

The Orphan Princess

Orphan Princess (*This story was co-written with Sparkle's friend LAR.*)

Jared sighed as he replaced the phone receiver. It was time he and his princess had a talk. Two flights of stairs separated Jared from the object of his attention. As he climbed them, he remembered the 6-year old orphan he had found during a visit to a hospital in Brazil. He had gone as a young Red Cross doctor volunteering in hospitals overcrowded with victims of an earthquake, and returned to the States as a surrogate father, a guardian of a small child. Isabelle, who was orphaned by the tremors, had been terrified of him at first, fearful of abuse from another overworked and under trained third-world health worker.

Tender care and gentle touches had changed the frightened child into a trusting little girl. He brought her to the U.S., built a home for her, joined a well-respected cardiology unit, and created a life designed around her needs. On the landing of the second floor, Jared paused. Her room as a child had been here. On one side was the large bedroom she had loved as a child, while the master suite was on the other. Both were enormous, designed to offer his little girl every amenity she had needed or desired. Now, though, Belle lived in a suite on the top floor.

Before she had gone to college, a housekeeper had lived in those rooms. Jared's long and irregular hours at the hospital had necessitated someone to watch Belle and care for the house while he was away. After her transition to adulthood, however, Jared only needed someone twice a week to clean and maintain it for him. An elderly, retired couple who lived down the road enjoyed the job immensely, and loved Belle as much as he did. Having been blessed by several fortunate investment choices, Jared was looking forward to the half-retirement he was planning for in just a few months. He was already restricting the practice he had worked feverishly for years to build, wanting to enjoy time with his princess while he was still young enough to keep up with her.

Belle had earned her degree in graphic design and came home excited about web publishing. Jared, who was indulgent and admittedly had an eye out for a way to entice her to move home after graduation, encouraged her and helped her to start. They had redecorated the rooms upstairs, creating an office in a corner of the sitting area with a bedroom and bath attached. His princess had everything she needed up here -- her computer, scanner, fax machine, microwave, small refrigerator, two phone lines (one for her computer and the other for voice), cable television and VCR, a small table with two chairs, a double bed, a chaise, even the matching overstuffed love seat and chair Belle loved so much.

Sighing, Jared climbed the last stair. Lifting a hand, he knocked on the door. He felt an unfamiliar trepidation about the action he felt had become necessary, but had delayed for several days. Jared could wait no longer. He knew that now was the time to discover how well he really knew her. It had to be done before they left on vacation together or he wouldn't be able to mention it at all without admitting he had been hiding his knowledge from her. He was certain she would agree with him eventually, but he was honestly worried about her immediate reaction. She called for him to come in almost immediately. He did so, pausing in the small foyer of her little haven to look into her bedroom.

The room was empty so he turned to the sitting area. He found her there, not sitting at her desk working as he would have liked, but curled in her overstuffed chair, reading the latest edition of Cosmopolitan. The lines in his face deepened a little more. "May I speak with you?" he asked politely. "Sure," she smiled, laying the magazine aside. "What's up?" He sat on the love seat, looking at her seriously. "I thought you'd be working," he remarked. "I know it's Friday afternoon, but it's still early." "Oh, I was just taking a break," she replied carelessly, the casual note in her voice belying the suddenly guarded look in her eyes. Jared recognized the withdrawal and sighed. His adorable, open little girl had grown up to be a remarkably beautiful woman, who was popular in every crowd but cold as ice to the young, single doctors who begged to be brought to dinner after inquiring about the pictures of her on his desk at the hospital. Jared understood their fascination with her long, heavy ebony hair, dark eyes, and pale ivory skin, but he was perversely glad she preferred his quiet, private lifestyle to their flirtatious company. At this moment, though, he objected to her chilly demeanor.

Making his words somewhat sharper than he intended. "I suggest, young lady, that you remember who you are talking to and control your attitude." The shock on her face amused him a bit. He had not spoken to her in such a tone for some years, but it was clear she understood his implication. Speechlessness, though, was soon replaced by righteous indignation.

"What ... what was that for?" she breathed, sounding both flabbergasted and offended with one phrase.

"I mean, that you are in enough trouble, Belle, without making it any worse." The position of his mouth warned her he was not joking.

"Whatever for?" she asked, straightening in her seat and looking a little angry.

"I spoke with a friend of mine a few days ago. His name is Samuel Whitman? Recognize the name?"

"It sounds familiar, but I don't -- I can't recall why," she answered, looking confused.

"We went to medical school together. He owns and runs a company called State Medical Distributors now." A flash of recognition colored her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I designed their website several months ago."

"That's right. He gave me the URL, said they were extremely pleased with the end result and recommended WebFutures for the medical association's site. I didn't tell him that it was your business, of course, ESPECIALLY when he voiced one specific complaint about the web designer," His face was drawn now into a severe look which prompted Belle to sit up straighter in her chair.

"Yes?" she prompted, afraid she knew what the problem was.

"It seems that the site wasn't completed until long after the promised delivery date and that changes to the site took longer than he and his advisors were led to expect. He also charged that the designer gave no reasonable explanation for the ... lack of prompt service." Belle blushed. She had let things get too far behind, on several accounts. But it was difficult for her to work all day every day. She took her time for lunch, spent an hour or so perusing her newsgroups, and sometimes got up too late in the mornings to do any productive work -- after late evenings of chatting with friends and playing interactive games. Belle was careful to hide her lackadaisical habits from Jared, preferring to let him assume she was working steadily. In truth, she often procrastinated for hours at a time, committing herself to work fervently on a project only when she had to finish it or lose the client. Belle knew that the anonymity of her Internet business made her behavior survivable, if not acceptable or good business practice, and continued to hide behind the WebFutures' name and post office box rather than establish a satisfied clientele. Jared was not finished. He had noticed her guilty look but continued relentlessly.

"I took his comments seriously, of course, and since the association HAS assigned me the task of finding a COMPETENT designer for a professional site, I made several inquiries among your clientele." Belle had the good sense to look and feel abashed. She knew Jared was disappointed in her, and had enough conscience to admit she deserved every word of the lecture she expected to follow. "Most had similar comments. Excellent design, creative outlook, original ideas, up-to-date design capabilities, but unreliable if one needs prompt service. One recommended you only on condition of a contract detailing some sort of penalty in your compensation for missed deadlines. Another commented that you would not be a good choice for an organization with a website that needed constant change or new information on a regular basis."

The British sternness of Jared's father was beginning to show in his voice, and Belle shivered. She knew this tone from only one personal experience, and was becoming a bit concerned. Still, she promised herself, she was an adult now, not a child. "Look at me, Belle," Jared insisted. Her eyes met his as he grated, "I am very disappointed with you. I trusted you to be responsible with this venture, and you obviously haven't been." Belle sucked in her stomach, beginning to choose anger instead of guilt and its consequences. "Now, I am going to give you exactly one chance to explain to me why you are suddenly having trouble meeting deadlines -- a condition which did not seem to affect you before you left for college, I might add.

Do you have too many customers? From what I can tell, you have about as many as you predicted you would need to make a worthwhile profit. Or are you just not working hard enough and hiding your laziness from me?" Belle's guilty blush and the re-direction of her focus away from him was answer enough. Her refusal to respond only confirmed what he knew to be true. Jared knew what he was going to do, HAD to do. Belle had gotten this way once before and had nearly flunked out of college because of it. He had found a solution then and was sure a similar one would work now as well.

It seemed no matter how old she was or mature she seemed, there would always be a part of her that wanted to be irresponsible. Sometimes Belle required a stern hand to keep her on course. Jared knew he was most willing to provide that strictness, and unlike the last time, he wasn't going to allow her modesty to stop him from doing what he knew was right. "Come here, Belle.

I'm afraid I'm going to have to spank you." The stern quality of his voice was no joke but Belle argued.

"Why? I'm an adult, not a 7-year old. You can't spank me!" Belle tried to pretend disbelief but she couldn't hide the anticipatory trepidation from her eyes when her gaze finally met his.

"Because you still live under my roof, first of all. You knew when you moved home that you would live by my rules, and hiding things from me has always been something I've punished. Secondly, because you've failed to keep a promise you made to me: you haven't done your best to make this web design idea of yours a success. And finally, because you've broken promises to many of your clientele by delivering the service you provide late."

Unable to argue with his logic, Belle challenged the consequence of it. "But a spanking? I'm 22!"

"Twenty-two or not, your behavior is that of a naughty 12-year old. Now come here, Belle, or you'll just make it worse." Jared's voice was commanding, insisting. He knew she understood, inside, that she had failed herself and him. The guilty blushes told him that much. Belle felt a quiver in her stomach at his words. Unconvinced of her own guilt, though, she panicked, falling back on the easy emotion of anger.

"Well you can forget the spanking, Jared. I'm too old. This is my life. You are not my father OR my husband." The chill in her voice cooled the room but inflamed Jared. He stood and made a determined motion toward her. Belle, recognizing she had gone too far but unable to go back, turned to run. She did not make it any further than the doorway. Jared's hand grasped her ear. He dragged her back toward the love seat.

"You asshole," she choked out, trying to pull away. "Shit! That hurts!" Jared was somewhat surprised by the bluntness of her language but still felt stung by her epithet.

"Do you want your mouth washed out with soap, too?" he asked with a false calm. "You know such language is not appropriate for a young lady of my acquaintance." He sat back down and held her by the waist in front of him. "Listen to me, young lady. Either you cooperate with me by taking your jeans and panties down to your ankles and moving your bare bottom and nose to that corner to await your spanking with the hairbrush, or you can act like a baby. If you choose to act like a baby, I'll be more than happy to treat you like one. I'll pull down your panties myself, spank your bare bottom until you're ready to cooperate, and then send you to the corner. After corner time, you'll have your hairbrush spanking completely nude, just as we did when you were a little girl. Now, I'd advise you to cooperate, but it is your choice."

Fire burned in Belle's eyes. Jared was the one person who could break her icy reserve: she loved him too much to keep him at a distance. Still, her temper was already gone. "Fuck you," she hissed, struggling against his superior grip. "I'm not going to give you a bare ass to pound on until you feel vindicated. Go to hell!" Belle knew instantly the cruelty of the words, but she couldn't seem to control them. Even so, she already regretted her tongue.

Jared reacted before she had a chance to apologize. "That's it, Isabelle. You've made your choice. Since you want to be treated like a baby, I'll be more than happy to. But first things are first. We need to remind that mouth of yours not to use naughty words." He steered her to the bathroom, one hand gripping her ear and the other guiding her waist. Holding her in front of him, he trapped her arms within his. She watched frantically as he calmly squeezed a line of liquid soap on her toothbrush.

"Open up, Isabelle," he coaxed, his voice gentle but still with a trace of steel laced within it. Belle shook her head frantically, holding her lips tightly pursed. She remembered the taste of soap from the one time she had cursed at school. A teacher had called Jared, and Jared had called her unsuspecting self to the bathroom for a discussion that included her introduction to the use of soap for discipline. Now distaste, not anger, urged her resistance.

"Now, Isabelle, open up," Jared repeated. "You're only making it worse on yourself." Belle continued to shake her head in refusal. "All right, we'll do this the hard way." Jared held her jaw in one hand, set the brush down, and pinched her nose with his free hand. When she gasped for air, he squeezed her jaw, holding it open to prevent her from closing her mouth again.

Hurriedly, he released her nose and pushed the brush between her lips, spreading the soap over her tongue with a rough motion. Despite the taste, his words were her undoing. "Isabelle, I love you very much and it hurts me to hear you say things like that. I know you said it in the heat of anger, but it was cruel and uncalled for. I would never pound your ass' as you implied, especially not to make myself feel better. I only spank you when you need to be spanked. You know that." Bitter tears formed in Belle's eyes. The taste of the soap scouring her teeth and tongue only reminded her of the sour words she had spoken.

Standing there, staring at her image in the mirror with her jaw held open by Jared's strong hand and with soap bubbles peeking through her teeth, did not help either. The picture reminded Belle of a recalcitrant child. She had acted childish, she told herself. Belle felt a sudden need to apologize. Jared saw the tears forming in her eyes. Without stopping the movement of the brush over the back of her teeth, he asked, "Are you ready to cooperate now?"

Belle nodded miserably, as well as she could. "All right, then," Jared agreed, taking the brush from her mouth and releasing her jaw. "Hold your mouth open for me so I can do this right." Belle swallowed a sob and slowly spread her lips apart, watching in fear and guilt as Jared added more soap to the brush and moved it back toward her mouth. "Any more naughty or rude language from your lips, little girl, and we'll be doing this every morning and every night for a week," Jared commented, inserting the brush between her teeth and finding her tongue again.

Belle shuddered against him, shaking her head a little. "Good," Jared murmured, glancing at Belle in the mirror. His quick eyes saw the subtle changes in her demeanor. The volcanic fury in her eyes had been replaced by a miserable guilt. Her hands, though still stiff, were pushing against him now instead of pulling away. The stiffness of her neck had dissipated, allowing him to push her head back against his shoulder. The change made it easier for him to reach the back of her tongue and the top of her mouth, areas he took special care to soap well. Jared brushed

thoroughly, reapplying the soap several times. He finished by spreading soap over her tongue and then gently closed her mouth with his fingers.

"Don't spit, Isabelle. You're going to keep that soap in your mouth until I say. Do you understand?" A tearful nod was his confirmation. He stepped away, releasing her.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I don't know what came over me. I didn't mean it." Jared's eyes softened a little. The apology soothed his emotions a little, but he was convinced more than ever that Belle needed the discipline he was going to provide her with after this punishment. The relief that coursed through him at her apology was intensified by the acceptance he glimpsed in her eyes.

"I forgive you, princess," he replied gently, stroking one of her cheeks and calling her by a favorite nickname. "But I am going to deliver this punishment as you earned it. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir," she admitted, grimacing in distaste as the taste of the soap burned her mouth more with each word. Belle cherished Jared's presence, paradoxically grateful to have his intense personality taking such control of her life for the moment while dreading the upcoming experience. She remembered in a flash Jared's protective sternness when she was young, inspiring both her trust of him and her determination to be the lady he taught her to be. Jared led her into the bedroom, moving a chair away from the wall and standing her before it as he sat in it.

"Now," he murmured, "I'm going to pull down your jeans to your knees," he began. Jared unbuttoned and unzipped as he spoke, touching her rather impersonally as he worked. His hands slid inside her waist to push down the denim. With a sudden, embarrassing realization, Belle stiffened. Her fingers curled into fists as Jared settled the jeans at her knees. When his hands reached for the cotton that protected one of her last vestiges of privacy, she caught them with her fingers.

"No, please," she begged. Her embarrassment was obvious by the redness of her face. "I really AM too old for ... I don't look the way I ..." she stammered, slipping her hands over the front of her panties. A slightly impatient look crossed Jared's face, even though he had expected her reaction.

"Belle, I'm fairly sure that I know how you'll look. I see such things almost every day. It is my job." He paused for a minute, holding her firmly in his hands. "I am going to embarrass you. What I do may even humiliate you. But you acted like a baby not very long ago, even after hearing the consequences for your behavior, and I will not have that attitude or disrespect in this house." Belle shivered. She knew what a spanking from Jared would mean. The spanking he had given her pantied behind a couple of years ago had only created a desire for a repeat performance.

Now, faced with the opportunity to live out that desire, Belle was frightened. Not of the spankings themselves. She knew they would hurt a lot, but she knew she would survive them.

No, Belle was afraid that Jared would discover the wet spots forming in her panties, and be repulsed. She could not imagine life without Jared in it, and losing him because of her embarrassing condition was an intolerable thought. The words came unplanned, her voice laced with fear and near-panic,

"I'm so afraid. Please don't do this ... I don't want you to not love me any more." The raw emotion shining in Belle's eyes moved Jared almost as much as the desperation in her voice. With a gentle force, he sat her on his knee, hugging her close to him and kissing her hair.

"Little princess," he murmured, "I will always love you, no matter what. Taking your panties down and spanking your bottom won't lessen my love, Belle. No matter what is beneath them that embarrasses you so much." He paused, thinking of how much he needed her. "Trust me enough, Belle, to let me slide my hands inside your panties and take them down for you." Belle closed her eyes and pressed her face against Jared's shoulder before swallowing heavily and standing up.

"I understand," she whispered, praying for all gods to keep Jared from being disgusted by her helpless arousal. Soft hands gripped his shoulders for support as Jared found the waist band of her panties. Belle's eyes were focused on him. She had lost the sheen of panic and fear, but the paleness of her face and the rawness in her eyes spoke of an emotion Jared hadn't seen there since she was a child: overwhelming feverish anxiety. The sight Jared found as the panties dropped to Belle's knees hardly disgusted him. He recognized the moist condition of the curls that hid her womanhood. A slight smile formed on his lips and a weight seemed to fall away from his subconscious. His thumbs brushed the dark patch as his fingers gripped the tops of her thighs. He combed the curls and looked directly at her, letting his eyes relax their tough firmness.

"Belle, you certainly aren't a little girl right now. I like that. But I may have to do something about this condition after your spanking." Belle began shivering. The quivering could have been caused by fear, the chill in the room, or arousal. Jared hoped for the latter reason, but he suspected her shaking came from a combination of the three. He recognized the indecision on her face and drew her over his knee, half-fearing another time-consuming rebellion from her. The rapid movement of Belle's body from an upright position to an upside down one was enough of a surprise to shake Belle from the state of shock she had begun falling into. Jared was not repulsed. In fact, he had almost seemed fascinated. His eyes had gotten softer when he had brushed her wet curls. His hand had brushed her bottom softly when he had laid her over his lap.

The first slap broke Belle out of her reverie. Suddenly the idea of being spanked seemed much less erotic.

"Ow!" she smarted, immediately reaching back to try and cover her bottom with one hand. Such a thoughtless action did not impress Jared. He pinned her hand to the small of her back with his left and spanked even harder with his right, lecturing as he did so.

"Isabelle, I am so disappointed with you. It has been such a long time since I've had to spank you for refusing to cooperate with me. You're plenty old enough to know that when I tell you to pull down your pants and panties and move your cute bottom to the corner that I mean what I

say, and I expect you to do exactly as I say." Jared's words, as well as his smacks, were starting to affect Belle. Instead of jerking with each slap and testing the strength of Jared's grip, Belle began to feel guilty about acting up when Jared wanted trying to help her. She knew Jared loved her very much, and she knew she owed him more of her than she could ever repay. But she didn't just feel grateful. Belle loved him, too. And Belle was quickly discovering that disappointing someone you loved was not a comfortable experience for her bottom or her heart.

Belle nuzzled her face in Jared's pants, grunting with each spank and trying to contain her guilt. The lecture continued, but Belle could only half-listen: her bottom was burning, her heart had judged her guilty, and now Belle had to find a way to absolve her conscience and apologize to the most important person in her life. The lecture Jared gave provided the inspiration Belle needed.

"You are going to learn to cooperate if I have to spank you every day for the rest of my life, Isabelle. When you don't cooperate with me, you are telling me that you have no respect for me. And I won't have that here. Do you understand?"

A choked "yes" came from Belle's throat just as a particularly hard smack fell against the top of her right thigh. The words did provide an answer for her, though. She would apologize to him and cooperate the best she could, no matter how he punished her. Belle had lived with Jared long enough to know that a punishment did not consist simply of a spanking, though that was certainly included. She would accept his word as law tonight, though, because she did respect him and love him. Belle didn't know any other way for her to make it up to him -- the cruel words, the argument, her attempt to run. Every time she thought of it she felt guiltier. Belle was almost glad for the acrid taste of soap that remained in her mouth. Jared had not allowed her to rebel against him. Belle was both thrilled and frightened of this reality. "I'm sorry, sir," she whispered when Jared finally paused in his lecture and his spanking.

"I know I was bad. Please, please, forgive me." Jared's falling hand turned abruptly from another stinging smack to a soft rub.

"You aren't bad, little Belle. You were naughty, but you are not bad. You've never been bad, although you've sometimes acted naughty." He pinched the reddened skin and then continued, "I will accept your apology if you agree to cooperate with me for the rest of punishment this evening." A grimace crossed Belle's face, but she knew she had no choice. She loved Jared too much and knew he was right.

"Yes, sir," she whispered. "I'll cooperate the best I can."

"That's all I can ask, my little princess." Belle's words had been scarcely audible but Jared heard them. Tonight he felt finely tuned to her smallest action, her every breath. "Remember, little princess, besides your spanking, I'm going to treat you as if you were the baby girl you behaved like earlier for the rest of the night. Do you understand what I'm saying?" Belle didn't answer immediately. Jared watched her squirm a little on his lap, waving her bottom as if it were the red side of the matador's muleta on a corrida's day. He knew she was thinking about what he

said, considering the implications. He wondered if she remembered the last time he had had the privilege of babying her.

A car accident during high school had provided him with an experience that had changed his life. He remembered how embarrassed she had been, but how much she had needed to have help. He remembered how she would allow no one but him to help her. He remembered her complaints -- how she had felt like a baby -- and he remembered the present he had brought home to her as a joke afterwards that had made her smile for him again. His question rocked Belle. The waves of emotion passing through her made it hard to consider what Jared was asking. She knew what Jared meant. But could she face it? Belle hoped so, because she was even more frightened of losing Jared.

She nodded her head, but then realized Jared could probably not see her head move in such a position. "Yes, sir, I understand.," she finally agreed, accepting his right to discipline her even as she accepted her need for him. Relief coursed through Jared. He loved Belle so much, more than he ever could have imagined. To hear her agree to something they both knew would embarrass her just to please him filled him with a strange emotion: a combination of thrill, love, possessiveness, and desire that poured through him with a large dose of tender firmness.

"Good," he murmured, his voice several tones deeper than usual. Standing Belle up, Jared checked the position of her panties and jeans at her knees. "Please waddle to the corner there," he began, turning her in the correct direction. "Keep your nose in it until I tell you to come out, and don't forget to hold your shirt up so I can see your bottom." He watched her struggle to move to the correct position, and then waited patiently until she was properly positioned with her hands away from her still-red bottom. "I want you to think about why I have to give you a spanking with the hairbrush in a little while, Belle. I want you to think about all the times you've lied to me since you've moved home -- implicitly and explicitly. I want you to remember all the clients you service who have received updates and/or designs late. I want you to consider how irresponsible you've been, little Belle, and why it's important that I spank you."

Belle breathed deeply, clenching her shirt above her waist in her fists and closing her eyes on the hard white walls her forehead and nosed rested against. Just why she thought about the things Jared told her to wasn't clear. At the moment, Belle only understood that, with her spanking over, her warm bottom was once again erotic. She squeezed her legs together to keep the pulsing of her pussy to a minimum. She did her best to ignore the feeling, trying to focus on all the times she had told Jared how well she was doing and how hard she was working. She remembered how hurt she felt whenever friends lied to her, or broke a promise she thought was important. Belle tried to imagine Jared feeling that same emotion because of her lies. She thought about how much she wanted Jared to touch her, show her a tenderness again that had been missing from their relationship since she had grown up. Belle thought about how much he had given her, how often he had sacrificed his own desires for her. Her body ached, Belle realized, because she wanted Jared back so badly. She wanted the Jared she had when she was little, who would hold her in his lap, cuddle her endlessly, and help her through her fits of despondency. She wanted more though. She wanted a Jared who would kiss and hug her, touch her, sleep beside her.

With Belle installed in the corner, Jared prepared the things he hoped he would need for the rest of the night. Despite the fact that Belle had agreed to his punishment, he was a little nervous. The tension between them lately had been heavy, almost oppressing. Jared prayed he had found a way to cross the bridge that had been reverberating between them. He turned the house intercom on and made several trips between rooms, listening for her. As he expected, he eventually heard her begin to snifle. Belle had always felt the worst, came to the most adult conclusions, when she faced the corner with a bare red bottom. For the rest of the night, now, he could concentrate on helping her, to absolve her own guilty conscience and to make the apology he knew she needed to give. Only a few minutes passed before Jared was ready to return to his seat.

"Come here, Isabelle," he said quietly, watching in private delight as Belle turned to him, holding her shirt up with one hand and wiping her eyes with the back of the other. Jared noticed that she didn't try to cover her nakedness. Nor did she seem aware of the fresh coat of wetness in her curls. He stood her in front of him, taking both of her hands in his. "I forgive you, Belle. I really do. But you knew the consequences of your actions when you misbehaved. I want you to remember this night every time you even think about misbehaving, lying, or breaking your word again. All right?" The tears in Belle's eyes made them seem brighter. Jared watched her carefully, noting that she looked at him directly when she nodded. "Good." Jared allowed a modicum of satisfaction to relax his face. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the bed. "We'll talk about a solution to this dilemma of yours tomorrow when your punishment is over, okay?"

"Okay," Belle whispered, rubbing her eyes against Jared's shirt. She looked bereft when he sat her down and removed her clinging arms from his shoulders.

"Stay here, my little princess, I'll just be a second." Belle listened to him run water in the bathroom. She rubbed her bottom against the nubby cotton of the comforter, realizing it felt even warmer pressed into the fabric. When Jared returned, he sat a bowl of water on the bedside table and laid scissors, a razor, a can of shaving cream, bottle of lotion, and a washcloth beside it. Belle watched every deliberate motion he made, blushing as she realized what he intended to do. He spread a towel on the bed, and helped her to lay down on top of it. He looked at her for a moment, her jeans and panties still twisted around her knees, the dark curls of her womanhood blatantly begging for attention, and her shirt twisted around her waist. "Do you know what I'm going to do next, little princess?" he asked softly.

"Yes, sir," Belle replied, her voice low and accepting. The nurses had done this to her once before to prepare her for surgery, but she had been asleep then. Belle knew Jared remembered how embarrassed she had been about her sudden bareness all those years ago. Jared knew Belle was remembering that her sudden smoothness had contributed to Belle's embarrassment during her recovery. "I'm glad. But there is one little thing first. Do you remember what you used to wear for spankings when you were little" Belle wiggled her bottom in the towel, aggravating it and the ache in her pussy at the same time. She was having trouble understanding why Jared's sudden determination to return her to a child-like state was so arousing.

"Nothing, sir," she admitted, digging her fingers into the bed covers.

"That's right." Jared picked up one of her feet and slipped the sock off, rubbing the sole lightly until Belle jumped.

"That tickles!" she accused, twisting her foot out of his hand.

He smiled, grabbing her other one and repeating his actions -- this time with a tighter grip until she writhed on the bed, doing her best to suffer in silence. He released her foot after a few minutes of play, and soothed the jeans over her legs. Jared stroked the smooth silky skin he uncovered beneath them, recognizing her womanliness with a sudden perception of his own state of half-arousal. He sat her up and pulled the shirt over her head, laying her back down over the bed and admiring the smooth curves of her waist and hips that the shirt had hidden from him. Next, he removed her panties. Already at her knees, they came off easily. Finally, Jared reached his hands beneath her, unhooking her bra. He noticed that Belle had laid her head back on the bed, her eyes closed and her body responding to the touch of his hands. He reached within the right cup, cuddling her breast in his hands and drawing it from the confines of the fabric. He did the same to her left side before sliding the straps over her shoulders and drawing the fabric completely away.

"Open your eyes, Belle," he asked softly. She did so, her gaze toward him colored by the sheen of arousal in her eyes. Jared allowed his emotions to run wild for a moment before squashing his desires. Even so, the tone of his voice remained deep, almost hoarse. "I'm going to shave you now, Belle." Belle nodded, unable to hide her desire now. Jared's hands had rubbed her legs and caressed her breasts and she had lost all resistance to the arousal that flowed through her. The whole experience -- her warm bottom, Jared's soothing hands, the strange light in his eyes -- had pushed her past the point of denial. Jared carefully bent her knees, spreading them apart and helping Belle find footholds by pushing her heels into the mattress. Of her own volition, Belle placed her hands under her head, the action pushing her breasts up and out.

As he began trimming the hair to a short length, Jared noticed Belle staring blankly at the ceiling. "It's too bad there's not a mirror up there," he commented. A blush passed over Belle's face and she dug her heels into the mattress for a moment until her embarrassment passed. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, little princess," he murmured, parting her vaginal lips with intimate intent. "I'm very relieved to see that you're enjoying this as well." Belle tried to understand what he meant, even though she felt as if a dense fog had settled over her mind.

"You like this, too?" she finally asked, her voice low.

"Oh yes, little one, more than you've realized yet." Jared returned to trimming, content with the reddened color of her pussy and the cream that continued to coat it. "I just prefer that my little girl is clean-shaven here." Belle shifted on the bed suddenly, and Jared had to pull away abruptly to keep from cutting her. He slapped the inside of each thigh sharply. "Don't move, Belle. I don't want to hurt you."

"I'm sorry, sir," Belle managed, biting her lip. "It just aches so badly."

"Here?" Jared pressed a hand against her pussy. "We'll do something about that in a few minutes."

"So it's okay?"

"Yes, my little princess. It's more than okay. It's wonderful." Jared laid the scissors aside and wet the washcloth in the warm water. He pressed the cloth into her pubis and pussy, wetting it and warming it.

"Jared ..." Belle sighed.

"Shh.... little one, you're doing so well, but you must hold still for me."

"I know," she moaned. "But it feels so good."

Jared left the washcloth in place and fetched a few extra towels from the bath. From her condition, he suspected he would need the extra supply. He, too, needed a minute to calm down. Belle's arousal was having a pronounced affect on his own ability to concentrate at the task at hand. When he returned, Jared pulled the cloth away. "I want it too feel good, but I need you to be still."

"Yes, sir," she answered obediently, continuing to fall under the spell of his hot hands and warm, comforting voice.

The cold shaving cream he spread across her warm skin did little to change her mental state, but she jerked involuntarily. "Is this cold?"

She nodded.

Jared rubbed the cream over her, spreading it thickly across every inch of skin. "I guess I will have to warm it in advance, next time." The implication of his comment struck Belle only after he had pulled his hand away, washing it in the bowl. She groaned, wanting his touch again. Jared wet the razor in the bowl, and turned back to her, holding one of her knees in his extra hand. "Now I'm serious, Belle. You must hold still. Okay?"

"Yes," she agreed, digging her heels in hard and reaching her arms up to hold onto the spindles of her brass bed. "I'm ready, sir."

The strokes of the razor were long and smooth. Jared paused frequently to rinse off the blade. He was quiet now, careful in his work. Jared shaved all of her pussy, removing every particle of hair he could find. His fingers became more and more personal, managing to touch every part of her. Belle struggled with the need to remain still. She knew the slightest encouragement would send her to orgasm, and knowing Jared enjoyed her arousal did not help her to retain control.

Belle began to moan just as Jared decided he had finished. He used the washcloth, still warm, to remove the residue of the shaving. With a fresh towel, he wiped away the excess water.

Completely drying her was impossible, as well as undesirable, to him. Belle was soaked from her own juices, and the aroma was one he enjoyed being privy to. Finally, he changed the towel beneath her bottom by cupping her pussy in his hand and lifting her off the bed while he removed the soiled towel and replaced it with a clean one.

"You look much more like my little girl now," he murmured, rubbing her smooth pubis. "I just need to rub some lotion her so you won't have any irritation." Jared worked as he spoke, squeezing lotion onto his hand before rubbing it into her newly shaved skin. "I'd love to have my little Belle back. Would you like to be my little girl again?"

Belle's answer was an audible moan.

"I hope that was a yes, little princess, because I've just about decided that you're not old enough to live up here all by yourself. You need more supervision. I think your old room, right beside mine, would be better. What do you think?"

Belle wasn't thinking at all. She was feeling. Jared's fingers were stroking the sensitive skin around her vaginal opening, and her primary concern was an orgasm, not the location of her bedroom. "Anything," she groaned, pushing her pelvis desperately against his hand. "Please, Jared, please ..." His hands held her open then, displaying her swollen clit.

"Yes, little Belle, you can come now." He bent over, licking her clit for a second before sucking it between his lips. The sparks caused by Jared's lips nuzzling her clit pushed Belle into orgasm. She lifted her body against his mouth as joy surged in her blood. Jared kissed the inside of her thighs as Belle recovered. She reached for him as she did, and Jared obliged, sliding up beside her on the bed and drawing her against him. She hugged him fiercely, still unsure of this new relationship but needing his closeness. Jared understood this need without being told. He cuddled her against him, half-trapping her underneath him with her bottom cupped in his hand. His other hand stroked her body -- her face, her hair, her breasts, her stomach, her back.

"Thank you, Jared," she finally whispered, kissing his cheek.

"It was my pleasure, little one," Jared answered, pushing her bottom up against him so that she felt his erection against her. Belle's eyes widened with her first realization of his arousal.

"Can I touch ..." she began, a little breathlessly and then trailing off in embarrassment.

Jared slipped her hand over her pussy again then, pushing a single finger inside her this time. He found the barrier he was looking for, and smiled into her hair. "Yes, my little virgin, you can touch me as much as you want." The now familiar blush passed over Belle's face again but her embarrassment didn't stop her. She reached for his pants, asking, "How did you know?" The laughter in Jared's eyes was a familiar sight Belle appreciated.

"Even cardiologists learn a little gynecology, Isabelle." He felt her unbuttoning his pants, then, and fought back his own moan. With Belle's innocence revealed, she didn't mind admitting,

"I've never seen a man before like this. You'll have to tell me if I do something wrong." Jared rolled onto his back and jerked the pants over his hips and down, kicking them off with a sudden motion. "Just don't bite, Belle. Nothing else your fingers or mouth could do would be wrong." Jared's hands held the brass headboard now. Belle explored him eagerly, watching his erection swell as she learned. Her fingers found his balls, cupping their weight in her palms and kissing them softly before moving on. She traced the sensitive vein on the underside of his manhood, feeling a woman's power when he groaned and jerked under her touch. She seemed fascinated with the tip of his cock, returning to the reddened head again and again to touch its heated surface.

Finally, unable to resist, she kissed him there. Jared bucked under her soft hands. "Oh, Belle, if you don't want my cum all over your face, you'd better stop now." Belle thought about his comment for a minute, and then searched her mind for everything fact she had ever learned about ejaculation. With little hesitation she slipped her mouth over the tip of his cock, drawing him as deeply as she could into her mouth.

"Are you sure?" he gasped, barely hanging onto the last vestiges of sanity. Her trust in him, the amazing sight of her orgasm under his care, her gentle fingers and mouth, Belle's innocence, and even his vision of her reddened, bare bottom in the corner had brought him to the edge of heaven faster than he could ever remember. In response, Belle begin to suckle him inside her mouth, her fingers rubbing his hardened balls. Wanted a minute passed before Jared exploded in her mouth, bucking wildly in and out of her welcoming lips. His release surprised Belle, but she liked the taste of him on her tongue, and swallowed his milk as fast as she could. He softened, still in her mouth, and Belle pulled away to lick up the cream she had dripped. Jared enjoyed the gentle attention and drew him up beside her when she was finished.

"Thank you, little one," he whispered into her hair. Belle hugged him.

"Did I do okay?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, sweet Belle. That was wonderful. Was this really the first time you've had a man in your mouth?"

"Yes, sir," Belle whispered, blushing again.

Jared smiled. "I'm glad, sweet Belle, that you picked me to be the first." He enjoyed the redness of her cheeks, and had to continue. "It means a lot to me that you are saving your pussy for a special man, the way I always wanted you to." The redness in Belle's face deepened. She knew that no one she had ever met could compare to the special place Jared had in her heart, or ever convince her to flee the nest he had created.

"I saved it for you," she whispered. "You're the most special man I've ever known." Shock overtook Jared's body. He tilted her chin up and searched her face. The trust and confidence there in the depth of her gaze touched him.

"Belle?" he asked, half-afraid and half-hopeful.

"I don't think there's a man alive I could trust, love, or respect more than you, Jared. I've known that for years. You took me out of hell and gave me heaven. Everything you did was for my benefit, not your own. I hated the very thought of growing up, because I was convinced it meant losing you."

"Oh, Belle," Jared sighed, holding her face in his hands. "You'll never lose me and you'll always be my little girl -- even when you do want to grow up, marry, and move away from me. But I will keep my little girl as close to me as she wants until then, okay?" Jared hated the thought of his precious Belle belonging to another man, but he also couldn't imagine that she would want to stay with him always. Belle, though, couldn't imagine ever wanting Jared to give her to another man.

"Okay," she agreed. "Until then." She reached forward and sealed their agreement with a kiss to his mouth. Jared held her tight for long minutes as he recovered his wits. He alternately kissed her lips, her nose, her eyebrows as his heartbeat slowed and rational thought returned.

"I have to give your spanking now, little Belle," he finally said. "You lied to me, and you haven't been punished for it yet." Belle's contented face fell.

"Oh, but --"

"But you thought I had forgotten?" Belle blushed, a telltale sign. "Belle, you are the sweetest little girl, but have I ever forgotten to spank you once I said I would?"

"No, sir," Belle admitted, pulling away and hugging her knees to her breasts. "But it hurts."

"Of course it hurts, my little princess. It is a punishment." He paused for a moment and then rolled her on her back, watching her carefully when he continued. "You'll like your good girl spankings much better, I promise."

Belle bit her lip. "When you spanked me before, I didn't like it. I thought I would, but I didn't. At least ... at least not until afterwards when I was standing in the corner." Jared grinned mischievously.

"I know, little one. But that was a punishment spanking, too. Trust me, you'll like good girl spankings a lot."

"Yes, sir." Belle couldn't say why, but she did believe him. "Can I get a drink of water first?" The taste of cum and soap together had to be a little odd, Jared thought.

"Yes, Belle, you may. But no rubbing your bottom in the bathroom. Remember I'll be able to see you at the sink from here." Belle nodded and rolled off the bed, heading for the bathroom. Jared watched the swing of her bottom before standing himself and pulling his pants back on. He replaced the socks and shoes he had lost in that sweet moment of insanity earlier, and thought of how much he loved Belle -- the child within and the woman without. He was still digesting their conversation, but he knew the dream of a lifetime was coming true for him. By the time Belle

turned away from the sink, Jared was sitting in the chair again. "Bring the big oval hairbrush with you, Belle," he ordered. Belle quaked a little but brought it from the vanity, leaving the smaller round one.

"Why this one?"

"Because I said so, Belle," Jared answered, taking it from her and guiding her by the arm over his lap. She slid her bottom into the highest position on his knee, realizing it was also the most comfortable. "Just because you're such a special little girl doesn't mean I won't punish you for being naughty, Belle. I don't want you under such an impression."

"Yes, sir," Belle felt her body tense in anticipation as Jared rested the soft bristles of the brush on her still-tingling bottom, rubbing gently over the pink skin.

"In fact, because your body is so grown up now, I have to spank it harder to have the same impression." Jared soothed her legs apart some, revealing the insides of her thighs. "And if you misbehave while you're on my lap I'll have to spank her," he finished, touching the baby smooth skin of her inner thighs.

"Yes, sir," Belle answered, sinking unexpectedly into an 8-year old head. She had been naughty by lying to Jared and had made him feel bad. Belle cried out at the first spank, the hairbrush smacking an already sore spot on her bottom. Jared's lecture continued as he spanked. "You know how much emphasis I place on honesty. I will NOT have you lying to me. Sometimes naughtiness can't be helped, but you never need to lie. When you lie to me or break a promise, you're telling me that you don't trust me, and that hurts." Belle's tears returned easily under the onslaught of the hairbrush. She could never hold them back during a spanking. But she never sobbed. Belle prided herself on this trait. She had been known to beg, though, and the urge was quickly settling in her bottom. She bit her tongue for the moment, though, swallowing back a plea from interrupting Jared's lecture. "I hardly ever had to spank you when you were still going to school. Maybe once a year. But no ... now I will use this hairbrush on your red fanny every day if I must.

If my little girl is going to stay home every day, she's going to do her best to behave. I know I may be a bit stricter than your teachers ever were, Isabelle, but discipline is the only way you will ever succeed. And I will NOT EVER tolerate lies." The hairbrush had fallen numerous times now. Belle could not hold back her pleading now.

"Please, please, stop, sir. I promise I'll behave now. I promise, I'll never lie to you again." Jared listened to her promises, thinking that he would eventually have to spank her for lying again, but hoping he wouldn't. He allowed himself to place a few well-chosen smacks on the backs of her thighs and returned to the seat of her bottom, where she would remember this spanking for several days.

Belle cried out in pain.

"I'm almost done, Belle, You're doing very well," Jared praised, sinking a flurry of spanks smartly onto her bottom. "I just want to make sure you remember this for awhile." He landed a final few smacks while Belle promised to remember this spanking for the rest of her life. Finally, he dropped the hairbrush to the floor and laid his hand over the sizzling skin of her bottom. "The perfect color and temperature," he declared while Belle sagged in relief. He helped her to stand. "Now back to the corner, Belle while I run your bath."

Belle obeyed, anxious to be away from even a stationary hairbrush at the moment. He looked at it critically as she did so. It was a little redder than he normally would have preferred but with the hairbrush on top of the hand spanking earlier, he expected the deeper cherry-red hue of her bottom. Belle's stay in the corner this time seemed shorter. She heard her bathwater running and Jared moving around. She couldn't help wondering if he would rub lotion in her bottom afterwards. She began thinking about being his little girl, wondering what it meant. The pictures that formed in her mind aroused and comforted her at the same time. Jared called to her from the door.

"Come here now, Belle." She did, moving to him and opening her arms for a hug. He returned her embrace, kissing her forehead before undoing the heavy braid down her back that confined her beautiful hair. Jared wrapped his arms around her again and picked her up, carrying her into the bathroom. "Do you need to potty before your bath, my little princess?" he asked softly. She shook her head, so he stood her in the tub. Belle looked down in surprise.

"My bubbles!" She breathed in the scent of the bath, smiling happily.

"Yes, I found part of a bottle in the back of my closet," he smiled. "Now sit down, Belle." Belle made a face, but did as he said, gasping in pain as her sore bottom touched the warm bathwater.

"It hurts!" she breathed, gritting her teeth.

"Yes, little one, that's what happens when you are naughty." Belle watched as Jared sat on the floor beside her. "So you like your bath?"

"Uh-huh," she confirmed, picking up piles of bubbles in her hands and blowing at them. "I love it! Are you going to help me wash, too?"

Jared smiled at her delightful playfulness. "Of course. Don't I always?" The laughter in Belle's face told Jared she was about to tease him. She looked at the bubbles on her hands and blew them again, this time sending them in Jared's direction. He made a face, and she grinned.

"Don't I always?" she asked. Jared stood and stripped off the shirt, moving to the sink.

"I only know one way to keep you happy in the bath and keep myself dry at the same time," Jared commented. He secretly loved the playfulness in her antics. She seemed to have forgotten the spankings altogether. He pulled a bucket from where he had stashed it in her bathroom closet. Belle recognized the bucket immediately.

"My toys!" she exclaimed, reaching for them as soon as Jared sat them down. "Look, here's the Mickey Mouse. And the boat you used to make motor noises for." Belle dug through the bucket until she found her favorite. "And here's the belly bear!" She stuck him under water for a minute and then pulled him out, aiming his belly button at the tile on the wall and squeezing his stomach. Water streamed out, splattering on her. Jared watched her play for a few minutes before wetting the washcloth.

"C'mon Belle, it's time for me to wash you." He did so, quite thoroughly. Belle forgot about the toys, arching under his expert hands. He soaped her breasts, first with the cloth and then again with his hands. He did the same with her bottom and pussy, giving them all a third washing once he had scrubbed the rest of her body. "Now for your hair," he murmured, squeezing some of her shampoo on her head. "We're all out of No More Tears' so you'll just have to do with this." Belle squeezed her eyes shut as he massaged her head, spreading the soap through her tresses. He rinsed it out slowly, pouring cups of water over her head and combing his fingers through it to make sure the soap was out. Belle wiped the water away from her eyes and reached out her wet arms to hug him. "It's a good thing I took my shirt off tonight," he smiled, feeling the water drip down his back. "Are you ready to get out now or do you want to play for awhile?" Belle shook her head, flinging water over the walls and Jared.

"Out NOW!" she insisted, her voice assuming a petulant tone Jared remembered well. He unfolded a large towel, directing her to stand. He squeezed the excess water from her hair, wiping her wet face off and then wrapping the towel around her body.

"Come here," he urged, picking her up inside the towel and standing her on the rug. "I see it's getting close to someone's bedtime." Belle nodded as Jared rubbed the water from her body, paying special attention to the feminine aspects of her anatomy. "You're not quite ready for bed yet, though." Nodding again, Belle moved to her vanity table and carefully sat down. She winced, but crossed her legs when she realized Jared had not managed to completely dry the soft skin between her thighs.

"Will you help me?" she asked coaxingly, watching Jared empty the tub and pick up the toys she had scattered.

"Of course, little Belle," he murmured, returning to her side and taking her hairbrush in hand. He worked slowly, pulling out the tangles with infinite patience. The hair dryer followed, with Jared combing his fingers through her hair until it fell in smooth ringlets down her back. Jared wasn't done with her hair, though. He parted it down the middle and began braiding. "I haven't done this in awhile," he mentioned casually. "But I love being able to touch your hair, play with it, fix it the way I want it."

Belle sighed, content to have Jared continue his relaxing touch. "It feels at least as good as the head massage the stylist gives any day."

"The way you feel when I do your hair?" Jared fastened the end of the braid and turned to the other half.

"Uh-huh," Belle affirmed. "Even if he doesn't do my hair in two braids any more." Jared smiled at Belle in the mirror.

"Princess, I think you're going to have to become accustomed to pigtails and braids again if I'm doing your hair. My little girl isn't old enough to have her hair in a French twist when she goes out." Belle squeezed her legs together at his words. Her face reddened again as a tingling awareness settled over her body.

"I still have my headbands and ponytail holders somewhere, I think," she finally offered.

"We'll worry about that little detail later, princess." Jared fastened the second braid and kissed her hair. "Now, we just need to clean your insides as well as we have your outside, and then you'll be almost ready for bed." Belle's brow furrowed.

"What?" Jared smiled benignly, pulling her out of her chair.

"First your teeth," he stated, directing her in front of the sink. "I'm going to use toothpaste tonight, but I want you to remember what I said earlier. If I ever hear such naughty words from your mouth again as I heard this afternoon, I'll brush your teeth at morning and night with soap, instead of toothpaste. Do you understand me, young lady?" The embarrassment on Belle's face amused Jared but he acknowledged her nod. "Good." He added the paste to her brush and wet, watching Belle hold her mouth open in expectation. She held still as he brushed her mouth and tongue thoroughly, finally filling a cup with water for her and allowing her to rinse. Belle rinsed her mouth and looked at Jared in amazement.

"Wow, you do like a thorough cleansing. My teeth haven't been scrubbed that well since my last visit to the dentist." Jared rested his hand on Belle's shoulder and directed her farther into the bathroom.

"I'm glad you held still then. It will be good practice for the last part of you that needs cleaning."

"Where?" Belle watched Jared pull a kit out from below the sink, where he had placed it earlier in anticipation.

"But... But..." she began, stammering.

"But what? You know how these always made you feel better when you were young." Jared answered, calming opening the box and removing its pieces.

"When I was SICK! Not because ... not when..." Belle made a few random motions with her hands, unable to express herself. Jared looked at her then, and drew her in front of him, resting a hand on her shoulder and tipping her chin up with his other fist.

"Princess, you are standing here nude in front of me with hair that I've braided and a bottom that I've spanked -- with my hand and with your hairbrush, and with a mouth that's tasted both

soap and my semen. You've made me very proud tonight by being such a wonderful little girl for me. Now, I think that the rest of the evening, from now until bedtime will be much harder for you. It will test you. If I push you too far, you can stop me, all right? All you have to do is call me Doctor, and I will end anything going on immediately, and we'll talk about it, take care of your concerns and problems, okay?"

Belle nodded, understanding.

Jared continued. "This enema is not to scare you. It will be different from when you were 8 years old because your bottom is bigger. But they always helped you calm down after you had thrown a tantrum, and I said earlier that I was going to treat you like the baby you were behaving as, didn't I?"

Belle nodded, swallowing a large lump in her throat.

"Now, sit down on the toilet seat there and watch me fix this for you." Belle did so, lifting the toilet cover and sitting so as much of her bottom as possible fit in the seat's hole. Jared watched her, amused. "No, princess, stand up. Sit the cover down, and then put your red bottom on it." He turned to the sink, and filled the bag from his box with water, adding the gentle soap from the pre-packaged container. Belle tried not to watch, but couldn't help herself, her eyes wide at the size of the bag and the amount of soap in it. When he finished mixing it, he carried it to the tub and hung the bag on the shower. To it, he attached a narrow rubber hose with a nozzle at the end. Finally, Jared rubbed Vaseline over the plastic nozzle, knowing Belle could not take her eyes from his movements.

"You know, princess, in my bathroom downstairs, I have a hook just for enema bags. I have a plant hanging there now, but I am sure that one of these days you will ask me to give you an enema there."

Belle shook her head as sat on the edge of the tub.

"Come here, princess." Almost involuntarily, she did as he asked, lying across his lap, squirming as his hands fondled her bottom, tracing the splotches of color that still were streaked across it. "Very good, Belle," Jared praised her. Jared spread her cheeks apart and traced the tender skin that pointed to her bottom hole. "You just need a little more lubrication here so we don't hurt your precious anus, princess. I know it's not exactly necessary, but it does help remind you of what is about to happen to your poor bottom."

He applied the Vaseline, spreading it around the hole and sliding his fingers slightly in past the rectum. Belle gasped, biting his pants leg as strange sensations begin to course through her. "You like this, little one? We'll have to remember this at a later time, then," he mused, leaning over and kissing one particularly red spot on her seat. "Now, Belle, for the important part." Jared took the nozzle and slid it just into her bottom, using his inserted finger to ease the transition. Still, the shock surprised Belle. Unlike the nozzle, Jared's fingers were warm. The chill from the enema nozzle startled her, and she jerked against the hand that Jared held to her back.

"Stay still, Belle. I mean it." He waited until she stilled, and then turned the clamp, allowing the water to begin to drip into her. Isabelle's stomach clenched, as she felt the unfamiliar rush of the water pouring into her bowels. She knew Jared wanted her to keep still, but after a few moments, the discomfort became too much and she started to squirm. Jared's hand came down firmly in the center of her bottom.

"Hold still Belle, the more you squirm the longer this will take."

"I can't help it, Sir, it feels so strange."

"Strange or not," replied Jared, "Unless you want additional spanks on your already sore bottom, I suggest you hold still and let the enema do it's work." Belle managed to hold still for nearly a full minute. When she could not take it any longer she began to squirm, and begged to be allowed to use the toilet. True to his word, Jared began to spank Belle's already well reddened bottom. Soon it was difficult to tell if she was squirming more from the enema or the spanking. Finally between the pain in her bottom and the discomfort of her distended stomach, Belle could take no more. Breaking into heart-wracking sobs, she collapsed across Jared's knees. Seeing this, Jared stopped the spanking and helped Belle to her feet. Belle immediately ran for the toilet, howling as her freshly spanked bottom touched the hard, chilly seat.

Jared, in an ironic respect for her privacy quickly left her to prepare for the final part of her punishment. When Belle emerged from the bathroom, her eyes still slightly red from the tears and her hands holding her sore bottom, Jared grinned. She reminded him of the six-year old he had found at the hospital, with her front teeth biting her bottom lip. He moved to her quickly, responding to the arms she opened to him. The silent plea to be held touched Jared, and he scooped her up against him, squeezing her bottom with one hand as he lifted her against him.

The hot warmth resting on his hand re-fired Jared's desire. He tamped it down though, knowing Belle was not ready for the experiences his baser desires wanted to share with her. Instead, he carried her to the bed and laid her there on her back. Disappointment passed over her face, and Jared laughed. "Oh, Belle, no, you don't have to sleep here. You're going to sleep in the same place you always sleep in after a spanking."

"In your bed?" she asked eagerly. "The big one?" Jared nodded and Belle clapped her hands in delight.

"There is one more thing, though..." he began, raising his eyebrows and looking at the collection of things he had placed on the night table. Belle looked, and gasped.

"Oh, no ..." she began, then stopped. "We never ... when I was little ... that is, not even after a spanking..." Jared recognized the confusion in her eyes and sat down beside her, laying one arm across her thighs and slipping one beneath her back to draw her against him.

"Little Belle, that is true. But during those spankings you didn't act like a baby. And I said that tonight I was going to treat you like a baby, didn't I?"

Belle nodded against Jared's face, trying to reconcile the arousal she felt in her own center and the arousal pressed against her thigh with the memory of the last time she had been diapered. She had felt like a baby then and had mentioned it to Jared, who had grinned but had returned later that day with a bottle of chocolate milk for her. They had laughed together then, but now Belle wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry. Jared held her tightly, hoping he wasn't pushing too far.

Her car accident had left Belle bedridden and incontinent for a few days, requiring the use of diapers. She had refused all assistance at first, not wanting even a nurse to help her, but Belle had been forced to reconsider. Because of her stiff, sore body, she had been unable to clean herself and replace the diaper properly. Finally, she had admitted that she needed someone to help her, and had chosen Jared. Honored by the simple trust she had placed in him then, even when mortifyingly embarrassed, Jared had done his best to remain detached and professional while performing his appointed tasks, but he remembered the cold showers that had endlessly followed those diaper changes.

"Belle, sweetie, this is what I meant when I said I was going to treat you like a baby tonight. Do you remember? This will embarrass you, especially when I keep the diaper on you until you wet it. It will probably embarrass you more than the spanking, more than the enema, more than the shaving. But I think this is important. Cooperating with me even when you are embarrassed is important. I want to make sure you know this very, very well." The embarrassment of this experience was something Belle remembered. She also remembered how surprised and pleased Jared had been when she had picked him over the nurses.

"Yes, sir, I remember," she whispered, tightening her arms around him. "I trust you, though, so I know you're doing the right thing." As she said the words, Belle told herself that this time would be no different -- no more embarrassing -- than those times had been. But deep inside her subconscious, Belle knew better. Medical necessity no longer was a rational excuse for her. Love and desire in her explained her acceptance of Jared's discipline. An emotion that combined joy and relief swept through Jared.

"Yes, princess, you do. That is what makes this so special." Jared rolled Belle onto her stomach and handed her the worn-out teddy bear she had brought to the States with her. Its blue hair was matted and its eyes were missing, but Belle didn't care.

"Thank you, sir. You remembered about Little Bear." Jared grasped Belle's thighs and parted them, pushing her bottom up in the air. Her knees were carefully bent up in the air. Jared smiled and stuffed the old toy between her breasts, laying her head on the mattress. "Yes, princess, of course I remembered. And as soon as I saw him on your dresser, I knew you'd want him."

"Uh-huh," Belle sighed, relaxing as Jared spread cream over her bottom and began rubbing it into her reddened skin. The soreness almost seemed to disappear when Jared touched her, a stark contrast to the fire that had erupted on her bottom when Belle had sat on the toilet. "That feels good," she murmured, rocking from side to side as wetness began to gather again on her soft, newly hairless skin. The rubbing was thorough as Jared applied cream to her thighs and her bottom, concentrating on the seat he had spanked hardest, the crack of her bottom, and the tender skin around her pussy.

"It's supposed to feel good," he finally acknowledged. "You've been very good for a little girl who's been punished, and this is part of your reward." Finished with the cream, he scattered powder over her bottom, watching the white talc cover the red splotches. "Now your bottom is going to rub against your diaper all night, and it will remind you of how naughty your behavior was tonight. I hope that will help you remember what happens when my princess is naughty." A blush passed over Belle's face at Jared's reminder.

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"Tomorrow we're going to sit and try to figure out a way to make sure that never ever happens again. Even if it means spanking you every morning to remind you to behave during the day. So until then I want you to think about how naughty you were and how we can prevent that from every happening again." Jared grasped Belle's ankles and lifted her, spread a towel underneath her before turning her onto her back. Belle nodded, covering her breasts by clutching Little Bear between them with both hands. She suddenly felt very bare under Jared's stern gaze. He bent her knees again, spreading her thighs open to him. He watched in delight as another blush passed over her face.

"I don't think I will ever tire of that shy blush," he smiled, taking Little Bear from her and spreading her arms wide. "No hiding your body, princess. I'm taking care of it now so I need to see it as much as possible. Understand?" He sat the toy beside her and watched her face turn a deeper color red. "Understand?"

A long minute passed, but finally Belle whispered, "Yes, sir."

"Good." Jared took the diaper he had retrieved from downstairs and slid it under her bottom. "I'm very glad now that we had some of these left over, and in just your size." The diaper was quickly fastened around her middle, but only after Jared quickly pulled on of his fingers through Belle's pussy. She gasped and arched on the bed. "Perfect," he said. "I just wanted to make sure that you were secretly enjoying this as much as I am." Belle blushed again, wondering if she would ever lose her shyness with this new Jared. She lifted her arms, suddenly wanting a hug. Jared obliged, pulling her into his arms and lifting her as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

He picked Little Bear from the bed and began the slow trek to his bedroom. Every step seemed like torture, as Belle's pussy beckoned through her diaper and his pants to Jared's awakened desire. Their proximity to each other was re-enforced with every step. The rocking chair in Jared's room was a welcome stop. He slid her into it and whispered briefly, "Stay," before practically bolting from the room.

Belle stayed. She loved Jared's rooms. The sitting area and the master bedroom were accented by a large bay window and a separate deep window with a cushioned seat, plus a luxurious master bath and a small alcove that opened to her childhood bedroom. Everything here was satisfyingly masculine. The shiny mahogany furniture was highlighted by solid navy carpeting and blinds plus a green and navy plaid decor. Mirrors were found at all corners and angles, from a large plate one that hung over the bed to the mirrored tabletop which sat before her in the

sitting room. Belle remembered coming here as a child to stare in wonder at the largeness of it all. Now the rooms seemed much less intimidating, if still a bit larger than life.

Jared returned in due course, much calmer and carrying the bottle he had fixed for her. Belle started to stand but something in his expression stopped her. Instead, she held her arms out again, and gasped at the strength and speed of Jared's movement. She was held tightly against him now, lifted onto his lap as he sat down. The bottle slipped between her lips easily, and she drank from it obediently, her eyes widening in delight as she tasted the chocolate milk. Jared kissed her forehead and began rocking as Belle cuddled against him. The song he began to sing was a gentle one and Belle felt the tensions of the day ease out of her. Belle fell asleep as Jared sang softly. She didn't feel him carry her to the bed or slide her between the sheets before stripping his own clothes from his body. He slipped in beside her, pulled her in his arms, and kissed the cheek that he laid carefully on his chest.

Jared didn't fall asleep immediately, though. He had too many plans to make, too many dreams to dream. Jared sorted them mentally one by one before making a single telephone call. He had the most pleasant of surprises in store for his Belle. As he flipped off the light, he bent down and breathed the scent of Belle's hair. "Oh, princess," he murmured, "I'm so glad you're mine again, and this time in the way I've only been able to dream of." Sleep came quickly then. The night surrounded them as Jared's hands, in sleep, cupped Belle's diapered bottom and bare breast. Deep in her own world of dreams, Belle sighed contentedly. Life was so precious. How sweet were the days to come --*the end*--Created 9th October 1997