

# Bad Habits

(By: Mija)

She didn't know why she'd be punished today. Sometimes it was because of bad things she'd done during the week. Or just 'cause. Mostly she tried to be a good girl. He liked her that way. So more often than not it was "just 'cause."

She stood, dressed just as he'd asked, head too low to meet his gaze.

"I know you try hard to be a good girl, don't you?"

She nodded. "Yes Sir."

"But you have a bad habit of late."

She looked up at him, mind racing. There were her nails, still biting them a lot. Or the way she left tissues on the sink instead of throwing them away. Which bad habit could he mean?

"You've been poking your tongue at me when you think I can't see you. Haven't you?"

She almost started to giggle. Not because of humor, but nervousness. She nodded.

"I've asked you not to -- spanked you for doing it before. But today we're going to break you of it."

She twisted her neck a little, longing to run her finger along the inside of her too tight collar. His collar. Instead she swallowed hard and nodded.

"Right now, we're going to go into your bathroom and I'm going to brush your mouth clean. Is that clear?"

She nodded, her face puckering with distaste. She knew from experience he wouldn't use toothpaste, but rather liquid soap.

"Will you be a good girl and let me? Or do you need a spanking first?"

She swallowed, already tasting the horrid soap. "I'll be good."

He smiled suddenly, gently. He liked her soft and pliant like this. "After I brush your teeth, you're going to go into the corner and think about how disrespectful poking your tongue out is. You'll be holding your hairbrush so you'll remember what's going to happen to you *after* your corner time is over."

She looked up pleadingly. Her hairbrush was heavy oval satinwood and hurt too much to tell.

"\*After\* you get your hairbrush spanking over my lap and have a very sore and red bottom, you'll be allowed to rinse your mouth. But not before."

"Yes Sir," she said, gulping hard, feeling her eyes gather tears of self-pity.

"Then you'll sit right here," he gestured, indicating the dining room table "and write lines for me. So you'll remember why you're being punished."

The girl almost scowled. She really hated doing lines.

"Then I'm going to take the school cane and give you a thorough thrashing. Something to remember every time you sit down this week." He stared down at her, looking at the top of her head. The tip of his finger gently tilted her head up.

"Understood?"

She nodded.

"Good girl." He took her hand and led her to the bathroom. This was how bad habits were dealt with in their house.

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