

Hand in Hand

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Jessica and Michael had been married for five years. They have also been father and daughter for just as long. Michael legally adopted Jessie on the same day they were wed. Strange? Indeed. But to most enthusiastic 'ageplayers', it is not. In their minds it is the most natural and loving relationship one could ever envision. They have the best of both worlds. They have the normalcy that most couples share. Intimate and intelligent conversations. Social circles. Jobs. Religion. They also have what most couples do not: the intense intimacy of a Daddy/little girl relationship. Michael treats Jessie just as a father would treat his daughter. He has set down rules for her to follow. If broken, she is punished. Through such strict discipline, Jessie feels safe, secure and loved. She accepted Michael as a father figure long before the adoption. In fact, that's one of his personality traits that attracted her to him to begin with. His strength and his dominance. Both Michael and Jessie are anticipating a lifetime of bliss while walking through life ... hand in hand ... just Daddy and Jessie.

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Jessie was in her room talking to her best friend Jana on the phone when her Daddy knocked on the door and said "Jessie, you've been on the phone long enough. Hang up now." Annoyed, Jessie whispered to Jana "I have to go now. Michael's being a jerk again. I'll see you at the park tomorrow. Bye." After hanging up the phone and grabbing her teddybear, she ventured out of her room and joined her Daddy, who was sitting on the couch still wearing his suit and tie.

"Hi Daddy! How was work? I missed you so much today!" She was giggling with excitement as she kissed his cheek and snuggled up to him as close as she could. Michael laughed and tussled her hair. He smiled with contentment as he held her in his arms.

"Work was fine Princess. I missed you too. Were you a good girl for Daddy today?" he asked.

"Yes Daddy ... I ... uhhh ... was a very good girl today!"

"Jessie ... you know the punishment for lying to Daddy, don't you?"

Jessie's face turned pale as the shock and feeling of foreboding hit her at once. How could he possibly know that she had been riding her bike on the highway? It just wasn't possible.

"Daddy ... I was riding my bike and wanted to go ..."

"Jessica Lynn... I do NOT want to hear another word from you right now. You have five seconds to get your naughty little bottom in the corner."

Jessie jumped off of the couch and surprisingly out of character yelled, " I'm SICK of this! You're so mean to me all the time!!!! You never let me do ANYTHING!!!!!"

Michael sat on the couch watching his woman/child dressed in a short pink dress vent her frustrations. Jessie rarely threw tantrums, but when she did, he felt it better to let her say what she wanted to say before he punished her severely for her blatant act of disobedience. He wondered if she knew...while she was on her tirade...just what she was in for.

"You always tell me what to do and I'm SICK of it! I don't want anymore early bedtimes, stupid rules or naps either! And I want to eat cookies any goddamned time I want to! I want to be a big girl now. So from now on...I'm gonna take a shower instead of a bath...I'm gonna watch TV whenever I want. I'm gonna swear as much as I want...I'm gonna ride my bike on every highway in this state if I want AND you're not gonna spank me ANYMORE! No more spankings. No more cornertime. Nothing! You're not the boss of me anymore, Daddy!"

She stood in front of him crying in frustration as he sat on the couch just as calm as could be.

"Daddy... I'm sorry...I don't know why... "

"Jessie... You have crossed the line and deserve the punishment you are going to receive. Now...If you don't get your naughty bottom into that corner right now, your punishment will be much worse."

With her head lowered, Jessie walked across the room and stood in the corner. She knew she was in much worse trouble than ever before. She was scared. Very scared.

After a few minutes, Michael approached her and whispered in her ear, "Sweetheart I want you to listen and listen well. You have broken many rules this evening and will be punished for each of them. Severely. I have never been more disappointed in you, Jessica Lynn, than I am at this moment." He lifted the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head, leaving her in her pink panties and pink undershirt. "Now... You will stay in this corner a few more minutes to think about your actions and the consequences until I come for you. Is that understood Jessica?"

Jessie started sobbing ... "But Da-ddy..."

Michael yanked down her panties quickly. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"Owwwww...Daddddddy!!!!"

"I SAID is that understood?"

"Yes Daddy"

Michael busied himself in the kitchen while Jessie solemnly stood in the corner. Every few minutes he would look in on her. Such a vision she was. A sorry little girl with with her panties lowered to her knees. She must feel so ashamed of herself he thought. She would feel that shame ten fold before the weekend was over.

"Jessica. I want you to pull up your panties and come into the kitchen."

She walked up to her Daddy and putting her arms around him said " Daddy...I'm sorry I've been such a naughty girl today. I didn't mean anything I said before...I was just in a bad mood. I'm really sorry Daddy. Please don't punish me this time. I swear I'll be a good girl from now on. A VERY good girl."

Michael kissed her on the top of her head and pushed her away from him a bit. Lifting her chin with his hands he said , "I know you're sorry Jessie but you have to be punished. It's Daddy's job to make sure you understand that that kind of behavior is not tolerated in this house. Its also Daddy's job to teach you not to make the same mistakes again. Now, I want you to go sit at the table."

Jessie was sitting at the table when her Daddy brought her the telephone.

"I want you to call Jana and tell her you will not be meeting her tomorrow. If she asks why, you can either tell her you have plans with Michael OR you can tell her you have plans with "The Jerk". This will be the last time you use the phone for two weeks, young lady."

Jessie phoned her friend and with a trembling voice explained to her that she and Michael had other plans and that she wouldn't be available for a few days. Michael took the phone from her and offered Jessie his hand. They walked hand in hand to the upstairs bathroom. He put the toilet seat down and told her to sit. She watched him run some water over a wash cloth, wring it out and saturate it with liquid soap.

"Open your mouth." With tears in her eyes, she opened her mouth to allow him to rub the washcloth through her mouth and on her tongue. She started spitting and gagging as he scrubbed her tongue with the foul tasting washcloth.

"Good girl Jessie. Take your punishment like Daddy's big girl. We're going to be doing something a bit different for the next week. You'll be brushing your teeth with soap every morning from now on. This is what happens to naughty little girls who swear at their Daddies." He scrubbed another minute before filling a glass of water for her.

Jessie had had her mouth washed out with soap a few times before but never was forced to brush her teeth with soap. The idea terrified her. She was crying harder now as Michael stood over her.

"That's enough. Before you rinse I want you to go potty before I give you your spanking."

"I dot have to go potty" she said

"Jessica..." he said as he pulled her up and pulled her panties down "I <crack> just <crack> told <crack> you <crack> to<crack> do<crack> something<crack> now <crack>DO IT!". The short, quick spansks made Jessie bounce in place. "Daddddddddyyyyyyyy that HURT!"

Still holding onto her arm, Michael raised the toilet lid and sat her down none to gently.

"Go potty right now."

She sat there. Unable to go. She tried and tried but couldn't go.

"I don't have to go, Daddy."

"You march yourself into your bedroom right now, little girl."

Jessie pulled up her panties and ran into her room, slamming her door behind her. She flung herself onto her bed and cried. Pitiful, heartwrenching sobs. The taste of soap in her mouth was still strong and that made her even more frustrated. She was also sad that she had disappointed her Daddy and mad that she was about to be spanked. Her Daddy spanked her a lot lately but she has never been this naughty.

Michael returned to her room when he heard her cries become softer. Jessie still had no idea he had hidden a baby monitor in her room. He did this so that he could monitor her closely when he felt it was needed. He knew this past week she was edgy and would eventually become a victim of her terrible coping skills.

"Its time for your spanking Jessica. Bring me the chair"

Jessica slowly dragged the straight-back chair into the middle of her bedroom. Michael had purchased the chair a few years ago thinking it made the perfect accessory for a little girls bedroom. It fit well amongst the stuffed animals, canopied bed, juvenile wall decor and other things befitting a little girl. He also hung a paddle on her wall as well as placed a hairbrush on her nightstand.

Sitting down, he motioned for Jessica to come to him. She stood between his legs looking at the carpet. Tears were still falling though now silent.

"What happens to naughty little girls Jessica?"

"They get spanked."

"Yes. They get spanked. Where do naughty little girls spanked Jessica?"

"They get spanked on their bottoms, Daddy"

<SMACK SMACK SMACK>

"How do naughty little girls get spanked?"

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

"Good girl."

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Michael stopped spanking her and watched her heaving form lay across his lap. He loved to look at her well-punished reddened bottom after a good spanking. She stopped crying now. He knew this was sign of sincere regret and acceptance. He allowed her lay there for a moment before gently standing her up to face him. She immediately reached behind to rub her sore bottom but was stopped when he grabbed both of her hands in one of his and reached behind her to place another series of hard spanks to her bottom. She danced in place as he said "You know the rules about rubbing, Jessica Lynn. Now....get on your bed and lay down on your back. This punishment hasn't even begun, really."

She placed herself on her back....not knowing what he had planned but knowing it was something much worse than a bare bottomed spanking. Michael sat down on the bed beside her.

"Jessica....did you touch yourself last night?"

"Ummm.....yes Daddy...but only for...."

"Bend your knees and spread your legs for Daddy, Jessica. NOW!"

She was rewarded three slaps to her inner thighs for not spreading them wide enough to satisfy him.

"That's better. Naughty little girls who like to touch themselves without their Daddies permission should be able to spread their legs wider...don't you think, young lady?"

"Yes Daddy."

He sat on the bed watching as more tears streamed down her face. He loved how she looked like this. Knowing that her bottom ached so badly as she spread her legs wide for her Daddy.

" Do you know what Daddy's going to do now?"

"Noooooo Daddyyyyyyy....."

"Oh yes Jessica Lynn. Daddy's going to spank your pussy now. You've been a very naughty girl. Daddy's going to make sure your pussy is nice and sore for a few days. That will remind you not to make it feel good when I'm not here."

Jessica laid there wishing it were over. She deeply regretted being such a selfish brat. She had awakened during an incredibly erotic dream and wasn't able to stop herself. Its almost as if her hands had a mind of their own at times. If only she had asked Daddy for permission to masturbate. He usually gave her permission unless she had been a naughty girl that day. She closed her eyes now, waiting for the inevitable.

"Jessica, look at me."

She looked up at him with pitifully sad eyes, silently begging him not to punish her this way. Guilt trips never worked on Daddy but she was grasping now.

Michael sat by her side and slowly reached his hand between her knees as he looked her in the eyes. He abruptly shoved his index finger into her pussy.

"Owwww.....Daddy....that hurt!!!!!!!"

"It didn't hurt last night when you put "your" finger in here, did it Jessica? No, I bet it felt very, very good. Did it feel good last night, young lady?"

Jessica was crying now. Daddy had such a way of making her feel ashamed and naughty without even trying really. He roughly pumped his finger in and out a few times before resting. He wiggled his finger and watched for her reaction.

"I asked you a question Jessica. Answer me."

"Yes, Daddy...It felt good!"

"What-felt-good, Jessica?" He said emphasizing each word with a finger jab in her pussy.

Jessica was so sore. She lifted herself off of his finger by lifting her bottom up and away from his probing finger. Michael's hand didn't move.

"Get get back here, young lady. Would you rather I put my fingers someplace else? I didn't think so. Now lower yourself back onto my finger, Jessie."

Jessie slowly aided in her own punishment. Once again, she felt utter shame and regret.

"Once again, What felt good last night, Jessica?", he whispered while adding another finger. He had to work a bit to get the second finger inside because she was dry.

"It f...felt good when I put my f...finger in my pussy, Daddy. Im sorrrrry...please....I wont do it again....please stop hurting me."

With two fingers deeply embedded in her dry pussy, he lifted her chin and said, "Jessica...whose pussy is this?" When she didn't answer, he lifted her up a bit with his fingers and asked again "Whose pussy is this???"

"Its your pussy, Daddy."

"If its 'my' pussy, Jessica, shouldn't you have asked me permission to play with it?"

"Yes Daddy...I'm so so sorrrrrrry."

"I'm sure you are Sweetheart, but you'll be even sorrier in just a few moments. Now, I want you to keep your knees up and keep them spread. If I have to tie you down for this you will feel my belt on your naughty bottom as well as your pussy. Do you understand me Jessica?"

"Y....y...essssssss Daddy....please not hard....I cant take this...please....."

Before her last word was uttered Michael slapped her right between her legs with his big, strong hand. The pain was immense and like no other pain she had felt before.

"Good girl, Baby.....just four more and Daddy will stop. You took that one like a big girl...I'm very proud of you. Now be still."

"Dadddddddddy...it hurts...its hurts sooooo bad....no more....please...no more!"

Anticipating a struggle, Michael held Jessie's legs apart with one arm wedged between her knees and while facing her feet, he brought a ruler down sharply and swiftly onto her already sore pussy. <SLAP> <SLAP><SLAP>

Jessie felt as if the wind was knocked out of her lungs. The sting brought tears to her eyes that immediately flowed down her cheeks and onto the pillow beneath her head.

"Owwwwwwwwwwww!!!! DADDDDDDDDDDDDDYYYYYYYstop..please stop hurrrrrtng me.....Ill be your good girl from now on....oh please....I cant stand anymore...."

Michael, still holding her legs apart reached up and wiped her tears away with his hand. Her eyes pleaded with him to end it.

"We're almost done Jessie....just one more and then I'll hold you"

"Daddy...I cant...please" She whispered breathlessly.

"You have to. Be a brave girl for me. I want you to ask for this one Jessica. I want you to say ' Daddy....please spank my pussy with your belt' ."

Jessie laid there still sobbing.

"Jessica...if you don't ask, we will start from the very beginning."

"Daddy....please...ssssspank.....m...m...my pussy with your belt."

Michael stood up and slowly took of his belt. "Jessica ... I want you to watch me. I want you to remember every aspect of this punishment. I want you to see it and want you to hear it. These memories will help you behave yourself in the future."

Jessie looked up at him with tears in her eyes...still silently begging for him to change his mind. She wanted so desperately for him to pick her up and hold her. She wanted Daddy to tell her its all over now. She watched him slowly double the belt in his hands. He looked at her knowing exactly what she wanted. Each time she was punished she wanted it over quickly so that she could be held in his forgiving and soothing arms. He also knew that her tears were real. Right from the heart. He knew she was sorry and feeling deep regret. Jessie closed her eyes now and concentrated on keeping her knees spread wide.

"Daddy?" she said as she looked up at him with the saddest eyes he had ever seen.

"Yes, Princess"?

"Would you get Ruggles for me? Please? I want to hold him now."

As Michael held out his hand, Jessica reached up and took the belt from her Daddy's hands. He returned a moment later carrying her favorite teddybear. They exchanged items quickly. Watching her, Michael couldn't help notice how calming it was for her to hold her teddybear clutched to her chest. If this was one of her secret ploys to soften him up...it was almost working. Almost, but not quite.

Michael stood up, positioned the belt in his hand and sharply brought it down on her pussy.
<THWAP>

A burst of tears came forth almost instantaneously as the sharp pain registered.

"OW! OW! OWWWWWWW!!! DAD-DDDY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" she screamed " It HURRRRRRRRTS!!! It hurts so bad Daddy....make it go away..please make it go away for meeeeeee!!!!!!!!!"

Michael put the belt down and sat beside her. He gave her a moment for all of the pain to register before gathering her and her teddybear into his arms and tightly holding her against his chest. She was shaking so badly he could hardly hold her. He rocked her gently as she sobbed against him. He could feel her heart beating against his own and wondered how anything can come close to the intensity of feeling your loved ones heart beating directly above your own.

"Shhh....Daddys all done now, Jessica..Im very proud of you. You took your punishment like such a brave girl. "

"Daddy...th...that hu..hurt. " She stuttered between sobs "Please dont d...d...do that to m...m...me again. Pl...please."

"I know it hurts Huney...Its supposed to hurt and Daddy will hurt you like that again if you dont learn to keep those naughty hands out of your panties. Do you understand?"

"Yesssss Daddy." She said

"Good girl. Lets get some panties on you and go into the living room before you get ready for bed."

Jessie sat on the edge of the bed and watched as her big strong Daddy opened up her dresser drawer. He retrieved a pair designed with pink teddybears all over and adorned with a white bow at the middle of the waistband. Michael crouched down in front of Jessica and waited for her to lift her foot.

"Daddy...I want my Pooh Bear panties." She whined

"Did that punishment wipe out all of your manners, Jessica?"

Jessica smiled in response to her Daddy's sarcasm.

"Im sorry Daddy. Can I please have my Pooh Bear panties? Those are my favorite. They're in the first pile on the left. My pink ones, not the yellow ones. No Daddy, your "other" left."

"Watch it, brat." He smiled.

He loved the fact that she can make him smile so easily...even so soon after being punished in such a way. Such an innocent quality. It wasn't always this way. In fact, she once dressed from head to toe in black, in "silent" protest of having received such a hard spanking for staying at the park too long. As a result, she pouts much less often. Another reason he loved her: for her ability to stand up for her "rights" with such conviction. She paid for that particular ability, but it was cute.

After rummaging through her dresser drawer he found himself silently wondering why on earth a little girl would need so many panties. He also chuckled softly at how well organized she is. She had all of her panties separated by character. Bears, puppies, kitties, balloons and bunnies were all in separate piles. The plain panties were separated by color. One pile for each...pink, yellow, light green and pale blue. If any were ever out of place, she would know immediately. Another reason he adored her so much.

After finally locating her Pooh panties, he crouched before her and motioned for her to put her feet through the leg holes. When she stood up, he slowly and carefully raised her panties above her bottom and sat her back on the edge of the bed. She wrapped both arms around his neck as he lifted her into his arms. He gently carried her into the living room and lowered himself to the couch. He wanted to hold her and calm her down a bit before sending her to the corner. This made her feel loved, cared for and protected. It also made her feel forgiven, which was important to both of them. He cradled her in his arms for a few minutes.

"Jessica....I want you to tell me why you were just punished." He said as he landed a few soft kisses to the top of her head.

"I was punished because I played with myself without asking for your permission, Daddy."

"That's right Jessica Lynn. The next time that happens, I will punish you much harder than I did just now. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Daddy."

"Good girl...Now come with me into the bathroom so you can get ready for bed. Wash your face and hands and brush your teeth. You will spend fifteen minutes in the corner to think about your lack of obedience and then you will go right from the corner into bed. Just like a naughty, naughty girl."

"Yes Daddy....."

Jessica hated going to bed early. She had to be in bed by 10:00 on weeknights and 11:00 on weekends. Daddy hardly ever relaxed this rule. He also always sent her straight to bed after a particularly hard punishment or just because she may have been acting cranky.

She followed her Daddy into the bathroom. After brushing her teeth and washing her face she turned towards the toilet. Michael grabbed her arm and said "You may sit, but don't you dare pee until I tell you to. Is that understood?"

"Yes Daddy." she whispered

Jessica sat on the seat gingerly and winced at the pain it caused her.

"Jessica....the next time I tell you to go potty, you had better do it. I don't want to hear any excuses. Now, because you refused to go earlier when I told you to, you will only be allowed to go a tiny bit. Maybe being uncomfortable in more ways than one tonight will help you remember next time."

Jessie didn't think she had any more tears left to cry until she felt them reappear and slowly trickle down her face. She had to pee so badly and she was starting to get frustrated at her Daddy's lack of compassion.

"Now, when I tell you to, you may pee but mark my words, little girl, if you don't stop when I tell you to, you will wish I had spanked your pussy twenty times with my belt. Do you understand, Jessica?"

"Yes Daddy...please let me go now....Pleeeese....I ha-vvvvve to go now." She whined, kicking her feet and slamming them back onto the toilets hard surface.

"Ouch!" she cried

"Do you need another bare bottomed spanking? If you feel like throwing another hissy fit, Jessica, I'll be more than happy to begin tonight's activities all over again. Would you like that, Missy?"

" No, I don't and No, I wouldn't", she replied out of pure frustration.

He swiftly grasped her by the arm and yanked her to her feet. He placed his foot on the toilet and bent her over his knee. He then spanked her over and over again on her small, pantied bottom.

"You <SPANK> better<SPANK> learn <SPANK>to <SPANK>watch<SPANK> your tone<SPANK>, young<SPANK> lady."

"Owww.....Daddyyyyyyyy!!!!" she said as held her over his knee.

"You need to watch yourself very carefully from now on Jessica. Now sit. I will be back in a minute. You are not to pee until I return". He said after placing her in her previous position. He left the room and left her there...in agony.

If she could just stand up, she thought, she would have much better self control. Sitting there ... actually having to hold it in was so hard. The psychological aspect started kicking in. Being so close to something ... yet so far. She was getting angry at that horse and wanted to steal that stupid carrot.

He returned a few minutes later and said "You may go now, Sweetheart."

If he had waited another moment to give her permission to pee, she would have been an even sorrier little girl. She immediately started peeing. The release felt wonderful...

"Stop."

She tried to stop her flow but couldn't. She kept going.

"I said STOP RIGHT NOW!"

She stopped and looked up at her Daddy who looked so very angry.

"After all this you STILL have trouble obeying Daddy?"

"No Daddy...I tried...honest...I d....did.....b...but I couldn't stop."

"I don't want to hear another word from you right now. I want you to wipe yourself, wash your hands and get that naughty bottom in the corner."

With that, he left her alone.

Jessie couldn't get those tasks done quick enough. She hurriedly pulled up her panties, washed her hands and quickly found herself staring at the corner in the living room. Michael was sitting on the couch reading the newspaper.

"Pull your panties down, Jessica. I want to see that naughty, red bottom of yours."

She slowly slid her panties down to her knees and stood there crying softly while Michael admired her reddened bottom. He loved how her punished bottom looked when it was nice and red. He continued reading the paper, stopping every few minutes to admire his little girl. He enjoyed watching her try so hard to be still. It seemed like each time she was in the corner her attention span was reduced to that of a flea... yet...when she's sitting at the table eating her cherished cookies or talking on the phone to one her friends, a bomb could go off without her flinching.

"Jessie... come here."

Jessica slowly walked over to the couch and placed herself between his knees.

"It's time for bed. In the morning, you will be punished for your act of disobedience in the bathroom. You will learn, before this weekend is over, that your body is not yours to do with as you please. When I give you an order, I expect it to be followed, no matter how hard it is for you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Daddy..Im sorry Daddy."

"Good girl. Now give me a kiss and get to bed."

She stood between his legs fidgeting a bit before she said "Daddy? I...I...still have to go potty....."

"I'm sorry, Sweetheart. As soon as you get up in the morning, you can go potty. "Not" before. If you have an accident, Jessica, I will add to your impending punishment. You brought this all upon yourself Jessie. You have to learn to take responsibility for your actions. No matter how hard it is. Now, give me a kiss goodnight."

"Thank you for punishing me and helping me to be a better girl for you, Daddy. I love you." She said as she bent down and kissed him on the cheek. Grabbing her Teddybear and holding him to her chest, she walked into her bedroom.

"Goodnight, Sweetheart, I love you."

Jessie lay in bed emotionally and physically exhausted. Her bottom and pussy hurt terribly. She wondered if her Daddy knew just how tiring it is to struggle during a spanking. She also wondered how she was going to make it through the night having to go pee so badly. What if the urge was so strong that she "did" have an accident?

Michael sat on the couch emotionally and physically exhausted. His hand aching a bit, he wondered if his little girl knew just how tiring it is to punish her. He also wondered how she was going to make it through the night without using the potty.....