

Jane's Adventure

My first attempt... all the usual disclaimers... etc. Any constructive criticism is welcomed

M/F soap, spank, foreplay

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It was a Tuesday evening when I heard a knock on my door. I wasn't expecting anyone, but apparently the lady who lived in the apartment before me forgot to tell anyone she was moving, so it wasn't all that uncommon to have a stranger show up at my door. I opened it without checking the peephole, and my jaw just about hit the floor. Standing there was Jane. Jane was my ex-girlfriend... or I guess it would be more accurate to call her an ex-lover. She and I had a big falling out at the beginning of the year, and hadn't said more than two words to each other since. She was holding a plastic grocery bag in one hand.

She spoke first, "May I come inside? I have something I would like to talk to you about." I let her in, and offered her something to drink. It was just now that I was able to process what she was wearing, a tank top with a deep V and a pair of very nicely fitting black pants. Jane wasn't a supermodel, but she definitely had an above-average body. I found my eyes lingering for a moment while she started to speak.

"First I want to say I'm sorry for the way I've treated you in the past. I know I've been a bitch, and I want to be better. I was hoping you would be willing to teach me to be nicer." Needless to say, my curiosity was piqued. We had done some role-playing when we were together, but this sounded much, much bigger.

"Why now?" I asked, "Why after all this time?"

"I got fired from my summer job for being rude to my boss and my co-workers. That was when I realized that I was really out of control. I knew within a few days that I would have to ask for your help, but it took me a week to summon the courage to come here." Jane was going to be a senior in college this fall, and I knew she would be missing that income when fall semester rolled around.

"What exactly do you have in mind?" I wanted to know.

"Teach me, and make me be good.." she started to blush a little as she handed over her bag. Inside was a large wooden hairbrush and a bottle of liquid soap. From our role-playing I had learned that Jane liked to be spanked. There had been a few times during our relationship when she had just been outrageously rude to someone that I had taken her home and spanked her. She didn't enjoy those, but she tolerated them because she knew I was trying to teach her a lesson. And now she was asking for a big lesson.

I wasn't really sure how I felt about all of this. On one hand, she was basically just expecting me to take her in and help her. On the other, she knew I got a thrill out of punishing her, and it did take a lot of courage on her part to come here and ask me to my face. After all, I did live two hours away. "How long were you planning on staying?"

"As long as you want me to be here. I told my parents that I was going to stay with a friend while I worked things out." Jane started to look a little hopeful.

"Ok, I have to think on this. I want you to leave, and come back in 15 minutes. I'll tell you then." Her face fell for a moment, but then she stood up and walked to the door.

"Thank you for considering it. I'll see you in a little bit."

While it was true that I had to think about it, it wasn't deciding whether or not I was going to take her in. I knew I was. I just wanted to work out some details before I told her. I decided I wanted two weeks to train her. Any less and I couldn't get any real idea of whether or not the changes I was creating were long term. I also came up with a list of conditions in my head that she would have to agree to before I let her stay. I knew she would agree, but I wanted to get it on writing, just in case one of our spanking sessions got out of hand and she decided to do something stupid.

Eighteen minutes later there was a knock on my door. I walked over and let her in, and gestured her to be seated on the couch. I stood in front of her and read out my conditions:

"One, you will do what I say, when I say it, whether it appeals to you or not. Two, you will accept any punishments that I feel are appropriate, there is no appeals process. Three, you will not discuss any of this training with any person other than me without my express written permission." She slowly nodded, and I handed her a copy and pointed out the place for her to sign. She did.

"The first few ground rules: You will address me as 'sir', you will not talk back or argue with me, and you will always speak to me in a pleasant manner. Not following these rules will get your mouth washed out with soap, and probably a spanking as well. There will be other rules as we go along, I can create them or get rid of them at any time. Now get on your knees."

The last command seemed to surprise Jane, and she looked a bit apprehensive, but did as she was told. "Now ask me, very nicely, to train you."

She looked up at me and said "Sir, will you please teach me to be a good girl and a proper lady?"

"Yes I will. Now stand up and turn around." Jane complied. "Now I want you to pull

your pants down.” She seemed a little confused, but did as ordered. “Now lean over and hold the armrest of the couch.” As she did, I laid the first set of 5 spansks on her cute pink panties. She gasped at the suddenness of it.

“I don’t think it’s unreasonable to expect you to be prompt and on time young lady.” I laid another 10 spansks into her as I spoke. “I told you 15 minutes, and you were late. 3 minutes late. That comes to 30 spansks.” I continued to lecture her on timeliness as I delivered the requisite number of swats. To her credit she didn’t flinch or try to twist away. I was glad to see that she could handle this first punishment, as there were many more where that came from.

I stood her up and turned her around. “Have you eaten?” She shook her head. I pulled some money from my wallet and told her to go get us both something from the local fast food joint. I did this partly because my mind was racing and I had no desire to cook something, and partly because I wanted her to go sit on her hard car seat for a few minutes. She came back and we ate in silence. When we were done eating, she stood up and started walking towards the bathroom.

“Where do you think you’re going” I demanded. She turned and looked a little surprised.

“To the bathroom?” she almost asked.

“Not without asking permission first” I responded.

“May I please go to the bathroom? Jane asked politely.

“After you clean up our dinner.”

Jane came and picked up the trash, threw it away, and put the silverware in the sink. “May I go to the bathroom now please?”

I stood up and took her arm, and walked to the bathroom with her. She looked very confused, especially when I turned on the water and held the bar of soap under it. “I believe what you were asking, was may I please go the bathroom, sir”

She looked crestfallen at her mistake: “I’m sorry sir, I...”

I cut her off “Don’t get yourself in to any more trouble over it, just take two good licks of this bar of soap to remind you.” She did as she was told, and scrunched up her face at the taste of it. “Now you may go to the bathroom, and you may rinse after you have washed your hands.”

I left her to do what she needed to do and planned the rest of the evening. I sat down on the couch and started flipping through channels. Jane came back and sat near me. After a minute she said “Thank you for giving me that reminder, sir”

“You’re welcome,” I replied, “there are some mints on the second shelf in the pantry, why don’t you have one?” She flashed me a huge smile on her way to the kitchen, and I sighed. She was always so cute when she wanted to be, I don’t know why she always let that bitchy side out. Well, I guess that was why she was here. She sat back down, and I motioned for her to slide a little closer. I was rewarded with another of those big smiles as she curled up next to me with her head on my shoulder. We sat there quietly for about an hour before I gently took her head off my shoulder and stood up.

“Bath time.” I announced. I could see in her face that she remembered previous role playing bath times quite well, and for a moment I thought she was going to argue. But she stood up without a word. “Go start the water and get it to a comfortable temperature. I’ll be there in a minute.”

She went to do as she was told while I gathered some toys that I had picked up over the years...a ping pong paddle with holes drilled in it, a belt for restraining her hands in case she tried to fight me, and of course her hairbrush and the soap. I walked into the bathroom and told her not to turn around as I half-hid my toys so the toilet blocked her view of them from the tub. She would see them eventually, of course, but I preferred to make her wait. She had just started to fill the tub, and I ordered her to undress. I felt the water, and added a little more hot to it... I didn’t want this to be a pleasure soak. As I turned to face Jane I again noticed her large, firm tits; just like I used to do every time she was naked. I also saw that she had continued her practice of shaving everything, and I approved. She blushed a little as I stared at her, after all it had been awhile since I’d seen her like this. I ordered her to get in, and she complied. She winced slightly as she realized I had turned the hot water up, but I had been careful to make it just uncomfortable, not painful, so she settled down.

“Can I trust you to wash your arms and legs?” I asked. Jane nodded yes, so I handed her the washcloth and the bar of lever 2000. She quickly got to work, no doubt hoping that if she was quick to comply, it might lessen the punishment she knew was coming. In another situation it probably would have worked, but tonight I was in no hurry. I must have had a bemused look on my face, as she paused for a moment and looked like she was going to ask me a question. Right as her mouth opened she must have thought better of it, as she quickly closed it and got back to work.

“Did you want to say something, Jane?”

“No, sir” she said while carefully looking at the elbow she was scrubbing.

“Jane, I expect you to look at me when you address me.”

She looked up at me “I’m sorry, sir.”

“It’s ok, just keep it in mind... are you finished?” I asked as she put the washcloth down.

“If you think I have done an acceptable job, sir.” Ahh, she was getting the hang of it.

I took the washcloth from her, soaped it back up, and scrubbed her back and stomach. I then slid the washcloth all around her large breasts, teasing her, and then slid the washcloth between her legs and scrubbed vigorously.

Jane was careful to only allow one moan to escape from her lips. I rinsed the washcloth and soaped it back up again, this time making sure to get it very foamy. I slid it up Jane’s neck and onto her face, scrubbing at her cheeks, forehead, nose, chin, and lips.

“Open your mouth” I commanded as I held the washcloth over her lips. She hesitated a moment, but when I pinched her nose she quickly opened up, and I thrust the still foamy washcloth into her mouth. I scrubbed her tongue, teeth, and the inside of her cheeks. She moaned again, but this time it wasn’t from pleasure.

“Bite” I said before I pulled the washcloth out, leaving a good thick foam in her mouth. I watched her squirm for a moment before I told her she could spit once.

“On your knees” I again commanded, and Jane seemed to comply reluctantly. I pulled out the ping pong paddle and Jane’s eyes got wide. She started to protest “But I haven’t done...” and at that point she realized that she had just argued with me. From the look on her face I realized she hadn’t intended to argue, so I knew she would cooperate with what I was about to tell her.

“Sit up” I said, and she did. I handed her the bottle of soap and the rinsed out washcloth. “Soap this up” I ordered. I could tell from the look of fear on her face that she dreaded what was about to happen, but she knew she deserved it. Jane got a good lather on the washcloth and then held it up for me to take. Without being told she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. I placed the washcloth on her tongue and began doing slow circles with it. After just a minute of this I could see Jane was torn between pulling her tongue - and the suds - back into her quickly drying mouth, or leaving it out while I continued to unhurriedly wash it. I let this go on for another thirty seconds before I stopped for a moment and let her pull her tongue back in. I could see from the look on her face that this only spread the taste around. I put the washcloth back to her lips, and she voluntarily parted them again, allowing me to yet again scrub the inside of her mouth, already tingling from the last application of soap. I left the washcloth in her mouth for another minute or so, until I could see on her face that she was very, truly, and deeply sorry for her transgression.

I pulled the washcloth out, without making her bite this time. “Spit once” I commanded yet again, and again told her to get on her knees. There was no complaining this time as I began to spank with the paddle. I took my time, alternating cheeks with each swat. I knew in my heart that Jane had been punished enough for the night, but I couldn’t back down now. The tears started to flow at number thirty, no sobbing or bellowing, just the quiet tears of a little girl who has been thoroughly

punished. I had intended to go to fifty, but stopped ten short. I promised myself I would get those extra ten in the next day, and put the paddle away.

“Sit up” I said, gently this time. I could see Jane was embarrassed to be crying, embarrassed to be punished, and embarrassed that she needed this help in the first place. I started the shower and helped her rinse off in silence. I turned off the shower and wrapped her in a big fluffy towel. As she stood there, dripping and slightly shaking, I gave her a big bear hug. “There’s a very good, sweet girl down deep inside, Jane. We’re going to help her find her way out together, ok?” Jane just nodded. “We both know that this isn’t going to be your last punishment, but I want you to remember that they are all intended to correct you and guide you to proper behavior. I care about you and want you to be good.” Jane’s tears started again, and I quietly led her to the sofa where she would be spending the night. I got out some extra sheets and blankets, and helped her make up her bed. I gently unwrapped her towel and sat her down on the sofa. “This is how you sleep tonight, or any night that you receive extra punishment at bathtime. No nightie, just you and the sheets. I’ll leave a light on in the bathroom, and I’ll get you up at the right time in the morning.” With this I tucked Jane in and kissed her forehead. “Goodnight my sweet little girl” I said as I turned out the light and made my way to bed.

Next Chapter: The lessons begin.