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*Book 7*  
*Eleadian Mates*

**HIS LITTLE**

**TURQUOISE**

*His Little Turquoise*

**ELEADIAN MATES, BOOK SEVEN**

**PAIGE MICHAELS**

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# *About the Book*

Welcome to the Eleadian Mates series! 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.

***It's Mia's turn to find out what it means to have a Papi of her own.***

After a bad relationship with a fake Daddy Dom, Mia has been nurturing her Little in the privacy of her own apartment. She hasn't gone to a club in two years. It's too scary. It's easier to *pretend* she has the perfect man in her life than put herself out there and take a risk.

Surgient has been working as the physician on the starship for two years. His term is up, and he's free to find a mate of his own and return to Eleadia. He's heard stories, but no one could

ever prepare him for the total punch to the gut he feels the moment he sets eyes on the sweetest Little in the universe.

Mia has come to Zoom as a favor to her roommate. She isn't even trying to fit in. Dressed in her favorite pink babydoll dress, she cannot believe it when one of the enormous Eleadian men squats down in front of her and takes her breath away.

This wasn't supposed to happen, and her stress level doubles when Surgient whisks her off the dance floor without letting her say goodbye to her roommate. What if she never sees her friend again?

**Prepare to travel through the stars only if you're brave enough to learn about oversized Papis and survive their very intimate care.**

### **Eleadian Mates**

[His Little Emerald](#)

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# Chapter One

Mia

“I don’t think this is a good idea,” I say as I smooth the front of my skirt down and stare at myself in the bathroom mirror.

“It’s a great idea, Mia,” Ava insists. “You haven’t left the apartment in months. I need you to go with me. Chelsie bailed. I need a wingman.” She chuckles. “Wingwoman I guess.”

“Club Zoom though?”

“You used to love going to clubs.”

I set my hands on my hips and turn, attempting to glare at my friend and roommate. “Fetish clubs, Ava. Places where I could be myself and indulge in my preferred kink in a safe place. Club Zoom isn’t that kind of club.”

Ava shrugs. “It will still be fun. I’ve heard the men from Eleadia are over seven feet tall.”

“Surely that’s an exaggeration.”

Ava grins. “I don’t think so.” She steps farther into the tiny bathroom the two of us share to check herself in the mirror.

I bite my bottom lip as I stare at the two of us next to each other. We couldn’t be more different. Ava is tall and voluptuous with an hour-glass figure, nice hips, and amazing breasts. I, on the other hand, am four-ten. I have no figure to speak of and small breasts.

The differences don’t stop there. Ava has gorgeous thick brown hair that hangs in waves down her back. She has tanned skin that’s so smooth and flawless I have envied it since I met her.

“You’re doing that thing again,” Ava points out, frowning at me in the mirror.

I sigh. No sense arguing with Ava. She always senses when I’m comparing the two of us and finding myself lacking.

“Seriously though,” I complain as I reach up to fidget with the clips in my hair. “Why must I have curly red hair, pale skin, and freckles? Why must you have all the boobs. And you’re nearly a foot taller than me.”

Ava turns and narrows her gaze at me. “You’re cute, petite, and adorable. I’ve never been cute, petite, and adorable.”

I smirk. “Trust me, it’s embarrassing when we arrive at a bar, and they wave you right in while scrutinizing my ID for five minutes as if they can’t begin to believe I could possibly be twenty-four. I’m surprised a bouncer hasn’t kicked me out and kept my ID as though it were fake. They threaten to often enough.”

“You don’t look *that* young,” Ava argues.

I lift both brows. “Are you looking at me?” I wave a hand between us. “You have more style in your pinky than I have in my entire body.” Ava is wearing a skin-tight black dress, sexy heels, and perfect makeup. Every man is going to drool over her tonight, including the ones over seven feet.

It doesn't matter that Ava always gets all the attention when the two of us go out. I don't want that kind of attention.

Ava rolls her eyes. "You have your own style, Mia. It suits you. If you went out dressed like me, you'd be falsely advertising," she teases as she reaches out and smooths her hands over the puffy sleeves of my pale pink dress.

I glance down and sigh. Ava's right. False advertising never works for me. I'm Little. It's no secret, at least not from Ava. I feel more comfortable wearing fluffy dresses more suitable for a child than sexy, skin-tight skirts that would cause me to attract the wrong men.

If I'm seriously going to Club Zoom with Ava tonight, I'm going to do so in clothes that tell no lies about my preferred kink. I certainly wouldn't attract any seven-foot men dressed like this with my hair up in clips that have matching pink bows on them.

I have no interest in attracting men anyway. I'm still reeling from being burned badly by my last boyfriend and haven't recovered enough to take a risk with another man again, yet. Another Daddy. Or in my ex's case, another pretend so-called Daddy.

"Not everyone is Rick, you know," Ava says gently, clasping my biceps. "There are Daddies out there who would love to date someone as amazing as you. You just haven't met the right one, and you're not going to if you hide in this apartment every weekend."

"I'm sure not going to meet one at Club Zoom," I point out.

Ava sighs. "You're probably right, but will you go with me anyway so I don't have to go alone? Please?"

I smile. "Of course." I wrap my arms around my friend's waist and hug her.

Ava has been my best friend and roommate for six years. We met in college and moved together from the dorms to this apartment when we graduated. Ava knows everything about me, and she's never judged me.

“Do you really believe all the rumors?” I ask as I release my friend and take another quick glance at my reflection. “I mean seven feet? All of them?”

“That’s what I hear.”

I giggle. “Well at least I won’t have to worry about any Eleadian men hitting on me. None of them will even be able to see me in the crowd. I’ll only come up to their waist.”

This is going to be a strange night, but I will do it. For Ava. After all, I’m her wingwoman.

## *Chapter Two*

Surgient

“Surgient, how are you?” Ganrax smiles broadly as he pulls out a chair and takes a seat next to me.

I reach out to shake Ganrax’s hand. “Good. Ready to head home.”

“I bet. Two years is a long time to spend so far away from Eleadia, especially on the starship. You must be chomping at the bit to get back home.”

“Three years with travel,” I point out. After all, it took six months to get to Earth, and it will take six months to return. I made this three-year commitment to serve my planet willingly, though, and I have no regrets.

As part of my compensation for my service to Eleadia, I’m spending my last days down on Earth at Club Zoom where I hope to find a mate to return with.

“I guess you know a lot more about human females than the rest of us.” Ganrax glances around the control room where the two of us are sitting. Six other Eleadian males are also in attendance.

I smile. “That’s an understatement.”

The night is early. Female humans are just starting to arrive downstairs. I’ve been scanning the monitor in front of me for several minutes. This is my first official night down on Earth as a guest rather than as an employee of the mothership.

As the head doctor for the ship, I’ve taken the shuttle down to Earth several times to examine injured or sick females, but I have always been careful to keep my attention on the patient—who was in every instance already claimed by an Eleadian male. This had been important to ensure I wouldn’t accidentally meet my own mate prematurely, before my contract ended.

Tonight, I’m now a registered guest with my own apartment on the fourth floor above this club. I’m free to begin my search for a suitable mate. It’s both exciting and exhilarating.

I’ve learned every detail of the ins and outs of this process over the past two years, gathering information from every other Eleadian male who has claimed his mate and brought her to the mothership before returning to Eleadia. I know more about human females than practically anyone from my planet.

Armed with this information, I’m cautious and prepared. Human females are unfamiliar with our ways. It’s shocking to them when they’re first claimed. Most of them struggle to understand and accept our traditions. They aren’t accustomed to our overprotectiveness and intense dominance.

I glance at Ganrax. “How many nights have you been here?”

“This is my fifth.”

“Does everyone spend all their time in this control room, watching?”

“No. That’s up to you. Usually a few of us at a time go downstairs to mingle, but you have to be prepared for the throng of females who will surround you.” He smirks. “Most of them just want a picture or a dance so they can tell their friends they met one of us.”

“That’s what I’ve heard. I guess it’s easier to watch from here through the monitors.” I glance again at the screen. It seems like it would be difficult to choose a mate this way. How would anyone really know?

Ganrax shrugs. “I’ve gone down for a while every night. It’s overwhelming for a few minutes, but it’s also kind of fun. These human females are interesting creatures. Fascinating.”

“I’ve certainly learned that.”

“Oh, wow...” Ganrax leans in closer. “That female is attractive.”

I look at where he’s pointing toward the two females who’ve just entered the club’s main room. For a moment, I simply stare and then lean closer. “Is that an adult?”

Ganrax chuckles. “I don’t know. That’s not the one I’m looking at. I’m staring at voluptuous curves, dark hair, and long legs.”

For some odd reason, Ganrax’s declaration allows me to exhale because I’m looking at the other female, her friend. At least we’re not ogling the same female. Though, from what I’ve heard, it doesn’t matter who we find ourselves attracted to. Fate or the universe or perhaps biology will link each of us to the correct lifemate without fail. We won’t end up fighting over a female.

The two females are obviously together. They even link hands as they slowly step farther into the room where the crowd is growing.

Ganrax looks at me. “Her friend really is short, isn’t she? I’ve seen a few human females that short, but not many. I’m sure she’s over twenty-one. John is scrupulous about who he lets into the club. I’ve heard he turns anyone away who has a suspicious ID. The last thing Club Zoom wants is to

accidentally let in a minor who then gets claimed. That would cause an intergalactic incident.” He chuckles, but he’s not wrong.

Eleadia has a very specific arrangement with Earth. Strict rules must be adhered to. If anyone were to break from protocol, the arrangement would be in jeopardy. The most important of those guidelines is ensuring females who enter any of the Club Zoom locations prove they are old enough and sign a waiver indicating they understand the possible ramifications of visiting—namely that they could be selected by an Eleadian male.

As the head doctor for the mothership for the past two years, I have personally examined nearly every female to ensure she was healthy enough to make the voyage to our planet. I’ve seen females of every shape, size, color, and ethnicity. My people have no notion of discrimination based on any of these features. We aren’t even capable of it. When we meet the right female, our instinct kicks in, and we can’t fight the magnetic draw.

“How often does someone see their perfect mate from this control room and know before they descend?” I ask Ganrax. My heart is beating faster as I watch the small female smooth her dress down with her free hand.

Ganrax chuckles. “I’ve heard it happens. I don’t think you can know for sure until you go down there.” He nudges me and stands. “Let’s go.”

I slowly rise. Am I ready for this? I’ve only been here a few hours. I expected to spend several nights in the apartment before I would seriously buckle down and start looking.

Here I am on my feet, still watching the female through the monitor. I feel the draw. It’s strong. Maybe I’m mistaken. It’s unexplainable. I mean she’s so damn small. She’s nothing like any of the other females I see downstairs. Her entire style is different.

Maybe I’m just curious.



I hope to heavens she's legal because I'm concerned about my level of curiosity.

I'm glad I've descended to the main floor with Ganrax because I'm not sure I could have been prepared for the onslaught of attention without him by my side. I probably should have waited awhile upstairs, let some of the other males make their way to the first floor before me, and watched them.

I couldn't though. I'm drawn to the small female. I need to be closer to her.

That's not going to happen for a while though because females crowd around us as we step into the fray. Dozens. The music is loud, so it's impossible to hear what any of them are saying, plus they're all talking at once.

A tall, skinny, dark female wraps her arm around mine and leans in close. Her skin is almost the same color as mine. She rises up onto her tiptoes to get closer to my ear. "We look like we belong together," she coos. "I didn't realize some of your men were dark-skinned." She bats her eyes.

She's pretty, but I don't feel a connection. I'm scanning around, looking for the tiny pixie with the strawberry-blond curls and pale skin. I can't find her. She's too small. She's lost in the crowd.

"Surgient."

I turn toward Ganrax when I hear him call my name.

He nods to the left of us.

I know what he's communicating and start to follow him, but the female won't release my arm.

"Let's dance," she encourages.

I don't want to be rude. I won't. It's not in our nature, plus part of our agreement with Earth is guaranteeing we will not cause a scene. "I'm sorry. I need to speak with someone," I tell her.

She pushes out her bottom lip. "I'll be here if you change your mind."

I smile at her.

Ganrax has made his way to the left side of the room where I finally spot the taller female he has his sights on. As I head toward him, no less than fifty females touch me. Their custom is so odd.

No matter how much time Eleadians have been studying humans, we have not begun to understand their intricate dynamics. We do not worship any particular beings on my planet. Not for their looks or status or power. We don't have wealth disparity. We don't have racial discrimination. We don't even recognize races at all. Eleadians are simply different skin tones. That's it.

What these human females fail to understand is that my people are very unlikely to be attracted to someone staring at us as though they idolize us.

I feel a slight panic when I reach Ganrax because I can't see the tiny redhead. Ganrax is talking to her friend, but where is the little sprite?

Finally, I catch a glimpse of her dress swooshing around behind her friend. Is she hiding?

I step to the side to find her backing into the corner. Her eyes are wide as saucers. Her cheeks are pink. She has one hand up to her mouth. I think she's biting her thumbnail, but it almost looks like she's sucking her thumb.

My stomach flips upside down. I inhale slowly, not wanting to startle her as she tips her head back to meet my gaze.

She gasps and shakes her head, backing up farther.

I can't let her go. I know in my soul she's mine. Her scent is overpowering everyone else's around me, drowning them out. It's not a scent I'm familiar with. It's soft and fresh. Youthful?

In two strides, I have her cornered. She's breathing heavily. Her heart is racing. I can hear it. I can see it.

My cock goes from semi-hard to fully erect when she brings that thumb into her mouth fully before suddenly jerking it out. I've never seen a female like her in two years, and I've met a lot of mates.

I'm intimidating her, so I squat in front of her, giving her only a few inches of space. It's difficult to keep from touching her. I need to. I need to stroke her cheek, pull her into my arms, nuzzle the soft hair at the base of her neck.

"Hey there, Little one," I say. I need to take this slowly, ease her into acceptance. I know she can feel the pull. She looks panicked like a little dove.

Hell, I'm kind of nervous myself. When I came down to Earth earlier, I hadn't expected to find a mate so quickly. It hasn't even been an hour since the club opened. And I sure hadn't expected to find a tiny pixie of a female.

"How old are you?" I ask. I'm skeptical. I need to know the answer before I make a single other move.

She rolls her eyes and then freezes and gasps, those same eyes going wide as she reaches back and covers her butt over her dress with both hands.

I'm confused but intrigued. I've seen Little girls do this before in my office when they're naughty. Does she think I'm going to spank her? For what? Rolling her eyes? This entire scenario is surreal. I think I've hit the lottery.

This Little girl has on clothes I haven't seen on adult humans. A pretty pink dress that's full and barely covers her bottom. Pink ballet flats. She even has pink bows on her hair clips.

I have studied humans extensively. It's something we all do to prepare for a trip to Earth. Young humans dress like this. Not adults. With one exception. Adults who practice a kink called age play. I haven't met any.

Is it possible this Little girl is already Little and knows it? That would sure make my life easier.

She is precious. Her skin is so pale it's almost white. There's a scatter of freckles across her nose. I bet she has those

pretty little freckles all over her body. Her cheeks are pinkening deeper from embarrassment. Her lips are full and pink. When she licks them, I stare at her, wanting to taste them myself. Her eyes are a lovely shade of pale green. I'm already lost in their depths.

First things first. "Answer me, Little one."

She swallows. Her hands are still flattened on her backside as she squishes deeper into the corner. "Twenty-four."

*Thank fuck.*

"I have my ID in my purse," she adds. "No one ever thinks I'm old enough to be in a bar." She looks down before easing her hands around from behind her and lifting the tiny purse I now see she's wearing across her shoulder so it rests on one hip. It's the same shade of pink as her dress.

She pops it open with shaky fingers, pulls out her ID, and holds it out to me. "Please don't confiscate it. It's a pain to get a new one. I swear it's me. I even have a copy of my birth certificate. Do you want to see it?"

I'm not sure why she's working so hard to prove herself. I'm certain she already did so with John at the door. I might have had my doubts based on her size, but her eyes tell another story. They hold a maturity fitting for her age. Twenty-four seems about right.

"Put that away, Little one. I believe you."

She rocks back and forth on her feet, swaying enough to make her dress flow around her. She also brings her hand back up to her mouth, and I suspect she wants to suck her thumb. She stops herself at the last second though and holds the nail between her teeth.

She's staring at me.

I'm returning the stare. I'm tongue-tied. I don't want to blink. I'm squatting very low to make us eye-to-eye. I'm going to be blunt. "You're mine, Little one."

She swallows hard and shakes her head, stepping back the last inch between her and the corner. "I can't be," she

whispers. “I only came with my friend. I’m...not like other women,” she tells me.

“You’re Little, aren’t you?”

Her eyes widen again, and she slowly nods.

I inch closer too. I haven’t touched her yet. When I do, sparks are going to fly. She knows it as well as I do.

“Are you a Daddy?” she asks tentatively.

I search my memory for this term. She’s not talking about a father. I finally nod. “On my planet, Little girls call their mates Papi. I think that’s a similar term.”

“Papi?” She giggles, and it’s the best sound in the universe.

“Yep. That’s what you’ll call me. How about if you tell me what to call you? So far, in my head, I’ve been calling you pixie, sprite, Little girl, Baby... What’s your real name?”

“Mia,” she whispers.

## Chapter Three

Mia

I can't believe this is happening. I can't believe I'm talking to one of these giant men. They *are* as tall and broad as Ava heard. Taller, I think. And so handsome. He's wearing black dress pants, a white dress shirt, and a black tie. Why is he talking to me?

"Nice to meet you, Mia. My given name is Surgient."

*Surgient*... Odd name. It suits him.

"Do you feel the pull, Little one?"

I release my thumb from my mouth and clasp my hands in front of me. It's hard. This man is so dominant that he's causing me to feel extremely Little. This isn't an appropriate place to let my Little out so fully. It's an adult night club. Not a kink party.

When I'm nervous, I have a tendency to suck my thumb. I don't do it in public though. Or not usually.

Surgient is watching me. He's so incredibly handsome. His skin is dark. So are his eyes. His black hair is cut very short.

He rests his wrists on his knees, putting his hands so close to mine. The contrast of our skin is dramatic. I'm so pale. Almost white.

I sway his direction with every breath as if I can't help myself. His scent is permeating my body. I can't describe what he smells like. Maybe his soap. It's unique. Not like anything on Earth.

"I know you feel it, Baby girl. Don't fight it. I also know you're scared. I want you to know I will never hurt you." He slowly lifts a hand and brings it to my face. When his thumb strokes my cheek, I gasp.

He smiles. "Yeah. It's powerful, isn't it?"

I'm scared out of my mind, like he said. "I should go."

He cups my cheek, his expression serious. "You can't, Mia. It's not possible."

I glance around him, trying to find Ava, but she's talking to Surgient's friend. She's not looking at me. "Why not?" I ask, trying to buy myself some time. I need him to stop touching me, but I can't pull away.

Intellectually I know I should. I should turn and run from this club. If I could just get outside, I might be able to breathe again. Surgient is using all the oxygen.

*That makes no sense, Mia.*

"This is how it works, Little one," he says gently. "You knew when you signed the release this might happen."

I gulp. "It can't. I'm..."

"Little?" he supplies.

I nod, dumbfounded that he seems to understand. Every vibe I get from him suggests he is a Daddy. He said they are

called Papis on Eleadia. It must be the same thing. But he also said all men are Papis. Or maybe just the Daddies...

“Is a Papi the same as a Daddy?”

“I suspect they are similar, Baby girl. Though there are probably differences. I’m not fully familiar with the dynamics of human age play.”

He does know what it is though. He knows a lot of the terminology.

I try to shake myself out of the trance I seem to be in. “I just came with Ava. She asked me to be her wingwoman.”

His brow furrows. “Wingwoman?”

I nod. “It’s like a wingman. Like when you go somewhere with your friend so they don’t have to go alone. She wanted to see what you all looked like. We hear rumors.”

He smiles. “Are they true?”

I nod, knowing my eyes are wide. “You’re even bigger and taller than we heard.”

“Eleadians are larger than humans.”

I glance down at his body. “Are there other differences?”

“A few.” He doesn’t elaborate as he lowers his hand from my cheek to my hair. “This is the prettiest hair I’ve ever seen, Mia.”

“Thank you,” I murmur.

His gaze returns to mine. “I’m going to take you upstairs now, Baby girl.”

I shake my head. “No. I can’t do that.” My defiance causes me to jerk my hands behind my back again to protect my bottom. I’m not usually so naughty in front of a Daddy. Or Papi. It’s been a long time since I’ve had a healthy relationship with a Daddy, but even during a Friday night at my favorite kink club, I would never roll my eyes or tell a Daddy *no*. It’s ingrained in me. Surgient is making me feel very young. I’m straddling my Little headspace and my adult space, but I’m not doing it well.



His brow furrows, but he's also grinning. "Are you protecting your bottom from a spanking, Mia?"

My cheeks heat, and there's no way to stop the flush I'm sure he's witnessing. I nod. I've never been a good liar. I can't lie at all. I'm not usually so naughty either.

"These Daddies you speak of. They don't permit eye rolling or being told *no*, do they?"

I swallow hard. "No, Sir." The reverence flows off my tongue naturally.

"Papis do not allow such naughty behavior either, Little one," he informs me. "You don't like to be naughty, do you?"

I shake my head slowly. "No, Sir." I feel like I'm floating out of my body. This can't be happening. I'm surely not standing here talking to this gigantic man who is Daddying me in every way. He's Daddying me better than anyone ever has, and I barely know him.

Part of me wants to throw caution to the wind and rush into his arms. But that's irrational, and I'm scared. Why doesn't Ava look at me? I glance at her again. She's consumed by the man she's talking to.

"I'll tell you what, Baby girl. When we get upstairs, I will spank your naughty little bottom, and your behavior will be forgiven. How does that sound?"

It sounds like heaven. It sounds like I'm dreaming. Maybe I'm still in bed, and I never even got up yet today. I knew Ava wanted me to go out with her tonight. I knew we were going to Club Zoom. I bet I've tucked that into my subconscious and created an elaborate dream from it.

"Is Ava a good friend?"

"Yes. We've been roommates for six years. We met in college. I can't go with you. I can't leave her." I'm saying the words, but already I don't believe them.

"I suspect you will see her again, Baby girl," he says soothingly.

My breath hitches. How can he know that?

“What do you do for work here on Earth, Little one?”

I lick my lips. I know he’s distracting me. “I’m a graphic designer. I have clients waiting for me to finish their work.”

“The club will contact them and let them know, Little one.”

“Let them know what?” I shake my head. I can’t stop.

He moves closer and cups my face with both hands. “You’re mine, Mia,” he tells me again.

Silent tears escape my eyes. I know he’s right. “I’m scared.”

“I know, Baby girl. That’s normal.” He swipes the tears away with his thumbs. “I promise to do everything in my power to help you through this transition so you can be the happiest Little girl in the universe.”

I start panting. I might hyperventilate. I try to pull away from him, but he swoops in and lifts me off the floor. He cradles me to his chest, careful to trap my dress under my bottom so no one in the club can see my panties.

Surgient presses my face against his chest as he turns around. He speaks to his friend. “We’re going upstairs.”

“We’ll be right behind you.”

I squirm, trying to free myself, needing to see Ava. I want to talk to her.

“Mia,” I hear her say. She touches my bare leg.

I can’t see her. I fight against Surgient’s firm grip, but he’s too strong. He’s keeping my face toward him.

Suddenly he’s moving. Walking fast. The sounds of the club are booming around us. He cradles me so close that nothing and no one touches me. I hear gasps as we pass people.

“Why her?” someone says.

“Lucky bitch,” someone else mutters.

“Damn, how unfair,” comes from another voice.

“I’ve never even seen her before.”

“Who is she?”

“I have no idea.”

“Is she even an adult?”

Surgient pushes through a door, and the voices, music, and shouting are silenced. He eases his grip on my head. “Don’t listen to any of them, Baby girl,” he says when our eyes meet.

I shove against him. “Let me go. I need to go home.” I’m no match for him though. Not even close. He doesn’t have to exert himself to continue to hold me.

An elevator opens, and Surgient steps inside. He rolls me so I’m more tightly pressed against him and kisses my temple. “I know you’re afraid, Baby girl. I promise to make it better.”

My heart is racing. I continue to wiggle in his arms, but I can’t get down, and if I did somehow cause him to drop me, I would be injured from this height. He’s so tall.

My mind races. I picture my apartment. I’m never going to go there again. Everything I own is gone to me. Suddenly I gasp and lift my face to his. “Pokey!” I shout. “I can’t leave Pokey.” I fight against him harder. Now I’m frantic. Crying.

When the elevator opens, Surgient steps off and moves quickly across the room. Finally, he lowers onto a sofa. His expression is filled with concern. “Who’s Pokey?”

“My stuffie!” I scream. “I’ve had him all my life. I can’t leave him.” I’m gasping. A part of me is dying. For some reason, leaving my apartment, my job, my friends, my entire life...none of that is as dire as leaving Pokey.

Surgient stills me with a hand to my bare thighs and one around me that traps my arms. “Shhh. Look at me, Mia.”

I shake my head. I don’t care that I’m having the biggest tantrum of my life. I’m panicking.

“Mia,” he insists. “Look at Papi.”

I’m crying now, big fat tears that won’t stop. Sobbing. I don’t want to listen to him. I don’t care if he spansks me. I

don't care that I'm being naughty and disobedient.

"Take a breath and look at Papi," he says again. He's so calm. He's not the least bit bothered by my tantrum.

I'm feeling stubborn. Very, very stubborn. For the first time in my life, my Little is defiant and not willing to let up. *Pokey...*

I'm crying so hard I'm going to hyperventilate.

Surgient lifts my hand to his mouth and kisses my fingers. A second later, something pinches me. Or...pierces me.

I jerk on my hand, but he won't let go. He draws my injured finger into his mouth and sucks on it, stroking it with his tongue. It's the strangest feeling. Mesmerizing. But I'm mad, so I try to arch and buck.

Surgient doesn't even get winded from my attempts. He pops my finger out of his mouth and draws in the next one. When I feel another prick, I twist my head to face him.

"What are you doing?" I blabber between sobs. "That hurts."

He does it again to my next finger while I watch. I can't see what he's piercing me with. He does it while my fingers are in his mouth. He switches back and forth now, starting over, sucking them, twirling his tongue around them, pricking them. With his teeth.

I start to calm. I don't know why. My body begins to relax in his arms.

He releases my hand and sets it on my chest before cupping my head with his enormous palm and smiling at me. "That's my good girl. Take some deep breaths."

Tears are still falling. "Pokey," I whimper.

"I'll have someone go get him and anything else you want, Baby girl."

My eyes widen.

His smile grows. "Promise."

I lick my lips while he wipes away my tears with his thumb. “You will?” I hiccup.

“Absolutely. Do you have any other stuffies or dolls you want to take with you?”

I nod. I have a lot. Will he get them? I’m curious about his teeth though. I reach up with the hand he was tormenting and touch his lips with my fingers. “Are you a vampire?”

He chuckles, his body shaking. “No, Little one. I don’t suck blood. Vampires aren’t real, silly girl.”

I almost smile at the irony. “Are *you* real?”

“Very. I have a tiny quill behind my front teeth. I can use it to pierce your skin. My saliva is helping calm you.”

I gasp, blinking.

“I can also use it for other things, but you’ll find out about those later.”

“Why didn’t you let me say goodbye to Ava?” I murmur, my voice hitching as tears threaten to fall again.

“You didn’t need to, Baby girl. You will see her when we get home.”

“Home?” I try to sit up from my reclined position.

Surgient releases his tight grip just enough to let me sit on his lap. “Eleadia. We’ll leave soon.”

“How do you know Ava will also be going?”

“I could scent it, Little one. Just like Ganrax could scent *our* bond.”

“What will happen to our apartment?” I ask, grasping at random thoughts.

“Club Zoom will take care of everything.”

I’m not sure why I even care. I won’t be around for the fallout, but I don’t like disappointing my clients. I have a work ethic. Maybe another co-worker will finish those jobs. Yes, I’m certain they will. I’m expendable. Ava works for the same

company. It's kind of sad, but we're both expendable. Probably most humans are.

Surgient slides his hand up higher on my thigh until his fingers are touching the edge of my panties.

My breath hitches. My mad quickly turns into something else entirely. Arousal. I recognize it immediately because I've made myself feel this way alone in my room at night.

I have some amazing vibrators in my apartment that do the job of giving me relief when I crave it, but no man has ever done so. And certainly not the bad Daddy I had a few years ago. Definitely not him.

When I first met Rick, I thought he was the best thing that had ever happened to me. He sought me out at the club. He made me feel special. It wasn't until I agreed to play exclusively with him that things started going downhill. Red flags everywhere. I ignored them. I kept hoping. Wishing. I'd wanted a Daddy so badly. It turned out Rick was the worst thing that ever happened to me, and I'm still kicking myself for how much time I wasted hoping for something I would never have.

The memories embarrass me, and I look away. Rick damaged me. He made me feel like I could never be good enough for anyone. I know it's not true. I know it intellectually. But my self-esteem is damaged, and I've been much happier being Little alone. No one can hurt me when my Daddy is always imaginary.

I couldn't please Rick no matter what I did. I won't be able to please this Daddy...Papi, either. I won't be good enough for him. I shouldn't have agreed to come upstairs with him.

Except I didn't. He brought me up here anyway. He says I'm his. He's going to be disappointed. He's going to hurt me.

“Mia...”

I suck in a breath and look at him.

“Your mind is racing. It's understandable. We don't know each other yet, but we will, Baby girl. Eventually, we'll know everything about each other, and you'll learn to trust me.”

I look away. If he's really a Daddy type of person, I'm going to disappoint him.

"Mia, look at Papi."

I turn my head back again. I'm sad. Sad about what I know will happen in the future.

Surgient has his palm on the back of my thigh, and he eases it up higher under my skirt until his fingers are tracing the edge of my panties again. I purse my lips, shocked by my reaction to his touch. My pussy is wet and clenching. If he strokes the strip of cotton between my legs, he'll find out I'm wet.

I squeeze my legs together. I don't want Surgient to know I'm wet. I can't process that right now. My head is spinning.

"I'm going to turn you over and spank you now, Baby girl," he tells me calmly.

## *Chapter Four*

Mia

My bottom lip quivers, and the growing foreign sensation of desire grows tenfold. I've been spanked before. I used to enjoy it before Rick. I was a member of the kink club long before Rick showed up. I used to do scenes with Daddies. Scenes though. Nothing like this. It's not a scene. This is my life.

Surgient gently turns me over so I'm lying over his lap. I tuck my hands under my chest. He's so large that my entire torso fits across his thighs. When he pushes my dress up my back, exposing my panties, I whimper and squeeze my legs together. My responses to him are so foreign I can't process them.

He pats my bottom. "You've been spanked before, right, Little one?"

"Yes, Sir," I murmur.



“When was the last time someone spanked you, Mia?”

I lick my lips and whisper, “Two years ago.”

His hand stills on my bottom. “That’s a long time, Baby girl.”

I don’t respond. I don’t know what to say.

When his fingers slip under the top of my panties to pull them down, I stiffen.

“Relax your body, Baby girl. Part your thighs a bit for me so I can pull your panties down.”

I grit my teeth. I want to please him. It’s in my nature. I want to do as I’m told. I always used to in the past. Why can’t I now?

*Because Rick did a number on you, and you’re not willing to take a chance like that again.*

Surgient is patient. He rubs my exposed bottom with his fingers while he waits for me to comply with his instructions.

I whimper as I give up the fight and hold my breath as he eases the cotton over my cheeks and down my thighs to my knees. I nearly faint when he palms the material between my legs.

“Does it embarrass you that your panties are wet, Little one?”

His direct question makes my cheeks heat. I nod.

“I can smell your arousal, Baby girl. I know you didn’t accidentally wet your panties. Why does that embarrass you? Little girls often get aroused when their Papi dominates them.”

“I don’t,” I blurt before I can stop myself. He can smell my arousal?

Surgient’s hand slides up to my butt cheeks again. “Have you had a Daddy before, Mia?”

“Yes, Sir,” I whisper.

He says nothing for a while, rubbing my skin, making me crave the upcoming spanking. It’s been so long since someone

spanked me. I want this so badly. I know I'll feel better after the rush of being dominated like this.

“I want you to call me Papi, Baby girl. Can you try it?”

I draw in a breath. “Yes, Papi.”

“Good girl. I like the sound of that. Now, can you keep your hands under your chest while I spank you, or should I hold them at the small of your back?”

“I'll be good, Papi,” I respond. The words are loaded. I want to be good for him. I'm so damn scared I won't be what he wants that I'm trembling.

Surgient...Papi holds me steady with a hand on the small of my back while he lifts his other hand and gives me the first swat.

My breath hitches. It's been so long. It feels so good. Better than I remember.

He does it again and again, increasing the speed and intensity after every few slaps.

I slide into a place in my head I'm familiar with even though it's been a long time. My Little subspace. It's a super special place I love. Can I really have this with a new Daddy? A Papi? I won't let myself hope.

When he pauses, he trails a finger around my heated skin. “You're so beautiful, Mia. Your skin is so pretty. I've never seen a female with skin this white.” He taps my bottom in a few places. “And these little freckles are adorable.”

I squirm. He's making my pussy tingle with his touch and his words. No one makes my pussy tingle.

“Would you like more, Baby girl?”

I nod, grateful he can't see my face. I'm embarrassed.

“Okay, I'll spank you a bit longer, and then we're going to talk.”

I don't like that last part of the plan, but the spanking I'm craving like a drug. I push my butt out when he takes too long.

Finally, he lifts his palm and resumes spanking me, harder this time.

I slide instantly into a deeper zone, my special Little space, the one I've only visited a few times. In my zone, I focus on Papi's hand and the burn and heat coming off my bare bottom.

I know I'm moaning and bucking into him by the time he stops. I can't help it.

When he stops, he instantly slides his fingers between my thighs. His hand is so large that his palm holds me down while his fingers stroke through my swollen needy folds.

I cry out and lift my head off his thigh. "Papi!"

He drags his fingertips through my wetness one more time before he removes his hand. After carefully rolling me over so I'm facing him, he smiles down at me. "You are so precious."

I shake my head. I'm not. I'm going to disappoint him. "You should pick another Little girl. I'm not very good at it," I warn him. I can't think of anything worse than leaving this planet with him only to have him realize he's made a mistake after we reach his planet.

He frowns. "What are you talking about, Little one? That's the silliest thing I've ever heard."

I push my dress down to cover my exposed pussy. My panties are still bunched up at my knees. When I reach for them, intent on pulling them up, Papi stops me. He grabs both my wrists with one hand and holds them against my tummy. With his free hand, he removes my ballet flats before quickly tugging my panties down my legs and off.

I gasp as I pull my knees together and draw them up. I'm trembling. Needy. Wet. He knows it. It's so foreign to me.

"Why do you think you're not good at being Little, Mia?"

I shrug. I don't know how to explain it.

"Did someone tell you that?"

He's perceptive.

I nod.

“The last Daddy you had?”

I nod again.

“Is that why you haven’t had another Daddy for a while?”

Another nod.

“Well, he was a fool.”

I give him a small smile, meeting his gaze.

He takes my breath away. He’s staring at me like I hang the moon.

“He was,” I agree. “But he hurt me, and I’m not ready to try again.”

Papi gives me a huge smile. “It’s kind of late for that, Little one. We’re in the middle of you trying again. I just spanked your little bottom hard enough to turn it a pretty shade of pink while you moaned. Were you thinking about another man while I made your pussy wet?”

My face heats so hot I think it might catch on fire. I shake my head. “No, Papi.”

“I’d say you’re over that man.” His smile is bigger.

Maybe he’s right but... “What if I can’t be the kind of Little girl you want?”

“You already are the most perfect Little girl ever to exist, Mia. I’m the luckiest Papi alive. You don’t have to do or be anything but yourself to please me.”

My lip trembles as I worry. This is happening so fast. “Sometimes I can’t follow all the rules.”

His brow furrows. “Little girls are expected to make mistakes. No one is perfect. When you misbehave, Papi will discipline you, and all will be forgiven.”

I’m shaking harder as I ask the most important question. “Will you put me in timeouts?”

He stares at me for several seconds before responding. “If that’s what you need, Baby girl.”

I purse my lips.

“What’s wrong with timeouts, Mia?”

“I’m not very good at timeouts. I can’t stand still, and then the time has to start over. I never get it right.” Tears start to fall as I remember the numerous times Rick made me stand in the corner, reprimanding me when I fidgeted. It was too hard. I couldn’t do it. I was a disappointment. And he told me often. So often that I began to believe him. Sometimes I would meet him at the club, and he would immediately put me in a corner, to train me he said.

I shudder at the memory.

Papi cups my face and leans in closer to me. “Whoever that man was, he was not a good man. If you don’t respond well to timeouts, I won’t use them. Discipline is meant to help Little girls remember the rules. It’s not meant to frustrate you to the point of tears.”

I stare at him. “It’s hard to follow all the rules,” I tell him.

He frowns. “What kinds of rules did this man have, Little one?”

I shrug. “They were different all the time.”

He flinches. His brows raise high.

I realize everything I’m saying is making him question Rick’s decisions. And Papi is right to do so. Since I stopped seeing him, many people have told me Rick is a bad person. But it’s still hard to convince myself I wasn’t to blame.

“What were some of his rules, Mia?”

“Just little things like making sure my shoes were straight in the corner and putting his next to them lined up just right after I took them off.”

Papi is not blinking. He pauses several seconds. “You took *his* shoes off?”

I nod. Is that weird? “So I could rub his feet, but I didn’t usually do that right either.”

Papi stiffens. His jaw goes so tight. There’s a twitch in his face. “What else?” he finally asks.

I'm nervous now. I haven't even told him the weirdest parts. Those things were just normal behaviors for service submissives. He liked me to service him. Why is that strange?

Except Ava told me it was not normal and so did the club owner and a few other members when they finally intervened and put a stop to what they said was abusive behavior. They banned Rick from the club after that, but I was too upset to go back.

"I had to keep the toys organized and tidy. Make sure the bins for blocks didn't have anything else in them. The dolls were sitting up on the shelves. The coloring books were lined up straight. The crayons were in the right order."

Papi's eyes pop open, and the tick becomes a vein that looks like it's going to bust. "Is that how Daddies on Earth behave, Mia?" He sounds stunned.

I slowly shake my head and admit, "No. Not all of them. I just didn't know he was doing anything wrong, and I couldn't please him."

Papi licks his lips. "Well, you won't have any rules like those in our home, Little one. I don't care if your toys are mixed up or your crayons get out of order. What the hell order do crayons belong in anyway?"

His question is rhetorical, and besides, I don't know the answer. I don't think I ever did.

He shakes his head and continues, "My rules are for your safety, Mia. And your pleasure," he adds.

I don't know what he's referring to, and he doesn't give me a chance to ask.

He keeps talking. "Safety rules keep you from getting hurt. You're the most important person in my life. I will do everything in my power to make sure you don't get injured. Eleadian males travel six months each way to find a mate on Earth. We treasure our mates above everything and everyone for the rest of our lives."

I find myself reaching up to touch his face. I don't like that he's so frustrated by my story.

He tips his cheek into my palm, turns his face, and kisses my tender skin before wrapping his fingers around mine and holding me in place. “In our home, you won’t be permitted to go outside alone because I wouldn’t want you to fall or wander off and get lost. You won’t be allowed to touch knives or any other sharp objects that aren’t safe for Little girls. You won’t climb on the furniture without Papi. I’ll lift you up and either sit with you or secure you when your feet are not on the floor.”

I giggle. “Papi, you’re just being silly now.”

He shakes his head. “Nope. I’m serious, Baby girl. I also know that Little girls have a hard time with safety rules at first, but they’re meant for exactly that—safety. None of them will involve keeping the house tidy or rubbing my damn feet. You’re not a slave. You’re my Little girl.”

He’s serious. I know lots of people told me Rick was off his rocker, but it’s starting to make more sense now.

## *Chapter Five*

Surgient

My head is about to explode, and I'm not sure I'm hiding it well from Mia. What the hell has she been through? I know I'm not very educated on age play among humans, but I'm fairly certain it looks nothing like what she's describing. I assume it resembles life on Eleadia a bit more similarly than her description.

Apparently I'm not wrong. She's well aware it was a bad relationship, and she's no longer in it. She hasn't been for two years. She's still suffering from the emotional abuse though.

"Papi?" Her small voice is adorable. She's not as nervous as she was when we first came upstairs. Part of that is from my quill; part is from my spanking. Hell, part is from her unloading some of her history.

"What, Baby girl?" I'm sure she has a million questions.



“I need to go potty,” she whispers.

Shit. Right. I forgot human females need to urinate more than Eleadian males. I should have taken care of that sooner. However, I also know from every single Papi who has brought their mate to the mothership for an exam to clear them for travel to Eleadia that human females balk hard at what I’m about to introduce to my Little girl.

I rise from the chair, cradling her in my arms. Her naked bottom is hot against my forearm.

She squirms. “Put me down, Papi. I can walk. Just point me to the bathroom.”

I nuzzle her neck as I carry her to my bedroom. “Your sweet little feet are not going to hit the floor or the ground for a long time, Baby girl. Get used to having Papi carry you.”

She gasps. “That’s silly. Why would you want to do that?”

“Because I can. It’s in our nature, Little one. Now that I’ve found you, I don’t want to put you down. I’m going to take care of every one of your needs at all times.” I say that last to warn her.

She rolls her eyes. “Well, you can’t take me to the bathroom, so…”

I tap her nose as I reach the giant bed in the room I have never slept in. I just got here this afternoon. “Don’t roll your eyes at Papi,” I say lightly. I’m going to have to be careful with my discipline. I don’t ever want her to equate anything I expect of her with that horrible man who wasn’t a Daddy at all.

She bites her lip and releases it. “Sorry, Papi. May I please go to the bathroom now?”

I lower her onto my bed so her tiny legs are dangling off the edge. I set my hands down alongside her and meet her gaze. “We don’t have bathrooms, Little one. Not here in our apartments or anywhere on our planet. Not the kind you’re used to anyway.”

She frowns. “Where do you pee?”

“Our males have a special receptacle where we empty our bladders, and we don’t do it nearly as often as human females.”

“Where do your women go potty then?”

It hasn’t occurred to her yet, and I’m ready for the confrontation that’s coming. Intellectually ready that is. “For one thing, until we started mating with human females, there had been no females on Eleadia for a very long time. The last ones died about a century ago. Only males were living on the planet until we discovered our compatibility with humans. So the only females on Eleadia are human Little girls.”

She frowns some more. I’m not surprised. “If you don’t have women, where did you come from?”

I smile. She’s going to be shocked about this revelation for sure. “My mother. She died a hundred and six years ago.”

Mia’s eyes bug out and her mouth opens wide. “You’re... You’re like a hundred and thirty?”

“Yes.”

“But, but you look thirty-five.”

“We age well. The air is cleaner. We eat healthier. You will stop aging at the same speed on Eleadia too. Our scientists believe we will live a few centuries.”

She gasps. “Centuries?” Her voice rises an octave. It’s cute.

I lower my face until my forehead touches hers. I love how heavily she’s breathing. I’m affecting her. I can smell her arousal. It’s potent. It’s also embarrassing her for reasons I don’t understand.

“I really need to go potty now, Papi,” she murmurs.

“Okay, Little one.” I rise up and reach for the hem of her dress to ease it up her body.

She pushes it back down. “Papi...”

“Let Papi take your clothes off, Baby girl. I’m going to need to examine you after you go pee-pee anyway.”

Her adorable cheeks are so pink. She'll never be able to hide her embarrassment from me with that pale skin and rosy hue.

“What do you mean?” She bats at my hands, trying to keep me from lifting her dress, which she holds down over her pussy.

“I’m a doctor, Mia. In fact, I’ve been the doctor on the starship for two years. That was my contract. Every Little girl has to undergo a thorough medical exam before she can be cleared for travel. A new doctor is taking over for me now that my contract is over, and I’m returning to Eleadia. Since I’m qualified to ensure you’re healthy, I will go ahead and do so here before we travel to the mothership. He’ll want to take another look at you when we arrive because that’s standard procedure. But for my own peace of mind, I’m going to ensure you’re completely healthy now.”

She squirms and squeezes her legs together. “Please can I just go potty?”

Apparently it’s urgent.

I tug on the hem of her dress again. It’s very pretty. I know she feels pretty wearing it, or she wouldn’t have worn it tonight. It makes her feel so comfortable in her skin that she doesn’t even care that she isn’t dressed like any other female. She’s going to be frustrated when she finds out she won’t be wearing clothes any longer.

“Move your hands, Baby girl,” I command in a firm voice. “Let Papi take this dress off. You can’t hide from Papi forever.” I know human females have trouble with exposing themselves at first. It’s out of their comfort zone. They aren’t used to the custom. It’s shocking at first.

She shakes her head defiantly.

It’s hard not to smile. I don’t want her to think I’m making light of her embarrassment. I know it’s real. I’ve seen it in every single Little girl since I started my job as head doctor on the mothership.

“Are you hiding an extra arm or a third eyeball on your chest?” I tease.

She doesn't laugh. She looks away. “I'm small, Papi. I'm not filled out like other girls. You're going to be—”

I press my palm over her mouth, stopping her from finishing that sentence. I give her a stern look. “You are exactly perfect, Mia. Every inch of you. I don't even care if you have a third arm or an extra eyeball. There is absolutely nothing I could possibly not love about your body. I'm already deeply bonded to you.”

I release her mouth. She's panting as I keep talking. “I know you can feel the bond. It's not something you can control or stop. It intensified when I nicked your fingers. It will continue to grow every day of our lives. It also makes us completely blind to each other's possible faults.”

“I have a lot of them,” she murmurs.

I shake my head. “You have none.”

She sighs dramatically. “Look at my face! It's covered with freckles. Those are all over my body, Surgient.”

I wince. “Please call me Papi, Little one.”

She blows out a breath as if I've exasperated her by changing the subject.

“I think your freckles are pretty. I can't wait to see every single one of them. I'm going to kiss them too.”

She gasps. “You can't kiss them. There are millions.”

“I have centuries. Watch me.”

She rolls those pretty eyes again before catching herself and sucking in a breath.

“I'm going to give you a pass on the eye rolling for now, Baby girl. But I'm going to talk that sassy side out of you.” I reach for the hem of her dress yet again.

She holds it down fiercely, blurting out, “My boobs are small, and I don't have hips. My body isn't sexy like other women. I'm not ready for you to see me yet.”

I hate that she has such a poor body image. I will tell her how beautiful she is every day of her life until she believes me, and then I'll still tell her because she deserves to hear it.

"I don't even have on a bra because I don't need one," she grumbles.

My heart hurts for my precious Little girl who has no idea that I love every single inch of her already. "Mia, I'm not superficial like that. It's not in my nature. I don't care about the size of your breasts or hips or any other part of you. I care about the twinkle in your eyes and your smile. My goal will always be to make sure you're happy and healthy and know how loved you are. You are perfect exactly how you are."

She stares at me. Finally, she lets go of her tight grip on the hem of her dress and lifts her arms up. "Fine." There is defiance in her voice. She thinks I'll be disappointed, and now she's martyring herself to prove it.

I won't take the bait, but I do lift her dress up and over her head without hesitation. When it's gone, I grip her wrists and hold them with one hand above her head.

She has her eyes closed, not wanting to see my expression, not believing I could possibly find her attractive. It hurts my soul, but all I can do is show her she's wrong.

I let my gaze slide down her body. She takes my breath away. Yes, she's small. So damn small that I'm going to panic when it's time to fully make her mine. No matter how many human men she's had sex with, none of them were as well-endowed as me.

My precious Little girl is so fucking sexy there are no words, and she wouldn't believe them anyway.

Human females have all different body types. I know this better than any Eleadian alive. Some have larger breasts; some have smaller breasts. I have no idea why females think we could possibly care what size they are or what color.

Sure, Mia's boobs are on the small side, but I love every inch of her like I knew I would. I hate that her society has made her feel inadequate. That needs to stop. I'll work on it.

First, I need her to start trusting me. I lean over her chest and place a kiss on one of her pretty pink nipples.

She gasps and arches her chest up.

My cock has been hard since I saw her in the monitor, but it's pulsing now. Her reaction has made my balls tight.

I kiss her other nipple next, loving her responses. It's as if she's never had a man worship her body before. It's confusing. I understand whoever this Rick guy was he was a jackass, but surely he kissed her nipples and made her writhe. Who would pass up an opportunity like this?

I flick my tongue over the rosy tip of her tight bud, and she digs her heels into the edge of the mattress and writhes. "Papi... I'm going to pee myself."

*Shit. Right.* I release her and quickly grab what I need from the nightstand before she has a chance to move.

## *Chapter Six*

Mia

I'm seriously going to pee myself. I have to go so badly I'm going to soak the mattress if he doesn't let me go to the bathroom. It's so urgent now that I don't even care that I'm naked. It's not so urgent that I'm not totally turned on from him kissing my nipples. They are hard and tingly.

But...

I squeal when he suddenly lifts my legs because my bladder has even less space when he bends my knees up. "Papi!" I cry out.

"Two seconds, Baby girl."

I glance down to find that he has pushed something up under me, and now he's spreading my thighs. Before I can think to protest or even process his intention, he pulls some sort of material up between my legs and secures it at my hips.

I stare down at myself, confused, unwilling, or unable to admit what I'm seeing. Then I glance back up at him. My instinct is to protest as loudly as possible, and I reach for the fastenings at my sides, intent on removing the cloth...diaper.

Papi gently circles my wrists with his hands and lifts my arms up over my head again.

I struggle as my breasts rise, my traitorous nipples hard as rocks. I shake my head. "No. No, Papi."

"Yes, Baby girl," he soothes. "Let yourself relax." He shifts my hands so both wrists are wrapped in one set of his fingers. He brings his other hand down to my tummy and palms my bladder. "Let it go. I'm sorry I waited so long. It's not good for Little girls to let their bladders get so full."

I shake my head. I can't. Not in front of him. I don't want him to think I'm a baby. I'm not. Not usually. Not in front of people. Not a single person knows I sometimes spend time in a younger headspace when I'm totally alone. It's not something I would ever admit to. *Never.*

"Mia..." His voice is so even. He's not mad or frustrated. He's so patient. He's going to have to wait for hell to freeze over though. I can't do it. I can't let myself be that vulnerable with anyone. It's private. Just for me. My fantasies are no one else's business.

Papi palms the thick bulk between my legs, applying pressure to my pussy now.

My arousal shoots through the roof. It shocks me. It's like he's taking pages out of an age-play romance novel and applying them to real life. No one does this sort of thing in real life.

Papi reaches a finger under the edge of the diaper. I think he's going to feel the adsorbent material to see if I've wet myself yet, but that's not what he does. Instead he strokes his finger between my pussy lips. "You're soaked, Baby girl. Submit to Papi. Don't fight it."

I tip my head back, willing my body to stop reacting so strongly to him. I'm mortified. He thinks I'm aroused because



I need to pee?

*Shit.* I am. But why must he know that?

My pussy is throbbing, and I moan when he removes his fingers and presses his palm against my sex again.

“Papi...” His name comes out like a whimper. I don’t have much room to wiggle because he’s holding my hands down, and his huge body is pressing against the mattress between my legs.

I’ve never felt so totally dominated. And he’s so calm, controlled, and patient with me. Plus, it’s obvious he’s going to get his way. I have no choice, and that makes my arousal spike higher. I tip my head back and arch my chest. My breasts are totally exposed to him.

When he kisses one of my nipples again, I cry out. With his palm still between my legs, I’m close to orgasm. How is this possible?

Papi sucks one of my nipples and swirls his tongue around it, distracting me. Suddenly I feel a prick. It’s over so fast I wonder if I imagined it. But my nipple is swollen and desperate now. More so than before.

Before I can form words of protest, Papi switches to my other boob and treats that nipple to the same. He did prick me. On my tender titty.

He blows on this tight flesh now. “Submit to Papi, Little one.”

It feels like my boobs are ten times bigger. Heavy. Throbbing. I need him to suckle them again. My clit is throbbing too. And his hand... Pressing against my pussy, driving me out of my mind.

Suddenly I can’t take it another second. If he wants me to pee myself, fine. Why should I care? I straighten out my legs in a giant V and let my bladder go. I’m not sure I’ve peed this much in my entire life. I keep going and going, filling the diaper until it’s warm and bulging around me.

Papi continues to apply pressure, making me fully aware of the wet bulk of material, not letting me escape the feeling of it against my skin. “That’s my good girl. See? Don’t you feel better?”

I don’t respond. Mortification slips in. At least I’m no longer dealing with the pressure in my bladder.

When my brain cells finally converge, I jerk my head down and glare at him. “You pricked my titties.”

He smiles. “You enjoyed it immensely.”

“Did not,” I lie. “It hurt.”

He lifts a brow. “Remember when I said I would only spank you for breaking my rules?”

I hold my breath.

“Lying will land you over my knees so fast you won’t know what happened.”

My face heats. Or maybe it was always hot.

“I also told you my quill had other purposes. Now you know another one.” He grins.

My eyes widen. “You intend to prick my titties often?” The babyish word keeps slipping from my mouth because I’m in my very youngest headspace. It’s his fault. I can’t avoid feeling younger while I’m diapered, especially with it full and serving as a reminder of my deep submission.

“Yes, Baby girl.”

I shake my head. “Why would you do that?”

“Because you will enjoy it. I’ll prick you all over your body at times.”

I stiffen and squeeze my knees together, coming up severely short.

He smiles. “Even there, Little one. You will have the most powerful orgasms when I pierce your little clit.”

I arch and writhe. Why won’t he let me go? Is he trying to prove a point? It’s working if he is. I’m so turned on. More

than I've ever been.

“If you can lie still like a good girl, I'll take this wet diaper off and clean you up. Can you do that for Papi?”

I nod because I want him to get this icky material off me.

While he removes it, I ask, “Can I use the potty next time?” My voice is so very Little.

“No, Baby girl. You'll use a diaper from now on,” he says gently.

Tears come to my eyes, and my lips quiver. I'm not so much afraid of using diapers. What I'm afraid of is feeling as vulnerable as that will make me. Exposed. He will have the power to destroy me if I submit to him that deeply. It feels like I'm losing myself. I'm slipping into my youngest headspace, and I won't be able to come up for air if he keeps me diapered.

I'm scared out of my mind. My reactions are unexpected. They shouldn't be. I've fantasized about having a firm commanding Daddy who forced me to be his Baby girl, but I never in my wildest dreams expected it to actually happen. It's the stuff of romance novels, not reality.

Papi sets the heavy diaper aside and pushes my legs open wide. He lowers a bag onto the bed next to me and reaches into it. I'm too drained to ask questions. I don't think my voice would even hold up.

He slides what can only be described as a changing pad under my lower half and uses a wet cloth to wipe my folds. “I like that you keep your pussy bare, Baby girl. I'm going to put a cream on your folds now. I need you to hold still for me.”

I'm too stunned to move as I watch him put on a glove and squeeze something onto his finger before spreading it all over my pussy.

He glances up at my face when he's done. “That needs to sit a few minutes. It will seep into your hair follicles and prevent future growth.”

I'm panting. My hair won't grow back? Ever?

“You’ve used diapers before, haven’t you, Baby girl?” he asks, hovering over me.

I purse my lips. I’m not allowed to lie, and the truth is embarrassing.

His brows furrow. “Why is that hard to admit, Little one? I need to know everything about your history, especially your medical history, so I can best take care of you. Did any previous Daddy put a diaper on you?”

I shake my head and look away. I’m so embarrassed.

He sets his hands on my inner thighs and presses them wider. I don’t think it’s because he needs them wider for the cream. I think he’s just asserting his dominance, showing me he can hold me wider, making me feel deeper.

“You’ve used diapers alone without a Daddy, haven’t you, Little one?”

I give a slight nod.

“Why does that embarrass you? I’m so proud of you. You’ve known you were Little for a very long time, and you took steps to honor your preferences. That’s so admirable.”

I turn my head toward him. “It’s humiliating.”

He lowers his face to kiss me gently on the lips. “I don’t want it to be. It’s part of who you are.” Finally, he reaches for another cloth and wipes away the cream. “There. So pretty. Little girls on my planet are not permitted to grow hair on their pussies, Mia. It’s more sanitary to keep your pee-pee away from your skin when you wet yourself.”

It makes sense, but I’m so out of body I’m not sure who I am anymore. I’m also exposed and unnerved. “Can I have my dress back and my panties please, Papi?”

He plants a kiss on my tummy and nibbles a path up between my breasts, continuing up my neck, finally kissing me on the mouth. “I’m going to do a full medical exam now, Baby girl. I need to know if you have any medical issues that require attention before we travel.”

“I’m not sick,” I argue, knowing I won’t be able to deter him.

“That’s good, but you can’t always know what’s happening inside your body.” He keeps one palm on me as he bends down and grabs another bag from next to the bed.

I realize he was worried I might fall and giggle. “I’m not going to fall off the bed, Papi.”

“Nope. Not ever.”

I shudder at his response. He said everything and nothing at the same time. I caught the unspoken words. I won’t be falling because I’ll never have an opportunity. The idea makes me feel special. It’s the kind of thing every Little girl on Earth longs for. A Daddy who takes care of her.

I’m concerned though. I suspect some of his methods are going to be foreign to me. The rules he’s listed so far make it sound like I’ll be living a life of leisure under his care. I’m afraid to ask questions.

Papi pulls out a stethoscope, and I blow out a breath of relief. He’s a doctor. That’s his medical bag. He’s just going to listen to my heart.

As he situates the earpieces, I say, “Patients on Earth wear a gown when they go to the doctor.”

He smiles. “Not on Eleadia, Little one.” He holds up the smooth disk. “Can you take a deep breath for me?”

I inhale as he sets the disk on my chest and listens.

“Good girl. Again.”

I draw in another and then three more as he moves the stethoscope around my titties. His knuckles graze my little nipples often. I think he does it on purpose. They are so hard from embarrassment and exposure and the fact that he nicked them with his strange quill.

“Good girl,” he praises again as he sets the stethoscope to the side. “Lift your hands over your head again for me, Little one.”

I shiver as I do as he asks.

He palpates my tummy in a dozen places. “Any pain or discomfort, Baby girl?”

I shake my head, staring at his hands. They’re so large. When he spreads his palm and fingers out, he can cover my entire torso. The contrast of our skin tones is so hot too. His dark to my light.

My breath hitches when he shifts his attention higher and starts feeling around my boobs.

“Have you ever had any issues with your little titties, Baby girl?”

Wetness rushes out of my pussy when he uses my babyish word. I shake my head as my cheeks heat. I want to pull my legs together, but Papi is leaning his torso against the mattress between them, preventing me from closing my thighs. I can’t even straighten them because I’m too close to the edge. My knees are bent, and my legs are still splayed open the way he put them when he used the hair remover.

After prodding around every millimeter of my small titties, he flicks my nipples and then pinches them.

I arch my chest at the unexpected torment, but this doesn’t dislodge him. He pinches both nipples harder and twists them slightly in both directions before releasing them.

As soon as he releases my nipples, my hands fly down to cover them. I’m panting.

Papi circles my wrists again and gives a gentle tug. “Keep your hands away from your pretty titties, Baby girl.”

The flush on my cheeks grows. I know it extends down my chest.

Papi sets my hands above my head again, leaning over me while he holds me down. “Remember when I said I would have some rules for your safety and some rules for your pleasure?”

I nod.

“One of my rules is not playing with your titties.”

I gasp. I’ve never played with them, and I certainly wouldn’t do so in front of him.

He lifts a brow. “That includes touching them without permission. You won’t cover them with anything, including your hands. You won’t rub them against anything.”

My heart is racing. More wetness leaks out of me. He’s so dominant. His demands make my tummy flip over and spin around in a circle. Why does it suddenly seem like I’m going to have a hard time obeying this rule?

Surgient does something to me. Or maybe his quill does. After all, he’s pierced me over and over. His saliva is affecting me. It’s making me horny.

“Papi will give you the most intense pleasure every day for the rest of your life, Baby girl, but you will not choose when or where. I will. That means you keep your naughty little fingers away from your titties and your pussy. Understood?”

I can’t breathe. He’s ordering me not to masturbate? It’s not like I regularly masturbate all day long, but he can’t stop me from doing so. How would he even know? He won’t be with me twenty-four-seven.

He gives me a wicked grin. “I see your mind working. You’re not the first Little girl to wonder how her Papi might prevent her from playing with herself. I’m not the only Papi on Eleadia who enforces this rule either. Most do. Would you like me to answer some of the questions I see in your eyes?”

I’m so curious that I nod. “Yes, Sir.”

“For one, you won’t be alone very often, Baby girl. You can feel our bond already. It will grow with every passing day, becoming stronger and stronger. Most of the time, we will be together. When we’re not, there will always be monitors in the room to ensure you’re safe. When you nap, I’ll have a monitor with me at all times so I can keep an eye on you. If you find you can’t keep your fingers away from your pretty nipples while you sleep, I’ll cuff your wrists to the sides of the crib.”

I gasp, homing in on that one last word. “You have a crib?”

“Yep. My home is completely ready for me to return with you. There’s a full nursery and everything a Papi needs to take care of a Little girl.”

I tug gently on my wrists, unable to shake the visual of being restrained in a crib. My heart rate picks up again, and there are no words for what’s happening between my legs. My pussy is throbbing. I think it’s swollen. The rise and fall of my titties with every breath is making them stiffer. All because he suggested restraining me in a crib.

“Papi...” I moan before I can stop myself.

He smiles and kisses me again. “Now you know why I have a rule about not touching yourself. It heightens your pleasure.”

He’s right. I think I’m going to self-combust any second.

“You enjoy being restrained, don’t you, Little one?”

I lick my lips. “I don’t know. No one has ever done it. In my head, I like it though,” I admit. I’m stunned by my ability to share such intimate secrets with him. How many hours have I known him? Or maybe not even an hour yet.

“How about if I restrain your arms while I examine the rest of you. Then you’ll know if you like it.” He chuckles.

I know why he’s laughing. My liking it is a forgone conclusion.

I hold my breath while he reaches into his medical bag and pulls out a set of straps with soft cuffs. He leans over me, wraps the cuffs around my wrists, and even attaches them to each other.

“Don’t move, Little one,” he demands as he rounds to the other side of the gigantic bed. He pulls on the long straps, forcing my arms to stretch out higher above my head, and then attaches the other ends to something I can’t see. It doesn’t matter. When I test the restraints, I know I’m completely at his mercy.

“Do you use safewords on Eleadia?” I ask. No way on Earth would I let someone strip me naked, restrain me to a



bed, and intimately examine my private parts without a safeword. And I'm certain that last part is exactly what's about to happen.

He's back in front of me now, and he sets his palms on my inner thighs. "I've heard of safewords. I know they're a valuable, important aspect of your kink communities, but you won't need anything like that with me, Baby girl."

"How do you know?" I ask.

"First of all, I'm so in tune with you that I will know instantly if anything is causing you pain. That will never be my goal. I will not hurt you. Secondly, you will not ever have the option to opt out of a decision I make. If I've restrained you for any reason, it will always be for your safety and/or your pleasure."

I swallow. "So our relationship will be a total power exchange?" I've heard of this before. I don't know anyone living in such a relationship. It's rare for two people to sync well enough to take that kind of risk. And he's suggesting it's the norm for his entire planet.

"Yes." His hands slide up to my torso and higher until they're splayed around my waist. He flicks my nipples with his thumbs.

I arch my chest clear off the bed and moan.

"That's why, Baby girl."

I start trembling. It's so intense. My pussy is clenched so tight I might literally orgasm without contact. I draw my knees up, but once again, he's between them.

"Now. I'm going to examine you, and you're going to lie back and enjoy it."

# Chapter Seven

## Surgient

My Little girl is not like any other Little girl I've examined in my two-years on the mothership. One of the reasons is that she already knew she was Little. She's lived the lifestyle to some extent. She has experiences.

In addition, she's more familiar with a variety of kinks than a lot of human females. She's not repressed or ignorant about even the most important topics like total power exchange.

She's still going to be shocked by the medical tests and exam I'm about to perform, and it's probably for the best that she practically asked me to restrain her.

Normally when a Papi brings his Little girl to my office for an exam, he's there as a set of hands to help restrain her. In my case, no one else is in the room. I will take her to the ship's

doctor before we leave, of course, per protocol now that I'm technically not the main doctor, but tonight, I'm going to examine her myself.

I'm curious why she hasn't experienced restraint before? It seems like her exposure to human age-play practices is stilted or warped. I'm not an expert, but there are holes in what I would expect her to have experienced.

I'm not going to make this exam quick, nor am I going to skip anything. For one thing, I'm not just her doctor right now. I'm her Papi. This isn't just anyone's Little girl. She's mine. I want to be thorough.

But heavens help me, I want to introduce her to everything so I can see her reactions, which I'm certain are going to be strong, in a good way.

It's true that Eleadian males take our mate's health seriously with frequent visits to the doctor, but it's also indisputable that the human females Eleadians find themselves bound to thrive on the intensity of the domination.

I've studied humans enough to know this deep need for submission is not inherent in every human female. Which makes me suspect that our males are simply not attracted to dominant females. There seems to be a chemical attraction. I know I felt it tonight with Mia. I knew even before I descended to the main floor of the club. My suspicion was further solidified as soon as I drew in a breath near her.

She was already worming her way into my heart before we spoke. Fate? Does some sort of higher being control who we find to be our perfect soulmate? I don't know. No one knows, but I'm not going to argue with it either.

I'm staring down at the most precious living being I've ever seen in my life. She's stretched out on my bed, arms tethered above her head, legs spread wide. She's panting. Her skin is the most gorgeous shade, and I adore the way it pinkens in splotches across her cheeks and chest when she's embarrassed. Her freckles are beautiful, like sprinkles of fairy dust. Her breasts are perfect. Lovely. Her nipples are pink, swollen, hard points.

And her pussy... It's swollen too. Her scent is wafting off her in waves. She's so aroused, and the odor is filling the room, filling my senses, begging me to take her.

I won't. Not yet. My cock will be much larger than any she's ever had before. I wince. The thought of a human man touching her makes me wince. There's no need for jealousy though. No human will ever touch her again. No human man will ever even see her again.

On my planet, we don't covet other males' mates. It's not a law. It's a chemical bond. When two mates bond together, they become so fixated on each other they can't see anyone else. No one else is attracted to a claimed female either. She won't smell right. Her scent will indicate she belongs to another. Heart and soul.

"Papi..." she murmurs in a soft voice, dragging me from my thoughts.

I'm still staring at her body, feeling so lucky and blessed. My two-year contract on the starship was worth every moment now that I'm looking at the reward.

I slide my hands from her torso to the mattress on either side of her and lean over her. "I need to ask you questions about your medical history, Baby girl."

She swallows and purses her lips as if she doesn't really want to discuss it. Is she embarrassed to talk about previous sex partners? I don't want her to be, but I can't stop it.

In an ironic twist of fate, Eleadian males are all virgins. We have not had anyone to have sex with for over a hundred years. We have plenty of toys that have allowed us to replicate the feel and experience of being with a female, but I'm quite certain nothing comes close to the real deal. Already I can tell that being inside my mate is going to be a heavenly experience. Substitute devices don't have feelings and emotions. They don't look into the soul.

On the flip side, most human females who enter Club Zoom have had sex before. It's human nature. However, whatever attraction or bond they might have thought they had

with a human male doesn't come anywhere close to the bond they will feel with their Eleadian mate. Prior sexual experiences do not measure up.

"How many Daddies have you been with, Mia?" I ask gently.

She furrows her brow and shrugs. "I don't know."

I stiffen. She doesn't know? She's only twenty-four, and I get the impression she hasn't had a man in her life since the Daddy who hurt her two years ago. She doesn't know how many men she slept with before she was twenty-two? Even by human standards, that's a lot. For this sweet Little girl lying under my scrutiny, it seems impossible. Considering her demeanor when I met her, I'm betting she's ordinarily shy and quiet, reserved.

Mia was cowering in a corner, eyes downcast, clothing indicating she was Little to anyone around. She struggled to keep her thumb out of her mouth. How the hell could she have had so many partners she's lost count?

She jerks her gaze to me, eyes wide. "You mean sex?"

I'm confused. "Yes, Baby girl." What did she think I meant?

She shakes her head. "It wasn't like that."

*It wasn't like what?* She's going to need to elaborate because this Papi is lost.

"I've known I was Little for years, Papi. As soon as I was old enough, I joined a fetish club where I could meet like-minded people. I played with other Littles at the club. Sometimes I did a scene with a Daddy."

"A scene? Tell me what a scene is like."

"A scene is where you agree to play together for a set time. Like maybe even sign up on a clipboard. I might choose nine o'clock or something to play with a Daddy."

"Doing what?" I ask hesitantly. What a strange custom. There are holes in my knowledge. I researched everything I

could, but I haven't even met any Little girls who previously belonged to a kink club.

She shrugs. "Maybe I would throw my toys or stomp or have some sort of arranged fake tantrum so he would have to spank me. Then he would take me over his knees and swat my bottom."

She clenches her butt cheeks together and wiggles as she describes this.

"Over my panties," she adds in a whisper. "Not like you did." She squirms more. She's turned on by the memory of my palm on her bottom.

I'm going over her words in my head. "Are you saying you didn't have sex with them?"

"Never."

I blow out a long breath, hoping it's not obvious.

She narrows her gaze. "What if I had? What if I had slept with a thousand men?"

I smile at her. "You misunderstand. I don't care how many people you've had sex with, Mia. I'm only concerned with the emotional baggage that may have come with it and how much help you will need getting over it."

She stares at me. Finally, she draws in a slow breath. "I have a lot of emotional baggage, Papi, because Rick hurt my brain. He confused me and made me feel like I wasn't good enough to be a Little girl. I've worked hard to get past the mental scars, but no one has touched me like you mean. You're the first man to see me naked." She holds my gaze while she reveals all of that, and then she turns her face to the side.

My heart stops. I might slide to my knees. I've told myself over and over that I wouldn't care how many partners she's had, but now that she's telling me none... I want to fist pump.

She's mine. My heavens. She's mine in every way.

"Why didn't you have sex with any of them, Baby girl?" I ask in a gentle voice that sounds too deep.

“They didn’t make me feel the way you do,” she whispers.

I reach for her cheek and guide her gaze back to mine. I’m stunned silent. After holding her gaze for long seconds, I lower my lips to hers and kiss her with every ounce of passion I feel, showing her with my lips how much she means to me.

She writhes and strains against the restraints around her wrists, but I don’t release her. I know she’s enjoying the domination.

When I release her lips, we’re both panting. My cock is barely contained. It will have to stay inside my pants for now though. She’s not ready to see it, let alone take it into her body.

“How long were you with Rick?” I finally ask, stroking her cheek. I want to know everything right now. Get it out and then leave it in the past.

“Can I have a blanket, Papi?”

I shake my head. “No, Baby girl.” I want her to know that even though I can be soft and caring and I will take care of her gently in every imaginable way for the rest of her life, I will also be firm. Covering her body will give her the false belief that I will let her cover herself in the future.

Starting now, she needs to get used to being naked and exposed to me. Restrained too if that’s what she craves. It seems like a possibility.

At my tone and conviction, she whimpers and arches her chest again. I glance down to watch her little nipples pucker. I inhale her growing arousal. She’ll never be able to hide it from me.

I release her cheek and slide my hand down to cup her precious breast. I will worship these often until she feels sexy and attractive. Until she recognizes that my gaze is always filled with lust. Already I’m thinking about the gems I will pierce these precious buds with.

As I tweak her nipple, I repeat my question. “How long were you with Rick, Mia?”

“A few months,” she admits before she bites her lip.

“A few months and you didn’t have sex with him?”

Her cheeks turn a darker shade of pink. “It’s complicated.”

“I’m pretty intelligent. I can probably keep up,” I tease.

She sighs. “I met him at the fetish club. He presented himself like he was any other Daddy. He started paying more attention to me almost immediately, and I thought he might be the *one*.”

*The one... Ah, like a life partner, I tell myself.*

“He started dominating me. He would get us a private playroom and order me around. I couldn’t please him. I kept thinking if I was only a better Little girl...”

I grit my teeth. I’d like to clobber this Rick.

“He kept telling me I needed more training before he would take me someplace outside of the club or to his home. At first, I was excited and worked hard to try and be a good Little girl, but over time I realized I was never going to please him. I wasn’t even physically attracted to him, so I didn’t care that he never tried to kiss me.”

*He didn’t even kiss her? Heavens.*

She lowers her gaze. “He had problems.”

*Ya think?*

She licks her lips. “Turns out he was using me in order to make himself feel powerful. He wasn’t even interested in women.” She mumbles that last part.

I flinch. Okay. That explains a lot.

I bring my hands to her face again and wait for her to look at me. “It wasn’t your fault.”

She shrugs. “I know, but it was humiliating, and I didn’t go back to the club. I didn’t go anywhere. I decided I was better off alone. I could be Little in my apartment. I didn’t need a Daddy. I haven’t gone to a club in two years until tonight.”

My eyes widen. Wow. “I’m so damn glad you came out tonight, Mia.” I kiss her again.



She eagerly gives me her lips and her tongue, dueling with mine. When I break the kiss, she says, “I’m glad too, Papi. Are you going to untie me now?”

I chuckle. “No, Baby girl. I’m going to examine your pussy, your bottom, and your urethra. When I’m done, I’m going to make you come so hard you’ll know you’re mine and never worry about anything that happened at that club. Every event in your life led you to me.”

She bites her lip. “Is it going to hurt?”

My heart. “No, Baby girl. When I touch you, it’s going to feel so good.”

## *Chapter Eight*

Mia

I'm nervous and scared and more alive than I've ever been. Also more aroused. Everything Papi says and does makes me crave his touch.

I've been restrained for so long on his bed that I've become less self-conscious about my body. After all, the way he looks at me lets me know he finds me perfect.

"I won't always give you choices, Baby girl. Sometimes I will simply make demands and expect you to obey me."

"Yes, Sir," I murmur, my arousal not dampening with his proclamation.

"Right now, I'm going to give you a few options though. You can either stay nice and still for me while I examine you, or I can pull out some other kinds of restraints to help you

remember, or I can call for someone else to come hold you down for me.”

I shudder violently. The thought of someone holding me down while Papi scrutinizes my private parts sends my libido into overdrive, but it’s far too embarrassing to admit out loud, so I quickly go for option two. “Restrain me, Papi.”

He holds my gaze, a small smile lifting the corners of his lips. “I’ll do that, but for the record, don’t think I didn’t notice that your first choice was having someone else help.”

I bite my lip harder.

“You’re going to hurt your lip, Baby girl. Release it.”

I let it go, but I tip my head back to look at my restrained hands. “I need my thumb, Papi.”

He rummages in his medical bag. “I’ve got something better.”

I gasp when I see the item he holds up. It’s a pacifier. Adult sized.

He takes it out of the wrapper while he watches me. “Have you used a binky before, Baby girl?”

I shake my head. Diapers I’ve used, but not a pacifier. I’ve simply sucked my thumb when I was feeling really Little, like now.

“I think you’ll like it, Little one.” He holds it up to my mouth. “Open for me.”

I eagerly part my lips and let him pop it in. It takes me a second to get the feel of the nipple in my mouth. It has a thicker rubber ring at the base that settles against my teeth. If I bite down on it, I won’t hurt the nipple. Ingenious.

“That’s a good girl.” He rubs my cheek. “Suckle the pacifier. It will help you self-soothe. It will also help ground you in a deeper, younger mindset. Pacifiers help Little girls adjust to this new way of life. It’s not altogether foreign to you of course, but I bet you’ll find you enjoy the suckling.”

I do. It feels good. Right. Like something was missing, and now I have it. An outlet for my pent-up energy. I moan around the nipple as I suck it. It's not helping my arousal though. That keeps growing.

Papi holds something else up in my line of sight. "This strap is for the pacifier. It stretches around your head. I'll use it sometimes to keep you from spitting out the nipple. Would you like me to put it on now?"

I suck harder as I consider his question. He's offering to take away my voice by force. He's telling me in the future he will do so, but right now he's giving me the option.

In a minute, he's going to touch me more intimately than I've ever been touched before in my life. Arousal is going to flood out of me when he does so because I'm already so turned on.

Intellectually I understand that my arousal is half of his goal and intention. He wants me to enjoy the forced exam. However, it will be easier for me to let myself accept his dominance if I have no other option. Taking my voice and my mobility will do that. So I nod.

Papi gently lifts my head and guides the strap underneath before securing it to both sides of the pacifier.

Instantly I'm ten times more aroused. I don't know how this is even possible. But apparently it can and will get worse because the next thing Papi does is bend one of my legs completely so that my ankle touches my thigh. He puts a tight strap around my thigh and ankle, keeping me from straightening my leg.

After doing the same on the other side, he hooks yet another strap to a ring on the first and stretches it out to the end of the bed where he secures it to the frame somehow.

I'm so crazy with lust by the time he tightens my other leg that I might shatter into a billion pieces.

And then he gently lifts my butt off the mattress and slides a pillow under my lower back, lifting my fully exposed pussy into the air.

I'm whimpering and sucking so hard on the pacifier. I need him to touch me more than I need my next breath.

He takes his time removing several things from the medical bag and setting them on the bed.

I don't look. I don't want to know.

He leans over me and puts a small rubber ball in my hand, wrapping my fingers around it. "I have no intention of causing you pain, Baby girl. Ever. But if something hurts, you squeeze this ball. Try it now."

I give it a squeeze. It makes a loud noise.

"Good girl. Only squeeze it if you're in pain. It's not meant for any other purpose. Understood?" He lifts a brow.

I nod.

When he's done, he pulls a chair up and sits so his face is closer to my exposed sex. His fingers come to my folds, and he parts them before gently prodding all around my opening.

He lifts the hood on my clit and uses a small metal rod to stroke the sensitive nub until I cry out in frustration behind the pacifier. I need to come. Urgently.

He releases my pussy to lean over me again and attach three lines to my breasts. They are fixed to sticky squares.

Papi looks at my face, kisses both my nipples, and smiles. "These will monitor your heart rate so I'll know how aroused you are, Baby girl."

I moan.

He flattens his palm between my breasts, not touching my nipples. "I can scent even the most subtle changes in you. If something hurts, I'll know. If you get too close to coming before I'm ready, I'll know that too."

I'm panting and sucking at the same time. This is so surreal. I want more.

He's taking his time, drawing out the anticipation.

“First, I’m going to swab your urethra to check for any infection and then put a gel inside you that will kill any bacteria that might be present from drinking water on Earth.”

I buck my hips. My urethra? That had not entered my mind. When he said he was going to examine my tiny hole, I assumed he meant externally.

Papi ignores my squirming and moaning, plants a gloved hand on my pelvis, and holds a swab up to my tiny opening. No one has ever put anything inside my pee-pee hole. I didn’t know it was a thing.

I hold my breath as he eases the tip into me. He’s holding my pussy open and the hood back with his other hand. I can feel the air in the room teasing the swollen nub.

It feels so weird. Foreign. Naughty.

It feels good. And when Papi slides his thumb over to press against my clit, I scream. My orgasm takes me by surprise, slamming into me while Papi eases the swab in and out of my small hole.

I had no idea the urethra was an erogenous zone. I’m pretty sure my tiny hole is clenching the swab with the pulses of my orgasm. I’m so frustrated at the same time. I want him to rub my clit. I need... I need a bigger orgasm.

Papi finally removes the swab and replaces it with something that looks like a syringe without the needle. He holds it up for me to see before he lines it up with my pee-pee hole and guides it deep inside me. I assume he releases the contents as he removes it.

I’m panting and sweating and out of my mind.

Papi strokes through my folds. “Do you use tampons, Little one?”

I nod.

“Have you used a vibrator inside your pussy, Mia?”

I arch my body and nod again. I’m trembling violently. I’ve never felt like I needed yet another orgasm as if the first one just whet my appetite.

Papi rises to his feet, flips his hand over, and eases a finger into me.

I groan. No one has ever touched me like this. It feels so good. My teeth bite down hard on the pacifier guard.

Papi's thumb slides over my clit while he shifts his finger all around inside me.

I could scream. I probably have several times. And a loud frustrated sound escapes me when he removes his finger. If I had my voice, I would beg him to let me come, but I don't, and I'm pretty sure he isn't going to respond well to my demands. Ever.

I flinch at the sound of a lid flipping open and jerk my attention to his hands again. He's squeezing lube onto his fingers. My face is so hot. I'm no idiot. I know where his finger is going next. I'm also not emotionally prepared for this step, but it's happening anyway.

He sets his hand on my pelvis again and taps my tight forbidden hole with the lubed finger. "Relax your bottom for me, Baby girl."

I shake my head defiantly as if there is any way I could stop this. There isn't. Squeezing the ball wouldn't even stop it because I'd be lying. I'd probably end up over his knee getting a harder spanking than before, after which he would still examine my butt hole.

When Papi pushes his finger into me, I fight against it to no avail. In no time at all, his finger is as deep as he can reach. It doesn't hurt. It's tight though. And it feels so very naughty. Dirty.

Papi eases his finger in and out several times, his thumb once again finding and rubbing my clit.

I writhe and cry and moan all at once. I'm so glad I have no voice, because if I did, I would embarrass myself further by begging him to make me come.

Suddenly his thumb thrusts into my pussy. "Come for me, Baby girl."

I do. With both my holes filled, I come so hard the room spins.

He grinds his palm against my clit while I pulse and throb and buck.

Nothing in my life has ever felt so good. I might be mortified and unable to face him when this is over, but the honest truth is that I'm far kinkier than I ever knew.

I'm still trembling when Papi eases his finger out of my bottom. He doesn't remove his thumb from my pussy though. He continues to anchor me with it while he picks up a strange device that looks like a giant curling iron. It has a long thick rod sticking out from some kind of electronic base.

"This is an internal probe, Little one. I'm going to push it up into your rectum and hold it there for a few minutes. It will gather all kinds of data for me."

I shake my head. It's too wide.

He ignores me and lines it up with my tight rosebud. It's bigger than his finger. It stretches me wider as it penetrates.

I hold my breath as it goes in deeper and deeper until he finally stops moving and holds it still.

"You're doing so well, Baby girl. I'm so proud of you." He moves his thumb slightly, reminding me it's still in my vagina. He eases it in and out, keeping me stimulated while the giant probe fills my most intimate hole.

"Such a good girl," he praises as I wait and wait. It seems like an eternity before he pulls the device out of me.

I'm wrecked. Sated and spent. I'm not even a solid anymore. I wouldn't be able to move even if I weren't restrained.

Papi cleans up his tools and removes his gloves before unfastening my legs and then my arms. He peels the squares from my titties and removes the strap from the back of my head, but he leaves the pacifier in my mouth. I'm grateful.

I'm putty as he slides a diaper under me and fastens it. I'm not sure how I feel about being diapered yet, but apparently I



have no options, so I'll try to accept it.

Papi keeps a close eye on me while he removes his tie and shirt.

My pulse picks up as I set eyes on his chest for the first time. He's seen me completely naked inside and out. I haven't even seen his pecs until now.

When he's done, he scoops me up and cradles me in his arms, bringing us chest to chest. "Mmm," he hums against my neck. "I've been waiting to do this all evening." He nuzzles behind my ear. "I'll hold you like this as often as possible, skin to skin. It will help you bond to me."

I stop sucking and giggle.

Papi pops the pacifier out of my mouth. "What's so funny?"

"I couldn't be more bonded to you if I tried."

He chuckles. "Yes, you can, Little one. You'll see."

## *Chapter Nine*

Surgient

They told me it would be like this, but until I experienced it myself, there was no way to understand the deep bond. It brings me to my knees. I can't stop touching her.

And I'm a lucky man because she already has the tendencies practiced by my people. Convincing her to accept our ways has had few stumbles so far.

Next hurdle coming up.

I hold her close to my chest, one arm tucked under her as I head for the fridge and pull out a bottle. I shake it up on my way to the armchair in the living room.

Mia sits up in my lap and looks around, eyes wide. "Your furniture is so huge."

I chuckle. “Now you understand why we don’t let Little girls climb on it alone.”

She tips her head over to look down. “I’m not sure I could even get up here without a boost or a stool.”

“And you will not be doing so, Little one,” I remind her. I’m holding her bottle in the hand by her hip. I use my other hand to turn her head toward me and give her a stern look that never fails to make her heart rate pick up. “Hard rule, Mia. No climbing on furniture. I mean it.”

She rolls her eyes. “It’s not like I would actually fall and get hurt, Papi.”

I lift both brows.

She sighs dramatically as her shoulders fall. “Okay, okay. I won’t climb on the furniture.”

“You won’t need to anyway. You’ll have plenty of toys on the floor. Everything you could possibly want is already at my home waiting for you to arrive.”

“Really?” She lights up a bit. “Even though you will have been gone three years? Won’t it be dusty?”

I chuckle. “My home is being taken care of by other people in my absence. And I didn’t leave everything you would need in place. I placed orders for it to be delivered before we arrive.”

“Oh.” She reaches up to rub her eyes and then runs her fingers through her gorgeous hair, pulling it over her shoulders.

I laugh as I catch her hand with mine and pull it away.

“What?” she asks with feigned innocence.

I tip my head back and laugh again before confronting her. “Mia, you can’t fool me.”

“What did I do?” She looks away, fidgeting her hands in her lap.

I sober a bit and lift a brow. “You’re breaking a lot of rules, Little girl. Do you need another spanking?”

She squirms on my lap, but she doesn't try to continue with her lies. "Can I have a shirt, Papi?" she asks softly.

I lift her hair back over her shoulder, exposing her chest before cupping one of her breasts and thumbing her nipple.

Her breath hitches, and she reaches to push my hand away.

"Hands in your lap, Mia," I say sternly.

She whimpers as she obeys me. "Sorry, Papi. It's weird."

"I know it feels strange now, but you'll get used to it." I consider telling her about the nipple piercings she will wear but decide against it. I've put enough on her plate so far.

"That will take a long time," she informs me.

I chuckle. "In the meantime, I'll braid your hair back so you can't hide these pretty titties behind it. You will leave them alone. Touching them with your hair is the same as touching them, Little one."

She swallows.

"And then you lied about it," I point out with my raised brow.

She lowers her gaze. "Are you going to spank me again?"

"Nope. This time I'm going to punish you in a different way." I set her bottle down on the end table and rise to carry her to the kitchen counter. "First, I'm going to wash your face. You rubbed your eyes, and mascara smudged around your eyelids."

"Oh." She lifts her hands to her face. "It must look awful. I should fix it."

I sit her on the counter next to the basin. I won't give her a bath right now because she needs to eat and sleep. I just want to wash her face.

She looks around. "Where is my purse?"

"It's in the bedroom with your dress. Don't worry." I turn on the water and grab a washcloth.

"Are you really going to get Pokey for me?"

“Absolutely.”

“Can someone get my makeup too?”

“No, Baby girl. You won’t need makeup.”

She gasps. “I have to have makeup. I don’t wear much, but my eye lashes are blond. I’ll look silly.”

“Close your eyes, Baby girl.” I hold up the washcloth and wait for her to comply before I gently wipe away the black smudges. Sure enough when it’s all gone, she looks quite different. Her lashes and her eyebrows are a very light color. “You’re even more beautiful now, Mia.”

“Papi...” she whines.

I have to pull her against me to hide my smile. I’m secretly going to love her whine. I suspect it’s way out of her normal comfort zone. It’s something she’s developing just for me. It tells me she trusts me to discipline her and do so in a fair manner.

I lift her up and turn around to sit her on the table next. After carefully lowering her to her back, I lift her arms above her head and clasp her two wrists again.

“I’m going to punish you now, Little one. For covering your titties, for lying to Papi, and for whining. Three pricks to each nipple.”

She gasps and squirms, shaking her head. “No, Papi. I don’t like it when you do that.”

I place my free hand on her torso to hold her steady. “When you misbehave, I will discipline you to help you learn, Baby girl.”

“I don’t like the needle thingy though, Papi.” She tries to arch and buck.

I hold her tighter and lean over to draw one of her precious nipples into my mouth. I swirl it with my tongue, flick it several times, and penetrate it with my quill.

Mia cries out. “No, Papi!”

I release that nipple and switch to the other, giving it the same treatment.

Mia fights me, writhing and crying.

I don't relent though. I know why she doesn't want me to pierce her little nipples. We both know why. It wouldn't be a punishment if it weren't going to drive her mad with lust.

I repeat my actions, loving the noises she makes and the way she switches from complaining to moaning.

After the third pierce, I rise up, blow on both nipples and continue to hold her against the table.

She moans and kicks her feet out. "Papi..." Her voice is husky with lust now.

I'm between her legs again, so when she tries to draw them together, she comes up short. Her diaper is thick enough to keep her from getting any relief anyway, but this is better.

Mia is panting now. Her head rolls back and forth on the table. Her breasts are swollen. Her nipples are very hard points.

"Papi, please."

"What was Papi's rule, Baby girl?"

She can't stay still. She's so damn adorable. And my cock is furious. "I won't play with my titties, Papi. I promise. Please touch them. Please touch my pussy. Please, Papi."

I've made her so horny she's frantic.

I heard this would happen. The stories were true. And this type of punishment will work perfectly for my Little girl who doesn't like to stand in the corner.

"Papi!" she cries out. She's gasping as though she can't get oxygen. "I need you inside me."

I blow on her titties again.

She screams in frustration. "No no no no no. It's too much. It hurts."

"It doesn't hurt, Baby girl."

She squirms. “It does. You don’t know how it feels,” she argues.

“Where does it hurt?” I know the answer, but I want her to acknowledge it.

“In my tummy. In my pussy. My clit. Papi, please...” she begs.

“That’s not pain,” I remind her. “It’s need.”

“That quill is mean. Don’t touch me with it again,” she shouts.

“Don’t break Papi’s rules, and I will only prick your pretty nipples for pleasure next time.”

“I’m dying.”

I smile, fighting a chuckle. “You won’t die from edging, Baby girl.”

“Edging!” she shouts. “Edging is when you touch my clit and leave me hanging. This is so much more. This is torture.” She draws her knees up, moaning.

I wait while she slowly regains her senses. It takes a while. I couldn’t know for sure how much of my serum to release into her, but now I know how potent it is. I’ll store that information for later. Sometimes I’ll go easier on her. Sometimes I’ll make it worse.

When she’s finally breathing almost normally, I release her wrists and lift her into my arms, careful not to touch her nipples. She still craves the contact. I won’t give it to her.

“Which would you prefer next time, Little one? Corner time or my quill?”

“Corner time,” she blurts without a thought. “I’ll even stand still.”

“Piercing it is then.”

She groans.

## *Chapter Ten*

Mia

“When are you going to have sex with me?” I ask Papi as he settles us back in the armchair.

He chuckles. “Not during a punishment, that’s for sure.”

“But when?”

“After we get home, Baby girl.”

My eyes pop wide. He can’t be serious. “But you said that takes six months.”

“Yep, and you’ll be in stasis that entire time. Your body can’t withstand the trip without being in a state of deep rest.”

“Oh.” I’m shocked. “Will you be awake?”

“Yes. I will take care of you. And I need you to know something else. It takes a few weeks to fully come out of the stasis. When we arrive, you will not have any muscle control



or even the use of your voice. Your speech will come back in a few days. Your body will need about two weeks.”

I stare at him. There’s so much I don’t know. “I’ll be scared,” I murmur.

He rubs my arm. “I’ll be with you every step of the way. I’ll do everything in my power to keep you from feeling scared. You will sleep a lot those first weeks anyway. Your body will need the rest as you gradually get your legs back under you.”

He’s going to feed me and change me while I’m unable to lift my head. My nerves are on edge.

“After you fully recover, when you’re ready, then we’ll make love.”

My stomach growls. I’ve been through a lot in the past few hours. I didn’t eat much for dinner either.

“Ready for your bottle, Little one?”

“What if I don’t like it?”

“You will. It has a unique flavor you’ve never tasted before. All of the food on Eleadia will be new to you. But I haven’t met a single Little girl who didn’t like the formula.”

I lean back in his arms and try to relax. My titties are still tingling. He’s right about one thing. I won’t touch them again anytime soon. I can’t think of anything worse than the level of arousal he consumed me with while holding me down and forcing me to endure it.

My diaper is soaked, and it’s not from peeing myself.

When he lifts the bottle to my mouth, I open for him. I love the way he’s looking at me as I find my rhythm and start to suckle. It tastes better than anything I’ve ever eaten. Like the best smoothie ever made. I can’t identify the flavor at all. Maybe a hint of vanilla though.

Papi calms. I can feel his body relaxing with mine. He fingers a lock of my hair before carefully removing the little clips and setting them on the end table. “So pretty,” he whispers as he runs his fingers through the length.

I hold his gaze. I can't look away. The connection between us is incredible. It would be foolish to fight it.

He won't look away either. "You're so precious. I'm a very lucky Papi. Most Papis have to work hard to get their Little girls to take their first bottle and accept being diapered."

I hesitate for a moment as I remember I left my best friend downstairs. Papi seems to think she was claimed by his friend. If she's enduring the same thing as me right now, she can't be happy. She would freak if someone made her wear a diaper or take a bottle. And the medical exam...

Papi strokes my cheek with his thumb. "There is nothing more special in the universe than cradling my Little girl in my arms while she takes her bottle. Can you feel the bond growing?"

I nod. I feel it. It's as strong as he suggests. I feel a deep sense of power that flows around us, consuming me. It's warm like a soft blanket. I want more of it.

When I start to drift off, Papi jiggles the bottle. "Finish all of it, Baby girl."

I can't disappoint him. I want to please him. So I force my eyes to stay open and finish every drop of the formula. I'm so tired by the time it's gone that I'm already drifting off.

I'm aware of Papi setting the bottle aside and rolling me gently closer to his chest so that my titties press against his pecs. They've finally stopped throbbing, but I'm aware of the contact, and it soothes me.

Papi rises, cradling me so close I almost can't breathe. He kisses my temple. "Sleep, Baby girl." He rocks me back and forth, the movement lulling me into sleep. Just as I'm about to doze off, he nudges my lips and pops the pacifier into my mouth.

I suckle it as I fall into a deep sleep.

# *Chapter Eleven*

Surgient

I can't put her down. I won't. I'm so smitten by her that I can't stand to lay her on my bed even for her nap. I can't stop staring at her, touching her, playing with her hair. She's a dream come true, and I won't part with her.

Already I'm in a panic about parting with her emotionally for six long months. I've watched other Papis fret about their upcoming trips. Now I fully understand why. If all of them felt even one tenth what I'm feeling, they were out of their minds with frustration.

I just got her. She's going to leave me for half an Earth year. In the grand scheme of things, it's a blip on the radar of our long lives, but right now, it seems like an eternity.

I pull my phone out of my pocket and check my messages. Everyone from the control room and the starship will know by

now that I've claimed a mate.

The last message is from Ganrax. It's not customary for us to interrupt another male after he's staked his claim and taken his Little girl upstairs, but I'm not surprised by his message. It came in only ten minutes ago. Our situation is different. We found our mates at the same time, and they're friends.

I read his message.

*Call me if you can talk.*

I glance at Mia. She's out cold. She needs the sleep. The formula is helping her rest. So I dial Ganrax's number.

He picks up on the first ring. "Hey." He sounds stressed.

I'm not surprised. "How are you doing?" I say softly so as not to disturb Mia more than necessary.

He chuckles sardonically. "Everything they say is true. This Little girl is so feisty I didn't think I'd ever get her to calm down, take a bottle, and sleep."

"I've seen it in every male I've spoken to for two years, my friend." I don't tell him it's not happening quite the same for me. He doesn't need that right now.

"I promised Ava I would send someone to her apartment to get some things," he says.

"I promised Mia the same. Have you lined someone up?"

"Yes. John from the front desk. He says he does this often. I texted him a list. I'll share his contact information with you. He'll pick up for both of them and deal with the manager of their building tomorrow too."

"Excellent. Thank you." I keep my gaze on Mia, but she hasn't stirred.

"It's going to be a very long trip home," Ganrax says next.

"Yes. Eternal."

"I think Ava is at least slightly mollified by the knowledge that her best friend was also chosen tonight. What were the chances?"

“It’s rare. I’ve heard of friends both getting selected before, but not on the same night,” I inform him.

Ganrax sighs. He sounds tired. “I guess I’ll see you in six months and a few weeks.”

“Yep. The girls will be chomping at the bit to get together.”

“Let’s hope. If Ava hasn’t stabbed me in my sleep.” He gives a slight laugh, but it’s not filled with humor.

I feel sorry for him as I hang up. What he’s dealing with is far more common. Human females are not accustomed to our ways. They struggle with so many issues. I’ve heard some of them struggle for weeks after arrival. I fear this is what will happen with Ava, and I’m not sure how quickly the two girls will be able to reunite under the circumstances. We’ll have to see.

I quickly send a text to John.

*Thank you for picking some things up for us. I didn’t get a specific list from Mia other than her special stuffie Pokey. Hopefully that will be obvious. I think she has other dolls she loves too. If she wakes up before you go, I’ll get more specific items from her.*

*No problem. I’ve done this dozens of times. I’m getting pretty good at knowing what women want to take with them. I’ll text you when I get there and see if you have any additions.*

*Thanks again.*

I pocket the phone and return my full attention to Mia. I can’t stop smiling. It’s so adorable how she suckles the pacifier every few seconds. Soft moans escape her lips as if she’s enjoying it immensely. I stroke her arm, her cheek, her back. Her skin is so smooth. So soft.

She’s tiny. Smaller than any other human female I’ve met. So much smaller than me that I can easily hold her with one arm and not be remotely strained.

Unable to resist seeing her breasts again, I lean her back a few inches. Such perfection. I love every inch of her. I know her size—especially the size of her breasts—bothers her, but she has nothing to worry about. I wouldn't care if her boobs were huge or small. I would love her just the same.

I've examined a lot of Little girls on the mothership. Few of them were as pale as my Little girl. None of them had nipples as pink or tiny as hers.

My skin is so dark against hers. I love the contrast. It's mesmerizing.

Mia stirs slightly in her sleep, squirming as a small whimper escapes her lips. She arches slightly right before she wets her diaper.

I can't help but smile. This is the goal. It will undoubtedly stress her out when she wakes up, but I will do my best to placate her. She was totally exhausted. Between the orgasms, the medical exam, the nudity, the formula, and my quill, she's so deeply asleep that she isn't attempting to control her bladder.

Me holding her isn't helping. It's keeping her even calmer. And the diaper itself. Wearing one gives Little girls a subconscious pass to use it.

But she's not going to understand any of that when she wakes up.

Hours go by. Not slow enough, though. With each passing moment, we grow closer to our exit, and boarding the transport vessel means kissing my Little girl goodbye for six long months.

John has already gone to the girls' apartment and retrieved their things. He called me from Mia's bedroom and listed everything he could see. I'm hoping she won't be disappointed by my selections.

The pod is going to pick us up soon to take us to the mothership. I need to give Mia a bath first. It's time for her to wake up.

It's undoubtedly my fault she slept so long. As soon as I lower her gently onto my bed—a bed I've never slept in—she stirs, kicking her little arms and legs out as she stretches.

She blinks her eyes open.

I pop the pacifier from her mouth, loving how she whimpers and reaches for it as though she wasn't ready to relinquish it yet.

I set it on the nightstand out of her reach. "I'll give it back in a while, Baby girl. You've been asleep a long time. You need a diaper change and a bath. A pod is going to come get us to take us to the starship soon."

As expected, she gasps when she lifts her head and sees how full her diaper is. Her lip trembles. "I wet myself?"

I quickly whisk the soaked material from her body and grab a cloth to wipe her folds. "It's normal, Little one."

She shakes her head. "It's not normal. I've worn diapers before and didn't wet them. I've even worn them to bed sometimes. I didn't accidentally wet myself without my knowledge."

"Well, you were very sleepy, Little one, and the formula helped you relax. Plus the serum you get from my quill has a calming effect." I list all the things I've gone over in my head.

Her eyes go wide. "That last part is a lie, Papi." She pouts. "If I'm not allowed to lie, you can't either."

I chuckle. "It's not a lie, Baby girl. My quill can be used for a variety of effects. One of them is to help calm you. Some of that got into your system when I nicked your titties." I watch her as I use her own word.

She softens. She likes that word for some reason. It makes her feel younger. I can practically watch her age slide lower when one of us uses it.

I scoop her off the bed and carry her into the kitchen. "Bath time."

"Where are you taking me?" She looks around.

I stop when I get to the basin and turn on the water. “We bathe our Little girls in basins like this.”

“You really don’t have bathrooms?”

“Nope.” I adjust the water, put the stopper in, and give it a few seconds to fill. “You’re going to love this. Our water feels amazing. It’s cleaner than yours and makes your skin feel so soft.”

She giggles. “Like a fountain of youth.”

I smile. “Exactly. Except it really is a fountain of youth in a way. It’s partly because our water and air are superior that we live longer.”

“That’s hard to comprehend.”

I lower her into the water.

She gives a deep sigh and leans back, closing her eyes. Her expression is calm. Her smile is so pretty.

I lift a cloth, pump some soap onto it, and start with her arms.

She moans. “That feels amazing. Do you really bring your water from your planet?”

“Yes. We can’t drink yours. We don’t bathe in it either.”

She reaches for the cloth. “I can do it, Papi.”

I pull it away. “Papi will always bathe you, Little one.”

“Are you really going to do everything for me?”

“Yes, Mia. Everything.”

“Won’t you be exhausted?”

“Nope. I’ll be more invigorated and alive than I’ve ever been. Nurturing and caring for you fuels my heart and my mind. It’s my greatest pleasure.” I gently wash her breasts next, noticing how her breath hitches and her nipples tighten. I’ll never get enough of her adorable reactions.

I move to her hair next, carefully pouring water over her head before shampooing her long locks. After I rinse, I wash



her legs and then tap her thighs. “Spread your knees for me, Baby girl.”

She obeys me, her small hands gripping the sides of the basin. She holds her breath while I take my time cleansing her folds and her bottom. She’s panting when I let the water out. I love how she trembles.

I grab a towel and wrap it around her as I lift her out of the basin.

“That’s the softest thing I’ve ever touched, Papi.” She snuggles into it.

“It’s made from the sumach plant. It’s much softer than anything you have on Earth. Absorbent too. Your diapers are made of the same material.”

I carry her back to the bedroom and sit her on her bottom so I can towel her hair dry.

She whimpers when I remove the soft material from around her, exposing her again. I know it unnerves her. I can hear her pulse increase. I can feel it every time I touch her too. But she’s also aroused again. The scent fills the room.

The towel is so absorbent that her hair is nearly dry when I’m done. “Lie back for me, Baby girl. Spread your legs.”

She obeys me, but she’s embarrassed again, and she fists her hands at her sides. I’m learning the signs. The red splotches are back. Her breathing increases. She won’t meet my gaze.

I slide a fresh diaper under her hips and squeeze some soothing cream on my fingers. “This will protect your skin, Baby girl,” I inform her as I slowly rub it between her folds and down around her tight rosebud.

“Papi,” she whimpers. “You’re teasing me. I need you inside me.”

I hesitate at her words and lift my gaze. “You want Papi to stroke your clit and finger your pussy again, Baby girl?” It’s certainly no hardship, and we have time. At least another half

an hour. If we're not ready to go when the pod arrives, they will wait.

She shakes her head. "No, Papi, put your penis in me. Please. Don't make me wait until we get to your home. I need you now."

I stop touching her soft folds to set my palms on either side of her and hold her gaze. There are some instances when mates consummate their relationship before they leave Earth, but it's not common.

Usually it's not even reasonable as most females are still grumbling and frustrated with their predicament as they board the transport vessel. A lot of their angst is left to be worked out after they arrive at home.

My Little girl doesn't have even a tenth of that normal angst. She's already Little. She's accepted everything I've thrown at her with far more aplomb than the average female.

When she reaches for her knees and holds them wider, my cock throbs. "Please, Papi. I need you. I want it so badly."

I consider her words. I'm caving, but there are repercussions. One of them is that it's going to hurt her. I haven't had a chance to stretch her tight pussy. Another problem is that we will enter a far deeper bond after we have sex. My semen will send her into a frenzy. It will be difficult to calm her down afterward.

Eventually, she will relax and fall into a deep sleep that will last until we arrive on Eleadia, but I will be left feeling the more intense connection while I wait and wait and wait. I don't want to be selfish though. If my Baby girl really is ready, I can't deny her.

"Am I really going to be with you forever, Papi?" she asks in a small voice.

I'm taken aback. "Yes, Baby girl. Forever."

"Then start forever now, Papi." She smiles. "When I wake up in your home, I want my last memory to be what it felt like for you to be inside me."

I set my hands on her inner thighs and take a deep breath, drawing her scent deep into me. My cock is rock hard, but it's not in charge here. I'm over a hundred years old. I can wait six more months.

Mia's lip trembles as she stares at me. "Don't you want me?" Her tiny voice tugs at my heart.

"Oh, Mia, more than anything in the universe. But I don't want to hurt you right before we leave."

"It will only hurt for a minute. That's what everyone says."

I draw in a deep breath and lean over her again. "I'm much larger than any human male. It will hurt, Mia. I'll do my best to ease the discomfort, but—"

Mia shakes her head and interrupts me. "It's going to hurt the first time no matter when we do it. I'm starting to think you just don't want me that way." She narrows her gaze. She's switched from afraid that might be the case to angry.

"Mia, look at Papi." I wait for her to meet my gaze again. "That is not even close to true. Wipe the thought from your head now before I spank you for not believing me. We are bonded mates. For the rest of my life, all I'm ever going to want is you. Day and night. You're like a drug. It will feel the same way to you. It already does."

She nods slowly.

"Let me tell you some of the other repercussions."

She frowns.

"The most important one is how you will react to my semen. It will be like an aphrodisiac, driving you to a level of arousal you can't imagine. When you can't take it anymore, I will have to put you back in the basin to wash it off. It will still linger though. The effects will last for hours."

Her eyes are wide now, popping out. "It can't be that bad."

"It will be ten times more intense than you can imagine. I've researched this for years, Baby girl. I know."

"Why? Why have you been researching sex?"

I chuckle. “It’s my job. I told you I’m a doctor, but I didn’t tell you what kind. I’m a scientist. I dedicate my life to the study of human beings. Mostly females because they are the ones who travel to our planet.”

“Oh.”

I nod and continue. She needs to understand my job at some point anyway. “I collect specimens from human females and study the effects of our water, food, and oxygen on the human body. I also spend time looking ahead, trying to determine if you might become ill with the same sort of diseases present on Earth or contract any of the diseases we have on Eleadia.”

She cocks her head to the side and smiles at me. “You’re very sexy when you get all scientific, Papi.”

I laugh. She’s a breath of fresh air.

## *Chapter Twelve*

Mia

If he doesn't take off his pants soon, he's going to give me a complex. I meant every word I said to him. I'm done being a virgin. I want to know what it feels like to have a man inside me. My curiosity has shot through the roof since I met him.

Suddenly I'm not as deeply in my Little space. I always wondered what would happen if I found myself having sexy feelings with a Daddy. I wondered if my Little would get pushed aside for my adult self. She has. She's still right there under the surface, but she's not in charge.

I rise onto my elbows and look Papi directly in the eye. "Make love to me. It's what I want."

He leans over and kisses me, his tongue instantly gliding along the seam of my lips, demanding entry, which I eagerly grant him. I love how he kisses me. I love the taste of him and

the feel of his soft lips. I love how his tongue dances with mine like we're in a sensual dual.

I'm panting when he releases my lips, and I giggle when he gives me a playful shove, causing me to fall onto my back. He lifts my legs and tugs the diaper out of the way. The one he never got around to fastening.

"Maybe the diaper cream will help protect your skin a bit from my semen. I don't know. I've never researched that possibility."

I giggle. "I love it when you say research."

He chuckles as he rises to his full height and unfastens the button on his dress pants, watching me the entire time.

I hold my breath as he lowers the zipper and then shrugs out of the pants and his underwear. I try not to gasp, but I'm pretty sure some sort of stunned sound comes out of me.

He's right. That's huge. Not that I have anything to compare it to. I've actually never seen a penis, but I suspect human men aren't that well-endowed.

I scoot back instinctively, but Papi is undeterred as he climbs onto the bed and crawls between my legs. He's not touching me anywhere, just hovering above me on his hands and knees. "Change your mind?"

I shake my head as another thought comes to mind. "No. But uh, I'm not on any kind of birth control. Do you have condoms?"

"Don't need them, Little one. Eleadians don't have any of the diseases humans have. We can't catch anything from humans either. And though human females are compatible with us in many ways, I can't impregnate you." His voice is softer when he utters that last part.

I lick my lips and nod. "Okay."

"Does that upset you, Little one?"

I shake my head. "Not really. I've never seen myself as a mother. I always figured either I would never find the right Daddy for me and remain single, or if I got lucky enough to

find the perfect man to be my Daddy, I would be too selfish to want to share his attention.”

Papi lowers his lips to mine. “How did I get so lucky?” he mutters against my mouth.

I accept his quick kiss and then sigh, the same concern I’ve had all evening raising its head again. “You don’t know everything about me yet. What if you realize in a few months I’m not as amazing as you thought?”

“It won’t happen, Baby girl. I promise. It just doesn’t work that way.”

“How will I find a job? What if I can’t pull my own weight on your planet? I’m a graphic designer. Who will hire me?”

He kisses me again. “You won’t need to pull your own weight, as you call it, Little one. Papi will take care of your every need. We don’t use currency on Eleadia the way you do on Earth. Every man does his job and contributes to society in a system of trading that works for us.”

I stare at him in shock. “You don’t have money?”

“No. Don’t need it.”

“And women don’t work?” This confounds me. The suggestion sounds heavenly, but would I get bored after a while?

He shrugs. “Some help their Papi’s out. I’ve heard our jeweler’s Little girl, for example, has an amazing eye for stones. She helps people choose the best cuts and makes suggestions, but it’s not the sort of job like you picture here on Earth. She doesn’t work set hours for pay. She just helps out when someone comes to make a selection.”

“Oh.” I can’t fully process such a society. Sounds utopian. Could it be real? I guess I’ll understand better after we arrive and I see this planet in action.

I lower my gaze to the enormous erection waiting patiently as it bobs in front of me. Its owner is also very patient, talking to me about work and jobs while he hovers above me naked and aroused.

“How many women have you had sex with?” I whisper. It seems only fair. He asked me. I should get to ask him.

He gives me a strange smile. “None, Baby girl. Remember there are no females on Eleadia except the ones bonded to men.”

My eyes go wide. I never thought of this. “Oh.” This amazes me and makes me feel somewhat less self-conscious. At least I’m not the only virgin here. We will both be fumbling in a way, though I’m certain Papi knows far more about sex than me.

“Not with a live being anyway,” he jokes. “We have amazing toys that simulate the real thing, but they aren’t sentient beings, of course. Just being naked with you and looking at you is already a far superior experience. When we use a simulation tool, we have no reference for what it might feel like to be with a live female.”

“You don’t watch porn?” I blurt out before I can stop myself. The question sounds silly.

He smiles. “No. We don’t have any reason for it. It doesn’t do much for us. I’ve seen human porn, but the bond we have with our females is nothing like what is projected on those fake videos. They don’t do anything for us to help reach orgasm.”

There is so much for me to learn. “So you’ve just closed your eyes and masturbated for like a hundred years without any reference point?”

“Yep. It feels good. It prepares us for what we will feel like inside an actual human, but it’s not the same.”

For some reason this conversation is making me wetter. I kind of like that whatever happens between us right now might not be disappointing to him.

“Do it,” I demand.

He chuckles. “So bossy.” He kisses my neck before nibbling a path to my ear, making me shiver. “You’ll only get away with that in my bed, Baby girl. Don’t get used to it.”



I whimper at the promise, my pussy growing impossibly wetter at his dominance.

When he nicks the spot behind my ear with his quill, I grab his arms. “Papi...”

His lips come back to mine, hovering over me again. “You’ll never choose when or where Papi pierces you, Baby girl. I’ll decide.”

I shiver again. His promises are also threats. They drive my arousal higher.

After another kiss, he nuzzles my neck and then kisses down between my breasts. I dig my fingers into his forearms when he pricks my nipples yet again, first one and then the other. He’s wicked.

Holding himself aloft with one hand, he reaches for my pussy with the other, strokes my folds until they part for him, and thrusts a finger into me.

I lift my hips off the bed and cry out.

“My girl is so responsive. You’ve needed this pussy filled all evening, haven’t you, Baby girl?”

I nod, unable to respond.

He watches my face as he eases that finger in and out of my channel. I’ve used dildos to simulate what it would feel like to have a man inside me, but I suspect nothing I’ve experimented with will be similar. Not unlike his lack of experience with the real deal.

“Papi...” I beg, gripping his forearm harder. My other hand has gone to his chest, which is rock hard and so smooth.

“Relax your pussy for me, Mia,” he warns before he adds a second finger.

It’s so tight that I suck in a breath and hold it.

“Keep breathing, Baby girl.” He wiggles his fingers inside me. “Don’t tense.”

It’s impossible to obey his demands.

When he scissored those fingers, I cry out from the pressure. I've always known my first time would hurt if I ever actually met someone with whom to *have* a first time. But this is going to be more than I expected.

"Mia..." he warns. "Breathe, Baby girl."

I draw in a deep breath and release it just as he adds a third finger, taking his time, stretching me. It feels like I'll split in two.

I bite my lip and try to keep from panicking. "Do it, Papi," I demand again. I don't want him to keep teasing me. I want him inside me. I want the full experience.

He pulls his fingers out and drops to his elbows alongside my shoulders. "Are you sure you don't want to wait, Baby girl? We don't have to do this before we leave Earth. We can wait."

I shake my head. "I don't want to wait. I've never met anyone I wanted to have sex with, Papi. Please show me."

He nuzzles my neck again. "Okay, Baby girl." His erection lodges at my pussy without any help. His expression is strained. I'm sure he's feeling the same intensity as me. This is a big deal for both of us.

The stretch is more than I expected, and I tip my head back and grit my teeth against the discomfort.

Suddenly Papi thrusts all the way into me.

My entire body stiffens at the intrusion, and all the oxygen leaves my lungs. A brief, sharp pain radiates through me, but it starts to subside almost as soon as it took over.

Papi's hands come to my face, and he holds me, forcing me to look at him. "Deep breath, Little one."

I shake my head. I can't breathe just yet.

"Do it for Papi, Baby girl. Let your body relax around me."

"Too much," I finally whimper.

He kisses me. “I know, Mia. I feel it too. I’m so sorry I’m hurting you. It’s killing me. But I know this will pass. I know it because every single person has told me so. And it won’t hurt like this the next time. It’s just this once.”

Intellectually I know he’s right. I’ve always heard that too, but it’s difficult to believe at this moment. I nod, though, and draw in a slow breath as the pain changes to pressure. It’s a new kind of sensation I hadn’t expected. I’m starting to feel restless. “I need you to do it again, Papi,” I encourage, lifting my hips against him.

He smiles and blows out a breath before accommodating me by easing almost out and then back in even deeper.

I moan. Holy moly, it feels so good. Unexpectedly good.

His mouth is hanging open, and his eyes are rolled back. He likes it too.

“Do it again, Papi.”

He groans as he gives me what I want. And then again and again he thrusts, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, surprising me with each pass. I like all of it.

A pressure is building inside me, making me restless and desperate. “Papi...”

He pushes himself deep, tips his pelvis a bit, and meets my gaze. “Come for me, Baby girl. Come on my cock. Take me with you.”

I detonate as soon as he grinds the base of his erection against my clit. I scream as the most powerful experience of my life consumes me. I know it’s not logical, but I could swear I feel his shaft pulsing inside me with his own release.

Papi groans as he lets himself go, a deep guttural sound that sends chills up my arms. I’m doing this to him. I’m making him feel good with my body. It’s a heady experience.

When his eyes finally come to me, he leans in close and smiles. “Mine.”

## *Chapter Thirteen*

Surgient

There are no words to describe what it feels like to fully claim my mate, making her mine in every way. It's so powerful that my arms are shaking. I hate that I had to hurt her, but I'm also aware that she fully enjoyed herself after the initial pressure and shock wore off.

I'm grinning at her, feeling so full of love. I want to say those words out loud, but suddenly her eyes glaze over, and her head tips back. Her entire body convulses under me. "Papi... Oh God. Papi!"

For a second, I think she's hurting, and I panic, but then I remember that my semen is driving her to a new height neither of us could possibly have grasped.

She's panting and squirming under me, my cock still lodged inside her. "Papi..."

I debate if I should pull out and hurry to clean her up or give her another orgasm first. I opt for plan B. As soon as I inch out of her the slightest bit, she starts moaning. Her hands come to my hips, and her blunt nails dig into my skin.

She's so frantic with need, and I know no matter how many times I make her come, only cleaning my essence off her will make the driving need subside, but I'll give us both one more orgasm.

She whimpers, her eyes wide and delirious when I pull out of her.

"Shh, Baby girl. Papi is going to take care of you." I grab her hips and flip her over so I can take her this second time from behind. I've heard Little girls really like the angle and often have more powerful orgasms in this position. I'm going to send Mia into her stasis with a smile on her face that hopefully will still be there when she awakes in six months.

"Hands and knees, Little one."

When she grasps my intention, she scrambles to obey me, pushing her fantastic smooth bottom toward me.

I grab her hips, line my throbbing cock up with her drenched pussy, and thrust back into her.

She lifts her head and screams. The room echoes with our lovemaking. I don't even try to control my own sounds of pleasure. We're both in this, and I love her so much my chest is tight while I stare down at her absolutely stunning form beneath me.

Her submission is divine. The way her breasts sway with every thrust of my cock makes me harder. When I slide my fingers around to rub her clit just before I come again, her orgasm consumes her at the same time.

She makes the most delightful sounds as she bucks and writhes, trying to get me deeper.

When I pull out, she shakes her head and looks over her shoulder. "No, Papi. Please. Oh God."

Without any concern for myself, I scoop her off the bed and into my arms. I need to wash my essence off her as fast as possible before she claws at me.

She writhes so hard cradled in my arms that I have to wrap both hands around her to make sure she doesn't slip out of my grip.

After hurrying to the sink, I turn on the water.

She's crazed. "Surgient," she shouts my real name, urgency in her voice. "I need you to do it again. Please, Papi. Fuck me again."

The crude word coming from her sweet lips makes me smile inside. I know it's not something she would ordinarily say. But this is not an ordinary circumstance.

"Can't, Little one. I don't want to make you too sore. Let's get it washed off." I lower her into the rising water and keep one hand around her while I pour soap onto a cloth and dip it down to carefully cleanse between her legs.

Her head rolls back and forth as she moans. Her fingers grip the sides of the basin so hard her knuckles are white.

I don't want to rub her too hard. Her pussy is going to be sore inside and out. Luckily she will go into stasis soon, and it will heal while she sleeps. As her breathing slows, I add more soap and wash her folds again. I even ease a finger into her to draw out my semen. The soap we bring from Eleadia is mild and won't hurt her skin, not even if I get it inside her.

It takes a while, but finally she meets my gaze, her cheeks a heated pink. "What..." She clears her throat and licks her lips. "What the..."

I smile and lean over to kiss her forehead. "Yeah. Now we know."

She shudders. "Will it always be like that?"

"It won't hurt again, if that's what you're asking, but the frenzy will always be there. It will even grow stronger. We'll learn to control it and enjoy it over time though."

She shivers. "Cold, Papi."

I let the water out, snag a fresh towel, and wrap her up as I bring her to my chest.

When I turn around, she squeals, shocking me.

I glance at her face before turning my attention to the spot across the room where her gaze has shifted. The things I got for her from her apartment are lined up on the couch.

“Pokey!” she shouts. “And Betsy and Maggie and Lola.” Her voice is so very Little and adorable as she grows even more excited. “Put me down, Papi.” She squirms in my arms.

“Just a minute, Baby girl. Let’s get a diaper on you first.”

She grumbles when I turn away from her friends and head for the bedroom. She’s restless as I lie her on her back and reach for the cream that will both protect her skin and continue to ease her need.

She doesn’t stop wiggling around. As soon as I release her to reach for the diaper we never closed around her earlier, she rolls over and scrambles to slide off the side of the bed.

Before her feet can hit the ground—which is a long drop for her—I snag her around the waist and haul her back onto the mattress. “Mia,” I admonish, holding her down with a hand on the small of her back.

She’s still squirming. “Let me down. I want to go hug Pokey.”

I managed to clasp both her wrists and hold them at the small of her back in one fluid motion while I easily land a hard swat to her bottom.

All the breath leaves her lungs as she twists her head around to glare at me wide-eyed. “Why’d you do that, Papi? Let me go.”

I shake my head and give her an admonishing look. She’s feisty when she’s determined, but she needs to understand who’s in charge here and why. I swat her bottom again. Her skin is so pale that it’s already pink.

“Papi!” she shouts.

I swat her again two more times, impressed by how much energy she has and the fact that she's still wiggling around, trying to free herself. I'm trying not to smile. That will probably only infuriate her more.

After six more swats, for a total of ten, I stop. She's finally given up the fight. She's crying softly against the mattress. "Why did you do that?" she asks in a far more submissive voice.

I release her wrists and roll her onto her back before leaning over her to hold her gaze. She winces as she wiggles her heated bottom on the soft comforter. We're both still naked. My cock is still hard. Her pussy is still wet. I can smell her arousal. Some is simply left over from our mating, but fresh arousal is also leaking out of her from my dominance.

She's sniffing. "I didn't like that, Papi," she complains.

"Then next time you'll do what Papi says." I lift a brow.

"I just wanted to go see Pokey."

"And what did Papi say about that?"

She pushes out her bottom lip, not meeting my gaze.

I pin her with my hands on either side of her body. "When you're ready to answer my question, we'll proceed."

She glances around me at the door that will lead her to Pokey. Finally, looking anywhere but at me, she murmurs, "That I had to get a fresh diaper first."

"Why do you think I wanted to put a diaper on you first?"

She shrugs. "I don't know." She's a bit sassy, but I'll give her a break on this issue just once. She didn't know about the cream.

"For one thing, I have a special cream I'll rub into your pussy after we make love to help ease the arousal my semen causes." I lift it up from the bed to show her. "But more importantly, I expect you to do as you're told." I lift a brow to emphasize my words. "I won't always give you a reason at that precise moment when I tell you to do something. I'll



expect you to learn to obey Papi because you trust me to know what's best."

She snuffles again.

"As for squirming around to slide off this bed, that's not safe. It's too high off the floor for you. You might twist an ankle or break a bone. Most of my rules are for your safety. The furniture on Eleadia is much higher than any on Earth, and for a Little girl like you, it's far too high. You will not climb on or off furniture without my assistance. Understood?"

She sighs. "Yes, Sir."

"Look at Papi."

She takes her time meeting my gaze. Her eyes are still slightly narrowed with frustration.

"When you misbehave, I will spank your bottom, Mia."

She bites her bottom lip.

"Were you naughty?" I challenge.

"Yes, Papi."

"Did you deserve to have your bottom spanked?"

"Yes, Papi."

"Are you going to lie still like a good girl so I can put cream on your sore pussy and diaper you?"

"I don't really want to wear a diaper, Papi." She pushes out her lower lip again.

"I know it's strange at first, but Little girls are always diapered on my planet. You need to get used to it."

"I'm not sure I like that idea," she argues.

"You will in time." I lift the diaper. "Spread your legs and lift your bottom for Papi."

She does as she's told, and when I see her glistening pussy, I know I have not made the wrong decision when I spanked her naughty bottom. I slide the diaper under her before opening the tube of ointment.

My sweet Little girl holds her breath while I take my time applying plenty of the cream on her sensitive swollen skin. I don't hurry. I rub it into her folds first. Her breath hitches when I reach my finger inside her pussy to spread some of the soothing ointment inside.

When I slide my finger down to her tight little rectum, she squeezes her cheeks together.

“Let Papi finish, Baby girl.”

She shakes her head. “I don't need it there.”

“Who makes that decision, Little one?”

She sighs dramatically.

“Relax your bottom.” I tap her puckered hole and wait until she stops fighting me to slip my finger into her rectum. She needs to get used to having her bottom penetrated, but more importantly she needs to understand that the decision is not hers. “Good girl,” I praise as I ease my finger out.

I clean my hands on a wet washcloth before I lift the diaper around her and fasten it at her waist. Afterward, I plant my hands on either side of her and meet her gaze.

“I'm sorry, Papi,” she says softly.

I smile. “All is forgiven. Little girls make mistakes. When they do, what happens to help them learn?”

“They get their bottoms spanked.” Another dramatic sigh.

“That's right. Did you learn a lesson?”

“Yes, Papi.”

“Good girl.” I lift her by the waist and set her on her feet on the floor. Part of me hates to put her down. I'd rather carry her everywhere for these last hours we have together, but she needs a bit of freedom for a moment, and watching her waddle from the room as fast as she can melts my heart.

## *Chapter Fourteen*

Surgient

“No running, Baby girl,” I call out as I grab a pair of loose black pants and put them on. I slide my feet into my shoes while I send a quick text to Riand, who will transport us to the starship, and head for the living room where Mia has reached the couch. Her friends are all lined up along the back of the cushions. She can’t reach them, and she turns to me and bounces a little as I join her.

The bouncing makes her breasts jiggle, and she glances down at the sensation before crossing her arms under them. Her cheeks are adorably pink. She tips her head way back to meet my gaze. I’m damn near twice as tall as her. “I need clothes, Papi.”

I sit next to her entourage on the sofa and lift her onto my lap before handing her the stuffie I’m certain is Pokey. He’s a

soft, well-loved dog with very short legs. That would explain why she named him Pokey.

She immediately hugs him to her chest and kisses him all over his face.

After letting her reunite for a moment, I tip her chin back. “Little girls on Eleadia only wear diapers, Baby girl.” I haven’t specifically spelled this out to her yet.

She gasps. “No dresses or shirts or pants?”

“Nope.”

“But that’s bananas. Even when they go out?”

“Even when they go out.” I slide a hand around to cup one of her breasts and thumb her nipple, deciding now is a good time to drop one more bomb on her lap. “One of the reasons Little girls don’t cover their breasts is because they have their sweet little nipples pierced with hoops that have precious stones dangling from them.”

Her eyes go wide, and her jaw drops. “You’re serious.”

“Yes. You’ll see.”

“What if I don’t want my titties pierced?” she asks as she squeezes Pokey against both breasts to cover them, mostly knocking my hand out of the way.

“You will, Baby girl. I know it’s shocking to you now, but once you see all the other Little girls, the idea will grow on you. If you don’t stop playing with those sweet little titties though, I’m going to restrain your hands to your sides.”

She lowers Pokey. “I’m just hugging my stuffie,” she whispers.

I grip her chin, wait for her to meet my gaze, and lift a brow.

“Sorry, Papi.”

“That’s better. How about you not get in the habit of fibbing to Papi.”

“Okay, Papi.”

“Now, tell me who the rest of these friends are before we head to the pod to take us up to the starship.”

She beams as she turns toward the gaggle. “That’s Betsy, Maggie, and Lola,” she informs me, pointing to each one in turn.

“Did I have John get all the most special ones?” I’m confident I did because these were the only dolls or stuffies John found in her room, and I told him to bring them all.

“Yes, Papi.” She throws her arms around me and hugs me tight, practically climbing up onto her knees to get closer.

I hold her close, and moments later, the elevator door pings and opens.

Mia gasps and covers her breasts with both hands as Riand steps into my apartment.

I rub her back. “It’s only Riand, Baby girl. He’s going to take us up to the starship.”

She stares at me with wide eyes. “I need clothes, Papi,” she whispers.

I tap her nose. “No, you don’t, Little one. I promise. Riand has seen naked Little girls before. It’s our custom, remember?”

I know this is the hardest thing for Little girls to grasp. Even though I’m so fortunate that Mia was already Little and knew it before I found her, she isn’t accustomed to being naked in front of people.

“How about you make an exception,” she suggests.

I chuckle as I rise and adjust her so she’s propped on my hip.

She wraps her arms around me and plasters her chest to me, hiding. I’ll allow that for now. With my free hand, I tuck her three dolls into a pack and settle it on my shoulder. She can hold Pokey.

“Nice to meet you, Mia. I’m Riand. I handle transportation to and from the starship.” He grabs the duffel I left sitting on the coffee table and swings it up over his shoulder.

“Hi,” Mia whispers against my neck. She’s being very shy. Maybe she’s always shy. She certainly was when I first met her. But more likely this is a result of her exposed chest.

I follow Riand to the elevator and enter, hugging Mia close.

“Is the pod like a space ship?” she asks timidly.

“Yep. It’s kind of cool. It will quickly take us to the mothership where we will get you entered into their system and get all the bureaucratic part sorted out. Then we’ll visit the doctor and work on getting cleared for the trip home.”

Her eyes are wide as we get off the elevator on the top floor and head for the stairs that take us the rest of the way to the roof. The pod sits on a pad sort of like a helicopter, and I hold Mia close as I duck to enter the enclosed space.

“How is this thing going to take us to outer space? It doesn’t even have rockets under it,” Mia asks as I lower her into a seat specifically designed for Little girls.

“Our technology is far more advanced, Little one. We don’t need rockets. It will take off a bit like a helicopter and then move at a very rapid speed toward the starship. We’ll be there in about twenty minutes.” I reach for one of the shoulder straps and tuck her arm into it before doing the same on the other side. After fastening the two shoulder straps between her breasts, I lift another strap up between her legs and secure it firmly to the other section, giving it a tug to make sure it’s tight.

Mia hugs Pokey to her front with a death grip.

“No reason to be afraid, Baby girl,” I assure her as I sit in the seat next to her and fasten my seatbelt.

Riand settles in the seat in front of us at the controls, makes several checks and adjustments, and then we lift off.

Mia gasps as she turns to look out the window. “I can’t believe it. We’re leaving Earth. Will I ever be back?” She glances at me.

I set a hand on her thigh and give it a squeeze. “No, Baby girl. You’ll see Earth from outer space right now as we leave, but you won’t see it again in person. Only pictures.”

She doesn’t say another thing as she watches us grow farther and farther from her home planet.

I feel her grief. This is huge. No matter what kind of life each Little girl led on Earth before she was claimed by one of us, they each grieve in their own way. It’s the only home she’s ever known, and until tonight, she never dreamed she would ever leave the surface except perhaps to fly to another location.

We are already much higher than an airplane ascends, and her eyes are wide as saucers as she watches. They are glistening with unshed tears too. She’s trying to be brave.

Twenty minutes later, we land on a large arm of the mothership and Riand drives the pod into the interior where we can safely disembark.

Mia is still quiet as I unfasten her buckles and lift her into my arms. I settle her on my hip again and pat her bottom when she wraps her arms around my neck, keeping Pokey between us.

After gathering up our belongings, I head for processing. Jefared lifts his gaze and smiles as we approach. He stands a moment later. “Surgient. Good to see you. That didn’t take long,” he teases me. “You just left this afternoon. You never even had a chance to sleep a single night on Earth. This must be Mia.”

Mia buries her head against my neck, and I rub her back as I respond. “I knew Mia was mine as soon as I saw her. I didn’t need any more time.”

Jefared smiles. “Please. Have a seat. Let’s get Mia entered into the system. Dankin is waiting for you in the clinic.”

As I sit, she burrows into me, her small arm wrapped tightly around my neck, her face still buried.

“Do you have her ID?”

“Yes.” I reach down to open my pack and pull out her small pink purse to extract her ID and hand it to Jefared.

“Perfect. I’m sure you already did a full medical exam. Did you find anything of concern?” Jefared asks.

“Nope.” I rub her back again. Her heart is racing. She’s nervous and stressed. I can’t blame her. Every single Little girl I’ve received from this very room over the past two years was at least as unnerved as mine.

“Do you have any medical conditions or allergies we should know about, Mia?” Jefared asks.

She shakes her head against my shoulder.

I love how she clings to me, but I hate how upsetting this is for her. I know it’s mostly her exposed chest that’s causing her to feel panicked. It’s common.

Jefared asks me several more questions, which I quickly answer. “That’s it. You’re good to go. You can take her in to see Dankin now. Mostly redundant of course in your case, but Mia will be the first Little girl Dankin officially processes and clears for transport.”

As Jefared rises. I do too. I shake his hand with my free one before grabbing our belongings and stepping toward the door that leads to the clinic.

Dankin is already waiting for us, and he beams when he sees me. “Surgient.” He holds out a hand.

I drop our packs and shake his hand.

“I wasn’t expecting you to be my first client.” He chuckles. “Did you shove the other men out of the way so you could have first dibs and get on your way back home as fast as possible,” he jokes.

I shrug, grinning. “Fate put this precious Little girl in my path, and all I could do was thank my lucky stars.”

He pats the exam table. “You can set her here. It’s nice to meet you, Mia,” he continues as I try to lower my sweet bundle to the table.



She won't release my neck, however, which doesn't surprise me. She has a strong grip for such a tiny thing.

While I work on gently prying her arms from around me, Dankin says, "I know you already did nearly everything required to ensure Mia is in good physical health and can be cleared for transport, so we'll keep this brief. Mostly to keep my records in order."

Mia whimpers, her eyes narrowed with frustration as I grip her wrists and bring her arms to her sides. "Please can I have a blanket?" she murmurs.

"Not right now, Baby girl. It's perfectly warm in here. I know you're not cold," I tell her, trying to be firm. Her little pink nipples are hard points. "Would you like Papi to nick your skin to help you relax?"

She shakes her head.

"Are you going to be a good girl and cooperate for Dankin?"

She nods.

I release her wrists and grab Pokey from her lap, relieved when she leaves her hands at her sides.

Dankin steps up to her other side. "I'm just going to check your vitals, get your height and weight, and ask you a few questions for your chart, Mia."

She keeps her head down. She's stiff, and I can feel and scent her anger wafting from her. Dankin can too. It's distinct.

"Sit up tall for me, Little one, so I can listen to your heart."

She pouts audibly as she straightens her spine.

"Shoulders back, Mia. Good girl," Dankin praises as he moves his stethoscope around her chest and then her back. When he's done, he drapes the stethoscope around his neck and palpates her glands. "Can you tip your head back for me. I'll take a quick look at your ears, nose, and eyes."

She doesn't meet his gaze while he examines her, but at least she cooperates.

“Good girl. Everything looks great. Let’s have you lie back for me now.”

I set a hand on Mia’s back and lower her onto the exam table. She doesn’t react until I lift her hands above her head and restrain her wrists.

“Papi...” She squirms, eyes wide as she finally looks at me. Her frustration is obvious, but so is her arousal, which kicked up several notches as soon as I restrained her.

When Dankin extends another strap across her chest below her breasts, she shudders and purses her lips, jerking her gaze to a random spot on the ceiling. We all know she’s aroused. It’s incredibly common. She doesn’t realize how strong her pheromones are or that both me and Dankin can scent her.

“Have you ever had any issues with your breasts, Little one?” Dankin asks as he palpates her small globes in a spiral, working his way toward her nipples.

She shakes her head, but a whimper escapes when he pinches her little nipple.

He reaches across to do the same to the other side, and by the time he’s done, her nipples are harder than ever, and she’s panting.

Dankin moves to her tummy next, palpating all around. “Has she had a bowel movement since you found her?”

I shake my head. I knew this was going to happen. I’ve been in the position Dankin is in right now many, many times.

Dankin sets a hand on Mia’s head and looks at her even though I suspect she’s not looking at him. “I need you to empty your bowels before you can be cleared for travel. When I’m done examining you, I’ll give you a suppository to help you use your diaper.”

She gasps and shakes her head. Her gaze shifts to me. “Papi, no. Please. I don’t want to use the diaper for that.”

I rub her thigh. “You have to, Baby girl. It’s part of life. Papi will help you empty your bowels every morning when we get home, but you need to do so now before we can leave.”

Tears slide down her cheeks. Her bottom lip quivers. I hate how distressed she is. I know this is hard.

“I’m going to remove your diaper now, Little one,” Dankin tells her as he releases the tabs and lowers the front.

Mia immediately yanks her knees together.

“Open your legs, Baby girl,” I say, rubbing her tummy.

She shakes her head. She did okay earlier when I examined her myself, but she’s balking hard now.

“Do you need Papi to spank your bottom again, Baby girl?”

Her face turns pink as she shakes her head again, but at least she parts her knees. She’s trembling.

“Let’s use stirrups,” Dankin suggests as he pulls them out from the end of the table. “One thing I learned from your Papi was that Little girls often submit easier when they feel like they don’t have a choice.”

Mia bites her lower lip. I consider giving her a pacifier, but I’d rather she be able to answer questions for now.

She whimpers as Dankin straps her ankles and thighs to the stirrups. As soon as he spreads her legs significantly farther, her arousal doubles, the scent filling the room to a degree that I can’t keep my cock from being affected.

Dankin is all business. He isn’t affected by her pheromones. He can scent her, but she is not his mate, so the connection isn’t there. I’ve wondered many times what it would be like to be on this side of the table. Now I know. My Little girl is making my body tremble with the need to claim her again.

Dankin sits between her legs and pulls her folds apart. I know what he’s seeing. The evidence of our lovemaking is all there. Her pussy is red and swollen. Her clit is too. It’s not common for Eleadian males to claim their mate before leaving the planet. Usually their Little girls are still in some stage of shock or even distress, not even close to ready to have sex.

Dankin glances at me with a lifted brow. He's seen many videos and pictures of what to expect from human females. He's wise and educated. But this is the first live female he's examined.

I clear my throat. "Her pussy is swollen and red because we already consummated our union."

"Ah," he responds at my confirmation that what he suspects is the truth.

"In a few hours, the swelling will go down, and her labia will return to a pink color that isn't so pronounced. Her clitoris is also about double in size. It will return to normal too. Her body is still reacting to my semen."

Mia moans as she bucks and arches against the restraints. "Stop talking about me, Papi," she demands.

"I'm sorry, Little one. You're Dankin's first patient. I want him to understand what he's seeing so he won't be comparing your body to anyone else's in the future."

If I thought her distress was legitimate and stemmed from true horror, I wouldn't have given Dankin such a verbose explanation. But the truth is impossible to deny. She's at least as turned on by having a stranger examine her as she was when I examined her alone. It's embarrassing her, but that embarrassment is also fueling her arousal.

Dankin pats her inner thighs. "For now, let's get a suppository in her. You can take her to room six across the hallway while you wait for her to empty her bowels. Bring me the diaper so I can check her feces while you wait for clearance to leave. She needs another bottle, of course. Then she can rest in room six. If you don't mind, I'll take another look at her genitals before you depart."

I know he's curious to see what he can expect from the next female genitalia he examines. "Of course. Your next patient should be coming along soon too."

Dankin smiles at me as he reaches for the suppositories. "I heard about Ganrax. Is it true his Little girl is Mia's friend?"

Mia perks up and lifts her head at the mention of her friend, Ava. “Oh my God. Ava. Is she here too?” She jerks her gaze to mine. “Can I see her?”

“She hasn’t left the club yet to come up to the starship, Baby girl.” I pat her tummy. “You’ll see her in a few weeks on Eleadia.”

She shakes her head. “No. I want to see her now. When will she be here?”

I lean over and kiss my girl on the forehead. “You need to be patient, Little one. You’ll see her after you’ve both adapted to life on Eleadia. It will only seem like a few weeks to you. It will be six months in real time.”

More head shaking. “No, Papi. Now.”

I glance at Dankin. He’s holding the thick suppository in his fingers. I nod at him to go ahead as I press my palm against her pelvis to make sure she can’t buck away from Dankin’s fingers.

When Dankin dabs some lubricant on Mia’s tight hole, she shifts her attention to him and cries out. “No. Don’t. I don’t want you to touch my bottom.”

Her face is red and splotchy. So is her chest. Her lip trembles, and then she screams loud enough to shake the small room.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

Mia

I can't stop myself from screaming. I've never been so embarrassed in my whole life. I clench my butt cheeks as tight as I can, but it's no use. I can't stop the doctor from touching me there.

More importantly, I can't stop my body from reacting to his touch. I've been aroused ever since I first inhaled Papi's scent. I've been shaking with the need to orgasm again and again ever since we had sex. The bath helped, but it didn't eliminate the driving need entirely.

When Papi lifted my hands over my head and stretched me out on this exam table, I almost came in my diaper. I had no idea I had an interest in exhibitionism. I've never been in a situation like this.

I should have known. I could kick myself for being so surprised. I like to read novels where the heroine is forced to expose herself in front of people. I've always masturbated to thoughts of being naked and restrained with lots of people watching me.

Even more poignant, I've had millions of fantasies about being in a doctor's office, strapped down like this, forced to endure every imaginable type of invasive exam until I couldn't stop myself from reaching orgasm in front of people. The thought of such humiliation has always made me so horny.

But now I'm here, and it's surreal. And I'm embarrassed, not because Papi and the doctor can see every inch of me but because they can also see I'm aroused. I suspect they can scent it too.

Papi's mouth lands on my nipple while I'm still screaming. He suckles for a moment before holding it between his teeth and piercing it deeper and longer than he has any previous time.

It doesn't stun me nearly as much this time, and it doesn't hurt. The prick of his quill is sharp. It should hurt. But I've started craving it instead. How could I possibly crave having my little titty pierced? It makes no sense. Nothing makes sense.

It feels so good that I want to beg him to do the same to my other nipple. I want him to do it to my clit.

Papi swirls his tongue around my titty several times, soothing the sting before releasing it with a soft pop.

I realize I'm no longer screaming. I'm panting heavily. Gasp. My nipple is throbbing and needy.

Dankin is circling my anus with his fingers, rubbing the sensitive skin, reminding me of my overwhelming need to be violated. I want him to force his finger into me. I want to feel the pressure. I want to come so badly I can't think of anything else.

Papi cups my head and strokes my temple with his thumb as he leans forward and kisses me gently. "Deep breaths, Baby

girl. You're okay."

"Do the other one, Papi," I blurt out.

His hand slides to my needy breast. He pinches the greedy tip. "You want Papi to pierce this little titty too, Baby girl?"

I nod and lick my lips. "Please, Papi. I *need* it."

He kisses me again before lowering his lips to my nipple, suckling it far too long before pushing his quill into the swollen bud. He lingers. I feel his serum releasing into me. The burn is so delicious.

I have so many feelings swirling around inside me. I can't describe the euphoria. I'm floating. I'm also trembling on the edge of an explosive release.

Papi's eyes come back to mine. "Can you relax your bottom now so the doctor can put the medicine inside you, Baby girl?"

I nod. My cheeks are so hot. I'm hiding nothing from Papi or Dankin. I surprise myself when I speak. "Please push the medicine into my naughty bottom," I say without taking my gaze off Papi's.

Dankin holds my thigh steady while he eases his huge finger up inside me, pushing the large suppository as deep as possible.

I arch my chest the scant inch I'm able to move, my head tipping back as my vision swims.

The moment Papi slides his fingers to my clit, I detonate. My bottom clasps down on Dankin's finger with my release as both my bottom and my pussy pulse.

When the waves of my orgasm finally subside, Dankin removes his finger from my naughty hole, and Papi lifts his away from my still-throbbing clit.

I'm so spent I can't do anything but lie on the exam table like silly putty while Papi replaces my diaper and removes all the restraints. And then I'm in his arms, cradled against his chest. He snuggles Pokey in my arms and pops a pacifier in my mouth.



I'm still breathing heavily, and I close my eyes and tune out the world around me as I focus on nothing but how good it feels to be in his arms and how drastically different my life has become in a few short hours.

I know we've moved to another room when the door shuts, leaving us in silence. And I'm relieved as Papi sits and starts rocking me. My eyes pop open though when he tugs the pacifier free.

"You need a bottle, Baby girl. Then you can have the paci back." He taps my lips with the nipple of a large bottle of formula. It looks like far too much for me to be able to swallow, but I suspect he won't give me an option, and I start suckling.

It's so good. It's hard to resist sucking ferociously because I'm famished, and it tastes so delicious. I don't have any idea what it is. There's the faintest hint of vanilla, but other than that the flavors are foreign to me.

"That's my good girl," Papi praises as he rocks and feeds me.

By the time I'm finished, I'm more aware of my bowels than I've ever been in my life. I need to go number two, and I squirm. It's too humiliating. I don't want to use a diaper. I can handle peeing in one, but pooping is another story.

Papi lets me have my pacifier back as he continues to hold me tight, not letting me wiggle out of his grip. He pats my bottom. "Don't fight it, Baby girl. Everyone has to empty their bowels. It's part of life. You need to learn to submit to me in every way. I will always take care of you. It will get easier over time. I promise. Just know that when you let Papi care for you, it warms my soul. You are my life. I want nothing more than to take care of even your most intimate needs."

It's not as though I can prevent it from happening. After all, Dankin put a powerful suppository inside me. I'm not going to be able to hold back much longer. All I can do is squeeze my eyes closed, suck hard on the pacifier, and let nature take its course.

I try to block everything out as Papi changes me, and I'm too exhausted to keep my eyes open when he lowers me onto a soft mattress. I open my eyes just enough to notice I'm in a crib. Four slatted sides surround me, making me slide into the Littlest space I've ever been in.

I feel warm and loved with Pokey tucked into my arm as Papi settles a soft blanket over me. It's the first time he's covered me since he first removed my dress.

I sigh contentedly. My last thought before falling asleep is of Ava. I wonder where she is and what she's doing. I hope she really is coming to Eleadia with me. It will make my transition so much easier. But what about her? This is not the kind of life she's ever lived. Ava is not Little. She's not even submissive. She must be furious, scared, and throwing a fit right about now.

## *Chapter Sixteen*

Mia

I blink my eyes several times as I wake up, confused and then scared. Where am I? There are slatted sides around me. I'm in a crib?

As soon as Papi's face comes into view, I remember, and my heart stops beating so hard. He smiles as he lowers the side of the crib. His hand comes to my tummy. "You slept hard, Baby girl."

He pulls the blanket away and scoops me into his arms before kissing all over my face until I start giggling, and the pacifier slips out of my mouth.

Papi catches it before it falls, but he doesn't give it back to me. He carries me to a strange table and sets me on my back. When he pulls a strap across my middle, I realize it's a giant changing table, just my size.

My face heats when another realization dawns. My diaper is soaked, bulging. I peed myself in my sleep. That has never happened to me before today. That's twice now. I purse my lips to keep from panicking. Why should I care if I wet myself? If I'm going to wear a diaper all the time, it shouldn't matter. But the thought of not maintaining control over my bladder is unnerving.

"What's the matter, Baby girl?" Papi asks. "You're in a panic."

"I wet myself again," I respond, mortified.

"You're going to have to do so from now on, Little one. You've already done so a few times. Why all the anxiety this time?"

"Apparently I lost control in my sleep, though. Why, Papi?"

He removes the soaked diaper and slides another one under me before reaching for a button on the wall above the changing table and pressing it. With a hand on my tummy, he responds. "You were very tired, Mia. Plus the combination of several doses of my serum and the formula helped you relax. You slept deep both times."

"Oh." I'm not sure his explanation is sufficient, but at least he takes away some of my anxiety.

"The next time you go to sleep, you will wake up on Eleadia. Don't forget what Papi told you. You'll be too weak to even lift your head for a while. I don't want you to panic. I will never leave your side except when you're in the safety of your crib, and even then, I'll have a baby monitor on me at all times in case you awaken. You won't have any control over your bladder or your bowels."

I gasp. "Ever?"

He gives me a reassuring smile. "Most Little girls do regain control within a few weeks, but it's a moot issue. It doesn't matter whether or not you start using your diaper with intention."

There is a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Papi calls out.

I hold my breath as the door opens, wondering if another stranger is about to see me naked. Dankin steps into the room. It’s irrational that I’m relieved.

Papi lifts my knees higher and pushes them wide, holding them so I’m more exposed as Dankin approaches. Papi glances at him. “Her clitoris is still swollen and larger than average, but her labia are close to normal, and the pink color has returned to a more usual shade.”

I hold my breath as I remember Papi telling Dankin he would show him my pussy again.

Dankin slides his hands up my inner thighs and parts my folds, making me crave more.

I bite my lip as he studies me. He even pulls the hood back from my clit. I can’t see it, but when he circles the little nub, I feel it engorging further. I’m instantly aroused all over again, and I keep my lip between my teeth to keep from begging.

It seems like forever before Dankin removes his touch from my folds and turns his attention to Papi. “Thanks. That helps me know what to expect.”

“You’re welcome.” Papi lifts a fresh diaper around me and fastens it.

“Is Ava here?” I ask, remembering how badly I want to see her. Has Dankin examined her too? I shudder at the idea that this doctor has seen two female bodies—mine and Ava’s. It’s weird. We’re close friends, but I’ve never seen her pussy up close and personal. I mean we aren’t super modest. We see each other naked, but not with legs spread and everything exposed.

“She’s here, Baby girl,” Papi tells me softly.

I jerk my gaze toward the doctor, feeling self-conscious. “Then you’ve already examined her, and you know what female humans are supposed to look like,” I spit out in my frustration. “Not like me. I’m tiny. All of me. Except apparently my pussy. It’s all swollen and red and abnormally large. But if you’re doing a case study, you might want to

pretend you didn't see me and start your records with Ava. She's a better representation of what female humans look like with boobs and curves and pretty hair and nails and long legs and hips and probably a perfect pussy."

I don't even know where all that fire and venom comes from. Sure, I've always thought Ava was gorgeous, but I've never been overly jealous of her. Not irrationally so. That's not what I'm spewing. My word vomit has nothing to do with Ava's body. It has to do with my emotional state, which is apparently frazzled to the point of explosion.

"*Mia*," Papi admonishes on a gasp. "None of that is true. You are absolutely perfect just the way you are. You don't need to look like anyone but you."

I squirm and tug at the strap across my tummy. "I need to get up. Let me see her. Let me speak to Ava. She must be scared and angry."

Papi doesn't release the strap across me, and I can't reach the location where it's fastened. When I struggle harder, he grabs my wrists and holds my arms over my head.

I keep wiggling and fighting against him. "Let me go!"

I barely hear Dankin telling Papi we are cleared for transport before he leaves the room.

"No!" I scream. "We can't leave without Ava. I need to see her, Papi." I don't even know this side of me. I've never met her before. I've never been so defiant and naughty. I've known I was Little for almost as long as I can remember, but I've always been the good, sweet Little girl. I've never had a tantrum in my life.

Papi sets his free hand on my pelvis, easily keeping me from squirming as much as I want to. He doesn't look the least bit frustrated, which infuriates me even more. He simply holds my wrists in one hand and my pelvis with the other, seemingly waiting for me to stop fighting him.

I start crying, huge sobs that won't stop. "I need to talk to her, Papi, please." I buck and twist and use every ounce of my energy to get away from this man who is so much bigger and

stronger than me until I'm worn out and unable to keep up the fight.

I'm panting and sniffing with tears drying on my face and snot running out of my nose when Papi reaches up to fasten my wrists above my head, freeing his hand.

Without a word, he grabs a damp cloth and wipes my face, even though most of the wind is knocked out of my sails, and I try to turn away from him. His calm demeanor is keeping me angry. How can he be so level while I'm having the tantrum of my life?

Maybe I'm testing him. It's not a conscious decision. But this man is about to take me away from my planet, and I'll never be back. That's scary. What if I'm not good enough for him?

"What do you need, Baby girl?" he asks as he strokes my forehead.

"I need to see Ava," I shout, though my voice is losing steam.

"I can't fulfill that wish, Little one. Ava needs to make her own way without your interference. You can see her a few weeks after we get home." He puts a period on that sentence.

"But she's not like me, Papi," I whine. "She's probably scared. She needs me."

"She'll be fine, Mia. I promise. You and I are going to board a transport vessel soon. She'll be on the next one right behind us." His voice is firm. His decision is final. It always will be.

I finally look at him through my swollen, teary eyes. He's not mad. There is a slight furrow to his brow, but his concern is for me.

"I love you, Mia."

My breath hitches as I blink. Now *all* the wind is out of my sails. *All* of it. "Papi..."

He smiles. "I wanted you to know how I feel about you before we get on the transport vessel. I don't want to spend the

next six months without saying those words. You are my life, and I love you so much it hurts. Nothing you ever do will change that.”

“But...” I swallow over the emotion welling up inside me. “I just had the biggest tantrum ever.”

He smiles broader. “No tantrum will ever change how I feel.” He sets his hand on my chest. “Can you feel it too? In here? Can you feel the powerful bond, Baby girl?”

I nod. I *do* feel it. Maybe a part of me was even intentionally naughty not simply because I want to see Ava but because I wanted to know what Papi would do. And he’s stunned me beyond belief with his declaration. “I love you too, Papi.”

He beams. “Can I unfasten you now? I’d rather get your punishment out of the way so I can hold you in my arms until we board the transport vessel.”

“Are you going to spank me?”

He nods. “Harder than before. Do you know why?”

“Because I was so naughty,” I whisper.

“Yes, but also because it will help you let go of all the icky feelings. After I spank your bottom, your tantrum will be erased. Poof. All gone.”

I draw in a breath, already knowing he’s right. “Okay.”

Papi releases my wrists and my tummy. He removes my diaper next, lifts me by the hips, and sits on the rocking chair as he lowers me over his lap.

I’m completely naked and not nearly as unnerved as the first few times he spanked me. I’ve only known him a handful of hours, and already he’s had to discipline me three times. It’s hard to grasp since before I met him, I was never so argumentative.

“Spread your legs, Baby girl,” he says as he rubs my bottom.



I whimper as I obey him. It's disconcerting how aroused I am once again. The thought of him swatting my naughty bottom makes me wet. What if I start becoming the sort of Little who misbehaves often because I like being spanked?

I remind myself that the cycle of being naughty and getting spanked is often the entire dynamic between some Littles and Daddies. I've never seen myself in that light, but maybe I wasn't with the right Daddy. Maybe I'm a new me now that I'm with someone I fully trust and love.

It's happened so fast. I'm sure part of the connection is a result of the many times Papi has pierced my skin. His essence is causing me to be drawn to him in a way most humans never experience.

Maybe I should be concerned about the force working to bind us together, but the truth is I was mesmerized even before he ever touched me. The bond was already there. I never would have been able to fight it.

What about Ava? I'm sure she fought it hard. She wanted to go to Club Zoom last night out of curiosity. She hadn't considered being selected, and I sure as heck hadn't. I assume it's unusual for two friends to get selected at the same time. The crowd around us had certainly been stunned as Papi carried me out of the club and into a short hallway where we took the elevator.

"Twenty hard swats to your bottom, Baby girl, and then you can spend the last of our time naked so your little tush doesn't rub against the diaper."

I whimper, knowing that's part of his punishment, while at the same time knowing he has me figured out. I'll never be able to hide anything from him. He knows I'll be even more embarrassed and aroused completely naked than diapered. That's why he's going to do it.

# *Chapter Seventeen*

Surgient

I'm not sure how I got so lucky. Every time one of our citizens brought his new Little one to my office over the past two years, I've watched in wonder and awe at their developing relationship. I never fully understood. Now I do.

There are no words for how I feel about Mia. It's out of this stratosphere. I know every relationship is different, and as far as I know, no man has ever found out that his mate was already Little. That fact changes my circumstances considerably.

Our time together has not been without incident, though. No matter how Little Mia was before we met, there are aspects of the Eleadian traditions she is not accustomed too. She easily falls into step with regard to snuggles, pampering, and nurturing. She embraces being rocked, fed, and sucking a pacifier without incident. But she wasn't prepared for diaper

changes, nudity, or medical exams—all of which are confusing her because in her heart she knows she craves them. It's societal norms that are causing her hesitation.

I need to get her sweet bottom spanked so I can hold her again, so I lift my palm and start her punishment.

Mia doesn't flinch the entire time. She accepts the hard spanking without a single protest, and when it's finally over, she lets me cradle her in my arms and wipe away her new tears.

I tuck Pokey into her embrace and rock her, kissing her cheeks often while I tell her what a good girl she is over and over.

When a knock sounds at the door, I know it's time. I kiss my sweet bundle once again and rise to settle her on the changing table. After tucking a soft diaper around her, I meet her gaze and smile. "When you wake up, it will seem like you simply slept through a long night."

"I'm scared, Papi."

"I know, but I'll be with you every second. I'll never let anything happen to you. Can you trust Papi to keep you safe?"

She nods. "Yes, Papi. Do you promise I can see Ava when we get there?"

I chuckle. "When did I say you could see Ava, Baby girl?"

She sighs. "Two weeks after we arrive," she mutters.

"That's right. But it also depends on how Ava is adjusting. We won't disrupt her life until she's ready. That decision won't be made by me, Baby girl. It will be made by Ganrax."

"Okay," she murmurs. "Are you going to put me to sleep with your quill?"

"Yes. Where would you like me to pierce you, Little one?" I say, wiggling my eyebrows to lighten the mood.

She giggles, and I love that sound more than anything in the universe. I'm so glad it's one of the last sounds I will hear before I'm parted from my sweet girl for six long months.

The *last* sound will be her soft moan as I pierce her. I don't even need to wait for a response. I kiss her one more time, tell her I love her, and lower my lips to her breast. I suckle her nipple, swirling my tongue around the tip only long enough to hear her sigh of pleasure before I pierce her. The serum I release this time isn't for arousal or bonding or calming or even to alleviate pain. I can control what I release into her. This time, my serum will induce sleep, and it does in seconds.

As soon as she's sound asleep, I miss her already. I scoop her up and carry her and Pokey to the transport vessel. I've already sent her other dolls and my few possessions ahead.

It's time for our long journey to begin. I can't wait to see her pretty eyes again. I'll be counting the hours.

## *Chapter Eighteen*

Mia

I awake with a gasp as though I'm desperate for oxygen. It fills my lungs instantly, and I come fully awake seconds later.

I'm confused for only a moment until I see Papi smiling down at me. I'm in his arms, and he looks so happy. "There's my pretty girl's green eyes. I've missed those so much." He kisses me all over my face.

My instinct is to giggle, but nothing comes out. There's a pacifier in my mouth, but I can't seem to make a single sound. It takes me a second to remember Papi warned me this would happen, that I wouldn't be able to speak for a few days.

I can't lift my arms either. My body feels like it's not attached to me. Like it's heavy, or I took too much sleep medicine, or I'm paralyzed. It's disconcerting.

“I’ve got you, Baby girl. I promise. You’re safe.” He’s supporting my head with one arm while holding the rest of my body with his other arm.

I inhale deeply. The air seems richer or cleaner or something, and when I look around, I silently gasp. It’s so beautiful. Surely my eyes at least pop wide. So many colors. More than I’ve ever seen. Like twice as many. I don’t even know the names for some of them. I couldn’t describe them if I wanted to.

“Pretty, huh?” Papi says as he lifts me and angles me so I’m sort of sitting in his lap, giving me a better view. “You slept longer than most Little girls. Perhaps because you’re smaller than others. It took you so long to come out of stasis that you missed the drive to my house. We’re in my backyard. *Our* backyard, I should say.”

I don’t even want to blink. I’m frustrated though because I want to get down and walk toward the pretty flowers. I want to see them closer. The sky is bluer. The soft clouds don’t even look real. They look like they belong in a cartoon. They are so white.

As if Papi is reading my mind, he keeps talking. “We don’t have pollution here. That’s why the air is cleaner and everything is brighter. We eat healthier too. Those are the reasons we will live longer. Even you.”

I’m so stunned by what I’m seeing that I stop sucking.

“It’s like this year-round, too,” he continues. “The weather I mean. The temperature. It’s perfect. It’s the reason we don’t need more clothing. We have no use for it. When it rains, which it often does in the afternoon for a while, it doesn’t really disturb us. We can go inside or enjoy the water as it comes down.”

Oh wow. I want to stand in the rain. I want to feel it hitting me on the face. I want to dig my toes into the pretty green grass. Is it even grass? It’s something similar at least.

Papi keeps talking, and I’m glad because I love the sound of his voice and the information he’s giving me. “Our skin

doesn't burn either. Our diet is plant-based, and it provides a natural sunscreen. Even pale skin like yours won't burn in the sun."

I'll believe that when I see it. Papi's skin is very dark. Maybe he doesn't fully understand how sensitive I am to the UV rays.

Papi finally turns me so I'm cradled in his arms again. He pops my pacifier out and lifts a bottle to my lips. "You need to eat, Baby girl. It's been too many hours. I'll keep you on a strict feeding schedule for a while. You'll remain on a formula diet for several weeks. Eventually, I'll slowly introduce other foods to you. Like your young on Earth, we'll want to be careful to make sure you don't have a reaction to anything. Your body isn't used to our foods. So far, there have been no reports of any female having an allergic reaction to any of our foods, but we remain cautious and careful."

I suckle while he speaks, surprised by my ability to suck even though I can't find my voice or move any of my extremities. It must have something to do with instinct.

Papi's grin is wide as he feeds me. He's so happy, and his happiness is contagious. In the back of my mind, I remind myself that Ava also arrived today. She's waking up in the arms of her Papi too, but I suspect she's not feeling as calm as me.

I hate that I grow tired as I take my bottle. I want to stay awake and see things, but my eyes are heavy, and Papi has to jiggle the bottle several times to help me stay awake long enough to finish it.

\* \* \*

The next time I awake, I'm not in Papi's arms. I'm in a crib. I recognize the slats on all four sides. There's a pretty pink mobile above me. Tiny hearts and stars hang from it. Dozens of them. They are dancing around in a circle, twinkly lights bouncing from the movement.

I smile. It's mesmerizing. I love it. When I try to move my arms, I can't. I can't even lift a finger. It's frustrating. I want

this stage to be over. I hope Papi was right, and I'll have my strength back within two weeks.

Papi is suddenly next to me. He's winded as if he ran from somewhere to get to me. He drops the railing on one side of the crib and pops the pacifier from my mouth.

I whimper, and I think I even frown. I don't want him to take away the paci.

He looks pleased. "Your facial expressions are already coming through. I know you want your paci, but you need to spend some time without it. A lot of Little girls wake up addicted to their pacifiers from suckling for six months during the trip. Your speech will return faster if you work your jaw a bit and keep trying to make sounds."

He lifts me into his arms, carries me to what I know is a changing table, and immediately pulls a strap over my middle, trapping my arms to my sides. "I will always restrain you on the changing table, Little one. It's high off the floor. I don't want you to fall."

He quickly changes my saturated diaper before releasing me to lift me into his embrace again. More kisses rain all over my face. "I missed you so much, Baby girl. I can't wait for you to be able to waddle around this house on your own two feet."

Papi carries me through his home from room to room, giving me a tour as we go. I'm overwhelmed by everything. He wasn't kidding about the furniture. It's all pretty high off the floor. The kitchen table is even taller. The chairs are higher.

I gasp when I see the colorful highchair pushed up to the table. It's for me. Papi is going to feed me there. I wonder if I will always be a Baby to him or if he will let me age some.

I'm able to shift my gaze to his.

He points toward the highchair. "It will be a while before you're ready to sit there, Baby girl, but when you do, I will feed you myself. I'll control the size of your bites to be certain you don't choke."



Choke? Is he kidding? I don't normally choke on my food.

He chuckles before kissing my forehead. "I've heard from other Papis that food sometimes becomes an argument in their homes. Let's not go to that extreme, how about?" he proposes. "To answer the question I can see in your eyes, you will forever be my Little girl here. It's our custom. The reason we Papis are so overbearing and cautious is because traveling across the universe to find a mate is arduous. We never want anything to happen to her."

It makes sense, but it seems like he intends to go to the extreme with his rules and safety concerns. I'm not sure how I feel about that. I suspect I will challenge him and end up over his lap with his palm on my naughty bottom.

I also suspect I will not win that argument or any other. He's pretty set in his ways. I'm not sure how I feel about that yet, but the thought of being so totally cherished and cared for makes my pussy wet even though I can't do a thing about it.

Papi chuckles. "I can practically read your mind, Mia. You're welcome to challenge me every step of the way if you like having a sore bottom, but you should know Little girls who need a spanking, often end up standing in timeout, and they certainly don't earn pleasure." He lifts a brow. "Or, if like you said, timeouts are too hard for you, I can always find other ways to discipline you." He lifts a brow.

I emit a strange sound as I remember how he punished me by pinning me down and piercing my titties over and over until I was desperate for more.

He smiles. "I can smell your arousal. You'll never be able to hide it from me."

\* \* \*

"*Papi*," I cry out, pleased with myself the following evening when I wake up from a nap to find my voice has returned.

Papi is next to my crib in seconds, and he's beaming. "Sweetest sound in the universe," he declares as he sets a palm on my tummy. "Say it again."

“Papi.” I giggle next. I like this new development too. I even manage to wiggle my arms and legs. They won’t do what I want them to, but they have some movement.

Seconds later, I’m strapped to the changing table where Papi cleans me up before lifting up the one gadget I really detest. The stupid probe. He’s put it inside me several times since we got home. It seems unnecessary, but Papi says the only reason he hasn’t taken me to the clinic for a visit with the doctor yet is because he is also a doctor capable of making sure I’m thriving.

I groan as he rubs lube all over the huge probe before tipping my legs back and easing it up inside me.

“Hold still, Baby girl. Squirming won’t make me change my mind. You do like to challenge Papi, don’t you?”

I nod and find the muscles in my face to grin at him. “Yes, Papi.”

He chuckles as he holds the evil device in my bottom.

“Are you always going to do that to me so often?”

He shrugs. “We’ll see. Depends.”

“Depends on what?” I ask, not sure I want to hear the answer.

Papi taps my pussy with his other hand. “On whether or not penetrating your bottom continues to make your pussy wet and needy.”

Embarrassed by the reactions of my traitorous body, I look away.

When he’s finally done, he puts the probe away and leans over to kiss my nipples one at a time. “We’re having company in a bit.”

My breath hitches. “Company?” Why would we have company?

“Yep. Ekert and his Little girl, Sophie. Ekert is the jeweler. I told him about your pale skin, green eyes, and red hair.

Sophie picked out some stones she thinks you might like. They're bringing them over for us to see."

"Stones?" I squirm as much as my body will allow.

Papi slides a hand up to cup my breast. When he finds and pinches my nipple, he speaks again. "I can't wait to adorn these pretty nipples with jewelry, Baby girl. They're so sensitive. You love it when I prick them. Heck, you love it when I pierce them hard and deep. The piercings will make it feel like I'm touching them all the time."

I gasp. Do I want to feel like he's touching my titties all the time? I shudder at the thought. How will I even be able to sleep with that kind of distraction?

# Chapter Nineteen

Surgient

She's ready. I know she's ready. I won't have Ekert pierce her until she regains her strength, but I know she will be titillated from looking at the stones. Plus, seeing Sophie's pretty nipples will make Mia fidget. She'll have a better idea of what to expect.

As soon as I have her situated in her bouncy seat in the living room, there's a knock at the door. I hurry over to answer it, pleased when I find Ekert and Sophie on the front steps. "Come on in. We're having a banner day. Mia got her voice back."

"That's wonderful." Ekert leans in for an embrace and a firm pat on the back. "It's so good to see you. Three years seems like an eternity to be away from home. I don't know how you did it."

“Don’t I know it. But it was all worth it.” I take a step back. “Come inside.” I reach out to stroke one of Sophie’s pigtails. “Your hair has grown a foot since I last saw you.”

She smiles at me shyly. “It’s much prettier now,” she whispers.

Sophie had been abused when Ekert found her and rescued her. When I met her for her physical, she’d been underweight with shorn hair and sad eyes. She looks a hundred times better today. “It’s stunning, Little one. Almost white.” I turn toward Mia. “Come. Meet Mia.”

My sweet girl is kicking her legs as we approach. She looks nervous. She even bites her lower lip. These are our first guests. My Little girl has not met any other Little girls yet.

I watch as her gaze shifts from Sophie’s face to the diamonds dangling from her nipples.

Mia’s cheeks pinken as she jerks her gaze away.

“Hi, Mia. I’m Sophie. I’m so glad you’re here.” Sophie drops to her knees next to the bouncy seat and wraps her fingers around my girl’s. “Don’t worry about staring at my piercings. It’s natural to be curious. I know it’s a super strange custom when you first arrive. You’ll get used to seeing them on everyone in a few weeks though, and it won’t be as weird.”

Sophie covers her mouth and giggles. “I take that back. It will still be weird because you’ll always be conscious of them bouncing and swaying, especially when—”

Ekert covers her mouth with his palm. “I don’t think you need to regale Mia with every single detail, Little one. She’ll find out what it feels like to have her nipples pierced soon enough on her own. Let’s not give her any anxiety.”

Mia’s eyes widen.

“Would you like something to drink?” I ask Ekert.

“Water would be nice.”

I watch Mia closely as Sophie continues to hold her hand like the sweetest girl I’ve heard she is. Sophie even whispers

softly to Mia. I can't hear every word, but she's reassuring my Little girl that she'll be up and running around in no time.

When we return to the living room, Ekert tugs playfully on one of Sophie's pigtails. "What happens to Little girls who run in the house?"

Sophie giggles. "They get their bottoms spanked. It's just a figure of speech, Papi." She turns back to Mia. "Now that I've seen you, I know you'll love the stones we picked out. Do you want to see them?"

Mia has enough strength to nod. "Yes, please."

Ekert reaches into his pocket, pulls out a soft black pouch, and dumps two stones into his palm before handing them to me.

I squat down on the opposite side of Mia, pick up one of the stones between my thumb and forefinger, and hold it up for her to see.

She gasps. Her eyes go wide. "That's the prettiest thing I've ever seen."

I agree with her and look toward Ekert to smile. "It really is. You two are the perfect team. I've heard rumors. Clearly they are true."

"What are they?"

"Turquoise," Sophie declares proudly. She arches her chest forward. "Papi will arrange them in a setting so they dangle from little hoops like mine. They will be so pretty on you."

Mia's cheeks are bright pink. Sophie also has very pale skin, but she's not as embarrassed anymore as I'm sure she was at first.

Mia stares at Sophie's nipples for a long time before lifting her gaze to meet Sophie's. "Did it hurt very bad?"

Sophie shrugs. "Not any worse than when Papi pierces them with his quill like a meanie. Plus the piercing gun is very fast. It will be over before you can take a breath."

Mia lowers her gaze to the diamonds again. “Doesn’t it take a long time for them to heal?”

Sophie glances at her Papi, but I answer the question. “Nothing takes a long time to heal here as long as it’s not too serious. I will lick the wound as often as needed at first to sooth the sting.”

Mia narrows her gaze at me. “Wouldn’t your saliva get into the hole and drive me bonkers?”

Sophie giggles when my girl figures out exactly what Ekert was keeping Sophie from saying out loud earlier. “She’s smart.”

“Yep.” I hand the stones back to Ekert and set my palm on Mia’s thigh. “I can numb them for the first few days if they’re sore, but after that, they will always remain sensitive. Not in a painful way but in a sensual way,” I warn her.

She manages to squirm at my words, and damn if her pretty nipples don’t stiffen to hard peaks right before my eyes.

Sophie and Ekert leave soon after showing us the stones with a promise to have them set in the next week, so whenever we’re ready to collect them all we need to do is stop by their shop.

As soon as I close the door, Mia pounces on me verbally. “Those rings will make it feel like you’re always piercing my titties, won’t they?” she challenges.

I scent her arousal as I return to squat down next to her. I wink.

“Papi!”

I chuckle. “It’s not that bad. Yes, you will be aware of them. They’ll serve as a constant reminder that you’re mine. Most of the time, they will simply sway and bounce when you move around. The hardest part is keeping your naughty fingers away from them. Only Papi gets to play with them.”

She gasps adorably. “That seems impossible.”

“You’ll learn to control yourself. As long as they are simply dangling, they will keep you in a low state of arousal.

It will become normal to you. The bigger challenge is when I lick those little holes, letting my saliva seep into your skin.”

Somehow my girl finds the strength to cover both her pretty breasts with her hands as she shoots me a glare.

We're both surprised by her instinctive movement and how accurate her aim is. Both of her small hands land on their targets.

I reach up and lower her hands to her sides before leaning forward to kiss both nipples in turn. The sweet sounds my girl emits make my cock jump in my pants. Now is not the time for my erection to come out though. Not for a few more weeks. I won't take my girl again until she recovers her strength.



## *Chapter Twenty*

*Two weeks later...*

Mia

“Can we go see Ava today, Papi?” I ask the moment I wake up on the morning after taking my first steps.

Papi sighs, but I know better than to think I’m wearing him down. There is no such thing as wearing Papi down.

I’m determined today though. He can’t keep me from Ava forever. I’m done waiting. I need to see my friend. “Please, Papi,” I beg as he changes me.

He doesn’t acknowledge my insistence. “Today we’re going to get your nipples pierced,” he declares.

I shiver at the reminder. I figured this day was coming soon. “Then can we go see Ava?”

“Then we can come back here so you can rest. Getting your little buds pierced will be stressful. You’ll need a nap afterward.”

“I won’t need a nap, Papi,” I argue even though it’s a losing battle, and I take naps every single day. Two of them still. Papi says I won’t always need two naps, but I’m still recovering from the trip.

When Papi picks me up, instead of carrying me like he has for the past two weeks, he sets me on my feet. “Let’s get your bottle.”

He pats my bottom to encourage me to head for the kitchen, but I don’t move. Instead, I cross my arms and glare at him defiantly. “I want to see Ava today.”

He lifts a brow. “Looks to me like you want a spanking before we head to Ekert’s house.”

I shake my head. “I’ll go to Ekert’s if you promise to take me to see Ava after.”

Papi tugs one of my hands free from where it covers my chest and lifts it to his lips as he squats down next to me. He has to in order for my hand to reach his mouth. He kisses the tips of my fingers before using his meanie quill to pierce each of them.

“That’s no fair, Papi,” I whine. “You’re trying to influence my mood.”

He smiles. “Is it working?”

I shake my head. “No. It’s mean. You can’t distract me. I want to see Ava. How do I know if she’s even here on this planet?”

He pierces one of my fingers again before responding. “I will never lie to you, Mia. Never. But I need you to understand that I’m not keeping you from Ava to be mean. I’m not keeping you from her at all. Ava is keeping you from Ava. No one else.”

His words make me stop breathing. Tears come to my eyes. “She doesn’t want to see me?”

Papi shakes his head. “That’s not what I said. I’m sure she does want to see you. I bet she begs Ganrax day and night, but like all Papis, Ganrax has rules and requirements.”

I gasp. “You’ve spoken to him.”

Papi nods. “Several times. Ava needs to earn the privilege of playing with her friends. When she’s ready to stop being so stubborn, Ganrax will let me know, and you two can have a playdate.”

Tears come to my eyes.

Papi pulls me into his arms and lifts me off my feet. “Don’t cry, Baby girl. Ava will be fine. I promise.”

“What if she’s not fine? What if she needs me? What if she’s sad and lonely and scared?”

“Are you sad and lonely and scared, Little one?”

I shake my head and wrap my arms around Papi’s neck. “No because I have you, and you make me feel like I’m a princess. I’m so happy with you, and I want Ava to be happy too. I’m worried about her.”

Papi kisses me before responding. “Ava is happy too, Baby girl. In her own way. She feels the same way about Ganrax as you do about me. I promise. Some Little girls just fight against their new life harder than others. She’s stubborn, but she’ll come around. I promise. Every single Little girl eventually does. The connection is powerful and impossible to deny.”

I run my fingers over the muscles on Papi’s shoulders. “You really think so?”

“I know so, Baby girl. Can you be brave for me and trust me on this one?”

I meet his gaze and stare at him for long moments, trying to decide if he would fib to me. But I know he won’t. Never. He loves me too much, and he’s told me many times he would never lie to me.

I’m making our lives difficult and probably exasperating my Papi by hounding him every day over and over. It’s not necessary. I realize he’s right. Ava really is stubborn. I know

this first hand. I'm equally sure she loves her Papi just as much as I do because it's impossible not to.

“Okay, Papi. Are you going to spank me?”

He gives me an evil grin and shakes his head. “Not today. Today I'm going to torment your pretty nipples instead.”

I squirm in his arms, squealing when he grabs my hips to lift me higher off the floor so he can latch on to one of my swollen buds with his wicked mouth. The second he pierces me, all thoughts of nagging him vanish. I moan deeply and clasp his head with both hands.

Before I know it, I'm flat on my back on his bed, and he's stripping off his pants and then my diaper. A second later, my hands are on his head again, but this time, he's not tormenting one of my nipples. This time he's suckling my clit.

My eyes roll back and I stop breathing. And then it happens. Papi pierces my clit. I come so hard and so fast that the planet stops spinning. Or maybe it spins faster.

Before I can catch my breath, Papi is above me, kissing me as if we haven't kissed in a million years even though we kissed like this several times in the past few days. We've also had sex. Three times. But not like this.

This time Papi thrusts into me so hard and fast that I come a second time around his cock.

He drops his forehead to mine, panting. “I love you so much, Mia.”

“I love you too, Papi.” I manage to breathe out through my panting. My pussy is still seizing over and over around him. His semen is working its magic too. I can't control myself when his essence is on me.

I spread my legs wider and arch my hips off the mattress. “Do it again, Papi.”

He pulls almost out and thrusts back in, rocking my world, reminding me that I'm his, and he's mine, and we're never going to be parted for any reason.

## *Chapter Twenty-One*

Mia

“Ouch.” It’s the only sound I make the moment my second nipple is pierced. I didn’t feel the first one at all. To be fair, I didn’t feel the second one either, but I heard the click of the piercing gun and knew it was over.

Papi immediately leans over me and licks one of the offended buds, making me arch my chest and moan. I would shove at him and tell him to stop tormenting me if I weren’t securely restrained to the piercing chair.

Papi chuckles and licks the other nipple before kissing me on the lips. “You better be a good girl,” he teases. “I have leverage now.”

I roll my eyes. “You’ve always had leverage, Papi.”

He chuckles. “Now I have even more.” He glances down. “Do they hurt, Baby girl? I can numb them. I don’t want you

to be in pain. You might want me to numb them for the next few days.”

“I’d rather you keep your mouth away from them,” I tell him. Already my arousal is heightened. I can tell I’m going to be tormented night and day by their presence. It’s maddening but delicious at the same time.

Would I have it any other way? Never.

As I look into Papi’s eyes, I know he’s it for me. He’s my soulmate. I’ve met three other Little girls besides Sophie too. All of them look at their Papis the way I look at mine. With a constant lust and devotion that’s reciprocated by every Papi I now know.

Some of the Little girls I’ve met struggled at first to accept their new lives. Some fought hard against what they knew was inevitable. All of them are so happy now they would never want a do over.

I take a deep breath and let it out, calm in the knowledge that Ava will get to this point to. She will be happy like me. I have to trust that and be patient. When she’s ready, I’ll be reunited with her, and one day we’ll look back on this stage in our strange lives with a new lens.

Papi bends his head to lick both my new piercings again.

“Papi,” I beg, already feeling what this is going to be like.

“Just making sure I have your attention, Baby girl.”

“Always, Papi. You will always have my undivided attention.”

I stare into his eyes and tell him everything with my gaze. He does the same. Neither of us moves for long minutes. At some point, Ekert and Sophie leave the room, giving us privacy.

When Papi finally releases me to lift me into his arms, I’m filled with so much love that a sense of immense calmness takes over my body. It’s all going to be perfect. I know it.

# *Author's Note*

Welcome to **Eleadian Mates**! I hope you're enjoying this series. **Eleadian Mates** keeps growing! Watch for more books coming soon!

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# *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.

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