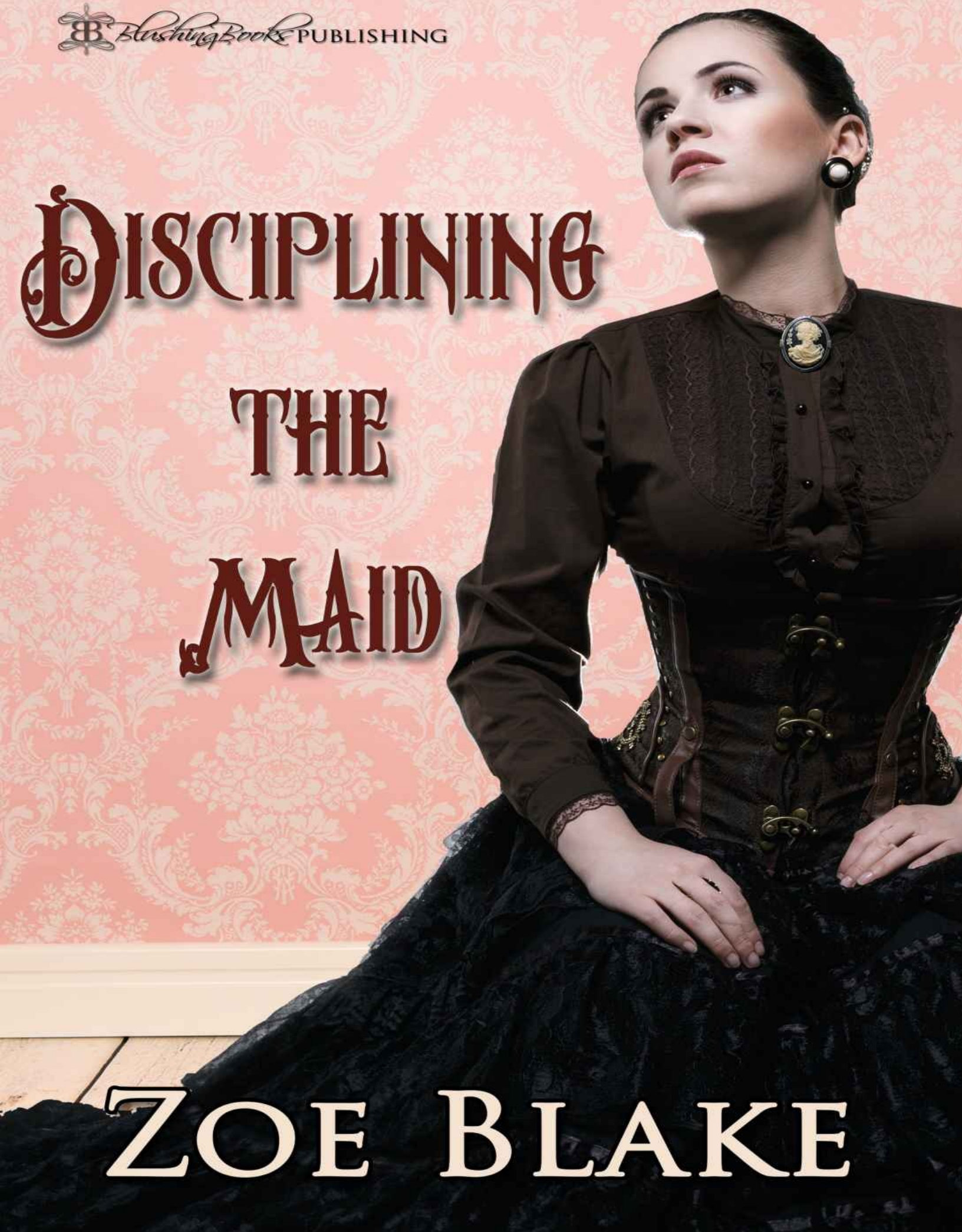
Blushing Books Publishing

Disciplining the Maid



Zoe Blake

Disciplining the Maid

By

Zoe Blake

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CHAPTER ONE

The New Maid

"We run a strict household here," huffed Mrs. Oliver as she marched up the back staircase to the servant's quarters.

“Yes, Madam,” Lily replied, following the elderly housekeeper down a long narrow hallway with small doors on both sides. Mrs. Oliver opened the third door on the left and motioned for Lily to enter.

"Your wages will be eight pounds a year plus board and a tea allowance. Male visitors will not be tolerated," Mrs. Oliver warned sternly. "You are required to attend services every Sunday evening. You will have one half day off each month. We have a small household - just myself, the butler, a cook, a footman, Lord Stockton's valet of course and you."

"Yes, Madam,” Lily dutifully answered, looking about the small room containing a bed, a bureau and a spindly chair.

"The blue uniform is for morning duties, the black for afternoons while serving tea. I expect both aprons to be crisp and clean at all times."

"Yes, Madam."

"His Lordship will determine what you shall be called when you are presented to him later this afternoon."

"Yes, Madam," answered Lily automatically. She was used to being arbitrarily renamed, as it was the custom of the aristocracy to give servants the names of their predecessors so they’d not have to learn new ones. It was how she’d come to be known as Lily. Having come straight to service from an orphanage where no one had bothered calling her by her Christian name, she’d quite forgotten it

"I understand your previous positions were with families," Mrs. Oliver droned on. "This is a bachelor household. Lord Stockton keeps later hours and

entertains more often, and as he is a member of the peerage, there will be many influential and powerful guests. Your discretion will be expected."

"Yes, Madam," Lily softly replied as she placed the small valise containing all her worldly possessions on the bed. Sadly, despite her eighteen years, she had only the dress on her back, a tattered book of romantic poems and a few underthings to call her own.

"Leave your things and come along." Mrs. Oliver interrupted Lily's musings. "His Lordship insists that all staff be cleaned inside and out before beginning work in his household." Mrs. Oliver led her back down the staircase until they came to a large room. Inside was a massive enameled cast iron tub, and at the far end and along the side wall a long table covered with a rubber mat.

With quick efficiency, Mrs. Oliver turned the spigot on the tub, then crossed to the table with the rubber mat to begin to pull out various strange looking items. Watching as steam rose from the water pouring into the tub, Lily realized this must be one of those fortunate London homes with a heated water tank on the roof, which would make her maid-of-all-work position much easier.

"Alright then, off with those clothes," instructed Mrs. Oliver as she rolled up the long sleeves of her starched dress bodice. Lily stood and stared, not sure she heard the housekeeper correctly.

"I do not like repeating myself," said Mrs. Oliver with a great deal of annoyance. "Take off that rag you call a dress."

"Yes, Madam," Lily said with trepidation, not wanting to anger the formidable housekeeper on her first day. "If I could get some privacy?"

"You are in service," barked Mrs. Oliver. "There is no such thing as privacy. Now I am fully aware you were dismissed from your last position without a reference because the housekeeper thought you were too cheeky with that quick temper of yours. You were very fortunate to find yourself having met Lordship's special requirements. Had you not, you'd be out on the street. Now get out of those things!"

Lily bit her tongue, resisting the strong urge to defend herself with the truth. She'd not been dismissed from her previous position for cheekiness. She'd been dismissed from her because the lady thought her husband was taking too much notice of Lily, although if she were honest, her temper did not help. The end result was the same – she'd been turned out without a reference, which made it next to impossible to find respectable work. Lily knew Mrs. Oliver was right; she'd been fortunate indeed to find another position. And she could not afford to lose it. Resigned, Lily slowly started to unbutton her simple linen gown.

"Every stitch," said Mrs. Oliver, her patience thin. "Don't dawdle."

Lily stood in the center of the cold room as she awkwardly tried to cover her breasts with one arm and between her legs with the other. Mrs. Oliver, ignoring the young maid's obvious embarrassment, motioned for her to walk over to the long table.

"Up on the table, on your knees," Mrs. Oliver instructed.

"Why?" asked Lily, horrified.

"Don't question your betters! Up on the table!" Mrs. Oliver grabbed Lily by the upper arm and pushed her forward. Lily climbed up and sat back on her haunches, still trying to shield her breasts.

"Down on your elbows, bum in the air!" Mrs. Oliver pressed on Lily's upper back between her shoulder blades to force her into position. "Do I need to strap you down or are you going to behave?"

Lily could not imagine why she would need to be strapped down. "I will...I will behave," she answered hesitantly. With a decisive nod, Mrs. Oliver moved to stand behind her as Lily twisted her torso to glance over her shoulder.

"Eyes straight ahead," Mrs. Oliver barked as she opened a jar of ointment. She swooped two fingers in, coating them. Pressing both thumbs into the crease between Lily's pale globes she forced her bottom cheeks open. Lily, surprised at the unexpected contact, screamed and pitched forward. Leaning on her hip and tucking her knees into her chest she stared at Mrs. Oliver with wide, startled eyes.

"Get back into position!" Mrs. Oliver snapped.

"Why did you touch me there?" Lily asked in alarm, clutching her knees to her chest. "What are you going to do?"

"I have already told you," snapped Mrs. Oliver who had clearly run out of patience. "Lord Stockton demands his staff be thoroughly cleaned inside and out. Now get back into position!"

"But what are you going to do?" Lily pressed, feeling hot tears prick her eyes. She could not afford to start off on the wrong footing with the housekeeper, but she had to know.

"I am going to give you a nice soapy enema to clean your insides," Mrs. Oliver stated, clearly not used to having to explain herself to subordinates.

"But I don't want one," whined Lily in a small voice.

"You have no choice," Mrs. Oliver said with finality. "It's this or the sack."

Lily hesitated for only a moment before tearfully getting back on her knees. Mrs. Oliver was right. She had no choice. She flinched when her butt cheeks were once again roughly spread open. A sob burst from Lily's lips at the unwelcome sensation of Mrs. Oliver's ointment-coated fingers circling her small puckered entrance. Lily clenched her fists against her mouth, stifling a frightened scream.

"Arch your back more," barked Mrs. Oliver. "Push your bum higher." She placed her left hand on the small of Lily's back and pushed down, forcing the younger woman's ass up. "I want you to bear down as I push my fingers into your bottom hole. I need to loosen you up for the nozzle." Having no idea what Mrs. Oliver meant by bearing down and frightened by the prospect of some object being pushed into her body, Lily began to shake in fear.

She felt the blunt tip of Mrs. Oliver's finger as it slowly pressed against her resisting rosebud. Squirming, Lily could feel the sensitive ring give under the unrelenting pressure as Mrs. Oliver's finger pressed in to the second knuckle. The sensation was a strange combination of slippery coolness from the ointment

and a stinging burn as her muscles were forced to accept the intrusion. When Lily squirmed in an instinctive attempt to expel the unwanted digit, Mrs. Oliver's response was an unexpected and painful open palm to Lily's exposed bare bottom. With a cry, Lily collapsed flat on the table, dislodging Mrs. Oliver's finger.

"Oh, you naughty girl," exclaimed Mrs. Oliver. "Get back into position!" Another bare-handed smack to her bottom had Lily scrambling to get back onto her knees. "Get back into position, *now*!" Mrs. Oliver relentlessly peppered Lily's poor bottom with smacks until a sobbing Lily was once again on her knees.

"I'm sorry," wailed Lily as the distinct outline of the housekeeper's handprint bloomed across the expanse of one pale cheek and upper thigh. "I'm sorry. I'll try harder. Please don't sack me!"

"I am finished with being nice and gentle with you," announced Mrs. Oliver. "You are being a naughty girl who does not deserve all the patience I have shown." The head housekeeper's words only made Lily cry harder. Mrs. Oliver ruthlessly grabbed Lily's butt cheeks and stretched them wide, forcing the small puckered hole to tightly clench. Without applying more ointment, Mrs. Oliver viciously pushed against Lily's back passage using two fingers this time, allowing Lily's cheeks to close over her fisted hand as she twisted and pushed her fingers deeper into Lily's bowels, pressing her left hand against one of Lily's burning cheeks for purchase.

Lily was in agony; the skin on her bottom tightened and burned as her buttocks began to swell from the quick but fierce spanking she had just received. She could feel Mrs. Oliver's fingers deep inside her bum as her muscles stretched and clenched trying to accommodate and expel the intrusion all at once.

"Oh! Please, that hurts!" Lily exclaimed trying to tuck her hips under to avoid the invasive fingers.

"Stop shifting around or I will give your bum another spanking!" Mrs.

Oliver pumped her fingers in and out of Lily's tight passage, twisting and turning them to help spread the ointment. Lily let out a plaintive whine as she strained not to shift around. Satisfied, the ointment was spread sufficiently, Mrs. Oliver replaced her fingers with the tip of the enema nozzle. Lily started to cry when she felt the hard, cold nozzle begin its penetration. Despite its tapered edge, it scraped along her sensitive insides, her tight rosebud stinging and stretching as the nozzle neared its wider base.

"Please go more slowly," pleaded Lily, breathing hard through the discomfort.

"I do not have all day for this, missy!" Mrs. Oliver angrily shoved the final inch into Lily's bottom causing the poor girl to yelp in fright and pain as she buried her face in her hands. Lily could sense movement behind her as Mrs. Oliver prepared the enema bag. There was a tug on the nozzle as Mrs. Oliver connected the long tube that would push the hot soapy water into Lily's bowels, then there was a long, torturous pause before Lily heard a click. Moments later, warm water pushed into her bottom. She held her breath, trying to become accustomed to the strange sensation. As the water continued to flow, Lily could feel her abdomen expanding even as her muscles began to contract and cramp amid the growing pressure. Lily groaned as she rocked from side to side, trying to alleviate the pain. Her belly slowly distended as the unrelenting flow of soapy water continued.

"One more quart," announced Mrs. Oliver ominously.

"No. I can't," pleaded Lily in her humiliation. "It hurts. Please no more."

"There is plenty of nastiness around London these days," Mrs. Oliver stated emphatically. We need to clean it all out of you before you start in Lord Stockton's service." She opened Lily's cheeks and pushed the nozzle in more securely. Lily groaned as her belly continued to expand as wave after wave of punishing cramps wracked her body. Her natural response of clenching her buttocks with each punishing cramp only caused the soreness from the spanking

to further radiate across her red, swollen cheeks. Lily's skin glowed with a fresh, sheen of sweat as she struggled with the pain.

"Very good!" Mrs. Oliver's voice cut through Lily's haze of misery. “A full two quarts. You stay put as I check on your bath." Mrs. Oliver detached the tube from the enema bag and let it dangle between Lily's legs. After what seemed like hours, she returned to Lily's side, placing a restraining hand on Lily’s lower back as she firmly grasped the nozzle.

"Deep breath and bear down."

As the nozzle popped out of her abused, puckered hole, Lily struggled to clench her cheeks to hold in the offending liquid, so as not to embarrass herself any further. Mrs. Oliver helped her gingerly climb down from the rubber mat table and gestured to the water closet just off to the side. Lily returned to the main room afterwards feeling wrung out and sore and looking forward to sinking into the bath. As she headed in that direction, a hand on her upper arm stopped her.

"Not so fast," admonished Mrs. Oliver. "We still have to rinse you out." Lily's knees buckled as Mrs. Oliver dragged her back to the table. Once again, Lily felt cold and exposed as she was forced to kneel on the table, slick from her own sweat and tears.

"Now that you know what to expect you can help out," Mrs. Oliver instructed. "Reach back and open your butt cheeks nice and wide so I can push in the nozzle. Quickly now. We do not have all day."

Tears fell from Lily's already swollen eyes as she reached back and pulled open her own cheeks. Being forced her to participate in the violation of her own body made the whole thing even more intolerable, but she had no choice. It was this job or the streets. After suffering through a second warm water rinse enema, Lily was finally allowed to sink into the soothing bath. Mrs. Oliver handed her a bathing cloth and some Castile soap. Lily – being only used to cold water hip baths - had never been in a tub large enough to submerge her whole body. It felt like pure heaven, but Lily knew Mrs. Oliver would be

displeased if she lingered, so she quickly lathered up the bathing cloth and vigorously began to scrub her arms, legs and face in a way she instinctively knew would make Mrs. Oliver happy.

"Your hair too. There is a pitcher of vinegar and rose water to your right."

Lily dutifully washed her hair. When she was finished, Mrs. Oliver approached the tub. "Stand up." Lily obeyed even though she felt self-conscience as Mrs. Oliver gestured for her to turn around.

"Bend over and grasp the edge of the tub," said Mrs. Oliver in a no nonsense tone.

Fearing the worse, Lily whimpered as she dutifully followed Mrs. Oliver's instructions. She felt the harsh scrape of the bathing cloth as it was forced between her legs. Lily cried out and tried to move away which earned her a stinging smack to her naked buttock.

"Stay still," Mrs. Oliver admonished as she scrubbed Lily's cunny and bottom hole. By the time Lily was permitted to exit the tub she was numb and worn out. Mrs. Oliver wrapped her in a course dressing gown and placed her in front of a small fireplace for her hair to dry.

"Nice and clean," Mrs. Oliver beamed proudly. "We will do this once a week on Sunday to keep you that way. Now stay put till I come and get you."

Mrs. Oliver left, leaving Lily to ponder what she had just learned. Believing the enema and intimate scrubbing to be isolated incidents had been the only thing that had gotten her through them. How could she possibly go through this every week? She then reminded herself that Lord Stockton paid an exorbitant two pounds a year over the standard salary and an extra two pounds was a fortune she could not afford to turn away from, no matter the cost to her pride.

CHAPTER TWO

Intimate Inspection

Lily struggled to balance the heavy silver tea tray as she made her way to the front parlor. She was freshly dressed in her afternoon uniform - a long, black dress with three-quarter length sleeves edged with lace, a crisp white apron, and a small lace cap pinned above a tight chignon. She concentrated on keeping her back straight and eyes forward as she entered the room, standing quietly till his Lordship acknowledged her presence and instructed her as to where he wanted his tea.

Lily covertly studied him from across the room. He was reading in a chair by the fire and had not noticed her entrance. Lord Stockton was much younger than she expected. Most of the titled gentlemen she had worked for in the past had been old and fat.

Despite his seated position, it was obvious from the long legs stretched out before him that her new employer was quite tall. And judging by his strong profile he was handsome, with his wavy dark brown hair and clean-shaven jaw. Lily wondered at the color of his eyes. With her musings, she became distracted and almost dropped the heavy tray which clattered loudly in the silent room. His Lordship looked up. She felt like a bird caught in a predator's site. His eyes were a piercing crystal blue and refused to relinquish her gaze as he indicated with a wave of his hand where to place the tray. Lily nodded and slowly approached, unable to avoid the tray rattling in her shaking hands as she placed it on the small table in front of him and quickly stood back, locking her hands behind her back in an effort to hide her fear at his overwhelming presence.

"Will that be all, my Lord?" Lily asked barely above a whisper. He did not answer directly but looked her up and down. Lily tried not to fidget under his perusal as she stood there biting her lip, willing herself not to blush any

hotter.

"Pour.” His voice was dark and rich, almost a growl. She jumped to do his bidding, wincing as the tea cup shook.

"Sugar and cream, my Lord?" she asked breathlessly, feeling a sudden urgency to escape the room radiating with his masculine energy.

"Yes." The short gravely response making her drop the sugar spoon she was holding with a clatter. Lily took a deep breath and tried not to think about the intense eyes she could feel watching her. She finished preparing his tea and once again stood back at a safe distance, desperately waiting to be dismissed.

Mrs. Oliver had outdone herself this time, he thought. Lord Randolph Stockton, Rand to his peers, was a powerful member of the ton, who often entertained in his home. Employing a handsome staff reflected his wealth and status. Servants usually came into London from the countryside, which meant they lacked refinement both in their manners and bone structure, so he’d taxed Mrs. Oliver with the difficult task of finding female servants who were comely. This new one far exceeded his expectations with her slight stature. The silver tea set looked as if it weighed more than her.

Despite her small frame, the new maid had generous curves, especially her breasts which were high and full. As she bent over to prepare his tea, her dress pressed against the curve of her backside. Plenty to fill a man's hand, he noted. Soft brown eyes dominated her face's delicate features but he was particularly drawn to her mouth. He could easily imagine his cock stretching those cute pink lips as she struggled to take him deep. Lord Stockton reached for the cup of tea, the movement masking his right hand as he adjusted his growing cock. The girl had barely walked into the room and already he was primed with sexual need.

"What is your name?" he asked, his voice low and harsh with arousal.

"Mrs. Oliver said you would determine what I should be called, my Lord," Lily answered demurely, never taking her eyes off the floor. Lord Stockton smiled at the subservient response. *God, he wanted her on her knees.*

"What are you currently called?" His casual question belying his turbulent emotions.

"Lily."

"Lily." Rand tested the name on his tongue. “I believe that suits you. Lily it will be."

"Yes, my Lord,” she answered respectfully.

"Did Mrs. Oliver give you a thorough washing before you started service?" he asked studying her reaction carefully. Lily's cheeks flamed an adorable dark pink, showing her mortification at Mrs. Oliver's ministrations. She could not form the words to answer her employer.

"Lily." Lord Stockton's voice was deceptively soft and quiet. “I asked you a question." His growing frustration at her failure to respond showed in the icy depths of his eyes.

"Ah....yes...yes, my Lord,” Lily stammered, her cheeks flaming hotter. Rand noticed how prettily her cheeks blushed and could not help thinking how precious that same blush would look on a hidden pair of cheeks. He took a sip of tea, deliberately making her wait, knowing it would increase her awareness of him.

"Yes, what?" he prodded.

"I'm sorry....I...I don't understand the question." Lily's nervous hands twisted in the front folds of her apron, hopelessly wrinkling it.

"I want you to tell me what Mrs. Oliver specifically washed," Lord Stockton answered, enjoying the nervous shiver that coursed through her body. "I need to know she was thorough."

Lily wondered if it was possible to die of shame. "She gave me a bath.” At his raised eyebrow, she continued more softly than before. "And an enema."

"Speak up, my dear," Rand said, savoring every moment of her obvious distress. He resolved in that moment to always make her blush around him. Her cheeks glowed bright giving her face the most adorable, child-like animation.

"She gave me a bath and a...an enema, my Lord," responded Lily as she

swiped at a single tear coursing down her cheek.

"Show me," he commanded.

"Show you?" Lily repeated, shocked.

He gestured to the plush chair across from him. "Bend over the cushion of that chair, placing one hand on the seat."

"But my Lord!" Lily tried to protest.

"Do it now or gather your things and leave my employment." His voice carried a startling air of finality as he put down his tea cup and reached to pick up his reading. It looked to all the world as if he could care less if she complied. Little did Lily know she truly did not have a choice. She had awoken something in him and he was prepared to force her over the chair if she did not do as he commanded. Either way, he would get what he wanted.

She approached the chair as if it were the gallows and bent over the seat, resting one hand in the center.

"Good girl," Rand said. "Use your other hand to lift your skirts." Fresh tears formed in Lily's eyes at this new humiliation but doing as she was told, she reached back and haltingly raised her skirt.

"Higher," he barked. She jumped at the stern command, but raised her skirts higher and waited. She heard him slowly rise from his chair and approach her from behind. Grabbing a handful of her skirt and petticoats, he ruthlessly pushed them up past her waist, exposing her linen covered backside.

"Lean down on both elbows and spread your legs," he ordered.

"Please, sir," Lily whimpered. "I'm a good girl. I'm untouched. Please don't...please don't..." She could not finish the sentence through choking sobs muffled by the plush cushion of the chair.

"Hush, baby. Don't worry," Rand cooed soothingly. "Your maidenhead is safe." He reached around her waist and pulled the strings on her drawers, letting them fall to her ankles. Noticing the red handprints on her pale white cheeks, he traced the outline of one with the tip of his finger.

"So what did you do to deserve a spanking from Mrs. Oliver?" he asked,

admiring the housekeeper's handiwork.

Lily unwillingly replied, "I tried to move away while she was washing me."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," Rand admonished as he continued to gently trace each red welt with his finger. "It will not be your last spanking in my household if you do not behave." Lily's mind reeled not only from the implications of what he just said, but from the touch of his hand on her bare bottom.

"I'm going to part your bum and inspect Mrs. Oliver's work," he said calmly as he took a generous cheek in each hand and forced them apart. "You must try very hard not to move about or I will get angry."

He now had an unobstructed view of her little puckered hole with a faint red outline from the abuse it took from the enema nozzle. He smiled as he watched it tremble and clench under his scrutiny. Rand pressed the pad of his thumb against it. Lily started at the contact and began to whimper.

"Settle down," Rand said sternly, applying more pressure on her back entrance with his thumb. "You don't want another spanking so soon, do you?" Lily shook her head, too frightened and embarrassed to form an answer. He slowly moved his thumb in counterclockwise circles, testing her.

"Was it your first enema?" Lord Stockton asked as he used the edge of his thumbnail to softly scratch at her sensitive ring, delighting in how it quivered.

"Yes, my Lord," she answered, her voice hoarse from tears.

"How did it feel having so much soapy water pushed into your poor bottom?" he continued casually, still stimulating her rosebud with his thumb.

"It hurt, my Lord," Lily answered truthfully. "There was so much pressure. I wasn't sure if I could take it."

"But you did take it," Lord Stockton said almost as if he himself had willed it. "Like a good girl. You let Mrs. Oliver fill your bottom and now you are all nice and clean."

"Yes, my Lord," she softly agreed. Her whole body began to shake from

too much strain. He was a lord - a member of the ton and her employer. Saying no was not an option...to anything he asked.

He moved his index finger to the entrance of her pussy, smiling when he encountered warm wetness. Rand felt Lily stiffen and heard her sharp intake of breath.

"Relax, my dear," he said with a calming hand to her lower back. "I do not employ harlots. I am merely testing the truthfulness of your claim."

He moved the hand on her lower back in a soothing circular motion, then without further warning, he pushed his finger deep inside her tight passage. Lily yelped in surprise. Steadying her with his left hand, Rand forced his right middle finger deeper till he felt her virgin barrier. Lily thought she would feel nothing but mortification at his intimate touch but that was not entirely the case. She felt warm and lightheaded, like she couldn't take a deep breath. Her breasts pressed against the confines of her uniform.

Sweat broke out on Rand' brow as he sought to control his lust. He removed his hand from her lower back to palm his hard cock through his trousers. His cock was inches away from her wet pussy and he hungered to bury it deep inside her. It was a miracle after at least nine or ten years in service she was still a virgin. Like most men in his position, he saw nothing wrong in fucking the staff. From the time of his maturity, maids had been throwing themselves at him - always game for a laugh or a quick fuck in the back stairwell.

He knew Lily would be different; she may even be the one. He had been searching for a female who was the perfect combination of innocence and sensuality, one who would bow to his particular dominant needs to treat a subservient woman like his very own little one. He would need to take his time with her. It was intoxicating to think he may have finally found his perfect little one. Rand could feel the shivers coursing through her body as he stroked her cunny. He knew he had to stop before he released his cock and fucked her bent over a chair in the parlor. He removed his finger and flipped her skirt down.

"You may go," he growled, summarily dismissing her.

Flustered, Lily stepped out of her drawers and quickly swiped them into the hidden pocket of her uniform as she practically ran from the room. As he watched her flee, he brought his dew soaked finger to his mouth, tasting her. *Yes, he thought, Mrs. Oliver had outdone herself this time.*

CHAPTER THREE

His Lordship's Bedroom

After her harrowing and confusing first meeting with Lord Stockton, Lily was relieved when Mrs. Oliver instructed her to clean the upper level rooms. There was much to accomplish before his Lordship retired to his chambers to change for an evening out at his club. Servants were expected to finish their work and not be underfoot when their employers entered a room.

There were three bedrooms including his Lordship's, and Lily needed to change all the bed linens, shake out the drapes, dust the furniture and clean the fireplaces. In larger households, this work would be divided up between multiple maids but since this was a smaller bachelor household, it was up to her.

After several hours, Lily could see the setting sun outside the window and knew she needed to hurry. She was in his bedroom, which she had saved for last once she'd worked up the courage to enter the intimate domain. Like its inhabitant, it was imposing, with a massive four poster bed dominating the room and two heavy plush chairs in a deep royal blue with gold piping in front of a large black marble fireplace. There was a small door that led into his dressing room and water closet. Everything was big, dark and masculine...like him. Lily had completed all her tasks but the dusting which she was furiously doing around the various figurines on the mantle when someone spoke.

"Hello, little one."

Lily startled at the sudden sound of his deep voice in the quiet of the room. She swung her arm catching the edge of a vase she had been cleaning. Almost in slow motion, she watched as it crashed to the floor. Falling to her knees, Lily tried in vain to gather up the small shards of glass. Rand was instantly by her side, hauling her up and away from the dangerous shards.

"Careful, you little fool," he said harshly as he hauled her into the safety

of his arms, away from the shattered glass. "Do you want to cut yourself?" Rand had been enjoying the view of her pert bottom shimmying as she dusted the mantle. He had not intended to startle her - quite the opposite. Despite their very short acquaintance, she fascinated him with her innocent submissive nature; it spoke to his primal need to dominate and control. When she obediently bent over the chair in the parlor, scared and vulnerable and too guileless to even express her worst fear, she had him awoken the predator in him.

"You have fallen behind in your duties," Rand teased. "You should have long been finished with my rooms and now you have broken a very expensive vase worth at least fifty pounds." He studied her scared and crestfallen expression carefully. Rand placed a hand under her chin and forced her to meet his piercing gaze. "Do you have fifty pounds?"

Lily wrenched out of his grasp and, panicking, she blurted out,"It was your fault! If you had not scared the wits out of me I would not have broken your stupid vase!" Lily stamped her foot and pouted, watching in alarm as the teasing warmth in his eyes vanished to be replaced with cold, hard anger.

"Tell me, Lily…" His voice low, which she was quickly learning did not bode well for her. "Do you have a problem with my entering my own chambers in my own home?" The final word ended in a shout as he leaned in close.

Lily vigorously shook her head "no".

"You are new to my employ so perhaps you do not realize that I run a strict household," he said, walking forward and forcing Lily to take a step back in retreat. "I do not tolerate insolence or incompetence."

Each word was punctuated with a step forward until Lily's back hit the wall. Rand placed his forearms high above her head, caging her in, his great frame towered over her slight one. Leaning down, he whispered in her ear. "You are guilty of both and must be disciplined."

In her fear, Lily tried to jerk her head away from the warmth of his breath on her neck. He responded by clamping his teeth down on the soft flesh of her ear.

"Don't move," he said through clenched teeth, painfully biting down on her earlobe. Lily whimpered as she tentatively placed her hands against the heat of his chest in a silent plea for him to relent.

"I am truly very sorry, my Lord," she pleaded. "I promise nothing like this will ever happen again."

He released her earlobe but not before licking the hurt away. "Oh, I intend to make certain it will not occur again."

Lily watched as he took a step back shrugging out of his coat and began to unbutton the cuffs of his shirtsleeves. Recalling him mentioning spankings earlier that day in the parlor, she wondered - did he mean to spank her…or worse? Rand finished rolling up his sleeves and was now facing her with steely determination.

"Take off your petticoats and drawers," he commanded. "They will only get in my way."

Lily sagged against the wall, nearly fainting. "Please...," she cried, raising a restraining hand, which Rand caught as he pulled her against his chest. He gripped her chin and leaned in close.

"Save your begging for later," he breathed against her lips. "Now remove them or I will remove them for you." Giving her a hard look, he once again stepped back to give her room to comply. Lily did not pause to think, she ran hell for leather for the open door.

It slammed shut the moment she reached it. Lily looked up to see his strong hand, tan and dusted with dark hair, resting against it. She could feel his heat against her back as his left hand gripped her waist. Lily was in a full panic now; she swung right and bit the fleshy part of his upper forearm. He roared in anger and pain and when he instinctively released his grip, Lily darted across the room, trying to reach the dressing room door. Rand was on her heels in less than a moment. She felt an arm circle her waist like a band of steel, hauling her back against his solid body just as she reached the threshold.

"Please, please! I'm sorry!" Lily screeched as she desperately clawed at

the arm holding her captive. "I promise, this isn't like me!" She struggled, trying to dislodge his arm as he lifted her small frame off the ground and swung her back into the room. Even an innocent such as Lily could not mistake the hard ridge pressing insistently against her lower back.

Rand kept his strong grip on her waist. Breathing heavily, he could feel the blood pumping into his cock. He wanted to force her down onto her hands and knees and fuck her violently from behind like an animal. But he reined in his lust and anger. Not only would fucking her on the floor possibly ruin his end game where she was concerned, there was a very real chance he would tear her. Lily's tight virginal passage would be no match for his thick cock if he rammed it into her body without mercy. Rand used his free hand to grip Lily from behind by the throat, not enough to cut off her air, but enough to get her full attention.

"I want you to listen very carefully to me." His breath coming in harsh bursts against her ear. "You are going to remove your petticoats and drawers. You are going to bare that impertinent little bottom for the roasting it now richly deserves," he commanded, very much the imposing aristocrat. "Nod if you understand me."

Lily tentatively nodded her head, giving in to a small whimper.

"If you so much as think of running from me again, I will give in to my baser needs." Rand punctuated his threat with a thrust of his hips, pushing his hard cock against Lily's soft flesh.

The uncharacteristic fight, brought on by panic, had left her. The moment he released her, Lily obediently lifted her skirt and untied her petticoats letting them fall to the floor followed by her drawers. Tears swam in her eyes. He turned and took a seat in one of the plush chairs in front of the fireplace, motioning for her to approach him.

"Place yourself over my knee," he ordered.

"Please don't," Lily said in a small, defeated voice.

"Do not make me any angrier than I already am, little one," he warned,

and Lily was strangely placated by the odd endearment. Knowing she could either do it on her own or be forced, Lily draped herself awkwardly over his lap, sobbing into her hands when she felt him lift her skirt to expose her naked backside. The red marks from Mrs. Oliver's spanking earlier that morning had faded. Rand stroked her left nether cheek with his right open palm.

"I am doing this for your own good," he scolded. "You must learn to be more obedient." Lord Stockton raised his hand. The first stinging smack sounded like a whip crack in the silent room. Lily screamed in surprise and pain. Pausing only to watch as a perfect red hand print appeared on her white buttock cheek, Rand laid a volley of smacks on each cheek indiscriminately.

"Stop! Stop!" Lily tearfully wailed. She tried to reach back, but he grabbed both her wrists in his large hand and held them against her back. Lily's bum jiggled and swayed with each blistering hit. She kicked and screamed, but the relentless punishment went on. Rand paid particular attention to her sit-spot and upper-thighs, appreciating the rosy glow that began to form there.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Lily sobbed. “I’ll never do it again! Please!"

The sound of each stinging slap echoed through the room. Her bottom was throbbing and hot as he forced his hand between her legs with his palm cupping her sit-spot. Rand could feel the heat radiating from her skin, but it was the wetness from her cunny that pleased him most. He had been correct; Lily was a submissive, though she was probably too innocent to even know it.

Lily was too upset to even realize the punishment had stopped. It was not until she felt two of his fingers pushing their way into her tight passage she became aware. She started to raise her torso as she squeezed her legs tight.

"Shhh....lay back down," he commanded as he pushed her back across his lap. "Despite your initially running from me," he gently admonished, "you took your punishment like a good girl and I am going to reward you." He slowly pumped his fingers in and out of her wet cunny. Lily squirmed and mewed but did not try to resist. Rand increased the rhythm as he placed the pad of his thumb over her tiny puckered hole and pressed, applying gentle pressure till her

resisting sphincter gave and his thumb slipped in past the knuckle. Lily yelped and shot up.

"Not there! Take it out!" she pleaded, hating the foreign feeling of having his thumb in her bottom, stretching open the small rosebud.

He ignored her, burying both fingers into her pussy and his thumb into her ass until he felt her breath hitch and her hips move. Knowing Lily was close to coming, he increased the rhythm of his fingers, pushing deeper.

Lily thought she might pass out. She couldn't catch her breath, having never experienced anything like this before. The spanking had sensitized her skin, making it feel hot and tingly. She could feel her pulse between her legs, the sensation coming in waves till it crested and overtook her. Lily screamed her release and fell limp across his lap, breathing heavily.

Rand stroked her crimson buttocks before allowing her to rise. Grabbing her petticoats and drawers, Lily shyly glanced back at him before fleeing without saying a word.

Rand watched her go, resisting the urge to capture her anew, to bury his cock deep into her pussy. But didn't want to rush her. Initiating Lily into the type of passion he would demand required patience. He wanted her to feel the intense release that only came after completely relinquishing control. It was a thrilling thought - to train an innocent young woman with no sexual experience to only come through complete submission. He craved to control every aspect of her body, mind and soul while protecting her childish innocence.

Rand knew in the vulnerable but spirited little maid, he’d found a rare complement to his unique tastes. She had awakened his primal instincts to protect, fuck and dominate.

CHAPTER FOUR

Call Me Papa

Lily raced down from the upper level servant's quarters to below stairs where the servants broke their fast. She was terribly late. Mrs. Oliver was going to be furious. Lily had lain awake most of the night replaying what happened in his Lordship's rooms. She still did not quite understand her body's response. She'd even tried to replicate the motion of his fingers in the dark of her room under the covers, but did not feel the same pulsing heat. There was just something about *him*. She'd finally drifted off into a confused slumber in the wee hours and had overslept for the first time since she'd entered service. She burst into the room just as the other servants were clearing away the remnants of their morning tea and bread.

"Lily. In my room," Mrs. Oliver ordered. Lily reluctantly obeyed.

"Are you under the impression you should enjoy special privileges under this roof?" Mrs. Oliver asked angrily. "That you may break your fast whenever you please?"

"No, Madam," Lily whispered her eyes downcast.

"Speak up child!"

"No, Madam," Lily answered more loudly this time. "I am dreadfully sorry. It will not happen again."

"It most certainly will not or you will find yourself turned out without a reference - again," Mrs. Oliver countered with a huff. "Now, to make certain it does not happen again…"

Lily watched in horror as Mrs. Oliver produced a birch switch.

"Oh please don't switch me! Please don't. I couldn't bear it!" Lily cried.

"You have broken the rules and must be punished," Mrs. Oliver continued as if Lily had not spoken. "You are late for your duties."

"But Lord Stockton..."

"Do not dare bring his Lordship into this conversation, you silly girl," Mrs. Oliver angrily countered. "Now lift your skirt and place your hands on the end of my desk before you make it worse for yourself."

With a sob, Lily lifted her skirt and bent at the waist, squeezing her eyes shut when she felt her linen drawers being forced down to the top of her thighs, exposing her already bruised and red backside.

"I see you saw the better side of his Lordship's hand yesterday," smirked Mrs. Oliver. "Silly girl. You will soon learn to behave and do your work or I fear you will spend most of your employment bent over with vulnerable buttocks."

Mrs. Oliver raised the switch and prepared to administer her standard five switches. The girl was of no use to her if she was incapacitated for the rest of the day with welts and pain. Mrs. Oliver felt five got the message through while allowing the recalcitrant servant to go about their work. Lily's whole body began to shake in fear, her butt cheeks clenched tight in anticipation of the pain.

"Relax your cheeks."

The switch made a terrible whooshing sound before landing squarely in the middle of Lily's bum. She screeched in agony from the awful hot sting as a red welt appeared almost instantly. Mrs. Oliver swiftly added four more slashing welts, careful not to overlap, for she had no interest in causing the girl to bleed. Lily started to choke on her own sobs as she clutched her balled up skirt and petticoats to her chest as a feeble form of protection.

"Stop your bawling, girl," an irritated Mrs. Oliver commanded. "No silly girl died of a good switching. Now straighten your drawers and go prepare his Lordship's morning tray."

Lily hissed as the linen of her drawers scraped against the welts on her backside. After casting Mrs. Oliver a mournful look, she headed back into the kitchen to do as she was bid. Taking the morning tray from cook, she reluctantly

made her way to Lord Stockton' chambers.

Rand was in bed reading the *London Times* morning edition when Lily arrived. He watched her approach with the heavy tray and bade her to place it on the table by the bed. He smiled when he noticed the prettiest blush on her cheeks, knowing it was from the memory of her naughty girl punishment the previous night.

"Lily, look at me," he demanded.

She kept her head down but peeked at him through her eyelashes. What she saw made her blush even hotter and cast her eyes quickly back down. Lord Stockton was naked from the waist up with the bedcovers running low over his hips. Lily had never seen a man's bare chest before and was shocked by the broad and muscled expanse of it. It made him look even more powerful. She heard him get out of bed and approach her. Rand used his index finger to tilt her chin up.

"I want you to look at me, little one," he said, his voice taking on a low, soothing pitch. "All of me." He took a step back and waited. Lily slowly lowered her eyes past his face and chest before she turned her head away in embarrassment.

"If you don't look at my cock right now I will put you on your knees to make sure you get a good look," Rand commanded, knowing Lily needed a strong, firm hand to force her to recognize her own sensuality.

Startled, Lily looked at the thing thrusting out from between his legs. She was not so innocent that she did not know men were different from women *down there*, but having never seen a man's member before, the first look was frightening. It had a large, bulbous tip and looked long and hard jutting out between his thighs amid a nest of dark hair. She took a step back, but he grabbed her by the upper arm and forced her closer.

"Take it in your hand," he ordered gruffly. When Lily hesitated, he grabbed her hand and guided it to his cock, forcing her to grasp it. It felt hot and surprisingly soft, like polished wood covered in silk. Her small hand could not

even close around its girth.

"One day soon I will be putting my cock in your body."

Lily shook her head and tried again to take a step back. This time he let her, chuckling as he turned his attention to his tray, unconcerned with his nakedness. Lily's mind whirled with a mixture of confusion and curiosity. She stole a quick glance at his naked buttocks before once again staring at the floor, desperately waiting to be dismissed so she could sort out her conflicting emotions in solitude.

"Lily, my dear, it seems we have a problem," Rand turned a questioning brow on her. "You have forgotten the cream for my tea."

"I'm sorry, my Lord." Dismayed, Lily tried to explain. "Cook prepared the tray. I...I thought everything was in order. I will go and fetch your cream." She turned to leave, relieved to escape his masculine, naked presence.

"Don't move," he said.

Lily froze halfway to the door, having learned her lesson the previous night about trying to escape him. She felt his heat against her back. Lord Stockton placed a hand on her waist and as he leaned in to whisper in her ear, memories of their last encounter assailed her, causing her whole body to flush and tingle.

"Once again, I find you derelict in your duties," he whispered softly as if it were an endearment. "I fear you must be punished. It is the only way you will learn."

Lily whimpered softly as tears rolled down her cheeks. She did not want to be placed over his knee again. Her bottom still hurt from the spanking she'd received at his hands the day before, not to mention the switching she just endured from Mrs. Oliver.

"Shhh....little one," he said as he stroked the side of her neck with the back of his hand. "I promise if you are a good girl for your punishment, I will give you a treat in the end."

"Please, sir," she begged still not facing him. "Just let me go get the

cream for your tea."

"Oh, I'll still have cream with my tea," he chuckled.

Rand gently took Lily by the shoulders and turned her so that her back was facing the end of the bed. He lifted her under the arms and placed her bum on the edge.

"Lay back."

When she hesitated, he gave her a warning look. Lily laid back. Rand grasped her ankles and placed her feet on the edge of the bed, forcing her knees up as he spread her legs.

"Pull your skirt and petticoats up," he ordered. "Expose that pretty pussy to me."

Lily started to openly cry but did as she was bid, slowly grasping the full material into her hands and pulling it up and over her knees. Rand could see her pussy lips peeking through the long slit in her drawers. Taking a handful of the thin linen material in each hand, he ripped her drawers in half, fully exposing her cunny. Lily cried out and desperately tried to push her skirt between her legs to shield herself.

"Move your hands again and I will tie you to the bed."

Lily stilled in fear.

"Lift up your ass and place your hands underneath so you will not be tempted," Rand commanded and she obeyed. He took his time admiring her pussy - cute pink petals covered in soft downy hair. He decided he would have to see about shaving it so she would be smooth and bare for him. Rand spread the pink lips to expose her swollen clit which glistened with her dew. He could see a few red welts peeking out on the lower curve of her pert bottom cheeks - no doubt Mrs. Oliver's handiwork.

Again he found himself marveling. What an adorable little submissive she was.

"I'm going to spank your pretty little pussy," he announced, desire deepening his voice to a dark timbre.

"Oh God! Please, please, please don't," Lily pleaded through sobs. "Please! I promise I will be good. Please don't spank my...my...please don't spank me *there*!"

"Call me ‘Papa’ when you beg,” he corrected, barely restraining his own need to plunge his cock deep into the tight pussy so helplessly displayed before him.

"What?" Lily asked confused and upset.

"Call me ‘Papa’ when you beg,” he repeated.

"Please...Papa...don't spank me,” she stuttered and he smiled. Rand liked when she called him Papa. He would make her call him that from now on when they were alone.

"Say it again," he demanded, wanting to hear the name come out of that cute, doll-like mouth.

"Please, Papa,” cried Lily.

"Sorry, little one," he said in a tone implying he was not the least bit apologetic. "What kind of Papa would I be if I did not discipline my little girl when she was bad?"

"But I'm not your...," Lily ended her sentence with a howl as the first smack to her vulnerable pussy came. Oh god, how it stung!

Rand continued with a steady stream of smacks, each more painful than the last, each one hitting her soft cunny lips. Lily thrashed her head from side to side and tried to raise her hips to escape the pain.

"Hips down,” he barked. Rand took one hand and separated her petals, exposing her clit and began to spank the swollen bundle of nerves in earnest. Lily wailed in hurt and humiliation. Her pussy pulsed and ached; each stinging slap was more painful than the last as his strong hand continued to punish her.

"No! No! No!” she moaned.

"Beg your Papa to stop punishing you."

"Please stop, Papa! Please stop, Papa!" Lily wept.

"Did my little girl learn her lesson?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Does my sweet Lily want her reward for being such a good girl during her spanking?"

"Yes, Papa," she answered weakly, worn out from the pain and crying.

Rand knelt between her legs. Lily whimpered when he once again spread her petals but this time he placed a soft kiss on her clit. She jumped at the sensation on the swollen and highly sensitive nub of flesh. She whimpered as Rand gently swirled his tongue around the base then applied pressure to the top. She began to squirm and Rand pushed two fingers into her tight, wet passage as he continued to tongue her clit in slow circles. Knowing her poor cunny would be swollen, Rand kept his fingers inside of her, not thrusting, but gently twisting and turning. The tingling heat from her pussy spanking began to spread a different kind of warmth. Eyes closed, Lily held her breath as the warm pressure built. She arched her back and screamed as light burst behind her eyelids. She felt dizzy and lightheaded, as if she were floating.

As Lily lay on his bed spent, Rand retrieved a wooden box from his dressing cabinet. He took out a specially crafted anal plug about one inch wide and two inches long. When he'd seen it in a particular shop in London several months earlier, he'd known he would not regret its purchase, or the acquisition of several larger ones from the set.

"I'm going to give my little one something that will help her focus and remember her Papa today," he said as he approached the bed, showing Lily the strange oblong object. "Stay very still."

Rand opened a jar of ointment and scooped a generous amount on two fingers. Spreading open her butt cheeks, he ignored the plaintive whimpers from Lily as he swirled the ointment over her puckered hole. Lily grasped handfuls of the bedcovers and tried to stay obediently still. Rand pressed one finger against her hidden passage and Lily clenched, trying to force it closed, but her small puckered hole relented under the pressure of his strong finger. Rand pushed it in fully as Lily groaned in mortification and distress and twisted his

finger around till he was certain her back passage was coated in the silky ointment.

"Papa's going to push an anal plug deep into your bottom, Lily," he said as his finger pumped in and out of her tortured rosebud, opening it. "I want you to be a good girl and bear down for me."

Lily started to weep in confusion and fear, but knew that further protest was futile. Rand placed the tip of the plug at her puckered hole, admiring how it twitched in trepidation. With the application of continuous pressure, her tight but well-lubricated back passage opened and slowly swallowed the plug.

Forgetting her resolve to be a good girl and not anger him, Lily cried out. "It hurts! Take it out! Take it out, please!" She pleaded in agony as her muscles cramped and strained to accommodate the hard, foreign object buried in her bottom.

"I told you to call me Papa when you beg," he reminded her as he gave the plug another push. Lily moaned.

"Please, Papa," she pleaded through her tears. "It's too big. It hurts."

"It is not too big. We need to stretch your tiny hole if it's going to fit Papa's cock," he admonished as he gave the end of the plug an affectionate pat.

"You cannot mean what you are saying?" Lily asked, alarmed.

"I told you, your maidenhead was safe for now," he said, reminding her of their first meeting and his promise during his mortifying inspection. "I said nothing about your anal virginity."

"But...that....it's not possible!" Lily's poor innocent mind could not grasp the concept.

"Well, it will require a great deal of effort and pain on your part, but I assure you, little one, it will be possible. No more protests from you or I will gag your pretty little mouth." Rand gave gave her pussy another swipe with his tongue before allowing her to rise from his bed.

She watched as he walked over and took a sip of his tea. "I cannot imagine a sweeter cream," he said, giving her a satisfied grin.

Lily rose on shaky legs and gingerly took a few steps, blushing furiously. She could feel a dull throbbing discomfort where the plug stretched her bottom.

"Come find me in a few hours and I will take it out for you."

"Yes, my Lord," Lily replied softly.

"What was that?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Good girl."

CHAPTER FIVE

Turning Point

Mrs. Oliver had been instructed to give Lily light duty that morning so instead of cleaning the upstairs bedrooms as usual, Lily was ordered to dust the front rooms. She was incredibly grateful, as every step, every movement reminded her of the plug in her bottom. Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment at the thought of its insertion by Lord Stockton. Yet, despite the soreness, it was strangely exciting. She could never remember a time she was more aware of her body.

Papa had said this would force her to focus and think of him and he was right. She had thought only of him - his hands, his mouth - all morning. With a start, Lily realized she now thought of him as *Papa*. The word brought feelings of warmth and caring to mind. Having lost her parents at a very young age, she never had anyone to call Papa. She'd never had anyone show her much notice or care, until now.

By the time she was called into Papa's study, Lily was more than ready to have the plug removed. Rand approached her as she entered the room. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he placed one hand over her bottom and patted the end of the plug through her skirt.

"How is my little one's bottom?"

"It's sore," Lily answered in a small, soft voice, for she was still very nervous around him. He exuded power and strength over her, both physically and mentally.

"Ask Papa to take the plug out of your bottom."

"Please take the plug out of my bottom...Papa," Lily asked shyly.

"Bend over my desk." He motioned for her to cross the room and as he stood watching her movements, he could tell by the stiff sway of her hips that

the plug had made an impact. Lily reached his desk and tentatively looked back over her shoulder. Rand's raised eyebrow was all it took for her to immediately turn back and place her hands and cheek on his desk, bending over at the hips.

Rand slowly lifted up her skirt and petticoats to see a fresh pair of linen drawers. Pulling the drawers down past her feet and fisting them into a ball, he tossed them into the fireplace.

"Oh, please don't," Lily exclaimed. "They were my last pair!"

"I don't like when I cannot see what's mine, and your blushing bottom and sweet little cunny are mine," he admonished. "No more drawers for you. I want you to always be bare under these skirts. Now spread your legs."

He made a mental note to change her entire wardrobe, not wanting to see her in long heavy skirts that he considered barriers to her body. "I want you to reach back and spread open your own cheeks for me." Lily did as she was told and Rand admired the view of her small puckered hole straining around the plug, nestled between her sweet blushing, red striped cheeks.

Lily held her breath, both from anticipation and fear as he rested a soothing hand on her lower back and reached for the plug. Rand gave it a twist and pumped the plug in and out of her tortured hole a few times before fully removing it. Lily's breath came out in a relieved rush the moment the plug left her body.

Rand went down on his haunches between her spread legs. Her little puckered hole had not fully closed. He gently blew on it and watched the goose bumps appear on her delicate cheeks as her rosebud clenched and trembled. Lily tried to close her knees in embarrassment. The movement cost her a quick smack to her upper thigh. She cried out in surprise but unlocked her knees like a good girl.

"Stay still. Papa wants to play."

Rand stroked two fingers along her pussy lips, then dipped them inside. Lily's tight passage tried resisting the intrusion at first, but her slick wetness eased his way in as he forced both fingers to the hilt. She was soaking wet. He

thrust his fingers in and out of her untried pussy, riding his thumb along the sensitive strip of skin between her cunny and ass cleft to coat it with her juices. Lily gave a small moan and thrust her hips out in a silent, primal plea for more. Rand complied, plunging his thumb deep into her opened rosebud as he pushed a third finger into her sweet cunny. He drove his fingers without restraint in and out of her defenseless pussy and bum.

"Come on Papa's fingers, little one. Come for Papa." As always, Lily obeyed.

Lily lay spent, half sprawled on his desk. Rand pulled his fingers from her body and pushed her skirt and petticoats back into place, moving to sit in the leather chair directly in front of her. He lifted his dew soaked fingers to her mouth, brushing them along her full lower lip.

"Open your mouth," he commanded in that soothing dark timbre that sent a shiver down Lily's spine. "I want to see you taste your own cream."

Lily opened her cute little mouth and let him push his cum soaked fingers in. She tasted herself as he pumped them in and out.

"That's my good little girl." He stroked her cheek with the back of his other hand and Lily smiled.

"You had better return to your duties before Mrs. Oliver misses you."

Rand watched as she left the room, knowing something was going to have to be done and soon. He wanted unrestricted time to explore her body and to finally get his own release. There was so much he wanted to teach her. Rand was going to have to find himself a new maid. Lily was going to be too busy pleasing him, and for that he needed a few things from a particular shop.

Perhaps it was finally time to set up his nursery, he thought, and he warmed at the image of his little one in a childish pink dress with frills, her doll-like mouth stretched wide around a cock shaped pacifier.

Soon.

Lily was awoken later in the evening by someone gently caressing her hair. She rolled over sleepily to see Lord Stockton – Papa - sitting on her small

bed. His large masculine presence felt jarring in her tiny room.

"This is the first time I am seeing your hair down," he said softly. "It's beautiful." He had been watching her sleep for some time. She looked so adorably innocent all curled up under the covers.

"Sit up so Papa can take your nightgown off," he said quietly. "I have a surprise for you."

Lily was nervous. While she had bared her bum and cunny to him several times now, he had yet to see her completely naked. Papa smiled warmly as he gently pulled her upright and began to unbutton her nightgown; with every button undone, more of her perfect, full breasts were revealed. Rand parted each side and pushed the fabric off her shoulders and down her arms. Lily blushed prettily as he took in the beautiful view of her hair down and loose, partially covering her breasts. She was a stirring mix of innocence and sex.

He had come to a decision earlier that day. He was not going to let her go. He planned to set her up as his mistress. Unlike his peers who suffered jaded, greedy mistresses who demanded carriages and jewels, he knew he had something special with innocent, sweet Lily. Rand loved treating her like a little girl and wanted to take things further. He'd already set his plan in motion but he still needed to convince Lily and was determined not to take her virginity until she was truly his - on his terms.

He reached out to give her nipple a hard pinch and watched as her eyes lit with both pain and desire.

"Do you like that Lily?" His voice thick with sexual need. "Do you like when I make your nipples hurt?"

"Yes," she breathed, too overcome to be ashamed of her response to his touch.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Papa."

He could feel his cock straining against his trousers; the need to thrust himself deep inside her body was great. Patience, Rand thought, knowing his

plan would take at least a fortnight to complete. During that time he needed to train and stretch her bottom so he could bury his cock into her tight hidden passage until he could take her sweet cunny. Most gentlemen who preferred complete control over a woman, liked to work their way up to anal training, wanting to teach their little ones how to suck their cocks and perform other tasks first. Rand disagreed. Training Lily to willingly accept his large cock up her small ass would be the ultimate act of submission, even more so than giving him her virginity, although he wanted that too. If Lily accepted the pain and discomfort of having her bottom violated - all to please him - he knew she would be forever his.

"Roll onto your tummy, little one," he commanded. Lily did as she was told. Rand pushed her nightgown down over her hips and then off, displaying her beautiful creamy skin. He ran his hand down her smooth back and over her buttocks, tracing the faint outlines of the red welts from Mrs. Oliver's birching with his finger and enjoying the soft mewing sound Lily made each time he came to a still sensitive one. Rand anticipated all the bare-handed spankings he would be giving her pert little bottom in the future.

"Part your cheeks."

Lily reached back and grabbed each globe and spread them apart, nervous but trusting him.

"Papa is going to put another plug in your bottom."

Lily let go of her cheeks and immediately rolled on her side, hugging her knees to her chest. She had not fully come to terms with her emotions from having the plug in her bottom earlier. Lily had felt a pulsing ache deep in her bottom all morning. It had reminded her of Papa but it had also hurt and was embarrassing. Lily blushed to think what the rest of the staff would think if they'd known what Lord Stockton had done.

"I don't want anything up my bottom," Lily whined. "It hurts!"

"None of your whining," Rand sternly warned. "I am going to be putting my cock deep in your bottom soon and we need to prepare it so I don't harm

you."

Lily started to cry. "I don't want your cock up my bottom. It's wrong."

"Don't you want to please me?" Rand asked stroking her cheek. Lily tearfully nodded, peaking at him through a cascade of soft, curls.

"Seeing your cute little bottom hole stretched around this plug will please me," he coaxed. "Did you not think of Papa the whole time this was up your bottom today?"

Lily again nodded.

"I liked knowing you were thinking of me all day, like I think of you."

Lily liked the idea he thought of her as much she did him. Still...

"But it will hurt," Lily complained, still curled up.

"Don't you trust that I know what is best for my little one? Don't you trust that I know what you need?"

Lily haltingly released her grip on her knees and began to uncurl.

"Are you going to be Papa's special little girl and give me your bottom or am I leaving?" Rand asked, his voice sounding harsh in the quiet stillness of the small room. Lily did not want him to leave. She loved the attention and care he showed her and would do anything to please him.

"I'll…I'll give you my bottom, Papa," she said hesitantly.

He motioned for her to once again lay down.

"Since you were a naughty girl and questioned my authority, you first must be punished," he reprimanded as he grabbed her chin and forced her gaze up to his. "You must never question that I know what is best for you."

"Yes, Papa," she said weakly. She watched as he rose from the bed and crossed her room to the bureau. After a quick search he found her petticoat neatly folded in a drawer. The fabric was soft and worn from use, easily tearing in his hands as he ripped three strips from the bottom. Lily gave a small gasp at the damage to her only petticoat but did not dare complain. Her lower lip trembled as she watched him pick up a wooden hairbrush.

"Oh, Papa .... please don't spank me with that!" Lily cried as she

protectively tried to cover her bottom.

"Hush," Rand admonished as he turned his attention back to her prone form on the bed. "You will take your punishment like a good girl." He forced her hands away from her bottom as he placed a knee on the bed, leaning over her.

"Since we cannot have you waking the other servants, I will have to silence you." He grasped a section of her hair and pulled, forcing her head back and mouth open. Rand then pushed the strip of petticoat into her mouth, tying it in a bow behind her head. Patting her hair, he ignored Lily's muffled protests.

"Place your hands on the bed rails," he ordered as he rose from the bed and moved to stand at the foot. "If I see you move them even once, I will tie you up and leave you that way for the rest of the night."

Lily mournfully nodded her head, unable to speak. She dutifully placed her hands on the rails and lowered her head to the pillow, crossing her legs in a futile attempt to hide her vulnerability. He watched as her cute little toes clenched and unclenched nervously. Rand tested the weight of the heavy hairbrush in his hand, adjusting his grip on the handle. He laid a restraining hand on Lily's upper thigh and raised his arm.

With her head buried in her pillow, Lily did not see the first smack coming before she felt it. The hairbrush made an awful cracking sound the moment it connected with the soft flesh of her bottom. No one heard her muffled screams as her tongue flicked obscenely over the fabric gag between her stretched lips. Rand continued to roast her bottom with the flat of the hairbrush till it was crimson and bruised. Lily was sobbing incoherently as she gripped the rails of the bed until the knuckles of her shaking hands were white. The unforgiving, hard wooden hairbrush made her cheeks throb and sting. When he was finished, Rand removed the gag, allowing her to breathe more easily. He lifted her onto his lap, knowing by Lily’s hiss of discomfort her bottom would suffer long for her disobedience.

"Shhh....calm down, little one," Rand said, as he smoothed Lily's hair

back and gently kissed the corners of her lips where the gag had left angry red marks. The heat radiating from her punished bottom radiated to his cock through his trousers. "Your punishment is over. Now you get to show Papa how obedient you can be."

Rand rose and gently placed her on her stomach. He then grabbed Lily's hips and raised them, forcing her up on her knees with her shoulders and head pressed against the bedcovers. The movement brought another groan of pain from Lily as the swollen and red skin across her bottom stretched from the exposed position. She then felt him beside her once more and without a word of warning, he placed a fresh strip of petticoat across her eyes, plunging her into darkness.

Leaning over her from behind, Rand wrapped a hand around Lily's throat and whispered into her ear, "You're mine. Submit to me and I will make you whole." He bit her earlobe then licked the small wound before releasing her.

Lily knew in that moment, he was her salvation - that submitting to his will had strengthened, not weakened her. Before him she had no identity; she was just a faceless maid without even a true name. She became Lily through his eyes, his strength, his intensity.

She could hear him moving about the room, opening a glass jar and rummaging through a wooden box.

"Lily, I want you to reach back and open your cheeks," he instructed.

Lily reached back, very gingerly grasping her burning cheeks to pull them apart. She knew what he wanted would be painful, but she would endure, for him.

Seeing her supplicated before him, her reddened cheeks grasped in her own small hands with her tiny puckered hole exposed and quivering as she shook with resigned sobs, Rand felt a primal need to protect and master. He had to restrain himself from plunging his cock deep into her unprepared bottom that very moment. He wanted her complete submission, to feel her strain to accept his cock - to take the pain, to offer it to him, to submit. He knew that waiting

would only increase both of their pleasure.

Rand pulled his cock from his trousers and grasped the thick shaft with his right hand. He placed his left hand on Lily's lower back with his thumb just grazing the edge of her puckered hole. He pressed on that soft skin at the top of her cleft, watching as her rosebud stretched slightly open. He moved his hand over his shaft in rough, hard strokes.

"Lily, baby, I want you to stay just as you are while Papa admires your sweet, little bottom." He lengthened his strokes, palming the head of his cock and squeezing hard before working his fist down the length to his balls. He watched Lily shift her hips and whimper as she struggled to hold her heated cheeks open for him. He increased the rhythm of his strokes until he felt his balls tighten with the building pressure of his release. With a roar, he came against the cleft of her sweet ass, splashing his cum against her open back entrance and lower back. Lily started at the strange sensation of hot, liquid hitting her body. She turned her head over her shoulder in his direction, seeing nothing through the blindfold.

"Papa?"

"Shhh ... baby girl. Don't speak. Just feel."

Rand grasped the plug, it was slightly larger than the one this morning. He swept the tapered end through his warm cum on her lower back. Lily jolted when he placed the tip over her exposed bottom hole, swirling it around a few times before applying pressure. She instinctively tried to clench her back passage closed, earning her a stinging slap to her left cheek.

"Open your bottom. Bear down," he growled.

Desperate to please him, Lily did as she was told. The plug forced its way past her sphincter; as her muscles cramped around the unrelenting object, it felt like it was tearing the delicate skin of her sensitive ring.

"It's too big. It's too big....please....Papa...please!" She was crying, erratically breathing in her pain and distress. He stroked his warm hand over her bottom cheek, comforting her.

"It is not too big. Keep bearing down. Feel it as it pushes in deep." The deep, reassuring tone of his voice offered as much comfort as his hand. "Watching your little bottom stretch to swallow the plug pleases me." It pleased him more knowing he was pushing his seed deep into her body, a part of him inside of her.

"How much more, Papa?" Lily asked in a small voice.

"Another inch or so, baby."

Lily started to cry. It already felt like it had reached her stomach. She could not imagine having to take more of the object into her bum. Papa gave the plug a harsh thrust, and Lily screamed as the force of it pushed her into the bedcovers. The plug was now fully seated deep in her bottom. Rand allowed her to let go of her cheeks and she immediately curled into a ball on her side, moaning in pain.

Rand sat on the edge of the bed and caressed her cheek and removed the blindfold. "I'm very proud of you, little one."

He stroked down her arm till he grasped Lily's small hand, bringing her thumb to her mouth. Lily opened her mouth and sucked her thumb in, drawing succor from it as a child would.

Rand took in her reddened bottom filled with his cum and plug, her tear-streaked cheeks and cute little doll-like mouth sucking on her thumb and knew he had made the right decision. She was his beautiful, submissive little girl.

Lily cried herself to sleep when Papa told her the plug would remain in her bottom till morning. Despite her misery and pain, she knew she would do anything to see the look of warmth and pride in his eyes. She was his little girl and would do anything to please him.

CHAPTER SIX

Kiss of the Riding Crop

The next morning, Lily was on her knees by his bed, begging sweetly to have the painful plug removed from her bottom.

She had spent the early morning hours being chastised by Mrs. Oliver and Cook for moving too slowly. Lily did not dare confess the true cause of her halted movement and was relieved when his Lordship's bedroom bell rang to signal he was ready for his breakfast tray. She shyly crossed the threshold, her cheeks flaming.

"On your knees," his Lordship commanded from the bed. Lily obeyed.

"What is in your bottom right now, little one?"

"A plug."

"Who put it there?"

"You did."

"Who?"

"Papa did."

"Good girl. Tell Papa what it feels like."

"It hurts. It feels really full," Lily tearfully responded.

"I know it hurts." His eyes glowed with satisfaction, knowing she was taking the pain to please him and knowing the pain would ultimately transform her. "Why is Papa stretching your bottom, Lily?"

"Don't make me say it!"

"Tell me."

"So you can put your...your thing...up there."

"Tell me correctly or you will receive a good, hard spanking on your bottom."

Lily badly wanted to avoid another spanking. Her bottom cheeks were

still sore from his hairbrush discipline last night. "So you can put your cock in my bottom," she obediently replied, crying in earnest now. Rand got out of bed and approached her kneeling form, placing two fingers beneath her chin, he forced her head up.

"Papa cannot wait to push his big cock into your little bottom and you are going to let me because you are my good little girl who wants to please me, don't you?"

"Yes, Papa," murmured Lily.

"Bend over the bed and raise your skirts," he commanded.

Lily rose and approached the bed, carefully raising her skirts to expose her naked bottom.

"Pull your cheeks apart."

She reached back and gingerly pulled her bottom cheeks open. Rand smiled to see the plug he had pushed deep into her bottom the night before protruding obscenely from her little buttonhole. He gave it a few twists, causing Lily to shriek and squirm, and earning her a few quick smacks on the bum. He gently pulled it out and forced it back into her reddened rosebud several times before finally removing it. Lily sobbed in relief.

Placing two fingers into the stretched opening, he asked, "Where are Papa's fingers?"

"In my bottom," sniffed Lily through her mortification.

"Correction, Lily. This is now my bottom, to use as I please." He moved his fingers in and out of her tortured back passage a few times to make his point. Lily arched her back and clenched her cheeks in response. Rand replaced her skirts and allowed her to stand.

"You may return to your duties. Make sure you tell Mrs. Oliver I want you to bring afternoon tea to my study later today. I have another surprise for you." He gave her a quick kiss on the lips and turned away, dismissing her.

Lily's morning was spent dusting the upstairs rooms and changing bed linens. All too soon she was summoned to the kitchen to retrieve his Lordship's

tea tray. She made her way to his study with slow steps, still having mixed emotions about their relationship - if that was what it could be called - and she worried what his next surprise would entail.

"Enter," came the answer at her tentative knock. Lily walked across the plush carpet and carefully placed the tray on the table in front of the sofa. She had triple-checked it before leaving the kitchen, and was certain everything was in place. Standing dutifully quiet and still, with her hands folded in front, she waited. Rand studied her thoughtfully from behind his desk with ice blue eyes. When he finally spoke, his voice resonated authority through the quiet room.

"Take off all your clothes."

Lily stared at him in horror. It was the middle of the day! While she was certain no one would enter the study without Papa's express permission, it did not ease her embarrassment.

"Please, can I not just bend over and lift my skirts like before?"

"No."

Lily still hesitated. Unfortunately for her, she hesitated a moment too long. Rand rounded the desk and stalked towards her, forcing Lily to take several frightened steps back. Reaching her, he grabbed the front of her dress in two big fistfuls and wrenched downward, tearing it beyond repair. Ignoring her cries, he continued to rip large swaths of fabric from her body, leaving her uniform in tatters.

Lily was left only in her corset, knee socks and black lace up boots. She tried covering the tops of her breasts with one arm as she reached for the shredded remains of her dress on the floor with the other. But Rand’s strong hand clamped around her upper arm and dragged a shrieking Lily across the room. Stopping in front of the fireplace and sitting in one of the upholstered chairs, he positioned her across his lap.

"When I tell you to do something, you obey me," he sternly admonished. "Little girls who don't obey earn roasted bottoms." His large bare hand landed on her vulnerable sit spot with a resonating smack. Lily wailed in pain as her

torso jerked upright, but Lord Stockton fisted her hair in his right hand to force Lily's head back down as he relentlessly spanked her bottom with bruising efficiency. With each smack he could feel the heat build as he watched her cheeks start to glow an angry red. Still he continued.

Lily was in agony. Between her sobs and his unrelenting grasp on her hair forcing her head down, she could barely breathe. Her bottom was on fire, and each smack of his hand brought a fresh wave of hurt. She barely registered when the punishment was over and he raised her to stand on shaky legs to stand between his knees. He brushed away her tears and kissed her forehead.

"Why did Papa punish you?"

"Because I disobeyed," Lily answered through hiccupping sobs, her cheeks flushed and wet with tears, her small hands covering her sore bottom.

"Will you be my good little girl for the rest of the afternoon?"

Lily nodded her head ‘yes’ as she wiped away more tears.

"Very good. Turn around." Lily did so without hesitation and felt a tug as Papa unlaced her corset. When he was finished, he placed his hands on her shoulders, turning her to face him. His challenging look stopped her from raising her arms to shield herself from his gaze.

"Do not cry out or I will give you another spanking," Papa warned as he reached out to grasp her nipples. He pinched them between his index finger and thumbs until fresh tears sprung to her eyes. Lily's small white teeth bit down her lower lip in an effort not to cry out.

"Good girl." He kissed each tortured nipple. "You learn quickly. Now I want you to touch yourself." He grew quiet, taking in her expression of fearful confusion. "Reach your fingers down and slide them between the lips of your cute little cunny," he instructed further. "Now." He leaned back into the plush, softness of the chair, wanting Lily to feel on display for his pleasure.

Lily timidly reached between her legs, her fingertip grazing her clit. Having once tried to mimic the stirring tingle she felt when Papa touched her there to no avail, she was surprised at the sudden bolt of pleasure she felt now.

His intense presence coupled with the throbbing heated awareness of her lower body sent a flood of sensation coursing through her.

"Circle the tip of your finger gently over your clit."

Lily closed her eyes and did as he commanded, finding his voice as arousing as the motion of her finger.

"Push your finger deep into your wet heat." He waited till she complied with a gasp before continuing. "Push a second finger in. That's it, baby. Pump your fingers in and out of your cunny for Papa." He pushed the palm of his hand down the front of his trousers against his aroused cock, watching with a hooded gaze as her dew soaked fingers pumped in and out of her tight pussy. He smiled as he observed Lily's cute, pink tongue darting out and wet her full lips. She was so innocent, and completely without guile. Rand knew one day soon he would be pushing his cock into that sweet, innocent mouth.

"Come for me, little one. Come for Papa," his voice beckoned as he reached around and squeezed one heated buttock.

His nearness, his voice, the sudden sting of his grasp on her bottom, the illicit pleasure of her own fingers between her legs were all too much for Lily. She came with such intensity that her knees buckled, forcing her to grab onto Papa's strong thighs to prevent her from collapsing on the floor in a sated heap.

Papa reached between her legs and brushed two fingers slowly along her sensitive folds, raising his dew coated fingers to her mouth and lightly brushing them over her lips. "Open," he whispered as he stared at her glistening lips, and Lily obeyed. He slid his fingers in deep, forcing Lily to taste her own arousal. "Never forget - no matter how much you protest, you want and need the discipline I provide."

Lily could only stare, caught in his mesmerizing gaze as the tip of her tongue flicked across his fingers. She watched his eyes flare with desire. What Papa may have done next was interrupted by a knock at the door. Lily turned horrified eyes to him.

"What?" Papa called out.

"Madam Grives is here, your Lordship. Shall I send her in?" The butler inquired through the closed door, knowing better than to enter without permission.

"Yes," was the curt answer. Rand turned his attention back to Lily. "Madam Grives is here to create a new wardrobe for you. You are to be a good little girl and do everything she asks." He rose to greet Madam Grives as the door opened.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice," Papa said.

"Of course, Lord Stockton. I am at your disposal," replied Madam Grives with a small curtsy. "I see your little one has already needed correction this morning."

Lily had been trying to make herself invisible during this exchange. She had waited with her back to the door, shoulders hunched over, in an attempt to make herself even smaller than her already slight frame.

"Lily come here and greet Madam Grives properly," Papa ordered, his brow drawn down at her apparent rudeness. With her head bowed, Lily slowly turned and made her way to Papa's side, mortified to be naked in front of the strange woman, but fearing Papa's displeasure more.

"Madam," Lily said in a small voice, dropping into a proper curtsy.

"I want a full wardrobe," he instructed.

"Certainly, your Lordship." Miss Grives grabbed Lily's shoulders and pushed her around in circles, surveying her exposed body with a practiced eye. "She is a beauty with a perfect petite frame. Full breasts, slim hips. I'm thinking soft pinks and yellows."

"I will leave the details to you, Madam," Lord Stockton said with a dismissive wave. "I want them childish and feminine with easy access for spankings and other activities. I will expect the entire wardrobe delivered by the end of the week."

Madam nodded her head in agreement. It was a large order and would take her entire staff of seamstresses many sleepless nights to complete, but she

knew Lord Stockton would pay handsomely. The entire conversation went over Lily's head, and with the exception of blushing when she heard the word "spankings" she did not register the enormity of what was being discussed on her behalf.

"Let us get started with the measurements," Madam Grives suggested in a no-nonsense tone as she reached into the hidden pocket of her full skirt for a tape measure. "Your Lordship, I find that little ones are often reluctant at first to stand still in the positions required and often benefit from their papas'… *encouragement*."

"Say no more Madam Grives." His Lordship walked over to his desk and picked up a long, narrow object. "Lily come here."

Lily quickly walked to his side, anxious to move away from the strange woman.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked, showing her the object.

She shook her head 'no' afraid to speak.

"This is a riding crop. This leather tongue on the end is called the keeper and it is going to keep you in line."

Lily stared at the evil looking instrument in horror. "Papa, no," she whispered shaking her head and trying to back away.

Lord Stockton grabbed her by the upper arm, halting her progress. "Yes, baby girl," he said. "You lack discipline. Feeling the kiss of this riding crop on those perky titties of yours will remind you to listen to Papa, always." He watched her soft, brown eyes fill with tears as her cheeks became flushed. He gently stroked one nipple with the keeper, letting her feel the cool leather against her heated flesh. Rand relished the delicate shiver of fear and anticipation he saw course through her body. "Madam Grives, I believe we are ready to proceed," he said without taking his eyes off Lily.

Madam Grives once again grabbed Lily by the shoulders and positioned her in the middle of the room. She caught the silent communication from his Lordship, knowing he would want to set an example for his little one at the

onset. Madam Grives deliberately made her first position embarrassing and difficult, guaranteeing a swift punishment for the young girl.

"Now, Lily, I want you to open your legs wide and bend at the waist. I want to see your pretty, pink pussy peek out at me from behind." Madam Grives smiled slyly, knowing both the position and the language would shock the girl. She was not disappointed. Lily froze in place. Without moving to obey she sent a pleading look to her Papa. His response was swift and brutal. With a whoosh, he flicked the riding crop down on her left breast, making sure to catch the delicate nipple. Lily cried out and immediately dropped to her knees, hugging her arms to her chest, trying to protect her breasts. Papa responded with a sharp crack of the crop to her vulnerable backside. He did not spare the rod; a harsh red welt marred the rosy perfection of her right buttock. Sobbing, Lily desperately tried to cover both her front and backside.

"Please, please!" she shrieked.

"Stand up!" he harshly commanded.

"I can't! I can't!" Lily sobbed, rocking back and forth. Rand went down on his haunches and placed two fingers under her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"Listen to Papa, Lily. You are going to stand up. You are going to accept your punishment like a good girl and then Papa is going to reward you. Do you understand me?"

Lily drew strength from his intent gaze and slowly stood on shaking legs.

"You have earned three more strokes from the crop for your naughty behavior," he said. "One will be on your other tittie, the other two on your cunny."

Lily whimpered but remained standing.

"Do you need Madam Grives to hold your arms back so you won't be tempted to protect yourself?"

"Yes, Papa," Lily said softly as she dropped her chin in defeat. Madam

Grives moved to stand behind her, grasping her arms at the elbow, forcing them back. The movement pushed Lily's young breasts out as if they were begging to be punished. Papa did not hesitate. Her nipple was swollen and stinging after his masterful stroke. Lily was crying so hard she almost did not hear Papa's next instruction.

"Spread your legs wide, Lily," he commanded and waited as she slowly obeyed. "I want you to think about what is about to happen. Your poor cunny is about to take a harsh punishment. If only you had obeyed Madam Grives from the start you could have been spared the pain."

"Yes, Papa," Lily sobbed softly, unaware that the punishment she was receiving had been planned. The entire process of measuring her for her new childish wardrobe was designed to be a crucial lesson in obedience to help prepare Lily to become a true little one, and her full submission was key to this part of her transition to Lord Stockton’s little one.

His Lordship placed the riding crop gently against her pink pussy lips. "Look at me Lily."

She raised her eyes and was caught in the fervor of his stare. Papa slowly lowered the riding crop before snapping it back up. Lily heard the stinging smack the barest of moments before the torturous pain and heat almost sent her back to her knees. The pain in her breasts was momentarily forgotten as the delicate area between her legs throbbed and stung. Madam Grives tightened her grip, forcing Lily to remain standing. Papa once again gently placed the leather tongue against her now swollen pussy, waiting until she met his gaze before brutally cracking the crop against her soft flesh a second time. Again he watched as Lily's eyes clouded in pain. He was so very proud of her. He knew all of this was new and confusing. *His beautiful little submissive.* Grabbing her by the chin, he placed a gentle kiss against her small mouth, tasting the salt of her tears as they coursed down her cheeks and jaw.

"Papa is going to reward his sweet little girl as soon as your fitting is done," he said throatily, and his heart leapt when he saw the hesitant smile his

words brought to her face. True to his word, the moment Madam Grives left, Papa laid down on the sofa and instructed an embarrassed naked Lily to straddle his face.

“Papa’s going to kiss your poor cunny and make it all better.”

He grabbed handfuls of her gorgeous bottom and forced her sweet cunny onto his mouth. While he swirled the tip of his tongue around her clit, he drove two fingers deep into her pussy. Before Lily screamed her release, those same juice-drenched fingers found their way even deeper into her bottom.

Mrs. Oliver discreetly brought Lily's other uniform to the study door some time later. Lily complained to Papa that Mrs. Oliver would be upset that she needed a fresh uniform, but he said it was not Mrs. Oliver's place to ask questions.

The next few days passed in a whirl. Every evening Papa visited Lily’s bedroom to stretch her bottom with an ever-larger plug. Every morning, she was forced to endure the humiliation of his removing it and closely inspecting her progress. If she didn't cry, he rewarded her by licking her pussy till she felt warm and flushed. Then, Sunday dawned - the day that would change everything.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Bath Time

After an uncomfortable breakfast, Lily was anxiously waiting for Papa to ring for his tray. She had been scolded by Mrs. Oliver several times during the meal for fidgeting. Lily did not dare explain the reason – that on the previous night Papa had placed the largest plug to date in her bottom. It was four inches long and an inch in diameter, and she cried during the insertion and begged Papa to not leave it in the whole night. His response had been to kiss her forehead and tell her that tomorrow was going to be extra special so she had to have the larger plug.

When Mrs. Oliver rose from the table and demanded Lily follow her into the bathing room, Lily was mortified. She had forgotten it was Sunday! She was required to bathe and - more embarrassingly - to receive an enema at the hands of Mrs. Oliver.

"I shall take a bath later, Mrs. Oliver, if it is acceptable to you."

"You will take your bath now, missy! Where do you think you are? Buckingham Palace? Do you think you are some princess to order when you want your bath?" Mrs. Oliver pinched Lily's upper ear as she half dragged her into the bathing room.

"Remove your clothes and be quick about it, Your Highness." Mrs. Oliver sneered sarcastically as she directed a new maid who had just started in the household to begin filling the enema bag. The new maid shot Lily a sympathetic glance as she hurried to do the housekeeper's bidding. She was taller and stocky - straight from the country - and much more suited to the heavy lifting and labor required of a maid than Lily had been.

"Could I use the water closet?" Lily asked, desperately needing to remove the plug before Mrs. Oliver could see it. She was sure it would anger

Papa, but right at this moment she was more concerned about Mrs. Oliver.

In response, Mrs. Oliver snatched a tawse from a cabinet shelf and began to swat at Lily's bum as she chased the poor girl about the room. Despite the protection from her skirt and petticoats, Lily felt every stinging swat.

"Get that dress off and get up on that table without another word!" Mrs. Oliver's shout sent the other maid scurrying, but not before she hung the large enema bag filled with warm soapy water in preparation for Lily's cleansing. Lily tearfully worked the buttons down the front of her gown. She shut her eyes in shame the moment her petticoats joined it on the floor, waiting for Mrs. Oliver's scandalous gasp when she realized Lily had no underthings on. None came. In confusion, Lily gingerly climbed on top of the table, taking her position on her knees. She had desperately hoped that Mrs. Oliver would have been so upset at her lack of proper clothing she would have left the bathing room in disgust. She was not so lucky.

"Spread your cheeks. I am not here to do all the work for you," Mrs. Oliver instructed.

"Perhaps I could try to do this myself to save you the trouble," Lily asked as one final attempt to avoid the humiliation of revealing the plug tucked up deep inside her bum.

"Nonsense. Spread your cheeks," Mrs. Oliver replied impatiently. Seeing no other option, Lily reached back and gently pulled her buttocks wide open as she had been taught to do by Papa these last few evenings. She braced herself for Mrs. Oliver's reaction.

"Well done girl. I see your training with his Lordship has progressed nicely," Mrs. Oliver stated as she grasped the plug firmly and gave a sharp tug. Lily cried out at the sudden pain. She was used to Papa's gentle coaxing. It took a moment to get over the pain and register Mrs. Oliver's comments.

"You know?" Shame and humiliation flamed Lily's cheeks.

"Of course I know child!" Mrs. Oliver scoffed. "Do you suppose there is anything that goes on in this household that I am not privy too?" Unlike the

first time, the enema nozzle slipped more easily into her bottom as Mrs. Oliver continued to bluster. "You are a very lucky little girl," she said as she connected the tube and started the flow of warm soapy water with a click. Lily clenched as the water entered her bowels, squeezing her eyes shut as the pressure built, barely listening to Mrs. Oliver.

"I knew his Lordship had those *particular* tastes, but up till now it was just a dalliance. I have certainly never seen him go to the trouble of outfitting a nursery! I say! You are a lucky, lucky girl!"

Lily's insides began to gurgle and cramp. She focused on breathing through the pain, but still Mrs. Oliver continued. "To have such a powerful and handsome lord want to take care of you! I say! If only I were a few years younger…." Mrs. Oliver paused, smiling.

"Please, Mrs. Oliver take it out! It's too much." Lily begged as she felt her body strain to accept the soapy water.

"You will take the full two quarts, as per His Lordship's orders."

It felt like an eternity till the full two quarts found its way deep into her bowels. Lily was forced to remain on her knees with the irritating soapy water causing waves of cramps for another thirty minutes as Mrs. Oliver prepared a bath.

Just when Lily thought she could not take any more pain, Mrs. Oliver approached the table with a determined look in her eye. Without a word of warning, she reached under Lily and began to aggressively massage her distended stomach.

"Oh, God. Oh, God! Stop! Stop! It hurts!" Lily screeched as she desperately tried to get away from Mrs. Oliver's bruising hands.

"Stay still you silly girl!" Mrs. Oliver grabbed Lily by the base of the neck, the harsh grip effectively halting Lily's frightened movements. She once again massaged Lily's stomach. "We have to make sure we get all the nastiness out of you." Lily's clenched fists rubbed at her swollen eyes as she endured the sharp pains and discomfort every movement of Mrs. Oliver's hands brought.

"All right, reach back and pull open those cheeks. Arch your back. Come girl! I should not have to tell you how this is done. His Lordship has been stretching your tight little bum for a week now. You know the position."

Fresh tears coursed down Lily's cheeks at the reminder that the housekeeper was fully aware of Papa's nightly visits to her bedroom. She did as she was told and endured the sharp pain as Mrs. Oliver pulled out the nozzle with very little thought to Lily's comfort.

"Off to the water closet with you," the housekeeper brusquely ordered. "Then we will do a nice cold water rinse and then into tub with you."

By the time Lily sank into the warm, comforting water, she was emotionally and physically worn out. She barely protested when Mrs. Oliver scrubbed her soft flesh pink. As always she was very thorough, not missing the sensitive skin between Lily's legs or butt cheeks.

"Now sit in front of this nice cheery fire and let your hair dry." Mrs. Oliver placed her on the rug in front of the small fireplace. "You will have light duties this morning and then you will take an afternoon nap after luncheon."

"A nap? I am not a child!" protested Lily.

"His Lordship insists you take a nap this afternoon so a nap this afternoon you will take!" Mrs. Oliver said indignantly, unable to fathom someone disobeying a direct order from Lord Stockton. She exited the room in a huff, leaving Lily to stare into the flames and ponder the odd turn her life had taken in the last week.

One floor above her, Rand sat in front of his study fire thinking of her. He felt his cock swell at just the thought of what he had planned for the evening. As a man in his thirties with a large sexual appetite, he had his fair share of mistresses in the past. All understood his need to dominate and control. All had felt the sting of his bare hand on their pretty backsides. All had been on their knees at some point sweetly begging their "Papa" for mercy or release. But there was always something missing. To his past mistresses it was just a game to satisfy his sexual appetite. They were jaded, used woman who could have just as

easily played the dominant role. They were whatever their current protector needed them to be, and the encounters had left him feeling strangely unsatisfied.

In recent years he'd taken to selecting his mistresses from the working class, as opposed to the painted performers who normally made the rounds of the ton. He'd hoped their more humble origins would result in a more satisfying sexual experience, but again there was something lacking.

And then he'd found Lily. Her sweet innocence, her need to please him, her natural submission – she had all the elements he required. But what he found most appealing was her innocence; the young maid was too naive to even realize she was a natural submissive. This was not a game to her, or to him. This was forever. In Lily he had finally found his perfect submissive - someone who would relinquish all control to him - every moment of her day - and be his. She would be his perfect little one. He would be her entire world, and he would cherish her.

It had taken all his willpower to hold himself in check this week, to slowly introduce her to the pleasure and pain he would expect from her. It was a rare, precious gift to find someone her age who had not been deflowered by some randy lord or footman in her early teens. He wanted to savor the moment. He knew it would be all the sweeter once she was truly, unequivocally his.

Tonight he would test her submissiveness by taking her anal virginity. Lord Stockton shifted in his seat, making more room for his growing cock in his trousers. The thought of finally pushing his cock into her small, still tight back passage had his manhood swelling to painful proportions. After he claimed her anal virginity, she would have a choice. She could choose to stay in her current position - in which case he would still take her anally but no further - or she could choose to become his little one. He smiled at the thought. If she chose to become his little one, all bets were off. Every part of her small, beautiful body - every orifice - would be his.

CHAPTER EIGHT

In Papa's Bed

Lily awoke from her nap feeling refreshed. The first thing she noticed was a white box with a large pink bow on her bureau and instantly knew it was from Papa. The thought that he had been in her room, watching as she slept, sent a small thrill through her.

She quickly pulled at the loose ends of the bow and lifted the lid. Inside the box was a beautiful pink and cream lace silk dress. Lily tentatively reached out to stroke the soft fabric with just the tip of one finger; almost afraid to touch it further having never owned anything new. Her entire life had been a succession of secondhand rags and previously worn uniforms.

Carefully lifting the dress from the box, she held it up to her body and cried out in dismay. It was too small, the folds ended mid-thigh. Lily was heartbroken. She dreaded telling Papa his thoughtful gift could not be worn. With a heavy heart, she opened her drawer to retrieve her worn uniform, dreading its black scratchy fabric even more than before but it was not in the first drawer she checked or the next. In fact all her meager clothes were gone! All she had was the threadbare nightgown on her back, the fabric so worn it was practically translucent. She could not possibly leave her room in it. Lily began to fret. Mrs. Oliver had made it very clear that after her nap she was to go straight to his Lordship. She looked back at the pretty pink dress. Perhaps she could put the dress on and then wrap her bed linen around her legs and then seek out Mrs. Oliver to find what had become of her meager wardrobe.

She searched the box to find no corset, but a set of delicate drawers layered in lace. They fit perfectly. A pair of white knee socks and soft, black kid leather slippers were next, again all a perfect fit. She pulled the pink dress over her head. With the exception of the scandalously short length, Lily was

surprised to see it fit perfectly as well. The style was childish but flattering. The puffy sleeves ended just above her elbows and were trimmed in lace. Around the waist wrapped a large cream ribbon that she tied into a big bow in back. It was perhaps a bit lopsided but it would not matter since she would only be in the dress till she found Mrs. Oliver.

Lily arranged her hair in the customary tight chignon expected of those in service. She did not have the luxury of a mirror in her room so she could only guess at her appearance. She then removed the bed linens and wrapped them around her waist before leaving the room in search of Mrs. Oliver. She did not have to go far as the housekeeper was hurrying down the servant's hall directly towards her room.

"Lord, child how you dawdle!" she admonished. "His Lordship has been asking for you! What are you doing with that silly bed linen! Remove it immediately! You are crushing your new dress, and after his Lordship went to such expense. My word!" Mrs. Oliver grabbed the bed linen from Lily's tight grasp.

She then turned Lily around and quickly fixed the bow in back. Mrs. Oliver gave out a displeased sigh. "Well, it will just have to do till his Lordship gets you a nanny to dress you properly. Come along." Before Lily even had a chance to question the curious statement about the nanny, she found herself hauled to the threshold to Papa's rooms. Mrs. Oliver knocked loudly and entered after his Lordship's curt response. She opened the door and gave Lily a push, then with a respectful nod to Lord Stockton slammed the door shut, leaving Lily alone with him.

"Come here, little one."

The dark timbre of his voice sent shivers through her body. Lily did not want to move from the doorway. She self-consciously pulled on the hem of her short dress, desperately trying to get it to reach past her knees, afraid of what he would say about the short length.

"Does my little one want a spanking?"

"No, Papa," she answered, still not moving.

"If I have to come and get you, I will put you over my knee and blister your naughty bottom."

Lily practically ran to his side. He was lounging in a plush chair in front of the fire, enjoying a glass of brandy. For several moments he did not say anything, but just looked her up and down. Despite the dress' childish style, the bodice enhanced her full breasts. He especially admired how the short length swished around her slim thighs. Peeking from below the hem were lacy drawers so fine they were practically transparent. She looked like a living doll. He continued to stare, his piercing blue eyes not missing a detail.

The silence stretched, and with it Lily's worry that he was displeased by her appearance. Fearing the worst, she began to cry.

"I'm so sorry, Papa. I'm so sorry the dress doesn't fit. I never had anything so lovely. I promise I will always cherish it. I will never...." But Papa rose and stopped her babbling with a finger to her lips.

"The dress is perfect."

"But...but...it does not fit...it is too....too short...and....childish!" Lily complained.

"It is a perfect little girl's dress for my perfect little girl. Twirl around so Papa can see the pretty ruffles on your bum."

Lily felt beautiful as she twirled around for Papa. She could see in his eyes how much he appreciated how she looked. She lived to please him. As she was facing away, he reached up and took out the pins securing her chignon.

"Little girls wear their hair down and loose. I don't ever want to see your hair up again."

He watched as her beautiful light brown hair came cascading down her back in soft waves. Grasping a fistful, Rand forced her head back and placed a kiss on the side of her neck as his other hand reached around her waist. He slowly moved his hand up her body to palm her breast, giving the full flesh a harsh squeeze that elicited an aroused gasp from Lily's lips.

"Say ‘yes, Papa,’ when I give you a command."

"Yes, Papa," she breathlessly obeyed. Lily's breathing was harsh as she tried to come to terms with the conflicting emotions of excitement and fear. "But, Mrs. Oliver will scold me if I don't have my hair up and in..."

"After tonight, Mrs. Oliver will no longer be a concern."

Lily frowned. Was she getting sacked? Did she not please him? Lily spun in his grasp to face him, wincing as his grip was still strong on her hair.

"Please don't send me away Papa! I promise to be a good girl! I will do anything you ask," she pleaded as she fell to her knees in front of him. While Lily did not understand why he wanted to treat her like a little girl, she did understand that she loved how he made her feel cherished and beautiful. Even when he disciplined her, she knew it was for her own good and that he did so because he cared.

Rand marveled at the innocent emotional display. There was no artifice. *My god she was darling!* Placing two fingers under her chin, he forced her sweet tear-streaked face up to meet his gaze as he ran his knuckles down her cheek to brush away the tears. Rand brushed the pad of his thumb along her full lower lip then slowly pushed the tip past her small pink lips. Lily's tongue automatically swirled around his thumb as he thrust it in further. He grabbed the back of her head to keep her still as he thrust his thumb in and out of her young mouth. The whole time she stared at him with confused but trusting eyes. His cock swelled at the vision. Soon, it would be his long, hard member he pushed past those pretty little lips.

"My beautiful baby girl. I am not sending you away. Quite the opposite."

He moved to once again sit on the plush chair, gesturing for her to join him on his lap. She quickly rose and seated herself across his strong thighs. Lily could feel his hard cock press against her bottom. She looked down at her lap and fiddled with one of the many tiny bows on the dress.

"Look at me."

She worried her lower lip as she met his gaze.

"Why has Papa been stretching your tiny bottom?"

"Because you want to put your...your big cock up there and I'm too tiny."

"Very good."

Lily beamed at his praise.

"I only wanted to stretch your bottom a little bit. Just enough so your cute little puckered hole doesn't tear when I push my cock in. You are still very tiny down there. It will take quite a bit of effort on your part to get Papa's whole cock into your small body. You are going to have to bear down like I taught you and take it like a good girl."

Lily's cheeks flamed at the scandalous words. Still, she slowly nodded her head, sensing Papa wanted some kind of acknowledgment from her.

"My sweet, innocent little Lily...do you know what the word fuck means?"

"Yes, Papa."

“You did not spend the majority of your life in an orphanage and then service without learning a few things about what a man did to a woman, did you?” He smiled. "Well, tonight Papa is going to fuck your little bottom with his cock."

"No, Papa! I'm not ready." Lily protested as she started to squirm on his lap.

"Trust Papa to know when you are ready. You do trust Papa don't you?"

"Yes, Papa, but..."

"No,” he said sternly. “Continue to talk back and you will get a spanking. Now stand up so Papa can undress you."

His strong hands circled her waist and lifted her off his lap, placing her away from him so he could untie the large cream bow. He then turned her to face him and Lily stood mutely as he slowly undid the small pearl buttons down the front of the dress. Once it was loose enough, he slid it off her shoulders, watching as it fell to the floor in a soft rush. Lily was left in a soft chemise lined

with tiny pink bows, the ruffle bottom drawers, her knee socks and black slippers. He slipped the chemise over her head. By now Lily knew better than to cover her breasts, and remained still as Rand skimmed the back of his hand down the gentle slope of her right breast. When the rosy nipples became erect with arousal, he could not resist giving one of them a quick, painful tweak. He smiled when her eyes lit up with passion and pain. *His innocent submissive little girl!*

"Kick off your slippers."

He was pleased to see how quickly she complied with his demand. Lily pulled the string holding her drawers in place and let them fall to her ankles, not missing the aroused shiver that coursed through her body. He dipped a single finger between the soft petals between her legs. Lily gasped as she felt his finger slide against her sensitive clit and then watched as he brought his dew soaked finger to his mouth.

"Still the sweetest cream."

Lily blushed hotter as the memory of her first pussy spanking and the reward that came afterward.

"I want you to walk over to my bed and climb on top facing the headboard." He watched her perky bottom as she crossed his chambers to the large master bed. He waited till she was nervously sitting on her knees in the center before giving her further instructions. "Now, lean down on your forearms and thrust your bottom into the air like you do each night Papa comes to your bedroom."

Lily obeyed and he left her in that position as he moved to the bedside table to pick up a glass jar of ointment. Lily shivered as he unscrewed the lid. She knew that sound, knew what it meant. She could not prevent a small whimper from escaping her lips.

"Hush, baby-girl," he soothed in a low tone. "Tonight you are going to make your Papa very happy. I have been very patient, seeing to my little girl's pleasure first. Now it is time you please your Papa."

"Yes, Papa," came her soft, muffled reply. She could hear him slip the belt from his dressing gown, then came the sound of his trousers hitting the floor. She had only seen him naked that first time in his room and desperately wanted another peek, but did not dare move her head without permission.

Rand grasped his engorged cock and slowly stroked it, spreading the lubricant along his shaft. He watched as she nervously shifted her hips. The bed dipped beneath his weight as he positioned himself on raised knees behind her supplicated form.

"Reach back and spread your bottom cheeks."

She hesitated only a bare moment before heeding him.

"I want you to ask me to fuck your bottom."

"Papa, don't," she whined. The crack of his palm on her pale backside was deafening in the quiet room. Lily screamed and fell forward. He grabbed her loose locks and pulled her back into position by her hair and blistered her bare bottom with a volley of barehanded smacks. Lily sobbed hysterically as she gripped large fistfuls of the bed covers.

"Ask me to fuck your bottom," he commanded. He wanted to hear the harsh graphic word come from those innocent, pink lips.

"Please fuck my bottom," Lily blurted out between sobs. She wanted to please him, but was so very scared of the pain she was about to endure.

"Tell me to put my cock deep inside your body."

"Put your....your cock deep inside my body."

"Beg me."

"Please, Papa. Please put your cock in my bottom. Please, Papa," Lily cried as she reached back and gently pulled her bottom open for him, her fingers leaving white streaks as they pressed into the glowing red cheeks. Rand touched her small, puckered entrance with his finger tip, watching as it clenched and quivered. Pressing his other hand onto her lower back, he forced her bottom further into the air and her upper body down into the bed covers. He grasped his shaft and positioned the bulbous head at her back entrance. The sight of the

large head of his cock poised against her tiny rosebud was almost obscene. It would take a punishing amount of force to seat his well-lubricated eight-inch cock into her tight passage.

He pushed and felt the expected resistance. Using more strength, he pressed until her small sensitive ring gave way to the inevitable and gradually accepted the head of his cock. Lily whimpered at the intrusion but after stretching her bottom with various plugs over the last several days, Rand knew it was more from the discomfort of having something forced into her back passage than from any real pain; that would come in a moment when her body would be compelled to accept his full length. He gave a small thrust and the head was pulled into her body. Her tiny sphincter felt like a tight band around his shaft as it struggled to contain his cock.

Lily's grip on her own buttocks slackened when she felt the first sting as her body struggled to accept him. Her hands were now in tight fists pressed against her mouth. Rand gripped her waist and slowly pushed his hips forward, wanting her to strain against every inch of his cock as it pushed deeper and deeper into her body.

Lily gave out a pained whelp as she felt her tight passage labor against the pain of the intrusion. It burned and stung as her muscles contracted, trying to expel him. Papa's cock was far wider and longer than the largest plug she had been forced to endure. She didn't think her body could take it.

"Please stop, Papa! It's too much! It's too painful!" Lily pleaded.

"What's too much, baby-girl?" He asked giving another small push forward. "What's too painful?"

"Your cock! Your cock in my bottom! I can't. I just can't!" she screamed.

"You can and you will. You still have another four inches to take. You will do this for Papa." He punctuated this with a sharp thrust of his hips, pushing his erect cock in another inch.

Lily cried out but didn't try to beg him to stop again. With the generous

amount of lubricant coating his shaft, there was little resistance from her tiny bottom as he slid further and further in. Her body began to shake from the exertion of trying to hold him back. Her muscles weakened and opened to the unrelenting push of his hard shaft. After several tense moments, he could feel the heat radiating from her punished backside against his flesh. She had taken the full eight inches deep into her bottom. He closed his eyes and savored the tight feeling of her ass as it clenched around his cock.

"Is it over?" Lily asked weakly. Her voiced sounding strained from the pain. He rubbed her lower back in soothing circles.

"No, baby. You were a very good girl whose little bottom took all of Papa's cock, but it is not over," he said in a soft, cooing voice. "This next part will be even more painful. You can cry out all you want but know that Papa will not stop no matter how much you beg."

Lily whimpered in fear as he pulled his hips back, groaning when her bottom continued its tight grip on his cock. He let the head barely crest her sensitive ring, forcing it once again to accommodate the wide girth before fiercely slamming himself back into her body to the base of his shaft. Lily fisted the bed covers as a pained scream was wrenched from her body.

Rand continued to thrust, burying his cock deep and then withdrawing with long strokes, only to thrust to the hilt again. Lily's body rocked forward with each forceful push; only his strong grip on her waist kept her in place for each punishing penetration. Lily's stomach began to cramp. She felt as if her insides were bruised and battered from his painful assault. She reached her hand back in a weak attempt to stop his thrusts.

"Please, stop moving, Papa. It hurts so much!" she sobbed.

Ignoring her pleas, he grabbed her wrist and pressed it against her lower back, locking it in place. Still he continued ramming into her body, taking his pleasure at the expense of her pain, knowing it would lead to her full submission and ultimate release.

Rand roared his climax as he coated her bowels with his cream. He

leaned his forehead between her shoulder blades and let the pleasure sweep over his body in waves. Only when he felt his cock begin to slacken did he pull out. Keeping her on her knees, he watched his cum drip from Lily's abused rosebud. He allowed her to curl on her side in the fetal position as he held her from behind while she softly cried. He knew this had been painful and traumatic for her, but he also knew she needed his dominance as much as he needed her submission.

Pushing two fingers into her now slack back opening, swiping them full of his cream, he raised them to her mouth.

"Open up, baby."

It would be her final act of submission that evening. He wanted to see her suck the cum from her ass off his fingers. There was only the slightest parting of her small, pink lips, but it was enough. He pushed his fingers in, swirling them around her mouth and tongue, making sure she got the full taste of his cum in her mouth. He reached between her sore bottom cheeks a second time and coated his fingers with more cream.

"Again baby. Papa never wants you to waste his cream. I want you to lick it all like a good girl."

With only a whimper of protest, Lily allowed him to push his cum soaked fingers into her mouth again.

"Good girl," he said as he stroked her hair and nuzzled against her neck. "I want you to sleep now. Tomorrow Papa will show you your new room." Lily was too tired to ask questions or protest. She fell asleep curled up in Papa's strong embrace.

CHAPTER NINE

Her New Room

"Wake up, little one."

Lily awoke to a playful slap to her naked bum as Papa yanked the covers off. At first, she was confused and disoriented, but as soon as her sleep haze faded, she bolted upright, mortified to be in his bed. She was not sure what to expect this morning, but her innate servant training came to the fore. It was unforgivable that she had allowed herself to fall asleep in his Lordship's bed! She was certain he would have expected her to move to her own chambers at some point in the early morning hours.

Fearful of being punished for such a grievous transgression, Lily begged him not to be angry. "Please forgive me my Lord for not knowing my place. I am so terribly sorry for staying the night in your chambers," Lily exclaimed as she curled up trying to hide her nakedness. She shuddered to think what Mrs. Oliver was going to say since she was certain she would be late for her duties.

Rand laughed, confusing Lily more. He grasped her jaw and briefly kissed her lips. "My beautiful, sweet innocent girl. I can see every confused, conflicted thought in that pretty little head of yours reflected in your beautiful, brown eyes. You no longer need to worry about Mrs. Oliver or your duties. You will never return to that small room in the servant's quarters. I have a lovely new room prepared for you."

Rand smiled, his handsome face reflecting his peace and contentment. The moment Lily had submitted and allowed him to press his cock deep into her bottom was one of the greatest of his life. He could not wait to make her his true little one. Before he showed her the nursery, he wanted to give her pleasure while she lay naked and warm in his bed.

"I want you to lay back" He waited till Lily obeyed. "Now, raise your

hands high and grab the posts of the headboard. Under no circumstances are you to let go. Do you understand me?" Lily nodded." Good girl. Now spread your legs wide and show Papa your pretty, pink pussy." Lily hesitantly opened her legs a fraction. "Tsk. Tsk," he chided. "If you don't open them wider I will think you want another pussy spanking."

Fearing the threat, Lily spread her legs wide. Papa ran a finger down her slit, knowing he would find her wet and wanting. She may not understand her body's response to his dominance but he did. He laid between her legs and spread her nether lips open, placing his tongue on her engorged clit and circling it counter clockwise, easing the pressure on the underside and then increasing it when he reached the top. Rand loved the way she squirmed and shifted her hips and matched the rhythm of her increased breathing with the tip of his tongue on her clit. The moment he sensed her release was close, he thrust two fingers deep into her wet pussy. Lily gasped as wave after wave of dizzying pleasure hit her. She struggled to keep her hands on the headboard posts as her hips rose and fell as her head moved from side to side. She rode the wave of her release.

"You are so pretty when Papa makes you come," he continued to pulse his fingers in and out of her pussy till he felt the tremors cease. "Now, I want you to come again, this time from my fingers in your ass."

"Oh, Papa. Please don't! It's still very sore," pleaded Lily.

"Shhh … you need to learn that with pain comes pleasure, little one."

Lily's eyes teared up, as she knew arguing would be futile. He would do with her body what he wanted and she would let him.

"Deep breath," he soothed as she felt his dew soaked fingers at her puckered entrance. She squeezed her eyes shut as he forced his fingers past the sensitive ring. Lily hissed at the sting and pain and grasped the headboard posts till her knuckles turned white.

"Please stop Papa," she begged. "It hurts!"

He ignored her as he pushed his fingers in deep, then used his thumb to stroke her now sensitive clit. Lily's hips left the bed as she tried to avoid the

overwhelming sensations of both pleasure and pain. Papa placed a restraining hand just above her pussy. Keeping her in place, he began to thrust his fingers in and out of her bottom in a slow unrelenting rhythm.

"Move past the pain, little one. You know you need this. You know you need to be held down and forced to endure pain to feel pleasure. You know only Papa can give this to you."

He increased the punishing rhythm of his fingers. Her poor abused hole had not fully recovered from last night's bruising assault.

"I can't, Papa! I can't!" she cried.

"Yes, you can. I want you to come when I command. Do you hear me, Lily?"

"Yes, Papa!" Her breathing came in great bursts now, and despite the pain in her bottom, she could feel the wave of another release cresting. After several more thrusts, he leaned over her tortured body and grasped her hair, forcing her head back and her chest out.

"Come now!" he growled against her mouth, then bit down on her nipple and pushed a third finger deep into her bottom. The sharp pain in her breast and bottom coupled with the pressure from this thumb on her clit was too much. A scream was torn from her body as Lily came with such intensity she passed out.

Her eyes fluttered open a few moments later when she heard voices in the room.

"Place the tray on the table by the bed."

Papa was talking to the new maid. With a humiliated cry, Lily started to cover herself.

"Stop," Papa's command thundered through the room, causing both Lily and the new maid to freeze. "Lay back and spread open your legs," he harshly charged Lily.

"But...," she began to protest.

"Obey me now," he angrily interrupted. Lily tearfully obeyed. Once again, His Lordship gestured for the maid to place the tea tray by the bed and

then dismissed her. The silence stretched as he prepared a cup of tea for himself.

"Roll over onto your tummy."

With a whimper, Lily obeyed. As he sat on the bed by her side, stroking her hair, he leaned in close to whisper in her ear. “You covered yourself from my view without my permission. You have earned yourself a spanking."

Lily solemnly nodded her head. She hated the fact she had disappointed him. She buried her face into the bed covers as she heard him move across the room and open his wooden dressing cabinet to retrieve a heavy leather strap. It was a beautifully crafted two fingered tawse, about eighteen inches long and two inches wide. He also retrieved a long piece of silk. He approached the bed and once again sat by her side.

"This is going to be unlike your previous punishments," he warned in a soft, ominous whisper against her ear, his rough, unshaven cheek brushing her neck. "You need to understand that your transgressions from this point forward will warrant harsher punishments. I am going to tie your hands to the headboard. I cannot risk you injuring yourself."

Lily trembled in fright. She could not even look up. Keeping her face buried in the bed covers, she gave a start when warm hands gripped her wrists and something cool and soft encircled them. The fabric tightened, securing her to the headboard. The bed dipped as Papa rose. Her butt cheeks clenched in fear of the unknown.

"Unclench your cheeks, baby,” Papa softly ordered. The moment she unclenched there was a whoosh and the leather strap made its first contact with her soft, pale flesh. Lily screamed in agony. She had been expecting his bare palm like before. This torment was different. She felt vulnerable and alone stretched out on his bed, bereft of the strange comfort of his lap. The leather strap fell again, kissing the tender spot just under her cheeks at the top of her thighs. Lily cried out in distress as her legs kicked in vain. The strap left a burning, irritating sensation that radiated out far beyond where it fell. Her buttocks felt like it was on fire.

"No more! No more! Please, Papa!" Lily wailed and Papa watched as her beautiful pale cheeks turned a dark, crimson. He could make out the individual welt marks from each strike and only after ten full swats did he finally stopped. Lily sobbed uncontrollably into the bed covers as he bent to release her wrists. He could see raw marks from where she pulled on the silk in her pain. Gently rubbing the feeling back into her hands, he let her cry.

"What do you have to say to Papa?" he asked when her sobs began to abate.

"I'm sorry for disobeying you, Papa. It will never happen again," Lily said softly, failing to meet his gaze. He smiled to himself, knowing there would be plenty of times his little one would disobey him, but he knew he would always be there to correct her by any means necessary.

"All is forgiven, little one. Now, let us get you into your pink dress."

Papa helped her back into her childish attire. Lily winced as he brought her drawers over her sore, reddened bottom. She waited patiently as he got dressed and then meekly took his hand to be led from his chambers and down the hall. Lily felt embarrassed and self-conscience in her attire, knowing her legs were scandalously exposed, but knew better than to complain to Papa. They stopped in front of a small door at the end of the hallway that was usually locked and Lily was surprised to learn there was a staircase on the other side. Papa led her up the stairs into a large, airy chamber.

It was a beautiful nursery. Paintings of scenes depicting toys, parks and dolls surrounded by simple gold frames decorated the pale green walls. Large pastel pink rugs covered the polished hard wood floors. There was a small play area with dolls, stuffed animals, books and toys. Across from a cheery fireplace was a teacher's desk and chalkboard with a small child's desk in front. At the far end of the room was a cream-colored crib decorated with pink bows. It that looked far too large to be a normal baby's crib, and when Lily peered inside she gave a squeal of delight. Resting against the side was a pretty doll, which looked just like her! It even had on a tiny version of the pink dress she was wearing.

Papa picked up the doll and held it out for Lily, who quickly clasped it to her chest. She was filled with childish glee; having been raised in the cold, confines of an orphanage, she'd never known the luxury of owning her very own doll! Papa led her over to the large rocking chair placed near the crib and placed her on his lap.

"Lily I want you to listen very carefully to me." Papa raised her chin with his finger when he realized she was too busy admiring her new doll to respond.

"Yes, Papa?"

"I had this nursery decorated just for you. I want this to be your new room."

Lily stared at him with unblinking eyes. She did not understand. He tried to explain further.

"Lily, baby, I want you to become my little one. I want to take care of you. You will never have to work or worry about anything beyond pleasing me. It pleases me to treat you like a little girl - to control what you wear, what you eat, where you sleep. I want you to become completely dependent upon me for your every need. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"You already treat me like a little girl when you ... when you take me over your knee and spank me," Lily replied.

"I have started treating you like my little one but now I want to take it further," Papa explained. "I want you to completely submit. I want to treat you like a little girl all the time, not just when I am disciplining you. If you agree, you will never be treated like an adult again. You will have to obey me in everything." He wanted to make sure she fully understood what he was asking of her, for once she agreed there would be no turning back.

"You will have pretty dresses and lots of dolls." He tweaked her cheek, making her smile. "You will also have a nanny to take care of you and I will see that she properly schools you. I want my little one to learn her letters and to read and write. You will also learn how to please me. Just like Papa trained your

bottom to accept his cock, I will also train your pussy and that pretty little mouth of yours," he said as he brushed her full bottom lip with his thumb in a soft caress. Lily did not fully understand his meaning, but her body did. She could feel a responding tingle between her legs as he talked.

"What happens when you tire of me? Will I go back to being your maid?"

He smiled at her question, knowing he would never tire of her. "No, Sweetheart. First of all, I will never, ever tire of you, but to put to rest your fears, I will have papers drawn up saying I will buy you a house complete with a carriage and staff and provide for you for the rest of your life should we part ways. You will never have to work another day in your life, baby." She smiled at his assurances, but then grew solemn. There was still one other possibility - one that hurt to consider.

"What if you should marry?" she asked, knowing he must one day. He was a powerful lord, after all, and it was expected of him to marry and carry on his line.

Rand could not imagine marrying and bringing another woman into his household. He was a second son with a fortune of his own, and there were no expectations of his providing an heir or taking a wife. He wanted no one but Lily, and knew he would never risk marrying and giving his wife the power to send her away as would be his new wife's prerogative, since keeping his mistress in the same household would be too scandalous. Lily was his and he was keeping her, but he was not prepared to divulge his feelings for her just yet, so he chose a more candid answer.

"One day I may marry, but I will make sure that my new wife loves my little girl as much as I do."

A small part of Lily hoped he would flaunt the dictates of society and choose to marry her, but she also knew that was not practical or possible. She would have to be content with the affection he now offered, for it was more than she had ever received in her lonely life, and it was more than anything she'd ever

dared hope for.

"I am going to leave you up here for a few hours to think about my offer. You are not to leave this room," he warned sternly. "I will have Mrs. Oliver send up a tray for you." Papa rose and carried her over to the play area, gently setting her down among the toys and stuffed animals. Then with a quick kiss on the top of her head he was gone.

Lily lost herself in play for the first hour. She was surprised when Mrs. Oliver appeared with a tray. It felt very strange to be playing on the floor with dolls instead of working and then to have her superior bring her a tray. She felt as if it should be the other way around, and hid a secret smile at the turn of events. Perhaps she could get used to the idea of being coddled and protected.

"Here you go, dearie," Mrs. Oliver said affectionately.

"Mrs. Oliver," called out Lily before the elderly housekeeper had a chance to leave. "I need ... I need some advice," she hesitantly asked. "Papa ... I mean ... His Lordship has asked me to be his …" Lily couldn't say the words. "That is to say, he wants me to ... to …" Lily couldn't finish.

"Hush, dearie, don't fret," cooed Mrs. Oliver, treating Lily more kindly than ever before. Mrs. Oliver had been working for the gentry her entire life, so nothing shocked or surprised her anymore. She had seen far worse than a lord wanting to treat his mistress like a little girl, and truth be told she thought it was sweet. Besides, if his Lordship was happy, the household was happy and this slip of a girl made him happy. "All you need to think about is how he makes you feel. Don't worry about whatever anyone else may think or say. All that is important is if you care for him and if he treats you well. All right, dearie?" Mrs. Oliver gave her a pat on the head and left the room.

Somehow, getting Mrs. Oliver's approval made everything seem less confusing. Lily looked over the tray she had brought up. It was filled with delicious pastries and sweet jams. There was even a pot of warm chocolate! She was used to a simple fare of bread and weak tea each morning. Lily had served her betters pastries and chocolate but never tried some herself. Now she

reveled in the luxury of each sweet, buttery bite. Oh yes, she could indeed get used to such a life.

CHAPTER TEN

Becoming His Little One

Lily knew she would agree to become Lord Stockton's little one. She loved him, and knew he adored her. She would do anything for him, although in the coming days she would come to realize she did not fully understand the extent to which he expected her to submit.

When Papa returned, she told him her decision. Lily would always cherish the look in his eyes the moment she told him. He picked her up and twirled her around and they laughed together as he held her tight.

"You have made me very happy, little one," Papa said as he caressed her cheek. "It is time to make you truly mine." He led her over to the large crib at the end of the room. "Turn around."

Lily did not hesitate to obey him. She felt a tug on the large bow at the back of her dress, then he grasped her shoulders and turned her back to face him. Lily was caught in the intensity of his gaze as he slowly undressed her. When she was completely naked, he turned his attention to the crib. Lowering the side, he picked Lily up under her arms and placed her in.

"Lay back," he instructed in a voice hoarse with desire.

Rand grasped her knees and forced them up, spreading her legs wide. Without having to be told, Lily took hold of the slats above her head.

"Good girl," he said, pushing a single finger past her soft petals. Lily was wet, like he knew she would be and he rushed to release his swollen cock from his trousers and stepped between her open legs. As he rubbed the head of his cock against her sensitive clit, Lily moaned with pleasure. She had no idea of the pain she was about to endure.

"You are going to take Papa's cock deep into your body, baby girl."

Lily tensed at his words. The pain of his cock pushing into her bottom

was still all too fresh. She wanted to please him, but was frightened at the thought of him once again forcing his member into her.

"Papa, I'm frightened. I don't like when you put your cock in my bottom," Lily pleaded. "It hurts. Please don't do it." She knuckled her teary eyes.

"You are my little one now, Lily," he said in a warning tone. "You no longer have a say in how I use your body for my pleasure. I plan on taking your bottom often, but right now I have a different hole in mind." He pushed a finger past her pussy entrance. "Papa loves to hear that pretty innocent mouth say naughty words," he said. "Ask me to fuck your pussy,"

"Will it hurt?" she asked in a soft voice, tucking her chin under and lowering her gaze.

"Yes," Rand answered bluntly as he grasped her chin and forced her brown eyes to meet his ice blue ones. "It will hurt. But you will take the pain for Papa, won't you?" At her slight nod, he continued. "Now....ask me to fuck your pussy."

"But...." Whatever Lily was going to say was cut short when Papa gave her a stinging slap to her inner right thigh.

"Please fuck my pussy!" Lily cried out.

"What was that?" Rand asked as he smacked the other thigh, giving it a matching hand print.

"Fuck my pussy, Papa! Fuck my pussy!" Lily shouted out desperately and Rand placed the head of his cock at her wet entrance and ruthlessly thrust to the hilt, tearing through her maidenhead. He did not give her body time to adjust to the feel of his thick shaft stretching and filling her. Ignoring Lily's cries of pain, he pounded his cock into her wet heat, relishing the feel of finally pushing into her body, of claiming her. Grasping her knees and forcing them into her chest, opening her wider as he looked down to watch her small cunny entrance obscenely stretch to accept his shaft. He could feel her inner muscles clench and tremble with each forced entry. Rand was a man possessed, his need to

dominate taking over as he pinned her down, and brutally drove into her tight, innocent cunny.

"Is Papa hurting your tiny pussy with his cock?" His words were a dark rumble as he breathed harshly against her neck. Rand knew he was being rough with her and part of his mind screamed to gentle his approach, to kiss and coddle her. But the emotions behind the impulse alarmed him. Mistresses were for fucking. He knew in his soul that Lily was different, that what he felt for her went much deeper, but he was not prepared to admit it. Even as he took her innocence and branded her with his seed, he needed to distance himself, to give in to the conflicting desire to both claim and push away.

"Yes....yes....yes..." Lily mindlessly answered to the rhythm of each thrust. It felt like he had taken over her body. She could feel him moving inside of her, each bruising thrust bringing a fresh wave of pain.

Rand released her knees and bent over her body. Placing one forearm by her head and grasping Lily's throat with his other hand, he tilted her head back and whispered into her ear. "From this day forward, not a day will go by you won't feel my cock in your sweet cunny or struggle to accept it up your small bottom or taste it in the back of your throat." He moved his mouth down her neck to her breast, sucking her nipple deep into his mouth and gently scraping it with his teeth. Rand tortured her breasts while he continued to relentlessly punish her pussy with each powerful lunge.

“Come for Papa, ” he commanded, and it was all too much for Lily. True to her submissive nature, his dominance over her body coupled with the kiss of pain was all she needed to come. Moments later, his cock pulsed as he filled her hot, wet heat with his cum. He had marked her; she was finally his.

Rand left her curled up in the crib as he crossed the room to the water closet to return with a wet linen that he carefully pressed against her sore pussy. After cleaning her, he quietly replaced the crib's side, locking her in. Lily looked up at him with sleepy eyes.

"I love you, Papa," she whispered.

He smiled at her declaration but said nothing for several moments.

"Rest, little one," he finally answered as he stroked her cheek. "Tomorrow you will meet your new nanny."

She had already fallen asleep and did not see him pull the rocking chair close to her crib so he could watch over her. He stared at her cute, pink mouth gently open in sleep, the dark fan of eyelashes against her flushed cheeks, and knew he was a fool to try and distance himself. He had fallen in love with her from the very first moment and the more she gave of herself to him, the deeper he fell. It made him wonder who had truly submitted.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Meeting the Nanny

"Such a sweet little one! You are a lucky man, if I may be so bold, your Lordship."

"You may."

After Papa had taken her virginity, Lily was so worn out, she had slept through the night, naked and curled up in the crib. When she next opened her eyes, it was to the sight of Papa standing by her crib with a strange woman. Crying out, she tried to hide her nakedness by turning on her stomach.

"Now, now. None of that!" said the woman, "There will be no hiding your cute titties from your Papa."

Lily felt a stinging slap to her exposed bottom. Grabbing her cheeks, she turned onto her back, sending a pleading look to Papa who laughed and stroked her hair. Lily took in his disheveled appearance and realized he must have stayed by her side the entire night.

"Lily meet your new nanny," he said as he lowered the side of the crib and helped her to stand. Lily felt all the more bare standing in front of the fully clothed older woman. She was in her late forties with pitch black hair pulled back in a severe chignon and a gray uniform with a crisp white apron. From the set of her mouth and lowered eyebrows, Lily could tell this was a woman who would not tolerate any nonsense.

"My Lord, might I suggest a bath for the little one while we talk about your expectations?"

"Excellent idea, Mrs. Temple," Papa agreed. "Why don't you prepare her bath while I give Lily her breakfast?" As Nanny left the room, Papa led her back to the rocking chair and placed her on his lap.

"Papa, could I please get dressed?" Lily asked, feeling embarrassed at

her naked state.

"No, little one. Nanny is here to take care of you. Each morning she will be the one to bathe and dress you. You had best get used to her seeing you naked."

As His Lordship settled Lily more comfortably on his lap, he reached over to the small table by the chair and picked up what looked like a baby bottle. Lily stared in horror; surely he did not expect her to suckle from a bottle like a baby! Papa could see the indignation in her eyes. He knew he made himself clear yesterday about what he would expect from her but also understood there would be an adjustment period.

"I told you yesterday I would treat you like my little one in every aspect," he said in an admonishing tone. "You will take your bottle like a good girl or I will turn you over my knee," With that stern warning, he placed the nipple of the bottle against her pink lips. "Open your up for Papa," he said and, whimpering, Lily complied and allowed him to push the nipple into her mouth.

"'Now, suck," directed Papa, his attention focused on her lips. He watched as her delicate cheeks hollowed with each pull on the nipple. "Good girl."

Papa slowly began to rock back and forth in the chair. Lily was laying in his embrace with his arm wrapped around her back as his free hand gently stroked the side swell of her breast. She slowly closed her eyes and let the warm milk and the sensation of being in Papa's strong arms sooth and comfort her. Rand loved cradling his little one in his arms and gently rocking her as she took her bottle. He gazed at her sweet mouth pulling on the nipple, felt her warm, soft skin and smiled in the knowledge that she felt safe and protected. All too soon, Lily finished and looked up at Papa with sad eyes. He chuckled and stroked her cheek. "Don't worry little one, Papa will have another bottle for you tomorrow morning."

"Little Lily's bath is ready, sir," Mrs. Temple quietly interjected, not wanting to disturb the endearing moment.

"Very good, Mrs. Temple." Papa lifted Lily into his arms and carried her into the bathing room. Gentle swirls of lavender-scented steam rose from the large tub in the far corner.

"Lavender is very soothing for babies and much more appropriate than grownup soap scents like rose or gardenias," Mrs. Temple explained. Papa gently lowered Lily into the warm water. He moved to sit on a stool behind her, his knees on either side of her head. Accepting a bathing cloth from Mrs. Temple, he began to tenderly rub it down Lily's arms and back. Lily forgot all about the other woman in the room as she focused on his touch caressing her skin. When he reached her breasts, she arched her back, pushing them into his exploring hands.

"Spread your legs as far as they will go, baby." His voice was low and comforting as he moved the wet, soapy cloth down her stomach. "Papa needs to wash your pussy."

Lily obeyed, pulling her knees up and letting them fall against the sides of the cast iron tub. He rubbed the bathing cloth between her legs, opening her lips with one hand and pushing against her clit. The warmth of the bath, his touch, her aroused state and the rough feel of the cloth as it scraped against her clit sent Lily over the edge. She screamed her release and almost sagged into the water had it not been for Papa's strong arms around her shoulders, holding her steady. Lily's head lolled against the edge of the tub as she savored the floating, dizzying feel.

"Lift up, little one. I need to wash your hair." He poured a pitcher of warm water over her hair and then pushed his fingers into the long, wet tresses to gently massage her head and scalp. Lily moaned and squirmed as a tingling sensation once again built between her legs.

"Reach down and touch yourself for Papa," he instructed, and Lily obeyed, pushing two fingers past her cunny lips and sweeping them across her extremely sensitive clit. She gasped at the intense pleasure; it was almost too much. "Keep touching yourself," he sternly urged, his grip on her hair

tightening. The sharp pain of having her hair pulled sent a pleasurable shiver through her body and she gripped the edge of the tub with one hand, her hips shooting up as she pushed her fingers against her clit. Papa roughly forced her head back and his lips crashed down on hers, his mouth swallowing her scream of pleasure.

Lily felt boneless and sated as Papa lifted her from the tub and began to dry her off. She gave a start when Mrs. Temple spoke, having forgotten the woman was even in the room.

"The shaving materials are prepared, my Lord," Mrs. Temple advised as she motioned toward the long, rubber mat covered table at the end of the room. "Will we need restraints?"

"Yes, I believe so," directed Rand as he lifted Lily into his arms and carried her over to the table. She was placed on her back and immediately felt the nanny's strong grasp on both arms as they were stretched above her head and secured in leather cuffs. Lily panicked and pulled at the restraints.

"Shhh, little one," said Papa as he patted her head and leaned down to give her a kiss on the forehead. "Don't fight your restraints, they are for your protection. Papa will be here the whole time."

"What are you going to do?" asked a frightened and confused Lily as she twisted and turned, trying to get a look at Mrs. Temple, who remained just out of her line of vision.

"I'm going to shave your pussy so that it is nice and smooth," he answered as he moved to stand at the end of the table. Lily instinctively closed her legs and pulled her knees up to her chest and to the side, trying to hide her nakedness.

"Now, now. None of that," scolded Mrs. Temple, pushing on Lily's hips and forcing her to lie straight as she opened Lily's knees wide. Lily felt vulnerable and exposed as both Papa and the nanny stared down between her legs.

"Such a sweet, little pussy you have my dear!" Mrs. Temple exclaimed

in admiration. "It will look so much better without all that adult hair covering those pretty, pink lips."

Papa began to vigorously swirl a boar's hair brush into the shaving soap, working it into a rich, creamy lather. With a warning look to Lily that needed no interpretation, he stroked the foam covered bristles down the sensitive seam between her legs. Lily trembled as the cool lather touched her bath, warmed skin. With gentle strokes, he covered her entire pussy in the rich, velvety foam. She watched in terrified fascination as he picked up a heavy, razor strop and began to rhythmically polish and sharpen a straight edge razor. Lily whimpered as she shifted her hips and once again pulled on her wrist restraints in a futile attempt to escape. Mrs. Temple reached over and placed a strong arm on the top of Lily's knees, quieting her movements. Papa once again turned his attention to between her legs.

"Lily, I am holding a very sharp razor. I do not want to cut my little one, so you need to be a very good girl and stay very, very still," Rand warned in a soft, placating voice as he placed the cold edge of the razor against her skin. Lily held her breath as he slowly swept the razor down the center of her tender mound. She tried to block out the grainy sound of the razor scraping along her flesh over and over again. She could feel the lather begin to melt under the heat of her skin and slowly slide between her butt cheeks. With each sweep of the razor, more delicate, rosy skin appeared until her entire pussy was laid bare. With a nod from Papa, Mrs. Temple forced Lily’s knees into her chest. Lily cried out at the increasingly vulnerable and uncomfortable position but was ignored.

Papa used one hand to pry open Lily's buttocks as the other shaved the soft downy hair around her little rosebud. Tears of mortification slipped from Lily's eyes as she dealt with the humiliation of being so closely inspected in such an intimate area. After a few more sweeps of the razor, Papa was finished. He placed a warm cloth between her legs as nanny prepared a soothing salve. Lily was still becoming accustomed to the arousing yet confusing feel of Papa's hands

between her legs, so she was fully unprepared for a woman's touch. Nanny's small, supple hand gently applied a cooling salve onto Lily's newly exposed flesh as Papa released her from her wrist restraints. Lily wrapped her arms around his shoulders and softly cried into his neck as he stroked her back in large, sweeping circles and whispered terms of endearment into her ear.

"I know this is all new to you little one, but I am so very proud of you," he murmured, burying his nose into her fragrant, still damp hair.

"I have laid out her pale yellow dress with the white lace," interjected Mrs. Temple.

"Very good. Come along, Lily," said Papa as he carried her naked back into the nursery.

Mrs. Temple approached them with a pair of ruffled bottom drawers and a soft chemise, "May I, my Lord?" At his nod of approval, Mrs. Temple took Lily in hand and began to dress her. Lily sent a questioning look to Papa, who had taken a seat by the fire and watched through hooded eyes. Not wishing to anger him, she let the strange woman dress her in another childish creation. This one had small cap sleeves and was covered in white lace ruffles over yellow taffeta. The nanny placed Lily on a cushion in front of the fire at her Papa's feet.

"Stay there like a good girl while your hair dries and the adults talk," ordered her new nanny. "May I offer you a cup of tea, my Lord?" Again at his nod of approval, Mrs. Temple moved to the breakfast tray on a table across the room to prepare his tea. Lily felt a small stab of jealousy; preparing Papa's tea had been her responsibility. She instinctively moved closer to him, feeling better when his warm, strong hand caressed the top of her head in a reassuring gesture. While Lily cuddled against his legs, Papa talked with the nanny about lessons, training and routines.

"There is no time like the present, my Lord," said Mrs. Temple. "She is such an innocent. There is much she needs to learn about pleasing you. Might I suggest we start with oral training this morning?"

"That is an excellent suggestion, Mrs. Temple," Papa agreed. He placed

a hand under Lily's chin and lifted her face. "Would you like to learn how to please Papa with your mouth?" At her confused look, he continued. "You know how much you like it when Papa licks your pussy?"

With an embarrassed flush, Lily nodded yes.

"Well, Nanny and I are going to teach you how to do something similar for Papa," he said as he reached to unbutton his trousers. Lily raised a questioning gaze between Papa and the nanny, still not fully understanding. She took strange comfort in the reassuring nod she received from the nanny.

"Up on your knees, dear," Nanny instructed with a push to Lily's shoulders. "That's right, kneel between Papa's legs." As soon as Lily was in position, Nanny continued her instruction. "I want you to reach into his trousers and pull out his cock." At Lily's hesitation, she grabbed Lily's hand and forced it into Papa's trousers. "Don't be so shy girl, we both know you are intimately acquainted with your Papa's cock."

Lily grasped the hard length of his shaft and pulled till it sprang free.

"Move your hand up and down the shaft with a nice tight grip," the nanny continued. "Don't be shy. You won't hurt him," Nanny's soft voice drifted over Lily as she stared in fascination at Papa's cock - this *thing* that had given her both pleasure and pain. She could feel its pulsing heat beneath her hand as she slowly stroked the long, hard length. Papa leaned back into the plush chair, closing his eyes. He looked peaceful and relaxed, except for his white knuckled grip on the edge of the chair arms.

"When you reach the top of his shaft, gently sweep your thumb over the head," Nanny continued. "The top bulbous portion is the head of his cock and it is very sensitive." Lily swept her thumb across the top then yelped and let go and sat back on her knees when his cock gave a strong throb and moved in her hand. Nanny took hold of Lily's hand and once more guided it to Papa's cock. "That is perfectly natural, dear. It means he likes what you are doing."

After a few tentative strokes, Lily swept her thumb across the head of his cock a second time and gasped when a felt silky, moisture coat the head of his

cock and her thumb.

"The moisture is his pre-cum, dear," said Nanny in a calm, clear voice. "It helps him slide his cock into your tight pussy or bum. Keep stroking."

Lily could feel the heat and tension radiating from Papa. She watched as his chest rose and fell with his heavy breathing. She took her own deep breath through her nose and breathed in the male, musky scent of him. Lost in her own awareness of him, Lily was surprised to hear Nanny's voice.

"Take the tip of your tongue and push it into the slit on the head of his cock," the older woman now instructed.

Lily lowered her head to tentatively swipe her tongue along the top of cock, taking in the salty taste and velvety texture.

"Meet your Papa's gaze," her nanny continued. "Show him how much you enjoy the taste of him."

Lily's gaze swept past the head of Lord Stockton's cock, across his flat stomach and sculpted chest to meet blue eyes lit with a desire so intense she almost forgot to breathe.

"Again," he said through clenched teeth as he grabbed her by the back of the head and pushed her small mouth onto the head of his cock.

"Listen to your Papa, Lily," said Nanny. "Open your mouth wider so you can take the whole head in. Swirl your tongue across the top and really taste him."

Lily whimpered as the large head of his cock filled her mouth. She did as she was told and swirled her tongue up and around, filling her mouth with the taste of his salty pre-cum. Papa let go of her and once more leaned back, a study in leashed restraint.

Nanny stepped up behind Lily's kneeling form, placing both hands on either side of Lily's face and softly pressing her fingers into the hollows of Lily's cheeks, forcing her jaw down.

"I want you to relax your jaw," Nanny said in a low voice. "I am going to push your mouth onto your Papa's cock and force it deeper into your throat."

Lily's frightened objection was lost as Mrs. Temple tightened her grip on Lily's head and pushed her forward, driving more of Papa's stiff length into her mouth.

Lily began to gag and tear up, reflexively lifting her hands to push against Papa's knees, trying to free her mouth. Both of her wrists were swiftly manacled in Papa's strong grip and Lily raised startled eyes to see him watching her. Her pleading gaze was ignored as he nodded to the nanny, his silent command to continue the assault on Lily's poor mouth.

"Stop struggling, dear," scolded Nanny. "Breathe through your nose and cover your teeth with your lips. You will receive a blistering spanking if you should scrape them along your Papa's cock." The nanny continued to relentlessly push Lily's mouth deeper onto his shaft. Lily's lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she felt the head rest against the back of her tongue. Nanny paused for a moment, allowing Lily to adjust to the feel of Papa's large member invading her mouth. Lily's tongue swished along the sensitive underside, tasting the pulsing, smooth heat of the large cock as she struggled to breathe through her nose.

Papa groaned as his grip on her wrists intensified to an almost painful degree. Despite her fear and distress, Lily did not miss the subtle sway she held over him. Whenever he licked her pussy she felt dizzy and powerless against the onslaught of sensations. Even in her innocence, Lily intuitively knew she now held the same power over him.

Slowly, Nanny pistoned Lily's head up and down his shaft, till Lily had taken almost half his length into her unwilling mouth. Lily's jaw slackened, the muscles weak from strain. Papa raised his hips and pushed another inch into her open mouth. Eventually she would take his full length to the hilt, and soon he would know the pleasure of cumming deep down her throat, but not today. Releasing her wrists, he pulled his cock from the warm, wet heat of her tight mouth and stroked his own length.

Nanny kept her strong grip on Lily's jaw as Papa vigorously worked his hand up and down his shaft.

"Keep your mouth open, dear," instructed Nanny. "Your Papa is going to cum in your mouth. You must be careful to keep it all on your tongue and not swallow till he tells you too." Lily watched in fascination as Papa's strong hand gripping his cock moved faster and faster along the length. With a loud groan, his hips shot forward as a stream of cum hit Lily's tongue. She tried to pull her head away from the onslaught, but Nanny's grip kept her in place. Lily dutifully held the warm, creamy liquid in her mouth, whimpering as the salty taste made its way to the back of her throat.

Leaning in close, Papa whispered, "Swallow." Lily obeyed.

"Good girl," he said.

He returned his cock to his trousers and rose to leave. "I will see you tonight, little one," he said, giving Lily a kiss on her forehead. "Have fun with your nanny today." Lily watched as he left, feeling suddenly shy and insecure in the presence of the strange woman who had observed and participated in so much intimacy.

"Shall we go play in the garden?" the nanny asked with a pleasant smile.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Mine

Lily spent the entire day basking in the sunshine. Never, - not even as a true child - had she been allowed to play the day away. During her years in service she would occasionally run errands that would take her by either St. James' or Hyde Park, where she'd lean against the iron fencing and watch the children play. They looked so happy and carefree, twirling in the sunshine till they got dizzy and collapsed onto the cool, sweet grass. In each household she had worked, there had been a beautiful walled in garden - an oasis amid all the noise and dirt of London - with trees and flowers. Some even had small man-made ponds. Lily was never allowed to step foot in any of them. Gardens, flowers, sunshine - those were for the privileged few, not for the servants. Her life had been spent indoors, in the close confines of attic rooms or below stairs where it was always dark and chilly.

Today, Lily twirled until she got dizzy and collapsed onto the cool, sweet grass. She picked flowers and felt the sunshine on her face as she knelt at Nanny's feet listening to a story. Lily breathed in the fresh air and thought of him. Papa had given this to her, this freedom. She no longer had to worry about working till her back ached or drafty rooms or lecherous footmen or never having enough to eat. Gone were the days of scratchy, second-hand clothes and ice-cold hip baths.

But at what cost? Lily observed the older woman sitting a few feet away on the stone bench, working on some sewing. This woman was to be her nanny? If Papa had his way, she would have no privacy, no independence. Can one have freedom with no control over her own life, she wondered? Then she thought of how he stroked her cheek when he was pleased or kissed her gently on the forehead, how he'd opened her eyes to the pleasure that could be found

when she completely gave of herself to him. He asked much of her, but he gave much in return.

After a full day of getting to know her new nanny and playing in the sunshine, Lily did not protest when she was fed a simple supper and tucked naked into Papa's bed early in the evening. She snuggled into the soft, downy covers that carried his scent and quickly drifted off to sleep. Sometime after midnight, she felt his warm presence against her back, his arm wrapped protectively around her waist. She stirred and pushed her bottom against his groin as he nuzzled her neck.

"Papa?"

"Yes, baby girl," his voice a low rumble in the quiet of the bedroom.

"I'm not sure I can do this," she said tentatively, worried how he would react. She felt him stiffen, his arm reflexively tightening as he pulled her closer into the protective heat of his body. Rand would not, could not, lose her.

"I know you are struggling with what I expect from you but I also know you need both the discipline and the pleasure I give you." His hand moved up from her waist to grasp one full breast. Lily gasped and arched her back as he playfully bit her neck and then licked the mark he made. He pushed Lily onto her back, raising her arms above her head and securing her wrists with one hand as he pulled one nipple deep into his mouth, swirling the peak with the tip of his tongue. "My need for control, allows you to lose your own."

Reaching down between her legs, he felt her sweet wetness. He swirled his thumb around her clit, reveling in her sharp breath intake. Holding her gaze with his own, he slowly brought his thumb to his mouth and tasted her sweet essence. Lily was mesmerized. "Open your legs for me, baby." He moved between her legs and positioned the head of his cock at her tight entrance.

Lily braced herself, "Will it hurt again?"

"Would you do it anyway if I said it would?" he asked, needing to know the answer.

"Yes," she answered simply and without reservation.

He smiled and stroked her cheek. "No, baby, it won't hurt this time." He slowly pushed into her tight warmth and Lily moaned as she felt her body stretch to accommodate his length. His first few thrusts were shallow, only breaching her by a few inches, for he wanted to stimulate and tease. Lily could feel the pressure build as her body tensed, wanting more. Her hips lifted in a primal invitation and in that moment he released her wrists and grasped her buttocks, thrusting in to the hilt.

"You're mine," he growled as he pushed deeper into her body. "Mine to control. Mine to fuck. Mine to protect. Mine to cherish."

With each possessive declaration he thrust harder, wanting her to not only hear but feel his words. Lily held her breath and fisted the bed covers as she gave herself to him, mind, body and soul. She screamed her release the moment she felt his hot seed brand her as his.

She was awoken with a soft kiss to her lips, early the next morning.

"Wake up, little one. Your nanny is here to take you back to the nursery. You need to get ready. Your first school lesson is today."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A Harsh Lesson

"I don't understand why I need to know this!" Lily huffed as she crossed her arms in front of her chest. She had suffered through the humiliation of another bath at the hands of nanny and was now dressed in a plaid school uniform that ended scandalously at mid-thigh. From her child's school desk, she stared up at a blackboard filled with scribbles and scratches.

"Now. Now. None of that!" scolded Mrs. Temple. "Your Papa wants you to learn how to read and write, young lady. You must begin with your letters."

"I have gotten along just fine without knowing my letters or how to read, so why do I have to learn now?"

"It is not your place to question your Papa! Now, let us resume." Nanny tapped a large, wooden pointer against the blackboard. "A is for Anal. B is for Buttocks. C is for Cock. D is for Dildo. Now write it down in your primer just like on the board."

Lily tried but was easily frustrated. "Why can't we play out in the sunshine like yesterday?" she whined.

"We will as soon as your lesson is finished."

"I don't want to do this lesson. I don't care about my letters." In a fit of temper, Lily threw her pencil across the room.

"You wicked girl!" shouted the nanny as she quickly moved across the room and yanked on the bell pull. A footman appeared within moments. "Tell his Lordship he is needed in the nursery." With a nod, the footman took off at a run.

"You don't have to tell on me to Papa!" Lily begged. "Please, I'll be a good girl. I promise! Please, please don't tell Papa!"

"You should have thought of this before you were naughty," scoffed Mrs. Temple. His Lordship had made it very clear that he was to be the only one to discipline Lily. As much as she hated to divulge to him she could not control her charge, Mrs. Temple did not dare disobey his direct order.

"What seems to be the problem here?" Papa's voice was edged with impatience as his masculine presence filled the room.

"Please Papa," Lily cried as she fell to her knees in front of him. "I didn't mean it. I swear, I didn't mean it!"

He rose questioning eyes to the nanny, who quickly filled him in on how disruptive and naughty she had been all morning.

"One of these days your foolish temper will get you into real trouble," Papa seethed, his anger palpable. "If I have to roast that impertinent bottom of yours every day, I will teach you discipline and self-control."

Lily sobbed harder, her hands covering her face as Lord Stockton grabbed her by her shoulder and hoisted her to her feet. Taking hold of her upper arm, he dragged her over to the large teacher's desk.

"Bend over," he ordered. Lily tearfully obeyed and felt His Lordship grasp the waistband of her drawers and ruthlessly shove them down to her ankles, exposing her vulnerable backside. When reached for the long, wooden pointer resting across the desk, she began to cry harder.

"No, Papa. Not with that! Please, use your hand. Please!" Lily sobbed and tried pull the pointer out of his grasp. He held it out of her reach and used his other hand to push her back down onto the desk.

"Try to interfere with your punishment again and I will double it," he threatened through clenched teeth. "You will learn discipline, Lily, if I have to spank you every time you give in to your foolish temper."

He raised his hand and brought the pointer down on her bottom with a loud crack. Lily screamed and gripped the edge of the desk harder in her pain. There was another crack as the unrelenting wood made contact with her soft, yielding flesh. Lily cried out as the scalding pain radiated across her cheeks like

stinging pin pricks.

"What is 'A' for, Lily?"

"I don't know," sobbed Lily. Rand cracked the pointer across her backside again. "I don't know! Please, stop!" She wailed as she bounced on her toes trying to cool the flaming, hot pain across her bum.

"What is 'A' for, Lily?" he asked again.

"Anal! A is for Anal," she screeched in desperation. He gave her several more severe swats with the pointer.

"What is 'B' for?"

"Buttocks," answered a weakening Lily, the fierce punishment and uncontrollable crying wearing her out. Rand took in the faint purple welts starting to appear on her crimson cheeks and put the pointer aside.

“Ask me to fuck your bottom as penance for your bad behavior,” he spoke with harsh resolve. He knew accepting his cock into her back passage was still painful for Lily and would show her true atonement.

“Oh, Papa. Anything but that, please,” she pleaded.

“Ask me to fuck your bottom, Lily,” he said, showing no signs of relenting.

“Please fuck my bottom, Papa,” she whispered, her voice wavered with anxiety.

"Mrs. Temple, please get the jar of ointment and Lily's pacifier," he ordered as he stood back and loosened his trousers. Lily moaned in abject misery. Mrs. Temple returned with the asked for items. Rand opened the ointment as he motioned for the nanny to place the pacifier in Lily's mouth, its large bulbous tip mimicking the head of a cock. Lily tried to close her lips and turn her head, but Nanny quickly grabbed her by the jaw and pushed the pacifier in.

Rand rubbed only enough lubricant along his cock to prevent him from tearing her sensitive ring. Grabbing her sore cheeks, he forced them open, exposing her puckered hole. Pushing his cock against it, he encountered feeble

resistance as she tried to clench her buttocks. The attempt earned her a quick, stinging slap. Lily's cry was muffled by the large pacifier as Rand slowly pushed into her dark passage, wanting her to feel every painful inch.

Lily felt the skin around her rectum stretch and strain to accept the sizable head of his cock. Papa pushed down on her lower back, forcing her ass up and widening her rosebud just enough to force the head through. Lily groaned, her head spinning from the sudden spike of pain. The pressure built as he forced himself deeper into her bowels until the base of his cock felt the heat from her roasted bottom. Rand paused for a moment, fighting the need to powerfully shove in and out of her gripping heat. He wanted to teach her lesson, but had no desire to truly harm her. With a tight rein on his control, he withdrew, then slowly, deliberately pushed back in, repeating the motion till he felt her inner muscles slacken to accept him. Lily whimpered as the pace of his thrusts increased, bracing herself against the desk as each thrust rocked her sore body. His chest heaved as he forced his hips forward. Pushing himself in to the base, he came with a roar.

Lily cried with relief when he pulled out and relieved her of the painful pressure and cramps caused by his intrusion. Rand straightened his clothes and moved around the desk, going down on his haunches until he was level with Lily's tear-stained face. Without a word, he pulled the pacifier from her mouth and moved to stand behind her again. She mewed and squirmed when he grasped her bruised cheeks and once again pried them open to push the nipple of the pacifier into her abused, gaping hole. Lily jerked in discomfort each time he twisted the pacifier. He gently pulled the cum coated pacifier from her bottom and returned to face her.

"Open your mouth."

Lily's pain-filled eyes pleaded with him, but would not relent, "Open your mouth, Lily," he repeated. When she finally, reluctantly obeyed, he pushed the pacifier back in, filling her mouth with the salty taste of his cum. Rand cupped her face, using his thumbs to brush away the tears.

"Did my little girl learn her lesson?"

A woeful Lily nodded her head.

"Good." He picked her up and carried her across the room to her crib, tenderly laying her down on her stomach. "Mrs. Temple is going to rub a soothing salve onto your bottom and then I want you to take a nap." He left the room as Lily started to cry.

Later that evening, Lord Stockton leaned against the headboard as he cradled a naked Lily in his lap. He watched as her small, pink mouth puckered around the nipple of the bottle he held. He'd filled it with warm milk and a mild sedative that would help her sleep. She had learned a harsh lesson today, but he knew she would be better for it. Lily sighed and leaned her head against his shoulder as her eyes softly drifted closed. He held her in his arms for another hour before tucking them both under the warm covers, holding her as she slept.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A Lesson from Papa

Several days later, Lily proudly entered Papa's study, eager to show him all she had learned. After her punishment, she had become a model pupil, studying her letters and even learning to read a few sentences.

"Papa, Nanny says because I have been a good girl I'm allowed to spend the afternoon with you!"

Rand watched as his sweet little one came around his desk to give him a kiss on the cheek. She was dressed in a pale blue dress embroidered with yellow and pink flowers. The short, childish length allowed him a peek of her ruffled covered bottom. Her beautiful hair fell down her back in soft waves held in place by a simple yellow bow at her temple. She looked adorable. He pulled her onto his lap and began to unbutton the front of her dress.

"Oh, Papa," she teased. "I want to show you how I can read now."

"Read to Papa while I play with your cute titties," he said warmly as he exposed her creamy flesh unhindered by corset or stays. He rubbed his middle finger around the aureole of her perfect, pink nipple and watched as it perked under his attention. Rand could not resist leaning down and pulling it into his mouth for a taste. Lily arched her back and grasped his hair, silently begging for more. He pulled her short skirt up and pushed his fingers through the slit in her lace drawers, caressing her soft, shaven, pussy.

"Hop up on my desk, little one. Papa wants to taste you."

Lily bit her bottom lip, nervously looking at the bright sunshine flooding the room through the open windows.

"But, Papa..."

"Does my little one want her pussy spanked before I lick it?"

Lily pushed off his lap and hopped up on the desk without hesitation.

The memory of her first pussy spanking was still fresh in her mind.

"Lay back," he ordered, and Lily immediately responded to the quiet authority in his voice, as always. "Pull your dress up and spread your legs," he continued, his voice thick with desire. Lily tentatively grasped the hem of her dress and slowly pulled it upwards, unintentionally offering him an innocent strip tease. She placed her slippered feet on the edge of the desk and opened her knees.

"Wider."

Lily obeyed and spread her thighs as far as she could. Rand grasped the edges of her drawer's slit and tore it up the seam. Lily cried out in dismay. Rand smiled, thinking he would buy her a pair for every day of the year just so he could tear them off her. He looked down at her soft petals, the pink skin flushed with desire. He stroked one finger down the dew soaked seam.

"Did you like when Papa shaved your pussy?"

"No, Papa. I was frightened I would get cut," said Lily with a pout.

"Papa would never let that happen," he assured her as he continued to stroke just the outer lips, hearing her breath hitch with desire. "Your pussy is now even more sensitive to my slightest touch." He leaned down and licked from the bottom to the top of her pussy, still teasing her by not delving inside the petals. Lily's breathing came heavy as she hopelessly wrinkled the dress in her grasp.

"See," Papa chuckled, and then grew serious. "Offer your pretty pussy to me," he rasped, his voice low and dark. When Lily paused, uncertain what he was asking, he grasped both her wrists and brought them between her legs. "Open your pussy lips for me so I can taste you."

A scandalized Lily obeyed. The idea of holding herself open for him *down there* caused her cheeks to flame even hotter. Rand leaned in and gently blew his heated breath against her exposed bundle of nerves. Lily clenched her buttocks as goose bumps rose along her thighs at the intense sensation he brought with only his breath. Rand ran his finger down her open pussy, coating

it in her own dew before continuing to her hidden hole.

Lily started when she felt his fingertip press against her little puckered hole. She clenched it tight and tried to rise up on her elbows.

"Lay back down this instant before I get my riding crop and really give your pussy a spanking," he hissed. With a soft whimper, Lily laid back down on the hard surface of his desk. "Unclench your bottom," he ordered and Lily did her best to comply but could not stifle a yelp when he pushed his finger to the hilt deep into her back passage. His finger was far smaller than his cock, but she was still sensitive there. Rand swirled his finger around her tight heat a few times, making sure her bottom hole was coated in her own dew. Once his finger was deep in her bottom, he moved his thumb to her pussy entrance.

"Ask me to fuck your bottom and pussy with my fingers."

"Papa, please..."

"Ask me," he ordered more sternly as he gave her pussy a quick slap with his free hand. Lily jumped at the sudden stinging contact.

"Please fuck my ... my bottom and pussy with your fingers."

"Good girl." Rand pushed his thumb into her small pussy, teasing the tender nerves at the entrance. He pinched his fingers closed, letting her feel the thin barrier that separated the two entrances to her body. Lily's hips rocked up at the powerful stimulation. She screamed in pleasure the moment his lips latched onto her clit, sucking it as he brushed the tip with is tongue. He matched the rhythm of his swirling tongue with the thrust of his fingers as Lily came on his mouth. He licked her sweet dew before allowing her to rise up and push down her dress. Then he placed her back on his lap.

"Now read Papa what you have brought."

It took Lily a few moments to catch her breath before she was able to obey. She reached for the piece of paper where three sentences were written in careful penmanship Lily spared a shy glance at Papa. At receiving his encouraging nod, she took a deep breath and began to haltingly read.

"Good girls obey their Papas. My pussy and bottom are made for Papa's

cock. I must always swallow Papa's cum." Lily beamed proudly when she had finished all three sentences without any mistakes.

"I am very proud of you, baby girl," Rand said affectionately. "But you forgot something." Lily frowned and looked down at the paper, sure she had not missed a word. Rand grasped her chin, and forced her to meet his gaze, running his thumb across her full bottom lip. "You forgot to mention, your mouth is also made for Papa's cock." Lily blushed as he pushed his thumb past her lips and rubbed it against her tongue.

"I think it is time for another lesson in sucking Papa's cock. On your knees, little one."

Lily slowly slid from his lap onto her knees between his legs.

"Arms up," he said as he reached for the hem of her dress, drawing it over her head along with her chemise. "Papa wants a better view of your beautiful breasts." He admired their fullness, the gentle slope that ended in pretty, pert nipples.

"Lace your fingers behind your back. Do not move them," he said as undid his trousers and pulled out his engorged cock. Weaving his fingers into her soft locks on either side of her head, he grasped her hair.

"Papa is going to guide your head down his cock. Now be a good girl and open your mouth nice and wide." He rested the head of his cock on her full bottom lip as he instructed her. When Lily whimpered and tried to pull back, he tightened his grasp and pushed her head forward. His cock slid past her lips, pushing deep into her mouth.

"Breathe through your nose and remember to cover your teeth," he commanded gruffly as he pushed into her warm, wet mouth another inch, groaning as he felt her tongue instinctively swirling along the underside of his length.

"Look at me," he ordered, waiting till her big brown eyes met his own. He could see the fear and anxiety in their beautiful depths. "I'm going to push till I reach the back of your throat. Do not struggle or I will push my cock in

further. Do you understand?" In his tight grasp, Lily could only slightly nod her head.

He slowly thrust deeper into her mouth, feeling her throat muscles contract and tighten around his shaft as she started to gag. Despite his warning, Lily began to struggle, unlacing her fingers and pushing against his knees.

"Put your hands behind your back this instant," he angrily commanded, giving his cock a harsh thrust forward as a warning. Lily obeyed with a sob as the tears began to fall down her flushed cheeks. When the tip of his rigid length hit the back of her throat, Lily gave a brutal gag, opening her throat wider and allowing him to push just past. He stayed there a moment, weakening her throat muscles, listening to her breathing raggedly through her nose.

Lily thought she was going to die. She could not breathe. Her tongue felt crushed against the bottom of her mouth. Her throat burned as she tried to cough and gag around his shaft. She desperately wanted to break away but his strong grasp on her head, along with his strict warning, kept her at bay. Mercifully, he pulled back, but the moment was short lived, before he thrust back in. He continued to abuse her mouth until she had swallowed six inches of his shaft, just two shy of taking him whole. Just when she thought she could take no more, he pulled free of her mouth.

Grasping his cock, he stroked it violently. "Keep your mouth open," he ordered. "Papa's going to cum on your little pink tongue." Lily squeezed her eyes shut as she felt his hot cum hit her tongue. She waited till he gave the order.

"Swallow."

Lily obeyed, then burst into tears. Rand pulled her up onto his lap. He wiped her tears away and stroked her hair. "Don't cry, baby. You did very well. Soon you will learn to love sucking Papa's cock."

"Yes, Papa," she answered tearfully, her voice low and hoarse, her throat still burning.

"I think my baby needs a nap, but first I have a present for you." He gestured to a large object to the side of his desk, covered in a blanket. Lily had

failed to notice it when she entered. She crawled off Papa's lap and moved to stand over the object and after a nod from him, she lifted the blanket.

It was an expertly crafted wooden cradle. Larger than the typical child's, it was decorated with carved flowers and birds. Inside was a soft, pink blanket, a new doll and a pacifier.

"For me, Papa?" Lily asked as she ran her fingers along the smooth wood.

"Yes, baby," he responded as he lifted her up and into the cradle. He gently tucked her under the pink blanket as she curled on her side, hugging her new doll. Kneeling down on his haunches he stroked her hair, "I want my little one close as she sleeps." He held the pacifier up to her now swollen lips and waited till she dutifully opened her mouth to accept it. "Sleep, little one." He returned to his desk to finish his work as her eyes drifted closed.

A little while later there was a knock on the study door. Rand checked to see if Lily was still sleeping before softly issuing the order for the visitor to enter. His butler peeked his head in to announce Lord Haversham had arrived to meet with him. Rand grimaced. Lord Haversham was an unprincipled ass who gambled more than he could afford to lose, and Lord Stockton had no respect the man. He frowned; Lord Haversham was likely come to pay his debts and collect his marker.

"Show him in."

Lord Haversham hobbled into the study, his movements hampered by his massive girth. As he shuffled towards Lord Stockton, he grumbled about his ever-present gout. Hiding another grimace, Rand rose to greet him.

"George, nice to see you old chap. I assume you are here to settle your debt?"

Lord Haversham swiped a soiled handkerchief across his sweaty brow. "You had the devil's own luck at the tables last night, Rand. I will win it back before long," he said as he fished a roll of bank notes from his coat pocket.

Looking past Rand, he noticed Lily sleeping in her cradle. "What do we

have here?" He hobbled further into the room and Rand moved to intercept him before he got any closer to Lily. "Why you randy bastard! I heard a rumor you had the temerity to ensconce your latest mistress in your own home but didn't believe it! You always were an arrogant sod.

Lord Haversham moved to look around Rand's wide shoulders for another glimpse of the sleeping girl. "Come on, Rand! Give us a look," he whined.

"I believe our business has concluded, Haversham," Rand said, motioning his guest towards the door.

"Treating her like a little girl I see," Haversham continued, ignoring Rand's hint for him to exit. "Heard you ran that way." He licked his lips lasciviously as he eyed Lily's sleeping form. "What say you make taking my money up to me? How about you give me a go at her?"

Rand held a tight rein on his anger, and his chest heaved as he struggled to take a calming breath. Despite being a distasteful pig, Haversham held a great deal of power in the House of Lords. Rand could not afford to make an enemy of him.

But despite his power, George Haversham could sense he crossed a line and now sought to rectify it. "No need to get all puffed up, Rand. I meant when you were done with the girl. We all know you tire of your mistresses before too long."

But Rand knew he would never be done with Lily. He was never letting her go, and would die before seeing her fall into the hands of someone like Haversham. He decided against even acknowledging the older man's repulsive suggestion, knowing he would not be able to resist planting his fist in his face if he heard it again.

"Haversham, I am very busy. My butler will see you out." Summarily dismissed, Lord Haversham left with a huff.

Rand went to stand over Lily's cradle, relieved she had slept through the whole exchange. He tenderly covered her bare shoulder with the pink blanket

and returned to his work.

He missed the single tear falling down her cheek. Lily had heard every word.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Runaway

Later that afternoon, Mrs. Temple left Lily on the floor of her nursery playing with her letter blocks as she went to see to their afternoon tea tray. When she returned, Lily was gone.

"God dammit!" Rand roared as he swept his desk, sending every object crashing to the floor.

Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Temple both started at the sudden show of violence. They both had the very unhappy duty of informing his Lordship they could not find Lily. When Mrs. Temple had returned to the nursery to find her gone, they assumed she had wandered into the garden. It was only after they'd searched both the garden and house that they realized they could delay no longer. Lord Stockton would have to be told.

Mrs. Temple stood before his Lordship, her face pale. "I am so very sorry your Lordship. I don't know what could have gotten into the child. She seemed perfectly fine, perhaps a bit quiet after her time with you, but that is to be expected." She continued, wringing her hands in front of her ample bosom. "I only left her but a moment. I will never forgive myself if something should happen to that sweet child."

Mrs. Oliver held Mrs. Temple by the shoulders offering comfort. She too had grown quite fond of Lily and wanted to see the girl safe.

Rand stood in front of the fireplace, hands braced against the mantle, head down. "Did you look in the garden?" he asked in a low controlled voice. "She loves to play in the garden." He had spent the last several afternoons watching her from his study window as she twirled in the sunshine.

"Of course, your Lordship," answered Mrs. Oliver. "I had the entire staff search the house and gardens, every nook. We um....we...," she stopped,

reluctant to continue.

"Well?" he asked impatiently, still staring at the flames.

Mrs. Oliver's gaze met Mrs. Temple's and gestured with a nod of her head that the nanny should speak up.

"Well, you see your Lordship," Mrs. Temple started hesitantly, "one of my uniforms is missing. We think Lily may have taken it before running away."

Rand slowly turned. "Get the Watch," he instructed in a deceptively quiet tone that did nothing to hide his anger. "GET THE FUCKING WATCH!" he roared when both women did not jump to do his bidding.

He watched with a hooded gaze as they ran from his presence. They may not know why Lily fled but he did; she must have overheard that bastard Haversham's remarks. If he ever saw the man again, Rand would strangle him with his bare hands, political influence be damned. Rand paced his study like a caged animal till his butler ushered in two officers from the Watch.

"We understand a young woman has gone missing, your Lordship?" inquired the officer in charge.

"Yes. She looks to be eight and ten years of age, slight in form and height with long light brown hair and brown eyes. She may be wearing a gray nanny's uniform." Rand rushed through the details, eager for them to start their search. "Why are you not writing any of this down?"

"Hold on now there, sir. We need to see if this is matter for the Watch."

"There is a young woman alone and penniless wandering the streets of London." Rand ran his hand through his hair, desperately trying to keep calm. "Of course this is a matter for the Watch!"

"Well, now, sir, that is for us to decide. Many a young woman goes missing who don't want to be found," said the second officer. Rand took an instant dislike to him.

"If we may, your Lordship, what is the young woman's relationship to you...er...your household?" the officer in charge finished lamely, his original intent clear.

"She's my ... my maid." Rand would be damned if he would explain the special relationship he had with Lily to these two buffoons.

"Well, now, sir," the officer continued in that slow drawl that was driving Rand mad. "Many a maid goes missing all the time in London. Flighty lot. I wouldn't worry about it none. Probably headed back to the country or perhaps she lifted her skirts for some beau who got her in the family way and she knew she needed to light out."

Rand grabbed the officer by his uniform and swung him in a violent arc till the officer's back connected with the wall, sending several pictures and a small vase crashing to the floor.

Rand got up close to the man's face. "Don't ever speak about my Lily that way again," he snarled. "Do you understand me?" The officer nodded his head, unwilling to anger his Lordship further, especially since his fellow officer was rooted to the spot with an awestruck look on his face. He would get no help from that quarter.

"Now I want you to get out there and fucking find her." Rand gave the officer a shake. "Do you understand me? You find her now!" He threw the officer away from him and watched in disgust as he stumbled to the door.

Moments later the guilt and fear came crashing down on him. His beautiful, sweet Lily was out there alone and unprotected because of him. He knew the overheard conversation with Haversham was just the catalyst. If he had been honest with her - if he had just told her he loved her and hadn't tried to keep her at arm's length - she might never have run away. He threw the drink he poured himself into the fire, getting no satisfaction from the shattered glass and burst of flame. He stared out the window as it started to rain. He had to find her. He had to bring his little one home. Rand threw his study door open and ran into the entry hall, reaching for the entrance door.

Earlier that day, Lily had waited until Mrs. Temple had gone to supervise the afternoon tea setup to make her escape. She had run into the nanny's rooms just off the nursery. Selecting the first dress she could find, she'd rolled it into a

ball and ran out. She'd quietly made her way down the servant's back stairs, ducking into a broom closet, where she'd changed into the nanny's uniform. It was far too big for her, so she used the bow from her dress to tie it up around her waist, shortening the length slightly. Then she'd waited until she heard Cook move into the larder for supplies, before running through the kitchen and out the back door.

The first thing that hit Lily was the noise. Somehow London felt harsher, louder and dirtier than she remembered. She had not realized just how much Papa had softened her world. With the thought of him bringing fresh tears, Lily ran down the alley and disappeared into the crowd.

She wandered aimlessly for hours. She had no money, no family, and no plan, but she did not care about any of that. Without Papa, she did not care about anything. Eventually Lily found herself at the gates of St. James' Park. She walked along the paths and sat on a bench in front of a large pond, finally allowing herself to think. Now that she had a few hours to calm down, she realized she acted impulsively. Once again, she allowed her quick temper to get her into trouble. She had been hurt and angry when she overheard that horrible man's words. Even given his elevated station and her lowly rank, she'd allowed herself to believe there was something special between them. At the horrible reminder that she was probably only a mistress to him and nothing exceptional, she panicked. In her hurt and anger, she fled.

Lily thought of all the ways he had showed her he cared, for although he punished her when she deserved it, was that not also a form of caring? She loved being Papa's little one. She loved how he held her in his strong arms. She loved how he made her feel small and protected and cherished. She wanted to be with him, for however long he wanted her to be his little one. Eventually he would toss her aside but at least she would have her memories.

It had started to rain when Lily made her long way home, back to Papa. She knew she earned herself a severe punishment. But she decided she would gladly accept whatever discipline he demanded if he took her back. Lily was on

the front stoop, soaked to the bone, ready to raise the heavy, brass knocker when the door suddenly swung open. Standing there in all his fury and fear was Papa.

Rand immediately crushed her wet form into his warm, protective embrace.

"Mrs. Temple! Mrs. Oliver! A hot bath, immediately," he shouted as he swept Lily into his arms and carried her up the stairs to her nursery. Without saying a word, he stripped a shivering Lily of the ill-fitting uniform as Mrs. Temple ran a hot bath. He surveyed Lily's pale naked form, searching for wounds or any evidence she had come to misuse. When he was satisfied she was unharmed, he gently placed her into the warm, soothing water. He ordered Mrs. Temple out of the room and then he himself stripped bare and slipped into the bath behind Lily. He needed to hold her.

Rand cradled her small form between his legs as he tenderly washed her with a lathered bathing cloth.

"Papa, I'm so...,"

"Don't," he ordered. "Don't say one word, Lily. Not tonight. We will deal with everything tomorrow. Tonight, just let me take care of you." He wrapped his arms around her from behind and held her close till the bathwater cooled. Drying them both off, then wrapping her snug in a bathing cloth he carried her out of the nursery to his chambers, unconcerned with his naked state.

Once in his chambers, Rand insisted Lily drink a full glass of brandy to warm herself up. She coughed and sputtered as the fiery liquid blazed a path to her stomach but did not object. He then tucked her into his bed, making sure to add an additional blanket.

"I love you, Papa," sniffed Lily, her words slightly slurred from the brandy. "I'm sorry," she said in a soft voice before the effect of the strong liquor took over and she drifted to sleep.

Rand stared down at her small form, curled up safe in his bed, for several moments before crossing the room to get a robe. He poured himself a large brandy and sat before the fire, watching the bed, watching her. He had almost

lost her today - almost lost her because of his own stubbornness, his own unwillingness to give of himself after he demanded she give everything of herself to him. Tomorrow he would take steps to make sure that never happened again.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Consequences

Lily opened her eyes, at first relishing in the soft warmth of Papa's bed, until the events of yesterday broke into her consciousness. With a groan, she buried her head under the covers.

"Lily."

She sat bolt upright in bed, looking in the direction of the sound. There was Papa, dressed and ready for the day, sitting in a chair by the fire. Lily scrambled from the bed and ran across the room, dropping to his feet.

"Please forgive me, Papa," she sobbed. Rand stroked the top of her head. He knew he was partially responsible for her running away and would address that soon, but for now, he needed to be stern. She could have come to serious harm out there all alone. He needed to make sure she understood the danger she put herself in.

"You know you need to be punished for acting so foolishly," he said in a calm and even tone despite his anger.

"Yes, Papa," Lily responded in a small voice.

"Mrs. Temple is here to take you to your nursery. She will be giving you an enema to prepare you for your punishment."

Lily paled at his words but made no argument as Mrs. Temple grabbed her upper arm and pulled her away.

"Mrs. Temple," Rand called out before she reached the threshold, still with a strong hold on Lily. "Restrain both her arms and legs."

"Yes, your Lordship," Mrs. Temple replied as Lily sobbed hysterically from fear at his words.

Over an hour later, Rand walked into the nursery bathroom to see a pale and weak Lily on her knees facing away from him, restrained to the rubber mat

table. He had instructed Mrs. Temple to give Lily a particularly soapy enema and force her to hold it for forty minutes.

"Have you cleaned the nastiness of the London streets out of my little one?" he asked. Lily gave a start at his voice.

"Yes, your Lordship," replied Mrs. Temple in a respectful tone. She knew she was lucky she had not gotten sacked for letting Lily slip by her. She did not want to give him any reason to do so now. "I have also prepared the other items you requested. They are on that tray there."

"Very good," he said. "I want you to gag Lily with one of her pacifiers. Secure it with a ribbon so she cannot spit it out. I have no wish to hear her beg."

His Lordship shed his overcoat and began to roll up his shirtsleeves. Lily whimpered but kept quiet as Mrs. Temple pushed the largest of her pacifiers into her mouth and tied it around with a pink ribbon.

"Now leave us," he commanded.

Lily sent a pleading gaze to Mrs. Temple, not knowing what it meant that Papa did not want the nanny in the room, but certain it did not bode well. Mrs. Temple ignored Lily's silent plea and quickly left the room. Lily began to tremble as the room fell silent. Finally she heard movement as Papa stepped in front of her. He grabbed her chin and forced her to meet his angry gaze.

"Remember, little one. You need the discipline I provide."

Lily's eyes teared up. She knew he was right. She needed him to punish her. She needed to atone for the hurt she caused him. Without another word, he dropped her chin and returned to the side table, selecting the long, heavy leather tawse. He would warm her ass up with it before he began her real punishment.

Lily screamed into her pacifier gag at the first hit. Blistering heat erupted across the top of her thighs. She struggled in her restraints as a volley of hits struck her thighs and buttocks each more painful than the last. She tried to sway her hips to the side to avoid the onslaught, but Papa placed a large, strong hand on her lower back and pushed, staying her hips and forcing her bottom higher, as if she were asking for the next hit. Her poor, bottom glowed a bright, crimson

red as it radiated heat and pain.

"Just one more shade of red, baby girl," he said ominously. "Then we will move on to the next phase of your punishment."

Lily screeched into her gag as he layered her bottom with another round of hits from the heavy, leather tawse. By the time he was done, her bottom was swollen and bruised.

Papa collected a small bowl and a towel from the silver tray and returned to Lily. Ignoring her wail of pain, he grasped her punished globes in his hands and pried them wide apart, exposing her vulnerable puckered hole. Lily felt something cold and wet being pushed past her sensitive ring. For a moment she thought Papa had changed his mind about punishing her further and had started to apply a cooling salve. Then the burning started.

Lily shrieked and kicked her legs as a slow burn began deep in her bowels. She reflexively squeezed her bottom against the hurt but it only seemed to make the hot, stinging torment worse.

"I have placed a piece of ginger up your naughty, little bottom," Papa's words floated over her haze of pain. "The more you clench, the worse it will get." Papa moved to stand in front of her. He grabbed her hair to force her head up, his hardened eyes meeting her pain-filled ones.

"Every time you feel the harsh sting of the ginger burning the tender inside of your bottom hole, I want you to think of the agonizing torture you put me through when you ran away. The hours I spent not knowing if you were hurt or in danger."

Lily watched in awe as Papa's eyes teared up. He tore the ribbon holding the pacifier gag in place and ripped it out of her mouth. Once her mouth was free, his lips came crashing down onto hers. Lily transcended her agony. She would take all of it and absorb every moment of pain she caused him if he would only continue to look at her with the love she saw reflected in his eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Papa," Lily whispered, her voice hoarse from her cries.

"I know, baby," he said with another quick kiss to her lips. "But your

punishment is not over yet."

She slowly nodded in understanding as he replaced the pacifier gag. The burning sensation from the ginger had abated to a warm glow as the muscles in her poor tortured back passage had weakened and stopped clenching, but that was about to change.

Papa picked up his riding crop. He was only going to give her a few swats, having no desire to scar or draw blood. He hoped this was the harshest punishment he would ever have to give her as he raised his arm and brought the crop down on her defenseless bottom with a crack. Lily howled in pain, clenching her bottom and renewing the hot, burn of the ginger. Each swipe of the crop was agony, but she would endure it, for him.

When her punishment was finished, Papa carefully released Lily from her restraints. He brushed her heated skin with a cool, soft linen, rubbing a healing salve onto her poor bottom. He cleaned out all remnants of the ginger and pushing a finger coated with the salve into her abused hole. He wrapped her in a downy blanket and brought her over to the rocking chair. Sitting her on his lap, he ignored her hiss of discomfort the moment when her bum touched his thighs and gently rocked as she cried out her pain and humiliation. When her sobs tapered to tiny hiccoughs, he brushed the tears from her cheeks and smoothed her hair back from her face.

Lord Stockton placed a soft kiss on Lily’s lips. "I love you, little one," he said.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Epilogue

A fortnight later...

Rand sat behind his desk reviewing the papers his man-of-affairs presented.

"I just require your signature in the places I have marked, Your Lordship."

"Very well, Johnson," answered Rand as he began to sign.

Johnson cleared his throat. "May I be the first to offer congratulations, my Lord."

"Thank you, Johnson," replied Rand without looking up from his task.

"I must say, I knew you and your family had connections," continued Johnson, "but to get the Archbishop of Canterbury to sign off on a marriage certificate so quickly and without knowing the lady's family name!" The young man was obviously in awe.

"Will that be all, Johnson?" Rand asked, eager to finish with the paperwork.

"Yes, your Lordship," Johnson responded as he hurriedly collected all the documents scattered across the desk surface.

"You can show yourself out." Rand rose and crossed to his study window. Lily was outside in the garden picking flowers under the careful eye of her nanny. She was finally his. He left the study to go join his child bride.

Lily's face lit with happiness and love the moment she saw him walking in her direction. Running to him, she flung her arms about his neck. Rand laughed and twirled her around.

"How is my little one, my love?" he asked, gazing down into her sweet, innocent face.

"I'm wonderful, Papa!" she beamed. "Look at all these beautiful flowers I've picked for my nursery."

"They are very pretty," he said as he caressed her cheek. "I have a surprise for you."

Lily bounced up and down in his arms. She loved his surprises. Rand leaned in close and whispered the news of their marriage into her ear. He had not told her of his plans.

He knew she loved him and loved being his special little one, but worried she would object to marrying him for his sake. She would have been apprehensive about what society or his family would say, foolish girl, as if any of that mattered to him compared to their love. So he decided to make the decision for her, signing off on all the necessary documents without her knowledge.

"Oh, Papa! Really?" Her eyes shining up to him with love and adoration. "But what about..."

He placed a finger against her cute, pink lips. "No, I do not want to hear any objections. I love you and have made you my bride."

"Oh, Papa," Lily nuzzled against his chest, breathing in his scent. "I love you."

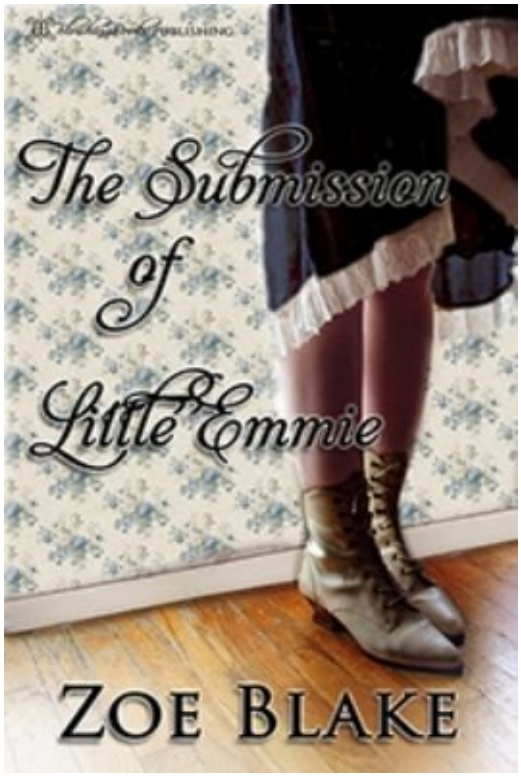
"I love you too, little one. Let's go inside so I can show you how much."

With a wink to the nanny, Rand swept his new bride into his arms and carried her to his bed.

<<<<>>>>

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