CHAPTER NINETEEN

**Reader’s Note:** *This is Joanne Swift’s journal, adapted for reading, detailing the events around October 9th (Sunday) 2016. It is approximately noon, and Taylor has just finished her chores.*

Usually Donny and Scotty’s friends would stay on the weekends at least through lunchtime. I was actually surprised at how easily Lanny and Brandon had accepted “The Big Talk”; and other than following her with their eyes everywhere she went, and wearing goofy smiles, they had gone about the same things they always did – play video games and eat us out of house and home.

Tom had insisted they stop what they were doing and watch her punishments so that no one could say they were done in private. Plus, anytime he taught her a lesson or lectured her they would naturally watch.

Taylor had returned, having completed her task with seconds to spare, and Tom told her she did a good job. He didn’t want her to think he was being unfair or would always punish her no matter what. “If you try and apply yourself, then you’ll be told honestly that you did a good job. “I’m not going to sugarcoat shit work, and I’m going to give credit when it is due.”

She told her father ‘thank you’ as she handed him the panties and bra through the sliding glass door.

He handled them gingerly and gave them to me to fold. I placed them by the sliding glass door so she could wear them again if need be.

“You had a taste of the switch, and later you’ll experience Angel and Lucifer,” Tom promised. “Go ahead and assume the position.” Tom gave her the remaining swats she’d earned for lying to the neighbor, and made her admit she was a deceitful little liar.

The heels she had on served to push her ass up and make it stick out more, as well as accent her shapely legs. The curves drew everyone’s eyes to her backside, and I made a mental note to put some heels on like that for the next time Tom spanked me, which would hopefully be shortly after lunch.

Taylor didn’t cry, and she counted out each bare-handed swat as it happened. She showed her tits twice, and each time Tom said that she wasn’t aroused; but I knew that glow on her face, and it was definitely the sign of someone getting off on being slapped.

I didn’t know I was submissive in the bedroom until Tom. It kind of made sense—the apple didn’t fall too far from the tree—that my daughter was apparently as well. She was NOT supposed to be getting off on this in the context of this kind of discipline, though. It was completely different between Tom and I when we were alone in the bedroom.

Once he was finished with her, he sent her into the bathroom and gave her 3 minutes to pee before reporting to me to help with lunch. We were going to have pizza and tater tots today.

There was a knock at the door and Sandor started barking while Taylor was in the bathroom, so Janie went to the door to get it. It was Taylor’s friends Summer and Kimber. Janie told them that they’d probably want to come back another time because her sister was in trouble.

“Oh hah, for showing that video of your mom and dad?” Kimber laughed. She was the blonde transgender girl who always dressed in white and heavy makeup. “That’s cool, we’ll come back another time then,” and they left before I could say anything.

Tom had gone to take a phone call, and I asked him if it was the neighbor.

“No,” he said, without telling me who it was. “Who was just here at the front door?” he asked.

“It was Kimber and Summer,” I said, without saying that Janie sent them away.

“I was hoping they’d come in for ‘The Big Talk.’ I’d like to see if they’ll help keep an eye on her at school and report back any bad behavior,” Tom said with a grin.

Donny overheard this and suggested he could do it.

“You could, but you don’t run in the same circles.” Tom was politely suggesting that Donny didn’t run in ANY circles in school. “You wouldn’t be able to tell me if she’s breaking any rules at school or being rude there because you don’t hang out with the same people. I do appreciate your help though, Son.”

Tom summoned Taylor to the living room and asked her if she’d texted her friends when they got there and told them to leave.

“No sir, I haven’t touched my phone!” Taylor promised.

“Good.” He made her go get the phone and texted them to come back in two hours. “Show me Cadmus,” he asked after she finished typing it into the phone, and she obligingly turned around to pull her ass cheeks apart for him.

“I love that you can do that,” Brandon said. He always looked up to Tom as a strong role model well before this weekend, but Tom was seldom home on weekends.

“You can do it, too,” Tom said. Tom told Brandon that he was allowed to tell her to show it to him, if he wanted. “She just came back from a bathroom break, so I wanted to make sure it was still seated in place,” he explained.

He told me to go ahead and get lunch ready, and then give Janie two hours to play with Taylor. “You can’t take her out of the house, but you can play dress up, Barbies, whatever you want in your room,” Tom promised Janie.

“Are you going somewhere, Sir?” I was confused.

“I hate to do this, but the call was from work. We have an implementation scheduled over the weekend. It’s usually pretty routine, but we’re moving a data center in Atlanta, and we’ve had some trouble with a few servers. I should be back in less than two hours.” Tom told me that while he was gone, not to hesitate to punish her if she broke any of the rules, and gave me a kiss.

“I haven’t forgot what we talked about in the window,” he whispered, and bit me on the neck. I craved his touch so much. We hadn’t made love the night before, and I was desperate for him.

Tom promised we would do something as a family later that night and said he would hurry, before leaving me in charge. It felt like a sudden and heavy weight, being put in charge. I had always been in charge when Tom was away at work in the past, but now with Taylor in this state I felt completely unprepared to keep order.

Once he left, Taylor was still holding her ass cheeks apart, waiting for permission to release them. The guys were still looking at her butt and dripping hairy pussy from behind. I wondered if Tom would let me show her how to shave it, or if he wanted her to be hairless or not.

“You keep it in 24 hours a day? You aren’t going to be able to close your butthole after this,” Brandon joked, while making a disgusted face at my daughter.

“My butt won’t STAY like that, will it, Ma’am?” Taylor asked with a worried expression

“You have to learn to be more explicit in your speech.” Tom had rules about what I could call my body in private, and we’d just talked about that with her earlier. He hadn’t quite explained things the way he had with me, but since he wasn’t here I had to say something. “On your posterior, the one you’re grabbing with both hands and spreading, it’s called an ass or asshole. You call it a butt or a rump or a tush and I’ll see that you get properly strapped with Lucifer,” I promised, without saying I’d do it myself.

She was still looking at me with a shocked look on her face that the butt-plug may permanently stretch out her asshole.

“Yes, your asshole will become a little more loose, but you’ll develop tighter muscles to go along with it, so it’ll work out,” I explained. I couldn’t look directly at Brandon or Lanny, and I hoped no one would ask me how I knew that.

They didn’t, and I gave her permission to release her hands and follow me back in the kitchen.

They did ask if she would wash them before handling their lunch.

“You mind a little sweaty girl ass in your pizza?” Scotty teased his friend.

“Hey, not really,” Lanny chuckled after Scotty put it that way. They watched as we prepared lunch in the kitchen. My daughter was really very little help, mostly getting in my way. There’s only need for one cook in the kitchen, but Tom had wanted her to help, so I kept thinking of little chores for her to do.

“Why don’t you make her do a fetch quest, Mom?” Scotty suggested.

“Good idea.” I was thankful for that suggestion. “Idle hands get up to mischief.” I had seen my daughter brush her hands against her tits and rub herself a few times. I knew she was horny and trying very hard to be discreet about it, but as a long-time slut and submissive in the bedroom, I knew very well how girls liked to rub themselves up against things when they had a craving.

“Go fetch me…” I thought for a minute. I didn’t really want her to go into the den too far out of sight. “Sandor’s dog toy.”

Taylor acknowledged the order and went out of the kitchen into the living room as her brothers and their friends chuckled. She returned moments later with a confused Sandor following her, thinking she was trying to play with him.

I don’t know how she managed it, but she had picked up a pink rubber ball with her mouth. Attached to that ball was a cord of braided rope that Sandor used to play tug-of-war with his ball toy. It looked like something that would be an expensive BDSM sex toy gag if I didn’t know it was from the dollar store.

Everyone burst out in laughter – even Taylor couldn’t help but chuckle a little at the situation. It helped to make the entire lesson seem a little light hearted.

Tom had told her to pick up the paddles with her mouth, and so she had no reason not to think she had to do the same thing with the toy.

I rolled with what just happened and told her to bring it to me. I yanked it from her mouth and threw it out of the kitchen door into the living room where it bounced. Sandor went after it. “Go get it! Fetch!” I pointed and everyone had a good laugh.

She returned and I took the ball and threw it like that several times with the same result. Sandor had a fun and playful workout trying to get the ball, and got to be a part of the activities instead of just sleeping, so he was happy.

“You did well.” I petted her on the head and made her serve the pizza and tater tots. She waited on the boys and her sister, getting them ketchup and something to drink while they ate. When they finished, I told her to kneel. I chopped up the pizza crust and cold tater tots and set it down for her to eat while I finished my own lunch standing at the kitchen counter.

I had for years always had to eat after everyone else. I got everybody their drinks and silverware, and made sure they had enough food, before I could eat. It felt good that at least somebody else had to share my burden with me.

Taylor looked like she may cry. No one had said anything to her while she ate. I could sense how things seemed so much different when Tom wasn’t there to be the ringmaster of all the activity. He had such a confident personality, and with that deep voice it always seemed like he was telling you how things simply had to be in a way you didn’t question.

I felt completely inadequate to trying to ‘be in charge’ while he was away, and it felt like things were getting very casual.

“Do you want ice cream, Fart Face?” I found myself asking without really thinking it through.

“Yes Ma’am?” Taylor was shocked I said anything to her besides a short order or command. I knew she had a sweet tooth, even though she seldom ate candy or ice cream in front of the others.

“Play with your sister, and if she tells me that you amused her and she enjoyed it, then I’ll see that you get ice cream,” I promised, before telling her to stand up and put her dishes on the sink.

“I’ll give you an affirmation before you go upstairs.” I had received them every day of our marriage, and well before we tied the knot, and yet I was unsure of what I would say. I could tell from Taylor’s expression that she was shocked I was taking the initiative, and a little doubtful this would be an exercise in anything but futility. Tom could give devastating affirmations that not only reinforced my position as his property but made me really think about things I could improve, and were both positive and constructive.

Tom could also make them feel very naughty, and he turned me on because he always put me in a vulnerable and exposed position just to set the tone before he continued.

I told myself to just try my best and wing it – I hadn’t been able to pour myself any wine because the kids had been watching everything we did, but I silently wished I’d had a little sip of liquid courage.

“Turn around and show me Cadmus.” I began with something that already made me uncomfortable. The fact that my younger daughter and these boys could see my eldest daughter’s bare ass was hard enough, but her pulling her cheeks apart was still very sexual, made more so by the sex toy stuffed in her ass – even if Tom said it didn’t.

“Yes Ma’am,” Taylor answered dutifully – gone were the narrowed brows and the whispered insults. This was a new experience for me and I have to admit – I liked seeing her behave respectfully to me.

I think there was a sense of karmic justice to the others that the ‘bitch’ of the family was finally getting hers to some of the others but I had long since found submission and respect to be an admirable attitude and found myself in awe at how Taylor had managed to do it sincerely. I still had my doubts this could be an act – but what an act!

“Do you mind that these boys are looking at your asshole?” I asked. I tried not to think about how profoundly obscene I must sound to Brandon and Lanny, saying these words out loud.

“Yes, Ma’am, I mind, and wouldn’t do it unless you order it, but you know what’s best for me and I’ll take my medicine,” she said.

That was a very good response – I hated to admit it. I hadn’t been as good at responding when I first met Tom. He had to ask the question a few different ways to get a complete answer from me.

“You think we can’t see your cunt lips, too, with you standing like that?” I wished I hadn’t said that as soon as it came out of my mouth. It was what I was thinking, because the line of her pink was winking at me while she stood with her feet apart.

“I know you can, Ma’am; I don’t even know why you bother with the apron. You could just have me stand nude, if you think it’ll help,” she said.

“I could? Oh, it’s good to know you’ll ALLOW me to have you undress completely and run around here like the naked slut you are.” I don’t know why I was talking so dirty, but it fit with her responses—and these were tame compared to some of the things Tom had said to me. I realized I hadn’t asked a follow-up question, and she was waiting for one. “You aren’t naked because no one wants to pick pubic hairs from that hairy Wynona brown beaver out of their pizza, and you’d stick your finger right in to tickle your clit instead of just pretending you’re scratching yourself. You aren’t fooling anyone. I’ve seen you touching your nipples when you’re pretending to be wiping off your hands. Do you deny it, slut?”

That escalated quickly.

“No Ma’am, I’m so sorry. Do you want to punish me for that?” she answered, and asked a question.

“You don’t ASK questions, you shut your mouth-hole and answer the questions I ask,” I said. That had been unfair and harsh –she was offering herself to punishment and discipline, but I was on a roll and I’d already said that out loud. “You also need to learn that you need to be EXPLICIT when talking about yourself. You don’t have the luxury of talking about yourself in any other terms. You don’t offer to let me punish you for IT. You tell me what you did wrong and why.”

I realized I hadn’t asked her anything to answer, and quickly followed up with, “The answer to YOUR question is no, I do not want to punish you for IT. I want my Sunday back and to have a normal life, but you’ve taken that away by being a brat and a fart face. Now, I have to face MY neighbors and they’re going to ask why MY daughter is walking around in panties and an apron and I have to tell them. I have to stand in my kitchen looking at your dirty little ass and telling you simple things the rest of these people already know, like how to behave yourself and be respectful. I don’t want to punish you, but how else will you learn to behave? We’ve tried talking to you, reasoning with you, punishments that would work on normal teenagers like taking away television or grounding, and nothing has made even a dent in that thick skull of yours. So now we’re making a dent in that thick ass of yours. Do you think that’s funny?”

“No Ma’am,” Taylor answered.

Tom would never go on a rant or tirade like that. He would take each point I made and turned it into a question for me to answer. He would have said the same thing in a way that made it seem like he wasn’t losing patience and angry. But I’m not Tom, and this was the first affirmation I ever gave anyone. I wasn’t supposed to ask a question with a simple yes or no answer – there’s a 50/50 chance the person can just guess the right answer. Tom had taught me that there needed to be follow-up.

“That’s all you have to say for yourself?” I had just told her to answer only the question I asked, and now I was asking her if she had anything else to say for herself. I was failing at this hard, and wanted to press the “redo” button and start over, but they haven’t invented one.

“Yes Ma’am, I do thank you for the opportunity to speak freely,” Taylor said. It seemed rather absurd to be thanking me while standing in front of a room full of boys and her sister with her bare ass in her hands. “You’re absolutely right in everything you say, and I can’t apologize enough for being such a pain in your ass all these years. In fact, apologies are not sufficient, and I don’t blame you for not accepting one if I gave it. I’ve proven myself a liar and a manipulator. I’ve shit on each and every one of the people in this room over and over, and you all keep giving me chances over and over, again and again. I don’t blame any of you for laughing at me. I would be laughing the loudest if it was any of you up here – even Janie.”

Janie had a look of realization that her older sister would betray her trust just like she would anyone else. It made me sad, but I was glad that Taylor said it – it would make it easier to rebuild that trust.

“You don’t deserve to lose your Sunday over my education, but I do want to say I appreciate you trying to make me a better person. I would ask that you allow me to shave my pubic hair, my legs and under my arms tonight, and continue this discipline until you’re convinced I’m no longer the total bitch you have every right to believe I am, Ma’am.”

I hadn’t expected any of that at all. I thought at best I’d do a half-assed job of trying to simulate her father’s affirmations, and at worst I could say I at least tried when Tom came back and asked what I made her do.

The kids looked like they were going to applaud what just happened.

“You told me you were a feminist and didn’t believe in shaving your legs and your pits; what happened to that?” I sneered. I remember her telling me when she went through a PETA “meat is murder” phase about the patriarchy and how men are pigs who expect unrealistic body images from women.

“I remember that!” Donny laughed, and quickly told about how his sister used to use the phrase, “Thank you for mansplaining that,” anytime he tried to reason with her about traditional gender roles and discuss feminism with her.

“Well, now she is bitchsplaining.” I coined a term that would come to mean anytime Taylor was to give an answer she was “bitchsplaining” it.

“Thank you, Sir, and I’m so sorry I did that. I belittled your opinions and told you that you didn’t understand women well enough to define what is and isn’t the traditional male and female gender roles. I asked you why I would need to let a man choose for me where to eat or what movie to watch when we go on a date, not to engage you in discussion, but just to make you feel foolish. I’d seen other feminists say those things to guys online, and I enjoyed shooting you down. The truth is – I know as little about that as you do. I almost never go on dates!”

“If you were a carbon sample, I’d date you!” Brandon joked.

I didn’t get the joke, but Donny and Lanny laughed, so I knew it must have meant something in their nerdspeak.

“That’s what I mean.” Taylor said that she’d normally be creeped out by a lame pickup line, and her natural reaction was to assume the guy was a desperate loser and hurt his feelings before he could hurt hers. “The truth is I just didn’t want to open up to anyone, and it was much easier if I put myself on a pedestal and said no one was good enough, than to put myself out there like you did just now, Sir Brandon.”

“I think it would probably benefit you to have to go on a date with Brandon,” I said. I was being logical and what I meant was that a nice guy like Brandon may do her some good.

“HAVE to go on a date with me? I think she’d prefer a spanking to HAVING to spend time with a loser like me,” Brandon said, getting upset. He told her that she could CHOOSE not to go on dates when people throw themselves at her, but she had no idea how it felt when girls just always tell him what a loser he is before they would laugh at him or block him on Facebook. Brandon stormed out of the room in an uncharacteristic huff. Taylor would have normally said something sarcastic as he went like “Don’t go away mad – just go away” but she was stoically silent and I was proud of her for the self-control not to be snarky over someone else’s fear of rejection for once.

Donny was the one to laugh. I told him to bring his friend back because I wanted to talk to him. I wasn’t sure what I would say – probably some generic advice about being true to his self. That is what you are supposed to say in situations like that.

“I’d go on a date with him because I want to, not because I have to, Ma’am,” Taylor said to me. I actually felt like she meant it and wasn’t just saying that. I smiled at my daughter because while the discipline hadn’t changed her completely – it certainly had been a good start.

That was actually pretty nice – too bad Brandon wasn’t in the room to hear it and to hear me explain I had simply chosen my words poorly when I said “HAVE to go on a date”—I didn’t mean it the way he took it.

“Then you will.” I told her that I would check with her father, but this weekend she would go on a date with Brandon. “He’ll choose the restaurant and the movie and you’ll be respectful and see why it’s nice when the man actually has a plan.”

“I’ve actually been on a few where the guy has no idea what to do and keeps asking what I want to do, and that annoyed the crap out of me, Ma’am.” Taylor admitted that she had held both the opinion that boys shouldn’t assume they get to make the plans, but they were also annoying when they couldn’t make the plans.

I had a hard time not smiling, because I was actually quite proud of her.

Brandon came back shortly after and I told her to apologize to him. He asked why she should apologize, and my daughter told him that it was because she’s known he had a crush on her and has just been ignoring his offer to go out.

“I’m also sorry for my choice of words, Sir,” I regretted saying ‘Sir’ and hoped he didn’t notice. It was really hard to stop doing that once my daughter had started doing it. “I didn’t mean she HAD to date you. She would like to go out with you, but I need to check with her father to make sure it’s okay with him,” I said.

“You really WANT to go out with me? Or you just want to go out to get out of punishment?” Brandon asked skeptically.

“I guess I AM a bitch, Sir,” Taylor said, and explained, “Just like Sandor only knows how to bark – it can mean come here and it also means stay away when she barks at another dog. I’m sorry about that, Sir, and yes, I want to go on a date with you.”

“That’s cool. And if you get out of punishment while you are out with me, I mean, so much the better, right?” Brandon was confused by what Taylor had said, but I understood exactly what she meant. She’d been barking her entire life and hurting people’s feelings before they could get close.

“No, I don’t expect to be let out of punishment, Sir. I wouldn’t expect you to believe anything I say because I’m a natural little liar, Sir.” Taylor told him she’d prove that she wanted to go out with him – not as a respite from chores. “I ask on our date that you to refer to me as ‘Fart Face’ the entire time. That’s my name. And you will choose where we go and what or even if I eat. I won’t ask my father to loosen any of his restrictions on the date, if you don’t mind that. Actions speak louder than words, and so if Master allows me to go out then he’ll tell you when to pick me up, Sir!”

“Wow, I have a date with Taylor Swift!”

She smiled and corrected him “You MAY have a date with Fart Face Swift. I am not sure if you will regret it but there is no Taylor here. She‘sbitch anyway.”

Brandon smiled and said that would be just fine with him.