Summary

Sam was not happy about you hiding how sick you were from him. He decided that you were a little girl and needed taken care of. Diapers 24/7, morning and night temperature checks. Little babies, especially his little girl needed 24/7 care if she was going to pull another stunt like that.

The reader is okay with this

Notes

Please read the tags. This is not the usual fully age play that I've been doing. This is different.
You were sleeping when you heard your door open. You pulled the covers over your head. You didn’t want to get up. Not yet.

“Little girl” you heard him say. You removed the sheet and was greeted with those hazel eyes and warm smile. “Diaper check” Sam said. He removed the blanket and you spread your legs.

He ran a hand up and down your diaper. He patted it a bit and nodded in approval. You were dry, you knew he was proud of you. He undid the tabs and started to pull the tabs down.

“But-but I was dry” you said.

“Every morning I am going to take your temperature.”

“But-“you started.

You brought this on yourself. You had been dating Sam for two years now, last month you got really sick and didn’t tell him. You had a really high fever and you had to sleep in the bathroom because you couldn’t be too far from the toilet. Sam was not happy about you hiding how sick you were from him. He decided that you were a little girl and needed taken care of. Diapers 24/7, morning and night temperature checks. Little babies, especially his little girl needed 24/7 care if she was going to pull another stunt like that.

“Roll over” he said and you did. He removed the diaper from the bed and you heard the familiar snapping of the gloves. He lubed up his finger and brushed it over your asshole and slowly pushed his finger in.

“Mmmm” you whined. He pulled his finger out and inserted the thermometer, you squirmed a bit.

“Hold still.” He said.

“Pleeease” you said.

“Little girl” he said stern. You knew he meant business and you stopped asking. After what seemed like forever, he took out the thermometer. “Very good.” He took off his gloves and lifted you up to the changing table.

He placed you on the table and you lifted your legs as he slid the diaper under you. He wiped you and added baby powder. He did the tabs up and patted you a bit. He reached under the table and pulled out the pacifier gag.

“I’m going to feed you first, then put you pacifier in.” he smiled at you and you nodded.

“Okay, daddy” Sam looked at you wide eyed. He knew that he had to earn the title of daddy. He wasn’t going to force it on you. He started to tear up a bit and he picked you up in his arms.

“You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to hear that.” You pulled away and held his face in your hands.

“Daddy” you said again. He kissed you and pulled you close again.

“Daddy loves you so much” he said.
He brought you to the kitchen and placed you in the playpen he bought. You had your stuffies there. He warmed up your bottle. Sam fed you a bottle, but made sure you had actual food. While your bottle was warming up, he grabbed the yogurt, granola and raspberries and mixed them together. When your bottle was ready, he picked you up and cradled you, feeding you the bottle.

“Daddy made you a good breakfast, do you like it?” you nodded. “Good girl.” When he was done, he put the bottle on the table and moved you so you were sitting on his left leg. You reached for the spoon. “Little girl, you are a baby, they don’t feed themselves. Understood?”

“Sorry daddy.” Sam smiled and fed you your yogurt, granola and raspberries.

After breakfast he sat you back in the playpen and held up the pacifier gag.

“Open for me” you did and he placed the gag in your mouth. You played with your stuffies while he made his own breakfast. You got on your knees and leaned over waving at him. He smiled and waved back.

When he was done he picked you up and carried you around, you started to squirm, you had to pee and he knew that. He put you down and you knelt on the ground and looked down while you wet your diaper.

“Good girl.” He said. He lifted you up and carried you to the changing table. He placed you down. He patted the diaper and you moaned a little. “Daddy is going to change you” you reached down and rubbed a hand on your diaper. “Little girl.”

“Mmmmm” you whined in frustration.

“Do you need to do something else?” he cooed and you looked down a bit and nodded. “Messy?” you nodded again. “Daddy is going to strap you down, okay?” you nodded again.

He put the strap around you and went by your head and stroked your hair. You couldn’t do it, you were embarrassed.

“Spread your legs, close your eyes if you have too. It’s just us, it’s just us.” You closed your eyes and took a deep breath. You let your diaper fill and you started to cry. “No, no. It’s okay. Little girl, you’re okay. Daddy has you. Daddy’s got you. Are you done?” you nodded. “Daddy is going to use the restraints.”

He wiped away some tears and went to work. He grabbed a pair of gloves and put them on. He undid the tabs and opened the diaper. He lifted one leg and put it in the restraint and did the same for the other leg. This was easier if your legs were above you.

“Not too messy.” He gave you a reassuring smile.

He grabbed some wipes and started to wipe your bum. He disposed of the diapers, wipes and gloves and put new gloves on. He wiped you again and spread your butt cheeks to make sure he cleaned everywhere. He threw away the gloves and wipes again and wiped your special parts next. He didn’t use gloves to change you unless you made a mess. He put a new diaper under you and powdered you. He gently removed your legs from the restraints and finished putting the diaper on.

“There you go. All clean. I am so proud of you.” He undid the strap around your stomach and lifted you up, bouncing you on his hip. “How about we watch a movie, how does that sound?” you nestled your head into his neck and he kissed the top of your head. "I'll take that as a yes"
Always and forever

Sam carried you to the living room and had you stand in front of him. He took out the pacifier gag and sat on the couch. Every morning after diaper check, temperature and breakfast, he would make you recite the rules.

“Number one.” he asked.

“Diaper is to be worn at all times” you said

“Number two.”

“No hair down there. Always shaved.”

“And who shaves you, little girl?”

“You do” you said

“And why is that?” he asked

“Because little girls-“ he cleared his throat and raised an eyebrow “Little babies, especially little girls cannot do such a big task.”

“That’s right. Number three.”

“Pacifier is worn at all times, except at night, to eat and when reciting the rules.”

“Number four”

“Do not question daddy, he has my best interest at heart.”

“Always and forever. Number five”

“Naughty little girls get punished.”

“How?” he asked

“However daddy sees fit” you answered.

“Number six” Sam stood up and rubbed your diaper a bit. “Who does this belong too?”

“You and only you. No one else.” He kept rubbing you.

“Number seven”

“Little girls do not get to touch themselves, unless daddy has given them permission.”

“And the special rule, the most important rule.” Sam held your face in his hands and looked you directly in the eyes.

“Trust. Always be honest with each other.”

“How?”

“Everything. No secrets, whatever is bothering us, no matter how small we might think it is,
always speak up.”

“That’s right. And?”

“You love me no matter what.”

“Never forget that.” You hugged him tight.

“I love you so much.” You said.

“I love you. So very, very much.” Sam placed the pacifier back in your mouth and did it up.

Just like he promised, you two watched a movie. You sat on the couch, knees bent, but legs spread. You hugged the moose stuffy he bought you. You gasped when he started to squeeze and pat your diaper. He looked over and smiled at you, you rested your head on his shoulder.

“Just checking to see if you’re dry. Does that make you feel good?” you nodded “Do you want daddy to keep doing it then?” you nodded again and he did that for a bit, but then he paused the movie.

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“It is time for your bottle. You can have it while we finish the movie.” He stood up and you reached your arms up to be lifted. He lifted you up and rested you on his hip, bouncing you a bit.

He carried you to the kitchen and paced you in the playpen, he warmed up the bottle and lifted you when it was ready and carried you back to the living room. He took out the gag and cradled you in his arms. He reached over and hit play and he fed you your bottle.

“Little girl because you have been so good, daddy is going to give you a special changing.” You gasped. You never had that before, you had no idea what he had in mind. “Would you like that?”

“Yes daddy” you said.

“Good girl. First, there needs to be a diaper to change.” You nodded understanding.

“Before your nap.” You nodded again and finished your bottle. He put the gag back in.

When the movie was over he carried you back to the kitchen and placed you in the playpen while he made you lunch. He handed you a bottle with water and undid the gag.

“Drink all of it” you sat in the corner of the pen and drank the bottle. You tow ate your lunch and while he was cleaning up, he handed you another bottle with water.

When that was done, he placed the gag in you and he brought you to the living room, placed you on the floor. He noticed your eyes droop.

“Tired?” you nodded. He rubbed your stomach a bit. “You can nap now. Daddy promises when you wake up, you can have a special changing.”

“Mmmmm” you whined. You wanted it now.

“Little girl” he warned. Your eyes dropped again, it was soothed you when Sam rubbed your stomach. “That’s it. Close your eyes, daddy is right here.” You closed your eyes and drifted off to sleep.
When you woke up, daddy was rubbing your back, you were under the covers, he must have carried you to your room. You moved around a little, you were wet and you needed to be changed.

“Wake up. “ Sam’s hand went and reached between your legs. “Oh, someone needs a changing.” You rolled over onto your back. “Come on, let’s get you changed.” He smiled and carried you to the changing table.

He undid the tabs and slipped the diaper off and threw it away. He wiped you, more than he usually did. He then went and strapped your chest down to the table. You looked up at him. He went and restrained your ankles on the lower leg restraints, that kept your knees bent. He slipped a little mat under your bum. He then went over and kissed the top of your head before restraining your arms. He had never used these before and you wondered what the hell you were in for. He put a glove on, walked back and cupped your little girl parts.

“Don’t be frightened, those are for your safety.” He said and you nodded. “Your little girl parts are wet, daddy is very pleased. Do you trust daddy?” you nodded. “You wouldn’t lie to me, would you?” you shook your head. “Good girl.”

He ran a finger up and down you. he rested his other hand on your stomach and tickled it a little which made you laugh.

“Get ready” he cooed and you nodded. He brushed his thumb over your clit and you moaned. He did it again and started to rub it. He carefully inserted two fingers in you. He moved in and out and you moaned and moaned. “You’re doing so good for me.” You clenched around his fingers “You can cum.”

A few more thrusts of his fingers and you did. He pulled out, your juices spilling on the mat. He took the glove off. When you calmed down a bit, he wiped you clean and threw the mat away. He undid your ankles and lifted your legs, sliding the diaper under you. He took the straps off your chest and undid the restraints. He leaned down and kissed your pacifier, nose and forehead. He diapered you and picked you up, lying down on your bed, you resting on his stomach. He rubbed a hand up and down your back.

“Little girl, you were so good for me. Did you like special changing time?” you nodded and hugged him tight. He grabbed a blanket and put it over you. He stroked your hair and looked at you. You looked up at him. “Daddy loves you so much.” You moved up a bit, so your head rest resting in the crook of his neck. Taking in that familiar sent, you loved so much. You two just stayed there, holding each other. You loved it, you loved him so much.
Dr. Daddy pt 1

It had been four months since Sam decided you were going to be his little girl. You had been very open and honest with each other, however it had been a few days since you went number two and you were embarrassed to tell him.

You curled in a ball dreading your morning temperature check. He was going to find out and you were going to get punished for it. Right on time Sam walked in and you groaned, clutching your stomach.

“Mmmm, daddy” you whined.

“Little girl?” he asked concerned.

“I don’t feel good. Tummy hurt” you moaned. Sam placed a hand on your forehead, you felt a little warm.

“Roll on your back please” you groaned as you did. Sam pulled back the blanket and started to palpitate your stomach.

“Ahhhhh” you whined.

“Shhhh. Let Dr. Daddy take care of you” he said.

“Stop. Please” you whimpered.

“I know it’s been a while since you messed your diaper.” You nodded. “Have you been having a hard time doing that?” he removed his hands and crossed his arms. You rolled over onto your side and looked down, embarrassed.

“Yes” you whispered.

“How come you didn’t tell me?” he asked sweetly, sitting on the bed and rubbing your back.

“Embarrassed” you said.

“Oh, you have nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“Daddy, don’t spank me” you said grabbing his arm.

“No. No, I would never do that, not for this. I need you on your back again. I’m going to take your diaper off, I’m going to take care of you. Dr. Daddy is going to give you some suppositories, to help with your tummy”

“Nooooo” you whined.

“Little girl” he said stern and you rolled on your back.

He reached down and felt your diaper, it was dry. He took it off and rolled you on your left side. You whimpered. “Shhhh. I’m going to take good care of you.”

Sam left and when he came back he had everything he needed. He put on gloves and helped lift your right leg.
“I need you to stay just like that” he opened the packet and coded the suppository with lube. He spread you butt cheeks and carefully inserted it in you, pushing slowly. He held his finger there, making sure the suppository was going to come out. You moaned. “Shhhh. I know, I know.” He carefully pulled his finger out and closed your butt cheeks together. Then he added another one.

“Daddy” you whispered.

“Shhh. I need you to stay just like this for twenty minutes.”

“Okay” you said quietly. Sam took off his gloves, cleaned up and then sat on the bed, facing you and rubbing his hand up and down your arm for comfort.

“Want your paci?” he cooed and you nodded.

He got up, grabbed it and sat back down and placed it in your mouth and went back to rubbing your arm. When it was almost 20 minutes, Sam got up and grabbed a diaper and placed it by your bum. He helped you roll over onto your back and he did up the diaper.

“MMMM!” you protested.

“I waited for you to be honest with me. If you did, I would let you sit on the toilet.”

He pulled you up so your arms were around his neck; you were kneeling on the bed and so was he. He wrapped his arms around your waist and rubbed your back. You sobbed and sobbed.

“Mmmmhmmmm” you whined.

“Shhhh. I got you.” You hand around your waist; he brought his other on to your stomach and pushed lightly. You felt your bowels release and your diaper filled up. Sam went back to rubbing your back. “There we go. There we go, good girl. Good girl.” You looked up at him. “Are you done?” you nodded.

He lifted you up and brought you to the changing table. He put your leg in the high restraints and strapped your body down. He put gloves on and went to work, cleaning you up and getting rid of your diaper.

“Daddy is going to be strict today. You will have two enemas, I don’t want you to pull on the tube, so I will put the chastity belt over your diaper to hold it in.”

“Nnnnnnnnnnn” you shook you head side to side.

“Little girl” he gave you the warning look.

He finished cleaning you up. He took his gloves off and restrained your arms. You cried more and he stroked your hair.

“Shhhh. Shhhh. This is for your own good. Maybe next time you will tell daddy when you haven’t messed your diaper” He left and got the enema ready.

He placed everything he needed on your bed. He took the restraints off you, carrying you over to your bed and brought a diaper. He put you in it and placed the left tab on. He rolled you on the left side again, not doing the right tab up. He snapped gloves on. He lubed up the nozzle. He put lube on his finger.

“Deep breaths for me” you did and shuddered when he rubbed his finger over your hole and slowly
inserted his finger in you. He put the nozzle in. “Before Dr. Daddy starts the water, I’m going to lock you up. He took the gloves off and positioned the tube. He closed the other side of your diaper and put the belt on.

“Hnnnnnn” you whined

“Deep breaths for me, little girl” you did and he started the water. It flowed into you and you started to cry again. He came over and gently massaged your stomach. “You are doing so good for me” you gripped his arm. “No. You are going to take all the water. Almost done. The tube is going to act as a plug. Daddy is going to unlock you and pull the tube out when it is time to release the water.”

You sobbed and sobbed, while Sam massaged your stomach. Why didn’t you just tell him? That would have been way easier. This wasn’t fair. You had to admit that you did feel better, besides being humiliated.
You felt so humiliated when Sam undid the chastity belt and pulled the nozzle out. What was worse? He double diapered you.

“There’s a good girl. Daddy is going to roll you on your back now, so you can let all that yuckiness out.” He rolled you over and you tried to clench shut but you couldn’t and your diaper just got soaked and messed a little more.

“Mmmmmhmmmmmmm” you sobbed.

“I’m not going to change you right away, going to let the diapers soak it up a bit.” You move your head side to side. “After your second enema, Dr. Daddy is going to do your temperature check and then you’re going to have the most bubbly bath” your eyes lit up a bit. “Yeah, I thought you might like that.”

Sam lifted you and restrained you to your changing table. He put gloves on and took off the first diaper, he saw it was soaked. He then carefully took off the second diaper. He saw that it wasn’t too messy.

“Little girl, looks like those suppositories did the trick. Your diaper isn’t that messy. One more should do” You nodded. “Daddy is going to add monthly enemas along with your daily temperature checks.”

“MMMMMMMMMM” you shook your head as he started wiping you clean and removing the diaper. He took his gloves off and grabbed the enema bag and went to clean it and fill it up again. Was he really not going to say anything more on that subject?

“Now, since daddy is very nice, you will have this enema in the bathroom and you will release in the toilet.” He took the restraints off and lifted you to the bathroom.

He had you lie on some towels and he put a glove on and lubed his finger and nozzle, he put the nozzle in and turned on the water. You cried and cried. He disposed of his and grabbed a big fuzzy towel and covered you up. You whined and whined. He reached over and took the pacifier out.

“Today is going to be very different. We are going to recite the rules here.” He said.

“MONTHLY!” you shouted.

“Little girl, that could have been avoided. So, like the temperature checks, there will be a monthly enema. You will not argue with daddy.”

“Crampy” you whined.

“Almost empty. Again, the nozzle will act as a plug. When all the water is in, daddy will ask for the rules” you looked down at you and you looked up and nodded. A few seconds later he asked for number one. You stumbled you way through the rules. Sam lightly massaging your stomach.

“Daddy, I need to release” you cried.

“Soon” he said stroking your hair.

“Daddy, I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” You cried.
“Shhhh. Little girl, shhh” he soothed. “Daddy knows you are. Open” he placed the gag back in your mouth. “I’m going to take the nozzle out and quickly put you on the toilet. Daddy needs you to clench, when the nozzle is out.” You nodded.

He removed the nozzle, you clenched and he quickly plopped you on the toilet the contents coming out. He massaged your shoulders, then you didn’t mean too, but you peed. You looked up at him worried and he kissed your forehead.

“You couldn’t help that. It’s okay. That’s okay. Daddy is okay with what happened“ you nodded.

He wiped you and lifted you bridal style. He restrained you to the changing table and went to the bathroom to have a look. He flushed the toilet and came back with a giant smile on his face.

“Daddy is so proud of you. All clear!” you giggled. “Dr. Daddy is going to make sure.” He put a glove on his right hand lubed his finger.

He wiped some lube on your butt and then pushed his finger in. Moving it around, you whined and whined. He moved his finger in and out a few times. He removed his finger, nodded and then with his left hand inserted the thermometer. He took his glove off and you saw as he reached under the changing table and grabbed his stethoscope.

“Dr. Daddy is going to have a listen, while he takes your temperature” He put the buds in his ear and warmed it up no his hand and placed it on your chest.

He could hear your heart beating really fast. He knew it was a hard morning for you. He placed the stethoscope around his neck and went over and took the thermometer out and re-diapered you.

“Good girl. Normal temperature. I’m going to release your legs and arms, but not your waist.” He did and you looked at him. “Your heart is beating very fast and I know you’re very nervous and not to thrilled with daddy right now. However, I want you to close your eyes and daddy is going to place his hand on your chest until your breathing slows. Then he is going to have another listen.”

You closed your eyes and felt his hand go on you your chest. It was warm and you repeated over and over in your head that he has your best interest. You felt him remove his hand and jumped a little when you felt the stethoscope.

“Little girl, much better” Sam put the stethoscope away and took the strap around your waist off. “Hungry?” you shook your head. “Daddy is going to give you a bottle and then” he smiled and you clapped your hands. “Bath!” he said tickling your tummy. He lifted you up and held you tight. “Daddy is so proud of his little girl. So proud.”

After your bottle, Sam carried you to the bathroom and started the bath. He bounced you on his hip and you giggled. Your eyes widened when you saw the amount of bubbles he put in. You clapped your hands and he rubbed your stomach a bit.

“Does your tummy feel better?” you nodded. Sam turned the taps off and kneeled on the ground and placed you down. He ran a hand up and down your diaper, squeezing it. He patted you a few times. “All dry.” You nodded.

He undid your diaper and lifted you into the bath. You started to play with the bubbles. Sam grabbed your rubber duckies. He grabbed one ducking and made it kiss your cheek. You scooped up some bubbles and blew a little, bubbles going everywhere. You both giggled. Sam grabbed the washcloth and started to wash your back. You played with your duckies. Sam went and started to wash your front.
“Arms up” you lifted your arms and he washed your under arms. He then gently washed your stomach and then between your legs. “Daddy is going to wash between your legs” you nodded. He reached between and washed you.

He then went and grabbed a new cloth and washed your face. He booped your nose and kissed your forehead. He then went and washed your hair. You smiled as he massaged your head. He cleaned the shampoo out and dried your hair with a towel. When it wasn’t too wet, he braided it, while you still played with your toys.

“Time to get out” He took your duckies and pulled the drain, lifting you out.

He laughed at the bubbles that stuck to you. You shook your bum and he wrapped you in a towel. He patted you dry between your legs and patted your butt, ever so gently. You whined a little, your butt was still sore.

“I know, I know.” He lifted you up and carried you to the changing table. He placed a diaper down and laid you on top. He put the baby powder on you which felt nice after your bath. He closed your diaper. He lifted you up.

“I know you haven’t eaten today, it’s been a rough morning. Daddy is going to make you soup and crackers. “He placed you in the playpen. He grabbed a bottle and filled it with water, handing it to you. “Here you go” he smiled. He took out your pacifier gag and you had your water. You lay on your stomach, while Sam made your soup. He would occasionally walk by and rub your back.

When the soup was ready he placed it on the table and lifted you up, bringing over another bottle and feeding it to you.

“There isn’t any in here, but daddy will be putting laxatives once a week in your bottle.” You pushed the bottle away.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOO” you screamed.

“Little girl! You will not yell at daddy!” You looked at the change in his eyes. “End of discussion. Daddy will tell you when he has added the laxatives, unless you act out like right now. Then you won’t know which one daddy put it in.” He put the bottle back in your mouth and fed it to you.

When the soup had cooled down he fed it to you, dipping the crackers in it. You ate, no questions asked. When you were done it was back in your playpen, playing with your stuff moose, while Sam cleaned up.

“Daddy mad?” you asked.

“Oh, little girl, no. Shhhhh. Daddy is not mad.” He booped your nose again before lifting you up. “Daddy is not mad” he bounced you again, before grabbing another bottle with water. “Need to keep my girl hydrated” He held the bottle up and you looked away. “Hey” he said sternly. “I know you need a nap, but I want you are going to drink this. Open” you opened your mouth and he gave you the bottle. “There’s a good girl. So good doing what daddy says. Daddy loves you so much.”
Sam brought you your night bottle and placed you on the changing table. He rubbed his hand up and down, feeling you were dry, he moved the diaper aside and did your night time temperature check. You looked over and saw that it was early.

“Little girl, ever since last week, you’ve been getting an early bedtime.”

“Mmmmm” you whined

“Now, daddy is going to double diaper you. There were laxatives in your night bottle” you sat up right and Sam grabbed your waist. “Does daddy need to strap you down for every changing?” You started to squirm and get away from him and he pulled you tighter and held the back of your neck so you were looking up at him.

“Nnnnnnnnn” you started to cry.

“Little girl” he sang. “We discussed this. You were doing so well. So well. Daddy is very proud of you. However, you earned yourself a month worth of restraints with changing. Now, let’s get that other diaper on you.” He gently pushed you down and restrained your waste and arms, then legs. He added the other diaper.

He took off the restraints and carried you to the bed and showed you the medical pad on the bed in case you leaked. He put you down on the bed and took off your gag.

“Daddy, don’t do this!” you grabbed onto his arm and he cradled the back of your head.

“It’s already done. Now, when you mess your diaper, daddy wants you to wait half an hour before calling out.” You whimpered and cling tighter to his arm.

“Bu-but-” you cried.

“Uh oh. Are you going to fight daddy on this?”

“Nooooottt" 

“That’s why daddy is giving you an early bedtime. So, you can actually sleep in a clean diaper.” He kissed you and left.

You lay there in your bed and cried. Your stomach rumbled and you knew it was coming. You closed your eyes and gripped the sheets as your diaper started to fill. Now you had to lie there for half an hour, he was going to restrain you every change for a week. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Time moved so slow. Finally half an hour was up.

“DADDY!” you called out and Sam was right there.

“Has it been half an hour?” you nodded. You were on your side, he say on your bed and patted your butt. “Good girl. Oh, let daddy change you.” he lifted you up and restrained everything. Again, put gloves on and got to changing you.


“Little girl” he said looking up at your sad eyes. “Daddy wants you to learn your lessons. Haven’t you noticed the more you resist what daddy wants, the more you get punished for it. Like earlier
today. If you trusted daddy with the double diaper, instead of sitting up, you wouldn’t be restrained right now.”

“Daddy, I hav-have learned. I’m sorry. Please, no more laxatives.”

“That is not your decision to make.” he changed gloves and continued to clean you. “You are my baby. Daddy is here for you 24/7. You need to trust me.” You saw he looked a little sad.

“I do. I do trust you”

“I don’t think you do, otherwise you would have told me about not going to the bathroom. There are no secrets with us.” You nodded and saw that he had teared up.

“Daddy. Please don’t cry. Oh, I wish I could hold you.”

“I’m okay” he said sniffling a bit.

“No, daddy you’re not”

“Let daddy finish you cleaning up and diapering you. You’re going to sleep with me tonight.”

“Of course. I love you so much. So much daddy.”

“I love you too. You know what, no more laxatives, but still monthly enemas”

“Deal.”

Sam finished cleaning you up and diapered you again. He took off your restraints and lifted you up. You hugged him so tight. You kissed his neck, cheek and lips. You held his face in your hands and stroked his cheeks. He teared up a bit.

“It’s okay to cry, daddy. You taught me that” you said.

“Thank you, little girl” he pulled you tighter.

“I’m going to make daddy all better.”

He carried you to his room and put you down on his bed. He rested his head on your stomach and you stroked your hair.

“I’m sorry I’ve been bad” you said quietly.

“Oh. No. No.” Sam got up and turned to face you.

“But I have. I have been very bad and not doing what daddy says right away.”

“Babies don’t listen all the time” he said “I love you so much”

“I love you too” he rested his head back on your lap and you continued to stroke his hair.
Outing

Sam had you strapped to the changing table. Your arms were restrained, legs were in the lower restraints and since he was shaving you, he had straps around your waist and hips so you wouldn’t move.

“Almost done. Little girl, I’m getting you nice and smooth, just how I like it.” He wiped you clean. He took a cloth and gently wiped you again. “You were so good for daddy this morning. Taking your enema.”

Sam put away the shaving stuff and put on a pair of gloves. He grabbed some lotion and rubbed it over you, to soothe you.

“Now you’re all nice and ready for your princess plug.”

“Nnnnnn” you whined.

“Yes. You know that when we go out, daddy puts the princess plug in.” he threw the gloves away.

Sam grabbed a diaper and placed it under your bum. He grabbed your heart shaped plug that had a pink stone. He put on a glove and put some lube on his finger and brushed over your hole a few times. He lubed up the plug and pushed it lightly against you.

“Nnnnnnn” you said

“Shhhh. Relax for me” He pushed again and he pushed the plug in. “Good girl. Good girl.”

He disposed of the glove, grabbed some baby powder and opened it a big puff of white came out the top and you giggled. He tickled your tummy. He ran a hand down your freshly shave little girl parts. He nodded and smiled to himself. He sprinkled some baby powder and did up the diaper. He undid the restraints and lifted you up. You rested your head on his shoulder and he rubbed a hand up and down your back.

“We’re going to have so much fun at the park. Daddy is going to get you dressed. You won’t be wearing shorts under your dress. You looked up at him, eyes wide. “You heard me.” You tapped his shoulder repeatedly. “Little girl.” He said stern and you looked down.

He grabbed a pink summer dress that went just below your knees. He sat you on the edge of your bed and grabbed your hairbrush and elastic. He brushed your hair and placed it in a ponytail. He picked you up and bounced you a bit. He grabbed you diaper bag and walked to the kitchen to grab some snacks and a water bottle.

“You are to behave yourself. Daddy is going to take the pacifier out and when we get to public, you will be walking. However you are to always, always hold my hand. You will not run ahead, you will not do anything that puts my little girl in danger.” You nodded. “You will be using your diaper in public, you will let daddy know when you have peed. I will take you and change you.” you nodded again.

Sam carried you to the front of the door and placed the diaper bag down. He patted your butt a few times and bounced you for two minutes. He placed you down, booped your nose and took off your pacifier, placing it on the hook by the door. Sam kissed your forehead.
“I love you, daddy” you said.

“I love you too. “ He took your hand and you looked at him confused. “We’re walking”

“Nooo. Daddy, what if I wet myself on the way back?”

“Well, daddy can change you in public” you gripped his hand tight and teared up. “I guess you’ll have to walk home with a wet diaper. It will be okay. Little girl, daddy’s got you.” he pulled you close.

He grabbed your shoes and you say on the stairs. He put them on and tied up the laces. You closed your eyes as he put the sunglasses on you. The two of you walked to the park, Sam holding tightly to your hand and carrying your diaper bag. You got excited when you saw the swing, letting go of his hand you took two steps forward. He cleared his throat and you gasped, quickly grabbing his hand.

“I’m sorry” you whispered. He bent down and whispered in your ear, still holding your hand.

“You’re sorry, what?”

“Daddy” you whispered.

“That was a warning.” He stood straight and you nodded.

You were glad no one was really around, you had no problem being in a diaper in public, however Sam usually let you wear shorts over top. You got to the swings and Sam put the bag down and you sat on the swing. He started to push you, you sat back, making sure your butt was directly on the seat. He grabbed the chains and held you tight against him.

“Legs wider” he said in your ear.

“No. Please” you whimpered.

“Does daddy need to do a diaper check right now?” you looked back at him mouth open a little. He raised an eyebrow and you spread your legs a little. “Good girl” he let go on the chains and started push you again.

A little later you got off the swing and he led you over to a picnic bench. He opened a granola bar for you and got some water. You ate and drank. He then handed you an apple and you shook your head. He brought out some grapes and you smiled. He smiled and opened the container and you ate your grapes. He gave you more of the water.

“Monkey bars?”

“Oh, no. Those are not for little girls” he said concerned.

“I’ll be careful. Promise”

“I said no.” you looked down a little and he cupped your cheek and kissed your forehead. “Water?” you nodded and he handed you the bottle. “Good girl” he rubbed your back. You crossed your arms on the table and rested your head on them. “Time for a nap.” You shook your head. “Yes it is”

“Not tired. Want to play more” you said.

“Are you dry?”
“Uh huh”

“Let daddy check” you both had your back to the park so you could open your legs a little wider. He reached over and felt your diaper.

“See!” you said proud.

“Very good. Princess plug okay? Need more lube?” you thought about it and then nodded. “Okay! Let’s go to the bathroom. Thank you for telling me.” You leaned in and he kissed you.

He packed up your stuff and held your hand. You walked to the family bathroom and knocked on the door, no one said anything and you both walked in. He locked the door and reached into the bag and pulled out a changing mat, placing it on the floor. You lifted up your dress.

“All the way off” Sam took off your sunglasses and helped you out of the dress.

You lay down on the mat and he undid your diaper, you rolled over on your elbows and knees. Sam put on a glove and carefully eased out the plug. He put a good amount of lube this time and smeared it over and in your hole.

“Daddy, cold” you said.

“Oh, daddy is sorry” he said leaning down and kissing your back. He pulled his finger out and lubed up the plug, it easily slid into you. Sam had you roll onto your back and he changed his glove and put on another one. You looked confused.

“Daddy is just going to put some more lotion on, so you’re not irritated from the shaving.” He grabbed the lotion and gently rubbed it on you.

“Mmmmm” you said closing your eyes. It was soothing, and even with gloves on, his touch was gentle.

“Does that feel good?”

“Yes daddy” you smiled.

“Good.” Sam took the gloves off, put some more baby powder on you and redid your diaper. He lifted you to stand and put your dress back on and your sunglasses.

“All better” you said swaying your hips side to side and he laughed as he cleaned up.

“I’m glad. Little girl, daddy loves you so much.”

“I love you too. We walk?” you asked.

"No. Nap." you pouted

"Pleeeeeease" you grabbed his hand.

“Sure. We’ll go for a walk.”
Punishment

Sam made you finish the water he brought with you guys. You squeezed tighter to Sam’s hand and started to walk slower. He noticed this and stopped walking, pulling you close to him.

“Do you have to tinkle?”

“Yes, daddy” you pouted.

“Go ahead.”

“Nnnnn.” You whined.

“Little girl. I wanted to take you home for a nap, but you asked for a walk. Now, you will use your diaper.” He held onto your shoulders to keep you in place. You looked down and used your diaper. “Good girl.”

“Daddy, home?” you asked.

“We’re about a ten minute walk from home. A you very wet?” you nodded. Sam saw that no one was around, he pulled you into an alley and reached down to feel your diaper. “Hmmm. You are very wet.”

“Oh, please, don’t change me right here” you said worried.

“You won’t be able to last ten minutes”

“I will! I will! I’ll be good. Won’t complain.” Your gripped his hand and he kissed your forehead.

“Legs spread please, hold up your dress” He let go of you hand and opened your diaper bag. You stood there frozen.

“Little girl” he said looking up at you.

“Daddy” you whispered, tearing up.

“Daddy will be very quick, but you need to help” he rolled up your dress for you and you grabbed it. “Good girl. So good for daddy” he undid the tabs and slipped it off.

He quickly wiped you and grabbed a fresh diaper. He brought it between your legs and you grabbed the back for him. He did the tab and grabbed the other side and quickly did that tab. You let your dress drop and he smoothed it down for you. He noticed a dumpster. He packed up the bag. Cleaned his hands and then grabbed your hand and the diaper. He threw it in the dumpster. He let go of your hand and bend down in front of you. You climbed onto his back and carried you home.

When you got home he put you down and took off your sunglasses. He kissed you and pulled you tight. You hugged back. He pulled back and went to lift your dress, you stepped back and held it down.

“Little girls do not wear clothes in the house. Only diapers.” Sam said and took a step towards you and lifted the dress off. “There. That’s better.” He grabbed the pacifier and put it on you. “Let’s get the princess plug out of you, hmm.” He lifted you up.
You squirmed a bit in his arms and rubbed your eyes.

“Do you see what happens when you miss nap time? You will be getting an early bedtime.” You shook your head and crossed your arms. “Little girl.” He said stern.

“Mmmmmmmmm” you whined.

He brought you to your bedroom and placed you on the bed. You got up and started to walk away, you wanted to play. Sam followed you.

“Where are you going?” he asked with warning in his voice.

“Hmmm” you turned to face him, crossed your arms and stamped your feet.

“I will give you until the count of three to get over here. One.” He paused “Two. Three.” You stayed where you were. “That’s it” Sam took a step and lifted you up.

“Nnnnnn”

“Daddy is going to take out the princess plug and give you a firm spanking. You will not disobey me. Now, you missed your nap time, you are over tired.”

Sam strapped you down to your changing table and took off your diaper. He removed the plug and wiped you a bit. You were crying, you wanted to sleep, you wanted to play. Sam unbundid your legs from the higher restraints. Sam reached under the changing table and grabbed some cuffs. He went over and undid your arm restraints and the strap around your waist and cuffed your hands behind you. He grabbed the cream.

“There’s a good girl.” He lifted you up and sat down on your bed, turning you around and bringing over his knee. His left hand firm on your cuffs, his right hand rubbed soothing circles on your back. “Little girl, daddy gave you a warning at the park and a count of three here.” His hand went down and squeezed your butt and rubbed it again. “Daddy is going to take off your gag, you’re going to count” you nodded and with his right hand, he undid the buckle and taking it out. SMACK!

“AH! ONE.” You yelled.

“Uh, uh, uh” he said.

“Daddy. One, daddy” you sobbed.

“Good girl” SMACK!

“TWO, DADDY!” SMACK! “THREE, DADDY” SMACK! “AH! PLEASE. FOUR, DADDY. PLEASE, NO MORE.”

“Daddy is going to give you two more. You will take them, but you will not count.” SMACK! SMACK!

“MMMMM” You sobbed.

Sam reached over and grabbed pacifier and you opened your mouth. He put it back in and buckled it up. He placed you face down on the bed, arms still cuffed. He opened the cream and squirted some on his hand and rubbed his hands together and gently started to massage your butt.

“There, daddy is going to make it all better. Okay, I’m going to diaper you again and you’re going to have a nap.”
He lifted you again and carried you back to the changing table, took the cuffs off and restrained your legs. He re-diapered you again and lifted you up, bouncing you a bit, rubbing a hand up and down your back.

“You’re okay. Daddy had to punish you. You’re better now, you’re okay. Just close your eyes, daddy will hold you.”
While Daddy reads

You tugged on Sam’s arm, tears coming down your face. He looked at you as you wiggled your butt. Sam patted your butt and felt that you had messed your diaper.

“Little girl, that is quite the mess you made.” You nodded. “Aw, let daddy take care of you.”

You lifted your arms up; he smiled and bent down to pick you up. Your legs wrapping around his waist, he rubbed a hand up and down your back. He placed you on the changing table and put your legs in the restraints.

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“Shhh, daddy has you. Daddy is going to use all the restraints, this seems like a really messy one.”

“Hmm” you whined.

Sam restrained your arms and chest. He put gloves on and removed your diaper and threw it away. You shuddered when the baby wipe touched you.

He kept wiping you, he took a wipe and stuck it in your butt.

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you screamed.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Just want to get you clean. Daddy is going to draw you a nice bath.” He pulled his finger out and threw the wipe away. “There’s my good girl.” He took off his gloves. “Do you have to potty?” you shook your head. “Then daddy is going to hold you while he draws your bath” you smiled.

Sam took off all the restraints and lifted you up, holding you close. He brought you to the bathroom and turned on the water and got it warm enough. He nibbled at your neck and you laughed a bit. When the bath was ready he placed you in. You pointed down.

“Oh, I’m sorry. This is not a bubble bath, just need to get my little girl all nice and clean.” He took a cloth and put some body wash on it and wet it, starting to wash your shoulders and back. You splashed the water and pouted. “Hey.” He said warning and you stopped.

Once Sam washed you, he took you out and dried you, wrapping your fuzzy towel around; he leaned down and kissed your pacifier. He lifted you up and put you on the changing table and diapered you. He lifted you up, bouncing you a bit.

“Daddy has to do some reading.” You clung to him. “Oh don’t worry, He is not going to neglect you.”

He laid you down on your bed, but your head where your feet usually go. He strapped your arms down with the cuffs and your legs. You looked at him and he smiled at you. He left and when he returned he had a book and a vibrator.
“Daddy is going to sit against the headboard, that’s why you’re this way.” He propped himself up and ran a hand up and down your diaper.

“Mmmmmmn” you moaned and closed your eyes.

“That’s it. Such a good girl. Daddy has to read this big book”

He opened the book and turned on the vibrator, placing it against your diaper. You screamed and then closed your eyes and relaxed. Sam would look up from time to time when he heard you moan, he smiled at you. You felt your stomach tighten and finally you came. He turned off the vibrator and put the down the book. He went over and rubbed your stomach.

“Very good, little girl. Very good. Daddy is going to give you a little break. I’m just going to grab you a bottle, come on” he took the restraints off and lifted you up. You’re still panting, he rubbed your back. “Shhhh. Shhh. You’re okay” he placed you in the playpen and warmed up your bottle.

You made grabby hands at him. He placed his hands on either side of you and kissed your pacifier and then forehead. He lifted you up and held you close. You nestled your head into his neck. He grabbed your bottle and sat down on the chair. He took off the pacifier and fed you. When you finished the bottle he put the pacifier back in and brought you back to your bedroom and restrained you again.

“Are you ready for round two?” you nodded. He picked up the book and turned the vibrator on and placed it on you. He moved it up and down on you, you moaned and moaned. Sam went on like nothing was happening and you started to squirm. Crap, you had to pee and by Sam’s smirk he knew it too.

“Oh, does my little girl have to go?” you nodded and started to tear up. “You can go” he pushed the vibrator to you and you squirmed and came and wet your diaper at the same time. He removed the vibrator and ran a hand up and down “You’re going to stay like this for a few hours.” You shook your head side to side. “Oh yes you are.” He cooed.

After two hours of on again off again vibrating. Sam finally put the book down. He undid your legs and arms, lifting you up and bringing you to the changing table. He took off your wet diaper and wiped you thoroughly, then he rediaperd you. He kissed up your stomach to your pacifier. You smiled and he lifted you up, holding you close.

“Daddy is so proud of you. You’re going to have another bottle and then a nap.” He said and you nodded.

He walked with you to the kitchen and grabbed the bottle of milk and walked to the living room. He sat on the couch, took of your pacifier and cradled you feeding you the milk. He watched as your eyes fluttered closed, He pulled you closer to him and smiled a bit. He put the bottle down and lifted you up, bringing you to your room. He sat down on your bed still holding you. He grabbed a blanket to cover you up a bit and stroked your hair.

That night you had finished your dinner and he had put you in front of the TV while he finished reading his book. He placed the book down and started to massage your shoulders.

“Mmm” you said relaxing under his touch.

“Alright, bedtime” He whispered in your ear.

He stood up and lifted you, carrying you to the bathroom so you could brush your teeth and wash your face. When that was done, he gave you your nighttime bottle of water. It was then time for the
temperature check and bedtime story. When he was done he turned on your little nightlight and played soothing music on low for you. He kissed your forehead.

“Goodnight little girl”

“M’night daddy” you grumbled.
You move around at night. You felt uncomfortable in your diaper, you looked over and saw that it was four in the morning. You didn’t care though.

“Daddy” you said. You know it was too quiet. “Daaaaaddy” you whined louder. You heard him get up and open the door.

“What is it little girl?” he said sleepily.

“Not comfy” you said.

“Is it your diaper?” he picked you up not letting you answer and put you on the changing table. He turned on the little overhead light that looked like one for a medical exam. He restrained your legs up.

“Nnnnnnnn” you whined.

“Little girl” he warned and he took off your diaper. “Oh, you have a rash.”

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Shhhhh. Dr. Daddy is going to take care of you.” Sam went and grabbed your pacifier gag “Open” he cooed.

“But-but-but?” you looked wide eyed at him.

“Open please” he said still cooing, but a little sternly.

You did and he placed the gag in. He restrained your arms and waist. Sam put some gloves on and reached down and grabbed a little water bottle and a cotton ball. He carefully wet it and dabbed it on your rash.

“MMMmm” you whined.

“Shhh, I know. Daddy knows” he said sympathetically. He grabbed a cloth and dabbed the area dry. He disposed of the gloves and put new ones on. He put the ointment on; he noticed your eyes flutter shut. Sam took the gloves off and he carefully took your legs out of the restraints and put them in the lower ones. He put a new diaper on you and did it up, he went and stood by your head and stroked your hair, he leaned down and whispered in your ear.

“Little girl, daddy has you. Daddy has you. He needs you to be a brave girl okay? You’re going to be sleeping on this changing table, all strapped in. Daddy won’t let you fall. I need to monitor your rash, you if you feel Dr. Daddy checking on you, don’t you worry about waking up, you just rest.” You nodded and drifted off to sleep. “That’s it. That’s my good girl, you just rest. You just sleep. Good girl. Daddy is so proud of you.”

You felt Sam pat your diaper and squeeze. You felt him removed the tabs and put your legs in the restraints. You opened your eyes to see him grabbing a new diaper, throwing the old one away. He smiled at you grabbing the baby wipe and wiping you.

“Good morning. Dr. Daddy is going to do your temperature check, okay? First let me inspect that rash.” He put some gloves on “Hmmm. You’re not going to wear a diaper today, so I need you to
tell me when you have to potty.” You nodded. “This is very important.” He said sternly and you
nodded again.

He changed his gloves and grabbed the lube and put some on his finger and rubbed it on your butt.
You took a deep breath and relaxed as he pushed his finger in and pulled out. He lubed the
thermometer and put it in. He held it there for a few minutes and then pulled it out.

“Good girl. Normal.” He took off his gloves and put new ones on. He wet a cotton ball and dabbed
it on you, then dabbed the wash cloth. He then went and put gloves on, applied the diaper cream.

He unstrapped you and lifted you up and off the table. He carried you to your playpen in the
kitchen and placed you in it and crouched down.

“Daddy is so sorry” he said stroking your cheek and you looked a little confused and reached out
and placed your hands on either side of his face and leaned his head down placing your pacifier on
his forehead as a way of kissing him. “When daddy didn’t change your diaper when you wet it,
when he was playing with you the other day.”

You tapped your pacifier signaling to take it off and he undid it. You pulled his face to yours
crashing your lips together in a passionate kiss. You kissed his nose and forehead and lips again.
He laughed a smiled a bit.

“Daddy, it’s not your fault. Not your fault.” You said.

“It is” he looked down.

“No need to be sad daddy. I love you sooooooo much.” You wrapped your arms around his neck.

“I love you too.”

“Daddy, out please?” you lifted your arms up.

Sam lifted you up and out of your playpen. You knelt on the ground and so did he. Ge grabbed
your pacifier and he put it back on you. He looked at you and you pulled him close, his head on
your chest. Your stroked his hair, his arms wrapping around you and pulling you tight to him. After
a few minutes you were lifted up again and put back in your play pen. Sam held your face in his
hands.

“Little girl, daddy really needed that. Thank you so much.” He kissed your pacifier and then your
forehead. “Daddy loves you so much. So much, little girl” you clapped your hands glad you
helped.

He made your breakfast and you recited the rules and he put on your favorite movie. You were
coloring while the movie was happening and he paused it and you looked up at him.

"Daddy is going to put more cream on. Then I’m going to give you another bottle. Do you need to
potty?” you thought about it and then nodded. He lifted you up and brought you the toilet. You
held his hands and rested your head on his stomach and took a few deep breaths, it had been a few
months since you used the toilet.

“Daddy, I scared” you said.

“Aw, it’s okay, you can use it.” He turned the tap on and you slowly started to pee. “There you go,
good girl. Good girl.” Sam grabbed some toilet paper and wiped you. “Daddy is going to lift you
now.” Sam lifted you up and brought you to your changing table and strapped you down. He wiped
you with the baby wipe.

“Mmmm” you whined.

“Shhhhh. I know. It’s cold, I know, Daddy is sorry. Now, you know what tomorrow is. Don’t you little girl?” he said when he came back from washing his hands. You shook your head. “Dr. Daddy is going to be inspecting your little girl parts.”

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you groaned

“Little girl!” he said sternly. “You will not speak like that to daddy. Daddy needs to make sure his little girl is healthy.”

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“That’s it, someone gets a spanking.” With your legs restrained up, he didn’t move you. You started to cry, this was going to hurt. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Four sharp smacks came to your put and you sobbed and sobbed. “There little girl, you’re okay. Daddy has you.” He took the restraints off and brought you to your bed and laid you on your stomach. He restrained you went to wash his hands again and applied the cream to your rash and then gently massaged your butt.
You were nervous for today. You knew that Sam was going to inspect you, but with your little outburst last night and the hushed call, you knew he called Dean. You knew you were going to get the full medical exam. You heard the door open, two sets of footsteps and you pulled the sheet up over your head. The bed dipped and you felt someone move the blanket aside and a hand run up and down your diaper.

“Wet?” you heard Sam ask.

“Yeah, not soaked though.” You heard Dean say patting your diaper.

“Daddy” you whispered.

“Dr. Dean is here. Little girl, come out from the covers and say hello.” He said. You pulled the covers down and saw Dean there with a warm smile.

“Well hey there” he said.

“Hi” you whispered.

“Alright, daddy is going to get you out of that wet diaper, Dr. Dean will give you an enema and we’ll get on with your exam.”

“Please” you whimpered and started to tear up.

“Awww, don’t worry sweetheart. Daddy and I will take good care of you.” Dean said.

Sam lifted you up and placed you on the changing table and got you out of your diaper and wiped you clean. While he was doing this, Dean was getting everything set up on the bed. You looked over and saw the two enema bags.

“I thought you said one!” you shouted a little louder than you wanted and by Sam’s look, you were to not ask any more questions.

“Dean” Sam said looking at him and he nodded.

“I’ve got it” Dean said about your pacifier gag and walked over you “Open up” he cooed and you shook your head.

“Little girl” Sam said sing songy. You opened your mouth and Dean placed it in you and stroked your hair.

“Good girl” he soothed. “Now, before I do your first enema, your daddy says you have a bit of a rash” Dean walked over and grabbed some gloves while put your legs in the restraints and he went over to your head. “I’m just going to have a look”

“Mmmmm” you cried and Sam kissed the top of your head.

“Shhhhh. Trust daddy and Dr. Dean.” You nodded “There’s a good girl. Dean carefully touched your butt to take a look. He lightly brushed it.

“Does that hurt?” he asked looking up and you shook your head. “Okay, good. Good. I’m just going to clean it.” He reached for the cotton ball and water.
“Hmmm” you looked at Sam worried.

“No, shhh. Just like what daddy does.” He said and you calmed down.

Dean gently dabbed the cotton ball over you and then grabbed the wash cloth and dabbed it dry. He did it again. He looked up and smiled at you, he took off his gloves.

Dean undid your restraints and lifted you up, you tensed and whimpered. He gently bounced and shushed you, rubbing a hand on your back. He sat on the bed, still holding you. You were fully naked and you just didn’t care anymore, you were trying not to worry about the day. Dean leaned back so you were lying on his stomach. He soothed you while Sam put the cream on your rash.

“There we go. It is looking a lot better” Dean sat up and laid you down on your left side.

“I want you to take deep breaths for me, I’m going to fill up the bag now, but you keep breathing deep breaths.” Dean instructed and you nodded.

While Dean went to fill the bag, Sam helped you breathe deep and get you relaxed. You heard Dean walk back in the room and Sam saw you tense a little and you got even more tense when you heard Dean snap on the gloves.

“Shhhhh. Little girl, it’s okay” he said holding your hand.

“Relax for me” Dean said. He gently massaged your asshole. “There you go, there you go.” He removed his finger and you heard the popping of the lube cap and Dean put some on his finger. He brushed it against your whole.

“Hmmm” you whimpered.

“Close your eye. Daddy will be right here and it will help you relax.” Sam said. You closed your eyes and continued your deep breaths. You had no problem when Sam did this, but the fact that it’s someone else.

“Mmmm” you moaned as Dean slowly pushed his finger in.

“Good girl, there’s a good girl. You just keep breathing, you’re doing so good for me, sweetheart” Dean encouraged.


Dean started the water and Sam massaged your stomach while Dean rubbed a hand on your back. You held it for ten minutes and when you were done, Sam lifted you and Dean took the back and carried you to the bathroom and he pulled out the tube and you say on the toilet crying. Both men comforted you. Dean got the other enema ready and like the first time Sam gave you one, you did it in the bathroom.

“Little girl, daddy is going to get you your bottle while Dr. Dean does your temperature check and puts on more cream.” Dean lifted you from the toilet and placed you on the changing table and used all the restraints.

“Just going to give you a really good wipe, okay?” Dean said and you nodded. He put on one glove and grabbed the baby wipe and wiped your thoroughly. He grabbed a new one and dipped it in your butt.

“Mmmmmm” you whined.
“Shhhh. You’re okay. You’re okay.” he changed his glove and grabbed the lube. He brushed it against you and he slowly pushed his finger in. “Nice and clean.” He grabbed the thermometer and put lube and stuck it in you. “Just going to hold this here for a few minutes.” He rubbed his un gloved hand up and down your leg for comfort. “How are you doing? Are you good?” he asked a little concerned and you nodded. 

Dean took the thermometer out and he nodded and smiled. Sam walked in with your bottle. Dean took of your restraints and pacifier gag. Sam lifted you, cradling you and feeding your bottle.

“She gets granola and yogurt with raspberries” Sam instructed Dean and he nodded.

Every breakfast since Sam decided you couldn’t take care of yourself and you were a baby, that’s what you would eat. He decided everything for you, what you wore (which was just diapers mainly), what you eat, when you ate, your treatments, you inspections. You were under his control and it took a few weeks to fully commit to that, but it’s been almost six months and you loved not having any responsibilities. You loved not having to really think and everything being taken care of.

“Come on, finish your bottle little girl.” You sucked on the bottle and finished it up. “Good girl. Remember, you need to tell daddy or Dr. Dean when you need to pee”

“I know daddy!” you smiled and he nibbled your neck. Dean walked in with your breakfast. “Yay!” you smiled.

“May I feed it to you?” Dean asked and you looked at Sam who nodded. Dean gave you little spoon full, he took his thumb and brushed some yogurt off your lip. When you ate it all you sighed.

“A lot of work huh?” Sam joked and you giggled.

“Okay sweetheart, I need to continue with the exam” Dean said.

“Okay” you looked down and he kissed your cheek.

“Good girl.”

“Daddy is going to be using the lower leg restraints. Your legs will be restrained when we are checking your little girl parts, you will also keep your paci in. You will not argue with what daddy or Dr. Dean says. Am I clear?” you hesitated, but nodded.

“Pee-pee” you said.

“Okay.” Sam smiled and he lifted you up and carried you to the bathroom. When you were done he carried you back to your room and he put you on the changing table. Sam had you lie down. Sam went and placed your pacifier gag in your mouth while Dean wiped you.

“Okay, sit up for me sweetheart” Dean said and Sam helped you sit up, so your back was against the wall, legs hanging over the side of the changing table. “Good girl. Your daddy gave me your chart and it says here you’re in need of-“Dean looked at Sam who held up two fingers. “Two shots”

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you screamed and started to get off the table. Sam held you there.

“Little girl, what did I just say?” Sam said looking you directly in the eye. You burst into tears.
“Sweetheart, we’ll restrain you.” Dean said rubbing a hand up and down your back. “Come on” he gently laid you down and moved your legs towards him and restrained your legs while Sam restrained your arms.

“NNNNNNNNMMMMMMMM” you yelled.

“No. Shhhhhhh. Shhhhhhh. Daddy isn’t going to let anything happen to you. Shhhhhhh.” Sam whispered in your ear.

“MMMMMMMM” you sobbed.

“I know, I know.” Dean said restraining your waist and hips, they needed you not to move. You moved your head side to side.

“MMMMMMMM” you moaned. Sam’s hands were on either side of your head, keeping your from moving.


Hmmm” you moaned when you felt the cold swab hit your arm.

“Shhhhh. Deep breaths. Deep breaths.” Sam whispered. You felt Dean’s gloved hand pinch your muscle and the needle go in and then out.

“There. One down.” He said soothingly. Dean wiped your arm again and you tensed, trying to move your head, but Sam still had you.

“The hard part is almost over. I promise. You’re so brave. So brave, little girl.” he whispered as Dean gave you the other needled.

“All done. All done. He said disposing of everything. “I have butterfly band-aides” he said and you slowly opened your eyes and saw him holding the box. “I hear they’re you’re favorite.” You nodded.

“You did so good for daddy. Thank you for being a very good little girl.” Sam put two band-aides on and Dean wiped the tears from you.

“Okay. You’re okay.” Dean said kissing the side of your head. “I’m going to take the restraints off and we’ll continue” you shook your head.

“NNNNNNNNNN” you yelled.

“Little girl. That was not a question” Sam said sternly. You looked up at the two grown men.
Inspection.

You were sobbing and trying to thrash around. You hated needles and you can’t believe Sam never warned you. Of course, you probably would have acted out. Still. Now, Dr. Dean was going to inspect your little girl parts, along with Sam.

“Little girl” Sam said sternly. “We will just keep you restrained” He said rubbing a hand on your chest to soothe you.

“Hmm” you tried to close your knees.

“Oh, that won’t do. Luckily daddy can fix that” Sam reached your upper leg restraints that undid, so you could adjust the height. He wrapped the one around your thigh and did it with the other one. You tried to move, but nothing. “Much better”

Dean went over to your head and stroked your hair. “Sweetheart, I know you’re very scared right now, but you are in very good hands.” You nodded. “You have nothing to be scared about. Your daddy and I are going to be very gentle.” Dean kissed your forehead and you saw Sam put on some gloves and Dean grabbed some. Sam turned on the light above adjusted it so it was right at your exposed little girl parts.

“Dr. Dean is going to look at your little button first. Dr. Daddy is going to let you know what is happening.” You nodded. Dean gently lifted up your clit hood.

“Is it sensitive?” he asked Sam.

“We haven’t touched the little button in a while, so it might be” Sam said.

“I’m just going to lightly touch it” Dean told you and he brushed his thumb against it and you whimpered. “Lube, please” he said holding out a finger and Sam put a little on and Dean dabbed some on your little button and started to rub. “See how I’m using gentle pressure? Try” Dean’s hands where replaced with Sam’s.

“MMmmmmm” you moaned.

“Good.” Dean nodded. “I’m going to continue. You’ll notice how she got wet.” Dean observed.

“Well, little girls are not allowed to play with themselves at all” Sam said looking at you. “And when daddy does, it’s a special treat.” Dean nodded and smirked.

He gently spread your lips and nodded at Sam who came over to help. Dean ran a finger up your slit and you gasped and whined.

“Sorry.” Sam said who rubbed a hand on your thigh.

“Yes. Sorry.” Dean said, both men letting go. Dean patted your little girl parts and you moaned. “I want you to keep doing this, while I get ready.” Sam nodded and traded places with Dean.

“You’re doing so well. Daddy is so proud of you. So brave. This next part is going to be a little scary. Dr. Dean has to insert a funny looking tool in your little girl parts.”

“Nnnnnnn” you groaned. You always hated this part and the fact that this is not your doctor that you’ve known forever, but a sort of stranger.
“I know, I know. It’ll be over very soon. You hang in there. Daddy loves you.” you tried to moved your hips, but the straps were working.

“Start rubbing” Dean instructed and Sam rubbed his hand up and down your little girl parts.

“That’s a good girl” Sam praised. Dean went over to you and showed you the speculum.

“I know this looks scary” he cooed “But this is just so I can get a better look. Everything so far seems very healthy.” You nodded. “Good girl.”

Dean stood between your legs and Sam removed his hand. Dean touched you again and grabbed the lube and you blushed a little.

“No, it’s okay. You are very wet, but better to be safe” Dean said.

Sam took off his gloves and stood by your head, stroking your hair and soothing you. you closed your eyes when you felt Dean slide it in and you moaned a little when he opened it. Dean grabbed a penlight and shown it in. He nodded and closed it, carefully pulling it out. Sam kissed your forehead and you opened your eyes.

“Good girl. Good girl” he praised. Dean changed his gloves and Sam went over and put some on.

“I’m going to feel around now, and then I’m going to ask your daddy to do the same.” Dean said and you nodded.

Dean added some lubed and inserted two fingers in you and started to feel around your stomach. Sam could do this on his own, but he always wanted to have a second opinion, especially when it was his little girl. You studied Dean’s face, he was very invested in what he was doing.

“Feels good. Daddy is going to make sure I’m right.” He said pulling his fingers and Sam stepped up with a serious look on his face, that made you smile and giggle a little. Dr. Daddy was always good to you.

“Something funny?” he asked smiling. You giggled again. Sam carefully checked you, taking his time like Dean. “Good” Sam said and he pulled out his fingers and you moaned a little at the loss of touch.

“It is my understanding that the princess plug is to go in” Dean said pulling on new gloves.

“Hm?!” you looked at Sam who was removing his gloves.

“Daddy needs you to remember you are his, so since you won’t be wearing a diaper, you will have your princess plug in. End of discussion.” He said tickling your stomach. You gasped again when Dean brushed a cold, lubed finger against your butt.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. I know, it’s cold.” He pouted a bit. Sam put on one glove.

“Dr. Dean is going to inspect your cute little butt and then Daddy is going to lube up the princess plug and put it in you.”

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“Ah, ah, ah.” He said warning you.

“Alright, relax for me sweetheart.” Dean instructed and you did as he pushed his finger in and moved it around.
“Hmmmmm” you groaned.

“Just a few more seconds” he said. “Deep breath. Relax. I know, it’s been a rough morning. There you go. That’s it. Good girl.” Dean pulled his finger out and disposed of his gloves.

You were met with more cold. Sam slid his finger in you and out and lubed the plug. Dean was by your head calming you down.

“Breathe in” Sam said and you did “And out” you did and he pushed the plug into you. “Good girl. Good girl. It’s now 11:30, we’re going to get you out of these restraints and you will another bottle. We’re almost done with today.”

It was only 11:30! You felt like you’ve been up forever, it had to be almost two. The day had to be almost over. What time did they wake you? Sam wide you clean and dabbed your dry. Dean went and undid your arms, waist hand hips. Sam undid your legs. Sam reached down and lifted you up, cradling your head and bouncing you lightly. You clung to him, wrapping your legs around him tight.

“It’s almost over. It’s almost over. Daddy is so proud of you. You’re safe, everything is okay.” Sam said.

After your bottle and lunch Sam put you back on the changing table and you didn’t want to let go of him.

“Sweetheart, this is the easiest part. I’m just going to take your vitals. It’s okay.” Dean said sweetly. You still clung to Sam.

“Little girl” Sam sighed and he cupped your face. “Daddy needs you to be good for Dr. Dean.” You started to tear up.

“I think someone needs a nap” Dean cooed and you nodded.

“Alright” Sam smiled. “We’ll continue after your nap.”

Sam laid you down and Dean quickly got a diaper on you and Sam lifted you up and sat on your bed, rocking you back and forth. He and Dean smiled when you burrowed yourself into Sam’s chest. It had been a long day so far for all of you.

You were in for it now. Sam had to leave and Dean was going to look after you, but you put up a huge tantrum. You didn’t want him to leave, you needed you’re daddy. You trusted Dean, he was very good to you when you were being examined. You threw things, you screamed and the biggest no, no. You were hitting Sam.

Now Sam was bringing you to the crib. You’ve never been sent there before. Sam showed it to you, it is in his room and there are so many cuffs attached to it for different variations of being restrained. You were sobbing so much that Sam took your gag out.

“DADDY, PLEASE! I’M SORRY. DADDY, I’M SORRY” you yelled.

“Oh little girl, no more yelling” he said calmly.

“Please” you whimpered. ”Not the crib”

“Little girl, daddy gave you three warnings. We do not hit in this house, we do not yell at daddy.”

Sam placed you in the crib, you were on your knees and he cuffed your ankles. He positioned the crib so it was across from the door and you could see who walked in. He cuffed your arms on either side, you could see the door.

“Please” you sobbed.

“Shhhhhhh. Shhhhh. Daddy is going to put your pacifier back in”

“Nooo” you whined.

“Open for me” you did and he placed the gag in your mouth and did it. There was a knock on the door and Sam kissed your forehead and left. When he came back he was with Dean.

“Uh oh, the crib. What happened?” Dean asked Sam rubbing a hand on your back.

“She was misbehaving, she hit daddy and yelled.” Sam said.

“Oh, sweetheart” he kissed your shoulder.

“Pay very close attention to what daddy is saying.” You nodded and Sam turned his focus on Dean. “She is to not leave this crib unless it is for feeding or changing. She has lost all television privileges. There are laxatives in her night bottle, not the one right before bed, the one after dinner.”

“NNNNNNNN” you whined.
“Dean has examined your little girl parts, but I know you. I know you won’t want to mess your diaper for him, so daddy has taken care of that. I will be gone for the weekend. You will stay in this crib for the remainder of the month”

“MMMMMMMM”

“I’m sorry, do you want two months?” he cocked an eyebrow. You shook your head. “Very good.”

“So, the side comes down, you were saying” Dean asked about the crib.

“Yes. You can lift her out with it up, but if she’s going to be a fussy baby” Sam said cupping your cheek. “Then you pull it down and pull her out.”

“Hmmm” you cried looking down.

“Oh little girl, daddy is going to miss you so much.” Sam said kissing your pacifier and undoing your arms cuffs. Dean got your ankles and Sam lifted you up and held you close. “You’re daddy’s good little girl. Aren’t you? Now, you were very naughty so, you are being punished how daddy sees fit. I gave Dean the rules; I will call every morning to hear them.” He was using baby talk. Something he only does when you’re in serious trouble.

“Is she clean?” Dean asked and Sam smiled

“Yeah, shaved her this morning. Daddy wont anyone else do that to you. Your little girl parts belong to daddy and daddy only. Isn’t that right?” you nodded completely mortified and humiliated at what was happening.

“Apply the cream three times a day for two days?” Dean asked.

“Yes. We don’t want your little parts to get irritated, do we?” he nibbled you neck. “Dean will apply it two more times today. Yes he will.” Sam booped your nose. “Daddy has to go. Dean will take you to put the cream on.”

“NNNNNNNN” you screamed.

“Oh, let daddy put you in the crib, Dean can go all your changing and feedings here if that’s how you’re going to act. Come on.” Sam laid you down on your back and restrained your arms above your head at one end of the crib and your ankles at the other end.

“HMMMMMMM” you looked at Dean worried.

“Sweetheart, do as daddy says” Dean said sternly. Sam sighed.

“Dean, I’m sorry. She’s just not ready for me to leave.” Sam said taking out his phone “Hey, Bobby? Yeah, it’s Sam. Look, I’m sorry, I won’t be able to make it. Thank you. Sorry. Yeah” Sam hung up.

Holy shit. Sam never cancels; you must have been really bad if he isn’t going to let Dean attempt to take care of you. What if he lets Dean stay with you both? You were not looking forward to whatever was about to come. Lowering the side so he could sit and stroke your hair, Sam sat down and looked you in the eyes.

“You will not leave this crib. You will be restrained at all times. Everything will be done in here, your changes, feeding, bathing, coloring, naps. Morning and night routines, including your temperature checks.” You sobbed and sobbed as he stroked your hair for comfort. He kissed your
forehead and pacifier. “Daddy has cancelled his trip. Dean was looking forward to take care of you, but since you can’t behave yourself, it’ll be just you and daddy.”

“Maybe next time, sweetheart” Dean said a little sad, knowing what was going to happen. Dean kissed your forehead and left.

“Two months should do the trick” Sam said lifting the side back up.

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you screamed.

“Little girl.” He said very sternly. “Daddy will be right back, he’s going to get your stuffy and the cream to soothe your little girl area.”

You sobbed and sobbed, you never seen him look so disappointed before. You let him down, you never acted like this before and now you were really, really going to get punished. Two months of the crib. Sam came back and smiled sadly, placing the stuffed moose in your hand. He ran a hand up and down your diaper, when he felt you were dry, he lowered the side of the crib, undid the diaper and put gloves on and the cream rubbing it over you. You jumped as the cold hit you. You tried to move arms and legs and he gave you a look and you stopped immediately. He took the gloves off and did your diaper up.

“You must be exhausted from all the fuss. You will nap now.” He said and he went and undid your left arm and leg and rolled you on your right side. He restrained them to the crib and you were facing his bed.

“Mmmmm” you said holding your moose. He grabbed a blanket to cover you. He crouched down and stroked your hair.

“You’re breaking my heart, little girl. Daddy thought you could be a good girl and behave while he was gone. You acting out like that, that really scares daddy. Seeing you like that is so hard for daddy. I want to make it better, but daddy really needs you to listen to him. I know it’s scary, having someone new look after you, but you have to trust me. Daddy will do anything for you. Daddy hates to punish you, but you know that this is for your own good. You need to be taught a lesson. Daddy will not leave your side. You’re safe. I’ve got you. I’ve got you, little girl. You will do what daddy says. No more worries, no more fears. Daddy’s got you, daddy’s got you.” You wanted to hug him, you made grabby hands and he held your hand. You tried to sit up to kiss him. He kissed your pacifier and you lay back down and closed your eyes.

When you woke up from your nap you were greeted with a warmer smile from Sam. He reached down and felt your diaper, you were dry and he nodded. Your moose had fallen on the floor and Sam placed it on the table. He saw you move your hips side to side.

“Daddy is so proud of you” he said still in baby talk.

“Hmm?” you looked at him confused.

“You slept for three whole hours, I bet you feel a lot better?” you nodded. “Because it’s just you and daddy, daddy threw away the laxative milk, but you seem like you need to use your diaper.” You nodded and looked down. “Messy?” you nodded again.

Sam removed your blanket and put it on your bed. He undid the restraints and turned you to face the wall, away from him. He restrained your legs to the side the comes down and your arms in front of you. He rubbed a hand up and down your back and notice you tense.

“Daddy needs to see your diaper fill. It’s okay, you’re okay. Just relax. It’s just you and daddy.”
“Hmmmm” you whined, embarrassed.

“Come on” he cooed. He gently massaged your shoulders. You closed your eyes and tried to focus on Sam’s hands. Finally you felt like you could go and you relaxed and filled your diaper. “Good girl” he whispered in your ear. He rubbed your neck. “Daddy’s got you. You’re okay. Are you done?” you shook your head. “Okay. You’re okay.” He kept whispering. With one hand he reached forward and gently rubbed on your bladder.

“Mmmmm” you squirmed and he lightly gripped the back of your neck.

“No, no, no. Daddy is here to help you.” you nodded “That’s a good girl.” You relaxed again and finished. “That’s my girl. Let daddy change you now.”
Sam left you restrained with your messy diaper while he went and got everything ready. He came back with all the stuff to change you and then he left and your heard water running. He came back with a bucket and a wash cloth.

“Daddy is going to give you a bath after” he said. He gently patted your butt and you moaned. He took off the restraints and re-positioned you on your back, arms above your head again, but this time facing Sam’s dad and that’s when you noticed the restraints from the ceiling.

“MMMMMM” you whined.

“Oh, daddy is going to change you, don’t you worry.” He put your feet up and spread. He placed the changing mat under you with ease. He lowered side of the crib and had perfect access to you. He put on gloves and snapped them which made you gasp a little. He undid the tabs and pulled off the diaper. You started to cry.

“Shhhhh.” He soothed throwing away the diaper.

He grabbed the baby wipes and wiped you, spreading your butt cheek to get everything, you did everything to keep still, and you knew Sam was still very upset with you. He wiped inside your butt again and you whimpered. He soothingly shushed you and you relaxed. He threw everything away and replaced your changing mat with a medial pad and then he put a towel down. He took off the restraints and with the side still down you lunged forward and wrapped him in a hug, pulling him tight to you.

“Daddy knows you’re sorry” he said rubbing your back.

He lifted you so you were facing the door again and restrained your ankles. He put your arms in the cuffs your feet were just in. He took your gag out.

“Daddy.” You whimpered.

“Little girl. I’m only taking out your gag to properly wash your face. Daddy doesn’t want any speaking.” You teared up and nodded.

”Daddy loves you so much. So very much. Never forget that”

“I love you too” you whispered.

Sam gave you a very passionate kiss and then he went the wash cloth and gently ran it over your body. He washed your face and then neck. He gave a good scrub behind your ears.

“Nnnnn” you whimpered.

He kissed your forehead and placed your gag back in and continued to wash you. He washed your arms and under your arms. He carefully washed your front and your back. He then moved down to your legs, making not to skip your little girl parts.

“Oh, now your little girl parts.” He smiled.

He gently wiped between your legs and around and carefully your butt. He spread your cheeks and cleaned in there. He notice you shiver a bit and he grabbed your fuzzy bathrobe and took your arm
restraints out and put the robe on you’re and cuffed your arms again.

“Daddy is going to be right back” he kissed your head. He went to put away the water and wash cloth. He cleaned up the dirty diaper. He came back with a small hand towel and a bottle for you.

“Daddy loves you so much” he said taking the towel and medical pad you had and replacing it with your changing mat. He took off your restraints and robe. He placed you in the same position as bare fore, legs restrained and spread, arms over head. “Just going to pat you dry.

Sam patted your little girl parts dry with the hand towel. He put gloves on and grabbed the cream and rubbed it on you again, making you moan. He disposed of the gloves and put a new diaper on you.

“Now, daddy is going to feed you your bottle. Yes he is.” Sam took the restraints off and moved you so your ankles were restrained at the head of the bed. He took your gag out and you were on his lap, cradled. One hand had your bottle and the other had your wrists tight.

“Ow, daddy” you pouted. He held the bottle to you and you looked away. “Oh, none of that. Open your mouth please.”

“Not hungry” you said.

“Little girl, open” he said and you did. You sucked on the bottle and got half way and turned your head.

“No more.”

“Daddy needs you to finish this” He cooed. You started to cry. “Aww.” He pouted and put the bottle down. “You’re okay. Daddy is going to carry you around for a bit.”

Sam put your gag in and took the leg restraints off and you wrapped your legs around his waist and your arms around his neck, clinging to his shirt. He walked you around and bounced you a bit. He sat on the couch and moved you so you were over his knee. He felt you tense and he rubbed a hand up and down your back.

“Little girl, did you really think your behavior would go without a spanking?”

“MMMMM”. He rubbed a hand on your butt before placing a firm, sharp smack. Seven to be exact. He rubbed a hand over your butt.

“There’s a good girl. You’re okay. Now you will finish your bottle.” He carried you back to the crib. Restrained your ankles again, gag out, you finished your bottle.

“Daddy, I color?” you ask.

“Of course! Daddy will get your things.”

“Daddy, no restraints” you pouted.

“Oh little girl, that’s not up for discussion.”

“Please? I’ll be a very good girl”

“You will be restrained. Let me put your paci back in”

“No arms? So I color?”
“We’ll see” he kissed your head and sat you up, restraining your arms and putting your pacifier back in.
“Mmmmmmm” you whined moving your arms. Sam looked up and smiled at you.

“Awwww. It’s hard coloring in restraints isn’t it?” he said you nodded.

“Hmmmm?” you pouted looking down at your arms and then up at him.

“No. No. Little girls are always restrained in cribs.” He said still in baby talk. He stood up and tickled your tummy. “Yes they are. Daddy’s rules.” He nibbled your neck.

“Mmmmm” you whined moving away from him.

“It’s almost dinner time. Daddy is going to get it ready. No more coloring.”

Sam started to collect your coloring things and put them aside. He grabbed your moose and kissed your forehead. He left for a minute and came back with a bottle. He positioned you to be cradled, took the gag out and fed you the water.

“Nuggets?” you asked.

“Yes. Now drink.” You sucked on the bottle. When you were finished he wiped your mouth a bit and smiled at you.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, little girl?”

“I’m sorry I hit you and yelled and made you cancel your trip.” Sam pulled you closer to him and rocked you a bit.

“Thank you for apologizing. You need to remember that Dean knows exactly what to do. Daddy never wants to leave you, but sometimes he has to.”

“Noooooo” you whined.

“Daddy knows, daddy knows. Shhhhh.”

“I’ll be very good. No more crib”

“You haven’t even spent your first night here. Now, daddy will consider only a month and a half, instead of two. However, you have to be a very good girl and listen to every single thing daddy says. Every. Single. Thing. Daddy is in charge, not little girls. Little girls are babies who don’t know any better. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes daddy” you said.

“Very good.”

“Hmmmmmmmmmm” you started to whine and move side to side.
“Potty?” Sam asked placing you down and moving the side of the crib up.

“NNNNNNN” you whined as he undid your ankles.

“Oh. Does my little girl have to make another messy?” You were holding on to the crib, kneeling as he restrained your arms and ankles.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Good girl, all by yourself. Daddy didn’t need to assist you.”

“Mmmmmmmm” you whined. Sam placed his hands on either side of your face and kissed your forehead. He placed the pacifier back in your mouth. You started to cry and move side to side.

“Oh, this messy is more wet, isn’t it?” you nodded. “It’s going to get in your little girl parts. That’s okay, that’s why daddy is here. He’s going to get you cleaned up. You just finish, daddy is going to check on the nuggets. I’m so proud of you, such a good girl.” He kissed the top of your head and left.

“Hmmmmmm” you whined as you messed your diaper. Sam walked back in

“Daddy is so silly, he didn’t turn the oven on. We have fifteen minutes. Daddy is going to bend the rules. Since this messy is more wet, daddy is going to bring you to your changing table.” You nodded. “Are you finished?” you nodded again. “Okay, come on.”

Sam took the restraints off and lifted you up and patted you butt a few times which made you moan. You were uncomfortable in this squishy diaper. Sam placed you down and restrained your legs up high. Your waist, hips and arms. He grabbed a pair of gloves and put them on, standing between your legs. Sam took of the diaper.

“Oh, it is all over. Such a wet one, wasn’t it. And after that nice wash Daddy gave you. Aw, that’s okay, Daddy is going to get you all cleaned up.” He rolled up the diaper and threw it away.

He grabbed a baby wipe and started with your little girl parts. You moaned a little and tried to move, but you got that look from Sam which meant stop. He grabbed another wipe and started to wipe a little inside your little girl parts, causing you to gasp.

“It got everywhere” he said with a little laugh. “Daddy is go proud, so proud little girl.” He changed his gloves and started cleaning your butt. Sam wiped your butt, very clean, using five baby wipes. He then changed gloves again and grabbed another baby wipe and started to wipe you little parts again. “Daddy needs to make sure your little button is all clean.”

“MMMMMMMMMMMM” you whined. He lifted your clit hood

“There’s the little button.” He said with a smile. He gently wiped it and the cold made you moan. “Aw, did my little girl like that?”

“Mmmmm” you whined. You felt like you were strapped down forever.

“Let Daddy finish, please.” He said. “Dr. Dean said you had such healthy little girl parts, he said that daddy was taking very good care of you. Dr. Dean also said you had cutest little button ever.” Sam brushed his thumb over your clit.

“Mmmmm” you looked up at him with pleading eyes.
“No. Daddy will not be playing with your button, not while you are in the crib. Little button rubs are for good behavior. Daddy is still not pleased with you actions today.”

Shit. Was it only today? The day seemed to go so slowly. When Sam was done making sure everywhere was clean he grabbed a diaper and the baby powder and diapered you. He took the restraints off and lifted you up, placing a kiss on your pacifier. Something in you untangled, the emotions you had built up finally came out and you just started crying and clung to his shirt. He pulled you close and cradled your head bouncing a bit.


“Hmmm” you whimpered.

“Daddy is going to put you back in the crib now” your legs tightened around him. “Oh, are you worried that when you’re in the crib Daddy won’t hold you? Daddy would never do that. He needs you to be close to him, he needs to hear your heart beat too. Why do you think the crib is so big and sturdy? It’s so daddy can come in and cuddle the sweetest little girl ever.” He nibbled your neck and you giggled. You looked him in the eyes and he smiled and kissed your pacifier.

After dinner (which was in the crib) Sam fed you another bottle and rubbed your stomach. He reached over and read you Goodnight Moon. He took your moose stuffy and made it talk to you.

“Hello little girl?” he said in a voice. You waved at the moose. “I hear you misbehaved?” you nodded at the moose. “That’s okay, I’m here for comfort. Your daddy gave me special powers.”

“OOOO” you gasped looking at Sam wide eyed.

“Anytime you feel lonely in the crib and daddy is gone to make your bottle, food or to use the bathroom, you just hold tight to your moose, close your eyes and think “my daddy loves me so much.” All the love that I have, when I’m not in the room is given to your moose. You hold it tight and he will give you my love. “ Sam said you shirked in excitement and bounced up and down. Sam burst out laughing in joy, that was the most happy he had seen you all day. “Little girl, that is the best reaction daddy has ever seen. Would you like to try?” you nodded you head. “Okay, daddy is going to potty. Here’s the moose”

You closed your eyes and pulled the moose tight to you. Sam noticed you nodding a little, which means you were thinking of what he told you to say in your head. He left the room and went to the bathroom and quickly came back. He rubbed a hand on your back and you opened your eyes.

“Did it work?” he smiled and you nodded. “Good. Good girl. You know how much daddy loves you, don’t you?” you nodded again.

After you brushed your teeth Sam restrained you for your diaper change and nightly temperature check. He wiped you and you moved your head side to side and kept giving Eskimo kisses to your moose. You whined when you heard Sam put the glove on. He rubbed your stomach for comfort. Then he grabbed the lube and put it on his finger and brushed it over your whole. He pushed his finger in and you tensed a little.

“Relax for me.” He rubbed your stomach and your closed your eyes and yawned. “Aww, you don’t need to stay awake any longer. If you want to sleep you do that, daddy can finish the temperature check, put cream on and diaper you.” you nodded.
When you relaxed he pulled his finger out and put the thermometer in. He changed his glove and grabbed the cream and soothed your little girl part. He watched your breathing even out and you were out like a light. He took the gloves off, pulled the thermometer out and sprinkled the baby powder on you, grabbed a fresh diaper and did it up. He carefully took your pacifier out of your mouth and took off the restraints. He repositioned you and restrained you again. He gently placed a pillow under your head and grabbed a giant duvet that was fuzzy on the one side and covered you up. He looked down at you and smiled a bit. He placed a kiss on your forehead and stroked your hair for a bit and then finally put the side of the crib up.

“Goodnight, Daddy loves you.” he whispered. He turned on the nightlight and shut off the lights, he closed the door leaving it open a bit and went to clean up the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

If you have any suggestions, I'll take them
Break

You woke up to Sam rubbing your stomach and quietly saying little girl. You squirmed, you didn’t want to wake up, you wanted to sleep. You forgot you were restrained for a moment and you went to move and you couldn’t. Your eyes shot open and panic covered your face. Sam placed his hands on either side of your face and looked you directly in the eye.


“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Right here.”

“I forgot”

“That’s okay. Little girl, that means you had a very good sleep.” He was still looking directly into your eyes. He gave a warm smile and gave you quick little pecks on your lips. He bent down and blew a raspberry on your stomach and you giggled. “There’s that laugh daddy loves so much.

“I love daddy’s laugh!” you smiled and he gave his famous embarrassed chuckle.

“Thank you. Now, daddy has a bit of bad news.”

“Daddy don’t leave me” you worried.

“No, nothing like that. Daddy has been so focused on taking care of his little girl and giving her the proper punishment that he forgot to buy diapers.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Daddy will just have to put your princess plug in.”

“Nooooooo. What if I have to pee-pee?” you asked.

“Just like before when you had that rash, you tell Daddy immediately.”

“Nnnnnn” you whimpered, you knew this meant he was going to give you an enema and it wasn’t time for your monthly one yet.

“Daddy has called Dean, he’s going to order some, they’ll be here by Monday morning”

“WHAT?! WHAT ABOUT AT NIGHT?! DADDY, OH PLEASE! PLEASE! I MIGHT WET THE CRIB!” you yelled.

“Shhhhh. No more yelling. No more yelling.” He said calmly. He went and picked up your pacifier gag and put it on you. “That’s better.” Sam ran a hand up and down your diaper. It was wet. “This is going to be a tough morning for you, but you’re okay.” He took your arm restraints off and took off your right leg restraint and got so he could sit in the crib with you. He had you straddle him and he did up the leg restraint. “Little girl, daddy is going to use a medical changing pad for your crib, So if you have any leakage, it will absorb it. It will always be on, but you’re the day, you let daddy you have to pee and he will help you with the bedpan.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you shook your head.
“Little girl” he said sing-songy. “Let’s get that enema out of the way.” You gripped his shirt. “No,” he said warning tone.

He had you strapped down on your left side, facing the wall, so your bum was out towards him. He hummed while he put the gloves on and lubed up your butt. He inserted his finger in you and then pulled it out. He put the nozzle in and started the water. You sobbed and sobbed. This was humiliating, you weren’t allowed to leave the crib at all which means he will be using the bedpan for this too. When the water was done he took the nozzle out and put a plug in you.

“MMMMMMMMM” you whined.

“Little girl, sorry.” He said pouting. He took his gloves off and ran his fingers through your hair. “There’s a good girl. You’re safe. You’re safe. It’s just us. I even closed the bedroom door beforehand. It’s just us. Well, and Moose of course, are you hugging him tight?” you nodded you head. “Are his special powers working?” you hesitated for a moment and something very unexpected happened, you snapped three times which was the signal. He called you by your name. Your actual name, not little girl. You burst into tears.

“Hey, hey, hey. Hold on. Hold on.” he was worried.

Sam quickly took your restraints off and your gag, lifted you up and carried you to the bathroom. He sat you on the toilet. He knelt down and pulled you forward a bit easing the plug out and put you back on the toilet, as you emptied everything out. He soothed you, rubbing your arms, holding your face in his hands and stroking your cheek. You sobbed and sobbed gasping for air.

“Talk to me?” he said and you shook your head. “Please” he begged.

“Sam” you whimpered.

“Yeah. Baby, I’m here. I’m here.” He said rubbing a hand on your back.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry”

“No. No, no. you have nothing to be sorry for.” You could tell by his voice that he started to cry too.

“I’m sorry.”

“Are you done?” he asked sweetly and you nodded. “I’m going to wipe you clean okay?” you nodded.

He placed a towel on the ground and laid you down. He grabbed a glove and wiped you. He lifted you up and carried you to your room. He tried to calm you down as grabbed you real underwear and a pad you used when you has your period. He placed you on your bed and you curled into a ball, still sobbing.

“Hey, shhhh. Y/N, look, look. I’m going to put a pad on your underwear okay? That way if you have a little leak, that’s okay. Anytime you have to pee, you just run to the bathroom.” You nodded. He put your underwear on. He took off his t-shirt and gently put it on you. He lifted you so you were lying on top of his chest.

“Sam” you whimpered again.

“Yeah.”
“Are you mad at me?” you whispered. Sam pulled you up so your head was on his shoulder and he could whisper in your ear.

“I would never be mad at you for using the signal. Thank you so much for using that, I’m so proud of you. I’m so sorry that I pushed you too far. Please, forgive me. I never meant to make you feel so uncomfortable. I love you so much. I love you with my whole heart, you are my everything.” You both clung to each other tighter. He rubbed a hand in circles on your back.

“Thank you for taking care of me.” You whispered.

“Thank you for letting me take care of you.”

“Am I still your little girl?” you asked looking up at him a little worried. He cupped your cheek.

“Always. We don’t have to do that if you don’t want.”

“I want to”

“You know what, little girl? Daddy thinks you need to be in the big space today, isn’t that right?” you nodded and teard up.

“Thank you, Sam.” You placed a kiss on his chest and scooted down a bit to rest on his left side, hearing his heartbeat.

“Do you forgive me?” Sam asked.

“Of course.” You murmured. “You’re my everything.”
You got back in your little place again and everything was good and two months later, Sam had to go out and so he had Dean stay with you guys the day before. Holding you, Sam opened the door and Dean smiled.

“Hey, pretty girl” he cooed. You rubbed your eyes

“She just got up from a nap. Little girl, do you want Dean to give you your bottle?” you nodded. Dean walked in and Sam passed you to him.

“Aw, we’re going to have so much fun this weekend, aren’t we?” you nodded and rested your head on his shoulder. “Come on, pumpkin” Dean lightly patted your butt.

“Here we go” Sam handed Dean the bottle and Dean sat on the couch. He cradled you and you drank the milk. “Little girl is back in her own bed. No more Crib.”

“Good. I bet it was scary in the crib” Dean said and you nodded.

“She’s good, shaved her two days ago, but you might want to put some cream on before bed. Daddy needs you to be reminded who you belong to, so as of tomorrow that princess plug goes in.”

“NNNNNNNNNN” you said, pushing the bottle away.

“Yes.” Sam ran his fingers through your hair.

“Finish the bottle, sweetheart” Dean said holding it up to you and you took it in your mouth.

“Daddy wont make you wear it at night. No.” Sam turned his attention to Dean “It goes in, in the morning and stays in until night. Before naps, add more lube.” Dean nodded. “Daddy, put laxatives in the bottle. Before your nap, Dean is going to change that messy diapers of yours.”

“What!” you yelled.

“Remember two months ago, daddy needs you to learn that it’s okay to have someone else clean your cute little bum.”

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“It’s okay.” Dean soothed, handing the bottle to Sam.

“Go color a picture for Dean.”

“Daddy, please.” You whimpered sitting up. Dean wrapped an arm around your waist.

“Go color. All is okay.” Sam kissed your forehead and picked you up, placing you in your playpen. You had two. One in the kitchen and one in the living room. You started to cry and Sam knelt in front of you. “Little girl, you are so amazing. You are so wonderful, you are such a special person.” Dean handed Sam your gag and Sam kissed you before putting the gag on you.

“Pumpkin, if you let me change your diaper, you can watch a movie tonight” Dean said and you nodded.

“But no fuss. A fussy baby does not get a movie. Is that understood?” Sam said sweetly and you
nodded again. “Good girl.”

Sam and Dean sat on the couch and watched you color. Dean went over the instructions Sam left for you. You looked up when you heard little button.

“Oh, I think someone heard” Dean said with a laugh.

“Daddy will let Dean play with your little button. However you must do as he says. I will be checking in daily, I will decided if you have earned button time” you nodded.

“I think someone will behave, wont they?” Dean smirked and you smiled and went back to coloring. You paused for a moment and Sam looked at you. He walked over and rubbed a hand on your arm.

“Oh, you’re cold. Daddy will be right back.” You started to cry and Dean came over and picked you up and rub a hand on your back while Sam left.

“Oh, you are cold. Daddy is going to get your onesie, don’t you worry.” When Sam returned he had your favorite black onesie with pink hearts over it and another diaper.

“Come here.” Sam took you from Dean and sat you on the ground. He carefully put your arms through the holes and your head, he pulled down and gently laid you down.

“MMMMMMM” you whined when he placed the second diaper down.

“Bum up” you lifted up and he put the second diaper on. “I know, you hate double diapers, but this is going to get messy.” He pulled the onesie down and snapped it closed. “You need to tell daddy when you’re cold. It’s not good for little girls.” You nodded. He lifted you back in your playpen.

“Should she be in a onesie all weekend?” Dean asked.

“Yes. Keep her warm.” Sam smiled at you. You weren’t paying attention you were coloring. A little while later you started to moan. You knelt against the playpen and started to bounce a bit. You shook your head side to side and looked down. You started sobbing as the laxatives finally kicked in.

“Aw” Sam cooed. “Shhhh. Dean is going to take care of you. Shhh. It’s okay. Let it happen, you’re safe” Dean came over and placed a hand on your cheek.

“Hey, look at me” he whispered and you lifted your eyes. “There’s no judgment, if that’s what you’re worried about. I would never to that. Babies are supposed to mess their diapers. It’s just me and your daddy.” You nodded and he rested his forehead against yours and held the back of your neck. Sam rubbed a hand in circles on your back and you closed your eyes and relaxed.

Dean lifted you up and carried you to your room. He restrained your legs and waist while Sam did your arms. Sam ran his hands through your hair, while Dean undid your onesie and rolled it up. You started to tear up.

“Shhhhh.” Sam soothed. Dean put gloves on and rubbed your thighs for comfort.

“Okay, pumpkin.” Dean said.

He carefully removed both diapers, Sam soothingly shushed you, whispering it in your ear, still running his hands through your hair. Dean threw the diaper out and started to clean you up. Gently wiping everywhere. Changing his gloves twice. When you were nice and clean, he disposed of his
gloves, grabbed a new diaper, put baby powder on you and did it up. He snapped your onesie up and patted you a bit.

“All done. I’m so proud of you.” Dean said taking off your leg restraints and Sam took off your arm ones. Dean took the waist strap off and Sam went and squeezed and rubbed your diaper.

“Very good. Very good. Daddy is so proud of you for letting Dean do that.” Sam lifted you up and bounced you a bit. “You’re going to stay in daddy’s bed tonight. He needs all the cuddles he can get.” You clung tighter to Sam and he cradled you head.
You were comfy in Sam’s bed and you were sleeping, but you knew you wet your diaper. You moaned when you heard the snapping of gloves, the sheets removed from you and someone rolling you on your back. You could tell it was Sam. He unsnapped your onesie, he squeezed and rubbed your diaper. You went to close your leg, you wanted to sleep. He patted your leg open and rubbed your thigh.

“Little girl, you’re wet, daddy has to go soon, so I’m using gloves.” He kept squeezing and feeling your diaper. The crinkle noise made you get a little wet in a whole other way.

“Mmmmmmm.” You whined wanting to sleep.

“Shhhh. It’s early in the morning; you can go back to bed. Daddy is going to change you here.”

“Temperature check?” you murmured as Sam took the tapes off your diaper and opened it. He rubbed your thighs and laughed a little.

“Someone is a little wet in a different way, aren’t they? No. No, Dean will be doing that.” He patted your thighs and grabbed a baby wipe and wiped you. “Bum up” you sleepily lifted up as he removed the diaper and you put your bum down. “Daddy needs to put the over diaper on.” you lifted again and he slid the diaper under you and helped you down.

He powdered you and did the tapes up. He took the gloves off and kissed your forehead. He did your onesie up and lifted you into his arms. He rubbed you back and walked you around the room, he turned off the light he turned on and then your nightlight was the only thing on. He grabbed your moose and put it in your hands.

“Shhhhh. Daddy is going to hold you until he has to go, then he’s going to put you in your bed.”

“Nnnnnn” you whined.

“I know, I know”

Next thing you knew someone was rubbing a hand on your back. You were on your stomach, you opened your eyes and saw Dean.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Aww, pumpkin. I’m sorry. Daddy has left.” You whined and curled into a ball. Dean pulled you up onto him and he held you close. “It’s okay, it’s okay. Your Daddy told me your code. So you snap three times, this stops, okay?”

“Okay” you whimpered.

“Let’s do that temperature check and place that princess plug in” He patted your bum and stood up, holding you. You wrapped your legs around his waist.

“There” you pointed to a drawer.

“I know where your onesies are, don’t you worry” he smiled kissing your cheek. “Let’s put the pacifier in, hm?” He sat you on your changing table, your legs still wrapped around his waits. He held your face in his hands and kissed your forehead. He placed the pacifier gag in your mouth and
unwrapped your legs.

“Nnnnn” you whined.

“Just getting your onesie” he grabbed a white one with pink polka dots. You kicked your feet in excitement. “Yeah? Good choice?” he smiled and you nodded. “I’m going to use the lower leg restraints and the one around your waist, that’s all.” He kissed your shoulder and reached between your legs and unsnapped your onesie.

He lifted you up a bit and pulled the onesie over your head. He put the new one on and laid you down and you looked over on the bed and saw your moose. You made a grabby motion and pointed. Dean saw the moose and went to grab it. He made the moose kiss all over your face and you giggled. He handed it to you and restrained you. Dean undid your diaper, put a glove on and grabbed the lube.

“Mmmmmmm” you frowned, holding your moose tight to you.

“I know. After breakfast, we’re going to call Daddy and you’re going to recite the rules.” Dean said putting a little lube on his gloved finger.

While the thermometer was in, Dean was by your head stroking your hair. You held the moose up to him and he kissed it and then kissed the side of your head. After a few minutes he pulled the thermometer out and nodded. He put on gloves and grabbed your princess plug.

“Okay, pumpkin. I’m going to put the princess plug in you now.” You whined and he rubbed your stomach to soothe you. “Shhh. You’re okay. You’re safe.” He brushed a lubed finger against you again and pushed his finger in.

“Nnnnn” you started to tear up.

“I know, I know. It’ll be over soon. I promise. You’re safe, you’re safe” Dean pulled his finger out and lubed up the plug and pushed it against you. “Breathe.” He cooed and you did and he pushed it in. “Are you comfortable?” he asked and you nodded. “Good. All done. All done.” He wiped you clean a little, took his gloves off and put your diaper up. He snapped up the new onesie and took your restraints off.

After breakfast, Dean carried you to the living room and took your gag out. The two of you face timed Sam.

“Hi, little girl” Sam said and you gasped.

“Daddy!”

“Have you been very good for, Dean?”

“Yes she has” Dean said.

“Princess plug in?” he asked and you pouted and nodded. “Good. Number one”

“Diaper is to be worn at all times” you said.

“Number two?”

“No hair down there. Always shaved.”

“Who shaves you? And why?” Sam asked.
“You do, because little babies, especially little girls can’t do such big tasks”

“You do, because little babies, especially little girls can’t do such big tasks”

“Number three?” he smiled.

“Pacifier is worn at times, except at night, to eat and when reciting the rules.” You gave rule for and five and saw Dean smirk a little at Sam and you wondered why.

“Rub your diaper, little girl” Sam instructed.

“Daddy?” you wondered.

“Do it” he said and you rubbed your hand on your diaper. “Number six, who does that belong too?”

“You and only you. No one else” that’s when you clued in. “Bu-but what about button time? Dean, can’t touch my button” you whimpered and Sam nodded. “Remove you hand” he said and you stopped rubbing. Only me, no one else. Little girl, that was the test and you passed.”

“Bu-but-but” you teared up.

“Number Seven” Sam said a little more sternly.

“Little girls do not get to touch themselves, unless daddy has given them permission.” You said, starting to cry. “Daddy, do I have permission?”

“No, you do not.” Sam said sweetly

“NO FAIR!” you yelled.

“Hey” Dean gave a warning.

“The most important rule?” Sam asked

“Trust. Always be honest with each other. Everything. No secrets, whatever is bothering us, no matter how small we might think it is, always speak up.”

“That’s right. Can I trust you won’t break rule number seven?”

“NNNNNNNNNNN” you whined

“That’s okay, little girl. Daddy can help” you sighed in relief, thinking he was going to let Dean play with you. “Dean, in her closet is the chastity belt, put that on her.”

”You got it"

“DADDY, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” you yelled.

“Daddy loves you. I have to go now. Behave for Dean.”

“I love you” you mumbled.

“Pardon me?” Dean asked raising an eyebrow.

“I love you, Daddy” you said.

Dean hung up the phone, placed your gag back in your mouth and picked up you up and you squirmed a bit. He placed you down on your changing table and restrained your arms and waist,
leaving you to kick your legs.

“No” Dean said placing his hands on your legs. “You heard Daddy.” Dean grabbed your chastity belt and placed it over your onesie and everything, locking it up. “There we go.” He took your restraints off and lifted you up. You were sobbing now, completely humiliated by this.

“Shhhhhhhhh. Shhhhhhh. Oh, pumpkin, this is for your own good. Wouldn’t want you to break a rule.” Dean bounced you and kissed the side of your head. “You’re okay. You’re okay. Come on, let’s watch a movie. Oh, little one, I have an idea. Do you know where it’s really fun to watch movies?” you shook your head. “A fort” Dean smirked and you smiled. “Yeah, I bet you like that idea.”

Together, you, moose and Dean put together a fort. He popped Tangled in and carried you to the kitchen to get you a bottle and then to your room. He grabbed a diaper bag and explained that it wouldn’t be fun to pause the movie, so he’ll change you in the fort. He fed you your bottle while you watched the movie. The bottle was bigger than usual. Half way through the movie you started to squirm and cry. Dean soothed you and laid you down.

“Let’s get you changed.” He undid the chastity belt and onesie.

He ran a hand up and down your diaper and you blushed a bit. He changed you and you didn’t cause any trouble for him. He put a fresh diaper under your bum and tapped your princess plug.

“Mmmmm” you groaned.

“Does that need more lube?” he asked and you shook your head. He did your diaper up, onesie and chastity belt and you finished the movie.

He carried you to the kitchen and placed you in the playpen and got to work on your lunch. It was granola, with yogurt and raspberries for breakfast, a healthy salad with nuts and seeds for lunch and little girl food for dinner. Usually nuggets and fires, pizza or mac and cheese. Two bottles at each feeding. Milk and water. With water throughout the day. The milk had a special powder, for extra protein.

After your lunch Dean brought you to your room and placed you on your changing table undoing everything and putting on gloves to add extra lube to your princess plug. He then rocked you to sleep and placed you in your bed and down for a nap.
Punishmet and Daddy home

You woke up from your nap and squirmed, you had wet your diaper and wanted to play with yourself. The Chastity belt was leather, it was soft since you were in a diaper. You pulled at it and it wouldn’t move tried again and got your fingers in, over top of your onesie, the snaps pushing against you. The belt pushed your fingers to your diaper, you bucked your hips. You got it so you can rub your fingers.

“Mmmmm” you said. Just then the door opened and you couldn’t take your fingers out.

“Wakey, wakey” Dean said

“Hmmmm” you whined. Dean removed the blankets and saw your fingers.

“Oh dear. Little one, rule number seven.” Dean unlocked your belt so you could get your fingers out. He locked you up again. “I know you’re wet, but you’ll have to get your changing in the crib.”

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you sobbed.

“Come on.” Dean lifted you up.

You tried to get out of his hold, but he held you tight. He placed you in the crib and restrained your arms and your legs in the above restraints. He moved the side down and unlocked your belt, onesie and diaper. You sobbed and sobbed as he wiped you and did you up again. He positioned you in the crib and grabbed his phone.

“We’re going to let your daddy know.” Dean said sitting in the crib and rubbing your chest.

“Mmmmmmmmmm” you shook your head.

“Yes” Dean got on the facetime and Sam picked up.

“Hey, is-uh oh. You’re in the crib.” Sam said.

“I went to wake her up and she was trying to break rule number seven.”

“Mmmmmmmmmmm” you cried.

“Little girl!” Sam said sternly.

“She got her fingers under the chastity belt” Dean explained.

“The crib is a good start to the punishment. Little girl, you will think about what you did, no movies, no coloring. Dean, thank you for letting me know. Before temperature check, Dean will give you a firm spanking, no paci gag, you will tell him why you’re being spanked.” Sam said.

“How many?” Dean asked.

“I think twenty should do”

“NNNNNNNNN” you started to cry.

After your afternoon bottle, Dean strapped you down on your stomach. You heard him rub his hands together and he squeezed your shoulders. He started to massage your shoulders and you
“I spoke to your Daddy and he does not reward bad behavior, but he said that I should give you a massage.”

“Mmmm” you said, it felt nice.

“You are to stay here until Sunday morning.”

“Mmmmmm”

That night Dean had you over his knee, butt naked. Dean smacked your butt.

“Tell me why you’re being spanked?” Dean said Three more swats came to you.

“OW! Be-because-because I-” one more came to your butt. “Rule number seven”

“What about rule number seven?” Five more smacks came to you, you were sobbing now.

“I broke it” Five more smacks came to you.

“Good girl, good girl. Five more. Five more”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Dean, please. I’m sorry” Dean rubbed your butt and gave you five sharp ones. You were sobbing now. “There’s a good girl” Dean grabbed the cream that he had and rubbed it on you to soothe you. “Shhsh. There’s a good girl, you’re okay. You’re okay. You did so good for me”

“I just wanted my little button rubbed.” You sobbed.

“I know, little one. I know”

The weekend seemed to go by slowly, Dean decided to not restrain your arms Saturday night. You were sleeping and woke up. You were getting uncomfortable.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm” you pulled at the chastity belt. You wanted it off. You wanted Sam. You were put to bed, but you woke up and couldn’t fall asleep. “MMMMMM MMMMMM MMMM OUT!” you yelled. You heard the footsteps and the door open.

“Pumpkin, it’s 11PM, babies are supposed to be sleeping”

“OUT!” you yelled again, pulling at your chastity belt.

“Hey, none of that. Little one, I was given instruction.”

“DEEEEEEEEEAAAAANNNN” you whined.

“Okay. Pacifier in and you’re sleeping with me.” Dean said and he grabbed your pacifier placed it in your mouth and lifted you up, gabbing your moose and blanky. You started to cry. “Shhshh. It’s past your bedtime. We don’t need a grumpy baby.” He bounced you and rubbed your back.

“There, you just close your eyes. Beautiful, you close those beautiful eyes of yours. Daddy will be home tomorrow. The faster you go to sleep, the faster he’s home. I had so much fun with you this weekend.”

The next morning Dean was feeding you breakfast when the door opened and closed. You gasped, knowing who that was. Dean put down your spoon and lifted you in his arms, bringing you to the
“Little girl!” Sam said excitedly.

“Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!” you reached your arms out. Sam took you in his arms and kissed you all over and nibbled your neck.

“We had a little bit of fuss last night, so she slept with pacifier gag and with me.” Dean said rubbing your back.

“Daddy, out!” you said about your belt.

“Oh, you must be uncomfortable with that on. Daddy has a very good solution for you. Let’s get you out of that”

“And finish your breakfast” Dean said.

Dean handed Sam the key and he unlocked you chastity belt and felt your diaper. He nodded and you sat on Dean’s lap. Dean fed you the rest of your breakfast and then held the bottle up to your mouth and you drank. When you were done Sam put your pacifier gag in your mouth and took you in his arms. The two of you said goodbye to Dean. Sam placed you in your playpen in the living room and knelt in front of you. You were on your knees and leaned forward for a kiss. Sam kissed your pacifier and reached into a bag. Your eyes widened.

“Daddy bought you mittens. They lock, so little girls won’t be tempted you touch themselves.”
You shook your head and pulled your hand away. “Little girl” he cooed. He slipped the pink teddy bear mitten over your left hand, pulled on the chain to tighten it and locked it. He put the other one on and locked it. You sobbed and sobbed, how were you supposed to color now? “Now, let’s talk about that little thing that caused my beautiful little girl to get wet. Does someone want to be changed and checked with latex gloves?” you moaned and smacked your hands on your his shoulders. Sam grabbed your wrists.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you yelled.

“Daddy will always do checks and changes with latex gloves from now on” He laid you down in your playpen and snapped on some gloves and undid the onesie and started to feel around. You rolled your hips and he gave you a look. He squeezed He lifted you up, still in gloves and carried you to your changing table. He restrained your arms and legs.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM” you said, not being able to move your hands.

“Daddy’s here now Daddy’s here. Now, Dean told me you did your spankings. Little girl, rule number seven is incredibly important. Mittens are to be worn for a whole month and then at naps and nights”

“MMMMMMMM” you whined. Sam took off your diaper and looked down and furrowed his brow.

“And to think, Daddy was going to give you button time.”

“Hmmmmmmmm” you sobbed.

“You’re okay” he smiled sweetly at you. He wiped you and changed your diaper and put a fresh one on. He took the gloves and restraints, picked you up and swayed back and forth to sooth you. “Shhhhh. You knew what you were doing when you tried to play with yourself. Are you hot? No more onesies.” Sam sat you on your bed and took your onesie off. “You’re so cute in your mittens.
Yes you are. You’re alright. Daddy is here. Everything is okay now.” Sam lifted you up again and walked around calming you down.
The downside to the mittens was no coloring, but the upside, more TV time. Sam was feeding you your afternoon bottle before your nap and you looked up at him.

“Tell Daddy what’s wrong?” he cooed.

“Daddy, I want to touch you. I want to run my hands through your hair, feel your face.”

“Oh. Daddy has been longing for your touch too. However, mittens stay on. A whole month.”

“Noooooooo” you whined.

“Open up” he cooed and placed the bottle in your mouth. “Rule number seven is an incredibly important and can never be broken. Here I was thinking my little girl understood that rule. Turns out little girls, are in fact, little babies. Is that what you are? Are you my little baby?”

“Nnnnnnn” you whined.

“Little baby, what’s wrong?” he pouted.

“Little girl” you said. Sam put your pacifier gag in. He lifted you up and carried you to the crib.

“Not any more. I think you need to learn a very valuable lesson. Little babies sleep in cribs, don’t they? Yes they do. Now, you won’t be restrained, but babies need to be with daddy 24/7. Yes, they will. Mittens stay on, because you don’t want any accidents or for you to scratch yourself. Pacifier gag stays in your mouth, even at night times. You won’t recite the rules this month. Don’t worry, Daddy will still feed you the healthy food. Got to take care of my growing girl.”

You were crying now, how could he do this? Was this only going to be for a month? Your eyes widened, he rearranged his room a bit and the changing table was moved into the room. Your moose all ready for you in the crib.

“What do you think? Daddy did it special for you.” you nodded.

Sam placed you in the crib and rubbed your stomach a bit before pulling the blanket over you and tucking you in. He made sure he tucked your moose with you. He turned on the nightlight and the sound machine. It play a soft thunderstorm, that helped you sleep. He turned the light off, grabbed a book and sat in a chair next to you. You looked at him and he smiled.

“Daddy is right here. Not leaving your side for a whole month. Get some rest now.”

“Mmmmmmmmm” you cried. Sam took your blanket off of you and placed it on his bed, turning the one side down a bit.

“Daddy will swaddle you” he whispered lifting you up, and placing you on the blanket. He put your arm down by your side. “Good thing my little baby has her mittens on, she’s so close to her no-no place” he was back to the baby talk.

When you were all swaddled up, he lifted you up and carried you to the rocking chair you just noticed was added and sat down rocking you back and forth, gently. Soothing, finally your eyelids won and they closed, you drifted off to sleep. Sam smiled down at you and stood up, careful not to disturb you and placed you in the crib. He removed your pillow and put your moose by your feet.
He watched you sleep, what a good girl you were being for him. You loved how peaceful you were.

You were sound asleep when the warm on the blanket was being removed from you. You felt a latex gloved covered hand spread your legs a little, the hands felt around. You were rolled on your side and the hands felt your bum and that’s patted it a bit. Your eyes fluttered opened and you saw Sam there, he smiled sweetly at you.

“Let’s get my little messy baby cleaned up, hm?” He lifted you up and placed you on the changing table, restraining you. “You slept for two whole hours. Daddy is so incredibly pleased.” He opened your diaper. “Daddy is so happy that you are comfortable enough to have such a messy diaper and stay asleep.” you started to cry. Sam removed the diaper and wiped you nice and clean. He changed his gloves and patted your little girl area.

“Hnnnnn” you moaned.

“Your little no-no place. So perfect. Too bad you tried to play with it.” He stopped patting you and grabbed a fresh diaper and powdered you and did it up. “That’s much better, isn’t it?” Sam took off his gloves and lifted you up, bouncing you a bit. “Daddy’s going to make a little snack, he’s hungry.”

Sam grabbed your moose and carried you to the kitchen, placing you in the playpen with your moose. He kissed the top of your head and rubbed your back a bit. You pouted and crossed your arms and sat on your heels, moving your hips side to side.

“What is it? Are you mad at Daddy?” you nodded. “I’m so sorry, but Daddy needs you to be a very good little baby, before you can be his little girl. You are always my little girl, but right now, little baby seems to be more appropriate. Understood?” you nodded. “On your bum, please.” You sat on your bum and watched as he made himself a snack.

“Mmmmm” you whined. Sam grabbed the water from the fridge and came over to the crib and took your pacifier off.

“Daddy, I love you” you said

“I love you too. Come on.” he lifted you up and gave you your bottle, walking around this time. You tried to stroke his cheek with the mitten, your frowned and he laughed a bit. “I know, I know.”

After you finished your bottle, he placed the gag back in. Sam went back to making his snack. He sat at the table and ate, while you watched him from your playpen. You tried to take your moose and threw it at Sam. It landed on the table and pouted.

“Oh, what was that for? I don’t think moose liked that very much.” Sam said standing up and placing moose back in your playpen.

“Nnnnnnnnnnn” you whined.

“Does my little baby need a time out in the crib?” he warned.

“Mmmmmmmmm” you picked up the moose and showed it to him.

“Oh. You want moose to talk?” you nodded. “Hello” he said using his moose voice. “Aw, what’s the matter? Does someone want moose kisses?” Sam made the moose kiss all over your face and giggled a bit. “I love kissing little girls. Wait a minute, you look more like a little baby. You’re so special and incredible. You have no idea how proud you make your daddy. I bet that if you are on
you best behavior, after a month, your daddy will play with your little girl parts.” You gasped and smiled. Sam made the moose kiss you all over face again, before placing in in your arms.

“Hmmm” you smiled, hugging the moose. Sam lifted you up again and helped you tight. “Daddy liked seeing you all swaddled up and comfy. That’s going to have for the rest of the month.” You shook your head. "Yes. Babies are swaddled and that’s what you are.” You pressed your forehead against his and closed your eyes. He rubbed your back and kissed your pacifier. “I love you much. So, so, much. Don’t ever underestimate my love for you.” you nodded. “Never question it, you are mine and you are the most amazing person I have ever met. Thank you for trusting me to do this.” You started to cry, out for happiness. He said and pulled you tight to him.

“Nnnnn” you squirmed hitting your hands on his shoulders.

“Awwww, are you bored?” he asked catching on. You nodded. “I know you want to play, but little babies don’t color, or get any screen time. They just eat, sleep and poop.” Sam placed you down in your crib.

He reached over to grab something. A fucking mobile. He placed it over you and it even had a mirror, so you could feel even more humiliated then you already did.

“That’s better, huh. You can see your pretty self.”

Sam grabbed the book he had earlier and sat down facing you. You watched him and he watched you. He wasn’t kidding . you rolled onto your stomach and sobbed. Sam jumped up immediately and rubbed your back. Soothing you. He put the side down and sat on the crib and went back to rubbing soothing circles on your back.

“Shhhhhh. Shhhhhhh. This is all new and scary for you, isn’t it?” he pouted and you nodded. “There’s no need to be scared. Daddy is right here, Daddy’s got you. You are safe, you are safe. It’s okay. It’s okay, I’m sure you feel silly, but there is no judgment. You are my baby. No judgment.” He rolled you so you were on your back. He picked you up so you were straddling him. He contained to rub your back until you calmed down. “Shhhhhh. There we go. There we go. You’re okay. You’re okay, little baby. Daddy’s got you. You’re safe. I’m going to put you down now.” He gently laid you down, stood up and lifted the side back up.

That night he had you strapped to the table, bum in the air, it was time for the temperature check. He could sense that you were still very tense from all of today’s fuss. He rubbed his lubed finger over your butt and gently massaged it. You whimpered and whined, it felt good. You started to relax and get a little wet.

“There we go. There we go, just relax for me.” That made you relax more and he pushed his finger in. He took your temperature and when he was done, he diapered you and lifted. He got your blanket ready and took the restraints off. “Time for bed, little baby.”

“Mmmmmm” you whined.

“Don’t worry, Daddy will swaddle you and rock you to sleep, just like nap time.”

Sam did just that and turned off the lights and on your nightlight. He rocked you, until he knew you wouldn’t wake up and placed you down. He got in his pajamas, he knew it was early, but he had to be with his little baby 24/7. He read for a bit and watched you sleep for a bit, then he went to bed.
Daddy's sick little baby

You were half way through your month of being a little baby. Soon you would be back to coloring and watching TV. Being Sam’s little girl, not his little baby. You just wanted to touch him again, but you were doing everything in your power to get that little button rub. To get him to play with your little girl parts. You seemed to be messing your diaper more and more these days. Sam was lying in your crib, you were on top of him, and he was running his hand through your hair. You had dinner and your night bottle. It was time for cuddles before bed. Little babies went to bed, seven sharp. You felt like you had to mess your diaper and started to get fussy and squirm.

“Aw, what’s the matter? Doing what little babies do best?” he patted your bum and your tried to get up and he held your wrists. “No, no, no.”

“Mmmmmmmmm” you whined.

“Okay.” He kissed your cheek and lifted you up and got out of the crib. He placed you in and did the side up.

You lifted your legs up and rolled on your back side to side and crying. Sam rolled you onto your side facing him, noticing you rubbing your forehead. He placed a hand on your forehead and felt that you were warm. You started tapping on your pacifier gag frantically and Sam took it off.

“Little baby?” He asked worried.

You rolled over on your hands and knees and threw up in your crib. You started sobbing immediately and Sam grabbed the garbage can for you. He grabbed elastic and did your hair in a bun. He rubbed your back while you threw up again, this time, you messed your diaper too. This made you sob harder and he soothed you, placing a hand on your stomach. Not pushing, just resting it there. You filled your diaper more and Sam kissed the side of your head.

“Daddy?” you whimpered.

“Shhhhh. It’s okay. It’s okay. Daddy’s got you. Daddy’s here. I’m going to double diaper you and clean your crib.” he spoke quietly and you nodded.

“Daddy, I’m sorry” you sobbed.

“No, no, no, no. You have nothing to be sorry for. Daddy will take care of everything.”

Sam added another diaper and you moved to one of the corners of the crib with your garbage can and watched as Sam cleaned the puke up from the mat in the crib. You threw up again and kept messing your diaper. You sobbed and sobbed. Sam treated you with a special dinner, ordering out, but you must have gotten food poisoning from it.

“Daddy, so messy. I need to be changed.” You sobbed

“Daddy is going to take off the diaper and sit you on the toilet.” You nodded.

He gently lifted you and brought you to the bathroom. He grabbed gloves and laid you down on a medical disposable mat he had set up. He took off both diapers the smell hitting you and you sobbed and sobbed. Sam gently lifted you up on the toilet and handed you the other garage can. He disposed of your diaper, medical mat and changed his gloves. He grabbed a glass and filled it with water.
“Here you go. Careful, it’s a big girl glass.” He held it up to you and you took small sips. He put it down “Daddy is going to clean up your crib some more and garbage can, you stay on the toilet little baby” he said stroking your cheek.

“Daddy, mittens.” You sobbed. They were making them hard to hold the garbage can.

“Little babies wear mittens.” He cooed and kissed your forehead and you nodded. “There’s a good baby.”

Sam left, you were completely naked. You felt awful, plus it was night time, so you were going to be up for a while and all you wanted was to sleep. Sam came back with all the supplies he needed and took your trash can from you and set it down, handing you another one. He went and grabbed a wet wash cloth and started dabbing your forehead.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Bad. Daddy, I need cuddles.” You pouted.

“I know you do, but first Daddy needs to clean your very dirty bum and no-no place, give you a quick bath, temperature check and re-diapered before all that.” You threw up again and he went and rubbed your back. “Shhhh. Daddy’s here. Daddy’s here.”

When you hadn’t done anything in half an hour, Sam took that as a sign that he could start cleaning you up. He grabbed more water and you swished it around and looked at him.

“In the trash can” he said and you spit it out.

“Sleepy” you mumbled

“It is way past your bed time. It’s nine o’clock. Don’t worry, soon you will be able to rest”

Sam put gloves on; he grabbed your tooth brush, put tooth paste on and helped you brush your teeth. Mittens made it difficult for you to hold the toothbrush. You spit it out in the trash can. He helped you lay down on your side on the medical mat. You whimpered, embarrassed and kissed your cheek and squeezed your arm.

“Dr. Daddy is going to take care very good care of you” he whispered.

“Thank you” you whimpered.

“Dr. Daddy will always take care of his little baby. You just be calm and relax”

Sam opened the wipes and started to wipe you. You groaned, it felt uncomfortable. He sweetly shushed you. He spread your butt cheeks and wiped in there. You tried to squirm and he gripped your hip. Once he finished cleaning your bum, he changed his gloves and rolled you on your back and spread your leg.

“Mmmm” you cried.

“Shhhh. I know. It got all over. It’s no fun, was it?”

“No” you whispered.

Sam carefully wiped between your legs. You went to close your legs and he patted your thighs opened.
“You stay just like that.”

Sam took his gloves off and got a warm wash cloth. He gently wiped you and then rolled you back over on your side and wiped you with the cloth. You heard him snap on a glove and you shuddered. He grabbed a wipe and stuck it in your butt. You gasped.

“Daddy!” you said a little loudly.

“Shhh.” He soothed. “Let Dr. Daddy take care of you.” he took his finger out. “Let me diaper you.” He rolled you on your back, grabbed the diaper and put it on. “Do you think you can do your pacifier?” you shook your head. “Okay.” He said, throwing away the gloves.

“Uh oh” you said, getting up and throwing up in the toilet, but not messing your diaper.

“My poor little baby. This is why Daddy put you on the strict diet. No take out.” He rubbed your back and you nodded.

“Daddy, I’m sorry.” You threw up again and he placed a hand on your forehead.

“Shhhh. No need to be sorry. You did nothing wrong. You’ve got a fever. You just stay like that, if it makes you feel safe.” You nodded.

Sam put more gloves on and explained what he was doing, even though he’s done this, probably hundreds of times now; a sick baby needs to know all the details. He undid one side of the diaper and put it in, holding it there. After a few minutes he took it out and saw that it said 100.4.

“Dr. Daddy is going to give you some medicine.

“Can’t keep anything down.” You whimpered.

“This medicine goes in your bum.”

“Daddy, no.” you groaned.

“Shhhh. It’s not a discussion.” Sam stood you and grabbed the medicine.

You heard the foil and Sam coded it in lube and told you to breathe. He pushed it in and held his finger there. You whimpered as he pulled his finger out and pushed more medicine in.

“Shhhhh. Shhhhh. Relax for Dr. Daddy. The medicine will bring your fever down.” He pulled his finger out and did your diaper up again. He changed gloves, filled up the cup with water and held it to your lips. You shook your head. “Open” he said and you took a small sips.

“Thank you” you said quietly, before sitting down.

“In half an hour, if nothing has happened, Dr. Daddy is going to put you down for a nap.”

“But it’s night time” you said.

“I know. Dr. Daddy needs to monitor you. Half hour nap, in the swaddle, then you will be woken up. If nothing has changed and you haven’t thrown up, Dr. Daddy will check your diaper, take your temperature, give you a very quick bath, more medicine and then bed.”

“Noooooo” you whined.

“Shhhhh. shhhh. Daddy knows you’re very tired. Daddy is so sorry you’re sick. Daddy hates
seeing his little baby like this.” Your eyes started to flutter shut. He rubbed a glove covered thumb on your cheek. “Little baby, you need to stay awake” he cooed.

“Daddy, skin” you said wanting his touch.

“You’re sick, Daddy needs to keep these gloves on in case he needs to take care of his little baby’s bum or no-no place.” You blushed and started crying. “Shhhh.” He held you face in his hands. “Shhhhh. You’re safe. You’re safe.”

When half an hour was up, Sam lifted you and carried you to his bed. He had the blanket all set up, he must have done that when he went and cleaned your crib. He swaddled you and rocked you, still wearing the gloves. He carried you to the bathroom and sat on the floor, holding you. You instantly fell asleep.

You woke up when you felt a cold something being stuck in your bum. You whined and he soothed you, letting you know that half an hour was up, he was taking your temperature. You opened your eyes and saw that the tub was filled.

“Good, 9.4.” He took the gloves off and took the mittens off. Bath time was the only time you weren’t in mittens.

“Time” you mumbled.

“11:40” he said “Daddy let you sleep for more than half an hour, you looked so peaceful.”

He washed you, the water felt nice. He carefully cleaned you, nice and slow. He grabbed your hands and placed them on his cheeks. He knew you missed the touch of him. You smiled, sleepily and he kissed your forehead.

“Daddy, I love you.” you said.

“Daddy loves you so much. So very, very much.”

Your face suddenly dropped and you bolted from the bathtub and sat on the toilet right on time. You started sobbing, you thought that was done, you thought no more messy. You were cold now from being in the warm bath. Sam immediately wrapped a large towel, you shivered and sobbed.

“Daddy’s here. Daddy’s here. Little baby, Daddy’s got you.”

When you calmed down, he started to dry you off, your hands more specifically and then put your mittens back on. He quickly went and grabbed one of your hoodies and put that on you, zipping it up. He draped the towel over your legs. He was kneeling in front of you and you wrapped your arms around his neck.

“Daddy is right here. Now, do you think you’re done being messy?” he asked a little sad. He hated seeing you like this. You shrugged. “Was that one last messy. Do you think Daddy can clean you and put you in a diaper?” you nodded. “Okay.”

Once again, gloves go on and he helped you brush your teeth again. He pulls you down and cleans you, puts two diapers on. leaves you resting on the floor while he cleans up the bathroom. He picks you up and carries you to his bed. Once again, he swaddles you and you started to fuss.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“It is one in the morning now. You will not have a pacifier, however you will be swaddled and put
in your crib. It’s been almost three hours since you last threw up.” He swaddled you and placed you in the crib.

“Daddy, I scared” you said.

“Of what?” he asked concerned.

“That you’re mad at me. For being up way past my bedtime. Daddy has to be sleepy too.”

“Daddy is not mad at all. This could not have been helped. You just rest now, Daddy is going to be in his bed. You call out if you’ve messed your diaper. Daddy loves you so very, very much. You were so brave tonight. So brave for Daddy. It was very scary.” He kissed your forehead and puts the bar up. He turns on your mobile, nightlight and sound machine. Turning off the light. You look up at him. “Daddy is right here.” He runs his hands through your hair and watches you drift off to sleep.
Next day

“Wake up” Sam cooed. You groaned and tried to move, but you were still swaddled. “Daddy knows you want to sleep after your rough night. However, little babies have a strict schedule.”

“Noooo” you whined.

“Yes, it’s eight o’clock. Time to get up” he mockingly pouted undoing your blanket.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“How is your tummy?” he asked stroking your cheek.

“Better” you mumbled.

“Good. Daddy can put your pacifier back in.” Sam placed it in your mouth and did it up.

“NNNNNNN” you kicked.

“Nooo” he cooed as he slipped on gloves. He squeezed and felt your diaper, he lifted the back and saw your mess. “You’re wet and a little messy. My poor baby. That’s okay. Daddy will give you a nice enema, clean all that yuckiness out from yesterday. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“Daddy has the enema ready” he said bouncing you a bit and kissing your head. You squirmed a bit in his arms. “Daddy will clean your dirty bum. That’s what Daddy’s do best.”

Sam strapped you to the changing table and started to clean you, when he was done, he lubed his finger and stuck it in you and then took your temperature. He nodded and smiled at you. He stuck his finger in again and moved it around this time. He pulled out and put the tube in your butt. He did up the new diaper before starting the water. Sam had found and enema bag with a butt lug nozzle, so he’s been using that. Made it easier for you to lie on your back. You started to cry and he gently massaged your stomach with his hand that wasn’t in your butt.

“Shhhhh. Shhhhh. You’re okay. That was scary last night huh?” you nodded “Daddy hated seeing you like that, little baby. He was so glad when you could get a good night sleep. I know you’re very tired.” You nodded.

You struggled to move your wrists, you wanted to release. Sam soothed you and added another diaper, before pulling the plug out. Your diaper got wet and you whined and sobbed. He removed your very wet diaper, with little mess. He changed his gloves. Sam put your legs in the lower restraints and grabbed the shaving cream. He smiled blew a raspberry on your tummy, but you were not amused.

“NNNNNNN” you whined.

“Yes. It is time for your monthly shave.” You started to cry “Shhhhh. It’s okay. Daddy’s got you.”

Sam applied the shaving cream, rubbing it over you, he changed gloves and grabbed the razer and carefully started to shave you. Making sure everything was nice and smooth. You closed your eyes and focused on your breathing. You moaned when you felt a wet wash cloth on your little girl parts, wiping away the cream. He shushed you soothingly, telling you to relax for him. When he
was done he put the soothing cream.

“Much better.” He removed his gloves and put more on. You saw him open a foiled packet and code the bullet in lube.

“Mmmmmmm” you moaned.

“You still have a bit of a fever, Dr. Daddy is here. He’s going to give you more medicine.” You lifted your head. “No, this is going in your bum. Just like yesterday.” He pushed the suppository and held it there. “Few more seconds” he cooed patting your no-no place.

He added the second one and held it for a few minutes. He got rid of the gloves and diapered you. He took the restraints off, lifted you, grabbed your moose and carried you to the kitchen. He placed you in the playpen and you laid down.

“I know you’re very tired. Daddy needs you to stay awake. Now, you won’t have your proper breakfast. After yesterday you will not be able to stomach it. Daddy has some crackers for you to nibble on, with your bottle.” You sat up and nodded.

Sam warmed up your bottle and lifted you out of the playpen and cradled you. He took off your pacifier gag and held the bottle up to your mouth. You turned your head and he sighed a little. You rubbed your eyes with your mittens.

“Daddy is also very tired after last night. He was up almost all night, making sure you were okay. Now, open your mouth. Your bottle has a lot of good stuff for you, healthy stuff for you. come on.” He brushed the nipple up against your mouth and you took and started to suck. “There we go, there’s my good baby.” Sam yawned and shook his head. He bent forward and kissed your forehead. “Eat some crackers”

Sam held them up to you and you took small bites. When you ate five, Sam gave you the rest of your bottle. You reached up and stroked your mitten hand on his cheek.

“Daddy, we nap together?” you asked.

“I would love nothing more, but little baby you are swaddled, naps and nights, no exceptions. When you’re my little girl, absolutely.” He said sweetly and you burst into tears.

“I WANT TO HOLD DADDY!” you yelled.

“Shhhh. Shhhhhh. No more talking.” Sam put your gag back in” He lifted you up and rubbed your back. “Daddy wants you to hold him too. But little baby, you know the rules. You tried to break rule number seven, you even got your little fingers under the belt. That’s not good at all.” You sat back in Sam’s arms and he wiped your tears from your face. He kissed your forehead. “I guess that means next time Daddy will just take extra precaution. Mittens, being the good start.”

Sam placed you in your crib and watched you look up at the mobile. He turned it on and you watch it make music. He rubbed your stomach to sooth you. You tried to pull on his arm and he ran his hand over your forehead.

You blinked a few times and Sam giggled a little. He moved the side down and lifted you up into his arms. He grabbed your blanket and swaddled you. He cradled you and sat in the rocking chair and rocked back and forth. Sam leaned down and kissed your forehead, watching you drift off to sleep.

Sam wanted to sleep too, but he had to stay awake in case you needed anything. The rocking was putting him to sleep too, but he had to stay awake in case you needed anything. He for the
beautiful little baby, he needed some rest.

An hour later his alarm went off and he felt well rested, he stood up and walked over to the crib, seeing you still a sleep. He gently undid the swaddle and lifted you up. You stirred a bit and Sam rubbed a hand you your back.

“Wake up sleepy head.” He whispered in your ear. “Come on. You had an hour nap, do did Daddy, he’s well rested.” You nestled your head into his neck. “Aww, little baby.” He patted your butt a few times.

“Mmmmmmm” you whined and you sat back in his arms and he wiped some of the crusts from your eyes.

“Hello. It’s 11:30, Daddy needs some food, but first you get a bottle.” You rested your head back on his shoulder. He patted your butt again a few times to get you up. “You’ve been a very good little baby. When you are a little girl, we are going to have the movie marathon” you gasped and clapped your mitten hands. “Look at me, please” he said and you sat back in his arms again.

He rubbed his nose against you and kissed your pacifier. You giggled and he smiled at you. you rubbed your nose with his and then pulled his head down to rest your forehead against his. He gave three quick little pecks to your pacifier. He bounced you as he got your bottle with water, he sat down with you and took your gag out and you drank the water. Gag back in, you were in the playpen with your moose, you hugged him and rocked side to side, waving at Sam. Sam waved back as he prepared his food. You rubbed your stomach.

“Little baby, are you still hungry?” he asked and you nodded. “That’s why Daddy made you rice. Tonight you will have yummy vegetables.”

“Mmmmmmm” you frowned. Sam came over and crouched down.

“Aww, Daddy’s sorry, but you need to get your strength back up from yesterday. It was very rough on your poor tummy. No little baby food for the next few days.”

“NNNNNNNNNNN” you yelled

“Hey” he said warning tone. You started to kick your feet and bang your hands on the playpen. “Okay.” Sam picked you up and carried you to his room. He sat you in the crib and restrained you.

“MMMMMMM” you sobbed.

“If you’re going to misbehave, then you are going to get restrained. Daddy was very kind to you last night, letting you order out. It made you very sick, so now you will be eating healthier for a few days. Turns out, you will also be restrained in your crib. Now, please excuse Daddy while he gets the food.”

Sam left, quickly getting the food and bringing it in. You were sobbing and he sat between your restrained legs and took the gag out. He blew on the hot rice and fed it to you. You ate it all.

“Good baby. Daddy is so proud of you.” he praised.

“Daddy, how long?” you asked about being restrained.

“Until Daddy decides” he said. You started to sob some more and Sam held your face in his hands and kissed you. “Daddy makes all the rules.” He placed your gag back in your mouth and sat beside you eating his lunch.
When he was done, he put on gloves, undid your legs, restrained them and gave you a diaper change, rubbing the lotion on you, so you wouldn't get irritated. He put a fresh diaper on and restrained you, so that you were lying down, the side of the bar was up and your mobile was on.
First time with the period

Chapter Notes

AS requested.

This is when the reader and Sam are starting out with her being his little girl. So, a little flashback to her getting her period the first time as a little girl.

You had agreed to let Sam put you in diapers, allowing him to take full control of you. You did disobey him, by not mentioning how sick you were. It took you about a week to fully understand the diaper. Sam would massage your stomach for your bladder to release. You sobbed and sobbed when you messed your diaper for the first time. Sam gave you something to help with that.

What you forgot about was what would happen when you were on your period. Wet diapers you could deal with, hell, even him changing your messy diaper, but this was different. This was blood.

He put you down for bed and you felt your stomach hurt, you knew you were going to get your period. Sam took you gag out of your mouth.

“Goodnight, little girl.” He said kissing you.

“Sammy” you said.

“Yes”

“I-uh-I have to tell you something.” You looked a little embarrassed.

“I know about your period. That’s very scary stuff for little girls to deal with. However, I think I can come up with a compromise that will make us both happy.”

“What is it?” you asked and Sam pulled you onto his lap.

“Well, you will not be in a diaper. I will let you wear your underpants and a pad, but you will have plastic pants over top of that. You must tell me right away if you have to go to the bathroom, or need to change your pad. I will help you to the bathroom and stay with you, but you will change yourself. No temperature checks that week.”

“What if I messy?”

“I will wipe your little messy bum, always. I will not wipe your little girl parts, unless it is spotting or light blood. Am I clear?”

“What?!?” you yelled

“You heard me. I know your cycle, I know your first and last day are light. I will wipe you on those days. Everything else you will do on your own.”

“Yes Sammy” you whimpered.

“Don’t you worry, Sammy will take very good care of you. Do you feel cramping now? Do I need
to get you a hot water bottle?"

“Yes, Sammy” you teared up a bit.

“My poor little girl.” He kissed your forehead.

He left and you heard the water running. He came back and held you while you rested the hot water bottle no your stomach. When you fell asleep Sam removed it and tucked you in, turning on your nightlight.

The next morning Sam came in and woke you up with a gentle kiss to your check. He ran a hand on your diaper and sighed. You were dry, he needed you to use your diaper properly. He lifted your sheets and snapped on a gloves. Your eyes fluttered open.

“Good morning. Temperature check.” He undid the tabs on the diaper and your hands flew down and held your diaper, you could feel you got your period.

“Sammy” you whimpered.

“Let me check, please.” He said trying to remove your hands.

“Nooooo, Sammy. It’s going to be gross”

“Little girl” he said sternly. “I am here to take care of you. I need to properly asses this. I have cleaned your dirty bum. I need you to trust me.” You started to sob. “Shhhh. Just a little look.” He removed your hands and pulled back the diaper. There was some light spotting. “There, that wasn’t so bad. Just light spotting. Let me get you on your changing table, get you cleaned up.”

Sam lifted you bridal style and you sobbed into his shirt. He kissed the top of your head, before he got to work restraining you. He took a baby wipe and cleaned you, hardly any blood showed up. He then lube his finger and brushed it against you. you gasped as he pushed it in. He pulled it out and placed the thermometer in. He took his gloves off and went by your head, stroking your hair and whispering praises in your ear.

“I’m going to get your underwear ready.”

“Okay, Sammy” you whispered.

Sam smiled and kissed you before placing your gag in your mouth. You turned your head and watched as he grabbed your black underwear and a pad, placing it on and securing the wings. He walked over to your legs and pulled the thermometer out. He nodded in approval, unstrapped your legs and slipped your underpants on. He gabbed pink plastic pants that had circus animals on them and he put them on you. He took the rest of the restraints off and lifted you into his arms.

“There you go. All better now, all taken care of. You are going to do such big tasks for little girls. Tasks, that I really have no problem doing, but if it will make you very uncomfortable I would never push or force you to allow me to do that.” He cradled you head. “Let me get you a bottle and rub your tummy, you must have very bad cramps” he cooed and you nodded.

Later that afternoon, you tugged on Sam’s sleeve and he looked down at you. You were moving side to side and he smiled. He picked you up and carried you to the bathroom, grabbing the latex gloves just in case. Sam put you down and went to pull down your plastic pants. You grabbed his hands.

“Nnnnnnnnnn” your eyes winded. Sam held your hands.
“I was just going to pull the plastic pants down, that’s all.” He cooed.

You nodded and he did. You pulled down your underwear and sat on the toilet. Sam stood there and watched, you tried to hide your pad from him. There wasn’t much on it, but you needed to change it. Sam left some pads out for you and you went to grab one, Sam grabbed your hand.

“Let me see” he said and you shook your head. “Yes” he said. “You shook you head again. “Does someone need a spanking?” you hesitated and tilted the bad towards him and he saw that there was a little bit of blood, but not much. “Okay, thank you, little girl.”

You took the pad and changed it. Then you peed and was about to grab the toilet paper when you notice Sam started adjusting the gloves he put on. Oh yeah, he said he was going to wipe you in it was light or spotting. You started to cry, you rested your face in your hands and your elbows on your knees. Sam crouched down and his gloved hands wrapped around your wrists and pulled your hands from your face.

"I told you yesterday. If it’s spotting or light, I am to wipe you. I know you think that this is yucky for Sammy. I assure you, this is exactly what you need. You need me to take care of you; you’re just a little girl.” You nodded. “Good girl.”

Sam grabbed the toilet paper and reached between your legs and wiped you. He reached down and grabbed the baby wipes. He had them all over the house. He wiped you again and you gasped at the sensation. He threw that in the garbage and pulled you up, pulling your underpants and plastic pants up. He patted your bum lightly and took the gloves off.

“There, that wasn’t so bad. Good girl.” Sam kissed your neck and brought your room. He turned the heating pad on, your lower back really hurt. “Time for your nap. I’ve turned the heating pad on. I will give your tummy a massage to help you relax. I will then turn the heating pad off and continue the massage.” Sam took your pacifier out.

“Crampy” you whined.

“I know, I know”

He covered your legs with a blanket and gave you your moose and blanky. He turned the lights off and the nightlight on. You started to cry and Sam was right there, kissing your forehead and stroking your stomach a bit. You groaned and grabbed his hand.

“Saaaaammy” you whined.

‘Shhhh. Little girl, Sammy is here.” He knelt down be the bed and started to massage your stomach. You eventually fell asleep. He turned the heating pad off and kept massaging your stomach.

The next day was okay, but the third day it was fairly heavy. Sam took you to the bathroom and this time you made a messy. You sobbed and sobbed as rubbed a hand up and down your back. You were mortified; he had you show him your pad. You didn’t want him to see that. He let you wipe your little girl parts, while he sat on the edge of the bathtub with gloves on waiting.

“Are you ready?” he asked and you nodded. “Over my knee” you tensed and he rubbed a gloved hand on your cheek. “No, little girl, no spankies. Just cleaning your dirty bum.”

You bent over his knee, arms on the floor. You made sure that your little girl part wasn’t touching him. He grabbed the baby wipe and spread your butt cheek and wiped you. He threw it in the garbage and helped you stand up. He pulled your underpants and plastic pants back up.
“Not so messy. There you go, little girl. Bottle time.” Sam threw the gloves away and you lifted your arms up. He picked you up and held you close. “I know this is still very new to you, but I want you to understand that I have your best interest at heart. I know you think it’s gross, your period, but I promise you that doesn’t bother me. Like I said before, I would change your pad for you, since I clean your messy bum. Little girl, Sammy loves you so, so much” you nodded.

Finally you were done your period, which meant that Sam was going to give you a nice bath, get you all cleaned up and then re-diapered. You were going to go back to messing and wetting yourself, but Sam was there. He would keep you safe, he would do anything for you. You are his little girl, you need protecting and Sam was there to give it to you. No, not Sam. Daddy. Daddy was there to give it to you.
Month over

You woke up when you felt your pacifier gag being taken out of your mouth. Sam placed a gentle kiss on your lips and stroked your cheek with this gloved hands.

“A month is up. Are you ready to be Daddy’s little girl again?” he cooed. You gasped.

“Yes! Oh, Daddy, Yes!” you said. Sam chuckled and kissed you again and placed the pacifier back in your mouth.

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“Morning routine, little girl. Daddy will still feed you in the mittens and then they come off.” You clapped your hands.

Sam pulled back the diaper and saw the mess you made and smiled at you. He praised you for having a messy diaper, you honestly liked that you got comfortable enough to still sleep like that. You felt bad for waking Sam up in the middle of the night. He got you all cleaned you, wiping you very thoroughly. He put a fresh diaper on and lifted you up. He gave you your breakfast and two bottles. You recited the rules and then he brought you to the bathroom and placed in in front of the sink.

Then you felt it, he was taking your mittens off. Your hands were free, you could finally touch him. He turned the taps on and squeezed some soup onto your hands. He helped you wash your hands. You laughed at the foaming soup, your favorite. Sam dried your hands and carried you to your bedroom. He told you no touching yet. He lay down on your bed and had you straddled him. He was sitting against the headboard and stroked your cheeks. His warm touch made you lean into it.

“Go on” Sam smiled.

You placed your hands on either side of his face. His skin against your made you moan, you loved this. You stroked his cheeks and you ran your hands through his hair. You moved you so you were more on his stomach. You ran your hands down his neck and chest. Sam had his hands on your hips. You ran your hands over his arms and back to his face.

“Does Daddy feel good?” he cooed and you nodded excitedly. “Daddy is going to remove your pacifier for one minute and one minute only.” You nodded.

Sam took it off and you kissed all over his face, he closed his eyes and laughed. He loved seeing you this happy. You kissed his lips, he bit your lower lip a little and you moaned. You kissed him again and then all over his face.

“Daddy is so beautiful” you said. Sam cupped your cheek.

“Thank you, little girl” he said.

You grabbed his wrists with your hands and kissed his palms. You took his left hand and sucked on his pointer and middle finger.

“No” he said sternly pulling his fingers out and giving a firm spanking to your butt with his right hand.
“Mmmmm” you whined.

“No.” He said placing your pacifier gag back in your mouth. “My fingers are not for sucking on.” He smiled and you took his hand and brought it to your bare breast. “Do I need to put the mittens back on?” he warned raising an eyebrow.

“Nnnnn” you whined resting your head on his chest.

“I know, you’re just happy” he smiled rubbing your back.

You sat back up and covered his eyes. You removed your hands and he closed his eyes again. You lightly and gently rubbed your hands over the front of this face. He laughed and you giggled. You felt around a bit and then drummed on his chest.

“I know Daddy promised movie marathon.”

“Nnnnn” you whined.

“Daddy was going to suggest we do that tomorrow and we can just play and cuddle all day today.”

“Aaaah” you shirked in excitement and bounced up and down on him.

“Thought you might like that.” You tapped your pacifier “Oh, little girl, I know you want to keep kissing Daddy, but no, that stays in. Special kisses when it’s bottle time. Promise.” He said holding up his pinky.

You two linked them and you got off of him and he pouted. You sat beside him and laid down, patting your tummy.

“You want me to rest my head there?” you nodded. “Okay.” Sam rested his head on your stomach, facing you. you stroked his hair. “Thank you!” he said.

He linked fingers with your other hand and you started to tear up, you were so happy. He sat up and pulled you onto his lap. You cling to his shirt while he rubbed your back.

“You have no idea how incredibly proud I am of you. You took your little baby punishment so well. So well for Daddy. It was very hard for you, especially when you were sick. No more take out, that’s all. That’s what we learned. You are the most beautiful little girl in the whole world. Daddy is so proud of you “ you nodded. You looked up at him and he kissed your pacifier.

He held you until it was time for your bottle. He lifted you on is hip and carried you to the kitchen. Instead of putting you down in your playpen, he placed you on the counter. He pulled your bottle out and went to warm it up. Before he did he took your pacifier out and brushed his thumb against your lips.

“Daddy?” you asked.

“Only this once, since today is a special treat” he kissed you and then stuck his thumb in your mouth.

Your eyes winded for a moment, he looked at you and was about to pull his thumb out and you grabbed his arm to keep it there. You started to suck on it. You moaned a little and he smirked. You sucked while he warmed up your bottle. You swore you heard a little groan from him as he pulled your bottle out.
“That’s enough” he said and removed his thumb.

“Thank you, Dadddy” you said. He kissed you and lifted you up.

“You’re welcome.” Sam fed you your bottle; half way through you looked down and wet yourself. You started to cry. “That’s okay. Your diaper makes it so Daddy doesn’t get wet. That’s okay, little girl. Finish your bottle and Daddy will change you.”

You finished your bottle and he lifted you up, grabbing your pacifier and putting in in. He placed you on the changing table, only using the leg restraints and put gloves on and changed your wet diaper. As he powered you, you waved at him and he waved back. He finished doing the tabs up and took the gloves off. Took your restraints off and lifted you up.

“Nap time.” He placed you in your bed and you spread out like a star fish and laughed. “That’s right, no more swaddles. Okay, hand please.”

“Mmmmmmm” you whined, crossing your arms.

“You are to wear you mittens naps and nights. We talked about this.” He said.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you yelled.

“Hey, none of that.” Sam gave his famous warning tone. You gave up and showed him our hands. Sam locked your hands up. You wondered if you were going to get button time. Sam tucked you in and rubbed your back until you fell asleep. When you woke up, Sam had taken the mittens off of you. He lifted you up and brought you to the kitchen where he had you lunch ready. You ate your salad and nuts. You took you bottle.

“Button time?” you asked.

“You know better than to ask for that.” He said

“Oh, please!” you asked looking a little sad. It had been two months.

“Open up” he cooed holding up your pacifier.

“Da-“ you were cut off with the pacifier going in your mouth.

“Let’s color” he said lifting you up and bringing you to the coloring table.

The two of you colored for an hour and a half, finally it was time for your afternoon nap. No button rub in site. Maybe at night.
You did not get a button rub that night. It was the next day and Sam loved the way you kept wanting to touch his face and run your hands through his hair. After you said the rules, Sam sat you on the couch and popped in the first of your movie marathon, Frozen. He handed you moose and you hugged him tight while Sam left the room for a minute. He came back with a cooler and a little basket. You tried to have a peek.

“Nooo” he cooed “Little girl, this does not concern you.” he said sitting down beside you, moving the basket out of the way. He stroked your hair and you rested your head on his lap.

“Hmm” you looked up at him at him and pointed to where the basket was.

“Watch the movie.” He smiled at you.

“Nnn” you frowned.

“Daddy just brought a cooler in with your bottles, that’s all. The basket is your changing pad and stuff for that.” You nodded and went back to the movie.

When Frozen was done, you sat up and he put Lilo and Stitch in. He took your pacifier out and cradled you, feeding you a bottle. He put the bottled down and asked if you needed to be changed. You shook your head. Sam reached over to the basket and grabbed some gloves.

“Daddy, I dry” you said.

“Daddy knows. Trust Daddy.”

He placed your gag back in your mouth and put the gloves on. He undid the tabs of the diaper and opened it up. You shifted a bit and looked at him and he pointed to the TV. You looked back and heard the clicking of a cap. Was this it? Were you going to get your button rub? You whimpered and he looked at you and smiled.

“That’s right, little girl. Button time”

“Hmm” you moaned when his lubed finger brushed your clit.

“There’s a good girl. Just relax, everything is under control.”
Sam watched your expressions change as he would slow down and pick up the pace. You stated to pant a bit and he rubbed his gloved hand on your leg. Your hand went to his shoulder and he laughed a little. Suddenly you felt the urge to mess your diaper. This was the worst possible timing, but you couldn’t stop it.

“NNNNNNNNNN” you panicked. Your hand went to pull his away and he did, placing it on your cheek, careful not to touch you with the lubed finger.

“What is it, little girl?” he asked and he paused the movie. Your hands flew to the diaper and he grabbed your wrists.

“MMMMMMMMMMM” you whined. Sam looked down and saw your butt contracting.

“Oh. You need to make a messy” tears were coming down your face and you nodded. He notice you contract again. “Go on.”

“NNNNNNNNNN” you shook your head side to side and tried to get out of his grip. You were not going to do this with the diaper open.

“Little girl, I know you are extremely embarrassed to have this happen, but I assure you Daddy is okay with this. Just like Daddy would be okay with changing your pad when you have your period.”

He looked down at your hands, waiting for you to give three snaps. He knew this really testing your limits and you wanted to, but for some reason this also intrigued and you didn’t know why. You kept crying and trying to hold it in. He knelt down in front of you. He was right there and you did nothing.

“Good girl” he praised, putting a hand on your cheek. “Legs wider please” he patted the inside of your thighs.

“Hnnnnnnnn” you whined and went for the diaper again to close it.

“No. Little girl” he said in a stern tone. He grabbed your hand wrists and held them tight. “Look at me, please” you locked eyes with him, tears pouring out. You shook your head and closed your eyes. Sam looked down again. “Little girl, I can see you need to. Come on, mess your diaper.” You couldn’t hold it anymore and you let a little bit out. “Good job. Daddy is so proud of you.”

You let more out and then opened your eyes. You looked frantically at the couch, side to side and saw that you managed to just get it in the diaper. You sobbed and sobbed. Sam noticed your breathing so he took your gag out and you let out a full blown wail.

“Oh, little girl. Daddy’s here” he said. “Are you done?”

“AAAAHHAAAAHAHAHAHAHA” you sobbed and nodded.

“I’m going to get you cleaned up now. Hold on.”

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA”

Sam Quickly placed a medial pad on the floor and lifted you up bridal style, placing you on your side on the mat. You curled into the fetal position while he took his gloves off and started rubbing soothing circles on your back and running his other hand through your hair.

were so good for me. I am so incredibly proud of you. That was not easy. Come on, deep breaths. Shhhhh. You’re safe. I’ve got you” Sam watched as your breathing slowed down a bit. “Good. Good. Hey.” He waved his hand in front of your face and you looked up at him and then his hand. He snapped three times. “Okay?” he said you nodded. “Shhhhh. Y/N, I’ve got you. I’m going to clean you up now.”

“Okay” you whimpered.

“Okay.” Sam kissed your head and got up.

He put gloves on and got rid of your dirty diaper first. Then he brought the basket over and grabbed the baby wipes. He carefully wiped you and moved your butt cheek aside and wiped there. He lifted your leg up and wiped between there. Quiet whimpers broke from you and he looked up at you, his eyes soft and concerned. When he was done cleaning you, he grabbed a diaper and diapered you again. He cleaned up and lifted you into his arms, swaying, trying to soothe you.

“Sammy, do you think I’m disgusting?” you asked.

“No. Oh Y/n, no. Never.” Sam said stroking your cheek. You closed your eyes and started to cry.

“You won’t stop loving me?”

“No. Oh, I could never stop loving you. You are the love of my life. Please know that what I got you to do was trust. If you had snapped your fingers, I would have understood. In fact, I thought you were going to, I was surprised when you didn’t.” you nodded understanding.

You broke out into sobs again and he rubbed a hand up and down your back. He sat down on the couch and you rested on his chest. You buried your face in his neck. He held you for an hour, letting you sob. The two of you didn’t say anything. He just held you while you cried. When you had calmed down he reached over and grabbed a Kleenex. You blew your nose and he threw it in the garbage. He wiped the tears from your face. You placed your hands on his face and gave him a kiss.

“Is there anything you need? What can I do for you?” he asked holding your face in his hand. You closed your eyes and took a deep breath. When you opened your eyes Sam notice something shifted a little. you drummed on his chest and giggled a bit. Sam gave a half smile. “Little girl?” he asked carefully.

“Marathon!” you said.

“It’s lunch time, little girl. How about Daddy makes you some pizza?”

“YES!” you said pulling him into you. He wrapped his arms around your waist and held you tight.

“Up we go” he said giving you a little warning. He stood up and you wrapped your arms around his waist. He grabbed your moose and carried you to the kitchen.

“Paci?” you asked.

“I think my little girl deserves some little kisses.” He gave a peck to your lips. “No Paci until nap” you gave him a peck and he beamed.

“Daddy happy?” you ask.

“Daddy is very happy” he said bouncing you a bit, before placing you in the playpen.
“Nnnn” you whined.

“Dadddy is just going to put the pizza in the oven and then he’ll hold you.” Sam said giving you a deeper kiss. You giggled and waved at him and he waved back when he set the timer. Not that you ever doubted it, but if today proved anything, it’s that Sam truly loves you.
Road trip

Because you have been a very good little girl, Sam decided you could go on a road trip. It took careful planning. He gathered the supplies he needed. Bought you a very pretty diaper bag and stocked it full of your diapers, wipes, powder, extra boxes of gloves, changing mat, medical mats, creams. He grabbed thermometer, suppositories, laxatives, extra bottles. In your bag he put a few onses and plastic pants, your mittens were packed and he grabbed some dresses and skirts. He took your fuzzy blanket and favorite pillow and put it in the care the night before. You’re pacifier gag went in your diaper bag and Sam left a note reminding him to bring your moose.

“Now, little girl, today is going to be a little different okay?”

“Okay, Daddy” you said as he put a flowered onsie on you.

“Good girl. Daddy has everything all packed for you. He’s got a cooler with your food and bottles, don’t you worry. No princess plug.”

“Why no plug?”

“Because little girl, Daddy is not going to clean you out. You are my little girl, you make a messy, you let Daddy know. Even if we’re driving. I will pull over and change you.”

“WHAT?!” you yelled. “NNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you whined.

“Shhhh. Trust Daddy, please” you nodded.

Sam grabbed a pair of black plastic pants and put it over your diaper before snapping your onsie up.

“Daddy, not comfy” you said.

“I’m sorry little girl, but you need the plastic pants in case of any leaks.”

“Okay.” You pouted and Sam lifted you up.

“Come on, let’s give you your bottled and breakfast. You will recite the rules and then off we go.”

“Daddy, I ask you a question?” you looked up at him.

“Yes, little girl”

“Last week, button rub was interrupted—“you were cut off by Sam placing his finger to your lips.

“What have I said? You know better than to ask. Maybe Daddy was planning on doing that for you, did you ever think of that?”

“No. Sorry Daddy” you rested your head on his shoulder.

“That’s okay. No more questions.” He said rubbing a hand on your back.

Once you ate and did your morning routine, Sam pulled your long flowy black skirt over your onsie. It looks like something you would normally wear and no one would ever know what was underneath.
“It’s cold outside, here, put your sweater on” Sam helped you and then put your sandals on. “There’s my good girl.” He put your sunglasses on and carried you to the car, placing you in the backseat.

“Daddy, front” you said.

“Oh, but little girls sit in the back. The front seat is not safe” he said buckling you up. You started to cry. “No, none of that.” He said kissing you.

“Please” you pouted.

“Does someone need to wear her pacifier in public?” he warned and you stopped asking questions. “OH!” Sam ran back into the house you were confused. He came back and handed you moose. “Daddy almost forgot this. I’m so sorry, little girl.”

“MOOSE!” you smiled and rubbed his nose to yours.

“Oh, you have snacks in that cooler, when you need a bottle you tell me and I will give it to you. There are sippy cups with juice, you think you can handle those on your own, little girl?” he questioned.

“Promise” you said.

The car had tinted windows so no one can see in. One side of the back seat was folded down so Sam could easily change you. He looked at you in the rear-view mirror and smiled before putting his sunglasses on.

“Mmmm…” Sam unbuckled and got out, going to your side and opening the door.

“Little girl” he cooed.

“Shoes and skirt off?” you asked and Sam smiled.

“Yes, little girl. Daddy wants you to be as comfortable as possible. He took your sandals off and unbuckled you taking your skirt off. “Sweater?” he asked and you shook your head. “Okay!” he kissed your head and buckled you up. You giggled and he noticed you blush. “Little girl” he cooed. You waved him closer to you and leaned in.

“Daddy looks sexy” you said a little embarrassed. Sam burst laughing and you smiled wide. He took off your sunglasses and kissed all over your face.

“Thank you, little girl. That is very sweet to say” He put the sunglasses back on you.

He got back in and the two took off. You giggled and kicked your feet, your grabbed your juice and when you got to a red light you had Sam open your granola bar. Three hours later Sam pulled off the side of the road, took his sunglasses off and got in the back of the car. He unbuckled you, took your sunglasses off, grabbed a bottle and pulled you onto his lap. You squirmed a bit and he held you tighter. He pushed the bottle into your mouth and you sucked. When you finished Sam grabbed some gloves on and you whined. He placed you so the top half was in the trunk. He unsnapped your onesie and pulled down the plastic pants and saw the yellow stain. He felt around and sighed.

“Little girl, how long have you been wet?” he asked.

“When Daddy pulled me onto his lap. Honest” you said.
“Okay, little girl. Daddy will change you.”

He rolled your onesie up and took the plastic pants off. He undid the tabs of your diaper, you lifted your bum up to help him. He grabbed the wipes, cleaning you up. He placed a fresh diaper under your bum and you lowered. Sam put baby powder on and did the tabs up. He rolled the diaper up and threw everything away in the garbage that was by where they pulled off. He got back in the car and put your plastic pants up and snapped your onesie up. He patted you and sat you back in the seat, buckled you up and gave you a kiss.

“Daddy mad?” you whimpered.

“Of course not.” He smiled and kissed your forehead.

Sam covered you up with your fuzzy blanket and placed the neck pillow around you. He opened your diaper bag and grabbed your mittens, slipping them on your hands. You pouted and he kissed your cheek. He got back in the driver’s seat.

“Daddy, where are we going?” you asked.


“Not sleepy!” you crossed your arms.

“I think you are” he cooed. “It’s not a discussion. This would be your nap time if we were at home. Close your eyes, Daddy is right here, he’s going to keep driving.” You closed your eyes and pouted.

Sam laughed to himself, you were so darn cute. You slept for two hours. It was now two and Sam pulled into a motel. He got out of the car and opened your door. He stroked your cheek, removed the neck pillow and unbuckled you. He wrapped the fuzzy blanket around your waist and lifted you up into his arms. You snuggled into him, completely forgetting where you were. Sam rubbed your back a bit and you started to stir and then went back to sleep. Sam, grabbed moose and put him in your diaper bag. He carried you into the check in.

“Hey” Sam said to the blue eye, dark haired man.

“Hey. Your room is ready, I’ll bring the rest of your bags” the man said.

“Thank you.” Sam smiled at you and rubbed your back.

“Who is this cutie?” the man asked.

You slowly opened your eyes and saw the new face. You realized you weren’t in your skirt or sandals. Sam gripped tight to you.

“NO” you yelled.

“Shhhh. Little girl, this is Daddy’s friend Castiel.” Your eyes widened, did he just say Daddy, in front of this man.

“PLEASE” you started to cry.

“Behave, please. You were still sleeping, so I wrapped you up. It’s okay, Castiel has a little one of his own.”
“Her name is Meg” he said handing Sam the key.

“This is Y/N. Say hello” you looked away. Sam stroked your hair. “She’s a little shy, sorry Cas”

“No need. Mine was shy at first.” Castiel rubbed a hand on your back. “Sweetie, this motel is a very safe place. Well equipped for little girls, boys and babies.” You looked at Sam.

“Y-you-you tricked me.” Sam looked hurt at your accusation.

“Little girl, we will talk about this in our room. For now.” Sam opened your diaper bag and gabbed your pacifier gag.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” you yelled.

“Yes. Castiel, will you please put this on her” Sam said and Castiel did, giving you a sympathetic look. “Okay, come on.” Sam patted your butt.
Sam opened the door and you saw that there were two beds, one for Sam and one for you. Yours had black bed sheets and two blankets on top. You noticed there was a changing table that looked like it had you so your little girl parts were facing the door and kitchenette. There was a playpen already set up and some games. A night light and soothing sound machine by your bed, the curtains were closed. You noticed the room was warmer than normal. Sam must have told his friend to turn up the heat since you’re only in a diaper and nothing else.

“In the corner” he said putting you down.

“Hm?” you looked at him.

“You heard me. Go stand in the corner and think about how you just acted in front of Daddy’s friend. Five minutes.”

“Nnnnn” you whined.

“Go” he said with a little swat to your bum.

You walked to the corner and stood there. Sam looked around the room a bit and sat on the bed, watching you. When five minutes were up, Sam walked over and rubbed a hand on your back.

“There’s a good girl. All done.” You turned and faced him. He saw your tear stained face. “Oh. Little girl, are you worried Daddy is mad?” You nodded and Sam picked you up and bounced you a bit. “No. Daddy is not mad at you. Never. How could he be mad at such a sweet little girl? Okay little girl, let’s talk.” He sat on the bed and you on his lap and rubbed a hand up and down your back. “This is a very special motel. Behind it is a resort for little girls and boys, just like you. Now, you will apologize to Castiel.” You nodded and rested your head on his shoulder. “Daddy loves you so much.” He squeezed your leg and you tightened your grip around him and held him close.

“Here are your things.” Castiel said walking in.

Sam put you down and took your gag out. You looked at him and he nudged you forward.

“Castiel, little girl has something to say to you?” Sam said.

“Sorry for being rude. I woke up from nappy and was not aware of my surroundings.” You said. Castiel smiled and held your hands.

“That’s very okay. Stuff like this is scary. Luckily your Daddy is here to help you.” you nodded. Sam went to place your gag in your mouth.

“Noooo” you whined.

“Little girl, yes.” He cooed. You opened your mouth and he put it in you. Casitel put your stuff by the dressers.“Thanks Cas. Okay, plastic pants off.” Sam lifted you laid you down on your bed and undid your onesie and pulled the pants off. He looked at you for a moment and pulled the onesie off.
“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you screamed, trying to cover yourself.

“Shhhhh. Little girl. There is no need to be embarrassed.” Sam said.

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“Castiel, sorry, but little girl needs to get better acquainted with this. She will have her lunch in an hour” Castiel nodded and left the room.

“MMMMMMMM” you whined.

“I know, I know. Daddy won’t let anything happen to you. You’re safe.”

A little while later, you were in your playpen when you started to feel it.

“Hnnnn” you moaned. You got on your knees and held onto the playpen.

“Oh, little girl. You’re okay.”

“MMMMMMMM” you felt your diaper fill. It was a lot. Just then Castiel walked in with your lunch and saw the brown stain on your diaper. You heard Sam snap on some gloves.

“Oh.” He said. “Should I-"

“No, come in” Sam said.

“Mmmmmmm” you sobbed.

“Just going to change her. Please place the food on the counter.” Sam lifted you up and you struggled. “Little girl” he said stern. “If you keep this up Daddy will give you spankings” He restrained you to the changing table. “Castiel, can you please soothe her” he asked. Castiel gave a little smile and nodded. He came by your head and stroked your head.

“Hey sweetie. Shh. It’s okay. Daddy is going to take care of your messy bum. Shh. No need to be embarrassed. I’ve seen many messy bums in my day”

“Alright little girl.” Sam said. He took the tabs off and brought the diaper down “Good girl, good girl. You did this all on your own.” You tried to move your hands to cover your face. Why would he say that?

“MMMMMMMM” you whined.

“Little girl.” He warned “Such a messy bum.”

Sam rolled up the diaper and threw it away. Castiel stroked your hair and kept his eyes on you so you wouldn’t be embarrassed. Sam seemed to take his sweet time with this. Castiel glanced over and then kissed the side of your head.

“Shall I draw a bath?” Castiel offered.

“It is a very messy little girl. Yes.” Sam nodded and Castiel left.

“Mmmmmmm, hmmmmm” you cried. He adjusted the gloves and grabbed more wipes.

“Cas, sorry, could you come help?” Sam asked.
Castiel came over and Sam nodded towards the box of latex gloves. He put them on and Sam asked him to spread your cheeks. You sobbed and sobbed as Sam wiped you thoroughly. You started to squirm and Sam looked down.

“Castiel, she’s going to mess again. Grab a diaper.” Castiel nodded and placed a diaper under you. Sam undid your legs. Castiel took his gloves off and went back to the bathroom and turned the water off.

“You’re okay. The diaper is here to get it. Daddy will give you a quick bath after.” Sam said. Castiel came by your head and kissed your head.

“I’m going to go. My little girl is missing me.” Sam nodded at him and Castiel left.

“Alright now, just like before.” You shook your head. “Little girl. You will be getting a spanking after your bath.”

When you messed your diaper again, Sam cleaned you up and threw the diaper away. He took the restraints off and moved you to the bathroom. He placed you in and took your pacifier gag out.

“Daddy, no spankies. I’ll be a good girl. Promise” you pleaded.

“Little girl, Daddy’s word is final. You’ve been my little girl for ten months now, Daddy thought it would be good for you to meet some friends.” Sam washed your face, back and lifted your arm and washed that. “Daddy knows you’ll be a good girl.” He smiled at you and kissed you.

“How many spankies I get?”

“Seven” he said washing your front. “Legs spread. Going to wash your little girl parts. He washed your butt and pulled you out, pulling your fuzzy towel around you.

“Hair?” you asked.

“Daddy is going to wash that later tonight. This is just to get your messy bum clean.”

Sam dried you off and picked you up. He went over and grabbed your hairbrush and you gasped.

“No, no, no” Sam put the brushed down, cupped your cheek and gave little pecks to your lips. “Shhh. No, Daddy would never do that. Never, little girl. Shhh. No, Daddy was going to brush and braid your hair after the spankies and lunch” you calmed down and Sam picked up the brush and placed it beside him on the bed.

He put your pacifier gag back in and had you lean over his knee. He brought his hand down, it was firm, but gentle, like all of his spankings. After, he rubbed cream on your bum and diapered you. He sat you on his lap at the table and fed you your lunch that Castiel brought. He gave you a bottle and then had you sit on the floor on your bum, between his legs. He handed you moose and you played with him while Sam brushed your hair and braided it.

“There, much better. We’re not leaving this room today little girl” you nodded.

You climbed onto his lap, straddling him. You pushed on his shoulders to lay him down. He did and he smiled at you, tickling your tummy. You giggled and rested your head on his chest.

“Oh, you’re right. It is time for your nap. Look at me and listen very carefully.” You sat up and so
did he. “This nap and only this nap, little girl you can sleep on Daddy’s chest.” You looked confused, you’ve done that before. “This nap and only this nap, you mittens. Daddy will let you cling to him.” You gasped and wrapped your arms around his waist. “Good. Come on.”

Sam lifted you up and grabbed your fuzzy blanket. He laid down on your bed and you were on top of him. He covered you up and wrapped his arms around you over the blanket. You clung to his shirt and he smiled down at you. Your eyes were closed and you looked at peace.

Chapter End Notes

Should I show little Meg and Castiel?
Even Daddy's get sick

Sam woke up in the middle of the night and was feeling a bit stuffy. You two had spent almost a week at the resort and you were behaving very well for him. He looked over at you and saw you sleeping peacefully. He stood up and started coughing, oh no, he was sick. He quietly left the room and went to the front desk. He walked in coughing.

“Whoa.” Castiel said looking up at Sam.

“Yeah. Do you have a face mask? I can’t get my little girl sick.”

“Yeah, back in my room. Come on.”

Castiel walked Sam back to his room, which was right beside yours. Sam opened the door a little to watch you. You were still sleep. Castiel handed him the mask.

“Thanks.”

“Let me know if you need me to watch her.”

Sam walked back into your room and put the mask on. He walked over to your bed and crouched down to your level. He rubbed your arm and you opened your eyes and tensed up a little.

“I know Daddy looks a little scary. He’s sick and doesn’t want you to catch what he has.” You nodded and placed a hand on his forehead.

“Daddy warm” you said.

“Yes, but Daddy has a little girl to take care of”

“I snap three times?!?” you suggested.

“No, little girl. Daddy is a big boy, he can take care of you and himself.”

“Daddy, I pee-peed.” You looked down.

“That’s okay. Let Daddy take care of that.”

Sam lifted you up and placed you on the changing table. He put gloves on and you gave a little moan. You covered your mouth and he let out a little laugh and started to change you.

“Do you like Daddy looking like this?” you nodded a bit.

“Da-Daddy looks sexy like this too.” You blushed and covered your mouth.

“Thank you, little girl. One more wipe” he said. Sam did your temperature check and then placed the fresh diaper under you and powdered you, did the tabs up and took his gloves off and put fresh ones on. “Daddy is going to be wearing gloves all day. Don’t want my little girl to catch any germs.” He lifted you up and you felt his forehead again.

“Daddy, you sure I can’t take care of you?” you asked.

“Little girl, Daddy is so sure. This is not little girl stuff.”
“Don’t overdo it. Daddy needs naps too” He stroked your cheek and you whined a little, missing the skin to skin contact.

“Daddy is lucky to have a little girl like you, looking out for him. Bottle time”

Sam held you on his hip with one arm and grabbed your bottle and warmed it up. He sat on the chair and fed it to you. When you finished you got off his lap and went to the fridge. You felt strong hands on your shoulders.

“Daddy will give you your breakfast.”

“I just want to help” you pouted

“I know you do.” Sam lifted you up and placed you in your playpen, there was a little knock on the door. Sam opened it and saw Castiel.

“Brought you some cold medicine.” He said

“Thanks Cas.”

“Hi!” you waved at Castiel and he smiled and waved back.

“Hello”

“Daddy sick. I want to take care of him”

“Oh, that’s very sweet of you, but I’m sure Daddy is tough.” Casitel said.

“See, little girl. Daddy loves so much that you want to help, but it’s just a little cold.”

Castiel left and Sam lifted you up again and fed you your breakfast and your bottle with water. Sam picked you up and placed you on the floor. Handed you your coloring books and crayons, Put your pacifier gag in. Sam took the cold medicine and made himself breakfast. Whenever he started coughing you immediately got up and rubbed his back.

He walked over to where you were coloring. You were on your stomach and he patted your bum. You whined. He started to squeeze and feel around your diaper.

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“Daddy is sorry to interrupt you, little girl. I know you’re very busy.” You nodded. “Come on, Daddy feels you’re wet.” You sat up and showed him the flowers you were drawing. It said ‘get better Daddy’. Sam smiled and lifted you up. “That is so beautiful. Thank you so very much.”

Sam changed your diaper and wiped you. He changed his gloves and carried you to the bed undiapered. He put you on the medical mat he had on the bed.

“Hm?” you asked

“Little girl, Daddy is going to give you a button rub.” You gasped. “I thought you might like that.”

Sam sat down beside you and saw you were a little wet. He popped the cap and you moaned a little, especially him looking like this. He put some on his finger and brushed it against your clit.

“Hnnnn” you whined.
“Shhhh. Just relax” you nodded.

Sam started lightly rubbing. You closed your eyes. Eventually you started to whimper and grip the sheet, back arching a bit. Sam gave a little chuckle. He picked up the pace and you started to pant and groan, your legs started to shake.

“You’re doing so good.” He praised. You moved his hand away as you orgasmed. He stroked his gloved thumb on your forehead and watched the calm come over you. “Was that good?” you nodded. “Good. Okay, little girl. Time to get you ready for a nap. “Would it be okay if Daddy asked Castiel to look after you for a bit?” you nodded and pressed your hand on his forehead and frowned. “Daddy knows.” He said placing you back on the changing table.

He wiped you, powered and placed the diaper on you. He removed the medical mat, changed his gloves and tucked you into bed, securing the mittens around your hands. You snuggled moose and Sam crouched down.

“Listen carefully, little girl. Daddy is going to be right back. He will leave to tell Castiel and return.” You pointed to the phone. “I suppose I could call.”

Sam stroked your cheek until you fell asleep. He called Castiel who had no problem looking after you. His little one was at a playdate so Castiel suggested that Sam stay in the spare room. You woke up to a warm hand on your cheek. You opened your eyes and saw Castiel there. You sat up and looked around the room for Sam. You noticed your mittens were off, Sam must have done that.

“Mmmm” you whimpered, you had gotten more comfortable with Castiel over the past few days.

“Shhhhh, little one, Daddy is in another room sleeping” you burst into tears and Castiel scooped you up into his arms and rubbed your back. “Shhhh. It’s okay, I’ve got you. You’re safe. I’m here. I know I’m not your Daddy, but I won’t let anything happen to you. Let’s get you a bottle”

Castiel warmed up your bottle, holding you tight to him and you did feel safe, but they weren’t Sam’s arms. Castiel fed you your bottle and then placed you in the playpen.

“Your Daddy gave me instructions about your lunch. I made sure I had everything here. Let me see. A nice salad, some nuts and fruit.”

You watched as Castiel mixed the sunflower oil and lemon juice for the dressing. He placed the food on the table and went to your playpen and picked you up. He took your gag off and fed you a bottle. He then fed you some sliced apples and some of the salad. You reached for the almonds and he grabbed your hand sweetly.

“Don’t you worry, I’ll do it” He grabbed some almonds and placed one in your mouth.

“Where’s Meg?” you asked.

“She’s having a play date.” Castiel smiled.

“Daddy have a fever?”

“Yes, he took it before he went for a nap. 100.1”

“Take it like me?” and Castiel laughed.

“No. Only little girls, boys and babies are in the bum.”
“Cas, I’m all done” you said.

“Now, you have to finish your apple slices and grapes.” He fed them to you and finally he lifted you up and grabbed another bottle to feed it to you. “Now, Daddy is having a very long rest so if you peepee or make a messy, I am going to change you.”

“NOOOOOOO” you yelled.

“Shhhhhh. Little one, it’s okay. I know that it’s scary letting someone else do that. Your Daddy explained it took a while for Dean.” You nodded. “Dean is a great guy, he takes care of my little Meg when she needs an inspection.”

You finished your bottle and Castiel put the gag in your mouth and in your playpen. He explained that he was going to check on Daddy and be right back. You wanted to go, but he shook his head. Telling you that little girls could catch Daddy’s germs.

You were squirming a bit when Castiel walked back in. You hadn’t made a messy in a few days and you were about to.

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you whined.

“Okay, you’re okay. Daddy is awake, he’s going to make some soup.”

“NNNNNNNNN” you screamed as he got to you. You started shaking your head frantically.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM” you backed into the corner of the playpen. You wanted Sam. You didn’t want someone else to. You messed your diaper and started sobbing.

“Little one, I will change you. I change my little Meg’s.” he soothed.

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you screamed again. Castiel nodded and picked up the phone calling Sam. A minute later Sam walked in with his mask on and gloves.

“Okay little girl, Daddy is here.” He said lifting you up and rubbing your back. “Daddy’s got you.”

“Little one, it’s okay. I know it’s hard to get used to someone new.” Castiel said and you nodded.

“Can you grab my stuff and bring it here?” Sam asked Castiel and he nodded. “Okay. Well, Daddy is so proud you let Castiel change your wet diaper. Messy is a little embarrassing though. But you don’t need to be embarrassed little girl” Sam strapped you down and cleaned you messy bum.

“There you go, that’s much better isn’t it. Daddy had a lovely three hour nap.”

“NNNN” you screamed when the wipe went in your butt.

“I know, I know. You don’t like that part very much, but it’s extremely important.” He changed his gloves, and re-diapered you. He lifted you up and bounced you a bit. “That’s better. See, it’s okay. Little girl, you’re okay. Daddy’s got you, Daddy’s here.”
Sam was feeling better in a few days. After your morning routine and breakfast. Sam packed your diaper bag with moose, blanky, your mittens and a onesies just in case and carried you over to Castiel and Meg’s room. You were going to have your very first play date. You squirmed in Sam’s arms when he knocked on Castiel’s door. Sam had not put you in a onesie, so you were only in your diaper like normal, but you were a little embarrassed.

“It’s okay little girl.” He rubbed a hand on your back.

Castiel opened the door holding Meg. She also had a pacifier gag, but she was in a onesie that the alphabet blocks on them. Their relationship was strictly non-sexual. Sam would give you button rubs and play with your little girl pats. Castiel never did that with Meg. They have been in this relationship for five years and last year opened this resort for others like them.

“Hello there” Castiel smiled. “Meggy, look who’s here.” Meg smiled and waved. You waved back, still a little embarrassed. “Come in. We have plenty of toys to play with. Meg was just about to get a bottle.” Meg squirmed in Castiel’s arms and started to cry. “Oh, she’s making a messy.” Castiel said.

You watched as Castiel held Meg while she messed her diaper. You’ve never made a messy while Sam held you, then again, he made you make a messy with an open diaper.

“I was giving my little girl a button rub two weeks ago and she had to make a messy. Didn’t you?” You looked at Sam horrified.

“AW, button rub interrupted?” Castiel pouted at you, cupping your cheek and you nodded. Castiel put Meg on the changing table and strapped her down.

“Daddy taught her that it’s okay to make a messy in an open diaper.” Sam said stroking your hair.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM” you screamed.

“No. None of that, little girl. Castiel and little Meg have done that. There’s nothing that would surprise them.”

“It’s true” Castiel said putting gloves and undoing Meg’s onesie.

Sam brought you over and you watched while Castiel cleaned and changed Meg. You couldn’t believe it, they were so open with everything. Even having strangers watch a messy diaper change. You hoped that you would get comfortable enough to do that for Sam. You know that he just wants to bring you out of your shell and make you comfortable with everything. Castiel was with you when you had a messy change, but you didn’t let him change you.

“So much better, right Meggy?” Castiel asked as he powdered her. She giggled and he smiled.

"See little girl, nothing to be embarrassed about" Sam rubbed a hand on your arm. “Little girl, Daddy is going to put you in a onesie.” You nodded as Castiel took Meg off the changing table and went to grab her bottle.
“Yes, sorry. Our room is a little cold.” Castiel apologized.

“That’s okay. “ Sam smiled. He placed you on the bed and took out moose, you gasped and he smiled. “Let me get you warm first.” Sam said taking moose and making him kiss you.

“Meggy has a little doggy.”

“YETH!” Meg said around the bottle.

“Papa loves you so much” Castiel said and you smiled at Sam.

“Daddy loves you too” Sam said kissing your pacifier and then snapping up the long sleeved burgundy onesie. “Here’s moose” You held him and Sam lifted you in his arms and bounced you a bit. You waved at Meg as Castiel put her bottle down.

“Hi” she smiled and you giggled. Castiel picked her up and rubbed and patted her back.

“Hmm?” you asked

“Meggy gets burped, don’t you my baby?” Meg nodded and burped. “Good girl. Oh, good job, Papa is proud of you.” Castiel stroked her cheek and kissed her sweetly before putting her pacifier back in her mouth.

“Cas and I were talking, we thought after your nap, we’d go to the park” Sam said and both and Meg clapped your hands.

You and Meg sat in the playpen and played with your moose and her doggy while Castiel and Sam watched. You started to whine and Sam stood up and put on gloves and approached you. You wet yourself a lot and started to cry. Meg rubbed a hand on your back to comfort you. She placed her pacifier against your forehead in an attempt to kiss it.

“Daddy’s here. Little girl, don’t worry.” Sam said. You lifted your arms up, he lifted you up. “Meggy, thank you sweetie” he stroked her cheek.

“Hmm!” she smiled.

“Let’s get you changed. “ Sam kissed your forehead.

He placed you on the changing table and restrained your legs. He unsnapped your onesie and rolled it up to expose your stomach. He bent forward and blew a raspberry you giggled. Sam took your diaper off and wiped you, then re-diapered you. He took his gloves off while Castiel handed Sam a bottle. Sam took the restraints off and lifted you.

“Going to give you a bottle, then you girls will nap.” Sam said.

“Mmmmm” Meg whined.

“Meggy, then we go to the park.” Castiel said lifting her up and walking around with her. He rubbed her back and soothing shushed her. “My little Meg needs to be soothed before her morning nap” Castiel explained.

Sam fed you your bottle and when you were done, you stood up and between his legs. Sam held your face in his hands and kissed you.

“Daddy” you said.
“Shhh, little girl, Meggy is almost a sleep. Quiet voice” he whispered. You looked over and saw Meg with her eyes closed. Castiel was by the window, looking out and rubbing her back. You looked back at Sam and he kissed you again.

"Daddy. I love you" you whispered and Sam smiled.

"Little girl, Daddy loves you too" he put your gag back in.

Castiel gently laid Meg in the bed and tucked her in, turning on the nightlight. Sam lifted the other side and placed you in and covered you up. He went to the bag and placed the mittens on you. You pouted and Sam stroked your forehead and kissed you. You rolled on your stomach and Sam rubbed a hand on your back and finally you drifted off to sleep. Castiel and Sam stepped outside, but kept the door open a bit for some light.

“Little Meg is so sweet” Sam said.

“Yeah. I love her so much. Your little one is special too” Sam sighed

“I just wish that she would trust me more. I keep letting her know just how proud I am of you, how safe she is with me. When I told her to mess with the open diaper, she asked if I thought she was disgusting after”

“Oh no” Castiel said

“Yeah. Of course I don’t. She is so incredibly beautiful”

“It took Meg about a year to fully commit and be comfortable with everything. We’ve been at it for five years now. It took her three years before she let me actually help change her when she has her period.”

“I let her do that, but I am with her when she does the changes and I tell her to show me her pad. I know that it’s sometimes forceful, but I want her to be comfortable, I want her to know that there is nothing that I would find disgusting.”

“It’s been what, ten months?”

“Yeah, she spent a whole month in a crib. I told her two, but she was very good and I let hr off the hook.”

“Wow.” Castiel laughed. “When Meggy is in serious trouble she also goes to the crib. Your poor little one's button rub.”

"Yeah, but I have her one a few days ago." Sam smiled.

"Good. Yeah, Meggy and I don't do that. With her life and everything, I just want her to know that someone is there for her and will love her unconditionally. I know it's the same for you, but since you two were dating before, button rubs are needed." 

"Ha, yes they are. I'm glad little girl is getting more comfortable, the moment she called me Daddy. I never felt joy like that before."

"Tell me about it. Hearing Meggy call my papa the very first time. I will not lie. I cried" Sam smiled and so did Castiel.

When you woke up from your naps you both got a bottle and the boys took you to the park.
part of me wants to do a little spin off. With Meg and Castiel. What do you think? Papa and Meggy?
You gasped when you saw the park. Castiel and Meg had ordered special adult size baby swings. There was a playset where you could run up and go down the slide. There was a tire swing, which you knew Sam would not let you go on. Picnic benches for sitting. There were little shops where you could get a drink or some food. Bathrooms. It looked amazing. Others little girls and boys ran around with their Mommy’s and Daddy’s. After lunch Sam had braided your hair and got you in a cooler onesie, one that was a t-shirt.

“Swings?” Sam asked you knowing the answer and you nodded smiling. Sam kissed your head and bounced you a bit.

Castiel and Sam placed you in carefully. You missed being in the baby swings, having your back supported, not worrying about falling off. Meg reached over for your hand you two giggled and you held it. The boys smiled at each other. You started to relax more, this place was helping and Sam knew it would.

“Meggy, Papa is going to push you higher, hold on tight.” Castiel said. Meg let go of your hand and held on. Sam pulled your swing back and held it, leaning in to whisper in your ear.

“Little girl, Daddy is so incredibly proud of you. Stepping out and seeing all the others just like you.” You turned your head and looked at him. He kissed your cheek. “Ready” he said and you nodded. Sam pulled you a little higher and let go. You giggled and so did Sam. Meg started to bounce.

“Okay, Meggy.” Castiel stopped her swing and pulled her out. He held her shoulders and tilted her head up. “Papa is going to be right here. I can see you on the slide. You be very careful, Meggy.” She nodded and hugged him and then ran off.

“Mmmm” you said

“Okay, little girl” Sam lifted you up and out of the swing. You started to run off and he cleared his throat and you stopped in your tracks. His hands firm on your shoulders. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Nnn” you pointed to Meg.

“Do you think little girls run off without Daddy’s permission?” you shook your head. You turned to face him. Sam lifted you into his arms and kissed your pacifier and smiled “Daddy’s not mad, little girl. Don’t you worry. Just need to make sure you know that you need to be very respectful. No pushing or shoving, if someone has something you want or cut the line you do not hit.” You nodded. “You wait your turn for something and you and Meggy look out for each other” you nodded and gave him the thumbs up. Sam sucked on your thumb which made you giggle and Castiel smile. “Go play”

Sam put you down and patted your bum. Meg was there waiting with her arms open. You two hugged and went off playing. A little later this one kid pushed you and you fell and burst into tears. Meg reached over and hit him. Castiel and Sam were up and so was his Mommy.

“Little girl, Daddy’s here. Shhhhh. Daddy’s here” Sam wrapped you in his arms.

“I am so sorry” the Mommy said.
“You’re okay, little girl.” Sam bounced you and smiled a bit at the Mommy. She took her son with her and they left.

“Meggy, we do not hit” Castiel said sternly.

“MMMMMM” she said.

“I know that boy pushed, Y/N, but there is a not hitting rule. Timeout. Come on” Castiel picked her up and sat her on the picnic bench.

“Shhhhhh. Little girl, Daddy’s sorry that happened to you. You’re safe, in his arms. You’re safe.” You were shaking bit and Sam brought you to the bench with Castiel and Meg. He started to lightly massage your back with you clung to him. Castiel leaned over and kissed your head.

“Little one, I’m sorry that happened.” Castiel said. You nodded and buried your face into Sam’s neck.

“Shhhhh. Shhhhh.” Sam soothed you. “Cas, could you grab a bottle, water?” Sam asked.

“Yeah. Meggy, Papa is just going to get a bottle for Sam’s little one. You are to sit here, five minutes.” She nodded crying a bit. Castiel wiped her tears and left.

“Meggy, I do not tolerate hitting, however that was very sweet of your protecting my little girl like that” Sam said. She smiled a bit and nodded. Castiel came back with a bottle. Sam lifted you up.

“MMMMMM” you whined.

“It’s okay, Daddy is just going to give you water.” He cradled you and Castiel took your gag out.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Daddy’s here. Daddy’s got you.” he held the bottle to your mouth and you sucked on it. Castiel crouched down in front of Meg and stroked her cheek.

“Papa’s not mad. Papa’s not mad” he cooed and she nodded. He reached down and unsnapped her onesies and felt around. “Good girl, you’re dry.” He snapped her up.

You finished your bottle, Sam put your gag back in, Meg’s time out was done. Castiel let her go play, but you wanted to sit. Sam passed you to Castiel and put one glove on an unsnapped your onesie and felt around. He smiled and took the glove off, snapping your onesie back up.

“Little girl, do you want to go back to the swings?” you smiled and kicked your legs a little bit. Castiel tickled your sides and you giggled. “There’s that giggle Daddy loves so much. Let’s go to the swings.” Sam lifted you up and carried you to the swing.

“Meggy?” Castiel called and she was up at the slide and waved. Castiel walked your and opened his arms. Meg slid down and Castiel picked her up and kissed all over her face.

Sam was pushing you on the swing; He was in front of you so every few swings he would hold the swing and kissed your pacifier. He noticed you fidget a bit.

“MMMMMM” you moaned.

“Little girl?” he asked and you moved your butt side to side and started crying.

“Messy?” you cried and nodded. Sam lifted you up and carried you over to the picnic table. Castiel
and Meg came over.

“What’s wrong little one?” Castiel asked.

“We got a messy bum” Sam cooed.

“Oh. Well, unfortunately there is a little line up right now.” Castiel said about the bathrooms.

“That’s okay. Daddy will change you right here little girl.” He said handing you to Castiel.

Castiel held you in one arm and held Meg’s hand with another. Sam placed your changing mat down on the table and pulled out what he needed. He put gloves on and took you back from Castiel. You squirmed in his arms, you didn’t want him to change you out in the open. Not with all these people around.

“NNNNNNNNNN” you screamed.

“Shhhh, Little girl. Daddy knows what’s best.” Sam placed you on the mat and Meg went by your head and stroked your hair.

“Aw, Meggy. Good girl” Castiel cooed as he put gloves on.

Sam unsnapped your onesie and took the tabs off. You sobbed and sobbed while Meg stroked your hair. Castiel lifted your legs up so Sam could remove the diaper. Sam started to wipe, he spread your cheek and wiped inside.

“Good girl. Almost done.” Sam praised “Little girl, Daddy is so proud of you. There not so messy.” He changed his gloves and placed a new diaper under you. He powdered you and Castiel lowered your legs and Sam powered your front. He closed the tabs and snapped your onesie up. “All better.” Sam snapped the gloves off and Castiel did the same and disposed of everything.

Sam lifted you up and had you straddling him. He took your gag out and gave you little kisses and then one passionate one. You guys ordered lunch and ate outside, finally it was time for your afternoon nap. The boys carried you back to the room.

“They’re all tuckered out” Castiel whispered, looking at both you and Meg asleep in their arms. They boys put you to bed and Sam grabbed your mittens and started to put them on. You stirred a bit.

“Shhh. Little girl, it’s just Daddy. Go back to sleep.” You did and he slipped the mittens on.

Half way through the nap Meg woke up, she had messed and soaked her diaper. She was sobbing and sobbing. Castiel picked her up and saw that she had stained the onesie too.

“Don’t worry, Papa will take care of you.” Castiel said.

Sam noticed the stain went on the bed sheet. He carefully lifted you and moose up and transferred you to Castiel’s bed. Castiel got her out of the onesie, kissing her pacifier. He laid her down and Sam brought over her dog. Castiel asked Sam to help him.

“This is a very messy diaper, Meggy. Papa will take care of it. You have nothing to worry about. Sammy is going to help.” Castiel said and she nodded. Both men put gloves on. She pointed to the bed. “Yes, it got on the bedsheets. Papa will change that and put a medical mat on. You’re okay, Meggy. It’s okay. This stuff happens. You’re not in trouble.”
After two minutes of making sure everything was clean, Castiel warned Meg that she was going to get an enema, to make sure everything was out. She shook her head and that’s when you woke up. Castiel nodded at Sam and he took his gloves off and went over to you.

“Hey little girl. Meggy is getting cleaned and then her Papa is going to give her an enema.” Sam took the mittens off of you.

“You two don’t need to go. I’m sure Meggy could use some comfort.” Castiel said and Meg nodded. Sam brought you over to her head. You stroked her hair like she did when you were getting changed. “Okay, Meggy, Papa is going to get everything ready now. Sam, can you change the sheets?”

“Yeah.” Sam put you down and you stayed by Meg’s head. Castiel rediapered her, taking his gloves off and walked over to Meg and gave her a kiss on her forehead.

“Papa will take care of everything.” he smiled and she nodded.
You were crying, you didn’t want to leave Castiel and Meg. You spent two weeks at the resort and you had so much fun. Sam hated seeing you so upset, but was oddly happy. He was glad that you opened up enough to accept this.

“Shhhhhhhhh. Shhh. Little one. Shhhh.” Castiel said bouncing you as Sam packed the car. Meg rubbed a hand up and down your back. She started to cry too. “Oh, Meggy. I know, I know.” Sam took you from Castiel.

“Little girl, It’s okay. Meggy and Castiel will come visit us.” Sam said wiping tears from your face.

“Yeah, Meggy this isn’t goodbye. It’s see you later” Castiel said picking her up.

“Daddy is going to leave your pacifier in little girl.” He said rubbing a hand on your back.

You and Meg reached for hands and the boys smiled a bit. Sam got you in the car, in your onesie, no shows, pacifier in, moose by your side. He buckled you up and put your sunglasses on. He got in the car and Meg and Castiel waved goodbye. Sam looked in the rear view mirror and pouted seeing your tear stained face.

“Little girl, Daddy is so happy you got comfortable enough these past two weeks. He’s so happy you made a friend. Little girl, sorry we had to leave, but don’t you worry. They will come visit.” You kept crying and crying.

He pulled off in a remote area where no one would stop by and got out. He moved to where the seats where moved down and he climbed in the back with you. He unbuckled you and you crawled onto his lap. He positioned himself so his back was against the door and he could stretch out. He cradled you liked a little baby and tried to soothe you. You clung to his shirt and sobbed and sobbed. He took the pacifier out of your mouth and rubbed a hand up and down your back.

“DADDY!” you sobbed.

“SHhhh. It’s okay. Daddy’s here. Daddy’s got you.”

“Don-don’t wanna leave.” You sobbed.

“I know, I know, little girl. Daddy’s very sorry, but someone else needed that room.

“MMMMMMM” you clutched his shirt and yanked on the neck.

“No” he said sternly grabbing your arms.

“GO BACK” you yelled in his face.

“Little girl, you yelling. No yelling” he said calmly, holding your face in his hands. You started to hit your fists on his chest and move back and forth, sort of like dry humping, but out of frustration. “Stop it” he said sternly and you didn’t. “Daddy will swaddle you to calm you.” he warned.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you rubbed your head side to side on his chest.

“Okay.” he said placing you back in your seat and buckling you up. He placed the mittens on your hands.
“NOOOOOO” you yelled.

“Little girl” Sam said holding up your pacifier.

He placed it in your mouth and you started crying again. He stroked your cheek with the back of his hand and looked at you with sad eyes. He spread out a big blanket and then unbuckled you. He placed you down and before you knew it, you were swaddled. Sam opened the door and your eyes got wide.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN” you yelled.

“Shhh. This is a very secluded area. No one for miles.” He lifted you up and you were held in his arms.

Sam walked around rocking you gently. Soothing you and telling you everything was okay. That you were safe in Daddy’s arms. Finally you calmed down and he placed you in the car and undid the swaddle and took the mittens off. He lifted you back into his arms, your legs wrapping around his waist and arms around his neck.

“There we go little girl. That’s it. You’re doing so good for Daddy. So good. You’re safe. You’re okay. Everything is okay. Daddy won’t let anything happen to you. good girl, you just relax.” He whispered. “Are you feeling better?” you nodded “Good. Little girl, Daddy is going to buckle you back up and we’re going to head home.” You nodded again.

Once again you were on the road. Sam only pulled over once to change your messy diaper. He told you once you got home he was going to give you an enema to help clean out the rest. He you guys got home he carried you in and placed you in the playpen while he brought the bags in.

“Okay, little girl. Let’s get that enema out of the way.” He lifted you out of the playpen and placed you on your changing table. He got your onesie off and then restrained you. “Daddy just wants to make sure you don’t move.” He smiled at you. He grabbed a pair of gloves and snapped them on for you to see. You let out a little moan. “Okay. Daddy is going to get the bag ready.”

After a few minutes Sam was back. He rubbed a gloved hand on your cheek and kissed your pacifier. He moved and notice the wet stain on your diaper. You started to cry as he undid the diaper and grabbed the wipes.

“No need for tears, little girl. Daddy is going to clean you up.” He wiped you and threw the diaper away. “Much better” he patted our little girl parts and smirked a little. “Aw, your little girl parts are wet.”

“Mmmm” you whined.

“No” he cooed “Someone already got a button rub” he sing sanged. He put lube on his finger and smeared it over your hole. You screamed and he rubbed his other gloved hand on your thigh. “Shhhhh. Daddy knows what he’s doing. “ He pushed his finger in your butt and moved it in and out. “There, it’ll be over soon, don’t you worry.”

Sam pulled his finger out and pushed the butt plug nozzle in you. He changed one glove and started the water.

“NNNNNN” you whined.

“Don’t worry little girl. Daddy’s got you.” he massaged your stomach and then the bag was finally empty. “You are so brave for Daddy. After, we will cuddle.” you nodded.
Sam patted your little girl place again before unstrapping you and lifting you up. You looked at him confused and scared.

“No need to be scared. Since you were such a good girl for Daddy. He’s going to let you release it in the toilet.” Sam placed you down and gently removed the plug. Sam massaged your shoulders and you groaned a bit. “Oh, how about a nice massage.” You smiled a bit and nodded.

Once you were cleaned and rediapered Sam put you on your bed and you laid on your stomach. You felt Sam straddle your legs and he rubbed his hands together which made you shiver a bit. He started on your lower back and moved his way up.

“Mmmmm” you let a moan.

“Little girl, that’s it. Just relax.”

Sam spent an hour giving you the best massage. He’s given you many before, but this was different. This time he spent special attention to your neck and shoulders, earning groans. When an hour was up he lightly ran his fingertips over your back. He looked down at your relaxed body. Your eyes were closed and he didn’t want to move you. So, he just kept running his fingertips over your back.

“Mmm” you started to stir.

“Hey, sleepy head” he whispered and then kissed your head. “Come on, little girl. Time for a bottle” you rolled onto your back and lifted your arms. Sam smiled and lifted you up, holding you close. “Daddy loves you so much.” He whispered in your ear. “Little girl, after your bottle, so many cuddles” you smiled and hugged him tighter.
It was your one year anniversary of becoming Sam’s little girl and he knew exactly what he was going to do for you. He told you that he had a special surprise and you were on your best behavior for weeks now. Sam loved that, he loved that you wanted your surprise. He told you it was going to be at night. Sam changed your diaper and then placed you on your bed, naked. You looked up at him.

“Happy one year, little girl” he said smiling, taking your pacifier out.

“Daddy, we play?” you ask and he shook his head. You pouted a bit.

“Little girl, Daddy is going to let you touch your little girl parts, all by yourself” you gasped.

“I have permission?!” you squealed and he frowned a little.

“You must do as I tell you.”

“Of course. Oh Daddy, of course. Please!” He giggled and went to grab some stuff.

“Put these latex gloves on, little girl. Daddy bought you your own special box.”

“Oh, thank you!” you beamed taking them from him and putting them on.

“Good girl. Now, legs nice and wide. Daddy will sit cross legged across from you. He needs to make sure you’re doing as you’re told.”

“I will! I will!” you said eagerly. Sam laughed.

“I know you will.”

Sam sat cross legged, almost between your legs. He too, put gloves on and had lube and oh my god. A dildo.

“Is that for me?” you asked.

“Yes, little girl.” He smiled. “Okay, show me all of your little girl holes.” You sat back and moved.

“Daddy, another pillow?” you asked nervously.

“Anything for you. No need to be nervous” he kissed you.

Sam got up and grabbed another pillow and put it behind you for support. He placed his gloved hands on either side of your face and gave you a passionate kiss. You whimpered when he broke contact. You sat there completely naked with latex gloves on. Sam sat back cross legged. He squeezed some lube on his fingers and rubbed it up and down your little girl area. You whimpered and he removed his hand.
“Take your right hand and rub it on your little girl parts” he instructed you did.

“Like this?” you asked and he reached out and helped you a bit. You really didn’t need the lube.

“Just like that. Good girl.” He removed his hand and you kept rubbing. “Dip two fingers in and move them in and out” you did, dipping your middle and ring finger in. “Now back to rubbing” you did. “Good girl. Now rub your button. Rub your little button” he cooed. You let out a little whimper as you did.

“Mmm” you said.

“Good girl. I’m very pleased with how wet you are.” Sam handed you the lube. “Squirt some of this on your little girl parts” you took the bottle and squirted some. “Little more” you did and you shivered a bit. You handed the bottle back to him. “Good. Now rub some of that over your little button.” you did taking your middle finger and brushing it over. “Good, now all over your little girl part. Take your middle finger down and brush over your bum.”

“M-my bum?” you asked. Sam reached forward and guided your hand and helped you spread it over your bum and you gasped a bit.

“Just like that.” He smiled. Sam removed his hand and you whimpered. “Okay, rub your little girl parts again” you rubbed your hand up and down while he popped the cap and put some on his finger and brushed it over your bum.

“Daddy!” you gasped.

“Just helping you out. There, that’s nice and lubed up. This time with your left hand. Take your middle finger and put it in your hole.” He said.

“Oh” you blushed.

“Come one, in your bum” he cooed.

“I don’t know if I can”

“You can, little girl.” You ran your middle finger over your bum and gasped a little. “That’s it. Stick it in. Relax and take your finger and push it in.” you push your finger in and let out a moan. “That’s a good girl. Take it out and do it again.”

“Mmm” you said as you did.

“That’s my girl. See. Your bum-bum isn’t so scary” you shook your head. “Use your words.” He smirked

“My bum-bum isn’t so scary” you blushed. He guided your finger out. You were soaked.

“Take your right hand, put your fingers in your little girl parts.”

“Mmmmmmmmm” you moaned as they went in.

“Yeah, I bet that feels good. Move them in and out. Come on” he encouraged and you did for a few seconds. “Oh, good girl” he praised “Daddy just needs to see if you’re ready. Remove your fingers please.”

You removed your fingers and Sam inspected your parts and easily inserted two fingers in you and when he pulled out his glove was soaked. He nodded in approval. He took some of your wetness
and spread it around your little girl parts a bit and you moaned. He handed you’re the dildo.

“Insert this. You’re nice and ready now.” He smiled. You pushed the dildo in your little girl part.

“OH!” you moaned.


“Daddy show me” you said. Sam reached forward and placed a hand on your thigh and his other on top of yours and started to move the toy with you.

“Just like that, little girl. Just like that. Good job. Mmmm, I love that wet sound” Your juices spilled out and down a bit. Sam took the toy from you. “Good, back to your little bum. Back to your bum-bum .” You took your left finger and rubbed your juices over your hole and stuck your finger in.

“Toy in bum-bum?” you ask

“No, little girl. Oh, your little bum is not for that.” He said and you nodded. “Do you like your finger there?” he asked and you nodded. “Good girl. Finger out.” You did and he reached forward and patted your little girl area.

“Mmmmmm” you whined.

“Right hand, rub your little girl parts for me. Circular motion”

You rubbed your hand in a slow circular motion, casually dipping your finger in and out slowly and then sometimes fast. You rubbed your little button a few times and went back to all of your little girl part.

“Daddy’s going to help out now.” Sam said placing his hands on your thighs.

“Okay.” you whimpered.

“Good girl. Take your right hand put your fingers in your little girl parts” you did as you were told watching him add lube to his finger and you figured it out.

“AAAAH!” you screamed when you felt him push his finger in your butt.

“Shhhh. Relax for me” he cooed. You did. “There’s a good girl.” He made you move your fingers in time with his. Sometimes it would be fast sometimes it would be slow.

“Daddy. Please” you begged.

“You’re okay. Stop moving for a moment. Fingers out” You did. Sam moved his finger really fast and then pulled out.

“Oooooh” you moaned

“Good girl. Oh, I’m so proud of you. Now, get two fingers in your bum.

“Tw-two?” you panted.

“You can do it. Let me help.” He took your left hand and pushed your pointer finger in and then middle.
“OH!” you gasped.

“There’s a good girl, that’s it.” You moved them in and out five and then Sam pulled your fingers out.

“Oh, please. Please.” You begged.

“You have my permission, little girl.” Sam said

You rubbed your little girl parts and moved your fingers in and out and screamed as you spilled all over the bed. You were sweating and panting. That was the best present ever. Sam stood up and placed the dildo and lube on the table. He then came over and took your gloves off and his. He lifted you up.

“Daddy, I get my wet all over you.” you mumbled.

“It’s a good thing we’re going to have a bath” he chuckled.

“Together?!” you gasped.

“Yes. Together.” You kissed him

“I love you! I love you!” you hugged him.

“I love you too. My good little girl.”

Sam stood up and placed the dildo and lube on the table. He then came over and took your gloves off and his. He lifted you up.

You rubbed your little girl parts and moved your fingers in and out and screamed as you spilled all over the bed. You were sweating and panting. That was the best present ever. Sam stood up and placed the dildo and lube on the table. He then came over and took your gloves off and his. He lifted you up.

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“Together?!” you gasped.

“Yes. Together.” You kissed him

“I love you! I love you!” you hugged him.

“I love you too. My good little girl.”

Sam placed you down and started the bath. He took his shirt off and started to wipe you a bit with it. You whined a little, but he kissed your shoulder. He turned you around and wiped your butt.

“Bubbles?” you asked.

“What a silly question” he booped your nose and poured the bubbles in.

Sam took his pants and boxers off and you just looked at him. This is the first time in a year you were close enough to actually touching your boyfriend. You wondered if you were going to be able to. He’s told you many times that little girls do not play with Daddy’s big boy parts. He’s masturbated with you right beside him, which was torture. Or sometimes in the shower, but you were really hoping that you would be able to touch him like before.

“Daddy…do-do I get to touch your big boy parts?” you asked

“No, little girl. I’m sorry.” He said cupping your cheek. You don’t know what came over you, but you just started crying. Sam lifted you up, not carrying that you were still wet.

“Pl-please.” You cried

“I know you want to, but that’s not part of the agreement.” He whispered. “Shhhh. I know, I know. It’s been a long time.”

“I need to touch you” you whimpered.

“You can, just not there.”

“What if I snap three times?” you asked

“You know better than to snap for that.” He kissed the side of your head. “Let’s have that bubble
bath.” He placed you in the tub and turned it off. You looked up at him. “Daddy is coming” he smiled and climbed in. He kissed you and then kissed your forehead. “You’re so beautiful. Such a good little girl for me.” You nodded.

“Thank you for my gift.” You smiled.

“Oh, you’re very welcome. Legs spread.” He washed between your legs and your bum.

When he was done, you turned so you were resting your back against Sam’s chest. Ten minutes later he reached for the shampoo and started washing your hair. When he washed the shampoo out, you rested against his chest again and he massaged your head.

“Mmmmm” you smiled, forgetting about not touching him.

“Good girl.” He rubbed the base of your skull and you closed your eyes.

Sam smiled down at you. He missed you touching him too, but this was a new relationship. You were his little girl who got rewards. He had no problem taking care of himself. Though, maybe he would let you snap three times and just have one night like the good old days. Sam shifted and your groaned.

“Little girl, time to get out.” He said quietly.

“Daddy warm” you said.

“Daddy’s going to let you sleep in his bed with him. No mittens.” You nodded.

He got out and wrapped a towel around his waist. He lifted you up, wrapping a towel around you. He patted your little girl parts dry. He laid you down on your changing table.

“Daddy cold?” you asked.

“A little, but soon a little girl is going to give me all the snuggles.” He tickled your tummy and you giggled. He put gloves on and rubbed lotion on your little girl parts, powered and diapered you. He took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms grabbing moose, some boy lotion and your blanky.

He placed you on his bed and got dried off, putting his pajama pants on. He had you sitting at the end on his bed. He squeezed some lotion in his hand and rubbed them together warming it up. He rubbed it on arms and legs. He warmed up more and rubbed it on your chest and stomach. He knelt on the bed and rubbed some all over your back. He put the bottle away and lifted you into his arms and got under the covers, you resting on his chest.

“Sleep well, little girl. Daddy loves you so much.” You kissed him and sat up a bit and stroked his bare chest.

“I love Daddy too” you smiled and rested back on his chest. “Daddy nice and warm”

“Good. Get some rest little girl.” He laughed a little. He reached over and turned off the light.
The next day

“Wake up, little girl” you heard Sam coo in your ear. Your eyes fluttered open. “Good morning” he smiled sweetly.

“Mmmmm” you hummed, snuggling more into Sam.

“So, did you really like your gift?” Sam asked knowing the answer.

“Yes, Daddy” you smiled.

“Good girl.” Sam kissed you and reached over grabbing your pacifier.

“Noooo. Daddy!” you whined.

“Oh, little girl. Last night was so special, but back to being the little girl I know you are.”

“Your big boy parts” you pouted.

“Oh, those are not for little hands.” He said sternly

Sam placed your pacifier in your mouth, gabbed gloved and felt around. You were a little wet. He smiled and brought you to the changing table. He restrained your legs and took your diaper off. He wiped you and put a new one under you. He changed his gloves and put lube on and brushed it. You whimpered.

“Oh, you liked having your fingers in your little bum.” You nodded. Sam pulled out and grabbed the thermometer and put it in. After a few minutes, he took it out and powered and diapered you. He carried you to the crib and put you in.

“MMMMM” you said

“Shhh. No, Daddy just needs to get dressed, you’re okay. Normally Daddy wakes up and gets dressed before you. Little girl, you will be out in three minutes.” He kissed your forehead and you ran your hands through his hair. “Thank you” he smiled.

You watched as Sam got dressed. Grabbing his boxers and putting them on, then his jeans. He put deodorant on and then his shirt. He lifted you up and bounced you, before rubbing your noses with each other. He carried you to your room and grabbed your chastity belt.

“Hmmmm?” you looked worried.

“Little girl, Daddy let you play with your little girl parts last night. A very special treat. This is to make sure you know, that it is to not happen again.” You started to cry, he bounced you a bit.”Shhhhh. It’s okay.”

He laid you on your bed and placed the belt on and locked it. He carried you to the kitchen, gabbing moose along the way and placing you in the playpen and started on breakfast. There was a knock on the door and someone walked in.

“MMMMM” you whined.

“Little girl. It’s just Dean.” Sam smiled. Dean walked in and right over to you, picking you up in his arms.
“Hey pumpkin. I missed you.” he said kissing your cheek. You smiled and hugged him. Then looked at Sam worried.

“Oh, little girl, no. Daddy isn’t going anywhere. Dean just wanted a visit.” Sam reassured you.

“That’s right. What’s with the naughty girl belt?” Dean asked. He went to put you back in the playpen but you clung to him. Both boys laughed and he held you.

“Yesterday was our one year of being little girl and Sammy. I let her play with her little girl parts, by herself, with guidance from me.” Sam cupped your cheek and you nodded.

“Oh wow. I bet you liked that.” Dean smiled

“Mmmmm” you nodded.

“She got two fingers in her little bum.” Sam cooed.

“Good girl” Dean praised. Sam handed Dean your bottle for you. He sat down and took your gag off, and fed you your bottle.

“Little girl wanted to touch my big boy parts.” Sam said to Dean and you pouted.

“Uh oh.” Dean said.

“She was a very good little girl and only asked, never reached.” Sam said taking you from Dean to feed you.

“Daddy, please” you whispered.

“Sweetheart, you know that your Daddy does not like you asking that.” Dean said patting your leg.

“Do you want to show Dean what a good little girl you are?” Sam asked.

“How?” you asked.

“After your nap, you’re going to show him how you fit two fingers in your bum” he kissed the side of your head.

“I play again!” you asked excitedly. Sam laughed a little.

“What did I say?”

“I show Dean that I can fit two fingers in my bum”

“And where did playing come in?” Sam asked

“Nowhere” you mumbled.

“Pardon me?” Dean asked

“Nowhere, Dean. Daddy.” you said.

“That’s right. Daddy said nothing about playing.” Sam kissed you and put your pacifier in your mouth.

“Come on, pumpkin. Let’s go play” Dean picked you up and carried you to the living room.
You two sat on the floor and colored in your books. Sam joined in and you started to yawn. It was around ten. You got an hour nap in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. Sam picked you up and carried you to your room. He placed the mittens on your hands and tucked you in.

“MMMMMM” you whined tapping the chastity belt.

“You’re naughty girl belt is going to stay on. It’ll come off after the nap, to show Dean” Sam rubbed your cheek.

“Hmmm” you said

“Have a good nap.” He kissed your pacifier and went to the kitchen. Dean handed him some coffee.

“So, she had fun at the resort?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. It took her a while to get used to it, but she had fun with Meggy and Cas”

“How are they?” Dean smiled.

“They’re great. We’re going to have them come up. It’s been a few months since the resort.”

“I can’t believe it’s been a year.”

“I know. My little girl is so good for me.” Sam smiled.

“Are you going to let her touch your big boy parts?” Dean laughed, but was curious.

“I will on the anniversary she called me Daddy.”

“She’ll like that.”

“Yeah. I really don’t mind though. Don’t get me wrong, I miss being with her like that, but this is a whole new relationship. She was so sick a year ago, I couldn’t believe it.”

“Yeah, I remember” Dean said.

Sam had called him when he walked in and found you lying on the bathroom floor. You were crying, you had wet yourself, you threw up in the doorway of the bathroom because you didn’t make it on time. You tried to protest, but Sam told you to relax as he started a bath. He cleaned up the puke, he got you undressed out of your wet pajamas and got you clean. He called Dean to come and check you out. You kept apologizing embarrassed that your boyfriend of two years had to clean you. He’s cleaned up after you from a wild night out. But you wet yourself twice when he was helping you. That’s how it all started.

You were woken up by Dean. He was feeling your diaper and smiled when you were dry. Sam came over with the supplies for you.

“She’s dry” Dean said stroking your hair.

“Little girl, good job.” Sam unlocked your chastity belt and you sat up.

He handed you gloves and you put them on. Sam put on his gloves and spread your legs. Dean sat at the end of the bed and watched as Sam undid your diaper and opened it. He helped you position yourself.
“Good girl.” Sam praised. “Now just like I taught you yesterday.” Sam went and knelt by the bed. You popped the cap and was about to squeeze it and Sam stopped you. “Little girl, sorry. I should have been more specific. Just your little bum. No little girl parts.”

“Nnnnnnn” you whined.

“You heard me” he said. You squirted some on your fingers and rubbed your middle finger over your bum. “There’s a good girl. Now dip just the tip in” you blushed a bit.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. Go on” Dean encouraged.

You dipped the tip of your finger in and let out a whimper. Sam rubbed his gloved hand on your thigh, making your little girl parts wet. You rubbed a little more and pushed one finger in.

“Oh” you gasped.

“So good for us. Okay, more lube.” Sam instructed. You added more and rubbed again. You pushed your finger in and started moving it in and out. “That’s it. Good girl. Daddy’s just going to help.”

Sam grabbed the lube and you pulled your finger out. He rubbed more on your hole and started rubbing little circles. He pushed his finger in and moved it in and out. He nodded and pulled out.

“Oh” you gasped.

“So good for us. Okay, more lube.” Sam instructed. You added more and rubbed again. You pushed your finger in and started moving it in and out. “That’s it. Good girl. Daddy’s just going to help.”

Sam grabbed the lube and you pulled your finger out. He rubbed more on your hole and started rubbing little circles. He pushed his finger in and moved it in and out. He nodded and pulled out.

“Okay, little girl. Show Dean.” Sam smiled. You inserted your pointer and middle finger in your bum.

“Very good.” Dean cooed.

“Show him how you move your fingers in and out” Sam cooed and you did moaning a bit.

“That is amazing” Dean smiled.

“Dean, could you excuse us?” Sam asked and Dean nodded and left. “Little girl, you may stop moving your fingers.” You pulled your fingers out and whimpered. “Gloves off please” Sam said and you did. He kissed your pacifier and you jumped when Sam added the lube on your little girl parts and started to rub.

“Oooooooh” you whined closing your eyes

“Daddy wouldn’t be very nice leaving you all riled up. We would have a fussy little girl.” You gasped as he inserted two fingers in you and one in your butt.

“AAAH!” your eyes opened. He had never done this before and it was heaven.

“There’s a good girl. You’re okay. I’ve got you, just relax.” Your eyes closed again and you gelled yourself tense up. “It’s okay. Little girl, you may cum.” Wow was that all you needed. You came all over the diaper you still had underneath you.

Sam cleaned you up and carried you out to Dean. He held you close and praised you for being such a brave, good little girl.
Three snaps for a while

It was the middle of the night and you were sobbing. You don’t know what came over you at night, but you missed be Sam’s girl. Not his little girl or little baby. You wanted him to touch you like he used to do before you guys started this relationship. Your door opened and Sam walked in.

“Saaaam” you sobbed. You couldn’t snap your hands were in mittens. You slammed your hand down on your bed three times.

“I’m here. I’m’ here” your eyes were shut. He held his fingers up to your ear and snapped three times. “Hear that? Hear that?” he said and you nodded. “Mittens are coming off baby.”

He took off your mittens and pulled you into his arms. You wrapped your legs around his waist. He felt around making sure you were dry, while you clung to him.


“I-wan-want you. I wa-wan-want us to b-be li-like we use-used to be.”

“Okay. Okay. shhhh. I need you to be a little more relaxed and we’ll talk about this in the morning.” He bounced you a bit and rubbed your back.

“Yo-you-you snap-snapped thr-three times” you sobbed.

“Shhhh. I know. I know, but I just want to calm you, okay?”

Sam continued to bounce you and rub your back. Your sobs started to turn into sniffles. He swayed side to side and looked down seeing your eyes start to flutter close.

“That’s it. Rest now.” He whispered.

Sam carried you to his room and placed you down on his bed. He watched you sleep and he finally drifted off himself. You were woken up by Sam checking your diaper. You gasped and sat up. Sam grabbed your hand and stroked your cheek.

“Hey, hey, hey. Y/N. Three snaps. Three snaps. I was just checking to see if you’re wet or messy. It’s okay. You’re okay.”

“I have to make a mess” you burst into tears again.

“That’s okay. You can use the toilet if you want” You rolled on your side and filled your diaper. You sobbed and sobbed.

“I couldn’t ho-hold it.” He took off a glove and rubbed your back. The warmth of his hand made you relax more.

“Shhhh. That’s okay, that’s why I’m here. That’s why I’m here.” Sam took off the other glove and crouched in front of you, holding your face in his hands. “Listen very carefully. I’m going to put you in pullups. If you have to go the bathroom, you let me know and you will use the toilet. I’m going to let you wipe yourself, you can wipe yourself. Repeat that, please” he said sweetly.

“I can wipe myself.” You said quietly.

“Good girl. I’m going to give you my t-shirt to wear, the comfy red one you like so much. You will
still eat on the same schedule and drink the milk and water, but it will be out of cups.” You nodded
“You can do what you want. You don’t have to do the little girl stuff, you don’t have to color or
watch the shows or movies. You can watch big girl stuff”

“Thank you” you whimpered.

“You will not be gagged and you will only have one nap in the afternoon. No mittens. Okay, let me
get you changed” he lifted you in his arms and stroked your hair.

“How long?” you asked.

“For however long you need” he kissed your cheek.

“Sam, I want-I want to play with you” you looked down and he cupped your cheek.

“We can do that. After breakfast, if you want we can play”

“I meant-“ you started.

“I know what you meant” he winked at you.

Sam brought you to the changing table and strapped your legs. He took your diaper off and
removed it. He praised you for it not being too messy. He wiped you and put baby powder on you.
Sam took your straps off, grabbed a pullup and put it on you. He lifted you in his arms and you
rested your head on his shoulder.

“Do you want to walk?” he cooed and you shook your head.

“Is that okay?” you asked.

“Of course it is. My arms would feel very empty. Let’s grab the shirt.” He nibbled your neck and
brought you to his room. “Sorry. I-“

“Not everything has to pause” you said shyly.

“What ever you need.” He rubbed your back and grabbed the shirt. He put it on you and stroked
your cheek. “You’re so beautiful.” You teared up a bit. “Let’s get you breakfast” He lifted you up
and bounced you a bit.

“Sam. I love you” you said quietly.

“I love you too. So much.” He cradled your head and brought you to the kitchen.

He placed you on the counter and kissed your lips. Sam grabbed a mug and poured some milk in it
and placed it in the microwave to warm it up. He stood between your legs and pulled you close,
rubbing a hand on your back. You pulled him close and held on tight. The microwave beeped and
he handed you the mug and went to make your breakfast.

“Okay, love. Here we go” Sam lifted you up and put you on the chair.

“May I have bacon?” you asked.

“Aww, I’m sorry. We don’t have any. We’ll go grocery shopping today, how does that sound?”

“Good, thank you” you smiled.
After breakfast Sam got you in booty shorts and your jean shorts, tucking his shirt in. He brushed you hair and placed it in a ponytail for you. He grabbed your sandals and helped you into them. Even though the little girl stuff has stopped, with the diapers and everything. The other stuff, like helping you get dressed and the little praised you felt oddly comforting.

“To the store” he smiled.

“Don’t forget your sexy sunglasses” you smirked.

“You’re right.” He put them on and lowered his head a bit. His hair fell in his face a bit and you laughed.

“Mmm, there’s my man” you pulled his head down and kissed him.

“Thank you.” he smiled against your lips.

“I really missed this” you said a little sadly.

“I know you did. For as long as you need, okay?” he said and you nodded. Sam kissed you and lifted you up.

“I’m not in a bra” you whispered.

“Good” he smirked.

At the grocery store you guys shopped around a bit and you started shaking your leg. You had to go, but you weren’t in a diaper. You two were standing in line to pay. There was a line up to the bathroom and Sam noticed. He gripped your hand when he saw you tear up.

“A lot or a little?” he whispered in your ear.

“A little” you mumbled.

“I’ll change you in the car, no need to worry. The pullups will catch it.” He kissed the side of your head.

You held it until you got in the car. Sam opened the trunk and put the groceries in. you climbed in and took your shorts off. Sam got in too and watched your pullups get yellow.

“I’m sorry. Sam, I-I’m sorry” you said.

“Shh. That’s okay. I’ll take care of you.” Sam pulled down your pullups and wiped you. He powdered you and put new pullups on and put your shorts back on. He pulled you onto his lap and held you close. “There we go. There we go.”

You shifted so you were straddling him. You started to move your hips and he grunted a bit. He ran his hands up your sides and his thumbs circled your nipples. You gasped and closed your eyes, when he gave them a tug.

“Let’s get home” Sam said and you groaned. “I promise, once we put the groceries away…” Sam put you in your seat and lifted up your shirt, sucking your nipple in his mouth.

“Oh, Sam!” you moaned.

“Okay.” he said and you panted and nodded.
You helped Sam carry the groceries in. He got you out of your jean shorts and you quickly helped Sam put the groceries away. When you were done you went to the cupboard and grabbed a cup.

“Oh, I’ll get you water. Don’t you worry” Sam smiled taking the cup from you and filling it up.

“Thank you.” you smiled.

Sam lifted you up in his arms and brought you to the living room, with the water. He sat down and you straddled him again and went to put the glass down.

“No. Drink your water” he cooed. You blushed and did while grinding against him. “Mmmm. Baby that feels so good.” When you were done he placed the glass on the table reached up rubbing your nipples between is thumb and fore finger.

“Sam!” you gasped. You leaned forward and kissed him. He gently lifted you off of him and you teared up.

“No, hey. Y/N. I’m just taking my pants off” he said.

Sam took his pants off and you rolled up your shirt. He pulled your pullups off and saw you were a little wet. He rubbed you and his fingers, his skin, not gloves made you even more wet. You played with your boobs. Sam slid his fingers in you and worked them in and out. You gasped and bucked your hips. After a minute Sam took his fingers out.

“Sit up” he said and you did as he spread his legs.

“Can I?” you asked. It had been over a year.

“You better” he laughed a little.

You crawled over on the couch and reached down, stroking him a bit. You curled into him, resting your head on his chest and just kept stroking. Sam smiled down at you, rubbing your back. He watched you play with him; he loved seeing how happy he made you. Hearing him groan made you wet even more. You looked up at Sam and he kissed you.

“Spread your legs for me” he whispered in your ear. You did as you were told and he reached his hand down and rubbed your clit.

“Saaaam” you moaned. “I need you”

“Come on” Sam helped you onto his ‘big boy parts’.

“Ooooh” you whimpered, resting your head on his chest. Getting used to the feeling of having him in you again.
“Take as much time as you need.” He said kissing the top of your head and stroking your hair. “It’s been a very long time. You’re okay. I got you.”

“Sam” you whispered.

“I know. You’re tight, but it’s okay. Just adjust.”

He stroked your hair; you looked up at him and pulled him forward. You gripped the back of his neck and crashed your lips together like you guys used to do. His hands gripped your hips; you broke the kiss and started moving your hips a little bit. He looked you in the eye and you braced a hand on his shoulder, your other hand still on the back of his neck. Sam never broke eye contact when he took your shirt off. Never broke eye contact when you moved your hips more. Your mouth opened, but no sound came out. You grabbed his hand and placed his thumb in your mouth and started to suck. That’s when he broke eye contact.

“Mmm, Y/N” he groaned, eyes closing.

“Mmmmmm” you said around his thumb, hips moving faster and faster now that you adjusted.

“God, I missed this” he moaned. You giggled a bit and took his thumb out of your mouth and kissed his lips.

“Me too” you said. He brushed his thumb against your lips and you wrapped your mouth around it again.

“Mmm, you’re tightening around me. You’re close. I wonder what else you can wrap your pretty mouth around.” Boy, that was all you need to hear. You came over him, shaking a bit, the gripped your hips with both hands and let you ride it out.

“Oh, Sam” you panted. A few more thrusts and he came in you, moaning your name.

You lay on his chest, panting and coming down for that. It was perfect, it was amazing, just what you needed. Sam lifted you up and laid you on the floor, he left to grab a cloth to wipe you clean. When you were clean, he wiped himself. You got up and ran towards the bathroom. Sam quickly followed you. You sat on the toilet and peed. You blushed a little; Sam smiled at you, rubbing his thumb on your cheek.

“Sorry.” You said looking down.

“No need to be sorry. You weren’t in a pullup. It’s okay.” he cooed.

“Thank you, Sam” you smiled.

You wiped yourself and Sam got you in a pullups and then got dressed, before putting the red t-shirt back on. He lifted you in his arms and kissed you hard.

“Time for lunch.” He smiled. His face dropped when he saw you crying. “Hey, what’s wrong? What’s wrong?” he asked sweetly.

“Was that okay?” you asked worried. “Was I okay?”

“Oh, Y/N. Baby, that was perfect. You were so good. Honestly.” He kissed you. “Thank you.” he kissed you again.

“Okay” you whispered.
Sam gave you your lunch, milk and water. He lifted you up and carried you to your bedroom. He brought you to your room and placed you on your changing table so you were closer to eye and eye.

“Now. I was going to give you an enema. I was thinking maybe we could uh, play with that cute little ass of yours.” You gasped.

“Really?!” you asked excitedly.

“Uh huh. I was slowly getting you prepared. Was going to wait for another two months.”

“Why?”

“It was the anniversary of you calling me Daddy” he gave a half smiled and you pulled him to you and kissed him.

“Okay” you said.

“Good. It’s going to be two, okay?”

“Yes, Sam”

“I will give you one now, you will have a nap and then I will give you one when you wake up.”

Sam gave you an enema and let your release it in the toilet. Then he put a pullup on you and tucked you in. He lay with you and watched you sleep. When he was giving you the second enema, he noticed your worried look.

“What’s on your mind” he asked quietly.

“How can you find me sexy, after all this?” you whispered.

“Y/N, seeing you embrace everything I have put you through. All of this. It is so incredibly sexy, you have never been sexier. I mean every word of that.”

Sam had you release the enema again and he took a wipe and stuck it inside your butt. He brought you to his room, laid you on your back and kissed you.

“Okay, I’m going to put your plug in. Get you opened a little bit, before tonight.” He said putting gloves on.


“Yes. We’ve never done this before. I need to make sure my girl is nice and ready.”

Sam grabbed the lube and put it on your hole and started to rub his middle finger in a circle. He dipped the tip of his finger in and you let out a whimper. He smiled at you and went back to rubbing. He pushed his finger in and moved it in and out a few times. He pulled out and added more lube. This time he rubbed is thumb and pushed that in.

“Hnnnnnn” you whined.

“Shhhhh. It’s okay. I got you.” you nodded. “Good. There you go.” He pulled his thumb out and lubed the plug and brushed it against your hole. “Deep breath” he said and you did, he slid it in you and cleaned you up a bit. He took his gloves off and put a pullup on you. “There we go.” You crawled onto his lap.
“We have a few things on the DVR” you said and Sam laughed.

“Let’s do it.” He lifted you up and bounced you a bit.

“Saaam” you laughed.

“Habit” he kissed your cheek.

“…Ca-can you bounce me, while we watch the shows?” you blushed and turned away a bit. He turned you to face him.

“It would be my pleasure.” he kissed you.
Night time

Sam placed you on your bed and you were nervous for the night. The plug was in you and stretching you bit, but this was a whole new level for you. Sam knew you were nervous, so he told you to close your eyes and take deep breaths. You did and you felt him lift your shirt up a bit.

“Shhh. I’ve got the stethoscope, just going to have a listen.” You nodded and he warmed it up a bit and placed it on your chest. This was getting you wet; you loved when he did this. You heard him put gloves on and he gently pushed your legs open.

“Hmm?” you asked.

“It’s okay. Just want you relaxed.” He said stroking your leg and moving the stethoscope on your chest. “Very good.” He said and you smiled. Eyes still closed. You jumped a little when he felt him put the stethoscope on your ‘little girl parts’.

“Sam” you whispered.

“You’re okay” he said, moving it lower.

“Mmmm”

“Shhh. Relax.” Sam took the stethoscope off and placed it on your bedside table. “Good. Now”

You felt Sam’s hair brush against your face and you smiled, laughing a little. He laughed too and kissed you. He pulled your pullups off, gloves still on. He kissed you once more and then whispered for you to roll over. You did and got on your hands and knees. He moved so you were on your elbows. You whimpered when he tapped the plug. He had you spread your legs a little.

“I want you to start rubbing yourself.” He told you and you reached a hand between your legs and rubbed your clit, before sliding your fingers in your dripping vagina.

“Oooh” you moaned looking down. You felt a gloved hand on the back of your neck and you turned seeing Sam naked in front of you. When did he take his pants off?

“Open your mouth for me” he cooed. You did not have to be told twice.

You opened your mouth and started sucking. You started moving your fingers faster and you felt Sam’s hand take yours and place it back on the bed. He stroked your cheek and told you to stop. He pulled out and grabbed the lube and a condom. He eased out the plug, put lube on your hole and started rubbing.

“I promise, you’re going to be okay. You want me to stop, you let me know” He said inserting two fingers into your butt. “I’m going to go slowly.” He rubbed your vagina with his other hand and you rocked your hips. “Stay still, Y/N” he laughed. He added more lube after a few minutes and kept fingering your ass.

Sam pulled his fingers out and took his gloves off and put the condom on. You were dripping now, waiting. He lubed the condom and placed his warm hands on your hips and you instantly relaxed. He pushed the tip in and you gasped. He rubbed your back.

“Shhhh. Shhh. I’m going to go a little at a time. Shhh. You’re doing so well. You’re good. Relax. I’ve got you. You’re safe.” You nodded and took deep breaths and after a minute he pushed a little
more in and waited. “There you go. Are you okay?”

“Yes Daddy” you said and then gasped and tensed up. You didn’t mean it, well you did. But not right now, not during this. Was he going to stop.

“Hey. Shhhh. It’s okay. Do you want to stop?”

“No Sam” you said and he leaned down and kissed your back.

“Okay.” He pushed a little more in and let you adjust. “Such a good girl. So brave. You let me know if you want to stop.”

“Keep going” you said. Sam pushed more and was almost inside of you.

“We’re almost there. Are you ready?”

“Uh huh” you whimpered.

“No, you’re not. What’s wrong? Does it hurt?”

“No. No, Sam. Honestly. I’m okay, it just feel weird. Please, I want you” you said.

“Relax for me. You’re doing so good for me. Just relax.” Sam pushed all the way in you. “There. There we go. All done. You just adjust.” He rubbed a hand on your lower back.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Please, take it out.” You started to cry.

“Okay. Shhh. Okay. I’ll be slow. Shhhh. Relax, please” you did and Sam slowly pulled out. You curled in a ball embarrassed. “Hey, Y/N, it’s okay. You did so good. You were so amazing, thank you for letting me do that.” He said rubbing your back. He kissed the side of your head.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Little girl. Daddy is right here.” He pulled you close.

“Daddy, I’m sorry” you sobbed.

“Shhhh. Hey, little girl. It’s okay. Daddy is so proud of you. Daddy is going to get you cleaned up”

Sam lifted you in his arms, still naked himself and placed you on the changing table. He put gloves on and took the condom off of himself and changed gloves, quickly wiping you and getting you ready, but didn’t put a diaper on you. He took the gloves off and carried you to your bed. He took his t-shirt off of you, held you close stroking your hair and calming you, praising you.

“Little girl, would playing with Daddy’s big boy parts make you feel better?” he asked seriously. You looked up at him with tear stained eyes and nodded. “Okay. Just like before.”

You reached down and stroked him while he held you. He wasn’t as hard as before, but he still let you play with him. When he was close he lifted you up in his arms and carried you to the bathroom.

“Little girl, do you need to pee-pee?” he asked and you shook your head.

He turned on the shower and got in with you and finished himself off. When he did that, you stood behind him with your arms around his waist. He grabbed the body wash and squirted some in his hands. He turned to you and kissed you, then rubbed his hands together and washed you and
himself.

He got you dried off and wrapped a towel around himself. He placed you on the changing table and got you in a diaper. He lifted you up and bounced you a bit. He grabbed the hair brush and got the knots out of your hair. He put it in a brained, grabbed your pacifier gag and placed it in your mouth.

“Little girl, Daddy loves you so much. He is so proud of you, letting him get your big boy part in your bum.” You nodded and he kissed your pacifier.

He brought you to his room and placed you in the crib. He turned the mobile on to distract you while he got dressed. He came over and rubbed your chest.

“Little girl. Daddy wants you to sleep in the crib tonight. You’re going have your paci in all night.”

“Mmmm?” you looked sad.

“Oh, no. You’re not in trouble. You’re not in trouble, you won’t be restrained. Daddy just wants you near okay? It was a very big night.” You nodded. “Good girl.” Sam grabbed your mittens and locked them.

He lifted you in his arms and walked around to grab moose and your blanky. When you were back in his room he put moose and your blanky down. He turned the lights off, except for the night light and turned the sound machine on. Sam rubbed your back and you were exhausted. Sam smiled down at you as you relaxed and fell sleep. He placed you in the crib and covered you up. He watched you sleep for a bit, you were so beautiful and he was so amazed at you, especially these past few days.
It was finally the anniversary of you calling Sam daddy. Sam rubbed your back a bit and kissed your forehead.

“Little girl, wake up” he cooed in your ear.

“Mmmm” you moaned rolling on your side. “I have to make a messy”

“Okay, on all fours please” you knelt on all fours, butt to Sam. He snapped on gloves and placed his hand on your bum.

“Nnnnn” you whined when he felt him place a hand.

“Little girl, make your messy”

“Mmmmm” He felt your diaper fill.

“Good job. Good girl” he praised. Sam pulled the back of the diaper to take a look. You wiggled your butt and laughed a little. “Silly little girl. Okay, messy girl. Let’s change you”

“Nooooo” you got off the bed and ran out of your room.

“Little girl” Sam cooed. You popped your head back into your room.

“Hi”

“Come on, no more games. Daddy needs to change your bum”

“I play” you said running to the living room. Sam followed quickly after you and placed a gloved hand on your shoulder.

“Little girl, you can play, but you have a messy diaper. You are going to get changed and do your temperature check.”

“Okay” you looked down and pouted. Sam lifted you up and patted your butt a bit.

“Nnnn, Daddy” you whined.

“That’s why little girls need their bum cleaned. So Daddy’s can pat it” Sam put you on the changing table and strapped you down. “Do you know what today is?”

“I called you Daddy!” you smiled and made grabby motions to him. He leaned forward and you played with his hair for a second.

“That’s right!” he smiled wiping you thoroughly. “Here it comes” he warned you and stuck the wipe in your bum.

“Nnnn” you whined.

Okay, temperature check.” Sam lubed his finger and pushed it in your bum and pulled out. He stuck the thermometer in and held it there.

“Daaaaaaaadddy” you whined.
“Little girl, why are you being so fussy?” Sam asked.

"Daddy, sorry” you pouted. Sam nodded and pulled the thermometer out. He smiled and placed it down.

“Daddy will let you keep your pacifier out, except for your nap. Only today.” Sam took his gloves off and put a fresh diaper on you. He unstrapped you and sat you up on the changing table and stood between your legs. “Daddy wants kisses all day” he said kissing you.

“YAY!” you clapped your hands.

“Now. Little girl, can you please tell Daddy why you were being a little fussy?”

“Don’t know” you shrugged.

“I think you do.” He cooed.

“Just grumpy”

“Oh no!” Sam lifted you up and bounced you a bit. “Let Daddy take care of the grumps”

Sam grabbed moose and handed him to you. Sam brought you to the kitchen and placed you in the play pen. He kissed you and you lay down with moose. Sam looked at you for a moment and then picked you up.

“I don’t know about you little girl, but Daddy could sure use a McDonalds breakfast.” You gasped and drummed excitedly on his chest.

“EEEEEEEEEEE” you yelled. Sam bounced you and calmingly shushed you.

“Shhhhhhh. Little girl, shhhh. Okay, Daddy is going to give you a bottle first.” You hugged tight around his neck.

“Daddy!” you smiled and he smiled.

Whenever you were not wanting to get up in the morning Sam would tempt you by saying there was always McDonalds. Once a month you would have breakfast there, but all that stopped when you became his little girl.

Once you had your bottle you wait patiently for Sam to get you dressed. He grabbed a onesie, black with polka dots. He slipped it on and snapped it up. He lifted you in his arms and carried you to the front hall and sat you on the stairs.

“Daddy, skirt? Shoes?”

“No little girl, we’ll be very quick. No one will see” He kissed you and put his shoes on.

He lifted you up and patted your butt a few times. He buckled you up in the back and you were off. You got two hash browns, apple juice, and a sausage McMuffin. Sam got the same, except a coffee instead of the juice.

“Daddy, I eat!” you said. Sam chuckled.

“Trust Daddy, this is very hot. We’ll be home in one minute.”

With you on his hip, the bag in your hand, and the drinks in his hands he carried you in. You held
the bag up to your nose and smelt it. You giggled, you couldn’t wait for this. Sam sat you down in the chair and took out your food. You took the hash brown and took a huge bite.

“Careful, little girl” Sam laughed. He put the straw in you juice and saw you take another huge bite. “Here, let Daddy help.”

Sam took the hash brown from you and ripped off a little piece. He held it up to you to take a bite. When you swallowed he held up the juice for you to take a sip. You took a little sip, he looked at you and you took a bigger sip. He held up the mcmuffin and you took a bite.

“Daddy, I slow down, promise. Your food is going to get cold” you said.

“That’s okay, little girl” Sam held up the mcmuffin for you.

Once you finished everything Sam out you in the playpen and he ate his food. He lifted you up and gave you a bottle of water which you finished really fast.

“Daddy, may I have more water please?” you asked.

“Of course. Makes you pretty thirsty, huh?” he lifted you up and grabbed another bottle.

“Daddy, can we watch a movie?”

“Oh little girl. Movies are not the cure for grumps. I’m very sorry.” He said grabbing another bottle and placing it in your mouth. “Now, what should we do? How about read some books. That sounds like a good plan.”

“MMMMMMM” you groaned.

“Little girl, time outs can also cure grumps.” He said warningly.

You and Sam made a little nest out of pillows and blankets and you crawled in. He was reading you your third book when he noticed your face drop a little and he knew you were using your diaper.

“Did you wet yourself?” he smiled at you.

“Yes, Daddy” you said. You farted a little and you messed a bit. “Uh oh” you looked down.

“Made a bit of a messy too. Good girl” Sam lifted you up and carried you to the changing table.

Sam decided to use the lower leg restraints this time. He put gloves on and undid the tabs. Sam noticed your eyes flutter close. You were getting tired it was almost time for your morning nap.

“Oh, little girl, don’t worry. Naps and cuddles are an excellent cure.” Sam removed the diaper and wiped you clean, new diaper, powder you and did the tabs up and got rid of the gloves. “Okay, you’re going to be sleeping with the pacifier in. Don’t you worry.”

Sam placed the gag in your mouth and the mittens on your hands. He talked to you quietly, rubbing your back and letting you rest. Tonight was going to be fun.
Special treat

The morning nap did not seem to cure all the grumps, but Sam told you if you were a very good girl you would get an extra special treat. You suggested that your afternoon nap might be a cure. You wanted that special treat. You woke up and felt something different on you. You looked up at Sam, you were in your underwear. You then realized you were in the crib.

“How’s the grumps?” he asked.

“All cured” you stretched your arms for a hug. He bent down and hugged you and rubbed his nose against yours.

“Daddy is so pleased to hear that.”

“Sorry I as grumpy” He snapped three times and smiled at you.

“Sam?” you asked.

“Listen, I really want to try something different, since it is the anniversary of you calling me Daddy. However, it’s a three snap conversation.”

“Okay.” you nodded.

“I’m going to let you play with my big boy parts tonight. I also have you in your underwear, because I was wondering…maybe we could take it a step up. Just for tonight. Then it’s back to the diapers.”

“…Sam.” you started to catch on. “Are you asking me to make a messy and wet my underpants?” he blushed a bit and you kissed him. “I know I have been a little hesitant, but it has been a year and a bit now. Sam, I am open to this. It is an anniversary present.” You smiled and stroked his cheek.

“I also wanted to maybe talk a little differently. More like you were a baby?” he got out fast.

“Today or all the time?” you asked still stroking his cheek.

“Today. Unless you liked it, then maybe all the time.” You kissed him passionately.

“Not wet your underpants, you can use the toilet for that, but mess them.” He blushed some more and you ran your hands through his hair.

“Do you know how in love I am with you?” you asked and he teard up a bit.

“I am so in love with you” he said. You snapped three times again letting him know you were getting little again. He held you for a few minutes and then you looked up at him. Sam lifted you out of the crib.

“You must tell Daddy when you have to tinkle. It is extremely important.”

“Like when I had no diapers on?” you asked.

“Just like that.”

“My underpants are light blue” you blushed, knowing you were getting a bit wet.
“Yes little girl, Daddy needs to see how excited you get. Just for today.” You blushed a little and nuzzled into his neck. He kissed the top of your head and grabbed a bottle for you.

“Daddy, I’m getting a little wet now”

“Yeah?” he reached a hand down and rubbed you a bit.

“Mmmm” you moaned.

“Oh, I see you are getting wet.” He leaned in to whisper in your ear “What a naughty little girl.” he growled a little.

“Oooooh” you moaned. He brushed his hand over your bum, pushed at your hole and you gasped.

“Do you know what that is? Do you know what that is?” he asked in baby talk.

“My bum hole” you blushed.

“Your bum-bum hole” he corrected.

“Bum-bum hole!” you smiled.

“Good girl. Good girl.” He kissed your nose.

“Daddy, you try again?” you asked. He didn’t answer; he held the bottle up to you.

“Here’s some water.” He cooed.

Sam fed you your bottle and sat you on the couch. He spread your legs a little bit and saw the wet patch. He rubbed your thigh and held your bottle to your mouth. You giggled a bit and finished it. Sam leaned forward and blew a raspberry on your tummy. He placed a kiss on your wet spot and you let out a moan.

“Such a good girl” he smiled at you. He lifted you up into his arms and bounced you a bit.

“Daddy, kisses?” you asked. Sam kissed all over your face and you giggled. Then squirmed. “Uh oh. Messy.” You said.

“Aww, my little girl has to make a poopy?” he mock pouted

“Mmm hmmm.” You nuzzled into his neck.

“Hold it for a few seconds.” He cooed.

Sam carried you to your room and placed you down. He grabbed a pair of gloves and helped you hold onto you changing table. You bounced a bit. Sam patted your butt and hooked his fingers into the back of your underpants pulling it down and out.

“Daddy!” you said shocked.

“It’s okay, little girl. Make your poopy.”

“Hmmm” you held on and bent a bit, but nothing. Sam kissed your shoulder.

“It’s okay little girl. I can see your little bum-bum wants to.” You nodded.

Your bowels released slowly and you messed your underpants. Sam praised you and pulled your
underpants back. You felt it squish a bit. You moaned in discomfort. You turned to face Sam, head down a bit. He kissed the top of your head and placed a medical mat on your changing table. He lifted you up and sat you on your changing table.

“Mmmmmm” you moaned, pouting.

“Did Daddy make you more messy?” Sam mockingly sighed and smirked a bit when you looked at him. “I guess someone needs a bubbly bath, once they’re cleaned up.”

“EEEEEEEEEEE” you shirked clapping your hands.

“You’ll also need an enema, to clean everything out” he led on.

“My Bum-bum clean enough to play with then?” you asked hopeful and Sam nodded. “Hurry up!” you said and Sam laughed. Sam pulled the front of your underwear forward and looked.

“Such a messy little girl” you were curious and looked down.

“Uh oh” you said.

“Luckily Daddy is here to fix it.”

Sam helped you lie down on your back and pulled your underpants off. He threw them away explaining that it was just a cheap pair. He changed his gloves and restrained your legs in the lower restraints. Sam left for a moment.

“Daddy?” you looked over and saw him grabbed moose. He walked over and made moose kiss all over your face.

“Daddy is just getting moose for you. Little girl, this is going to take a while. Thank you so much for letting Daddy do that to you.”

“Moose kiss Daddy!” you said. Sam leaned forward and made moose kiss him.

“Thank you little girl. Now.” Sam adjusted his gloves and moaned and then covered your mouth. “Yeah, my little girl has got a kink.” He winked at you. “Daddy is going to get a warm bucket with some water and soap. You play with moose, okay?”

“Yes!”

You made moose gallop in the air while Sam got things ready. He came back and patted your thighs. You looked at him and smiled, giggling. He laughed to and then got to work. He warned you that it was going to be cold. He wiped just about your little girl parts, luckily you were shaved the day before. Sam was very gentle with each wipe he did.

“What a good girl you’re being for Daddy” he praised.

Sam ran the wipe vertically between each lip. You moaned at the cold and he apologized. Sam wiped you again with the wipes then grabbed the bucket with the water and soap. He wiped it over your little girl parts. He was going to clean you more thoroughly in the bath. He took a towel and patted you dry.

“Such a good girl.” Sam changed his gloves and lifted you up.

“Daddy, my bum is still messy” you said worriedly.
“Daddy knows.” Sam took the medical mat off and placed a new one on. “Daddy is going to clean your bum-bum with you standing. It’s going to be easier.” You nodded and bent forward a bit and rested your head on the changing table.

“Thank you for cleaning me” you said.

“Aw, you’re very welcome. Daddy will always clean his little girl.”

Sam took baby wipes and again started cleaning the left cheek and then the right cheek. He spread your butt cheek, but needed help. He took his gloves off and walked over and grabbed a glove for you.

“Little girl, Daddy needs help. Put this glove on.” you did and he put his gloves on. “Spread your left bum cheek.” You reached behind and did. “Good girl.” Sam spread the right on and wiped inside. “This is going to be cold.” He wiped inside your bum.

“Mmmm” you whined.

“Keep your bum-bum spread” he cooed. Sam threw the wipe away and grabbed the wash cloth and gently wiped in there. “Very good, little girl. Very good.” Sam tapped your hand and you removed it. He took the glove off of you and his gloves. He stood you up and held your face in his hands.

“All clean?” you asked.

“Yes little girl. Poo-poop all clean. Let’s get that enema out of the way.”

“Then bubble bath!” you squealed.

“Yes” he said laughing. “Bubbly bath.” He kissed you and sat you back on the changing table. “Daddy will be right back. You stay here okay?”

“Okay Daddy!” you smiled picking up moose.

“Good girl.” He kissed you and went to get the enema ready.
You were sitting on the toilet while Sam dumped bubbles into the bath. You giggled and kicked your feet. Releasing the enema that Sam gave you.

“Bubbles!” you said.

“That’s right. Lots of bubbles. Is your bum-bum empty?” he asked and you nodded. “And you tinkled?”

“Yes daddy!” you smiled.

“Good girl”

Sam put a glove on and wiped you. He took the glove off and lifted you into the bath. You giggled and made grabby hands. Sam got the rubber duckies for you to play with. You scooped up some bubbles and blew them into the air. Sam giggled and did the same thing.

“Daddy is so silly” you said.

“Yes he is” he cooed and nibbled at your neck.

You played with your duckies while Sam massaged your shoulders. You hummed in satisfaction and swayed aide to side. Sam kissed the top of your head and let go of your shoulders after a few minutes.

“Hey!” you pouted.

“Hey!” he said. He grabbed a wash cloth. “Daddy is just going to clean you. After your bath, you’ll be very relaxed.”

“Enough for princess plug?” you asked.

“Exactly” he said kissing you.

“Was Daddy happy I messed my big girl pants?” you looked wide eyed and innocent.

“Daddy is very happy you made a poopy.”

“Yay! I make Daddy proud.” You smiled splashing a bit. He laughed.

“Every day. Little girl, you make Daddy proud every day.”

“Daddy makes me proud.” Sam leaned in and kissed you. You put your hands on either side of his face and gave him a more passionate kiss.

“Mmmmm. Thank you little girl. Serious question. When Daddy lets you play with his big boy parts, three snaps?” you shook your head and smiled. This shocked Sam and you giggled.

“That okay?” you ask.

“Very. Are you sure?”

“Mmm Hmmm!” you smiled.
“Do you want Daddy to teach you how to put in your own princess plug?”

“Yes please.”

When you were all dry, Sam had you on your bed, he handed you your latex gloves and he put a pair on. He popped the cap on the lube. He put some on his finger.

“Daddy is going to get you started.” He said.

“Okey smokey” you smiled and he laughed.

Sam wiped the lubed finger on your butt. You gasped and then instantly relaxed. He praised you for that. He rubbed little circles and then pushed his finger in and moved it in and out.

“Give your no-no place a nice pat for Daddy. Like this.” Sam took his other hand and patted your little girl place. You took your hand and patted a few times. “Very good.” He pulled is finger out and grabbed the lube. “Okay, little girl. Time to get your fingers in your bum-bum hole.”

“Mmmm” you moaned still patting.

“Little girl” he cooed.

“Sorry” you blushed, stopping.

“That’s okay. Okay, in your bum-bum”

Sam handed you the lube and you put it on your fingers. You reached down and rubbed your finger over it. You gasped and slowly pushed the tip of your finger in and then it all the way. You moved it in and out and then added the second one. Sam praised you and lubed up the plug.

“Now, remove your fingers” he instructed and you did. He handed you the plug. “Brush this against your bum-bum hole and push it in just a little bit.” You did. “Good girl. Such a good girl. Now, take a deep breath and when you release push it in.” you nodded and did feeling your bum swallow the plug. The little heart showing perfectly.

“I did it!” you smiled.

“Yes you did! Such a good girl.”

“Daddy, pat?”

“Noooo” he cooed. He took the gloves off of you and he took his gloves and grabbed another pair of big girl pants. He slipped them on you.

“Even though I don’t messy?” you asked.

“Remember, Daddy told you he needs to see how excited you get.”

“Oh yeah” you smiled. Sam spread your legs and placed a kiss on your covered center. “Oh” you gasped. He did it again and you moaned.

“Come on, little girl.” He smiled at you and lifted you into his arms. He bounced you a bit. “Let’s watch TV. How does that sound?”

“Then we play with big boy parts?”

“Daddy.” You looked down.

“What is it, little girl?” he rubbed a hand on the back of your neck.

“I need more kisses.” He tickled your tummy.

“Where do you need more kisses?”

“My no-no place”

“Daddy can do that.”

Sam laid you down on the couch and you spread your legs. He blew a raspberry on your tummy and you giggled. He then blew a raspberry on your no-no place. He did it again. You carded your hand through his hair. He did it once more and then placed a kiss on your center.

“There. That should do”

“Mmmm, Daddy, I wet” you said.

“Daddy sees that” he rubbed your inner thigh.

“More kisses?” Sam moved your big girl pants to the side and you gasped. “On my no-no place!!”

“Uh huh” Sam placed a slow kiss on you and moved the underwear back.

“Mmmm” you moaned.

“Okay, little girl. Daddy will give you a special treat” he smiled. Sam turned the tV on and grabbed the lube and gloves. “Sit on Daddy’s lap.” You did not have to be told twice. “You don’t touch, okay?”

“Okay”

You got on his lap and he spread his and your legs. You leaned back against his chest. Sam started patting you a bit. Then you heard the popping of a cap and he removed his hand and put some on his gloved hand and started rubbing over her panties and then started patting you again. He grabbed more lube and started rubbing you again. Sam circled your clit through your underwear. He added more lube and your underwear started sticking to you.

“Daddy” you whined.

Sam reached his hand inside your underwear and started patting you. Latex glove against your no-no place. He pulled his hand out and pulled your underwear down, but not off. He squeezed lube on you and rubbed his finger. On your little girl place and then rubbed with his whole hand. You whimpered and felt Sam’s breath on your ear.

“Little girl” he sing songed.

He stuck two fingers in your no-no place and moved them in and out, moving some of your wetness to your little button. He ran his finger down again and put his fingers in you again and moved them in and out.

“Ooooh” you whimpered.
“Little girl” he sing songed again in your ear. You bit your lip holding a moan. “So wet”

“Mmmm hmmm” you moved your hips a bit and Sam soothed you. Whispering to you to stay still.

Sam felt you clenching around his fingers. He moved his fingers faster and faster and when you
your close he pulled his fingers out, your underpants up and then slid his fingers back in.

“Wet you big girl pants.” He whispered kissing the side of your head. You came in your
underpants. Sam pulled his fingers out and rubbed you on the outside. “Such a good girl for me.
Such a good girl.”

You were panting, trying to catch your breath. Sam patted you until you had settled. He took his
gloves off and paused the movie. He lifted you bridal style and carried you to the changing table.
He discarded the underpants and started wiping you.

“Thank you, Daddy” you smiled, a little sleepily.

“You’re welcome, little girl”

“Daddy, too tired to think. I be in diaper?” you asked. Sam laughed a little and kissed just above
your little girl place.

“Anything for you” he grabbed the diaper, tapped your princess plug and put it on.

“Cuddles?” you lifted your arms when he did the last tab up.

“Cuddles!” Sam smiled lifting you in his arms. He bounced you a bit and patted your bum. “Oh,
little girl, Daddy is very excited for tonight.

“Me too.” You nuzzled your head into his neck. He brushed your lips with his thumb and stuck it
in your mouth to suck. ”There. Much better.” He whispered
“There we go” Sam cooed, restraining your wrist to the crib.

The side was down and you were facing the wall. Sam had restrained your arms, diaper was off, butt in the air. You agreed to let Sam take you this way, as part of his gift.

“Daddy” you whined.

“Shhhh.” He rubbed your back. You kicked your feet. “Oh, lucky for you little girl Daddy has restraints.”

“Hmmmm” you moaned.

“Spread your legs a little wider.” You did and Sam put the restraints on your ankles.

“I wet”

You heard him put gloves on and you turned your head. You wiggled your butt at him and he laughed. He walked over to you; you moaned and rocked hips back and forth. He hands went on them and held you still. He patted your inner thigh.

“Let’s have a little looksy” Sam squatted and spread your little girl parts. He saw you were dripping and chuckled. He ran a finger down and you whimpered “Very good”

Sam stood up and grabbed the lube, popping the cap open. He tapped your princess plug and slowly eased it out of you. He poured some lube on your butt and you jumped a bit. He rubbed his middle finger over you hole a few times.

“What’s Daddy going to do?” he cooed.

“Stick his big boy part in my bum-bum hole” you answered. You weren’t sure why, but that made you more wet.

“That’s right, little girl.” Sam slowly pushed two fingers into your butt and you inhaled. “Oh, sorry.” He felt you relax. “Such a good girl”

“Daddy?” you asked looking down and Sam saw you blush a little bit.

“What is it?” Sam smiled pulling his fingers out and sitting on the crib so he was by your face.

“I’m nervous” you still weren’t looking at him.

“Look at me please” he cooed and you did.

“You can tell me to stop.” He said sweetly. “Anytime. If it hurts you let Daddy know.” You nodded.

Sam leaned forward and kissed you. He got back up and continued to open you a bit more. He took the gloves off and got naked. He asked you to look at him while he prepared himself. You watched as he stroked himself and this made you even more wet. Sam walked behind you, rolled the condom on and grabbed the lube.

“Okay little girl. Daddy is going to go nice and slow like before.” You nodded.
He put his hands on your hips and guided your butt down. He slowly pushed the tip in. You breathed deeply and dropped her head forward, relaxing more. Sam stopped.

“There. Just a small break. Your bum is nice and ready for Daddy’s big boy part.” He pushed more in you and paused. “How are you? Is this okay?”

“More Daddy” you said and he chuckled a bit.

“Okay. Daddy is going to rub your little button to help.” Thank god, it was throbbing.

Sam brought his hand down and rubbed your little button while he pushed the rest of himself in. He had prepared you more this time. He stopped his hand and brought it back to your hip. He stayed still, letting you adjust.

“Mmmmmmm” you moaned. “Move!” you said.

“Ah. Ah. Ah. Little girl, no. Daddy’s big boy part is big, your little bum-bum needs to adjust.” He said.

“NNNNNN” you looked between your legs at your dripping center.

“Oh, is your no-no place tingly?” he cooed.

“Uh huh” you pouted.

“Here little girl, let Daddy take care of that.”

His fingers. His non gloved fingers entered you and you shivered. He moved them in and out. Then after a minute he pulled them out and slowly started to move.

“Ooooh” you said. You had never felt this sensation before.

“Is this okay?” he asked.

“Yes, Daddy”

“Good girl.” He kept his slow pace up.

Sam reached forward and place a hand on your shoulder. Your fingers curled around the bars on the crib. He picked up the pace.

“Daddy, no more bum-bum.” You said

“Okay. Okay.” Sam slowly pulled out and took the condom off. He took the restraints off and you turned to face him snapping three times and then placing a finger on his lips.

“I don’t know why, but today with everything, the way you talked to me made me incredibly horny. I know this is about me calling you Daddy, but Sam. Can we please have rough sex, using big people words like we used to? Just tonight.” Sam smirked.

“Really, all that talk made you horny?” He took a step closer and leaned by your ear. “You know. I noticed that when I sing sanged little girl, you got wet.” You swallowed and nodded. “But you’re my little girl right now.” You shook your head. “Tell me what you want”

“I want your cock in my dripping pussy and for you to fuck me.” You breathed out.
Sam held either side of your face and crashed your lips together. Both of you hungry for each other. Your arms wrapped around his waist and he lifted you up with one hand and brought you to his bed. He laid you down and grabbed his dick and rubbed it against you.

“This is what you want?” he smirked.

“PLEASE!” you begged.

Sam rammed into you like he used you and you cried out in pleasure. Legs wrapping around his waist, pushing him deeper into you. His lips attacked your neck. Biting and sucking, you knew were going to leave marks. You want to rub your clit, but Sam’s hands wrapped around your wrists and held them by your head. Each thrust was bringing you closer and closer to the edge. Your legs dropped and you looked him in the eyes and he winked at you, causing you to whimper.

His mouth found your breast and started to suck, you moaned and moaned. Finally you came screaming his name. He pulled out and started licking up the juices.

“How rude of me. Do you want a taste?” he asked and you nodded. Sam scooped some up with his fingers and sat beside you. He stuck his fingers in you sucked on them.

“Mmm”

“There’s more on my cock, darling.” You removed his fingers and crawled over and wrapped your mouth around him. He groaned and petted your hair. “You like how you taste?”

“Mmmhmmm” you moaned around him.

“Good. Now, you're going to be good and swallow.” You turned and looked at him wide eyed.

He looked a little worried and you smiled a bit. Brushing your tongue across the tip. His hips jolted up a bit. You giggled a little. Finally he came in your mouth and you kept it in your mouth, positioned yourself so you were over top of him. Groaning as he filled you. You opened your mouth to show him, a little dribbled on your chin. He laughed, wiping it with his thumb. He licked it.

“I taste good. Now, be a good girl and swallow that” you closed your mouth and swallowed. You rested your hands on his chest and started to move a bit. He leaned forward, his breath in your ear like earlier today.

“Can I test something?” he asked and you nodded. “Little girl” he sing songed and your breath hitched and he could feel you get wet. “Mmmm” He kissed your lips and leaned back, winking at you.

“Fuck” you groaned.

“Baby, this is so perfect.” You moved faster and faster, you came again all over him. You got off him and bent your head down, but he caught you. “No, it’s okay.” Sam pulled you close to him, kissing the top of your head.

You must have fallen asleep because the next thing you knew tabs were being done up on a diaper. You tried to talk, but the pacifier was in your mouth. Your eyes fluttered open, Sam was stroking your hair.

“Hey little girl” he whispered. “Daddy is going to have you in his bed tonight.” You nodded eyes closing. “Shhh. That’s it. Daddy cleaned everything up. You just sleep.” You felt him lock your
mittens and then you were placed on his chest and you drifted off again.
Sam rubbed a hand on your back and woke you up for your morning routine. He placed you on your changing table, put the gloves on and was about to undo the dipper. You grabbed your diaper as Sam was about to open it.

“Daddy, I pee-pee” you said and Sam smiled.

“Good thing you told me. Wet your diaper little girl” Sam rubbed a gloved hand on your thigh and one on your diaper while you wet yourself. “Now, Meggy and Cas are still coming, however, little Meggy is sick” Sam pouted.

“Oh no” you pouted. Sam started to feel your diaper and you moaned.

“Such a good girl.” Sam kept rubbing, you loved hearing the crinkle sound of the diaper and so did he. You kept peeing. “My, such a full bladder.” Sam gave a little press with the hand that was on your thigh

“Daddy, I love you” you said.

“Little girl, Daddy loves you too” Sam moved over to your head and kissed you. “All done your tinkle?”

“I’m done” you smiled.

After your morning routine, breakfast and rules the doorbell rang. Sam lifted you up and carried you to the door. He opened the door there was Castiel with Meg. You waved at Meg and she waved back. Castiel walked in.

“How you feeling Meggy?” Sam asked reaching a hand out and feeling her forehead.

“Mmmmm” she groaned and pouted.

“She feel warm?” Castiel asked rubbing a hand on Meg’s back

“Yeah.” Sam removed his hand.

“She also made a messy. Didn’t you Meggy?” she nodded. “Let’s clean your little bum.”

“Would you like me to call Dean?” Sam asked and Castiel smiled sweetly at Meg and stroked her head.

“Would you like that, Meggy? Dr. Dean come and check you out?” Meg nodded and started to cry. “Aw. Shh. Meggy, Papa is sorry you’re sick.”

Castiel went and changed Meg while you and Sam called Dean. Ten minutes later Dean was over at the house and you guys were in the living room. Dean came over to you in your play pen. You made grabby hands and he lifted you up nibbling your neck and passing you to Sam.

“Here’s your bottle, little girl.” Sam cooed. He sat on the chair and gave you the bottle. Castiel had Meg lying on a blanket on the floor. Dean sat down with them.

“Hey Meggy. Sammy says you’re not feeling good.” He said and she nodded. “Okay, well I’m going to take your temperature first” she nodded.
“Good girl” Casitel said.

Dean put gloves on while Castiel unsnapped her onesie rolling it up. Dean undid her diaper, put lube on his finger and rubbed her bum. She started to cry and Castiel was soothing her.

“Nnnn” you whined, pointing at Meg.

“Little girl, please be very careful.” Sam said placing you on the ground.

You crawled over and stoked Meg’s hair while Dean took her temperature. Sam sat beside you, rubbing your back. After a few minutes Dean pulled the thermometer out.

“100.7. Meggy, I’ve got some medicine for you.” Dean said doing up her diaper.

He took his gloves off and grabbed a medicine pacifier, putting the medicine into that. Castiel snapped up her onesie and lifted her into his arms, still kneeling on the ground. You rubbed Meg’s back.

“Thank you, little one” Castiel said.

“Okay, Meggy.” Dean reached for her and lifted her into his arms carrying her to the couch. “Let’s have your Papa take this pacifier out.” Sam lifted you back into your playpen.

“MMMMMMMM” she whined.

“I know Meggy.” Castiel cooed. Dean cradled her in his arms, head tilting back.

“Okay, open up for me sweetheart” he said and she did. He placed the medicine pacifier in her mouth. “I’m going to say one, two, three, boop. On boop I’ll dispense the medicine” he smiled and she nodded.

“Good girl. Good girl” Castiel praised. She reached out towards you.

“Meggy, little girl is going to stay there. I’ll hold your hand” Sam said. She nodded. Sam held her hand.

“Here we go. One, two, three, boop!” Dean pushed on the medicine pacifier and it shot into Meg’s mouth, down her throat. “Such a brave girl for me. You we’re so brave.” Dean rubbed a hand on her stomach. “I’ll give you more after your nap”.

Dean took the pacifier out of her mouth and Casitel put her gag back in.

“Come on, Meggy. Sammy got the crib all nice and ready for you.” Castiel picked her up and rubbed her back. You waved to her and she waved back, Castiel went and put her down for a nap.

“Hnnn” you whined. The boys looked over at you bouncing a bit.

“Make your poopy” Sam smiled and you did.

“Good girl” Dean praised coming over to you. He stroked a hand on your cheek.

“Little girl, would you like to tell Dean what Daddy had you do?” Sam asked and you nodded. Castiel walked in.

“She was out by the time we got to the crib” he laughed.
“Good. Good.” Sam said turning the baby monitor on. Dean took the pacifier out of your mouth.

“What did you do for your Daddy?” Dean asked.

“Daddy had me make a poopy in big girl pants” you smiled. You were proud you did that for him.

“You did?!” Dean smiled lifting you up in his arms and bouncing you a bit. Sam patted your butt and you whined. Sam put the gag back in your mouth.

“Let Daddy change your poopy bum-bum” Sam said taking your from Dean. You pointed at Dean.

“You want Dean to change you?” Sam smiled and you blushed.

“I would be happy too” Dean kissed your cheek.

“He’ll do it here” Sam said.

Castiel grabbed the changing mat and put it on the floor. Dean put gloves on and so did Sam. Castiel pet your hair. Dean took your diaper off.

“Lift your legs, pumpkin” Dean smiled. You did and Sam held them up. “Good girl” Dean cooed as he started wiping you.

“Little one, it is amazing to see how much you have come along.” Castiel praised and you smiled.

You skipped your morning nap and played with the boys. Four hours later the monitor lit up a bit.

“Papa” Meg cried. “Papa” she said and Castiel got up and went to the room while Dean got the medicine ready.

“Papa’s here Meggy. Papa’s here” Castiel unsnapped her onesie and started to feel around. “You’re wet. Papa will change you.” Castiel picked her up, swaying a bit and Dean walked in.

“How are you feeling?” he asked stroking her forehead.

Meg shook her head. Castiel laid her down took the wet diaper off and wiped her. He put a glove on and prepared her for the thermometer. He stuck it in and she whined. Dean kissed her forehead. Castiel pulled it out.

“101.3. Meggy, it went up.” Castiel said taking the glove off and putting a fresh diaper on and doing the onesie up.

“I got your medicine.” Dean said holding up the pacifier. She opened her mouth and he placed it in. “Okay. One, two, three boop!” He pushed it and it went in her mouth. Castiel picked her up and rubbed her back.

“Papa’s got you. Papa’s here. Meggy, Papa loves you. Sammy made you some soup and a bottle.”

Castiel, Dean and Meg came out and into the kitchen.

“Meggy, you slept for four hours. Good girl” Sam said sweetly.

“Her fever went up a bit.” Castiel said.

“Oh, I’m sorry” Sam pouted and rubbing her back.
“What about you Pumpkin? Are you feeling okay?” Dean asked placing a hand on your head. “You feel a little warm.” Sam picked you up and placed a hand on your forehead.

“Oh, he’s right.”

“Sorry guys” Castiel said.

“No, it’s alright.” Sam said. “Dean, could you get the stuff?”

“Yeah.” Dean left.

“Little girl, Daddy is going to have you over his knee, but no spankies. No spankies” He stroked your hair. “Just need to take your temperature.” Meg rubbed her head on Castiel’s shoulder.

“I know Meggy, I know.” He said sadly hating that she was sick.

“Meggy, your soup is cooling down” Sam said and she nodded. Dean walked back in, Castiel grabbed a bottle for Meg. “Little girl, over my knee” Sam cooed.

You went over Sam’s knee and Dean put gloves on and undid one side of the diaper. He rubbed the lube on your bum and pushed his finger in. You whined and Sam rubbed your neck soothing you. Dean stuck the thermometer in. Dean pulled it out after a few minutes.

“Yeah, 100.4” he said throwing everything away and doing up the diaper. He helped you up and straddle Sam so he could hold you.

“Okay little girl. That’s okay. Daddy’s here” Sam whispered in your ear. Meg burst into tears and pushed the bottle away.

“I sorry. I sorry. Y/N/N, I bad girl” she cried.

“Meggy, you’re not a bad girl” Castiel said rubbing her back. He lifted her in his arms, legs wrapping around his waist. He bounced her. “Shh, Shh.” Sam was up, holding you and over to Meg.

“No, no, no. Meggy, this isn’t your fault.” Sam said stroking her hair and holding you with one arm. “Meggy, you’re not a bad girl.”

“No, you’re Papa’s good girl.” Castiel said rubbing her butt a few times.

“Little Meggy, it’s that time of the year’ Dean reassured her.

“Y/N/N mad at me” Meg sobbed.

“You’re not mad at Meggy, are you little girl?” Sam asked and you shook your head and reached for Meg, touching your pacifier to her lips like a kiss.

“See, Meggy. Little one is not mad. No one is. My poor baby.” Castiel said.

“Okay, Pumpkin. Time your medicine.” Dean said putting gloves on. Sam kissed the top of Meg’s head and the turned his attention to you.

“NNNNNN” you whined

“Little girl, your medicine goes in your bum.” Sam said
This was humiliating. Castiel was feeding Meg another bottle, while you were butt naked over Sam’s knee, with Dean’s finger in your butt, holding the suppositories in. You looked up could see that it was only noon. This was going to be a long day.
While you and Meg took your afternoon naps, the three men went and sanitized the house. Meg started coughing and Castiel went to check on her. Sam didn’t want to disturb your sleep so he took your pacifier gag out and placed a pacifier thermometer in your mouth. The three men put masks on even though they had been exposed. Castiel saw that Meg was starting to wake up.

“Papa” she coughed. He rubbed her back.

“Papa’s here.” Castiel lifted her up and slipped two fingers into her onesie and felt around. “All dry. Good girl.”

“Papa, I icky” she started to cry.

“Meggy, Papa’s sorry. I’m going to have Dr. Dean check out that cough.”

Sam walked into the living room, your gag was back in your mouth, and you were still sleeping. Castiel walked in with Meg. Dean was ready with the stethoscope. Meg tensed when she saw all men in masks. She buried her head into Castiel’s neck and shut her eyes.

“Shhhhh. Meggy. Meggy, look at me.” He cooed. She shook her head. Dean placed a hand on her back.

“Bet we all look scary like this, huh?” he asked and she nodded.

“Meggy, Papa, Dr. Dean and Sammy decided it was a good idea to wear these to protect us. No need to be scared.” Castiel said and Dean rubbed a hand on her back.

“Let me take a listen to your chest and lungs.” He said and she nodded.

You started to stir. You felt a familiar hand on the back of your neck for comfort. You moaned a little, starting to wake up.

“Little girl, Daddy’s got you. Before you open your eyes, you need to know that we are all in masks. There is no need to be scared. Do you want Daddy to put gloves on like when he was sick?” he asked.

“Mmm hmm” you said. Sam reached over and put some one.

“There” Sam said rubbing a gloved hand on your leg. “She thinks I look sexy like this” he informed everyone. Castiel and Dean laughed a little.

“Well, well” Dean said. Castiel winked at you and you blushed.

“How was her fever?” Castiel asked.

“Went up a bit.”

“Nnn” you whined.

“Daddy will give you the medicine.” Sam reassured you.

“Meggy, I’m going to have a listen now, okay?” Dean said to her and she nodded. Dean warmed up the stethoscope and pulled her onesie forward a bit and placed it on her chest. “Such a good girl”
he cooed. He had another listen and moved the chest piece a bit. He removed it and pulled the back of her onesie up and she started to cough.

“Oh, Meggy, let it out.” Castiel said grabbing a tissue for her to spit the mucus into. “Good girl” Dean placed the stethoscope on her back and had a listen. Sam started to pat your butt.

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“Relax for Daddy.” Sam soothed.

“Another deep breath” Dean said to Meg. “There we go.”

“Daddy is going to put the medicine in your bum-bum now” Sam said.

Before Sam could lift you, you stated to mess you diaper. You broke into sobs which set Meg off. Sam lifted you up and carried you to your room, while Castiel calmed Meg down.

“Little girl, you’re okay. Oh, quite the poopy you made. Hmmm, medicine going in your little bum-bum might not be a good idea.” You nodded. “Daddy will have Dr. Deans show him how to insert it vaginally.” Your eyes widened. “Shhhhh.” He bounced you for a minute and then walked back out to the living room. “Sorry, Cas” Sam said.

“That’s okay.” he said rubbing a hand on Meg’s head.

“Dean, little girl is going to need her medicine vaginally, do you think you can show me?”

“Of course.” Dean said.

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you whined.

“Shhhh. Yes, it’s going in your little no-no place.”

“HNNNNNN” you started to mess your diaper more. Sam handed Dean some gloves.

“Can you see if there’s room?” Sam asked him. Dean nodded and put the gloves on. You buried your face into Sam’s neck. “Dr. Dean is just having a look.”

“Do you need to make more poo-poo?” Dean asked and you started sobbing and nodded. “Okay, let me look to see how full your diaper is.”

Dean rubbed the outside and moved the side back a bit and looked in. Castiel bounced Meg and rubbed her back, facing her away from you.

“There’s more room” Dean said taking off the gloves. Sam patted you a bit and you finished your mess.

“You’re such a good girl, little one” Castiel praised you.

“Just give me a few minutes, going to clean up her big poopy.” Sam said to Dean. You were mortified. Sam walked you to your room and bounced you a bit.

“Did you make a big poopy? Did you make a big poopy?” he said in baby talk. “Aw, little girl, it’s no fun being sick and messy. Daddy will take excellent care of you.”

Sam got your strapped down on your changing table and cleaned your dirty bum. He called for Dean who walked in with gloves on and two cloths. You blushed a little and Sam noticed.
“Dr. Dean, it appears little girl likes this look on you too” Sam laughed and Dean winked at you.

“Alright, first you’re going to clean the area” Dean said wiping you with the warm cloth with soap. “I’ll insert the first one and your Daddy will do the second one.” He patted your thigh. “Then pat the area dry” Dean grabbed other cloth and patted you dry. “Place the suppository in the applicator and insert it into the no-no place” he slowly inserted it into you and you whined. “Are you okay?” he asked concerned.

“Mmm hmm” you cried. Sam was by you, stroking his gloved hand on your cheek.

“Okay. You push the plunger getting it in there and gently remove” he pulled the applicator out. “You might want to cradle her, making sure nothing comes out” Dean said patting your thighs.

“Thank you, Dr. Dean.” Sam looked at you. “Daddy is going to insert the second one. Little girl, I promise this is to make you feel better.” Sam removed his mask for a moment and kissed your forehead.

Sam got everything ready and Dean was helping him. While they were taking care of you, Meggy and her Papa were picking out a movie.

“Papa hates to see you sick Meggy.” She coughed again and he rubbed her back, holding up the tissue for her.

“Papa” she whined and pouted.

“Papa’s right here, my beautiful girl.” Dean came out and sat on the floor, Meg crawled over to him.

“Hey Meggy” Dean said. Sam walked in with you, cradled in his arms.

“Medicine in?” Casitel asked Sam.

“Yes, she was a very brave girl” Sam cooed at you.

“Meggy, Papa is going to get you a bottle with…ginger ale!” she gasped and clapped her hands. “But, you have to be a very good girl and let Dr. Dean give you your medicine and temperature check while Papa gets it ready.”

Meg laid down on the floor and bent her legs ready for her diaper to come off. The boys burst out laughing. Castiel rubbed her stomach.

“Good girl Meggy. Papa loves you so very much” Castiel said and left.

Sam sat down, laying you down. He grabbed a big blanket and spread that out. He lifted you on it and Dean lifted Meg. You held Meg’s hand.
playtime and fussy little girl

You and Meg were feeling much better. Sam and Castiel sat on the porch watching your girls color. Meg held up the picture for Castiel and Sam to see. Castiel unsnapped Meg’s onesie so he could see if she had used her diaper.

“That’s beautiful Meggy” Castiel smiled. She smiled and spread her legs more and went back to coloring.

“Meggy” Sam cooed and she looked up. “Does Sammy see something on your diaper?”

Castiel got up and got on the floor, rubbing your back and Meg spread her legs more and Castiel saw the yellow stain.

“Meggy, you’re wet.” He ran a hand up and down her diaper and she nodded. “You were into coloring, weren’t you?” she nodded. “Let Papa change you.” Castiel kissed her nose and lifted her up bringing her to the table they set up outside for changes.

You felt the familiar latex against the back off your legs. You kept coloring while Sam squeezed and felt around your diaper. You rolled over and sat on you bum knowing you really had to pee. You spread your legs and Sam ran his hand up and down and then stopped.

You released what you were holding in. You soaked your diaper. Sam knew this was going to happen, that you were going to get distracted so he put you in a thicker diaper. You whined while he watched the diaper puff out and get yellow stained. Sam patted you.

“Little girl, you know it’s not good to hold you pee-pee in” you nodded. “When Meggy is changed Daddy will change your full diaper” he booped your nose. You got on your knees and the diaper sloshed a bit. Sam patted your butt and you whined. “Daddy put you in a thicker one so you wouldn’t have leaks.”

Castiel came over with Meg in his arms bouncing her. He sat down to give her a bottle. Sam lifted you to the table. You whined a little.

“It’s okay, little girl Daddy is going to get you out of this soaked diaper.”

“My, that is soaked” Castiel said and you blushed a little.

“That’s okay.” Sam smiled.

Sam took your diaper off and you lifted your bum up. He pulled it out, threw it away and replaced it with a new one. He held your legs up, grabbed the baby wipes and started wiping you. He spread your legs and grabbed new wipes. He wiped you again, grabbed the powder and powdered you. He did up the diaper and rubbed a hand over you.

“Much better.” Sam took his gloves off and placed a kiss on your center and lifted you up. He patted your butt and bounced you.

Later that night Sam and Castiel watched you and Meg run around the house giggling. Castiel got up and started chasing your girls. Sam stood in the doorway and you ran right into his arms and he lifted you up, nibbling on your stomach.

“Okay. Meggy, it’s seven. Time for bed.” Castiel said
“NNNNNN” she shrieked.

“Hey!” he said warning giving a little swat to her bum. “Papa says bed time.” She pointed to you.

“Little girl gets a button rub tonight. Daddy promised her, and then she’s off to bed. Just like you Meggy” Sam said kissing your cheek.

“See. Okay, let Papa get you ready for bed.”

Sam did your nightly routine and then strapped you to your bed. He put on a glove and brushed his thumb on your ‘button’. You gasped, Sam smiled and started rubbing. You pulled at your restraints.

“Do you want Daddy to stop?” he asked. You shook your head. “Then relax for me.” He said in a soothing voice. You closed your eyes and Sam ran his gloved fingers down your inner thigh containing the soothing tone. “There. Relax. Relax. Such a good girl. Daddy is going to continue now” you heard the popping of a cap and the lube brush against you. “There’s a good girl. Nice and relaxed.”

Later Castiel told Sam he was going to go on a supply run. Sam was in the kitchen when he heard Meg start crying over the baby monitor. Sam walked into his room, that Castiel and Meg were sharing.

“Meggy?” Sam said sweetly.

“Papa” she cried.

“Papa’s out, he’ll be back. Did you make a poopy?” he asked and she nodded.

Sam put gloves on and lifted Meg up and placed her on the changing table. He strapped her legs up and unsnapped her onesie. He changed her diaper and got her clean. He placed a new diaper on and changed his gloves and put the diaper rash cream on. He took his gloves off, snapped up her onesie and lifted her up.

“There. All better.” Sam smiled at her. He lifted her up and rubbed her back. Just then Castiel walked in.

“Hi” Castiel said.

“Hey. Sorry. Someone had a messy diaper” Sam handed Meg to Castiel.

“Papa” she mumbled.

“Papa is here” Castiel said.

A few days later Meg and Castiel left and it was just you and Sam again. He was feeding you your bottle and smiled at you.

“Little girl. Daddy loves you so very much” he said.

“I love Daddy!” you smiled. “Thank you for button rub other day”

“Of course.”

“I miss Meggy and her Papa” you pouted.
“I know you do. It’s fun with friends.” He kissed the top of your head. Just then he felt your diaper fill. You looked down and started crying.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“Good girl.” Sam placed the pacifier back in your mouth. He you up and your diapered sagged. “Hold Daddy’s hand.” He cooed

“Mmmm” you whined

“Daddy needs to put latex gloves on first before he picks you up.” You sat down on the floor not caring what happened. “Oh. Little girl, come on.” he cooed

“HMMPH” you crossed your arms.

“Little girl” he said more sternly. “If you think this will get you a bath, think again.”

“MMMM” you moaned

“Stand up and hold Daddy’s hand please. He needs to clean the poo-poo from your bum” He held out a hand for you to take. You crossed your legs and looked at him. Not budging.

Sam lifted you up and you smiled a little until you were placed in your playpen in the kitchen. He crouched down and your eyes started to water.

“Little girl. You’re going to stay in here and think about how you acted. Daddy is going to be right back.”

“NNNNNN” you screamed.

“I’m sorry, does someone want spankies?” he warned. You pouted and shook your head. “Think about how you acted. Daddy is going to get the gloves.”

Sam left you and came back. He put the gloves on and stood there, crossing his arms and looking at you. You looked up at him and reached up.

Trip to the dentist

Sam noticed when you chewed you would make a face. He rubbed a hand on your back and kissed the side of your head.

“Little girl, do you have an owy in your mouth?” he asked and you paused. “Little girl” he cooed.

“Yes daddy.” You whimpered.

“Hmmm. Does Daddy need to take you to the dentist?” your eyes got wide and you shook your head. “I think Daddy does” he said.

“No, Daddy. Please. No. Dr. Dean!” you begged.

“Shhhh. Dr. Dean is not a dentist, he’s a GP. You know who is a dentist?” he cooed and you nodded and pointed at Sam. “That’s right. Daddy is. I’ll call Dean and have him set something up. Okay?” you looked nervous, but nodded. “Plus, Daddy will be very sexy wont he?” you giggled and nodded.

“Yes!” you said.

Sam called Dean and he said to come after hours. Sam went and woke you from a nap. He started to pack your diaper bag and you sat in your play pen an colored. Sam grabbed a onesie and put you in it. You looked in the bag and saw your mittens. You pointed and frowned.

“Little girl, Daddy knows you are very frightened of the dentist. So, you will have your mittens on so you don’t grab me.” He said stroking your cheek.

“Hnnn” you whimpered.

“Shhhh. Daddy knows.” He said.

He buckled you up and you drove to Dean’s office. Sam knew no one was there, so he lifted you in his arms and carried you in, pacifier and all. You were greeted by Dean. You started to get worried and whimpered.

“I’m here for you pumpkin.” Dean said. You burst into tears and Sam bounced you and soothed you.

“Shhhhh. Dr. Daddy is going to take very good care of you. Are you going to be a good little girl?” you nodded and they walked you into the room.

You walked in and saw the chair with all the straps on it. Were they for you? The room was very kid friendly, had fairies painted on the wall. You noticed the tools and tensed up a bit.

Sam placed you into the chair and you whimpered and started to get up. Sam placed a hand on your cheek and kissed your forehead. He took your gag out and you shut your mouth tight. You felt a strap go around your waist and you looked wide eyed at Dean.

“I know this is very scary for you. Dr. Daddy and I just want to make sure you don’t squirm.” Dean explained. Dean slipped your mittens on while Sam got ready.

“MMMMMMM” you whined trying to pull on the strap.
“Oh, little girl. You’re safe. You’re safe.” Sam said placing a hand on your cheek. “Dean, could you restrain her arms please?” Sam said and Dean did. “Okay little girl. Dr. Daddy is going to put gloves and a mask on.

“HMMMMMM” you moved your head side to side.

When you stopped moving, Sam reached over and gabbed a strap that went across your forehead and held you there. Dean stroked your arm as you gave little whimper and froze.

“Little girl, daddy knows you are very frightened right now. Daddy knows you are very scared of the dentist, but you are in pain and Daddy needs you to be very still” you tensed when you felt a strap go across your ankles. “Sh. Sh. Sh. Little girl. That’s just Dean. You’re safe. You’re safe. Everything is okay. Just relax. Just relax.”

Dean came over and placed his fingers on your pulse point and looked at his watch. Sam rubbed your cheek with the back of his hand and soothed you, whispering in your ear. He looked at Dean who nodded.

“Okay little girl. Dr. Daddy is going to get his gloves and mask on.”

Sam went over placed the mask on and then gloves. He walked over and patted your cheek. Dean sat down and held your mitten covered hand. You clenched your jaw and frowned Sam turned the light on above your head.

“Little girl, please open” Sam said.

“Mmmmm” you whimpered.

“Dr. Daddy needs to have a look.” You opened your mouth a little. “Wider, please” he cooed. You closed your mouth. “Little girl, Dr. Daddy has a medical gag and if you do not behave, he will use it” he said a little more sternly.

You opened your mouth and Sam moved the mask and smiled at you. He put the mask back on and grabbed the little mirror. Dean was giving you praises and rubbing a hand on your arm. Sam grabbed another tool and tapped each tooth very lightly. He got to the sensitive one and you winced and started to cry. It didn’t hurt that much, but you were still a little shaken with everything. Sam put the tools down and stroked your cheek

“Little girl. Scale of one to ten.” Sam said sweetly.

“Th-three” you whimpered.

“Okay. Good girl. You are doing such a good job for me. You’re so brave. Open your mouth again”

It seemed like forever, but you tried to be a good girl for Sam. Once Sam was done, you though they were going to unstrap you. You heard the sound of Sam putting gloves on, you thought he was going to check your diaper. Then you heard a drill and you peed your diaper and started to cry. Sam turned it off and pulled his mask down and kissed your cheek.

“Shhhh. No, no, nothing scary. Just might as well clean your teeth while we’re here.”

“Pee-pee” you cried.

“You wet your diaper?” Dean asked.
“Yes” you cried. Sam put the tool down and took his mask off. He unstrapped your legs and onesie and felt around.

“Oh, little girl, Daddy’s sorry. He scared you huh?” you nodded.

Dean and Sam unstrapped your arms and head. Sam lifted you into his arms and soothed you. Dean brought you to another room so Sam could change your diaper. Dean placed down your changing mat and Sam laid you down and got to work.

“You have been such a good girl for daddy. Such a good girl. If you let Daddy finish and you’re a very good girl, there may be a button rub in it for you.” You gasped.

“A button rub? That sounds like a good deal” Dean said stroking your hair. You nodded.

“And if you’re extra good, without gloves.” Sam smiled. You gasped again and Sam smirked. “But only if you are a very good little girl.”

"I be good. Promise” you said.

Sam finished diapering you and took the gloves off. He washed his hands thoroughly and then lifted you up in his arms and bounced you a bit. He kissed your lips and forehead. You showed him your mittens.

“sorry little girl, those stay on” you nodded and he kissed your nose.

Sam strapped you back in the chair, head too and he put the mask and gloves. You were a very good girl while Sam cleaned your teeth. You loved watching him work. When he was down he had you rinse and spit. He took his mask off and kissed your lips and then took his gloves off and unstrapped you. He took your mittens off and put your pacifier gag back in. He lifted you up and nibbled at your neck.

“Well, if that doesn’t deserve chicken nuggets and macaroni and cheese, plus a button rub, I don’t know what does” Sam smiled at you. You squealed in excitement.

“Sounds like a fun night.” Dean said rubbing hand on your back. “You were such a good girl” he whispered in your ear and kissed the side of your head.

“Dean, thank you.” Sam said

“Of course.” Dean smiled.

Sam carried you back to the car and buckled you up. He held your face in his hands smiled so wide. He stroked your cheeks with this thumbs and kissed your forehead.

“Such a good girl. I am so incredibly proud of you. So proud, little girl” you giggled and rubbed your nose against his. “Alright. Let’s get home”
You were giggling as Sam got into the car, but suddenly you go very quiet. Sam looked in the review mirror and saw you had you messing face on. He smiled and you whined a bit.

“Make your poopy” Sam encouraged.

“Hnnn” you whimpered.

“Need help?” he cooed and you nodded.

Sam got out and in the back passenger side. He put gloves on and unbuckled you, he moved you to the middle leaned you forward over the storage department between the driver and passenger seat. With one hand had Pulled the back of your diaper and with the other he rubbed two gloved fingers on your lower back, above your bum. You whimpered and he soothed you.

“Shhh. Relax. Little girl, relax. Make your messy. Make a poopy for Daddy.” He saw you really had to mess.

“Hnnnn” you whined.

“Little girl, you’ve done this before. Relax against Daddy’s fingers, he’s rubbing your back to help you make the poopy. “

“Hmmm” you whined again.

“Okay. Daddy will not have your diaper pulled back.” Sam placed your diaper back and patted your bum. Sam felt you relax and your diaper filled.

“Nnnnnn” you whimpered.

“Good girl. Unfortunately , that was your last diaper in the bag. You’ll have to sit in your messy diaper. Don’t worry, Daddy will make you poo-poo free.”

He patted your bum and helped you sit back. He buckled you up and got rid of the gloves. He got back in the car and started driving. You burst into tears and crossed your arms.

“We’re almost home, little girl.”

When Sam got home he unbuckled you and grabbed gloves from your diaper bag and put them on. He unsnapped the onesie and lifted you into his arms. He patted your butt.

“MMMMMMM” you whined.

“Shhhh. You’re okay. Daddy will take care of your poopy bum. “

Sam carried you into the kitchen and placed you in your playpen. He moved the diaper a side a bit and nodded. He threw the gloves away and you looked at him worried.

“Daddy is going to put the chicken nuggets in the oven and the macaroni and cheese. Then poopy bum-bum.”

Sam washed his hands thoroughly and then got everything on the tray and placed it in the oven. He left quickly and came back with gloves on and lifted you up. He kissed your pacifier and forehead.
“Now, time to get you all clean.”

After your changing and dinner Sam carried you to the bathroom and sat you on the toilet. You looked at him and he reached over and grabbed bubbles your face lit up.

“Yes. Daddy is going to give you a bubbly bath, then he will play with your little girl parts and button rubs.” You clapped your hands and giggled.

Sam was washing your back and he grabbed another face cloth. He nibbled your neck and took your pacifier gag off.

“Close your eyes” he cooed. You did and he washed your face. Then he gave you a passionate kiss and you giggled.

Once your little girl parts were nice and thoroughly clean, Sam got you out and dried you off. He sat you on your bed and he grabbed the body lotion and squeezed it in his hands to warm it up. He rubbed your arms, legs, chest, back, just like before. Making sure your skin wasn’t dry. He gently lay you back and you giggled.

“That’s right, little girl.” He smiled.

Sam cleaned his hands and sat on the edge of the bed facing you. He gently ran his fingers across your stomach, making you giggle. You closed your eyes and felt his hands get lower and lower. You whimpered. Your gag wasn’t in, but you felt like you couldn’t talk. Sam lightly danced his fingers up and down you little girl parts and you gasped. Sam started to pat you.

“Are you a good girl?” he asked

“Ye-yes daddy”

“Yes you are.”

Sam stood up and grabbed the lube he then went and crouched in front of you. He rubbed your thighs and lightly kissed your little girl parts. You whimpered and he kissed your little girl parts again. He sat on the bed and opened the lube he put some on you and started rubbing.

“You were such a good for me at the dentist.”

“Uh huh” you said. Sam laid beside you and kept rubbing. His breath against your ear.

“Little girl” he sing sioned.

“Nnnnnnnnn” you moaned when he slipped his fingers in you.

Sam kept sing siong little girl in your ear and you were just a dripping mess. He rubbed your little button. Your back arched and you started to kick your legs, gripping the bed sheets. One last little girl and your came and was crying, it was so intense.

“Such a good girl.” He said kissing your cheek. “Daddy will clean you up.” Sam got up and washed his hands and then grabbed a wash cloth and wiped you.

Sam put your mittens on and lifted you up, bringing you to your changing table. He placed you with your head by the light. You tensed and Sam rubbed your chest.

“Daddy needs to have a look. Make sure you’re okay.”
“No” you whimpered as Sam started to restrain you.

He put gloves on, placed a diaper under your bum and powdered you, doing it up. He took the
gloves off and put new ones on. He went to a bag he had and pulled out a sanitized mirror and a
mask. He put the mask on and opened the mirror. He turned on the light and patted your cheek.

“No scary tools. Just a look with the mirror” he explained.

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“Daddy’s going to have a little looksy. Open up” you did. “Good girl”

Sam took a look, stroking your cheek to calm you. When he was done, he turned the light off and
put the mirror away. He took his gloves off and unstrapped you, holding you in his arms. He
brushed his thumb against your mouth and you opened and suck.

“Much better. You’re teeth feel better?” you nodded. “See, Daddy always takes care of his little
girl.”

Sam brought you to the kitchen to grab your bottle. You were sucking on his finger the whole time,
until your bottle was ready. He pulled his thumb out and replaced it with the bottle. He sat on the
couch and cradled you, with the bottle.
Once again you were caught playing with yourself. Well, you were got during your orgasm. Sam was quiet and you did not like that one bit. You knew that he was coming up with something for your punishment. He walked up to you and stroked your hair. He placed the mittens on you, you knew that it was crib time. You were right. He carried you in.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM” you whined.

“Shhhh. Now, Daddy is giving you a time out. Five minutes all alone in this room. You will think about your actions.” You nodded. Sam rubbed the back of your neck and kissed your head. “Good girl. Daddy will be outside the door and knock every minute so you know he's still there” he whispered in your ear.

Sam reached over and grabbed moose, placing him in your hands. He left for five minutes making silly knocks every one minute. Finally he came back in. Sam got in the crib with you, kneeling at your right side and stroking your hair and placing a gentle hand on your upper arm.

“Such a good girl for Daddy. Aren’t you?” Sam cooed and you nodded. “Daddy is so sorry that he has to punish you, but you were a very naughty girl. Not a bad girl though. You are not a bad girl at all. Do you understand daddy?” you nodded looking at him. ”The other rules apply. Three month as Daddy’s little baby with one button during the second month.”

You nodded and he rubbed a hand on your back and let you relax, watching at your diaper filled. He praised you and nibbled at your cheek, earning a giggle from you.

“You know what’s really good after getting a poopy bum changed? A massage. How does that sound?” you gasped, your face lighting up. “Then after that, a nice bottle and an afternoon nap” you nodded. Sam leaned in and whispered in your ear. “Daddy’s just kidding about the no drawing thing. That would be mean.” You nodded and smiled. “Now, let me clean your poopy bum”

Sam put gloves on, lifted your legs up in the restraints and took your diaper off. He grabbed wipes and started to wipe you. He spread your cheek and grabbed a fresh wipe and cleaned you. He cleaned the other side. He then wiped your little girl parts. You sighed.

“Little baby. Here comes the part you don’t like. Daddy is about to put the wipe in your bum.” He spread your cheeks and wrapped the wipe around his finger and stuck it in.

“Mmmmm” you moaned unhappy.

“Almost done.” He pulled his finger out and saw the wipe was a little dirty. “Hmmm. One more should do.”

“Nnnnn” you whined. Sam did it again and moved his finger in and out.

“Just relax for Daddy.” He soothed. He pulled the wipe out and it was clean. “Good girl.”

Sam rolled up the diapers and wipes, threw them away and changed his gloves. He put a fresh diaper under you, powdered you and did the tabs up. He rubbed your thighs a bit, leaned down and blew a raspberry on your stomach. Sam took the gloves off and unstrapped you. You went back on your stomach, back in your original position.

“Daddy is not going to restrain you for the massage. You just relax my little baby. Just relax” he
cooed.

Sam straddled you, rubbing his hands together. He placed them on your shoulders and circled his thumbs, pushing a little. He ran his hands slowly up your neck. He leaned forward.

“Little baby, if this makes you fall asleep, that’s okay with Daddy. He won’t wake you. It’ll count as a nap”

“Hmmm” you sighed in sleepy happiness.

Sam kept massaging you as you relaxed. You woke up two hours later. You were curled up, restrained, but holding moose. Sam crouched down in front of you. Stroking a gloved hand on your cheek.

“You were out like a light, little baby” he smiled. “You made a pee-pee, so Daddy is going to get you in a fresh diaper.” You smiled sleepily and nodded. “What a good baby you are for Daddy.” He kissed your forehead.

Once you were changed he got your bottle ready and got you so you were cradled in his arms. He took the gag out and you smacked your lips and looked up at him. He smiled and brushed the bottle against your lips. You opened your mouth taking the bottle.

“Little baby, Daddy is willing to make you a deal’” you looked up at him wide eyed. “Are you willing to act like a baby for Daddy?”

“Hm?” you asked.

“Are you willing to act like a baby for Daddy? If you say yes, you will not be restrained. However, little babies do not walk, they crawl, they do not color. They only eat, sleep and poop. No monthly enema’s. Just full on infantilism. I will talk to you in baby talk, and treat you just like a baby. I would get a carrier, so you are strapped to my chest while I do things. You will be gagged and when you’re not you will not talk. Only make baby noises. Can you do that for Daddy? If not, that’s okay”

“I snap three times if I have too?” you asked and his eyes winded.

“Oh my god, yes! Of course. That rule still applies, always. Little baby, if you agree to no restraints and no coloring, this will be for four months.”

“BUT!” you started and he gave you a warning look.

“Starting when?” you asked.

“Tomorrow” Sam said. You thought for a moment and hesitated and then nodded. “You’re saying yes?”

"What about button rubs?"

"Every two months."

"Then, yes daddy."

“Daddy will also get a high chair for you” he said and you nodded. “Then, if that’s going to happen, you get to make-out with Daddy for as long as you need today. Since that will not happen for four months.”
“God yes!” you said and Sam smiled.

This was going to be an interesting for months.
Day one of four months

Chapter Notes

This one got away from me.

You practically made out with Sam the whole day and it was fantastic. He kept making sure you were okay with everything and you kept reassuring him you were. He had snapped three times, just so he could get a little rough with you. This honestly excited you. He took your mittens off for the rest of the day so you could play with his hair.

“Can I-um” you didn’t realize you were grinding against him and he started to get hard. He wrapped his hand at the back of your neck and looked you in the eye. He shook his head and you whimpered.

“Not part of the deal. Sorry” he said and you nodded. Then, it was time for bed. You had to really think about what you agreed to. A baby. His baby.

The next morning you woke up to see those hazel eyes you love so much looking at you. Sam smiled and stroked your hair. He asked if you were ready and you nodded. Sam smiled and leaned down, kissing your forehead. You kicked your legs and reached out and giggled. Sam removed your blanket and saw a yellow stain.

“My little baby went pee-pee” he smiled.

He put gloves on and lifted you up. He placed you on the changing table and got you in a fresh diaper. Before he did it up he grabbed the thermometer and you just clung to moose. Once that was done he did the tabs up. He took his gloves off and picked you up, carrying you to the kitchen. He got your bottle ready. He took your gag off and carefully knelt on the ground, placing you on the floor. He stood up, moving to a chair and sitting down.

“Crawl to Daddy.” He said in a baby talk. “Come on. Crawl to Daddy.” He encouraged. You got on your hands and knees, crawling to him. He bent down and lifted you in his arms. “Good baby.” He said kissing your cheek.

Sam brushed the bottle against your mouth and you took it, drinking it all. When you were done, he lifted you up and placed you over his shoulder a bit and started to rub and pat your back. Oh god. He was burping you, like Meggy and her Papa. You started to cry and he soothed you.

“Shhh. Come on, be a good girl for Daddy.” You burped and sniffled a little. “Such a good girl. You are such a good girl. Yes you are. Yes you are” he praised.

He placed you down in your play pen and rubbed your stomach. He put your pacifier back in your mouth. When he was done with his breakfast, he lifted you out of your playpen and carried you to the bedroom. He placed you in your crib and stroked your cheek.

“Daddy has to go to the farmers market. Your first outing as a baby. How exciting is that?” he said. You started to tear up and shook your head. “Yes” he cooed.

Sam went and grabbed your floral onesie and something. Booties. He got you booties that match
your mittens. You started to sob and he lifted you up, bouncing you.

“Shhh. Baby, shhhhh. Daddy is only doing what’s best for you. Oh, they’re going to love you. Let’s get you ready.”

He put you back in your crib and put the side down. He got you in your onesie and snapped it up. He put the side of the crib up and grabbed the carrier. He grabbed your booties and slipped them on you.

“Oh my goodness, you look so cute.” He said

Sam grabbed your diaper bag and put some diapers in them, he grabbed some extra gloves, wipes, the powder, cream and moose. Medical mats and changing pad. He grabbed your blanky. He then laid out a carrier.

“Okay, little baby.” Sam cooed he lifted you up. “Daddy is going to have you strapped to his chest.” You were amazed as he got it all ready and then slipped his arms in and lifted you up like it was nothing. “Comfy?” you nodded and rested your head against his chest, wrapping your legs around his waist.

Sam went to the kitchen and grabbed some bottles for you and apple sauce and something. You whimpered and he kissed the top of your head. He soothed you, letting you know that everything is going to be okay. He walked and took you to the farmers market. You let out let out little whimpers every now and then and closed your eyes, not wanting to see the stares you knew you were going to get.

“Such a brave girl for Daddy.” Sam whispered.

“Who do we have here?” the lady who ran the bakery stand asked.

“This is my little baby” Sam cooed. This woman didn’t seemed fazed by this.

“Hi honey” she said.

“Mmmmm” you whimpered and looked up at Sam.

“She’s a little shy. Aren’t you baby? Aren’t you?” he said in baby talk. “Are you Daddy’s shy little baby?” You burst into tears.

“Oooh. It’s okay, sweetie pie. I don’t mind” the lady said. Sam looked at your face. You were about to make a messy.

“Oh, she’s got her poopy face on. Are you going to make a stinky?” Sam turned his attention to the lady. “Where’s the bathroom?”

“There’s a family on around the corner. I’ll keep this aside for you.” she smiled. Sam thanked her and walked to the bathroom.

“Such a good baby. Let Daddy change you.”

Sam walked into the bathroom and locked the door. He knelt down, opened your diaper bag and pulled out a medical mat and laid it down. He gently laid you down and got you out of the carrier, putting it aside. He put on some latex gloves, grabbed the wipes and rolled up your onesie. He handed you moose and patted your stomach. He undid the tabs and pulled the diaper down.
“Oh, a big stinky. You made a big poopy.” He smiled at you.

Sam lifted your legs up and told you to stay like that. He removed the diaper and put a fresh one under you. He grabbed the wipes and started to clean you.

“There we go, there we go. Daddy’s got you. He’s going to get you a clean.” He when he was done, he threw away the dirty diaper, wipes and changed his gloves.

He opened the powder and rubbed it on you. Sam put your legs down and did the diaper up. He blew a raspberry on your stomach and you giggled a bit and he snapped up your onesie. He took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms. He threw the medical mat away and gathered everything, putting moose back in the bag.

“Daddy is not going to put you in the carrier. When we’re back with the lady, he’s going to give you a bottle and feed you.”

“MMMM” you whined.

“Shhhh.” Sam bounced you. “Shhh, baby Daddy has you.”

When you got back to the lady, Sam put the things down on the picnic bench. You squirmed in his arms and he patted your bum.

“All clean?” the lady cooed lightly running her fingers up your arm.

“Yes, cleaned her poopy bum. Do you mind if I feed her?”

“Go right ahead” she smiled.

“Okay little baby.” Sam kissed the side of your head.

He sat down on the picnic table, sitting you on his lap. Sam took you pacifier out, opened the apple sauce, grabbed a spoon and started to feed you. You closed your mouth and shook your head.

“Your right. Daddy forgot your bib”

“Mah” you said.

Sam put the apple sauce down, reached into the bag and put a bib around you. He picked up the apple sauce and made the airplane noise, bringing it you your lips. You opened your mouth and ate. He wiped your mouth with your bib when he was done and cradled you, giving you your bottle. When that was done he put you over his shoulder a bit.

“Time for your burping” he cooed rubbing and patting your back. “Isn’t she good baby” Sam smiled at the lady and he smiled back.

“The best” she responded.

“Come on, burp for Daddy.” He patted your back a little harder and you did. He bounced you. “There’s a good girl. Good job. Good job. Daddy is going to get you back in the carrier. We have other things to buy.”

You realized now, this was going to be a long for months.
Continuing day one

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You know, I bet baby would like to see the farmers market, huh? Yeah. Daddy is going to face you out this time” He reached and placed the gag back in your mouth and you fidgeted.

He placed you in in the carrier facing out this time. He put the carrier on and kissed the top of your head. He said goodbye to the lady and you went on about your day.

“NNNNNNNNNNNN” you whined.

“Oh, baby. Shhhhh.” You bent your legs up and rubbed your eyes with your mittens and hid your face. “Shhh. No, no hiding. Baby, you will not hide your face. Daddy is showing you off.”

He removed your hands and you looked around. Sam grabbed your diaper bag and grabbed the bread and you moved on to the next stand. When he would talk to the people he would lightly bounce you and shush you when you would whimper.

Finally it was time to go home and he walked you back and came in the house. He placed the bags in the kitchen, then walked to his bedroom and took the carrier off and took you out of it. He unsnapped your onesie and took it off of you. He then placed you in the crib and you let out a whimper. He reached over and snapped on one glove and felt around. He reached a finger in the diaper and smiled at you.

“Such a good baby, you’re dry. Daddy is going to give you a bottle and then put you down for a nap. It was a long morning for you. Such a brave baby. Oh, you like your little booties?” he lightly grabbed your foot and wiggled it. “Yeah, you like you booties? You’re keeping those on. Yes you are. Yes you are”

Sam lifted you up and cradled your head, carrying you to the kitchen. He grabbed your bottle and warmed it up. Once again he lifted you up and patted your back and bounced.

“Come on, burp for Daddy. Burp for Daddy.” You did and he kissed your cheek.

He got you ready for your nap. He put the blanket on his bed and swaddled you. Sam turned on your sound machine and the mobile and you started crying a bit. He his thumb on your cheek.

“Little baby, you’re just tired. You had a long morning, being out at the market, strapped to Daddy’s chest. You like that? Hm? You like when Daddy has you close to him. Protecting you. That’s right. Daddy always protects his baby. Shhhhhhh. Rest now. Time for you nap. Shhhhh. Daddy has a baby monitor all set up.”

Sam put the food from the Farmers Market and Dean came over. Sam heard you whimpering on the baby monitor, he and Dean walked in. He saw you were awake. He undid your swaddle.

“Little baby, Dean is here.” Sam cooed. He wiggled your foot. “Daddy bought his whittle baby these booties.” he said getting more into the baby talk.

“Awww, does his whittle baby love that” Dean said in baby talk. Your eyes started to well up. This was so humiliating.
“Dean wanted to see Daddy’s whittle baby. That’s what you are. Yes you are. Just a whittle helpless baby. My whittle helpless baby.”

“What’s wrong?” Dean mocked pouted.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMM” you whined, kicking your feet. Sam grabbed your foot and wiggled it some more.

“Oh, Whittle baby. Whittle baby, Daddy loves you. Yes he does. Yes he does.”

“Whittle baby looks so cute in her mittens and booties. Yes she does. Yes. Oh, Daddy is so lucky to have a beautiful baby like you.” Dean continued. You whimpered

Just then you started to pee your diaper. You really had to go and both men watched your diaper puff out. You started sobbing and Sam went and grabbed gloves putting them on. He ran a hand up and down your diaper.

“Did you tinkle in your dipee? You made a pee-pee? Aww, Daddy will change you. My whittle baby went potty. Good girl.” Sam lifted you up.

Sam placed you on the changing table he had in his room and strapped around your waist. You sobbed and sobbed. Dean went over by your head and soothed you. With the back of his gloved hand Sam patted your diaper.

“Filled up your dipee, didn’t you?” Sam cooed. “Daddy is going to make you all better. Yes he is.”

Sam changed you and wiped you nice and clean. He put a fresh diaper and powered you and did the tabs up. He took your gloves off and the restraints and lifted you up. He bounced you and cooed. Dean followed you and Sam to the kitchen.

“Whittle baby needs a bottle, doesn’t she? Oh yes.” Sam warmed your bottle and fed it to you. When you drank it all he placed you in your high chair and placed the table over you.

“Daddy made a bunch of mashed foods for you. Yes he did. Yes he did.”

Sam got three jars and spooned come green stuff on a baby plate. Then some orange stuff and something yellow.

“Mmm, looks good” Dean smiled.

Sam pulled up a chair, placed a bib around you and placed the plate on your tray. He picked up the spoon and scooped up some yellow stuff.

“Yellow squash. Carrots and peas. Just for my whittle baby girl. Open up.” You shook your head. “Oh, here comes the choo-choo train.” Sam made the noise and got to your mouth. “Come on” he cooed and you opened your mouth. “Good girl. Oh good girl”

When you ate everything, Sam gave you another bottle and then passed you to Dean.

“Ba?” you asked.

“Oh, whittle baby, your Daddy said I get to burp you.” Dean placed you over his shoulder and rubbed and patted your back. “Come on” You burped and started to cry. Sam placed your pacifier in your mouth and took you back.

“Daddy and Dean are going to talk in the living room. You are going to play on the floor.” Sam
placed you on the floor and you looked up at him. He crouched down and stroked your cheek.
“Whittle babies crawl. You remember that, don’t you?” you lowered your head and nodded.

You crawled to the living room with them. Sam laid out a blanket and you crawled on that. He
went and grabbed moose while Dean got on the floor with you. He blew on your stomach. Sam
came back with moose and made him kiss all over your face. You lifted up your legs and bent
them a bit. You rocked side to side and the boys smiled. Sam stroked your hair and they got up and
sat on the chairs.

A little later you crawled over to the couch and lifted your arms up. Sam lifted you in his arms, still
talking to Dean. You rested your head against his chest, he cradled your head, and Dean reached
out and wiggled your foot. You giggled and Sam scratched your tummy. You still wondered how
long you would be able to hold out being a baby.

A little while later Sam put you down for your second nap, swaddling you again. He turned the
mobile on and the sound machine. You whimpered, turning your head to face him. He shushed you
and stroked your head.

“Whittle babies are swaddled.” Sam whispered. Once again you fell asleep and he left to go back to
Dean.

Chapter End Notes

Anything you'd like to see?
You survived your first week as Sam’s baby. He let you have a normal pacifier at night and for naps. If he wanted a baby, he was going to get a baby. You were frustrated, so you just started crying and crying, dropping the pacifier out. You tried to kick, but you were swaddled. Sam walked in.

“Oh, what’s wrong whittle baby? Daddy is here” you wailed and wailed. He put gloves on and unswaddled you. “Shhhhhhh. Is it your dipee?”

Sam felt around your diaper. He patted it, squeezed and ran a hand up and down. He pulled it back a bit and stuck some fingers in. It wasn’t that. He took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms, bouncing you.

“It wasn’t your dipee. No, you didn’t make a stinky or pee-pee. Hmmm? Are you hungry? Is Daddy’s whittle baby hungry?” He kissed the side of your head. “Yeah. Daddy will get you some food.”

Sam rubbed your back, soothing you, trying to get you to calm down. You couldn’t help but relax, he was calm and gentle. He placed you in your high chair, put your bib on you and grabbed a jar of strained beans, which you were not a fan of. He sat in front of you and scooped some up and feeds you. You frowned, you didn’t like them Without even thinking you spit it out. It got all over your face and bib. Sam frowned.

“Ooooh. No. None of that. None of that.” Sam got a spoon again.

He tried again and you knocked the spoon out of his hands and it fell on the floor. Sam sighed and you started crying again. He got a cloth, dampened it a bit and started to wipe your face. You bunched up your brow and slammed your hands on the table and kicked your feet.

“Hey” he said sternly. Sam took your bib off, the table off of the high chair and lifted you in his arms, bouncing you. “Shhhhh. Shhhhhhh. Daddy has you. Daddy has you. Shhhhhhh. You’re okay. You’re okay. What’s wrong, Hm?” Sam kissed the side of your face and stroked you hair.

Sam placed you in your playpen so he could clean up the mess. You whined and screamed lifting your arms up, wanting him to hold you. If he wanted a baby, he was going to get a baby. He lifted you back in his arms and soothed you, going to make you a bottle. You kept wailing and wailing.

“Shhhhhhh. Whittle baby.”

When the bottle was ready, he hold it up to you and you turned your head. He sighed sadly and shook his head.

“Whittle baby, Daddy needs you to drink this. Open up” he brushed the bottle against your mouth and you took it. “There’s a good baby. Daddy will put you down after so he can clean the kitchen.”

“NNNNNNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA” you screamed and moved the bottle from your lip, some milk dribbled down your chin. Sam put the bottle down, grabbed a cloth and wiped it. He placed a hand on your forehead.
“Hmmm. Daddy will take your temperature.” You stopped crying and whimpered. “First, Daddy needs you to finish the bottle.”

He picked it up and placed it back in your mouth. When you here done he burped you and brought you to your room, strapping you down on your changing table. He put gloves on and grabbed your pacifier gag, he placed it in your mouth. You whimpered as he did it up. He kissed your head, you saw he looked a little sad. He undid your diaper, put lube on his finger and brushed it against your hole.

“Whittle baby fussy because she’s not feeling well?” he pouted more baby talk. He pushed his finger in and you whimpered. He pulled his finger out and put the thermometer in. “Daddy will see if you have a fever. Daddy has to make sure his whittle girl is okay.” Sam pulled out the thermometer and looked at it. “Hmmm, normal temperature. Good girl” he smiled. He powdered you and did your diaper up, taking off the gloves.

Sam unstrapped you and lifted you in his arms. He rubbed your back and swayed side to side. He sat down in the rocking chair, cradling you. He cooed at you, booping your nose and smiling at you. Telling you how pretty you were. That you were his beautiful whittle girl. He decided you were cooped up in the house and that you must need an outing.

He placed you in your crib, grabbed a onesie and got you in that. He grabbed the carrier and placed you in that, you faced him, wrapping your legs around his waist. He grabbed your diaper bag, went ot the kitchen grabbed some bottles and snacks and you went on your way.

“It’s no fun being cooped up in the house. Don’t worry. Daddy is taking you outside. We’ll go for a walk.” You whimpered again.

The fresh air did do you good and once again, you felt comfort being against his chest. Every now and then he would kiss the top of your head. He sat down, in a quiet area. Lots of tries, no one was around. He knelt down and placed a blanket out. He got you out of the carrier and laid you down, handing you moose.

“There’s a good girl.” Sam smiled and he covered a blanket over your legs.

You played with moose while Sam rubbed a hand on your stomach and read a book. You would look over at him and he would smile at you and kissed your forehead. Sam had put sunglasses on you and you laid there looking up at the sky and smiling. Completely forgetting where you were. What brought you back was a smell, the sound of a zipper and snapping of gloves.

“Oh my goodness. This one is so stinky. Did you make a big stinky poo-poo?” you burst into tears.

Sam laid down a medical mat and lifted your legs up, sliding it under you. You sobbed and sobbed, humiliated. How could Sam do this? Sam put your legs down cooing at you while he undid your diaper and pulling it down revealing your mess.

“Poopy whittle baby. Daddy is here to get you all cleaned up. Oh.” He lifted your legs up. “It got all over.” He pulled the diaper out and grabbed the wipes and started to clean you. “You just lay there, while Daddy cleans your poopy bum-bum. Quite the stinky you made. My goodness.” He reached and grabbed more wipes. “Just going to get your no-no place.” He spread your legs a little and you held them there. “Yeah, just like that. Just let Daddy clean the poo-poo” you kept whimpering.

You clung to your moose, looking up at the sky. This man was a saint. You were fussy all morning, threw your food, you spat it up and he takes you to the park. He kept cleaning you
making cooing noises. What seemed like forever, Sam changed his gloves and you felt powder being sprinkled on you. He rubbed the powder on you.

“Such a smooth whittle baby. Yes you are.” He did up the fresh diaper, he took your glove off and wiggled your bootie covered foot. “You stay right here. Daddy is going to dispose of your stinky poopy” you whimpered and started to cry.

He lifted you back in carrier and wrapped it all up in the medical met and walked to the trash can and threw it out. He bounced you and kissed the top of your head. You spent another hour at the park and then Sam brought you back home. He got you out of the carrier and out you in your crib. You looked at him and he smiled, getting you out of the onesie. He kissed your forehead and turned the mobile on.

“Daddy will be right back whittle baby.” He smiled.

He left and you heard him running some water. You gasped a little, was he going to give you a bath? You already had a bath a few days ago. He came back with a little bowl, facecloth, body soap, cream and a hand towel. He smiled at you and placed the side of the crib down. He took off your booties and mittens. You wiggled your toes and he giggled. He dipped the facecloth in little bowl, put some body soap on it and rubbed the cloth together.

“Must get hot in those booties and mittens all day? Hm? Whittle baby needs them to be changed too.”

Sam started washing your feet. He was washing your feet. He had placed the towel over is lap. He moved to your other foot. He then gently placed your legs down and moved over to clean your hands. He put the bowl away and grabbed the cream and squirted some in his hands. He rubbed them together and started to put it on your hands, massaging a bit.

“Mmmmm” you looked at him and smiled a bit.

“That’s better, right?” he cooed and you nodded. “Whittle baby, Daddy will let your cute whittle hands and toes air out.” He kissed your forehead and moved back to your feet.

He put cream on them, massaging them a bit and you hummed in satisfaction. Being his baby wasn’t so terrible. Though you knew this meant he was going to restrain you. Instead you found yourself in the carrier once more and he carried you around the house, doing the laundry and other little things.

Chapter End Notes

Ideas, suggestions?
made it to a month

You still didn’t make it easy on Sam. You cried and cried nonstop. He would sooth you for a bit, but you keep up the act. He even had Dean come check you out and he said you were colicky.

“See how her legs are pulled up, I’m sure her hands are in fists.” Dean said.

“She does spit up and has been more gassy” Sam said putting light pressure on your stomach


“Thanks man.” Sam said. Dean smiled at you and left.

You were extra fussy when it was time for bed. You liked showing him what having a real baby was like. Sam decided to try different ways.

“Shhhh whittle baby. Shhhhh” Sam tried bouncing you, but it wasn’t working. “Shhhhh.”

Sam thought of a new plan. He sat on his bed and you. He face you out and kind of had you on your side. His arm cradled your body and his hand went between your legs. So one side of your body was on him and the other side was draped over his arm. Did he not know you were actually and adult.

“Whittle baby, rest your head” He pushed your head down a little.

“Nnnnnn” you whined.

“Shhhhh. Shhh. Daddy has you. Close your eyes and sleep.”

Sam rubbed a hand on your back and soothed you. That didn’t work, so he got you cradled in his arms and sat in the rocking chair. You just kept crying and crying.

“Oh, whittle baby. Shhh. Please, please.”

Sam lifted you up and carried outside and placed you in the car. He figured a ride would make you fall sleep and he was right. Five minutes later you where whimpering and then out like a light. Sam kept driving and then pulled into the driveway. He gently got you out and loved that you stayed asleep. He placed you in the blanket and swaddled you, he lifted you into the crib and stroked your hair.

One month down. Castiel had called and asked if you and Sam could help run the resort while they went on a fun little road trip. Sam got you in a long sleeved onesie, mittens and booties were back on. He grabbed your diaper bag, but Castiel made sure to have everything ready for you guys. You were better for Sam, mainly didn’t want to put up too much fuss while at the resort.

When you got there you were greeted by Emily. She showed you to your room. She explained that you and Sam were going to be running the front desk. Making announcements, accepting the packages that come. Sam thank her and got you out of the carrier. This, being here was for a whole month. And then you would only have two more to do.

That morning Sam did you routine, but did not put you in a onesie. He stocked up your diaper bag, though Emily said Castiel made sure there was enough supplies for you by the front desk.
“Oh, whittle baby, we’re going to have so much fun. Aren’t we? Yes. Are you feeling better?” you nodded and rested a head on his shoulder. “Yes, you seem to be less gassy, which is good. Oh, Daddy was so worried about his whittle baby girl.” He rubbed a hand on your back. “Cas got the front desk all nice and toasty for you. No need for a onesie. Daddy has one just in case though.”

Sam got you in the carrier, grabbed your bag and moose and headed out the door. Behind the front desk was a playpen, a changing table and a baby bouncer. Sam had you strapped to his chest for the first half hour, then he took you out and placed you in the baby bouncer. You looked at him skeptical.

“Whittle baby, this is going to hold you. Don’t you worry.” You nodded and started to bounce. You couldn’t help but smile, it was kind of fun.

“She is so cute” the woman with her little girl said.

“Thank you. My whittle baby is the best” he said pinching your cheek. You frowned at him. “Oh whittle baby gets a shy. Don’t you. Who is your sweet girl” he asked.

“This is Charlie.” The woman said.

“Hi Charlie, I’m Sam. My baby is Y/n” he smiled he tickled her stomach and she smiled and showed him her Hermione action figure. “That is so cool!”

“I’m Jo” the woman smiled.

“Very nice to meet you. Let me get you all checked in.” Jo placed Charlie on the counter and Sam checked them in. Then he went and picked you up so you could meet Charlie.

“I like your booties and mittens” Jo commented and you smiled “How long have you had your whittle baby?” Jo asked sweetly.

“Oh, well she was my little girl, it’s been a year. However, Daddy caught his whittle baby with her fingers in her no-no place.” Charlie gasped and looked at Jo. Jo smiled sweetly and rubbed her cheek.

“Charlie did that. Mommy gave her a very firm spanking, told her to stand in the corner with her naughty belt on for ten minutes and she was not allowed to watch TV for a whole month.” Charlie pouted and nodded.

“My little girl is learning a very valuable lesson. She is now a baby. My whittle baby, four months and button rubs every two.” Jo smirked a bit. “We dated for two years before this” Sam explained and Jo nodded.

“On Charlie and mommy’s birthday that’s when we get to play with our big girl parts.” Jo smiled.

“YES!” Charlie smiled.

“How old are you Charlie?” Sam cooed

“Four” she smiled.

“We’re good friends with Meggy and her Papa.” Jo said

“So are we. Hey, whittle baby, would you like a playdate with Charlie?”

“Yeah, Charlie, would you like to make a new friend” you nodded and Charlie reached out to
stroke your hair.

“Thank you sweetie” Sam said. “You’re in the room next to us.”

“Perfect, mind if we stop by lunch time” Jo smiled.

“Sounds good”

Sam put you down for a little nap, you were not swaddled this time, since you were in the little play pen. Emily came to let you guys for lunch. Sam brought you to your room and placed you on the floor, took your pacifier off and handed you moose. There was a knock on the door and Sam let Jo and Charlie in.

“Hey!” Jo said with things for Charlie’s lunch in one hand and holding on to Charlie’s hand with the other.

“Hey, come on in.”

“I hope you don’t mind, I promised Charlie some yummy grilled cheese” Jo kisses the top of her head.

“Mr. Sam, I play with baby?” Charlie asked.

“Of course” Charlie went over and sat with you. While Jo and Sam got lunch ready.

“Do you make all your baby food from scratch?” Jo asked.

“Yes. It’s much healthier that way” Sam smiled.

“Aren’t you a little worried…about…”Jo didn’t know how to phrase it.

“I put health supplements in the food. Put some nutrients in her milk. I’ve done all the research.”

“I’m sure you have. She’s a great baby.”

“Yes she is. Since this is four months, she eats more, because I need her to be big and strong. I know that sounds like I think she’s a real baby. Sorry. You must think I’m crazy.” Jo placed a hand on his back.

“Not at all, Sam. I think it’s amazing what you’re doing with her and one heck of a punishment.” Just then they heard crying and they looked over.

“I think she made a messy” Charlie said rubbing a hand on your back. “Don’t worry baby, your Daddy will change you.” she kissed your head and Sam put gloves on and lifted you up, cooing at you.

“Whittle baby made a stinky? Good. Daddy was getting worried you weren’t going to do that. Whittle baby, let’s change you poopy bum-bum, hm?”

You sobbed and sobbed. Not with new people. Sam placed you on the changing table and strapped you down. Charlie went over and stroked your hair. Sam got your diaper off and started to wipe you.

“Whittle baby, Daddy almost gave you some suppositories today. But good girl, making a poo-poo all by your whittle self.” You sobbed and sobbed.
“Shhh. It’s okay baby, my Mommy wipes my poopy bum too. I get to use the big girl toilet, but she has to wipe me.” You looked up at Charlie and gurgled a bit.

“See whittle baby. And Papa cleans up Meggy’s poo-poo bum” Sam cooed.

“Mr. Sam?” Charlie asked. Sam looked up at her and smiled.

“Sammy, honey” he said and she smiled. Sam changed his gloves and powdered you.

“Sammy, do you work in the afternoon? I would like to go to park with baby” she said.

“Emily has scheduled us again for five. So after lunch, my whittle baby will have a nap and then we can go to the park” Charlie looked at Jo and smiled.

“See, sweetie. I told you, if you just asked it will be okay.”

Sam took his gloves off and lifted you his arms. He cooed at you and finally it was time for lunch.
While you were napping, Sam got your diaper bag ready. After your nap there was a light knock on the door and Sam opened it. He held a finger up for Charlie to let her know you were still asleep. Charlie watched as Sam put a glove on and unswaddled you.

“Whittle baby” he whispered. Sam patted your diaper and you whimpered. “Oh, you pee-peed” Sam grabbed another glove and put it on. He lifted you up and you saw Charlie and Jo and burst into tears.

“No cry. We go to park” Charlie smiled.

Sam bounced you cooing and rubbing a gloved hand on your cheek. He placed you down and got you in a dry diaper.

“Charlie, come here please” Jo smiled holding up sunscreen.

“Awww” Charlie whined.

“I know, I know” Jo said, knowing Charlie hated this part.

“Daddy needs to get you ready too.” Sam kissed you cheek and took you pacifier out for a bit.

Sam got you in a onesie. You looked over when Charlie would whine. Jo laughed a little as she rubbed the sunscreen on Charlie’s face. Sam also put sunscreen on you. You just cooed, looking up at him.

“And hat!” Jo smiled holding up Charlie’s favorite ball cap.

“One more thing whittle baby.” Sam left you for a moment and came back with. Oh, hell no. “A whittle bonnet to keep the sun out of my whittle baby’s eyes”

“NNNNNNNNNN” you whined and rolled side to side.

“Shhhh. Shhhhh.” Sam came over and lifted you in his arms. “Shhhh, yes. You need to be protected.”

Still screaming Sam got you in the carrier and placed you against his chest and then put the bonnet on you. Sam didn’t say anything, but he noticed when he was changing you that there was a little bit of blood. So you were going to get your period soon and since you were a baby, he was going to take care of that for you. He placed the pacifier back in your mouth, grabbed your bag and everyone headed to the park. You were still whimpering when you got there and Sam stroked your cheek.

“Whittle baby has mittens on so she can’t take the bonnet off.”He got you out of the carrier and into a swing, started to push you.

“Mommy, me too?” Charlie asked.

“Sure sweetie.” Jo helped Charlie into the swing.

This was ridiculous. You were in a onesie, booties, mittens and a fucking bonnet and oh. Oh no. You felt it. You hadn’t even thought about what to do with your period. Oh god, no. No, he was going to take care that. He wasn’t going to let up. You could snap, but you knew better than to snap
just for this. Though Sam would understand.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa.” You heard Sam say, scooping you in his arms. You heard faint snaps “Y/n. Y/n.” he called sweetly. “Y/n, baby, sweetie. Look at me. Look at me.” You felt the bonnet come off. “Shhhhh. Breathe, baby breathe.” He took the pacifier out and grabbed a bottle with water. You hadn’t realized you were starting to feel light headed and were sobbing, but differently and your breathing picked up, but Sam did.

“Sam, is she okay?” Jo and Charlie rushed over. Charlie was still little though and clung to Jo. Sam nodded and held up a hand and the girls gave you space.

“I snapped. Talk, you can talk.” He said pulling you close to his chest, rubbing a hand on your back.

“Ba” you said in the baby headspace.

You hit his shoulders. Sam got your mittens off and you clung to his shirt. He rubbed a hand on your butt and you nodded. He was confused and then caught on.

“Is this about your period?” he whispered and you nodded. “You realized I was going to do everything for you?” you nodded again. “You were worried about snapping three times.” He said and you nodded. “Baby, I snapped. If you want to stop this for a week, or continue, but you change your diaper that’s really okay. I wont mind one bit.” He said lightly massaging your lower back.

“Mmmm” you moaned.

“I have some water. Would you like water?” he whispered and you nodded. “Do you want me to open the bottle?” you shook your head. “Okay. Hey. I’m going to cradled you” you nodded and Sam got you in the position and he nodded at Jo and Charlie and brought the bottle to your lips.

“Hey, Y/n” Jo said sweetly.

“You okay?” Charlie asked. You shook your head a little.

“May I?” Sam asked you and you nodded.

“She has her period and she realized that being a full blown baby, I would have to take care of everything. Usually I let her do that, but I am in the room and I make her show me her pad”

“Mommy does the same thing too” Charlie said reassuring you.

“That’s right. Why don’t you tell them about that one time you were sick. Might make Y/n feel better.”

“Once, I was real sicky. Mommy took good care of me, but I was so yucky, Mommy had to change my pads for me. I was too weak.” Charlie explained. “Mommy has never done that. Only I do, but like I say Mommy is in the room and I show her too. But this time Mommy had to do. She like your Daddy. She put on the doctor gloves and help me.”

“That’s right. I told little Charlie that Mommy does not mind one bit, since it happens to mommy too” Jo said and you smiled a bit and nodded.

“See, now I know that it’s different because Charlie has a Mommy and you have a silly boy to look after you” he said dangling his hair in your face and you reached up and played with it laughing a little. “But like I said, if you want to take care of that, you can. Honestly. It would make me feel so
much better knowing you were comfortable.” You shook your head and pointed at Sam. “You want me to do it?” he asked.

“BA!” you said nodding.

“I snapped” Sam said and you nodded. “But you’re just a helpless whittle baby” he whispered in your ear and you nodded.

You enjoyed the park and on the way back you started to whimper and you fussed.

“Shhhh. Whittle baby, Daddy will take care of your no-no place.”

By the time you got home, you had messed and wet your diaper. Sam put gloves on to get you out the carrier. He strapped you to the changing table squeezing and feeling around. You whimpered and started to cry. You wanted him to change you.

“Daddy is going to take his extra time with this one. So poopy and wet. Plus now there is going to be a little bloody. It’s okay.” He grabbed moose and handed him to you.

Sam started with the higher leg restraints getting rid of the poo-poo as he called it and then when that was taken care of, he changed his gloves and put you in the lower leg restraints and grabbed a fresh diaper. He went and grabbed the wipes.

“Daddy is going to wipe you no-no place now. Don’t you worry whittle baby, Daddy is not at all turned off by this. He is so excited to helping you with this.” He wiped you, seeing the blood come on the wipe. He cooed and soothed you. When he was done he put the powder on and diapered you up.

Then he brought you back to the desk and placed you in the bouncer. This was going to take you relationship to a new level.
That night Sam put gloves on and placed you on the changing table. He cooed at you while he put a fresh diaper on you. You hadn’t wet or messed it, but he knew there would be some blood. He did it as quick as possible. When he was done, he took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms and bounced you.

“Such a brave whittle baby. Yes. You were so brave for Daddy. Now, I know the next few days are going to be very scary. It’s going to be a little more messy, but that’s why you have Daddy. Daddy is here to help his whittle baby girl. Is that what you are? Are you Daddy’s whittle baby girl? Yes you are. Not only that. Just a helpless whittle baby girl.” He stopped bouncing you and swaddled you, placing you in the crib “So very helpless. Yes you are. Yes you are.”

Sam turned on the mobile and you started crying. Sam lifted you back in his arms and say in the rocking chair. Soothing you. You closed your eyes and he watched you sleep for a few minutes. He stood up and placed you back in your crib. Your eyes popped open. He sighed a little and rubbed a hand on your cheek, you started crying again. He lifted you in his arms once more and you calmed down.

Sam smirked a little at you. He knew exactly what you were doing. He wanted a baby and that’s what you were giving him. You were purposely making it hard for him and he was happy you were. You bunched your face up a bit and he knew you were cramping. He undid the swaddled and light massaged your stomach with one hand. Your eyes fluttered closed again.

In the morning Emily asked if Sam could grab some things from the store. Sam was more than happy to help. He did your morning routine and then got you in a onesie and in the carrier he reached over and tied the bonnet on you.

“NNNN” you whined.

“Shhhh. Yes. We’re going to the store and walking. It’s sunny.” You started crying and Sam bounced you a bit. “It’s okay baby. Whittle bay, you’re okay.” He took your pacifier out of your mouth for a while.

He grabbed the diaper bag and you two were off to the store. You pouted the whole time and he kissed the top of your head. When you got to the store, you started reaching for thins, which made it a little difficult with mittens. Sam would grab your arm and hold it, shaking his head at you. You got to a toy section and you giggled and saw a teddy bear. You reached out and grabbed it, holding to your chest.

“No whittle baby” Sam said. Taking the bear and placing it back.

You didn’t have your pacifier so you let out an ear piecing shriek. People stopped and looked at the two of you. You did not let up, no matter how loudly you screamed or how hard you cried. Sam tried to calm you, but you kept reaching for the bear. Sam grabbed your wrists tight and looked you in the eyes.

“I said no!” he said sternly.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAa” you screamed and sobbed.

“NO!” he said a little louder and he got to the checkout line.
People looked at you and the cashier gave Sam a sympathetic look. He bounced you and tried to soothe you, but noting. When he paid and you two made it to the resort, handed the stuff to Emily and went to your room. Sam got you out of the carrier and bonnet and placed you on his chest. Sam held your closer to his chest and putting your ear over his heart beat.

“Daddy hated to do that, but you were not getting that teddy bear. He’s very sorry. However you do not act that way. I know you are a helpless baby, but this behavior shows Daddy that you should be a whittle baby for more than four months.” That certainly got you to quiet down “I think you should be his helpless whittle baby for a full year. I think that would be best for you. And you know that Daddy knows exactly what is best for you. “

“Mmmmm” you whimpered. A whole year? Did you maybe go too far? You did through a huge tantrum.

“Yes. That is exactly what you need. You need to be a whittle helpless baby for a whole year.” You heard his voice crack. You looked up at him with red puffy eyes to see he was crying to.

“Daddy just wants-wants what’s best for you whittle baby. Daddy is trying his very best.”

You rested your forehead against his chest and started to shake from crying. You’ve never seen him so upset before. God, you never meant to make him feel like this. You patted his chest three times and he nodded, taking off your mittens. You wrapped your arms around his neck and stroked his hair.

After an hour of you two just holding each other. You leaned close to his ear and whispered sorry. He cradled the back of your head and patted your butt.

“You have nothing to be sorry for” he said.

You held your hands up and Sam nodded and smiled. He put your mittens back on and lifted you in his arms. You wiped his tears with your mitten covered hands.

“Thank you so much whittle baby” Sam smiled, kissing your cheek. “Do you understand that Daddy loves you very much?”

“BA!” you smiled and rubbed your hand on his lips. He kissed your palm, put you in your crib and grabbed your pacifier and placed it in your mouth and did it up.

“You stay right here. Daddy will get you a nice warm bottle.” You giggled.

Finally you were back home and you were done your period. It was hard at first, but you actually liked Sam taking care of you like that. Even with your period. A whole year though? What about button rubs? Shit, would you not get button rubs for a year? You weren’t sure if you could last that long.

Sam was sitting on the couch, watching you play. You stopped and sat down and waved moose at him. Then you started whining. Sam got on the ground and went over to you. He stroked your cheek and kissed your forehead. You pointed to his basket and he nodded. You rolled onto your side, butt facing him. He put gloves on and rubbed a gloved hand on your thigh and kissed the back of your neck.

“Make the poopy whittle baby. Make a stinky. Daddy is right here” He placed his other hand on your arm. You whined and let your diaper fill. Sam pulled back your diaper.

“Mmm” you whined.

“Whittle baby, Daddy just needs to check you.”
“Nnnn” you whined.

“I know, I know. After I change your poopy you will go down for a nap.” Sam rubbed his hand on the back of your diaper and squeezed your thigh. “Okay, let’s get you poo-poo free.” He squeezed your thigh again and lifted you in his arms.
Outing nightmare

Sam was true to his word. You got a button rub. The next week you cried and cried, screamed and fussed. There was no way in hell you were going to let him put you in that stroller. A stroller a carrier, whatever, but stroller. Sam put you in it and strapped you in. He stroked your cheek, looking a little sad.

“Whittle baby, Daddy’s sorry, but this is a longer walk. The diner is further.” He was taking you to the diner?

He placed the pacifier gag in your mouth and you sobbed and sobbed. Everyone would be able to see you. He smiled at you, kissing you on the forehead. That’s right, he was a little shit ad you knew it. You were his baby, his actual baby and you could feel your mind slipping into that space.

Sam pushed you in the stroller. You were full baby gear, onesie, mittens, booties, bonnet. Pacifier gag. To make matters worse, your stroller was facing him, so at all the stoplights he would look down and cooed at you. Eventually you got tired of crying and stopped.

He pushed you into the diner and the waitress sat you in the private booth…and seriously? There was a high chair for you. The waitress smiled at you and Sam unbuckled you and lifted you in his arms. He held you to his chest and patted your butt a few times.

“Whittle baby, Daddy is so happy that you are out with him. Hm? You like that Daddy brought you here? Of course, whittle babies do not order from the menu, but Daddy does. Oh, whittle baby, Daddy brought some yummy food for you.”

Sam placed you in the high chair and placed the table on you. He took the bonnet off and stroked your hair. You pounded on the table and fussed, kicking your legs. He grabbed your foot and wiggled it a bit.

“Whittle baby, what’s wrong?” The waitress came over.

“What can I get for you handsome?” she smiled and rubbed a hand on your arm “Who’s this?”

“My whittle baby girl” Sam cooed wiggling your foot again.

“She is precious”

“Thank you. Say, do you mind warming up her bottle for me?” he handed the waitress the bottle. “I’ll have a coffee” he smiled, answering her question.

“Absolutely.” She smiled at you and took the bottle and left.

“There we go Whittle baby. Daddy always has the solution.” He took your pacifier gag out and kissed your lips, you whimpered a little. “Shhhhh. No. That is whittle babies only get whittle pecks.” You kicked your feet and banged your hands. Sam leaned in and whispered “so helpless. Isn’t that right whittle baby?”

Well fuck. You were oddly turned on and repulsed at the same time. You were on your second month now and here you were thinking Sam didn’t mean what he said, but he did. You were going to be his baby for a full year, whether you liked it or not. He will let you snap if you have to and he is perfectly fine with that. Anything to make you comfortable. But ever since he found you on the bathroom floor almost two years ago he felt this need. Want almost. He needed to take care of you
just as much as you needed to be taken care of.

The waitress came back with your bottle and Sam, put your bib on, and stood up, stroking your hair and placing the bottle to your lips. He fed you while everyone who passed by looked at you. you started crying again and he put the bottle down and removed the table, lifting you in his arms and bounced you a bit.

“Let’s go for a whittle walk. Hm? Yes.” Sam kissed the side of your head.” Daddy will walk you around a bit.”

After what seemed like an hour, but was only five minutes he put you back in the high chair and you finished the rest of the bottle. Sam opened some food and the waitress brought his food. Sam fed you some and ate some of his. When you were done he lifted you up and burped you.

Sam placed you in the stroller and went to pay. You made a face and started crying, Sam looked over and saw your diaper.

“Oh, whittle baby made a poo-poo?” He put on a glove, crouched down and pulled the side of the diaper and nodded. “Yes you did. You made stinky in your dipee. Yes. You made a poo-poo.” he placed his gloved hand on your diaper.

“Unfortunately, we don’t have a family bathroom” the waitress said.

“Oh no” he mocked potted at you. “Well, whittle baby, your dipee is not nearly as full as it could be. Not to worry. I’m sure she’ll make another stinky on the way home.” He said to the waitress patting your inner thigh and taking the glove off. She let him throw it in the garbage can and you left.

“MAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHA” you sobbed

“Shhhhhh. Whittle baby, shhhh. Daddy will take care of your poopy dipee as soon as we are home“

You kicked your legs and Sam crouched down and restrained your legs and pooped your nose.

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“We don’t want you’re your little no-no place get at poo-poo, do we? No. Try not to move your dipee”

When you got home Sam put gloves on and lifted you up. You had in fact mess your diaper more. He got your bonnet and onesie off. He then restrained your arms, stomach, and legs up a little. He patted your diaper and you whined. He grabbed a mask and put it on.

“This one is super stinky. You made such a stinky poo-poo. This is not the one out in the park. No. Oh, Stinky, stinky poopy.”

“BAAAAAAAAHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” you sobbed.

“Let’s get your stinky dipee off.” Sam took it off. “Oh, Daddy has a bit of a challenge. You got poo-poo all over.”

Sam took his sweet time cleaning each butt cheek. He spread your on cheek and wiped thoroughly and did the same. He grabbed more wipes and you felt him clean…your back? You whined.
“Daddy told you the poo-poo got everywhere.” He changed gloves and put your legs in the lower restraints. “Now, let’s get your poopy no-no place clean.”

Sam wiped your no-no place with two different wipes. He then wiped around your no-no place, taking his sweet timing. He cooed the whole time. Then he took the wipe and ran it down each individual lip. He wiped more of your no-no place and then changed his gloves.

“Whittle baby, let Daddy clean your button” He cleaned your clit and you whimpered and started to tear up.

The whole changing seemed to have taken about fifteen minutes, but the worst was not done. He wiped in your bum. Three times. Three!

“Whittle baby, Daddy needs to be extremely thorough. You poopy got everywhere. In every single crevice. Lucky Daddy knows exactly how to clean you. Oh, whittle baby, did you like being out in public?”

Sam placed you in a fresh diaper on you and took his gloves and mask off. You sobbed and sobbed still. He lifted you in his arms.

“Shhhh. Daddy’s here. Daddy’s here.” He whispered.
Barbecue-Part one

Chapter Summary

Two chapters in one day

< Another month passed. You just gave in. You were going to be a baby and you know what? You secretly liked it. Sam woke you up from your nap and you giggled. Dean had invited you to his place for a barbecue. He invited, Jo, Castiel, their littles as well as some other littles for you to know.

“Whittle baby, Daddy is so excited for you to meet other littles.”

“Ba!” you smiled.

Sam got you in a fresh diaper, grabbed your diaper bag and carried you to the car. You were not in a onesie, but he brought one, just in case. When you got there you saw Castiel and Meg, he was giving her a bottle and someone knew. He was signing to his little.

“John!” Sam smiled. The man named John smiled and waved you guys over. John spoke and signed at the same time.

“Eileen, this is Sam. And this is his little baby, Y/n.” How did he know that?

“Whittle baby, John and Daddy are old friends. He knows all about my whittle baby girl.” Sam bounced you. Eileen waved at you and held up 4 fingers. She was the same as Charlie.

“She’s cute” Eileen signed and spoke. Sam signed thank you to her.

“Lucifer!” Dean said and you turned so see a blue eyed man, holding hands with a taller, blond, man. He was in pullups and a t-shirt. A Daddy and a little boy.

“De” he said

“Sorry, he’s a little sleepy. Just woke him up from a nap.” his Daddy

“Yeah, Dada woke you up?” Dean pouted and so did Lucifer and he nodded. “Sammy is here with his baby.”

“Come on little boy, let’s say hello” his Dada smiled.

You whimpered a bit and clung to Sam. Sam soothed you and rubbed a hand on your back. Eileen signed up and John smiled, lifting her in his arms. He kissed her cheek and she wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Shhh. Chuck and his little boy are very nice.” Just then you felt a kiss to your head and you looked up and saw that it was Meg. You squealed and waved.

“Hey Meggy” Sam cooed.

“Sammy!” she said. Castiel reached over and kissed Eileen on the cheek. Meg, wrapped her arms
and legs tight around Castiel so he could sign to Eileen.

“How are you?” he asked her.

“Good.” She said.

“Whittle baby, look” Sam said to you. you buried your head in his neck. “Oooh. Are we having a shy whittle baby? Come on. Meet Chuck and his little boy” Sam patted your butt.

“Hey, honey. I’m Chuck” the blue eyed man said. You waved.

“She no talk?” Lucifer said, his pacifier falling, but it was clipped to his shirt.

“She’s a whittle baby and they don’t talk.” Sam cooed and you started to cry. “Awww, shhhh. Whittle baby shhh. No one is going to judge you. No one is going to judge you.”

“Dada, I touch?” Lucifer asked.

“Gently” Chuck said to his boy. Lucifer placed a gentle hand on your back and started to pet you.

“Is kay, baby” he said.

“Thank you Lucifer.” Sam smiled.

Eventually Jo and Charlie as well as Jody and her little boy Kevin joined. Eileen got up from the table and started to walk away. John reached out and grabbed the back of her overalls and pulled a little.

“Bathroom” she said turning to him.

“You need to tell me or someone.” John said and signed.

“Charlie has to go too. I’ll take her.” Jo smiled. John gave a little swat to Eileen’s butt, kissed her forehead and signed ‘I love you’ to her. She smiled and signed it back, held Jo’s hand and the girls went in.

“Hmmmm” Meg whined.

“Aww, someone has a wet diaper?” Casitel asked and she nodded. “Papa will take care of that.”

Dean had set up a picnic table, with padding for a makeshift changing tables. Chuck looked over at Lucifer, who’s leg was shaking a bit.

“Buddy, do you need to use the bathroom?” Chuck asked.

“No” Lucifer said.

“Really?” Chuck raised an eyebrow.

“Yes” Lucifer went back to playing with Kevin. Sam had tried to get you to play with the others, but you were still clinging to him.

“Whittle baby, Daddy wants you to play with the others please” Sam placed you on the ground and you just stayed there. Wrapping your arms around his leg.

Meanwhile, Meg was getting changed and she started crying. Jo came out with Charlie and Eileen
and the girls went over to comfort Meg.

“Shhh. Meggy, Papa knows it’s almost time for your nap.”

“We play with you after” Charlie smiled.

“EWWWWWWWWWW” Kevin said pointing at you. You burst into tears and screamed.

“Kevin!” Jody scolded.

“Oh, seems like someone made a messy.” John said rubbing the back on your head.

“Shh. Whittle baby, Daddy will change you.” Sam put on gloves.

“Need help?” John asked.

“Yes” Sam said and you screamed. “I’ll get Dean though, she’s more comfortable with him.” He smiled a bit.

“I get it” John kissed the top of your head.

Once Meg was changed, Castiel brought her inside to put her down for a nap. Jody went over to pick up Kevin and brought him over her knee and gave him a spanking and then made him go inside and sit on the stairs to think about what he’d done.

Dean handed Juice boxes to Charlie and Eileen. Both girls signed thank you to Dean. He placed a hand on their shoulders and kissed the top of their heads. The girls went to Jo and John to help open their juice boxes.

“Dean, could you?” Sam asked.

“Yes.” Dean took the latex gloves from him and put them on.

“Dad, help” Eileen said.

“Sure thing, baby girl” he smiled.

“Charlie, you want Mommy to help?” Jo smiled

“Yes please” she smiled.

Lucifer went over to Chuck, head lowered and sniffing a bit. Chuck smiled a little, he knew his little boy had an accident. Castiel came out and sat beside Chuck.

“Buddy.” He cooed.

“Dada, I had accident” Lucifer sniffled.

“That’s okay. Here, I’ll get you cleaned up.” Chuck kissed the side of his head and grabbed a fresh pullup.

Jody walked over to Sam. Dean was holding your legs up.

“I am so sorry about that”

“That’s okay Jody.”
“Kevin is usually not like that. He’s sitting on the steps in a time out.” Sam nodded and she went over to the boys.

“Whittle baby, we’re almost done” Dean cooed.

Chuck got Lucifer cleaned and Sam put a fresh diaper on you.
“I NO WANNA!” Lucifer yelled.

“Shhh. Baby boy, shhhh.” Chuck said pulling Lucifer onto his lap. “Look, Sammy is going to put his baby down for a nap.”

Sam was rubbing a hand on your back and swaying side to side. Your eyes were drooping; he was shushing you soothingly in your ear. Dean and John where chasing around the girls, they were giggling and Jody went and brought Kevin out.

“NO” Lucifer said rubbing his eyes and resting his head on Chuck’s shoulder. Sam walked over with you.

“Lucifer, did you want to take a nap with my whittle baby? Hm?” Sam asked

“Come on, baby boy” Chuck said rubbing your back.

“Kay” he mumbled.

Lucifer stood up and held hand his hand, Sam carried you inside. Dean showed them to a room with a crib and a bed with guards on the sides. Sam swaddled you and placed you in the crib. Chuck tucked Lucifer in and kissed his forehead.

“Sleep well, sweet boy. Dada loves you” he whispered.

“Whittle baby, Daddy loves.” Sam whispered.

Dean was about to go downstairs when he heard Meg calling for Castiel.

“Papa. PAPA” she burst into tears and Dean walked in.

“Meggy. It’s Dean.”

“Papa?” she whimpered. Dean took the blanket off and felt around her diaper. When he felt she was dry he lifted her in his arms.

“Shhhh. Little Meggy. I think that’s your Papa coming.” He soothed. Just then Castiel walked in and reached his arms out.

“Papa’s here, Meggy. Papa’s here.” Dean passed her to him.

Outside, Chuck and Sam came out and Jody was ushering Kevin towards Sam.

“Mmm” he whined.
“Kevin” Jody warned.

“Mr. Sam. I’m sorry that I said ew to your baby’s messy diaper. That was not very nice of me.” Kevin apologized.

“Thank you for apologizing Kevin” Sam said.

“Good boy” Jody said.

Castiel came out with Meg and the girls ran over.

“Meggy, you want to play?” Charlie asked.

Meg nodded and Castiel put her down and patted her butt and she went off. A little later on, Eileen ran over to John crying, holding up her arm. She was bleeding, scratched it from falling.

“Oh, Eileen.” John kissed her forehead and Dean came over with a first aide bag. Eileen looked at Sam he reached out and sat her on his lap. “It’s not so bad.” John signed and spoke.

Sam wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tight, kissing her shoulder while John cleaned her arm. Dean held up two band-aides. Hearts and butterflies. Eileen sniffled and pointed to the hearts.

“Good choice” Dean smiled and she did a bit too. He handed the band-aide to John, who put it on and kissed Eileen’s arm.

“All better” John signed. Eileen signed thank you. Sam gave her a tight hug and she got up and went to play with the other kids.

A little while later Sam went to wake you up, Chuck went to get Lucifer. Sam put a glove on and Chuck smirked a little.

“Sanitary reasons or does your little have a latex glove kink too?” Chuck asked. Sam beamed

“Latex glove kink” Chuck laughed a little.

"Same as my boy"

Sam unswaddled you and walked his gloved hands up your thigh. “Whittle baby, time to wake up.” He patted your diaper and you whined. “Oh, you made a pee-pee.” Sam put another glove on and lifted you up.

“Buddy. Come on, time to get up.” Chuck said carding his fingers through Lucifier’s hair.

“M’kay dada” he mumbled sitting up.

When you were changed you started sobbing again. You just wanted to go home now. It had been a long day. Dean took you from Sam and swayed side to side with you while Sam got you a bottle. Charlie ran over and wiggled your foot a bit.

‘Baby, want to play?” she asked

“That’s very sweet of you honey, but whittle baby, needs a bottle first.” Dean said

“Okay!” Charlie rubbed a hand on your leg and ran off.
Dean placed you on the ground and you started crying again and reaching up. Dean lifted you again. Sam came over and took you from Dean.

“Daddy is here whittle baby. Daddy is here.” Sam gave you a bottle then burped you. Jody and Kevin were the first to leave, the, Chuck and Lucifer. John lifted Eileen in his arms and nibbled her neck. She looked at him.

“I love you, so much” he said. She smiled.

“I love you” she said.

“Heading out?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. Thanks Dean, We had fun” john said.

“Bye. I’ll see you next week at your appointment” Dean signed and said to Eileen. Eileen whined and John chuckled a little.

“Yes.” John said.

“No needles” Dean signed and she sighed.

You liked the fact that Dean was a trained doctor and that his main focus was on littles. Same with Sam. He went to school to be a dentist and now he makes his money by being a dentist for littles. Finally you were back one. Sam sat in the rocking chair holding you rubbing your back.

“Whittle baby, next month will be the six month mark. Do you know what that means? That means you get to use an extremely limited vocabulary. Do you understand Daddy?” he asked. You nodded. Once again, Sam mocked sighed. “And Daddy did promise a button rub.” You perked up a bit and he smiled down at you. “Would you like that?” he asked seriously. You nodded. “Good girl. Good girl”
It was officially four months. Sam woke you up and went through your morning routine. Waking you up, temperature check. He changed your diaper and then lifted you in his arms.

“Can you say Daddy? Can you say daddy?” he cooed. “Come on whittle baby. Let me hear you say Daddy.”

“Da” you said. He rubbed a hand on the back of your head.

“Da? You said Da? Oh whittle baby, you said your first word.” He said bouncing you.

“Da-Daddy” you said.

“You said Daddy! You said it! Oh good girl. Good girl Daddy is so proud of you.”

After breakfast Sam laid you on the floor and you rolled around and crawled towards him. He got on the floor with you and stroked your hair.

“What should we do today? Hm? Does my whittle baby want to go out?” The phone rang and he picked it up. “Hello? Oh no. Yes. I will be right over.” Sam hung up. “Whittle baby, that was Eileen’s daddy. He said she has a toothache and needs me to look at it.”

“Daddy!” you said said and Sam giggled and lifted you up. “Such a good baby.”

Sam put you in the car and you guys went to Dean’s office where you met John and Eileen. She was in tears and John was calming her down.

While Sam was with Eileen and John, Dean placed you in a room He had to step out and be with a patient. A man walked in, you didn’t recognize him and you cried out. He crouched down in front of you.

“What do we have here?” he asked. You whimpered. “A fucking baby.” He reached over and stuck his finger in your diaper and rubbed your clit. You froze. “Shhh. You don’t want to make a noise do you?” You instantly snapped into your big place.

“No. Stop!” you said.

“Babies can’t talk.” He said lifting you up in his arms and bouncing you a bit. He grabbed your chin and had you look at him. “And you want to be a good baby, don’t you?” You tried to fight back.

“I said let go!” you said.

“No. You know, I think I’ll take you with me. Yeah. Does your Daddy treat you right? Probably not, leaving you like this alone.” You tried to scream, but nothing came out.
Just then the door opened and you heard Dean yell for John. The man put you down and shoved you a bit. You instantly dropped to the ground and started screaming and crying. A nurse had called the police. John walked in and saw you sobbing and Dean pinning the guy to the ground. John rushed over to you and tried to touch you, but you screamed and curled into a ball. He traded places with Dean and Dean slowly approached you.

“Y/n. Y/n, sweetheart. I’m going to place my hand on your shoulder” Dean spoke.

“She’s a fucking little shit! Dumb baby, her Daddy doesn’t love her.” John slammed the man’s head into the ground.

“You sick son of a bitch” you wailed and wailed.

“Sweetheart, do not listen to him. Sam loves you. You know that Sam loves you.” Dean said you were rocking back and forth.

The police came and took the man away. John walked into the room where Sam and Eileen was. He had her in his arms, she was scared and crying, not knowing what was going on and Sam looked worried. John didn’t say much, just that Sam needed to get to you immediately. Sam walked into the room and saw you in the corner, Dean trying to coax you out.

“Y/n” Sam whispered.

“Sweetheart, Sam is here.” Your knees were at your chest, your hands over your ears.

“What happened?” Sam asked tearing up.

Dean pulled him aside and he told him. Sam started crying, how could someone do that and to you.

“The police have been trying to get this guy for a while.” Dean finished. Sam went over and spoke to you. Telling you that he was going to put his hands on your wrists. He did and you let that happen.

“Baby, I’m right here. I’m right here. That man can’t hurt you.” Sam snapped his fingers three times. “Y/n, talk to me”

“Ba” you said.

“No baby stuff. You don’t have to be a baby” he said.

“Ba” you said opening your arms. Sam looked a little worried, but he lifted you in his arms.

“Shhhh. Daddy’s here. Daddy’s here” He looked at Dean worried.

After calming down a bit, Sam had Dean Check you out. John and Eileen were in the room, Eileen was back to big. Dean had you lying down, you flinched when Dean touched you, but Sam was there to calm you. Dean asked you to show him how old you are and you made a zero with your hands.

“Daddy snapped, Daddy snapped” Sam said. You looked up at him drooling while cooing. Oh my god Sam thought. You were a full on baby and this is what he wanted, but not like this.

“Sam?” Eileen asked.

'It’s okay' he signed.
“We’re going to come help out.” John said and Sam nodded, grabbing a Kleenex and wiping the drool. You kicked your legs and giggled, then started sobbing again. Sam lifted you in his arms.

When you got back to the house, John and Eileen got to work, making lunch and cleaning up a bit. Sam held you close to him all day. When it was time for lunch, he placed you in the high chair and John brought over your food. Sam made the choo-choo train noise and you ate your food. He looked up at Eileen wincing.

“Daddy needs to check Eileen, can his friend feed you?” you gurgled and some food fell out of your mouth, but you didn’t care.


He grabbed your food and made an airplane noise and you ate. You giggled and banged your hands on the table. John finished feeding your food and then got a damp cloth and wiped your face. He got you out of the high chair and gave you another bottle.

“There we go. There we go.” He said. You liked John and Eileen and you felt very calm and are in his arms. Some milk dribbled down your chin and he smiled a bit and wiped it with your bib.

“There all better” Sam said walking in with Eileen.

“Good. Sweet girl is about to finish her bottle, then looks like she could use a nap.” John said looking down at you.

When you finished the bottle John handed you to Sam and he burped you. He rubbed your back, swaying side to side and soothing you. John looked at Eileen hand saw her rub her thumb against her middle fingers.

“You can be little” John whispered and signed to her.

‘Be big for Sam and baby’ Eileen signed.

“Oh honey, please don’t fight this. Be little, you can still help.” Sam said to her. She nodded and climbed onto John’s lap. Sam looked down at you and was so worried. What the fuck was the guy thinking and was he there to take an actual child and just stumbled upon you? Sam swaddled you and placed you in your crib, with the door open. He put the sound machine and mobile on.

When Sam got back to the living room he broke down and started sobbing. John heard this and asked Eileen to go keep you company, but not wake the baby. He came over to Sam and rubbed a hand on his back.

“She’s safe Sam. She’s safe” he whispered.

“But what if something happened?” He choked out. “Sam, you can’t think like that. The nurses, they would have seen, they would have made sure she was safe.”

“I snapped. I snapped and she-“

“I know. I know.” John said.
You looked at Eileen and smiled, drooling. She reached over and stroked your cheek. You bunched up your face and started to cry. Eileen was worried that she did something wrong and took a step back, tearing up. John and Sam walked in.

‘I’m sorry’ Eileen signed to Sam and Sam smiled.

‘She just made a messy’ he signed. Sam went and grabbed gloves, putting them on and then got you out of the swaddle. John lifted Eileen in his arms and cradled her head.

“My whi-“ Sam paused. “Little baby made a poo-poo” he said. Though this was not in his usual tone. Not in the baby talk.

He changed you while you cried and cried. He didn’t draw anything out. It didn’t try to pull any old tricks. The fact was you honestly thought you were a baby and Sam was not going to take advantage of that. He never would. Not when you weren’t able to comprehend what was going on. Eileen signed something to John.

“Let’s ask. Sam, since y/n slept for two hours, Eileen wanted to know if she got a bottle.” He said.

“She does.” Sam said, focusing on you. John signed yes.

“We’ll get make it”

“Thank you.” Sam put powder on you and did up the fresh diaper. He took the gloves off and picked you up and sat in the rocking chair. “I love you so much.” You had calmed a bit, but kept crying. Sam placed his thumb in your mouth and started rocking back and forth. You started to calm down. John walked in holding Eileen’s hand and she had the bottle. John signed that Eileen wanted to feed you.

‘Yes’ Sam signed to her.

She smiled and walked over. Sam removed his thumb and Eileen placed the bottle in your mouth. She stroked your hair and you drank. When she removed the bottle you spit up a bit. Sam grabbed a towel and wiped your mouth. You giggled and lifted your arms up. John noticed Sam looking a little sad and so did Eileen.

Sam was sad because his strong, beautiful girlfriend. The woman he loved so much, the woman who allowed him to take care of her is gone. He’s not sure if how long and he doesn’t care if this takes you weeks, months, or even years. He will take care of you, no matter what. He will be by your side and will make sure that you have everything you need.

John and Eileen left, though they didn’t want to. John really wanted to help out, but Sam said he got it from here.

“If you need anything, please call” John said and Sam nodded.

Sam sat you on the couch and flopped sideways and giggled. A little worried, Sam sat you back up.

“Y/n, baby. Daddy needs you to sit up” Sam whispered. You flopped over again and Sam sighed and helped you.
When it was time for your bath, Sam wasn’t sure how to do it. Could you sit up? You really didn’t want to on the couch. When Sam put you down for another nap. He called Castiel.

“Hey Cas, I uh-I” Sam paused and “Yeah. Listen, I know you have a bunch of adult baby things. Do you have a bath chair or something, I can placed in the bath. Y/n, not one for sitting up.” Half an hour later, with Meggy in tow, Castiel showed up.

“How is she doing?” Castiel asked concerned.

“I don’t know. She’ good, just” Then Sam noticed that Meg was there and with jean shorts over her onesie. “Oh my god. Meg, I’m sorry.”

“Sam, it’s okay. I have no problem going into my big space. Castiel told me what happened.” Meg reassured him.

“Still. In all the years I’ve known you-“

“Sam. Please. This is really okay.” Meg hugged him.

Meg helped Sam set up the adult baby bath and Castiel made some food. Sam heard you crying and he got up and went to grab you.

“Daddy’s here baby. Daddy’s here.” Sam got you out of the swaddle and put on a glove. He felt around and saw that you wet your diaper. He put a glove on. “Okay, Daddy will change you.”

Meg walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle for you.

“Thank you for being big” Castiel said, pulling her close to him.

“Of course. I would do anything for them, anything for you.” Castiel stroked her cheek.

“The minute you start to slip, you let me know and do not fight it.” She nodded and kissed his cheek.

That night Sam got you out of your diaper and into the baby bath tub. He had filled it up a little bit, but not much. He got a wet wash cloth and started to wash you. You giggled and cooed, while he washed under your arms. He then washed your no-no place. You started to squirm and whimper.

“Shhh. Daddy’s sorry, but he needs to wash you there.” He said and he gently wiped you. “There we go, there’s a good baby”

Sam got the shower head and carefully washed your hair. He wrapped you in a towel and dried you off. As he was getting you in a diaper, you began to mess it. You started crying and Sam rubbed a hand on your stomach and let you finish. When you were done, he put gloves on, removed the diaper and placed a new one on you and cleaned you.

“Alright, let’s get your mittens and booties back on.” he said lifting you in his arms.

He placed you on his bed and locked put your mittens on and did your booties up. He wiggled your foot and you smiled up at him, drooling. He grabbed your blanky and wiped the drool. You made cute little baby noises and Sam couldn’t help but smile a little. He stroked your hair, wondering what was going on in your head. What were you thinking? Did you know what was going on?

A few weeks had passed. Dean would come every week to check you out, make sure everything was okay. Castiel and Meg would help out. John and Eileen. It was much easier taking you out in
public, because you wouldn’t put up a fight. Sam felt bad, but he had no other to choice.

Sam knew that if you ever got back to your big head space that this would change your relationship. Not for worse. But the sexual part of it, he felt would be inappropriate. This was all fun and games. He wanted you to expand your comfort level and you really, really did. He was so proud of everything you two had done. Sam had you in the high chair, bib on and was feeding you.

“Here comes the choo-choo train” Sam cooed, holding the spoon.

“Da!” you said and Sam stopped. “DA!” you said smiling and hitting your hands on the table.

“You said Da” Sam smiled, placing the spoon down and holding your mitten covered hands “You said Da, oh good girl. Good girl. Daddy is so proud of you. You spoke your first word.”

Sam fed you and gave you another bottle, then burped you. He bounced you, pacifier gag in your mouth this time.

“Daddy is so incredibly proud you. Baby, your progress that you have made in the past month. You have been such a good girl. You sad your first word today, Daddy is so happy. You are sitting up on your own, maybe later we can work on walking. How about that?” you just giggled.

Sam couldn’t help it and he started to cry a little. He just hated seeing you like this, actually helpless and defenseless. This is not what he wanted and he was so sorry that he wasn’t there to protect you when it happened. If he had kept you in the room, if he called someone to look after you. Everyone keeps telling him not to beat himself up about this, but how could he not.

“Daddy loves you so much. So much. He will always be by your side. Daddy is so sorry he didn’t protect you that day.” Sam kissed the side of your head and swayed side to side.
Small victories

The next morning Sam sat with you in the living room. You pacifier wasn’t in your mouth, you just laid on the blanket and played with moose. Sam stood up and you looked up at him smiling.

“Da!” you said.

“That’s right.” Sam smiled.

You crawled over to the couch and placed your hands on couch and lifted your left foot and placed it on the ground. You pushed yourself up a bit and then fell backwards.

“Oh. You almost did it. Good girl. You almost stood up. Here let Daddy help you.”

Sam sat on the couch and you crawled over and placed your hands on his legs. Sam had his hands out ready to catch you. Again you pushed up and stood up for a good ten seconds before you wobbled a bit. Sam grabbed you to steady you. You giggled and Sam let go. You were standing, very hunched over, but standing.

“Good job. Good girl, look at you. Standing up all by yourself. Baby, I am so proud of you.” Sam praised, lifting you into his arms. You looked up at him, making baby noises.

“Da!” you said.

“Yeah, good girl.” Sam kissed your cheek.

Sam placed you on the ground and you tried to stand up again. You fell back and started crying. Sam scooped you in his arms and stood up, bouncing you.

“Oh, you’re okay. You’re okay. Daddy is here. Daddy has you. Daddy is so proud of you for standing up. You are such a good girl.” Just then Dean walked in. “She stood up” Sam smiled.

“Oh, y/n, I am so happy to hear that. Sweetheart, that is a great accomplishment.” Dean said stroking your hair.

“Can you say Dean? Can you say Dean?” Sam encouraged you.

“De!” you said.

“De, good job” Dean said.

Sam placed you back on the floor and you crawled over to your blanket and moose. You rolled on your back, lifting your legs a bit. Dean and Sam went and sat on the couch to talk. Dean pulled out a notebook and pen.

“So, you got her to sit up, she can say Da and De and she’s standing?” Dean confirmed.

“She stood for about ten seconds. Not up right, she’s hunched over.” Sam explained and Dean wrote this down. “Other than that, still in baby mindset. Making baby noises, drooling, spiting up.”

“Sam, I know this has been a challenge, but you are doing an amazing job.”

“I just want to know what’s going on in her head.” Sam said sadly and Dean nodded.
“I know.”

“Da!” you said interrupting the boys and they looked over at you and smiled. Just then you messed your diaper and started crying. Sam grabbed gloves and grabbed a medical mat and decided to change you in the living room.

“Shhhh. It’s okay, baby. Shh. Daddy will get you all clean and then Dr. Dean is going to do a little check-up.”

When your diaper was changed Dean got on the ground and grabbed an ear thermometer. You whined and started to cry.

“Shhhh. I know, sweetheart, I know.” Dean stroked your hair while he took your temperature. When it beeped he nodded and wrote it down. Sam wiggled your foot.

“You’re doing such a good job” he cooed.

Dean had Sam help you sit up. Sam let go and you sat up by yourself, you giggled and Dean smiled sympathetically at you. Dean checked everything else. Then Sam had you show Dean how you could stand up.

“Come on.” Sam said. You held on to the couch and pulled yourself up.

“Good job” Dean smiled.

Sam brought you in his arms and Dean went to his bag and put gloves on. You whimpered and started to squirm. Sam had a firm grip on you and soothed you.

“Baby, Dr. Dean needs to give you a few shots.” Sam whispered.

You wailed and wailed as Dean gave you three shots. Even worse, he needed to do a blood test. Unfortunately for this, the boys had to strap you to you changing table so you wouldn’t move. Sam felt awful about it, but it had to be done.

“Almost done, sweetheart” Dean said looking at you.

When the last tube was done he pulled the needle out and Sam held the cotton to your arm. Your voice was getting horse from all the crying. Dean put everything away and Sam took the restraints off, lifted you in his arms and swayed you side by side.

“Daddy’s sorry he had to do that to you baby” he said, voice cracking. It killed Dean to see you like this, to see his friend like this. He had never seen Sam this upset and honestly, terrified. “You were such a brave girl. Such a brave girl for Daddy.”

“Y/n, sweetheart, you’re good.” Dean said. Sam kissed the side of your head.

“Daddy’s so sorry he had to do that to you. So sorry. Baby, Daddy needs to make sure you’re okay, make sure you’re healthy.”

When you finally calmed down Sam bounced you a bit and Dean got a bottle ready for you. When you were fed and changed, Sam placed you down for a nap and Dean was getting ready to go.

“I will call you with the results, but I’m sure everything’s fine. It’s just routine stuff.” Dean said.

“Thanks Dean.”
“Get her to do more standing exercises, try getting her to stand upright, hold onto her. Make her feel safe and secure. When she stands fully upright on her own for about ten to twenty seconds then slowly teach her to walk.” Sam nodded. Dean handed him flash cards. “These have animals on them. Start getting her to recognize the sounds they make and which one says the sound.”

“Anything else?” Sam asked.

“Not right now. Sam, you really are doing the very best you can.”

“This is my fault. If I hadn’t forced her to be a baby, for four months and then give her another punish and make it a year, she-“

“Sam. If she wanted to stop all she had to do is snap and she didn’t.”

“I snapped” Sam said and Dean pulled him into a hug.

“This is not your fault. You hear? This is not your fault; no one could predict that this would happen.” Dean let go of the hug “You taking care of her like this, being there for her like you are. That is what she needs and you are doing everything properly. I can’t tell you when she’ll come back, but I know that she will be so incredibly thankful that you were there. This will strengthen your relationship.” Sam nodded and Dean hugged him again.

After your nap, Sam placed you in the high chair and had the flash cards. The first one was a cow.


“Ba!” you said.

“Good girl. That’s what a sheep says. What about the cow? Can you say Moo?”

“Moo” you said and Sam laughed a little.

“That’s right, you said it! You said it! Moo.” Sam held up duck “What about a duck? Quack, quack”

“Moo” you said and Sam laughed a little. He fanned out the three cards.

“Can you show Daddy which one says Moo?” You tapped the cow card. “That’s right. Now, what about the ducky? Quack, quack”

“QACK QACK” you said. Sam rubbed a hand on your cheek.

“Daddy is so proud of you.”

“QACK!” you said.

“That’s right, quack”
Once again, morning routine. Though now the temperature taking was done by an ear thermometer. Sam was aware that babies get it done rectally, but he only liked doing that when you were aware of the situation. Sam put your diaper on and grabbed the thermometer. He stroked your hair and you looked up at him, gurgling.

“Hey beautiful. Turn your head please.” He whispered. He lightly pushed your head to the side and took your temperature. You whined. “Shhh. I know, Daddy knows, but this is the only other way Daddy can do it.” You whimpered and it beeped. “Good girl.” he kissed your forehead.

It was back to the Farmers market. Sam put you in the stroller this time. He didn't want you to hurt yourself, so he restrained you. He placed your bonnet on you and you giggled.

“Moooooo” you said.

“That’s right. That’s what a cow says. Oh, good girl”

At the farmers market Sam sat with the lady who owned the bakery. Sam told her what had happened and she was willing to help out with anything. If Sam needed to look after you, she would have him run her bakery stand while she went and picked the things up for you guys.

“Uh oh. Daddy smells a stinky bum” Sam said.

You started to cry and he put the gloves on. There was a long line up for the family bathroom so Sam had to change you out in the open. Sam laid the medical mat out on the table and your changing pad. He got the diaper ready and got you out of the stroller.

“Alright, baby. Daddy is going to take care of you.”

Sam changed you and you didn’t fuss. You would squirm a bit, but Sam would coo at you and you would calm down. Sam wiped in your bum and you whined.

“Daddy is sorry for that.” He said. Once you were diapered and he there everything away. Sam put you on the grass. “Okay. Y/n, Daddy needs you to do your standing exercises. Out your hands on the bench. Hands on the bench.”

You crawled over and placed your hands on the bench. You placed your foot down and stood up a little bit. Sam held you around your waist and you bounced a bit and giggled.

“Baby, I know you’re having fun, but Daddy needs you to stand all the way up. Okay. I have you, you won't fall.” He tapped your leg “Straighten this for me, honey”

You slowly started to straighten your legs. Sam’s grip tightened and you stood up tall for a second and then bent your legs and held onto the bench.

“Good job. Good job. Again. Again” Sam cooed.

Sam had you do that four more times. Dean had emailed him a list of things to do. Five times with you holding on to something. Then, Sam is to move you away and you are to get up without help of a couch or bench, but Sam is to hold you. Sam moved your away from the bench and you whined.
“I know, baby, I know. But now you need to do it without the help of a bench. Daddy is right here. Right here”

Sam sat you on your bum. Your legs were spread, but you were sitting up on your own. You got on your hands and knees and started to push yourself up. Sam was right there.

“That’s it. You can do it. You can stand up.” He smiled.

You pushed yourself up. You stood all the way up, face to…well Sam’s chest. You giggled and bounced yourself.

“Good girl. Now, Daddy is going to let go of you for two seconds. Okay? Dr. Dean says you need to do this” Sam let go and you wobbled a bit, but you stood by yourself. Sam lifted you in his arms and kissed all over your face. “Good girl. Good girl. Oh, Dean will be so happy with your progress.” You giggled. “What does a duck say?”

“QACK” QACK!” you said.

“That’s right.” Sam nibbled your neck. “Now, Daddy has some cheerios for you to eat. Hm. Dean said to start you on some solid foods.”

Sam sat you on your blanket that he set on the grass and he grabbed some cheerios. You clapped your hands and drooled a little. Sam laughed and placed the bib around you, wiping the drool. He grabbed a bottle for you as well. Sam took one cheerio and held it up to you.

“Here you go.” You opened your mouth and Sam fed it to you. After ten cheerios, Sam gave you some milk. “Do you want to hold your own bottle? Yeah?” You held your own bottle with your mitten hands.

Sam rubbed a hand on your back and the baker lady came back with some stuff.

“Are you feeding yourself. Good girl” She said. You shrieked and kicked your limbs, giggling and smiling.

“Oh, are you excited baby? Yeah?” Sam laughed.

When you got home, Sam put you down for a nap and put the food away. When you woke up you were crying a bit. He got you out of the swaddle and grabbed a glove. He patted you and whined. Your diaper was wet. Sam changed you and brought you to the living room.

“Now, Daddy is going to take your booties and mittens off. We’re going to try to take a few steps.” Sam said taking off your booties and mittens.

“DA!” you smiled.

“That’s right.” Sam gave you a little peck on the lips.

Sam was kneeling, facing you. You slowly started to get up and Sam had his hands on your waist. You wobbled, placing your hands on his shoulders. Sam nibbled your tummy and you shrieked, giggling. He blew a raspberry.

“Okay. Can you take a step? Can you take a Step towards Daddy?” you lifted your right leg and then put it down in the same spot. “Come on” he cooed. You took a tiny step and then moved your left leg a little and you wobbled. “Good job! Oh good job. You took your first steps. Baby, you took your first steps, Daddy is so proud of you.”

You did it again and Sam moved backwards. He let go of you and you stood by yourself. He
moved back a bit.

“Come on, walk to Daddy. Walk to Daddy, little baby.” He said arms open, ready to catch you.

You giggled and took three quick steps. He wrapped you in his arms and started crying out of happiness.

“You did it! Oh, you did it! You are so incredible. Daddy is so proud of you. Everyone is going to be so proud of you. Baby, you walked.”

Once you took a few more steps later that week Sam invited John, Eileen, Meg, Castiel and Dean over. Eileen and Meg were little. You showed them how you walked and everyone cheered for you.

“You are doing so great little one” Castiel smiled

“Cas!” you said.

“Yeah, you said Cas.” He beamed.

“She said De, first” Dean said proudly.

“Y/n, Eileen and I are so happy with how far you have come” John said holding you in his arms.

Two months had passed. You were walking, eating solid foods. Sam decided not to swaddle you for this nap. He wasn’t sure why, but he thought if you didn’t have your mittens on, pacifier gag and swaddled, maybe that would be better. Sam was so tired that he fell asleep. What woke him up was that he heard the tiniest…oh my god. Sam sat up and looked at you kneeling in your crib.

“Sammy?” you whimpered again.
Starting to come back.

Chapter Notes

When it comes to me, it really comes to me. Might be a bit short. Hope you enjoy

Sam practically leapt off the bed and rushed over to you. He rubbed a thumb on your cheek. You shook the side of the crib.

“Sammy” you whimpered once more.

“Sammy’s here, baby.” Sam said “Sammy is right here.”

“Sammy moo” you said.

“Moo, yeah, that’s the sound a cow makes.”

You sat back in the crib and started crying. Sam wondered if you were trying to come back to your bigger space. Or at least be a little older than zero. You reached your arms up for him.

“Daaaaaaadddy” you sobbed. Sam held you in his arms and rubbed your back. Okay, you went from Sammy, to Daddy. So you know who he is.

“Daddy has you baby.” Sam whispered. “Are you hungry?”

Sam walked you to the kitchen and placed you in the highchair. You banged your hands and giggled.

“Baby, Daddy needs you to show him how old you are?” he said making you a bottle. You held up two fingers. Sam smiled. Progress, you were making progress.

“Daddy, scared” you whimpered. Sam went over and stroked your cheek.

“What are you scared of” Sam asked sweetly.

“Bad man.” You said quietly.

“The bad man can’t hurt you. He can’t hurt you anymore.”

“He touch button.” Sam noticed you closed your legs a little.

“He touched you on your button?” No one knew about that. Now everything made sense. You nodded and started sobbing. Sam got out and held you, bouncing you a bit. “Baby, did he just touch it? Just a light brush?” you shook your head.

“Button rubs” you whimpered. Sam closed his eyes, trying to control his anger. “Say Daddy no love me” Sam cradled your head to his cheek.

“Listen to me. Daddy loves you so much. So very, very much. That man is a very bad man and he tried to hurt you. He told you lies that are not true. Not true at all. Did that that bad man do anything else?”
You whimpered a bit. You didn’t want to remember. You did freeze. In between the man rubbing your button and saying ‘Shhh. You don’t want to wake a noise do you?’ Sam swayed side to side gently. He didn’t want to press this, what you admit was good enough for now. However, you remembered.

“Daddy” you whimpered. Sam turned your head so you could look him in the eyes. Your cheeks stained with tears. “My-my-dipee” you looked down.

“Shhh.” Sam soothed.

“Fingers in dipee. Button rub and no-no place” you whispered.

“He touched your no-no place?” Sam clarified. You nodded. “Baby, did his fingers go inside? Did he put his fingers inside you no-no place. Or just rub it?” Sam asked quietly.

“Inside” you squeaked before burst into tears and Sam moved your head so it was resting on his shoulder. He rubbed his hand on your back.

“You did so good baby. So good, thank you for telling Daddy all of that. Shhhh. You’re safe. You’re safe. Daddy has you. Daddy has you. You are such a good girl. Daddy loves you so much.”

While you were playing, you had wet your diaper, but you didn’t want to tell Sam. Of course Sam noticed and put gloves on. He sat down and showed you his hands.

“Daddy has to touch your dipee okay? See, Daddy’s hands are covered with the gloves. He’s going to be very quick.” You shut your legs. “Baby, Daddy is so sorry, but you’ve wet your diaper and he needs to check it. Understand?”

You nodded and spread your legs. Sam came over and placed a hand on your shoulder and you layed back. Sam kissed your forehead. He showed you his hand that he was going to use to touch you.

“Daddy is going to pat you with the back on his hand and then feel around a little bit.” You nodded.

Sam did and you whined a little, but knew he would never hurt you, not like that man. He praised you as he grabbed a fresh diaper. He didn’t bother to bring you to your changing table. He warned you when he was going to take the diaper off. He lifted your legs up and you held them there for him.

“such a good baby for me” he cooed

“No baby. Little girl.” You said proudly.

“Yeah? You’re Daddy’s little girl?” you smiled and nodded. “ Well, Daddy has to wipe his little girl’s no-no place.”

“Kay”

Sam wiped you and got you in a fresh diaper. He threw everything away and Picked you up bouncing you. He wondered if you remembered being a baby. You grubbled him by the face and kissed his forehead, nose, lips and then rubbed your noses together.

“Oh my goodness, that is the best thing ever. Thank you little girl.”
“Daddy, paci?” you asked

“Gag or other”

“Gag” you said.

“Can you walk?” he asked and you smiled and nodded.

Sam put you down and you stood up and reached for his hand. Sam held your hand and you two walked over to your pacifier gag. He placed it in your mouth. Later that day Dean came over.

“Hey sweetheart.” He cooed. You walked to him, you were not up for running yet. Dean lifted you in his arms.

“Little girl, why don’t you color while Daddy talks to Dean.” Sam suggested and you nodded.

Dean placed in your playpen with your crayons and coloring books.

“So he did touch her. That explains everything” Dean said.

“Yeah.”

“Well, its good that she recognized you as Sammy first and then right into Daddy. You said she’s two now?”

“Yeah, she’s two. I explained to her what I was doing when I was changing her diaper” Sam said.

“Good. Good, you might want to do that for a while”

“Yeah.”

“I noticed no more mittens or booties” Dean said

“Yeah, now that she’s little and not a baby.”

“Good. Sam this is all very good stuff. It took her two months and look what she did. She told you what happened. She’s starting to come back.

“Mmmmm” you said and the boys looked up. You waved at them and they waved back. You lifted your arms up.


“Daddy loves you little girl” he whispered.
Two weeks later you were still two and only two. You were in your playpen, no pacifier. You were playing with moose while Sam was on the couch reading.

“Daddy” you said sincerely, but innocently.

“Yes, little girl” he said looking up and smiling.

“I wet” you got on your knees and held onto the side of the playpen.

“Okay.” Sam went to reach for gloves.

“No, no. I no wet. I wet” Sam smiled, stood up and walked over kneeling in front of the playpen.

“Little girl, is it your no-no place?” he cooed.

“Uh huh” you looked at him wide eyed. “Daddy it’s tingly.”

“It is?” he cooed. You nodded.

“Well, little girl. That’s because you’re a bit excited.”

“Daddy, you help me?”

“Normally Daddy would, but he wont.” You whined a bit. “I know, I’m sorry”

“I wont mind.” Sam stroked your hair.

“I know you wouldn’t” Sam kissed your forehead. “Keep playing with moose, okay?”

“I take care of it myself?” you asked.

“Oh goodness, no. Little girl, you are to never touch your no-no place without Daddy’s permission.”

“Yes Daddy” you said.

You picked up moose and made him kiss Sam all over his face. Sam took your face in his hands and kissed all over your face. You giggled and rubbed your nose against his. Sam placed light pecks on our lips.

“Daddy loves you so very much.” Sam whispered.

“I love you” you whispered. Sam gave you another peck. “Daddy, it’s really tingly” you whined. Sam sighed a little; he thought maybe he distracted you.

“Would you like Daddy to check?” he asked seriously.

“Mmm hmm” you whined and pouted.

“Okay, little girl.”
Sam stood up and placed your blanket on the floor. He walked over and lifted you up in his arms, you clung to moose. He rubbed a hand on our back, kissing the side of your head. He placed you down on the blanket and grabbed some gloves.

“Daddy, you need those?” you asked.

“Yes little girl.” He said

“Why?”

“Because this is what Daddy wears to inspect your no-no place.” He put them on and you moaned.

“Daddy, doing that make me more wet” you whimpered.

“Daddy knows” he smirked. “Alright, Daddy will have a looksy.”

Sam undid the tabs and pulled your diaper down. He saw your wet folds and chuckled a little bit. You held moose and whimpered when his hand went on your inner right high.

“Daddy, oh please, make the tingling stop.”

“Little girl, in order to help you, Daddy needs to touch your no-no place and button. Daddy doesn’t think you’re ready for that just yet.”

“I am” you said seriously.

“Let me call Dean” Sam called Dean and put him non speaker phone. “Hey Dean, you’re on speaker.”

“Dean.” You said.

“Hey Pumpkin.” He cooed over the phone.

“My little girl said that her no-no place is tingly.” Sam explained.

“Oh, did she?” Sam could tell Dean was smirking.

“She did. I am inspecting it and it looks incredibly tingly. She would like me to help, but I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

“I see. Sweetheart?” Dean asked.

“Uh huh?” you said.

“If you are sure that it’s okay for your Daddy to help, then he can. However, if you are at all uncomfortable, you must tell your Daddy straight away.”

“Yes, Dean” you said.

“Thanks.” Sam said taking it off speaker.

Sam hung up and looked at you. You giggled, looking at Sam and nodded. Sam sighed, he looked at your no-no place and then back at you and back at your no-no place. He put the diaper back on and did the tabs up.

“Bu-but-but” you whimpered.
“Little girl, does Daddy know what’s best for you?” Sam asked.

“Yes Daddy” you pouted.

“Daddy is not going to do that, okay. I know you said it’s fine, but Daddy really thinks now is not the time.”

“It’s so tingly.” You started to cry.

Sam took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms, bouncing you a bit. He went over and let you pick a movie. He thought maybe that would distract you from the thought of your tingly no-no place. Half way through the movie your burst into tears, you couldn’t take it. Sam paused the movie.

“Little girl?” he asked concerned.

“It’s so tingly. Daddy, please. Make it stop. Make it stop.”

Sam pulled you onto his lap; he didn’t want you to see him try so hard not to laugh. He rubbed your back and rocked you side to side.

“You want Daddy to take care of the tingling then he will.”

Sam picked you up and carried you to his room. He placed you in the crib and got his bed ready. He lifted you out of the crib, you had settled down a bit. He laid you down on his bed. He picked up the stethoscope.

“Daddy is going to have a listen.” You nodded.

Sam warmed up the stethoscope and placed it on your chest. He moved it around, listening carefully. He moved down and placed it on your no-no place. You whimpered and Sam nodded, took the stethoscope off and undid the diaper. He put gloves on.

“Daddy?” you asked.

“It’s okay. Remember, you like when Daddy uses the doctor gloves. You like the feel.” You blushed and nodded giggling. Sam sat facing you. “Okay, Daddy is going to touch you now.”

“Please!” you begged.

Sam ran a finger through your wet folds. A sob broke and he stopped, looking at you.

“Little girl, do you want me to stop? Daddy can stop?”

“No. no. So tingly.” He nodded.

You were so aroused that Sam didn’t need lube. He slipped two fingers in you. You gasped and moaned. He lightly rubbed your clit and you started sobbing and moving your head side to side and banging your hands on the bed. Sam pulled out immediately, gloves off and he was by your side.

“Little girl. Shhhhh. Y/n, shhhhh. Daddy is here. Daddy is right here. I knew it was too soon.”

“Too much” you sobbed.

“Shhhhh.” Not caring how wet you really were he pulled you onto him and held you close. “Daddy has you. Daddy has you.”
“Ma-make Tin-tingle stop. Make it stop!” you sobbed.

Sam held you while you sobbed and then he carefully laid you down to get you in a fresh diaper, you were no longer aroused. Sam knew you weren’t ready for that and neither was he to be honest. He knew that’s what your body was telling you, but mentally, you weren’t prepared.

“Little girl, let’s get you a bottle.” Sam said quietly.

When Sam finished giving you the bottle something happened, something he thought might happen. You spit up the bottle.

“Ba!” you said. Sam sighed and held you close to him.

“Okay baby. Let Daddy get you back in the booties and mittens.”
Two steps back.

It had been a week since you fell back into your baby head space. Sam was prepared for that to happen. He knew that you weren't ready to be touched. You kept squirming, crying, rubbing your mitten covered hands over your diaper. Sam knew you needed that release; you had been so aroused every time he changed your diaper, but he wasn’t going to do it.

“I’ll do it” Dean said. He came over for your weekly check-up.

“Dean, you don’t have to” Sam said shaking his head.

“Look at her, she’s so uncomfortable, she can’t tell you in words what she wants, but look at the way she’s fidgeting. Rubbing her hands on the diaper.”

Sam looked over at you in the crib. You were whimpering and kicking your legs. Sam had to restrain your arms.

“Okay” Sam whispered.

“Bring her in tomorrow morning, eight.” Dean reached in and rubbed your stomach.

"Are you sure that’s a good idea?"

"I know that was where it happened, but it's the only time I have." Sam nodded and looked down at you.

“Thank you, Dean”

Sam rocked you to sleep, cooing at you. Sam had to teach you how to stand and walk again. You mainly just crawled though. The next morning Sam woke you up and snapped on gloves.

“Okay baby. Daddy is going to change your poopy diaper and then Dr. Dean is going to make you all better” Sam said a little sadly.

Once your diaper was changed, he looked at your no-no place. Practically dripping, he did the diaper up. You were crying and crying. Sam started to tear up. He hated what he was going to put you through today, but you really needed it. Sam picked up the ear thermometer and you just wailed and wailed.

“Shhhhh. Daddy has you, Daddy has you.” he said holding your head to the side and taking your temperature.

Castiel had brought over an Adult baby car seat. Sam pit you in a onesie, gave you a bottle, burped you and then carried you to the car. He got you buckled in and stroked your cheek. You just whimpered quietly. He kissed your forehead.

“Daddy loves you”

When you got to the doctor’s office, Sam unbuckled the car seat and carried you inside. Dean greeted you, but it wasn’t his usual way. You started crying and Sam rubbed a hand on your back. Dean sighed before he, you and Sam went into a room he had set up. You looked at the room and just started wailing.

“Shhhhh. Baby, shhhh. I know, I know, this looks so scary. This looks so scary. Dr. Dean has
agreed to take care of what Daddy tried to do. Shhhh. Baby.”

The room looked friendly, but there was a medical table in the middle. There were straps all over and places to put legs. It was sound proof for crying littles when Dean had to do a full exam. You wrapped your arms and legs tight around Sam. Dean placed a firm hand on your back.

“Y/n, sweetheart. I know this is very scary for you, but I promise you will feel much better.” He tried to reassure you.

“Daddy is going to put you down” Sam whispered.

Sam gently placed you down on the table and quickly got the strap around your waist. You sobbed and sobbed, Sam closed his eyes for a moment. Dean patted him on the back and Sam nodded. Dean got your legs in the stirrups while Sam restrained your arms. Straps went around your upper thigh so you wouldn’t move. Sam went and moved the table a bit so you were sitting up a bit.

“AAAAAAAAAHAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa” you sobbed.


Sam grabbed the strap and secured it over your forehead like what he did when he had to check your teeth. You shut your eyes tight. Sam held your face in his hands, stroking your cheeks with his thumbs. Dean put gloves on and undid your diaper, pulling it down.

“She’s really wet” Dean observed.

“It’s okay baby. It’s okay. Dr. Dean is going to make the tingling stop. He’s going to make it stop.” You just sobbed and sobbed.

“Y/n, sweetheart. I’m going to start now. I know, I know you’re scared and this is going to feel very strange, but I promise you, you’ll feel so much better”

“DAAAAAAA!” you sobbed.

“Daddy is right here, baby.” Sam grabbed your hand and placed his forehead to the side of your head so he could soothe you and whisper things in your ear. Your eyes were still shut tight.

Dean started rubbing you with two fingers and you cried out. He hated doing this to you as much as you hated it being done. He would never touch you there when you couldn’t comprehend what was going on. He placed his left hand on your inner thigh and let it rest there. He moved his fingers faster.

“NNNNNNNNAAAAAaAAAAA” you screamed.

“I know, baby. I know” Sam said crying now.

“You’re doing so well, Y/n.” Dean said in his professional tone.

With his left hand he brought that to your ‘button’. You started to shake and he knew you were close. Sam shushed you sweetly. Finally you let out an ear piercing screech, cumming. Dean pulled his fingers out and started to rub you while you came down.

“Daddy is so proud of you. Baby, I’ve got you. I’ve got you” Sam whispered in your ear.

“How long has it been?” Dean asked still rubbing you.
“It will be almost four months” Sam said looking at Dean.

“Sweetheart, I need to do that again.”

You sobbed and sobbed trying to pull at the restraints. Sam stroked your cheek while Dean patted you.

“Shhh. Baby, Daddy is so sorry, but this needs to happen, okay? Daddy is so sorry. Daddy loves you so much. So very very much.”

You gasped so loudly when Dean started rubbing your button. Sam managed to get your sobs down to whimpers. You slowly started to open your eyes.

“There’s a good girl.” Sam whispered.

“Hnnnnnnnn” you whined.

“I’m going to insert my fingers again.” Dean said, still rubbing.

“Wait.” Sam said. “Baby, I’m going to take the head strap off. I’m going to take that off. “

Sam undid the head strap and stroked your forehead. He then nodded at Dean and he inserted his fingers. Sam held your face in his hands and you looked at him. He rested his forehead against yours . You whimpered, tears pouring out. Sam wiped them. Your eyes closed again and you started to shake and you came screaming. Dean rubbed you again and then patted you.

“Sweetheart?” Dean asked.

Both men watched as a goofy grin came across your face. You started to giggle and you drooled a bit. Sam sighed and gave you a peck on your forehead. Dean pulled off his gloves and put new ones on. He grabbed wipes and started to clean you up.

“Baby, Daddy is so proud of you. So very very proud of you.” Sam smiled and wiped your drool.

“There, all clean.” Dean said.

“Daddy is going to put a fresh diaper on you.” you giggled.

Sam got you in a fresh diaper while Dean unstrapped your arms and chest. Dean kissed the side of your head. Once your diaper was on, Sam unstrapped your legs, did up your onesie and lifted you in his arms. You giggled and rested your head on his shoulder.

“Aww, does Daddy have a happy baby? Yeah? Daddy is so sorry that he had to do that. He’s so sorry that Dr. Dean had to touch your no-no place and button. But, no more tingly no-no place. Dr. Dean took care of that. You were so brave. So brave for Daddy. “

"You should be feeling a bit better, sweetheart." Dean said. "Sam, she did such a good job."

"She's..." Sam trailed off.

"I know. She will come back." Sam looked at you and you gurgled.

"Doesn't matter. Daddy loves you no matter what?" Sam said kissing the side of your head.
Birthday girl!

Chapter Notes

As requested. Happy birthday xox

Sam had you resting on his chest, rubbing a hand on your back. You were still in the baby mind set and he didn’t mind one bit. He kissed the top of your head.

“Do you know what tomorrow is?” he cooed.

“Ba! Ba!” you said.


That night Sam got you ready for bed and grabbed the thermometer.

“Nnnn” you whined.

“I know, baby, I know. Head to the side” you did. Sam couldn’t help but laugh.

“Ba?” you asked looking at him.

“Daddy just thinks it’s funny that you don’t like it in your ear.”

He kissed your forehead and you turned your head. He placed the thermometer in your ear you let out a little whimper and he stroked your hair. It beeped and he looked at it. He kissed the side of your head.

“Good girl. Good girl”

The next morning you were woken up by someone putting on a fresh diaper. You sighed and your eyes fluttered open. Sam smiled down at you.

“Daddy let his baby sleep in. Everything is done now. All good.” Sam took his gloves off and lifted you him his arms. “Happy birthday! Happy birthday!” He rubbed your nose with his and gave you little pecks on your lips. “Happy birthday, Y/n. I love you so much.”

“Da!” you said rubbing your mitten covered hand on his face. He turned his head and nibbled your hand.

“Daddy is going to take the mittens off!”

He put you in your crib and he took your mittens off. He lifted you back in his arms. You reached up and tugged lightly on his hair. You giggled and giggled. Sam gave you a peck on your lips again. Sam pushed your head to his chest to shield you from something. He brought you to the living room and lifted your head.

“Surprise!” everyone shouted. You gasped and squealed, clapping your hands.
“Look baby. Everyone came to say happy birthday to you!”

You giggled looking at everyone. Meggy and her papa, Lucifer and his Dada. Charlie, her mommy, Eileen and her dad. Kevin and his mama. Dean! You made grabby motions for Dean. Sam handed you to him.

“Sweetheart, happy birthday” Dean smiled.

“De!” you smiled.

All the kids were playing while the grownups talked. Charlie and Eileen made you a paper crown. Lucifer gave you a big hug and didn’t let go. You giggled and held on to him.

“Allright, bottle time” Sam said coming over to you.

“Papa” Meggy whimpered.

“Meggy, I’m here” Castiel said holding up her bottle.

“Baby boy, Dada’s got your sippy cup.” Chuck said. Lucifer gave you a kiss on the lips and then stood up. You giggled.

“Aww, I think someone likes Y/n” Jo cooed.

“Yeah” Lucifer said.

“I think Y/n likes him too” John said.

“Yeah? Baby, do you like Luci?” Sam asked and you giggled.

“Mama, I have water?” Kevin asked.

“Sure, honey” Jody smiled.

“Are you having a good birthday, baby?” Sam asked you. You giggled and spit up a bit. He wiped your mouth with a bib.

“We’ll take that as a yes” Dean laughed. You sneezed a bit and Sam laughed, it was so cute.

“Meggy, it’s time for a nap” Castiel said.

He picked her up and carried her to an extra crib Sam had set up. Your eyes started to flutter close, but you try to fight it. You burst into tears.

“Awww. Baby. Daddy’s got you. You’re having so much fun, but it’s time for your morning nap. Then it’s lunch time. Meggy’s going to nap.”

“My boy is going to have a nap too.” Chuck said.

“Whaaaaat” Lucifer whined.

“That’s right baby boy” Chuck laughed.

Finally the three of you went down for a nap. While you were napping, Charlie, Kevin and Eileen helped Dean and Jo blow up balloons. John and Jody went and grabbed the pizza’s and Castiel, Chuck and Sam worked on icing the cake.
“She’s getting better though.” Sam said.

“I can tell” Castiel smiled.

“I still can’t believe that happened. When John called…” Chuck trailed off.

“Yeah.” Sam half smiled. “Then I had to take her to Dean’s because she was getting” Sam kind of paused, not sure how to word it. “Aroused, but she kept crying. There was nothing I could do and she couldn’t stop it. So Dean helped.” Eileen ran.

‘Dad and Jody are back’ she signed.

‘Thank you’ Sam signed back.

“Pizza!” John said walking in. Chuck took the boxes from him and John lifted Eileen in his arms.

Sam felt bad. Everyone was eating pizza, but you couldn’t exactly do that. He gave you your baby food, but he also cut up very small pieces and would feed it to you. You giggled and he kissed the side of your head. Just then your face changed a bit. Sam looked at you, worried. That wasn’t your messing face.

“Daddy?” you whimpered. No one wanted to frighten you, but all the grownups turned their heads.

“Y/n?” he asked.

“Daddy, more.” You said.

“Sweetheart, how old are you?” Dean ask cautiously. You held up two fingers.

“Happy second birthday!” Charlie said proudly and everyone burst out laughing.

Sam carefully got you out of the high chair and brought you to the living room.

“Baby-“ Sam stated little

“Little girl” you whispered. Sam smirked.

“Little girl. Are you two today?” you nodded.

“Birfday” you smiled.

“Yes it is. All your friends are here.”

“Daddy, I big girl” you said proudly.

“I don’t know about that” he smirked “you look pretty little to me” You got up and walked towards the kitchen. “Where are you going, silly?” Sam placed his hand on your shoulder when you got to the kitchen. Meg came over and gave you a big hug.

“Meggy” you squealed.

Once you were done with the pizza it was time for presents. You went and played with everyone and it was coming to an end. The grownups were cleaning up a bit when Lucifer tugged on Chuck’s shirt.

“Dada, I had accident” Lucifer whimpered and then burst into tears.
“Oh. Shhhh. I’ll clean you up.” Chuck soothed. Just then you messed your diaper and burst into tears.

“Daaaaaaddy” you sobbed. Chuck handed Sam gloves and he put them on and lifted you in his arms.

“Come on, little girl. Daddy will change you.”

Chuck held Lucifer’s hand and followed you and Sam into your room. Chuck put gloves on to and pulled down Lucifer’s pullups. Sam restrained your legs and handed Chuck some wipes.

“Nnnnn” Lucifer whined.

“Sorry, buddy” Chuck said as he started to wipe him. “Now, this is the third accident this week. Does Dada need to put you in a diaper?”

“Noooooo” Lucifer started to cry.

“Dipees fun!” you said.

“Yeah? You like being in a diaper?” Sam cooed.

“Here that? Y/n likes diapers.” Chuck hoped this would help.

“M’kay” Lucifer mumbled.

“Alright, here’s the yucky part.” Sam warned before sticking the wipe in you.

“Mmmmmmm” you whined.

“Shhhh. It’s okay.”

“Sam, do you mind if I use the bed?” Chuck asked.

“Nope, go ahead.” Sam changed his gloves and got you all powdered and did the new diaper up.

“You know, baby boy, Y/n likes it when her Daddy wears gloves too” Chuck smiled.

“Yeah?” Lucifer whimpered.

“Uh huh.”

Once you were changed Sam brought you over to Lucifer. You stroked his hair while he got a diaper on.

“Is kay” you said. “Daddy has gloves and put dipee on me too!” Lucifer smiled.

While Chuck was cleaning up, you sat with Lucifer on your bed. He noticed your face change a bit and you looked down and smiled. Even in his little space he caught on and smiled a bit. He pulled you close so only you could hear.

“Big?” he whispered and you nodded. He pulled away. “Dada, I show diaper to everyone.”

He hoped off, gave you a wink and he and Chuck left. Sam turned and smiled at you. His face dropped when he saw that you were crying. He crouched down and wipe your tears.

“Are you overwhelmed?” he asked. You shook your head and smiled a bit. “Happy?” he cooed.
You nodded. You stood up on your bed so you were almost his height, held his face in your hands and looked him directly in the eyes.

“Hi Sam” you smiled voice cracking a bit.

“Y/n?” he breathed out.

You nodded, wrapping your arms around his neck and your legs around his waist. You both broke down, crying and holding each other.
Lucifer showed off his diaper and everyone loved it. He ran over to Dean and tugged at his shirt.

“Yeah, buddy?” Dean asked.

“She big” he whispered to Dean.

“Who is?” he was confused.

“Y/n” Lucifer said and then ran to play with the kids.

Dean quietly excused himself and went to your room. He heard the crying and laughing. He knocked lightly.

“It’s Dean.”

“Come in” you said. Dean came in.

“Lucifer told me.”

“Do you mind letting everyone know and maybe asking them to go” Sam said holding you tight.

“Of course.”

“Dean, could you stay?” you asked he nodded, winked and left.

Dean let everyone know and you guys heard all the cheering. Castiel, Meg, Jo and Charlie stayed behind to finish cleaning up, but then they left. Dean came back in the room. You were straddling Sam’s lap, both of you holding each other’s face and laughing between the little kisses. Dean sat down and rubbed a hand on your back.

“Cas and Jo are just finishing cleaning up, then they’ll go.”

“Thanks Dean” Sam said.

“Y/n, how are you feeling?”

“Good. Thank you.”

“Baby, do you remember any of it?” Sam asked concerned and you nodded.

“I remember everything.” You said slowly. “It was like I was trapped in my own head. I wanted to talk, I wanted to answer, but I couldn’t. I didn’t really have control of my body.”

“That happens, especially with that happened” Dean said quietly.

“Y/n, I’m so sorry I had to do all of that with you. Treat you like a baby, but-“ you stroked his cheek, wiping the tears.

“Sam, you had no other choice. What where you going to do?” you whispered.

“Still.”

“Dean, thank you for um…taking care of the little situation.” You blushed. “I know you didn’t
want to do that. I know you make sure an little is at least in a two year old mind set when you check them. The fact that I” you started rambling and Dean got behind you wrapping his arms around you.

“Shhhh. Y/n, I offered. You looked so uncomfortable.” He whispered and you nodded.

“We don’t have to talk about this right now. It’s your birthday, baby whatever you need, I’ll do it.” Dean let go of you and you looked down a little embarrassed.

“Um. I-uh-I’m”

“Aroused?” Sam offered and you nodded resting your head on his chest and crying a bit. Sam stroked your hair.

“I’m so sorry. I don’t know what’s going on.” you cried.

“Y/n, it’s your body reacting. It’s perfectly normal.” Dean assured you.

“Would you like me to help?” Sam asked. You looked at him.

“I do, Sam. I do, but our relationship isn’t the same anymore and you don’t have to. I can take care of it myself.”

“Well, that is against rule number seven” Sam smirked and you laughed a bit. “But if that’s what you want, if you want to take care of that yourself, with me watching of course. You can. You don’t need my permission for that. You just do it.”

“Tonight. If that’s okay” you whispered and Sam smiled.

“Tonight.”

Dean left and Sam went and grabbed pizza for you. He changed you into pull ups, but you could go to the bathroom whenever. You spent the rest of the day I his bedroom, cuddling. Sam stroked your hair and kissed the top of your head.

“Thank you for loving me. For not walking away and embracing what happened.” You whispered before breaking into sobs. Sam rolled over and on his side pulling you close to his chest, holding you tight.

“I would never leave you. I am here to protect you, to look after you. I will always be by your side, no matter what mind state you’re in. “

“What if I didn’t come back” you whimpered.

“Then I would be taking care of the world’s best baby girl a Daddy could ask for. Y/n, I am so in love with you.”

“You had to teach me to talk an-and to walk”

“And I loved every second of it. I would do anything for you. You are my world.”

“You are my world” you said.

That night you brushed your teeth and Sam helped you out of your pullups. You were naked on your bed. He walked over and stroked your hair.
“Baby, do you need anything?” he asked.

“No. Just, be with me.” You said.

“Of course.”

“Lube?” you asked

“Trust me, you don’t need it.”

You blushed and Sam kissed you. He laid down beside you, resting on his side. He stroked your cheek and sensed you were nervous.

"Don't rush.” He whispered in your ear. “Deep breaths, relax”

You closed your eyes and reached your right hand down and started to rub. Sam lightly kissed the side of your head. You moaned and started to rub your clit with your other hand. You took your fingers and slowly inserted them and moved them in and out fast. The hand that was on your clit moved to one of your breasts.

Sam stayed quiet. He didn’t want to disturb you, this was all about you. He wouldn’t help unless you asked for him. He watched as you pulled your fingers out and gave a little smack to your pussy and started to rub again. Your breathing picked up and you stuck two fingers in you again. Your hand went and teased your other breast.

“Sa-Sam, m-my-clit. Cou-could you” you panted.

Sam didn’t give you a verbal response; he just reached down and rubbed your clit.

“OH GOD!”

You removed your hand and grabbed his brining it down. Sam followed your lead. He watched as you tried to get his fingers in you. He chuckled a bit and slowly put two fingers in you, moving them in and out. You gripped your sheets and he took his thumb and rubbed your clit in a circle. You clenched and came on his fingers. He rubbed you as you came down panting.

“So-sorr-sorry” you panted. Sam kissed your temple.

“Don’t talk baby, just relax.” You nodded

After a few minutes of Sam rubbing you, your breathing came back to normal. You slowly opened your eyes, looking up and seeing Sam smiling at you. He gave you a pat and removed his hand. He kissed the side of your head.

“You just lay here. I’ll get you all clean.” You giggled.

“Thank you Sam”

Sam kissed you on your lips and got up quickly. He washed his hands and then came back with a warm wash cloth. He gently took your hand in his and wiped your fingers clean. You smiled lazily at him and he laughed a little. He folded the cloth and wiped between your legs.

“There, that’s better.” He said quietly. I’m going to put you in a diaper, okay? I want you to fall asleep and not have to worry.” You nodded, smiling a bit. Eyes drooping.

“My sheets” you whispered.
“I will put them in the wash. Put I need to get you cozy, okay. You will stay with me.” Sam said lifting you bridal style.

He carried you to his room and put you on his bed. He got you in a diaper and got you under the covers. He got out of his shirt and pants and climbed in. He pulled you close, rubbing a hand on your back.

“Sheets” you mumbled and he laughed.

“Shhhh. Those will still be there tomorrow. I need to be with my girl. Rest now.”

“I love you” you mumbled.

“I love you too. Happy birthday.” Sam looked down at you, smiling. “Welcome back”
The next morning

Chapter Notes

Again, two in one day

The next morning Sam woke up and let you sleep. He got your sheets in the wash. He quickly came back and put on a glove. He pulled the blanket back and smiled a bit. He kissed your cheek.

“Y/n.” he whispered. “It looks like you’ve got a wet diaper, I’m just going to check.” You nodded.

Sam put on another glove and lifted your leg. He patted your diaper with the back of his hand. He then squeezed and felt around. You whined a little, you wanted to sleep. He patted your butt.

“Okay, let me get you changed.” Sam lifted you into his arms.

“Sam, I want to sleep” you whined. He laughed a little.

“I know baby, but I need to change you and get you shaved.” Sam placed you on the changing table in his room. “Alright, here we go.”

Sam gout you out of the diaper and threw it away. He grabbed some wipes and started to clean you. He leaned down and blew a raspberry on your stomach.

“Sorry. I know you’re big” you giggled.

“I like it”

“Now, would you like your temperature taken by ear or bum?” he noticed you blush. “Bum it is. Let me get you cleaned up first.”

Sam changed his gloves and blew another raspberry. He got the bowl with nice warm water, a wash cloth and the shaving kit. He put the shaving cream on and rubbed it in. He changed his glove and grabbed the razor.

“Uh, Sam.” you said quietly.

“Yes, what’s the matter?” he asked concerned.

“I kind of…want moose” you said still quiet.

Sam put the razor down and grabbed moose. He made moose kiss all over your face. You grabbed moose and he stroked your cheek with his gloved hand and kissed your forehead.

“I’m still big though” you said.

“Perfectly fine by me. Even big girls need moose.”

Sam picked up the razor and shaved you. He did it carefully, just like he always did. He did it nice and slowly when you were in your baby head space, but he had to strap you down more. You just hummed while this was being done.
“There. Let me get you cleaned up.”

Sam wiped you clean with the cloth. He put some cream on and rubbed it on you. He changed his
gloves, put lube on his finger and placed a hand on your inner thigh.

“I’m going to give your bum a little massage and then I’m going insert my finger, okay?”

“Okay” you smiled.

Sam rubbed his finger against your butt, massaging it a bit. When he felt you relax, he slowly
pushed his finger. He moved it in and out and then pulled it out. He placed the thermometer in.

“I’m so proud of you, Y/n. You’re doing such a good job.” You giggled.

“Thank you, Sammy!” you smiled and looked at him. “Is that okay?”

“That you call me Sammy?” you nodded. “You can call me Sammy. I like when you call me
that.”Sam took the thermometer out. “Diaper or pullup?”

“Diaper” you said.

Sam powdered you and got you in a diaper. He took the gloves and restraints off. He lifted you in
his arms and nibbled at your neck. He brought you to the kitchen and sat you on the counter. He
tickled your stomach and gave moose a kiss. He leaned down and made a fart noise on your
stomach and he did it again.

“I love you, Y/n” he said giving you a peck on your lips.

“I love you too, Sammy.”

Sam poured some milk in a glass and handed it to you. You look at him wide eyed, he smiled and
rubbed your cheek with his thumb.

“Are you sure that I can do that?” you said.

“I’m sure. Unless of course you’re too little.” You nodded. “Are you sure?” he asked seriously,
putting the glass of milk down. “Y/n, baby I want you to take as much time as you need. However
long you want.” You nodded and picked up the glass taking a little sip. “Good girl” he said kissing
the top of your head.

Sam grabbed some eggs, avocado, tomato and some cheese. He made a little bowl with the yogurt,
granola and raspberries. He took your glass, lifted you and moose in his arms and brought you to
the table. He grabbed your yogurt, placing it in front of you.

“It’s not as much, because I’m going to make you a yummy omelet”

“Thank you, Sammy” you smiled.

Sam made a huge omelet for you two to split. Then he sat down with this coffee and a glass of
water for you. He cut up the omelet for you to have. He smiled while you ate, happy. When you
were done he brought you to the living room and put on a movie. He pulled you close and stroked
your hair. A little while later you started to squirm. Sam paused the movie

“Uh oh. Sammy, I have to make a messy”

“That’s okay. Would you like to do it in the toilet?”
“No. I can do it in the diaper.”

“Okay” he kissed the top of your head. “You make your messy and I’ll change you.”

You laid down on your side, rested your head on his lap and he gently rubbed your temple to get you to relax. You closed your eyes and messed your diaper. You whimpered and started crying

“Sorry” you whispered.

“You have nothing to be sorry for.”

“You change me here?”

“Yes!”

You got off the couch and watched while Sam got gloves on, a medical mat and your changing pad. He placed his gloved covered hands on your hips; you placed your hands on his shoulders and knelt down. He gave you a peck and you lay down.

“Here we go. I’ll get you out of this messy diaper.” Sam smiled and undid the tabs. “Legs up.” He cooed.

You lifted your legs up and Sam got the diaper out. He grabbed wipes and started wiping you. He praised you, reassuring you it wasn’t that messy. He changed his gloves and placed a fresh diaper under you. He lowered your legs and spread them a bit. He patted your inner thighs.

“Just going to put cream on”

He rubbed the cream on, powdered you and diapered you. He took the gloves off and got rid of everything. He leaned over you and kissed all over your face. You giggled and played with his hair.

“Sammy?” he stroked your cheek.

“What is it baby?”

“Cou-could I wear the pacifier gag for a bit. Or suck on your thumb.”

“Sure. Whichever one you choose.”

“Would your thumb be okay?” Sam chuckled and pulled you into his arms.

“Yes it would. You go sit on the couch, I’m going to wash my hands.”

A minute later Sam came back. You rested your head in his lap again, he brushed his thumb against your lips and you took his thumb in your mouth. He pressed play on the movie and stroked your head with his other hand.
Lucifer and his Dada

A few days later you started to feel better about being in your little head space. You messed your diaper in the middle of the night and it woke you up. You whined and thought about calling out to Sam and you did.

“Daaaaady” you called out, whimpering. This is the first time you called him Daddy since you came back. You heard footsteps, your door opened and Sam walked in rubbing his eyes.

“Y/n?” he whispered.

“Daddy, I made a messy” Sam smiled and you nodded to let you know it’s okay.

“Little girl, made a poopy? Daddy will clean that up.”

Sam turned the light on by your changing table and put gloves on. You stood up and walked over to him. He patted your butt and lifted you onto the changing table. He strapped your legs up and rubbed his hands on your thighs.

“Let Daddy get you clean” he said taking undoing the tabs.

He got you cleaned up, not taking too much time because it was late at night. He changed his gloves, diapered you, he took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms. He bounced you a bit and you fell asleep. The next morning, Sam woke you up, did the morning routine and got you your bottle.

“Daddy…is kay if Lucifer come to play?” Sam smiled.

“Of course it is. I’ll call his Dada.”

“I still love Daddy. I love Daddy so very much. Nothing changes that. Nothing. Daddy my number one” you said. Tears started to well up in your eyes and Sam rocked you gently.

“I know that. Daddy knows that, little girl. Lucifer has a little crush on you and you do too. I think it's very cute.” He booped your nose.

Two hours later the doorbell rang. Sam carried you to the door, opened it and saw Chuck and Lucifer. You both squealed, pacifier in mouths. Chuck and Sam laughed.

“See, baby boy. I told you it was a good surprise.” Chuck said.

“Yes it does.” Chuck kissed the side of his head. “It’s also a wet diaper. Dada has to change you.”

Chuck brought Lucifer to the living room. Sam put you down on the ground. Chuck laid the changing pad down and Lucifer got on it. You went over and stroked his hair. Chuck put gloves on and so did Sam. You wiggled your butt at him and laughed.

“Little girl” Sam laughed, patting your butt.

“Okay, baby boy.”
Chuck leaned down and blew a raspberry on his stomach. Chuck undid Lucifer’s diaper and slipped it off; he grabbed the wipes and started to wipe him. Sam started to squeeze and feel around your diaper.

“Nnnn” you whined.

“I know, but Daddy needs to see if you’re wet.”

“Mmmm” Lucifer whined as Chuck cleaned him.

“Hold on baby boy. Dada has to clean your little boy parts” Chuck smiled

Chuck finished wiping him, grabbed a fresh diaper and placed it under him. Sam runs his still gloved hand up and down the front of the diaper. You giggled, Sam looked at Chuck.

“She likes the crinkle” he said. Chuck winked at you.

Chuck powdered Lucifer and rubbed it in a bit. Lucifer giggled and Chuck laughed. He finished diapering him and Sam stopped rubbing you.

“Mmmm” you whined.

“Sorry, little girl”

Sam and Chuck took your pacifiers out so you could talk to each other. You and Lucifer played with your moose and his teddy bear.

“Dada say you like gloves too” Lucifer smiled.

“Mm Hmm. My Daddy really sexy. Does you Dada play with your little boy parts?” though from what you saw, he sure wasn’t little. Just then you heard Sam clear his throat, you looked over at him innocently.

“Do you think that’s an appropriate question?” Sam asked.

“No. Sorry Luci, Chuck.” You pouted looking down. Lucifer pulled you into a hug.

“But, to answer your question, no. Though Dada once every two months does relieve his little boy. Don’t I buddy?”

“Uh huh! Dada real nice about it too. No funny business.”

“That’s right.”

“What does he do?”

“He give me a bath so I all nice and relaxed. Then he wrap me in big fuzzy towel. Our house warm like you. Then he places a medical mat on the floor and he both kneel on it, he puts on the gloves and tells me that I can hold on to him if I wanna. Sometimes I wrap my arms around his neck and rest my head on his shoulders. Dada then soothes me when I whimper, kisses my head and tells me he loves me very much. Finally all the big boy juice comes out. Dada cleans me up, puts me in pullup and I off to bed. When Dada do that, we cuddle at night.”

“You have a real nice Dada” you say and Lucifer nods.

“What about you?” Lucifer asked and you blushed.
“Lucifer” Chuck slightly warned.

“Daddy, can I?” you ask.

“Sure, little girl” he smiled

“Daddy gives me button rubs. Not all the time though and sometimes he plays with my no-no place. Once he let me touch myself and guess where?!” you said excited. You looked back at Sam who was smiling and shaking his head. You were adorable and he loved it.

“Where?!” Lucifer asked, as if you were about to tell him where buried treasure was.

“My bum-bum”

“Whoa!” Sam and Chuck couldn’t take it and they burst out laughing.

“Yeah. Daddy puts gloves on too, I like the feel. He rubs my button, sometimes while we watch TV. Ig I a very good girl he will give me button time. If I really good girl he will put his big boy part in my bum-bum.”

“IN?!” Lucifer asked.

“Uh huh. Though…” you looked down and got shy all of the sudden. Sam went over, crouched down and rubbed your back.

“We’ve tried it twice, but it’s not that comfortable, is it?” Sam said knowing you didn’t really like it. You shook your head and your lip trembled. “That’s okay. You tired it twice. Daddy is so proud of you for that.” He kissed the side of your head and you sniffled a little bit.

“I like when fingers in my bum-bum though.” You whispered and Sam smiled.

Chuck came over and sat on the ground with you guys. Lucifer rested his head in Chuck’s lap.

“Oh, I think it’s naptime” Chuck said and Lucifer nodded. Chuck placed the pacifier in his mouth.

“Daddy, I have to poo-poo” you said.

“It’s okay, little girl. You go on and make a poopy. Daddy will change you and you and Luci can have a nap.”

“I have to tinkle too” you said quietly.

“Daddy will change your diaper, that’s what Daddy does best!”

Once you were changed, Sam got you in your mittens. You and Lucifer snuggled up to each other in the bed and had a nap.
Two months had past and things were back to normal. You were woken up from your nap. Sam got your mittens off and lifted you up and placing you on the changing table. He blew a raspberry on your tummy and you giggled. That’s when you noticed he had his swimsuit on.

“Little girl, Daddy got a nice surprise for you. A paddling pool. He set it up in the back.”

“Eeeeee” you squealed.

“Daddy gave you an enema because he’s going to put your princess plug in. You’re going to be naked, so if you have to pee-pee you tell daddy.” You nodded.

Sam got you cleaned up and got your princess plug in. He lifted you naked in his arms and placed you on his hip. He nibbled at your neck, carried you outside. You giggled and squirmed in his arms. You were so excited. It was really hot outside and this was perfect. Sam placed you down and took your pacifier out.

“What did Daddy say?”

“Tell you when I have to tinkle.”

“Good girl” He kissed your lips. You went to go in the pool. “Wait. Come here please.”

“Nnn” you whined when you saw him grab the sunscreen.

“Yes. Daddy needs to make sure you don’t burn.”

“But I naked” you pouted.

“I know” he smirked, pulling you close.

He rubbed the sunscreen on your chest and arms, taking his sweet time. He turned you around and rubbed it on your back. He sat down and rubbed in on your butt.

“Daaaaaad” you whined.

“Wouldn’t want that cute bum to burn” he said lightly patting your butt and you turned to face him. He put it on your legs and he stood up and put the sunscreen on your face.

“I go in pool now?”

“You have to wait for me” he smiled

Sam put sunscreen on himself, quicker then he put it on you. Sam reached over and grabbed water wings.

“Arm up” he cooed.

“Not that deep” you said about the pool.

“Little girl, I know it’s not deep, but if you want to go in, you have to wear these.”

“Okay” you mumbled.
“Do you not want to go in? Daddy can take you right back inside.”

“Nooo. Daddy sorry. I’ll be good. I’ll be good” you said grabbing his arm. He chuckled and kissed the top of your head.

“Daddy knows”

Sam put the water wings on you sunglasses, he held your hand and you two walked to the pool. He helped you in. You sat down and he got in to. It was huge paddling pool.

“Ooooh. Daddy, feel nice.” You said.

“Yeah? Does it feel nice on your no-no place?’

“Mmmm”

“Do you want to float?”

“Yeah!” you smiled.

“Turn around and lie back. Daddy will hold your head and back of your shoulders.”

Sam stretched out and you turned around. His one hand was in between your shoulder blades and the other hand on the back of your head. You slowly leaned back, though you’ve done this hundreds of times. It was a nice change. Finally you were floating.

“There you go. Just relax. Daddy will not let go” Sam soothed. You even closed your eyes for a few minutes.

“Daddy I’m a starfish” you said quietly and Sam laughed.

“Yes you are. You’re my little starfish.”

“I could stay like this forever.”

“So could I”

Sam smiled down at you. This was the most relaxed he had seen you since you officially came back. If you wanted to stay like that for hours he would hold you.

“Uh oh. Daddy, I need to tinkle.”

“Okay, little girl” Sam soothed “Daddy’s going to help you sit up.”

The hand that was on your head went to the back on your neck and the hand around your waist and you started to sit up.

“There.”

Sam kissed the back on your neck and got out of the pool, He lifted you out, quickly dried you off and carried you to the bathroom. He sat you on the toilet and you peed. Sam put a glove on and grabbed some toilet paper. When you were done, you leaned back and he crouched down to wipe you. He threw the toilet paper in the toilet and grabbed a wiped and also wiped you.

“Mmmm” you whined.
“Sorry.” He mock pouted and kissed your lips. “Princess plug okay?”

“Yes!” you smiled as you stood up. Sam threw the glove and wipe away, put the toilet lid and put new gloves on.

“Daddy is going to check.”

You turned around and leaned forward. Sam spread your cheeks and lightly tapped the plug. You whimpered and he soothed you. He lightly pulled it out a bit and back in. He patted your butt.

“Very good.” He smiled taking off the gloves. He lifted you up and kissed your lips. “Back to the pool.”

“Daddy, is it okay if I relax like that for a while, with you holding me?”

“Of course it is. You stay like that for however long you need.”

You were back in the floating position, feeling safe with Sam and the floaty wings. You stayed like that for about half an hour and then Sam moved his hand to your back and the other to your lower back.

“I need to get up?”

“No, no. Daddy needed to switch positions.” He felt you relax. Eventually you started to sit up and Sam wrapped his arms around you.

“Time to go inside” he whispered in your ear. You nodded.

Sam got you out and dried you off. He took your water wings off, sunglasses and brought you inside where he diapered you. Sam carried you to his room where he placed you in the crib while he got changed. When he was done he lifted you out, brushed your hair and braided it. He picked you up and bounced you a bit.

“Daddy, pool fun!” you smiled.

“I’m glad. Okay, time for your bottle.”

Once you had your bottle, Sam brought you to his room where he had you rest on his chest and he just held you. You fell asleep, but he didn’t mind. Sam kissed the top of your head and you smiled a bit.

“I love you” he whispered and you held tighter to him.
Of course. The hottest day of the summer and the air conditioner was broken. You were so hot. Sam didn’t put you in your mittens for nap and he when you weren’t napping he kept you out of a diaper. He walked around with a shirt off and in his swimsuit.

“Daddy” you whined.

“I know” Sam said putting your hair in a bun.

“I want cuddles, but too hot.”

“Little girl, Daddy has the pool all nice and ready for you.”

“YAY!” you clapped your hands. Sam finished with the bun.

“Okay. “ Sam smiled kissing the top of your head. You turned to look at him.

“Daddy, you didn’t clean out my bum-bum” you pouted. Sam kissed your lips.

“Sorry, little girl. It’s so hot, Daddy doesn’t want to put your princess plug in”

“Mmmmmmm” you crossed your arms. “But still. Bum-bum could be clean”

“You want an enema?”

“Nnn” you looked down and shook your head. Sam smiled a bit.

“You are to tell Daddy right away when you have to tinkle or make a poopy.”

“Yes Daddy.”

“Repeat” he said placing a finger under your chin.

“I tell Daddy when I have to pee-pee or poo-poo” you said.

“Good girl”

Sam went to lift you up and you hesitated. You squeezed your legs together and blushed. Sam lifted you up on the changing table and spread your legs. Sam looked down and you whined.

“Daddy, my no-no place is wet”

“Daddy will just have to wipe that up.” Sam smiled he snapped on a glove, grabbed a wipe and cleaned your arousal.

“Mmmm.” You looked down

“There we go. Nice and clean. Daddy will always take care of his little girl.”

Sam blew a little bit on your no-no place and then wiped again.

“Sooooo hot” you whined.

“I know, Daddy will get you outside soon”
Sam threw the wipe and glove away, lifted you in his arms and carried you outside. Oddly enough it was cooler outside then in. He got the sunscreen on you, floaty wings and sunglasses.

“Very cute!” Sam said kissing the side of your head.

“Daddy pool” you said wiggling your bum.

Sam patted your butt and walked you to the pool. He helped you in and got in, letting you do the floating you liked so much. You giggled and felt calm, it was so hot.

“John is coming to come tomorrow to fix the air conditioner.” Sam said

“What about tonight?” you asked.

“Daddy was thinking maybe he would rent a hotel room.” You giggled. Sam stroked his thumb on the side of your head. “Yeah? You’d like that?”

“Yes Daddy”

A little while later, Sam wrapped his hand around your waist and the back of your neck. You whined.

“Yes. Time to get out” he cooed, pushing you a bit and you sat up. “Such a good girl.”

“I have to make a poopy” you whispered.

“You do?! Well, Daddy must get you dried off quickly.”

Sam got you out of the pool and dried your off. He put gloves on and carried you inside.

“Nnnnaaaaaaa” you whined.

“We’re almost at the toilet.” Sam smiled.

“Nooo. Hot!” Sam chuckled and placed you on the toilet.

“Soon we will be in cool air.” Sam kissed the top of your head. “Now, go poo-poo for Daddy. He’ll wipe your messy bum.”

You whined, so Sam crouched down and placed his gloved hands on your thighs, thumbs rubbing the inside. You whimpered and lowered your head.

“Relax” he whispered.

“Daddy making me wet” you whimpered.

“Sorry, little girl”

Sam placed his hands on either side of your face and pressed his forehead against yours. You went to the bathroom. He gave you little pecks on the lips while you did. When you were done, Sam had you lean back.

“Daddy, I didn’t tinkle.” You said confused.

“Daddy needs to take care of your no-no place first. Even though you did not tinkle, you are wet.”

“Am not!” you protested.
“Oh no?” he said cocking an eyebrow, you were clearly aroused. “Why don’t you reach between your legs and prove Daddy wrong.”

“Mmmm” you whined, going to close your legs. Sam stopped you, holding your legs apart.

“Go on. Run a finger up your no-no place and show it to Daaddy.”

“But!”

“If you’re not wet, your finger will be dry.”

You blushed and ran your finger up, holding back a whimper. You showed your finger to Sam. He playfully shook his head and grabbed a wipe.

“What did Daddy say?” Sam wiped your finger and then no-no place. He flushed the toilet and sat on the edge of the tub. “Over Daddy’s knee. He’s going to wipe you poopy bum” You got over his knee and he wiped you clean.

He carried you to his room and placed you naked in the crib while he got dressed. He lifted you onto the changing table and got your diapered. He sprinkled baby powder on your chest to cool you off. Sam grabbed the lightest onesie and got you in it. He grabbed a skirt and put that over top.

Sam grabbed your diaper bag, moose, your blankey and the bags. He had gotten everything ready while you were napping. He carried you to the car and buckled you up. When you got to the hotel, Sam got you out of the skirt and onesie. You lay down on your stomach and hummed in satisfaction. You felt the bed dip and something being sprinkled on your back.

“Daddy’s just putting baby powder on until the room cools down” he said rubbing it in.

You giggled and he had you roll over. Sam put baby powder on your chest and arms. You sprawled out and he laughed. He sat on the bed, legs crossed. Sam ran a hand up and down your diaper. You giggled and Sam smiled at you. You both really liked the crinkle sound the diaper makes. A few minutes later you spoke.

“Daddy?” you asked your voice a little shaky. Sam stopped rubbing your diaper and looked at you concerned, but soft.

“What is it, little girl’

“Do you not fine me attractive anymore?” Tears started to well up in your eyes. Sam’s mouth dropped open, he was shocked, that was not what he was expecting you to say.

“Of course I do!”

You sat up against the bed and brought your knees to your chest and wrapped your arms around your legs.

“You don’t play with my no-no place anymore. You don’t tease me like you used to. You just wipe me when I a little excited.” Sam sighed and repositioned himself so he was kneeling in front of you. He reached put and cupped your cheek. You looked up at him, tears falling on your face now.

“We’ve talked about this. The dynamic of our beautiful relationship has shifted. I find you so incredibly attractive, after everything we’ve been through; I’ve never been more attracted to you. What we had is still there, but it is not a priority anymore. My priority is to take care of you, my beautiful little girl. Make sure you are healthy and happy.”
“I have needs, Daddy” you said.

“I know you do; I see those needs when I change your diaper.”

“Please, take care of me that way.” You whimpered it came out like a little squeak.

Sam stood up and lifted you into his arms. Your legs wrapping around his waist. You clung to his shirt and buried your face in his neck. He rubbed your back and soothed you while you cried.

“Does Daddy know what’s best for you?” he whispered and you nodded “Then you need to trust Daddy. You’ve only been back for two months. You’ve gone through a trauma” Sam hated that he had to use that word, but that’s what it was. “Do you understand that?” you nodded. “So, even though Daddy used to take care of you a different way and he still will, it’s going to be when Daddy sees fit. You have to be absolutely sure”

“I am” you mumbled.

“No, little girl. This is a want, not a need.”

“Yes Daddy” you whimpered.

“Good girl. Daddy is so proud of you.” He kissed the side of your head.

Sam laid you down on the bed and Sam knelt between your legs. He smiled sweetly at you and wiped your tears. He kissed all over your face, but you still pouted.

“How about a special kiss?” Sam bargained and you nodded.

Sam leaned over you, stroking your temples with his thumbs. You closed your eyes and Sam looked at you for a moment. How could you think he wasn’t attracted to you? The kiss started off gentle. He pulled away and you slowly opened your eyes and smiled at him.

“There’s that smile I love so much. I love you so much” he whispered.

“I love you too” you whispered.

Sam kissed you passionately like he used to. He lightly bit your lower lip and the kissed turned a little more hungry. He pulled away and gave you a little peck. You giggled and stroked his cheek.
A few weeks passed and Sam still hadn’t touched your no-no place. He had to go away, you were going to stay with Dean. Sam had you restrained in the lower leg restraints on the changing table, changing your wet diaper.

“Dean touch no-no place?” you asked. Sam looked at you and shook his head and cupped your vagina.

“Who does this belong to?” he asked.

“You and only you” you pouted. Sam smiled and started wiping you.

“Such a good girl”

“Good enough for button rub?”

“Little girl, we have already spoken about this. It is not a need, it’s a want. Daddy knows what’s best” you nodded and started crying.

“I sorry Daddy” you sniffled.

“Why are you sorry?” he asked sincerely, throwing the wipe away.

“I’m too needy.” You whimpered.

Sam moved so he was beside your head. Gloved hands on either side of your face, turning your head to look at him.

“No. Oh, no, you could never be too needy.” That broke Sam’s heart. “Do you understand Daddy?” you nodded. “Repeat that, please” he said gently.

“I’m never too needy.”

“Good girl.” He smiled.

He booped your nose and moved back between your legs. Sam got you diapered, threw everything away, leaning down and blowing a raspberry on your tummy. He lifted you in his arms and bounced you for a bit, giving you praises. Sam grabbed a larger diaper bag and got you it all packed up while you sat in your play pen. Sam had you stay with Dean because his place was closer to John or Chuck if he had an emergency. Castiel and Meg were at the resort.

“Daddy is going to give you a bottle now and then get you ready to go to Dean’s” Sam lifted you up.

Once you had your bottle, Sam got you in a onesie and loaded everything in the car. He buckled
you up and he drove to Dean’s. Dean met you outside.

“Hey” he said opening the door and getting you out. You started to cry.

“Oh, little girl, I’m sorry Daddy has to leave” Sam pouted.

“Don’t worry sweetheart, we’re going to have fun.” Dean bounced you.

Sam got you all settled in Dean’s house. Dean had set things up, you were going to be sleeping in the spare room, which had purple and blue stripped sheets. You cried and cried, Sam soothed you. You messed your diaper and sobbed and sobbed.

“Shhhhh. Daddy’s got you. Daddy’s got you. He’s going to change your poopy bum and then he has to go.”

Dean laid out the medical mat out and Sam got you down, putting gloves on. Dean did to. Sam undid your diaper and Dean lifted your legs up.

“Oh my, such a messy girl” Sam commented.

“Nnnnn” you whined.

“Such a good girl for us” Dean said. You squirmed.

“Stay still for us, please” Sam cooed. “Daddy needs to wipe inside your bum-bum”

“NNNNNNNN” you whined. Sam stuck the wiped in and moved it around, pulling out. He powdered you and got a fresh diaper on.

“Dean, could you please get her mittens?” Sam asked.

“MMMM” your eyes widened.

“Little girl, Daddy is going to put you in mittens so you don’t have a slip up.” Sam said putting the tabs on. He threw everything away and Dean slipped your mittens on.

You rested your head on Dean’s shoulder as Sam pulled away. Dean rubbed your back and bounced you.

“I’m sorry our Daddy had to leave. Will you be okay?” You whimpered and he swayed side to side. “I know that this is all very sudden since you’ve been back, but I promise you I will be at your service. Okay? You need all day cuddles or a bubbly bath with so many toys, I’ve got you covered” you nodded and rubbed your nose against his. “Sweetheart, do you want me to take your pacifier out?” you nodded.

Dean sat you down and took your gag out.

“Hi” you said sadly.

“Hey pumpkin.” You leaned down and curled in ball. “I need to get you a bottle, come with me”

“No” you whined.

“Will you be a good girl and stay here?”

“Yeah”
Two minutes later Dean came back and cradled you in his arms and he giving you your bottle. You turned your head. He brushed the nipple of the bottle against your lips. You whined, Dean put your bottle down, stroking your cheek with his thumb.

“I really need you to have your bottle.” Dean brushed his thumb against your lips and they parted. “Good girl, keep your mouth open” he spoke quietly. He grabbed the bottle and placed it in your mouth and started drinking. “Good girl.”

You started to squirm and kick your legs. Your started to wet your diaper, Dean put your bottle down and laid you on the couch. He grabbed gloves and set up your changing mat. He lifted you on the ground and patted your diaper.

“I’ll get you all dry.” Dean cooed.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. Your Daddy isn’t here” he said sadly.

He got out the wet diaper and helped you bend your knees in the air. He wiped your clean and put a fresh diaper on. He powdered you and did the diaper up. He pulled you in his arms.

“Daddy” you whimpered again.

“I know, baby, I know”
Sam swayed with you in his arms. Three months in counting, nothing, he did not play with your no-no place. He was changing you out of your wet diaper and you groaned.

“Little girl, what’s wrong?” he pouted. You shook your hips and he smiled a bit. “I see.”

Once you were diapered and did your morning routine, he fed you a bottle and you turned your head. He held the bottle up again and you looked away.

“What’s wrong?” he cooed. You got out of his arms and you snapped three times. “What’s going on?”

“That’s what I want to know!” you snapped and he raised his eyebrows. “It’s been Three months. I know what I went through was hard and I’m so thankful for you and what you did, but is it me?!”

“Baby, what are you talking about?”

“Do you not love me like that anymore? Am I unattractive to you?”

“No! God, no! I am so attracted to you.”

“I need you to touch me! You’ve seen how wet I am, you saw how uncomfortable I was when I was in the baby headspace. I’m fucking aching and I need release. PLEASE!” you practically begged.

“Okay. Okay, baby. What about tonight? How does that sound?”

“YES! God, fucking thank you.” you said and Sam pulled you close to him and held you.

“I love you so much. So much. “

You were wet the whole day. Sam gave you an enema and told you that tonight he was going to take care of your needs. He kept asking if you were alright and you kept saying yes. Sam carried your around and then placed you on your bed and undid your diapers.

“All nice and ready for Daddy” Sam said pulling on latex gloves. “On all fours please”

“Your big boy part in my bum-bum hole?” you asked.

“No, you don’t like that, but you do like fingers.”

You eagerly rolled onto your elbows and knees, legs spread, butt in the air. Sam grabbed the lube, but that you needed it and placed in on the bed. He placed a firm, gloved hand on your lower back. He rubbed his other hand up and down your no-no place and rubbed soothing hand up and down on your back. You felt his breath by your ear.

“Just relax. Daddy’s got you. You’re safe, you’re okay.”

“Mmmmmm” you moaned quietly.

Sam stilled his hand on your back and ran three fingers up you. He slowly inserted a finger and you breathed out. He moved it in and out slowly in an almost rhythmic motion and then added a second finger.
“Mmmm” you moaned again.

“Such a good girl for me.” He said. Your head lowered and he went to rubbing your back again. “There’s a good girl.” He moved his fingers in and out of you, you were getting wetter and wetter, and your moans were still quiet. He pulled his fingers out and payed attention to your clit.

“Oooo” you moaned when he rubbed it.

“Your little button is just the cutest.” He cooed.

“Uuuuh” you started to rock a bit.

Sam slid his fingers back up and into you. He moved his fingers in and out of you, you started to whimper and he stopped.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Daddy, feels soooooo good” you moaned.

“Good, Daddy’s glad” he smiled. He rubbed his thumb on your clit while he worked his fingers in and out.

“Mmmm. Ooooo.” You panted

Sam smiled down at you, and started to rub his hand on your back. He gave you little praises and you just moaned and panted.

“Just so wet, aren’t you little girl?”

“Mmmmm”

“Such a good girl” he cooed.

“My bum-bum” you smiled looking back.

“Daddy will get to that right now”

Sam pulled his fingers out and grabbed the lube. He squirted some on his finger, on the hand that was on your back. You whined and shook your butt, Sam laughed a little. You gasped when you felt a lubed finger on your butt. He brushed it a few times and rubbed a circle. You instantly relaxed, which made Sam smiled. He pushed his finger in and you shuddered a bit. He moved it in and out, you whimpered and moaned.

“Does that feel good?” he asked.

“Ye-yes Daddy” you moaned.

“Daddy will take care of your needs, not to worry.”

Sam’s other hand went to your button and yelped, it felt so good. He pulled his finger out and rubbed it over your hole a few times and removed both hands.

“Roll on your back, Daddy wants you as comfortable as possible.” You did as you were told. “What a good girl” he smiled.

Sam knelt in front of you and you bent your legs letting them fell and rest. Sam rubbed a hand up
and down your no-no place, sneaking a finger in sometimes and pulling it out. He added more
lubed and rubbed your hole.

“Relax. Relax your little bum-bum.” he soothed.

You felt his finger slide in and then he added his thumb in your vagina and you gasped. He moved
his fingers in and out. Your breath picked up a bit and your gripped the sheets. He pulled his
fingers out and slid two in your little girl place and rubbed your clit. You gripped harder and started
shaking, you felt the knot come undo and your came screaming. Sam patted you until your
breathing slowed down.

“Such a good girl. That deserves something else.” You closed your eyes and they shot open when
you heard a buzzing and a vibrator being placed on you.

“OH YES!” you screamed.

“That’s it, little girl. Just let go.”

“Bi-big-big bo-boy part” you panted.

“Tomorrow, I promise, love” he said and you came again.

Sam turned the vibrator off, took his gloves off and sat, just above your head and stroked your
head. You panted, trying to come down from the double orgasm you just had. He mumbled
something and you didn’t really hear him, so leaned down to whisper it in your ear.

“Daddy is just going to grab a warm wash cloth and clean you up, get you diapered and you’ll
sleep with me.” You smiled lazily and nodded.

You drifted off, stirred a little when Sam was cleaning you up. He lifted you in his arms, placed
you no something soft. His bed. He placed a diaper on you, powdered you and tucked you in. He
got ready for bed and got in his pajamas. Sam climbed in and pulled you to him. He rubbed a hand
on your back.

“I love you so much.” He whispered.

“M’ove to” you mumbled and he chuckled. He kissed the top of you head and you relaxed in his
arms
Trip to the hospital

“Now, you be a good girl for Daddy. We’re going out today.” Sam cooed.

He was changing you from your wet diaper. He slipped a new diaper on and grabbed a onesie and placed you in it. He took his gloves off and placed a hand on your forehead. Sam lifted you in his arms and bounced you a bit.

“You feel a bit warm.”

Sam wanted to keep you home, but he had to do things around the town. You gripped his hand and swayed a bit. He scooped you up in his arms and you started to cry. He took you to Dean and he saw you right away.

“Sweetheart, can you hear me?” Dean asked. You nodded, but the room was spinning.

“Y/n” Sam said.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“I’m right here” Sam whispered, stroking your hair.

“Sweetheart, we’re going to take you to the hospital.” Dean said and you whimpered and held closer to Sam.

There was a special littles hospital that Dean sometimes worked at. Dean carried you in and placed you on a gurney. A nurse with dark brown hair walked up.

“Ruby, good, call Dr. Gabriel and get him here now.” Dean said and she nodded. Another nurse by the name of Ellen walked over.

“Dean, what do you have?” Dean started getting you out of your onesie.

“Patient is dizzy, fever of 104, low BP, pulse racing.” Dean grabbed the oxygen mask and placed it over you, but you fidgeted and cried. “Y/n, I need to get this on you.”

“Daddy” you mumbled.

“I’m right here. Little girl, Dr. Dean and Nurse Ellen are going to strap you down.”

You were too weak to fight back, so you let it happen. Sam hated this, but he stayed out of the way. Dr. Gabriel walked in.

“I’m Dr. Gabriel.” He shook hands with Sam.

“I’m Sam, I’m her Daddy” Gabriel nodded.

Dean and Gabriel snapped on gloves. Dean wrapped a blood pressure cuff around your arm and slipped the pulse oximeter on your finger. You struggled when you saw Gabriel get the IV ready. You moaned and tried to move. Ellen placed a cooling blanket on you. You started to cry and shake your head.

“I know, sweetie, but I need to get your fever down” Gabriel said.
You screamed as the IV went in and Dean rubbed a hand on your cheek. He nodded at Sam, who came over.

“Daddy’s right here. You are such a brave girl. Such a brave, brave girl.” Sam soothed.

Dean took his gloves off and squeezed a hand on Sam’s shoulder and left the room. Gabriel checked you out and determined that it was a virus. You sobbed and sobbed, Sam noted that you hadn’t used your diaper.


“Little girl, if you don’t use this, we might have to put a catheter in you.” Sam said.

“Mmm.” You whined.

“I’ll go get Dean. I’ll have him do it.” Gabriel whispered and Sam nodded.

Dean came in a few minutes later and asked Sam to get you out of the diaper. When he did he got your legs so they were restrained. Dean brought everything over and spoke very calmly to you, but everything was foggy. Dean spread your lips and grabbed tweezers and wet cotton balls.

“Sweetheart, you’re going to feel cold and wet.” Dean instructed.

Sam held your hand and cradled your head. Little whimpers escaped as he wiped your area with the cotton balls. He grabbed the catheter and put lube on it.

“Baby, take slow breaths, in and out” Sam whispered.

You let out a faint scream as Dean inserted the catheter. Sam soothed you as Dean finished getting everything ready. You slowly started to drift off to sleep. Gabriel came in and checked on you. A few hours later, your eyes fluttered open.

“Daddy?” you finally realized where you were and what was attached to you. “DADDY!” you panicked.

“Right here. Right here, little girl.” You tugged on the restraints and your breathing picked up. “Hey, hey, hey. Shhhhh. Listen to me. Listen to me.” Sam pressed the call button and grabbed your face in his hands. “Shhhhhh. Little girl, you are in the hospital. We were out and you almost passed out, I took you to Dean, you had a very high fever.”

“No-no place” you got out.

“We had to put a catheter in you because you weren’t using you diaper and you weren’t responding very much.” Just then Dean walked in.

“Hey, how is she feeling?”

“A little panicked, but awake.”

“Dr. Gabriel is on break, I’m going to check you out.”

“GET IT OUT!” you sobbed.

After Dean checked you out, Gabriel came in and got the catheter out of you. You sobbed and sobbed the whole time. Dean grabbed some water for you and Sam made you drink.
“NOOOO” you whined at the IV still in you.

“Y/n, we’re going to leave that in. I want you to stay overnight so I can monitor you.”

“MMMMMMM” you whined.

“Hey” Sam warned. “You scared Daddy so much today and he wants what’s best for you. “

“OUT!” you screamed. Gabriel and Dean looked at each other and tried not to smirk a little.

“Does someone need a spanking? I will not hesitate to do that.”

Sam got you rediapered and ready for you to pee. You had a few more cups of water and you finally went on your own. Sam smiled and put gloves on. He called Gabriel and Ruby back in the room to watch him change you.

The next day you were woken up by Sam kissing our forehead. Ruby walked in and took the IV out. Gabriel discharged you. When you got home, you saw that your room was turned into a hospital room. You tensed and Sam rubbed a hand on your back.

“You were discharged, but Dean is coming over and he is going to monitor you.” Sam explained.

“Okay.” you said.

“Get in bed please” Sam said and you walked over. He tucked you in and handed you moose and your blanky. “Daddy noticed you have not made a poopy in a while. He will insert suppositories and if that doesn’t work, Dean will give you an enema.”

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO” you yelled.

“Oh, open your mouth. You are to wear your pacifier gag.”

Sam placed your gag in your mouth and had you roll over onto your left side and he restrained you there and took your diaper off. He put gloves on, pooped the cap, rubbed you hole with his lubed finger and grabbed the first suppository and pushed it in. You sobbed and Sam leaned down, placing kisses on your back.

“What a brave girl you’re being” Sam soothed. He placed the other one in.

“Hmmmmmmmm” you sobbed.

“Such a brave, brave girl.”

Sam put your diaper back on, leaving you restrained and he took the gloves off. Sam crouched down in front of you placing little pecks on your pacifier. He rubbed his hand on your head.

“Daddy is so proud of you. You did such a good job. It was so scary to see you like that. You were so sick, do you understand?” you nodded. “How about Daddy takes the restraints off and we cuddle. You nodded and he did. Re pulled you closed and rubbed a hand on your back.

“Daddy loves you.”
Sam had Dean stay with your guys for a week after the hospital stint. Two months later you did exactly as Sam said and he thought it was a little odd, but you knew why. Your eyes popped open, you weren’t wet and you got out of your bed and ran to Sam’s room with moose. You crawled on to him and wiggled your hips side to side giggling.

“Little girl, I hope Daddy is dreaming and that you are nice and cozy in your bed.” He said jokingly.

“HAPPY TWO YEARS OF BEING THE BEST DADDY EVER!” you yelled and you lay down on his chest and hugging him as tight as possible. Sam laughed and wrapped his arms around you.

“I love you so much.” He whispered and kissed the top of your head. “We have been through a lot this year and I am so incredibly proud of you. I am so proud to be your Daddy.”

“I’m proud that you’re my Daddy!”

You kissed all over Sam’s face and then you made moose kiss all over his face. He laughed took moose from you.

“Hello little girl” He said in moose’s voice.

“Moose!” you clapped your hands.

“You have been such a very good girl for your Daddy, haven’t you?” moose asked and you giggled and nodded. “I’ve noticed. You know, your Daddy would do absolutely anything for his little girl. He loves you so very, very much”

“I love Daddy too!” you drummed on his chest.

“Give moose kisses, please” Sam smiled and you did. “Now Daddy” you kissed his lips and he patted your bum.

“Daaaddy” you whined.

“Such a cute bum.”

Sam lifted you in his arms and place you and moose in the crib while he got dressed. He then picked you up and held you tight. After your morning routine, Sam fed you your bottle and breakfast.

“Remember what we talked about?” Sam asked and you smiled.

“I make a poopy, you won’t change my bum-bum right away. You want it full!”

“That’s right. You know why?”

“Why?” you looked at him wide eyed. Sam sat you on his knee and started bouncing you up and down, a horsey ride. You gasped. “Poo-poo is going to get everywhere!” you said as Sam cradled you back in his arms.
“And Daddy will clean you up. Daddy loves cleaning up his little girl’s messy bum-bum.”

You went about your day, Sam put your pacifier in and you were coloring. Had your nap, had some lunch. You messed your diaper and walked over to Sam. He snapped on some gloves and pulled the diaper aside a bit. You looked at him and he shook his head, smiling sweetly.

“You can go a bit more.” You nodded and went back to coloring.

Sam took the gloves off and rubbed a hand on your back. You relaxed at his touch and he leaned down and kissed the top of your head. You messed your diaper a little bit more. You stood up and looked at Sam.

“Such a good girl”

Sam stood up and led you to the couch. He sat down and you hesitated a bit, you turned your back, his warm hands on your waist, guiding you on his knee. You felt the squish of the diaper against you. Sam nibbled at your neck and you giggled.

“Little girl” he sing songed.

Sam started bouncing you on his knee. You moaned and whiled a bit, it was getting everywhere and you knew he was going to be very thorough in his cleaning. You secretly liked that though, you liked that he took his time, took care of you, his little girl.

Sam squeezed your sides and told you to turn and straddle his leg facing him. You did and giggled when you saw him. He rubbed his nose against yours and kissed your pacifier. His arms went under your armpits and he bounced you a little higher. After ten minutes of this, he reached over and grabbed gloves and put them on.

Sam lifted you in his arms and carried you to your room. He strapped you down and then grabbed a face mask and put it on. You whined and frowned a bit.

“It’s going to be all over and stinky.” Sam tickled your tummy and you nodded. “Alright. Let Daddy take care of you.” Sam undid your diaper and pulled it off. You got a whiff and started to cry. “Oh, shhh. Shhh. It’s okay.” he smiled at you.

Sam looked down and wondered where to start. He grabbed the wipes and started wiping your no-no place. Five minutes later Sam changed his gloves and started wiping your bum. Again, five minutes later he changed his gloves and grabbed a squirt bottle and squirted your area you let out a little yelp and he looked at you sympathetically.

“Just water, not to worry”

Sam grabbed a soft washcloth and started to wipe you. He squirted some on your bum and wiped you there. He threw the cloth away and grabbed more wipes and leaned in closer, spreading your butt cheeks and wiping inside. You whined and he soothed you. He left the room very quickly and came back.

Sam grabbed a bucket and placed it on the floor. Sam came over and unstrapped your arms. And legs, brought you down on the floor. You wrapped your arms around his shoulder and he held you up.

“I’m going to squeeze the water into your no-no place to make sure we got it all out.” You shook your head. “Deep breaths for me.” You did. “Good girl and again” he soothed. You did.
Sam squeezed some water in and you tried to scream, but he gripped tight to you and gave you little praises as he did it again. Water rushed out, it wasn’t that bad. He did it once more to make sure you were clean. He strapped you back down to the changing table and threw the water away.

“Daddy is going to give you an enema, I want you to hold it if you can for five minutes while Daddy finishes cleaning your no-no place”

It was hard, but somehow you managed. The whole thing took an hour. A fucking hour, but with a lot of glove changes, but Sam was patient and seemed to have enjoyed himself. Sam changed his gloves again and grabbed some lube. You gasped and he smiled.

“Just need to get your little girl placed wet after that clean out. Don’t worry, tonight I will really play with you.”

Sam rubbed you and moved his fingers in and out of you and moved them around. When he saw that you were producing your own lubrication he pulled out, changed gloves again and diapered you. Once that was done he lifted you in his arms, brought you to his room and cuddled you for two straight hours.

Later that night Sam had you lie on your bed, naked, legs spread. He handed you gloves and you put the m on and he put his on. You were sitting against your headrest, legs draped over Sam’s. Sam was facing you.

“What a good girl you are. Can you spread your little girl parts and show Daddy how wet you are?” he cooed. You took your fingers and spread them apart, you knew you were dripping. “Very good. Keep it just like that.”

Sam ran a finger up and then lightly circled your clit. He ran a finger down and pushed the tip of his middle finger in your ever so slightly. You moaned a little and he smiled at you. He went back to rubbing your clit.

“Can you be a good girl and show me how you play with your no-no place?” he removed his hand and you nodded.

You took your right hand and rubbed your clit, then placed two fingers in you and started to move them in and out, little moans escaping your mouth. You went back to rubbing your clit and your little girl place, back to your clit. Your eyes closed and you pushed your fingers back in and moved them faster. You gave a sharp smack to your little girl place and started rubbing again. You felt Sam’s hands on your thighs, rubbing circles with his thumbs.

“You are doing such a good job for me. I am so proud of you.”

“Big boy part?” you moaned.

“Yes” he cooed. Your eyes opened a bit and he smiled at you. “Just want you to get yourself all nice and ready for me.”

“Daddy get ready” Sam nodded and stopped rubbing you.

You moaned and moaned as you worked your fingers in and out of yourself. Sam got undressed and got himself ready. Sam leaned over you and stroked your cheek with a gloved hand.

“No more touching. Gloves off” you nodded and did as you were told.

Sam took his gloves off and rubbed the tip of his cock against your entrance and you whimpered.
He slowly slid into you and rested his forehead against your forehead, slowly starting to move. You reached up and then hesitated. Sam smiled and nodded. You reached up and ran your hand through his hair.

“I love you so much” he whispered.

“I love you too” you whispered and kissed him.

Sam moved a little faster, resting his head on your shoulder and kissing it. You moved your hips and started to pant.

“It’s okay. You can” he whispered and you came. A few more thrusts and he pulled out.

“You didn’t” you said. He sat with his back against the headboard and stroked the back of your neck.

“Do you want to help out?” he smiled.

You sat up and crawled between his legs, wrapping your mouth around him. He let out a groan and you moaned a bit. He ran his hands through your hair and finally he came in your mouth. You swallowed and then showed him. He laughed and sat up, pulling you close to him.

“Such a good little girl for me, aren’t you?” he cooed and you yawned and nodded. “Just rest in Daddy’s arms. When he feels that you have had enough cuddles, he’ll clean you up and put you in a diaper and then give you more cuddles.” You nodded closing your eyes and snuggling close to him. He held tighter to you and watched you sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading this. I have really enjoyed writing this. If you have ideas, but let me know. Soon it might be time to end Daddy and little girl.
Potty training

You and Sam talked about changing things up just a little bit. He wanted to potty train you and get you out of diapers. He got you a training toilet and placed it in the bathroom. He woke up from a nap and put gloves on and felt around your diaper. He smiled when he felt you were dry.

“Daddy, I have pee-pee” you said.

“Do you want to try your big girl toilet?” you smiled and nodded.

Sam lifted you in his arms, gloves still on. You asked if he could wipe you and still keep the gloves on. He told you of course, since little girls don’t wipe themselves. He got you to the bathroom and took your diaper off. You went to sit down and stopped you.

“Ah. Spread your legs, Daddy needs to check you.” you moved your hips side to side and spread your legs. He crouched down and spread your lips. “Not that wet, good girl.”

“Thank you Daddy” you smiled. Sam knelt down and helped you sit down on the toilet. “Daddy, I nervous”

“You are? It’s okay, you don’t have to be nervous at all, Daddy is right here.”

Sam laughed a little when you made a face, trying to pee. You sighed, slouching your shoulders. Sam gave you little pecks on your lips and you relaxed. Sam rubbed circles on your stomach and you both heard the potty fill.

“Such a good girl. You are such a good girl for Daddy.” He kissed you. “You stay there, one second.” Sam pulled out a changing pad and placed it on the floor. He helped you lie down. “Are you a good little girl for Daddy?”

“Yes.” You giggled.

Sam grabbed wipes and wiped your little girl place. He lifted you up and carried you to your changing table. He placed you in pull ups and put new gloves on. He helped you down and you held his hand as he led you to the bathroom.

“Do you see that? See the pee-pee you made?”

“Daddy proud?!?” you asked.

“Oh my goodness, Daddy is so proud” Sam said stroking your cheeks with his gloved thumbs.

Sam lifted you in his arms and brought you to your playpen in the living you, with coloring and moose.

“Daddy?”

“Daddy is going to empty your potty, he will be right back.” He patted your cheek and you moaned a bit. He brushed his thumb against your mouth. “Daddy loves is little kinky girl.” You went to open your mouth and he pulled his hand away. “Nooooooo” he cooed. Booping your nose.

When Sam came back he lifted you out of the playpen and went to feed you a bottle. You loved when he wore gloves, but you loved the warmth of his skin. You rubbed his hand on your arm and he chuckled, he knew you loved skin to skin contact. When you finished your bottle he carried you
to the couch and put the kids channel on. You straddled his lap, facing him and rested your head on his shoulder. Sam patted your butt a few times and his hands went to massaging your lower back.

“Mmmm” you moaned.

“Once you’re more potty trained Daddy is going to send you to school”

“Nnnn” you whined in protest.

“Uh huh. You are growing into a nice big girl and they go to school.”

“What about Daddy?” you asked leaning back and looking at him.

“Who do you think is going to teach you, silly girl”

“Oh.” You giggled and went back to rest your head on his shoulder. “What if I have to make a poopy?”

“You can use the big person toilet” Sam whispered in your ear.

“Mm. Kay. I love you Daddy” you snuggled into him.

“I love you too, little girl.

During dinner you wiggled your hips, but looked down and blushed.

“Oh. Did someone tinkle their pullup?” Sam smirked. You nodded and started crying.

“Daddy! I sorry. So sorry. I should have told you I had to pee-pee” Sam wiped your tears and grabbed some gloves which he now kept in every room.

“No need to tears. Accidents happen.” Sam lifted you in his arms and changed you.

Later that night he had you sit on your training toilet.

“But I no have to pee-pee” you said.

“You’re going to sit here until you do.” Sam said giving you a bottle to drink. He rubbed gloved hand on your back and you shuddered. “What is it about the gloves that you like?” Sam asked sincerely.

“I like the rubbery feel against my skin. Especially when Daddy wears them.” You blushed.

“And only the white ones?” he smirked and you nodded.

“Mmm. Daddy and Dr. Dean look sexy” you covered your mouth and he kissed your forehead laughing.

“It’s alright to think that Dr. Dean is sexy. When did it all start?”

“When I was eight” you looked down and then started peeing.

“Oh. Good girl, good girl. Using the potty. Since you were eight, huh? Why didn’t you tell Daddy earlier?” he asked setting down the changing mat.

“I don’t know!” you said shrugging.
Sam helped you lie down. He leaned over and kissed your neck, rubbing his thumbs against your nipples. You moaned and he smiled against your neck.

“All you had to do was ask” he whispered in your ear.

He leaned back and grabbed some wipes and wiped you. He chuckled when he saw how perky your breasts were.

“Honestly, you should have told me.” You giggled.

“Sorry Daddy.”

“That’s alright little girl. Daddy is going to have you in a diaper for tonight.”

You loved where this was going and you loved Sam so much.
Two weeks later and Sam was giving you praises for using the potty. You two were watching TV, you tugged on his sleeve and moaned a little. He kissed the side of your head and grabbed gloves.

“Which one?” he cooed.

“Number two” you blushed.

“Yeah? You need to make a poopy. Come on.”

Sam carried you to the bathroom, pulled down your pull ups and you sat down on the toilet. You whined and pouted. You secretly missed him changing your diapers. Sam knelt in front of you and soothed you. You closed your eyes. Sam rubbed your nipples between his gloved forefingers and thumbs.

“Just relax. Make a poopy for Daddy.” He cooed and your mouth opened a bit when he gave your breasts a little tug.

You went to the bathroom, Sam placed his hands on face and gave you little pecks on your lips. You opened your eyes. He smiled at you and you smiled back. He gave you another little peck and placed the changing pad on the floor. Sam helped you go down on your elbows and knees.

“No over the knee?” you asked.

“Big girls are to be wiped like this.” Sam said rubbing a hand on your lower back.

“But I’m a little girl” you pouted.

“You’re right. You’re my little girl. Over my knee then.”

Sam helped you over his knee and he wiped your bum clean. He pulled your pull up back up and took his gloves off. He lifted you in his arms and patted your bum. You pouted and crossed your arms.

“Oh, are you mad because you think that Daddy doesn’t want you to be his little girl?”

“Uh huh” you started to cry.

“Oh, little girl. Little girl” He cradled your head to his cheek and soothed you. “Shhhhh. It’s okay. Shhhhh. Daddy’s got you. Daddy will always have you. You are such a good little girl. You will always be my little girl”

“Promise?” you whimpered.

“I promise.”

A month later Sam wen to wake you up in the morning and he was about to go into your room when he heard you call him into the bathroom. Sam walked in and smiled when he saw you sitting on the training toilet. Your goodnight on the floor. He beamed and you giggled.

“I am a big girl!” you squealed and Sam kissed the top of your head.

“I guess big girls don’t need help from Daddy to be wiped.” You gasped.
“I do! I do! Only Daddy is a loud to do that.”

“That’s right.”

Sam grabbed gloves and put them on. He laid down your changing pad and helped you down. He grabbed the wipes and started to clean you.

“Sorry I didn’t wait for you. My goodnight was dry!”

“It was?! Good girl. That’s okay. Daddy is so happy you used the potty by yourself.”

Sam threw everything away and put new gloves on and lifted you up. He powdered you and put you in a new pull up.

“Daddy didn’t take my temperature.” Sam sat you up on your changing table.

“You’re right! That’s because, little girls entering Daddy’s school for little girls gets an exam, to make sure they’re healthy. “

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“And, they need a dental exam too.”

“Whaaaat?!”

“That’s right.”

“Maybe, I’m too little then” you suggested. Sam lifted you in his arms.

“Nope. Not too little. Just the right amount of little.” Sam kissed your lips.

“Dr. Dean examine me?” you asked.

“No, unfortunately Dr. Dean has to work. Really work. But he let us borrow a room in his office.”

After breakfast, Sam got you in a onesie and skirt. He brought you to Dean’s office. Dean stepped out quickly to say hello. Then Sam brought you to a room and placed you on the exam table. He closed the door and locked it. He came over and got you out of your skirt and onesie.

“Daddy, you check everything?” you wondered.

“No, not everything. Not your no-no place. After Daddy will give your cute teeth a cleaning.” You nodded.

Sam put the stethoscope around his neck and you giggled. He came over and gave you a little kiss. He quickly left your side and went to your bag, grabbing moose and handed him to you.

“To keep you company.” You smiled and kissed moose. “Daddy is going to feel around your neck first” you just held onto moose while he checked you. He grabbed the Ophthalmoscope off the wall. “Look straight ahead.” Sam cooed and you did while he checked your eyes.

Once Sam was done with everything he had you lie on your back, he pulled your pull up down and lifted your legs up. He snapped on a glove and you giggled. He lubed your hole and slipped the thermometer in. Once that was done he pulled your pull up back on.

“Do you need to tinkle?” he asked and you nodded.
Sam grabbed a gown for you to put on, he changed his gloves and you went to the bathroom. When you were done, he brought you back to the room and locked it again. He patted the dentist chair and you whined and shuffled over there. Sam took your gown off, put a bib around you, put a mask on and put gloves on.

“Daddy sexy” you blushed.

“Thank you. Now, open please.”

You sighed and did what Sam asked. Sam cleaned your teeth and got you dressed again. You said goodbye to Dean and headed home.

“You were such a good girl today. Such a good girl. Daddy is so proud of you.” Sam said looking in the rear-view mirror.

“Thank you, daddy!”

You were excited to see what Sam had set up for tomorrow.
First day of school

Sam went into your room, sat down on your bed and rubbed your back lightly. You moaned and pulled the covers over your head. Sam chuckled a bit.

“It’s your first day of school, time to wake up” he whispered.

“Mmmm” you whined.

“Are you dry?”

“Yes.”

Sam put a glove on and felt around. He nodded and got you in your morning routine. Once you had your breakfast, Sam handed you a backpack. You gasped and then pouted.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

“I too little. School not for me” you shrugged simply.

“Little girl, you are little, but you need to go to school.”

“NO!” you yelled.

“Uh oh. Someone need a time out?”

“Nooooo”

“Then take your backpack and head to school. It’ll be fun. Daddy promises.”

He handed you a brown paper bag. He even packed you a lunch. You giggled and he gave you a kiss. You walked into his office and saw that Sam had set it up with your stuffies and toys. There was a desk for you to sit in and you took your place beside moose. Sam even had a chalkboard set up. He walked in a few minutes later in a jeans and a light blue button down shirt.

“Good morning class, my name is Mr. Daddy.” Sam wrote that on the board and turned back to you.

“Good morning Mr. Daddy.” You cooed and Sam smiled.

“Now. Let me take attendance” Sam looked at the list “Chester?” he looked to the back where your stuffed rabbit was. “Here.” He checked it off “Little girl?”

“Here!” you beamed and he chuckled.

“Moose? Tapper?” Sam looked and nodded at your stuffed penguin. “Here and here. “And wiggles” your stuffed pig. “Here. Everyone is here for the first day. Excellent. I would like each and everyone one to write down five things that they love.” Sam wrote ‘Five things that you love’ on the board. “Take your pencil and crayons out of your bags please”

You did as you were told. You saw that Sam had packed a pencil case with your crayons, safety scissors, glue sticks and markers. You pulled out pink paper that he packed and started writing. Sam laughed when he saw you scribble, with your tongue sticking out a little bit.
“Please remember to write your name on the top right corner.” Sam said. A few seconds passed and Sam sat at his desk and rang a little bell. You looked up and folded your hands. “Would someone like to go first?” you looked around the room and then raised your hand. “Ah yes, little girl. Please come up here and read to the class what you wrote.”

You giggled and got up, holding your paper. You stood in front of the class, looked at Sam, who nodded and you started reading off your list.

“I start bottom to top?” you asked.

“Sure” Sam smiled. You blushed a bit and then read.

“Number five.” You giggled “Latex gloves.” Sam burst out laughing and you looked at him, beaming.

“Mr. Daddy is pleased that made the list.”

“Number four. Playtime. I love playtime so much. I get to color and…and also. Playtime when Daddy touches my no-no place and played with it. Number three, my friends. Meg, Lucifer, Charlie, Eileen, Kevin. I love them so much. Oh! And Dean!”

“They will be pleased to hear that” Sam said.

“Number two. Snuggles and cuddles with Daddy. It makes me feel so safe and so loved. He gives the best cuddles ever.” You smiled at Sam and he smiled back.

“And number one?” Sam prompted.

“Number one thing I love in the whole wide world is Daddy. I love him so much! He is the best Daddy especially when scary things happened last year. He makes sure I am loved and safe, that I push my boundaries and he always reminds me that he is proud of me. “

“Sounds like you have a really great Daddy”

“I do!” you wiggled your butt.

“Good. Please take a seat.” You did. Sam erased the board and wrote show and tell.

“Your homework for tonight is to bring in something for show and tell. Now, please take out your coloring books. Then we will have a snack and after we will do some reading.”

Sam walked around and collected the five things that everyone wrote. You colored for a while and then you heard two dings and you looked up.

“Snack time.” Sam smiled. You raised your hand. “Yes, little girl.”

“Mr. Daddy, I need to use the potty.”

“Very well.” Sam said reaching over and pulling on latex gloves.

You stood up and walked by his desk, he stood up and held your hand. When you got to the bathroom, he pulled you pull up down and you looked at him.

“In my school, little girls use the big potty.” Sam said sweetly. You nodded and sat down. “Good girl”
You went to the bathroom and Sam wiped you and pulled your pulled ups back on. He patted your butt and kissed your forehead. He took his gloves off and held your hand and you went to your desk. You opened your lunch bag and squealed when you saw a little note that Sam left you. ‘Little girl, have an amazing first day. Be a good girl. Love, Daddy’ Sam smiled when he saw how happy you were with the note.
Show and tell

After snack you were gathered to the circle rug. Sam placed your stuffies on the floor while you sat there giggling. He brought over a book and sat down between wiggles and tapper. He read two stories from the magic tree house series. Sam brought your stuffies back to their seats and you took a seat.

After lunch it was time for a nap. Sam set out a mattress on the floor with your favorite pillow and blankets. Sam moved your stuffies to the couch and covered them up with a blanket while you got on the mattress. Sam turned off the lights, handed you moose and stroked your hair until you fell asleep.

After nap you were back in your seat and Sam played a movie. After the movie he reminded you about show and tell.

“That will be all for today. Thank you class.” Sam said.

“Thank you, Mr. Daddy.” You said.

Sam left the room while you packed up your bag. When you were ready there was a knock on the door and Sam was their without the light blue shirt, just the grey t-shirt like this morning.

“DADDY!” you squealed and ran up to him. He lifted you in his arms and kissed all over your face.

“Did you have a good first day?” Sam asked.

“Oh yes! We have show and tell tomorrow.”

“What are you going to do for that?” he asked carrying you to your room.

“I don’t know. Plus we had to write five things we love. Number one was Daddy!” you kissed all over his face and he giggled.

“What was number five?” he said cocking an eyebrow. You giggled and rubbed your forehead against his shoulder. Sam patted your bum and held you tight.

“Moose was there and Chester. Tapper and even Wiggles!” you said.

“Sounds like such a fun day. Did you like your surprise?”

“The note! Yes! Daddy thank you so much for that.” You nuzzled into his neck.

“You’re very clingy, aren’t you” Sam chuckled.

“I didn’t hug Daddy all day long. It was terrible” you said over dramatically.

“Oh my goodness. Let me fix that.”

Sam put your bag down. You squirmed a bit and he carried you to the bathroom. You pulled down your pullups while he pulled gloves on and you went to the bathroom. Sam stroked your cheek with his gloved hand and kissed your forehead.

“Daddy is so proud of you. You behaved so well at school.”
“I was a good girl” you smiled.

Once you were changed Sam lifted you in his arms and brought you to his room. You rested on his stomach, you grabbed onto his shirt and he patted your butt. You whined and looked up at him. He wrapped his arms tight around you and gave you little kisses on the top of your head.

“You are Daddy’s good girl, aren’t you?” you nodded. “Now, what should you do for show and tell?”

“I show Daddy?!” you suggested and he laughed.

“Noooo” he cooed. “You can’t show and tell Daddy.”

“Hmmmm. Daddy, this is a tough one.”

“What about number five, hm? Latex gloves.”

“Ooohh. I do that?”

“You can.”

“I think later, too busy snuggling Daddy”

“You’re right! You have very important business.”

The next day, you were sitting in the front of the class and Sam brought moose up and made him talk.

“For my show and tell, I want to show the class my best friend. Little girl” you gasped and smiled. “Little girl gives me hugs and kisses. She is the best little girl a moose could ask for. She always listens to me when I have problems.” You giggled. Sam placed moose back in his chair. “Thank you moose, that was a very good. Little girl, since you’re up, would you like to go?”

“Okay!” you ran to your backpack and grabbed the latex gloves and showed them. “I have latex gloves. I like the rubbery feel against my skin. “You put them on and showed your hands. “I have had a thing for them since I was eight. I don’t really know why, just one day I was interested by them.”

“Do you like all colors?” Sam asked.

“No. Just the white ones. I think they’re sexy!”

“Little girl, do you think that’s an appropriate word for school?”

“No. Sorry, Mr. Daddy.” You giggled. “I like the way they smell and the squeaky sound they make.” You looked over at Sam and he smiled and nodded. You bit your lip and giggled.

“Go on, Mr. Daddy and the class are waiting” Sam smiled.

“I never told my daddy about it, I was worried he thought they were weird. I used them to masturbate all the time.” You looked over when you head Sam chuckle. God, you were adorable. “Then when Daddy became my Daddy he would wear them to change my messy bum. One day he saw how excited it made my little girl parts so now he wears them for all the changes. Though, I big girl now. So he wears them to wipe me.”

“Why is that?” he cooed.
“Because I still little and need help being wiped!” you said proudly.

“Thank you so much. Please have a seat.”

“I keep them on?”

“Sure.”

“Thank you, Mr. Daddy.”

“Little girl, before you sit down. Is there anywhere in particular you liked being touched with the gloves. Or just all over?”

“Hmmm.” You tapped your chin like you were thinking. “I do like my button being touched, and I like on my thighs right by my little girl parts. But I like when my Daddy strokes my cheeks and forehead.”

“So you’re face?” Sam raised an eyebrow.”

“Mmm hmm” you smiled.

“Mr. Daddy has learned a lot.” You giggled and sat down. “Please take your book out and read.”

You reached in your bag and grabbed a book and opened it. Sam walked around like he was inspecting the class. He walked by your desk and leaned down.

“Mr. Daddy is very pleased with your show and tell.” You jumped and then smiled. You reached up and stroked his cheek. “Mmmm. I see why you like that.”

You wore the gloves until break, then Sam made you take them off. After the day was done, you met Sam outside his office again. You ran into his arms and he kissed all over your face.

“How was show and tell?”

“Good! Mr. Daddy learned something from me” you smiled.

“I heard.” He kissed all over your face again. “Cuddles?”

“YES! Daddy, cuddle me” you wrapped your arms around him.
Rewards

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sam held up flowery underwear to show you what he bought. You giggled and clapped your hands. He walked over and kissed your forehead.

“Daddy promised that if you were potty trained you could try undies for a whole day.” Sam cooed.

“Yay!” you smiled.

“Now, do you know what that means?”

“No more changing table?”

“Uh huh. But Daddy will still give you temperature checks and wipe you.”

“Because even though I’m in big girl undies, Daddy still wipes me, because I’m little?”

“That’s correct.”

“Maaaaybe Daddy still does that on the changing table.” You said wiggling your hips side to side.

“What a wonderful suggestion. You are so smart!” Sam kissed all over your face and you giggled. He went to lift you but you stopped him, looking at his hands. “Silly Daddy”

Sam put latex gloves and got you in out of your pullups. He wiped you and got you in the underwear. He changed his gloves and sat you up. He rubbed his nose against yours and you leaned up and kissed it. He stroked your cheeks with this gloved hands.

“I believe someone likes this.” He smirked.

“Mmmmm” you moaned. Sam spread your legs and rubbed right by your little girl place.

“And here, if I’m correct.”

“Mmmmm”

Sam placed his hands on your cheeks again and kissed your forehead. You giggled when Sam brushed his thumb against your lips. You parted them and looked up at him. He nodded and you wrapped your mouth around his gloved thumb and sucked.

“Daddy’s good girl.” He whispered in your ear.

He let you suck for a minute, before he pulled his thumb out. Sam patted your cheek with his other gloved hand and then took his gloves off. He lifted you in his arms and bounced you a bit.

Later that afternoon you were napping, lying on your stomach legs spread. Sam came and rubbed his forefinger up and down your covered center. You moaned a bit and you heard him Chuckle.

“Time to get up, little girl” he cooed.

“M’sleeping” you chimed and he chuckled again.
“Well, then Daddy will just keep rubbing you until you wake up.” You giggled and snuggled into your pillow.

“Daaaady” you whined. You felt the bed dip and his body over you, he kissed your cheek.

“Wake up, little girl.” He said quietly.

“Okay” you wiggled your butt.

“Daddy got your report card.” He said getting off of you. You rolled over and sat up.

“You did?!” you said wide eyed.

“Uh huh. Mr. Daddy is very pleased with your progress. You have been a very good girl. Daddy is incredibly proud of you” he said booping your nose.

“YAY!” you jumped up and climbed onto him.

“So, Daddy thinks you are in need of a very bubbly bath and Daddy will wash your hair!”

“OOOOOH YES!”

“And a nice button rub and playtime with your little girl place.”

“Without gloves? Daddy, I want to feel your fingers.”

“Whatever my little girl wants” he cooed before kissing you. “But first. Daddy thinks maybe a day out at the park?”

“Yes. Daddy, yes, please.” You hugged him tight and he patted your butt.

Sam picked out your outfit and got you dressed. He grabbed your diaper bag, put your sunglasses on and you tugged his arm and looked down.

“Daaaady” you whimpered.

“Someone needs to tinkle?” he cooed.

“Uh huh.”

Sam lifted you in his arms and brought you to the bathroom, when you were wiped and dressed, you headed to the park. Sam chased you and pushed you on the swing. He lifted you in his arms and brought you to the picnic bench. He fed you some water and snacks and brought you back home.

At home, Sam got you undressed and colored with you, then went to make dinner. After dinner, carried you to the bathroom and sat you on the toilet. You went to the bathroom while he got your bath ready. Sam wiped you and placed you in the bath. You gasped when you saw him take off his clothes.

“DADDY!” you clapped your hands.

“Uh huh. Is that okay?” Sam cooed and you nodded.

Sam got in the bath and you turned so your back was to him. You leaned back against him and he wrapped his arms around you, kissing the top of your head.
“You’re my good girl. Yes, you are. Such a good girl.” He whispered.

A few minutes later he gently moved you, you sat you up. He grabbed a cup, filled it with the water and started to wash your hair. He carefully massaged the shampoo in and you moaned and giggled. He rinsed it out and did it again. Then added the conditioner and then back to cuddling.

When it was time to get out, Sam got out first, dried himself on and got his pajamas on. He then grabbed comb and combed out the knots before braiding it. Then he wrapped you in your fuzzy towel and dried you off. He lifted you in his arms and carried you to his bed. You noticed that it was warmer than normal.

Sam got the cream and rubbed in on you, making sure your skin didn’t dry out. When he was done, he carefully laid you back and kissed all over your face.

“I love Daddy” you said.

“Daddy loves you.” he kissed you again. You felt his hand slide down your body and you gasped when you felt his fingers run up your slit. “Someone is awfully excited.” Sam chuckled. He kissed down your body.

“Mmmmm” you moaned.

Sam spread your legs more and ran his hands up and down your inner thighs. He squeezed lightly, you loved the warm feeling of his hands. He opened the lube and poured some on his fingers. You closed your eyes when you felt him brush against your clit. Sam smiled to himself; he loved how relaxed you were.

“Ooooooh” you breathed when you felt his fingers slip in.

“Feel good?” he asked.

“Uuuuh” you responded.

Sam moved his fingers in and out and then curled his fingers up. Your back arched a bit. He pulled his fingers out and started to rub your little button.

“Who does this cute little button belong to?” he asked.

“Yo-you, Daddy”

“That’s right, little girl. And this” he ran two fingers up and down your little girl place. “This beautiful, wet” you gasped when he stuck two fingers in and then out, rubbing up and down. “Little girl place, who does that belong to?”

“Nnnnn” you whined.

“What was that?” he asked moving away.

“You. Daddy, my little girl place belongs to you.”

“Very good and last but not least.” You felt a lubed, gloved finger rub against your butt hole.

“This. Your bum-bum hole. Who does that belong to?”

“DADDY!” you shouted when he slipped his finer in. His un gloved hand went back to rubbing your clit.
“That’s right.” Sam pulled his finger out, took the glove off and the cupped your vagina. “Look at me, little girl” you got your eyes open and with his free hand, he held onto yours. “You are Daddy’s special little girl and all these parts belong to Daddy. He promises to take care of you, no matter what. Now, Daddy has one more question and then he’s going to play with your little girl place and button. Because button rubs are very important.” You nodded.

Sam patted you a few times and then grabbed a baby wipe and cleaned his hands. You closed your eyes and you felt the bed dip. Sam placed a hand on your cheek and snapped three times. You opened your eyes and saw him smiling down at you and then you saw the little box in his lap.

“Oh my god” you breathed out. Sam opened the box and your eyes lit up when you saw the ring.

“Y/n. Will-“

“YES!” you interrupted him and he started laughing. He leaned down and kissed you.

“Will you mar”

“Yes.” You said again.

“Marry me” he finished and you attached your lips to his and kissed him passionately. He placed the box down.

“Big boy parts” you breathed

"Anything for Daddy's good little girl." he whispered in your ear.

Chapter End Notes

Even I didn't see the ending to this chapter coming!
The two days later you were woken up by little kisses on your forehead.

“Little girl?” Sam asked

“Yes Daddy” you mumbled.

“Time to get up for school” he cooed.

“Nooooooo” you whined, pulling the blankets over your head.

“Yes. Come on”

“NO! I stay in bed all day and cuddle Daddy!” you peaped out from the covers and he smiled a bit.

“That would be very nice.” Sam pulled the covers down and you groaned. “Let’s get you ready.”

You sighed and sat up. Sam lifted you in his arms and carried you to the bathroom, where you went pee, then brushed your teeth and washed your face. You were going slower than normal.

“Little girl, I know it’s been an exciting few days, but now it’s time for school. Don’t you want to see moose, tapper, wiggles, Chester?”

“Yes”

Once Sam got you wiped, temperature check and in clean underwear, he fed you breakfast and sent you no your way to class. You sat at your desk and turned to moose.

“Guess what?! Over the weekend, Daddy-“ you were cut off by Sam walking in.

“Good morning, class.”

“Good morning, Mr. Daddy” you said grumpily.

“Oh, little girl, does someone have the case of the grumps?”

“I don’t want to be in school.” You said

“I’m sorry to hear that. Now, how was everyone’s weekend?” There was a short silence “Chester, that does sound like fun” Sam said.

Sam went to his desk and picked up some sheets of paper and distributed them to the class.

“Please use this time to trace the alphabet. As you can see, I picked the letters that start with your first name.” you were handed L. “This will be a silent activity.”
Sam sat down at his desk and you just looked at your paper. You then turned to moose and leaned over, continuing your conversation from earlier.

“As I was saying. Daddy and-“

“Little girl, please do not distract moose” Sam spoke calmly.

“I wasn’t, I was telling him my news.”

“You can tell him at break.”

You frowned at him and grabbed your pencil case and started tracing the letters. You took out a blank piece of paper and wrote a note. You folded it up and passed it to moose you heard Sam clear his throat.

“It is not polite to pass notes in class.” Sam stood up and you took the note back. He got to your desk and held out his hand. “The note, please.”

“No. It’s for moose” you whined.

“Well, I have to confiscate it. I’m sorry.”

You placed it roughly in his hand and he raised an eyebrow and walked back to his desk. When he sat down he motioned for you to come over. You stood up and walked over to him.

“Is there something you would like to share with Mr. Daddy?” he asked with some concern.

“No” you mumbled, looking down.

“Are you sure? I would really like to know if something is bothering you so I can fix it.”

“I just want to tell moose about me and my Daddy are getting engaged.”

“Well, that is very exciting news. I’m sure it’s very hard to keep that to yourself, however you must do so until break.”

“I don’t wanna”

“Do I need to send you to the time out corner?”

“NO!” you yelled.

“Do I need to snap?” he asked seriously.

“Nooooooo”

“You will snap if you have too?”

“Uh huh”

“Okay. Back to your seat. Please finish the assignment.” He patted your butt lightly and you walked back and sat down.

Once you finished Sam came over and collected all of them. He then told you to work quietly on the number worksheets he printed out. You were doing good, but one again you leaned over and started whispering to moose while Sam walked around. You felt a firm hand on your shoulder and
his breath in your ear.

“Corner, ten minutes” he said gently.

“Nnnnnnn” you whined and got up, standing in the corner.

You were okay, but five minutes in you really had to go to the bathroom and it was a messy. Unfortunately Sam had left the room to make a phone call and you knew better than to leave without permission. Uh oh. You messed your underpants and it was just little wet enough that some trickled down the back of your leg. You instantly started crying and Sam rushed back in.

“Oh, little girl” he said a little shocked. He quickly put gloves on and grabbed wipes.

“I-I cou-couldn’t hold i-hit” you sobbed.

“Shhhh. Oh, Daddy is so sorry he left the room” Sam ran the wipe up your leg a few times. You sobbed and sobbed. “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up.”

“It go ev-everywhere. It kin-kind of-run-runny”

“That’s alright. You stay right here, hold on.”

Sam kissed the top of your head and left the room quickly and came back with supplies. He placed a medical mat down and had you step on it. He had fresh underwear ready. You were still crying, so embarrassed at what you had done. He asked you to do this before, but this, you could have helped it. Sam placed a chair in front of you and kissed your forehead and then got behind you.

“I’m going to pull your underpants down.”

Sam pulled them down and had you step out of them. He gently pushed you forward and started wiping you. Giving you praises as he did so. When you were all clean he was his hands and put on new gloves and had you stand off to the side while he disposed of everything. Sam washed his hands again and got you in new underwear and started sobbing again.

Sam he scooped you in his arms and cradled your head to his cheek. He bounced you and walked around the room, careful not to go in front of the class. He wouldn’t want to embarrass you.

“Shhh. Shhhhh. Daddy’s here, Daddy’s got you. He is so sorry he left you. So sorry. Shhhh. You’re safe. You’re safe in Daddy’s arms. I love you so very much. So very, very much. You’re a good girl.”

brushed his thumb against your lips and you accepted it, sucking on his thumb. “There we go. There’s a good girl. Daddy has you.”

Sam peppered your head with kisses. A few minutes later you had calmed down and Sam was swaying you side you side.

“Do you want to tell moose your exciting news?” he asked and you shook your head. “Done for the day?” you nodded. “Thank you class, Mr. Daddy is going to let everyone go early.”

Sam walked you to his room and pulled his thumb from your mouth. You whimpered and he placed you down on the bed.

“I’m just getting out of my nice shirt” he said while doing so.

He then picked you up in his arms and placed his thumb back in your mouth. Sam turned your
nightlight on, the sound machine and turned the lights off. He sat in the rocking chair in his room and cradled you.

“That was a very scary thing, wasn’t?” you nodded. “Daddy’s got you, just close your eyes, listen to my heartbeat and relax.”

You did as you were told, his thumb in your mouth, you listened to his heart and focused on his breathing. Before you knew it, you were fast asleep.
You and Sam decided to throw a little party to tell your friends the good news. The doorbell rang and you ran to get it. You opened it up and saw Meg and her papa.

“MEGGY!” you squealed. She wrapped her arms around you.

“Little girl, wait for Daddy” Sam laughed running in.

“You’re back in diapers I see” Castiel said stepping.

“Uh huh. I had accident. Daddy says I don’t wear them all day long or when we go out, but on weekends and night time, diapers” you smiled.

“Sounds like a good plan” Castel smiled.

“I missed Daddy changing my messy bum.” You pouted looking up a Sam.

“Daddy missed it too” Sam pouted, lifting you in his arms.

Everyone arrived. John laughed when Eileen and Charlie grabbed blankets and pillows. You all decided to make a big fort.

“Then, we move chair here” Kevin said moving it.

“Yay!” Charlie said.

“Who do you think is going to clean up this mess?” Dean cooed.

‘We do it’ Eileen signed.

“Oh, you’ll do it?” John said and signed.

“Sorry about the mess” Chuck laughed and Sam shook his head smiling.

“It’s fine.”

“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy” you said running up to him. “We made fort!” you said.

“Daddy sees it. It looks beautiful.”

“Can mommy’s and daddy’s join?” Jo cooed

“If you have password!” Charlie smiled.

“Meggy, come here” Castiel called and she ran over and blushed. “Did someone wet themselves?” he chuckled.

“I have too much fun” she giggled.

“Come on, papa will get you out of the wet diaper.” Castiel lifted her in his arms and walked to your room to change her.

“Y/n/n” Lucifier called.
“Coming!” you turned and then felt a strong hands on your shoulders. “Daddy!”

“Are you dry?” you nodded “Did you make a poopy?” you shook your head. “Daddy needs you to make a big poopy before we tell our news” he whispered in your ear. You swallowed and nodded.

“Daddy” you whimpered and turned to face him.

“Yes?”

“Would you change me in front of everyone?” Sam saw the worried look on your face.

“No. Daddy wont do that.” He kissed your forehead and patted your butt.

You ran over and everyone kept building the fort. Meg came over and helped once she was all changed. All the adults tried to come up with possible passwords. Eileen went over to john and lifted her arms up. He lifted her up and rubbed a hand on her back.

‘Just want cuddles’ she signed. John smiled, nodding and kissing the top of her head.

“What’s the news?” Kevin asked

“I can’t tell” you said


“Daddy says I have to make a big poopy before I do”

“Well, hurry up!” Meg said and you laughed.

“Excuse me” you all heard Chuck say.

“Dada, password?” Lucifer asked.

“Hmmm. This is a toughy. Is it surprise?” Lucifer opened and saw Chuck crouching down, wearing latex gloves.

“Yes it is. But don’t tell anyone.” Charlie whispered.

“I wont. Come on, baby boy. Dada needs to look at your rash.”

“I play” Lucifer pouted.

“You can, but first I have to put cream on.”

Lucifer crawled out and went with Chuck. You felt the urge to mess. You crawled out and walked over to Sam.

“Daddy.” You tugged on his shirt.

“Did you make a poopy?” he asked and you blushed shaking your head.

“But I have too”

“Go on” he cooed

“Not here.” You waved him forward and he leaned down. “It might be stinky” you blushed.
“Most of us have dealt with that” he whispered.

“Pleeeeeease” you whine.

Lucifer came running in again and Sam nodded, lifting up in his arms. He excused you, carried you to your room and placed you down. He snapped on gloves and you held onto your changing table and bounced a bit. Sam pulled the diaper back a bit and you whined and rubbed your head against your changing table.

“Once your stinky poo-poo is cleaned up, we’ll tell everyone our good news.”

“Daddy, don’t look” you whispered.

“Daddy is going to look.”

Your hands went to your back to move his hand. Gentle gloved hands gripped your wrist and Sam placed a kiss between your shoulder blades. He slipped his forefingers in and pulled the diaper back.

“It’s nothing Daddy hasn’t seen before.”

You finally messed your diaper and Sam praised you, than got you on your changing table and started to clean you up.

“My little girl made a big poopy. Daddy is so proud of you”

“Thank you, Daddy” you said. “Daddy? AH!” you yelled when the wipe went in your butt.”

“Yes?” he cooed.

“We snap to tell?”

“Yep! Just let Daddy finish diapering your bum-bum”

When you were changed, Sam snapped and you kissed him. You walked into the room and everyone turned to look at you.

“SECRET!” Meggy yelled.

“That’s right. Y/n, would you like to share?”

“Sam asked me to marry him” you smiled and everyone cheered and came over to congratulate you.
You giggled walking into the class room. Sam knew that you were going to cause a little mischief today. You leaned over to moose and started whispering to him. Sam cleared his throat. You looked up at him and then down at your work. A minute later, you leaned over again.

“Psssssst moose” you said.

“Little girl, this is quite time” Sam spoke.

“MMM” you whined before turning back to your work.

You kept wanting to lean over and talk to moose. Eventually Sam sent you to the corner and moved moose with Tapper. However, that only made you talk more in class. He wrote a note. After school was done he came over and handed you the note.

“Little girl, please give this note to your Daddy.” You blushed nodding and he left the room.

You gathered your stuff and walked out of Sam’s office and saw him waiting for you.

“Daddy!” you squealed.

“How was school today, little girl?” he cooed, lifting you in his arms.

“It was good! Mr. Daddy was very pleased with how fast I fell asleep for nap time” you said proudly. Sam kissed you.

“What a good girl” you handed him a note “What’s this?”

“I got in trouble” you pouted.

Sam read the note and looked at you. You blushed and looked away. He carried you to the living room, place you down on the floor and put a movie on for you. You rolled on your stomach, knees up and kicked your feet. Sam sat on the couch and noticed the wet patch on your underwear. You must be soaked. He reached over to the basket and put gloves on.

“Scoot your cute bum over here.” He said.

Without even looking you got on your hands and knees and crawled backwards. You were about to go back on your stomach when you felt his gloved hands grab your waist. You were propped up on your elbows and knees, legs apart. Sam pulled your underwear down.

“Daddy?” you asked. “You give spankies on bum-bum?”

“No, little girl. You will get a different punishment for acting out. Spankies wont be on your bum” he soothed “You are very wet.” He observed, running a finger up your slick folds.

“Mmmm” you moaned.

Sam removed his finger and popped open the lube cap. He poured it on your asshole and you gasped. He started to rub a finger in circles to relax you.

“My bum-bum?” you asked.
“Yes.” He cooed.

Sam slowly pushed a finger in; he moved his finger in and out a bit and then stopped moving, leaving it in. You looked behind him and he was looking back at you. He smiled and you lowered your head. A minute passed with his finger in your bum, not moving. You were getting wetter and wetter.

Sam started to move his finger a bit and rub his other hand up and down your vagina. You let out little moans. He started to lightly spank your little girl place, you let out a little whimper. Slow little smacks happened while his other finger moved in and out of your butt.

“Are you sorry for how you acted in class?” he pulled his finer out of your bum and lightly rubbed fingers up and down your no-no place.

“Ye-yes Daddy” you whimpered.

Sam poured a little more lube on your butt and slid his finger in. That was it, you had to watch TV with his finger in your bum. Occasionally he would move it in and out, but then it would just rest there. You secretly loved it, though you did not like the spankies on your no-no place. But that’s why Sam did it. He never hit too hard there, he never would.

“Daaaday” you whined.

“Uh, uh, uh. Rule number five?” he asked.

“Naughty little girls get punished” you said

“How?”

“How Daddy sees fit”

“Exactly. Daddy feels a finger in the bum is a good punishment. Naughty little girls should remember this feeling next time they want to act out in class.”

“How long?”

“Until the movie is over”

“What if I have to pee-pee?”

“Let Daddy know, I’ll let you pee-pee, no worries” Sam leaned down and kissed your lower back.

You whined and whimpered, your bum feeling full. When the movie was done, Sam pulled his finger out.

“Okay. Punishment is over.” Sam said

You whimpered a bit. Sam changed his gloves and laid your changing mat on the ground and got you in a fresh diaper. He put everything away, lifted you up in his arms and bounced you.

“What a good girl you were for Daddy.” He cooed.

“Thank you for the spankies, Daddy” you pouted and he rubbed a hand on your back.

“Now, what should we have for dinner?”
“Little girl, come here” Sam called you into the living room.

You came running and saw him sitting on the couch. He was going to give you extra special TV
time. You slowly walked between his legs and Sam looked concerned. He held your hands.

“Daddy?” you asked.

“Yes.”

“I don’t really feel like having my no-no place or button touched right now. Is that okay?”

“Of course that’s okay. We don’t have to do that.”

“Because I make the rules” you stated and Sam chuckled and booped your nose.

“No little girl, Daddy makes the rules. However when it comes to not touching your button or no-
no place, you have ruling. Always.”

“Can I still sit on your lap?” you didn’t look at him.

“Yes you can. You always can.”

Sam lifted kissed your forehead. You climbed onto his lap, straddling, facing him. You rested your
head on his shoulder and he rubbed your back. He turned and looked down at you, seeing you look
a little sad.

“Hey” he whispered and you looked up. “I know you’re a big little girl now, wearing your
underpants and going to school. But do you want your pacifier gag? Do you want to be Daddy’s
little baby for a while? Not little girl, but little baby.” you nodded and started crying a bit. “Okay. I
love you so much.”

“I love you too Daddy” you whispered.

Sam brought you to the changing table in his room. He took your under pants off and grabbed your
pacifier gag and you opened your mouth and he did it up. He kissed your forehead and pacifier.
Sam put gloves on and placed your legs in the leg restraints. He grabbed a fresh diaper, wiped you,
powdered you and did the diaper up. Sam got his gloves off, grabbed your mittens and slipped
them on your hands. He restraints and lifted you in his arms. Sam bounced you a bit and rubbed
your back.

“There, that’s better. My little baby is just the cutest.” He cooed.

Sam walked around holding you, eventually you fell asleep and Sam placed you in the crib,
covering you up with a blanky. He turned the mobile on, lights off, nightlight on and sound
machine on.

An hour later you were woken up by someone squeezing and feeling around your diaper. Latex
gloved covered thumbs rubbed circles on your thighs. Your eyes slowly opened and you saw Sam
smiling at you.

“Did you have a good nap?” he cooed and you nodded. “Daddy has detected a wet diaper. “
Sam lifted you in his arms and changed your diaper, when he was done; he carried you to the kitchen and warmed up a bottle for you. He took the pacifier out of your mouth and held the bottle up to your lips. You started drinking the milk.

“Oh, good girl” he praised. “Did you miss being a little baby?” you giggled and nodded. “Yeah, Daddy missed it too. He’s so glad that you’re being such a good girl going to school and being potty trained. But sometimes poopy diapers need to be changed. Right?” you nodded and smiled. Sam put the bottle down.

“You can tough my button now” you smiled.

“I can? But you’re just a baby” he smirked.

“That kay” you beamed.

“Daddy will not be touching you.”

“Why not” you pouted.

“Who makes the rules about touching your button and no-no place?”

“Daddy?”

“And who makes the rules about not touching it?”

“Me”

“And what do you want?”

“To be touched”

“Do you think that’s going to happen?”

“Noooo” you said a little sadly.

“You never know” he hinted and you gasped. “Open up” you did and Sam placed your pacifier. You held up your hands, showing him the mittens. “Are you still a baby?” you blushed and nodded. “Then those stay on.”

The next day you woke up and Sam was lifting you in his arms.

“Thank you for letting me be a baby yesterday, Daddy” Sam kissed you.

“You’re very welcome.” Sam got you out of the diaper and mittens.

“I’m not saying you have to, I’m just saying if you wanted to play with my no-no place and button, I feel up to it today.” You said in a matter of factly tone.

“Thank you so much for letting me know that” Sam said lifting you down.

Since you started “school”, Sam set up a chore chart for you to do. After your breakfast, you were to wash the dishes. When you were almost done. Sm’s latex covered hands cupped your breasts.

“Oh!” you gasped.

“Little girl” he sing songed.
“Mmmm” you moaned as he started to massage your breasts.

“I think it’s special TV time. Daddy is very pleased with your chores” He kissed your neck and all you did was nod.

He held your hand to the living room. He pulled your underpants down, sat on the couch and you sat on his lap, back against his chest. He spread his legs which spread yours. Sam reached down and ran his finger up your slit.

“Mmmm, someone’s wet” he whispered in your ear.

Sam reached down and ran his finger up your slit. “Mmmm, someone’s wet” he whispered in your ear.

Sam rubbed two fingers up and down your no-no place. Your whimpers of pleasure made him smile as he sank two fingers in you. Your head tilted back against his shoulder, hand gripping the couch arm. His other gloved hand found its way to your chin. He stuck his index finger in your mouth and you started to suck.

“That’s it.” He murmured. Sam took his fingers out and started rubbing your button. You kept sucking on his finger. “There’s a good girl. You like sucking on Daddy’s finger?”

“Youhh” you moaned when his fingers went back inside you and his thumb rubbing your clit.

Sam pulled his finger out of your mouth and turned your head towards his and kissed you forcefully. Sam pulled his fingers out and lifted you on the couch. He pulled his pants down and stepping out. Sam grabbed the lube for himself and placed his finger back in your mouth to suck while he rubbed himself.

Sam pulled his finger out, took the gloves off and slowly pushed himself in you. You closed your eyes and he lightly kissed your lips

“Mmm, Daddy it feels good” you murmured against his lips.

“Good.” He smiled against your lips.
Sam was in his room reading when he heard a little knock on the door. He looked up and saw you standing there with moose.

“Little girl, Daddy put you to bed and hour ago” Sam said, closing his book.

“I stay with you?” you asked. Sam smiled and patted his bed. You ran over and climbed up.

“Thank you for special TV time today.” Sam put his arm around your shoulder and you rested your head on his chest. He stroked your hair.

“You’re very welcome.” You curled into him. “What was your favorite part?” you blushed.

“When Daddy put his gloved covered finger in my mouth to suck on.” you said quietly and then you used moose to cover your face. Sam chuckled.

“Yeah?”

“Oh huh.”

“Sit on my lap. Daddy wants to cradle is little girl” You got on is lap and Sam kissed your head. He gently rocked you. “It is past your bed time.”

“I want to stay with you” you whimpered.

“You will, but you need to sleep, okay? I’ll hold you.” You closed your eyes and Sam soothed you to sleep.

You had a playdate. This time, it was just the girls. Kevin and Jody were away and apparently Lucifer acted out and so Chuck was keeping him home. It was a nice mix. Eileen and Meg were in a non-sexual little relationship where you and Charlie were more sexual.

“What’s that?” Meg asked pointing to the chart on your bedroom wall. It was good girl or bad girl chart.

“My Daddy made it for me.” You said proudly. “It’s my good girl or bad girl chart.”

‘How does it work’ Eileen singed.

“If there’s more stars on the good girl side at the end of the week, I get a reward. If there’s more stars on the bad side, Daddy punishes me” you said and signed.

“What does he do?” Charlie asked.

“If I’m a good girl he’ll let me suck his finger while rubs my button and plays with my no-no place.”

“Oooooo” Meg said wide eyed.

‘If bad?’ Eileen asked and you pouted.

“Daddy sticks his finger in my bum for an hour and a half. And if I really bad, he gives spankies on my no-no place.”
“WHOA” the girls all said. You all turned when you heard someone clear their throat.

“Daddy!” you said a little nervous.

“Little girl, do you think that’s appropriate to talk about?” he asked.

“Nooo” you looked down.

“Girls, come with me” he said.

Everyone got up and went to their Mommy’s and Daddy’s. Sam explained to them what he overheard. The littles were too busy looking down and being guilty that they missed their bigs all smiling and smirking.

That night Sam was getting your ready for bed. Your teeth were brushed, face washed, diaper was changed half an hour ago and Sam had you naked. You saw that he added four stickers to the bad girl side of the chart. You looked at the clock and saw that it said 7:30. You tugged on Sam’s sleeve.

“Yes” he cooed.

“Do I get early bed time?” you asked innocently.

“Nooo.” He smiled, kissing your forehead.

You saw Sam reach for the latex gloves. You whimpered, knowing you were going to get your punishment. Sam set a timer for an hour and a half. You watched as he put his gloves on and adjusted them. He placed a hand on your back and ushered you over to the bed.

“Little girl, Daddy believes you need your punishment. Do you agree?”

“Yes.” You looked down.

“Do you understand why you’re being punished?”

“Because I told the girls what Daddy does?”

“Nooo. That’s not it at all. You were just sharing. No. Look at your room, little girl. How many times has Daddy told you to clean up your toys and make your bed?”

“Oh” you giggled a little and Sam smiled, kissing your lips. “When you have five minutes left, you’re going to get a spanking.”

“Nooo” you whined.

“Uh huh. On your back, legs spread please.” Sam went and grabbed a chair for him to sit in. “After, you are going to get a nice relaxing bath and massage, how does that sound?”

You answered him by getting on the bed, legs spread. Sam bursts out laughing; he sat down and blew a raspberry on your stomach. You gasped when you felt his lubed finger rub against your butt.

“Such a good girl.”

Sam slipped his finger in your bum and moved it in and out before leaving his finger in. He started the timer.
“Daddy?” you asked.
“Uh huh?” he cooed.
“I love you.”
“Daddy loves you too. An hour and a half, okay?”
“Okay”

Sam would pull his finger out to add more lube.
“You’re doing a good job. Only five more minutes”
“Huuuu” you panted.
“Time for your spankies”
“Hmmmm” you whimpered.
“You’re going to count for me.”
“Yes, Daddy”

“Good girl” Sam said rubbing your no-no placed. SLAP!
“Oh! One” you gasped. SLAP! “Two” SLAP! “Thr-three”
“You’re doing doing so good” he said rubbing you. SLAP!
“Four.” SLAP! “Five!” Slap this one was lighter “Si-six” slap “Sev-seven” slap “ei-eigh-eight” you panted.

Sam rubbed you and rubbed you. He felt you clench around his finger at every slap.
“Two more, little girl. That’s all, two more.” SLAP!
“Nine.” SLAP! “TEN!” you screamed. Sam rubbed you.

“Good girl. Good girl. Oh, let Daddy kiss that better.” Sam kissed all the way down and up your no-no place three times.

On the last time up, he wrapped his mouth around your clit sucked. When the timer went off, you jumped a little. Sam soothed you as he pulled his finger out, grabbed a baby wipe and wiped you.

“Let’s get you in that bath” Sam said snapping his gloves off.

With the warm bath drawn, Sam lifted you in, placed his hands on either side of your face and kissed your lips. You moaned into his lips and he smiled. He kissed your forehead and grabbed a wash cloth and wet it. Sam started to wash you.

“Daddy is so proud of you. You took you spankies very well and your punishment.”

“Mmmm” you pouted.

“I know, you don’t like it when I do that, that’s why it’s your punishment.” You nodded and Sam kissed your cheek.
He when you were all washed, Sam wrapped you in a big towel. He lifted you in his arms and carried you to his bedroom. He dried you off and laid you down on his bed. You giggled and rolled over onto your stomach. You closed your eyes when you smelled the vanilla and lavender oil.

Sam rubbed his hands together and placed them on your shoulders and started to rub. You instantly relaxed at his touch. Sam kissed your head and leaned down by your ear.

“Don’t worry if you fall asleep.”

“Mm, hmm” you smiled lazily.

Sam ran his hands up your neck, smiling at how relaxed you looked.
“Little girl, did you look at your chart?” Sam asked.

“No. Daddy, was I a good girl?” you asked innocently.

“Yes you were. But for the record, you’re always my good girl” he kissed you.

“Yay!” you clapped your hands.

“Can Daddy try something? He has an idea.”

“Uh huh” you smiled. “Now?”

“No. Not now, tonight. Now it’s time for someone’s snack and afternoon nap.

You were excited to see what Sam had planned. That night once your teeth were brushed, face washed, Sam got you on his bed.

“Close your eyes, okay?” you nodded.

“Okay” you smiled and closed your eyes.

You felt Sam sit beside you on the bed and heard Sam put on gloves. His gloved finger brushed against your lips and they parted. He stuck it in your mouth, you let out a moan. His other gloved cupped your vagina and you felt his hot breath in your ear.

“Don’t suck. If you were allowed to, Daddy would have you suck his finger like it was his big boy part. While you were doing that, he would take his other hand, the one that’s on your no-no place and run a finger up and down. Paying special attention to your button. He rub and rub your little button, watching you pant and moan. Your no-no place would be dripping, so it would be easy to slide two fingers in.”

“Mmm” you moaned.

“It would be warm and wet in your no-no place.” You bucked your hips, but he didn’t move his hand. “Daddy’s thumb would brush against your button, he’d even lean down and do this to your button.” Sam lightly sucked on your ear lobe, then his breath was in your ear. “All the while, your little mouth, would be sucking and licking my latex covered finger, like the good little girl that you are.”

“Hnn” you shuddered.

“Carefully, Daddy would slide his fingers out of your no-no place and the tip of his big boy part would run up and nudge your button. Slowly it would be pushed into you. Daddy would watch as your face changed to a mixture of pleasure and needing. Slowly he would roll his hips and pull out and back in.”

Your eyes started watering, this was driving you insane.

“In and out, in and out. Your legs would wrap around Daddy’s waist, pushing him deeper. With his finger all nice and wet from your mouth, Daddy would take it out and every so lightly rub little circles on your bum-bum. When you were nice and relaxed, his finger would slowly enter your bum-bum. With both holes filled, movement would stop. Daddy would watch his little girl be in
pure ecstasy. His finger would be removed and he would thrust harder and faster until we both came together.”

Sam stopped talking, but his breath was still in your ear. His hands still on your vagina and finger in your mouth. You whimpers and pants were the only sounds heard. After a few moments of silence and stillness, Sam removed his finger from your mouth and hand. He looked at you lying there, tear stained cheeks. You heard him take his gloves off, you were dripping wet.

“Please” you whimpered barely audible.

You didn’t hear him get undressed. You felt him hover over you. He stroked your cheeks with his hands, they were warm and you leaned into one. He placed a gentle kiss to your lips. He reached down, grabbed your hand and placed it on his shoulder. His breath in your ear once more.

“I’ve got you, little girl” he whispered and then lined himself up and slowly slid into you.

“Oooooh” you moaned.

Sam took his time, every time you whimpered he leaned down and kissed your forehead. He picked up his pace a bit.

“It’s okay” he murmured against your forehead and you came, back arched, eyes closed. A few more thrusts and Sam came. He kissed your forehead a few times and then pulled out of you. “You just rest, Daddy is going to get you all cleaned up.”

Sam went to the bathroom and quickly cleaned himself off as he warmed up the water and grabbed a washcloth. He came back and saw your eyes were still closed.

“Little girl, are you still awake?” he cooed.

“Mm hmm” you got out.

“Good girl.”

Sam wiped your no-no place. He slipped on a pair of pajama bottoms and put on some gloves. He grabbed a fresh diaper and lifted your legs up and you giggled a bit. Sam smiled to himself.

“Was that a good reward?”

“Yes, Daddy” you mumbled, smiling a bit before yawning.

Sam placed the diaper under you, lowered your legs and sprinkled the powder on you. He did your diaper up. He rubbed a hand up and down your diaper. Sam took his gloves off and lifted you in his arms. You wrapped your arms around his neck and legs around his waist. He rubbed a hand on your back as your eyes fluttered close.

“There we go.” He soothed.

The next day Sam and Chuck couldn’t help but laugh. You and Lucifier were snuggled up on the couch, fast asleep. Chuck grabbed a blanket and covered you up.

“They are so cute” Chuck smiled.

“Yes they are. Thanks again for inviting us over.” Sam said.

“Anytime. I know these two really like each other.”
When you two woke up you ran to the kitchen to see them.

“Dada, I made a messy” Lucifer said.

“You did? Let me take care of that.” Chuck smiled.

“Little girl, are you messy?” Sam cooed and you nodded.

Sam and Chuck got you two on the ground so you could hold hands. You and Lucifer lifted your legs up and giggled when you heard the gloves go on.

“Are you glad you found a friend who feels the same way?” Chuck asked.

“Yes!” Lucifer smiled.

“Almost done” Sam cooed and you giggled. “Okay, here comes the part you don’t like.”

“Mmmmm” you whined when you felt him clean your bum.

“I know, yucky” Sam mock pouted.

Chuck and Sam helped you two build a fort. You and Lucifer were playing alone. You giggled as Lucifer brought in some toys to play with. You two decided to play doctor.

“Now, Let me check our owy” you said as you put on some latex gloves.

“Okay” Lucifer shrugged and took off his diaper.

You clapped your hands together and Lucifer sat on the floor. You knelt down in front of him and patted his cheek.

“I take good care of you.” you lifted his penis and cupped his balls. “Now, you say the owy was here.”

“Uh huh.” He nodded

“Hmm.” You gave a little squeeze. Just then the fort door opened and Chuck and Sam cleared their throat.

“Little boy” Chuck said sternly.

“We playing doctor” you said.

“Little girl, this is the biggest no-no ever.” Sam said equally stern.

You dropped your hands and both of you crawled out. Lucifer went to grab his diaper and Chuck told him not to.

“You wont be needing that right now. You are getting a spanking.” He said. Sam took the gloves off your hand.

“Daddy, I sorry” you said starting to cry.

“Dada, we didn’t mean it” Lucifer said.

“I think it’s time for Sam and his little girl to go home. Say goodbye and then ten minutes in the naughty corner.”
“Bye” Lucifer waved and then walked over to his naughty corner.

Sam buckled you up in the car and you reached your hand out and stroked his cheek. Sam turned his head and nibbled at your palm. He stroked your hair and then got in the car. The ride was silent. Finally you spoke up.

“Daddy. I’m sorry I touched his big boy parts. It wasn’t like when I touch yours. I didn’t mean it like that at all. We only playing doctor. I betrayed you and I hurt you and I didn’t mean it. Sam, I’m sorry. I’m so so sorry” you burst into tears. Sam pulled into a parking lot and got out. He climbed in the back and unbuckled you, pulling you into his arms.

“Baby, Y/n/n, listen to me. We know, Chuck and I know. You didn’t betray me. Okay? Do you understand that? We’re engaged after all. I know how much you love me and I love you so much. I’ve said it before, you are my world.” You clung to him and nodded. “Do you want to sit in the front with me?” you nodded. “Okay, when you’re ready. I have you. I’ve got you, baby. I love you.” Sam would place gentle kisses to the side of your head.
“Dada” Lucifer said in the naughty corner.

“Yeah, baby boy?” he asked.

“Dada mad at me?” Chuck heard him whimper. He walked over and ran his hand through Lucifer’s hair.

“You’re going to get a spanking because you were playing a grown up game. But Dada’s not mad.” Chuck placed his hands on Lucifer’s shoulders and kissed his head.

Chuck led Lucifer to the bed. He sat down and Lucifer laid across his lap. SMACK! A sharp hand came down to Lucifer’s butt. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Chuck rubbed Lucifer’s butt. Five more came to Lucifer’s butt. He sniffled and Chuck rubbed his back and bum.

“Good boy. Good boy. You did so well, I’m proud of you. I’m proud of you and I love you.” Chuck soothed.

When Sam pulled into the house, he went to your side and opened your door. He unbuckled you and lifted you in his arms.

“Sammy?” you asked.

“I know you’re my big girl, baby, but I just want to hold you close. I just want you near me. I need to make sure that you know how much I love you and how much you mean to me.”

“Thank you” you whimpered.

When Sam got you inside, he placed you on your bed and got out of your pants and into underwear and Sam came over and lifted you back in his arms. Sam bounced you and lightly patted your butt.

“You’re a good girl. You’re Sammy’s good girl.” Sam stroked your back. You just broke into sobs. You don’t know why, but you did.

“Ar-are-are we home?” you asked.

“Yeah” Sam said calmly, but a little concerned.

“Why are you so nice to me? I don’t deserve it. I don’t deserve you. I’m not good enough for you.” You went to get out of Sam’s hold, but he gripped you tighter, holding you close to him.

“Baby, you are good enough for me. I want you to listen to me, okay? I’m going to take you to my room.”

‘I sorry. I sorry.’


You kept crying, you looked exhausted. Sam placed you down in his bed, wrapping a warm blanket around you. He put on the sound machine, he dimmed the lights and grabbed a box. He opened it and grabbed some chocolate.
“Here. I need you to eat this okay?” Sam soothed. You nodded. “Good girl. Now, can you sit up for me?” you did. “Good job. Here.”

Sam handed you the chocolate and you ate it. He gave you another. He reached into mini fridge he had in his room and grabbed a cold bottle of water for you.

“Can you drink this for me?”

“Yeah” you whimpered. You took a sip and then went to put it down. He lightly grabbed your hand.

“I need you to drink all of it.” You saw the concern in his eyes and you nodded, bringing the bottle back to your lips. Sam stroked the side of your head. “You are doing a great job. You’re such a good girl. I love you so much. I am so proud of you. You make me proud every day. You are so enough.”

“Can I have more chocolate?” you asked.

“Of course. I’m also going to have you eat an orange” You nodded and Sam kissed your forehead.

You kept drinking the water while Sam gave you more chocolate and grabbed the orange.

“I’m going to peal it for you, unless you would like to.” He offered and you shook your head and pointed to him. Sam smiled sweetly at you and opened the orange.

You shifted over shakily and Sam sat down beside you and you curled into him. He held up a slice of orange and fed it to you. He kissed the top of your head and gave you another piece.

“What else can I do for you?” he whispered and you shrugged, he fed you another piece. “Can you tell me what’s going on in your head?”

“I-I would like to be alone. If that’s okay?”

“Yeah.” He smiled sweetly “ I’m going to be in the kitchen making something for dinner.”

“Thank you, Sam.” you whispered.

Sam kissed your forehead, grabbed your sweatpants and a t-shirt for you to change into and left the room. He grabbed his cellphone and called Dean.

“Hey man.” Dean said.

“Y/n’s had a sup drop” Sam said.

“What?” Dean whispered, though he wasn’t sure why.

“We were at Chuck and Lucifer’s, they were playing doctor and when we got in the car. I mean, I explained that Chuck and I weren’t really mad that them. That-anyway. I just needed to talk to someone.”

You grabbed the ipad and called John and Eileen. You were relived to find out that she was in her big place.

“A sub drop can be scary, but I will stay on here for as long as you need.” Eileen said and signed. “I can even come over”
“Would that be okay?” you asked.

“I’ll be right over. I’ll have to bring John, in case” you smiled and nodded.

“Thanks, Eileen”

You shakily got in your clothes and ate the rest of the orange, you grabbed the water and finished it. You carefully got up and walked to the kitchen.

“Um, Sam” you asked quietly.

“Yeah” he looked up at you.

“I called Eileen, she and John are going to come over.” Sam smiled and nodded.

“John called me.”

“I finished the water and the orange” you said a little louder.

“Good. I’m glad to hear that. Is there anything I can do?”

“I’m just going to go back to your room, if that’s okay.”

“Of course. If you need anything, please let me know.”

“Do-do you still love me?”

“Of course I still love you. I’m so happy with you and the life we created. I can’t wait to get married to you.”

“Married?” Sam saw that you were trying to remember that. You lowered your head and rubbed the back of your neck with your hand. “Everything’s a little scattered right now”

“That’s perfectly understandable. You don’t have to worry about that. Just go lay down.”

“Okay.”

“I love you” he said.

“I love you” you mumbled. Sam knew that you meant it and you waited for Eileen.
Eileen quietly came into your room. You waved at her from your pile of blankets you were under. She got on the bed with you.

‘How are you feeling?’ she signed. You shrugged. ‘If you’d like, I’ll help you with a bath. I don’t mind’

‘Yes, thank you’ you signed. ‘in a bit’ she smiled and nodded.

‘Sam, has food almost ready. If you’re up to it’ you nodded and started to get up, but laid back down. ‘He said he would bring it in’

‘Okay’

You didn’t really feel like talking, which is why you called Eileen. Signing was easier for your right now and you knew she preferred it.

Sam walked in with some food for you shortly after. Eileen helped you sit up and he placed the tray on your lap.

“Eileen is going to help me have a bath later” you said and she smiled.

“Good. Is this okay for you?” he asked about the food.

“Yes, Sam. Thank you.” Sam kissed your forehead and left the room.

When you were done your dinner you brought it out to the kitchen. John and Sam were having a beer, Eileen had grabbed some food for herself.

‘I’m going to help y/n/n with a bath” Eileen signed.

‘Are you doing okay?’ John signed back to her.

“Yeah. Eileen-“ you started and she held your hand and smiled at John.

“I’m okay. Really. It’s more important for me to help Y/n. John, I promise” she said and he nodded.

Eileen got the bath ready for you and you sat on the toilet. She looked up and smiled.

“Would you like help?” she asked and you looked down and started crying, nodding. She dried her hands and rubbed her hands on your arms. “I’m here for you. We’re all here for you. If you wanted John, he’d help. It’s really okay. Getting you better is the most important thing.”

You nodded and she kissed your forehead. Eileen helped you out your clothes and into the bath. You brought your knees to your chest and she rubbed your hand on your back. She grabbed a wash cloth and started washing your back.

“Co-could you get Sam to wash my hair?” you asked her and she nodded.

Eileen helped you wash your back, chest, under the arms. She grabbed your face wash and you did that yourself. Eileen got Sam and he came in.
“Need help with your hair?” he smiled and you nodded.

“I want to be close to you, now. Not that I didn’t before.” Not carrying that you were wet Sam wrapped his arms around you and kissed the side of your head.

“I understood what you meant. I love you. I love you so much.”

“I love you too” you said a little louder than before.

“Let me wash your hair, baby”

Sam turned the showerhead on and got the temperature just right. You turned around so your head was under the showerhead. Sam ran his fingers through your hair. Applying more and more pressure to your temples as he did. You closed your eyes and started to relax.

Sam moved the shower head and grabbed the shampoo. He rubbed it in his hands and then ran it through your hair, rubbing circles and rubbing the base of your skull. Your mouth opened a bit and you let a moan escape. He smiled, knowing that was the one spot to get you to relax. Sam grabbed the showerhead and started to rinse off your hair.

“Is that okay?” Sam asked you.

“Yes, Sam. Thank you. Can you do it again?”

“Of course, baby”

After your bath, Sam got you out and dried you off. He grabbed a pad and placed it in your underpants and helped you into that. He got your dressed and he held your hand to the kitchen. Eileen was touching her fingers to her thumbs and you smiled at her.

“Eileen, you’ve done enough” you said and she turned to John and he rubbed a hand on her back and lifted her in his arms.

“You were such a good girl today” He said to her and she nodded.

John cleared it with you and took Eileen home. Sam got you ready for bed and you asked to go with him. He read a book while you just sat there and looked at the bed sheets. Sam would occasionally rub a hand on your back.

“I’m sorry I let you down” you whispered, but Sam heard it.

“You didn’t let me down” he said putting the book down and pulling you close to him.

“But I did. I-I’ve dropped.”

“I know and I’m sorry that happened. But I’m here for you. I’m here to take care of you. That’s what I decided as your boyfriend, then as your Daddy and now as your fiancé. I am here for you, no matter what.”

“I don’t deserve you” you started to cry and so did Sam. “I’m not good enough. I shouldn’t be here.” Sam pulled you tighter. “I shouldn’t be here” you whispered again.

“You do. You should be here. You bring a lot of good in the world. You are the best thing to happen to me. I love you so much.”

You woke up in Sam’s arms, he was looking down at you and stroking your hair.
“Did you have a good sleep?” he asked and you nodded. “Do you still feel the same way?” you nodded.

“It’s bad” you said.

“What can I do?”

“I’m not sure I should be left alone, now. I know that sounds bad. But. Sam.”

You got up went over to the crib and climbed in. Sam looked up at you and wondered what you were doing.

“I think that maybe you should restrain me. I know this isn’t a normal thing for a sub drop, but right now. I just-Sam, what’s wrong with me?” you broke into sobs and Sam came over and got in the crib with you.

“Shhhh. Shhhh. Baby, I’ve got you. I’ve got you. you’re safe, you are loved. Shhhhh.”

As you requested, Sam restrained you. He was by your side the whole time. It took a few days, but you were feeling better. Sam sat you down at the table. He held your hands and rested his forehead against yours.

“Now, baby, do you want to continue on with being my little girl? Because if not, that is very okay with me.”

“I do. Sam, I still want to be your little girl.” He kissed your forehead and held your face in his hands.

“Then we will start slowly, like before. You can start calling me Sammy, if you’d like. No need to jump right into Daddy.” You nodded and he kissed your forehead again.

“I love you.” you said.

“I love you too.”
Sick is no fun

Chapter Notes

for my friend who was sick and feeling little

You and Sam took it day by day. A moth passed and you got back into the groove of things, you and Sam were back at it and you were happy.

You were so stressed out from everything that you ended up getting sick. You tried to sleep one night, but your ears were ringing. You were so stubborn, you didn’t take anything for your cold. You had messed your diaper and started crying. Sam knew you weren’t feeling well, so he had you sleep in the crib.

“I’m coming, little girl” Sam said.

He got out of bed, put on a surgical mask and gloves. He walked over and pulled the side of the crib down, removing the blanket. The night light was shining and he felt around your diaper.

“Oh, you made a stinky” you nodded.

Sam lifted you up and brought you to the changing table, turning on the light on the table. Your legs were restrained on the lower restraints and he changed your diaper.

“Mmm” you whined when you felt his lubed gloved finger brush your bum. “Mmmmmm” you whined when he stuck it in.

“I know you’re sick, little girl. Just need to give you a quick enema.”

Sam pulled his finger out and grabbed the enema bottle and lubed the cap and stuck it in.

“Mmmmm”

“I know, it’s the middle of the night, but it needs to be done.” He soothed. Sam squeezed the bottle and you felt the water flow in you. “Hold it. Hold it.” He cooed. Sam pulled the bottle out. “Hold it. Sam slid an adult slipper pan under your bum. He told you to release and you did. He put the bedpan down and grabbed a baby wipe and wiped inside you. Then he grabbed the lube, rubbed a finger around your butt.

“Nnnnnn” you whined.

“Dr. Daddy’s taking your temperature.” He cooed, slowly sliding his finger in your bum. “Oh. Relax please” you did. “Good girl.”

Sam, pulled his finger out, stuck the thermometer in and held it there for a minute and then pulled it out. He nodded, changed the glove and grabbed the baby powder.

“Can you have some medicine now?” Sam asked doing up the diaper

“Daddy, can you make the ringing in my ears stop?” you whimpered.
“Of course”

Sam changed his gloves and helped you sit up, turning you so your head would go to the foot of your changing table with the light, lying on your left side, back to him. You closed your eyes and heard Sam grab somethings. He lightly touched your ear and you opened your eyes to see him holding a cotton swab in his other hand.

“Cleaning the ears helps with the ringing. You just lie still” he soothed.

“Mmm. Daddy, that’s yucky, I do.” You mumbled, before coughing.

“Did Daddy change your messy diaper?” he cooed.

“Yes” you whimpered

“Then he can clean your ears.” You whimpered, but nodded.

Sam rubbed his index finger down your ear three times, before lightly pulling at it to clean. You whined, and he would soothe you. He had you roll over and cleaned the other one. You felt Sam’s gloved hand pat your cheek and you felt a syringe be placed between your lips.

“Daddy’s going to dispense the medicine now.”

He pushed the plunger and you swallowed it. Another syringe was placed and water went down to chance the medicine. Sam kissed your forehead and placed the syringe away. He stroked your hair and cheek for a while and then slowly sat you up.

“Has the ringing stopped?” he whispered.

“Yes, Daddy, thank you.” you said.

“You’re very welcome. Now.”

Sam held up some Kleenex and you blew your nose. He folded the Kleenex over and your blew again. He threw the Kleenex away. You looked in the trash and saw all the dirty cotton swabs. You looked at him wide eye and tears started to silently spill on your cheeks.

“Oh, little girl, not to worry about that. Like Daddy said, he’s cleaned your poopy bum-bum. A little ear wax is nothing.”

You started to cough; Sam grabbed another Kleenex for you to spit the phlegm into. You rested your head on his chest and he rubbed a gloved hand on your back.

“Alright, let Daddy get you back to the crib.”

Sam threw the Kleenex away, lifted you bridle style and carried you to the crib. He pulled the blanket over you. He turned the mobile on. He had arranged the pillows so you were sitting up a bit, easier for you when you had a cough. Sam put the side of the crib up and took the gloves and mask off. You were out like a light.

When you woke up, Sam was back in the mask and gloves cleaning up the Kleenex that used at night. You waved at him a little sadly and then broke out into another cough. You grabbed the Kleenex and blew your nose. Sam changed his gloves and came over to you. He stroked your forehead before grabbing the syringe and bringing it to your lips. “Open for me” you did and he pushed the medicine in your mouth. “There we go”
“Yucky” you whined

“Oh, I know. I know.”

Sam placed the syringe with water in your mouth and washed down the medicine. He grabbed the little jar of Vaseline, got some on his finger and went to rub it on your nose.

“Mmmmm” you pouted, turning your head.

“I’m sorry, but your nose is all dry.” With his other hand, he held your chin “Nice and still” and rubbed the Vaseline on your nose. “That’s a good girl.”

“Nnnnnnn” you pouted.

“Does Daddy know best?” he asked, looking you in the eye.

“Mm hmm” you whimpered.

Sam, pulled the mask down, kissed your forehead, put the mask back on and changed his glove. He handed you moose and left to grab your bottle. When he came back, he lowered the crib and cradled you in his arms. You reached up and touched his face.

“Daddy’s sorry you’re feeling icky. Drink your bottle please. He needs his girl nice and healthy.”

When you finished the bottle, Sam brought you over for a temperature check. Sam frowned and had your roll on your left side.

“You have a fever and Dr. Daddy is going to take care of it.”

You heard the crinkle of the foil and felt his lubed finger rub you. He asked you to take slow deep breaths and you did while he lubed up the suppository. He slowly pushed it in you. while rubbing his other gloved hand on your back.

“Shhh. We’re going to get you all better. Shhhhh. Dr. Daddy is going to keep his finger in, just a little longer. Make sure the medicine melts.”

When Sam pulled his finger out, he changed his glove, got you diapered and placed you back in the crib. You coughed and coughed, lying in the crib with the side down. Sam came over with your mittens.

“Just going to cover up your hands.” Sam locked your mittens. He gabbed your booties and put them on.

“Daddy?” you asked.

“Little girl, I think you need to relax and not worry about things for a while. This is not a punishment, but Dr. Daddy is prescribing you two full days of being Daddy’s little baby.” You coughed and coughed, tearing up. “He’d put you in a pacifier gag, if it wasn’t for that nasty cough. You have a fever of 101.”

“Okay, Daddy” you whimpered.
Rest and back to school

Still wearing mask and gloves, Sam cradled you in his arms and rocked you in the rocking chair. He had a towel over his shoulder, for you to rest your head on. You would cough and he would soothe you. You whimpered a bit and Sam brushed his gloved thumb against your lips.

“Here, little baby. Suck on Daddy’s thumb” he soothed and you did. You rubbed your mitten hand on his masked mouth. “I know you want kisses and Daddy wants to give them to you. However, you are in your first day of sickness and Daddy must take proper precaution.” You nodded and lowered your hand. “Daddy hates to see you sick. He loves you so very, very much.”

“Hmm” you whimpered when you felt a cough coming on and turned your head into the towel to cough.

Sam grabbed a Kleenex and held it up to your mouth. You turned and spit in the tissue. He threw the tissue in garbage. He, placed the towel over your crib, stood up, holding you tight to him and placed you on your changing table. He grabbed the ear thermometer.

“Daddy is going to use this one.” You nodded.

Sam lightly pushed your head to the side and placed the thermometer in. It beeped and he put the thermometer down.

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“100.7, gone down a little bit. After your nap, you will get more medicine in your bum.”

Sam lifted you back in his arms. He grabbed moose, handing it to you; he grabbed your blanket, wrapping it around you. He sat down and placed the towel over his shoulder again. He had kept the room dark, so you could nap whenever. He slipped his though back in your mouth and rocked you to sleep.

When you woke up, you were in your crib. Sam felt around your diaper and lifted you up. He restrained your legs and changed your wet diaper. He codded the suppository and gently lubed your butt.

“Mmm” you whined.

“Shhh. Let Dr. Daddy work” he said.

Sam pushed the suppository in and held it there. He rubbed a gentle hand on your stomach. He pulled his finger out, changing that glove. He put a fresh diaper on and took the restraints off, sitting you up. He grabbed his stethoscope and placed the buds in his hear and placed it on your chest.


Sam placed the stethoscope around his neck and rubbed your back, placing a hand on your chest. You whined and rested your forehead on his chest. When you finished coughing Sam brought you to your crib and grabbed the vaporub. Sam opened it and rubbed it on your chest.

“Thank you, Daddy” you whispered.
“You’re very welcome.” Sam changed his glove and wiggled your bootie covered foot. He grabbed another syringe of medicine and placed it against your lips. “Open” he cooed and you did. He pushed the plunger “Good girl. How about Daddy gets a bottle full of ginger ale?”

“Yeah” you whimpered.

“You just rest here.”

Two days later your fever was gone, but you were still coughing and blowing your nose. Your mittens and booties were taken off. Sam lifted you in his arms still wearing the gloves and mask. You ran your hand through his hair, and kissed his masked lips.

“Thank you, little girl.”

“Daddy take the mask off?” you asked.

“Nooo.” He cooed. Sam grabbed a tissue and held it up to your nose. “Blow” you did. “Good girl” you rested your head on his shoulder. “What a good girl you are. Daddy is so glad your fever is gone, little girl. No more medicine in your bum-bum”

“Yeah” you whimpered.

“Yeah. Now, tomorrow you’re going to head back to school, okay?”

“But I icky” you whined.

“I know.”

In the morning you were woken up with…you gasped! A kiss to your forehead. Then another one and another one. You slowly opened your eyes and saw Sam smiling at you. His gloved hands stroked your cheeks and then he lifted you up.

“Let’s get you out of your poopy diaper and into some big girl undies.”

Once you were changed, Sam sat you at the table and placed your breakfast in front of you. He placed a syringe in your mouth and pushed your medicine in your mouth. He then fed you your breakfast. He handed you your backpack and kissed your forehead and handed you a note

“Now, you must hand this note to Mr. Daddy, straight away. Am I clear?”

“Yes.” You said.

“Good girl. Now, off to school.” He patted your butt a few times and sent you into your office. You sat at your desk and held the note in your hand. Sam walked in wearing a nice shirt and sat at his desk. You raised your hand.

“Yes, little girl” he said.

“My Daddy gave me a note to give you” you said before breaking into a cough. Sam waved you forward and you walked over.

“My, that is some cough you have” you nodded and pouted, handing him the note. Sam read the note.

“Dear Mr. Daddy, my little girl has been sick these past few days. I am going to get her in the afternoon and take her home.” He read aloud and then looked at you. “Okay? You're going to have
a half day.” You nodded. Sam placed a hand on your forehead and then sent you back to your seat.

Sam gave you all some worksheets, but you kept slowly closing your eyes. Sam came over and squeezed her shoulders a few times.

“Mm. Mr. Daddy, I still” you started coughing and Sam held a Kleenex and you spit in it. He threw it away. “Mr. Daddy, I need to potty.”

“Class, I’ll be right back” Sam said, before putting gloves on and holding your hand and bringing you to the bathroom.

Sam pulled your underpants down and you sat on the toilet and went to the bathroom. Sam kissed your forehead and grabbed the toilet paper and wiped you. He then grabbed a baby wipe and wiped you.

“Mr. Daddy, I still feel real icky. Could my Daddy come get me” you started to tear up as he pulled your underpants up.

“Of course, little girl. You go pack your things, okay?” he smiled sadly and you nodded.

A minute later there was a knock on the door and Sam walked in. You walked up to him and he lifted you in his arms.

“Thank you for trying school, little girl. Daddy is so incredibly proud of you. Let’s get you down for a nap.”
Not quite what we talked about, but here you go!

Sam sensed that you needed to be big, so with discussion you two agreed and he snapped three times. You were big for a few days and feeling much better. Sam walked into your room and saw that it was a little messy.

“Y/n, baby. Your room could be clean.” He said.

“Yeah, I know” you shrugged putting the dishes away.

Sam was sitting at his desk, looking at his schedule and you walked in with some food for him. Sam grabbed your hand and smiled up at you.

“Thank you.” he said.

“You’re welcome, Sam”

“Where is your food?”

“Oh. I’m not very hungry right now.”

“I need you to eat.” He said pushing his chair away from the desk and stood up. “I know that you are a big girl, but it’s lunch time.”

“I know. Sam, I’m going to make something in a little while. I promise.” You kissed him and he stroked your cheek. “I promise” you said.

Sam kept working in the office and you finished with the laundry. You weren’t feeling well and you were getting your period, which you didn’t want to tell Sam about. You walked in to his office again.

“I’m going to the store” you said.

“What are you getting?” he asked sitting back, folding his hands.

“Why are you being so weird?” you asked narrowing your eyes.

“Excuse me?” he raised an eyebrow.

“I need to get deodorant for me and you. I was going to grab some toilet paper, dish soap, baby wipes. Are you happy?” you grumbled.

“No, y/n. I’m not. What is with this attitude?” he stood up

“Why don’t you trust me?”

“I do trust you. Why don’t you trust me? Baby, what is going on?”
“I just have to get to the store, that’s all. I don’t see what the big deal is.” Sam walked over to you and kissed your forehead.

“Did you eat?” he asked.

“Yes”

You got to the store, bought your stuff and then went to a restaurant, grabbed some fries and went to the bathroom, putting the tampon in. It would be easier to hide than a pad. When you got home, you placed everything away, hiding the tampons.

Since you were big, you were in underpants and since you were “potty trained” you got to use the toilet, but Sam still wanted to wipe you when you made a messy. You forgot about this and the tampon though.

You went to the bathroom and it was number two. The door was open and Sam walked by while you were wiping yourself. He folded his arms and cleared his throat. You looked up at him.

“Sam!” you said.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he asked calmly.

“Wiping my butt”

“Do big girls do that?” he cocked an eyebrow.

“This one does” you said quietly.

“Really, because I recall, yesterday you needed my help. “ he took step towards you and you dropped the toilet paper in the toilet. He noticed you still sitting on the toilet. “Is there something else?”

“N-no Sam.” you said pulling your underpants up, making sure he didn’t see the string of the tampon and flushed the toilet. You went to the sink and washed your hands. “I’m sorry I didn’t get you, Sam.”

“Uh huh” he said walking up behind you and placing his hands on your hips. You looked up worried. “Okay. What is going on? Did I do something wrong?”

No!” you said wiping your hands and grabbing his. He kissed you and you kissed back, moaning a bit.

“Oh. Does someone think they deserve some play time?”

“No Sam, it’s okay. I know you’re busy.” You said wrapping your arms around his waist.

Sam slipped his hand in your underpants and you closed your eyes waiting for him to feel the string. He did and you knew that if you opened your eyes you would see the disappointment in his face.

“It’s your time of the month” he said fingers rubbing your clit.

“Uhhh” you moaned.

“And you thought that you could hide this from me?” he removed his hand and walked over to the sink and washed his hands.
“I-I’m sorry.”

“You know, ever since you’ve been in your big place, there’s been an attitude that I do not appreciate and now you are hiding things from me. I am your fiancé and your Dom”

He turned to face you, you looked down starting to cry. You took a deep breath and snapped three times. Sam nodded placed a finger under your chin making you look at him, but your eyes were shut.

“Open your eyes, little girl” he said sternly and you did. “Did you really think this little act of your was going to go unnoticed and without punishment?”

“No, Daddy” you said eyes wide.

“Will, first things first. Is there any blood of your tampon?”

“I didn’t look, but my tummy is crampy.” Sam nodded.

“Here’s how this is going to go. Normally, you were pads and Daddy lets you wipe yourself, but he inspects the pad. However, since you think that you’re big enough for tampons you will be using those for the remainder of the week. Daddy will be changing them, Daddy will be wiping you and you will be in a diaper, even at school this week.”

“But!” you started.

“Uh, uh, huh. Little girl, who knows best?”

“You do.”

“That is correct. Now, where is the box?”

You went to your room and pulled the box from under your bed, handing it to Sam. He put them on your changing area and lifted you up, restraining your arms. You whimpered and cried as he pulled on gloves and pulled your underpants down. He looked up at you, his eyes shifting a bit to concern, but you nodded letting him know to carry on.

Sam walked away for a moment and you saw him grab moose. He made moose kiss all over your face, before placing him in your one hand. Sam restrained your legs up and lightly pulled at the string. You muffled a sob and he carefully spread your lips and pulled the tampon out. It did have blood on it.

“It appears my little girl, started her period today.” He threw it away and grabbed some wipes and wiped you. He carefully wiped inside your bum too.

“Mmm” you whimpered.

Sam changed his gloves and grabbed a new tampon and placed it inside of you. He grabbed a diaper and sprinkled the powder on and did the tabs up. He took his gloves off and the restraints off, lifting you to sit up on your changing table.

“Now, listen very carefully. Your actions today will be met with consequences. Someone is going to have a very sore bottom, is that understood?”

“Now?” you squeaked.

“Not now, Daddy is going to take care of your tummy and the cramps. However, tonight, before
bed, you will get a serious spanking.”

“What about finger in bum-bum?”

“No, little girl. It appears you don’t trust Daddy and that is very serious.” You saw the hurt and sadness in his eyes and you started to cry. “Now, Daddy will be very strict this week. You will do exactly as he asks, no questions ask. He is the one in charge, not little girls. If Daddy’s and little girls are going to be married then there should be no secrets between them. Daddy is not happy right now.” You nodded sobbing now. You had hurt the man you love.

Sam lifted you in his arms and carried you to your bed. He plugged in the heating pad and took your shirt off of you. You leaned back. Sam placed the heating pad on your stomach and covered you up with a blanket. He sat on your head and stroked your hair, looking at you. You looked down. He placed a kiss on your forehead and stood up. You grabbed his hand.

“Daddy’s just going to make you some tea, little girl. The raspberry kind.” He smiled sadly. You nodded, letting go of his hand. He placed his hands on either side of your face and kissed your lips and left the room.
The L word

Chapter Notes

Two in like an hour.
I cried writing this chapter

Sam had you on the changing table and pulled your tampon out. He cleaned you and took the
gloves off. He helped you off the changing table and walked you over to the chair. He sat down
and you leaned over his knees. Hands on the ground. He rubbed your butt.

“You do not have to count” he said and you nodded.

Sam rubbed your butt before bringing his hand down. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
You whimpered, gripping his pant leg. He would switch butt cheeks. He lightly massaged your
cherry read butt and then SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! You whimpered and
started crying. You started counting in your head and by now you think you were at 45.

Sam ran his fingertips up your butt. SMACK! SMACK!

“AAH” you screamed.

A few more smacks came and then he brought his arum under your shoulders and helped you to
stand up. He looked at your tear stained face and he hugged you, giving you little pecks to your
lips.

“Good girl. Good girl.” He praised. “That was 53” you nodded.

You still saw how upset he was. You held onto his shoulder and other hand on his leg as he gave
you smell pecks to your lips and massaged your sore butt. He lightly grabbed the hand that was on
his shoulder and pulled you over his lap again.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! You moved a bit and he brought his arm under your shoulders to
hold you. He rubbed your butt and lightly rubbed his fingertips on your butt. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! 16 more came to you. You were sobbing now. Your butt was stinging. Once again Sam
helped you up and kissed you, wrapping his arms around you.

“69, little girl. That’s how many spankings you got.” You bent forward a bit; in tears Sam’s arms
cradled you. “Shhh. Let it out, you were such a good girl. I’m proud of you. Daddy is proud.”

You were shaking and Sam lifted you bridle style and laid you down on a towel on your stomach.
He opened the cream and squirted it in his hands rubbing it together. He placed his hands on your
bum and you jumped at the cool sensation.

“Shhhhh. Let Daddy soothe your sore bum-bum” he said. He rubbed your butt.

“Ahha, Daddy, I sorry. I sorry!” you said gripping the sheets as he massaged the lotion into your
butt. Sam leaned down and kissed your back.
“Daddy’s sure you are.” He whispered.

When the cream was rubbed on, he wiped his hands and grabbed the chair setting it by your head. He held your hand and combed through your hair with his other hand.

“Daddy is so proud of you. You did such a good job.” He leaned down and kissed your head. “Daddy hated to punish you like that. It won’t happen again, will it little girl?”

“No Daddy” you whimpered.

Closing your eyes a shaking a bit more as you sobbed, you rolled onto your side. Sam moved to sit on the bed. You wrapped your arms around his waist, head resting in his lap. Sam combed your hair and rubbed your back slowly.

“Daddy’s going to hold you in one minute, little girl. He just wants your bum to get some air, before he puts the diaper on.” he whispered, bending down and kissing your head.

Sam applied more lotion and then got you in a fresh diaper. You were so upset, you didn’t notice him take the tampon out and not put one in. He lifted you in his arms and you clung to him. He grabbed your normal pacifier, not gag and brushed it against your lips. You open your mouth accepting it and sucked on it, to soothe yourself. Sam swayed side to side, rocking you gently.

“Let’s get you some water, how does that sound?” he whispered and you nodded, pouting.

Sam grabbed you a bottle and took your pacifier, holding the bottle to your lips. You reached a hand up and stroked his cheek as you sucked on the bottle.

“Thank you.” he smiled. “How is your tummy?” you shook your head. “How about a little tummy massage before bed?” he smiled a bit and you nodded.

In the morning you were woken up with a Sam rubbing a gloved hand on your back. You rolled over and he carried you to your changing table. Restraining you. Sam took the diaper off and saw the blood. He wiped you, changing his gloves, he removed the dirty diaper.

Sam placed a tampon in you and you whined a bit. He powdered you and placed a pullup on you. You had breakfast, but it hurt to sit on your bum. Sam did really say much this morning. He handed you your backpack, lunch and kissed the top of your head.

“Have a good day” he said opening the door to his office.

You walked in and went to your desk. A minute later Sam walked in smiling.

“Good morning class”

“Good morning, Mr. Daddy” you said still standing up.

“Little girl, are you going to sit down?”

“Mr. Daddy. My bum is sore.” You pouted, eyes pleading a bit.

“It is?” he said “Why is that?”

“M-My Da-Daddy. He gave me a frim spanking” tears started to fall on your face. Sam waved you forward and started to put gloves on.

“I have some soothing lotion; I’m going to put it on your bum. Is that alright?”
“Yes, Mr. Daddy” you whimpered. Sam pulled your pullup down. He lightly touched your butt and you winced.

“My, that was some spanking.” He noted grabbing the cream.

He led you over to the desk and you rested on your elbows. He rubbed the cream on your butt and you whimpered. He took his gloves off and put new ones on, putting your pullup back on. He turned you to face you, holding your hands with his gloved hands.

“There we go. Anytime you need that, you come to me. Mr. Daddy will put the cream on your bum.” You nodded. He let go on your hands and took the gloves off. He noticed you were still standing there.

“You can sit back down” he said happily. “Unless there’s something you’d like to talk about.” You nodded. “Yeah?” he said sincerely.

“Mr. Daddy?” you whimpered, looking down.

“What is it, little girl” he said concern lacing his voice.

“My Daddy spanked me because I was a really bad girl.”

“Oh, I don’t think you were a really bad girl” he said.

“I was. I was a really really bad girl and now my Daddy is so mad at me. I didn’t tell him when I was getting my big girl period and I talked back to him. I didn’t respect him at all. I made him so disappointed in me. I didn’t mean it at all; I don’t even know why I did that. Now my Daddy thinks I don’t trust him, but I do!”

You looked up tears on your face and you saw Sam tearing up too. You looked back down again.

“I do trust him, but I was so horrible to him. I am such a bad little girl, he is not happy with me at all. I don’t blame him. I don’t think he knows how much I love him. I am such a terrible little.” you covered your face with your hands “An-and he was so nice, taking care of me and he told me he was proud, but he-he didn’t” a sobbed escaped you.

“What didn’t he do?” Sam asked and you could tell he was crying too.

“He didn’t say he loved me.”

Sam gasped and his eyes went wide. You were right. He never said that yesterday or this morning. He gave you a lecture and spanking, but not once did he say he loved you.

“I hurt him so badly.” You sobbed.

Sam pulled you onto his lap, cradling you to his chest. You wrapped your arm under his arm and you sobbed and sobbed. He peppered your head with kiss.

“I love you so much, little girl. So, so much. Daddy is so sorry he didn’t tell you he loved you yesterday or this morning. Daddy didn’t mean to hurt you, little girl. You are not a terrible little, don’t you never think that about yourself, because it is not true. Daddy is not disappointed in you; he could never be disappointed in you. Yes, Daddy was upset, but he is so sorry that he made you feel this way. I know you trust me. I know that, I just wanted to remind you. I know you love me. Daddy knows how much you love him. God, I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you I loved you. Daddy made a very big mistake.”
“Daddy needs a spanking” you mumbled and Sam laughed a bit.

“Little girl, can you stand up, please?” you did. Sam placed his hands on either side of your face and looked you in the eye. “Listen to me. I love you so much. You are my whole world and I don’t know what I would do without you. I. Love. You. You are my good little girl. I. Love. You.”

“I love you too” you said reaching up and whipping his tears.

“How about no more school today and we cuddle. How does that sound?”

“And heating pad?” you asked.

“Yes.”

Sam took off his nice shirt and lifted you in his arms.

“Daddy has no shirt on” you said in awe.

“Neither does my little girl.” He chuckled.

“I know Daddy say that he makes the rules, but can he no wear a shirt for the rest of the day?” you looked at him.

“Daddy did say he would be strict this week, however, he can be strict without a shirt on today.” Sam smiled. You pressed yourself t him.

“Daddy is nice and warm” you said.

Sam chuckled, he grabbed moose and handed him to you. He stuck his thumb in your mouth and you sucked on it. He looked down at you kissed the top of your head.
Cuddles and strict Daddy

Sam held you in his arms. You laid on his chest, head on his heartbeat, his thumb in your mouth. He stroked your hair. When it was time for lunch he brought you to your changing table, snapping gloves on and adjusting them. Him shirtless doing this, oh boy. You left out a tiny moan.

“Little girl?” he smirked adjusting the left glove

“Mmm” you moaned again.

“Oh. Does someone think Daddy is sexy?”

“Uh huh.”

“Thank you very much. Now, Daddy will not restrain you, so legs up.” You did and he pulled your pull up off. “And open” you spread your legs and Sam noticed you were wet. “Very good, little girl”

“Daddy, am I wet?” you asked innocently.

“You are” he said pulling the tampon out.

You caught a glimpse of the tampon before he wrapped it in threw it away. You covered your face with your hands and started to cry. Sam placed his hands on your inner thighs.

“I know that this is very embarrassing for you. I assure you, Daddy does not mind at all. At all, little girl. Besides, he does clean you when you’ve made a poo-poo. Right?” you nodded, sniffling.

Sam cleaned you up, changed gloves and placed a new tampon in you and put you in a diaper this time. He took his gloves off and lifted you up in his arms. He booped your nose. you smiled and then nestled into his neck.

“Let’s get some lunch, shall we?”

“Daddy, I love you” you said. Sam smiled.

“Daddy loves you so much”

When it was time for bed the tampon was out and a diaper was placed on you.

“Daddy, do we get to cuddle all night long?” you asked.

“No, I’m sorry. You will not be sleeping with Daddy.”

Sam wen and grabbed your chastity belt and placed it on to. He then grabbed your mittens and put them on your hands.

“Mmmm” you whined.

“Today has been very fun, cuddling the best little girl ever. However, now is the time for Daddy to be strict. Mittens and your naughty belt will be worn at night times. Just for this week.”

“I’ll be a good girl” you slightly pleaded.
“What did day say about you doing what he says?”

“No questions asked” you muttered.

“That’s right.”

You rubbed your mitten hand on his bare chest. Sam placed his hand on the back of your neck and kissed your forehead. He placed his forehead against yours.

“Daddy loves you.” he whispered. “Do you understand?” you nodded. He kissed your forehead again and lifted you in his arms.

“Does Daddy cuddle me until I go sleepy?” you asked hopefully.

“No, little girl. Daddy will stay with you, until you sleep. But if he cuddles you he might fall asleep” he laughed a little.

“That’s okay.” Sam cleared his throat and you looked at him and nodded understanding.

Sam carried you to your bed and tucked you in. He turned your night light on and your lights off. He sat on your bed petting your head and holding your hand. It took you a little longer to fall asleep, which was understandable.

The next day, you were changed and mittens and naughty belt was taken off. Once breakfast was over Sam held your hand to your room.

“This needs to be cleaned up.” He said.

“But, I play with all my toys today” you smiled.

“I’m sorry, but you will be in school, this afternoon. This morning you will clean up your room. Properly, do not shove things under the bed. Daddy will stay want watch you to make sure.”

“Okay” you pouted. Sam squeezed your hand and let go. You looked at your room. “Little girl?” he asked.

“Just wondering where to start” you sighed.

“Your coloring corner would be a good place.” He suggested.

You went and started to clean up. You placed the crayons back in the box and sorted the papers. You closed the books and piled them up nicely. You placed the markers in your box. Ten minutes later you heard Sam clear his throat. You looked up and saw him put a gold star on your chart. He smiled at you and you smiled back.

“Very good, little girl. Now, please fold your clothes and put those away.”

“They are” you said.

“They are on the floor and your chair. Those are not the proper places for them.”

“Yes daddy” you said.

You went to walk towards your chair and Sam grabbed your arm, turning you to face him. He leaned down and kissed you.
“Daddy loves you” he whispered in your ear, lightly nipping at it. You moaned a bit. He let go of your arm and lightly nudged you towards your clothes. “How is your bum today?”

“It’s good, Daddy. Thank you.” you said folding you clothes.

“Do you need more cream on it?”

“No”

“Okay.”

In the afternoon, you sat at your desk and Sam walked in.

“Good afternoon class.” He smiled.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Daddy.”

“Let’s get right to it. Class, you will be writing two pages on something that embarrasses you to tell your mommy or Daddy. It could be something they already know or something you’ve been hiding. Please include, what it is about the act that embarrasses you, how your Mommy or Daddy can ease your mind and what you’re going to do about it.” You raised your hand. “Yes, little girl”

“Never mind.” You said lowering your hand.

“Secrets are not welcomed in Mr. Daddy’s class.” You nodded.

“We have to be honest. Right?”

“Yes. You must be one hundred percent honest.”

You nodded again and took out your paper and pencil. Sam sat and watched, wondering what you were going to write about. When the timer went off. You looked up and he called you forward.

“Little girl, please present”

“M-my Daddy.” You took a deep breath. “My Daddy is a very kind Daddy. He does stuff that pushes me and sometimes it does embarrass me. He does not do this to humiliate me, he does this to make me be the best little girl, I can be. Sometimes there are punishments, like when he made me be a baby and he put me in the stroller. That was very embarrassing for me. At times I did feel humiliated. But Daddy and I have a code. Snapping three times and everything stops. I did not snap. I knew that he had my best interest at heart and he would never do anything to make me uncomfortable. However, that’s not what this is about.”

You paused and looked at Sam. He sat straight with his hands folded on his desk. He nodded at you to go on.

“The one thing that embarrasses me is when I have my big girl period. Daddy is in charge of wiping me, because little girls cannot wipe themselves. But I had forgotten about my period and what to do when I have it. Yes, he cleans my poopy bum and he’s even cleaned up when I get sick and throw up. However, this is different. My Daddy eases my mind, but reassuring me that he does not mind one bit. He lets me change my pad and wipe myself when it’s really heavy, but when it’s the first day and last day, Daddy wipes me. I have come to accept this now, because my Daddy is being very strict with me this week and I have been using tampons. He has changed me and them. I am in awe that my Daddy is so strong and brave to do that. My Daddy is my protector and he is there to make sure I do my very best. I trust him with my whole heart. I am still a little uneasy with
him seeing me big girl period and taking care of me, but that’s what Daddies are supposed to do. They take care of their littles.”

You put the paper down and Sam stood up, placing a hand on your shoulder and kissed the top of her head.

“That was very well written, little girl. You are such a brave girl for sharing that. Thank you. Please take your seat.” You walked back to your desk and Sam smiled at you. You smiled back.
You were pretty fidgety all day and when Sam would help you to the bathroom, he saw the wet patch on your underpants. Later that night, you were watching TV and squirming. Sam put gloves on.

“Little girl, are you wet for Daddy?” you nodded, pouting, holding moose. “Spread your legs for me.” Sam lightly rubbed your covered center.

Sam stood up, holding out his gloved hand. You took it and he walked you to his bedroom and took your diaper off. He pointed to the bed and you got on, lying on your back, legs spread. His fingers spread your lips and he ran a finger down your dripping center.

“Mmmm” you moaned.

“Very good.”

“Daddy?” you whimpered.

“Shhhhh”

Sam slipped two fingers in you and started to work them in and out. He pulled out and patted your thighs open more.

“Ooooh” you gasped when Sam wrapped his mouth around your clit and sucked. You bucked your hips and he held you down.

“No moving, little girl” he said kissing your inner thigh.

He placed soft kisses on your no-no place. You moaned and moaned. He nudged your clit with his nose and then licked up your slit and wrapped his mouth around your clit again and slipped two fingers in you. He removed his mouth and started rubbing with his other hand.

“Oh, I’m close.” You moaned.

“You can cum” he smiled, reaching a hand up and squeezing your breast.

You came around his fingers and slipped the gloves off and his pants off, freeing his big boy part. He put on one glove and leaned forward kissing you passionate kiss. He rubbed his big boy part against you and slid in you. Your mouth opened and he stuck a finger in your mouth.

You wrapped your mouth around it and started to suck on his gloved finger while he thrusted in and out of you. Another finger brushed against your mouth and he slipped two fingers in your mouth.

“That’s it. Suck it, like the good girl you are.”
You clenched around him and came again. Sam pulled his fingers out of your mouth and came in you. He panted pressing his forehead against yours. He reached down with his gloved hand and rubbed your clit.

“Nuh” you panted, trying to catch your breath. “I-i-I no-no su-sure I-I can” you said. He kissed your forehead.

“You can. Come on, cum for Daddy one more time.”

“Nuh-nuh-nuh.” You whimpered.

Your eyes shut tight, your, he pulled out of you, still rubbing. Your legs twitched and your hands went into fists. Your mouth opened, your head turning to the side and you let out a faint squeak, back arching.

Sam placed his ungloved hand on your chest, waiting for you to come down. He removed his hand and took off the glove. He placed little kisses on your lips, stroking your hair.

“I’m just going to get a cloth and clean you up.” He whispered.

“Mmm” you said, eyes still closed.

“I need you to stay awake just a little longer. Can you count forward and backwards to ten.” You groaned and nodded. He stroked your hair.

“One, two, three, four, five, si-six, seven, ei-eight, nine, ten” you mumbled. “Te-ten, nine, euight, seven, six, fi-five, four, thr-three, two, one”

“Good girl”

Sam heard you counting as he got a warm wash cloth and came back. You were still counting as he wiped you clean. Sam had a bottle ready for you. He brushed the nipple against your lips and your mouth parted.

“Drink the water little girl” he soothed and you did, eyes slowly opening. “There she is” he said stroking your head. “How do you feel?” he removed the bottle so you could answer

“Sleepy” you mumbled “but relaxed”

“Good. That was Daddy’s plan. Finish the bottle, okay?” he placed the bottle back in your mouth.

When the bottle was done Sam asked you to keep counting. Sam grabbed a diaper, put gloves on and got you all diapers up. He took his gloves off and lifted you in his arms.

“Ei-ei-eight, seben, siiiith” you slurred and he rubbed a hand on your back and kissed the side of your head.

“Shhhhh. No more counting. You did so well. Daddy is so proud of you. Daddy loves you.”

“Love you” you mumbled and Sam tucked you in.
You and Sam were cuddling on the couch. You rested your head on his chest and he patted your bum. You started to rub yourself a bit on his lap. Sam grabbed your wrists in a firm, gentle manner and pulled you up to look at him.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he cooed.

“I kind of itchy” you looked down.

“Your no-no place?” he asked concerned.

“Yeah. But…it’s nothing.” You mumbled.

“I can make an appointment with Dr.Dean.” he said.

“No, Daddy. “

“Oh, that wasn’t a question.”

The next morning in class, you were still very itchy.

“Little girl?” Sam questioned as you reached your hand down to your no-no place.

“Mr. Daddy?” you whimpered, placing your hand on your desk.

“You should not be touching there, not just in class, but in general. You do not have permission.”

“It’s really itchy.” You whispered.

“It is? Then perhaps your Daddy should take you to the doctor” you shut your legs and shook your head.

When school was done, Sam brought you to the living room and sat you on the couch. He placed your hands in mittens and crouched in front of you.

“Little girl, is there something you need to tell Daddy?”

“N-n-no” you looked down and away.

“Uh huh. Daddy made an appointment with Dr. Dean this afternoon.

“Nooo” you whined.

“Uh huh."

“Pleeeeeease.”
“I’m sorry, but you have been scratching and this is serious”

“No it’s not!” you said

“Oh, none of that. Little girl, you are going. Now let Daddy inspect.” He said placing you on your changing table and restrained you.

“MMMMMM” you grumbled. Sam put gloves on and took your diaper off.

“Oh my.” Sam looked at you and you started to cry.

With a little fuss, Sam got you dressed. He snapped up your onesie and in the car you went.

“Mmmmm, Daddy.” You whined as Sam buckled you up.

“I’m sorry, but you are going to the doctor.” He said kissing your forehead.

Sam carried you into Dean’s office. You whined the whole time. Dean brought you two to a room. Sam started to get you undressed and Dean walked in.

“What seems to be the matter?” Dean asked.

“Little girl said her no-no place is itchy.” Sam said and Dean looked at you. You looked down blushing.

“Itchy, huh? I’m going to need to have a look” you shook your head.

“Let Dr. Dean do his job” Sam said rubbing a hand on your back.

You leaned back and Dean pulled the stirrups out for you. Sam lifted your legs, you started to squirm. Sam restrained you.

“Nooo. Daddy, I’ll be good” you whined

“Uh huh.” Sam said taking your diaper off.

Dean put gloves on and sat between your legs. Sam held your hand and stroked your hair. He examined you, you whimpers were getting quieter. Dean stood up and snapped the gloves off.

“Yeast infection” he said.

“Uuugh. You groaned.

“See, it was serious” Sam said looking at you and kissing your forehead again.

“Da-Daddy” you whimpered.

“That’s alright. I’m going to take very good care of you.”

“There is an suppository that you will give her as well as cream to rub on the outside.” Dean said

You stopped at the drug store and when you got home, you were strapped to the changing table. Sam put gloves on and put the suppository in. You whimpered and moaned in discomfort as he wrubbe the cream on the outside.

“There we go.” Sam changed his gloves, grabbed the lube and your princess plug.
“Daddy?” you asked.

“You will not be in a diaper, you will be in big girl underpants. So, telling Daddy when you have to pee-pee and poo-poo is very important.

“BUT PLUG!” you said

“The plug will be going in, even though you are not cleaned out.” You nodded gasping as his lubed finger probed your butt.

When the princess plug was nice and secured, Sam put your underpants on and took your restraints off.
Special kisses

The next day Sam went to wake you up for school. He kissed your forehead ran his fingers through your hair.

“Good morning, little girl” he cooed.

“Mmmmm” you whined.

“Oooh, I know. But it’s time for school.”

“Daddy, I can’t go” you whispered. He crouched down so he was face to face with you.

“Why is that?”

“Because my no-no place is itchy.”

“That does not prevent you from going to school” he smirked.

“Uh huh” you said.

“No it does not, little girl. Who knows best?” he said

“But what will everyone say?” you asked wide eyed.

“No one has to know.” He whispered, standing up, kissing the side of your head and grabbing gloves.

In class you looked around very nervous. You knew Mr. Daddy wouldn’t do anything or say anything to embarrass you. You started to sniffle and tear up as Sam walked around the class to monitor everyone. He placed a gentle hand on your shoulder and you gasped a little. He kissed the side of your head.

“Come to my desk” he whispered.

You nodded and did as you were told. He sat in his chair and pulled you to stand between his legs, holding your hands.

“What’s going on?” he asked sweetly

“I still think everyone find out” you whispered looking at your stuffies.

“I assure you, little girl, no one knows” you nodded. “You know, sad little girls are allowed to sit on Mr. Daddy’s lap for five whole minutes. Would you like that?” you nodded again.

You took a step back, Sam closed his legs and you sat on his lap, he cradled you in his arms. You pouted, resting your head on his chest. Sam wiped your tears and placed little pecks on the top of your head. Sam lightly patted your butt when five minutes was up and you got up and returned to your desk.

“Yes Tapper, little girl is alright.” You heard Sam say and you smiled a bit.

Later that week, once again, you found yourself on Dean’s table.
“No more itching?” he asked you looking up between your legs. You shook your head.

“Use your words, please” Sam said, stroking your hair.

“No, Dr. Dean.” You said shyly.

“Good. Everything looks good.” Dean said to Sam.

“I’m glad to hear that.” He smiled at you.

Once you were back home, Sam got you undressed and lifted you in his arms. You clung to him and bounced you a bit. He brushed his thumb against your mouth and you parted you lips and sucked on it.

“See, you’re okay, Daddy took care of you, he always will, because Daddy loves you so much” he whispered. He kissed the top of your head. “Hey, a little later do you want special kisses?” your eyes lit up a bit and you nodded. “You’re my brave girl.”

Once you had soothed yourself with Sam’s thumb. Sam laid you down on your bed and straddled you, hovering over you. Arms on either side of your head, he smiled down at you and you smiled up at him.

Sam pressed his forehead against yours and gave little pecks to your lips. He lifted his head and kissed your nose. You closed your eyes when he started to stroke your temples. He kissed your forehead a few times and rubbed your noses. He placed small pecks on your lips again.

“Mmm hmn” you giggled. He smiled against your lips.

“Who’s my good girl?” he cooed.

“I am” you smiled.

“Yes you are”

After a few more kisses, you blushed turned your head, frowning a bit. Sam placed a kiss on your neck.

“Make you poopy” he whispered in your ear.

“Nnn” you whined.

“Shhh. Your princess plug is not in. Make a poo-poo” he whispered again.

Sam got off you and grabbed some gloves, putting them on. You rolled onto your side and messed your diaper. Sam came over and stroked your cheek. Sam moved your hair out of your way and stroked your ear.

“What a good girl. After, Daddy is going to clean your ears”

“Nmmnn” you whined.

“Uh huh, little girls seem to have forgotten to do that.”

When Sam had your diaper changed, he placed a new on under you and did it up. He had you flip over so your head was by the light.
“Daddy, puggleeease” you begged. “I’ll do it!”

“Shhhh, relax” Sam started to give your ear a little massage.

The crinkle of the latex right in your ear and the feel of it, made you moan. Sam felt your relax as he massaged your lobe. One hand lightly stroked your ear while the other grabbed the cotton swab.

“Good girl, nice and still” he whispered.

You whined as he cleaned your ear. When he was done, had you turn over to the other side and repeated the same process. You couldn’t help but giggle.

“What’s so funny?” he cooed.

“This relaxing” you mumbled, eyes fluttering closed.

“Good, I’m glad.” Sam cleaned your other ear, again you whined a bit. “Little girl, from now on Daddy will be doing this” he said throwing the cotton swab away and the gloves. He don a new pair

“But-“ you started.

“No buts…unless it’s your cute butt” and you giggled and Sam lifted you in his arms and brought you back to the bed, lying you down and straddling you like before. “Like Daddy said when you were sick, he changes your poopy bum-bum, he’s cleaned up when you’ve thrown up, he can clean your ears for you.” you nodded. “Good. Close your eyes” you did.

Sam lightly ran his gloved covered index fingers down your cheeks. He lightly stroked all over your face. You moaned and then started to relax and drift off to sleep.

You don’t know what go into Sam. Maybe he was making up for the fact that you had to suffer through a yeast infection. But this was really calming. It was soft gentle strokes and all over your face, under your chin. Whatever it was, you liked it. It wasn’t to get you aroused. It was to just to have you let go of everything. You liked this part of your relationship.
You were sitting at your desk doing a writing assignment for Mr. Daddy when you noticed he went and grabbed moose and brought him to the back of the room. You turned your head and saw that Sam had set moose up in a chair and put on latex gloves and started looking at his fur.

“Mr. Daddy?” you asked.

“Moose is okay, little girl. It’s just the standard lice check. Back to your assignment.” You nodded and turned forward.

Ever since you and Sam had discovered ASMR, you loved what he came up with. Sam placed moose back in his seat after a few minutes and a warm hand touched your shoulder.

“Little girl, please come to the back with me.” He whispered in your ear.

You followed Sam to the back and sat in the chair. Sam put gloves on and stroked your hair.

“Okay little girl. Mr. Daddy is going to start.”

Sam grabbed a comb with a pick at the and notice you tense a bit. Sam rubbed a hand on your back.

“There is nothing to be worried about. I’m sure your Daddy takes very good care of you.”

“Yes he does” you said.

Sam checked your hair, taking his sweet time. You whimpered a bit.

“Shhh. Little girl, this has to be done.” He said

Sam used the pick and brought it through your hair and with his other searched your hair. When he was done, he combed through your hair.

“Very good. Everything is fine.” He said placing the comb down and he taking the gloves off.

“Thank you, Mr. Daddy.”

“Do you need to go to the bathroom?”

“Uh huh.” you said.

“Class, I will be right back. Just taking little girl, to the bathroom”
When school was over, you packed up your school things, including moose and went outside of Sam’s office and he was there smiling.

“Daddy!” you squealed.

“How was school?” he cooed, lifting you in his arms.

“It was good”

“Did anything happen?”

“Mr. Daddy gave us a lice check.”

“And?”

“I’m all good.” You smiled. He kissed your lips.

“I’m glad to hear that. Now, it’s time for your weekly check”

“Nnnn” you whined

“Yes. Ever since your yeast infection, Daddy is going to be checking you.”

“But it’s been two whole months.”

“Little girl.” He said in a warning tone.

You nodded and Sam placed you on your changing table and took your under off. He restrained your legs and went to grab moose and handed it to you. He slipped gloves on.

“Alright, Dr. Daddy is going to inspect the outside first. Alright” he stroked over no-no place a few times. “Let’s have a little looksy, shall we?”

Sam carefully inspected you. He lightly lifted up the hood of your clit. He carefully pulled your no-no place part.

“Dr. Daddy is just going to stick his finger in.”

“Dr. Daddy, you need lube?” you asked innocently.

“No, little girl. You’ve self-lubricated nicely.” And if he kept talking like that you’d stay that way. You gasped when the tip of his finger slowly pushed in. “Good girl. Deep breaths.” You did. “Everything is looking and feeling good.”

“Dr. Daddy?” you asked and Sam shook his head, knowing what you were going to ask.

“I’m sorry, little girl. It’s time to put you back in a diaper. “

“Okay” you pouted.

Sam placed a kiss on your no-no place and you gasped. He changed his glove and got your diapered. Sam took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms.

“What good girl you are for me.”

You nestled your head into his neck. Sam patted your butt a few times and held you close.
So. I do have chapters lined up, but anything you want to see?
You were at the table coloring when Sam walked in whistling. You looked up at him, wide eyes.

“Little girl, you got a letter in the mail” he smiled.

“I did?” you looked shocked. “What is it?”

“Oh, Daddy’s are not allowed to open mail addressed to little girls. That’s against the law”

“The Daddy law?” Sam chuckled.

“No, not the Daddy law, the actual law.”

“Oh” you giggled “Daddy is so smart” Sam came over and kissed the top of your head.

“Thank you, little girl. Do you know who is also so smart?” he cooed.

“Who?” Sam smiled, you looked so innocent. He booped your nose.

“You.”

“Me?”

“Yeah, little girl. You know that, right? You know you’re smart?” he said stroking your hair.

“Yes I do. But thank you for reminding me, Daddy” Sam kissed your lips.

“Always, little girl. Now, what does the letter say?” he tickled your sides and you giggled. You opened the letter.

“Ooooh. I am invited to a sleepover. Charlie is having it. It’s at the resort.” You squealed.

Castiel always closed the resort for one week. Just to fix somethings. So, that’s when Jo asked if Charlie could have a sleepover, for her birthday.

“That is very exciting.” Sam said taking a seat next to you.

“Daddy, can I go?”

“I don’t know?” he said jokingly.

“Oh, Daddy, please?! I will wear big girl undies and goodnights for bedtime. I’ll do my very best to not make them messy or wet at night. I’ll be a good girl” you said holding onto his arm. Sam giggled and cradled your head.

“Yes, you can go. Of course, Daddy will let you.” He kissed the side of you head.

You and Sam packed up your things and headed to the resort. When you got there Charlie was waiting

“Y/n!” you said running up to you.

“Charlie, what did we say about letting go of mommy’s hand in the parking lot?” Jo asked.
“Sorry.” She pouted. Jo came up and kissed the top of her head.

“That’s okay, baby, you’re just excited.

Once everyone got comfy in the big room, you, Meggy and Charlie started coloring and talking. The bigs all sat with their coffee and watched. It was raining, you guys had to stay inside.

“Papa, we go outside?” Meg asked.

“No Meggy, it’s raining and papa doesn’t want you to get sick.”

“Okay” she smiled and went back to coloring. Sam saw you moved your hips a bit.

“Little girl, does someone need the bathroom?”

“Uh huh” you blushed.

You stood up and Sam held your hand to the bathroom. Sam put gloves on and pulled your underpants down. You sat on the toilet.

“I have to make a poopy” you blushed.

“What’s with my blushy, little girl” Sam chuckled. You giggled and shrugged.

“Daddy, I finished.” You said.

Sam sat down and you went over his lap and he grabbed the wipe and wiped you.

“In your bum-bum now” he warned and you whined.

He changed his gloves while you sat back on the toilet and spread your legs. Sam grabbed a wipe and wiped you there. He threw the wipe out and patted your no-no place.

“Very good, little girl.”

You stood up and he pulled your underpants up. You went back to coloring, but Sam noticed you keep your legs closed.

“Mommy, may I have juice?” Charlie asked.

“Yes you can, sweet girl”

“Meggy, Papa is going to make you a bottle.” She nodded.

Sam joined them and made you a bottle two. All three littles went to their caregivers. You looked down and blushed.

“Does someone have a wet patch?” Sam whispered in your ear and you nodded, tearing up. “Is your no-no place achy?” you whimpered.

“Mr. Sam, is Y/n/n okay?” Charlie asked.

“Little girl, is alright, sweetie, thank you for asking.”

Sam had you on his lap, cradling you so no one could see you spread your legs. Sam saw a big wet patch. It had been a few weeks since he last touched your no-no place. Sam brushed the bottle against your lips and you drank.
Jo came over and sat beside Sam. Charlie came over and reached a hand out, but Jo, held it.

“Charlie wants to make you feel better” Sam whispered and you nodded.

“Gentle, sweet girl” Jo whispered and Charlie lightly rubbed a hand on your back. You rested your head on Sam’s shoulder and closed your legs. Castiel came over with Meg.

When everyone was done with their bottle and juice, the littles were put down for a nap. Sam pulled Castiel away for a moment.

“My little girl is um…is there a separate room? It’s been a few weeks and I might need to relieve the aching feeling.” Castiel smiled a bit.

“Yeah.”

Meg was the first to wake up from the nap. She had messed her diaper. Castiel put gloves on and changed her diaper. Charlie was called over to Jo. Sam saw you still under the covers. He moved the covers a bit and you spread your legs. He moved your underwear to the side.

“You’re not that wet anymore.” He whispered and kissed the side of your head.

“It’s still achy.” You whispered.

“Castiel got us a room, if you really can’t stand it, then Daddy will take care of you.” you nodded and went over to the table where there were snacks.

“There, Meggy. All clean” Castiel smiled, doing up her diaper.

Sam went to your bag and grabbed moose. He brought it over and made moose kiss your cheek. You giggled and took him, hugging him tight. Meggy had her doggy and Charlie clung to her build a bear dressed like a hobbit.
Chapter 95

Chapter Notes

Not my best, but I have a huge headache.

“SHE HERE!” Charlie said looking out the window seeing John and Eileen.
The girls all ran out and hugged her. John laughed a little.
‘How are you?’ you signed to her
‘Good. You?’ she signed.
‘Good’
The bigs took their littles to the playground and watched them play. You and Meg ran up to Castiel and Sam.
“Daddy you put us in the swing?” you asked and Sam kissed you.
“Yeah, little girl”
One you were in the swings, Eileen and Charlie pushed you two. John came over when he saw Eileen’s leg shaking a bit.
‘Bathroom?’ he signed and she nodded.
John held her hand to the bathroom and Castiel and Sam got you girls out. You blushed a bit.
“Uh oh. Someone has a wet diaper.”
John, Castiel, Jo and Sam all watched as their littles hugged each other goodbye. Jo started laughing and Charlie looked over.
“Girls it’s been half an hour” she said.
“We saying goodbye” Meg spoke up.
“I know you are, Meggy. Come on, it’s time for them to go” Castiel said going over to her.
“Little girl” Sam smirked and you pouted, walking over to him. He lifted you in his arms.
A few days after you walked up to Sam, pouting.
“Little girl?” he asked concerned.
“My tummy hurt” you said
“Uh huh. Daddy has noticed you have not made a messy.”
“I having a hard time” you mumbled.
“Okay. To your room little girl. Dr. Daddy is going to take care of you.”

You lowered your head; Sam placed his hands on your shoulders and lightly massaged them to your room. He stopped you and made you watch him put gloves on, but no such luck of making you smile. He came over and kissed the top of your head.

Sam placed the medical mat on your bed and took your diaper off. You laid down on your left side. You heard the popping on the cap and the crinkle of the suppository wrapper.

“Nice deep breaths for Dr. Daddy” he soothed and you did.

“Hm” you jumped when his lubed finger rubbed against your bum.

“Shhh. Relax” he said gently.

You did and he slipped his finger in. He pulled out, coded the suppository and pushed it in, holding his finger in. He rubbed a hand on your back. He pulled his finger out and pushed another one in.

“Mmm” you whined.

“I know, little girl. I’m sorry” he said sympathetically.

Sam pulled his finger out and squeezed your butt cheeks together. You whimpered and started to cry.

“Halloween is coming up and we need you to be feeling better” Sam said taking off his gloves. “Now, you just lie there for me, like the good little girl you are.”

“Please don’t give me and enema” you whimpered. Sam rubbed a hand on you back.

“Daddy’s going to do what he sees fit.” He whispered in your ear, before kissing the side of your head. “Twenty minutes. Then Daddy is going to place you on the toilet.”

You lay on your side and Sam sat beside you running his fingers through your hair. He soothed you, placing a hand on your stomach. When twenty minutes was up Sam carried you to the bathroom and sat you on the toilet.

You whined when you saw Sam start to run the water. He looked and nodded at you. You closed your eyes as you tried to release.

Sam came over and lightly massaged your shoulders. You relaxed and Sam went back to filling the enema bag.

Sam slipped latex gloves on and sat on the bathtub. You went over his lap and he wiped your butt. You clenched and closed your eyes. Sam threw the wipe away and started to massage the base of your skull.

“I bet your bum-bum is sore on the inside” you whimpered. “Daddy’s going to make you feel all better”

Sam had made a nest of blankets and towels on the bathroom floor. He laid you down and changed his glove. He lubed the enema plug nozzle and your butt and inserted it. He slowly started the water and you whined.

“Shhh. The suppositories helped a lot, Daddy can see that. This is just to clean you out.”

You closed your eyes when you heard the toilet flush. Finally the water stopped and you felt Sam massage your stomach a bit.
“What a good girl. Daddy is so proud of you.”

“After, we get Halloween costume?”

“Yeah, little girl. After we’ll go that.”

After the enema Sam fed you some soup and crackers and put you down for your nap

When you woke up, Sam was there rubbing his thumb on your temple. You smiled a bit and he pulled you close to him.

“How is your tummy now? Better?”

“Yes, Daddy.” You mumbled a little sleepily.

“Good. Now, what do you want to be for Halloween?”

“A bunny” you said.

“A bunny. That sounds good” Sam kissed the top of your head.

When Halloween came around you wanted to be in your costume for school. Sam had you no your elbows and knees.

“Nnnnn” you whined. It was too early in the morning for a butt plug”

“Little girl, you wanted to be a bunny and they have cute little cotton tails.” Sam soothed as he worked his second gloved finger in your butt.

Sam had woken you up early to shave you and get you ready for school.

“There we go” Sam said slipping the tail plug in. “Now, I have Mr. Daddy strict instructions to put cream on your no-no place. You understand?” he said raising an eyebrow.

“Yes Daddy” you said turning over and pouting a bit.

“Oh, I know it’s early. Time for you bottle and breakfast, then Daddy will paint you face.”

“Daddy, I nakey” you said.

“Uh huh. So are little bunnies” he said booping your nose.

After breakfast Sam pained your face with little pink nose and whiskers. He placed your bunny ears on and handed you your backpacl. He held your hand to the class room.

“Now. It is extremely important for you to know that Mr. Daddy should never touch you down there ever. It is only to soothe your no-no place. Is that clear?”

“Yes” you said

Lunch time rolled around and Mr. Daddy called you to the desk. He put gloves on and then cream on them.

“I’ll be real quick, little girl” he said and you nodded. “Spread your legs please” you did and Sam rubbed he cream on you. “There we go. All done.”

“Mr. Daddy, you like my costume?”
“I do, little girl. I think you look very cute.” You giggled and blushed heading back to your desk.

When the day was over Sam handed you a bag of candy and you squealed with happiness. He left the room and you came out a minute later to find him there.

“Look what Mr. Daddy gave me” you said

“Wow, little girl. You’re very lucky.”

“Am I your cuddle bunny?” you asked innocently

“You are. Come on, cuddle bunny. Daddy needs to hold you.” he kissed your lips and led you to the couch.
Sam knew that there was something on your mind. It wasn’t a big thing, but you did seem a little more distracted than usual. After dinner Sam let you play for a bit.

“Little girl?” he asked and you looked up at him wide eyed.

“Uh huh?” you said.

“What’s on your mind?” he asked getting on the floor with you.

“Hmmm…” you said like you were thinking.

“Would this be done better with snaps?” Sam suggested and you nodded smiling. “Okay. You can snap baby” he smiled and you did. You took a deep breath.

“Hi.” You said

“Hey” he said sweetly. “So, what’s on your mind?”

“Um…I was wondering.” You blushed a bit and Sam held your hands.

“You can tell me anything”

“I was wondering if maybe tomorrow I could wear my big girl underpants and a onesie. The one with the colored paw prints. My pacifier with the clip and…um…not all the time but if we’re watching something or you’re putting me to sleep you could wear gloves and rub my cheek.” You blushed and hid your face.

“Anything else, love?” he said sweetly, pulling you against his chest.

“Could I call you Sammy? Just for tomorrow.” You whispered.

“Yes, baby. Whatever you want. But I will still be doing temperature checks.” You nodded and he kissed the top of your head. “I love you so much” he said holding you tighter.

“I love you too”

The next morning You were woken up with Sam rubbing your diaper with this gloved hand.

“Sammy?” you asked.

“Morning, baby. I’m just making sure you’re dry. You are, good girl.” You giggled. “Do you need to potty?” you nodded.

“I use toilet?”

“Yes, of course. Let me get this diaper off you first.”

Sam took the diaper off and held your hand to the bathroom. When you were done, you leaned back and he wiped you. He changed his gloves and led you back to your bedroom where he had you lie on your bed, legs up.

“Time for your temperature check.” You nodded.
Sam grabbed the lube and rubbed it against your bum. Once the temperature check was done, he wiped you again, changed his gloves and got you in underwear. He sat you up and grabbed your onesie. You clapped your hands and he smiled.

“Little girl, you make me happy.” He said

He snapped you your onesie and grabbed your pacifier with the clip. He attached it to you and placed it in your mouth. With gloves on, he lifted you in his arms and rubbed the back of his hand on your cheek. You relaxed at the touch and rested your head on his shoulder.

“You like this, baby? Makes you feel safe?”

“Yeth” you said.

“I love you.” he said

“I love Sammy.”

“Hold tight” he said and you tightened your grip to him. He let go and took the gloves off. He placed a warm hand on your back and arm under your bum. “I got you.” he whispered.

Once breakfast was done, Sam sat you on the floor with moose and some crayons and paper.’

“Can you draw me a picture?” he asked sweetly.

“Yeah!” you gasped happily.

“Yeah? Oh, thank you so much.”

You got to work. Sam smiled at your tongue sticking out a bit when you colored. You looked up at moose and then down at the paper. Sam came by and rubbed a hand on your back. You giggled and looked over. He kissed your forehead.

“Baby, that looks beautiful.”

“It moothe” you said looking at the brightly colored moose picture.

“I see that. Moose looks beautiful. When you’re done, you’re going to get a bottle, okay?”

“Okay Thammy” you smiled and then went back to your picture.

Sam walked in with your bottle as you were finishing up. He sat on the couch and put gloves on. You smiled and ran over with the picture.

“That is soo beautiful baby. Time for your bottle then so many snuggles.”

You climbed on Sam’s lap. He took your pacifier out and held the bottle, his free hand his gloved fingers lightly rubbed your cheek. Your eyes closed for a second and then opened.

“It’s almost nap time. I’m going to hold you all nap” you giggled.

When you finished your bottle Sam held your hand to the bathroom and unsnapped your onesie and pulled your underpants down. You went to the bathroom and he wiped you, pulled your underpants up and snapped the onesie up.

Sam changed his gloves and lifted you back in his arms. The back of his gloved fingers stroking...
your cheek. He laid down on your bed and you nuzzled into his neck.

“Rest, little girl. I’m right here.” You soothed yourself with your pacifier and Sam stroking your cheek.
Chapter 97

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is really short

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were sitting at the table looking at wedding flowers and . Sam had told you two times that it was past your bedtime and you needed your rest. Sam walked in again and cleared his throat. Normally you would look up, big puppy dog eyes, but you didn’t even flinch this time.

“Little girl. I have told twice now that it is past your bedtime.”

“Sorry, Daddy” you mumbled not really paying attention and still looking at the flowers.

You had been planning the wedding all day. You made a list of things you needed, you started talking about food and locations. You now looked at the flowers. You were so caught up that you didn’t notice Sam walking towards you. He leaned down and closed the book. You looked up at him, you looked exhausted. Sam smiled softly and stroked your cheek.

“This is the third time Daddy is telling you it is past your bedtime. Now, are you ready to be a good girl and listen?” he spoke softly, but still firm.

You nodded and burst into tears, exhausted from the day. Sam scooped you up in his arms and kissed your forehead. You rested your head on his shoulder and he rubbed your back, walking to your room that the two of you share.

“Daddy, I’m sorry. Please don’t be mad at me” you whimpered. He kissed the side of your head.

“I love you, little girl. Daddy is not mad at you at all. You’re planning our wedding, that is a big task to do. Little girl, I’m not mad” he whispered. You nodded, eyes closing a bit. “Mmm, Daddy is so happy that we are sharing a room now. He gets to hold you tight.”

“I love you, Daddy.” You whispered “You hold me close?”

“I’ll always hold you close.” You yawned and he laughed a bit “good thing you brushed your teeth already.”

Sam held you in one arm and pulled down the bedsheets. He laid you down and pulled the sheets all the way back. He took you pink fuzzy blanket and covered you up. He then pulled the bedsheets and pulled them over top of you. He crouched down and stroked the side of your head. He gave you a few pecks and grabbed moose. He handed it to you and then grabbed you pacifier. He placed it in your mouth.

Sam walked over to the other side of the bed and got into bed. He grabbed his arm around you and pulled you close. His other hand stroked your head and you melted into him. Sam smiled to himself when he felt you totally relax and fall asleep. Sam stayed awake for a few more moments, just holding you until he fell asleep.
Thank you for staying with me. If you want to give me ideas, that would be great. Unfortunately I'm going through a really hard time and it's tough to write.
Well you have been the best people in the world.
As most of you know, I am going through a very hard time.
However, to make it up to you, I hope to post THREE chapters today.

You and Sam were hanging out with John and Eileen. Sam noticed that you had been sad recently. He still stuck to your routine, but he was worried.

“Maybe Eileen will get her to open up” Sam said a little sadly.

“Other than that, how has everything else been?” John asked.

“Good. She’s going to go dress shopping next week.”

“I’m sure that’ll help.”

“She’s been in her big space for a day now. I hoped that maybe she would tell me.”

“Sam, it’s going to be okay” John reassured him.

You and Eileen were both in your big space.

‘Did something happen?’ Eileen signed.

“No, nothing happened…I don’t know” you said and signed.

‘Y/n/n, what’s going on?’ Eileen reached out and touched your leg.

You sighed. You told her how Sam used being a baby as punishment, but with the wedding and things, you would like to be a baby for a few weeks. No wedding stuff, no doctor stuff for Sam. Just full on baby. Not having to think about anything. By the end you were crying. Eileen held you in her arms.

“Y/n, tell Sam. He will love that.” You pulled away so she could see your face.

“There’s more.” Eileen let go so you could sign.

“I started thinking about us and starting a family. What about this little stuff, how can we do that with a baby? I know that we were slowly aging up, but can littles be parents?”

‘They can. It will be challenging, but you two would make great parents if that’s what you wanted.’

“But what if I fail? Or He doesn’t want it? Or we screw them up?”

‘You have to talk to Sam’ Eileen signed before hugging you again.

A few minutes later, you fell asleep and Eileen covered you up. She knew that Sam wanted to
know what was going on. She debated whether or not to tell him and then decided to make it easier on you and she walked to the kitchen.

“Sam, Da-Jo.” Eileen sighed.

“Baby girl?” John asked.

“Let me get this out, then I need to get into my little space. Sorry Sam, I’ve been big for two weeks and now I can let go”

“Eileen, don’t apologize.” Sam smiled.

John rubbed a hand on Eileen’s back while she signed to both men and talked some of the other things. Sam nodded and would sign back questions.

‘One more thing’ Eileen said and she looked towards the bedroom.

‘What?’ Sam signed.

“She was worried about what would happen if you two wanted kids. Or if she did, but you didn’t. If she would be a good mother. What would happen if she was little, but you had a kid.”

Sam closed his eyes, finally getting everything. He understood why you would have a hard time telling him that. You tell each other everything, but this was a big topic for both of you. Wanting to be a full on baby, Sam had no problem with and wished you would have said something, but this was a big topic.

‘Thank you’ Sam signed. Eileen nodded.

“Baby girl, come here” John said and Eileen sat on this lap. He held her and kissed the top of her head.

‘That was a very brave thing to do.’ He signed. She nodded and closed her eyes. Sam smiled.

“I’m going to get, Y/n/n.”

Sam walked into Eileen’s room and saw you were waking up.

“Hi baby” he whispered.

“Hi” you looked down and he sat on the bed.

“Eileen has let go.” He kissed the top of your head.

“Okay.” you climbed on his lap and he rubbed a hand on your back.

“Baby, are you letting go?” he asked sincerely.

“That okay, daddy?” your eyes watered.

“That is very okay, little girl. Now, we will need to have a talk.” You looked at him and he stroked your cheek.

“Eileen told me everything.”

“Everything” you whimpered.
“Mm hm. How you want to be Daddy’s little baby for a few weeks” he smiled a bit and you blushed. He kissed your nose and sighed. “She also mentioned about us having our own baby.”

“Yeah” you whimpered and rested your head on his shoulder.

“Little girl, when you’re ready, we can talk about that. I would like to hear it from you.”

“Daddy, we talk about that after I little baby?”

“Yes, little girl.” He held you close.
Chapter 99

Chapter Notes

THank you for your comments. As I said, I will put three out today.

Here is number two.

Now that everything was out in the open, you were feeling much better. You were in your big space, because today you and the girls and Dean were picking out a wedding dress.

“Wedding dress day” you smiled.

“I can’t wait to marry you” Sam smiled kissing you.

“I can’t wait to be your wife.” You kissed him and the doorbell rang.

Sam opened it and saw Jo, Charlie, Eileen, Meg and Dean. You grabbed your purse and kissed Sam again.

“Be a good girl” he said.

“I will” you smiled.

You all walked into the dress shop and Dean was a little scared. Jo laughed a bit. Meg was still pretty little, but she wanted to come, however Castiel needed to be at the resort. Dean said he would be happy to take care of Meg. Charlie and Eileen were both big and Jo was there in case one of them wanted to be little.

“You okay, Dean” Charlie laughed.

“There’s so many dresses” he said stunned.

“Overwhelmed?” Jo asked him.

“Uh...yeah”

‘What are we looking for?’ Eileen signed.

“No ball gowns. A line, no train” you said the girls nodded.

When you gathered some dresses the lady at the store helped you into the changed room and everyone waited. Meg looked down and Dean rubbed a hand on her back.

“Meggy, did you use your diaper?” he whispered and she nodded. “Do you want me or Jo to change you?” she pointed at him. “Okay, honey.”

Dean lifted Meg in his arms and the girls smiled at her and they left. You came out in the first dress.

“Meg getting changed?” you asked.
“Yeah” Charlie said.

“That dress is beautiful” Jo said.

“I like that the skirt is simple” Eileen said

“What about the top? To sparkly?” you asked.

“Hmm…a little, but that’s just me” Jo said.

“Yeah, y/n/n what do you like?” Charlie asked.

“Hmm.”

“Oh Meggy, doesn’t Y/n look beautiful” Dean cooed and she smiled and nodded.

“I’m going to try on another one.”

The fourth dress was the one. You put it on and started to cry.

“You look beautiful” Jo said tearing up.

“Sam is going to cry” Dean smiled.

The girls helped you pay for the dress. When you got home, Sam was waiting for you. He pulled you into a hug and kissed the side of your head.

“Did you get a pretty dress, baby?” he whispered.

“Mm hmm, Daddy” you whimpered.

“Good girl, Daddy can’t wait to see you walk down the aisle”

“When can I be your little baby?” you asked

“How about we get you ready right now. You’ve had a long day.” He whispered.

“Okay”

Sam lifted you in his arms and carried you to the bedroom you share. He placed you down and reached for the latex gloves. He lifted your shirt off and undid your shorts. He unhooked your bra and pulled down your underpants.

Sam lifted you in his arms and sat you on the changing table. He placed your pacifier gag in your mouth. He placed his gloved hands on your thighs.

“Daddy is going to put booties and mittens on.” You nodded “Good girl. Now, you understand that when you are my little baby, your no-no place is not to be played with.”

“Mmmmm” you whined, but nodded.

“Spread your legs for me. “ you did and he saw that you were a little aroused. “Little girl, this is going to be hard for you, but you need to trust me.”

Sam grabbed your mittens and locked them on your hands. He helped you lie down on the changing table and lifted your legs. He restrained them and grabbed the wipes. He wiped you and placed a fresh diaper under you. He sprinkled the powder and did the tabs up. He changed his
gloves and put your booties on.

“There we go.” He cooed.

He took the restraints off and lifted you in his arms. He rubbed his gloved hand on your thigh. He kissed your forehead and cradled you to his shoulder.

“Don’t you worry about anything, okay? You take these next few weeks to be a baby. You just eat, sleep and poop. Daddy will take very good care of you.”
That night you clung to Sam as he reached for the big blanket.

“Oh, little baby, I know you want snuggles all night long, however, you are sleeping in your crib” he cooed and you nodded. “Good girl.”

Sam swaddled you and placed you in the crib. He brushed a thumb on your forehead and kissed your pacifier. Truth be told, he missed taking care of you like this. He loved his little girl, running around and so cute, but now that you want to be totally helpless and not to having to worry about anything and having him do everything made him happy.

You woke up in the middle of the night had messed yourself. You started to cry and Sam turned on the little light and groaned a bit getting up. He lowered the side of the crib and unswaddled you. You bent your legs and he smiled sweetly, grabbing a pair of gloves and putting them on.

“Did my little baby make a poo-poo?” you nodded. “Aww, not to worry, Daddy will change you.”

You wrapped your arms around his neck and he lifted your bridal style, kissing the top of your head. He placed you down on the changing table, but didn’t bother to restrain you. He bent your legs and spread them a little more. Sam undid the tabs and pulled the diaper down.

“Keep those knees up” he cooed.

Sam removed the diaper and grabbed some wipes and cleaned you. He wiped in your bum and you squealed and started crying again. He rubbed a hand on your inner thigh to soothe you.

“Shhhh. Shhhh. You’re safe.” He whispered.

He changed his gloves and got you diapered again. He rubbed your diaper a bit, before taking the gloves off. He carried you to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle warming it up. With the warm bottle, he carried you to the bedroom. He cradled you, taking the gag out and brushed the bottle against your lips.

“Open up” he cooed quietly and you did, drinking the warm milk. “What a good girl.” He noticed your eyes drooping a bit. He removed the bottle and swaddled you up again.

After your morning routine, you and Sam decided it was like a couple of months ago. Sam carried you to the kitchen, with moose. He placed you in the high chair he had for you.

“Hello, little baby” he said in moose’s voice.

You squealed and clapped your mitten covered hands together. Sam made moose kiss all over your face. He handed moose to you and went to make your bottle and breakfast. He looked at you smiling when he heard you giggle a bit.

Chapter Notes

My one hundredth chapter?!?! WHAT?!
“Are you having fun baby?” you nodded. Sam put latex gloves on, took your gag and placed the bottle to your lips and you started to drink. He stroked your cheek “Daddy loves taking of you like this. Dependant on me for everything.” You giggled a bit and rubbed a mitten covered hand on his cheek. “Thank you, baby”

“Hmm” you whimpered, facing going a little uneasy. You realized that you hadn’t talked about you speaking or not. Sam put the bottle down and cupped your cheeks.

“What is it, little baby?” he asked.

“Hmm” you started to cry.

“Do you want to use big girl words?” you nodded. “When you don’t have your pacifier in, you may talk.” He kissed your lips.

“It kay?” you whimpered.

“Yes.” Sam kissed your forehead.

Once you had your breakfast, Sam lifted you out of the high chair and placed his gloved thumb in your mouth for you to suck on.

“There you go. You soothe yourself, before Daddy puts the gag back on.”

“Daddy” you whimpered.

“What is, little baby”

“I love you” you whispered before sucking his thumb again.

“I love you so much. You are my beautiful girl.”

Sam took his gloves off and placed your pacifier back in. He placed you on the ground and wiggled your bootie covered foot. He leaned down and blew a raspberry on your stomach. You giggled and he did it again. He leaned over you and nibbled at your neck. He kissed your pacifier and then forehead.

Over the next week you had fully let go. Sam changed you, bathed you. He took care of you. Two weeks were up. Sam had your botties and mittens off. You looked at Sam and he stroked your cheek. You were thinking and he knew that.

“What’s on your mind? Tell Daddy” he said gently.

“You remember a couple of months ago. Where I asked you to not be in a diaper, but you put in in a onesie and I called you Sammy?” you asked and he smiled.

“I do. Would you like that again?”

“I want to call you daddy and be in diapers like before though. But no booties or mittens or anything sexual. I just be your little girl. Normal pacifier too. Daddy, that okay? I was a good girl.” You said innocently.

“Daddy would love that.” He said picking you up and holding you tight to him. “Daddy will do whatever it takes to make you happy, little girl” he whispered in your ear. “I’m so proud of you. Now, again. No more thinking. Just relax and let go. I’m here”
Chapter End Notes

Anything you want to see?
“Come here, little girl” Sam chuckled as you ran away.

“Hmm” you giggled.

“Do you want to play horsey?” he cooed and you gasped and nodded.

Sam sat on the couch and you straddled his leg, facing him and he started to bounce his knee. You held onto his shoulder. You giggled and then tapped his shoulder and he stopped. You climbed up on his lap and pressed your body to his and clung to his shirt, nuzzling your head into his neck. Sam held you tight, gently combing his fingers through your hair.

“Daddy’s the best Daddy in the whole wide world” you whispered and Sam smiled, kissing the top of your head.

“Thank you, little girl. I love you so very much.” He murmured against your hair. He held you tight to him and after a few minutes of silence he spoke again. “Did you want Daddy to give you a massage a little later?” You gasped and held tighter, looking up at him and smiling around your pacifier. “I’ll take that as a yes”

While you were eating you lunch, you wet your diaper. Sam smiled and grabbed gloves.

“Daddy, I pee-peed.” You pouted.

“Yes you did, good girl. Let Daddy change you”

He lifted you in his arms and kissed all over your face. He brought you to your changing table and placed you down.

“No restraints. I a good girl” you beamed and Sam did too.

“You’re my good girl.” He said taking your diaper off and placing a new one under you.

Sam wiped you and grabbed the baby powder, sprinkled it on and did the tabs up.

“Daddy, you hold me all nap time?” you asked wide eyed.

“Oh, of course.” He said taking the gloves off and lifting you in his arms. “Come on, let’s finish lunch.”

Once lunch was done, Sam brought you to the room you shared and put gloves on. He lay down and you grabbed your blanky and climbed on top of his chest. You rested your head on his shoulder and he placed your pacifier in your mouth. With a hand resting under your bum, his other hand he rubbed on your cheek. You relaxed at his touch and closed your eyes.

In your sleep Sam noticed you would whimper and cling to him. He cradled your head to his
shoulder and rubbed a gloved hand on your back.

“Shhhh. Let go of your worries. Daddy has you” he would whisper.

Half an hour later, Sam woke you up. He took the gloves off and lifted you in his arms. You pouted a bit and hid.

“Little girl, you were whimpering in your sleep. Did you have a nightmare?”

“Yeah. ‘Bout big stuff” you whispered. Sam looked down at you when he felt his shirt get a little wet from your tears.

“You are to not think about that. You are to be little and that is all.”

“Daddy punish me?” you squeaked.

“No. Oh, no. Daddy wouldn’t do that.” He soothed.

It was like a damn broke and you just broke down sobbing. Sam looked at you a little surprised. Your eyes were shut tight, you were shaking. Sam sat down in the rocking chair and cradled you.


A few minutes later you fell asleep again, exhausted from crying. Sam ran his fingers through your hair. He reached over and brushed the pacifier against your lips and in your sleep you parted them and accepted it.

He carefully reached over and grabbed a glove and put it on. He stroked your cheek with his gloved thumb and watched you relax against him. You started to stir and moaned when the back of his gloved hand rubbed against your cheek.

“How are you feeling, little girl?” he whispered.

“Daddy?” you mumbled and he took the pacifier out of you mouth. “I sorry I sleepy” you said opening your eyes and looking up at him. He smiled.

“Do you know how long you slept?”

“Mmm” you whimpered.

“Only ten minutes.”

“Only ten? I feel like forever” he chuckled a bit. His thumb brushed against your lips and you parted them.

“As much as I love my little girl, I think it’s best that you go back to being my little baby” you nodded a bit. “Yeah, I thought so.”

Sam carefully sat you up on his lap, so you were facing him. You reached up a hand carefully guided his thumb in your mouth and his other hand grabbed your wrist.

“Little baby, you will get my thumb, just relax.” You let go of his hand. “Close your eyes.” You did “Now, Daddy wants you to take three deep breaths.”

His ungloved hand was warm against your back, while his gloved hand went back to your cheek.
You took three deep breaths as Sam instructed.

“Good. Another three” you did. “Very good. And again.” You did. “That’s my good girl.”

Sam carefully guided you against his chest and stood up. He parted your lips with his thumb and placed it in your mouth. You wrapped your legs around his waist; Sam kissed the top of your head. You kept taking deep breaths every now and then. Happily content.
“Oh, relax your little bum-bum” Sam cooed rubbing his gloved lubed finger over your hole. “Relax for Daddy. Three deep breaths” you did and he slowly pushed his finger in “Good.”

Sam pulled his finer out and place the thermometer in. You smiled up at him and he smiled too. You waved your mitten hand at him and he waved back. Sam pulled the thermometer out. He smiled and changed his glove. He grabbed a baby wipe and wiped you.

“Nnn” you whined.

“I know, baby.” He cooed. He wiggled your bootie covered foot. “Who’s Daddy’s good girl?” you giggled and Sam got you in a new diaper.

After breakfast Sam placed you in the jolly jumper Castiel brought over. He read a book while you bounced around. You started to cry and Sam grabbed gloves and lifted you up. He felt your diaper and you were dry.

“Hmm, no messy. What’s wrong little baby? Did you miss being in Daddy’s arms.” You nodded and he sat down on the couch with you. “Shhh. I’ll hold you. How about some TV?” you nodded pouting.

Keeping the gloves on, Sam turned the TV on to the baby channel and held you, kissing your forehead. He noticed you were taking three deep breaths. He rubbed the back of his hand on your cheek.

“Good girl.” He took your pacifier out “Again” he whispered and you did. “That’s a girl. Again.”

You did and then started giggling, feeling much better. Sam gave little pecks to your lips and placed the pacifier back in your mouth. He gently laid you down on the floor, you turned your head so you could see the TV. He leaned down and blew some raspberries on your stomach. You hit your mitten covered hands on the ground in excitement and kicked your leg.

Sam watched you watching the TV, he leaned down and kissed your forehead, before lifting you up in his arms again.

“Nnnn” you whined.

“Shhhh. Just putting a blanket down for you to lie on.” He soothed.

Once you were lying on the fuzzy blanket, Sam handed you moose and went back to watching TV. Sam’s gloved hands walked up your legs and you giggled. It had been a few days since you decided to go back to being his baby and already you were relaxed and let go. He tickled your stomach and you shrieked happily, lifting your legs up.
Sam watched as your face changed and you whimpered. Sam could smell that you had messed your diaper. You started crying and Sam leaned down, petting your hear and whispered in your ear.

“Little baby, I’m going to get you all changed. That’s why Daddy is here, to take care of you.” He kissed your temple and grabbed the supplies.

He lifted your legs and placed the medical mat under you. He undid your diaper and rolled it up. You kept crying, but kept your knees bent for him. He wiped you and would smile at you.

“Daddy does not mind changing your messy diaper. He loves it so much. You are such a good baby” he praised. “Deep breaths” he cooed and you did.

When you were changed, he got rid of everything and turned the TV off. He lifted you up, grabbing a bottle. He took your pacifier out and brushed the nipple against you lips. You happily drank the milk.

“Good girl.” He noticed your eyes droop. “It’s time for a nap. Finish your bottle and then you will rest, little baby.” He whispered.

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions please.
Wedding and little wife.

Chapter Notes

The ending pats with Sam was my favorite to write!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A few weeks later things were back to normal. You loved that Sam had taken care of you like that. That he allowed you to be a baby. Two months later you were in the morning you were back in the classroom. Sam had called you to the front.

“Class, little girl will be gone for a while because she and her Daddy are going to get married” Sam said placing a hand on your shoulder and you giggled, beaming proudly.

The next day you were getting ready for the rehearsal dinner and Sam kissed you gently. You were naked, about to get ready. Sam was already dressed in his nice pants and dress shirt, sleeves rolled up.

“Little girl, before Daddy snaps and you’re in your big space, he’s going to put your princess plug in.”

“Hmm” you squeaked, wide eye.

“And, since your dress is long, you will not be wearing anything underneath.” He said resting his thumb on your chin. You let out a breath.

“Yes Daddy.”

“Good girl. Now, elbows and knees.”

You did as you were told and Sam snapped on some gloves, grabbed the lube and plug. He rubbed a hand on your butt. You held back a moan when you heard the cap open and his finger circle your hole. His other hand on your lower back.

“What a good girl you’re being.” He praised as he slipped his finger in.”

“Daddy, I wear this at the wedding?” you asked and he chuckled a bit.

“No, little girl. Who puts this princess plug in you?”

“You do Daddy. But sometimes Dr. Dean-“

“-Dr. Dean does it sometimes” Sam interrupted, slipping a second finger in. “However, my little girl is going to be a big girl, isn’t she?”

“Yes Daddy”

“No plug at the wedding” He said pulling his fingers out. He lubed the plug and pushed it against you. “Deep breath in” you did “And out”

As you exhaled Sam pushed the plug in. He told you to roll on your back and bend your knees. He
changed his glove and wiped you clean. He helped you into your dress and kissed you.

“You look beautiful, little girl” he murmured against your lips.

“Thank you Daddy” you breathed and he snapped three times.

You rested your head on his chest and he held you to him and stroked your hair. When you were ready, you looked up at him.

“I love you, Sam” you whispered.

“I love you too, Y/n/n” he whispered before placing a kiss on your forehead.

When the dinner was done, you went to Sam’s room since you two weren’t sharing it tonight. Dean was there with him.

“Hey, Y/n.”

“Hi Dean” you smiled.

“Baby, come here.” Sam said already with gloves on.

Dean smirked when you bent over the bed and Sam rolled up your dress and took your plug out. He wiped you and put your dress down.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, baby” Sam smiled, throwing the gloves away.

“Goodnight, handsome.” You kissed him, hugged Dean and went back to your room.

Everyone was in their big space, including Meg. The girls were helping you get ready, while the boys helped Sam. John fixed Sam’s tie.

“I can’t believe the day is finally here” Sam smiled.

“You two deserve it” Dean said fixing his cuffs.

The wedding was small. Eileen walked down the aisle, then Charlie and Meg. Sam was standing there with Castiel, Dean and John. Kevin, Chuck, Jody, Lucifer and Jo were in the guests as well as a few other friends you two had.

The girls all looked at Sam when he gasped seeing you come down the aisle. His face lit up and he started to cry. You were the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

“You made kiss the bride” the minister said and you and Sam had your first kiss as husband and wife.

It was a small reception. Even though Meg was big, she was still in diapers. You and Sam were talking with Castiel when she walked up.

“Sorry to interrupt” she blushed and held up one finger and Castiel nodded and kissed the side of her head.

“We’ll be back.” He smiled and the two left.

“Congratulations” Lucifer said hugging you both.
“Thank you so much for coming” you said. Chuck gave you a kiss on the cheek.

“You look beautiful” he said.

Eventually things started to dwindle down. Kevin and Jody said goodbye. Dean was sitting with Charlie in his lap and she was starting to pout and slip into her little space. Jo smiled and kissed her forehead.

“Tired?” Charlie nodded. “Want mommy to take you to bed?”

“De come too?” she said.

“I’ll carry you, sweetie” he said lifting her up.

You said goodbye to everyone and went to the honeymoon sweet, where Sam had everything all ready. He kissed you hard and rough. He pulled away.

“Sa-Sam. Please” you said and he smiled.

“Don’t want to ruin your dress. You look absolutely breath taking.” He said and you kissed him.

Sam helped you out and while you got undressed and hung up the wedding dress, he got undressed too. You waited by the bed and his hands cupped your cheeks and he placed a gently kiss on your lips and then down your neck.

“Got something all planned for you, how does that sound?” he growled.

“Yes, Sam” you whimpered and Sam kissed your harder and bit your lower lip earning a grown from you.

He reached down and rubbed his fingers or your very wet folds. You whimpered when he pushed two fingers in you. He stopped kissing you and nodded giving you permission to touch him. You reached a hand out and started to stroke him.

When he was hard, he pulled away and you looked worried. He got on the bed and laid down. He patted the bed and you climbed up. He ran a hand through your hair.

“You’re going to ride me, baby” It wasn’t so much a question as a gentle command.

You nodded and straddled him. He helped you position yourself and you lowered yourself on him. He let out a groan and so did you. You started to move slow and he reached around and grabbed your ass, pulling you up a bit and thrusting his hips. You gasped, reaching a hand on his shoulder. He did it again and you gripped his shoulder, feeling yourself clench around him.

“That’s it, don’t hold back.” He said a hand reaching up and fisting your hair.

A minute later you came all over him, panting. He rubbed a hand on your back and kissed your forehead, which had a few drops of sweat.

“You didn’t cum” you said.

“That’s right. I thought my wife would put her pretty little mouth to good use.” You couldn’t help but clench again. “Careful” he warned.

You slowly got off of him and looked at him. He kissed you and gently guided your head towards his crotch. You wrapped your mouth around him and he groaned, fisting your hair again.
Sam’s hand went to the back of your neck when he was close. Finally he came in your mouth and you swallowed all of it. You were both panting. You laid back and Sam got up and kissed your forehead. He grabbed latex gloves and put them on and had you come to the edge of the bed.

“SAM!” you gasped when he stuck his pinky in you.

“Mmm. Won’t be needing lube” he said more to himself’

He sucked on your clit while two fingers entered your vagina and his pinky finger slowly entered your ass. His other gloved hand gently ghosting over your inner thight

“MMMMM” you cried out.

You gripped the sheets as he licked and moved his fingers. You came screaming and Sam pulled his fingers out, but didn’t stop his mouth. Licking you clean. He finally moved away. You had your eyes shut tight, you tried to focus. You felt warm, none gloved hands stroking your cheek and hair. Sam leaned in by your ear.

“Going to get a nice warm cloth and clean you up, baby. You just relax.”

“Daddy” you squeaked out and Sam pressed a kiss to your forehead and rested his forehead against yours.

“Daddy’s right here, little girl. He’s going to get you cleaned up and diapered.” You whimpered a response.

You heard the water running and Sam cleaned himself up while he waited for the tap to be warm. He grabbed a cloth and came back. He gently wiped you clean. You were lifted up in his arms and placed down on something soft. You slowly opened your eyes . Sam smiled down at you while putting gloves on. He had his pajama pants on too.

“Hi, little girl” he whispered.

“Hmm” you saw that Sam had made the desk into a makeshift changing table.

Sam got you diapered. He took the gloves off, you wrapped your legs around his waist and he lifted you up and cradled your head to his shoulder.

“Daddy’s my husband.” You mumbled against his neck giggling a bit, starting to drift off to sleep. Sam started to run his fingers through your hair and chuckled.

“Yes he his. Daddy is so proud to be your husband. He is so happy that you are his wife.”

“M’orry I didn’t stay big” He looked down at you and saw you looking up at him with tears starting to form.

“Little girl, while Daddy’s big boy parts where in your no-no place do you know what he was thinking?” he whispered.

“What” you whispered back.

“How, even though he really enjoys having sex with you and our special play times. All Daddy really wanted to do, was get you in a diaper and hold you close to him. Yes, it’s our wedding day, but besides thinking how incredibly beautiful you looked coming down the aisle, Daddy just wanted to hold his little girl, his wife.” You were crying happy tears. “I love you so much.”
“I love you too.” You said looking at him. Sam kissed you a few times.

“Is there anything else you need?” He said reaching into the fridge and grabbing a bottle. You shook your head and nestled into his neck.

“Da’y need somthin’” you slurred trying to stay awake.

“Daddy needs you to have this bottle. But do you know what he really needs?” you nestled more into his neck, sucking happily at the cold water. “More than anything, he just needs to hold you. When you finish the bottle, Daddy’s going to hold you in his arms for a little bit longer, before he puts you down to bed. You may fall sleep, you don’t have to stay awake. You just let Daddy hold his little girl.”

“Mmm” you smiled. He kissed the top of your head and tipped the bottle for you to get the rest of the water.

“There we go. I love you, my wife.” He whispered when he saw your eyes droop. He placed the bottle down and cradled your head, looking down at you in awe as you slept in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Anything else!!!

I can't believe I got to the wedding. Sam is the absolute best!
Sam ran a hand down your back, looking at you. He couldn’t believe that he married you yesterday. He kissed the top of your head.

“Mmm” you smiled.

“Little girl, Daddy let you sleep a whole extra hour.” Sam cooed.

“Daddy, I dry” you smiled and he chuckled and pulled you close.

“That’s because Daddy already changed you.”

“You did?!” you looked at him wide eyed.

“Mmm hmm. He was very careful not to wake you.” You drummed on his chest and looked at your ring, showing it to him. He held up his hand and you two linked fingers. “You’re my beautiful wife.” He cooed, rubbing a hand on your leg.

“Daddy’s my handsome husband” you smiled, blushing a bit. He cupped your cheek

“Why are you blushing?” he giggled.

“Because Daddy makes me blush.” You said, before leaning down and rubbing your head on his chest. You kissed it and then started to kiss up his neck.

“Mmmm, little girl. Thank you.” he said, wrapping his arms around you. You kissed down his neck and then down his chest. His strong hands gripped your wrists which caused you to look up. “What do you think you’re doing?” he smirked.

“I make Daddy feel good.” You smirked and he shook his head.

“You made Daddy feel good last night.”

“Pleeeease” you asked sitting up and looking at him. “I’m a good girl and your wife now.”

Sam carefully moved you so you were off of him. He reached over and grabbed latex gloves. You gasped and clapped your hands. He handed you the gloves and you looked confused.

“I thought you wanted to make Daddy feel batter” he said.

“I do! How?” you asked.

“You put these gloves on, snuggle up to Daddy and play with his big boy parts.” You gasped and quickly put the gloves on while Sam took his pants off.

Sam wrapped an arm around you, you rested your head on his chest and squirted some lube and started to slowly stroke him. You grabbed the lube and looked up. He smiled and nodded.

Hearing Sam moan made you smile. He kissed the top of your head, groaning in your hair. You lightly squeezed his balls and he growled in. You looked at him worried.
“Fe-feels good” he said, stroking your hair.

Sam came in your hands. He kissed the top of your hand, trying to catch his breath.

“Daddy, I do good?” you asked.

“Ye-yeah, little girl. You-you did very good. Now Take off the gloves and through them away”

“Daddy, I get you a cloth to clean you up?” you said throwing the gloves away. Sam smiled and shook his head.

“Daddy is going to take shower, care to join me?” you lunged forward and hugged him tight.

“Hmm, let Daddy get your diaper off”

In the shower you cleaned Sam up. He smiled and got on his knees and you washed his hair, giving him a little head massage.

“Thank you, little girl”

Sam stood up and washed your hair. He got you dried off, put cream on you and got you in underpants and a dress. You looked at him while he was getting dressed.

“Daddy?” you asked.

“Yeah?”

“I do something wrong?”

“Oh no. No you did nothing wrong.” You saw him get your diaper bag ready. “Castiel booked you a massage, of course, Daddy is going to be your masseuse.”

“Really?” you looked at him smiling.

“Uh huh. Daddy owes you a massage. So, he’s going to give you a really nice one.” He said lifting you in his arms and kissing all over your face.

When you got to the room, you saw that it was nice and warm. Dimly lit, with a few candles. Sam helped you get undressed and got you on the table, covering your butt with the sheet. You sighed happily.

“You just relax, little girl. We have a full hour.”

“Yes daddy” you cooed.

Sam pumped some warm oil on his hands and rubbed them together. The smell of vanilla filled the air. He placed is hands palm flat at the bottom of your spine and worked his way up. He gently moved his hands apart slowly up your back, releasing all the tension.

His thumbs dug his into your shoulders, you moaned loudly and didn’t care. Sam smiled, feeling a giant knot in your shoulder.

“Is this okay?” he spoke in a low voice.

“Mmm” you responded.

He dragged his hands up your neck, rubbing the base of your skull.
“Ahhhhh” you got out, happily.

“Your favorite spot, huh. Hitting right there make you melt instantly” he spoke.

Sam went back to your shoulders and down your back. He lowered the sheet and grabbed more oil before starting on your bum.

“No funny business, I promise” he said.

You giggled, it was an oddly relaxing feeling having your butt massaged. Sam went back to running his fingers along your back. He placed a gentle kiss on the back of your head.

“Roll over please” he whispered and you did.

Next Sam worked on your arms. He looked over at you seeing your mouth open a bit. He moved and massaged your other arm. Gently moving your wrist. Then onto your legs. He chuckled a little, seeing you were a little wet.

“Daddy” you whispered.

“Not that kind of massage” he said and you smiled happily.

When Sam finished with your legs and feet and went back to your head, rubbing your temples. He moved down and started to rub your jaw. You were warm, melted and not wanting to move. You had never felt so relaxed in your life. You liked married life. You gasped when his hands brushed against your nipples.

You fell asleep when Sam started to run his fingers through your hair. When you woke up you were in a diaper, in Sam’s arms back in the hotel room.

“I feel like jelly” you mumbled and Sam smiled, kissing the top of your head.

Chapter End Notes

suggestions
When you got back from the honeymoon, you were in your big space for a month. You wanted to be his wife. Finally you went back to being his little girl. You were informed that there was another show and tell at school and you knew what to do.

“Little girl, what did you bring to show and tell?”

You got up and asked Mr. Daddy to get up. You took his chair and Sam was curious as to where you were going with this. You pulled on latex gloves and sat down on the chair and spread your legs. Out of the corner of your eye you saw Sam was giving you a warning look.

“When I’m a good girl, my Daddy lets me touch my no-no place. He has me wear gloves and I rub my little button.” You said rubbing yourself over your panties. Sam's jaw dropped. “I even get to put my fingers in my no-no place.

You brought your knees up and moved your underwear aside, rubbing your no-no place. You felt a firm hand on the back of your neck and Sam’s breath in your ear. You kept rubbing.

“Little girl, Mr. Daddy does not think this is appropriate one bit. You will take those gloves off and stand in the corner.”

“But, I show and tell.” You whined. Sam’s free hand pulled your hand away.

“I will not ask again” he said sternly.

At the end of the lesson, Sam left and you packed up your things. When you walked out you saw Sam was standing there with his arms crossed.

“I heard you touched your no-no place for show and tell.” He said. You nodded. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Daddy, I’m sorry. I know better” you said

“Yes you do, little girl. You thought it would be a good idea to show the class how you touch your no-no place for show and tell. Mr. Daddy was not pleased and you certainly did not have Daddy’s permission to do so.” Sam placed a firm hand on the back of your neck and held your hand with his other one and walked you to the bedroom. Sam let go and slipped gloves on his hands.

“Am I getting spankies?” You stifled a moan when he adjusted the gloves and shook his head.

“Two hours, little girl. You will not complain.”

Sam sat on the bed and you walked between his legs and he pulled your underpants down. You turned around, getting on your elbows and knees. Sam squirted some lube on your hole and you gasped. He set a timer and slowly started to rub you before pushing his finger in. A few minutes later, he reached down with this other hand and started to rub your clit.

“Hnn” you whimpered.

Sam felt you clench around his finger and he stopped rubbing your clit. Half an hour alter Sam added more lube to his finger in your butt and went back to rubbing your clit. You started to cry a bit.
“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Daddy, ple-please.”

“You get punished how Daddy sees fit” Sam reminded you in a firm voice.

Two hours were up and you were a shaking, dripping mess. You were sobbing now and Sam hated to see you like that, but you did disobey a rule. He pulled his finger out and took off his gloves and donning knew ones. He helped you up and carried you to your changing table.

“My, you are certainly aroused.”

“I’m sorry.” You said covering your hands.

Sam got to work, wiping you very clean and getting you in a new diaper. When you were ready, Sam took his gloves off and lifted you in his arms, giving little pecks to your lips.

“I love you” he cooed.

“I love you, Daddy” you whispered.

“You were a good girl, taking your punishment.” He praised stroking your hair as you rested your head on his shoulder, sniffing.

“I’m sorry I was naughty” you whimpered. “Are you going to put my naughty belt on?”

“Yes.” Sam said lips against for forehead and placed a gentle kiss. “We need to have a little talk, too”

He put you down and placed your chastity belt on you. You looked down and he stroked your cheek. He sat you on his lap and held you close.

“Little girl, you know rule number six and rule number seven are still very important.” Sam said calmly. “Who does this belong too?” he asked cupping your covered center.

“Daddy.” You whispered.

“Daddy owns your no-no place. And rule number seven?” he said gently.

“Little girls do not get to touch themselves, unless daddy has given them permission”

“That’s right. When you asked me to be your Dom a few months after we started dating, what did we agree?”

“That you own my pus-“ Sam cleared his throat. “No-no place. You own my no-no place. It belongs to you and only you. No one else.” You whispered.

“You know that rules can change.” He whispered. You shook your head. “No you don’t know that or you don’t want to change them?” he asked.

“I-I-I don’t want that to change” you said, blushing.

“Okay. Little girl, look at Daddy” you did. “You need to tell Daddy if you ever want to change that rule. We will have a discussion like this and talk about it.”

“Okay, Daddy”

Sam held you for a while. You whimpered and pressed your legs together. Sam stroked your hair.
“What is it?” he whispered.

“My no-no place is wet” you blushed. “Like really wet. I can feel it” Sam kissed the top of your head.

“Naughty girls do not get rewards. However, tomorrow is a new day. You thirsty, you want a bottle?” you nodded and Sam carried you to the kitchen and grabbed you some milk. He bushed the bottle up against your lips and you drank it.
Thank you so much for coming on this year long ride. I know it took a long time give you this chapter and it is very short, but thank you, thank you, thank you.

“Little girl” Sam called You ran in his office in your big girl underwear and nothing else. You sat on his lap.

“Yes Daddy?”

“Daddy just needed to hold you.” He cooed giving you a kiss.

“I love you so much.” You squealed

“I love you too.”

Sam stroked your hair, you closed your eyes a bit and nuzzled into his neck. You heard him snap on a latex glove and started to stroke your cheek.

“You’re Daddy’s good girl. Yes you are.” He whispered.

“Daddy hold me in your arms” you mumbled.

“Of course, little girl.”

Sam lifted you up in his arms; you wrapped your legs around his waist and arms around his neck. He rubbed the back of his gloved hand on your cheek.

“Do you want me to snap?” you whispered.

“No… why would you ask that?” he soothed.

“Because I am your wife. Shouldn’t I do wife things?”

“You are my wife. You are also my little. I love you so much. Right now all you have to focus on is being my little girl. You just close your eyes and focus on the latex glove. Relax. Daddy has you”

You loved your life with Sam. He was the best Daddy your little could ask for. Yes, it all began with you being sick and not telling him. However, the life you had created with him was amazing. The perfect balance of little and wife were challenging at first, but you found the common ground.
And there you have it. As I said thank you so much for coming on this year long journey.

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