

Self-Control for Sara

June 2021

Daddy was *not* happy.

I could tell from the little furrow-line between his eyebrows. And his crossed arms. And of course the cool, deliberate tone in which he began asking me exactly what I had done.

"Little one," he asked me, and with only those two words I could already feel my entire being squirming in guilty apprehension. "Little one, Daddy was just doing his big person chores, and he happened to find something very strange when he was checking the credit card statement. Now, tell me the truth, honey. Did you place an online order recently? At *this* store?"

My heart sank as I took in the familiar name on the bill he held up before me. *Uh-oh. Caught red-handed.* Every fiber in my being was writhing, trying to think up some excuse that would exonerate me... "Well, you see, Daddy," I began, my voice trembling a tiny bit. "There was a sale- You know, and I- I couldn't- Daddy, you *have* to see how cute they are! I've been looking at those shoes for so long, and they're so pretty-"

"Shoes?" There was no anger in his voice, no derision. Just quiet, detached disappointment. "Little one, listen. I know you like pretty things. And you know I love getting my little girl pretty things, too. But you've done something very bad – something even worse than spending eight hundred dollars on shoes..."

I felt my face glowing with shame, my eyes dropping to the floor as he went on in that devastatingly calm tone. "Honey, you kept the truth from Daddy. You may not have lied to me – and I'm glad you didn't lie just now – but you deliberately kept this a secret, didn't you?" "Bu- but- they were on sale!" I wailed, my inner Little bubbling up in protest. "And I meant to tell you- An- And I- I just couldn't help it-"

"Oh?" Again, his voice was not mocking – only mildly amused and reproofing. "Little one, I think that's exactly the problem. That's why we decided you should talk with Daddy before making any big purchases, remember?" I nodded silently, shamefully. *Guilty as charged, Daddy.* "You need to learn self-control, honey," he continued – and then his strong hand was under my chin, lifting my eyes to look up into his pitying face. "And because I'm your Daddy, I'm going to do what I think is best to help you learn that."

"Come with me, little one. Now."

I knew better than to protest any further. Scrambling up from my seat on the couch, I trudged behind him as he led me by the hand back to our bedroom. *What is he- No, Daddy, please, no- no spanking-* Yet even as I wanted to wail and sputter and protest, deep down I felt a spasm of relief. Daddy was still in control, just as I wanted. Just as I needed. And he was about to enact that control, to remind me of my place in the dynamic we both loved and craved so much...

"On the bed, little one," he admonished firmly, reaching up to draw the curtains and sending our cozy little bedroom into cool dim shadow. "And off with that skirt. You're not going to need it."

"D-Daddy," I found myself whispering, as my fumbling fingers found the waist of my pretty skirt and began slipping it down over my bare legs. "You- you're not gonna- spank-?" There was a quiet smile on his face as he turned to me and shook his head. "No, not this time, little one. But what did I say about being on the bed?"

I squeaked and leapt onto the bed, my now exposed pull-up crinkling softly as I sank onto the soft mattress. "On your back," he ordered, and I wriggled obediently, blinking up at him with a sheepish expression. "But- but-" "Hush," he commanded, and my eyes followed him as he strode over to our dresser and from the bottom drawer produced our favorite toy...

The magic wand.

"You need to learn self-control, little one," he reminded me, slipping the wand between my nervous hands. "Now, Daddy has decided that instead of a spanking, which you enjoy *far* too much," and here I blushed a deeper shade of red, "I'm giving you a simple little task. You're going to lay here for the next thirty minutes, honey, and you're going to keep that wand running while I watch you. You're going to press it down on that pretty little pullup of yours, and you're going to see just how well you do at *not* cumming."

I stared up in apprehension as Daddy's words sank in. "Do you understand, honey?" I nodded silently, biting my lip and wondering how on earth I could ever manage this. I was as easy to pleasure as I was to tickle, and to be perfectly honest, I rarely lasted more than five minutes with a wand before orgasming. But *thirty?*

"Wha- what happens if I don't?"

At which Daddy merely smiled and reached over to switch the wand on for me with a buzzing jolt. "If you cum? Well, let's just say that I'll find another, less fun way to ensure my little one learns self control." And with that, his hands were on mine, pressing the wand deep into my crinkling crotch.

Oh, the electrical thrills that coursed through me! True, the pull-up – dry though it still was – might have dampened the sensations that were setting my entire nether region abuzz. But at the same time, I was acutely aware of my position: legs spread, playing openly with myself in my pull-up while Daddy looked on with a mixture of amusement and paternal approval on his face. "Good, good," he reassured me over the buzzing hum that seemed to fill the entire room and set my entire body abuzz. "No turning it off – and no pulling away, either..."

My eyes slid shut involuntarily as the pleasure began welling up within me. What a devious Daddy I had, I reflected dismally as the wand hummed on and I felt myself unwillingly growing ever more aroused. To be sure, sensory stimulation wasn't guaranteed to turn anyone on – not really. But he and I both knew how much I craved domination... embarrassment... being ordered around... showing him just how horny and needy I could be...

"Oooohh!" I bit back a squeaky moan that slipped out involuntarily, then popped one eye open and caught sight of Daddy smiling down at me. "Having fun? Remember – Daddy will punish if you cum before the thirty minutes are up!" I nodded fiercely, gulping and willing myself to keep on pressing. *I can do this. I can edge, masturbate for him, show him how much self-control I have, how much I want to obey...*

Fuck. Even those thoughts were making me hornier.

Minutes dragged by, the buzzing of the wand seemingly hypnotizing me, becoming one with my pulsing brain. Soon I realized I was now sweating: shivering and trembling with the strain of forcing myself not to slip over the edge into orgasm. I almost lost control twice, but somehow managed to veer back just in time. But I was growing ever more sensitive – and if and when a third wave hit? Well, I wasn't sure I would be able to handle it.

"Daddy, please- please, I don't know if I can stop-" I managed to jerk out. "Stop?" he asked, his smiling voice rumbling through the room. "Little one, you're not allowed to stop!" But then he dropped his bantering tone and reached down to give my tousled, sweating head an affectionate pat. "Hmm, maybe it would help if I told you just how I'll have to punish you if you disobey me and cum in your pull-up?"

"Yes- yes, Daddy, yes- Please-"

"Very well, then," he chuckled as I bit back another groan of pleasure. "If you do that – if you show me that you can't control yourself, honey, I think I'm going to have to find a way to control you myself." "Oh- oh, no," I moaned despite myself. *God, please- Daddy, why are you pushing my buttons like this-?* "Oh, yes," he rumbled back with a laugh. "I know just what to get you, too. There's this pretty little chastity belt I've been keeping an eye on, honey, and I know it would look perfect on my sweet, horny little girl..."

Chastity- Oh god, no- But yes- But- Ooh, Daddy, you're so mean-! "And naturally," he purred, his voice dropping into a low murmur as he bent down over me. "Naturally I wouldn't be able to keep locking and unlocking it all the time to change you if you have your accidents. And so, little one..." I drew a shuddering breath, hoping against hope that he wasn't going to say what I was already fantasizing he might. For if he did- if he- he-

"Your Daddy will just have to put you back in diapers for awhile," he told me, his voice deep and low in my ear. "Why don't you picture that, honey? Daddy's sweet little baby girl who just can't quite learn self-control, hmm? All locked away in a pretty, soft diaper – and over that, a nice tight chastity belt locked on, making absolutely sure she doesn't start touching herself like some slutty little whore..."

"No- no-no-no-" I was gasping, shaking as his words snaked their sordid way into my fevered imagination. "Please- Daddy- Oh, I- I'd be so- so stuck-!" "Wouldn't you?" He chuckled softly. "I'm sure you would be! Just a sweet, helpless little thing who needs her Daddy to teach her self-control so desperately. Because you see, otherwise she'll just be waddling around like a horny little baby, dribbling and leaking and rubbing and squirting in her diapers all the time..."

"Daa-dddyyyy!!" "Oh, but of course that's only if you lose control *now*," he amended with a sly little chuckle. "And I'm sure, now that you know just how *terrible*, and *embarrassing*, and *humiliating* that would be... well, I guess you're simply going to obey, aren't you? Just like Daddy's good little girl should?"

I was dissolving, quivering, falling to pieces as he spoke. I was consumed by my desire to please him, and yet- yet I wanted all those punishments so terribly badly. Humiliating as it sounded, I *did* want to be trapped, locked away, dominated, turned into his little diapered plaything- And it was that, as much as the wand itself, that sent me reeling and wailing over the edge at last – over the edge into one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever had.

When I finally came to, damp with sweat and clutching the wand in a death grip, the first thing that greeted my shame-filled eyes was Daddy, smiling gently down at me in paternal reproof. "Only seventeen minutes, honey. Now, you've already disobeyed, of course. But we said thirty minutes, you know..."

And so, as I gulped and let out another shuddering moan of delight, he forced my hands back down onto my crinkling crotch. "It's never too late to learn self-control, little one. So why don't we try again? I'm sure you can't cum too many more times in these last thirteen minutes... right?"