He minimizes my triggers to the best of his ability. He looks ahead, anticipates what will make me nervous, and moves heaven and earth to fix it for me.

Tipping my head back to set my chin on his chest, I say, "I love you."

He kisses me. "I love you too, Josie. Ready to get off the ferry?"

"Yes, Daddy." I'm both excited and nervous. I want to see Littleworld bad enough that I'm willing to battle my anxiety to make it happen.

This entire experience is way out of my comfort zone. Until a year ago, I lived with my parents in an environment that helped me control my anxiety. Melissa helped me realize I needed my own apartment and that I needed to start working on my independence.

My apartment was super close to my parents' house. They have always been supportive and helped me out. I loved having my apartment. I created a space that was exactly what I needed.

After that transition, Melissa helped me take the bold step of joining the Dungeon so I would have a space I could go and interact with like-minded people. Littles. *That* had been way, way, way out of my comfort zone, but I did it, and I met Daddy.

Moving in with Daddy was my next huge life event. I'd already been staying at his house more often than not and gradually moving my things into his home, but letting go of my apartment entirely had been gigantic for me.

I love Daddy's home, and he moves mountains to make it perfect for me. Heck, he tore out the rose bushes in front before he even brought me there the first time because they were red. That's when I knew he was a keeper for sure.

But this is a vacation. I haven't been on a vacation since I was a young girl. My parents never thought it would be worth it. I always have too many triggers to travel. That also means they never get to travel either.

Now that I've moved in with Chase and they have come to trust that I don't need them close by on a moment's notice, they've started venturing out. I'm so glad for them, and I know they're excited for me to take this trip also.

I couldn't do this with any other person or alone. I can only do it because Daddy is so astute that I never have to worry. He takes care of everything.

"You okay, princess?" he asks.

I realize most of the people have left the upper deck. I've been hugging his chest and leaning into him hard while my

mind wandered for several minutes.

He's rubbing my back. Not rushing me. Which makes me love him even more.

Finally, I push off and stand on my own. I take a deep breath. "I'm ready."

He's so tall that when he's sitting and I'm standing, we're eye to eye. He leans forward and kisses me. "I've got you, princess."

"I know, Daddy." I smile big. I should have enormous anxiety about this. Normally I would, but he chases it away in every situation we're ever in. He's magic.

Daddy leads me down to the main level of the ferry and hangs back, holding my hand, waiting for everyone else to get off. He knows I don't like to be touched by other people.

When the coast is clear, he sets a hand on the small of my back and leads me off.

I stay by his side as he collects his suitcase and shrugs my diaper bag up onto his shoulder. He leads me to a parking lot filled with golf carts next.

I giggle. "They're so cute, Daddy. I've never been on a golf cart."

He grins as he sets his suitcase on the back rack before opening the diaper bag. "You're going to have so many firsts this week, Baby girl. I can't wait to share them with you."

He pulls out a set of pads, and I watch as he attaches them to the harness of the car seat. He has pads like this for every kind of restraint system so that the edges of the nylon straps won't irritate my skin—or more specifically my mind.

Finally, he swings me up into the seat and fastens me in tight. "How's that, Baby girl? Anything rubbing in the wrong place?"

I shake my head. "It's good." He made sure all five points of the harness are against my shirt and my diaper, not my skin.

He climbs into the driver's seat in front of me, and we take off.

My eyes are wide as we pass the beach and enter the main part of town. Even though I've heard a lot about this island, nothing can prepare a person for seeing it in real life.

It's like we've entered another dimension. The sidewalks are filled with Littles and their caregivers. No one not in the lifestyle lives on the island, though there are some caregivers who don't yet have a Little of their own.

All the businesses on Main Street are perfectly normal. Half the adult patrons are in diapers. At least I don't need to worry about fitting in. Even though I knew intellectually everyone would be dressed as I am, it was impossible to believe until I'm seeing it firsthand.

I try not to think about our destination until Daddy pulls the golf cart to a stop and I glance up to see the "clinic" sign. There's no avoiding this.

After Daddy unfastens me from the harness, he lifts me up and lowers me to my feet. "We need to stop next door first and check in with the orientation center."

He holds my hand as we enter the building. The only person inside is a woman behind the desk who smiles at us sweetly. "Hi. You must be Chase and Josie."

She reaches out to shake Daddy's hand while I hide mostly behind his back because her shirt is bright red and it's hurting my eyes. I'm so weird about the color red. I try to control my reaction to it. I know other people don't react to colors, but Melissa says it's not that unusual. She insists it's reasonable for me to see red as anger and pain and shouting. It causes me anxiety.

Melissa says most people have reactions to some or all colors. It's just that most people don't realize it and don't react as violently as I do.

Daddy turns partly around, leans down, puts his lips on my ear, and whispers, "Close your eyes, Baby girl. I'll be quick."

I do as I'm told, hoping this woman won't be offended. Offending people is a constant concern of mine. I'm aware of it, but I can't stop it.

Weeks ago, Daddy and I had a discussion about my sensitivities, and I gave him permission to explain my sensory issues to people if I'm ever in a situation where it is warranted and will help them understand without me having to be the one to tell them.

I don't suffer from this level of anxiety very often, so Daddy hasn't had to exercise his explanation many times.

"Welcome to the island. I'm Carolyn. So nice to meet you. I hope your trip over on the ferry was smooth."

"It was. Thank you," Daddy tells her. He has one arm on my back, reaching around awkwardly to get it there. "Please forgive Josie. She has sensory sensitivities."

"Oh. No problem. Let me get you sorted and on your way quickly."

I go into my head, reminding myself it's just a color. *It's just a color. It's just a color.* I block out most of the interaction between Daddy and Carolyn, and luckily, moments later, he turns me, and we head out of the center.

When we step outside, Daddy squats in front of me and meets my gaze in front of the clinic. "You okay, Baby girl?"

I nod. "I'm sorry," I murmur.

"No reason to be sorry, princess." He pulls me closer and kisses me. "It's all over. Carolyn understood."

"Did you tell her I don't like red?" I wasn't listening.

"Nope. It wasn't even necessary. I just told her you had anxiety. That way she won't feel like she caused it."

I smile at him and throw my arms around his neck. "That was smart. Thank you, Daddy."

He rubs my back. "Now, lets go see the doctor and get that out of the way too, okay?"

I shake my head and giggle. “You said that as if you were giving me an option.”

He chuckles too. “Nope. No options.” He rises and takes my hand before striding the few steps to the entrance to the clinic.

I take a deep breath. If the doctor takes my blood pressure, he’s going to think I’m seriously ill.

Chapter Five

The inside of the clinic is luckily calm and soothing. Most importantly, it's not red. There's one Little boy in the waiting room. I know he's Little because he's diapered and playing on the floor with a train. A man is sitting near him, probably his Daddy.

Daddy speaks to the woman behind the desk. "Hi. I'm Chase Reynolds and this is my Little girl, Josie Miller. We have an appointment."

"Yes. Come on back. I have a room ready for you. My name is Kelly. I'm one of the nurses here." She has a blond bob and a huge smile. I like her.

She guides us to a room, and I'm relieved to find it's also not red. It's a pale blue color that's soothing.

"Dr. Pedersen is going to see you today. And our other nurse, Brian. I'm about to leave the clinic for the afternoon. That was my partner and Little boy you saw in the waiting room. We're going to the zoo today." She beams.

"Oh, how fun," Daddy responds. "We'll be visiting all three of the Littleworld parks this week. Josie can't wait."

He's right, but for now, all I'm focused on is getting through this appointment.

"Enjoy your vacation," Kelly says. "The doctor will be right in." She points toward the exam table. "You can have Josie sit on the end of the table."

Within seconds of Daddy lifting me onto the table and Kelly leaving, the door to the room opens again, and two men come in.

I'm still anxious from the red shirt next door, but at least I haven't had time to hyperventilate or anything. This is all happening so fast.

The man with the lab coat and stethoscope has blond hair and blue eyes. He's smiling as he holds out a hand to Daddy. "Hi. I'm Dr. Pedersen."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Chase, and this is Josie." He pats my thigh.

The other man extends a hand to Daddy next. "I'm Brian."

Dr. Pedersen meets my gaze. "Your Daddy warned us that you have sensory processing disorder. I want to make this visit as comfortable as possible, so please let us know if anything bothers you."

I nod. I'm holding my breath. Being here bothers me, but I don't think that's the right thing to say.

Dr. Pedersen sits on a rolling stool so he's eye to eye with me. "How about if you tell me about your triggers, Josie. That will help me avoid them."

I lick my lips and glance at Daddy.

He rubs my back. "Would you like me to start, princess?"

I nod. Bless him.

He kisses my forehead. "The color red bothers Josie, and we just had a run-in with red, so she's flustered right now."

"Got it. No red lollipops." His smile helps me relax.

"Josie doesn't like seams in her clothes or tags or zippers or Velcro or snaps. We order her clothes from a place that makes them specially for people with sensitivities."

"That's smart. I'm glad they have special places like that. What about noises or lights?" Dr. Pedersen asks.

I relax further, knowing he obviously has some knowledge about people like me.

Daddy nods. “Loud noises, strobe lights, crunchy foods like chips. We avoid all of those things.”

Dr. Pedersen pats my thigh, but he does so slowly, making sure I’m aware he’s about to touch me. He *does* understand. “Well, there won’t be any crunchy food in her diet this week. Formula only. Is it okay if your Daddy takes your clothes off so I can examine you? I promise not to make any sudden movements, and I’ll explain everything as I go along.”

I shudder. He’s going to examine me naked? I glance at Daddy to make sure I’m understanding correctly.

He reaches for the hem of my shirt and lifts. “Arms up, Baby girl.”

Goosebumps rise all over my skin as soon as my shirt is gone. I cover my boobs immediately. Daddy is the only man who has ever seen me naked, except maybe when I was a toddler. Now two other men are seeing me.

“How about if I start by listening to your heart, Little one?” the doctor suggests as he stands. “Can you sit up tall for me and lower your hands to your sides?”

I swallow. “I don’t like needles. You aren’t going to give me a shot, are you?”

“I don’t think so,” Dr. Pedersen responds. “I assume all your shots are up to date.”

Brian holds a tablet out in front of the doctor.

Dr. Pedersen scans the information. “You’re twenty-two... Got all your shots as a child... You take birth control pills...” He lifts his gaze after absorbing the details from my chart. I assume Daddy filled it out before we arrived. “I don’t see any reason for a shot today,” he declares.

“I don’t like sharp things either.” I’m stalling.

He nods. “No sharp things.”

I take a deep breath. “It doesn’t smell bad in here.”

Brian chuckles. “We work hard on that. No Little girls like the scent of antiseptic. You’re not the only one.”

It’s hard to find a problem with this visit, but I’m still skeptical.

Dr. Pedersen stands to one side of me, rubbing the disk of his stethoscope.

Daddy rubs my back. “Lower your arms, princess. Sit up tall,” he reminds me.

I do as I’m told, but my face heats when I glance down to confirm my nipples are hard points.

“Breathe normally for me,” the doctor instructs as he holds the disk up between my breasts.

I glance at Daddy. “I’m embarrassed. Maybe it’s cold in here?” I whisper.

Dr. Pedersen pats my shoulder. “My Little girl gets embarrassed when she comes to the doctor too. It’s perfectly normal. Let me tell you something.”

I shift my gaze to his even though my face keeps getting hotter, and I want to cover my boobies, and I’m feeling very Little.

“It’s extremely common for Little girls who enjoy deep age play to also enjoy medical play.” He lifts a brow, waiting for me to understand.

I purse my lips.

He continues, “Although this is a real clinic, and everyone who works here is a real doctor or nurse, and we treat real illnesses and injuries, we also know that most of our clients are titillated by the idea of being exposed and examined. I will take my cues from your reactions, Little one, and give you the sort of experience you need.”

“I don’t need to see a doctor at all,” I tell him softly.

He cups my face and holds my gaze. “You’re not the first Little girl to squirm on my table with flushed cheeks, hard

little nipples, and heavy breaths. You're also not the first Little girl to argue she didn't need to see me."

My breath hitches.

Dr. Pedersen continues to listen to my heart and lungs, taking his time all around my front and back. He's not careful about my nipples either. He grazes them several times. I realize now it's intentional. That embarrasses me further.

I jerk my gaze to Daddy, wondering if it bothers him that someone else is making me horny.

He simply smiles and pats my thigh.

"Can you lie back for me now, Josie?" Dr. Pedersen asks.

Daddy helps me lie on my back.

Nurse Brian comes to the head of the table behind me. "Will it be okay if I hold your hands, sweetie?" he asks.

I tip my head back, confused.

"Brian will help you keep your hands out of the way while I examine you," Dr. Pedersen clarifies.

Daddy removes my shoes and socks while Dr. Pedersen gently guides my hands above my head.

I gasp at the sensation of having my body stretched out and exposed. It's so much more intense with my hands clasped in Brian's grip. My breasts are high on my chest. My nipples are so tight.

And then Daddy removes my diaper.

I whimper. My bottom lip trembles. My pussy is swollen and wet. I can feel it. When the air hits my folds, I nearly moan. It's confusing, and I'm slightly mortified.

The doctor nudges my knees several inches apart and sets a foam wedge between them. "Can you hold this here for me, Little one?"

I grip it slightly. It's keeping my legs open. I moan. I don't even care much that three men are watching me come apart at the seams. My head is spinning.

“Good girl,” Dr. Pedersen says. “It says in your file that you have not had a checkup for a while, so I’m going to be thorough. I need you to tell me if you start to panic. That’s never the goal.”

I’m trembling all over. “Yes, Sir,” I manage to mumble.

He sets his hands gently on my belly and begins to palpate. “Any issues with her tummy?” He looks at Daddy, and I’m glad. It’s easier if he asks Daddy than me.

“Not usually. I do most of the cooking, and I often feed her too, so I know what she eats. I stick to a pretty balanced diet.”

“That’s good. Most Littles don’t have tummy problems on the island since they aren’t permitted more than our special formula and the occasional treat. There are healthy lollipops and ice creams on the island made from natural ingredients and fruit juices. An occasional treat is fine. The challenge is getting Littles to use their diapers, especially number two.” He smiles at me as he moves his hands higher toward my boobs.

“Josie wears diapers often at home, but that might be a challenge for her. Especially in public. She’s worried about people seeing her with a wet diaper.”

My face heats again.

“That’s normal. Let me know if it becomes an issue. I have medications I can prescribe that help Little ones use their diapers.” He looks at me again. “I’m going to examine your breasts now, Little one.” He palpates my boob in a circle.

I hold my breath and will my nipple to stop reacting. It’s impossible though, especially when he flicks his thumb over the tip before pinching it lightly between his finger and thumb.

By the time he finishes the second breast, I’m panting. My pussy is wet, and everyone is going to know it soon.

I purse my lips as the doctor moves down my body. He pulls out stirrups and gently lifts first one leg and then the other into the elevated pads. Next, he lowers the front of the table so my bottom is on the very edge. And lastly, he spreads the stirrups as wide as possible.

I'm so horny it's not even funny. When I look at Daddy, he smiles and cups my breast. "You're doing so well, Baby girl. I'm so proud of you."

"You mentioned in your chart she doesn't like restraints," Dr. Pedersen says.

Daddy nods. "I use them for strollers, car seats, booster seats, and harnesses, but not the changing table or for sex. I find they can trigger her and cause her to get too distracted to enjoy herself. She's very good at obeying my command to stay still though. She knows if she doesn't obey Daddy, she won't get the reward she craves."

I squeeze my eyes closed. The reward he's talking about is orgasms. He's telling the doctor that I'm willing to pretend I'm restrained in exchange for orgasms. I'm mortified and twice as horny at the same time. I can't decide which emotion is winning.

"Is it okay if Brian continues to hold your hands, Little one?" Dr. Pedersen asks.

I draw in a breath and nod. Brian isn't bothering me. His grip is gentle. Handcuffs or anything like that would make me cringe.

The doctor pats my inner thigh. "Good girl. Let us know if anything gets to be too much."

"Yes, Sir," I manage to murmur.

Daddy strokes my boob. "Such a brave Little girl," he praises.

"Have you had a pelvic exam before, Little one?" Dr. Pedersen asks.

I slowly shake my head. It's not as if I could lie, but this is one of those times when I really wish lying was something I was capable of.

"That's okay, Josie," the doctor says. "Lots of Little girls your age haven't seen a gynecologist yet. But I assume you're sexually active?"

Daddy slides his fingers to my nipple, and I nearly jump off the table. I look at him, finding him smiling. “Answer the doctor, Baby girl.”

“Yes, Sir,” I whisper. “But Daddy is my first partner, and we haven’t been together that long, so...”

Daddy leans over me and kisses me gently. “Daddy is your *last* partner too, princess.”

I arch my chest, not because of his words but because of his fingers, which are now twisting my nipple. I’m going to self-combust.

Dr. Pedersen clears his throat. “Since you’re taking birth control and sexually active, it’s time for you to have a pelvic exam, Josie. Can you be brave for me?”

“Yes, Sir,” I manage to murmur. My attention is on Daddy’s fingers as I squirm around on the table.

Finally, Daddy stops tormenting me. He pats my boob. “Stay still, princess.”

Dr. Pedersen steps between my legs and smooths his palms down my inner thighs. He parts my folds and examines me closely. His scrutiny makes my breath come in short pants. When he pulls the hood back from my clit, I arch my chest and close my eyes.

I can’t believe this is happening. I’m spread so wide and exposed to two strangers. And I’m wet. My pussy is pulsing with need.

When the doctor palpates my labia, I whimper.

“She’s very sensitive.”

“Yes,” Daddy agrees.

The doctor pulls my folds farther apart and drags a gloved finger through my arousal. He circles my clit next. “Does she have any problems reaching orgasm?”

I moan at his ridiculous question.

“No. She’s very responsive,” Daddy tells him. His thumb drags across my nipple, but he uses his palm to hold me

steady.

“I’m going to feel inside you, Little one.” Dr. Pedersen sets one hand on my pelvis and eases two fingers from his other hand up inside me.

I moan again. My God. I’m going to come. I knew almost from the start of this exam that I was going to spend this time aroused, but I hadn’t thought I might orgasm.

“Daddy...”

He leans over and meets my gaze. “It’s okay, princess. Let it feel good.”

My legs are shaking as the doctor feels around inside me.

I release a breath when he removes his fingers, but a second later, he’s holding my folds open again. “I’ll be quick. I just need to get a swab of your cervix, Little one.”

I squeeze my eyes closed. I’ve seen speculums on the internet. I don’t like them. They have sharp edges. Something cold touches me, and then there is pressure, and then I feel myself spread open. I hold my breath the entire time, and it’s fast.

I’m so relieved when he’s done. So relieved that I blow out a breath prematurely because a moment later, the doctor strokes my tight rear hole.

“Has she experienced anal penetration?” he asks.

“Not yet.” Daddy pats my chest.

“I’m just going to examine your bottom, Josie. It’s important for Little girls to get used to anal exams on this island. Any medicines you might need for a fever or to help you empty your bowels will be given in suppository form rectally.”

I tip my head back and grit my teeth, stunned by my reaction to his finger touching me *there*. Daddy touches my tight hole sometimes too, and I always try not to think about it, but he’s never pushed his finger up inside me.

A small snap sounds in the room. I know it's lube. A moment later, the cool substance is rubbed into my rosebud.

"Try not to clench, Little one." Dr. Pedersen steadies me at my pelvis again as he eases a finger up inside my naughty hole.

I whimper. "Daddy... I don't like it."

"You're being so good, Baby girl. Let the doctor examine your bottom to make sure everything is healthy."

He's not as fast with his rectal exam. He keeps easing his finger in and out, feeling all around. When he adds a second finger, I gasp and clench my muscles tight.

Finally, the doctor removes his hand.

I can breathe. Sort of. I'm panting and shivering.

"This week is a good time to start giving her vitamins to supplement her formula. Why don't you give her the first one now. It's always best if caregivers are familiar with their Littles inside and out. That way if anything changes, the Daddy is the first to know."

Daddy steps between my legs as the doctor comes to my side. The next thing I know—because there's no way in the world I'm looking or plan to watch—Daddy is holding my pelvis and pushing something up inside me with two fingers. His fingers are bigger than Dr. Pedersen's. The stretch is tremendous.

I moan. It still feels weird, but it's better now that it's Daddy.

"You want to get the suppository as deep as possible and then hold it in place for a few minutes. You'll feel it dissolve. If you take your fingers out too soon, she might push the pill out and not get the benefits."

This conversation is surreal. They are discussing my bottom.

I gasp, and my eyes go wide, my gaze toward the ceiling, when Daddy suddenly strokes my clit with his fingers. I stop

breathing when I realize it's intentional, and he starts rubbing it rapidly.

“Ohhh...” I can't keep from crying out. My bottom clenches around his fingers. My clit is pulsing. My pussy is so needy.

“Don't fight it, Little one.” Dr. Pedersen sets a hand on the top of my head. “Your sexual health is part of your overall health. It's important for me to ensure you can reach orgasm in a reasonable length of time.”

Reasonable length of time? I'm going to come in two seconds. Is that reasonable?

Daddy pumps his fingers in and out of my bottom, bringing every sensitive nerve to life while he teases my clit. I've never felt anything like this before. It's so different from when he penetrates my pussy with his fingers while rubbing my clit.

I drag in a deep breath and hold it, all my focus on the growing need to come. And then I can't stop it. It's on me. It consumes me. It pushes me over the edge. My body pulses, and I cry out my release.

Daddy knows my body well. He eases back on the pressure against my clit gradually. He also slowly removes his fingers from my bottom.

I feel so naughty and...sated. Maybe a trip to the doctor wasn't the worst idea in the history of ideas.

They are talking again, discussing my feeding schedule and how often I should be wetting and soiling my diaper.

I keep my eyes closed until Brian releases my hands, and he and the doctor leave the room. When I finally peek up at Daddy, he's smiling at me. “I'm so proud of you, princess. You did so well.”

“I didn't like it,” I lie. A second later, I gasp, my eyes wide.

Daddy chuckles. “Did my naughty girl just lie to Daddy?”

My lips move, but no sound comes out.

He keeps chuckling. “What a momentous day. My Baby girl fibbed.” He seems shocked and oddly...pleased?

“Daddy?” My voice is soft. I want to know what he’s going to do to me.

“I’ll spank your naughty bottom later, princess. You can think about it. For now, let’s get you dressed.”

Daddy slides a diaper under me, rubs diaper cream on my skin, and then closes it. He lifts my legs out of the stirrups, helps me sit, and pulls my shirt on. He’s still grinning as he cups my face. “You are precious, Josie. See? That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“I just had an orgasm in the doctor’s office in front of two men I didn’t know,” I point out.

“It was a powerful orgasm too.” Daddy wiggles his brows. He lifts me into his arms and hugs me tight.

I wrap my arms and legs around him and hold on. He’s got me. He just made me come in a doctor’s office. Unbelievable.

Chapter Six

“It’s so cute, Daddy?” I race from room to room in the cabin we’ve rented. It has a living room and attached kitchen, a master bedroom, a nursery, and a locked door. “What’s this room, Daddy?”

“That’s the bathroom. Little girls can’t access bathrooms on the island. Only Daddies.”

I glance up and see a sensor of some sort above my head. “Never?” How did I miss this fact?

“Nope. Diapers only. Mandatory. Daddy will open the door and go in with you to give you a bath or brush your teeth, but no using the potty this week. Cold turkey is the only way to get the full affect of the rules of the island.”

“How would anyone know if one Little girl was using the bathroom in the privacy of her cabin?” I propose.

Daddy sits on the sofa and reaches out a hand toward me. “Come here, Josie. You took naughty pills today. That’s twice you’ve earned a spanking.”

I sigh. “I was just curious,” I grumble.

“Do you want to keep it up? You can spend time in the corner for a while after I spank you.”

I purse my lips and shake my head. I’m still wobbly and unsteady from my visit to the doctor. My pussy is tingling. It swells at the thought of being taken over Daddy’s knees. But I don’t like to stand in the corner, so I shut up fast.

Daddy removes my diaper and guides me over to lie across his knees. He clasps my hands at the small of my back and rubs my bottom, making me squirm. “Why is Daddy spanking you, princess?”

“Because I fibbed at the doctor’s office and then talked back to you about the bathroom,” I mutter.

“Do you think either of those are good choices?”

“No, Sir.”

“I’m going to swat you twenty times, ten for each behavior.”

“Yes, Sir.” I relax against him. I don’t usually fib—well never—and I’m not often argumentative either. But today is a weird day for me. Maybe I pushed the envelope on purpose because I know a spanking will help lower my anxiety. I’ve been stressed ever since I saw that woman in the red shirt.

Daddy doesn’t give me much of a warmup before he picks up the pace and gives me a good hard spanking. Before I know it, he’s done, which is almost disappointing.

He rolls me over and cradles me in his lap, my heated, naked bottom between his thighs. “Did you learn a lesson, princess?”

I nod, but I can’t keep from grinning.

He gives me a devious smile. “Let me guess. You learned that if you challenge me or tell white lies, you’ll get your naughty bottom spanked, and that’s exactly what you want.”

I giggle. I know he’s not mad. He’s almost laughing too. “Yes, but I don’t like to be naughty, so I’ll be good.”

“Don’t forget. You never have to misbehave to get a spanking. You could just ask for one.”

“I know.” I’m not very good at that, but he’s told me several times. It seems easier to be a little naughty than to ask him to swat my bottom for no reason.

“It’s time for a bottle and a nap. While you nap, I’ll get in touch with Elijah to see when might be a good time to meet up

with him and Petra.”

I nod. “That sounds like fun.”

He stands, lowers me onto the couch cushion, and puts my diaper back on. He sets me in the adult-sized playpen in the middle of the room next. “The playpen is meant to keep you out of trouble, Baby girl. No standing when you’re in it. No climbing out. Understood.”

“Yes, Sir.” I shudder at the reminder that I’m a Baby here. There is no wiggle room on my age range. A Baby. That’s it. It’s strange, but I’m intrigued. If I can let go of the parts that make me nervous—like not using a bathroom ever—I think this week of regression could be the most amazing week of my life.

Part of me is concerned I’m going to love it too much. After all, why wouldn’t I want to spend all my time at an age where I get no choices? I don’t have to make decisions. It sounds rather heavenly to me.

Sure, there are aspects that are currently outside of my comfort zone, but nothing that makes me panic. Heck, the worst hurdle already happened. I was stripped naked and given a fully exposed exam at the doctor’s office. I don’t think anything can top that on the humiliation spectrum.

I’m still sitting in the playpen staring at the array of toys when Daddy returns, shaking my bottle.

The next thing I know, I’m in his arms in my temporary nursery. He’s rocking me and feeding me the bottle. My eyes are so heavy by the time I finish it that I don’t argue about naptime. I’m exhausted from traveling and seeing the doctor. I need this nap. I barely notice when he lowers me into the crib. He tucks my favorite stuffed doll, Emma, in my arms, and I snuggle up with her, asleep in seconds.

* * *

When I wake up, I’m confused about where I am, but not for long. Daddy rushes to my side in moments, and I remember

I'm in the cabin we rented for the week on Regression Island.

This nursery is so pretty. It's mostly white with little pastel touches all around the room. Nothing red. I'm sure Daddy made sure they put us in a rental cabin that didn't have red accents.

He rubs my tummy. "How was your nap, princess."

I reach for him. "I feel much better."

He picks me up and carries me to the changing table. "Arms up. Knees bent. Legs wide."

This is our routine. Daddy says he won't add straps to my table as long as I obey his rules. He wants my hands out of the way and my legs open far enough for him to easily change me.

I reach my hands over my head and clasp them together. It's the same position Nurse Brian held me in at the clinic. It's what Daddy insists upon when he changes me. I feel so very vulnerable with my arms raised like this. My shirt climbs up, and my boobs lift. I'm exposed, especially when I'm naked or when Daddy pushes my shirt up so my nipples are visible.

I bite my lip as Daddy unfastens my soaked diaper. I've recently started wetting myself in my sleep without realizing it. It embarrasses me on a new level. It's one thing to consciously pee in my diaper, but wetting myself without conscious effort is nerve-wracking.

Before removing the wet material, Daddy cups my pussy over it and holds it against me. "What have we talked about, Josie..." His voice has a warning tone.

My lip quivers.

He presses the warm thickness with more pressure. "Sometimes Little girls who wear diapers get comfortable enough in them to stop trying so hard to hold their bladder, right?"

I nod, but I'm still biting my lip. My cheeks are hot too.

"Why are you upset, Baby girl?"

I let go of my lip finally to voice my concerns, even though we've discussed this before. It's still weighing on me. "What if I can't control myself when I'm supposed to be in my adult headspace, Daddy?"

"First of all, the only times you've wet yourself without realizing it were when you were asleep. Daddy never puts you down for a nap or to bed without a diaper, does he?"

I shake my head.

"Second of all, you know you can always wear a discreet pullup if you're ever in a situation where you're worried you might pee involuntarily, right?"

I nod again. I've even worn pullups to my parents' house several times. I'm not sure if they noticed or not, but they didn't comment. They know I'm Little, but until I met Chase, I'd never played at such a young age.

"Thirdly, Daddy loves you no matter what. It doesn't matter to me how Little you want to be, nor does it matter to me if you wet yourself. And if you ever had an accident in your adult headspace, I would simply find a way to discretely clean you up. Got it?"

"Yes, Sir," I whisper.

"Good girl." He removes the diaper entirely and proceeds to wipe my pussy and inner thighs with a warm cloth while I watch him. I'm always trying to decide if he really does like to care for me so deeply or if he's just saying that because I enjoy it.

"I spoke to Elijah," he informs me as he slides a fresh diaper under me. "We decided to meet at the beach this afternoon."

"The beach!" I shout excitedly. I kick my legs out as he finishes up.

He chuckles as he lifts me to my feet and stands me on the floor. "Yep. We're going to leave now in fact. How does that sound?"

“Amazing. I can’t wait. And I’ll get to see Petra! Did you bring me a bathing suit, Daddy?”

He squats down in front of me, putting us eye to eye. His hands are on my hips. “Littles don’t wear bathing suits on the island, princess. Just swim diapers.”

My eyes widen. “And T-shirts?”

“Nope. Just diapers.”

I lift my hands to my chest and cover my boobs over my shirt. “I’d get burnt,” I argue even though it’s futile.

“Daddy will put plenty of sunscreen on you.”

“On my boobies?” I ask incredulously.

He chuckles. “Yes, on your boobies, Baby girl. And you will stay under the umbrella as much as possible.”

“How weird.” I scrunch up my nose.

“Think of it as a nude beach.”

“I don’t think women on nude beaches wear diapers,” I point out.

He tweaks my nose. “That’s true, but being nude is normalized on a nude beach, and it’s normalized for Littles to wear nothing but swim diapers at the beach and the Littleworld waterpark here.”

I sigh. At least I’m a regular-sized person. No one is going to pay attention to me. My boobies are small and uninteresting. I’ve seen Littles in all sizes and shapes. I bet some of them are more self-conscious than I should be.

“Did you get me a bucket and shovel?” I ask, changing the subject.

Daddy rises to his feet and takes my hand. “Everything we need for the beach is in a beach bag by the door. I went through it to make sure it was all pastel. Nothing red. I warned Elijah about red things also.”

I wince. “I’m not sure Petra knows I have sensitivity issues. I didn’t know her that well. She probably just thought I

was shy or strange. What if she thinks I'm weird and doesn't want to play with me?"

"I'm quite positive Petra is not that judgmental. If she were, Elijah never would have fallen in love with her." Daddy leads me to the door, grabbing my diaper bag and the bag that must contain our beach stuff on the way outside.

I'm still a bit concerned about Petra, but that's always the case when I meet new people. The act of meeting someone or getting to know them better always causes me anxiety, which exacerbates my triggers.

"Wait right here in the doorway while I put the bags on the golf cart. I'll come back and get you." Daddy jogs to the golf cart to stash the bags.

I know why he's doing this. It's because I don't have shoes on. He could have put them on me, but he knows I hate shoes. He knows shoes would add to my stress level.

Daddy thinks of everything, often before I ever do.

In seconds, he's back, lifting me off the ground and holding me against his side. He shuts the door to the cabin and carries me to the golf cart.

Chapter Seven

“Josie!”

I look up from where I’m waddling across the sand to find Petra running toward me. She’s grinning broadly. Her black hair is in braids that bounce around as she runs. Her skin is pale, so I’m sure her Daddy keeps her slathered in sunscreen at all times.

She looks so carefree, and the only thing she’s wearing is a swim diaper. She’s about my size with modest breasts, so I realize as soon as Daddy takes off my shirt, I’m going to look nearly the same as her.

“Slow down, Petra,” Elijah calls out, following close behind her. His long legs make it possible for him to look like he’s barely strolling while she’s jogging. “You’re going to fall on your face and get sand in your mouth.”

She comes to a halt a few feet from me, which makes my heart rate slow down. I thought she was going to tackle me to the ground, and I’m not very good at that kind of contact.

“I’m so glad you’re here!” she shouts, bouncing up and down. “I love it when someone from the mainland visits. Someone I know, that is.”

I smile. Even though I don’t know Petra well, I do know she was attacked by a mugger in the parking lot of the Dungeon one night, and it made her so scared and nervous that she wasn’t sleeping. I felt sad for her. I’m so glad she met Elijah, and he helped her move forward.

“I already set up a blanket for us so we can make a sandcastle,” she declares, pointing over her shoulder. “Do you want to make a sandcastle with me?”

I nod. “Yes. That sounds like fun.”

I glance at Daddy who gives me a nod before I take off with Petra, skipping toward her spot on the beach, the men trailing behind us.

Petra indeed has everything set up for us already. Blanket, towels, and a bunch of shovels and different buckets. “Daddy told me you don’t like the color red. I didn’t bring anything red,” she declares. Her voice isn’t mocking me at all.

“Yeah, I can’t explain it. My brain messes with me. I have some weird sensitivities.”

“Oh, trust me. I understand how the brain can play tricks on you. Brains are meanies. I still wake up screaming some nights, thinking someone is attacking me. It’s better now that I live here on the island where crime is nearly nonexistent, but my brain still doesn’t always get the memo.”

I smile. I know my problem is different from hers, but she understands.

The shadows of our Daddies appear, making me glance up to find Chase dropping our bags. “Let’s get sunscreen on you, princess, before you get burnt.”

When I turn to face him, he sits on a beach chair, reaches for the hem of my shirt, and pulls it over my head without a word.

I shudder and try not to overreact, but it’s hard when he removes my diaper two seconds later, leaving me naked. Instead of helping me into a swim diaper like I expect, he picks up the sunscreen and pours some into his palm.

I purse my lips the moment his hands reach for my arms. I’ve never been this exposed in my entire life. Naked. Outside. On the beach. Petra and Elijah are less than two feet away. I can’t look at them though.

Daddy rubs his hands up my arms and my shoulders. “Breathe, princess,” he whispers.

I shake my head. I can’t breathe. Is he crazy?

He slides his hands down to my chest and rubs the lotion into my boobies.

I gasp, which forces in air. “Daddy...” I murmur. My nipples are getting harder, and I have to squeeze my legs together.

He gives me a wink and continues down to my tummy. Luckily, he slides past my pussy—which can’t possibly need sunscreen—and works on my thighs. When he reaches my feet, he says, “Turn around, princess.”

I don’t want to turn around. That will make me feel even more exposed. I shudder, fighting the urge to cover my boobies. I feel very, very young and small and vulnerable and controlled.

It’s an intense feeling. It overwhelms me. It’s confusing. I’m hornier than I was this morning at the doctor’s office. My entire body is on fire. I swear if he commanded me to orgasm right now, I could do so without any contact.

The idea of turning around so that Petra and Elijah and everyone else walking by on the beach will have a full view of my naked body makes my legs weak. I’m embarrassed to realize it’s because I like it. I like it when Daddy dominates me so totally that I have no other options but to obey him.

I slowly turn around, keeping my gaze lowered and my hands fisted at my sides.

“That’s my good girl.” He sets his hands on my hips and pulls me back several inches so I’m between his legs. Instead of rubbing lotion into my back as expected though, his hands slide up to cup my boobies.

My vision blurs.

He thumbs my nipples as if he hadn’t just put sunscreen on them already. His lips come to my ear. “You’re so very

gorgeous when you submit to me like this, Josie.” His voice is deep. Filled with need.

I whimper.

“It feels good, doesn’t it? To let Daddy take charge. Let Daddy decide who sees you naked.” His hands wander from my breasts to my thighs, where his thumbs rub inches from my pussy. “Let yourself submit to me. Let Daddy make all the decisions. Let yourself feel the desperation. Embrace it. It’s who you are. My sweet Josie enjoys very young age play. It’s comforting and safe. It lets a giant weight lift off your shoulders. You don’t do anything unless Daddy says so. You take your bottles when Daddy says; you fill your diaper when Daddy says; you expose your body when Daddy says.”

I’m trembling at his words. I can’t keep my hands at my sides. I set my palms on top of his, willing him to touch me more intimately. I don’t even care who’s watching at this point.

“Hands at your sides, Baby girl. You don’t come unless Daddy allows it.”

I whimper again, louder. This time, the sound coming from my mouth causes me to glance up. Elijah and Petra are not here anymore. I spot them in the water. No one has heard what Daddy is saying but me. He has spoken in a very soft voice all this time. No one’s towel and umbrella is close enough to us for them to hear or realize he’s driving me wild.

“You’re so turned on,” Daddy continues. “Aren’t you, princess?”

My breath hitches, but I give a slight nod.

“When you asked me to spank you in a private room at the Dungeon the other night, were you this turned on, Baby girl? Were you afraid if I bared your bottom or more of you to the room, everyone would find out you were an exhibitionist?”

My face heats to the point of combustion. Is what he’s saying true? I try to think back. I hadn’t thought I was ready to be exposed to voyeurs the other night. It’s not something I’d

ever done. Until Daddy, few people had ever seen me naked. Not since I was a baby. Rarely even my mother.

I've considered myself a private, modest person for many years. I thought I would be mortified if anyone saw me naked, especially my boobies or my pussy.

Maybe what I really thought was that I would get aroused and that would be the mortifying part.

I'm breathing heavily as Daddy puts more sunscreen on his hands and rubs it into my back and my legs and lastly my bottom—which is entirely unnecessary.

He parts my cheeks. His thumbs graze my tight hole, the very spot he penetrated to make me come earlier. He won't do that here will he?

“Stay very still, Baby girl. Daddy is going to put a small plug in your little bottom before I slide your swim diaper on. No one will see. You're concealed between my legs.”

I grab his thighs, digging my nails into them. I know what a plug is. I've seen them at the Dungeon. We've never discussed this though. I didn't know Daddy had such an interest in my bottom. Nor did I know *I* did until today. I didn't know he owned plugs or brought them.

I want this though. I want to feel the plug stretching my bottom while I play. I want to feel his ownership. Our little secret. Only Daddy will know why I'm squirming.

I clench my bottom instinctively when the tip of the plug touches my naughty hole. I think it's glass. It's covered in lube. Daddy swirls it at my entrance for a moment before pushing it home.

A moment later, he holds my swim diaper up in front of me. “Step in, Baby girl.” His voice is so deep and sexy. His chest is against my back. He keeps bumping into the plug.

It feels heavy and tight inside me. It feels like possession. It feels like my submission. It feels like his control. His dominance. It drags me into a younger age, as if that's possible.

Daddy pulls the swim diaper into place and whispers. "There we go." His hand flattens on my tummy, his fingers grazing my boobies. "That's my good girl. The plug will remind you who's in charge while you play. Every time you move, you'll remember what it felt like to have my fingers up inside your bottom. You'll crave that contact. It will make your clit throb. Your nipples will be hard little peaks all afternoon. You will keep your fingers away from them though, like a good girl. Daddy decides when you get your next orgasm."

I'm panting as he turns me around so I'm facing him. He kisses my nose, not giving me his mouth like I want. He cups my face and holds my gaze for several seconds. Searching? Making sure I'm on the same page.

I'm not just on the same page. I'm on the same paragraph, word, and letter. I'm trembling with desire. From being exposed to everyone on the beach while Daddy talks dirty to me.

This is new for us. It's not a dynamic we've explored. It's scary. It's a much deeper level of submission. I think it's a byproduct of the deeper level of age play and the fact that there are no breaks from the role here on this island.

I'm nervous because I like it. Does Daddy? Is he just giving me a vacation of a lifetime? I'm concerned I'm falling deeper and deeper into a rabbit hole I won't be able to crawl out of with every passing hour here.

It's as if we've entered a different dimension. I'm not the same Little girl. I'm a new Little. One who wants her Daddy to do everything for her. Maybe it will pass. Maybe it's just the novelty of our arrival.

I need to get a grip. Daddy would never want to dominate me this hard all the time. He couldn't. Only on vacation. In the real world, he has to go to work and manage the house, handling all the grown-up things that will be ignored while we're away.

I've been leaning on him heavily for the past several weeks, letting him take over everything. Melissa would not

like it. My parents would frown also if they knew. I'm supposed to be working on my self-sufficiency. Instead, I met a man who's made it totally unnecessary. I moved in with him. I still do my job for eight hours a day, but outside of that, I let Daddy manage my life.

It's what I want. It's not healthy though. I know this. And he can't possibly want that much constant responsibility either.

Can I have this week? He's offering me the world. I'm going to take it.

I wrap my arms around him and hug him tight.

He rubs my back and whispers in my ear. "How does the plug feel, princess?"

"Like submission," I tell him, voicing my thoughts.

He holds me tighter. "Perfect. Would you like to go stick your toes in the ocean and then come back and build Daddy a castle?"

I nod.

He rises and takes my hand.

Walking is more awkward than ever. It's not just the bulk of the swim diaper. It's the plug now too. I tip my head back to look at Daddy. "My swim diaper is different from the others I see."

"Yep. Daddy ordered yours special so it wouldn't pinch your thighs."

I grin. He's the best Daddy ever.

Chapter Eight

When I wake up the following morning, I'm already smiling. Daddy's arms are wrapped around me, holding me tight. I'm so glad he lets me sleep in his bed. I know some Littles sleep in their cribs at night. Daddy only makes me use the crib for naps.

I wiggle in his arms and turn to face him. "We're going to Littleworld today!" I declare.

He chuckles. "Yep. Which park should we go to first?"

I nearly laugh at the fact that he's giving me options. But I know he only does so when the choices are unimportant. He tosses in options as if I have some control over anything. I don't. Not really.

"Mmm. I think the amusement park. Can we go there?"

"We sure can." He pulls me closer so we're chest to chest. The only thing between us is my very full diaper. Daddy holds my gaze while he slides a hand down my back and over my bottom before pressing my bulging diaper between my legs.

I don't look away this time. He's silently pointing out that I'm soaked again, and that it's okay. I'm starting to believe him.

"No red rides though, Daddy," I tell him.

"Of course, princess. No red rides. I promise. We'll use a stroller too. That way if anything gets too overwhelming, you can close your eyes and take deep breaths. I can even pull the

sides around and cover the front if you need to block out the rest of the world for a while.”

I grin and squeeze him tighter.

Daddy holds me for several minutes, but he doesn't start any sexy times. I kind of wish he would, but we did make love last night, and Daddy told me he's in charge of deciding when we have sexy times this week.

When he releases me to slide out of bed, he drags me to the edge of the mattress and removes my diaper. He takes his time cleaning my folds and even more time spreading diaper cream on me.

By the time he pulls the front over my pussy, I'm panting. Is he going to tease me like this all week? I think so. After all, that's what he's done so far. It happened three times yesterday. At the clinic, at the beach, and then back at home when he gave me a bath. He did let me come again after my bath. In fact, we had sex. But afterward, he told me I did not have permission to initiate this week. Those words alone made me horny all over again.

Daddy feeds me a bottle and leaves me in the playpen while he eats breakfast. After he gets the diaper bag ready, he picks me up and carries me to the nursery.

I'm confused. I assumed we were leaving. Instead, he lies me on my tummy on the changing table. “Pull your knees up under you, Baby girl.”

I do as I'm told. I want to ask what he's going to do, but I don't dare.

Daddy opens one side of my diaper, pulls my cheeks apart, and pushes something cold and narrow up inside me. A moment later, I feel a liquid being squeezed into my bottom. It's over so fast, and he refastens my diaper.

Next, he lifts me into his arms and carries me to the rocking chair. He cradles me and pops a pacifier into my mouth.

I realize I've been silenced. I have so many questions.

Daddy strokes my cheek. “That was a quick saline enema. It will force you to empty your bowels in a few minutes. Sometimes Little girls need a full deep enema. We would do that at the doctor’s office if you need one. He would empty an entire bag of fluid into you and plug your bottom for a while before letting you release it.”

I gasp and squirm on Daddy’s lap. I try to spit the pacifier out to tell him I don’t want that, but he’s faster than me. He holds my free arm with one hand and blocks the pacifier from leaving my mouth with the other.

His restraint and dominance make me arch into him and moan. My reactions are so foreign to me. He keeps upping the ante and dominating me deeper, and I keep getting hornier.

The thought of pooping my diaper while he holds me makes me nearly panic, but it’s obviously not bothering him, so I shouldn’t let it bother me.

That’s only my immediate problem. The thought of having my bottom filled with a deep penetrative enema makes my entire body jump to attention. I want to argue. I want to tell him no way. I want to buck and protest and pout and demand he never do that to me.

I want him to force me.

The realization makes even my ears red hot. I tuck my face against his chest so I don’t have to look at him and he can’t read my expression.

He holds me there, keeping the pacifier in against his pecs. My free hand is still in his grip. His other hand strokes the back of my head. “Daddy is going to give you a saline enema like that every day this week so you can fill your diaper before we leave the house and not have to worry about it again.”

I whimper, but his plan is a good one. This is better than pooping in front of everyone at the park. I clench my butt cheeks as I feel the urge to eliminate consuming me. My entire body stiffens.

“Don’t fight it, Baby girl. Relax your body. You won’t be able to stop it, and you’ll feel much better afterward.”

I wish he would put me down so I could poop in private, but I'm not in charge, and the fact that he's not giving me a choice is more appealing than giving me privacy.

When I can't fight it any longer, I release my sphincter and let it all out.

I should be mortified. Part of me is. Or maybe all of me is. But my mortification is fueling my need to submit. It's maddening and confusing and growing more so by the hour.

Daddy praises me while he changes me.

I suckle the pacifier like it's a lifeline the entire time.

I finally breathe easier when he's done. He pops the pacifier from my mouth after setting me on my feet. "I'm going to take this with us. If you get anxious, you tell Daddy, and I'll find a place where we can cut out some of the noise and lights. The pacifier will help calm you too."

"Thank you, Daddy."

After putting my shoes and socks on, he carries me to the golf cart. We can't avoid shoes at the parks. I understand that. I prefer to go barefoot as often as I can, but when it's necessary, I can wear shoes.

I get so excited when we pull into the parking lot. I can see some of the rides from the golf cart. The tall and scary ones.

As soon as I'm situated in the stroller, strapped in securely with a five-point harness, I tip my head back to look at Daddy. "Do they have some rides that aren't as scary? I don't think I'm ready for the really big ones with loops."

I've been feeling very brave about coming here ever since Daddy gave me the tickets for my birthday, but the truth is I've never been to an amusement park, so I'm not so sure about giant roller coasters with loops and turns that go really fast.

"They have every kind of ride, princess. We'll start with the least scary ones and see how you like them. How's that sound?"

"Do you think they have teacups? I've seen them on TV."

“We’ll find out.”

It doesn’t take long to get into the park, and I’m beyond grateful for the stroller. It’s very crowded. I don’t like crowds or noise, and I would have panicked if people were bumping into me. This is much better.

I lean back, which lets me block out my peripheral vision, and I focus only on what’s directly in front of us. The path mostly. I watch with wide eyes, not reacting until Daddy stops the stroller.

I sit forward and clap my hands. “There they are, Daddy. Teacups! They’re real!”

He chuckles as he releases me from the stroller. “Did you think they only existed on TV?”

“Yes. I guess. Sort of,” I admit.

Daddy squats in front of me and takes my arms. “I want to keep your anxiety to a minimum. It’s my job. So, I’d rather not use a harness if we can avoid it in the lines. But that means you have to stay right by my side at all times, holding my hand. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl. Let’s go try the teacups.”

Chapter Nine

The teacups make me dizzy, and I love it. We ride them three times before Daddy leads me to a rollercoaster. It's a small one. I can see the entire track. It doesn't have any deep dips or loops or drops.

When we get close to the front of the line, I get anxious. "Is a stranger going to touch me?" I ask softly.

Daddy pulls me close to his side. "This one has a bar that will pull down in front of us to keep us safe. There are other rides with elaborate harnesses though. You'll have to look at them to decide if you think you can ride them."

I shake my head. "I don't think I can do that, Daddy."

"Then we'll stick with the ones that don't require as much restraint. It will still be so much fun."

I tip my head back to look at him. I wonder if he's serious or humoring me.

Daddy chuckles and leans down to whisper in my ear. "Can I tell you a secret?"

My eyes go wide. "What, Daddy?"

"I tend to get motion sickness on the wild rides. I've been hoping you wouldn't want to ride them. I'd have to turn in my man card and my Daddy card if I threw up on a ride."

I giggle and twist in his arms to hug him tight. "We better not go on any super scary rides then. I don't want you to get sick." Relief floods me, even if he was exaggerating.

We ride the easy roller coaster three times also. That's Daddy's limit. He cuts me off and insists we go to another one. And another. And another. After five rides, I'm giddy, and my stomach is growling.

"Time for a bottle, Baby girl." Daddy stops at a park bench. Instead of taking me out of the stroller though, he leans the seat back so I'm partially reclining and holds the bottle to my lips from my side.

It's comforting. I can't see other people. I've done so well all morning. I'm proud of myself. Even though the lines get crowded, Daddy always distracts me. Having the ability to rest and regroup in the stroller in between alleviates my anxiety.

I grow groggy while I'm eating, and Daddy has to jiggle the bottle several times to encourage me to finish it. I've learned this part is mandatory. Little girls are expected to empty every bottle.

When I'm done, Daddy kisses my forehead. "Nap for a while, Baby girl."

I'm smiling as I drift off.

* * *

It seems like only minutes before I open my eyes, startled by my surroundings. Daddy notices I'm awake immediately and sets down the book he was reading. "Hey there, princess. Feel better?"

I nod and stretch out my arms while he sets my stroller back up.

"I have a surprise for you."

I shift my attention to him as he pulls something out of the diaper bag and holds it up.

It's a lollipop. Not an ordinary lollipop. It's one of those giant swirly ones. Green and white. "For me?" I shout.

He chuckles. "Of course it's for you, princess. I don't have any other Little girls." He removes the plastic wrapper and

hands it to me. “How about if I push you around the park so we can see everything else while you lick.”

The first taste makes me moan. It’s so yummy. Green apple. I love it. I know from Dr. Pedersen telling us yesterday that it’s made from all healthy ingredients like fruit juice, but it’s so delicious.

Daddy finds a few more rides that won’t make me panic, and then he decides I’ve had enough for the day, and we head for the exit.

“But I want to stay longer,” I whine, shocked by my reaction. I’m not a whiner. Ever. I’m not the sort of Little who’s a brat. I’ve heard other Littles talk about brats at the Dungeon. I’m not like that.

But I suddenly find myself pushing Daddy’s buttons. It’s like a challenge to see what he will do. I’m starting to worry that I’m too much work for him. I wonder what his limit is. I’ve never seen it. Will he get angry? Frustrated? I want to find out. It’s important.

I’ve never been this Little before. Not for an extended period of time. Surely he’s exhausted. Surely he can’t do this day after day. He’s humoring me, isn’t he? How much of our real life exhausts him too? Does he humor me at home when I’m needy and Little also?

It’s scary.

Daddy stops pushing the stroller and rounds to the front, squatting down to face me. He grabs my hands and holds them against my bare thighs. “What’s the rule?” he asks in the calmest voice I’ve ever heard.

“Daddy makes the decisions,” I murmur. I’m not whining now.

“That’s right. What happens to naughty Little girls who argue with Daddy about his decisions?”

“They get disciplined.” I squirm at the thought of him spanking me again today. I’m starting to crave it more often. It’s oddly relaxing. I like the way he holds me down and swats

my bottom until I'm near tears. It reminds me that he's in charge.

I know I'm testing him. I'm doing it because I crave the control he exerts. I want to make sure he's going to do it no matter what.

“Do you want Daddy to spank you right here in the park, Baby girl?”

I glance around. There are so many people near the entrance. Some are coming in. Most are leaving for the day. Last week I chose not to have Daddy spank me in front of anyone at the Dungeon. But that was last week. That was before I knew I had a bit of an exhibitionist side. That was before I knew it would make my blood pump wildly if Daddy exposed me to others.

It was before he fingered my bottom until I orgasmed in front of the doctor and the nurse. Before he stripped me naked and took his time driving my arousal to the moon with sunscreen. Before he put a plug in my bottom and made me spend the afternoon squirming.

It's all just a series of scenes, right? This isn't real life. No one has the energy to maintain this in real life for an extended period of time. But I'm starting to wish they could. It would be heaven if I could live here forever under Daddy's total command.

Instead of asking Daddy to spank me, I choose to play the role. “But it's early, and the sun is still out, and other Littles get to still be at the park.” I'm honing my whine. It's odd even to my own ears, but it's there.

Daddy calmly unfastens my straps and lifts me out of the stroller.

Uh oh. What have I gotten myself into?

He seems to be fighting a grin. Weird. He stands me up in front of him and rubs my arms. “I assume after your reaction when I stripped you naked at the beach yesterday, you decided you're curious about being spanked in public. So, that's what I'll do. And then you'll know.”

He says all that so fast I can barely process it before he lowers his hands to remove my diaper. Seconds later, I'm over his knees, my bare bottom exposed, my shirt pushed up high on my back.

I'm breathing heavily. Nervous to try this new thing. It's so unlike me. But he's right. I want him to spank me. I want to know what it feels like to have my naughty bottom swatted in front of all these people.

It's not like the club. I'll never see any of them again in my life. If I hate it or react strangely, who cares?

I'm only here for a week, right?

The first swat on my bottom yanks me to the present. I'm paying attention now. Daddy holds my wrists at the small of my back and spanks me again. He moves his hand all over my bottom and the backs of my thighs, giving me a very memorable spanking.

He doesn't stop any time soon either. He pushes me. My bottom is on fire, the heat radiating all through my body. Just how I like it.

When he starts aiming for the spot where my butt cheeks meet my thighs, I feel it in my clit, and I hold my breath. If he keeps it up, I'm going to come.

Finally, he stops. His palm flattens on my heated skin, rubbing gently. This is normal. He always does this after a spanking. What's not normal that he's never done is let his fingers drag low between my thighs so that he's almost grazing my pussy.

He's doing all this casually. No one would know he's teasing me and driving me high on arousal. He's so subtle about it. He's quick too. He dips his fingers lower and flicks my clit a few times before resuming his aftercare.

I purse my lips to keep from moaning. My emotions are all over the place. The pain chased away my naughty thoughts and washed away my behavior. The arousal is sending me in a new direction. I need more contact. He's not going to do that on a park bench in Littleworld.

He's going to tease me into submission and leave me hanging.

It's possible my plan will backfire on me. Except what was my plan in the first place? It was to find out if I liked being watched while Daddy disciplined me.

Yes. Yes, I did. I liked being watched naked on the beach while he put my sunscreen on, and I liked being spanked in this crowded park where everyone walking by could see my heated bottom.

When I start to moan, Daddy stops. He lifts me off his lap and lowers me back into the stroller.

I wince when my bottom hits the padding. It's soft, but nothing would feel soft against my skin right now. He doesn't put a diaper on me, and I'm not sure what his plan is.

Daddy grabs a small blanket from the diaper bag and shakes it out. He drapes it over me and pulls the stroller so that my legs bump into his knees where he sits on the park bench.

"Spread your knees, princess."

I part my thighs, and Daddy nestles his between mine, forcing me wider.

I shiver with anticipation. I glance around. I can't see anyone. The sides of my stroller are blocking most people from me and vice versa.

Daddy's hands are under the blanket, trailing up my thighs. When his thumbs reach my pussy, he parts my folds and holds me open. His gaze is locked on mine.

I gasp. "Daddy..."

"Mmm. Naughty girl." He releases my pussy and continues to smooth his palms up higher until he's cupping my boobs. His fingers and thumbs find my nipples and give a sharp pinch.

I arch my chest and moan.

"No noises, naughty girl," Daddy says. He pulls one hand out, rummages in the diaper bag, and holds up my pacifier. He

pops it into my mouth. “Suck. No noises.”

I do as I’m told. The sucking will help. But what’s his plan?

His hands come back under the blanket. He plays with my boobies for a while and then returns his attention to my thighs, squeezing, massaging.

When his thumbs come to my pussy, I gasp. The pacifier almost falls out.

Daddy gives me a sharp reprimanding look. “Keep that in your mouth, princess,” he warns as he thrusts a thumb into my pussy while the other one comes to my clit.

I bite down on the nipple and struggle to control my reactions.

Daddy pumps his thumb into me several more times, rubbing my clit at the same time. And then his hands are gone. It all happened so fast.

I’m panting and squirming. I need the contact. I was so close to coming. And what am I thinking? I can’t orgasm in a public place. I’ve gone bonkers.

Daddy holds my thighs open wide. He’s also holding my gaze. His voice is calm and loving when he speaks. “You’re such a gorgeous, precious, adorable Little girl. I’m so fucking lucky.”

His words surprise me. He thinks he’s lucky? I was naughty, and he had to punish me. I’m turning into a handful this week. I’m so needy and clingy and desperate all the time. He’s confusing me with his words, his actions, and his expression.

He looks like he loves me.

Of course, he does. I know he loves me. Right? That was before. Before we came to the island and I turned into a desperate, needy Little girl who wants more attention than any one caregiver could ever possibly be able to provide and sustain.

“Deep breaths, princess. I’m not going to let you come. I just wanted to verify that my public spanking affected you tremendously. I’ve created a monster.” He chuckles before he leans forward, kisses my lips, and strokes my cheek. “Let’s go back to the cabin.”

Chapter Ten

“Daddy...” I’m moaning in my sleep. I’m partially aware, but I can’t quite wake up. I think I’m thrashing too. I’m in one of those early morning dreams. The kind you can remember later, and you know it’s a dream, and you can even sort of control what happens, but you can’t drag yourself out of it. And sometimes you don’t even want to.

Now is one of those times. We’re at Littleworld. Daddy has just finished spanking me. Hundreds of people are watching. They’re in a semicircle around me, clapping and cheering while I endure my punishment.

My bottom is on fire, and I’m partially aware this is not just in my dream. It still burns from the intense spanking I got for real yesterday in the park. I squirm, but that causes my pussy to rub against my diaper.

Why am I wearing a diaper right after my spanking? Wait... I’m not. Daddy is leaning over me. He’s using a blanket to cover me. His hands are on my thighs. He pushes them open. He rubs his thumbs along the seam of my lips, parts them, drags them through my wetness.

I’m going to come. I’m so close. When he touches my clit, I cry out. The sound fills the room, making me gasp, jarring me.

I bolt awake, blinking. It’s day. The room is filled with light. It was a dream. A very good dream that got cut off. By me. Screaming.

Suddenly I realize I'm not alone. Daddy is next to me. He's propped up on his elbow, his cheek in his palm. He's smiling. He's not touching me. "Good dream?"

My face heats as I realize I'm panting. I've kicked the sheets down to the end of the bed. One hand is on my breast. One hand is gripping the front of my diaper. My hands.

Oh, God. I jerk my hands away, mortified. I was masturbating in my sleep. I roll to my side, facing away from him, and bury my face in my pillow.

Daddy chuckles as his hand lands on my shoulder and slides down my arm. "Was I there? In your dream?"

I groan and bury myself deeper. How totally humiliating.

"Princess... No reason to be embarrassed. You had a sex dream. Everyone does sometimes. I'm sorry it got interrupted. I think you jerked yourself out of it when you screamed. I bet you were close to coming."

I bite my lip, not responding. My pussy is pulsing from the shattered orgasm. I grip my thighs together tighter, trying to alleviate the need consuming me.

Daddy's hand comes to the fastening at the side of my diaper. He pulls it loose and tugs the diaper free of me.

I remain rolled on my side, not wanting to face him.

His hand rubs my hip before easing around to the front and between my legs. He scoots closer, kisses my shoulder, and whispers, "Let me finish it for you, Baby girl."

I moan when he finds my soaking wet, swollen clit and rubs it. He presses his top leg between mine, urging my knee to bend and my leg to move closer to my chest. This gives him more room. It spreads me open. It makes me feel exposed. "Daddy..." I murmur.

"That's my girl. Let Daddy help you come, then we can start the day."

I whimper, turning farther into the pillow. Can't he see I'm embarrassed? I'm surprised he isn't punishing me for touching myself. I'm not allowed to masturbate.

He slides a finger inside me and finds my G-spot.

I groan. Suddenly I fear he's going to edge me and leave me hanging to discipline me. I grab his hand to make him stop. I can't take that this morning. I'm too raw. I feel emotionally naked.

I push his hand away and roll onto my back so I can face him. "Don't, Daddy." My lip is trembling. I'm going to cry. I'm so damn horny. I need release, not punishment.

His brow furrows. "You don't want Daddy to touch you?"

I shake my head. "Not if you're going to punish me," I murmur. "I'm... I can't endure that this morning, Chase."

He sits up, drops a hand on the other side of me, and hovers over me. "Chase?" He frowns. "What's going on, Josie?"

I swallow. "Aren't I in trouble?"

His brow grows deeper. "For what?"

"For touching myself." I turn my head to look away. "I assume you want to tease me and not let me come because I was naughty."

"Oh, princess, no. Not at all." He cups my face and turns me to face him again. "You could never be in trouble for touching yourself in your sleep. It was hotter than hell. My cock is so hard I'm about to come in my shorts. I was really hoping you would orgasm. I wanted to watch. And now I want to help you finish, Baby girl." His voice is sincere.

"Oh..." I lower my gaze to his chest, not wanting to look him in the eye. My body is quivering, still hovering on the edge of orgasm.

Daddy slides down my frame, climbs between my legs, pushes them wide, and lowers his mouth to my pussy.

I gasp and grab his head, threading my fingers in his hair.

He's relentless, sucking and flicking me so fast I can't process or think straight. All I know is the tremendous need growing inside me. Building. Threatening to consume me.

And then I shatter. Daddy continues to suck me until I wince, and then he eases off gradually before lifting his head and smiling at me. He wipes his lips on the sheet. "Better?"

I nod but reach for him. "Need you. Please."

He climbs up my body, lodges his cock at my entrance, and holds my gaze. "This what you need, princess?"

"Yes, Daddy. Please." I grab at his arms even though there is no way for me to control this. Daddy will do what he's going to do on his timeframe. Not mine.

I have barely finished that thought before he thrusts into me, driving the air from my lungs, filling me so full that I lose all train of thought. Who needs thinking anyway? It's overrated.

God, I love when Daddy fills me. He's so big. When he's on top, I feel consumed, smothered, but in a good way. Cocooned. Loved. Cherished. He threads his fingers in my hair and holds me steady while he pumps in and out several times.

And then he groans, holding himself deep, spilling into me. He's panting when he drops his forehead onto mine. He's grinning. "Sorry, Baby girl. I couldn't hold off. You had me so fucking hot from watching you masturbate in your dream."

I slide my hands up his back and hold him, wanting him to stay inside me. "Don't be silly, Daddy. I don't mind. It makes me feel desirable when you can't hold back."

He nuzzles my nose and kisses me soundly, lingering on my lips for a long time before releasing them. "Which park should we go to today?"

Chapter Eleven

Maybe the water park was a bad choice for day two at Littleworld. After all, I knew there would be a level of nudity. I was challenging myself, wondering how I would react after the naked-on-the-beach incident and then the spanking at the amusement park.

I'm here now though, and once again I'm naked while Daddy spreads lotion all over me. We're next to the wave pool. I keep watching the water come toward the zero entry like ocean waves. I'm kind of nervous. It looks like it might pull me under. I'm not a great swimmer. Swim lessons were not a priority in my childhood. My parents were more concerned with ensuring I didn't have a meltdown. Group sports were never a consideration. Now, I'm kind of wishing they had arranged private swim lessons.

When Daddy chuckles, I turn my head toward him. "What's so funny?"

He glances down, and I follow his gaze to find him cupping my boobs, rubbing them, toying with the nipples. I hadn't noticed.

"You were so preoccupied staring at the water that even my thumbs couldn't make your nipples hard."

I flush and lick my lips. "I can't swim," I announce.

He eases his hands to my hips. "Ah. That explains why you only stuck your feet into the ocean the other day. I thought you were grossed out by seaweed or salty water."

“Those things are also true, but—” I point at the wave pool, “—that looks too scary.”

“We won’t start with that pool then, princess. We’ll go do something calmer. And Daddy will not let go of you or leave your side.”

“Okay.” I watch him while he continues to put lotion on me, rubbing my bottom unnecessarily and then down my thighs. He’s grown quiet, his brow slightly furrowed.

After he helps me into my swim diaper, he puts sunscreen on himself while I watch. “Ready?” he asks, giving me a smile. It looks forced.

I stare at him.

He stands and takes my hand. “How about the lazy river? You can share my tube, and I’ll hold on to you really tight.”

By the time we get situated in the tube, me cradled sideways in Daddy’s lap, the weirdness is gone. He splashes me, making me yelp. And then he pulls me against him so close and kisses my temple, lingering for a very long time.

* * *

The water park was amazing. So was the zoo the next day. The following day we spent partly at the beach and then in town. We met up with Petra and Elijah to visit the toy store, which was so fun. It was filled with adult-sized toys. It was like a wonderland for Littles.

Today we spent the morning at the amusement park again before Daddy brought me back to the cabin for a nap.

I’m nervous. Every day he has grown slightly weirder. Withdrawn or something. It all started when he snapped me out of staring at the wave pool. At least I think that was the moment.

Sometimes he seems far away. Sometimes when I’ve woken up from a nap, he hasn’t come to my side as quickly. I’ve heard him on the phone several times. I think he’s been

talking to his boss at work. I've only caught a few words here and there. He hasn't had any conversations directly in front of me.

When he's with me, he's sort of the same. But something is off. For real.

As I come fully awake, I stay very still in my crib. I'm holding Emma. She's comforting me the best she can. I can hear Daddy on the phone again. He sounds...excited? What does that mean?

I keep my eyes closed. This is the only time I can guarantee I'll be left alone with my thoughts. Alone in my crib as I wake from a nap but don't alert him yet.

My heart rate picks up as I consider the possibilities. He's pulling away from me. It's all my fault. I knew I was being too needy. I'm exhausting. No Daddy would want to deal with me. I have a pile of issues a mile long. It's too much to keep track of. Plus, I let him do everything for me. I let myself be incredibly young and carefree here on the island. I shouldn't have.

I think back to what Melissa has told me over and over. I need to maintain independence in case anything ever happens to Daddy. I'm pretty sure she meant death, but maybe she could have also meant that he could get tired of me and leave me.

“Hey there, Baby girl. What's wrong?”

Daddy's voice yanks me out of my head. I blink at him, wondering how he knew I was awake. And then I realize tears are running down my cheeks. I'm crying. Judging by my blurry vision and runny nose, I bet I wasn't quiet about it. I must have been sobbing out loud. Great. I'm being even needier.

Except Daddy doesn't look mad or frustrated. In fact, he lifts me up, cradles me tight, and carries me to the rocking chair. He settles in it, rocking us, rubbing my back, kissing my temple over and over. “Let it all out, princess. Whatever it is. Let it out. Then you can tell Daddy about it.”

No way can I tell him what I'm crying about. That just makes me cry harder.

Daddy rocks me for a long time. He doesn't rush me. He continues to rub my back, occasionally pausing to help me blow my nose. There's a growing pile of tissues on the floor next to us by the time I manage to suck back the last sobs.

"I love you, Josie," he says, hugging me tight. "Can you talk about what made you cry?"

I shake my head. No way can I talk about it. I can't even think about it. I can't even sort it out in my brain. I'm so confused because he's taking such good care of me, and yet he's also been distant, and I'm worried about my neediness. But I can't talk about it.

I feel him swallow against me. I know he wants me to talk. He deserves that from me, but I can't. Not yet. I don't know when. Maybe when we go back home, things will go back to normal? Maybe I can finally take Chase to see Melissa, and she can help me work on my independence so Daddy won't have to work so hard to take care of me.

I did this. I was too needy. And now he's... I don't know what he is.

"How about if we spend a quiet afternoon and evening here in the cabin? We can color together or do a puzzle or play a game. How's that sound?" He tips my head back.

"That sounds fun, but if you have other things you need to do, I can play in my playpen."

He frowns. "What other things would I need to do? We're on vacation. We're here to have fun together."

I shrug.

His frown deepens. "You've heard me on the phone with my boss, haven't you, Baby girl?"

I nod slowly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to spend time talking to my boss while we're here. Have you overheard my conversations?" He looks worried.

I shake my head. “Just your voice,” I promise him. “I know your job is important. It’s okay if you have to take care of things.”

“Nothing in the world is more important than you, princess. Never. I’ve just had a few things I needed to deal with. I promise it’s almost worked out.”

“Okay. Well, if you need to work, I can play alone.” I’ll do anything to be less needy. I can’t lose him. I should have listened to Melissa. Why didn’t I?

“The only thing I need to do for the rest of the day is play with my Little girl.” He kisses my forehead. “If you can’t choose from my suggestions, we’ll just have to do all the things,” he teases as he tickles me under my arm.

I giggle. He’s trying to make me feel better, and it works. For now.

Daddy stands and carries me from the room. “Let’s get you a bottle and open a puzzle. I’ll strap you into the highchair so you won’t accidentally fall, and we’ll set up the puzzle on the kitchen table. How’s that sound?”

I smile. “That sounds fun, Daddy.”

Chapter Twelve

When I wake the next morning, I'm in Daddy's arms as usual. I know he's already awake because his fingers are stroking my arm lightly. His lips are near my shoulder, and as soon as I move, he kisses me there. "Good morning, Baby girl."

I turn to face him and take a deep breath. I need to make changes and be brave. I need to be independent sometimes. "If you need to talk to your boss or get some work done today, I'll be super quiet and good. I could even make you breakfast if you want."

He narrows his gaze at me. "Where is this coming from, Josie? You've been saying some really funny things ever since you woke up from your nap crying yesterday. I wish you would tell me what the tears were about. I'm concerned."

I can be brave. I'll tell him I can be a big girl. "I was just thinking about some things Melissa said to me. She's worried I'm going to rely on you too heavily, and she's been encouraging me to be sure I'm capable of independence. I realized she's right. I'm too needy. I need to be able to take care of myself some of the time, and I can take care of you too," I propose, hoping I've said the right things.

He stares at me for a long time until I start to fidget.

Finally, he draws in a breath. "I'm trying to figure out what's going on in your head and read between the lines. You have me stumped, princess. When we got here, you spent several days sliding into a deep Little space. You were thriving and experiencing new things. I thought you were finding

yourself. Learning what you really want. Why have you switched gears? Did it scare you to be so dependent on me?"

I nod. It did scare me, but not for the reasons he's thinking. I scared me because I'm afraid I'll lose him.

Daddy pushes to sitting, moves to lean against the headboard, and pulls me onto his lap. He cradles me the way he so often does. I love it when he holds me like this.

"I can understand Melissa's concerns, especially since she hasn't met me or seen us together. You intentionally haven't brought me to meet her. Now I'm curious what your reasons are."

"Nuh uh," I argue like a petulant Little girl. "I just knew I needed to talk to Melissa about all the things happening in my life, and I wouldn't have time to include you yet." I don't look at him while I tell him this.

He stiffens. "Josie... That's a lie. You're not a good liar. Now you have a lot of explaining to do. Let's start with Melissa and why you don't want me to meet her and why on Earth you're lying about it. It must be incredibly huge for you to lie. You never lie. And, for the record, you're awful at it. I suggest you not make a habit of it. You'll never get away with lying to Daddy."

My breath hitches, and I glance at him. He's got a soft grin. He's partly teasing me. I bet my eyes are wide though.

"Are you going to tell Daddy what's going on? Or do you need some time in the naughty corner first to think about it? I'll be happy to paddle your bottom hard first if you'd like to purge the naughty feelings. But mark my words, Josie Miller, we're not leaving this cabin until we've discussed this, until I fully understand everything in your head."

I groan. *Shoot*. "Daddy..." I don't want to talk about this. I just want things to go back to the way they were before when I wasn't so needy.

Seconds tick by.

Daddy gently strokes my arm. He's going to wait. Gah.

I sigh. “I just realized I was too needy earlier in the week. That’s all. I’m trying to do better.”

He leans me back and meets my gaze. His eyes are piercing. “I’d rather you stop using that word. You’re not needy. You’re just enjoying a younger age. With that level of regression comes a deeper submission. You knew that would happen before we ever got here. It’s the nature of the island. Whatever gave you the idea you were too needy?”

I shrug. “I was aware I was causing you to do too much for me right away, but it really clicked I think when I saw that wave pool and knew I couldn’t get in it without help.”

“What on Earth made you think I don’t enjoy every moment of taking care of you? It’s in my DNA, Baby girl. I’ve waited a lifetime to meet the perfect Little girl, and you are her. I love caring for you at whatever level you crave.”

“I’m too much work. You must be exhausted.”

His brow furrows deeper. “No. Never. The more I do for you, the happier I am. I’ve loved our time here on this island. I love taking care of you in every way. But more importantly, I quickly realized you love it too. You were instantly happier here than you’ve ever been on the mainland. I know you spend a lot of your time in Little space when we’re at home, but not this young, not this deep, and not this thoroughly. I’m confident you’ve felt more yourself here than ever before. Am I wrong?”

I bite my lower lip for a moment, thinking about my words. Finally, I release it. “No, but...”

Daddy shakes his head. “There are no buts. You can’t help who you are and what makes your heart soar. It just so happens that what we both crave fits together like a puzzle. Don’t get me wrong, I love you to pieces, and I would bend over backward to make you happy no matter what that looked like. If you only wanted to be Little a few hours a day, I would make that happen. If you wanted to be an older Little, I would make *that* happen. But neither of those things are true. You’ve thrived here at a younger age with strict rules and guidance. You can’t hide that from Daddy.”

I squirm in his lap. Does he really like taking care of me so totally? That's hard to wrap my head around. "But it's not healthy," I argue, changing the direction of this conversation.

"Ah. Melissa told you that." Suddenly a slow smile spreads on his face. "That's why you didn't want me to meet her. You knew she would talk to me about ensuring you could take care of yourself and be independent if needed. You didn't want her to say those things to me because in your heart, you'd rather not face that level of independence. You've known that for a long time. You didn't just figure it out this week. The only thing different was realizing you could live an even deeper submission at a younger age. Did I get it right?"

I gasp, my eyes going wide as saucers I suspect. How did he figure all that out?

He chuckles. "Baby girl, you can't hide anything from Daddy for long. You stumped me on this one for a while, but now I'm catching up. So you lied to Melissa and to Daddy, and I bet your parents too, yeah?"

My face heats as I lick my lips. "Yes, Sir."

"I bet that didn't feel very good. I bet your heart was hurting and probably your tummy too."

I give a slight nod. He understands me better than I do.

"Don't you think it would have been better to come to Daddy and talk about your feelings instead of keeping them balled up inside, eating away at you?"

Now that he puts it that way... "Yes, Sir," I murmur.

"Now, you listen closely to Daddy. I don't want you to decide how Daddy is feeling and what he's thinking. I'm going to tell you, and you're going to believe me. You are not needy. Nor are you a burden. You fill my soul, Josie Miller. In every way. You are exactly perfect just the way you are. Even your quirks are adorable and perfect. They make up who you are, the woman and Little girl I fell hard for while I picked a yellow lollipop off the bottom of your shoe."

Tears start to leak out of my eyes. When I reach up to swipe at them, Daddy takes my hand and holds it against my

tummy. He wipes my tears instead.

“When you’re sad, I want to be the one to comfort you and wipe your tears. When you’re happy, I want to be in the room to see your smile. I want you to jump into my arms and hug me. I want everything with you. I want to create an environment that makes you the happiest you can be because when you’re happy, I’m happy.”

More tears fall. Daddy grabs the corner of the sheet to dab at my face.

“Let’s talk about your independence. Your parents and Melissa are not wrong. It’s always good for a person to be capable of independence. I haven’t fostered that in you. I will start doing so now.”

My breath hitches. I try to sit up. “Daddy...”

He chuckles. “I’m not suggesting I intend to send you to the store on your own to purchase a wrench and some lug nuts so you can fix the toilet, Baby girl.”

I can’t help but giggle. He’s being silly now.

“What I can do is make sure you know who to call if the toilet is broken so they can come fix it.”

I sigh. “Can’t *you* just call?”

He laughs. “Yes. Always. But what Melissa and your parents want is for you to know what to do if something ever happens to me. Being too dependent on someone isn’t always healthy.”

I pout.

Daddy pulls my lip out with his thumb. “Hear me out. I bet we can come up with something that works for us. If we spent even fifteen minutes a day going over important life skills, you would accumulate them and feel more confident. We can start a journal where you write down what I teach you. How Daddy pays the bills. Where I keep important papers. Where the password list is kept. The code to the safe. That sort of thing. What if I got hit by a truck and you couldn’t pay the electric bill?”

“Don’t get hit by a truck, Daddy. That would be awful.”

“I’ll do my best, Baby girl. But life throws curve balls, and you need to be ready to catch them. I would be remiss if I didn’t make sure you could take care of yourself. I know you were doing a great job on your own in your apartment, but since you moved in with me, I haven’t continued to hone your skills. That was an oversight. We’ll fix it starting now.”

I sigh.

“But first, my naughty Little girl needs to accept a pretty harsh punishment for lying to so many people, keeping feelings bottled up inside, and not telling Daddy. I don’t want that to happen again. Lying outright and by omission are pretty serious offenses.” He lifts a brow.

“I’m sorry, Daddy.” I squirm on his lap. “Are you going to spank me?”

He chuckles, which is odd. “Goodness no. My Little girl loves having her bottom spanked. That’s a horrible punishment for a real offense. I’ll save spanking for when you’re intentionally naughty because you desperately need your bottom swatted. Things like eye rolling or pouting or arguing. Lying and withholding information is far more serious.”

Now I’m nervous.

“First of all, when we get home, you’re grounded from the TV for two weeks.”

I gasp. Grounded? He’s mentioned this possibility in the past, but this is the first time he’s gone through with it. “But...”

Daddy grips my chin and holds it. “You want to finish that thought?”

“No, Sir.” He looks serious.

“In addition, you will spend some time every day for those two weeks writing sentences. *I will not lie to Daddy. I will not lie to Melissa. I will not lie to my parents.*”

I slump my shoulders. “Yes, Sir.”

“And lastly, when we get home, you will include me in your next appointment with Melissa. You will tell her how you fibbed and manipulated things. And you will provide her with a plan clearly written out that demonstrates what steps you’ll be taking to rectify the situation and work toward independence. Daddy will help you write that plan.”

I swallow hard. This is a very strict punishment, but Daddy is right. I was very naughty.

“I don’t want you to be disciplined while we are here visiting Littleworld. This is supposed to be a fun week. There are only a few days left. I want you to let go of this notion that Daddy does too much for you and let Daddy do every single thing. Take full advantage of the benefits of living at a younger age here on the island. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.” That’s certainly not a punishment. It’s a relief.

“Good. Now, in full disclosure, there is something Daddy has been dealing with on the phone several times. I’m sorry it has been taking me away from you. I promise it’s nothing to worry about. We’ll discuss it another time.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

“How about if we start with a diaper change and a bottle and head to the zoo. I think we missed some of the exhibits the first time.”

I grin and throw my arms around Daddy. “Thank you.”

Chapter Thirteen

On our last day on the island, Daddy takes me to Elijah and Petra's house for a playdate. Petra and I race off to play on the swings in her backyard while Daddy and Elijah sit on the covered patio talking.

Every time I glance over, it seems like they're in a very serious conversation. They glance at us and wave, but they return to their conversation seconds later.

I kind of want to sneak closer to listen to what they're saying. They used to work together at the same police station before Elijah took a job with security on the island and moved here.

Petra is so lucky. She gets to live here fulltime. I'm not sure I would have been jealous of that fact a week ago, but now that I've been here a while, I can totally see the appeal.

I love the deeper submission. Even though I often spend time at a younger age on the mainland, especially in the house, it's not the same. I never get to have days of uninterrupted submission. It's divine.

But I promised Daddy I would do what's best for me and work on my independent skills. Melissa and my parents will be happy with this plan too.

I put all of that out of my mind for the morning. After all, it's my last day here. I want to run free and play and enjoy my time with Petra. She's so sweet and kind. I have so much fun with her. I wish I lived next door and we could play together every day.

I'm sad when Daddy declares it's time to go back to the cabin for a nap. I hug Petra fiercely for a long time, trying not to cry. I tell her I hope maybe Daddy will bring me here for vacation again sometime.

I'm quiet on the way back to the cabin, and I don't fuss as Daddy feeds me and puts me down for a nap. I hug Emma tightly and suck hard on my pacifier as I fall asleep.

* * *

"Hey, Baby girl," Daddy says as I blink my eyes open. I'm not sure how long I slept, but the sun is still high in the sky, judging from the way it streams in the window, so probably only a few hours.

Daddy lifts me out, changes me, and carries me to the rocking chair. He looks serious as he settles me straddling his lap. "I want to talk to you about something important, Josie."

My breath hitches. His voice sounds kind of scary. I'm worried I've done something wrong, or he's changed his mind about me.

"Don't panic, Baby girl. It's all good. I just have some things to tell you. I've been keeping a few secrets this week because I didn't want to say anything until I had it all sorted out. That's why I was on the phone a lot and sometimes distracted."

"Oh." My heart beats faster. Is this a good thing or a bad thing?

"I've been waiting to hear about a promotion at work for several months now. Even before we met. And everything fell into place this week. That's why I was talking to my boss several times."

"A promotion? To do what?"

"Background investigator. It's something I've wanted to do for a long time. It means I'll be working from home most of the time."

My eyes light up as I sit taller.

He smiles. “There’s more. It turns out my department also handles the background checks for Regression Island. The island is very careful about anyone who comes here for any reason, of course. Background checks are extensive and important.”

I nod, wondering what this means for his job.

“I’ll be dedicating about two thirds of my time to background investigations on the mainland and one third to Regression Island. Most of the time, I’ll be able to work from home.”

I grin so wide my face hurts. I throw my arms around him. “Daddy, that’s so wonderful.”

He chuckles as he rubs my back. “But there’s more.”

I lean back, uncertain what he could possibly say that would make this even better.

“I found a townhome here on the island so we can spend part of our time here and part on the mainland.”

I gasp. All the air leaves my lungs as I start bouncing on his lap. “Really? Are you serious?”

He laughs. “I thought you might like that.” He cups my bottom over my diaper. “I’ve worked out a plan I think will be perfect for us. Ready to hear it?”

I nod rapidly. “Yes, Daddy. Tell me!”

“When we’re on the mainland, you have to dedicate part of your time to life skills. Daddy will help you every day. You have to check in with Melissa twice a month to ensure you’re meeting your goals. We’ll still have dinner with your parents on Sundays. I want you to maintain your relationship with them. That’s important. We’ll spend about one week a month here on the island. When we’re here, you won’t work. You’ll submit fully to me. You’ll be able to satisfy the part of you that’s super young and dependent and submissive. The part that likes Daddy to handle everything. It fulfills a craving I have too.”

I'm so excited I squeal. "Are you serious, Daddy? All of that is going to happen?"

"Yep. Totally serious." He narrows his eyes. "But you have to do your part too, Baby girl. If you don't work hard on your independent skills each day and report to Melissa every two weeks, you don't earn your week on the island."

"I'll do it, Daddy. I promise. I know I can. I just don't like to."

He chuckles again. "No one likes to adult, Baby girl. You don't own a monopoly on that problem. But we all have to do it, including you. Daddy will reward you when you meet your goals. One of those rewards will always be a week here fully regressed, just like my Baby girl likes it."

Daddy leans forward and kisses me. Not a peck. A full kiss that makes my head spin and a soft moan leave my lips as he cups my face and angles my head to one side.

While he's kissing me, he slides his hands up under my shirt. Eventually he breaks the kiss for two seconds to push my shirt off and drop it on the floor. When his palms come to my boobs, I arch into his touch and moan louder.

His hands shift to my diaper next, removing it before he stands and carries my naked body from the room. He lowers me onto his bed in the master bedroom and releases my lips to rise over me.

His gaze is heated, arousal etched on his features as he stares down at my body. "You're so gorgeous, Josie. I love looking at your naked body."

I squirm under the compliment and pull my knees together.

He shakes his head. "Uh uh. Legs open. Wide. Let Daddy see every bit of you. Your pretty pussy is so sexy when it's all wet and swollen. Needy."

I spread my legs, letting my arms rest above my head.

"That's my good girl. You won't hide your body on this island. Daddy won't expose you or your Little side when we're on the mainland. I'll always make sure you have

discreet pullups and modest clothing when we go out. But when we're here, I'm going to enjoy stripping you naked right on the beach and taking my time putting sunscreen on your pale skin. I'm going to make you pant in front of other people. I think we'll spend more time at the water park than any other park in Littleworld." He gives me a wicked grin.

My face heats as I shudder. My pussy floods with arousal at his promises. I had no idea I was such an exhibitionist until we came here, but it turns out I love the way Daddy controls me. It makes me so hot I can hardly contain it.

"Who decides when and where to expose you, princess?"

I swallow. My voice is wobbly. "You do, Daddy."

He pulls his shirt off, taking his time. His hands go to his jeans next. "We'll also go to the clinic when we're on the island. I think my Little girl will benefit from an enema once a month. I'll set it up with Dr. Pedersen. A standing appointment for a full exam and cleansing once a month. I'll make sure we see different doctors and nurses each time so that my Little girl experiences the humiliation she craves."

I can't breathe, and I'm about to come from his promises alone.

Daddy sets his hands down on either side of me, not touching me. He holds my gaze. "The thought of having your bottom filled and being forced to empty it in front of people makes you so horny you're about to come, aren't you?"

I slowly nod. I won't lie to my Daddy again. And why would I want to? He's offering me the world.

Finally Daddy reaches a hand between my legs and strokes through my folds.

I moan deeply. It feels so good.

"Stay still for Daddy. We're still on the island. When we're here, you will fully submit." His words are soft and deep and so sexy and demanding.

His cock is bobbing in front of him, and I can't wait to have it inside me, but I won't ask. Daddy's in charge.

“Come on my fingers, princess. I want to feel your submission all over my hand.”

I do as I'm told, my orgasm rushing in hard, making me tremble and gasp as my body pulses against his fingers. He hasn't even pushed one inside me.

“That's my good girl. You want Daddy's cock now?”

“Please, Daddy,” I breathe.

He pushes my legs farther, lines up with my entrance, and thrusts home.

Home is the best way to describe it because I feel more at home when Daddy is inside me than any other time.

I don't lift my hands to wrap around him because he hasn't given me permission. I simply lie where he put me, stare into his eyes, and submit.

I love him so much. I'm the luckiest girl alive.

Chapter Fourteen

Three weeks later...

Melissa beams at me when I show her my journal. This is the second time I've seen her since I returned to the mainland. It's also the second time I've brought Daddy with me.

Chase is sitting in the armchair across from Melissa. He has one leg crossed casually over the other. His elbow is on the armrest, and he's rubbing his chin.

That's not the best part though. The best part is that he's smiling broadly because I've been such a good girl and he's proud of me. He tells me every day.

Melissa is pleased too, and I know she's greatly relieved now that she's met Daddy and knows I'm in good hands. "This is impressive, Josie," she says as she looks through my journal, reading my accomplishments from the past two weeks.

True to his word, Daddy makes me spend fifteen minutes every day learning life skills and documenting them. He also monitors me while I'm working. Doing German translations is a rewarding job that I'm good at, but Daddy makes sure I don't do more than I should.

I don't mind sticking to my working hours and then spending time learning new skills with Daddy because after I meet my goals, Daddy flips an imaginary switch and lets me be as Little as I want.

Since we've been back on the mainland, I haven't been as young as I am on the island. I usually wear a diaper and play and enjoy myself in a young headspace, but it's not the same as the total immersion and submission waiting for me at Littleworld.

We've also been to the Dungeon a few times. I'm usually more like a toddler at the club. I've played with Zia. Gabriel is always nearby. I think she's in denial. One of these days I'm going to ask Daddy about it.

"I'm proud of you, Josie," Melissa says as she hands me my notebook. "I bet your parents are too."

I grin and nod from where I'm sitting on the loveseat. Daddy doesn't sit next to me when we're here. He says it's better if I don't lean on him while I'm talking to Melissa. I know he's right, but I'd rather crawl onto his lap.

"Mom and Dad are very pleased," I tell Melissa. "They're going on a three-week cruise next month." I bounce in my seat. "I'm so happy for them. So glad they can finally get away without having to worry about me. And you know what else?"

Melissa chuckles.

"Daddy's family is going to come visit us in a few months. Even his sister who is like me. I haven't met them, but they're going to love me because Daddy says so."

Both Daddy and Melissa laugh.

"Of course, they will. When do you go back to Regression Island?" Melissa asks.

"Sunday!" I squeal. I glance at Daddy. He's smiling indulgently.

Melissa chuckles. "I guess you're looking forward to that."

I nod rapidly. "I can't wait. I'm going to make friends there. Not just Petra but other Little girls who live there. I'll be able to have playdates and stuff with others who like to live regressed lifestyles. And you know what else?" I ask her excitedly.

She's smiling so big I know she's happy. "What else, Josie?"

"When Daddy is working, I get to go to the daycare center. I'll make all kinds of friends there. It's going to be so much fun." I know this is huge. I've always had trouble interacting with other people. It took a lot of coaxing from Melissa to get me to go to the Dungeon and make friends. Somehow it's different on the island. I have fewer triggers. I feel more relaxed. I still have sensory issues, but I can manage them better on the island. I don't get overwhelmed and bombarded.

Melissa leans forward. "I think you're doing great, Josie."

I freeze. My face drops. "I still need you," I murmur softly, afraid she will say I don't need to see her anymore."

She smiles. "That's fine. How about once a month? You can check in. It will help make sure you don't slip up." She winks at Daddy, and I know it's to reassure him she's humoring me. She knows Daddy is not going to let me stop my life lessons.

"Okay. Once a month," I say softly. I know I lean on her more than I should, but she's more than my counselor. She's a friend I can confide in. "Maybe sometimes I won't bring Daddy."

"I think that's a good idea," Melissa agrees. "Sometimes you might need to talk about relationship issues. It's all sunny and roses right now, but everyone stumbles sometimes, even in healthy relationships."

I can't imagine Daddy and I having a fight, but if the idea is enough for Melissa to want to see me once a month, I'll take it.

Melissa stands. "Have a great time at Littleworld next week. I'll see you next month." She shakes Daddy's hand and then opens her arms.

I run into her embrace and hug her tight. She's been the best counselor ever. Without her, I never would have met Daddy.

Chapter Fifteen

One week later...

“Three more bites, Baby girl,” Daddy encourages.

I whimper and kick my feet out. I’m sitting in my high chair in the kitchen of our townhouse on the island. Daddy has decided to graduate me to baby food when we’re here. I don’t always like it, and this one is kind of yucky. It’s just rice cereal, but it’s boring and bland, and I’m stalling because I know as soon as I finish it, we’re going to the clinic for my first enema.

I twist my head to one side petulantly. “Don’t want more, Daddy.” This is as much as I can move because not only am I wearing a strap across my waist and up between my legs, but Daddy also cuffs my wrists to my sides under the tray when he feeds me on the island, so my hands don’t get in the way. The straps are covered in a protective material, and the cuffs are as soft as fluffy cotton.

Restraints are new for us. He still doesn’t use them on the changing table, but he bought some. They’re sitting in a box on the shelf. I know he will add them soon. Every time Daddy restrains me in this highchair, my nipples harden. I breathe heavily the entire time he feeds me. I love the total submission so much it’s hard to contain myself.

“Who decides what you eat and how much, Baby girl?”

I pout dramatically, dropping my shoulders. I've added an aspect to my personality. I'm a bit defiant at times. I think I like it. I know Daddy does. He grins when I push back at his orders.

I think it's my way of reassuring myself that he will not back down. I love submitting to him. I even secretly love eating my rice cereal because Daddy insists. It's our dynamic. It's so perfect, and I'm so happy.

"Do you want to go to the doctor with a red, hot bottom, princess? Everyone will see that you were naughty while you lie naked on your side and the doctor fills your tummy with the cleaning solution."

I clench my knees together, which isn't saying much since my diaper is in the way. I think about his suggestion. Though I like it when Daddy spansks me, and I make sure he does so often, I don't think I need the added stress of a stinging bottom during my first enema.

I turn back to face him and open my mouth for the last few bites.

Daddy feeds them to me and then gently cleans my face before removing the tray. He doesn't unfasten me though. Instead, he sits in front of me, sets his hands on my thighs, and meets my gaze. "Are you ready for this step, princess?"

His voice is serious. He's stepping out of the Daddy role just a tiny bit. He does so often to make sure I'm on the same page and that I want what he's offering. I'm not permitted to lie to him when he asks me an adult question.

It's embarrassing, but I tell the truth. "Yes, Daddy." I know my face is red.

"After your exam, I'm going to take you to the daycare center today. You can play with the other Littles while I work. I'll let Sheila at the front desk know you just had an enema so she can watch you closely and make sure you're not uncomfortable."

I open my mouth to protest. Why does he have to tell Sheila about my embarrassing procedure? But then I realize

it's all part of the lifestyle. My embarrassment is one of the things I crave.

“Okay, Daddy,” I murmur.

He leans forward and kisses me. “I love you, Josie.”

“I love you too, Chase.” I love both the man and the Daddy. He's the best thing that has ever happened to me, and I'm the luckiest woman and Little girl in the world.

Author's Note

Welcome to **Littleworld**! I hope you're enjoying this series. **Littleworld** keeps growing! Watch for more books coming soon!

Littleworld

[Anabel's Daddy](#)

[Melody's Daddy](#)

[Haley's Daddy](#)

[Willow's Daddy](#)

[Juliana's Daddy](#)

[Tiffany's Daddy](#)

[Felicity's Daddy](#)

[Emma's Daddy](#)

[Lizzy's Daddy](#)

[Claire's Daddy](#)

[Kylie's Daddy](#)

[Ruby's Daddy](#)

[Briana's Daddies](#)

[Jake's Mommy and Daddy](#)

[Luna's Daddy](#)

[Petra's Daddy](#)

[Eloise's Daddies](#)

[Josie's Daddy](#)

[Littleworld Box Set One](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Two](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Three](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Four](#)

[Littleworld Box Set Five](#)

Holidays at Rawhide Ranch

[Felicity's Little Father's Day](#)

[A Cheerful Little Coloring Day](#)

Would you like to see a map of the island?! This link will take you there!

[Map of Regression Island and Littleworld](#)

Other books by Paige Michaels:

The Nurturing Center

[Susie](#)

[Emmy](#)

[Jenny](#)

[Lily](#)

[Annie](#)

[Mindy](#)

[The Nurturing Center Box Set One](#)

Eleadian Mates

[His Little Emerald](#)

[His Little Diamond](#)

[His Little Garnet](#)

[His Little Amethyst](#)

[His Little Sapphire](#)

[His Little Topaz](#)

His Little Turquoise

[Eleadian Mates Box Set One](#)

[Eleadian Mates Box Set Two](#)

Little Cakes

(by Pepper North and Paige Michaels)

[Rainbow Sprinkles](#)

[Lemon Chiffon](#)

[Blue Raspberry](#)

[Red Velvet](#)

[Pink Lemonade](#)

[Black Forest](#)

[Witch's Brew](#)

[Pumpkin Spice](#)

[Santa's Kiss](#)

[Fudge Crunch](#)

[Sweet Tooth](#)

[Flirty Kumquat](#)

[Birthday Cake](#)

[Caramel Drizzle](#)

[Maraschino Cherry](#)

[Reindeer Tracks](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set One](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set Two](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set Three](#)

[Little Cakes, Box Set Four](#)

About the Author

Paige Michaels is a USA Today bestselling author of naughty romance books that are meant to make you squirm. She loves a happily ever after and spends the bulk of every day either reading erotic romance or writing it.

Follow Paige on [Facebook](#)

Join her newsletter to keep up with her latest releases: [Paige's Newsletter Sign-up](#)

Visit her website at [PaigeMichaels.com](#)

Follow Paige Michaels on [BookBub](#)

Follow Paige Michaels on [Goodreads](#)

