

Chapter One: Longing for a Little

For Ethan Sharpe, it was like déjà vu.

He gazed with pride on the shapely bottom, made pink by a recent hand spanking, and framed by a ridiculous amount of crinoline. He'd developed a penchant for seeing his little one in crinoline. He liked the way it made her short dresses stand out from her milky thighs.

Ethan's gaze traveled down to the shapely calves, then farther to the feet clad in little lace bobby socks and patent leather Mary Janes, before moving back up to rest on the shaved pussy peeking from between those spread thighs. It was a naughty pussy, a hungry pussy, the outer labia shiny and slick with her juices.

In due course, Ethan would fill that needy little pussy with his cock, and fuck his Little Mandy hard, the way they both liked it. He would fill her with his seed and then stand back and watch it leak down her leg. She would hold still, not moving. When the stream of cum trailed down to the lace trim on her little socks, only then would he allow her to come over to him and clean his cock with her tongue.

But not yet.

He loved her so very much, and could not wait to get her alone. But at the moment, he was delaying his gratification, taking pleasure in knowing that his visitor was probably as hard from the sight of Mandy as he was.

He smiled. Oh yes, such sweet déjà vu.

"She's exceptionally well-trained." The voice coming from the leather chair was quiet, as if its owner were partially lost in thought. Ethan didn't have to guess what his guest was thinking about, and it pleased him. It didn't seem so long ago that he'd sat where the other man was sitting, staring longingly at Eden Institute founder Julian Blackstone's little one, Bonnie, as she'd presented herself just as Mandy was now doing.

The other man was named Max Brookshire, a tall, handsome Englishman, with sharp elegant features and sandy blond hair that curled at the collar of his tailored shirt. He'd removed the jacket of his three-piece suit, but that was as casual as Max usually got in open company. He

was the very picture of reserve, the exception being the obvious tenting in the front of his trousers at the delectable image before him.

But it wasn't just the sight. Both men could smell Mandy's arousal, a soft musk that wafted towards them on a raft of pheromones that teased their own. It was the most inviting, base fragrance in the world, the smell of an excited woman ready and open to being fucked.

Again, that could wait. Business was business, and Ethan was here to make his wealthy friend another member of this elite club that procured women like Mandy to be potential little ones for men like him and Max Brookshire.

"Oh, yes. She is exceptionally well-trained," Ethan agreed. "But it's because my sweet Mandy was screened for the potential to be the obedient little submissive little angel you see before you. She was made for the care and protection of a Papa, and under the guidance of the Eden Institute, I developed the confidence to personally see to her training. I know there are places in this world where men like us can acquire a completely trained little one. But the bond is what makes the relationship, Max. And what better way to create that bond than training your own?"

Max nodded and turned to Ethan. "I agree," he said. "Ever since you contacted me and I had the opportunity to see you and Mandy together, I've admired what you two have."

Across the room, Mandy shifted from one foot to the other, and Ethan turned to Max and made his apologies. "If you don't mind a brief interruption in our conversation, I do believe my little girl is getting a bit tired from being in one position for so long." He called to her now. "Mandy, come here."

Mandy turned, her blue eyes fixed on Ethan with total trust and adoration. Her blonde hair was fashioned into two plaits that hung neatly down to the shoulders of her silk dress, which had wide satin ribbon tied just under her breasts. The neckline was obscenely low; her very adult cleavage was juxtaposed against her girlish costume, drawing the eye as she moved towards the two men sitting in fireside leather chairs.

"You were a good girl to show us your sweet pussy," Ethan said. "And to take your spanking. Papa is proud of how excited you get. Do you remember when you used to be ashamed of how wet you got?"

Mandy blushed prettily. "Yes, Papa," she said.

"Tell Mr. Brookshire how you feel about it now."

Mandy turned her eyes to her Papa's guest. "Well, I'm proud of it. Because when my pussy fills with cream it shows Papa how much I crave his touch. And it pleases him. And I love pleasing my Papa."

"And you do please me, my Little Mandy." Ethan sat forward to open a drawer on the small table beside him. Inside was a package wrapped in pink paper and tied with a pale yellow bow. "In fact, you've pleased Papa so well that he has a surprise for you." He held out the package. "Can you guess what may be inside?"

Mandy took the box with an expectant grin and shook it, then looked puzzled at the tinkling sound that came from within. "It sounds like... a rattle?" She scowled now. "Oh, Papa. Rattles are baby toys! I'm too big for a rattle."

"Oh, I think you'll like this one," he said with a chuckle. "Now unwrap it, or I'll spank you with the paddle for being ungrateful." His tone was mock stern, and Mandy had the sense to look sufficiently chastened for her ingratitude. "You may sit on my lap while you open it."

She sat down, and Ethan could feel the dampness and heat from her pussy through the leg of his trousers. His cock jerked in response. He watched with amused expectation as Mandy's nimble fingers tore into the wrapping. When she lifted the lid of the box, her eyes widened in surprise.

"Oh, Papa. It's beautiful!"

It was with a near reverence that she withdrew the sterling silver replica of her Papa's cock, recreated right down to the network of veiny ridges. It was large, but hollow, and had a handle with an oval grip. When she shook it, a bell inside tinkled.

"I know Bonnie's Papa has similar toys for her in the nursery. And I know sometimes when I'm away on business you may want to pleasure yourself." His face grew serious. "But of course, you know it is only with my permission, right?"

She nodded, hugging the silver cock to her chest. "Oh, of course." She leaned over and kissed him on his cheek – a chaste, innocent kiss that an observant Max Brookshire found nearly as erotic as a deeper one.

"You are so generous, and I am such a lucky little girl," Mandy said.

Ethan tipped her off his lap and led her to the leather sofa across from them. "And you are a good girl, too." he said. "I'd like you to show how good you are by using your special toy

right here, where our guest can watch. Show Mr. Brookshire how sweetly your little pussy can take your new toy.”

Mandy blushed. “Are you sure?”

“You question me, little one?” Ethan quickly pulled Mandy over his knee, flipped her skirt up, and laid five hard smacks to the underside of each cheek. When she stood up again and turned to him - rubbing her sore bottom with one hand and clutching the cock with the other - her tone was far more acquiescent.

“No, sir, Papa,” she said.

“That’s better.”

He helped her back on the couch, lovingly tucking her heels up to her lower buttocks. Mandy’s knees fell apart as her Papa took the hand holding the silver dildo rattle and guided it to her pussy.

Mandy locked eyes with Ethan’s as she allowed him to guide the head of the sterling silver cock past the slick petals of her labia. The shining phallus began to disappear inch by inch, devoured by the pinkness. As she began to rhythmically plunge the dildo into her core, Ethan reached over to apply pressure to her clit.

“Can I come, Papa?” Mandy asked, her eyes urgent.

“Not yet, my sweet,” Ethan replied. He had been working with her on orgasm control, just one more lesson in an ongoing series of lessons to teach her that everything – including her own pleasure – belonged to him.

Her eyes were still locked on Ethan’s when, a few moments later, he gave her what she wanted. “Come for me, my little Mandy. Come for your papa.”

His little Mandy cried out, arching her back. Her nipples, hard with excitement, were visible peaks through the fabric of her childish dress.

Beside him, Ethan was aware of Max’s fascinated stare, trained as it was, on his little companion. Yet he felt no jealousy. It was common for visitors to the Eden Institute to be treated to such intimate displays by existing members, but they were never covetous of the women. If they wanted what the other men had, it wasn’t the Little herself they desired, but the full experience of having one of their own.

As Max watched, his stoic demeanor was betrayed by the rising pulse in his throat and the bulge in his pants, and Ethan knew the man was already sold on what they offered. Max

wanted someone to look at him the way the beautiful blonde fucking herself with the silver rattle was looking at his friend. He wanted a woman he could love, guide, spank, fuck and cherish. He wanted a Little of his own.

But could the Eden Institute give him the kind of Little he was looking for? He wasn't sure. Max had very specific tastes. It would take a certain kind of woman to please him, and he wasn't sure if all his requirements were compatible with the type of women who made good Littles.

He knew only time would tell if they could match him with the woman who was right for him.