

Joanie's Day

(Don A. Landhill)

Joanie's Day, a dialog for voice and mind
by Don A. Landhill
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Warning: This story deals with Adult themes, including spanking. If you are a minor, or are likely to be offended by such themes, please read no further.

"Joanie, come here."

His voice seems very unhappy, but I haven't done anything, at least not anything that he could possibly know about.

"Joanie, come here *now*, young lady."

Uh-oh, 'young lady' is not a good sign. I must be in trouble. I'd better get down there before he gets any more angry.

"In here, Joanie."

He is in the study. Another bad sign. I always feel so much like a naughty little girl standing in front of his desk with my arms clasped behind me. I have far too many painful memories of sessions like this, and all of them come back to me now.

"Joanie, is there anything you want to tell me? What have you been up to, young lady?"

What a dilemma! I have to guess what he is upset about. And I don't know! But if I say 'Nothing' he will say that I am lying, in addition to whatever he is already accusing me of -- and I really hate soap in my mouth.

What could he have found out about? Could it be...? The math test? It was only a C-, no one should have called him, but I know well enough that I lazed instead of studying. I should have gotten an A- at least. I'd better admit to that before he gets any madder.

"A C-? I wonder how long you would have waited to let me know. You got lazy, didn't you? You know better than that, Joanie. Much better, or you should. Perhaps a good paddling and a few days without privileges might help remind you that you are expected to apply yourself. But that is not what I wanted to talk to you about, today, Joanie."

Oh No! I just gave myself away -- for nothing! He didn't know about the test, but now he does, and I'm going to be punished for that, *plus* whatever else he is upset about.

"Now Joanie, don't you have something else you want to tell me about?"

Again?! Again, he wants me to guess what to confess? What else could he possibly know about? What... The fight I got into with Sue. The bad language I used. Someone must have over heard, and told him -- Sue wouldn't have told on me, would she? She's my friend, in spite of that fight. Yes that must be it, the bad language.

"Oh you did, did you? You know how I feel about lady-like speech. I think that you are due for a through mouth-soaping to remind you about those rules -- and a nice note of apology to your friend, for speaking to her like that, and another to me for you're your disobedience. But, Joanie, that is not what we are here to discuss either. Is there anything *else* you want to tell me about?"

That wasn't it either! What could it be? I can't think of anything else that would justify all this. What can I say?

"Cat got your tongue, Joanie? I guess I need to stimulate your memory. Bend over the desk, skirt up and panties down, now."

The hairbrush really hurts, but I still can't think of what he could be so upset about.

"Into the corner with you, my girl, and think about what you want to tell me. Keep your skirt up and your panties down, young lady."

I'm so embarrassed, standing here like this, but I know better than to argue or

disobey. But I still can't think of what to say. There just isn't anything else.

"Well, Joanie, have you thought of anything to tell me?"

Really, I haven't, what could it be?

"Well, young lady, what about these, which I found in your dresser, hidden in your undies?"

My cigarettes. I am in *big* trouble now.

"You told me that you had quit. You know how I feel about smoking and why. You went behind my back. That was direct defiance, deception, and disobedience. Did you really think that you could get away with this for very long., Missy? I am very disappointed with you Well, when I get done with you, you are not going to want to so much as *look* at a cigarette. You will do without pocket money for a month, you will be on close restriction for two weeks -- *If* you behave -- longer if you act up, young lady."

"A month without cash! Two weeks without stereo, TV, deserts, snacks, visits, or anything fun! Two weeks of early bedtimes! I can't stand it!

"But first, I am going to blister your rear until you can't sit for a week, young lady. Back over the desk with you, right now."

I'm sore enough already, but I don't dare hesitate. OW! When did he get the strap out? That strap hurts more than anything else he uses, ever. Oh! Won't he ever stop? I thought that 'can't sit for a week' was a figure of speech. But -- ouch! -- I think he means it this time. This must be the worst spanking I've ever gotten.

"All right. You may stand up. I hope that taught you a lesson, young lady. Now hand me your panties. You will do without them for the rest of the day -- and if I hear any argument, for tomorrow too. Now stand still, while I pin the back of your skirt up. You are going to stay bare bottomed for the rest of the day, Joanie."

All Bare? All Day!? How humiliating. He must really be furious. Still.

"Now I want you to sit down at your desk -- yes I said sit. I know that you are sore. That's the point. Now sit, unless you want another dose of the strap first. Good Girl. Now I want you to write fifty copies of 'I promise never to smoke again. I am very sorry for my recent behavior.' When you are done with that, write your note of apology to your friend Susan, and one to me. I want neat writing and correct spelling, if they aren't acceptable you will do them over until they are. Now get going, unless you enjoy sitting there on your naughty, spanked rear."

Oh dear, is my bottom sore. I'd better concentrate, I don't want to have to do any of

this over again, once is quite bad enough -- Now my hand is getting sore as well as my bottom. I hate him, why does he have to be so strict?

"Good girl. You may stand up now. Next on your schedule is a visit to the bathroom. It's time to take care of your potty-mouth."

No! He should have forgotten. I won't take the soap on top of all this -- I won't!

"Joanie! You have just earned yourself an extra minute of soap. Now, no more nonsense unless you want another dose of the strap. Ah, that's better."

Ow! He didn't have to grab my ear like that, I was coming already."

"Now sit yourself down on the toilet lid, young lady, and open up your dirty little mouth. I am going to wash that bad language out of your mouth once and for all. That's better. A good scrubbing. Now bite down on the bar of soap. You are going to hold it for ten minutes -- plus an extra minute for balking at the trip to the bathroom. Spit it out, and we will start the time over, after a little reminder about doing as you are told."

Oh shit I **really** hate the taste of soap, especially when I have to just sit there, holding the soap. It makes me gag so. I'll try to hold it... but... but... Oh I just **need** some air. Oh no! There goes the soap. He looks mad enough to spit.

"Joanie! I warned you, young lady. Clearly, you need a reminder about obedience. Up with you, girl. Now over my lap. {Smack} Smack} You will not {Smack}{Smack} use bad language {Smack} {Smack} ever again. {Smack} When I tell you {Smack} to hold the soap {Smack} you **will** hold it {Smack} young lady. {Smack} We will stay here {Smack} {Smack} until you hold the soap {Smack} for the full time {Smack} {Smack} if it takes {Smack} all afternoon? {Smack}{Smack} {Smack}{Smack} All right, let's try it again. Sit down, and open up. Good girl. Now we'll start your eleven minutes over, plus an extra minute for your disobedience."

OW that hurt, and the soap is even worse this time, but I've just **got** to hold it -- I am **not** going to start this over yet again. This is the worst day I can remember, and it's still morning.

"All right, Joanie. You may stand up, spit out the soap, and rinse briefly. That's enough for now. If there is still some taste of soap, maybe that will remind you not to use such bad language again. I want this to be a good lesson to you, young lady. And Joanie, be warned -- the next time you let such words out of your mouth, you can expect to hold the soap in your mouth for at least twenty minutes while you sit on a very sore bottom. Do you understand me, Joanie? You had better, because you know that I keep my promises. And this **is** a promise, Joanie."

Oh Shit - oops, I better not even **think** that word -- Oh dear, he is gonna watch me

like a hawk. I am really gonna have to clean up my act.

"All right, with that understood, let's get on with things. You have your normal chores, and I want you to get started on them promptly. Yes, that includes your yard work. And Yes, you will do them bare bottomed. I know that this will be embarrassing for you -- it is supposed to be. That is part of your punishment, young lady."

Bare bottomed outside! How can he?! That is just too much. I can't be bare outside! I won't! That is just too much.

"Joanie! {Smack} I told you that this is part of your punishment, and that you were **not** to argue about it. But you just had to argue, and so you will be bare bottomed all day tomorrow, too. You just close that mouth, young lady, unless you want to try for **three** days bare bottomed. You **will** be bare bottomed today and tomorrow, inside **and** out, and you will **not** argue that any further. Is that clear, young lady? Crystal Clear?"

Oh Shit - I just can't win against him. I hate him, I do. But I'm just too sore to fight him any more, I'll just do as he tells me, and get through this as quickly as possible.

"That's better, young lady. Now when your regular chores are done, I have some extra tasks for you, starting with cleaning the bathrooms. And I expect both your regular chores and the extras to be done properly, with no skimping and no dawdling, young lady. I will be checking on you, and poor performance will earn you a dose of the hairbrush, so be careful, Joanie."

I'm going to be running all day, I guess. Well at least I won't have much time to think about being bare. What a day!

"When your chores, regular and extra, are done, I want you studying your math until bedtime, which you know will be early tonight, and for the next three weeks. At bedtime I want you to come to me, ready for bed, still bare bottomed of course. Don't be late or make me come find you, young lady, or you will regret it. When you come to me at bedtime, bring your hairbrush with you. At that time, we will discuss your recent lack of effort in your studies. I plan to provide you with some incentive to work up to your capacity, and not laze about. I will not tolerate you slacking off and coasting, and if you do not apply yourself, you can depend on me to apply the brush to your bottom until it is nice and warm. Am I making myself clear, Joanie?"

Oh God, yes, He is always so very clear, all he wants is total perfection, all the time. No problem, No Sir.

"Very well then, Joanie, get yourself moving. {Smack!} You have a busy day ahead of you. No dawdling, now."

OW! What the hell was that for? I'm going, I'm going already, he can see that. Any

excuse for a swat, with him...

~~~~~ Later ~~~~~

{Smack!} {Smack!}

"These plates are not clean, Joanie. You need to scrub them better than that. Start them over, and get them clean this time, unless you would like to do without dinner this evening."

Ow! Shit! There was one, maybe two, tiny grease spots, on two plates out of the load, and he smacks me and makes me do them \*all\* over. He is so damn picky! Well I'll scrub 'em -- I do \*not\* want to miss dinner, since I've already lost seconds and dessert. There, maybe that will satisfy his immaculate cleanliness.

"That's better, girl. Now I want the bathrooms scrubbed till they sparkle, Joanie. I hope that you are learning a good lesson from this, young lady. Now scoot. {Smack}"

Ow! Can't I take even a two-minute break? I guess not. Well here is another shitty job.

~~~~~ Later ~~~~~

"Joanie! {Smack!} {Smack!} {Smack!} Is that what you call clean? If you can't clean a bathroom properly, maybe you would rather do without the use of the bathroom for a day or two?"

Ouch! Ow! Hell, he finds the tiniest specs of dirt. I'd tell him so, too, but it would only get me another smacking, and bathroom restriction on top of the rest, and that is just too much, so I'll play it all meek and obedient.

"That's better. Now do the upstairs bathroom and then start on your math."

My god, he *can* be satisfied by a mere mortal.

~~~~~ Much Later ~~~~~

"Ah Joanie. Bedtime already? Why yes, I see it is. How time flies when you're having fun. Your hairbrush? Good girl! Now, I want to make it very clear to you that your school work is very important indeed, and I will not tolerate your doing less than your very best. I know you are smart, that only means that you have to work harder to develop your full potential, otherwise I will see that your rear smarts, my girl. I know that you can do better than a C-. Now bed over my lap and I will try to motivate you to apply yourself in future. Because when you don't I promise to apply the brush or the crop, and you know I keep my promises."

OW! Alright I know I was coasting, but don't I ever get to slack off a bit? I'm on fire, that brush is so darn painful. And enough of the cure little puns, already. Ow!

"There! I hope that will prove a good lesson to you. Now I want you to go and stand in the corner for a while, and think about your punishments today, as well as the ones you still have coming. Particularly, think about why you were punished and how you intend to change your behavior. Leave your bottom bare during your corner time, Joanie, and no rubbing. After I call you out of the corner, you may say anything that you have in mind to me, and then it will be bedtime for you, young lady. Now scoot."

Ow! This was a hell of a day. Still I guess I earned it. I really do need to quit smoking, and work harder on school. I guess he is only strict with me because he loves me. But this sure is "tough love". I am hurting so darn much. I really have been letting things slide too much, getting away with too much. I'm glad that he sets limits for me, truly -- but I do wish that he wasn't so -- uh -- hard about it. Still I do feel secure with him. Maybe I should tell him so?

"All right, Joanie. You may come out of the corner, and pull up your pajama bottoms. What do you have to say to me? ... Secure? Loved? Joanie, of course I love you. I don't want you ever to doubt that, angel Truly I only punish you for your own good, and I am glad you are coming to understand that. While you still have a good deal of punishment coming, as I said earlier -- you know I always finish what I start -- but I think you really are shaping up. Keep up this attitude, and I will be able to be proud of you all the time. Now off to bed with you Joanie, and let's hope that tomorrow is the start of a much nicer time."

Oh Yes!