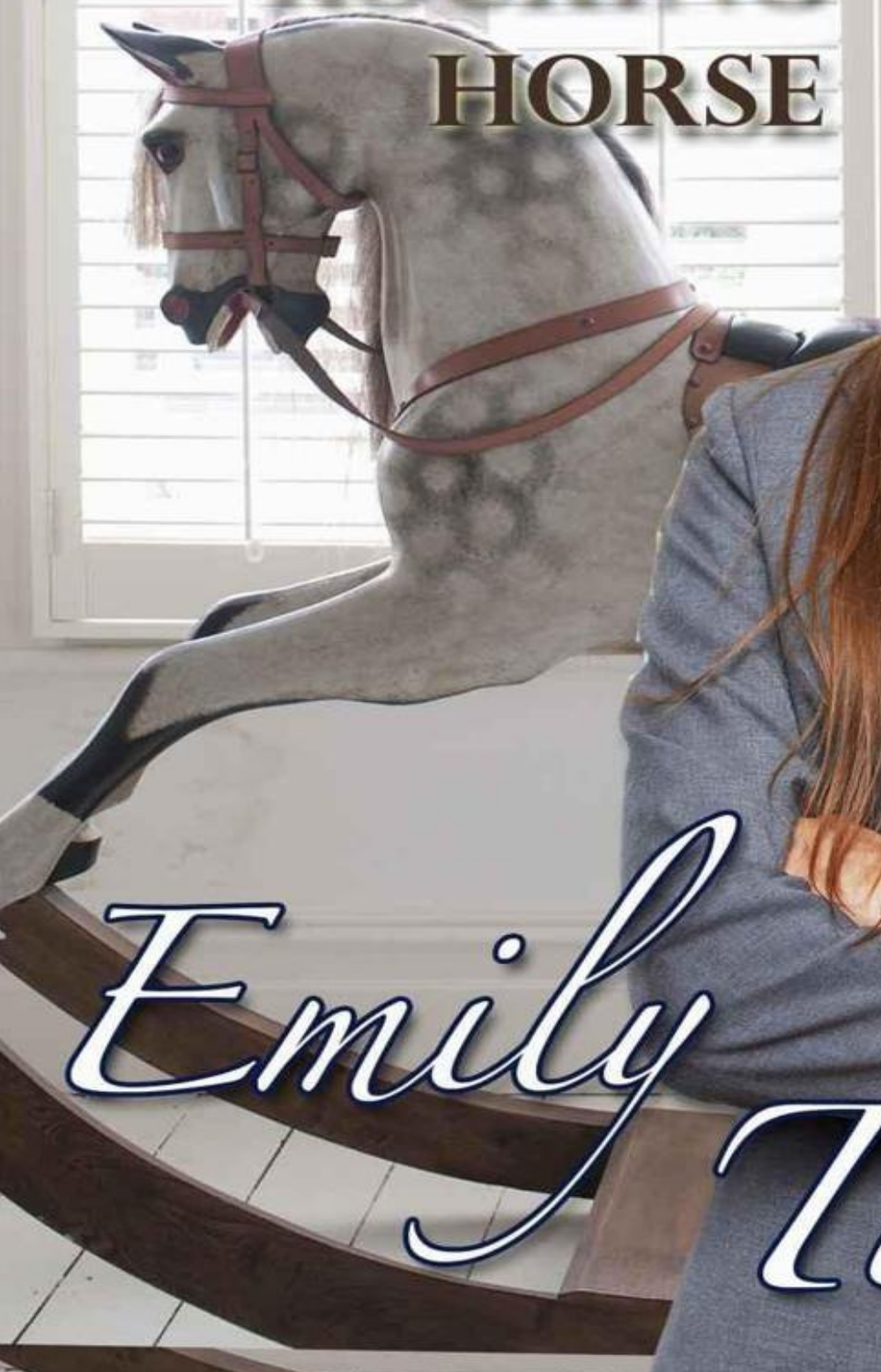


Caroline's

**ROCKING
HORSE**



*Emily
Tilton*

Caroline's Rocking Horse

By

Emily Tilton

©2013 by Blushing Books® and Emily Tilton

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®

is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Tilton, Emily

Caroline's Rocking Horse

eBook ISBN: 978-1-62750-3068

Cover Design by ABCD Graphics

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

Table of Contents:

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Ebook Offer](#)

[Emily Tilton](#)

[Blushing Books Newsletter](#)

[Blushing Books](#)

Chapter 1

My new rocking horse was very beautiful. It was stained a lovely chestnut brown, and its mane seemed perhaps to be made from real horsehair. Looking at it, gratitude to George for indulging me so very thoroughly swelled inside my chest.

My new rocking horse looked very sturdy, and it had adjustable stirrups that a grown wife like me could use to find the best possible position in which to ride.

Finding the best possible position was going to be essential, because of the part of the new rocking horse that made the little girl inside me blush crimson as I looked at it: the leather phallus that stuck up from its saddle like a naughty sentinel, slightly bent as if to beckon me towards it.

"Daddy?" I said.

"Yes, sweetheart?" my husband asked.

"Do I have to ride my rocking horse right now?"

"Yes, sweetheart, you do. Daddy wants to see you on it."

"But..."

"But what, Caroline?" His voice was becoming a little stern, and I knew even as I continued that no good would come of it, at least as far as the immediate state of my backside was concerned. An essential element of our dynamic, though, was this never-ending fount of shame into which I loved to think myself beyond anything—to be a little girl, so embarrassed about these new things my daddy wanted me to do and wanted to do with me and to me.

"Couldn't I ride it by myself the first time?"

"What do you mean, sweetie?" He furrowed his brow, as if puzzled by the suggestion that a girl would want to enjoy a toy without her daddy present.

"Couldn't I have it to myself for a little while?"

George sighed—a little theatrically, I thought, and said, with the tone of authority that goes straight to my loins, "Caroline, bend over and touch your toes, please."

"Daddy, no!"

"I don't know how I failed to get this message across to you, but this rocking horse is something you and I will be playing with together. You may call it yours if you like, and sometimes if you're very good I may allow you to go for a ride by yourself, but in reality it is MY rocking horse that I built so that I could play with my little girl."

His voice was so very stern now that I obeyed and bent all the way over just as he had asked, knowing as always that my nakedness exposed me almost entirely before him in that position.

"Spread your feet a bit, sweetheart," George said, more gently now in view of my obedience.

I pushed my feet apart, feeling the way the parting of my thighs let even more of the naughty parts of me come into contact with the air of the big room in the basement that we called the playroom. I closed my eyes for a moment, but that made it impossible to keep my balance, so I opened them again and tried to look only at the rug, as I heard George opening the cabinet that had his daddy's toys, as I always thought of them. I swallowed hard.

"Little Caroline," he said, "Daddy doesn't want to hurt you, but he needs to help you understand how important it is that you please him." His hand came to rest lightly atop my head, the long straight, light-brown hair now all around my face. He adjusted my hair tenderly so that it all fell over the right side, while he stood on my left. "Do you understand, little girl?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said. I felt his body tense slightly, and then I felt the little puff of air that always comes before the paddle hits my bottom. "Ow!"

"Count, please, sweetheart," George said.

"One, Daddy." I made the little sobbing sound in my throat that I always make.

"Two! Daddy, how many?"

"As many as I think you need, sweetie."

"Three! Oh, please..."

"Please, what?"

"Please may I ride your rocking horse now, Daddy? Ow! Four!" I straightened up, unable to help myself.

"Get that head down, Caroline!"

I made it even worse: I put my hands on my bottom to cover it; I didn't know what had gotten into me. Something about the rocking horse was turning me into the sort of naughty girl I never, even as a child, was with my Daddy.

(Well, really, I was pretty much that naughty all the time, but part of the magic was that we could both imagine that I was almost always a good girl whom my Daddy only spanked once in a while—really only because he liked to spank his little girl, and not because I was naughty.)

* * * * *

I'm getting way ahead of myself, though. I should probably tell you about how we got to that point, with a new, shamefully phallus-bearing rocking horse in the playroom. Indeed, I need to tell you how there happened to be a playroom at all.

George and I had been married five years when the change that led to the rocking horse began. We had met in college, acting together in some of the more serious plays put on by student groups: Ibsen, Chekhov, Shakespeare. Neither of us was good enough to contemplate trying to go on in theatre, but both of us loved acting and had been the stars of our high-school productions. We met during our freshman years in a production of *The Winter's Tale* but didn't really notice each other, except the way every college actor sizes up every other college actor as competition for the good parts; neither of us impressed the other.

Sophomore spring, when he played Lorenzo to my Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice*, the sparks began to fly. Our first date, from the outside, must have been absolutely disgusting: a continuous recitation of all the great parts we'd had and all the funny theatre stories we had accumulated to that point. We were sleeping together before opening night. We both came from the suburbs of the Northeast: George from New Jersey and I from Long Island, and both of us had the traditional script very much ingrained in our imaginations: marriage, two careers, children "someday" cared for by a combination of both parents plus daycare and nannies and au pairs until they became self-sufficient and left the nest to continue the cycle.

George proposed right after we graduated. This story is about sex, of course, so even if I'm nervous graphic in discussing our erotic lives up until the point where our story really begins, I probably should at least be frank. I suppose on a purely objective scale, the sex was good. I mean, one hears and even reads about a lot of people can't even get it to work right. But, as you'll see over the course of the beginning of the story, there were aspects of it that didn't match what was in my imagination. That wasn't really a problem in the beginning when the newness of the thing and the contentment of having a stable relationship, when so much else in our lives was changing so quickly, could carry us through any doubts about the erotic dimension.

So, to establish a baseline: missionary position or me on top, occasional oral—and a couple times, in the very early days, sixty-nine. That was it. I didn't come during sex, certainly, but George was happy enough to lick me to an orgasm afterwards, though there was always something about that felt wrong to me, as if his dutiful lapping were the reversal of the natural—or at any rate the imaginary, as far as my own imagination is concerned—order of the world. (So now I'm getting in

it, but I'm going to make you wait a little while as I fill in some of the more boring details.)

~~I'm a professor of English and George is a corporate lawyer. We both value our careers very highly. The electricity of our early drama days never really went away, but you get distracted. Research needs to get done and briefs need to be written. Suddenly you find you haven't had sex in months, and you haven't even noticed, and you aren't even spending very much time together. You used to go to the movies every weekend and to the opera every month and go to plays three times a season, but now you sit and watch TV, waiting for him to come home, and when he does, your resentment is so great that you don't even talk to him. The worst part is you can't even figure out what you resent him.~~

In one sense, this story ends up being about how we figured out at least part of where the resentment was coming from.

See, here's the thing I haven't told you yet: the reason we weren't having sex was that I was avoiding it. I was avoiding it because I was having more and more trouble reconciling myself to the distance between what I fantasized about when I was by myself (and sometimes even when George was atop me going about his vanilla business) and what the actuality was of being in bed with George.

I wanted to be vanilla the way I thought George was vanilla. I wanted to yearn for tender affectionate lovemaking the way it happened (or seemed to be about to happen) in Shakespeare and Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope. I suppose that means that I wanted to *want* to be vanilla. But I couldn't help myself; when I read *Lolita* I was, horrifyingly, constantly aroused, constantly having to pull my hand away from whither it inevitably drifted down as I imagined the terrible things Humbert Humbert enforced on his nymphet. When I read *Clarissa*, I imagined what the monstrous Mr. Solmes wanted to do to the heroine, had she been forced to marry him the way her family wanted. The wedding night would have been a terrible ordeal, and terrible was the longing that I felt for that kind of wedding night. Watching *La Bohème*, or even simply listening to it, I imagined—not that Rodolfo and Mimi shared passionate kisses, but that he spanked her for her naughtiness and called her "good girl" when she took his sex deep into her bohemian throat.

George seemed to me still to be perfectly happy. He caught me more or less by surprise with a passionate kiss on a Saturday night, to have his missionary way with me and then go down on me until, guiltily fantasizing about something very, very dirty, I finally came with a pallid sort of orgasm. The problem was I felt wretched about it afterward and then generally looked forward in low-grade misery to the next time it would happen. I didn't feel wretched because I had lost any affection for George—on the contrary, as the years went by I was more and more grateful for him and more and more convinced of his great merits as a man and as a spouse. I felt wretched because I wanted more or different, when it came to the erotic part of my life, and even as time brought new conviction of my husband's good nature, it also brought confirmation that there was something wrong with me when it came to sex.

The things that I thought about were dirty, plain and simple, according to the understanding of the clean and the dirty with which I had been raised. Spankings, and anal sex, and little girls made to do shameful things. Truthfully, it's really a misnomer to say I had been "raised" with those values because that word implies that my parents had intentionally inculcated those values in me. In fact, I had simply been left to my own devices to pick up from the culture around me—and above all, from the stories I loved—what my values about sexuality were. Those were stories of princesses, and later of gentlemen's daughters. Princesses and gentlemen's daughters, however, are never fucked up the proper backsides by an authoritative, paternal, older man the way I, to my distress, wanted to be.

Chapter 2

What I wasn't avoiding, however, was masturbating while fantasizing about the many erotic acts and situations I was so sure I would never get to realize in my own life. It had gotten to the point where I would spend an hour in the evening before George got home with my stash of special reading material (which I'll describe in a little while), giving myself orgasm after orgasm, and then literally feigning a headache when George showed the slightest interest in making love, so afraid was I of how sad I would be in feeling the distance between what was happening in our queen-sized sleigh-bed and what I was reading about.

What was I reading about? The nice word for it is ageplay, so we'll go with that. Little girls and their daddies (or uncles, or headmasters, or clergymen). Their daddies spanking them and making them do shameful things.

This, for example, was what I was reading the night it all began. If you want the genuine article, you can find it on several websites these days; it's from the Victorian period, and it's named after a beautiful, spherical object produced by oysters, used in jewelry, and for various reasons one of the sexiest things in the universe. As I said, I can't give you an accurate rendering of what's in the authentic Victoriana, so we'll pretend that it went like this:

* * * * *

When I was a girl of eighteen I was sent to school. The headmaster of my school was an old gentleman named Mr. Hastings. From the moment I saw my new headmaster, I began to feel new emotions, and new excitements, which I had never before known. He seemed to me the kindest, most wonderful person in the world. I truly believed that there was nothing Mr. Hastings did not know and that there was nothing he would not do to help his girls become well-educated young women, ready for marriage to the wealthy husbands for whom we all longed.

Whenever Mr. Hastings, as he wandered through the school-room, checking our work and giving us little compliments and words of encouragement, bent over my desk and rested his hand on my shoulder, I yearned for something of which I did not really yet know the nature. I lay in bed one night in the dormitory with the other new girls sleeping around me (there was one room for the new girls, and another for the more advanced girls, across the hallway), and tried to discover what the new feelings were. Sometimes I thought I could hear the other girls sighing the same as I, perhaps thinking of the same things I was as I explored with my wicked idle hands the changes through which my body was going. Sometimes I even thought I could hear below, in the area of the schoolroom and Mr. Hastings' study, strange cries of other girls, as if they were being punished—or as if they were somehow being pleased to an extent I could not truly conceive. The strange sounds always made my idle hands even more wanton around my young charms, until I thought perhaps I understood about how one could be made to cry out in one's pleasure.

These new feelings so distracted me that my schoolwork—never a topic of concern before I was sent to that school—began to suffer. Rather than copy my lesson, I would be thinking of what might happen if I should be called to Mr. Hastings' study. I blushed furiously, thinking (for reasons I could not fathom) that he might tell me to remove my clothing and inspect me—and touch me—and tell me that I needed to feel his firm hand guiding me.

After I did terribly on my first examination, Mr. Hastings did, indeed, send for me to come to his study.

"Miss Lewis," he said to me sternly, as he sat behind his desk. "I am afraid that your results are by no means those we were expecting of you."

"No, Sir," I replied, with my head bowed.

~~"Something will have to be done about this," said Mr. Hastings.~~

I knew from whispered discussions with the other girls that when Mr. Hastings said that something had to be done, the something was always the cane. I knew also that the young ladies of Mr. Hastings' establishment were always caned upon their bare bottoms, to ensure that they understood the importance of stern correction in the guidance towards proper behavior. It was indeed for that reason that my parents had sent me to his school, because he was so renowned for producing well-behaved young ladies.

Thus, when Mr. Hastings said to me that something must be done, I was terribly afraid, for I knew exactly what it meant and the terrible thrashing that I must soon receive. At the same time, however, a strange thrill went through me at the shameful thought of Mr. Hastings looking at my bare bottom—and even at the idea of him striking it over and over with his cane. There seemed to be a fire in my loins, the same kind of which I'd had inklings in my bed but which I had never felt so strongly as I felt it when I pictured Mr. Hastings holding the cane poised to strike my exposed backside. All of a sudden, to my astonishment, I felt that I wanted to be over Mr. Hastings' desk with my drawers pulled down.

"Yes, Sir," I whispered.

"What's that, Miss Lewis?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"Yes, Sir," I said, a little louder.

"Do you know, then, what must now befall you, Miss Lewis?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir,"

"What is that, Miss Lewis?"

"The cane," I said, returning to my whisper.

"I am afraid that I must require you to speak a little louder, Miss Lewis. In my establishment, the girls are grateful for the discipline I provide, and thus if you wish to remain here, you will request of me respectfully to cane your bare bottom."

I felt my face flush crimson, and I found myself unable to speak.

"Well, Miss Lewis," the headmaster said, "I am waiting."

The flame in the parting of my legs seemed to kindle itself into a conflagration. I made a little sobbing sound, I think, but I was still unable to say a word.

Mr. Hastings' voice became a little kinder. "I imagine, Miss Lewis, that this will be your first time going under the cane. Is that so?"

"Yes, Sir," I was finally able to reply.

"I understand how hard it can be for a new girl," he continued, "but I cannot allow that to impede my sense of duty to your family. I am afraid that I must require you to request your punishment or to vacate my premises."

"Oh, no, Sir," I cried. "Please, Sir, cane my bare bottom. I want to do better; I want to be good. It's just so—so difficult...."

"Let us take care of your chastisement first, Miss Lewis," said Mr. Hastings. "Then we may discuss your difficulties."

He rose from his desk and made his way around it towards me. He put his hands upon the shoulders of my blue school dress and led me to the punishment block, gently urging me to kneel upon it by the pressure of his hands. He raised my skirts, rolled them up and pinned them to my bodice so that they could not fall down, cover my rear and thus deprive him of the ability to administer justice by chastisement to my bare bottom.

Then he reached around to the front of my waist to unbutton my drawers. I thought I would die with shame, but at the same time the delicious fire was still at play in the parts that he had uncovered.

"Twelve strokes, now, to help you understand the importance of concentration." I had not been aware of his fetching his cane, but now I heard a whistling sound that I had never heard before—which I had imagined many times. At the same time I heard the smack of the rattan striking my bottom and felt the searing line of pain across my flesh. Strangely, though, almost from the first moment the searing pain made its way forward to add to the fire of my wantonness. I held tightly the corners of the block as I began to sob with the pain of the strokes falling, one after the other, upon my plump young bottom-cheeks.

Mr. Hastings laid the strokes on with great severity until I was crying out and the tears were streaming down my cheeks. "Oh, Sir, please... please," I was saying.

When the twelve strokes had fallen, Mr. Hastings said, "Now, Miss Lewis, you will stay there for the next ten minutes so that you can contemplate the want of concentration that led you to such an embarrassing and painful condition."

He put the cane away and sat down at his desk. I kept crying for a little while as the stinging pain of my twelve welts faded into a sort of burning smart. Something else was happening, though, to my horror: that same burning smart was somehow multiplying the heat between my thighs, in my tender young private part, many, many times. The torment was no longer a torment of pain, but a struggle to keep myself from wriggling and clenching my bottom shamefully, as Mr. Hastings watched.

But what I simply could *not* prevent was the way the liquor of my little pussy began to run on my thighs, making me shift uncomfortably, desperate to hide the fact from Mr. Hastings. The shifting, though, lamentably aroused me even further, so that I had to utter a soft "Oh!"

"Miss Lewis?" asked Mr. Hastings. "Are you well?"

"Oh, Sir. Yes, I... yes, Sir."

He rose from the desk and I heard him rounding it, to come over to me in what seemed to be his great concern for my well being.

"Sir, please... please don't look!"

"Don't look at what, Miss Lewis?"

"At... Oh, Mr. Hastings, what are you doing? Where are you touching me?"

"Shh Miss Lewis. The young ladies of my establishment know how to please their headmaster. It always seems strange to a new girl, but I can assure you that soon enough it will feel lovely."

"Oh, Mr. Hastings—it already feels lovely."

"That's because you are so very, very naughty, Miss Lewis. Your parents sent you to my school for just that reason, and they have given me permission to help you in any way I see fit."

"Ah... oh, goodness, oh, Sir..."

"I have found that this is the only way to help girls of your character—girls who have a bright future but whose erotic proclivities are liable to cause disaster unless they should be taught about them. If girls like you are to be safe, Miss Lewis, it is very important that you be introduced to the vicissitudes of your wanton nature by an experienced man such as I. Now that you have had your first chastisement, it is time for me to begin your true initiation as a pupil at my school."

Mr. Hastings tenderly stroked the bottom he had so lately disciplined. I moaned and sighed. "You have a very lovely bottom, Miss Lewis," he murmured. "There are many things that need to be done to it here in my house."

To my surprise and astonishment, he began to move his forefinger inward between the two parts of the posterior he was caressing.

"Oh!" I said.

"Be silent now, young lady," he said. "It is very important that you learn about this part of your anatomy. And it is important that I should inspect it minutely. You must learn to be a good girl, now."

"Oh, Sir, what are you doing? That part is..."

~~"Quiet, young lady," Mr. Hastings said, sternly. He gave me a spank with his open hand on my right bottom-cheek. "Young ladies who are being inspected must be quiet."~~

But I couldn't help myself; I let out a little shriek as I felt him urging his fingertip inside the very shameful opening.

"Silence, Miss Lewis, or I shall have to gag you. You will have this lesson whether you like or not. You are a very naughty girl, and now you are learning what happens to naughty girls."

Chapter 3

You get the idea. I lay back against the pillows, propped up in bed, as I let the book fall to the coverlet. I was home alone, as usual. If the past few weeks were anything to go by, George wouldn't get home until after I was asleep. As professionals who always needed our sleep in order to be at our best in our professional lives, waking one another up for sex was something we had never done, and there was no prospect, even, of the pallid satisfaction that making love with George could provide. Despite the reluctance to which I have confessed above, nevertheless, once that reluctance was overcome, it provided during those years some respite from the fantasies I was now indulging with the help of this naughty book.

That kind of limited satisfaction, though, would not be happening tonight. This was my self-pollution calculus, and I engaged in it whenever I was about to step past the bounds of shame that despite my inveterate habit of polluting myself nearly daily, nevertheless still held some embarrassment for me. Looking back, I can see that this calculus itself contained the seed of the fantasy that dominated my imaginary life. Just as Miss Lewis in the book I was reading longed to be punished for her wantonness, so did I go through mental contortions about my masturbation in the fantasy-hope that George would hold me accountable for it and might want to discipline me, as Mr. Hastings had to discipline Miss Lewis.

In any event, my hand found its way under my short nightgown and into my panties. I thought about Mr. Hastings and Miss Lewis. I thought about what Mr. Hastings might do with Miss Lewis after he had initiated her into the ways of the paternal headmaster. Truthfully, if you do seek out the genuine article, Mr. Hastings' character will usually do the kinds of things that I fantasized about—if the headmaster doesn't, some other paternal figure eventually will. So I could simply have kept reading while I played with myself.

But I want to acquaint you with the strange nature of my fantasy life, so that you can understand fully what happened that night—so let's say that I did stop reading, lie back against the pillows and let my hand find its way under the nightdress and then under the waistband of my panties to bring the fingertips where I needed them the most. On the fantasy stage of my mind, Mr. Hastings did terrible things to Miss Lewis, and Miss Lewis loved them.

* * * * *

The headmaster's finger was in the schoolgirl's bottom, moving gently. The young lady was making less-than-ladylike sounds. "Sir! Is it not... ah... isn't it wicked?"

"Yes, Miss Lewis, it is indeed wicked." He added a second finger, which made Miss Lewis give a little sob of shame. "You are a wicked girl, though. Do you think that I haven't watched you in the dormitory? Can you pretend that having my fingers here isn't just what you deserve?"

Now with his other hand he began very lightly to tease the part of Miss Lewis that she played with in her dormitory bed at night when he was watching through his peephole—the part that seemed to be the root of all her wickedness.

"Oh, Sir... how can you?"

"Answer me, Miss Lewis. Can you pretend that you aren't the kind of girl who should have a man's fingers in her bottom?"

It was monstrous, what I was subjecting poor Miss Lewis to at the hands (literally) of Mr. Hastings. Monstrous—except that it was exactly what I wished some authoritarian gentleman would do to me. Can it be monstrous if you want it done to you?

Monstrous or not, it was the core of my being—I could admit that to myself at a time like this.

in the throes of self-directed, fantasy-elaborating passion, even if I couldn't admit it to myself when the orgasm had ebbed away from my relaxing muscles, and the shame and self-revulsion were upon me. I would have done anything to have someone who would tell me that I needed to have his fingers in my bottom, and who then would put them there while instructing me sternly, but patiently, in the ways of his pleasure.

* * * * *

"No, Sir. No! Oh... please—I'll be good—I promise!"

"It is too late for that, Miss Lewis. You are a naughty, wicked girl who is finally receiving what she deserves."

My mind fast-forwarded the fantasy. After he had made her come with his fingers inside her bottom, he had sent her back to class with the instruction that she was to come to his room that night at eight o'clock.

My fingertips slipped and slid along the furrow of my own loins. Oh how I wanted to be Miss Lewis! I put my left hand inside the neck of my nightdress and began to toy with my right nipple. I closed my eyes and sighed deeply.

* * * * *

"You are to call me Papa, now," said Mr. Hastings to Miss Lewis after he had met her at his door, picked her up and carried her to his bed for the first time.

"Yes, Papa."

What would Mr. Hastings do to her then, when she was in his bed? There was the thing he had prepared her for in his study. There was that. I resolutely refused to touch myself there. I thought about Mr. Hastings and then about George, and then about George as Mr. Hastings. Blushing even though I was alone, I thought about his cock.

In my fantasy, Mr. Hastings said quietly to Miss Lewis, "Lay yourself over this bolster now, young lady. I should like to see how my cane-marks are coming along."

Miss Lewis was in her night shift—with no panties, of course, because panties haven't been invented yet. So easy to lift that thin cotton and expose the little bottom with the twelve purple stripes that still burned like fire as Mr. Hastings ran his finger along them.

"Lovely... lovely. You will look at your bottom in the mirror every night, young lady, as a reminder of your punishment. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Papa."

"You have been a bad girl, but with the help of my cane, you will learn to be a better one, will you not?" Standing behind her where she lay on the bed, bottom-up over the bolster, he held her whole backside in his hands, one cheek in each.

"Yes, Papa."

"This little bottom will feel my cane many times before you leave my establishment forever, but I promise you, you will be grateful one day that you were fortunate enough to have a headmaster who chastised you so severely on your bare bottom."

"Yes, Papa."

He stroked her bottom tenderly. She made submissive little sounds of the kind that daddies like to hear from their little girls. His fingers moved inwards, towards the little puckered bud at the center.

"Now it is time for your papa to enjoy you the way he likes best."

"What way is that, Papa?"

"Your papa is going to put something in here, and it will make him feel very good."

"Oh, please, Sir," said Miss Lewis, "couldn't I do something else? Something else to make my papa feel good?"

"Quiet, young lady," said Mr. Hastings. "This is what your papa likes to do to little girls, and he is going to do it to you."

* * * * *

I felt my flush of embarrassment at the fantasy spread down my chest and seem to cover my entire body. I could never seem to stop myself from it, this descent into the dark passage.

Now on my imagination-stage Mr. Hastings had undressed. Miss Lewis was lying over the bolster, waiting, clutching a pillow under her face with her hands at the corners. Her face was turned to the side so that she could see Mr. Hastings in all his middle-aged glory. The light was shamefully still on. No—the lamp was shamefully still lit. No electricity in those days.

"Sir?" asked Miss Lewis. "What is that thing?"

"Shh, Miss Lewis," he said. "Young ladies who are about to learn their lesson must not ask too many questions. That is my prick."

"Must it go inside me?" she asked.

"It must. I promise, though, that my young ladies learn to love the motions of my prick inside them."

This was getting out of hand, but I couldn't stop. I was so warm inside my panties that I knew my orgasm was not far off. My legs wantonly spread, the gusset of my panties pulled aside, and my fingers moving quickly there, all assured it.

* * * * *

Mr. Hastings knelt on the bed behind Miss Lewis. In his hand he had a little vial of oil. He poured some onto his fingertips, and he began to work it into my bottom-hole. No, not mine—her, Miss Lewis'. I would never let anyone... Who was I kidding? If George ever said...

The fingers felt so wrong and yet so wonderful inside her bottom. Miss Lewis had never imagined... but now she was going to have Mr. Hastings' big, stiff prick in there. What would it feel like? She felt something warm and slippery pushing there at the little opening. It was soft, but pushed firmly. She cried out in alarm.

"Quiet, girl," said Mr. Hastings. "I am going to fuck your bottom now." Miss Lewis' face grew hotter and hotter with shame. But there was something so lovely about having him there—about the way he'd had her call him "Papa." This was what her papa wanted, and she wanted him to have it because he was so kind and good to her: teaching her to be a proper young lady.

* * * * *

What was wrong with me? This was always where it went. The little girl, used by her daddy for his pleasure without regard for her own. But paradoxically, it was that very fact that produced the greatest pleasure of all for the little girl.

* * * * *

Mr. Hastings drove inward, and Miss Lewis cried out, "Oh, Papa! It hurts!"

"Quiet, now, and let your Papa do his fucking."

Miss Lewis held tightly to the corners of the pillow. She didn't like it; she didn't like the big prick in her bottom going back and forth. But now she could tell that Mr. Hastings liked it very much indeed, for he had begun to murmur, "Good girl, good girl. Papa likes fucking your bottom." And somehow, strangely, that made her like it, even though she didn't like it.

I couldn't bear it; I had to touch myself there. I groaned as I brought my two middle fingers up against the little opening about which Miss Lewis was learning such a stern lesson. The fingers were already slick to the point of slipperiness from their play between my pussy-lips. I tensed the aperture

against the fingers and rubbed firmly with their tips while with my other hand I rubbed frantically the very center of my arousal, scant inches away.

My fingertips entered there; I groaned again.

* * * * *

In my mind, Mr. Hastings held Miss Lewis' hips firmly, bringing her bottom cheeks—still bearing the twelve welts from his cane given earlier that day—against his own loins, then pressed them there so that she felt the sinewy muscles of his legs and their curly hairs. Then she felt his private pulsating inside her and something warm coming out of it, into her most secret depths.

I was close... so close. I pumped the fingers in my bottom in and out, imagining they were Mr. Hastings' cock. All the muscles there were starting to clench, and I was headed up that marvelous slope with the cliff at the top that you just throw yourself over and let your imagination soar out into space.

That was when George came in.

Chapter 4

"Caroline," he said, "for God's sake!"

My eyes flew open as my body figuratively tumbled down that orgasmic slope whose top it had almost reached. I jerked my hands guiltily out of my panties.

"You never... but here you are..."

There was something in his voice that was quite different from any tone I had ever heard him use. Part of it was something wolfish: something that sounded almost hungry to me. Part of it was that he seemed to be genuinely angry, to my astonishment.

I've always thought that my reaction caught him by surprise, too. I was defiant, in a way that had never been before about anything. As a professor, I have authority in my classroom; when conflicts with the administration arise, while colleagues protest, I simply throw up my hands and adopt the fatalistic attitude of one who knows that no lasting good ever comes from something called "the administration," but very little lasting bad comes from it, either. In my adult life, there has never been a need for an emotion approaching defiance. But there was something happening now with George that was taking place outside that adult life—or at least it seemed like it might be taking place there. I defied him the way a little girl might. "Oh, come on, George. It's not like you were home. I'm in my body, and I'll play with it however I want."

This was the crucial moment. If George had responded differently to me, and if I had then responded differently to him, perhaps we would be looking at divorce now. But miraculously and experimentally, George said, "Is it?"

His tone was nearly un-readable. The words had been uttered firmly, but not angrily. Was he saying something erotic, or something ethical? Either way, in the question I saw a possibility of which I had never dreamt. He was standing next to the bed; now I, having hastily replaced my nightdress in its demure arrangement, knelt up in front of him. I looked up into his blue eyes. "No, Sir?" I said.

There was a long silence. Then George said, "No. It's mine."

I felt myself blush like Miss Lewis. I looked down at the bedclothes.

"Something has to be done about this," said George. I started. Those were the words of Mr. Hastings.

"What?" I whispered.

"What should I do?" George asked, steadily.

"You should spank me," I whispered.

The only reaction that I could see on his face was a slight narrowing of his eyes. I knew him well enough, though, and I was sure that he was thinking very hard and very quickly. I suddenly realized, however, that I had already passed the hardest part. I had expressed to my husband the desire that I had thought I could never express. And the look on his face was not the one of disgust that I had feared so much.

Finally he said, with a convincing assurance that I found it hard to believe he actually felt, "In that case, you had better take two pillows and put them on the bed and lay yourself down over them, so that your bottom is ready for a spanking."

"Yes, Sir," I said quietly.

George stepped back from the bed with a dazed expression in his eyes. Where they had been narrow a moment before, they were now wide, in what I thought must be wonder. That I was obeying him, or that he had given me the command? Or maybe, just maybe, at how turned on he was?

I confess that, for my own part, I've never been so turned on in my life. In a dream of lust, I rose from the bed and took two of our plump down pillows, one in each hand, and laid them one at each end of the other halfway down the bed. I got back onto the bed on my knees and crawled over to the pillow

Wanting the moment to last forever, I lay myself over them, feeling the delicious way they raised and displayed my ass. I was conscious of the white cotton nightdress covering my thighs down to my knees and my blue cotton panties with the little flowers on them. I pictured what I hoped would happen in just a moment: the way that George would lift up the hem of the nightgown and see before him those little blue flowers.

Now the George of my imagination was not the George I had known in the bedroom. It was the *idea* of him I'd had before we slept together the first time: the idea that the dominant traits in his personality, the ones that came out when he was playing an authority figure on the stage, would come into the bedroom. I remembered my very first fantasy about him: that one night, walking home after rehearsal, he would claim his rights as my husband on stage in *The Merchant of Venice*. He would say, "I think we need to do some method acting, Caroline. Lorenzo seems to me like the kind of guy who takes what he wants from Jessica. After all, he's saved her from what he thinks of as her Jewish error—as anti-Semitic and awful as that is. He probably feels the need to spank her sins out of her, don't you think? He's clearly an older guy; he might take Jessica over his knee when he feels like it."

Then he would take me to the common room of my dorm—deserted at that hour—sit in one of the easy chairs and tell me to lay myself over his lap. Then he would say, "You'd better pull down your jeans." He would spank me, and I would cry, and he would say, "Is this your very first spanking, Caroline? I think you're going to have to get used to it; I'm going to be doing it a lot." After the spanking, when my bottom was warm and red, he would tell me to get up and then he would rise himself and bend me over the arm of the chair and take me brutally, all the while saying, "Oh, you're very good girl, aren't you? I'm going to have so much fun with you."

Remembering this fantasy as I waited for George to come and uncover my bottom, I blushed violently, and I felt my panties dampen.

"I have never spanked you, Caroline," I heard him say perfectly, as if it had always been his right—and even his duty, from which he had misguidedly refrained. "But something must be done about your conduct."

I heard the tone in his voice, and I knew he had found the center of his character. More than that, the character was George. George really did want to do something about my conduct. In the scene, of course, the thing he was doing something about was my self-pollution, but I felt the hope rising within me that by playing that scene we might also be doing something about the erotic connection between us. One thing I knew was that I now wanted George to make love to—no, to fuck—me. It was the first time I had wanted to be fucked in months and months. Suddenly the idea that I really wanted to be fucked by Mr. Hastings didn't seem as terribly shameful as it had before, for it seemed like George was willing to be Mr. Hastings for me.

"I'm going to raise your nightgown now, Caroline," he said. "Girls who have played with their panties down must learn to take their punishment with their panties down."

I couldn't help it; I moaned. There was something about the direction his performance was going that made me think things were about to get even hotter. A paternal note was creeping into his words.

"Caroline," he said, "you should be ashamed of yourself. What is that wanton sound I just heard from you?" He raised the hem of my nightgown and placed it on the small of my back, laying open before him my panty-clad bottom. "Little girls in flowered cotton panties should not make that kind of sound, should they?"

Then it happened. Without forethought, I said, "No, Daddy."

There was a long silence. Then George said in a thick voice, "Daddies sometimes have to spank their little girls don't they?"

"Yes, Daddy," I replied.

We were through the looking glass. I waited with commingled trepidation and arousal for his next command. Surely my new daddy would know what to do next.

That's what I felt, but in reality this had been a fantasy for me much longer than it had been for him. Indeed, as he later said, he had never even considered the possibility before. His dominant fantasies to that point, he confessed, had been utterly nonspecific. I'll let him talk about that in his own words, though, when we get to the aftermath.

So at that moment he didn't know what to do. That's when his old college acting experience kicked in. As if it were a rhetorical question, he asked, "And what else do daddies need to do with their little girls?"

He really did fool me for a moment into thinking the question was rhetorical, and I was silent. His character, however, gave him the impetus for what to say then, or at least what to say after he had delivered the first spank I had ever received in my life. I felt his hand come down hard on my pants-covered bottom, and I yelped in surprise at the sting. Then, at the mingled shame and warmth, I felt my moisture begin to flood into those same panties.

"Answer me, sweetheart," he said in a low voice, with a tiny touch of menace. "What else do daddies need to do with their little girls?"

"They, ah, they..." I managed to squeak out. I felt my face grow even hotter. "Sometimes they sometimes they inspect them."

"That's right," said George. "I will definitely have to inspect you, Caroline. And why should I inspect you?"

"To see..." I whispered, "to see if I've been naughty."

"That's right, sweetheart. Now I think we both know you have been naughty. It's very important, however, that your daddy be able to determine just how naughty you were tonight. We'll have to have a look at those panties, then, won't we?"

I felt him put his weight on the bed as he crouched behind me. I felt his breath on my thighs. I knew he must be looking very closely at the gusset of my panties. I couldn't help emitting a little whimper.

"This is very bad," my daddy said. I felt him shift slightly, and then I felt his fingers on my panties, just where I was naughtiest. I whimpered again.

"I'm afraid that even without taking your panties down, Caroline, I can tell just how in need you are of discipline. Indeed I can see how damp you have become inside these panties by simply inspecting the outside of them. This is a terrible state for a young lady's panties to be in. Not only does it indicate that you have been engaging in lewd practices, but I believe things could not have reached this shameful state if you did not know things that a young lady should not know. Have you been reading naughty books, Caroline?"

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered.

"I'm afraid," he replied, "that despite the danger of re-arousing the wantonness of which you have been guilty, I shall have to hear what was in those naughty books so that I can determine the proper manner in which to treat you and how to handle your chastisement." His fingers moved lightly up and down the outside of my panties where they covered the part of me that had now become much much too warm for comfort. "Tell me, sweetheart, what was in the book you were reading? What was it about?"

"Oh, Daddy, please don't make me!" I wailed.

"You must, Caroline," he replied sternly, "or else I shall have to spank you very hard."

"I won't do it!" I said.

George got off the bed, came to stand next to me and put his hand on my waist. "Very well," he said. "I shall have to spank you then, Caroline. First with my hands and then with my belt."

"Oh, no!" Truthfully, I hadn't thought of the belt at all. And now I really was scared of it, in that delicious way that I would come to know so well.

He hooked his forefingers into the waistband of my panties.

"Oh, Daddy, no!" I cried. "Please don't take down my panties!" George's breathing seemed to become a kind of pant, like a dog's. At that moment, I felt like I had been waiting all my life to cry. "Please don't take down my panties." But it was to no avail; nor was it, of course, supposed to be. My panties came down to the bottoms of my thighs.

"It's time for your first spanking, sweetheart," said my daddy. "Remember that this is for your own good. You have been a very naughty girl, and Daddy needs to help you be a better girl. Sometimes that will mean that Daddy has to spank you, but Daddy will always love you even when he's spanking very hard."

I whispered, "Do daddies like to spank their little girls?"

"I'm afraid they do," he replied. "They like it very much. It's very important that little girls understand that their daddies may spank them anytime they like. Sometimes it will be because the little girl has been naughty, but sometimes it will be just because her daddy wants to spank her."

"Yes, Daddy," I said. Then for the first time my Daddy, my husband, began to spank me in earnest.

Chapter 5

George learned quickly. In the beginning, there were some spanks that fell in unfavorable places, like the lower end of my tailbone—causing me to make a sound very different from the one made when he landed one of his better spanks right on my bottom. I could tell that the auditory feedback from me, and from the spanking itself, was very helpful for him, because the proportion of his spanks that made the wonderful spanking sound, the sharp noise that rings out like nothing else in the world, began to increase greatly.

The best part of all was that it was really, really working. My yelps were making him spank harder, not softer—that was how I knew. My daddy really did like to spank me.

It hurt—yes of course it hurt, especially after it had gone on for a couple of minutes. But knowing that the pain my bottom felt was because George wanted to claim my erotic soul as his own and be my daddy once and for all, made the pain also exquisitely arousing. It was so arousing that I felt myself climbing back up the slope towards a climax merely with the way his spanks made me rub just a little against the pillows under my hips.

My cries were a wild, ambiguous mixture of pleasure and pain. I was at the very edge of coming, when George suddenly stopped spanking and began to rub my bottom. "You've got a very warm bottom, young lady, don't you?" he murmured.

Frantically, I tried to move my hips to capture his hand somehow, where it would do me some good and help me to the top of the slope. He clucked softly in disapproval. "Little girls who are having their bottoms spanked really shouldn't behave like that," he said. Then he became severe again. "Keep that bottom still!" He spanked it—once, and again, and again.

"Oh, Daddy!"

"No, Caroline. It's time you learned how to be a well-behaved young lady."

He delivered a hard spank right across both cheeks, with the clear intention of seeing how I would react to some of the stinging's finding my burning pussy. I reacted with a wild cry of submissive pleasure.

"Do you need that pussy spanked? Do you?" I wasn't sure he had ever uttered the word "pussy" in his life—at least to refer to a woman's pudenda. He put his hands between my thighs and spread them.

"No, Daddy—please don't spank my pussy!"

"I think I have to, you bad little girl! It's the only way to teach you!"

He delivered the first spank. It was way too hard, but in being way too hard it was also like an electric shock straight to my erotic core. I screamed. He spanked again, not quite as hard. I screamed again—this time, with more pleasure involved, for not only did the second spank deliver a better ratio of pleasure to pain, but it also mingled with the receding sting of the first one.

On the third spank, I could feel that George's hand came away terribly, shamefully wet.

He got off the bed. What was he doing? He came around to where my face lay on the sheet, looking wonderingly at him, as he stood there still dressed in his work clothes. He presented his right hand, glistening in the light of the bedside lamp by which I had been reading about Mr. Hastings and Miss Lewis, to my face.

"Look at that, Caroline Dawkins! Look at that! Does a modest young lady leave that sort of disgusting stuff on her daddy's hand?"

"No, Daddy."

"You are a little slut, aren't you, Caroline Dawkins?"

"Yes, Daddy." Where did *that* come from—"slut"? I would never in my life have imagined that

George could say something like that—I would even have thought he might refuse a part in a play which he would be required to use that sort of language.

"Frankly, I think your case may be a hopeless one."

"Couldn't you..."

"Couldn't I what, young lady?"

"Well, if... if I learned about just how naughty I am—I—I might be able to understand what was necessary to rid myself of these... these, um, nasty habits."

His eyes narrowed, and his brow furrowed in his kind, blond face. His beard grows fast, and I could see the prickles on his chin glinting redly in the dim light of the bedside lamp as he lifted his chin slightly, the way he does when he's thinking. I couldn't tell if his puzzlement were real—but it was at the very least well-played, and it made me feel like a refractory girl for whom a stern but kind daddy had to exercise all his paternal skill to keep in line.

"And how would that kind of learning be accomplished?" he finally asked, lowering his chin again and seeming to study my face closely where it lay innocently on the pillow while my lower body was so naughtily arranged and exposed below.

"By—by you, um, making me feel that way... and, you know, making me feel that way... a lot."

He laughed scornfully. "Are you seriously suggesting that I should *pleasure* you, Caroline, to teach you to be modest?"

"What if you—if you gave me a lecture at the same time? To make sure I understand that I'm a naughty girl who needs to learn?"

"Hmm," he said doubtfully, "I suppose it's worth a try." Oh, I loved him. I didn't know if he could be my Mr. Hastings, but I loved him for trying. "But," he said as he wandered down the bed again, back towards my bottom, "I believe I'm going to have to add an element."

And he spanked me again, hard: once, twice, three times.

"OW!" I yelped. He can do it, I thought. He can really do it... "Ah! Oh, George..." (for now, I had begun to make me feel "that way.")

"Daddy," he said, with a warning in his voice, removing his lovely fingertips from my aching furrow and spanking me, once, on the sit-spot.

"Daddy!" I cried, my eyes watering. "Oooo..." (for the fingertips were back immediately).

"You, Miss Dawkins, are a little girl. Is that not so?"

"Ummm... Yes, Daddy." I had to admit his hand had always known how to drive me wild. I knew I was supposed to be listening to my daddy's lecture, but I was having a very hard time paying attention to anything but what his hand was doing to my little pussy.

"Little girls are supposed to be modest and demure, aren't they?"

This time I couldn't even answer, but instead started trying to ride his hand a little. That earned me yet another spank.

"Caroline! It's becoming clear that this is a very bad idea. Nevertheless, once your daddy decides to try such an experiment, he thinks it very important to continue on with it. Sometimes. (He rubbed quickly and firmly right on the little part that feels so wonderful, and I moaned, like... I blushed... like a little slut) "even though the results seem unpromising at the start, they can surprise you one at the end."

He spanked again. "Hold! This! Bottom! Still! Caroline Dawkins!"

"Oh, Daddy... oh, I can't."

He bent down and put his left arm around my waist and held me tightly and spanked me again and again, and again. It really, really hurt now, but as before, it brought me closer and closer even without his fingers.

"Very well. You will have your pleasure now, and then you will listen to me." The finger

attacked. I can't think of another way to put it: they dominated my tender cleft from back to front, and then one of them on the left hand touched me there between the burning cheeks as the right hand tormented me in front, and I screamed. Every muscle in my body seemed to tighten like the rigging of a boat in a gale, and then I seemed to explode outward—all of me, everywhere.

I think I can be forgiven in describing this very first ageplay orgasm, for saying (because it's true) that it was the most incredible climax I had ever had. After that one, the other ones I'll be describing were all wonderful, but it's not as easy to say which surpassed all previous ones. This first one of our new dynamic was as far above every previous orgasm I'd had as Angel Falls is above its catch-basin, so it's a lot easier to describe it in such terms.

Afterwards, I collapsed onto the pillows. George sat on the bed next to me stroking my hair.

"Wow," I said.

"You still have a lecture coming, young lady."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Wait a moment, please, Miss Dawkins. I need to prepare myself a little before I begin."

"Yes, Daddy."

He rose and began to undress.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" Somehow there was actual panic in my chest at the sight of my husband undressing—something I had seen him do hundreds and hundreds of times: with the rush of arousal in the early days, with lewd interest in the not-quite-as-early days, and then, crushingly, with utter familiarity the last few years. Now, though, the sight of his bare chest, then the sight of his boxers and shorts (not the belt tonight? I thought, with a strange bit of disappointment), then the obviousness that there was something making a kind of tent in those blue-striped boxers.

At that moment I knew that we really can find—or, perhaps, some blessed number of us really can—in our fantasies a way to make reality magical. My utter commitment to this fantasy, fomented by George's willingness to try, provisionally, a commitment to it, had turned me into a little girl. But I was not a real little girl, with real innocence that it would be a real crime and a sin to destroy—I was changed, somehow, into a fantasy little girl—the impossible little girl who is possible only in fantasy—the little girl who both knows and doesn't know what the thing lurking in a man's blue-striped boxers might be.

And that fantasy-constellation was making my chest tighten in a physical response indistinguishable from real fear, except that there was another part, riding high—riding very high indeed—inside my mind, saying "Shh, it's all right; that's your husband's cock, and right now you want it more than you want anything else in the entire universe."

George heard the note of actual panic, paused and looked into my eyes. He saw—he must have seen—the grown-up lust in my eyes, and it gave him the all-clear sign to keep going.

"I am getting undressed, young lady, so that I can give you what you really, truly need."

"But, Daddy, I'm such a little girl; should I be with a man this way?"

My words had an electric effect on him. He gasped; he was gasping the way he used to, before he was inured to the touch of my hand on his manhood. It was just like in the early days whenever I had found him lurking inside his jeans in the sweet vanilla passion of youth. He gasped, and his right hand found himself, and with a burst of lust that reawakened my loins in record time after the enormous orgasm of only a few minutes before, I watched my husband, like an animal in rut, rousing himself willy-nilly and rubbing through the fabric of his boxers, outlining his lovely phallus.

Nor could I help what I did then: I licked my lips—not like some pornographic seductress, but like an innocent little girl who sees a treat she wants very badly and can't help showing it.

"Did you just lick your lips, young lady?" he asked, his eyes wide at the current of eroticism flowing so overwhelmingly between us.

I widened my own eyes as if to say, "Please, Daddy, I couldn't help it."

~~He responded by pulling down his boxers. "Did you lick your lips for this, little girl?"~~

I breathed deeply, fearfully, and nodded my head on the pillow. My Daddy's cock: his beautiful cock that I knew, if I were a good girl, I could make feel so good. Nestled in a little cloud of wavy reddish-blond hairs, pointing at me like an arrow, straight and hard and swaying in threat. Pink and textured with lovely veins along its length and strange wrinkly skin at the helmet on its end and with its wonderful little eye that was just glistening a tiny bit to show me that Daddy wanted me very much.

Chapter 6

"Yes," I whispered.

"Didn't I just tell you that young ladies in my house are to be modest and demure?"

"Yes, Daddy," I watched his ... what was I supposed to call it? I just couldn't call it that... the terrible naughty grown-up thing I had just called it in my mind a moment before... his—his *daddy thing* jerked a little at the sound of my voice, and I felt the strange fantasy-fear grow at the same time. I felt my... little-girl part?... felt it start to melt and flow, shamefully, warmly.

"Is it modest and demure to lick your lips when you see a man's private part?"

"No, Daddy."

"All right, then. How should you feel when you see this?" Now he weighed it on his fingers and brandished it at me. I almost giggled.

I did giggle: nervously. (Good Lord, had I ever been so wet?)

"Ashamed?"

"Yes, sweetheart, that's right. You should feel ashamed that you're here with your nightgown up and your panties down, and that the only way Daddy has to teach you to be good is to show you his..."

"His daddy-thing?" I supplied, hoping he might adopt it, since it seemed to work for me.

"Yes. Yes. His daddy-thing." He weighed it on his fingers again, gently. More melting down below for me. Oh, how I wanted to kiss it, to suck it. The number of times I had touched my husband's penis with my mouth to that point could almost certainly be counted on two hands, but I was hopeful now—to my shock—that that number would soon be growing very swiftly.

He continued a little haltingly—which made it clear that he was improvising on the fly, for which I loved him forever, because that kind of improvisation takes an extraordinary amount of mental effort, and I knew he had already had a very long day. "Yes, that's right... so... I think it's very important that you... um... have my daddy-thing right in front of you while I... um, talk to you about what's important about the things you need to know...."

"About my young body?" I offered to help.

"That's right. That's right... you need to know how a Daddy likes to, um, to use..."

He nearly stopped there, having uttered that verb—that terrible, terrible, wonderful verb. I put everything I had into showing on my face just how very hot that terrible verb had made me in my little-girl part.

"To use his little girl," he finished.

"Oh, Daddy," I said. "I want to make you happy! Will it make you happy to use me like that?"

He took the cue so very marvelously I could hardly believe it. He said with authority, "Yes, Caroline, to use you with my daddy-thing will make me very happy indeed."

"Will it hurt, Daddy?"

"It may hurt a little, but I will be as gentle as I can be with you."

"Thank you, Daddy."

There was a pause; we were both trying to figure out what came next. "Daddy," I said, "may I kiss your daddy-thing?"

"Y—yes," he said. The first "Y" clearly meant that he was as desperate to have my lips on his cock as I was to put them there. The hesitation meant that he realized there was a breach of character involved; a modest, demure young lady shouldn't be allowed to bestow fellatio. The full "yes" meant that he had thought of how to proceed.

"Yes. You are going to give my daddy-thing one sweet little-girl kiss right on top and the

sample content of Caroline's Rocking Horse

- [read online Kilo Class \(Admiral Arnold Morgan, Book 2\)](#)
- [download online *The Concise Book of Yoga Anatomy: An Illustrated Guide to the Science of Motion*](#)
- [C. L. R. James: Cricket's Philosopher King.pdf](#)
- [download *Introduction to Solid State Ionics: Phenomenology and Applications book*](#)

- <http://fitnessfatale.com/freebooks/Supervision-in-Psychoanalysis--The-S--o-Paulo-Seminars.pdf>
- <http://metromekanik.com/ebooks/American-Cinema-of-the-1920s--Themes-and-Variations--Screen-Decades--American-Culture-American-Cinema-.pdf>
- <http://qolorea.com/library/Farewell-Floppy.pdf>
- <http://tuscalaural.com/library/Introduction-to-Solid-State-Ionics--Phenomenology-and-Applications.pdf>