

Imelda Stark



My  
*Daddy's Naughty*  
Girl

# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

My Daddy's Naughty Girl:

A Novel of Erotic Subjugation

by

Imelda Stark

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About The Author

Imelda Stark is the *nom de plume* of a teacher and practitioner of psychotherapy at a major East Coast medical school (hence the need for a pseudonym). She has been exploring the psychologically complex realm of BD/SM for over forty novels now. Imelda strives to combine the eroticism she feels around challenging things happening to willing bottoms with an exploration of how we aficionados of these painful pleasures got to be the way we are. She welcomes and will respond to email at [imeldastark1@gmail.com](mailto:imeldastark1@gmail.com).

# Chapter One

So I want you to know how it is for me. In fact, the thought of you, some anonymous reader who has come across this account because you find it, well, arousing to hear my kind of story...makes me wet between my legs. You were drawn to a story about a grown woman kind of liking it a whole lot to have her panties pulled down and her bare bottom spanked by a man who enjoys doing such things to naughty girls like me. And to tell you the truth, for reasons that bewilder me I find it about equally hot if you are a woman who is like me in this way, or a guy who gets off on at least the thought of delivering the kind of attention I crave.

Now, I'm no child, even if I sound that way sometimes. Being the way I am does seem to involve regressing in age around certain kinds of sexual situations, as you might tell by how girlish my voice becomes while I describe them. But in fact I am a grown woman in her thirties. I have a very responsible job running a division of a company whose products are probably in your house. In fact, one of them may even be in your hands right now if you're reading this electronically. At work, I pride myself on having a reputation as something of a ball-buster. It's kind of necessary to be that way to make it to the top in an industry dominated by males. In fact, I'm told that my nickname in some circles on the job is 'The Dominatrix'. As you will soon see, that couldn't be more ironic.

But the story I feel compelled to tell you, that makes my pussy wet to imagine telling you, is not about work. It's about what happens when I come home at night and what can go on for many wonderful, terrible hours during weekends or vacations. Because, you see, once I pass through the rather massive metal gate that automatically senses my car and lets me onto the paving stones of our driveway, I come into the domain of my perfect, special

Daddy. And it is about him, about how he is with me, and how he wants me to be with him, and how we found each other and learned to make each other so happy... That is what I want you to understand, that it turns me on to imagine you watching and listening.

My Daddy is not my real Father, of course. In fact, the point is that he is quite the opposite of the male who sired me. That spineless wimp left my life almost before I can remember him, scared off by my Mother's tongue. Granted, that was a vitriolic instrument that could remove paint from the decks of aircraft carriers, but still. He could have stayed to absorb some of her venom instead of leaving my five-year old self to be the primary outlet for her frustration. Since this story is not about underage pornography, suffice it to say that she took out her rage on my poor little hind end (both inside and outside) until I got big enough to stop her physically.

I was sixteen then and used my secretly acquired martial arts skills to pin her to the floor to stop a particularly severe hairbrush spanking after an especially humiliating enema. Once I told her she would never again do anything to my body and let her up she immediately hired a lawyer to have me emancipated and kicked me out of her house. I arranged to stay with the family of a sympathetic high school friend and got the first of many barista jobs to support myself through high school, college, and biz school. I am happy to say I never saw the sadistic bitch again for the rest of her blessedly short life.

But more about how I got from there to here later. Right now, as I said before I got distracted in filling you in on some background, I want to, actually sort of need to, I guess, tell you how it is for me. I drive my very fancy car home at night onto our tres-upscale property and as the gate closes behind me, the Dominatrix is left behind as well. In fact, she is replaced by her polar opposite, the real me, the one only my Daddy sees and knows. He is always there

waiting for me, since he works from home, managing our portfolio which he has doubled in value in the past few years such that neither of us ever needs to make money again. Did I mention he was smart as well as sexy?

He likes it best when I come in the front door, even though it would be more convenient to enter through the garage. We both feel like there is something symbolic about the formal portal for our home. It is made from a giant solid slab of complicated burlwood salvaged from a nineteenth century barn in Southern Brazil, surrounded by lintels from the same structure. It represents the complex, highly textured nature of our relationship, carefully smoothed and oiled on the surface, but infinitely variegated and rather savage once you get past the civilized patina. He loves how the evening light frames me in the doorway as he savors the long, trim lines of my body that he knows and...well...Masters...so completely.

I always try to dress for his eyes, even when one of us is out of town. It turns the routine selection of underwear and clothing into a mindfully erotic act as I imagine what he would think and feel as he or I removed them. It varies, how we handle that chore that he delights in turning into an unveiling, as though my nakedness were the most precious imaginable artifact. I mean, no one has ever complained about my body. Mother Nature was kind in endowing me with clean, long limbs, a narrow waist, and high, firm B-cup breasts. She also blessed me with a serious need for daily exercise that has kept me fit and trim since girlhood. So even before he and I met, I became used to admiring glances from men and envious ones from women; we are a competitive lot, aren't we, my fellow bitches? I mean, if we are honest, which of us has not seen in herself the basis for those studies that show when an attractive couple approaches us, we look first at the woman to see if we can compete, before checking out the guy.

But I digress. So sometimes, he likes to make me undress for him. And other times, he wants me to stand very still while he takes his time removing my clothing himself. But in either case, this always happens in the foyer of our home. If he is feeling generous, he will close the door before I am stripped naked. If I am to enjoy the sensation of being rendered nude while it might be possible for an industrious peeping tom to watch, the door stays open. The fact that such an observer would have to mount a periscope to see over our tall peripheral fence, or would have needed to arrange a ladder that wouldn't be visible to our perimeter security system, is irrelevant. If I am rendered naked in view of the world outside our little domain, it is to remind me of his power over me--to make me have strong feelings in all directions. He delights in granting me the extremes of pleasure and pain, privacy and exposure, embarrassment and pride...

Of course my body is touched by him during the ritual of stripping me. And by the way, this happens in the foyer because it is his rule that once inside our home I am always to be naked. This is so every part of me can be accessible to his eyes, mouth, hands, and cock (as well as the vast array of implements and devices he delights in using to punish or pleasure me) without impediment at all times. But it is an important part of our ritual on rejoining each other that every iota of me be both seen and fondled by him. It is as though it were necessary to repossess me with both his eyes and hands after the world has had its chance to look at me, perhaps even to touch me.

His ownership of my body is a complex issue between us. A part of me loves that atavistic sense of being his woman, the object of his fierce desire and protectiveness, of being his most prized possession. But the feminist ball-buster that everyone sees at work is outraged by this aspect of how it is between us. She is in constant rebellion against that primitive side of both of us, and is almost always the

instigator of punishments for bad behavior. Now that type of behavioral modification constitutes a small fraction of the more painful stimulation he visits upon my naked flesh, but it is always the most...thorough...shall we say. He claims to love my 'spirited nature', as he calls it, but that adoration is expressed in the most excruciating manner imaginable as far as I'm concerned.

Of course, he also claims that the administration of corporal punishment to my poor quivering buttocks and whatever other parts of me suit his fancy is 'for my own good'. And I suppose that technically he is right about that: the orgasms he gives me after every spanking are in fact predictably my most soul-shatteringly spectacular. In fact, they seem to be pleasurable in rather direct proportion to how much he has hurt the most vulnerable erotic places of my naked body. He calmly insists that this is just another form of foreplay, and smugly cites my responses as evidence for this fact. The hungry rather traitorous organ between my legs seems to buy that contention with enthusiasm. It delights in gushing with mortifying liquid evidence of its wholehearted approval at even the thought of painful things happening to my most private parts.

And so, the adventure of any homecoming always begins with my ceremonial undressing and fondling. I do adore how carefully and respectfully he strokes and kisses and nuzzles every patch of skin revealed as first my suit jacket, then my skirt, next my blouse, followed by my bra, and at last my panties are removed. He always leaves my breasts, crotch, and ass untouched at the outset, since he and I know they will be the focus of much of our mutual attention once the evening progresses.

When I am naked, I am first to be kissed. And this is the man who holds patent rights on the most amazing kisses I have ever received. It is as if every particle of his attention is focused on every nuance of interaction between our lips, tongues, and teeth. My inaugural kissing can take ten



minutes, and never less than five, during which time I am to stand still. I must do this no matter how hungry I am to put my arms around his trim, muscular physique, honed to perfection by several hours in our gym every morning. But being his submissive means I am to receive, not initiate, unless we both agree otherwise. So after a long hard day of making tough decisions and ordering hundreds of people around, once I am in that door, I never have to decide another single thing. I love that freedom...there is a whole literature about decision fatigue, you know. But I've never read any studies that the surefire cure is to be a secret sex slave...

Once my kissing is done, it is usually time for my breasts to be awakened. This is done by a careful navigation of fingers and lips down my neck (often detouring via my ears, which give me shivers and goosebumps when they are nuzzled). He prefers my wild brunette locks to be pinned up in a chignon, to be released or not at his pleasure. My collarbones, especially the sensitive hollows above them, are a favorite of his, and he often has me raise my arms so he can enjoy my underarms. This always grosses me out a bit, which makes it more likely that he will linger there, since he so enjoys evoking my discomfort. He especially seems to like and dwell on the parts of my body about which I have an instinctive sense of shame. So my armpits (kinda stinky) and my bottom crack (totally yucky until he taught me otherwise) are always subject to especially thorough attention in his customary greeting of me once I have been stripped after entering our domain.

His message is that I am to be permitted no avoidance of body parts or intimate responses that I might find shameful. So my tears and snotty nose whenever I am spanked, the disgusting animal noises I make when he hurts me or makes me orgasm, the horrifying way my traitorous slutty little pussy always lubricates at even the thought of me being intimately punished, or the way I howl when his gigantic

cock invades my back passage...all such indignities are celebrated by him in words and actions. He wants to own every uncontrolled involuntary reaction I have, the more intimate the better it pleases him, exulting in all of them as evidence of his infinite power over me. How horrifying that my cunt is literally gushing even as I write this, deepening the stain it has left on the cool leather of the chair I'm sitting on. When he comes to check on me, he'll notice this, and I'll probably be made to lick it clean while he hand spans me for being such a shameless slut, which will only turn me on more...

But I digress yet again. Where were we...ah yes, I was in the middle of describing our greeting ritual. So after he is done nuzzling and fondling and kissing my armpits as he kneels on the hardwood floor, my breasts are the next target of his tender mercies. He claims they exactly conform to his ideal for that part of the female anatomy--big enough to afford him ample space to fondle or punish, but small enough to be firm and perky, and endlessly responsive to any kind of attention, be it pleasurable or not-so-much. But they are not to be hurt in his homecoming greeting, save perhaps a little nibble or pinch of my nipples as he's taking ownership of them. He knows that rough handling there sends jolts of erotic lightning straight to my clit, and this portion of our daily lovemaking is all about heating me up.

But once he's done with my breasts, then the time has arrived for toying with my belly. My Master loves it that I am so naturally lean that he can see my abs clench as he tickles me there, once again delighting in his capacity to provoke involuntary reactions from my naked skin. This must be repeated for several minutes until the reflex extinguishes after which the hollows between my hips and pussy are subjected to careful fondling and nuzzling. I know he can smell and see my arousal at that point, since I will be so turned on I'll be damn near dripping on the floor. But my hungry little cunt is still a long way from having its dire need

met at this stage, and the poor thing is only to be tantalized for some time to come, so to say.

By now, it will be time for my backside to come under his wonderful, terrible focus. He remains kneeling while he takes me by the hips and guides to me turn around. I am then ordered to stand very still while his hands and lips repeat their journey southward, this time from the back of my neck all the way to my waist. Since he's already pioneered my breasts, while he is nuzzling my shoulder blades his hands feel perfectly free to wander around to toy with my nipples, stoking my fires as he pinches them increasingly fiercely, knowing how much even the hunt of erotic pain throws my arousal cycle into overdrive. By this point, we both know that the slightest touch directly on my clit will have me coming like a freight train, but that outcome is still far from being enacted.

Then it is time for my ass and legs to feel his joyful focus. For this part of our greeting ritual, he sits on the floor and guides my legs four or five feet apart into a wide straddle. Then he orders: "Over you go, little one, and let's get a nice long look and feel of the most gorgeous derriere on the planet." I comply with my characteristic meekness, so antithetical to the fearsome persona I manifest at work, so refreshing in its balancing out of what I do all day. Once I'm home, in his hands, I can just let go and be told what to do, be given whatever experience he deems necessary for me, always so intense, so challenging, and ultimately so ungodly pleasurable you can't even imagine.

What you probably can imagine is how exposed my ass cheeks, thighs, and everything in between them will be once I bend over and place my palms on the floor. Nothing intimate about me is left in doubt or sub-maximally exposed in this posture. My breasts dangle upside down, easily accessible by his hands as he sits with crossed ankles between my straddled legs. My bottom cleavage is drawn powerfully apart, though not as extremely as some of the

more intense bondages he loves to place me in, about which you will hear in great detail later. This offers up all of his favorite places on me, all of those intimate private areas that we all naturally want to hide away beneath layers of clothing. They are all splayed open, totally exposed and vulnerable to whatever kind of stimulus he deems they might benefit from.

Before he asks me the key question by whose answer I am empowered to dictate the course of the rest of my evening, the regions now offered up to him must be explored. His hands...those amazing, powerful, gentle, hands that regularly take me to the limits of tolerable pain and past the edges of unimaginable pleasure, must have their way with the parts of me they have not yet visited. They begin with my feet, gently stroking every square millimeter of my skin, as if to define my physical boundaries, from the floor all the way up my legs. Of course, they take extra time when reaching areas of particular sensitivity, like the tender hollows behind my knees or my inner thighs. And once those fingers reach mid-thigh, they are joined by his mouth, as he nuzzles and kisses and smells my skin, stoking my fires even further.

All begins to come to a head, so to say, as his hands and mouth reach the strategic realm of my body where ass, pussy, hips, and thighs all coincide in two infinitely tender triangles of skin at the base of each buttock. These ultimately eroticized regions are bypassed in this initial survey of my naked body, as my ass must first receive its own careful welcoming to our world of sensory abandon. So his hands and mouth shift to a very painstaking exploration of my bottom cheeks, starting at the waistline where his caresses of my back stopped. He means to coax every nerve ending of my rear end into maximal sensitivity so I might fully feel all of the painful stimuli to come.

We both know he is tantalizing me now, and not just sexually. My clever, patient Daddy is reminding my buttocks

that if I elect they may be subjected to a very long and painful conversation with any one of dozens of implements that they have been spanked by in the past few years. He knows a part of me longs for this, has become more than a bit addicted to the fiery condiment of erotic pain as prelude to my greatest sexual pleasure. But he also is well aware of how deeply ambivalent I feel about this little secret that we share, about how I dread the hurt that is the necessary antecedent to this ultimate joy. So once again, I am teased, left to struggle in my ambivalence like a moth caught in a web, more deeply ensnared the more I thrash the helpless limbs of my autonomy.

Finally, the only spot on my body that he will not yet have touched will be the ultimately private and vulnerable structures concealed within my bottom cleavage. His teasing fingers will have grazed the edges of my labia, which he prefers me to keep depilated save for a little triangle of pubic hair above my clit. He insists my cunt not look like that of a little girl, which would turn him off. After all, he only wants to sexually possess willing victims. He often reminds me of this with a sinister chuckle, especially when I'm in the middle of some intimate torment I have prescribed for myself against my better judgment. Likewise, his tantalizing finger will have wandered down my ass crack from the top, but just a little shy of my nether orifice. Which has been taught to both fear and crave his attention just as all of the other intimate, vulnerable places offered up by my bent and splayed stance.

By this point, I will be so turned on that the liquid evidence of my state will be literally dripping on the hardwood floor. He will delight in teasing me about this, chiding me archly for being such a shameless little slut, which we both know is totally true. And then the question comes, every weeknight just the same: "So, my naughty one, tell Daddy exactly what kind of girl you've been today."

Here is the point where our evening divides. If I respond that I've been a good girl, I am signaling that I'm in the mood for a 'vanilla' sex night. He will smile tenderly at my inverted face, and reply: "Well, let's show you what good girls get as their reward from their loving Daddy." Then he'll lean in and engulf my pussy in his mouth and lick me to my first orgasm of the evening. I am usually so turned on by his careful preparation of me that I'll be writhing and shouting out my orgasm the instant his tongue hits my clit. His hands will hold my hips so I feel safe relaxing into my pleasurable spasms while they shudder through my body until they subside.

But this won't end my loving welcome. His fingers will then find my inverted tits as his mouth continues its skillful exploration of my pussy, the combination rapidly stoking my arousal within minutes. A fierce pinching of my nipples will milk another even more satisfying climax from me quite quickly, especially if he gets a bit rougher with my clit as well, suckling and nibbling it. Then a finger will find my G-spot, quickly eliciting a third orgasm from me as my pelvic floor registers its approval of the happenings. And then, if he's feeling a bit naughty, his tongue will find its way to my nether orifice, with his hands taking over the work of stimulating my pussy, and I'll be tongue fucked to a fourth pinnacle. This one is usually even more guttural, as playing with my anus seems to reach a different kind of animalistic sexual part of me.

By this point, the edge is off my rather powerful libido. Depending on his own state of arousal, he might decide to take me right there in the foyer. But most often, he likes to wait, claiming that hunger is the best sauce for his enjoyment of me. So more often than not, if I elect to tell him I've been a good girl, our first sexual interlude of the evening will end at this point and we will adjourn to the kitchen for our dinner preparation activities.

## Chapter Two

But quite a bit more often, there is another, much darker, route that I seem to need to choose for how the beginning of our weeknights must go. I still don't entirely understand why I feel compelled to answer his question with the code that all of us submissives know in our deepest hearts when a dom asks us what kind of girl or boy we've been. I guess this urge arises from the part of me that believed my wicked Mother's oft repeated cant. She insisted that the pain she was inflicting on my poor girlish buttocks was deserved because I had been so bad, just as she declared over and over as she blistered my behind. Then I had no alternative but to endure her depredations. Now, my Daddy makes it clear that it is always entirely my choice if my bottom is to be spanked.

Perhaps this is it. When I stand there in my infinitely vulnerable naked straddle, totally turned on by more than half an hour of the most exquisite kind attention to every bit of my body save my pussy and anus, I am prepped to take back control of painful things happening to my most vulnerable private parts. And that is accomplished at least three nights out of five each week by me responding to my Daddy's careful question by saying: "I've been a bad girl." This means, as we both well know, that I must be punished corporally, and always quite severely. My stern Daddy believes that behavioral modification of naughty girls must be delivered with focused intensity that leaves no doubt in either of our minds that my lesson has been drilled into the parts of me that must be spanked.

This leads into another level of the psychodrama we play out each night. If I admit to having been bad (and Lord knows, if I'm at all honest I've always been naughty, since my mind is often full of wicked thoughts, especially sexual ones) then he must explore exactly how I've sinned. So he

will ask: "Tell Daddy exactly how you've been a bad girl, so he can know just the right kind of punishment that will burn the sin out of you and make things all better."

Here is another place where the decision about what kind of delicious torment I am to undergo is left entirely in my hands. We both know that the kinds of sins I inveterately commit are always entirely in my mind, with a few exceptions. If I admit to laziness, or meanness to a subordinate, or workaholism, or being too aggressive in traffic (peccadilloes we both know I commit daily), I am asking for my spanking to be limited to my buttocks and perhaps my thighs if Daddy is feeling a bit frisky. He will of course reserve the right to pick which implement will be employed to, as he puts it, have a little chat with my rear end. As well, the number of spanks, their intensity, and the number of doses I am to receive will be his choice. He will of course explain his rationale to me as my painful medicine is being administered, but I'm often too distracted to entirely grasp his logic at those moments.

But we also both know that whether I admit it or not, I will have committed numerous sexual sins in the course of any day. This is in part my nature; I am a lusty bitch by temperament, given to sexual thoughts about co-workers of both genders ever since adolescence. This natural tendency is enhanced by the supercharged erotic nature of my home life, in which some kind of sex almost always has just taken place or is about to. Plus, Daddy is always asking me about my fantasies, and egging me on to take them in ever more outre directions which he can then incorporate into our private games.

Now the worst sexual sin will be to have touched myself...down there, if you know what I mean. My Daddy is quite covetous of the right to give me pleasure. If I choose to get myself off, I can count on a very thorough consequence, since he claims absolute ownership of all my orgasms. He happily gives me at least a dozen each day,