

ZOEY: DR. RICHARDS'
LITTLES® 1



PEPPER NORTH

Edited by
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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The following story is completely fictional. The characters are all over the age of 18 and as adults choose to live their lives in an age play environment. This is a series of books that can be read in any order. You may, however, choose to read them sequentially to enjoy the characters best. Subsequent books will feature characters that appear in previous novels as well as new faces. Prepare to enter the new world of Dr. Richards' Littles. Enjoy!

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DEAR READERS,

This newly re-edited version of Zoey: Dr. Richards' Little makes me smile every time I read it. It's no secret that Zoey is my favorite character of all. Who couldn't love the young woman who fell in love with Dr. Richards and who brightens every room she enters. I hope you enjoy this new version as much as I do.

As always, I invite you to connect with me through your favorite social media outlets. From Facebook to Instagram, I try to share a bit of myself and learn about you as well. There is no doubt that my fans are the best! I'm booking several signings in the next year. Come meet me!

Until we meet again in the next book,

Pepper North

You can contact me on
my Pepper North or Dr. Richards' Littles Facebook pages,
on my website at www.4peppernorth.club
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I'm experimenting with Instagram, Twitter, Pinterest and MeWe. You
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CHAPTER 1



Zoey breathed a sigh of relief as she approached the ornate, iron gates spanning the entrance of the large estate. She'd made it here. Now, would they let her in when she was arriving five hours late? She pulled her drooping shoulders back and advanced to the speaker, limping painfully in shoes that had not been designed to walk the twenty-mile trek she'd had when her car had overheated by the side of a road very far from here. Zoey pressed the speak button and waited.

"Dr. Richards' residence. May I help you?" answered a strong, polite man's voice.

"Good evening. I'm afraid I've been terribly delayed in arriving. My name is Zoey Geller, and I had an appointment to speak with Dr. Richards at 2:00 pm. Would it be possible for me to speak with him now?" Zoey asked with a hopeful tone.

"I'm sorry. Dr. Richards is not receiving applicants this evening. You will have to call to reschedule your appointment tomorrow," the voice declared with finality.

Zoey heard the speaker click off. Her thin shoulders sagged back into the miserable position they had occupied for all the miles throughout the long walk. Just her luck for the weather to decide to settle on gentle spring showers all day. She was soaked through to her

skin, and now after the sun had set, the brisk spring air was becoming distinctively cold. Zoey shivered and looked for a place to get out of the rain while she decided what to do now that all hope of making it in time to have an interview had evaporated.

The entrance to the estate was free of sheltering trees—probably a wise security move. The only small area of covered space was the nook under the security speaker and camera. She turned around and wiggled her body, bottom first into that space. Barely! She fit though, and she was out of the rain for a little while. She hugged her knees to her chest and tugged her skirt over her shins to conserve her body heat.

Dropping her head to her knees, she debated her best move. Her feet were torn and blistered in her shoes. Would she be able to walk back to town? If she stayed here tonight, there was the possibility that she could get an interview with Dr. Richards tomorrow if he would forgive her missing her appointment. Should she take her car breaking down as a sign that she shouldn't have come for an interview? This was definitely not her regular waitressing job that she'd done since she was fifteen.

She'd met Jon and Cecily at the diner where she worked. Jon was a tall, handsome gentleman who was obviously very successful with his business. He wore suits that, even to Zoey's inexperienced eye, were custom-made to fit his wide, strong shoulders. Cecily was a short, chubby woman who bubbled with enthusiasm and a childlike enjoyment of life. It was obvious from the beginning that these two had a different relationship. Jon made all the decisions and took care of Cecily in all ways: ordering her meals, cutting up her food, making her drink the milk he always ordered for her. Cecily dressed more as a child than an adult woman, in short, ruffled dresses with socks and flat shoes or in leggings and a long colorful shirt often decorated with juvenile designs of kittens or toys. The fitted and ruffled clothing seemed to hint that she wore something padded under her clothing. Cecily always held Jon's hand when they weren't seated and was never out of his eyesight.

The couple made the other waitresses nervous, so Zoey always volunteered to wait on them. She liked the eccentric couple. They

obviously loved each other. It warmed Zoey's heart to see Jon so concerned in taking care of Cecily even when he acted more like Cecily's father than her husband. Even Zoey was a little concerned when Cecily received the steely-eyed stare and warning of, "Little girl, you need to behave, or there will be consequences," when she was bouncing too energetically around on the bench seat or refusing to drink her milk as directed.

Zoey had gotten friendly with the couple over the last few months. Last week, Cecily had blurted out that she thought Zoey should apply to be the companion of her doctor, Dr. Richards. Cecily immediately had turned red and looked with hesitation to see what Jon would say to this outburst. Jon had looked thoughtful and slowly replied that if Zoey wanted to change her entire life, he could see that she would be a perfect match as a companion for Dr. Richards. He went on to speak glowingly of the doctor, both professionally and personally, as he wrote a phone number down on the back of a business card. "Here's his phone number. Give him a call and set up an interview. I'll tell him you will be calling if you are interested?" Jon looked at her with his penetrating gaze, and Zoey felt herself nod in agreement.

Shivering in the brisk breeze, Zoey huddled into the cubby hole. She'd wait until morning and press the speaker button again. If she couldn't get an appointment with Dr. Richards, she'd start the long trek home tomorrow. Leaving it in the hands of the fates, she fell into an exhausted sleep.

CHAPTER 2



Rounding the bend in the drive, Matt Richards wiped a large hand across his glistening forehead. He'd had a rough day of surgery in the morning followed by seeing his private patients in the afternoon at his home office. Running was his respite from the stress and loneliness of his busy life. He loved seeing the couples in his private practice who had found someone special. Adult baby boys and girls who had somehow magically encountered a "Mommy" or "Daddy" to not only take care of their emotional and physical needs but to love them in a very special type of relationship. He'd hoped that his interview would find someone special for him. Jon Trader had spoken glowingly of a young waitress named Zoey, who was always very open-minded and nonjudgmental in her interactions with his precious Cecily. Unfortunately, she had not appeared for her interview. *She must have gotten scared or decided that this lifestyle wasn't for her*, he mused. He slowed down to a walk as he approached the speaker and keypad to open the gate.

A small foot plopped out from under the speaker. Squatting down, Matt was amazed to see a petite body wedged into the minuscule space. Shivering in the cold, the thin shoulders jerked, and the young lady raised her head.

Petrified to wake and find someone staring at her at eye level,

Zoey immediately put up her hands and scrambled out of the small shelter. He was so big and muscular. He must be Dr. Richards' security. Stammering her apologies, Zoey attempted to explain that she had missed her appointment with Dr. Richards due to her car breaking down, and that although she had walked and run as fast as she could to get there, she had arrived after dark. "The man on the speaker said I should try tomorrow to get an appointment with Dr. Richards. I'm so sorry. I don't mean to trespass. I'll start walking back to town. I'm so sorry." Exhausted, she apologized again as she backed up.

She'd wrapped her arms around her shivering body and begun limping backward down the drive when Matt asked gently, "Are you, Zoey? I've heard a lot of good things about you. I was looking forward to meeting you this afternoon. I don't suppose you'd be interested in coming in for an interview now?"

Zoey stopped her shuffling steps and said hesitantly, "Dr. Richards isn't available this evening."

"Zoey, I'm Dr. Matt Richards. I'm very glad to meet you. Did you hurt yourself? You're limping," he questioned gently.

"My feet are a little sore from the walk. I'm okay," Zoey tried to pull herself up straight as she talked to the large man. "I thought maybe you were the security officer guarding this beautiful house. Are you sure you're Dr. Richards?" Zoey questioned cautiously. "You don't look like a doctor."

Matt laughed heartily. "I probably don't in my sweaty running outfit, but I assure you I'm Dr. Matt Richards. How about letting me help you with those blistered feet? I can prove to you I'm a doctor. I can tell you are in pain." He approached slowly and held out a large, manly hand to Zoey. "Will you trust me a little?" When she nodded, he carefully picked her up, cradling her in his arms, only to have her struggling to get free. "No, Zoey. Calm down. You promised to trust me, right? I'm not going to hurt you. I don't want you walking on those feet."

"But I'm too heavy," she protested as she pushed against his muscular arms wrapped around her.

"You're as light as a feather, Zoey. I think I can handle carrying you

into the house. Here, you may help by pushing the intercom button. My hands are full of cold, wet Zoey.” Matt’s blue eyes twinkled at her as he angled her down to the level of the speaker. When the intercom connected, he stated firmly, “Open the gate for me and my guest, Paul. I have a young lady here who needs some medical attention and probably could benefit from a hot meal.” The metal gates began to slide smoothly back to clear the path to the house looming ahead.

Just on cue, Zoey’s stomach growled ferociously. Embarrassed, she quickly protested, “Oh, I don’t want to impose. I’ve already arrived late. Now, you feel like you need to check on my feet. I really don’t want to put you to so much work. I should just go.” Again, she tried to wiggle out of Matt’s enveloping arms.

Whack! Zoey froze. Her bottom stinging, she looked up at Dr. Richards in amazement.

“There will be no more of this nonsense, Zoey. I will not hesitate to spank you again if you continue to act so foolishly. Do you understand me?” His eyes looked stern and demanded obedience. At her quick nod, Matt began to walk briskly to the imposing front door.

Cradled in his arms, Zoey’s mind raced. He was so strong. Sniffing at the sting of the spanking, Dr. Richards’ scent filled her senses. Manly, honest sweat dampened the shirt under her cheek. Zoey breathed in and decided to relax. Jon and Cecily had recommended Dr. Richards personally. She trusted them. The tone of Dr. Richards’ warning sounded just like Jon’s when Cecily was about to get in trouble for misbehavior. Zoey remembered that she had thought many times while watching Jon and Cecily together that she wished someone cared for her as much as Jon loved his wife.

Matt strode up the stairs and through the open door held by an older man. “Thanks, Paul. I’d like you to meet Zoey. I’m going to take her into Exam Room Two. Could you ask Jillian to bring me a fresh tee shirt and a sweatshirt and pants for Zoey? We both need to get into some dry clothes.”

Paul opened a polished wooden door across the foyer, and Matt carried Zoey into a professionally equipped examination room. He sat her down on the padded table. Matt pulled a soft blanket from a drawer under the table and wrapped it around Zoey’s shivering body.

She immediately pulled her legs up underneath the warm cover and pulled it tight around her. The door at the opposite end of the room opened and a smiling lady in her fifties bundled in with her arms filled with clothing.

“Here, Dr. Richards. I hear you need some dry clothes,” she announced placing the bundle on the exam table next to the mummy-wrapped Zoey. “Now, who could this pretty young lady be? I bet you’re Zoey. I’m Jillian; I’m Dr. Richards’ housekeeper. Dr. Richards was very disappointed that you missed your appointment this afternoon. It looks like you’ve had a difficult day,” she smoothed a hand over Zoey’s thin shoulder.

Zoey’s gaze darted to Dr. Richards. Had he been disappointed that she hadn’t appeared when scheduled? Surely, one interview wasn’t that important to him. *It was just me*, Zoey mused. Her eyes widened to see Dr. Richards reach over his head displaying bulky arm muscles to grab the back of his rain-dampened sweatshirt and pull it over his head. “Oh, my!” Zoey gasped watching his chiseled abs and chest emerge. A dusting of light brown hair decorated his pectoral muscles and stretched in a narrowing arrow downward to disappear in the waistband of his running shorts. Zoey blushed when she realized that she’d exclaimed aloud.

Chuckling, Matt accepted the dry tee shirt handed to him by Jillian and pulled it over his head. “All right, little one, I’m dry. Now, it’s your turn. I’m going to take this blanket for just a little bit, so we can get those wet clothes off and get you into something warm and dry.” He pulled the blanket firmly from Zoey’s fingers as she protested that she could change her clothes herself. Before she knew it, the doctor and the housekeeper had stripped her of her rain-dampened dress.

“We’ll need to take off her bra and panties, or her new clothes will just get damp as well,” the housekeeper declared.

“What? No. Wait!” Zoey tried to protest but they were so fast, and suddenly she was sitting there nude.

“Arms up, Zoey,” Matt instructed as he pulled a large sweatshirt over her head. “We need to treat your feet before putting on your pants. Let’s wrap you back up in the blanket to keep warm, and we’ll put these on later.”

Zoey was amazed that neither he nor Jillian had even seemed to notice that she had been naked in front of them, or that she was still sitting there with her bare bottom on the paper-covered table! Zoey pulled the blanket back around her thighs and hips to cover herself as much as possible. The heat in her cheeks told her that her face was blazing bright red, and she looked down at the floor in her embarrassment.

Jillian bustled out of the room taking with her the discarded, wet clothing leaving Matt and Zoey alone again.

CHAPTER 3



Matt took hold of Zoey's chin and angled her face up until their eyes met. "Relax, Zoey. This might not be quite the interview you expected, but I've been pleased with all I've been able to observe about you. Hopefully, you have not been disappointed either." His eyes twinkled as she blushed even more and shook her head no. "Do you know what kind of position you were here to apply for today?" he questioned gently.

"Kind of," she replied evasively. "I know that you are looking for a companion like Jon has with Cecily. But they are married, so I'm a little confused. I know they care for each other a lot and Jon enjoys caring for Cecily. I guess I thought maybe there was hope I would find someone who would care for me that much." Zoey rubbed her eyes tiredly. "That seems like a lot to ask from an interview."

"That would be amazing to find at an interview. Things are looking hopeful from my end, Zoey. Give me a chance to convince you as well," Matt said warmly. He smiled and then turned serious. "Okay, no more putting it off. We're going to have to take off those shoes. Zoey, this is going to hurt if your feet are as blistered as I think they probably are. I'd like to give you some pain medication before we get started. How much are your feet hurting?"

Zoey sniffed. "I'm trying to be brave, but they really hurt. I'm used

to being on my feet, but I don't generally walk for miles in a pair of stupid dress shoes. These things have been like torture devices on my feet."

"Sounds like you agree that some medicine would be a good idea." Matt turned and unlocked a cabinet, pulling out a large jar filled with white, waxy capsules. He laid out a large gauze square on a metal tray and shook out two tablets. Each was about two inches long and shaped like a bullet. "Zoey, in my practice, I do not believe in oral medication. All my patients treated here receive medication by injection or by suppository. These are suppositories. Do you know what that means?" he questioned gently.

Zoey raised her eyes to meet his in disbelief. "You want me to put those in my bottom? Why?"

"The medicine will absorb very quickly in your rectum, Zoey. Your pain will go away, and I'll be able to clean your feet without causing you more discomfort. I do not have patients self-administer medications, Zoey. I will take care of this for you. First, I need to take your temperature to make sure you have not made yourself sick in the rain. This will be done rectally as well," Matt asserted. "Turn over, sweetheart, and lie on your stomach. I promise you will feel better soon. No need to be embarrassed. This is the best way to take care of you," Matt reassured her as she found herself propelled over until she was bottom up. There wasn't any way to protest.

Matt opened a drawer in the examination table and extracted a thermometer about ten inches long and a half an inch in diameter. Zoey gasped as he dipped it into a large jar. Matt uncovered her nude bottom, and with one large hand, parted her buttocks and firmly pressed the large thermometer deep into her rectum. Holding it in place, he reassured Zoey, "You're doing great, Zoey. Just relax. The thermometer will need to stay in place for at least ten minutes to get an accurate reading." He began to rub her back under the oversized sweatshirt. "That's it, Zoey. Just let me take care of you."

After what seemed like forever to Zoey, who lay with her face buried into the padding of the examination table, Matt slowly removed the thermometer. Zoey looked up to see him wipe the lubricant off the glass tube and rotate it to read the results. "Good news,

Zoey. Your temperature is a little low, but we can warm you up easily. No fever to worry about now, but I'll keep an eye on you, okay?"

Zoey nodded and then realized what she was agreeing to... "I'm sure I'll be fine. I never get sick," she added quickly. "You won't need to worry about taking my temperature again."

"Zoey, I plan on taking very good care of you. Definitely, checking your temperature will be required. Now, relax your bottom and let's get this medicine in you. No, no protests, young lady. The medicine is going inside you. Will you hold still, or should I call Paul to hold you in place?" Matt sternly questioned as Zoey tried to roll over and hide her bottom.

Paul, the doorman? Zoey thought furiously. *How embarrassing that would be to be held down!* Cautiously, she allowed herself to be rolled back over into position.

"Relax your bottom," Matt cautioned again as he parted her cheeks and pressed a large white capsule to her anus. "Take a deep breath and let it out slowly. That's it, Zoey. Good girl!" Matt praised her as he determinedly pressed the suppository deep in her bottom. "I'll hold this in place for a few minutes and then, I'll put in the other one. You should be able to feel it starting to melt."

Zoey felt his inserted finger rubbing the warm medicine around in her rectum as he continued to rub her back. The finger withdrew after several minutes and was quickly reinserted with a new suppository. Zoey felt her head becoming a little woozy. The pain in her feet diminished, and she began to enjoy the feel of the doctor's finger caressing the interior tissues in her bottom. Zoey struggled to keep her hips from moving against the table but was unable to contain the low moan of arousal that spilled from her lips.

"I know, Zoey. I'm glad you enjoy me caressing you." Matt reassured her with a low tone that indicated he was not immune from the pleasure of being in contact with Zoey as well. "I think the medicine has begun to work now. Can you feel it numbing the pain?" Matt waited for her to nod. "Medicine administered rectally works very effectively, don't you think, little one?"

As Zoey nodded again, Matt helped her roll over onto her back. "Just lie back and let me take off these shoes." He silently winced as he

removed the shoes. She would not be putting shoes on these feet for several days. They were covered with oozing, open blisters. He dropped her shoes in the trash. They were coated with dried blood and were stiff with the fluid from the ruptured blisters. Matt paused to check on Zoey's discomfort. "Are you okay, sweetheart? Any pain?"

"No, I'm okay," Zoey replied with an embarrassed grin. "That medicine did work quickly." She felt the doctor begin to cleanse her sore feet with a warm liquid and then applying an ointment in many spots on each foot. He worked quickly but thoroughly to treat all the oozing spots and then wrapped gauze around each foot until it looked like she had thick socks extending up to her ankles.

Matt turned and washed his hands before picking up the man-sized sweatpants that Jillian had brought in earlier. Despite Zoey's gasp, he cut off the bottom third of the pants. Turning to her, he smiled, "Okay, Zoey. We need to get you dressed so we can feed you now. These pants are going to be huge, but they will be warm. Before we put them on, I'm going to wrap a covering over your bottom. Rectal medicine has a disadvantage. As it melts, it often escapes from the application site. I know you don't want to have a mess in your clean clothes, right?"

Zoey hazarded a cautious nod of agreement. She didn't quite understand what he meant by covering, but she didn't want to worry about causing a mess.

Matt reached underneath the padded table and pulled out a small adult-sized item that looked suspiciously like a diaper. Zoey began to protest as he removed the warm blanket covering her and lifted both of her wrapped ankles quickly and expertly. Matt tucked half under her raised hips and then stretched the top over her abdomen releasing and taping the sides before Zoey had a chance to resist. Matt patted her cushioned bottom and hushed her, "Zoey, let me take care of you. I was right about the medicine, wasn't I? You can trust me."

Matt stretched the sweatpants over her battered feet carefully and pulled them up to her thighs before raising her off the table by her ankles in one hand and pulling the waistband into place. The pants were big and baggy around Zoey's waist, so he pulled the string as tight as possible and rolled the waistband down to make them fit

more snugly around her waist. “Well, my pants definitely are way bigger than Zoey-sized, but I don’t think you’re planning to run a marathon tonight, so everything should stay covering you for this evening. Seriously, Zoey, you will need to stay off those blistered feet for several days so that they can heal. We’ll figure out a plan for the future later. Now, let’s get some food. I’m starving, and I know you must be hungry.”

Zoey’s stomach growled in noisy agreement. She turned red and quickly stammered, “I’ve caused so much trouble already, there’s no need to feed me too.”

“Zoey, we have an interview to conduct remember. I’m hungry, so you’ll have to talk to me over dinner. Come on, Jillian has dinner all set for us. We’ll eat informally in the kitchen tonight.” Matt scooped Zoey up in his arms and carried her back into the entrance hall and down a dimly lit corridor to the warm kitchen filled with delicious scents.

CHAPTER 4



Jillian turned from the stove with a quick smile. “Hi, Zoey! I hope your feet are feeling better. Dr. Richards has a magic touch to make people feel better. I also hope you’re hungry. I’d fixed Dr. Richards’ favorite foods when you missed your interview to cheer him up. I hope you like lasagna.”

“Lasagna’s my favorite, too,” Zoey replied. “I’m sorry I missed the interview, Dr. Richards. It sounds like I caused all sorts of problems,” Zoey added looking out of the corners of her light brown eyes at Dr. Richards who still held her firmly in his arms.

“You’re here now, Zoey. That’s all that matters. Let’s get some food in you before your stomach growls at us again. It sounded pretty ferocious in the exam room.” He lowered Zoey to a chair and scooted her up to the table before tucking a napkin into her lap. He sat next to her and poured them both a large glass of milk as Jillian cut and served each of them a big square of lasagna. She brought over a basket of breadsticks glistening with garlic butter.

“Okay, I’m going to take care of a few other things. Call if you need anything. There’s lots of lasagna, have seconds,” Jillian encouraged. “Just leave your dishes. I’ll get them when I clean the kitchen later.” Jillian bustled out, leaving them alone.

“Eat, Zoey. Jillian’s lasagna is wonderful.” Matt picked up his own

fork and cut through the delicious looking layers of noodles, sauce, and melted cheese to take a big bite. “Mmmm. I feel better already.”

Zoey took a bite herself and closed her eyes at the phenomenal taste. *This is probably the best lasagna I've ever eaten*, Zoey decided silently. Money had been even more limited this month than usual. She had been stretching out her resources, especially her food budget. She'd had way too many jelly sandwiches lately. Zoey took another bite and had to force herself to eat politely and not shovel food into her mouth. This was so good.

Matt watched her struggle. “It’s good, isn’t it, Zoey?” Matt questioned. “Eat. Here, have a breadstick. Don’t forget to drink your milk.” He allowed her to focus on eating without asking her questions until she’d eaten most of her lasagna and was starting to slow down. “Would you like some more? Jillian will be glad to see that you liked her lasagna,” Matt questioned gently.

“That was amazingly good,” Zoey replied with a grin. She patted her stomach through all the layers of material in the borrowed sweat clothes and added, “These clothes will fit if I eat any more. Please have some more yourself if you would like. Thank you for the meal.” She picked up her glass of milk and took a large drink. She set it down and licked her lips to wipe off the milk mustache she always seemed to end up wearing.

“Okay, little one, I’m going to take your advice and have another piece of lasagna. You let me know if you change your mind and want seconds,” Matt instructed. He stood and carried his plate to the stove.

While he was dishing up a piece of lasagna, Zoey looked around the kitchen. It was equipped with all the newest devices. A stainless steel industrial stove and other appliances gleamed in the light surrounded by light oak cabinets and a wooden floor. They were seated at a big round table with eight chairs. There was a strange additional chair by the side of the table, tucked away by itself like it was seldom used. It looked like an oversized, wooden high chair with a tray attached in front.

Matt returned to the table and followed her gaze as he set his plate down. “I guess it’s time to have that interview, Zoey. Would you like to talk about the position?”

“I’m not sure what being your companion would involve, Dr. Richards. I don’t have any medical training, so I would not know how to assist you in your practice,” Zoey admitted but rushed on to add, “I am a quick learner and would be glad to learn new things.” She smiled encouragingly.

“Zoey, I would be glad to have your assistance in many things, I am sure. However, the job as my companion is a little different than working in my practice. First, tell me about yourself. How old are you?”

Zoey swallowed deeply. *Here it comes. The reason I couldn’t ever get a job*, Zoey complained to herself. Aloud, she tried to answer with confidence. “I am twenty-four years old. I know I look young, but I actually am twenty-four—almost twenty-five. I graduated from high school, and I’ve been working as a waitress for almost ten years. I have a hard time getting any other jobs because I look young and because I don’t have any specialized training,” she finished, honestly waiting for him to tell her that she would be unsuitable for his position.

“I’m thirty-five, Zoey. Does that sound old to you?” Matt questioned with a smile. When she vigorously shook her head to say no, he continued, “I’ve been very busy with medical school and setting up my own practice here. I began my career wishing to be a great surgeon. I still perform surgery three days a week at the hospital, but I’ve changed my focus in the last few years. The job as my companion comes from this new focus. I am looking for someone special.” He smiled at Zoey. “Let me explain.

“I am a doctor who specializes in treating individuals who desire to live their lives in an age play environment. Do you know what age play is?” he asked Zoey seriously. When she looked confused and shook her head slowly to indicate she didn’t, he added, “Age play exists when adults choose to live their lives or part of their daily life as an age other than their chronological or actual age. You’ve met Jon and Cecily. Jon is Cecily’s husband, but in their private time, Jon acts as Cecily’s daddy. Cecily is what is referred to as a Little. He cares for her as if she were a toddler. Both feel supported by their roles. Jon enjoys taking care of all of Cecily’s needs. You’ve probably noticed him helping her eat and making sure she is safe and happy.”

Matt went on to explain, “In my practice, I see many couples who have chosen to live as parent and child. They love each other completely, and each benefits from the relationship. One has the opportunity to care emotionally and physically for their loved one while the other enjoys being the focus of their ‘parent’s’ adoring attention. I have been looking for a young lady to become my second half or my companion as you call it, for many years. I am looking for a person I can care for totally as my Little—my special baby.”

Zoey’s eyes widened in surprise. “Your baby? I don’t understand. Do you mean bottles and strollers?” She self-consciously touched the front of her pants and swallowed hard, “Diapers?”

Looking serious, Matt answered, “Littles are many different ages, Zoey. I would insist on taking care of my special companion totally. That could involve all the items you suggested on occasion. Just like today, you are wearing padded pants that I put on you due to your medication. Would I want you to wear these while in my home? Yes. Would I want you to use these types of panties most of the time for all your bathroom needs? Yes. Would I feed you with a bottle? At times, yes. But all these things and more, are how I would care for you in the most basic ways possible in the privacy of our living space or with others who are also living this lifestyle. My dream is to find someone special like you, Zoey, who would allow me to show her just how much I care about her.” Matt shook his head ruefully and looked deep into her eyes. “Zoey, we just met and, already, I feel a connection with you. Do you feel it, sweetheart?”

Zoey swallowed hard and replied, “I feel very comfortable with you. You’ve taken very good care of me this evening when I really needed help. I’m going to be very honest and tell you that this is very scary. All sorts of questions are whirling around in my brain. I don’t know if this lifestyle is made for me. I’m guessing that once this relationship begins, the ‘baby’ gives up all power to the ‘daddy.’ Would I always have to do as you say?” Zoey questioned slowly.

“Zoey, you can choose how you behave just like you do now. However, if I judge that the behavior is dangerous or inappropriate, there would be consequences,” Matt answered gravely. “I want you to be safe and well cared for.”

“What kind... of consequences?” Zoey asked in a small voice.

“Consequences for misbehavior vary greatly, Zoey. You might have to go to bed early or miss a favorite activity for example. Or if the behavior is very concerning or dangerous, you will be spanked,” Matt revealed.

“I don’t think I’d like to be spanked,” Zoey muttered.

“No, I don’t think you would either. But spankings are meant to be a punishment, not a fun activity. You should know that as a doctor and as a man, I abhor abuse. My goal when I spank you would be to correct your behavior, not to abuse you,” Matt explained.

“Oh so, spankings won’t hurt. That’s okay then.” Zoey nodded happily.

“No, Zoey. Spankings will hurt. Your bottom will be red, and you will be reminded of the consequence of your actions when you sit down for a day or so,” Matt corrected watching the smile fade from Zoey’s face. “Consider as well that there are great rewards for letting someone care for you totally. I will provide a safe home for you. I will provide for all your material needs, and you will not need to work outside our house. I will take great delight in making you happy both emotionally and by satisfying your physical needs as well.” Matt’s eyes twinkled at this last addition as he looked at Zoey directly to see if she understood his implications.

CHAPTER 5



“**P**hysical needs...” Zoey stumbled over the words. “Do you mean food and drink?”

Matt smiled at her innocence. “Yes, Zoey. That includes any and all things your body needs to be healthy and happy—shelter, clothing, food, medical care, and pleasure. It would be my job as your daddy to make sure you have all of these.”

Zoey blushed bright pink. *Does he mean what I think he means by pleasure?* she wondered to herself but was too embarrassed to ask.

“Yes, Zoey. I can tell what you are thinking, little girl, by your blush. Yes, I mean that physical pleasure should fill your life as well. I would take care of my companion as Jon Trader takes care of his Cecily. Your sexual health is important. To fully enjoy life, you should have the benefit that a skilled lover would offer. I would receive great satisfaction from helping you orgasm. Before we reach that level of intimacy, we need to get to know each other a lot better. What do you say, Zoey? You came here for a simple interview. You’ve had quite a complicated journey to get here. Your feet are in bad shape, and you need someone to help you for a little while at least. Would you consider accepting my hospitality for the next week? Your feet will heal, you and I can get to know each other better, and you can see if you would like to be my companion,” Matt questioned gently.

"I can't be gone from my waitressing job for a whole week. My boss will fire me," Zoey gasped. "I'll have to be able to walk. I can't make ends meet without my tips and salary."

"I'm hoping that you won't wish to return to waitressing, Zoey," Matt said gently. "Do you need to pay your rent, or do you have other bills?"

"Oh, no! I live in my car," Zoey answered quickly without thinking. "I just have to pay for my food, laundry, and one other bill." She slapped her forehead. "I didn't even think. I have to get my car fixed now and back to town. I thought for sure that it would make it here for my interview, but it broke down outside of town." Zoey's shoulders sagged as she contemplated how she would ever pay to get it towed back to be parked near the restaurant. She was so tired. *How can life be so hard all the time?* she wondered silently.

"It's not safe for you to be living in your car. Anyone could break in while you're asleep," Matt responded, shocked. "If I can fix it with your boss to keep your job open for a week, will you stay here and let us get to know each other better?"

When Zoey nodded cautiously, Matt added, "I'll send Paul with your keys to retrieve your car. We'll get it fixed while you're here and your feet are healing. I have a friend in the auto business who owes me several favors. He'll be glad to fix your car. Jillian will love to prepare your favorite foods. She always says that it's no fun cooking just for me. Anything else you need, I'll be happy to take care of for you."

He seems to have an answer to all my problems, Zoey thought.

"Okay, little one. You are way too tired to make big decisions now. I'm going to put you to bed in one of the guest rooms for tonight. We'll talk more tomorrow, okay?" Matt questioned gently. Without waiting for her answer, he lifted her with ease into his muscled arms and carried her out of the kitchen, down the hall, and to a beautifully decorated bedroom. Sweeping her into the adjoining bathroom, Matt set her on the vanity and turned to the deep bathtub to start filling it with warm water. "Let's brush your teeth, Zoey. After a quick bath to wash off the muck from your walk, I'll tuck you into a warm bed to sleep."

Without waiting for her response, Matt opened a drawer, unwrapped a new toothbrush, dabbed on some blue toothpaste and held it to Zoey's mouth. When she started to say that she could brush her own teeth, Matt pressed the toothbrush into her mouth and quickly but thoroughly completed the task. Handing her a cup of water, Matt encouraged her to rinse her teeth and then quickly removed the bandages on her feet. He whisked off Zoey's sweatshirt, pants, and diaper before she could even protest.

Lifting her nude body into his arms, he slowly lowered her into the water. Zoey tried to cover herself with her hands and protest that she could bathe herself. With a chuckle, Matt just picked up a washcloth and replied, "Zoey, you're tired. You've done way too much today. The medicine is making you even sleepier. Just relax and let me take care of you. Remember, I'd like to act as your daddy. Can you let me try to convince you that I'd make a good daddy?" Matt questioned as he began washing her arms, pulling each one from its place covering her small breasts. "You are such a beautiful baby, Zoey," he reassured her, "I am enjoying caring for you. Just relax," he said soothingly.

Zoey melted against the warm tub. It was so much easier just to let him take care of her. She was exhausted.

Matt smiled at the petite figure in the tub. He softly washed the remains of the muddy trek from her legs. Lathering the washcloth, he leaned her forward to clean her back and then, returning her to the resting position against the tub, he began to wash her torso. Gently sudsing her shoulders, he moved the washcloth to her small, rose-tipped breasts and caressed her petite curves until he heard her breath begin to catch. Before she could protest, he washed her stomach and moved lower. Gently parting her legs, Matt began to brush her nether area lightly with the washcloth. When Zoey automatically widened her legs, Matt parted her outer labia and stroked her and Zoey began to move in response to the caresses as he zeroed in on her sensitive clitoral area.

Zoey held her breath as sensations began to build in her body. "Oh, my god," Zoey gasped without realizing that she was talking aloud.

“Please,” she begged, “Don’t stop.” She felt the swirling pleasure build until her body exploded.

Matt held his hand in place. His pressure on the sensitive spots extended her pleasure, and he felt her shudder repeatedly before slumping limply into the warm tub. “What a beautiful girl you are,” he crooned softly to Zoey as he watched a smile stretch across her exhausted face. He washed her thoroughly between her bottom cheeks and made sure all suds had been rinsed from her skin before lifting her from the tub and wrapping her in a thick, fluffy towel.

The muscular man carried her into the bedroom and silently thanked Jillian for her efficiency. She had pulled down the covers on the bed and laid out a nightgown for Zoey. Tucked underneath, Matt could see the padding of a fresh diaper. On the dresser, she had left a small plastic medicinal container with several additional white pain suppositories, a jar of lubricant, a glass thermometer, and the ointment and gauze to rewrap Zoey’s feet. Sitting her up, Matt pulled the soft pink, flannel nightgown over her head. Matt stretched her out on the crisp sheets and smiled as she shifted sleepily on to her tummy, holding on to the pillow.

“I’m going to give you a little more medicine, Zoey. Relax your bottom.” He scooped a little lubricant on his finger, and parting her bottom, Matt pressed the lubricant into her rectum sliding his finger in and out several times before pressing the suppositories deeply into her bottom and holding them in position until he felt them begin to melt.

Zoey made soft protesting sounds as she struggled to stay awake. She was so tired. The bed was so comfortable with soft blue sheets and thick mattress padding. She sunk into the luxurious treat. She felt Matt rub her back softly and gently shush her protests until she relaxed. Zoey’s eyes closed, and her breath became soft and regular.

CHAPTER 6



Matt chuckled to himself. *My baby is out*, he thought to himself. *Wow! I've already decided she's mine.* Now, all he had to do was convince Zoey that she would be happy in his care. Smiling, he looked down at the small figure stretched out on the big bed. He slid his index finger out of her rectum and patted her softly on the bottom. Matt walked into the bathroom and thoroughly washed his hands before returning to reapply ointment to her abused feet. After wrapping the gauze in place to protect the applied medicine, he again washed his hands before wrapping the diaper around Zoey's hips and taping it securely into place. Tucking the sleeping young lady's legs and feet under the sheets and comforter, Matt took a second to secure the bathroom door in a locked position before turning on a night light and flipping off the ceiling light. He stopped at the door to look back at the small figure enveloped in the warm blankets lying still in the darkened room.

Pausing in the hall, Matt realized that he would never be able to sleep now. His mind was racing with thoughts of Zoey and the possibilities of a future together with this beautiful, young lady. Watching her orgasm in the bathtub definitely had impacted his libido. Even after finishing preparing her for bed and bandaging her blistered feet, Matt needed to shift his erection into a more comfortable position in

his shorts. "Time to work out a little," he chuckled to himself. He'd never be able to sleep in this condition. Striding purposefully down the hall, Matt entered the exercise room equipped with a treadmill, elliptical, and mats positioned in front of a wall of windows looking out on to his wooded land. Another wall of mirrors allowed him to assess form and muscle-building progress. Walking over to turn on the intercom connection to Zoey's room, Matt listened carefully to make sure she was still breathing deeply. Her small sighs caused his erection to harden back to full engorgement as he pictured her in the bed. "Weights don't fail me now," Matt muttered as he started an exhausting regimen designed to tax his muscles and make his mind focus on something other than the adorable bundle currently snoring softly down the hall.

Ninety minutes later, Matt dropped the final barbell back into its slot on the rack. Covered by perspiration, he wiped his face and grabbed a bottle of water from the glass-fronted fridge. He paused to listen for Zoey's soft sleeping sounds but instead heard a rustle of bedclothes and a sharp inhalation of pain. Racing down the hall, he entered Zoey's room to hear her alternatively crying and swearing.

"Shit, shit, shit, that really hurt! How can feet hurt so much?" Zoey lamented as she rocked in pain on the floor.

"What have you done, little girl?" Matt questioned sternly from the doorway. "Did you try to walk after I told you to stay off your feet?"

Zoey glanced up and then quickly averted her eyes, "I just wanted to go to the bathroom. I didn't think my feet would hurt this badly. Shit, that was awful!" Zoey exclaimed with tears still running down her face.

Matt picked her up and put her on his lap. "We're going to discuss your language later, Zoey. First, we have to get your pain back under control. You can see now why I didn't want you to walk, can't you? Maybe next time you'll understand that I'm always going to tell you the truth, and I'm always going to take care of you, Zoey. You don't know me that well yet, but I hope we can learn a lot about each other. Now, most important—do you need to urinate?" Matt questioned.

Zoey sniffed and nodded as she felt her face heating, glad the light in the room was muted so he wouldn't see how embarrassed she was.

“I really need to go to the bathroom. I wasn’t going to walk far. Could you carry me in there? I’m sure I could maneuver around to use the toilet without standing on my feet too much,” she reassured him.

“You aren’t supposed to walk at all, Zoey, until your feet are healed. You are wearing all you need for your bathroom needs. Just relax your bladder and urinate,” Matt instructed gently.

“I-I can’t do that!” Zoey protested appalled. She was so embarrassed. “Can’t you just help me in there?” She pointed toward the bathroom door.

Matt shifted her so that she was draped over his knees lying on her stomach. Zoey groaned as her weight centered on her bulging bladder. He began rubbing her back firmly to soothe her while also compressing her bladder firmly against his muscular thighs.

“Oh, no!” Zoey wailed as the pressure built and, suddenly, her muscles couldn’t stop the flow of urine from escaping her body. She felt the diaper become saturated as the warm fluid jetted into the padding. Matt rubbed her back and whispered reassuringly to her.

“That’s it, Zoey. Just relax your muscles, sweetie. We’ll get you all cleaned up in a minute. See it’s not too bad to use your diaper like a sweet little girl. You are so precious to me already, Zoey. I love that you will let me take care of you.” Pressing one last time firmly into Zoey’s low back, Matt asked, “Are you done, sweetheart?”

Zoey pressed her face into the comforter in embarrassment and slowly nodded yes. She covered her eyes with her shaking fingers as Matt shifted her over onto her back and cradled her slight body in his strong arms.

Matt hugged her tightly to his warm body and stood up. He allowed Zoey to hide her face in the curve of his neck and knew she was mortified to have lost control. Matt firmly caressed her back as he supported her weight with his arm under her legs. He tried to distract her as he walked across the hallway and into the master bedroom. “Zoey, don’t breathe too deeply. I’m sorry I’m so sweaty. You’re not going to recognize me when I haven’t been exercising.” He felt the intake of air by Zoey’s nose nestled against his jaw.

“You don’t smell bad to me,” she whispered shyly.

“Let’s get us both cleaned up, so we can go to bed, sweetheart.

Okay?" he questioned as he paused in a doorway leading out of the side of the master bedroom. "I have something to show you, Zoey. This could be your new room. Right next to your new daddy if you'll have me." Matt switched on the small light to reveal a beautifully decorated room. The walls were a soothing shade of lilac with soft pink highlights showing up in the curtains and the cushions of several pieces of furniture. He walked over to place Zoey gently down on a pink padded table. It was longer than her body and wide, so she had plenty of room to stretch out. Matt lifted her nightgown and swept it up above her waist, lifting her hips to pull it up high around her torso, so her breasts were just concealed from view.

Zoey raised her arms to cross them over her face. "Oh, my! I'm lying on a changing table," she whispered as she realized why the furniture was oversized. "You really want me to be your baby."

Matt gently removed her arms so that he could look deeply into her eyes. "Yes, Zoey. I've been planning for you for many years. Look around the room and tell me what you think. Do you like the colors? We can change anything you don't like." Matt continued talking gently to distract her as he unfastened the sides of her diaper and lifted her legs to remove it from under her hips. "This will be your room to nap and play. It's where I will care for you every day." Matt gathered a moistened towelette from the warmer on the edge of the changing table and began to wipe off the remnants of urine from Zoey's bottom. "I'd prefer that you sleep with me at night, but if you prefer, your crib is right over there." Matt waved toward a light oak crib with very high sides before pressing her knees apart on the table to expose her vaginal and urethral areas to his touch with a fresh cleansing cloth.

Zoey tried to pull her knees back together to conceal herself from his view, but Matt was easily able to thwart her actions with his strong hands. "Calm down, Zoey. I must get you clean. Just relax for me, sweetheart. You haven't told me what you think about your room." Matt continued to talk as he slowly caressed Zoey's folds.

This should not feel good, Zoey reprimanded herself as she started to feel herself reacting to his touch. *Think of something else*, she demanded internally. Aloud, Zoey stuttered, "Purple is my favorite color."

Looking at a weird contraption over in the corner that looked like a narrow, padded bench with lots of straps around it, she admitted, "I'm not sure if I know what all the furniture is though."

Matt smiled as he felt her muscles trying to control her instinctive movements to arch into the cleansing motions. No doubt about it, his Little was very sensitive. Addressing her worried tone, he explained, "There will be a lot of new experiences while you're with me, sweetheart. Will you trust that I will take good care of you?"

He waited as she thought for a minute before nodding. He leaned over to kiss her forehead. "Thank you. Now, it's late, Zoey. You should be asleep," Matt firmly stated as he shifted her over onto her side, facing away from him. "I'm going to check your temperature, give you a bigger dose of pain medication, and tuck you into bed, little girl."

Zoey heard a drawer open and twisted her head around to see Matt dip a thick thermometer into a jar. "Oh, I feel fine. You don't need to check my temperature," she tried to reassure him.

He parted her bottom cheeks and pressed the lubricated tube deeply into her rectum. "I'm going to check your temperature often, Zoey. Just relax and let me take care of you. Soon you'll be very used to me keeping a close eye on all your health needs." Matt held the large thermometer in place with a large warm hand covering her bottom for what seemed like forever before looking at the wall clock and removing it to check her temperature. "Still a little low, Zoey. I was hoping your bath would have warmed you up. We'll have to keep checking often." He chuckled at the look on her face. "It's not that bad, Zoey. You'll get used to having your bottom touched. Let's get some medicine in you now." He wrapped a wide band across her torso and attached it snugly to the table, tethering her firmly in place. "You stay just like this on your side. Let me get your medicine." Blocked from Zoey's view by her position on the changing table, Matt stepped away from the table to open a large floor-to-ceiling cabinet next to the changing table. The latch seemed to be complicated with several steps to open it, as if it were child-proofed. He pulled out a large, labeled, medicinal jar, twisted the top, and reached in to remove a large white suppository. This was larger than the others he had administered to Zoey. Matt knew that it would be a tight fit into her rectum and Zoey

would find it uncomfortable when he inserted it, but it would help her sleep through the night and relieve her foot pain.

Keeping the large suppository out of her view, Matt approached the changing table and rubbed Zoey's bare bottom lovingly. "Good girl, Zoey! Thank you for staying still. Let's get this final step done, and you can go back to sleep without your feet hurting. Okay?" Matt questioned. Seeing her hesitant nod, Matt responded, "That's my girl." He lifted her top bottom cheek to expose her clenched rectum. "Relax your muscles, Zoey. You've had this medicine twice. You know it will help." Opening the same drawer, Matt reopened the lubricant jar and dipped out a good dollop of the creamy goo. His Little's bottom was going to need some help to allow the large capsule to slide in smoothly. He smeared a bit on the rounded suppository end and smoothed the remainder around her tight anus before pressing the suppository firmly against her entrance.

"Aahhh!" Zoey groaned and tried to wiggle away from the large intruder being pressed relentlessly into her tight rectum. "Please don't. It's too big," she begged Matt.

"Shhh, you'll be fine. Relax, and we'll have the medicine in place very soon," Matt promised as he continued the firm, inward pressure until the suppository slid through the tight opening and popped into her rectum. "There, Zoey. It's inside you now. No more pressure. I'll just move it into place." He slid his finger deep inside of her warm passage, inserting the suppository securely in her intestinal tract. "Perfect. The medicine should begin working soon. Let's get you all wrapped up, and in bed, so you can go to sleep." Matt washed his hands quickly before securing a new diaper around her hips. Lifting her into his arms, he smiled to hear her yawn noisily. "You've had a big day today, little one. Time for bed. Let's snuggle you into Daddy's bed tonight. I want to hold you in my arms."

Sleepy, Zoey nodded as Matt carried her back into the master bedroom and tucked her into the soft covers of his bed. "I'll be right back, sweetheart. You close your eyes and go to sleep." He gently rubbed her back until she snuggled her head down into the fluffy pillow and closed her eyes.

CHAPTER 7



Matt stood quietly and watched his new Little begin to breathe deeply before moving reluctantly toward the master bathroom. Turning on the shower taps to let the water warm up, he stripped off his sweaty gym clothes and dropped them into the hamper before stepping into the large shower. He began soaping his body to clean off the sweat he'd built up lifting weights. Reaching his penis, Matt pictured Zoey responding so sweetly to his caresses in the bathtub, stretched out on the changing table with the thermometer firmly implanted in her bottom, and sitting on the exam table in his office. He rapidly pulled on his erection holding the memories in his mind and imagining how Zoey would react to future examinations and treatments. Suddenly, Matt arched as he ejaculated onto the tiled shower wall groaning, "Zoey!" Resting his head against the cool tile, he regained his breath before dunking his head under the flow of water and brushing his shaky hands through his hair. Finishing his shower quickly, he dried off and pulled on a pair of cotton sleep pants before returning to the bedroom.

Zoey's eyes met his shyly as he got into bed. "Are you okay?" she questioned softly. She had obviously heard him call her name as he came in the shower.

"I haven't ever been better, Zoey," Matt reassured her with a knowing smile. "Next time, I'll let you help me feel better." Matt's smile spread widely as Zoey's face flamed red, but she nodded very seriously. "Now come cuddle up with me, sweetie. We both need to sleep." He tucked her into the curve of his body so that they were spooned closely together before wrapping his arms around her and kissing her cheek lightly. Both closed their eyes and enjoyed lying closely together before falling deeply asleep.



Zoey was so comfortable. She was lying on something warm and furry that wrapped around her. She blinked her eyes and froze. To her embarrassment, she realized somehow during the night, she'd moved to lie over the top of Dr. Richards' muscular, firm body. Slowly, she began to edge her way over to one side trying not to wake him. Zoey began to feel the warm body below her start to shake gently and looked up to meet Matt's twinkling eyes.

"Going somewhere?" he teased as he squeezed her torso tight against his wide chest. "I like having a Zoey blanket. I could get used to waking up to this every morning." When Zoey began to try sliding off his body, Matt tightened his arms to hold her in place. "Relax. I love holding my sweet baby girl in my arms." Feeling her cease her struggles to shift off him, Matt questioned gently, looking into Zoey's eyes, "Did you sleep well, little one? No pain from your feet?"

Zoey shook her head slowly. "I think they're better today. I'm sure I won't need any more medication, and I'm positive I can walk on them." She looked sideways at Dr. Richards to see if he believed her story.

Dr. Richards reached down to rotate one foot at the ankle. Immediately, Zoey gasped in pain and tears welled up in her eyes. "It doesn't look like you're telling me the truth. There are consequences for lying to me just like there would be consequences for any child lying to their parent. Let's try this again. Are your feet hurting you this morning?" He looked sternly at Zoey.

She couldn't meet his eyes. Very quietly, she responded, "I'm sorry, Dr. Richards. I wasn't trying to lie to you. I just don't want to be a bother. I'm not used to someone taking care of me. I've been on my own for a long time." Zoey sniffed and tried not to cry. "My feet do hurt when I move them, but honestly, they're better than they were last night!" she added in a rush to convince him.

Dr. Richards lifted Zoey's chin with a firm grip. "You are not to lie to me, Zoey. Your health and happiness are very important to me. I want to take care of you like the best daddy in the world would care for his beautiful, precious daughter. We will deal with the consequences for your lies soon, but first I see you squirming. Do you need to urinate?" His large hand pressed vigorously into her abdomen.

Zoey nodded quickly. "Yes, can you take me to the restroom?" she questioned urgently.

"Sweetheart, you will be using your diaper to take care of your bathroom needs just like you did last night. Do you need to lay over my lap again or are you able to urinate where you are?" Dr. Richards asked with a serious tone. He raised her nightgown and slid his hand into her diaper to press firmly on her bladder.

Zoey tried with all her determination to hold the fluid within her body, but the extra pressure on her full bladder caused her to lose control and urinate strongly into her diaper. She dropped her head down on Dr. Richards' shoulder to hide her face. Zoey felt his warm breath on her forehead and then his firm lips kiss hers.

"I know I'm asking a lot from you, Zoey. It's tough to change all your ideas of what is correct and incorrect behavior quickly. Know that already you are very precious to me. I would be very happy to have you in my life as my special baby. You please me greatly when you follow my directions. Are you okay?" he asked quietly. "Are you willing to try all the tough things I am asking you to do to be my Little girl?"

Zoey sniffled with her head still buried in his chest. "I'm trying. I really like having you take care of me. It's just hard to be a baby again," she explained. "Are you willing to give me some time to adjust to be able to do what you require?"

“Definitely, Zoey. You just let me be the daddy. I’ll be glad to help you learn your new role.” He raised her chin and leaned up to kiss her gently on the lips first and then, with growing ardor, sweeping his tongue into her mouth, and taking her breath away. She tasted so sweet that Dr. Richards knew he was already addicted to Zoey’s special flavor.

Rolling her over in the wide bed, Dr. Richards raised himself above her on his elbows to make sure he didn’t crush her slender frame. He pulled her hands up over her head and held them firmly in one hand while he whisked the juvenile nightgown up her body to reveal her small breasts. Rubbing his thumb across one and then the other as Zoey moved restlessly below him, Dr. Richards lowered his mouth to her right breast where he licked and drew gently on her sensitive nipple before kissing his way to her left breast and repeating his attentions to the other erect nipple. Hearing her groan, Dr. Richards was pleased to see Zoey raising her hips up to press against his pelvis as he caressed her breasts. “You are so sensitive, little one. It is amazing to help you find pleasure in your daddy’s bed,” Dr. Richards complimented her as he kissed her pert breasts.

Drawing a deep breath, Dr. Richards reluctantly raised himself from his position holding her underneath him and swept Zoey into his arms. “We’ll have more playtime later, Zoey. We need to get you cleaned up, make sure you’re getting well, and deal with the fact you lied to your daddy before we go to breakfast,” Dr. Richards informed Zoey as he carried her through the adjoining door to the nursery. Laying her on the changing table, Dr. Richards swept her nightgown off over her head before moving her hands up above her head and swiftly restraining her in this position by attaching a padded strap around both of her hands.

Zoey tried to pull herself loose, but she was firmly fixed in place. “Why do I have to be tied down?” Zoey asked panicking.

Dr. Richards made soothing sounds as he removed her wet diaper. “Relax, Zoey. I’ll restrain you when it’s important that you stay very still, so you don’t fall off the table just like last night, I put a strap around your waist, so you didn’t roll off the side. You’re very little,

and it's a long way down to the ground, I don't want you to get hurt. Besides, you don't need to move your arms now, and they're just in the way as we get you all cleaned up. Will you trust me to take care of you?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye. When she nodded after thinking a little while, he dropped a quick kiss on her tummy before making a rumbling sound as he blew a raspberry on her delicate skin.

Zoey giggled and rolled around on the table. She did notice that with her hands attached above her head, she was not able to roll to the edges of the changing table. Her daddy was a very smart man.

Her attention was pulled away from her inner thoughts to her daddy as he wiped her bottom and paid special attention to her labia and clitoris. "You're very wet, little girl. I think you enjoyed our play-time this morning," Dr. Richards said with a wink as Zoey turned a shade of pink from embarrassment.

"Okay, temperature time. Roll over, Zoey," he directed as he helped her to turn onto her stomach. Again, she heard the lubricant jar flip open, and the drawer opened to reveal the large thermometer. As Zoey tried to protest, she felt a large, adult-sized pacifier placed between her lips. When she thrust it out of her mouth with a protest, Dr. Richards placed it back into her mouth firmly. "Zoey, I'm going to take care of you as I know I should. Relax and suck on your pacifier. I'm the doctor and the daddy. You will leave these treatments up to me. No arguments, young lady. You have already lied to me this morning. You don't want to add on extra punishments by refusing to follow directions," Dr. Richards said ominously. When he saw that she was following directions and being distracted by the large pacifier filling her mouth, he continued and slid the long thermometer into her bottom until it was planted several inches deep. Zoey moved restlessly, adjusting to the cold invasion, but she remained lying on her stomach as he had directed. While the thermometer measured her temperature, Dr. Richards gathered three of the smaller suppositories and lined them up on the changing table out of Zoey's line of sight.

After a long ten minutes, he slowly pulled the thermometer out of Zoey's lubricated rectum and wiped it down to announce that she was still below the level of optimal temperature she should be. "We may

have to warm you up with an injection of heated fluid, Zoey. We'll keep checking, and if your temperature is not up to where it should be after lunch, we'll have to take some extra steps to raise your body's heat level. Now, let's get your pain medication in place so it can start working," Dr. Richards said before pressing the first suppository into Zoey's rectum. "No squirming, little one. I'll just have to hold it in place longer if you don't relax and let the medicine into your bottom," Dr. Richards warned as he pressed his large finger into Zoey's bottom strongly stretching her anus until she relaxed the tight muscle. "That's my girl," he praised and caressed her pale bottom cheeks with his other hand. He pressed in the last two suppositories, holding each in place until she relaxed. He rubbed her bottom and back as he praised her for being such a good girl.

"That's all the medicine you need before breakfast. I'll do a thorough physical exam on you after my office hours, and I'll see what vitamins or nutrients you need to be healthy. We'll get a supplement for you to take that will keep you feeling your best. Okay, Zoey, it's time to talk about your punishment for lying to your daddy. This is one of the worst things you can do in my house. I can't help you get better if you lie to me. Since we haven't talked about my rules, I'm going to be very easy on you. Usually, you would get twenty spanks for lying to me. Today, I'm going to give you ten." Dr. Richards spoke very sternly as he detached her hands from the table and picked her up to walk over to an armless padded chair. "Do you understand why you are getting a spanking, Zoey?" he looked at her seriously as he sat down with her on his lap.

"I didn't mean to be bad," Zoey's voice quivered as she tried to explain. "I didn't want to cause you any more trouble." She hung her head down dejectedly. "I'm sorry," she said with a quiver in her voice.

"I know you are truly sorry, Zoey. But a lie is still a lie, and there is a punishment for not telling the truth regardless of why you were lying. Now, turn over, so you are over my knee," Dr. Richards directed as he helped her move into position. He started to spank her naked bottom with strength, watching his handprint begin to show in red on her punished skin. When he got to ten, Dr. Richards stopped and soothed a crying Zoey by gathering her back on to his lap and

pressing her head against his chest. As she cried and sniffed, he knew it was due more to the embarrassment of being spanked than the punishment itself as it had been a very light spanking. He hugged her, reassuring her of what a good girl she was. "You're not going to lie to me again are you, Zoey?" Matt questioned looking into her tear-filled eyes.

"No, Dr. Richards. Never again, I promise." Zoey exclaimed with emotion. "I don't ever want another spanking. It hurt, just like you said it would," her voice tearfully quivered as she remembered.

Dr. Richards hugged her and kissed her lips where she had bitten them during the spanking. "You are a very good girl, Zoey. But sometimes even good Little girls make bad decisions. I doubt if this is going to be your last spanking, but hopefully, you'll think twice before lying again." He kissed her more thoroughly until he heard her breath start to catch in enjoyment. Easing back, he slid an arm under her red bottom causing her to inhale sharply as he lifted her up and carried her back to the changing table.

"Let's put a diaper on this red bottom, so it's protected," Dr. Richards explained as he placed her on her back. He pulled another padded diaper from the shelf underneath the table, positioned it under her bottom, and wrapped it around her petite waist before taping it securely in place. He sat her up on her bottom, hearing her hiss from the sting remaining from the spanking. "You stay right there, and I'll get some clothes for you to wear." He opened a closet door to the left of the changing table and pulled out a pair of stretchy, white leggings and an oversized, fuzzy, pink sweater. Dressing her quickly, he sat her down on the changing table and brushed her blonde, tangled hair before dividing it into two sections and using two bright, pink elastic bands to create a wild ponytail on each side of her head. Stepping back to see how she looked, Matt sighed, "You are the cutest Little ever, but I really need to work on my daddy hair skills. We also need to get some clothes that fit you, little Zoey." He rolled up the sleeves on the arms of the sweater to free her hands. Then, he picked her up in his strong arms and squeezed Zoey's body to his until she squeaked. "Already, I can't imagine life without you, little girl," he admitted as he gently carried Zoey over to the crib.

Dr. Richards easily lifted Zoey over the wooden railing to set her on the cushioned mattress filling the interior of the crib. “You play here while I go dress quickly. I’ll be back in just a few minutes,” he said as he raised the front railing to be as high as the other sides forming a tall barrier around Zoey.

CHAPTER 8



Zoey looked around at the items in the crib. She picked up the pink fuzzy bear and squeezed it in her arms against her chest. It was wonderfully soft. Holding it in one arm, she pressed a button on the plastic activity set, and it made a honking sound. Giggling, Zoey pressed the other buttons until she was playing a song with all the different notes. She was so involved in her play that she didn't notice Dr. Richards re-enter the room and stop near the crib to watch her play with the toy. Finally, sensing that she was being observed, Zoey turned and laughed. Pointing to the toy, Zoey exclaimed, "I used to love this toy. It's so much fun!"

Grinning at his happy girl, Dr. Richards walked the remaining few steps to the side of the large crib and, pressing something with his foot, he lowered the side of the railing down. Leaning over, he swooped in and swung Zoey up in his arms making her giggle even louder. "You are a wonder, little Zoey. I'm so glad you came for an interview. Now, stop distracting me, we've got to get to breakfast or Jillian will burn everything!"

Zoey held on to Dr. Richards' wide shoulders as he carried her through the large house back to the kitchen. Her bottom still stung a bit as it rested on his supporting arm, reminding her of the spanking. *I'm definitely not going to lie again*, Zoey thought to herself. She rested

her head in the curve of Dr. Richards' neck and breathed in his subtle body aroma. Already, she felt comfortable with him. *I really like to have someone take care of me*, Zoey decided as her mind raced, digesting all the events and information that had happened in the last twenty-four hours. Dr. Richards was so strong and solid that it would be easy to just rely on him to be her daddy. *I've been on my own for too long*, Zoey said to herself. Zoey sighed happily and relaxed into Dr. Richards' arms.

"A lot is going on in that brain of yours," Dr. Richards said as he hugged her to his torso for another quick squeeze. "You fit in my arms just like you belong here. I already feel very strongly about you. Do you think you could be happy with me, Zoey?" He stopped and shifted her in his enveloping arms so that he could look in her light brown eyes.

The small figure met his eyes squarely with courage and emotion. "I think I could be very happy with you," Zoey replied honestly. "Just no more spankings, Dr. Richards," the imp added with a twinkle in her eyes and a quick smile.

"No promises, sweetheart. I have a feeling that your first trip over my lap for a spanking won't be your last," Dr. Richards chuckled before adding, "I am sure that your red bottom will be a good reminder not to lie to your daddy for several days." He patted her cushioned hips and gave her bottom a little squeeze earning a gasp from the small bundle in his arms. Dr. Richards turned and pressed Zoey against the wall outside the kitchen and kissed her pink lips, diving in to taste her sweetness. "Oh, Zoey," he groaned as he leaned his forehead to hers, "You are the perfect Little for me, and I'm going to be perfect for you too." Shaking his head as if to clear his thoughts, Dr. Richards turned back toward the kitchen and carried his precious bundle into the lighted room.

CHAPTER 9



Jillian turned from the stove to greet them with a big smile. “Good morning, Dr. Richards. Good morning, Zoey. You look better already and so cute in your pink sweater and ponytails. I can tell Dr. Richards is taking good care of you!” Chuckling at Zoey’s blush, Jillian continued, “Now, it’s my turn! We need to fatten you up a little. You’re all skin and bones. Come sit down and let me fix you some breakfast!”

Zoey noticed as Dr. Richards turned to the big, wooden table that the large, tall chair had been pulled from its corner to a place next to the table and the tray had been removed. Dr. Richards sat Zoey on the wooden seat and asked her to raise her hands up to wave good morning to Jillian. As she lifted her hands, Dr. Richards slipped the tray in front of her, locking her into position.

Jillian quickly distracted Zoey from her thoughts about being seated in the highchair by giving Zoey’s raised hands a big high five. “Way to go, Zoey! That’s the way to start breakfast. Now, I’ve fixed some scrambled eggs. Do you like eggs or do you usually have something different for breakfast?” she asked with a smile as she tied a pink bib around Zoey’s neck and smoothed it flat against her chest.

Zoey answered quickly, “Eggs are a great treat. I usually wait to eat at lunch.”

Dr. Richards questioned with a serious look, "Do you not like breakfast, Zoey?"

"I love breakfast!" Zoey said enthusiastically. "My food budget just doesn't normally stretch to have enough bread for breakfast too," she added, missing the look that Dr. Richards and Jillian exchanged over her head.

"Well, that's all changed now, Zoey. It sounds like I'll have lots of ways to spoil you with special treats," Jillian promised.

Zoey noticed that Dr. Richards looked sad. Dropping her head, she asked him quietly, "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, Zoey. You haven't done anything wrong. I'm sad because I wished I'd had the opportunity to take care of you sooner. Precious Little girls shouldn't be struggling all alone to have enough to eat." Shaking his head, Dr. Richards smiled. "Enough sad thoughts, let's eat some of Jillian's yummy eggs." He dished up a lot of the fluffy, scrambled eggs on his plate and said to Zoey, "We'll share these to start and get some more if you're still hungry." Stabbing a big bite on his fork, he brought it up to Zoey's lips and intoned, "Open up, sweetheart. See how you like Jillian's special, scrambled eggs." As Zoey chewed and made yummy sounds of approval, Dr. Richards fed himself and then a bite for Zoey as they worked their way through the pile of steamy eggs.

Meanwhile, Jillian buttered several pieces of wheat toast and put the plate on the table. She smeared one with thick honey, cut it in thin toast fingers, and placed them on the wooden tray before Zoey. "I hope you like honey, honey," Jillian said jokingly with a smile.

Zoey picked one portion up and groaned in delight as the sweet honey spread across her taste buds. "This is awesome!" she enthused. "Thank you, Jillian." Zoey ate until her tummy wouldn't allow her to eat another bite. She tried to push the sticky tray away from her, but it was stuck.

"Dr. Richards, would you help me get out of this chair, please? I need to go wash my hands," Zoey asked, looking at the tall, muscular man.

Jillian appeared with a small wet towel, and despite Zoey's protests

that she could do this herself, Jillian persisted in wiping each of her hands, free of honey. “Little girls let the adults help them in lots of ways, Zoey. Let me get your face cleaned too. No, don’t turn away,” she sternly admonished as she grasped Zoey’s chin and turned her around to face the front. Jillian held Zoey’s chin in a firm grip and finished by wiping her face free of all the breakfast goodies.

“Zoey, I hope you’ll let me do some small things for you. It makes me happy,” Jillian added, turning Zoey’s face toward her own bright smile. The housekeeper released her and added, “I’ll fix you some of my magic potion and bring it to you in a while. You’ll love it.”

Dr. Richards had finished his breakfast as well and looked up at the kitchen clock before exclaiming, “Right on time, Zoey. I have some patients coming in to see me this morning. Let’s get you settled and comfy before my first appointment.” He gathered her up in his arms and carried her down the hallway back to the main entrance and into a large area furnished with big, overstuffed couches and chairs. “Where would you like to lie down, Zoey? Over here in the front or over toward the side where you can watch people come in for their appointments?”

Zoey thought quickly and decided, “I don’t want to be in the front. Everyone will see me. I’ll sit over by the side.”

Dr. Richards chuckled and explained as he carried her over to a large, blue couch on the left side of the waiting area. “Zoey, you know how inquisitive kids are. All the Littles are going to want to know who you are. You’re going to have lots of people coming to talk to you. Just be yourself. Many of these people are close friends, and they will be ecstatic that we have found each other. Don’t worry about remembering their names. You’ll see all of them many times in the future when we get together for social events.”

He placed her on the couch and propped her feet and head up, so she was lying comfortably. “I’ll come check on you throughout the morning. Jillian will be in here also from time to time to make sure you have enough to drink. It’s important that you stay hydrated to help your body heal,” he added with an official look. “Be sure that you drink a lot today. Okay?”

Zoey answered slowly, “I’ll try, but I’m not used to drinking a lot. There’s no bathroom in my car, and I have customers to take care of when I’m working.”

“Just drink what we give you,” Dr. Richards added. “It’s very important.”

CHAPTER 10



There was a flurry of noise as the wooden front door opened to reveal a tall, blonde woman tugging a large man behind her. “Come on, Jake. We’re almost late for your appointment. You want to see Dr. Richards today. He’s going to make your tummy feel better,” she reassured the man who was dragging his feet to walk as slowly as he could. “Hurry up, young man!” she ordered sternly. “I will not hesitate to spank you here at the doctor’s office if you aren’t cooperating one hundred percent.”

Zoey was amazed to see Jake. He was obviously a very athletic male, but he was dressed like a little boy in cargo shorts and a cartoon turtle tee shirt. He had on a green baseball hat and sneakers. Jake was the Little.

“Anne, I’m so glad to see you and Jake today. Let me introduce Zoey to you. I’m trying to convince her to be my Little girl by pampering her while her feet heal,” Dr. Richards greeted the pair.

The tall woman clicked across the wooden floor on high heels, pulling Jake over to Dr. Richards and Zoey. “Hi, Zoey. Jake and I are very glad to meet you,” Anne said with a bright smile. “You couldn’t pick a better daddy than Matt. He takes great care of Jake. Doesn’t he?” she questioned with a smile while pulling Jake out from his hiding spot behind her. “He’s a little shy, but when he starts chatter-

ing, Zoey, you'll never get him to be quiet," Anne added with a chuckle and rubbed Jake's bottom.

Zoey heard a plastic rustling sound and knew Jake was wearing a diaper as well. She smiled shyly at Jake. "I'm pretty shy too, Jake. I'm glad to meet you. Dr. Richards tells me that I'll see most of his patients at social gatherings. It will be awesome to know someone among all the strangers."

Dr. Richards nodded proudly at his Little's words and attempts to befriend the timid patient. "Tell me, Anne. What's wrong with Jake today? Did I hear you say he's having problems with his stomach?" Dr. Richards questioned the concerned parent.

Jake turned bright red and covered his face with both hands as if he was trying to hide.

"Yes," Anne replied solemnly. "His tummy hurts, and I think that he is very constipated. I've already given him an enema, but it didn't do the trick, so I've brought him in to see you."

Zoey didn't know what an enema was, but she could tell from Jake's embarrassed response it wasn't anything she wanted to try. Zoey patted Jake's leg as he stood above her and was surprised when he shifted his hands so that one hand still covered his red face but the other reached out toward Zoey. Zoey clasped the searching hand between hers and squeezed it.

Jake squeezed her hand back and lowered his other hand to look at her. "I don't like strangers either. I'd like it if you'd be my friend," Jake said shyly. At Zoey's quick nod, Jake smiled and then put his hand back over his face as he heard Dr. Richards answer his mother.

"I agree, Anne. If Jake's tummy is still hurting after an enema, I need to see him. Let's go back to the exam room and see how we can make Jake feel better. It may not be constipation, but something else, or he may just need a bigger enema than you would normally give him at home," Dr. Richards answered as he indicated that they precede him into the room with a big, golden one affixed to the closed door.

"Zoey, I'll see you in a little while. Remember, drink lots, take some naps, and most important, stay off those feet, sweetheart," Dr. Richards instructed sternly but with a smile at the petite figure lying

on the couch. He was very proud of Zoey for making friends with Jake. She obviously was a very sensitive young lady who cared for others just like Jon and Cecily had described her.

As Dr. Richards followed Jake through the door, Zoey heard him instruct, "Jake, let your mommy help you take off all your clothes and your diaper and then, hop up on the exam table. Let's see what's going on with your stomach." And then she heard the door click closed.

Poor Jake, Zoey thought. Then it dawned on her that if Jake's tummy did hurt, she was confident that Dr. Richards could make him feel better. Zoey settled back onto the fluffy couch pillows and yawned. *He's lucky Dr. Richards is his doctor,* was her last thought as the pain medicine and her full tummy helped her drift off to sleep.

CHAPTER 11



“**W**e’ll let that enema and the medicine sit in Jake’s tummy for ten minutes, Anne. Just rub his back and talk to him to distract him, and I’ll be back in a few minutes,” Dr. Richards instructed the relieved mother as he left treatment room one.

He nodded a quick hello to the next patients waiting and walked over to check on Zoey. She was deeply asleep. Dr. Richards caressed her head and then ran his hand down her torso to lift her sweater. Reaching the waistband of the stretchy leggings, he carefully slid his hand inside to reach the crotch of her diaper running his fingers inside to see if it was wet. Zoey squirmed a little but continued to sleep deeply. Dr. Richards removed his hand and straightened her clothes. He kissed her tenderly on the top of her head before using the hand sanitizer next to one of the changing tables around the room before greeting his next patient and her daddy.

A short while later, Dr. Richards ushered a very tired but much more comfortable Jake with his mother, Anne, out of the exam room. “I’m glad your tummy feels better, Jake. Anne, remember that Jake needs a white suppository every hour until he goes to bed tonight. Put in two of the larger blue suppositories at bedtime. A final enema tomorrow when he wakes up should be the last step in making sure his tummy is back to normal. Feed him bland food for the next

twenty-four hours. Bring him back in if his temperature goes up or if he complains of a tummy ache.” Finished giving Anne instructions, he turned his attention to his patient.

“Jake, this wasn’t a fun visit today, but you were a very brave, young man. Would you like a toy from the treasure chest?” Dr. Richards questioned.

Jake ran over to the entrance table with the large, wooden treasure chest and opened it eagerly. He pulled out a pirate’s sword and grinned as he swung it around.

Anne was pleased to see Jake smile after Dr. Richards had to cleanse his bowels deeply. “What do you say, Jake? Thank Dr. Richards for his care and your new treasure,” she instructed her distracted son.

Jake waved the sword toward Dr. Richards and said in a bad pirate voice, “Ahoy, matey! Thanks for the booty.” He had totally forgotten all the discomfort of the cleansing treatment.

Anne smiled and put her arm around Jake to usher him through the door. She turned and made eye contact with the young lady on the couch. “Zoey, it was great to meet you. Your daddy is pretty special, and I bet I’ll find out that you are too. See you soon!” she called.

Dr. Richards turned around to see Zoey awake and squirming uncomfortably on the couch. “Are you okay, Zoey? Are your feet hurting you? Let’s get you up on the table, and I’ll insert some more medicine,” Dr. Richards said soothingly as he picked her up in his arms. As he shifted Zoey’s position, she immediately urinated strongly into her diaper. Turning her head into Dr. Richards’ shoulder in embarrassment, she began to sob. “Calm down, Zoey. It’s okay. Everyone has to go to the bathroom, they understand,” he comforted her, speaking quietly as he walked over to one of the changing tables closest to Zoey’s couch. As he laid her down, Zoey had a death grip on his white coat as she tried to hide from patients and their parents in the waiting room. Dr. Richards leaned down over her body, shielding her from everyone’s view and slowly began to stroke the back of her head as she burrowed her face into his chest.

“Zoey, sweetheart, you’re breaking my heart. What’s wrong?” he softly questioned as he continued to stroke her hair and along her shaking torso.

“I woke up, and there were strangers all around, looking at me. I had to go to the bathroom, and I couldn’t get up because you told me not to and my feet hurt. I didn’t know what to do.” Zoey’s chest heaved, and she struggled to breathe as she cried. “You weren’t here, and I didn’t know what to do. It was awful. Now, I’ve wet my pants in front of everyone. I’m so embarrassed.”

“Zoey, I am so sorry. This is all my fault,” Dr. Richards spoke softly. “I should have known that you might need assistance while I was with a patient. It tears me up that you are so upset. Would you try to stop crying for me?” He kissed Zoey on the top of her head as he gathered her tenderly back into his arms.

He turned to the waiting room and, shielding Zoey from view, announced, “Everyone, I’m sorry, but I have a very special young lady who needs some attention. If you’ll excuse me, I’ll be back to see you all as soon as possible.” Without waiting for a response, Dr. Richards carried Zoey into an exam room and closed the door as the patients, and their parents began to clap their approval of his actions.

Dr. Richards sat Zoey down on the exam table and raised her chin so that he could look into her tear-filled eyes. “I’m sorry, Zoey,” he said simply and kissed her thoroughly on the lips until he felt her begin to respond. “I will do better in the future,” he promised and kissed her again, showing her how much he cared.

Zoey forgot her embarrassment as she felt her body respond to the deep kisses. “Mmmm...” she groaned as he caressed her slight body. She wound her arms around his neck and parted her lips, allowing him to press his tongue strongly into her mouth. Touching her tongue to his in response, Zoey heard him groan as she was pulled closer to be crushed against the rigid muscles of his chest.

Pulling back so he could look into her eyes, Dr. Richards asked, “Will you forgive me, Zoey?” He patiently waited as she appeared to think seriously about his question. He smiled widely as Zoey hesitantly began to nod her head.

“I’ll forgive you, Dr. Richards,” Zoey answered simply. She dropped her head back down toward her lap.

Dr. Richards knew she was embarrassed. He became very businesslike and stretched her out along the exam table. He stripped off

her leggings and pulled her pink sweater up to lay across her small breasts. Taking off her sodden diaper, he dropped it into the trashcan nearby and pulled several wipes from the container on the counter. He pressed Zoey's legs apart, so her nether area was exposed and carefully wiped every nook and delicate fold until she was perfectly clean. Turning her over on her side, he separated her buttocks and wiped her anal region making sure that her anus was free of urine. Holding her legs bent together to the side, he opened a drawer and pulled out a jar of lubricant and a large thermometer.

Zoey squirmed and protested, "I'm fine. I don't have a fever. You don't have to check my temperature."

Dr. Richards held her firmly in place as he first rubbed a good dollop of lubricant on her clenched anus and then pressed the lubricated thermometer deep within her rectum before stretching a restraining belt across her body and tethering her to the exam table. "My goal is to take very good care of you, Zoey. Even better care of you than I would of my patients. You'll get used to the thermometer. It will be in your cute bottom many times a day. I'm still concerned that your temperature is below normal from your trek through the chilly rain. We'll check it now and this afternoon. If it's still low, I'm afraid I'll have to raise your body temperature with some warm infusions," Dr. Richards explained as he walked over to the big supply cabinet and removed a large suppository.

"Not the big ones," Zoey pleaded with tears back in her eyes. "They hurt."

"I'm afraid you've jostled your feet so much squirming to avoid using your diaper that you've really inflamed your feet, Zoey. You need the additional medicine in the larger suppository. You want to feel better, right?" he questioned as he neared the exam table carrying the large suppository. At her reluctant nod, he placed the suppository behind her bent legs, so it was out of her view. When the thermometer had been inserted ten minutes, Dr. Richards slowly withdrew the cylinder as Zoey squirmed in embarrassment. "It's still too low, Zoey. We'll do those warm infusions after my office hours have finished. We need to make sure you don't get sick from being out in the rain. For now, we'll just get your pain back under control. I'm

going to insert this suppository for you, Zoey. I need you to be a big girl and relax your bottom.” He pressed her top leg forward so that Zoey’s cheeks separated naturally, and her tight, pink anus was revealed. “Here’s a little more lubricant so everything will slide into place easily,” he explained as he added some cold lubricant to her clenched opening. Watching Zoey shiver at the cold contact, Dr. Richards added, “We’ll get you totally warmed up in just a little while but first, remember, you need to relax.” He held the suppository pressed firmly against her anus until he felt her deliberately try to relax the tight muscle and he immediately inserted the large cylinder into her rectum feeling the resistance as Zoey’s small entrance was forced to stretch to accept it.

“Oh, please stop!” Zoey pleaded. Her bottom tried to squirm away from Dr. Richards’ tight grip, but he prevented her movements with a restraining hand pressed down to tether her in place on the exam table as the suppository slowly entered her rectum until she could feel his finger pushing the medicine several inches inside. She lay there feeling his large finger implanted into her bottom as he held the suppository in place while her muscles attempted to push it out. After several minutes, Zoey felt Dr. Richards start to rub the melting medicine around her internal tissues. Gradually, the discomfort from the large suppository faded as it diminished in size and sensations of arousal began to build in Zoey. His large, inserted finger moved in and out of her rectum with his large palm brushing her exposed labia.

“Oooh!” Zoey’s tone changed to a moan, and she twisted her head around to stare in surprise at Dr. Richards as her hips now began to press toward the inserted finger instead of seeking to avoid it.

Dr. Richards smiled widely at Zoey as he leaned over her petite figure and moved his other hand from its position restraining her on the table to press her top leg up and away revealing more of her sensitive tissues. He began to slide his fingers through the growing moisture around her vaginal opening until he felt her begin to orgasm. Pressing against Zoey’s clitoris firmly, he heard his Little gasp, and her eyes widened in surprise as he felt her muscles contract against his caressing hand and clench at his finger still firmly implanted deep in her rectum. As he felt the spasms lessen, Dr. Richards slowly slid

his fingers away from Zoey's sensitive tissues, and he stepped away to wash his hands.

Approaching Zoey's totally relaxed body on the exam table, he quickly rewrapped her bottom in a fresh diaper. Her discarded leggings were damp with urine, so he simply enveloped her in a warm blanket. Dr. Richards lifted her up in his strong arms to hug her still pleasure-shocked body close to him. "Zoey, I'm so glad you will let me care for you. Already, I can't imagine life without you, sweetheart. Have you forgiven me for not being there when you needed me?"

Zoey was swaddled in the warm blanket and snuggled against a very handsome man she was learning to trust completely. She nodded her head. "Yes, Dr. Richards. I know you are looking out for me." Her face brightened as she began to talk quickly and enthusiastically. "I think we need a code—something secret that only you and I know. That way I can tell you something important," Zoey finished triumphantly.

"What a great idea, Zoey!" Dr. Richards agreed. "What shall we choose for this secret code, little one?"

Her face scrunched up in concentration. "I don't know. Do you have any ideas?" Zoey questioned seriously. "Maybe we should both think for a while?"

Dr. Richards smiled at her earnest face. This was really important to her. He schooled his features into a similarly serious look and answered, "I agree, Zoey. Let's think of something to use for our secret code. As we're thinking, I'm going to ask Jillian to bring you some of her special milk, so we can keep you hydrated. I'll keep seeing patients to make sure everyone is okay. Then, we can concentrate on getting you totally warmed up inside and out before deciding on a code we think is best."

Zoey nodded as Dr. Richards pressed a button on the wall and Jillian answered the intercom from the kitchen. She was thirsty. Dr. Richards always had the best ideas.

CHAPTER 12



Gathering the blanket-wrapped figure into his arms, Dr. Richards carried Zoey back to her seat in the waiting room. Making sure she was safely sitting on the couch, Dr. Richards turned to see Jillian approaching with a warmed bottle. “Thanks, Jillian. This is just what my little girl needs,” Dr. Richards said taking the bottle from Jillian. He turned back to Zoey with a smile. “Try this, Zoey. It’s delicious. Many parents have tried to pry the secret recipe out of Jillian, but she only makes it for truly special little ones.”

Zoey was amazed to see the bottle was a large-sized baby bottle complete with the rubber nipple at the top. “You want me to drink from this?” she asked questioningly. “I could just take the top off and drink it. That might be easier.”

“Oh, you don’t want to do that,” a familiar voice said. “Jillian’s drink is much better drawn through the baby nipple. It makes it taste even better.”

Zoey turned to see Cecily and Jon next to the couch. She squealed in delight as Cecily bounced up on the cushion to sit next to her on the couch. “Cecily, what are you doing here?” Zoey questioned, happy to see a familiar face.

Cecily glanced over at Jon. “I have an appointment today for a

check-up with Dr. Richards. He's awfully busy, so maybe we should reschedule?"

Jon laughed and patted Dr. Richards on the back. "Little girls always worry about seeing you. And you always take such good care of them and make them strong and healthy. Does that give you nightmares at night, Matt?"

"No, Jon. It's a pleasure to take care of Cecily. I think Littles just don't like to take off their clothes in the doctor's office. Or has someone been eating too many sweets and is afraid I'm going to find out?" Dr. Richards asked Cecily with a grin.

Cecily's shoulders fell. "How do you always know?" she questioned solemnly.

Jon picked her up and squeezed her to his chest. "Let's go, little one. You're next, right Matt?" He turned to Dr. Richards.

"Definitely, let's take Cecily back and see how healthy we can make her," Dr. Richards said as he gestured to Exam Room Two.

Cecily peeked over Jon's shoulder to give Zoey a little advice, "Try it through the nipple. It's really good." And she was whisked away through the wooden door.

Zoey decided to take Cecily's advice and put the rubber nipple into her mouth. It felt really strange against her tongue but comfortably shaped. She closed her lips around the nipple and sucked in the warm mixture. *Wow, it's delicious. This is really good.* She didn't even consider taking the top off. The gentle sucking motions used to drink the warm, sweet liquid, combined with the medicine from the melting suppository made Zoey fall back to sleep on the comfortable couch.

CHAPTER 13



Each time Dr. Richards walked out of an exam room to say goodbye to one patient and welcome another, Zoey was asleep. Finally, the waiting room was empty. Dr. Richards walked over to the drowsing Zoey, gathered her up in his arms and sat in a nearby upholstered chair. He glanced down at Zoey to see her eyes start to open as she immediately looked around the room.

“Where did everyone go?” she questioned sleepily. “Did Cecily and Jon leave already?”

“Everyone has gone home, and patient hours are over, Zoey. You must have been tired. It’s lunchtime. Let’s see what Jillian has whipped up for us. Are you hungry?” Dr. Richards questioned.

Suddenly, Zoey’s tummy let out a loud rumble. She turned red and said, “Sorry. I guess my stomach thinks I’m hungry. Do you think Jillian has made something yummy? I’m not too into vegetables,” Zoey admitted.

“You’ll have to eat your veggies here, Zoey. I want you to be very healthy. Jillian has a special gift of hiding vegetables in yummy dishes. I think you’ll like her meals.” Dr. Richards stood up with Zoey cradled in his arms. He leaned over the couch to pick up her empty bottle. “You did a great job emptying your bottle. Did you like Jillian’s special drink?”

Zoey nodded enthusiastically. "It was super! Cecily was right, too. It's really good when you drink through the baby nipple. Kind of embarrassing but really delicious," Zoey added. "I don't have to always drink from a baby bottle, do I?"

Seeing her look of concern, Dr. Richards rubbed Zoey's back. "Zoey, I would like you to be my daughter. Little girls sometimes spill things. I don't want you to be upset that you've caused a mess. When you're in your chair in the kitchen, you'll be able to drink from a sippy cup. Spills are easy to clean up there. If you're in an area where a spill would cause a stain, you'll be more comfortable to drink from the bottle, so you know you won't have to worry about making a mess. Right, Zoey? You're such a considerate young lady; I know you don't want to make a mess, do you?" Dr. Richards questioned.

There wasn't a way to disagree with Dr. Richards' logic, but she still questioned carefully, "It's a little embarrassing. What if there are a lot of people around?"

"I'll only ask you to drink from a bottle when we're with other age play participants or in our home. Would that make you feel more at ease?"

"I guess I'll get used to the bottle," Zoey said with a nod as her stomach growled again.

"Little girl, we have to feed you. Let's go." Dr. Richards walked directly to the kitchen. "Hi, Jillian! We're starving. What's for lunch?" he questioned as he sat Zoey in her high chair and, raising her arms with a firm grip using one hand, slid the tray into place with his other hand.

Jillian smiled at the duo. "I'm glad to hear you're hungry. I've made some potato soup and ham sandwiches to fill you up. How did you like my special drink, Zoey?"

"It was awesome, Jillian. Thank you," Zoey said with enthusiasm.

"Juice for lunch." Jillian set a pink sippy cup decorated with blue elephants in front of her. It was about the size of a regular glass but with a rounded bottom and a lid on top with a protruding spout perforated with holes.

Zoey picked it up and put the spout in her mouth. Raising it up, she felt the cool juice flow into her mouth. She set it down, and it

rocked back and forth in front of her, causing the blue elephants to dance. Zoey giggled in delight. "That's fun!"

As they ate, Dr. Richards asked lots of questions about Zoey, her family, and her past. She revealed that her father left when she was young. She and her mother had lived a very basic life on the small amount of money that Zoey's mother made cleaning houses. Her mother had been hurt in a traffic accident and had never recovered. Zoey was hit with a lot of medical bills following her death. She began to waitress for as many hours as she could while finishing her senior year of high school. Her mother had always stressed how important it was that Zoey get her diploma. After finishing her studies, Zoey just worked to pay off the remaining medical bills and the interest accruing each day. She'd sold all their possessions except for the car. Moving out of their small apartment had allowed Zoey to put the money she'd pay for rent towards the hospital bill. She'd been living in her car for about two years. Zoey was getting close to getting the payments completed.

"I can't stay here for long, Dr. Richards. I thought this position would be a working job, so I could take a break from waitressing. Now, I need to get my feet working and go back to the restaurant. I'll need to pay you too for the car repairs." Zoey said solemnly. She bit her lip and looked away. "Will you let me pay for the car repairs and your medical help over time?" Zoey glanced back at Dr. Richards. "I'm reliable. I will pay you back. It may just take a while," she said with a promise.

"Zoey, what hospital was your mother in and what was her name?" Dr. Richards asked quietly. He nodded toward Jillian, and she moved over to pick up a pen and a notepad.

"Her name was Janice Geller. She was at Memorial Hospital on Main Street. It's a good hospital. They took good care of her," Zoey answered hesitantly. She didn't understand why he needed these details. Zoey wondered what Jillian was quickly writing down. Maybe a grocery list?

"It is a good hospital. I used to work there before I opened my practice here," Dr. Richards agreed.

Zoey nodded her head. *Oh, yeah. He would be interested in the hospital because he's a doctor. That makes sense.*

"My money and the payment slips are in my car. They'll be safe at the repair place, won't they?" Zoey questioned.

"Yes, Zoey. I'll make sure they are safe for you," Dr. Richards promised. "Enough serious talk. Can you eat a little more soup, sweetheart?" He held a spoon filled with the thick potato soup to her lips.

"No more! I'm stuffed," Zoey moaned.

"Alright, if I can't persuade you to eat any more, I think it's time for your exam, so I can check you over thoroughly and make sure the rest of your body is healthy. Your body temperature has not increased from your time out in the chilly rain. We need to use the warm infusions to get you back to normal. Then, I think a nap is in order. Does that sound like a good plan to you, Zoey?" Dr. Richards questioned her gently.

Zoey's mind raced from sleep mode to warning mode. "What do you mean my exam?" she asked cautiously. "You've already checked my feet. That's all that hurts."

"Yes, Zoey. Your feet will get better each day if you stay off them and let them heal. I need to examine the other parts of you to make sure you are healthy. I'll take a blood sample to see what vitamins and nutrients you need to take as a daily supplement. Remember we've been checking your temperature. It's had time to recover, but your system needs some help. After such a day of stress and exercise walking to meet me, the rain has lowered your core temperature. We need to raise your body temperature to its optimal level. We'll get that regulated with some warm water treatments," Dr. Richards explained gently.

Dr. Richards rose from his chair and again lifted Zoey's hands up while detaching the tray that restrained her in the high chair. He picked her up in his arms and walked back through the house into Exam Room One cradling Zoey against his strong chest. He knew it was best to get started before Zoey's mind had time to think of excuses and reasons why she shouldn't have an exam. "Calm down, Zoey. I'll never hurt you. Just a quick needle sting to get the blood

sample. We can even do that first if you want so you don't have to worry about it."

Zoey thought quickly as Dr. Richards sat her down on the exam table. He gently unwrapped the soft blanket from around her body. The crinkly paper made noise as she shivered. "I am cold," she said quietly. "Do you really need to stick me?"

"Yes, Zoey. I want to make sure I'm taking the best care of you – not only today but in the future. I can't determine what nutrients you need to be healthy without seeing the profile of your blood." While he explained, Dr. Richards opened one of the drawers in his cabinets to find a variety of blood sample tubes and his drawing supplies. "Let's get this part over now, Zoey. Then you won't have to worry about it. Okay?"

Meeting his kind eyes, Zoey decided to trust him. He was the doctor. "Okay," she whispered and looked the other way while she felt the rubber tourniquet stretch around her arm and tighten.

Dr. Richards probed the skin of her inner arm carefully and then instructed patiently, "Take a deep breath, Zoey. Count to twenty slowly, and I'll be all done."

Zoey's chest expanded as she followed his instructions. She let out a small "ouch" when she felt the needle prick and then she started counting, "One, two, three..." Zoey heard several clicks of glass sample tubes. She'd only reached eleven when she felt Dr. Richards pressing firmly against her arm to stop the bleeding before attaching a bandage over the puncture site. "Wow, you're fast!" she exclaimed.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" Dr. Richards winked at her shocked face. "Okay, the worst is over, let's get your clothes off and finish the exam so we can get you warmed up." Zoey tried to resist as he pulled off her fuzzy pink sweater and diaper, but Dr. Richards removed them very efficiently. Soon, Zoey found herself sitting naked on the exam table. "Now, we'd normally get your weight by having you stand on the scale, but since you can't stand, we'll put you on this cradle scale." He picked up Zoey's nude body and placed her in an oversized baby scale that allowed patients to be weighed from a reclining position. Dr. Richards made a note of her weight and then laid her back on the exam table.

“Stretch out as long as you can,” he instructed her as he measured her height. “No, don’t try to cover yourself up. You need to reach as tall as you can for me,” Dr. Richards laid his hands on her breastbone and her hip to press her straight on the exam table. Again, he added the dimension to his notes before pulling with his hand on her hip to help her roll over on her side. “Bend your knees toward your chest. Let’s see if your temperature has risen.”

Zoey felt her bottom cheeks separate and the thick thermometer slide into her rectum deeply before being rotated, pulled out and pressed in, repeatedly. Zoey covered her face as she blushed at the intrusion. She was embarrassed that the in and out motion of the thermometer was stimulating her. She could feel her inner tissue moistening.

Dr. Richards continued the motions of the thermometer before pronouncing that ten minutes was up. “Let’s see how your temperature is.” He shook his head slowly as he placed the thermometer on the tray. “Still too low. We’ll fix that. First, let me take a good look at you and make sure you’re healthy or if there is something else I need to treat.” He helped Zoey sit up on the table, so he could palpate her glands in her neck and use his lighted scope to check her ears, eyes, nose, and throat. “All in great shape, Zoey,” he reassured her.

“Put your hands behind your head and sit up straight. I’m looking first at your breasts to make sure there are no concerning bumps.” He waited for Zoey to comply as she blushed a deep red color on her face and chest. Dr. Richards did not comment but was very official and thorough. He lifted each breast and checked the soft tissue at bottom of her breasts as well as the sides and top. “All right, Zoey lie back down on the table. I want you to put your hands behind your head again, and I’m going to examine your breasts by pressing down on all the areas of breast tissue and under your arms.”

Zoey looked straight at the ceiling in embarrassment. Her breasts were very small, and she was always afraid that a man, even a doctor, would laugh at her body. Lying there nude, she shivered slightly from both the exposure to the cool air in the exam room but also in reaction to being embarrassed.

Dr. Richards made eye contact with Zoey as he examined her

breasts. “You’re doing great, Zoey. I know this is uncomfortable for you. Would it help to know that I am finding you not only healthy like the doctor inside me wants you to be, but I’m very pleased with your body as a man as well? You are very beautiful, sweetheart.” He lowered his head slowly and kissed Zoey deeply as his hands moved from examining to caressing her small breasts.

Zoey gasped as she began to respond to his caresses. *How does he always know what I’m thinking?* she wondered silently to herself

CHAPTER 14



Straightening, Dr. Richards gave Zoey a wink. “Okay, let’s keep checking. So far, you’re one-hundred percent healthy. Now I’m going to check your stomach area. Tell me if I hit any sore areas. Does it hurt here?” Dr. Richards pressed on several areas on her right side. When he saw Zoey shake her head no, he began pressing on the left.

“Oh, that’s a little sore,” Zoey admitted with a slight grimace.

“How about over here?” Dr. Richards pressed a little further down on her left side.

“No, that area’s good. It was just a little sore above. I’m sure everything is okay. I probably just pulled a muscle,” Zoey tried to explain.

“That’s not usually where patients feel muscle pain, Zoey. It is, however, where many patients feel discomfort when they are constipated. When was your last bowel movement, little girl?” Dr. Richards probed the area again, and Zoey again caught her breath in surprise. He waited to hear her answer.

“Oh, three or four days but that’s not a problem for me,” Zoey reassured hastily, trying to get off the embarrassing subject. “I usually go just once a week.”

“Zoey, everyone should have a bowel movement every day or at least every other day. That will be the first improvement we make for your health. We’ll deal with this discomfort in a few minutes after I

finish assessing everything. Scoot your hips down, so your bottom is just at the edge of the exam table,” he instructed as he helped her move down into position. He raised the metal stirrups on each side of the table and lifted Zoey’s legs into place, securing each firmly in the correct position by attaching the restraining straps around her calves and thighs.

Zoey struggled to close her legs together. He couldn’t really want her to lie down like this—all spread out, so he could see her most private areas. “Dr. Richards, I’m scared. I’ve never had an exam like this,” Zoey whispered in a shaky voice. “Could we do this another day?” she pleaded.

Dr. Richards gently caressed Zoey’s tummy and rubbed up and down her inner thighs. “Relax, Zoey. A doctor is supposed to see all areas of your body. You’re positioned like this because I need to check your bottom half to make sure everything is healthy. To look in all your nooks and crannies, they must all be open to my view. I promise to explain everything as I conduct the exam, so you won’t be scared about what I’m doing. You may not like all the parts of the exam, but I won’t hurt you. Will you trust me, little one?” he questioned, carefully looking deeply into her tearful eyes.

Zoey nodded slowly. She really didn’t want to do this. “Can’t we do it tomorrow?” she pleaded.

“No, Zoey. It’s better to get this all done today so you won’t have to worry about it, right?” Dr. Richards questioned. At her reluctant nod, he walked around to sit between her thighs and turned on a bright light that he aimed straight at Zoey’s labia.

She could feel the warmth of the lamp’s glow against her thighs and Zoey tried again in vain to pull her legs together. Again, she felt Dr. Richards rub her inner thighs to calm her down.

“To start, Zoey, I’m going to feel along your inner and outer lips here to make sure they are healthy.” Dr. Richards began to rub his strong fingers across first her outer labia. He then opened these wider with his fingers and began to stroke Zoey’s inner labia. He parted her inner labia to uncover her clitoris, and he stroked gently over this sensitive area. Zoey’s vagina began to shine and moisture started to gather to lubricate these delicate tissues. “That’s right,

Zoey. This should feel good. Just relax for me.” He saw her body visibly tense when she felt her body responding to his touch and then relax as he reassured her that these feelings were perfectly normal.

“Zoey, I’m going to examine your vagina now. You’ll feel me first insert a finger into your vagina,” Dr. Richards continued in a calm voice.

Zoey felt a large finger enter her vagina. It didn’t hurt but started to arouse her as Dr. Richards moved his finger to all the sides of her vagina. He began to rub her clitoris, moving the hood away from the bundle of nerves with a light touch. Just when Zoey was forced to move her hips in response to the caresses, Dr. Richards withdrew his fingers.

“And now, I’ll use a speculum to be able to see the vaginal walls. This may be a little cold,” Dr. Richards explained as he reached for the speculum. He would need to use the smallest size as her passageway was very tight. It appeared that this Little was either very inexperienced or was a virgin. “Zoey, it’s important that you tell me the truth. Have you had intercourse?”

Zoey’s entire body turned bright red with embarrassment. Without meeting his eyes, she tearfully shook her head “no.” Zoey knew the other waitresses at the diner would be shocked that she was still a virgin. They always talked about having sex with their boyfriends or guys they just picked up at a club. Obviously, something must be wrong with her that she hadn’t been tempted to have sex.

She felt his hand caress her inner thigh to reassure her and heard him say softly, “Zoey, you can always tell me the truth. It is wonderful that you have saved the gift of your virginity for someone special.” Zoey felt the blush begin to ebb from her torso, and she looked at Dr. Richards’ serious face. She was totally reassured. Maybe she wasn’t weird. It was okay that she had waited.

Zoey heard something metallic bumping around in the drawer below her hips. Then she felt something metallic slide into her vagina. She shivered in reaction to the cold metal entering her.

Dr. Richards explained, “I’m opening the speculum inside your vagina, Zoey. Everything looks very pink and healthy, little girl. You’ll

feel a couple of swabs inside now. I'll run a pap smear and some other tests on these." He placed the samples in protective coverings.

"This next procedure may feel a little uncomfortable. Instead of having you pee in a cup in front of me, I'm going to examine your urethra and take a sample directly." Watching Zoey shake her head violently when he mentioned urinating in a sample cup, Dr. Richards chuckled. "How do I know you so well already, Zoey?"

Again, she heard some rustling around in the drawers under her hips. "This will feel cold as I disinfect the area. I'm checking to see if you have any germs in your urinary tract, so we'll get rid of any around your opening here." She heard the wet towelettes drop into the trash can. "Take a deep breath, Zoey," Dr. Richards instructed, and Zoey felt a thin tube enter her small urethra.

"I'll pee in a cup!" Zoey urgently exclaimed when she felt the uncomfortable procedure. "Please stop!"

"The tube is already in place, sweetie. You may hear the urine entering the specimen cup. You're doing great, Zoey. Perfect, it's full. I'm going to let the rest of the urine in your bladder drain away," Dr. Richards held the tube inserted in its uncomfortable position as Zoey heard the sound of liquid splattering into a container. "Alright, little girl, you won't have to potty for a while," he soothed as he withdrew the catheter from her urethra.

"Last area to check. I'm going to examine your anus and rectum now. Just like when I checked your vagina, I will first feel around the entrance to your rectum," Dr. Richards calmly explained as he applied some slippery lubricant to her bottom. "Now, relax. I'm going to press my finger into your rectum and feel the sides. No, don't tense your bottom. Trust me to take care of you," sternly Dr. Richards lectured as Zoey tried to clamp her rectum closed. "Alright, I'm going to replace my finger with a smaller speculum just like when I opened your vagina so that I could examine it thoroughly. Here's a little more lubricant to make everything slide into place."

Zoey felt a cold blob on her anus, and then the smaller device slid into her rectum. She felt it open, exposing her inner tissues to Dr. Richards. Again, she felt the warmth of the bright light as Dr. Richards adjusted it to target the area and two swabs brushed along her inner

walls before she saw him put them in a protective sleeve for testing. Zoey heard the metallic click as the anal speculum was closed. She let out a sigh of relief when she felt the metal instrument slide from her rectum.

“That wasn’t so bad was it, sweetheart? Thank you for relaxing. It makes it much easier for you. One more part of the rectal exam and then we’ll address your stomach discomfort and try to raise that pesky internal temperature that has been too low.” Dr. Richards stood and pressed one finger, and then stretching her tissues, added a second finger into her rectum. He shushed Zoey gently when she gasped at the intrusion and began to press again on her stomach as he moved his fingers around to feel the tissues trapped between his two hands. “Okay, Zoey. This is where it’s uncomfortable, right?” Dr. Richards asked when he reached the area that Zoey had indicated was sore.

Zoey nodded with tears in her eyes. She was so embarrassed! He was standing right there with his fingers inside her. She’d never had such a thorough exam. “Please... Please... Could you take your fingers out? I’m fine. Really!” Zoey pleaded with him.

“I know this isn’t fun, Zoey. It’s important for a doctor to examine all areas of his patient to make sure he doesn’t miss anything. I want you to be healthy and happy in your new life here,” Dr. Richards said soothingly as he patiently waited for her answer to his previous question. “Is this where you are sore, Zoey? Tell me the truth, young lady. You know what happens when you choose to lie,” he said in a very serious tone.

Zoey reluctantly answered, “Yes. It’s sore there.”

CHAPTER 15



Dr. Richards immediately removed his fingers from her rectum and moved over to the sink to wash his hands before he turned to talk to Zoey. “You are a very healthy young lady, Zoey. I suspect that, due to your waitressing job, which does not allow frequent restroom breaks, and living in your car with no access to a bathroom, your bowels have become very sluggish. It’s important to remove the waste from your intestines regularly. We’ll work on you having bowel movements more often by adding liquids and fiber to your diet. Additionally, I will start you on a treatment plan that involves regular enemas to flush your system.”

“What’s an enema?” Zoey asked very concerned that she was not going to like this treatment. Jake’s reaction earlier was enough to clue her in that it might be unpleasant.

Dr. Richards met her eyes and comforted her by rubbing a large hand across her stomach. “Zoey, you’re going to be fine. An enema is simply like a bath inside your body. I’ll place a nozzle in your bottom, and then water will flow inside you to wash out anything that shouldn’t be there. Enemas treat lots of ailments from stomach aches to anxiety, the flu, sluggishness, etc. Eventually, you’ll start to look forward to an enema because you’ll feel so much better after having

one. The bonus today is that we'll use warm water and that should also raise your temperature, so you're not so cold.

"Okay, let's get started. I'm going to get the equipment together for your enema. Why don't you close your eyes and relax? I'll cover you with this warm blanket, so you won't get too cold while you're waiting for me," Dr. Richards instructed as he placed a warm throw over Zoey's nude body.

She tried to close her eyes, but she was too worried about what the enema would be like. A warm bath sounded nice but inside her? Zoey peeked out from beneath her lowered eyelids to see Dr. Richards open a cabinet with lots of hanging rubber bags of different sizes. She saw him start to pick up the smallest red one and then change his mind and remove a blue bag which was just a little larger. Inside the next door in the cabinet, he selected a length of white tubing and something that was thicker and black. First, Dr. Richards attached the white tubing to the bottom of the blue bag. Then, he added a powdered substance from a container next to the sink into the blue bag and started the water running. Dr. Richards tested the temperature by running his hand under the water and left it running as he dried his hands before inserting the thick, black tube on to the white tubing. Retesting the water's temperature, Dr. Richards nodded to himself and slowed the flow before putting the open top of the blue bag under the faucet and filling it to the top where Zoey could see white bubbles rising. Zoey watched him carry the bag to a medical stand next to her exam table and hang up the bulging bag.

"Let's get started cleaning your tummy, Zoey, so you'll feel so much better!" Dr. Richards smiled at the petite figure covered by the warm throw. "I'm going to fold this blanket up, so I can see your tummy, Zoey. It's important that I check the progress of the enema as it flows inside you. Relax again for me, Zoey. I'm going to get everything started. First, I'll put the nozzle in place." Dr. Richards moved to the bottom of the exam table. He folded the blanket up so that it was a warm band across her breasts revealing her thin, white abdomen. Zoey's legs were still firmly attached in the stirrups so that her bottom was exposed. He placed the large nozzle at the entrance to her rectum and pressed it firmly into her body until her anus clamped

around the indentation about three inches deep. Hearing Zoey's gasps and watching her move her hips around uncomfortably, Dr. Richards patiently waited for her to adjust to the intruder while rubbing her clitoral area to distract her.

This should not be turning me on, Zoey thought furiously. The large nozzle in her bottom was stretching her tissues. Dr. Richard's caresses felt so good. *How does he know how to touch me so well?* She closed her eyes—overwhelmed by the sensations. Zoey heard a click and felt warm water begin to flow into her bottom. Immediately, she began to feel warmer. “Oooh, I do feel warmer,” Zoey whispered as the water began to spread through her inner passage.

Dr. Richards smiled at her and rubbed her inner thighs with affection. “Good girl, Zoey. I knew you'd take your enema with the right attitude.” He moved to her side and began to rub her tummy, gently coaxing the water to flow through her abdomen. “Let me know when you feel uncomfortable. I'll try to help you take in all the medicine in your tummy. You're going to feel so good when we are finished.”

Gradually, Zoey began to feel full of water. “Is that whole bag really going to fit in me?” Zoey questioned urgently. “I need to go to the bathroom, please. Please, let me go,” she begged.

Dr. Richards paused in his massage of her stomach. He glanced at the elevated enema bag and replied, “You still have some medicine left to flow into your bottom, Zoey. Once all the liquid is inside, we will wait a while for the warmth of the enema to help raise your temperature and soften up all the poop inside you that is causing you discomfort. You're doing a great job, Zoey. Hang in there,” he encouraged her. Dr. Richards kissed her forehead before moving around the table to stand between her supported legs again. He moved the enema nozzle around in her bottom watching her hips move as she restlessly shifted her position. Her vaginal area was saturated. He moved a strong hand up to her folds and began to stroke her inner labia. Just barely, he entered his fingertips into Zoey's vagina.

Dr. Richards knew that Zoey would have lots of enemas in her future if she decided to stay with him as his Little. He wanted Zoey to feel pleasure during the water infusions. He watched her eyes close as her vaginal walls began to tremor in response to the caresses.

Watching the enema bag empty into her, he continued slowly to enter two fingers a little more with each stroke. Finally, as the enema bag flattened, Dr. Richards shut off the valve trapping the warm, sudsy medicine inside of Zoey's bulging tummy.

Zoey felt like her tummy would burst. "Please, may I go to the bathroom," she asked again. She opened her eyes to plead with Dr. Richards. "I can't hold this."

Dr. Richards met her eyes and smiled fondly. "You've done a great job so far. I'm watching the clock. We want the water to warm you up, right?" he questioned. "Do you feel warmer, sweetheart?"

Zoey nodded reluctantly. "I'll be warm. I promise. Just let me go."

"Close your eyes, Zoey. I'm going to make this better for you. Concentrate on the good feelings here," he said softly as he increased his strokes deeply into Zoey's vagina with one hand while stroking her clitoris with the other. "Let me see you orgasm, Zoey. Can you do that for me, little girl?"

The pressure of the warm water inside of her, combined with the targeted caresses, evoked a soft moan from Zoey. "Please, please," Zoey begged Dr. Richards. She wasn't sure what she was asking him to do. Sensations wracked her small frame until all her attention was on her private areas. "Ahhh, Dr. Richards," Zoey gasped as she felt all her inner tissues squeeze his stroking hands in pleasure.

He watched Zoey melt on to the examination table as her orgasm began to subside to small tremors. "Look at me, Zoey," Dr. Richards ordered sternly. When Zoey's eyes met his, Dr. Richards lowered his face to kiss her swollen stomach. "You are amazing, Zoey. I love taking care of you." He slid his fingers out of her vagina as he watched her face shimmer in reaction to the final caress. He waited as she unwound from her strong orgasm. Soon, he saw Zoey begin to refocus on the feeling of the water trapped in her intestines.

Dr. Richards pulled something out from the table underneath Zoey. He walked to her side and kissed her gently on the forehead. "Let's get that medicine out of you now, sweetie," he softly spoke as he raised the surface of the bed, so Zoey was sitting up. Her legs were still attached to the supports, but they had also been moved to place her into a splayed-out position.

Zoey could see a toilet-shaped basin between her legs. “I can’t go to the bathroom here!” she exclaimed with embarrassment, “You’ll be watching me.”

“Remember you can’t walk, Zoey. This toilet will work perfectly,” Dr. Richards explained as he walked around to take a position between her legs. He grasped the enema nozzle firmly, and he twisted it right and left as he removed the nozzle.

She tried to clench her bottom together to hold the water inside, but it began to burst out of her in spurts into the basin. “Oh, my god,” Zoey exclaimed as she saw the brown-colored liquid, soap suds and poop gush into the basin. She was so embarrassed.

Dr. Richards moved to her side once again and began massaging her stomach. “You’re doing great, Zoey. Don’t worry. I’m a doctor. I need to see inside you so that I can take good care of you. Your bottom was really packed with stool. This isn’t healthy. You’re going to feel so much better when we’re done,” he explained patiently. “You just concentrate on letting all that bad stuff out of you. I’ll take care of the rest.” He kissed her forehead and picked up the emptied enema bag to carry it to the sink, giving the small figure a little privacy.

CHAPTER 16



Zoey felt the pressure ease in her stomach, and the bursts of water slowed down to a trickle and then stopped. She'd heard some rustling and water running beside her, but she'd been so embarrassed going to the bathroom in the middle of the exam room that she hadn't looked around to see what Dr. Richards was doing. Glancing to her side, Zoey saw Dr. Richards leaning against the countertop, watching her with a gentle expression.

"Hi, sweetheart. You really had a lot of waste to get out of your system. I'm very proud of you for being so brave," Dr. Richards reassured Zoey. He walked slowly towards her and gently rotated her position back to lying on her back with her knees pointed to the ceiling. "Let me get you all cleaned up, Zoey." He removed wipes from the counter and carefully cleansed her bottom of all the remains of her enema. "Just relax for a minute, and I'll get everything else settled as well."

Zoey closed her eyes. She couldn't believe that she'd just had an enema and expelled it in front of him. *Thank goodness that's over*, she thought gratefully.

Peeking beneath her eyelids, Zoey saw Dr. Richards wheel the basin from between her legs to a toilet hidden behind doors on the side of the room. He maneuvered the basin above the toilet and took a

long rod from its place attached to the wall. Using the rod as a stirring device, Zoey saw him examine the waste that had emerged from the enema. He rinsed off the rod with a sprayer attached to the ceiling before replacing the rod on the wall. Dr. Richards then released a lever on the basin, allowing the watery mess to dump into the toilet. He used the sprayer to rinse the basin clean before wheeling it back into its spot under the exam table. Dr. Richards walked behind the exam table out of Zoey's view. She heard an ominous squeak before she saw the medical stand roll back into its position next to her legs. Zoey stared aghast to see the blue enema bag bulging again with liquid.

"No, not another enema, Dr. Richards! Please, no!" Zoey begged the doctor.

"All medical enemas come in twos or more, Zoey. The first enema cleansed out a lot of the bad stuff crammed into your bottom. This one will wash out the cleanser that would irritate your inner tissues. This one will be easier for you, sweetie. I'm going to make sure you don't end up so stuffed with poop from now on so you won't struggle so much to take the enema. Try to relax. Take a deep breath as I lubricate your rectum," Dr. Richards said soothingly as he picked up the jar of lubricant.

Zoey watched him squeeze a generous amount on two fingers before the fingers disappeared between her legs. She felt the fingers circle her anus before pushing firmly inside. "I don't think I can do this," Zoey protested, tightening her rectum around his fingers.

"Relax, Zoey. Remember, you did enjoy parts of your first enema. It can be pleasurable to have things in your bottom. Tell me the truth. Did you hate everything about your enema?" Dr. Richards asked as he firmly slid his fingers around her rectum and in and out of the opening.

Zoey didn't meet his gaze. "No, I didn't like it at all," she said blushing furiously.

"That sounds like a lie to me. Remember what happens when you lie, little girl? Do you want me to spank you while you're holding the enema or help you find your pleasure?" Dr. Richards questioned sternly. "Look at me, Zoey."

She met his eyes and couldn't lie. "I-I did like when you were touching me. That part was nice," Zoey admitted hesitantly.

"Thank you, Zoey, for being truthful. That's the young lady I'm coming to know very well," Dr. Richards continued as he withdrew his probing fingers before picking up the nozzle and lubricating it again. He continued talking to distract her as he pushed the nozzle firmly and deep into her rectum. "You're doing very well. I'm proud of you. You should be proud of yourself for letting me take care of your health too," he concluded as he clicked on the flow of warm water.

"There's something freeing in not having total control over your body, Zoey. The water is warm. It's flowing gently into your tummy. There's nothing you can do to stop it. You should realize that it's so much easier to let me take care of you totally. Doesn't the water feel good, Zoey?" he softly questioned as he rubbed her stomach.

The water was warm. Dr. Richards was right. There wasn't anything that Zoey could do. She willed her body to relax against the table.

One of Dr. Richards' hands rubbed across her stomach to her chest, and he brushed his fingertips across her puckered nipples. At her gasp, Dr. Richards said, "Let me make you feel better again, Zoey." He cupped her small breast into his hand before leaning over to lick her nipple and begin to suck gently on the sensitive tip. Moving over to the other breast, he repeated the treatment until he saw Zoey's hips begin to rise off the surface of the exam table. "Waiting for an enema bag to empty is a great time to pleasure my little one," Dr. Richards said softly.

"Are you enjoying this enema, too, Zoey?" he whispered against her swelling breast.

"Yes!" Zoey answered rapidly. Her mind was totally distracted from any discomfort. "Would you touch me there again?" she questioned shyly.

"Where, Zoey?" He stretched a long arm down to touch her clitoris and began to circle the sensitive area. "Do you want me to touch you here?"

Just then, they both heard the gurgle of the final water emptying into Zoey's bowels. Dr. Richards reached over to click the valve shut,

trapping the water in her bottom. "Perfect timing. We'll have to occupy ourselves for at least ten minutes to let the water soothe your internal tissues. How about if we try this?" he questioned with a glint in his eyes as he lowered his mouth to her vaginal area.

Zoey couldn't believe that she had missed all that water flowing into her. At the gurgle, she realized that her stomach was swollen again. She had just a few seconds to think of this before she felt Dr. Richards begin to lick her inner labia and dip the tip of his tongue into her vagina. "Oh, Dr. Richards!" Zoey exclaimed as she raised her hips up to have more contact with his tongue. She felt Dr. Richards' tongue press more firmly against her swollen tissues, and those overwhelming feelings began to gather again. "Please, please don't stop," Zoey begged. She felt Dr. Richards laugh softly against her labia.

"I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart," Dr. Richards promised as his tongue encircled the moist entrance to her vagina. Probing inward, he scooped up some of the moisture welling from her opening. "Mmmm," he hummed in the enjoyment of her sweet essence. "You are delicious, little girl."

Turning red in embarrassment, Zoey closed her eyes to shut out the sight of his head between her thighs. She'd never felt anything like this. Surely, he shouldn't be doing this, but it felt so good.

Putting his hands on each side of her medicine-filled stomach, Dr. Richards began to massage the area without stopping his tongue from its intimate exploration. He knew it was important to make sure that the liquid spread across her bowels and that this process was often uncomfortable for his Little patients. Luckily, the caresses so distracted Zoey that she didn't realize that his hands were helping the liquid clean her system even more deeply.

Suddenly, Zoey's eyes opened again wildly. Her glance rocketed around the room as her vagina began to contract strongly. "Dr. Richards, it's happening again. Ooooh, am I supposed to feel this way?" she questioned frantically as her eyes locked with his.

"Yes, Zoey. I'm going to make sure you feel this good every day that you are with me. Daddies take special care of their little girls, and I'm going to reward your good behavior regularly." He gave one more

long lick across her vaginal opening to her clitoris causing Zoey to jerk in reaction.

Dr. Richards stood up between Zoey's legs and pushed his rolling stool back to clear the area again between her legs. As he stepped aside to pull the basin back into position below her bottom, Zoey saw his penis pressing rigidly against the fly of his dress pants. Dr. Richards again helped Zoey into a seated position and reached between her legs to firmly pull the nozzle from her rectum. This time he stood right next to Zoey as the liquid jetted from her body.

Zoey blushed frantically. "Can't I just go to the bathroom? You shouldn't watch me go to the bathroom."

"Zoey, I'm going to be involved in all aspects of your life. Who do you think will clean up your cute bottom when you poop in your diaper?" Dr. Richards chuckled when Zoey shook her head emphatically. He laid both hands on Zoey's emptying stomach and began to press and rub the flesh deeply, helping move the water toward her rectum.

"I know you're embarrassed by letting me care for you. If you stay with me, Zoey, I promise you'll soon get used to me helping you stay healthy. I wouldn't want you to be my Little if I didn't want to take total care of you," he reminded her, gently meeting her eyes with a smile. His hands made one more final circle pressing deep into her abdomen, and they heard the escaping liquid slow and come to a stop. He raised his hands up to cup her jaw and leaned in to kiss her lips softly. "You are becoming my world, Zoey," Dr. Richards said to her softly.

He stepped back and grinned at her. "Okay, little one, I think you've let almost all of that yuckiness out of you. How does that sore spot feel now?" Dr. Richards questioned as he pressed the problem area on the left side of Zoey's tummy.

"Wow! It doesn't hurt at all," Zoey answered in amazement.

"See, Zoey, I do actually know what I'm doing. Will you trust me a little more next time? I have a feeling I'm going to have to remind you of this each time you have an enema, aren't I?" Dr. Richards questioned with a fond smile.

"I'll trust you," Zoey promised and then realized she agreed to have

enemas in the future. She rushed to add, “I’m sure I won’t need any more enemas though.”

Chuckling, Dr. Richards gathered her into his arms and hugged the petite girl. “All little girls need enemas—sometimes for medical reasons, sometimes for punishments, sometimes just because they have a bad attitude, or their daddies know that they need one.” He laid her back down flat on the exam table and again carefully wiped her clean before wheeling the waste over to the toilet area. After dumping and rinsing the basin, he disinfected it before stowing it under the end of the exam table.

CHAPTER 17



Zoey felt the bottom of the exam table begin to elevate so that her head was the lowest part of her body. She watched Dr. Richards pour a thick liquid into a round container and put it into the microwave for a short period. After pulling it out of the microwave, he carefully shook it before attaching a long nozzle onto the now bulb-shaped container. Scooping up a finger full of lubricant from his exam tray, Dr. Richards moved between Zoey's still restrained legs.

"One last warm-you-up medicine, Zoey," he explained as he firmly pressed the lubricant on his large finger into her bottom as she tried to squirm away.

"No more enemas, please," Zoey begged with tears welling in her eyes.

"This isn't an enema, Zoey. It's just a warm medicine that will go through your system and warm you up while soothing your over-worked tummy from the inside. This will feel good," he explained calmly as he pressed the long nozzle in completely before opening a tab at the end, releasing the warm liquid to flow into her rectum. "Gravity will spread this deep into your tummy. Doesn't it feel good, Zoey?"

"NNNooooo," Zoey countered with a snuffle.

"Little girl, you are dangerously close to earning a spanking for

lying to me. Let's try this again. Truthfully, Zoey. How does this warm medicine feel?" Dr. Richards asked with a dangerous glint in his eye.

"Okay, it feels good," Zoey grudgingly admitted. She felt herself yawn widely as the warm liquid slid deep into her intestines, soothing her. She rushed to add urgently as her eyes started to droop, "But I don't need any more medicine! Really!"

"This is the last medicine this afternoon, Zoey. It looks like you're starting to feel sleepy," Dr. Richards said softly. "You relax as I get everything settled here and I'll get you back to your room for a long nap. You've earned it." He ran his fingers gently through her fine, blonde hair as he watched her fight to keep her eyes open. When she began to snore softly, Dr. Richards kissed her forehead gently before moving away to the counter. He marked the blood samples and swabs for testing and stowed them away in the correct location for pickup this afternoon. He made lots of notes in Zoey's new medical chart before closing it and filing it under D for daughter.

Moving to Zoey's side, he removed the long nozzle before sliding a fresh diaper under her raised hips. He carefully unfastened her legs and lowered them to the table. Wrapping the diaper around her bottom snugly, he smiled at the little figure before lowering the end of the table to a horizontal position. He picked up the sleepy Little, cuddling her nude torso against his chest as she snuffled in protest at being moved. Finally, he draped a blanket around her so that she'd stay warm and carried her out of the exam room down the long hall through the master bedroom. Entering her new nursery, Matt lifted Zoey over the railing and placed her gently on her tummy on the soft mattress. He made sure she was tucked in warmly before raising the railing so that she couldn't get out without help. His little girl wasn't going to fall out of bed! With one last loving pat on her hair, he turned down the lights and switched on the nursery's intercom system so he would be able to check on Zoey without waking her. Finally, he walked out, closing the door partially to make the nursery quiet.

CHAPTER 18



Matt knew the sedation medication in that last enema dosage of medicine would help Zoey sleep soundly for several hours. Adjusting his erect penis in his trousers, he decided to burn off some frustrated energy by going for a run. He could complete several miles and return before Zoey would wake up. Quickly, he changed from his office clothes into shorts and a tee shirt. Tying the laces of his running shoes tightly, he exited his bedroom and headed for the kitchen.

Finding the dedicated housekeeper in the kitchen, he walked over to tune the intercom system to the nursery where he could hear Zoey's delicate snores wafting through the air. "Jillian, I'm going for a run," Dr. Richards explained. "Zoey, should sleep for several hours, but would you mind listening, in case she wakes up while I am gone? She's sleeping in her crib for the first time, and that may be concerning for her."

"Of course, I'll listen. Do you want me to text you if she wakes up?" Jillian asked with a knowing smile. "She seems to have made a big impression on you already. Do you think that we can convince her to stay?"

"My fingers are crossed." Matt smiled widely. "I already feel like I am supposed to take care of her. Keep making that special mix of

yours. She took immediately to drinking from a bottle due to that treat. Do text me if you hear her wake up. Then, take her a bottle to drink and chat with her to buy me time to get back if she wakes up earlier than I anticipated.”

“Will do, Doc. I’ve already made a fresh bottle and stowed it in the refrigerator for her. It’s just the thing to settle a little girl’s tummy when her system’s been cleaned out for the first time.” Jillian winked at the doctor.

“That it is, Jillian.” Dr. Richards strode purposely through the kitchen door, and Jillian heard his footsteps dwindle into the distance.

CHAPTER 19



An hour later, the kitchen door opened as Matt walked through the door, stretching his arms above his head in his post-run cool down. He immediately walked to the intercom and listened intently. Hearing only deep breathing, he turned back to see Jillian smile at him.

“She hasn’t even moved, Dr. Richards. I think that young lady was totally exhausted and needed that nap,” Jillian reassured him.

“She’s worked very hard for a long time, I’m afraid. Sleeping in her car, couldn’t be restful either.” Matt fell silent for several minutes. “I’m going to make sure that I’m there to take care of her. I need her as much as she needs me, I’m afraid,” he admitted with a small smile. “Okay, I’m off to shower and then wake that little girl up for dinner. When will everything be ready?” He glanced at Jillian.

“The pot roast and veggies are just simmering in the crockpot, and I’ll pop in some bread to bake now. How does thirty minutes sound? Everything can stay warm for longer than that if you’re delayed. Sleepy little girls are a delight to hold and enjoy. Take your time,” Jillian replied with a wink as she turned off the intercom into the nursery. The new daddy and his baby girl deserved to have some privacy as they enjoyed each other.

Nodding his head at the housekeeper, Dr. Richards headed toward

the master bedroom. He walked quietly through the room, picking up a clean change of clothes before entering the bathroom to shower and change for dinner. Rubbing the towel across his damp hair, Matt looked at his reflection. He looked the same as always, but he felt like his world had totally rotated on its axis. Meeting Zoey had completely changed his perspective. Already, his first thoughts were about how to care for this young lady.

Dr. Richards heard a faint whisper of movement from the nursery. He brushed his hair from his eyes and turned to walk through to the nursery. There, he saw, in the faint light of the setting sun, Zoey rubbing sleepy eyes and beginning to look around. He approached the crib, saying softly, "Hi, sweetheart. Did you sleep well?" Dr. Richards lowered the railing of the crib to caress her face before running his hand over her shoulder to rest on the small of her back. Rubbing her back softly, he let her wake up slowly until Zoey turned her head and focused on his face.

"Oh, I thought this was all a dream," Zoey whispered. "I'm really here. You're taking care of me like a baby. I thought I dreamed it all."

Dr. Richards could see Zoey blush, obviously remembering all the events of the day. He scooped her out of the crib and cradled her against his hard chest. "It seems like a dream to me as well, little one. I've waited for you for a long time. And here you are." He kissed the top of her head and walked over to the wide upholstered rocking chair. Holding her like a baby on his lap, he slowly rocked Zoey as she woke up.

Melting against him, Zoey relaxed into his arms. She felt really good. Sleeping in her car was always nerve-racking. She never knew if someone would pound on her window to wake her up or try to break in. Here at Dr. Richards' house, she was sleeping, well, like a baby. She raised her head from the doctor's shoulder to look in his eyes. "Did you take a nap, too?" she questioned.

"No, Zoey, I didn't. I should have curled up with you though. It looks like you slept well. How do you feel?" Dr. Richards smiled at Zoey.

"I feel really well. I didn't think I would be able to sleep in the crib when I first saw it, but I slept well," Zoey admitted.

“I think you’ll find you’ll adjust to many things easily here. Just let me take care of you, Zoey. I’ve known just what you need so far, haven’t I, little one? Speaking of need, Zoey, do you need to use your diaper before dinner?” Dr. Richards questioned softly. When he saw her glance down to avoid his eyes, Dr. Richards swept his fingers into the leg hole of the diaper; he discovered that she had used her diaper already.

“I couldn’t help it. I was so sleepy when I woke up. I was already going.” Zoey sniffled with her eyes filling with embarrassed tears.

“Little girl, you make me smile. You’re supposed to use your diaper. I’m glad you’re getting used to it,” Dr. Richards said with a smile as he gave the petite figure a big hug.

Zoey glanced up quickly at his words to see the smile. “Really, I was supposed to use my diaper?” she questioned again.

“I’m always going to tell you the same answer, Zoey. You’re my little girl now. You will use your diaper every day for all your needs. Otherwise, it would be silly for you to wear one, right?” Dr. Richards explained patiently. “Now, did you empty your bladder totally, or do you need to go some more before we get you cleaned up for dinner?”

The brown eyes closed shyly again. “I need to go some more,” Zoey admitted.

“Perfect. Just relax your muscles and go, sweetheart.” Dr. Richards moved the arm cradling her legs to a more angled position that pressed her thighs to her stomach. He heard her soft gasp and then a sigh. He watched her face until it relaxed and then he rubbed her stomach firmly. “Everything out, Zoey?” he questioned carefully.

“Oh, no!” Zoey exclaimed. “The medicine is coming out of my bottom now,” she cried urgently. “May I use the bathroom?”

Dr. Richards tightened his arms holding her in place with her legs folded close to her tummy. This position spread her bottom cheeks widely and prevented her from clenching her anus closed. He heard air passing and a wet sound coming from her bottom. “Just let it all out, Zoey. The medicine has done its job. It’s now time for the diaper to do its job. Relax your bottom. It’s all got to come out.” Dr. Richards felt Zoey turn her head into his chest to hide her face. When all the sounds stopped, he stood and carried Zoey to the changing table.

Laying her down on the padded cushion, he kissed the top of her head. "You're doing well, little girl," he whispered before unfastening the sides of the soiled diaper and removing it from her bottom. He wiped her bottom cheeks and between her legs until all the urine and medicine mixed with fecal matter was erased.

CHAPTER 20



Dr. Richards leaned over and made a loud blowing noise on Zoey's tummy, tickling her and making her laugh. When she met his eyes, Zoey could tell he wasn't grossed out by her mess. "I'm really supposed to make a mess in my diaper?" she questioned seriously.

"Yes, Zoey. I want to be your daddy. Daddies take care of their Little girls' every need. Please let me take care of you, Zoey." When she nodded solemnly, Dr. Richards kissed her lips softly. "Thank you, Zoey. Now, let's turn you over, little girl, and take your temperature. We need to see if you need some more warming treatments."

Zoey groaned, and he laughed at her protest. She felt herself rolled over on her side. A dollop of cold lubricant on her clenched anal opening made her shiver. The thermometer was pushed back deep into her rectum, and Dr. Richards rubbed her back, soothing her. "Is it ten minutes yet?" Zoey questioned.

"Almost, little one," he answered. "We'll see what your temperature is in three more minutes and then pop in some medicine for your feet and we'll be off to dinner. Jillian has a great meal made for us. How do your feet feel, Zoey?"

"They're pretty sore," Zoey admitted. "But I don't need the big medicine!"

“We’ll save that for tonight, Zoey.” Dr. Richards laughed again at her expression. “You’ll get very used to having things in your bottom,” he promised.

The thermometer slid from her bottom, and Zoey watched apprehensively. She began to smile as Dr. Richards nodded positively.

“Great job, Zoey! All those warming treatments really worked. Your temperature is almost normal. We’ll keep checking. It might take one more round of treatments to get you back to the optimal temperature.”

Zoey slumped against the padded mat. “Really, I feel good,” she enthused, trying to avoid future enemas and injected medication.

“I’m very glad to hear that, sweetie. It just shows how much those treatments help, doesn’t it?” Dr. Richards smiled when Zoey had to nod in acknowledgment of the benefit of the embarrassing and uncomfortable treatments. “Little girl, we’re trying to warm you up, and here you are without any clothes on!” Dr. Richards changed the subject as he first pressed two small pain suppositories into her bottom before he wrapped a new diaper around her. Dr. Richards pulled a fuzzy one-piece sleeper from a drawer near the changing table. Threading her feet and arms into the soft blue sleeper, Dr. Richards pulled the zipper up to Zoey’s neck bundling her in warmth. “Perfect fit!” he exclaimed as he picked her up. “Let’s go get some dinner! I’m starving. How about you?” Dr. Richards questioned with a smile anticipating a positive answer from Zoey. The enemas and warming medicine usually made little ones very hungry.

Zoey’s stomach chose that moment to growl ferociously. Zoey covered her tummy with a hand and admitted with an embarrassed tone, “I am pretty hungry.”

“Awesome! Let’s go see what Jillian has made for us.” He scooped her up in his strong arms and squeezed her quickly against his body as he turned to walk toward the door. “I think I smelled bread baking as I came through the kitchen. Do you like fresh bread?”

A delicious yeasty aroma reached Zoey’s nose as they approached the kitchen. “Did she make it herself? I don’t think I’ve ever eaten freshly baked bread. It smells delicious,” Zoey enthused.

CHAPTER 21



Entering the kitchen, Dr. Richards stopped just inside the doorway. Making eye contact with Jillian, he announced, “Zoey hasn’t ever eaten freshly baked bread before, Jillian. I think we better slice her a big piece.”

“You bet,” Jillian agreed with a smile. “Here, Zoey. Let’s get you ready to eat. Come sit down.” Jillian removed the tray from the adult-sized high chair and waited for Dr. Richards to lower Zoey onto the wooden seat before sliding the tray back in its position in front of Zoey. “Do you like butter?” she questioned with a smile as she walked over to the island where the golden-brown loaf of bread was waiting.

“I think so,” Zoey said hesitantly, distracted by the tray locked into place before her. Her blonde hair draped over her face as she tried to figure out how she could free herself.

Jillian and Dr. Richards looked sadly at each other over her head. It was obvious that Zoey hadn’t been able to afford a luxury item like butter for so long that she didn’t remember whether she liked it or not.

“Let’s try a piece with some butter on it. It’s how your daddy likes to eat it. I bet you’ll like it that way too,” Jillian sliced a thick slice of bread and buttered it liberally before placing it directly on the tray in front of Zoey.

Zoey picked up the bread and took a big bite. Her light brown eyes lit up with delight. "This is so good, Jillian. Thank you for making this." She took another big bite and smeared butter along her cheek. "Mmmm," she hummed to herself as she wiggled in delight in her high chair.

"Little lady, you're going to cover yourself in butter. Let's get your napkin on you, so you don't get butter on your clothes," Dr. Richards laughed as he wiped off her cheek. Then, he picked up what looked like a small towel with a stretchy hole in the middle and pulled it over her head so that it draped in front and behind her.

Zoey looked down at the soft towel to see that there was a bright pink butterfly on the front. Holding the bread in her left hand, she carefully traced the outline of the wings. She looked up at Dr. Richards and smiled with happiness. *This is a great place*, she thought to herself.

After a dinner where Zoey's attention was divided between the warm bread and the delicious, tender roast and vegetables Dr. Richards fed her slowly, Zoey rubbed her full stomach and complimented Jillian. "Dinner was so good, Jillian. Thank you!"

Dr. Richards echoed her compliments, "Totally delicious as always, Jillian! You keep feeding this little girl like this, and she's going to want to stay here with me just for your delicious meals."

Zoey shook her head quickly. "I wouldn't stay just for food," she blurted out before adding, "No matter how delicious it is."

"What would convince you to stay, Zoey?" Dr. Richards asked quietly.

"Feeling that this was home and you all were my family," Zoey answered simply. "That's what I'm looking for really... a home and a family." She dropped her eyes to the tray in front of her, so they didn't see the tears forming in her eyes.

"I would love it if you'd start thinking of this as your new home, Zoey," Dr. Richards answered firmly. "Now, I need to have you in my arms, sweetheart. Will you curl up on my lap and drink a bottle of Jillian's special milk for your dessert?" he questioned with a gentle smile as she looked up at him.

At her nod, Dr. Richards stood and, though he knew that Zoey

found the locking mechanism to be mysterious, he quickly unlatched the tray from in front of her and scooped her up in his arms. "Let's get you bathed and ready for bed, Zoey. Then, we'll drink that bottle," he explained as he turned to leave the warm kitchen. "Jillian, will you bring up a bottle in thirty minutes?" he questioned. Seeing her nod in agreement, Dr. Richards walked briskly out of the kitchen and back to the master bedroom. Heading past the bed into the special adjoined nursery, he sat Zoey on the padded armless chair. "Stay here, sweetheart. I'm going to start the water in the tub. He walked over to the raised tub at the far end of the room and turned the knobs to start the flow of water.

Zoey hadn't noticed the waist-high basin. Dr. Richards didn't have to lean over at all to reach the tub. "That's neat. It'll be hard to climb into..." Zoey's voice dropped off as the doctor approached her with a smile.

"Good thing, I'll be here to lift you up into the tub, Zoey. Now, let's get those clothes off you so you can splash and get clean," Dr. Richards lifted her so that he could sit down on the chair with Zoey perched on his lap. "First let's take this off," he added as he began to unfasten her sleeper and pulled it off her feet. "Now, let's get these bandages off your feet so we can see how you are healing."

Zoey blushed a vivid shade of red as all her coverings were quickly stripped from her body. Her nipples clenched tightly in response to the cool room air and the gaze of the doctor as he uncovered her body until she was nude except for her diaper.

Lifting her up into his strong arms, Dr. Richards patted her cushioned bottom. "Do you need to potty before we take off your diaper, Zoey?" Seeing the shy nod of Zoey's head, he squeezed her belly to his hard torso giving the slight figure a little help in releasing her urine into the absorbent padding. "All out, Zoey?" he questioned again. At her second nod, he unfastened the diaper and dropped it into the diaper pail before approaching the tub and turning off the water. After testing the temperature with his fingers, Dr. Richards lowered Zoey into the water gently.

"Mmmm," Zoey enjoyed the warm water, sinking back into the tub with her eyes closed. Surprised to feel a splash on her face and torso,

Zoey looked down quickly to see several bath toys floating around in the tub with her. She grabbed the closest, a black and white plastic penguin. Taking stock of the other toys, she tried to balance the penguin on top of the floating glacier. It took several tries to balance the toy in the gently waving water. Zoey let out a peal of joyful laughter at her success and looked up to find Dr. Richards smiling at her as he lathered a washcloth.

“Little one, you make my heart happy,” the doctor said as he started washing her toes. The soap stung a little on her abraded feet. “Your feet are starting to heal well, Zoey. We’ll leave the bandages off tomorrow, so the air can help you heal,” he explained. Moving the cleaning cloth up her legs until he reached her privates, Dr. Richards ruffled his fingers through the short, brown curls. “We’ll have to remove all these cute curls tomorrow, so you’ll be just like a baby girl should be,” he commented gently.

Watching Zoey think about being shaved, he began to distract her by thoroughly cleansing the lips of her labia and clitoral areas before leaning her over to the side so that he could wash around her anus. He watched Zoey continue to play with the toys as he washed her back and torso. He took time to swirl the cloth around her breasts until he heard Zoey’s breath start to catch in arousal. Moving down her arms, he interrupted her play as he washed each arm and hand. Finally, he had her close her eyes as he washed her face and neck. He smiled to see her holding the penguin against her chest until she could see again to continue playing.

Finished with cleaning her body, Dr. Richards joined in Zoey’s play with the toys. Splashing water around the tub and laughing, the two had great fun until Dr. Richards saw his little one yawn and shiver. “You’re getting cold and tired, Zoey,” he explained as he scooped her out of the tub before wrapping her in a thick towel. “I know, sweetheart,” he replied to Zoey’s protests that she wasn’t tired. “Little girls never feel tired. Their daddies know when it’s time to stop playing.”

“Ssshhhh,” he soothed her gently as he carefully dried her completely before laying her on the changing table. Dr. Richards turned the little figure on to her side facing the wall as Zoey yawned.

Wrapping the restraining belt across her waist, he stepped away to remove a large suppository from the canister in the cabinet. Using plenty of lubricant, Dr. Richards firmly pushed the large cylinder into Zoey's warm rectum as she fussed sleepily.

Jillian entered the nursery with a warm bottle in her hands. She quickly stepped to the dresser and pulled a warm nightgown from a drawer, approaching the changing table just as Dr. Richards fastened a diaper around Zoey's waist. Jillian smiled at the sleepy girl and helped sit her up, so they could slide the nightgown in place around her. She waited until Dr. Richards picked Zoey up in his arms and sat in the cushioned chair before handing him the bottle. She patted Zoey on the head and wished her pleasant dreams as she left the room.

Dr. Richards pressed the nipple of the bottle against Zoey's lips and watched her open her mouth to allow the nipple to enter. He heard her begin to suck from the bottle and make soft sounds of enjoyment. Every 'mmmm' went straight to his heart. Already he loved this little girl. He cradled her gently to his chest and relaxed. Dr. Richards decided just to enjoy every moment that he had with Zoey.

When she had finished the bottle, he brushed the sleepy girl's teeth in his bathroom using only the glow of a nightlight to see so Zoey wouldn't wake up totally. Then, he tucked her into his bed. He watched as she rolled onto her tummy and quickly fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER 22



The next morning, Zoey woke up feeling warm and protected. She found herself curled up against Dr. Richards with one arm and one leg thrown over his body. His arm was under her shoulders. He had pulled her close to him during the night. Zoey lowered her head back down onto his torso to enjoy the warmth and comfort of being in Dr. Richards' arms. She could get used to waking up like this every morning.

Dr. Richards felt her small movements and tightened his arm around the petite figure. "Zoey, are you awake, sweetheart?" he questioned quietly. He felt her nod yes. Immediately, Matt scooped her up to lie directly on top of his body so that he could look into her startled eyes. "Did you sleep well?"

Zoey squirmed around as he held her on top of his torso. Surely, she shouldn't be on top of him. "Ummm... I slept very soundly. I didn't wake up all night," she slowly answered as she tried to slide off Dr. Richards' warm body.

"Where are you going, little one?" Dr. Richards asked with a laugh, and his eyes sparkled with amusement as he firmly held her in place above him.

"Well... I was just going to... I'm sure you don't want me..." Zoey's voice trailed off.

“I think you’re in a perfect place, Zoey. I like having you in my arms. Are you uncomfortable?” he asked with a smile.

“No. You’re really warm. But I’m too heavy to lay on top of you. I’ll just...” Zoey struggled again to slide to the side.

Whack! Whack! Zoey jumped as she felt two sharp smacks to her bottom.

“Zoey, I have you right where I want you. You’re not too heavy for your daddy. I don’t want you ever to have concerns that you’re too heavy. We really need to plump you up a little. You’re all skin and bones. Now if all this silliness is over, look at me, Zoey. Don’t you think you should give your daddy a good morning kiss?” Dr. Richards questioned sternly as he rubbed her small bottom, soothing the sting of the spanking.

“You spanked me,” Zoey accused him with tears in her eyes.

“Yes, Zoey, you’ll always be spanked if you don’t do what your daddy tells you to do. That’s an important lesson to remember. I’m here to take care of you,” he answered her. “Now, do you want to start the morning off well or is today going to be a punishment day when you don’t mind your daddy?”

Zoey was quiet. Immediately, she had stopped squirming when she was spanked. She should have behaved from the beginning when he had hugged her into the warm place on his torso. “I’m sorry, Dr. Richards... Mmmm... Daddy. I don’t know what to call you,” she replied with a sniff. “I’ll be good. I promise,” she said with a cautious smile. She scooted up to align her mouth with Dr. Richards’ and pressed her lips softly to his.

Dr. Richards cupped the back of Zoey’s head and urged her closer to his lips. He kissed Zoey strongly on her lips, waiting until she opened her mouth to let him inside. Swooping his tongue across her lips, he dove into the kiss. He could feel Zoey tense in surprise before relaxing her guard and meeting his tongue with hers to deepen the kiss even further.

Zoey made eager sounds. She’d never kissed anyone who made her feel like Dr. Richards was making her feel. Her lips were tingling, and that excited feeling was spreading throughout her body. She could feel Dr. Richards’ other hand sweeping down her torso to cup her small

bottom and pull her closer to him. Zoey felt his penis, swollen and erect, pressing against her. She began to squirm against his engorged length.

Dr. Richards clamped his hand over her small bottom and froze her in place so that she couldn't squirm against his penis. "Zoey, you're going to make me forget that we're trying to get to know each other slowly so you'll trust me to be your daddy. You can't play with Daddy's penis until he tells you so." He looked Zoey straight in the eyes. "I really want to be your daddy. I'd love it if you'd call me 'Daddy,' little one. Do you trust me enough to take this big step?" he questioned her, hope filling his voice.

Zoey was quiet for a few tense seconds as she considered his request. She'd only known Dr. Richards for a couple of days, but he'd taken such good care of her. She could tell from the patients and their parents from his practice that they thought the world of him. Slowly, Zoey nodded her head. "Yes, Daddy. I trust you."

Dr. Richards pulled Zoey's lips back down to his as he plundered his tongue into her mouth. He was thrilled to have Zoey meet his kisses with fervor as she began to make those little sounds of enjoyment that filled his heart with joy. Easing out of the urgency of the kisses, Dr. Richards turned his body, sweeping Zoey along for the ride as he swapped their positions and he was lying above her, supported by his muscular arms. Dr. Richards raised his head to look Zoey in the eyes.

"You make me so happy, Zoey. I'm eager to show you how much I care by making love to your beautiful body, but I want you to be totally sure before we take that big step. We'll talk again this evening and see if you still feel the same way. Then, I'll make you mine totally. Okay?" he questioned seriously.

"Okay, Daddy," Zoey answered seriously.

"Now, little girl. Have you used your diaper?" Dr. Richards questioned.

Nodding her head slowly, Zoey admitted with a red face, "I did a little while ago. I had to go when I woke up." Meeting Dr. Richards' gaze straight on, she asked again, "Are you sure you want me to go to the bathroom in my diaper?"

“Zoey, you can ask me as many times as you wish. My answer is always going to be the same. I want to be your daddy. I want to show you how much I already care about you. Each moment that we spend together helps me feel even stronger about you. Daddies take care of their sons and daughters completely. Changing your diaper is just one way that I can show you how important you are to me and how much I want to be your daddy.” Dr. Richards smiled at the small figure that was becoming the focus of his world. “I’m ready to be your forever daddy, Zoey. How are you feeling about staying with me as my Little girl?”

After a couple of quiet minutes passed by, Zoey answered with a small grin, “I think we’re a perfect match, Daddy. I love being here with you!”

Dr. Richards squeezed her even closer to his strong body and buried his head into the curve of her shoulder. “Little girl, you’ve made me the happiest and luckiest daddy around. Who knew that a missed interview would turn out so perfectly?” Holding her in his arms, they were both quiet as they contemplated how fate had brought them together. “I think we owe Jon and Cecily a big thank you. They helped me find the special Little girl I knew was waiting out there for me.”

Zoey nodded her head happily. Then, she remembered that she had to make some money to finish paying off her mom’s hospital bill. Living with Dr. Richards would be wonderful, but instantly she felt reality loom over her. She wasn’t going to be able to stay with Dr. Richards unless he’d let her work her usual hours at the restaurant. He’d take care of her while she was here but surely, he didn’t think that the job as his companion would be a paid position?

“Ummm, I’m sorry. I just remembered that I have to work at the restaurant so that I can pay off my mother’s bills. Do you think it would be possible for me to live here with you when I’m not working? I try to get as many hours as I can, so I won’t be able to be here too often, but maybe I can ask to work when you have your office and hospital hours... I know it’s not what you wanted,” Zoey’s voice trailed off defeated. It had all seemed so perfect. Zoey’s eyes filled

with tears. She wanted to stay with Dr. Richards. *Why is life always so hard?*

“Zoey, I think everything is going to work out just right for us. You just need to think positive thoughts and let those feet heal.” Dr. Richards squeezed her small frame tightly. “I’m so glad I found you. We’ll figure out a way to make all these little things work out, so we can enjoy each other. But now,” he said with a sharp pat on her cushioned bottom, “let’s get cleaned up and dressed so we can see what Jillian has whipped up for us for breakfast. I think it’s pancake day.”

Grinning back at him, Zoey nodded her head eagerly. “I love pancakes! They’re the best. The cook would save me the pancakes that he cooked a little too long. They were too brown to serve. They were still good and really yummy,” Zoey enthused.

“I bet Jillian will let you have the best ones this morning. You’re already winning her over to your side. Soon she’ll feed me blackened pancakes,” Dr. Richards said quickly as he scooped Zoey into his arms and out of bed. He shook his head ruefully at the thought of Zoey eating burned pancakes and still thinking they were a special treat. *She should always have the best*, he thought fiercely. *I guess I’ll have to make sure that Zoey’s taken care of thoroughly.*

Dr. Richards laid Zoey gently on the changing table and listened to her chatter about all the funny people she worked with at the restaurant. She had such a positive outlook on life. He asked questions to keep her talking as he released the tape on her diaper and swept it away. Ignoring her gasp at the coldness of the wipe, he smoothed the towelette across her nether region to cleanse away the urine. Turning her over on her side, he spread her buttocks and applied some lubricant to her anus before pressing the thermometer inside.

Zoey didn’t even blink. She was getting so used to having her temperature taken that she didn’t even protest when she felt the thick tube slide deep into her rectum. She was so involved in telling the story about one of the waitresses getting her orders mixed up and then getting so frazzled that she spilled a chocolate malt all over a Catholic priest.

Her giggles jostled her on the changing pad, so Dr. Richards stood right next to her to make sure she wouldn’t fall off. *There was no doubt*

about it, he thought to himself as he smiled and laughed at her animated story. *Zoey is a rainbow of happiness for everyone around her.*

“... and Teresa decided that she was doomed to go to hell because the priest would tell God to send her there! She started going to church every week, and she stopped cussing at work. That was quite an accomplishment because virtually every other word out of her mouth was—” Zoey continued without thinking.

“Little girl,” Dr. Richards interrupted quickly. “I do not want to hear you cuss either. That is one easy way to earn yourself a spanking to remember, followed by getting your mouth washed out with soap.”

Zoey sobered up quickly. “I don’t want soap in my mouth.”

“No, you don’t, little one. Let’s get you dressed, and we’ll talk about the rules we’ll follow in this house,” Dr. Richards looked at her seriously before sliding the thermometer out of her bottom and checking the temperature. “I think one more day of pain medicine will fix you up, Zoey.”

“The small ones?” she asked with hope shining in her eyes.

“Yes, Zoey. The small ones.” Dr. Richards chuckled. He slid two slim suppositories one after another deep into her rectum, watching her squirm on the table as he held them in place with his finger. He leaned over the table and kissed her blushing cheek. She wasn’t quite used to having all his probing attention.

“Okay, Zoey. Medicine is in place, now to get you dressed. Do you want to wear purple or green today?” Dr. Richards questioned.

“Purple, of course. No one likes green,” Zoey asserted.

CHAPTER 23



After dressing Zoey in a frilly purple polka dot dress, Dr. Richards tucked her into her crib with a book to read while he returned to the master bedroom to dress. Before he left, he made sure to raise the side railing until it clicked into its locked position so that Zoey would be safely restrained in place. Five minutes later, he walked back into the nursery to find Zoey standing in her crib on one leg and trying to slide the other one over the top of the railing.

“What are you doing?” Dr. Richards demanded in a loud voice, unable to believe what he was seeing.

“This railing is broken. I can’t get out,” Zoey quickly explained as she pulled her leg down from the railing. “I thought if I could get one leg over, I could slide over the railing and drop down to the floor.”

“The railing is not broken. I put it up so that you’d be safe inside your crib. Little did I know that you’d forget you’re not supposed to be standing on your feet. And do you think you’re a monkey in the zoo? Climbing over the railing? You could have been seriously hurt, Zoey.” Dr. Richards shook his head in disbelief as he released the railing by pressing the foot lever. He lowered the railing and scooped the naughty girl up in his arms.

Zoey dropped her chin down to avoid looking into his angry eyes. Swallowing loudly, she said hesitantly, “I’m sorry. I’m just used to

doing things on my own. I should have known that you were coming back to get me. I was just trying to help. Am I in trouble?" she questioned daring to look up at his face.

"Yes, Zoey. You are in trouble. Any time you risk hurting yourself, I'm going to be angry. As my Little, you are my priority in life. I want to take care of you and keep you from harm. Now, be honest. Didn't you hurt your feet by standing in your crib?" he questioned with a steely gaze.

Starting to shake her head no, Zoey changed the direction of her head to nod yes. "I thought they were all better. Now, they hurt again."

"Zoey, you've earned yourself a spanking. This time you'll receive the full twenty spanks. You're going to have to learn to rely on me to take care of you and to follow my directions. If I put you in your crib, you need to stay there until I come to get you. Do you understand why you're getting a spanking?" Dr. Richards questioned as he carried her over to the cushioned chair. Waiting until she nodded "yes" with tears in her eyes, he sat down, holding her in his muscular arms. There he draped her over his knee and, raising her frilly dress up over her back, Dr. Richards unfastened the diaper and lifted her slightly to pull it off to reveal Zoey's small, quivering bottom.

"Couldn't you just give me ten spanks again? I'll learn to follow directions from ten," Zoey pleaded, twisting around to look at him.

"No, Zoey," he said with finality before raising his big hand to lower it smartly on her bottom. "One," he counted.

Over and over his heavy hand struck her bottom. The spankings ranged from side to side and top to bottom peppering her bottom with sharp, measured blows. Dr. Richards wanted her to remember this spanking and have a sore bottom for several hours, but he didn't want her to be bruised or over-stressed. Zoey's pink bottom twitched in reaction to each spank. She twisted her body to the left and right trying to avoid the pain. He listened carefully to her breathing as it changed to gasps and then sobs. When she collapsed over his leg limply, he knew the spanking was making an impression and delivered the last few strokes. Dr. Richards lifted Zoey back into his arms and cradled her on his lap, rubbing her back and soothing her with soft reassurances.

“You’re a good girl, Zoey. I know this is tough and you have to relearn what to do. I wouldn’t punish you if I didn’t care. You are very special to me,” he whispered to her.

Gradually, Zoey controlled her sobbing, and she nestled her head into the shelter of his neck. “I’m so sorry, Daddy. I’ll do better. I promise,” she swore in a soft voice. Turning her head, she pressed her lips to his neck and kissed him softly. “I’m sorry you had to spank me.”

Dr. Richards pulled back to look her in the eyes. “I know you are, sweetheart,” he said gently. He angled her chin toward his lowering mouth and plunged his tongue into her sweet mouth.

At his repeated kisses, Zoey began to squirm on his lap in arousal. Gasping at the sting in her bottom, Zoey sighed as Dr. Richards swept an arm under her legs to lift her up off her sore bottom. She met each of his kisses with eagerness. She’d not had anyone in her life for a long time to care about her and to reprimand her if she was reckless. Being cared for was a great feeling, even with a very hot bottom.

Dr. Richards carried Zoey back to her changing table and turned her over on her side. Wrapping the restraining belt across her waist snugly, he once again opened the medicine cabinet. Taking out one of the large suppositories, he relocked the door and turned back to see Zoey stretched out on the table. Her red bottom facing him. He replayed the scene of Zoey trying to climb out of her crib and shook his head. This Little was going to consume his life now. He’d have to keep a close eye on her always. Time to buy a camera for her room.

Dr. Richards scooped a big dollop of lubricant on his finger and applied it to Zoey’s rectum. He admired her rosy bottom as he pressed his finger repeatedly inside to spread the lubricant thoroughly. Adding a second finger entering her bottom, Dr. Richards began scissoring his fingers inside her tight passage to loosen up the entrance.

Zoey’s breath caught and then exhaled heavily as his fingers stretched her rectum. “Oohh!” she gasped. “Are you going to put in a big pill? I bet my feet will get better with another small one. I didn’t hurt them too badly,” she promised.

“Do you really want another spanking already for lying to me, Zoey?” Dr. Richards said with a stern look as he continued to stretch her rectum with lubricated fingers.

Sniffing bravely, Zoey shook her head slowly back and forth in denial. “No, I don’t want another spanking. My bottom hurts a lot now. Almost worse than my feet,” Zoey held her breath to see if he’d believe her.

“We’ll put some lotion on your bottom next. First, relax your muscles,” he ordered with authority. Feeling her try to yield to his probing, Dr. Richards continued his motions with his inserted fingers while picking up the large suppository in his other hand and dipping it into the lubricant. Before she could react by clenching her anus, Dr. Richards removed his fingers and firmly pressed the waxy medicine into her bottom and deep into her rectum. Rubbing her back as he felt her try to accept the intruder, Dr. Richards held it in place until he felt it begin to melt. When he felt her body relax, he knew the medicine was taking effect, and she would not try to push it from her body. Leaning over to kiss her cheek, he slowly removed his fingers from her bottom.

“Good girl, Zoey. I know that large suppository is tough for you to take. Are your feet feeling better?” he questioned softly.

Nodding, Zoey admitted, “My feet are feeling better. It was really stupid to try to stand on them. I’m sorry.”

“You set your progress back, unfortunately. We’re going to have to continue your medicine now for at least an additional day. Standing on your feet is going to be delayed as well,” Dr. Richards lectured the small figure on the changing table. He opened a tube of white diaper rash cream and began to spread it generously over her red bottom. Lifting her top leg slightly, he continued to spread the protectant over her outer labia before dipping into her inner tissues.

Hearing her breath begin to catch, he remarked, “Looks like my little girl doesn’t mind her spankings and medicine. You’re soaking wet, little girl. Look at me, sweetheart.”

Zoey turned her head shyly to meet his eyes, and he saw her blushing face. “I like it when you touch me, Daddy,” she admitted.

“Even when you’re being spanked for being naughty?” he questioned knowing the answer.

“Yes, because I know you’re just showing me that you care about me and that’s going to make me feel better,” she whispered. Zoey’s

face began to tense as his caressing fingers pushed her closer and closer to her climax. When Dr. Richards finally zeroed in to spread the thick, white protectant across her clitoris, Zoey exploded into a deep orgasm that shook her body in waves.

Dr. Richards kept his fingers pressed into her tender tissues until he felt her relax. Removing his fingers, he used a diaper wipe to clean the white protectant from his hand. He spread a diaper behind Zoey and rotated her body, so she was lying on it. After releasing the restraining strap, Dr. Richards pressed her legs apart, so he could wrap her diaper around her before picking up the quiet Little who hadn't quite recovered from her spanking and the subsequent orgasm.

Hugging her tightly to his muscular body, he tilted up her face with his free hand and kissed her deeply on her lips. "I don't know how you've done it so quickly, Zoey, but I'm totally captivated by you."

"You're not going to send me away because I didn't follow your directions?" Zoey asked hopefully.

"You're my Little girl already, Zoey. I'm not going to send you away, ever. When you're naughty, you'll earn a punishment. It might be a spanking like today, or it might be another consequence, but I'm never going to send you away." Dr. Richard looked very seriously at her before adding with a smile, "Your bottom may be very sore for a long time if you don't learn to follow directions."

"I don't ever want another spanking. I'm going to be good from now on," Zoey promised fervently.

"Oh, you'll earn lots of spankings in the future, Zoey. I do not doubt that I'm going to be spanking that cute little bottom of yours regularly." Dr. Richards laughed at her shocked expression. "Now, let's get some breakfast into you," he added as he carried her from the room through the halls to the warm kitchen.

CHAPTER 24



“Good morning, Jillian,” he greeted the cheerful woman at the stove. “We finally made it here. Did we make you burn all the pancakes?” Dr. Richards tucked Zoey into the high chair and chuckled when she gasped as her punished bottom settled on the hard, wooden seat. Clicking the tray into place while she was distracted, he stroked her hair in sympathy to her discomfort in sitting.

“Good morning, Dr. Richards. Good morning, Zoey. It looks like you had some lessons this morning that delayed you both,” Jillian grinned as Zoey turned bright pink. “Spankings are good for Littles. They help them learn how to behave. But now, it’s time for breakfast. Do you like pancakes, Zoey?” Jillian questioned.

“Mmmm! I love pancakes. May I have two?” Zoey questioned eagerly.

“You may have as many as you’d like as long as your daddy agrees. He knows best,” Jillian answered cheerfully.

“Let’s start with two and see if you can eat that much, Zoey,” Dr. Richards added. “You need to drink all your milk and juice as well.” He handed her a sippy cup with cold milk. “You get started on this while I butter some pancakes. You like butter, right?”

“I’ve never tried pancakes with butter,” Zoey admitted. “I bet they’re good. May I try some syrup as well? It’s so sticky but everyone

at the restaurant always ate them drowning in syrup. Is that as good as it looks?”

Zoey watched carefully as Dr. Richards buttered pancakes and then poured syrup over the top. She missed the sad look that passed between Jillian and Dr. Richards. Zoey had definitely had a deprived life before coming to live with Dr. Richards.

“Here you go, sweetheart. Open up. You tell me. Are pancakes with butter and syrup as good as they look?” Dr. Richards questioned.

“Oh, my god!” Zoey exclaimed as she licked the extra syrup from her lips. “That is awesome! I think pancakes are my favorite food EVER! May I have another bite, please?”

“Watch your language, Zoey. We don’t take the lord’s name in vain in this house,” Dr. Richards corrected. Then, he added with a big smile. “Jillian, two pancakes may not be enough.”

Jillian laughed and promised, “I can make pancakes for days, little one. Eat up. I’m glad you like them.”

“They’re so much better than burnt pancakes and I thought those were good,” Zoey enthused as Dr. Richards lifted another bite to her lips. Zoey hummed in pleasure as she chewed.

Breakfast was filled with smiles and sounds of delight as Dr. Richards and Zoey devoured pancakes. When Zoey had finished off not only two pancakes but a couple of bites of Dr. Richards’ stack along with her milk and juice, her little tummy was pushing into her purple polka dot dress.

Dr. Richards watched Zoey begin to yawn. The pancakes and the medicine had combined to lull the small figure into napping. He first cleaned the syrup off her hands and face as she protested sleepily. After releasing the tray from her high chair, Dr. Richards scooped Zoey into his arms. She tucked her head into his neck and cuddled against his hard muscles. Hugging her snugly against his chest, Dr. Richards carried the sleepy girl back to the nursery and tucked her into her crib.

“Take a little nap, Zoey. I have to go to the hospital this morning for surgeries, but I will be home very soon. Call out when you wake up and Jillian or Paul will come help you. Do not stand on your feet or try to get out of your crib alone,” he instructed as he covered her up

with a warm, cuddly blanket. Kissing her briefly on the lips, he raised the railing into its locked position.

“Yes, Daddy. I’ll be good,” Zoey promised as she yawned widely. Her eyes were so heavy. She couldn’t keep them open any longer. Zoey was asleep before Dr. Richards had even left the room.

CHAPTER 25



Jillian listened in to the sounds in the nursery as she worked that morning. The intercom system worked perfectly to keep track of Zoey. After a couple of hours, she heard covers begin to rustle in the crib. Jillian headed to the nursery and found Zoey seated in her crib, looking around with the corner of the blanket held sleepily to the left side of her face.

“Hi, honey,” Jillian said softly. “Did you have a good nap?” she questioned as she released the latch for the railing and slid it down.

Zoey nodded sleepily. “Where’s Dr. Richards?” she questioned, looking around the nursery.

“Zoey, honey, he had to go to the hospital this morning to help some sick people. I’ll take care of you. Did you use your diaper?” Jillian continued to talk softly to the disoriented girl.

Moving the blanket over her face to hide, Zoey answered with embarrassment, “No, but I really need to go! Could you take me to the restroom?”

“You don’t use a potty anymore, Zoey. Dr. Richards wants you to use your diaper. Just relax and let it out,” Jillian instructed, pressing strong hands into Zoey’s lower abdomen. She heard the hiss of urine as it began to escape from Zoey’s body. “Shhh,” she comforted Zoey as she heard her begin to cry when she lost control of her bladder.

“You’re doing exactly what your daddy wants you to do. He’s going to be so proud of you for wetting your diaper.” Jillian continued to press firmly into Zoey’s tummy.

“Let it all out,” she instructed. Jillian felt the moment Zoey relaxed her muscles totally and allowed the last of the urine to flow into the sodden diaper. “What a good girl you are!” she praised.

“All out?” Jillian questioned.

At Zoey’s nod, Jillian pressed Zoey’s shoulders back until she was lying flat on the mattress. “Stay here, and I’ll get a new diaper.” Jillian collected a variety of items from the changing table and returned to the crib. “Let’s get that old wet diaper off you, Zoey,” Jillian cheerfully said as she slid a changing pad under Zoey’s hips and unfastened the sides of the sodden diaper. Jillian efficiently removed the diaper, wiped Zoey’s skin clean of all the urine, and rewrapped her in a clean diaper. She chatted with Zoey the whole time to distract her.

“Okay, I bet you’re ready to get out of this crib, right?” she questioned Zoey. At her nod, Jillian walked to the intercom and called Paul to come to the nursery. “How about going to the den to watch a movie?” Jillian suggested.

“I like movies. But I’m not supposed to walk. Maybe I should just stay here,” Zoey mused.

Paul entered the nursery with his customary quiet stride. “Where would you like to go, Zoey?” he questioned.

“I’m not supposed to walk. I don’t want to get in trouble,” Zoey replied carefully.

“We don’t want you to get in trouble either, Zoey. Dr. Richards might get grumpy if we let you get in trouble.” Paul reached into the crib and swept Zoey up in his arms.

“She’d like to watch a movie in the den, Paul,” Jillian directed.

“Oh, you don’t have to carry me,” Zoey protested.

Paul just continued out into the hall and down to the den. He placed her gently on the soft couch and patted her arm, “You aren’t heavy at all, little one. It’s my pleasure to help you while your feet heal. I’m really sorry I didn’t help you when you came to the intercom,” he said with regret. “Dr. Richards is so pleased to have you here, and I could have ruined it.”

As he was shaking his head, Zoey burst out with, “Oh, it wasn’t your fault that my car broke down. I tried to walk fast, but I hurt my feet. It was those darn shoes. I’m never wearing dress shoes again,” she promised.

Both Paul and Jillian chuckled at her vow. “That’s a good idea, Zoey,” Jillian agreed. “I don’t know why ladies have to wear such uncomfortable shoes to be stylish. I blame men.” She laughed as she looked at Paul.

“I know when I need to leave a room,” Paul joked back. “Let me know if you need my help.” He waved at Zoey as he exited.

Jillian helped her choose a movie. After starting it, Jillian left and returned with a full bottle of her special drink. “Here, Zoey. You need to stay hydrated. Drink this as you watch. Just call my name if you need anything.” Jillian waited until she saw Zoey raise the bottle to her lips and begin sucking the delicious mixture before quietly leaving. Zoey was so wrapped up in the movie, Jillian knew she wouldn’t hear from her for a while.

Jillian returned after an hour to pick up the empty bottle and bring Zoey another bottle filled with water. “Drink up, little one. It will help your feet heal.” Zoey was so focused on the movie that she didn’t protest when Jillian swept her fingers through the crotch of the padded diaper to see that Zoey was still dry.

CHAPTER 26



As the movie credits began to roll across the screen, Zoey began to squirm. She gasped as she wet her diaper in gushes. “Jillian,” she cried out to the room’s intercom. “Could you come help me? I’ve had an accident.”

Jillian walked in a couple of minutes later. “Hi, Zoey! Did you enjoy the movie?” she questioned cheerfully.

Zoey blushed and answered quickly, “I’m so sorry, Jillian. I drank too much, and I was so focused on the movie, I didn’t realize that I needed to go to the bathroom.”

“That’s what you’re supposed to do, Zoey,” Jillian answered with a smile as she turned off the TV before keying in a passcode to open the cabinet under the big TV. “All those liquids help keep you healthy. You’re supposed to drink a lot,” she continued as she gathered supplies from the cabinet.

Zoey was amazed to see all sorts of supplies gathered in the cabinet. Diapers, wipes, a small changing pad, different medicines, and equipment, were all meticulously arranged in the locked area. She watched carefully as Jillian removed a large, white suppository from a jar on one shelf.

“I’m sure I don’t need any more medicine,” she assured Jillian.

“Dr. Richards left instructions to give you another dose of medi-

cine before he gets home. We'll do it now while your diaper is off before I get you some lunch. Are you getting hungry, Zoey?" Jillian questioned as she turned Zoey's torso to stretch out along the couch's deep cushions. She continued to chat with Zoey about lunch to distract her before Zoey realized that Jillian was again stripping off the old diaper and wiping her privates clean.

"Just turn over here to face the back of the couch, Zoey," Jillian continued as if this was all normal. Jillian helped coax Zoey over into position by pressing firmly on her shoulder to help rotate Zoey's slender body.

Zoey heard the lid of the lubricant rattle off, and she tried to turn over only to have Jillian stop her motion by firmly holding her in place on her side.

"Zoey, I am going to take your temperature. Are you going to cooperate or are you going to earn another spanking?" she questioned with an iron tone. "I'm taking care of you this morning. I can be very strict if you don't follow directions. Any spanking I give you will be doubled by your daddy when he gets home. What's it going to be, Zoey?"

Zoey turned back around to lie on her side. She hid her face in the cushions as she felt Jillian separate her bottom cheeks. Zoey shivered when she felt the cold lubricant on her clenched opening.

"That is cold isn't it, sweetheart." Jillian chuckled at Zoey's reaction. "All right, now just relax as the thermometer slides inside you. We need to check to see if your temperature is healthy now. There you go. It's all in now. We'll let the thermometer rest inside you for ten minutes." Jillian rubbed Zoey's shoulders to relax her.

Zoey moved restlessly. The thick thermometer felt very cold for the first few moments. Zoey was very embarrassed to have Jillian taking such intimate care of her. It was hard enough to relax for Dr. Richards to take care of her. "I'm really embarrassed, Jillian," Zoey finally admitted with her face hidden in the cushions. "Can you take the thermometer out yet?"

"No need to be embarrassed, Zoey," Jillian said warmly. "Dr. Richards trusts me to take care of you while he is absent. Really, if you think about it, there's not a big difference between taking your

temperature in your mouth or your rectum. It just seems more embarrassing to you, Zoey. I know how much more accurate it is to take your temperature in your bottom. That's why Dr. Richards wants it monitored here. We want Dr. Richards to be happy with both of us, right?"

Zoey nodded her head vigorously against the cushions before peeking back at Jillian. "Do you always do what Dr. Richards tells you to do?" she questioned.

"Always, Little girl!" Jillian answered with conviction. "He's a great doctor and a good man. You're lucky to have found him, Zoey. Now, our ten minutes is up. Let's see how your temperature is... Oh, no. Your temperature is falling back below normal. Dr. Richards will not be happy to hear that. We need to warm you up. First, we need to place this medicine in your bottom to help your feet."

Jillian scooped up some additional lubricant and dabbed a glob on Zoey's anus. The remainder of the slippery goo, she spread on the large suppository while Zoey watched with dread. Jillian placed it firmly against her tight entrance and instructed, "Take a deep breath and then let it all out, Zoey." She watched Zoey's ribs expand and contract, waiting for just the right moment when the slight figure's muscles relaxed before relentlessly pressing the large white capsule deeply into Zoey's bottom. Ignoring Zoey's gasp at the invasion, Jillian held the medicine in place until she felt Zoey stop trying to push it out. She removed her finger slowly before wiping her hands with a wipe.

"Next," she continued, "you need a new diaper. Your daddy knew what he was doing when he picked out this purple dress this morning. You look so cute with all these ruffles," Jillian chatted to distract Zoey as she swept up her legs to wrap her in a new diaper. "All right! You're all set. Let's see, what would warm up a cute Little like you? How about some hot cocoa? I could probably even find a few fluffy marshmallows if you like," she questioned as she walked over to the intercom to call Paul to carry Zoey to the kitchen.

"Did I hear the magic words 'hot cocoa?'" a deep voice asked.

CHAPTER 27



“Daddy!” Zoey exclaimed with delight. “You’re home.” Dr. Richards scooped Zoey up in his arms and squeezed her close to him. “Have you been good while I’ve been at the hospital, little girl,” he questioned looking over at Jillian from the corner of his eye.

“She’s been almost an angel, Matt,” Jillian reported with a smile. “A little resistant to letting me care for her this morning, but she’s starting to warm up to me. This Little girl likes her daddy to take care of her much more than the housekeeper. I could become very sad that Zoey doesn’t trust me as well as she does you, Matt.”

“Oh, Jillian. I trust you...” Zoey’s voice trailed off. “I just don’t like the thermometers and the medicine,” she confessed in a quiet voice.

“You’ll get used to me taking care of you, Zoey,” Jillian said with a smile. “Pretty soon you won’t even blink when I change your diaper or put a thermometer in your cute bottom.”

Zoey blushed bright red. “I really don’t like those thermometers,” she whispered glancing sideways at Dr. Richards to see if she could convince him to not use them.

“Little girls and boys often don’t like things that keep them healthy, but doctors and their parents know what’s best for them,” Dr.

Richards said with a solemn look and Zoey's heart sank a little. That thermometer was going to be in her bottom again.

"Speaking of temperatures, how has Zoey's temperature been this morning?" he asked looking at Jillian.

"It's was low when I checked, Matt," Jillian said with a worried look. "Do you think she needs more warming treatments?"

"Probably," Dr. Richards confirmed. "That cold walk and wait at the gate combined with the injuries to Zoey's feet are causing her body to fail to regulate her temperature correctly."

Dr. Richards moved to sit on the couch. Cradling her body in his lap, he added, "We'll deal with your temperature after lunch, Zoey, if it's still too low. Right now, I want to get caught up with my baby. Jillian, can we have lunch in a half hour?"

"You bet, Dr. Richards. I'll go make sure everything will be set for your lunch," she added quickly as she bustled out of the room.

Zoey sat up in Dr. Richards lap. "I missed you this morning. Did you save a lot of sick people?" Zoey questioned seriously.

"I missed you, too, sweetheart. I did have a couple of patients who needed surgery this morning. They're doing well now. So, tell me. What did you do this morning?" Dr. Richards questioned as he smiled at Zoey fondly.

"Oh, I took a nap and watched a great movie," Zoey enthused. She told Dr. Richards all about the adventures of the cute kitten that had starred in the movie.

As Zoey rattled on about the movie, Dr. Richards listened while considering all the factors that had combined to bring Zoey to him. He was definitely a lucky man to have this imp in his life. When Zoey reached the end of the story, he cuddled her against his strong chest.

"Sounds like you had a good morning, Zoey. Now, how about a kiss for your daddy? I've been away from you for hours. I need some reassurance that you didn't forget about me," he teased.

Zoey leaned away from his chest to meet his eyes. She pursed her pink lips to form a kiss and pressed her mouth against Dr. Richards' cheek.

"That was very sweet, Zoey," Dr. Richards said with a glint in his

eye. "But I want a kiss here." He indicated his lips with a fingertip. "Can you kiss me like a big girl?"

Hesitating for a couple of seconds, Zoey pursed her lips again and slowly raised her lips to meet Dr. Richards' mouth with a soft kiss. The minute she started to pull away, Dr. Richards took control of the kiss and deepened it. He pressed his mouth solidly against hers, and feeling her respond, Dr. Richards swept his tongue into Zoey's small mouth. Shivering with the onset of desire, Zoey touched her tongue to his and heard Dr. Richards groan strongly.

Dr. Richards continued to kiss Zoey deeply. He rotated his body so that he could press Zoey's back along the seat cushions of the couch. Pinning her slight body between the plush couch and his strong body, Dr. Richards swallowed her moans of pleasure as they continued to kiss. He felt Zoey's hands come up to grip his arms to hold herself as close as possible against his rigid chest. "Mmmm, little girl, you taste so good," Dr. Richards groaned.

The intercom buzzing interrupted the enthralled pair. They heard, "Dr. Richards, it's time for lunch."

"We'll be there in just a few minutes, Jillian," Dr. Richards acknowledged the call. He dropped his forehead down to rest on Zoey's as they heard the intercom click off. "I guess I need to feed you, Zoey," he said slowly. "I'd rather keep you here with me," he admitted.

"I'm not hungry," Zoey rushed to reassure him. Her attempt to convince him to kiss her again failed as her tummy roared into action and growled ferociously.

Dr. Richards laughed. "Your tummy doesn't lie, Zoey. Let's get you fed. There's plenty of time for kissing," he added while wrapping his arms underneath her. With the ease of an athlete, Dr. Richards sat up, hugging the small figure to his chest and then rose to his feet to carry Zoey down the short hallway to the warm kitchen.

CHAPTER 28



“Here we are Jillian,” Dr. Richards announced as they walked into the kitchen. He carried Zoey to the raised seat of her high chair and placed her down gently before lowering the tray down in front of her and securing it in place with a click.

Zoey looked around the kitchen. She was a little embarrassed to be in the high chair again. She tried to subtly push the tray away and free herself, but it was unyielding. She was stuck until someone released the latch.

Meanwhile, Jillian was bustling around the kitchen placing a big tureen of creamy, thick soup on the table with a loaf of freshly baked bread. She added a sippy cup decorated with tiny purple aliens on the tray in front of Zoey and patted her on the shoulder. “I promised you some hot cocoa, Zoey,” she said with a smile. “Want to try it out and see what you like better? My secret recipe for bottles or this yummy cocoa?”

Zoey picked up the sippy cup with both hands and brought it to her lips. Taking a small sip, she let out a happy, “Mmm-mmm! This is super good, Jillian!” She wrinkled her brow in concentration and took another sip of the hot liquid. “I think they are both delicious but... the bottled milk drink is spectacularly good. It still wins.” She peeked up at Jillian to see if she was upset.

Grinning widely, Jillian laughed. "I'm very happy to save my secret bottle formula just for you, Zoey."

"And make cocoa, too?" Zoey questioned hopefully.

"And make cocoa, too," Jillian answered definitively. She approached the high chair and bent to hug the small figure affectionately. "I've got all sorts of yummy things to tempt you, Zoey," she added with a wink. "Now, eat! I heard Zoey's stomach demanding food when you came in the room," Jillian said to Dr. Richards and his new little one.

Taking that as his cue, Dr. Richards sliced off a couple of thick portions of the warm bread. "I think I remember that you liked butter, right, pumpkin?" he questioned and laughed at the enthusiastic nodding of Zoey's head that answered that silly question. He added a few thin pats of butter to her slice and cut it into quarters to make it easier for her to eat. Placing them on her tray, he grinned as she pounced on the first piece and shoved it into her mouth.

"Eat slowly, Zoey. I don't want you to choke, okay?" he instructed.

Zoey tried to use her manners and eat slowly, but it was so good. She realized she had butter all over her fingers and she looked for a napkin before she started to wipe her hands on her dress.

"Don't you dare, young lady." His deep voice froze her in place. "We don't wipe our hands on our shirts at this table. Let me have your hands, Zoey," he demanded, and pulled her hands toward him to wipe them clean. "Jillian, I think our Little girl needs a bib. Could you hand me one?" he asked the housekeeper.

"Of course," she enthused, opening a drawer with many brightly colored items. Jillian pulled out a pink bib that looked like a towel with a trimmed hole for Zoey's neck to go through. She pulled it over Zoey's soft hair and lowered it in place, so it covered the front of her dress. "I'll remember to put one out for Zoey at mealtime," she promised.

"Could I just have a napkin?" Zoey questioned stroking the soft fabric.

"Just like the one you wore this morning, this bib will work like a napkin, Zoey. Now, you can wipe your fingers if they get messy and if

you spill a little soup, your dress will be protected too,” Dr. Richards answered easily. “Here, try some of Jillian’s soup.” He slid a spoonful of the warm liquid into her mouth.

“It’s super, Jillian,” Zoey praised after she had swallowed. “Could I have a spoon?” she questioned. “Then, you wouldn’t have to feed me,” she pointed out to Dr. Richards.

“I’ll always feed you, Zoey. That’s what daddies with Little girls or boys do. I enjoy taking care of you. Will you let me help you?” he questioned with a piercing look.

Zoey took a deep breath. Learning to be Little was challenging. She was so used to taking care of first her mom and then herself. It was tough to let Dr. Richards do everything for her. “I’m trying to let you take care of me,” Zoey whispered.

Dr. Richards put his large, warm hand over hers grasping the edge of the pink bib. “Relax, Zoey. I know you’re trying. We’re both learning how to help each other. There’s no hurry. As long as you’re here and we’re both working toward the same goal, we’ll make it. Now, let go of this pretty bib. Let’s try this again. Here, have another bite of soup. It’s so good, isn’t it?” Dr. Richards spooned more of the rich soup into Zoey’s mouth before scooping up a spoonful for himself. “Yum!”

Zoey let go of the bib and smiled at her wise, new daddy. “Jillian is a great cook. Thank you, Jillian.” She picked up another quarter of bread with butter and took a big bite. She even giggled when Dr. Richards playfully swiped the end of her bib over her face to wipe the smear of butter off her nose.

Eventually, her little stomach was too full to eat another bite. Zoey turned her face away from the soup-laden spoon when Dr. Richards tried to feed her more soup. She pushed the last bit of bread and butter away from her on the tray. “I’m full,” Zoey groaned. “No more for me.”

Dr. Richards ate a few more bites, finishing the bowl of soup before saying to Jillian, “Could I have a warm, wet towel to clean this cute little Zoey up? We don’t want to take a sea of butter with us out of the kitchen,” he said smiling.

Accepting the damp cloth, Dr. Richards swept it across Zoey's face and hands, wiping the crumbs and soup off thoroughly. "Let's get this tray off your lap Zoey and we can go see how you're feeling after such a delicious lunch." Dr. Richards lifted Zoey into his arms and carried her from the room thanking Jillian for the lunch as they exited.

"I'm feeling good," Zoey rushed to reassure him. She started to get nervous as they headed toward Dr. Richards' examining rooms. "Do you have more patients today?"

"Just one special patient, Zoey. I need to check your feet and your temperature," he said kissing the top of her head as it rested against his chest. "Jillian mentioned that your temperature dropped again today. We need to get that stabilized quickly so you don't get sick," he explained as he opened the door to Exam Room Two with one hand. He turned on the lights and walked to the examination table. "Okay, take a seat up here, little girl. Let's get these clothes off you so I can examine you."

Zoey struggled against his efforts to take off her purple dress. "I'm okay, Daddy," she stated urgently.

"That's what we're here to see, Zoey. Stop wriggling around. If you fall off the table, you'll hurt yourself. I don't want to spank you twice in one day for not following directions," he said firmly as he pulled the frilly garment over her head. "Lie back, Zoey. We need to take this diaper off too."

Zoey shivered. In just a few moments, Dr. Richards had taken off all her clothes. Blushing, she wrapped her arms around her body. The exam room was warm, but the lights were so bright. She knew he could see all of her easily. She watched uneasily as he pulled a jar of lubricant out of the cabinet and extracted a large thermometer out of a rolling drawer before snapping on a pair of blue exam gloves.

"Okay, cutey. It's time to recheck that temperature. Turn over on your side and pull up your legs," he instructed as he moved her into position. "Let's put a little lubricant on this important spot," he explained as he scooped up a dollop on his right index finger. He spread her bottom cheeks away from each other with his left hand before applying the slippery goo to Zoey's clenched anus. "Relax, Zoey. Take a deep breath." He immediately pressed his large finger

into her rectum when he felt her release the muscles slightly. He held his finger in place when she contracted her muscles against the invasion. Waiting several seconds for her to adjust to his finger, Dr. Richards gently began swirling the lubricant around the inner walls of her rectum and slightly in and out of her bottom.

“Ohhh,” Zoey groaned as her hips began to move involuntarily to meet the gentle thrusts of his finger into her bottom. *This shouldn't feel good*, she told herself strictly but couldn't stop her reaction as the motion became pleasurable.

Dr. Richards smiled at the sight of his little girl enjoying his caresses. He withdrew his finger from her snug passageway and picked up the large thermometer. Sliding it deep into her bottom, he removed the glove on one hand so that he could rub her back softly as they waited for her temperature to register. He watched Zoey move restlessly on the exam table as her body tried to relax with the thermometer deep in her rectum. “Shhh, little girl. You're all right. Leave it to me to take care of you,” he reassured her softly.

He watched her shoulders rise as she took a deep breath and then released it. She seemed to relax a little more as the thermometer warmed up in her bottom. “That's it, little girl. Just relax,” he praised. Waiting until the clock indicated that ten minutes had passed, Dr. Richards removed the thermometer slowly and rotated it to read Zoey's temperature.

“Is it okay?” Zoey questioned nervously.

“I'm afraid that Jillian was right. Your temperature is dropping again, Zoey. Have you been feeling cold?” Dr. Richards questioned. He watched her start to shake her head “no” and then saw her hesitate before admitting a shaky, “Yes.”

“That's what I was afraid of. We have to raise that temperature back up into the healthy range. You lay here and relax, and I'll prepare you for the warming enema to heat you from the inside out,” Dr. Richards instructed.

“Can't I just put on a sweater? Or some warm socks?” Zoey pleaded. “I don't want another enema.”

“Definitely, we'll bundle you up. That's always a good idea. But your body needs more than socks. We'll have to go a little deeper into

your tummy this time, Zoey, to make sure the medication raises your temperature for good,” he explained gently. “I’m going to start with an enema to clear your passageway thoroughly and then we’ll insert a tube deeper into your intestines so that the warming enema will stay inside you long enough to make a big difference in stabilizing your temperature.”

CHAPTER 29



“**F**irst, I think you’re a little nervous, right?” Dr. Richards watched her face closely and saw Zoey close her eyes and nod honestly. “I’m going to give you a little medicine to help you relax, sweetheart.”

Zoey kept her eyes closed. Maybe she could just make this all go away if she didn’t see it? She heard cabinets open and a rustling of different preparations occurring. Zoey felt a cold swipe of an alcohol wipe on her bottom and then she heard, “Just a quick prick, Zoey,” as a needle injected medicine into her hip.

“Ouch!” Zoey protested. Almost immediately, she felt her body relax, and her mind quieten down. She opened her eyes to see Dr. Richards smiling at her.

“Better?” he questioned. When she smiled back at him, he continued, “There’s no reason for you to worry, Zoey. Let me know if you need some help relaxing, and I’ll be glad to help you calm down. That’s what medicine is for—to help you feel better. Okay, sweetheart?” He turned her body to rest on her hands and knees with her knees spread widely. Then, he firmly pressed between her shoulder blades so that her upper body and cheek were cushioned on the exam table. For the Little, this was a comfortable, resting position that

spread her legs and bottom apart allowing her small tummy to be suspended above the exam table.

Zoey nodded, and she watched him turn away to continue his preparations. Picking up a red bag with a long, white hose attached, Dr. Richards filled it almost to the open top before adding a white solution. He hung the bag from the medical stand by her feet and lowered the head of the exam table so that Zoey's bottom was several inches above her head and shoulders. She watched him disappear behind her and heard the snap of the rubber gloves again as he stretched them onto his large hands.

Dr. Richards rubbed her thin back. "Just a little lubricant, Zoey," he explained as his finger again pressed relentlessly to enter her clenched anus. "Now, the nozzle," he continued as Zoey felt the large, hard plastic nozzle begin to enter her rectum. "Take a big breath and let it out," Dr. Richards instructed as he inserted the nozzle deeper into her bottom. "Good girl," he praised as he started the flow of the warm, soapy water with a click that signaled the release of the clamp.

Zoey felt Dr. Richards begin to caress her back as she lay on the examination table. The warm water was flowing into her tummy in a gentle stream. Zoey was glad that her daddy had given her medicine so that she could relax. She was sleepy from the warm lunch and now, combined with the medicine and the warm water enema, Zoey felt like she could drift off to sleep. She drowsily lifted her head to look back at Dr. Richards.

At her movement, Dr. Richards asked quietly with concern, "Are you okay, little girl?" He continued his gentle caresses on her back reaching further to brush her bottom cheeks spread out on the table. "Are you feeling any cramping?" he asked.

"No, it's just warm. I'm so sleepy," she protested struggling to stay awake.

"That's perfect, Zoey. You just close your eyes and rest. I'll take care of you," soothed Dr. Richards. He was very happy that Zoey could relax during this treatment. She'd have many enemas in her future, and if he could make her enjoy them, she'd be much happier through the invasive treatments. "You're such a good girl," he praised

as Zoey's tummy expanded, taking in the cleansing mixture deeper and deeper.

A gurgling sound heralded the last of the liquid flowing from the elevated enema bag. Dr. Richards clicked the clamp, trapping the cleansing fluid in Zoey's tummy. He glanced at his watch to begin the waiting period that the cleanser would need to remain in Zoey's intestines to thoroughly allow any solids to soften. This would make it easier for Zoey to expel any obstacles to the warming treatment that would follow. He observed Zoey carefully. She had settled easily into her position on the exam table. Her filled tummy hung suspended between her thighs as she lay folded so that her hips were elevated. She had stirred restlessly at several intervals during the enema but had quieted her movements when reassured by his touch and his gentle manipulations of her stomach to aid the liquid to flow deeply into her system. Now, at the ten-minute mark of holding the cleansing enema, he saw Zoey was starting to struggle to continue to hold in the water.

"Zoey," he questioned softly, "Are you doing okay?"

"Please," she asked urgently, "May I go to the bathroom? I don't think I can hold it any longer."

"Just a few more minutes, Zoey," he responded kindly. "The nozzle will prevent you from having any accidents. You're doing a great job of letting the enema help you. I'm very proud of you, little girl," he praised, brushing his hand over her short blonde hair. "Hmmm, let's see if we can distract you while you're holding your enema. How about seeing if we can think of an animal that starts with each letter of the alphabet?" he suggested. "I'll start... A... How about antelope? Can you think of an animal that starts with a B?"

"Bobcat," Zoey said with a groan.

"C... cockroach," Dr. Richards said with a laugh.

"Oh, that's gross," Zoey complained. "D... Dalmatian. Is it close to time to go to the bathroom now?" she said hopefully.

"Not yet, sweetheart. Just a little longer," Dr. Richards promised before continuing the game. "I can't think of any animals that start with an E except for elephant. Can you think of something that starts with an F?"

They continued the game of animals and the alphabet until letter S. Dr. Richards could see that Zoey had retained the enema for twenty minutes. That should be long enough to have the desired cleansing effect. “Okay, Zoey. It’s time to release the enema. Let’s turn you over so that you’re seated on the edge of the table again.” He moved her into position and placed her legs into the metal stirrups to anchor her in place before pulling the receptacle from under the table into place. “Take a deep breath, Zoey, as I pull the nozzle from your bottom. That’s it. Don’t push. Just let the water ease from inside you.” He stood next to her as the fluid rushed from her system, washing lots of softened waste from her body.

Zoey closed her eyes in embarrassment. She felt his strong hands begin to rub her stomach in a circular motion that seemed to sweep the fluid down to her rectum. As he pressed against her flattening tummy, Zoey felt one hand dip lower to delve between her separated thighs to begin caressing her inner labia.

Her eyes flew open and met his deep blue ones. She watched a slow smile spread across his face as his fingers began to play with her sensitive clitoris. “Ohhh...” A soft exclamation of enjoyment oozed from Zoey’s lips. Her hips began to move subtly in coordination with his caresses. Zoey felt the enema fluid slowing as it drained from her body.

“No, wait...” she protested as Dr. Richards’ fingers stopped their intimate caresses and he stepped away from the side of the exam table.

“I agree, Zoey. I wanted our play time to continue, but it’s time for me to get you all wiped off and prepare the warming solution to get you feeling better.” He pulled moistened towelettes from a pack on the cabinet and began to clean between Zoey’s buttocks and in her vaginal area. “All right. I’m going to lower you back to lie down on the table now, Zoey. I’ll let you rest a little bit while I mix the warming fluid.” Releasing the lever at the side of the table, he rotated Zoey’s position to lie on her back with her legs still at a ninety-degree angle supported and restrained by the stirrups.

“Just in case you have a little liquid still in your tummy, I’m going to wrap a diaper around you, so you can just release it into the

padding. I know you don't like to use your diaper, but it's very important that you get everything out. Will you promise me to use your diaper?" he asked seriously.

Zoey nodded her head thoughtfully, "I promise, Daddy."

Smiling because Zoey was beginning to call him Daddy without any prompting, Dr. Richards opened a drawer in the table and pulled out a fluffy blanket. He spread it carefully over the slight figure on the table. "Okay, Zoey. This blanket should keep you nice and toasty while I'm getting the warming treatment organized for you. Just relax." Dr. Richards smoothed the blanket over her shoulders. He had deliberately stretched it over her bent knees fixed in place by the table's stirrups. This would block Zoey's view of the equipment he would need to use for the next step. Sometimes Littles got upset when they saw the long tubing required to reach the upper levels of their digestive tracts. To make sure Zoey's temperature stabilized, Dr. Richards would have to advance the tubing deep into Zoey's intestines so that the warming fluid would be the most effective. It would also take his skill to advance the nozzle smoothly to avoid discomfort and worry.

Seeing Zoey nod her head and snuggle into the blanket, Dr. Richards prepared the warming fluid, gathered the equipment, and carried it behind the screen of the blanket to its position between Zoey's outstretched thighs. He lubricated her rectum carefully before pressing in the tip of the lubrication injector. Slowly pressing the injector to send the slippery fluid into Zoey's bottom, soothingly he said, "Zoey, this is just some fluid to help everything slide into place easily. Doesn't it feel nice and warm?"

"That's the warming fluid?" Zoey questioned eagerly. "It feels good."

"This is part of the warming fluid injection," Dr. Richards explained. "Now you'll feel a little pressure as I place the tube into your bottom. Do you feel that, Zoey?"

Zoey nodded nervously. "Is it going to hurt?" she asked with worry showing easily on her expressive face.

"I'm going to make sure it doesn't hurt, Zoey." Dr. Richards continued to advance the tubing deeper gently. "Now, the fluid will

start slowly, sweetheart,” he instructed as the tubing stopped its gentle glide inside. He had deliberately concocted the warming solution to be slippery in her intestinal tract. Immediately as the fluid oozed slowly and with comforting warmth into Zoey, Dr. Richards could advance the tubing deeper and deeper until he was satisfied that he had reached the area where the warming fluid would be able to help stabilize Zoey’s temperature. Zoey would never know that the long tubing was so deep into her abdomen. Dr. Richards gently rubbed Zoey’s tummy to urge the fluid to spread evenly and avoid cramps.

Zoey’s position on the table remained very relaxed. The medication in the shot had alleviated her concerns, and she trusted Dr. Richards to take care of her. She only felt a gentle warmth from the liquid, and although it had felt like a mile of tubing had entered her bottom, she knew that couldn’t be right. Zoey felt her entire body begin to heat. “Oh, Daddy. I’m starting to get hot,” she whispered urgently.

Dr. Richards watched her heart-shaped face flush to a rosy pink. “Perfect, little one. The warming treatment is helping. We’ll take your temperature in a little while and see just how effective it has been,” he replied. “Everything is going very well, Zoey. Just leave it to Daddy, and I’ll make sure you feel back to your normal, healthy self soon.” He did not explain that the medication would stay deep in Zoey’s system for as long as possible. He would take her temperature vaginally and in her urethra to check that the treatment was helping. She would not like the second one.

Soon, the warming medication had entered deep into Zoey’s intestines. Dr. Richards carefully rubbed the little figure’s tummy to assess how completely the medication had filled up Zoey’s abdominal cavity. He quickly realized that he had miscalculated how much fluid she was able to hold. There was room for some additional medication. He stepped away from Zoey’s side and rapidly heated another portion of medication which he poured quietly into the empty enema bag. It oozed into her steadily.

Zoey shifted restlessly on the table. She could feel the medicine still spreading warmly into her body. Her tummy expanded, and she felt the pressure begin to build. *Surely, her stomach couldn’t handle any*

more medicine? Zoey thought to herself. She was getting ready to protest when she felt her daddy part her labia and expose her clitoris to the air.

Dr. Richards dabbed lubricant on the opening below Zoey's clitoris. Easing a thinner thermometer into her urethra, he said softly to Zoey, "Little girl, just relax. I need to assess your temperature level. I know this is a little uncomfortable, but it will be over soon."

"Please, please... take it out," Zoey pleaded as she felt the thermometer poke into her narrow opening. "That really hurts."

"Zoey, it doesn't really hurt. It feels invasive, I know. I need to assess your temperature," he repeated patiently. "This makes taking your temperature in your bottom much more pleasant, doesn't it?" He watched his little one shift uncomfortably. He held the thermometer steady in her urethra. "Five more minutes, Zoey."

Finally, he withdrew the slender thermometer. He patted Zoey on the inside of her thigh. "Good girl, Zoey. You're a very good patient. We're almost done now."

Zoey saw him move away from his position between her thighs and he picked up a thick, rod-shaped item and moved back to her. "Not any more medicine!" Zoey pleaded.

"No, sweetie. The medicine is all inside you now. It's doing its job to warm you from the inside out. This is a final check of your temperature. Just relax," he instructed calmly. "This goes into your vagina to measure both your temperature and your moisture level." Dr. Richards pressed the large cylinder into Zoey's vagina and held it in place as her sensitive tissues adjusted to the probe. "I'm just going to rotate this in your vagina so that it touches all your nooks and crannies. It should feel good." He began to slowly swirl the probe in and out of her tight passage while rotating it around to caress her inner tissues.

A groan forced its way out of Zoey's mouth as the motion began to feel much better than just good. Her tummy was so packed with warm fluid that the brushing motion of the probe rapidly brought her to orgasm. "Ooooh..." she moaned as her entire body shuddered from a massive orgasm. Zoey could feel the probe's motion inside her begin

to slow and, finally, when the contractions from her pleasure eased, the vaginal thermometer was withdrawn.

Zoey's body relaxed completely against the table. She knew that there was warming medicine deep in her tummy, but it wasn't uncomfortable like the cramps from the previous cleansing enemas. Zoey looked up at Dr. Richards who was standing between her outstretched legs, caressing one of her inner thighs with a slow, gentle motion. Meeting his eyes, Zoey smiled. "I think I feel really good now, Daddy. Do you think I'm all warmed up now?" she questioned softly.

"Both thermometers say that your temperature is just where it should be. Now, your job is to follow all my directions, and we'll keep it there, okay, little one?" Dr. Richards questioned with a smile.

"I'll do what you say, Daddy. I promise," Zoey swore solemnly.

"Thank you, Zoey. You are a very good girl," Dr. Richards began solemnly before his eyes started to twinkle with the last of his response, "most of the time." Dr. Richards chuckled. "Zoey, there is some medicine inside you that will need to remain there for a little while. Just to make sure you cooperate and stay warm, what would you think about going out for a walk in the sunshine with me, sweetheart?"

Zoey looked at him astonished. "I can go for a walk on my feet?" she questioned.

"Well, I can walk, and you'll ride along with me. Does that sound like fun?" Dr. Richards clarified. "We'll make a loop through the garden and along the walking trail that circles the house."

Zoey didn't know exactly how that would work, but she did like to be outside. She nodded her head eagerly. "I'd love to see the gardens."

"Perfect, little one. I'll just get everything settled here, and we'll be off." Dr. Richards patted her inner thigh and started to withdraw the long tubing from her anus gently. To distract Zoey from realizing how deep the medicine had been inserted into her, he asked, "What are your favorite flowers, Zoey?"

"Oh, I don't know the names of many flowers. I like them all," she enthused. "Especially the purple ones... And the ones that smell really good. What are your favorites?"

"You'll see several of my favorites out in the garden when they all

start blooming,” he replied as he surreptitiously continued to pull the tubing from out of her bottom behind the barrier of the stretched blanket. “We’ll have to figure out what you like, and the gardener will be happy to plant your favorites as well. Unfortunately, it will take several years for some varieties to reach the peak of their forms. Think I can convince you to stay around to see your choices in full bloom, Zoey?”

The sensation of the departing tubing had been distracting her, but his last statement made her totally lose track of what was happening. She was surprised to hear the doctor talking as if he would like her to promise to stick around for a while. “Would you like me to stay with you for that long?” she questioned softly almost unable to hope. Zoey’s eyes dropped down to her blanket-covered chest as her fingers twisted restlessly by her sides.

“Look at me, Zoey. We haven’t known each other for very long. Somehow, I feel as if I know you better than I know some of my colleagues I’ve worked with for years. I’ve been searching for you, little one, for a long time. I would be a fool to not hold on to you as tightly as I can.” Having withdrawn the final length of tubing from her bottom and dropping it into the cleaning bin, Dr. Richards pressed a moderate-sized plug into her rectum. Ignoring her quick breath in as she felt the plug slide into place, Dr. Richards knew it would trap the warming medicine in place for as long as needed. Dr. Richards slowly removed his exam gloves as he rounded the exam table to stand next to her.

Dr. Richards clasped her restless hands in his. “Little one, it’s taken me years to find you. I don’t ever want to let you go.”

“Even when I’m bad?” Zoey questioned.

“Even when you’re bad,” he reassured. Lowering his lips to her forehead, he kissed her tenderly.

Amazed when he felt her small hands against the side of his head pulling his face to hers, Dr. Richards responded immediately to the urgent kiss Zoey pressed to his welcoming lips. He deepened the kiss, sweeping his tongue into her mouth. Dr. Richards groaned and heard Zoey’s answering breathy sigh. He gathered her torso against his body and started laughing softly.

“Are you laughing at me?” Zoey questioned with a hurt look in her big brown eyes.

“I’m laughing at myself,” he answered. “I can’t believe how happy you make me, Zoey. Thank you for being you. I am a very lucky man!”

Zoey began to smile. With hope brimming in her eyes, she responded, “Maybe we’re both lucky.”

“That we are, Zoey. Now, we need to get out of this medical office. Let me call for Jillian. We’ll need her help to escape to the sunshine.” He walked to the intercom and pressed a button. When Jillian’s voice answered, Dr. Richards asked her to bring the stroller to the examination room with a bag of supplies. While they were waiting, Dr. Richards efficiently stowed the equipment he’d used for cleaning.

CHAPTER 30



In just a few minutes, they heard Jillian knock on the door. Dr. Richards cradled Zoey's body against his muscular chest and lifted her gently from the examination table, maintaining her horizontal position. Opening the door, he carried her wrapped up in the blanket into the vestibule. There, Jillian stood with a wheeled piece of equipment that looked like an adult-sized stroller.

"Would you recline Zoey's seat back, Jillian?" he asked the smiling housekeeper.

As she quickly moved to comply, Zoey noticed that there was a large tote bag stowed under the seat. "I should have thought of that, Dr. Richards. I'm sorry. Anything else that I can get for the two of you?" the housekeeper questioned.

Dr. Richards lowered Zoey carefully to lie on the padded seat. "Did you think of bringing any warm clothes for Zoey?" he asked.

"I wondered if you'd need something toasty for her to wear. How about this?" Jillian pulled a pink sweatshirt, skirt, and a pair of tall, fuzzy socks from where they hung over draped the handle of the stroller.

"That will be great. We want to keep her stretched out horizontally as much as possible," he instructed. "Would you help me get her dressed?"

Zoey watched Paul wander over to the stroller. He smiled at her as he held the stroller handle to steady it.

Dr. Richards pulled the blanket down from Zoey's chest exposing her breasts to everyone's view. Feeling her nipples tighten and a blush spread across her face and chest, Zoey quickly brought her hands up to cover her breasts and tried to curl up to hide her torso. Dr. Richards pressed her strongly back onto the surface of the stroller. "Just lie back Zoey, and let the grown-ups help you," he instructed sternly. Pulling the sweatshirt over her head, Dr. Richards pulled her right arm from its place shielding her chest and pressed it through the correct sleeve before moving to thread the left arm into place. Finally, he pulled the sweatshirt down to cover her breasts.

Kissing the tip of her blushing nose, he praised her, "Good girl. We'll get you all ready to go outside faster with all of us working together."

"Paul, I forgot to pick up a diaper for Zoey. Would you grab one from the exam room? She needs a small size. They're pink." Dr. Richards requested of the older man.

"Yes, sir," Paul stepped away from the stroller to enter the exam room to retrieve the needed item.

Zoey pressed her hands over her eyes. She was mortified to have Paul even know that she was wearing a diaper much less to have him go pick one up for her. She felt a light kiss on her hands. Peeking out, she saw Dr. Richards squatting down at her level.

"Paul knows all about my lifestyle, Zoey. He helps with the Littles who come to visit my office. He understands and does not look down on you for wearing a diaper. He had a Little one many years ago who stayed with him until she got ill, and unfortunately, I was not able to save her. He'll tell you the story someday," Dr. Richards explained softly. He thanked Paul for his help upon his return.

"Jillian, will you hold this blanket for us?" Dr. Richards asked as he uncovered the lower half of Zoey's naked body. He lifted her bottom up in the air exposing the plug to everyone's eyes as he tucked the diaper under her bottom and, stretching it around her, he taped it snugly around her waist. Jillian handed him the skirt and socks to cover her legs.

“All right, sweet little girl. I’m going to tuck this blanket around you, and we’ll be off.” Dr. Richards finished making sure Zoey would be warm enough outside, and he took his place behind the stroller. “Paul, if you’d help us with the door, we’d appreciate it.”

Dr. Richards bumped the stroller over the raised entryway and pushed the stroller onto the porch. He moved down the slight incline to the garden pathway and waved his hand back to thank Jillian and Paul for their help. Pushing the sun shield back over Zoey’s head to let her see the surroundings, Dr. Richards walked slowly through the garden. He smiled to see Zoey’s feet bounce out from time to time as she enjoyed the sunshine and the quiet time.

After twenty minutes, he stopped the stroller next to a bench and took a seat. Reaching in to pick up Zoey’s hand, he squeezed it before pressing a kiss on the back of her hand.

Zoey smiled with happiness back at him. “The gardens are lovely. Even though it’s too early for everything to be blooming, I can tell that it’s going to be beautiful here. Thank you for bringing me out here.”

“I’m glad you like the gardens, Zoey. Spring is definitely the time for new beginnings. I’m looking forward to seeing you blossom just like the flowers bloom. All Little ones need a safe home, people who love them, and special love and care. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to take care of you,” Dr. Richards said seriously.

He remembered one of their earliest conversations when she had suggested that they have a secret code between them to signal when she needed his help. They had discussed several options but hadn’t settled on anything. As his Little had become more at ease with her new life, the need for this seemed to have evaporated. He was very proud of her strength and courage as she had embraced so many changes in her life.

“I have something important to talk to you about, Zoey. I checked with Memorial Hospital about your mother’s bill. Since she did not have any insurance, the hospital had charged her account with the maximum amount for everything. I asked her doctors to review the charges, and the typical amounts that insurance would have paid for her treatment and everyone chose to reduce their fees to a lower

amount.” Dr. Richards watched Zoey carefully to judge her reaction to this information. Seeing the hope begin to show on her face, he continued. “Taking into account the amount you’ve already paid on the account and the lowered fees, the remaining balance of your mother’s hospital bill was a total of \$24.39. I chose to pay that amount when I was at the hospital for you. The debt is now erased.”

Zoey could feel the sun on her face and the gentle spring breeze. She knew she wasn’t sleeping, but she pinched herself just in case. She yelped in reaction to the sharp motion.

“What are you doing, little girl? Don’t hurt yourself.” Dr. Richards took her hands in his to restrain Zoey.

“Really? Are you sure there aren’t any other fees?” Zoey said in disbelief. The bills had been such a dark shadow looming over her. It seemed impossible that she was free from this burden.

“There are no more fees, Zoey. You don’t owe any additional money,” Dr. Richards promised.

Zoey felt a huge smile begin to take over her face. She lurched to a seated position in the stroller and flung her hands over her head in celebration before launching herself out of the stroller and into his arms. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!” Zoey almost sang with happiness. She pressed her lips against his in celebration.

Dr. Richards hugged her tightly against his body. “I did very little to help you, Zoey. You have worked very hard to pay off the hospital bill. I knew how the system worked and how we could use it to help you,” he said cheerfully, before adding in a more solemn tone. “Someone at the hospital should have helped you long ago. But we’re not going to worry about that. It’s all settled, and now you can decide what path your life should take. Can I convince you to quit that waitress job for good, Zoey? I have fallen for you, little one, in just the short amount of time you’ve been here. Will you stay and be my daughter?”

Zoey cocked her head over to the right and looked thoughtful. Then, she giggled with delight, and the words burst out of her. “Yes, Daddy. I would love to stay and live with you. Can I negotiate a no-spanking clause into our contract?” Zoey’s eyes glittered with laughter.

“Don’t push me, little girl. Spanking will stay in our relationship. You are way too impulsive, Zoey. You’ll earn plenty of spankings in the future,” he said ominously, and then totally ruined his stern demeanor by smiling and hugging her back to him.

“Now, let’s get you back in your stroller, Zoey. You need to lie back a little longer before that warming medicine is ready to come out.” He tucked her back on to the reclined, padded seat and bundled the blanket back around her. Kissing her firmly on the lips, he left her side to take the stroller’s handle and started it back toward the house.

Zoey was so happy. Her body jumped with excitement, and she had a difficult time lying down on the seat. Several times, she burst up into a seated position and turned around to look at Dr. Richards, asking different variations of ‘Are you sure that the entire bill is gone? Mom also had a bill for radiology’ (or any other specialty that she could remember from her mother’s treatment). He would answer, “Yes, Zoey. That was included in settling the entire bill. It’s all paid.”

Finally, Dr. Richards stopped their slow progress back to the house and came around to crouch at stroller level to look at Zoey on her level. “Zoey, I know you’re excited, but you need to remain stretched out on your back. You don’t want me to have to strap you down, do you?” he asked seriously. “I will have to pull the restraints out if you sit up one more time. And I will spank you for disobeying. This is important. You need the warming medicine to remain in your tummy for as long as possible. Do you understand me?” he asked ominously.

She nodded nervously. “I’m sorry, Daddy. I’m just so excited. I’ll try harder.”

“Okay, Zoey. Let’s get back and tell Jillian and Paul the good news,” Dr. Richards stated as he rounded the stroller to begin pushing once more.

Zing! Zoey shot back up to a seated position. “They don’t know? I can’t wait to tell them!” Zoey blurted out before realizing that she was already not following Dr. Richard’s instructions. She immediately laid down before peering at him from underneath her long eyelashes. *Oh, no!* she thought to herself as she saw Dr. Richards push the stroller over to the side where a bench loomed next to them.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered hopefully.

CHAPTER 31



Dr. Richards pulled the blanket from Zoey's clutching hands. He picked her up easily and turned her over to face the ground as he took a seat on the bench. Without saying a word, he flipped up her skirt and pulled down her diaper, baring her bottom to the spring air. Lifting his hand into the air, he brought it down sharply on one cheek leaving a red mark as he raised his hand. "One," he said as she gasped and wiggled on his lap. "Two," he continued as he spanked her just as he had warned.

By the time, he'd spanked her bottom twenty times, Zoey was crying with her breath coming in shudders. The plug and the warming fluid in her bottom intensified the discomfort of the spanking. Zoey knew she should have followed her daddy's instructions. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry," she repeatedly sobbed as she lay limply across his lap. "I should have listened. I'm sorry I sat up again. I promise I'll listen better in the future."

Silently, Dr. Richards sat rubbing her bottom softly, soothing the hurt from the spanking. He heard her gasp as he moved her right thigh away from the left as she lay wilted across his lap. Brushing his fingers down the crease between her reddened bottom cheeks, he jostled the plug retaining the warming liquid inside her. Hearing her sharp intake of breath as the plug shifted inside her liquid-filled

passage, Dr. Richards repeated the motion at irregular intervals until Zoey's focus changed from crying about her reddened bottom to the invasion of the shifting plug in her rectum. Dr. Richards pressed his thumb firmly against the plug continuing to stimulate Zoey as the plug blocked the medicine from oozing out of her. He brushed his fingers down between her exposed folds to the opening of her vagina. Smiling at the amount of moisture leaking from her, he knew his Little had enjoyed the spanking.

Dr. Richards began to caress Zoey, rubbing his fingers in the lubricated folds of her outer labia, and then, dipping more intimately, lightly brushed against her inner labia. He slipped his fingers into the slick juices flowing from her vagina. Dr. Richards used her own fluids to ease his finger deep into her tight vagina. Hearing her breath catch, he withdrew his finger from her virginal passage to press two back inside her. Stretching her, Dr. Richards expertly sought the rough spot at the front of her vagina that was a pleasure point for many females. Lightly brushing her G-spot and then progressively pressing against it, he rotated his hand to press his thumb against her clitoris.

Immediately, Zoey's chants changed from, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" to "Please, please, oh, Daddy, please!" Her bottom writhed on his lap as his probing caresses brought her closer and closer to a looming orgasm. "Ohhh," she shouted as all her nerve endings exploded in pleasure simultaneously and her mind went completely blank.

Dr. Richards smiled to himself as he rotated the limp figure to face him and gathered her into his arms to lay her back in her stroller. He methodically reattached Zoey's diaper around her hips and smoothed her skirt back down into place. Pulling the safety straps from their hidden positions at her chest and thighs, Dr. Richards attached them snugly across her sated, limp body. Finally, he tucked the blanket back around her and began to push the stroller down the pathway back to the house.

CHAPTER 32



Zoey had just started to emerge from her pleasure-induced daze when she saw the big house loom in front of them. She tried to move slightly on the reclined seat of the stroller, but Dr. Richards had fastened the straps very snugly across her chest and thighs. Zoey's tummy started to churn in a series of waves that began to force the medicine trapped deep inside of her tummy down through her intestinal tract. She clenched her bottom tightly around the plug that fit so snugly in her rectum. "Oh, no!" Zoey exclaimed desperately. "I have to go to the bathroom. I can't hold the medicine in!"

"Zoey, the plug in your bottom will do its job and keep that medicine right where it needs to be. If you hadn't chosen to sit up so many times, despite my warnings, you would be much more comfortable, and you would have avoided these cramps. Unfortunately, the medicine must stay inside you for ten more minutes. If I let you release the warming liquid now, we'd have to repeat the treatment and refill your tummy."

Zoey looked at him with panic and began to shake her head vigorously in opposition to this idea. "No, please. I don't want any more medicine," she pleaded with tear-filled eyes. "I can make it ten more minutes. I promise."

"That's a good girl, Zoey. I have confidence in you, too. Take some

deep breaths and try to relax.” When her tears continued, Dr. Richards tucked a large pacifier into Zoey’s mouth and held it in place until she began to suck on it. “That’s it, Zoey. Just relax and focus on other things. Look around at the birds and flowers. Focus on the warm sunshine on your face,” he soothed as the liquid roiled around inside her tummy.

Zoey’s face flushed pink. Her forehead began to bead with sweat from the urgent press of warm liquid trying to escape. The restraining straps across her body assured all she could do was move restlessly on the padding of the stroller. Zoey rubbed her hands across her tummy trying to calm the urge to push the fluid out immediately.

They had reached the porch of the big mansion. Dr. Richards stopped pushing the stroller and walked to the side. He leaned over and kissed Zoey’s head as she sucked desperately on her pacifier. “What a good girl you are,” he enthused. He lifted the blanket from her heated body and leisurely folded it before walking over to press the doorbell summoning Paul to open the door. “You’ve definitely warmed up, little girl,” he said gently as he wiped the sweat from her brow. “Let’s start getting some clothes off you so you can cool off.” He pulled her sweater up from the shoulders to slide it under the restraining strap before easing it over her head.

Just as her small breasts were exposed to the cooling air, Paul opened the door and stepped out with a smile. “Looks like that little girl finally warmed up.” Seeing her nipples react to the breeze by clenching tightly, Paul added, “Let’s get Zoey inside before she cools off too much.” He held the door open as Dr. Richards wheeled the stroller inside.

“How were the gardens, Zoey?” Paul asked kindly, looking down at the swaddled figure. He smiled to see that Zoey was sucking on her pacifier. Her daddy was taking good care of her. All Little girls should have a pacifier to help distract them. “Did you enjoy seeing all the flowers?”

She nodded vaguely to answer his question. Zoey was so occupied with the battle going on inside her tummy that she didn’t even think about being embarrassed as Paul helped Dr. Richards remove her skirt and socks. Lying in the vestibule, clad only in her diaper,

Zoey tried to count seconds to know when the ten minutes would be up.

“Paul, would you set up the throne in the waiting room for Zoey?” Dr. Richards asked the older man. “She’s got about three more minutes before she can let the warming liquid out of her tummy. Unfortunately, she chose to sit up so many times that the liquid thinks it should be out now.” Paul nodded and turned, disappearing from Zoey’s sight.

Dr. Richards released the strap around Zoey’s thighs and began unfastening Zoey’s diaper. Lifting her legs, he raised her clenched bottom from the stroller padding and slid the diaper out of the way. He lowered her red bottom to the surface while still holding her legs up by the ankles. Dr. Richards reached down to spread her bottom cheeks with his free hand and pressed on the plug that was deeply inserted in Zoey’s bottom.

Zoey groaned. Pushing the large pacifier from her mouth with her tongue, Zoey begged. “Please, Daddy. Please, may I go to the bathroom?” She felt the plug being pushed again firmly several times resulting in ripples in the liquid inside her. Slowly, her legs were lowered to the stroller.

Dr. Richards bent her legs at the knees and placed her bandaged feet on the padding spread widely apart. That created more space for Zoey’s tummy, and she wriggled in reaction. “Two more minutes, Zoey,” Dr. Richards checked his watch. “Leave this in your mouth. It will help,” he instructed gently as he lifted the pacifier again to her lips and pressed it inside. He pushed her stroller slowly into the empty waiting room.

Zoey could see a high-backed wooden seat that was painted pink and decorated like a throne over the sides of the stroller. She heard several metallic clicks as the chair was adjusted somehow before she saw Paul stand up from behind it. He approached the stroller and patted Zoey softly on her filled tummy before stepping back.

“Okay, Little one. Time’s up. That warming fluid has done its job, and it’s ready to come out. You’re going to get to be a princess for a little while as it flows out of you,” Dr. Richards explained as he released the last restraining strap and reached between her thighs to

grasp the plug firmly. “Clench you bottom together, Zoey,” he instructed as he pulled the plug out of her straining bottom. Setting it aside, he quickly lifted Zoey out of the stroller and placed her on the pink throne. It had a hole in the middle like an oversized potty chair.

Immediately, the warming medicine began to gush out of Zoey’s bottom. Dr. Richards soothed Zoey’s panic by hushing her cries while wiping the flood of embarrassed tears from her face. As the liquid jetted from her rectum, he gently caressed her face and torso, murmuring soft, reassuring words to let her know it was okay and to relax and let everything out. His supportive words and caresses, combined with the rhythm of the sucking motions, helped Zoey become calmer. After several minutes, Zoey’s cries became sporadic, ragged breathing and moans.

When the initial burst of fluid seemed to have passed, he soothed “It’s okay, Zoey. That medicine had to come out. You did a very good job holding it inside so that it could warm you.”

As the urgency diminished, Zoey was able to pay attention to her surroundings. Her knees were bent up almost to shoulder level as she sat on the low, pink potty. She realized that she was sitting there in the middle of the large waiting room totally nude. She felt a warm blanket wrap around her shoulders, and she realized that Jillian had joined them. Zoey dropped her head down to rest on her knees as liquid continued to spurt out of her rectum. She felt Jillian reach under the blanket and rub up and down her naked spine.

“You are such a wonderful girl, Zoey. Just relax and let us all take care of you. I know you’re embarrassed, sweetheart. No one is judging here. We’re just glad Dr. Richards is taking such good care of you,” she whispered to the petite figure who was hiding her face. “You’re going to feel so much better. Just leave it to us to know what to do. You’ve worried about a lot in your short life. Isn’t it nice to have someone take care of you?” she questioned softly.

Zoey was very still for a minute as she processed Jillian’s advice. She raised her face to look at Jillian and Dr. Richards who were hovering over her to help. Removing the pacifier, Zoey admitted, “You’re right. Even though I’m totally embarrassed, it’s wonderful to let someone else make the decisions. Are you sure this is going to

help? I don't like all this liquid inside my tummy." She searched their faces for any sign of laughter or malice.

Dr. Richards knelt next to Zoey and wrapped his arms around her. "I will always take care of you, Zoey. As a doctor, I will help you feel better every day. Some of my treatments you will not like. Little girls and boys often don't like going to the doctor. I promise, as a doctor and as your daddy, that I would rather hurt myself than see any harm happen to you, Zoey. Enemas aren't fun. You should have had better care for years. Now, we're going to have to make sure your tummy is regular and in perfect working order. That means you'll have enemas regularly. All my staff are on a treatment schedule. Even Jillian gets an enema regularly," he explained to reassure Zoey.

Zoey's eyes jumped to Jillian. "Dr. Richards gives you enemas, too?" she questioned in disbelief.

"Yes, sweetie. Even I need enemas to take care of my health. Dr. Richards is a wonderful doctor. He knows just what everyone needs to feel their best," she answered honestly. "I don't like them very much, but I feel much better after my treatment. Just like you will find out as he takes care of you!" Jillian smiled and again leaned over to rub her hand down Zoey's spine reassuringly, caressing her naked skin under the blanket. She kissed the top of Zoey's head and stepped away. "Let the fluid come out as slowly as it wants, Zoey. There's no rush. I'm off to check on dinner," Jillian added cheerfully and then walked toward the kitchen.

Dropping her head back down to her knees, Zoey tried to relax as she sat on the low potty chair. She was amazed that Dr. Richards stayed in the room with her. He simply moved over to sit in a padded chair that faced her. The warming liquid continued to burst from her body. *How had he gotten so much inside of her?* she wondered to herself. "Will the potty hold everything?" Zoey asked fretfully, looking up to where Dr. Richards sat patiently.

He answered with a wide smile, "Yes, Zoey. You don't have to worry. Remember you're a princess on her royal throne. Princesses don't have to worry about anything, right? Everyone takes care of them, right?"

She nodded her head slowly. Zoey felt the liquid escape in spurts

out of her body. Gradually, all the urgency to push out the fluid ebbed until Zoey thought that all the liquid was out. She looked up quickly when she heard Dr. Richards stand and walk over to her potty chair.

As he knelt next to her, Dr. Richards removed the blanket swaddled around her nude body. “Zoey, I’m going to rub on your tummy to help make sure that there are no pockets of liquid still trapped in your body. Just relax your muscles and let’s see if you’re ready to be cleaned up,” he explained as he began to rub her abdomen firmly in a counter-clockwise pattern. He pressed the tissues from the bottom of her rib cage to her soft, brown curls protecting her privates. Dr. Richards coaxed a few more spurts of fluid from his little girl’s bottom and then questioned, “Zoey, do you feel like you need to let any more fluid out, now?”

When she shook her head, Dr. Richards kissed her softly as he caressed her gently. “Little girl, I am so lucky that you are here. Thank you for letting me take care of you. Let’s get you cleaned up and back in some warm clothes, so we don’t have to warm you up again.” He chuckled at her enthusiastic nod.

Zoey saw him pick up a clean absorbent pad, and he held this to her bottom as he scooped her off the princess potty throne. As he carried her over to a changing table, Zoey saw a pile of warm clothes waiting for her on the padded surface. Jillian must have brought those in for her.

CHAPTER 33



Dr. Richards smiled down at the little figure stretched out on the changing table. Zoey was a true survivor. She'd managed on her own by living in her car and working very long hours on her feet at a physically tough job. She had such an ingrained sense of morals that she had almost paid off an astronomically high bill resulting from her mother's illness. He doubted if she ever even considered that the hospital would not have been able to find her while she was homeless to collect on the debt. Zoey was doing what she thought was the right thing to do.

Now, this little waif of a young lady had decided to let him take care of her for a while. Dr. Richards squared his shoulders as he took care of the business of cleaning up her bottom. He was determined to be the best daddy, doctor, friend, caretaker, ever. Zoey would see the best in him each day.

Taking in her serious look, Dr. Richards leaned down and kissed her concave belly. "I'm hearing a lot of rumbling in there. Are you hungry little one or do you need to potty some more?"

Zoey looked very serious and after a short pause, "I think... No, I'm definitely hungry. My stomach is totally empty." She looked down and blushed bright red. "I hope I don't have another warming treatment for a long time. Right, Daddy?"

“I can’t promise you anything, Zoey. Your body may need warming up again, but I think if we keep you out of the rain, wrapped in warm clothing, and well-nourished, that you will be less likely to get so chilled again. But even when your bottom and tummy are stretched full of warming or cleansing treatments, you know that your daddy is taking the best care of you that he knows how to do. Right, Zoey?” He tossed it back to her with a smile. He finished cleaning up the remains of the infusion and began to wrap her in a clean diaper.

Watching her stop and think about his question seriously, Dr. Richards saw her rub a small hand across her tummy. He picked up her hand, kissed it softly, and then pressed it to his heart. “You haven’t been in my care for too long, Zoey. Already, you’ve taken the position at the top of my list to take special care of you from now on. Can you feel my heart beat, Zoey? It’s showing you how much I love you. I am very honored that you trust me to be your new daddy.”

A huge smile stretched across Zoey’s face. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she launched herself upwards to wrap her arms around his neck. “I’m so glad I came on this job interview. I ended up with so much more than just a job. I have a new daddy to take care of me!” She eased back away from his body and added with a wink, “I still think we need to negotiate spanking though. You have really hard spanking hands!”

Dr. Richards squeezed her diaper-clad red bottom tightly against her until he heard her squeak in protest. “If you’d just listen, you’d avoid being spanked, Little Rascal. I have a feeling that you will have many more spankings in your future until you understand that.” Chuckling as he held her against him, Dr. Richards rubbed her narrow back to soothe the truth of his words.

“All right, little one. We just got you warmed up, and now you’re squirming around in the nude. Let’s get some clothes on so Jillian will feed us!” he grinned at Zoey and watched her realize that she was only wearing her diaper. She’d gotten used to being unclothed around her new daddy quickly—just like she should!

After a quick dinner in her high chair, Zoey found herself bathed thoroughly, dressed in a warm nightie, and wrapped in a blanket. She

laid back in her daddy's arms and allowed him to place the nipple of her evening bottle in her mouth. It had been a very eventful day, and Zoey was exhausted. She smiled at her daddy as she sucked softly on her bottle and began to drowse as he rocked her slowly. Falling asleep in his arms, Zoey felt very safe and protected.

CHAPTER 34



Zoey woke up the next morning cuddled into the curve of her Daddy's torso. His strong arm was wrapped around her, anchoring her to his side. Zoey was embarrassed to feel that she had drooled on her daddy's shoulder, and she moved stealthily to wipe up the moisture before he woke up. Her hand was almost to the wet spot when she felt his chest begin to rumble with laughter. Zoey froze in embarrassment.

"Did you drool on your daddy, little girl?" Dr. Richards questioned with a smirk. "You know there's a charge for that?" he questioned.

"I... I'm sorry. I was so tired. I didn't mean to drool on you," she apologized seriously. "Maybe I should sleep on a pillow instead of your shoulder."

"Never, Zoey. I'm going to keep you right where you are—cuddled up to me. But you are going to have to pay for getting me drooly!" he answered. He looked at her seriously and seemed to consider all the possibilities of consequences. "I think you owe me a half dozen kisses."

Zoey puckered up and closed her eyes. She waited and waited for him to kiss her. Finally, she opened her eyes to see him smiling at her. "What?" she questioned. "I'm ready to give you six kisses."

"No, Zoey. You're ready for me to kiss you six times. This time,

you have to give me six kisses.” With that explanation, Dr. Richards closed his eyes and puckered his lips to wait for his kisses.

Zoey hesitated. She could do this. She liked kissing her daddy. But other than a few impulsive kisses, she wasn’t accustomed to being the one to initiate a kiss. She squirmed around so that she could raise herself to lean over his muscled torso to lower her mouth to his. She dropped a quick peck to his mouth and proclaimed, “One,” very proudly.

“Oh, Zoey. You can do better than that. I almost didn’t feel that kiss,” her daddy protested.

Squaring her shoulders and gathering her daring, Zoey pressed her lips firmly against her daddy’s warm mouth. Gasping as his hand came up to cradle her head to him, Zoey felt his lips part, and his warm tongue swept into her mouth. This kiss was nothing like the first one. Zoey felt her toes begin to curl and she moaned in protest when he ended the kiss with a quick caress of her lower lip with his tongue. “Twwwoo,” Zoey mumbled distractedly. She’d almost forgotten to count.

Lowering her mouth down eagerly to his, Zoey couldn’t wait for kiss three. This time she mirrored his action of pulling her close by combing her fingers through his hair and cupping his head toward her. She darted her tongue into his warm mouth and was thrilled to feel his tongue welcome her intrusion by pressing firmly around hers. “Mmmm,” she murmured. She felt his other hand lift her childish nightie up and slide underneath it so that he could caress her silky skin.

As that kiss ended, he lifted the nightie over her head and rotated their positions, so he was looming over her slight body. Pressing kisses against her sensitive neck, Dr. Richards slowly moved his attention to her small breasts. Stopping to look for just a moment so she wouldn’t get skittish, Dr. Richards watched her small pink nipples clench in the cool morning air now that they had been uncovered. He cupped the petite breasts in his big hands and pulled gently on the tightened buds as he watched her squirm in reaction below him. Lowering his mouth to the right nipple, he licked it thoroughly before

sucking the bud into his mouth. He heard her shuddering breath out, "Four," she counted.

"Oh, no Little one," he corrected. "You're still on three. I'm kissing you now. Don't worry; I'll collect later."

Zoey thought about that statement for a couple of breaths and was then swept away by his suckling actions on her nipples. She arched her back to thrust her breasts toward him for more of this amazing attention to her body and deemed that counting the kisses was super not important right now. She felt his hand caress her tummy before adeptly unfastening her diaper and sweeping it off her narrow hips.

He pressed his hand against her mound and traced her moistening cleft between her labia. Opening her with his probing fingers, he traced around her petite opening. Pressing slightly against her clitoris, Dr. Richards smiled against her breast to hear Zoey gasp in reaction to the pleasurable caress. He lowered his hand so that his index finger could press into the slick fluid welling from her opening. Gently invading the tight passage, he listened carefully to Zoey's reactions. He did not wish to cause her pain. He would need to breach her hymen at some point, but he would make sure Zoey was so enthralled with his caresses that she didn't think of the brief pain.

Dr. Richards continued his warm kisses down her torso and swirled his questing tongue around her indented belly button. Biting lightly on her left hip bone, he felt Zoey respond with a jolt of movement and a quick inhale at the slight pain. Continuing his path, Dr. Richards swept his tongue through her sparse blonde hair to her cleft. "Mmmm, we'll take this off today," he promised. "You are too beautiful, sweetheart. You will look like such a sweet Little girl when you're all bare to my eyes." His mission to enthrall her with pleasure continued as he dipped his firm tongue into her pink folds.

"Your taste is delicious, Zoey," Dr. Richards complimented her with a quick smile which wickedly widened when Zoey turned bright pink.

She didn't know what to think. Daddy was kissing, no nibbling, between her thighs. "Is it really okay for people to do this?" she wondered to herself. When her daddy chuckled against her folds and replied, "Yes, Zoey, it is perfectly okay. I will look forward to tasting

you on a regular basis because you taste so delicious.” Zoey knew she’d actually said that aloud. She felt herself flush even more.

“Just let Daddy take care of you, Zoey,” Dr. Richards soothed. “Nothing that is pleasurable will be wrong for us. Relax and enjoy, little one.” He dipped his tongue further into her folds sweeping into her tight vagina. Dr. Richards began to feel Zoey contract her muscles, and he knew she was close to climaxing. He gently sucked her clitoris into his mouth. Feeling her body freeze, it soon burst into an orgasm. Murmuring, he gentled his caresses to prolong her pleasure.

When Zoey regained her breath and could focus her eyes again, she looked down to see Dr. Richards’ head still between her thighs as he met her eyes. “What are you doing to me?” she questioned with amazement. “Can you do it again?” she questioned eagerly.

“I’m helping you find pleasure. This was one of the things I promised you, remember?” he questioned with a smile before kissing her inner thigh. “And, yes, we can definitely do this again. We have lots of pleasures to discover together. How do you like this, Zoey?” Dr. Richards began to slide his finger into her tight vagina as it still pulsed softly from her orgasm. Taking her “Mmmm” as a sign that she was enjoying the invasion, he withdrew his one probing finger and replaced it with two. Dr. Richards began to stretch her slightly to widen her narrow entrance. As Zoey began to move instinctively to raise her hips towards his hand, Dr. Richards began retracing his path back to her mouth. His hand continued to dive deeper into her slick opening increasing her pleasurable sounds.

Reaching her pink lips, Dr. Richards dipped his head toward Zoey and kissed her firmly. As he raised his head, he heard “four” in a small shaky voice. Dr. Richards chuckled and nipped at her full lower lip. “Little one, you may be the end of me. And that’s still only three for you as I’m doing the kissing now,” he corrected, enjoying the sign of spunk from his Little.

“Zoey, I would like to make you mine totally. Would you like for me to make love to you? Once we take this step, I’ll never be able to let you go,” he cautioned with the last of his willpower. He watched Zoey’s eyes open and meet his with eagerness.

“Yes, Daddy. I want you to love me forever,” she said softly but with great conviction. “Is it going to hurt?” she questioned shyly.

“I will do my best to make it hurt only a little, Zoey. I’ll help you feel so good that you forget there is a moment of pain this first time,” he promised. He wouldn’t lie to his Little girl.

Zoey lifted herself to press an urgent kiss on his lips as he hesitated above her. “Four?” she questioned playfully, easing back to look in his eyes darkening with pleasure.

All qualms were erased from his mind as his little girl surprised him again with her courage to explore the unknown. Quickly, he reached down and pushed off the loose-fitting shorts he had worn to bed so that he wouldn’t shock her with his nudity. He rolled a condom into place as she watched with passion-filled eyes. Finally, he slid in place between her outstretched thighs and began to rub his erect penis against her amazingly wet pink folds. When Zoey began to lift her hips to meet his thrusts, Dr. Richards shifted his hips to insert the tip of his penis against Zoey’s virginal opening. Moving as slowly as he could, Dr. Richards fought against the urge to thrust deep into Zoey’s warm body. He heard her breath change as she began to feel the pressure of his width as he entered her.

“Wait! I-I think there’s a problem,” she stuttered as the pressure built. “Daddy, I don’t think you will fit inside me. Maybe you’re too big?” she questioned.

“We’ll fit together, Zoey. Relax for me, sweetheart. I’m going slowly. Just take a deep breath,” he instructed. Dr. Richards reached down between their bodies and began to stroke the small bundle of nerves at Zoey’s clenched opening. Rocking back and forth slowly, he rubbed her clitoris until he began to feel the slick fluids well again from her body. Dr. Richards began to push slowly into her body until he reached the limit of her hymen. He quickly thrust through the barrier and slid steadily deep into her body.

“Oooohhh!” Zoey cried out with the sudden pain.

Dr. Richards leaned down to kiss her in reassurance and made soothing sounds as he kissed away the tears that leaked from her eyes. “That’s the end of the pain, Zoey. Now, it’s time for pleasure. I’m

almost fully inside you, little one. How do you feel?" he questioned softly.

"That really hurt!" Zoey confessed breathlessly. "Wait, you're almost inside me? I don't think I can take much more," she confessed tearfully.

"I promise you will enjoy this. Just feel," he instructed as he slowly pulled his hips away from the cradle of her thighs and began to slide his penis back into place inside of her. Repeating this pattern slowly and with care, Dr. Richards continued to stimulate Zoey's clitoris. His thrusts were deliberately placed to stimulate all her pleasure points. With each advance, his penis sought a deeper and deeper entrance until his pelvis met hers. He lifted one of Zoey's small thighs to wrap around his hips gaining a few more increments of depth within her.

Zoey's hands crept from being braced against his shoulders to wrap around his neck. She pulled him close to her as she began to moan in pleasure. She pressed her lips strongly against his mouth as she tried to show him that she was enjoying his intimate invasion now.

Dr. Richards chuckled softly when he heard her sigh, "Five."

Her body began to automatically respond to the pleasure that he was helping her feel. A blush began at her chest and rose slowly to her cheeks. Her eyes widened with excitement and locked with his. She began to chant, "Daddy, don't stop! Please. Please!"

Dr. Richards felt her warm channel begin to quiver around him. The sensations gathered in strength and frequency until Zoey was squirming underneath him. Her little noises of arousal enflamed his libido. It had been a long time since he had been so turned on. "Come, little one," he commanded with a strong thrust. Immediately, he felt Zoey clench her inner muscles strongly around the bulky girth of his penis. Holding himself deep within her, Dr. Richards allowed himself to climax as he shouted out Zoey's name in pleasure. Balancing his weight on his forearms to protect the small figure beneath him, Dr. Richards dropped his forehead to rest against Zoey's as they both struggled to regain their breath.

Zoey moved the small distance to kiss him slowly and deeply. She

wanted him to know how much he meant to her. Plus, she had one more kiss that she owed him. “Six,” she whispered triumphantly.

Dr. Richards shook his head and once again marveled at his fortune in finding Zoey. “Six kisses indeed,” he chuckled. “Next time you’ll owe me a full dozen.” From the happy look in her eyes, he knew they would both look forward to the next time. Soon!

CHAPTER 35



Later that morning, Dr. Richards sat Zoey on the vanity in the master bathroom. Zoey shivered as her bare bottom sat on the cold marble counter. She watched Dr. Richards gather a washcloth, shaving cream, and his razor. She wrapped her arms around herself. She wasn't sure how she felt about being shaved. It seemed like the last vestige of her adult persona was being erased.

Dr. Richards watched Zoey's emotions fly across her expressive face. Setting down all the items in his hands, Dr. Richards stood in front of Zoey and cradled her against his muscular body. "Zoey, what are you worried about?" he asked quietly.

"So many things are changing so fast. I don't have my mother's debts hanging over my head. I'm not working for the first time in so many years. My car isn't my home. I met you. Someone actually cares again if I'm safe and happy. All those are the best things ever!" Zoey began. "But, it's really hard after years of taking care of myself to surrender myself to your care. It's wonderful and terrifying at the same time."

"You are very brave, Zoey. There have been a lot of changes in just the last week for you. Would you like to wait to have your adult curls removed? We don't have to do this today," Dr. Richard said patiently.

Zoey laid her head on his shoulder and felt his strong arms

squeeze her tightly against him. She smiled to herself as she felt his kiss land on the top of her head as he rubbed her back in affection. That little kiss resolved all her fears. *What was I thinking?* Zoey questioned herself. *Dr. Richards loves me and wants to take care of me forever.* Zoey couldn't have pictured in her wildest dreams that her perfect life would be as an adult baby in the home of a wealthy doctor. But, it was perfect. Perfect for her and for the other adults who were in Dr. Richards' circle of patients and friends.

"I'm okay, Daddy. I'm sorry. I just got a little scared. It's not a big deal to shave my curls, but it's a big step. Kind of like a final sign that I'm really going to be your baby," she explained burying her face against his chest. "Does that make sense?" she questioned peering up from her hiding spot.

Dr. Richards smiled at Zoey. "I think I'd be more worried if all these changes didn't seem overwhelming. It shows that you're very serious about all these decisions. Maybe it's easier for me because I've had a long time to concoct the image of my perfect match. When you showed up and fit that image perfectly, I didn't have any doubts that you belonged in my life. Do you think you're ready to take the next step?" he questioned.

"Yes," she answered quickly.

Before Zoey could begin overthinking this action, Dr. Richards handed her the shaving cream. "Here, you start shaking up the can for us," he instructed as he moved her thin thighs away from each other exposing her pubic area to his sight. "Lean back just a little. Yes, just brace your arm behind you to support yourself. Okay. I'll take that can, Miss I'm-Going-to-Make-the-Frothiest-Shaving-Cream-Ever," he joked as he took the can she was waving back and forth a mile a minute. Dr. Richards squirted a little out on his hand and began spreading it over her sparse curls. Working quickly, he shaved away the hair guarding her most private areas. Wiping the excess away to make sure he hadn't missed any spots, he glanced at her to make sure she was doing okay. To his amazement, Zoey was grinning from ear to ear.

She threw her arms around his neck and started to smother him in

soft kisses. “I guess it’s official now. I’m really your Little girl!” she enthused.

Lifting her up in his arms, Dr. Richards celebrated with her, saying, “I love you, little one.”

“I love you, Daddy. Now, we better take a shower. I’m sticky inside and out,” Zoey giggled.

“Heaven forbid. I bet you’re hungry, too,” he guessed. They both laughed as her stomach chose that time to growl ferociously.

CHAPTER 36



Zoey's feet healed gradually during the next two weeks until she could stand comfortably on them and Dr. Richards removed his no-walking restriction on her. Zoey enjoyed exploring the big house while Dr. Richards was at the hospital performing surgery. When his home practice was open to treat Littles and their parents, Zoey enjoyed meeting everyone and playing in the waiting room with the other Littles. Jake and Cecily came often, and she met many other wonderful "big" kids who came to see Dr. Richards.

One day, a car drove up to the gate and the driver pressed the intercom button, asking if she had come to the right place to see Zoey Geller. Zoey heard the voice of the restaurant's assistant manager and ran to the door as fast as she could to beg Paul to open the gates so that she could visit. Jumping up and down in excitement, Zoey proclaimed, "That's Angelina! She was always so nice to me. She'd even let me wash my hair in the employees' sink after hours. Please, can we let her visit?"

Paul looked over Zoey's shoulder to see Dr. Richards emerging from Exam Room One. "Let her in, Paul. I will be interested in meeting this assistant manager. I wonder why she's here?" he commented. "Zoey, did I hear you running across the room? This is

the last time I am going to remind you that you are not to run in this house. The next time I have to tell you, your bottom is going to be very sorry," he said sternly.

Zoey nodded her head and looked at the ground, "Yes, Daddy. I'll remember," she promised.

Paul pressed the button and the big gates opened to admit Zoey's visitor. Angelina drove slowly down the long drive marveling at the size of the big house before her. Parking her blue beaten up Volkswagen on the side of the drive, Angelina stepped out of the car. After hesitating a few seconds, she climbed the steps and was startled when Paul opened the door for her before she could knock.

"Oooh," she gasped as she took a step back. Wobbling on the top step, Angelina almost tumbled backward, but Paul moved quickly to grasp her arm preventing her from falling. "Thanks, I'm sorry. I'm not usually so clumsy. Is this where Zoey lives now?" she questioned quickly, feeling embarrassed.

Zoey burst through the door and hugged Angelina almost sending her tumbling down the stairs again. Paul quickly ushered the two through the door inside before either could be injured. "Hi, Angelina! I'm so glad to see you!" Zoey enthused. She introduced Dr. Richards fumbling over whether to call him Daddy or Dr. Richards.

Her daddy saved her as always and stepped closer to Angelina to shake her hand and introduced himself, "I'm Dr. Matt Richards." He indicated Paul with a gesture and said, "This is Paul. He is one of my most valuable employees. He's just like part of our family."

Angelina said a quiet, "Hello," to both men and opened her big purse to extract a long, white envelope. "I brought your last check. Mr. James wasn't going to give it to you, but I insisted. You always worked so hard," she explained as she handed over the check.

Zoey insisted that she come in and visit. She dragged Angelina to the kitchen where Jillian was delighted to provide cookies and milk for the two young ladies.

As they chatted, Angelina looked curiously around the room. *What was that oversized highchair for? Decoration? Why were there a couple of pieces of material that looked like a baby's bib laying on the kitchen table?"*

she mused to herself as the two got caught up on all the gossip at the restaurant. That stern looking gentleman at the door intrigued her. She wondered what his story was.

After thirty minutes, Zoey began to yawn. Angelina immediately stood and said, “Zoey, it was so good to see you. I have to go now. Thanks for letting me visit. I was concerned about you, but I see you’ve ended up in a good place. I’m glad. You deserve to have some good fortune.”

Zoey showed her out and gave her a last hug thanking her for coming to visit. “You could come back sometime,” she invited, adding hopefully, “If you’d like.”

Angelina smiled and replied, “If my car holds together to get out here again, I’d love to visit again.” She turned to walk down the stairs, and Paul closed the door behind her.

“Nap time!” proclaimed Dr. Richards. “You are falling asleep on your feet, Zoey. Let’s get you in your crib so you can rest.” He shoed her across the room as Zoey nodded sleepily.

A sudden, loud grinding noise came from the battered car outside. They all heard Angelina exclaim, “Not now, car. Please start. You can’t break down here.” She pleaded loudly, unaware that an open window was letting her voice drift to everyone inside.

Zoey ran at full speed toward the door to help her friend. Gasping as Dr. Richards stopped her in mid-flight by wrapping a muscular arm around her and lifting her off her feet. “Not so fast, Zoey. You aren’t supposed to run, remember?” he questioned with a serious look. “You don’t know anything about cars. Paul will go out to help your friend. You are going to take a nap. After you get a spanking that you’ve earned from running again,” he lectured ominously as he carried her from the room.

Paul shook his head as he heard Zoey begin begging for just ten spanks. He knew Dr. Richards would spank her bottom with the usual twenty spanks. She would not be able to convince him. *That little bottom is going to be rosy*, he thought to himself. Walking down the steps to Angelina’s car, he was glad he would be able to spend a little more time with the pretty, red-haired assistant manager. *There was*

something special about her. Maybe he should give her his phone number after they got her car going. Just in case she had any difficulty getting home, he mused silently.

EPILOGUE



Zoey held onto the chains of the swing in the garden as Dr. Richards pushed her. She giggled as the wind rushed past her. What a wonderful day! Finally, the cool, spring rains had passed, and she had been able to convince her daddy to play outside. Zoey couldn't believe it had already been a year that she had been living with Dr. Richards as his Little girl. She smiled even brighter to think of how she'd once called him Dr. Richards. He was simply Daddy now, and she was so lucky to have found him.

Too soon, Dr. Richards was slowing the swing down, ignoring her pleas for just five minutes more of play. "Zoey, it's still very cool outside. You are just getting over your cough. I don't want it to come back. Do you? I still have some medicine I can give you if you'd rather?" he questioned with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, Daddy. I don't want any medicine. I feel great. I promise. I'm ready to go back to the house," Zoey said looking back at him and starting to slow down the swing by dragging her feet.

Dr. Richards smiled at her fondly. "What a very smart young lady you are! I have a feeling that you are so agreeable due to the spanking you earned this morning for refusing to eat your breakfast. Is your bottom sore?" he questioned as she squirmed on the seat.

"You have very hard spanking hands, Daddy," Zoey said seriously.

“If you didn’t make me eat oatmeal, I wouldn’t have gotten a spanking. Maybe, we could convince Jillian that she shouldn’t make oatmeal anymore?” Zoey added hopefully looking sideways at him.

“Oatmeal is good for you, Zoey. So are spankings, little girl. You’d twist everyone around your little finger if allowed and you’d stay out in the cold for hours and eat chocolate ice cream for every meal. Both of those would make you sick very quickly. You’ll just have to leave the rules to your daddy and know I’m taking care of you, so you’ll be healthy and happy.” Dr. Richards smiled at the little figure dragging her feet against the ground to prolong her outside time as long as he’d allow.

Moving quickly, the amused man swooped in and wrapped his arms around Zoey’s small frame. Scooping her off her feet, he lifted her up and placed her gently over his shoulder. Spanking her softly on her bottom, he growled, “I’ve got you now, little girl,” and he began jogging along the path back to the house.

High-pitched giggles came from the slight figure dangling over him. His jostling motions caused her voice to come in bursts. “Oh, no. I’m being threatened by a big, hairy bear,” Zoey cried out of breath. Even in this precarious position, she trusted her daddy completely. He would never let her be hurt. That’s one of the most important things that she had learned this year.

Racing inside, Dr. Richards rolled his Little girl off his shoulder and down into his strong arms. Entranced by her windblown hair and pink chafed cheeks, Dr. Richards leaned down to kiss the most precious person in his life. “I love you, little girl, today and for all the tomorrows ahead!” he promised.

And she believed him.

AFTERWORD

If you've enjoyed this story, it will make my day if you could leave an honest review on Amazon. Reviews help other people find my books and help me continue creating more Little adventures. My thanks in advance. I always love to hear from my readers what they enjoy and dislike when reading an alternate love story featuring age-play. You

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Christmas with the Littles & Wendy: Dr. Richards' Littles® 14
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Steven: Dr. Richards' Littles® 25
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Liam: Dr. Richards' Littles 28
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Tim: Dr. Richards' Littles® 29
Tales From Zoey's Corner - GHI

Once Upon A Time: A Dr. Richards' Littles® Story

Tales From Zoey's Corner - JKL

Tales From Zoey's Corner - MNO

Tales From Zoey's Corner - PQR

Serena: Dr. Richards' Littles® 30

Tales From Zoey's Corner - W, X, Y, Z

Tales From Zoey's Corner - A-Z

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The Magic of Twelve: Marigold

The Magic of Twelve: Hazel

The Magic of Twelve: Sienna

The Magic of Twelve: Pearl

The Magic of Twelve: Violet, Marigold, Hazel

The Magic of Twelve: Primrose

The Magic of Twelve: Sky

The Magic of Twelve: Amber

The Magic of Twelve: Indigo

The Magic of Twelve: Rose

Other Titles

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Electrostatic Bonds

Perfectly Suited

The Medic's Little Girl

3rd Anniversary Collection

Tex's Little Girl

Marked Brides

EXCERPT FROM AMY: DR.
RICHARDS' LITTLES 2



This had to be the worst day of Amy's life. Her electricity had been turned off sometime overnight. Without an alarm to wake her up on time, she'd arrived late for the important job interview and had been told the position had already been filled. Now, it was pouring down rain. Not only had Amy forgotten to bring an umbrella but her heel on her interview pumps had just gotten stuck in an iron grate in the sidewalk. Amy just dropped her head and began to cry in quiet misery. Standing in the deluge of rain, she lost all hope.

She'd been counting on that job. Her rent was due, and her landlord was already threatening to evict her. She'd had no money to eat for the last couple of days. Now, her only dress shoes were ruined. Not that she had any other interviews scheduled. What in the world was she going to do?

A deep, quiet voice invaded her desperate thoughts. "Are you all right, sweetheart?" It had been so long since she'd heard a kind tone, she thought she must be imagining it. "Here. Hold the umbrella, and I'll see if I can get your shoe free." Numbly, she took the umbrella thrust into her hand and felt strong hands grip her ankle and shoe, rotating the heel to free it. "I'm worried about you, little girl. Is there anyone I can call to come for you?" he questioned worriedly. When Amy just shook her head to say no and cried harder with body

shaking sobs, he instructed, "Come with me to my office and let's see if we can get you in better shape." A gentle hand pressed into the small of Amy's back and guided her through a nearby doorway into the warm, dry entrance of a well-decorated office building.

"Doris, I've found a little girl that needs some help. Please close the office for the rest of the afternoon, so we're not disturbed. Could you get us some towels and see if you can find some clothes upstairs in my home that would fit her? We need to get her out of these wet things and warmed up," the deep voice instructed the secretary behind the big reception desk. Doris Anderson immediately sprang from her chair and locked the office's entry door before walking briskly down the hall to return with a stack of fluffy white towels. "I'll put these in your private bathroom, Sir, and go check on those clothes."

"Thanks, Doris." The warm hand against Amy's back again guided her forward through an enormous office decorated in warm colors and mahogany wood, through to a large bathroom. Doris set the towels on the vanity top. She turned and smiled at Amy taking her rain-drenched purse from her limp hand. Doris opened it up and removed the wallet finding Amy's identification card. "Amy Anderson, 23, lives in Summerset," she read to Mr. Smythe. They both nodded at each other. Good, she was an adult and able to make her own decisions.

"You're so lucky that Mr. Smythe found you. He'll take good care of you. No need to worry, little one." Doris reassured Amy gently, and she exited Mr. Smythe's office, leaving them alone.

"Looks like you've had quite a day and I suspect the last couple of weeks have been hard as well." He tipped her head up, and Amy saw his face for the first time. Handsome, about forty, concern wrinkled across his forehead. "Why were you out in this torrential rainstorm?" Mr. Smythe gently asked as he brushed his wet brown hair out of his eyes.

"I had an interview, but I missed it," she responded shivering in her sodden clothing. Could she be any more miserable? Lightheaded from not eating for several days, she vaguely registered that Mr. Smythe began unbuttoning her blouse, removing it before moving on to her skirt's zipper, and finally removing her pantyhose and shoes.

She realized that she was standing there shaking from the cold in her bra and panties. As he removed her wet bra, lifting the cups from her small plump breasts, Amy felt his warm fingers brush her tightly erect nipples as if by accident. Realizing that this stranger should not be taking care of her like this, Amy made a small sound of protest as his fingers slid under the sides of her panties. "There, there, little girl, just let me take care of you" he responded with a calm voice.

It wasn't proper, but it was so much easier just to let someone else take over and make decisions when she was so tired. He knelt in front of Amy, and she felt his eyes on her small breasts before he brushed his warm hands down her sides. Reaching the sides of her white cotton panties, he swept his right hand forward on her body, sliding it inside the crotch of the soaked wisp of material between her legs. He briefly brushed her most private area before pulling the panties down her chubby legs. "Step, Amy. Let's get the last of these wet clothes off you" he instructed quietly.

Rising to his feet, he wrapped her body in a giant fluffy towel and her hair in another. Doris entered the room with material folded over her arm. "I could just find a nightie, sir. Will this work?" she inquired looking at her boss. At his nod, she lay it on the vanity and exited the room.

Mr. Smythe took his time gently chaffing Amy's body dry. He briskly rubbed all the chilled parts of her body. Amy felt tingly as the towel circled each of her breasts several times and the soft material was repeatedly dragged over her pink nipples. When the towel reached her legs, Mr. Smythe instructed her to spread her legs so he could dry her. When Amy was slow to respond, she felt a sharp smack on her nude behind. Startled, she shifted her legs apart. "That's a good girl, Amy. You do know how to follow instructions." The towel brushed back and forth across her sensitive clitoris and vaginal opening. Amy felt herself begin to dampen as an involuntary response to the caress. "What a great girl you are, Amy, so responsive. Your daddy must be very proud of you." Tears filled Amy's eyes as she responded, "My parents died in a car crash five months ago. My whole family is gone now."

"Just let me take care of you, Amy. Pretend I'm your daddy. It's all

going to be okay,” he reassured her as he finished drying her legs. He dropped the towel to the ground before picking up the flannel gown and lowering it over her head. It was pastel pink and, although adult-size, looked amazingly like a pampered little girl’s nightie with baby animal decorations and lace. Drying her hair next, Mr. Smythe finished by gently combing out the tangles in her hair. When she protested as the comb found snarls in her shoulder-length hair, Mr. Smythe responded “Why do all little girls hate having the tangles taken out of their hair? Amy, hold still. We’re going to get this all unsnarled so it can dry nicely and look pretty. I don’t want to have to swat your bottom again for not cooperating like a good girl.” Quickly he finished and gave her a quick hug.

Holding her hand in his large grasp, Mr. Smythe led Amy back to his comfortable office. Leading her to the large sofa in the corner, he sat down and pulled Amy onto his lap. Amy felt as if she was moving through a fog. She was so tired, and nothing seemed to matter anymore. She just let the kind stranger do what he wished. She felt cherished as she hadn’t for many months since her family had died.

“Doris, call for some food for Amy please,” he instructed his secretary as she entered the room. “I don’t think she’s eaten for a while. Right, Amy?” Amy slowly shook her head no. She curled up on the large man’s lap, so thankful for the human compassion she was being shown. His arms came up to encircle her, and she felt a kiss on her drying hair. Amy suddenly felt like someone in her very lonely world would protect her.

“I’ll take care of you, Amy. You’re in a good place now. I’ve been looking for a Little girl to take care of for a long time, Amy.” He caressed her back and shoulders. “Will you let me care for you for a while, Amy?” he questioned moving her back slightly so he could see her eyes. Amy, overwhelmed by someone treating her with kindness when it seemed her life was collapsing around her, slowly nodded as she made eye contact shyly. At her nod, Mr. Smythe tucked her head back on to his shoulder and just held her tightly.

Doris slipped quietly into the room bringing with her a large wooden chair with a tray attached to the front and placed it next to a large conference table in the office. Mr. Smythe stood, carrying Amy

over to the chair and placing Amy in it after Doris removed the tray. Doris quickly slid the tray into place, and Amy heard it click into place. "How weird," thought Amy. "It's almost like a child's high chair but sized to fit an adult." She attempted to slide the tray away from her stomach only to have her hand firmly removed, and Mr. Smythe said "No!" very sharply. Amy sat back in the high chair startled by his reaction. "I want you to be a good little girl, Amy. Just let me care for you."

Doris carried in a steaming bowl of soup that smelled delicious and placed it on the conference table. Mr. Smythe sat in a tall chair at the table and picked up the spoon. He blew gently on the warm soup and held it to Amy's lips. "Open up, sweetheart. I know you're hungry." When Amy reached for the spoon to feed herself, her hand was firmly pressed back to the top of the high chair. "You're too tired to feed yourself, Amy. Open up." Amy was so hungry she didn't protest but just opened her mouth and let him spoon feed her the yummy soup. It was so good. She took another bite and another. Soon the whole bowl was gone, and her stomach protruded slightly. That had to be the best soup she'd ever eaten.

Placing the spoon back in the bowl on the table, Mr. Smythe caressed her full abdomen. "You were really hungry, Amy. Does your tummy feel better now?" he questioned as he rubbed back and forth. "I bet you could take a nap now. Are you sleepy?" When Amy yawned in response, he did something to the tray of the high chair to release it. Setting it aside, he again picked Amy up in his arms and cradled her against his body with her head on his broad shoulder.

"I'm too heavy for you to carry!" Amy protested. "I can walk," she said struggling to get down. Again, a single sharp smack rang out as Mr. Smythe corrected Amy with a spank to her plump bottom. Stinging her bottom, Amy froze.

"I thought we agreed that I'd take care of you, Amy. Now, let me do so. You are such a little girl that you don't weigh anything. Little girls don't walk by themselves. Their daddies carry them. Now, let's get you to bed before you do anything else naughty because you're so tired." With those words, he strode from the office, down a hall into a private elevator and the car began to move slowly up. One of his

supporting hands slipped under her nightie and began to caress her bare bottom. "Are you sore, Amy?" he questioned. Embarrassed, she shook her head no against his shoulder. "I'm glad I've figured out how to get your attention, Amy. I hope I won't have to spank you in the future. You're going to be a good baby, aren't you?"

"Yes," Amy promised quietly. "I'll be good."

As the doors opened, Amy lifted her head to see that they were entering a large, beautifully decorated but comfortably lived in, apartment. "Welcome to my home, Amy," Mr. Smythe rumbled in his low voice. "I hope you'll stay with me for a long time. Let's go to your new room." He entered a doorway to a room designed for a princess. All pink paint and frilly curtains, it had several curiously designed pieces of furniture that looked like an adult-sized changing table, crib, and a rocking chair. He carried her over to the changing table and laid her down on her back. "Let's get you ready for a nap, sweetie." He clasped her ankles and lifted her bottom off the table, sweeping the flannel nightie up to her waist.

Amy shivered as the cool air surrounded the bottom half of her body. She continued to be surprised as Mr. Smythe turned her gently over on her side with her knees bent up toward her waist facing the wall. There was a brightly colored butterfly right in front of her. Mr. Smythe wrapped a belt tightly across her midsection and tethered her to the surface of the changing table. "Let's make sure you haven't made yourself sick standing out there in the rain." She heard a drawer below her slide open, and from the periphery of her vision, she saw him shake down what looked to be an oversized thermometer. She heard a lid opening. "Keep your eyes on the butterfly, Amy, and relax your bottom. I'm going to check your temperature and make sure you don't have a fever."

Amy felt him separate the cheeks of her bottom and expose her clenched anus. "No," she wailed as he slid the cold thermometer into her rectum. She tried to turn over, but he had her firmly restrained on her side. "Stop struggling, Amy. I'm just checking your temperature like any good daddy would do for his Little girl. You need to let me take care of you." One large hand held the thermometer in place firmly while the other rubbed her bottom soothingly.

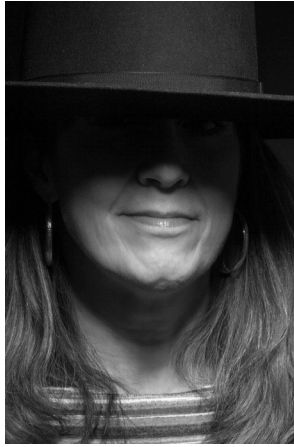
“I can hold the thermometer in my mouth,” Amy protested.

“Oh, no! You’re way too worn out for that.” He soothed her with a low tone. Mr. Smythe held the thermometer inside her for what seemed like 10 minutes before removing it and checking the results. “You’ve got a little fever, Amy. I’m not surprised. I’m going to give you some cold medicine, and we’ll see if that brings down your temperature.” She heard the drawer open again and the rustle of wrapping being removed. Again, she felt her bottom being spread wide and a cold, slippery object pressed against her anus. “Just relax, Amy. I’m going to put some medicine in you. It will go in much easier if you relax your bottom.” Mr. Smythe firmly pressed the suppository against her anus and, even though Amy was clenching her muscles to keep his finger out, he slid the medicine into her rectum as far as he could reach. “You’re acting naughty, Amy. I’ll have to hold this medicine inside you until it melts now because I know you’ll try to push it out. Relax, Amy. Let me take care of you, okay?”

Amy started to cry. Humiliated by lying half naked on the table with his large finger firmly inserted in her rectum, she felt mortified. Mr. Smythe didn’t say anything but rubbed her back and legs shushing her. His finger moved around inside her every once in a while, smoothing the dissolving medicine around all the tissues inside her. Amy started to feel very relaxed. The medicine was beginning to take effect, and it felt good. Yawning deeply, Amy started to drift to sleep. She felt Mr. Smythe’s finger leave her body. She heard him step away from the table and wash his hands. She was turned over on her back, and her legs lifted again. An adult-size diaper was placed underneath her, and it crinkled as he secured it around her chubby body. She was lifted and placed in the crib. A pacifier dipped into a small jar of golden honey was pressed to her lips and, as Amy started to drift into sleep, Mr. Smythe turned on a baby monitor and stepped from the room closing the door behind him.







Follow Amy’s story on Amazon now!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Pepper North is a hybrid author whose contemporary, paranormal, dark and erotic romances have won the hearts of many loyal readers. After publishing her first book, *Zoey: Dr. Richards' Littles 1* on Amazon in July 2017, she now has over fifty books and collections available on Amazon in four series.

She is one of Amazon's Most Popular Erotic Authors, rising to number one in the top 100. She credits her success to her amazing fans, the support of the writing community, and her dedication to writing.

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