

What Helped me Behave

"Food's ready!" Soon I hear you calling from the kitchen. "Wash your hands and let's eat! I made spaghetti for you!"

"I am not hungry!!!" I scream in reply. I hear my stomach making stupid noises however(!)...and there's that well-known burn into my chest and tummy. I finish my glass of coke. What am I trying to do? I don't know... But the smell of the food is really torturing me now.

Standing again in the doorway you call me one more time: "Come, baby... Time to eat!"

This is really REAAAALLY (!!!) pissing me off. My voice can BARELY hide the irritation. "I SAID...I.. don't... WANT! I don't want! I'm not hungry! Why EAT if I am NOT hungry??? And I am NOT, told you! You eat!"

"You're going to kill yourself like this, I swear! Bet you smoked and drank coffee all day long, am I right? On an empty stomach... right?"

"So what?! You do it also!"

"I need a smoke" I announce you.

"No you don't!"

My head jerks up. Knowing fully well that you won't allow me to light the cigarette, I still insist.

"What do you mean I don't!" "I mean, you go eat now and THEN you smoke!"

"Oh yeah? Then I am not going to eat OR smoke! There!" my voice comes.

So self-confident! So insolent! So rude! The moment my body spins and gets ready to jet for the room and slam the door (!! - of course I would slam it!!) Your hand reaches for my arm stopping my flight. In one split second I found myself over your lap, had buried in the cushions, kicking and fighting back. I know what's next!

Smack smack smack! You start your job. And you're doing a great one 'cause after a dozen or so on the seat of my pants, I feel the burning in my butt. You stand me up, right in front of you. "Does this motivate you or you need more?!" You swat me again and I whine like a baby. But this will never be enough for breaking my resistance and making me forget 'bout my proud. So I pout, stomp my foot and frown.

I don't want to be spanked but I don't want to eat either. So... what can we do? The table leg trembles under my kicks. *kick kick kick. kick kick kick.* Am I doing that to

annoy you or just for pure fun?

"Ok... guess you need more. " the conclusion comes. "I truly had enough of..." you want to go on but my tongue sticking out and spitting all over interrupts you. And if the swats haven't motivated

ME, then my behavior does motivate YOU. I feel dragged towards the bathroom.

'Oooooo... oooooooo....'

- I'm thinking -

'I'm in for the brush!' But once in the bathroom, you run the water and pull out a bar of Irish Spring bar soap from the drawer. You unwrap it and hold it up to me and say, this is for you bad girl.

"I should have done this a long time ago" I hear you saying. I don't want to believe what I think you might do to me!

"Some bad little girl here needs to have her mouth washed! Really washed thoroughly, to clean it out once and for all with this big bar of green soap!"

"No!" I cry. "I don't want! No! Please, I don't want! I'm sorry!"

"If no one did this before I guess I have to be the first one to inaugurate it!"

I never cry before a spanking... or anything like that... but this really scares me. Tears start running down my cheeks... yes, I am sorry. sorry that you are going to WASH MY MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP. Very sorry! Grabbing the bar of Irish spring soap which is sitting under water in the sink, you hold me tight and say. "Open up that dirty mouth!" You order me again to open up. My mouth instantly closes and I shake my head. "Do you need a spanking?

before so you can obey me?" My legs are shaky... and I want to cry really hard but I am not supposed to open my mouth! Unless I want that yucky thing in it! Seeing there's no way for me to listen to you, you leave the bar of soap alone and start unbuttoning my jeans... pull them down. in spite my fight and then you reach for my panties!

"No!" I finally cry! "No! oh please.

Please don't stick big wet messy bar of soap in my mouth..." My hands try to pull up my clothes... My little whines and cries transform into real pleadings. Again that fear, the anticipation... I feel so weak and vulnerable. Between my desperate sobs I hear you saying: "I better have you crying and hurting from a spank than lying in bed with doctors around! So cry as much as you want, baby... it is not going to help you. Now open up your mouth!"

Shakily I slide back towards the sink, grab it with both hands, open my mouth slowly and shut my eyes, as if this could stop the horrible taste. "Good girl" you praise but the

next moment my mouth feels the big wet soapy cake stuffed in my mouth and I can taste it, oh yea I sure can... I wasn't prepared for it. I want to spit it all out but a hand well placed over my mouth stops me from that. The huge grim might look amusing in other circumstances. Giving in to you and realizing it makes me more miserable. Fresh tears gather into my eyes... Still, I feel calm somehow, ready to take my punishment... ready to obey. The energy and stubbornness once dragged out, I become the nicest girl ever.

"Ok.. spit out!" you command and even before you finish the sentence I start cleaning my mouth. What a taste! I'm glad I don't have to take this treatment every day!

"This, young lady, will teach you never to spit again... and never to stick your tongue out at me! And also, watch your mouth carefully when you talk 'cause if not we might have to repeat the experience!"

"Yes..." I mumble.

"Yes? Yes WHAT?!" Your eyebrows rise and your eyes are fixing me.

"Yes... Master". (I'd love to stick out my tongue right now. 'Yes Master'... *grumble*)

"Good girl! Now get to the room and wait for me there... I'm going to spank you and I think you know why, don't you?" (I nod miserably) "Then", you continue, "you will stand in the corner for 5 minutes and then you will go eat. And later on tonight, if you are a good girl, we might do something together. Ok?" "Yes Sir..."

"Ok baby... then go get the belt from my room!"

I know it will be difficult to get that spanking now. I know it will be difficult to stay in the corner... but I also know that if I'd been a good girl today none of this would have happened.