CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

**Reader’s Note:** *This is Joanne Swift’s journal, adapted for reading, detailing the events around October 9th (Sunday) 2016. It’s approximately 11:30 AM and Joanne is bringing Tom two paddles.*

We had purchased Lucifer and the Angel at the same time at the Metro Adult Novelty store just outside of town.

The Angel is an 18-inch-long, white-leather, slapper-style paddle with a heart shape cut into the handle. If you’ve never seen a paddle like this just google “slapper-style paddle”. It makes a delicious thwacking sound but doesn’t have a lot of bite to it. The Angel is for when you are good – and Tom uses it more like a pointer to adjust your body or make you step a little higher while marching.

Lucifer is black lacquered with red and gold trim. It’s a heavy walnut spencer-style paddle with a series of holes drilled into the flat of the paddle. The handle is wrapped in treated leather so that it can be used like a gag or bit and carried in a submissive’s mouth.

Tom directed me to place both paddles on the Xbox and said that’s their home from now on.

Lanny, Scotty, Donny, and Brandon had returned with a collection of wooden branches they had cut down.

“I don’t know if you think you’re lumberjacks, but some of these are full-on branches,” Tom laughed, and set aside the ones that were too small or too thick. “Take these back outside,” he chuckled.

The boys started to collect seven of the branches that Tom had rejected to return outside. Tom stopped them and said that Fart Face was to do manual labor around the house. “When you come back in you’ll offer drinks to our guests and be disciplined,” Tom told her.

“May I know what I did wrong, Sir?” Taylor asked.

“You didn’t do anything wrong. In the future, I want you to offer refreshments to anyone who’s staying here for more than five minutes. You’re going to be disciplined for your own education, and that means it’s done in the living room.” Tom folded his arms and stared at his daughter.

She quickly took the sticks outside and threw them on the back patio before returning inside.

“Is that where you think they go?” Tom asked when she’d returned moments later.

“You said to take them outside, Sir,” Taylor answered.

“Did I ask where you think they go? Or did I ask you to tell me what I said? Because I’m aware of what I said to do,” Tom corrected her.

I loved when he talked to me that way – he hadn’t had to do so in many years, now that I’ve learned to answer his questions the way he likes.

“Sorry Sir, you asked me where I think the sticks go, and I answered by telling you what you told me to do. The right answer is I don’t know where they should go, and I should have asked for clarification,” she answered.

“You’re catching on, Fart Face.” Tom was pleased. “You should ask when you’re in doubt. They go out front, next to the driveway. I want you to stack them one at a time so that you learn from this mistake. Having to take them one at a time will help remind you of the lesson,” he told her.

“Do that now, Sir?” Taylor asked.

“No, for now you’re going to offer refreshments. Your mom can show you how I want you to serve the drinks. You will then assume the punishment position in the living room so that I can demonstrate the difference between the switch, Lucifer, and the Angel, and then you’ll be allowed to continue with your chores, including taking the wood to the driveway.”

“Huh huh, he said wood,” Brandon said inappropriately, in a voice like the cartoon character Butthead. He was a smart kid, but he enjoyed playing dumb when he was around my son.

My son joined in with a tittering laugh like Beavis. They both tended to do that impression.

“Boys…” Tom used the word to indicate his displeasure with their behavior. “If you want to impress me and for me to trust you to help me with Fart Face’s discipline, this isn’t how to do it,” Tom informed them seriously.

They were quiet after that.

“May I offer you something to drink, Sir?” I offered while looking at Brandon, and he smiled at me. I could see he was looking at my tits – as he often did. I thought very little of that because it was one of the things you get used to at an early age with big knockers, but he made it very noticeable. I told Taylor that she was to ask each guest in order of arrival, thank them regardless of their preference, and quickly get the drinks.

“Sure, I’ll take… like a water?” Brandon offered before she could ask.

“Do I have to ask him since he told me what he wanted, Mistress?” Taylor asked.

“It’s not ‘Mistress’.” I was even more uncomfortable with that term than I was with ‘Ma’am’.

“Sorry Ma’am, I just thought since Dad was Master that you were Mistress of the house,” she explained with a curtsy.

“That makes me think of Mistress Elvira from those Halloween spectaculars.” I told her ‘Ma’am’ would do for now, and that she should always use her common sense or ask for clarification if she had none. “You know what he wants, so what do you do to fulfill his order?”

She curtsied, lifting her apron slightly while bending at the knee, and thanked him for his order.

“You curtsy like this!” Janie demonstrated a proper curtsy by lifting an imaginary skirt and bending deeply at the knee in a very formal way.

“Thank you, Princess.” Taylor stood corrected and repeated the formal curtsy – this time lifting her apron almost to her crotch.

“Daddy says we’re going to play later, so I’ll teach you to do pirouettes and gymnastics too!” Janie was excited.

“Oh boy,” Taylor smiled, although I could tell she wasn’t looking forward to spending time with her sister. I was actually elated that Tom had made that a part of the discipline. I knew Janie wanted to hang out with her big sister more than anything, and this was a perfect chance for that to happen without Taylor being a brat.

“May I offer you something, Sir Lanny?” Taylor asked Scotty’s friend.

“Anything…, or just something to drink?” Lanny made a double-entendre out of her offer.

“I am afraid just something to drink for now, Sir,” Taylor picked up on it. She had never even acknowledged Lanny’s presence in the past. I was kind of surprised she actually knew his name after the dozens of times she pretended she didn’t know it when he said hello to her.

“Don’t lead our guests on or manipulate them,” Tom said, chastising her for her flirtation. I felt a little bad because flirting was a lot better than being a cold bitch, in Taylor’s case. Tom had enjoyed making me be flirtatious and seductive when we had gone to bondage events in the past, but I guess it was different when it’s your own daughter.

“What do you have?” Lanny asked.

“Don’t make it difficult, Lanny.” Scotty told him to just say water.

“Water then,” Lanny agreed with a grin.

“You can make it difficult,” Tom told them that this is how she would learn. “Not all guests will have a complete list of what we have and don’t have. I don’t mind you testing your sister as long as you aren’t just fucking with her. If it will help her learn, that’s fine.” Tom explained that in that instance, Taylor was to offer what she knew we had available. He paused and said it had to be age-appropriate and chuckled, “Sorry guys, no beer!”

“Hey, we get to see tits, we should get to drink beer,” Brandon said inappropriately.

“You want beer?” Tom said that would be fine. “Let me just call your parents and make sure that’s okay with them first, though.”

Brandon quickly took back his request and Tom smirked.

I went with Taylor into the kitchen and once we were in there I told her she was handling this well.

“Thanks Ma’am,” she said.

“I am a little confused about what you said earlier out in the living room.” I tried to get her to explain to me why she said she was trying to prove her father wrong when we were upstairs earlier, and why she said she wanted to sincerely change.

“What you said convinced me I really need to give this a try.” Taylor explained that if her father was wrong, then he’d admit it, but she was going to see if it would actually work. “If I can change who I am for the better by getting my butt smacked and showing my boobs, then I’ll change.” She sounded skeptical.

“There’s a lot more than showing your boobs and getting your butt smacked,” I said, but I told her that she would understand in time. “I’m just surprised you’re taking it so well and actually following through with it,” I explained.

“The more you talk about it, the more nervous I get, Ma’am,” Taylor said, and reminded me we probably had a time limit to return with the drinks.

“Good point,” I said, thinking quickly. If Tom hosted a BDSM party I was usually topless, wearing less than Taylor’s apron, and carrying a tray while his poker buddies pinched my ass. I wasn’t exactly sure how he wanted her to serve the drinks.

I took down the tray we used for guests. It was plastic with a thin layer of cork, like a waitress would use in a bar. It had two hoops on it where it could be worn around the neck. I put it around her neck and then had her pour two waters and told her to bring it out to the boys. “You’ll want to kneel in front of them on one knee, and let them take the water or hand it up to them. You’re to thank them and make eye contact.”

“How do you know how to do this, Ma’am?” Taylor asked.

“This is how I serve beer for your father’s poker buddies when they come over,” I explained with a trace of embarrassment.

“OMG, no wonder you guys always had us do sleepovers.” She connected the dots to the many times I had arranged for the kids to be gone so her father and I could do some adult things.

“There are other ways to serve beers,” I smirked, saying that I could carry one between my tits without using my hands.

“Holy shit!” She was impressed. I reminded her that we had to go, and she made me promise to tell her more about my experiences. I smiled and said I would as we walked out of the kitchen into the den where the video games and the TV are located.

“Your waters, Sirs.” Taylor got down on one knee and served the boys.

Tom looked at me and said, “That wasn’t quite what I was thinking, but it’ll do.” He had a trace of disappointment in his voice that made me feel guilty.

Tom described the Angel and Lucifer paddles and said that when he told her to fetch one or the other, she was to bend at the waist, pick it up with her teeth, and then return to wherever he is.

I usually had to crawl on my hands and knees.

“Fetch me Angel.” Tom tested out the order and my daughter stepped over to the television. Tom had placed the paddle on it as its new “home” so that she would have to get in front of the TV to pick it up. She bent over and easily collected it in her teeth and returned to him.

“Good, and when I tell you to return it, I want you to do the same thing in reverse. Do that now.” He had her demonstrate how to place it back where she’d picked it up from. The paddle was dripping with her saliva, and he had her fetch it again to demonstrate again.

“This is teaching you patience. When you have no chores to do, I want you to repeat trainings like this over and over.” Tom told her that he or I would give her instructions on what to do.

I dreaded the idea of that. “The boys seem to want to help. Can I ask them to make her do 10 fetch quests when I’m busy?” I used the word quest because I knew they liked video games and I had heard them use the word quest many times. That pleased Scotty and Donny, but Tom said no.

“You won’t BE busy, because Fart Face will be doing your work. You’ll have more time to supervise her. I do like the word ‘quest’, though. You can tell her to do 10 fetch quests of Angel, and she’s to go pick it up, bring it to you, wait for you to tell her to return it, and then bring it back 10 times.”

“Awww, why can’t we give her fetch quests?” Donny said.

“Yeah, I want to have an exclamation point over my head and then a question mark when she has to turn in the quest!” Scotty said.

I missed the old Taylor who may have said that nobody understood his ‘nerdspeak’ and asked him to repeat that again in English for the rest of us.

Tom shook his head and said that it was statements like that which made him hesitant to allow them to just observe the training. “If your sister doesn’t bend at the waist, place the paddle back in its stand, and then stand up straight before bending over again to pick it up, then you can tell me or your mom,” Tom offered.

“Can I do that too?” Janie was happy to help. “Can I have her fetch toys from MY room or bring ME a drink? Not just for guests.”

“That you guys can do,” Tom offered and there was some cheering before he held up a finger and promised, “If I find out you’re just giving her fetch quests to bring something and then take it back, though, you’ll be joining her on those quests!”

Taylor looked like she may cry, but she kept her composure. I was very proud of her for that. I wanted to tell her, but she didn’t take compliments very well.

“Angel is for very mild punishments,” Tom explained, smacking his hand with it. “A good trainer always tries it out on himself before he does his submissive,” he said.

“Why’s it called Angel?” Scotty asked.

The real reason is that it’s actually a treat and for a well-behaved slave’s pleasure. Tom told him that it was the lightest paddle and more painfull than the flat of his hand but less painful than other paddles. “If your sister is being very good, and she needs discipline, then I’ll use Angel on her,” he explained.

He made everyone, including Lanny and Brandon, hold out their hands and swatted them with it. Janie was the only one who was afraid, but even she giggled when he slapped her with it.

“There will be times I put your sister into punishment position and discipline her just to adjust her attitude. She has done nothing particularly wrong, but her mind-set needs adjustment. I’ll include an affirmation and reinforcement of her place. I’m training her like an athlete trains, and to do that we start out at an appropriate level and work our way up,” Tom explained, before telling Taylor to return Angel to its holder and fetch Lucifer.

Taylor had trouble picking up the heavy spencer-style paddle with her teeth. It was the kind of wooden paddle that looked like a cutting board from the kitchen, or something that would be used to paddle frat boys in the movie Animal House.

“Pull your tongue back as far as you can and then bite down hard,” I instructed her. Everyone looked at me strangely that I would know that, and I turned a little bit red. Taylor was able to pick it up and bring it to her father.

“This is another reason you cannot assign fetch quests.” Tom said that it takes practice and strength in the jaws to carry a paddle like this. “Her mother and I know better her limits than any of you will, and we can assess what she’s capable of doing,” he explained while taking Lucifer from her mouth and giving it some swishes in the air.

It was heavy, and he slapped his hand with it hard. It didn’t make as delicious of a sound as the more flexible leather paddle he had shown them.

“You aren’t hitting US with that, are you Daddy?” Janie asked with her eyes big.

“No, but I’ve used it on myself and I know your sister isn’t ready for this one.” Tom said that it was for particularly bratty girls that really need a heavy attitude correction.

“I can handle it, Sir,” Taylor promised bravely.

“I’ll tell you what you can handle, and you’re not ready for this. I think you will be, but you look like you’re about to cry right now, and you’ve only had forty swats,” he laughed.

Taylor’s eyes were red and glazed a little like she was going to cry. “I haven’t cried because of pain. I’m just sad that it’s so obvious I needed this correction and we waited this long to address my behavior and now it has to be this extreme. I want to change, and if a heavy paddle will get me there quicker, then please put me in the punishment position and discipline me, Master.”

I hate to admit this, but how she said it was so hot and raw that my pussy was wet. If I had to follow her rules I would have asked someone to look at how my tits just hardened and goose bumps popped out all over my body, and stood in the corner.

I remained quiet as Tom evaluated her state of arousal.

Tom produced one of the switches he’d found acceptable. It was a good autumn branch that was stripped of its leaves but still had bumps along the end where the leaves and twigs had been attached.

He swished it in the air like a sword, and it made a scary hissing sound as it cut the air in front of him.

“Let’s see how you do with a switch, and then we’ll think about introducing you to Lucifer.” Tom made her adopt the punishment position in the den where the boys sat to play Xbox and applied the switch 10 times to her ass.

She howled and yelped and almost forgot to thank him by the sixth one. She looked like she was going to punch him by the eighth, and by the tenth snot was running down her nose and tears dripped down her cheeks.

“What’s your name?” Tom asked.

“Fart Face, Master,” Taylor answered through the mascara running down her face.

“Did you enjoy that training?” Tom asked.

“No Sir! It hurt!” Taylor’s honest admission broke a lot of the awkward tension and everyone chuckled.

“So if I tell you to show me your tits, they won’t be hard?” Tom asked.

“They will be, Sir,” Taylor admitted, after thinking about it for a moment. “There’s a growing warmth on my ass and I can’t help it, though,” she said, as the boys snickered at her expense.

“That would either be endorphins releasing pleasure signals because your brain’s trying to stop the pain, OR that you’re a wicked little cunt who gets off on getting whipped in front of everyone.” Tom had never used the word ‘cunt’ in front of our kids or vanillas before.

There was a pause and quiet.

Tom said that he didn’t trust her to decide which she was, and sent her to the corner to cool off.

He insisted no one talk to her while she was in the corner. There was no problem talking ABOUT her and laughing at her expense, but Tom didn’t want her distracted. “She needs to cool off so leave the little twat to calm her tits,” he chuckled.

“Do you think that was necessary, Master?” I whispered to him, asking, “This language?”

He could be very nasty and vulgar in the bedroom, and I have to admit it turned me on then. It scared me to hear him talk that way around Scotty and Janie. I knew they’d heard it before, but not from us and I was very uncomfortable.

“You can call her a self-serving, lazy, deviant, cruel, prideful, stubborn young lady…” Tom didn’t whisper when he answered, adding “or you can cut right to the chase and call her a bitch, a twat, or a cunt. You can clean up the words and make them sound politically correct, but if you want to be honest about what YOUR daughter has become, there’s no doubt she’s a bitch and a cunt. The more I learn about this brat, the more I’m convinced we’ve coddled her. I’m for calling a spade a spade and a cunt a cunt.”

“Does that mean…?” Scotty was grinning impishly, and before he could ask the obvious question his father answered him.

“Yes, you can call her a twat, a bitch, you can use cuss words. I expect you to learn appropriate times to use those words. If you say them constantly without context, they lose their meanings.” Tom promised the kids they were now free to cuss without repercussions.

“Well God Damn Hallelujah!” Scotty gave a relieved cheer that the shackles had been lifted.

I was quite surprised he would cuss right in front of me. I assumed he did it at school, and I’d heard them talk trash on Xbox Live when they were playing video games over the internet, but the other boys he played with seemed to do the majority of it. They would “tea bag” each other when they shot one another in the head in the video game.

The first time I saw him do it in the game, I told him it seemed like something serial killers would do. I tried not to stand over their shoulders, though – boys will be boys.

“Do YOU have a problem with that?” Tom saw the obvious concern in my face. Donny, Scotty and Janie were looking at me as if I were going to be the rain in the parade if I said I did.

“I’m just a little concerned that maybe we’re making radical changes, and we need to stop and think about them some more,” I suggested.

“You’re absolutely right,” Tom agreed with me. “Your daughter’s walking around the house with her bare ass on display, and pulls her tits out to show me whether or not she’s having perverted thoughts and warrants a time-out. Let’s think about that – do you think we should call them ‘mammary glands on display’ in order to gloss over the fact that it’s pretty much tits-out?”

I didn’t expect his sharp tone or sarcasm.

I nodded in understanding of his point. “You have a fair point, Sir. I just worry if we let them call her a bitch, how long before they call ME a bitch when I do something they don’t like?”

“I’m sure they’ve said it behind your back when you forbid them to waste their money on video games or comic books,” Tom said as he looked at his sons with a knowing glance. “The key difference is that they can say that to Fart Face any time they like and she has to accept it and thank them. She has to OWN what she actually is and how she’s perceived by the rest of the family. If they DARE disrespect you, then they’ll face our combined wrath and not only apologize but be held accountable for their words. I expect that everyone now knows that if we’re lax about the language around the house, then it doesn’t apply to just anyone.” Then he turned directly to the kids. “You can talk about your sister that way, but nobody else,” Tom said aloud, for their benefit as much as mine.

Everyone nodded in agreement with the new rules – even Janie.

“So can I just say ‘shitburgers’ out loud if I get angry about something?” Janie asked with the cutest little dimples on her freckled face. I could see her father in her so often when she was being cute and adorable.

He laughed and asked if that was something she said when we weren’t home.

“She says it ALL the time,” Scotty told on his sister. “Shitburgers! It’s raining. Will you shitburgers bring back my umbrella? Oh shit, I stepped in shitburgers again and got my dress all wet!” Scotty imitated his sister’s mousey voice.

Janie came at him swinging her hands and slapping and shouting that she didn’t talk that way. It was a friendly rivalry between the two of them, and not very serious.

“We’re expecting you to be mature about your sister’s discipline.” Tom said that in exchange, if they can demonstrate that maturity, then he had no problem loosening the words. “I don’t want it to sound like a back-alley dive bar in here but, if you keep it within reason, that’s one of the perks. What I DO NOT want you to do is think that means you can disrespect anyone who doesn’t deserve it. I also don’t like tattletales. I want you to tell me when your sister’s breaking her rules because I need eyes in the back of my head to watch her. The rules about tattle-telling on each other, though, are still in place. Don’t come to us with petty little nonsense – only if it’s important,” Tom smiled.

The kids seemed pleased with the lax rules, and while I expected them to go on a cussing rampage, they used the words quite sparingly over the next few days – at least around me.

“You ready to be checked to see if you’re capable of walking around this house without your nipples sticking up, Fart face?” Tom asked.

“Yes Master,” my daughter answered, but waited for Tom to tell her to come present her tits to him.

He was in the den and made her walk across the living room past Sandor’s dog bed and pop her tits out of the apron. They were a dark red and looked positively stunning, but they weren’t sprouted like they were earlier.

“Good enough.” Tom told me to take her upstairs and bring down a pair of white cotton panties, a bra and a pair of sturdy high heels. “I want them to be at least two inches high with ankle straps.” Tom said they were to fit her and not me.

I was surprised that he was willing to let her put on some clothes, and from Taylor’s facial expression she was perplexed as well. She followed me upstairs and I asked her shoe size as we went to my closet to find a pair of shoes that fit her.

“I have some heels, Ma’am,” she said.

“You have heels? I don’t recall buying you any, and your father hates shoe shopping more than he does dishonesty. You don’t have a job – so how did you afford them?” I asked.

“I used your credit card and ordered them online. Sorry, Ma’am,” she admitted, with what sounded like a genuine apology.

“I’m surprised your father is letting you get dressed. He can be a teddy bear – just be patient with him and do what he asks you to do. He probably grew a little uncomfortable with strange boys looking up your butt while you bent over for punishment,” I chuckled.

“Yeah, I could feel their eyes staring at my pussy too,” Taylor giggled as we went to her room to find the extra clothes. “I guess he felt sorry for me. I really didn’t think it would be this easy to get through this. Do you think he’ll make me take them off if he has to spank me, Ma’am?” she asked.

“It’s hard to say with your father.” He usually whipped me bare-ass, but he liked to experiment and start through my clothes so that I didn’t get used to the feeling on the bare skin. The whips had a different feeling over panties and a skirt.

We quickly grabbed a pair of cotton panties. I noticed she had a lot of thongs and exotic lingerie in her room.

“It’s mostly steampunk and goth bustiers, Ma’am,” she explained. I wanted to tell her that I liked her taste and owned some similar outfits for private play myself.

“I know what they are.” I found some basic white cotton panties and a simple underwire bra that would cover the entire underpart of my daughter’s boobs. Taylor showed me some very expensive shoes in her closet. They were all black and not very practical at all. I found a pair of glossy patent leather shoes with 3-inch heels and ankle straps. “Ooh Michael Antonio? That sounds fancy!” I said of the name on the bottom of the shoe.

“It’s JC Penney, Mom,” Taylor guffawed, before correcting herself and calling me ‘Ma’am’.

“I’ll give you that one.” I giggled that I would let her off the hook and not tell her father.

We returned to her father and I handed over the outfits.

“I just want to say thank you, Master,” Taylor said without being asked. “I’ve learned a lot from wearing the apron, and just wanted to say that I appreciate you letting me wear panties and a bra around the house. I promise I’ll behave much more respectfully now, and if you do have to spank me I don’t mind removing the panties. I mean, they’ve all seen my butt enough now anyway, Sir,” she smirked.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Tom shook his head and opened the sliding glass door in the living room that led to our patio behind the house. He threw the panties, and bra outside, and told her she could wear them under the apron to do her chores once outside. “You’ll put them on outside and you’ll take them off outside. Then you’ll knock on the sliding glass door and hand them back to whoever takes them. You have about 8 sticks to take to the front of the house, one at a time. I want you to walk, but hurry, so I’ll give you 10 minutes to finish that. Then you’ll come to the front door and ask for Sandor. You’ll walk him to the end of the street. That should take no longer than 15 minutes. One of your brothers can go with you to make sure you do it properly and don’t forget to pick up the dog crap. You aren’t to wear panties and bra in this house at any time. You lost those nice-to-haves. I don’t know how you could think you’ve learned your lesson already on the first day, but you have a long way to go to prove to me you’ve learned ANYTHING besides how to manipulate and half-ass your chores. Let’s go – I’m starting the timer now. I want you back here in 25 minutes tops to make lunch, and we’ll finish your punishment with the switch. Then you’ll spend an hour with your sister.”

Tom let her keep the heels and collar on inside but everything else was a ‘distraction’ to her duties as far as he was concerned and he was going to strip her down to the bare essentials of what she needed to do her job.

“Ooh, goodie! But can I have two hours?” Janie pouted that she’d love to have more time with her sister while ignoring the part about her sister getting beaten with a switch. Janie treated that like an obvious and inevitable activity that was bound to happen – and just focused on her 1-on-1 time with her sister.

“We’ll see.” Tom patted Taylor on the bare ass and guided her out the door. Taylor wore an expression that seemed definitely surprised things had just gone the way they had.

“I don’t want to see bare feet in here, either.” Tom told her that the heels would stay on until she went to bed unless otherwise specified. “I don’t want you stomping around here with those nasty, dirty feet. You’ll learn to walk properly much easier with heels like those,” Tom ordered.

The boys came to the window to watch her dress, but Tom told them to let her alone. “You’ve already had more than enough of an education on the female anatomy today.” Tom said he’d make THEM stand in the corner if they didn’t stop being total perverts.

“I just wanted to make sure she actually put them on is all, Dad,” Donny said. I believed him, but I also thought he was enjoying his sister’s comeuppance today. I didn’t blame him for that – I think we all were enjoying a stress-free Sunday now that their big sister was disarmed and not able to throw tantrums or make snide remarks.

“Those are some expensive-looking shoes you loaned her,” Tom commented to me when everyone went back about their business. “I was hoping for something a little more practical that she can wear to school and to do yard work. I’ll probably have her wash our cars too,” he said.

“They are Michael Antonios,” I chuckled that the shoes were simple JC Penney heels. They did look expensive but I doubted my husband knew that.

Tom indeed had no idea if that meant they were fancy or expensive, and I explained that they didn’t cost much, so if they get torn up they’re easily replaced. I let him believe that they were my heels because I didn’t see the need to point out they were in Taylor’s closet, due to the fact they’d been cheap.

Taylor put on her heels without so much as a complaint and wore the panties and bra under the apron. You could just see the white bra strap on her muscular back, but it did much to keep her tits from jiggling out of the apron as she walked. I would have expected a furrowed brow or a grumbled “As-if” in condescension from my daughter on any normal day – but this was no normal day.

The thin white panties were almost see-through, and you could easily see the crack of her ass in the back of the apron through the material. It would still draw attention, but it was at least technically street-legal now for her to be outside.

She tried cutting through the house to take the switches to the sidewalk for the trash man to take. Tom told her to walk around the house all the way. “You go out the gate and through the yard, Fart Face.”

Tom and I had bought this house with the intention of doing discipline scenes outside, but we hadn’t quite made the time to do that. The privacy fence was pretty good, but it had holes in certain parts; and some of the houses nearby were two stories, so they could look down into our yard.

Tom said he didn’t think it would be much of a problem. “They shouldn’t be looking in our yard,” he’d said. I never told him Mort Goldman had practically creeped up on me while I was sunbathing outside within the first hour.

Taylor complied with the new rules, and I looked out the window and watched her. She was hustling, but it was difficult in heels. She was clearly not as well-practiced as I’d expected her to be. She acted like she was a lot older than she was – but I had to realize she was still a teenager, after all. She still didn’t have as much real-world experience as someone should that had as many shortcomings as she did.

“You timing her?” Tom came up behind me while I stood behind an open curtain in the living room, watching her bring one stick out at a time.

“No sir, just watching to see if anyone says anything to her,” I whispered back.

“If they do, then she’ll learn how to talk respectfully,” Tom shrugged.

“She thought you were going to let her start wearing panties and a bra around the house,” I whispered.

“I may have been open to that.” Tom said that Dave Vulgus still needed her to babysit for him this week and he’d texted to make sure she could do it. “I don’t think she can if she has to follow the rules as they are,” Tom smiled.

“How on earth did she babysit last night in just an apron? I can’t even imagine what Dave’s wife Betty must have thought when she saw her walk in.” I tried to imagine how that went, but couldn’t.

“I wish some of MY babysitters had a father to make them wear an apron to babysit ME when I was that age,” Tom chuckled with a dismissive grin. “I texted Dave that I was still punishing her and he just sent this back,” Tom showed me his cell phone.

**THAT’S GRATE. IM LATE FOR APPT. I REALLY PRESHIATE THIS. DAMN AUTOCOLLECT ON THIS PHONE IS FULLED UP. FUCKED UP. DAMNIT. ANYWAY STILL NEED HER TO B-SIT. NO OTHER OPTION. GOOGLE TURN OFF CAPS. GOOGLE GOD DAMNIT I HATE YOU. FUCK YOU GOOGLE AND THIS INFERNAL PHONE CAN SUCK A DICK. I WILL BE BUY LATR TO GET HER. RESPECT WAT U DOING. BYE FOR NOW.**  
  
“What am I supposed to make of that?” Tom laughed.

“Send him another text to ask him to clarify what he meant?” I suggested.

“You don’t understand how men text one another. We don’t send hundreds of little texts back and forth all day long. He said he still needs her; we’ll make it work. If she hadn’t come in the living room already expecting to be let out of being punished, I may have been able to work something out, but I don’t want to seem wishy-washy,” he said.

“Oh, honey,” I turned around and cupped my handsome hubby’s face in my hands. “You may be a lot of things, but I don’t think anyone would ever call you wishy-washy.” I kissed him on the lips playfully. “More stubborn than a mule; you can forgive but you never forget; your word is your bond; you are honest to a fault; and you have the sweetest blue eyes that hide the teddy bear you really are,” I teased.

He kissed me back and I suggested we take a break upstairs after lunch. “I think Janie spending time with her sister will be a huge treat for her. She’ll keep her busy and you could give me a few affirmations and whatever else you think I need.” I was horny, I admit it.

“You’re the best,” I told my husband. Tom had a strong libido, so I believed him when he said the night before he’d been tired. His dark hair was showing a little gray, but he could fuck like a 20-year-old and I was always horny around him.

He kissed me lovingly in the windowsill, letting the curtains hide our smooching from the kids while we timed our daughter’s chores in the yard.

I didn’t pay attention at all to what she was doing or whether the kids saw us behind the curtains – I was never really shy about kissing Tom in public or around the kids. They should see that two adults love each other this way.

I just wanted some private time to actually make out with him and that was for just him and I to enjoy.

I shut my eyes and trusted Tom to be the one to watch over Taylor while I melted in his strong arms.