

Chapter One

Tick, tick, tick, tick... Stupid f'ing clock! It's the only sound I can hear as I stand in my bad girl corner in my husband/Daddy Dane's office. I can't stand being all by myself in this room, with no sound but the monotonous ticking of Daddy's horrible clock. The tortuous timepiece hates me, and I swear it deliberately slows time when it's just me and it in the room together. I have told Daddy this, and he just laughs. He has tried to convince me that time just seems to pass more slowly when you are by yourself with nothing else to concentrate on, but I know it's a lie.

When I'm not in trouble, the clock seems just like any other, and you can scarcely hear it as the hands sweep through the seconds, minutes, and hours. Oh, but when it's just me and the Devil's pocket watch, that's a different story altogether. I know it deliberately suspends time when it's got me alone. The second hand slowly trips from one spot to the next, sending out its baleful count in echoed pinging drips, akin to Chinese water torture. On a really bad day, ten minutes of corner time with 'The Clock' is probably the equivalent of ten hours anywhere else.

This room is designated as the place to which I am exiled most of the time, not because of the clock, but because it has been specially designed to provide an added level of privacy. The fortified walls make certain that neither neighbors nor the occasional houseguest are able to discern whatever may be happening behind its innocent looking door. Because of Daddy's business dealings, we are not currently in a position to move far outside of the city, so we live in a very nice centrally located townhouse. While it's great for us in terms of being convenient to everywhere we need to go, the proximity of our neighbors initially caused him some concern. Given some of the things we get up to, he worried about the very real possibility of having to explain to the police why the neighbors heard what sounded like spanking and all manner of carryings on coming from our house. When we bought the house, Daddy had the extra baffling put into the walls and ceiling of his study to make absolutely sure we had some truly private space. The end result being that he no longer has to worry about anyone overhearing my chastisement, or the inevitable screams and crying that frequently result. I told him he could have saved all that money if he just stopped spanking me, but he liked the idea of soundproofing

better. And from the friendly way they act toward us, I imagine our neighbors must view us as pretty quiet and drama-free.

Though I'm fairly certain that Daddy didn't think about it when he had the room done, he was quick to recognize and take full advantage of the second benefit to the design—the fact that, if you can't hear what goes on inside the room from the outside, you also can't hear what goes on outside of it when you're inside. Diabolical Daddy... once he figured out how much I hate to be isolated, he did not hesitate to utilize it as a form of punishment. Knowing how I struggle when left at the mercy of my own imagination, unable to discern what's going on in the rest of the house, he almost exclusively designated this corner as the Naughty corner. He has found that it serves as a much more effective penalty than just sending me to stand in the corner of my room or lie on the bed.

Just so you don't get the wrong impression, please know that I am usually a pretty happy and good girl. I am definitely not a person who requires a soundproof prison. I point this out because, through no fault of my own, you might be grossly misled if you judged me on just this little bit you know about me so far. In this position, I am not my usual sweet self, but rather a very irate girl. Just because I complained that Daddy wasn't being fair, I am now being forced to stand in the corner like a naughty two-year-old. It wasn't my fault he was being such a butt-head, but I am the one who has to do penance. Sounds like the wrong person is locked up with the clock, right?

For my first few minutes in the corner, I am so angry that I mumble horrible bad girl words and then kick the corner a couple of times. Sadly this does not do anything to the wall, but it does end up hurting my foot. This behavior is stupidly immature, I know, but I give myself a pass because I'm frustrated and mad.

If a stranger was currently viewing me, they would naturally assume that I was the young child I was being treated like. Short in stature, I am also not very well endowed in any other areas either. My narrow shoulders and thin body, with its barest hint of feminine curves, leaves me stuck with a somewhat pre-pubescent look. Combine that with the fact that I am standing 'bare hiney facing the room,' as is required during corner time, and you would think that I was between the age of nine and thirteen, at most. Regrettably, this is not an impression that is much (if at all) improved from seeing me from the front. I'm a solid A cup, and my peach is forever bare. Thanks to having been subjected to ouchie laser treatments, I am as smooth down there as,

well, as a little girl, you could say. Fitting description, considering that is more or less how I am treated the majority of the time.

The next couple of minutes are spent feeling sorry for myself. I cannot conceivably imagine how I pissed off the universe so badly that I ended up with the meanest, most unfair, most unsympathetic husband and Daddy on the planet. Why couldn't he understand that today was special, and that I needed to be able to spend every possible minute with my new friend? Sure, Trisha and I talk and IM several times a week, but this was different. This was our chance to really become great friends, and he didn't even care if he ruined it.

I know Trisha's daddy is not so big on naps, and right now she is probably getting to play with all of my toys, while our daddies laugh and drink their stinky, skunky tasting beers. Without anyone watching, she might start to color in my favorite book; the *PowerPuff Girl* one I hid on the bookshelf because I didn't really want anyone else to color in it. By now, she might have already started to draw on every single one of the pages. Or maybe they're all getting ready to go swimming in the pool. I know Dane told them to bring their bathing suits, so they could be starting to do that without me. I can almost feel the chlorine scented spray as I imagine Trisha paddling about, wearing my favorite pink floaties and flippers, and occasionally being lifted and tossed about by my Daddy and hers. Oh, it's too much to bear—the missing out, the not knowing—all of this is really messing with my head.

This weekend was supposed to be so fun. Daddy had invited over a couple we'd met through one of the alternative lifestyle forums we participate in, and for weeks I had been looking forward to getting to play at my house with my new friend Trisha. My Daddy, and Trisha's daddy, Scott, had met up for drinks and stuff a few times already, but Trisha and I had only seen each other once before, during an outing at the zoo. Our Daddies are both very protective, so before allowing us girls to meet, they wanted to make sure that the other was on the up and up.

Things started out great today. As planned, Scott and Trisha got here at around ten am. They only live about an hour and a half away from us, but my Daddy invited them to spend the night. This meant that Trisha and I could have almost two whole days to play together. I practically bounced down the hall as we showed them where they were going to sleep. After they left their overnight bags in the spare room, we gave them the nickel tour of the house. As we moved through the house, my blonde pigtails were flying this way and that, and I imagine I

resembled the people version of an excited puppy. I was so thrilled I was almost vibrating with energy.

Knowing I could not contain myself any longer, Daddy told me I could take Trisha to my room to play, if it was okay with her daddy. As soon as Scott gave his nod of assent, I grabbed her hand and the two of us dashed down the hallway. "Slow down," and "No running in the house!" instructions trailed us in stereo as we made our way to my room. I was so happy Trisha was here, not only because I really like her, but also because I had not had many friends over to play at my house. It was intriguing to be able to share my special space with a like-minded friend. Sure, Dane and I have company sometimes, but most of our guests come to visit us as an adult couple. I was practically giddy at this rare opportunity to share my toys, and indulge my Little side with someone who would enjoy the experience as much as I do.

After introducing Trisha to all of my favorite dolls and stuffed animals, I presented her with a super adorable stuffed puppy that my Daddy and I had gotten for her. Were it not for the fact that I wanted to do something nice for Trisha, I'd have been sorely tempted to keep it for myself, because it was just that cute. In theory, I thought I'd be more than happy to share (almost) all of my toys with her, but I didn't want her to feel sad that they were all mine. With this in mind, I had asked Daddy to take me to the store before they came. I figured it would be nice if she could have a stuffie and some fun toys that she could use here, and then take home with her.

Lying on the rug in my room, with a sixty-four pack crayons (a must if you are going to do it right) and coloring books spread out in front of us, we each worked on a picture and discussed what Trisha would name her new puppy. I thought Scout would be a great name, but agreed that her choice of Scruffy was a good one for him, too. Once Scruffy had been dutifully named, our conversation turned to favorite foods, favorite cartoon characters and episodes, least favorite foods, and so on. We were getting on very well, and nothing felt stilted or forced. Our ease in communicating confirmed that we're kindred spirits of a sort, and that knowledge allowed us each to freely be our younger selves.

By the time our Daddies came to get us for lunch, we were both fairly regressed in our Little mindsets; so much so that it did not feel terribly awkward when our Daddies checked our diapers before leaving the room. After Dane assured Scott that we had plenty of supplies to spare, we were each attended to by our respective Daddy. Placed, one after the other, up onto my

changing table, we were each wiped, powdered and placed into fresh fluffy white Pampers from the supply that's kept on the shelves in the cabinet underneath the table.