Katie's Bad Day

Katie snuggled down under her sheets�God her bottom hurt every time she moved! Even rubbing it didn't help that much, but she was at least grateful to finally be able to do that. Her mind was still reeling from the events of the last 24 hours. How did she get herself into these things? The day had started out with such promise. She had waited all week for a warm day to wear her new outfit: a short blue bandanna skirt that tied at the waist paired with a cream colored cropped lycra-blend top. It was an outfit that suited her figure beautifully. The top accentuated her�two assets (which she felt needed all the help they could get!) and emphasized her slim waist (it even rode up ever so slightly to reveal a bit of her navel when she moved just so ) Her long tan legs extended gracefully from the high hem of her skirt and were supported by her perfectly manicured feet which were encased in new blue open-toed platform shoes. She looked so awesome she almost didn't want to leave her full-length bedroom mirror this morning.

It was in this reverie that she descended the stairs to the living room this morning only to meet hard and fast with reality-in the form of Dad.

Dad immediately started getting all upset insisting that she was not leaving the house in that outfit-much less going to school in it! Katie tried to reason with him--all the girls dressed like this! Why couldn't she wear something pretty? Didn't she look nice?

But Dad was being completely unreasonable and demanded that she immediately march herself upstairs to change. Tears came to Katie's eyes and she pivoted dramatically on the heel of her new platform shoe, stormed upstairs to her bedroom and slammed the door (just in case there was any uncertainty as to how she felt!). She angrily turned to face the full-length mirror she had torn herself away from before. If she had known Dad would react so strongly, she could have timed her exit to miss him. As she gazed at herself in the mirror she could hear Dad ranting to her stepmother about her outfit. Katie continued to stare into the mirror. Dad was leaving�and Mom would be taking a shower soon�there were her footsteps on the stairs�

"Katie? You find yourself something decent to wear in that closet of yours. Lord only knows, you certainly don't want for nice clothes�" Mom called through the door.

"Oh and like you do�" Katie muttered to herself.

"What was that, young lady?"

"I said I want to look like you do!"

"Don't get smart, Katie. Just do as your father tells you. And hurry up! You're going to miss the bus! Your brother had to leave without you-if you want a ride with him you're going to have to start getting ready sooner."

"Mom, I'm changing already!"

"Good." And with that Katie listened as her stepmother's footsteps trailed down the hall to the bathroom.

As soon as Katie heard the bathroom door close, she grabbed her backpack, ran down the stairs and out the front door.

Katie barely made the bus, but the wait was worth it. She walked down the aisle of the bus as if it were a runway-and all eyes were on her. Sandra and Jennie looked especially jealous as she slid gracefully into the seat in the row before them.

"To what do we owe the pleasure? Eric blow you off again?" Sandra asked.

Katie rolled her eyes. "I wasn't ready in time. He left without me."

"So you forgot to get dressed in your hurry to catch the bus?" Jennie cracked. Sandra giggled in response.

Katie sighed. "If you knew anything about fashion, Jennie-a big 'if', I know--you'd realize what I was wearing was featured as one of Cosmo's "Best Gets" last month�

"Maybe it was. My parents still wouldn't let me out of the house like that�" Jennie snipped.

"I wouldn't let you out of the house wearing something like this either�" Katie retorted, directing a meaningful gaze over Jennie's body.

Jennie and Katie glared at each other briefly, then Sandra changed the subject.

Katie hurried into the school building, anxious to show off her wonderful new outfit. She was about to walk past Bill's locker (someone she especially wanted to notice her!), when she bumped into Eric.

"Hey, thanks for waiting for me!" Katie exclaimed.

"Katie, what the hell do you think you're doing?!?!?" Eric grabbed her arm and pulled her over to the wall.

"Let go of me!"

"Did Dad see what you're wearing?"

"Yes, he did." Katie answered confidently. "What's it to you?"

"I don't believe you."

"Believe what you want, but let me get on with what I have to do. I don't have time for this ridiculous conversation�"

"If Dad knew about this, he'd�"

"But he's not going to know, is he Eric?" Katie snarled.

"Then he doesn't know you're wearing. You are such an awful liar�"

"Actually, I'm a good one. You asked if Dad saw what I was wearing�."

"Katie, are you crazy? They'll send you home! Once Wisner sees you�"

"Eric, give me a break! It's a skirt and shirt, 'kay?"

"Fine. It's your ass, babe. Literally." Eric flashed a quick smirk at her as he walked away.

Damn him, damn him, damn him! Katie knew he was referring to the fact that Dad still spanked her when she got into trouble. How she hated that! She wasn't sure when and why Eric was declared "too old to be spanked" but she was certain it had something to do with the fact that he was a guy. And she was certain Dad would never think she was too old�

This thought was interrupted by a tap on her shoulder. She eagerly turned around expecting to see Bill and unfortunately was greeted to the sight of the aforementioned Mr. Wisner himself. That's when the day started to turn for the dramatically worse.

Fortunately, they called her stepmother. Katie wasn't quite sure she could face her father just yet. Though Mom was plenty pissed off for both of them. It was a long ride home and Katie gazed out of the window longing to be anywhere but where she was at the moment.

"Do you think I enjoy being called out of work the very second I get there to come pick up my daughter because she's dressed inappropriately?"

"You should have told them I was your step-daughter. Maybe you could have saved yourself some embarrassment that way�"

"Maybe I should have. I should have told them to call your father. I don't know why I need this abuse..."

"I'm sorry, Mom. Please don't tell Dad�"

"Please don't tell�what planet are you from Katherine? I intend on relating every last detail of this episode to your father�including and starting with your backtalk this morning in your bedroom."

"Mom, what? What did I say?"

"You know you were sassing me, Katie. I couldn't hear exactly what you said, but it sure as heck wasn't 'Yes, Ma'am."

"That's not fair! You're just trying to get me in more trouble!"

"Oh, believe me, Kate, I don't need to try. You do a pretty good job of that yourself."

They rode in silence for a while.

"Mom? Seriously? Can't you handle this, please? We don't need to upset Dad with this, do we?"

"Katie, honestly, you make me crazy sometimes. How am I supposed to handle this?"

"You could just do what Dad does to me. Just don't tell him and it will be our secret. I'll be punished and we won't upset Dad."

"Katie, you must think I was born yesterday. Your father would be furious if he ever found out I kept something like this from him-even if I did spank you for it. And you're not worried about him being upset as much as you are worried about what he's going to do to that bottom of yours."

"It's not fair! How come Eric doesn't get spanked anymore and I do?"

"Eric's more responsible than you for a start. He seems to be able to follow the rules, unlike his sister. He's also older than you and there are more privileges to take away. When your father needs to discipline Eric, one of the most effective methods he has is to take the car keys away from him."

"Yeah, Eric's perfect. That's why he ditches me every morning�"

"Katie, you know why Eric doesn't wait for you and I don't blame him. The world can't always run on your schedule. You're an extremely selfish young lady, Katherine Jane. If anything, your father doesn't spank you enough. I don't know what you think a spanking from me would be like, but I assure you, you'd do everything in your power to make sure you never received another."

Katie rolled her eyes. "Whatever."

"And don't think I won't tell your father about your little proposal�"

Katie sighed. From this point forward, she was taking the Fifth�

Mom continued making Katie's life miserable by sending her to her room, but insisting she keep her outfit on for her father to see. Katie looked at the clock: 10:30 AM. Dad wouldn't be home until at least 5:30!

With Mom safely downstairs, Katie threw herself on her bed and started to cry. How she wished she could start today over! Everything was just so wrong! She would give anything in the world not to face Dad tonight.

And Mom and Eric were right, Dad was going to be furious. What the hell was she thinking? She wished she never laid eyes on this cursed outfit!

An hour went by. Waves of anger mixed with self-pity washed through Katie. On one hand she thought the whole world was conspiring against her enjoying herself and on another hand she just wished she hadn't placed so much importance on this stupid outfit. Why couldn't she have decided to forget the whole thing and change? She saw how angry Dad was�now he was going to be even angrier!

Katie reflected on this for some time, when she started to think more about Mom. More specifically, what Mom would be telling Dad. Then, Katie started to feel just a little bit ashamed. Why would Mom even want to help her? All Katie ever did was grouse at her (when Dad wasn't in earshot). She started to remember all of those times�and that Mom was there to pick her up--she was so relieved that Dad wasn't the one to collect her from school�and all Katie did was bitch at her in return�

Katie finally stood up and quietly opened her bedroom door. She could hear Mom in the kitchen. She descended the stairs softly and made her way to the doorway of the kitchen and looked at Mom. Mom was making grilled cheese sandwiches�Mom was making lunch! Katie's stomach rumbled at the thought. It was at that moment that Mom looked up and noticed Katie standing there.

"I thought I told you to stay in your bedroom."

"You're making lunch?" Katie asked incredulously.

"Of course. You were in such a hurry to defy everyone this morning that you ran out of here without breakfast. I know everyone's an Ally McWhatever wannabe these days�"

"She's so gross. I don't want to look like her, really."

"Well you're down here, so you might as well set the table for us."

"Mom?"

"What is it Katie? Is there a problem with setting the table now?"

"No�it's just that I'm sorry for everything I said before."

"Of course you are. Your Dad's coming home in a few hours."

"Nooo�Mom, I just want to say I'm sorry. I know you're going to tell Dad everything."

"And you'd like me to be able to tell him you've apologized."

Katie looked down at her feet. This was hopeless. Mom wasn't going to believe her. And why should she?

Katie slowly set the table as Mom finished preparing the sandwiches. Tears slid down her cheeks as Mom brought the sandwiches to the table.

"Katie, there's no use in crying now. You can't reverse what's happened already. You just have to face the consequences and there'll be plenty of time to cry then."

"I wish you believed me. I'd give anything in the world for you to believe me. And I don't care if you tell Dad I apologized or not. Tell him whatever you want. Tell him I'm a spoiled, selfish brat and he doesn't spank me enough. Tell him every rude thing I've ever said to you."

Katie took a small bite of her sandwich. Suddenly she wasn't that hungry anymore.

"Katie, if you're sorry, fine. Apology accepted. It doesn't change what I have to do."

"Why can't you spank me?"

Mom sighed. "Katie, not this again. See? I knew it. You're not sorry. This is just another way of trying to get me not to�"

"No, I know you're going to tell Dad. And you should. He's the one who told me not to wear this and I did anyway. And you should still tell him everything I said. He'll probably spank me for it whether you do or not."

"Then why would you want me to spank you?"

"Mooooommmmmm�.because I'm sorry! Because I want to show you how sorry I am. Because I know you don't believe me."

Mom grew quiet.

"Mom? Please? You said yourself that if you spanked me, I would do anything in the world to avoid it happening again�"

Mom smiled softly. "Well you would�"

"So? Show me!"

Mom's expression turned serious. "Katie, if I spank you, I will still tell your father everything. And it would only be for your back-talk-your father will still spank you for the outfit and may even spank you for the back-talk as well. So I hope you realize that the only sure outcome you have here is a very sore bottom."

"I know, Mom�"

"Fine then. When we've finished lunch, you can go upstairs to your room and wait for me there."

After she cleared the table, Katie trudged up the stairs to her bedroom. She had never been spanked by anyone but Dad before. Dad was the only parent she ever really knew until he married Marilyn a year ago. Katie always liked Marilyn, even when she was dating Dad. After the wedding, she started calling her "Mom" right away, especially because it pleased Dad. But for some reason, Katie never viewed her as her Mom. Sure, Mom was nice and did nice things for her, but Katie found herself getting angry if Mom tried to scold her or tell her what her Dad was thinking or wanted. Who was she to tell her what Dad wanted? Katie knew him longer�she was his daughter!

But as of this afternoon, Katie was starting to regret this. Sometimes words would fly out of Katie's mouth before she even thought about it�okay, maybe this wasn't entirely true either. She wouldn't snap at Mom when Dad was around, for example.

All in all, Katie was feeling rather miserable. She was glad that she apologized to Mom and was trying to make things right between them, but she was dreading getting two spankings today! She had no idea what a spanking from Mom would be like, but she couldn't imagine it would be pleasant-even if it wasn't as bad as Dad's spankings, it would still hurt!

Katie heard Mom's footsteps on the stairs and the butterflies in her stomach returned in full force.

Mom opened the door to Katie's bedroom.

"Come on. We'll do this in my bedroom."

"Dad always spanks me in here."

"Katherine." Mom began sharply. "Let's get one thing straight from the start. I'm not going to listen to a running comparison of what Dad does versus what I do. You've asked me to spank you and that's what I'm going to do-in whichever manner I choose to do it. Discussion over. Understand?"

Katie followed Mom out into the hall. "Yeah, I guess�"

Mom grabbed Katie's upper arm and delivered a quick hard smack to the seat of her skirt. Katie flinched in response.

"Yes Ma'am or No Ma'am?"

"Mooooommmmmmm�.Dad never makes me�."

Mom went to grab Katie's arm again.

"Okay! Yes Ma'a�.Ow! That hurts!"

Katie hands flew behind her to the seat of her skirt.

"Get your hands away from there! No rubbing either, Katie. Honestly!"

"Well, how am I supposed to know your rules?"

"Well, I guess you'll just have to learn as we go along, won't you?"

Katie scowled. At least with Dad, she had some idea what to expect.

Katie followed Mom into her bedroom and Mom had her wait at the foot of the bed. Katie always liked their bed. It was a sleigh bed made of oak. They had purchased it shortly after the wedding. The dark wood matched with Mom's newest plum-colored bedding gave the bedroom a regal sort of air. Katie sighed. She pictured the bedroom she would someday have. She would love a bed just like this, instead of the stupid little-girlish twin bed she had now. With its white painted woodwork and heart-shaped cutout in the headboard, she was always embarrassed when friends saw her bedroom. Especially Jessie, who had a four-poster queen-size bed in her room. Dad got upset when Katie started talking about new bedroom furniture and he thought the idea of a young lady having anything other than a twin bed was a bit suggestive anyway�Dad could be so old-fashioned sometimes!

But Katie wasn't here to admire the bed today. Her eyes anxiously followed Mom's movements, which were directed toward the bottom drawer of her dresser. As Mom rummaged, Katie couldn't help but wonder what she was rummaging for.

This question was answered fairly quickly, as Mom produced an old�cheap flip-flop sneaker thing?

"What is that?!?" Katie exclaimed.

"It's what my mother used to spank us with." Mom answered matter-of-factly. "I guess the British would call it a slipper�or something similar to it."

"It's a shoe! And a cheap ugly one at that!"

"Whatever you want to call it Katie. And no one's asking you to wear it. You're just going to be spanked with it."

Katie started to get scared. She had no idea how much this�shoe�was going to hurt.

"Mom, I know you don't want to hear about what Dad does, but he would never spank me with something like that. I mean, he usually uses that hairbrush that's in my room. I can go get�"

Mom quickly walked over to Katie's side and delivered a rapid fire of quick hard spanks. "I have heard enough out of you for one day, Miss. No more. From this point forward until your spanking is complete, you are not to speak unless spoken to. Do you understand?"

Katie nodded, her face scrunched up in discomfort. She quickly remembered one of Mom's rules, and managed to squeak out a "Yes, Ma'am." To her credit, she did keep her hands away from her backside this time, which Mom noted.

"Good girl. Now, you're going to pull up that ridiculous skirt to your waist, which isn't that far from where it is now. Go on."

Katie slowly did so. It didn't stay up by itself, so she had to hold it there. Mom quickly twisted it into her waistband, thereby solving the problem.

"And now that your hands are free, you may pull down your panties."

Katie paused. Mom had never seen her bare bottom before. As much as she hated baring it for Dad, at least he was no stranger to it!

"Katie, I'm going to count. For every count, you're going to earn two penalty strokes. You might not know what exactly that entails yet, but when you do, you're going to regret making me count."

"One, two, three�"

Katie sucked in her breath and quickly pulled down her panties. Mom prolonged her embarrassment by pausing a moment. Katie's face flushed and she couldn't look Mom in the eye anymore. Here she was, her skirt pulled up and tucked into her waistband with her panties at her knees. God, she just wanted this to be over soon!

"Katie, look at me."

Ohhh��Katie really really didn't want to!

"Four, five�"

Katie slowly lifted her head, so that her tear-filled eyes met with Mom's.

"Katie, I know you're embarrassed, but that's part of the punishment. Cooperate with me and it will go quicker and easier for you."

Katie nodded.

"Now, I want you to bend over this footboard here."

Katie slowly stepped over to the footboard and bent over it.

"No, Katie, I want your upper-body on the bed. Yes, you're going to have to stand on your toes to accomplish this."

Katie groaned as her mom guided her into the appropriate position. This was going from bad to worse. If she was embarrassed before by standing there with her skirt up and panties down, she was even more embarrassed to have her bare bottom sticking straight up in the air. The footboard of the bed met just under her hipbones, causing Katie's bottom to protrude. She wasn't happy about standing on her toes either�how ever was she going to maintain this position?

Mom placed the "slipper" against Katie's bottom and Katie started at the cool touch. Mom held it there for a moment.

"Katie, I am proud of you for asking for this and I realize how difficult this must be for you. That being said, I have not been pleased by your general attitude toward me these past few months. It's becoming increasingly difficult to get a civil answer from you, and I don't feel I deserve that. Now until today, I had not wanted to say anything to your father about this, thinking that this was some adjustment phase you were going through and I didn't want to upset him with it.

"Today was the last straw, Katie. You know what you're doing and it isn't a phase. As long as I keep accepting this from you, you'll keep doling it out-so long as your father never knows. I know you know that, Katie. You're very careful to hide your misdeeds from your father. I don't doubt how much you love him, but I'm not na�ve either, Kate. You know what happens when you're in trouble with your father. You'll do just about anything to avoid a spanking from him, including asking one from me if you think that would do the trick."

"Mom, I told you that�"

Mom raised the slipper and delivered the first blow to Katie's upturned bottom. Katie cried out and almost stood up. Mom placed her hand on Katie's back, preventing her from doing so.

"Did I ask you a question?"

Katie bit her lip. "No Ma'am."

"So I shouldn't hear an answer, should I Kate?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Katie, you obviously did some thinking upstairs in your room this morning and I'm willing to believe that you are truly sorry for your behavior. That's the only reason I've agreed to do this before discussing it with your father. That and I got to thinking that maybe a spanking from me is overdue."

And with those words, Mom began what Katie would count among the worst spankings she ever received up until that point in her life. The slipper was wicked in its flexibility as well as the power of its impact. Katie tried to stay still, but Mom needed to guide her back into position a couple of times. Katie let out a frenzied cry at one point, nearly standing straight up and reaching for her bottom. Mom pushed her firmly back onto the bed and placed her arm around Katie's waist.

"We won't be having any of that. Now that has earned you two penalty strokes, which I will give you now so you can see what they are. Keep in mind that you have five coming after your spanking as well, so I would do my best to be a very good girl for the remainder of this spanking�

And with that, Mom delivered two sharp blows, one on the back of each thigh, with the slipper.

Katie screamed at the impact and kicked as best she could in the position she was in. Then she started to sob.

Katie's mom's first reaction was the desire to correct her for the kicking, but then she softened to hear the sobs the blows had produced. She remembered that Katie had never been struck on the backs of her thighs with a slipper and wasn't even sure if she even had with the hairbrush. She placed her hand briefly over each of the struck areas and in an attempt to provide some small relief.

"Shhhhhh�I know those hurt most of all. No more kicking, though, okay? Be good, Katie, we're almost done."

Katie nodded her head vigorously, almost in an attempt to convince herself.

Mom finished off the spanking with several rapid blows, which Katie took fairly well. Then Mom put her hand on Katie's shoulder and asked if she was ready for the five penalty blows she had earned before the spanking.

Katie started to cry anew at the question and begged her mother to let her off this.

"No, sweetheart, I warned you not to make me count. Be a brave girl for this, Kate. Think of this as the last hurdle. And then I can tell your father what a good girl you were for your spanking. You want him to know that you were good for me, don't you?"

Katie nodded.

"Okay then. Are you ready?"

Katie nodded again. She was still crying and it was difficult to talk.

Katie held her breath as her mother brought the slipper back and quickly delivered the last five blows to her thighs. Katie screamed shrilly, as her mother expected. But the spanking was over and Katie's mom was satisfied with Katie's behavior for this last part.

Mom gently guided Katie up to a standing position and let her fall against her chest. Katie's hands immediately went for her bottom, but Mom stopped her.

"No, Katie, that's not allowed yet."

Katie put her arms around her mother, partly to prevent herself from moving her hands to her bottom. Katie continued to cry and her mother just held her as she did so, assuring her it was all over.

When Katie regained her composure enough to speak, she started to apologize again to Mom.

"I'm sorry, I've been really, really awful to you�."

"It's over, Katie. All's forgiven and forgotten. And I'll do what I can to make sure that your father knows that as far as I'm concerned, this issue has been resolved. I'm sure he'll only be spanking you for the outfit."

Katie was relieved that Mom wasn't angry with her anymore and she had never felt closer to her in the whole time that she knew her than at this moment. Mom then told Katie she could pull up her panties and fix her skirt, which Katie did quickly after having her attention called to her present state.

Mom walked Katie to her bedroom, kissed her forehead one last time and granted Katie permission to rub as much as she liked.

Katie looked at the bedside clock from her prone position on the bed. 5PM. Her bottom still hurt quite a bit and she couldn't imagine getting yet another spanking soon but she knew Dad wouldn't hesitate to spank her again.

Katie was grateful for small mercies as Eric would not be home until later, on the account of soccer practice. The last thing she wanted to hear was the "I told you so" speech.

Katie looked at her poor bottom in the mirror that got her in so much trouble today. Mom wasn't kidding about Katie doing everything she could to avoid another spanking from her in the future-that slipper thing was nasty! She also wished she could change out of this outfit already!

Katie wanted to go downstairs and talk to Mom-but she knew that wouldn't be fair. Mom told her to stay in her room and Katie was going to try really hard to start respecting Mom more as a parent. Also, now that Mom had spanked her once, she wasn't sure if she wouldn't do it again-without Katie directly asking for it!

As much as Katie dreaded Dad coming home, part of her wished he would hurry up and do it!

Katie got her wish that instant as she looked out her window to see Dad's car pulling into the driveway. Her heart started to race. Dad looked calm and in fairly good spirits. She imagined he wouldn't be for very long.

Katie tried hard to listen from her bedroom door. She heard Mom and Dad exchange greetings but then things got very quiet. Katie strained to hear to no avail. Maybe it was better she didn't hear. Dad could get very angry and she was hoping that Mom would calm him down before he dealt with Katie. As long as she couldn't hear what was going on, she could hold out hope�

And then Katie heard the sound that she had been dreading since Mom picked her up from school this morning-Dad's footsteps on the stairs.

Dad opened the door to find Katie looking very penitent, perched on the edge of her bed. Dad had already removed his jacket and loosened his tie-he looked�tired. As bad as Katie was feeling before, she suddenly felt ten times worse. Dad sighed and walked over to her desk to retrieve the chair. He positioned it so he could sit across from Katie. Katie dropped her eyes, but Dad cleared his throat. Katie knew she had to look at him. She just couldn't bring herself to do it.

"Look at me."

She slowly lifted her gaze to meet his eyes.

"Dad, I'm sorry�" her voice broke off into tears.

"You have a lot to apologize for, Katherine."

"I know, Dad. I tried my best to apologize to Mom�"

"And that's the one thing in your favor right now. From what your Mom tells me, you did sincerely apologize for your behavior toward her, though I had no idea it was an issue before today-something that disappoints me Kate. I thought you and Mom were getting along fine. I had no idea it was just Mom trying to get along with you."

"I didn't know�I guess I wasn't thinking about it before today. I was being particularly awful to her because I was angry about being sent home and scared about what you would do� I tried to make up for it Dad. I asked her to spank me and she did and it hurt so much and�I'm going to try to be nicer to Mom from now on Dad, I promise."

"I know it's something I'll be paying more attention to now, I assure you."

"Did she show you what she spanked me with Dad?"

"No, Katie, she didn't. We'll continue discussing the situation with your mother later. Right now, I'd like to know why you're wearing the very same outfit I forbade you to wear this morning."

"Mom told me to keep it on!"

In an instant, Dad grabbed Katie's arm, roughly pulled her over his lap and delivered several stinging slaps to her bottom. "I am not going to sit here and listen to flippant answers from you! Especially not after what's already occurred today!."

Katie cried out at receiving these spanks over her already quite sore bottom. "Dad, it's true! I wasn't being flippant!"

Dad released Katie and she stood up. "Your mother told you to keep it on after she picked you up from school. Why did you have it on in the first place?"

Katie ruefully rubbed her sore bottom. "Dad, I'm sorry! I was looking forward to wearing this outfit all week, so when you told me to change I�"

"You decided you'd rather keep it on and would therefore disregard what I told you to do."

"Well, when you put it like that�"

"That's exactly what happened, isn't it?"

Katie looked at her feet again.

"Katie? Answer me."

Katie was silent for a moment. "I guess�"

"Katie, I've heard enough. What you've basically done is thumb your nose at my authority. I tell you 'no', you do want you want anyway. What's happened with your mother only further frustrates me. You were smart to seek out a spanking from your her. You've saved yourself from a long hard strapping from me, I promise you that."

Katie's lower lip trembled. She hated for Dad to be angry with her, but she knew better than to expect anything else to result from this.

"Go get the hairbrush, Kate."

Katie's feet felt like lead as she managed to complete the short journey from Dad to her dresser. She picked up the hairbrush with which she had grown so intimate over the years. Although she seemed to remember Eric being spanked with the same brush long ago, in recent years it was understood to be Katie's brush. It remained on her dresser for the sole purpose of Dad having it there to spank her with when necessary. She sighed as she picked up the brush and felt its familiar heaviness in her hands. The style of the brush was graceful-the handle flared at one end, tapered in the middle and eventually gave way to an oval-shaped head. It was made of smooth dark wood-Katie had no idea what type of wood it was. She just knew as beautiful as it looked, she dreaded when it was called into use.

Katie slowly made her way back to her father. Dad took the brush from Katie and looked at her for a moment. Then Dad completely took Katie by surprise by removing her skirt in one single tug on the knot which tied it together. Katie was mortified by the action as she stood there facing her Dad in nothing but her tight fitting cropped top and string bikini panties.

"No, don't try to cover yourself�if you're so intent on leaving this house, exposing your body to god-knows-who, you can certainly stand there in your shirt and panties. Katie, where on earth did you get those panties?"

Katie was almost purple at this point. "Daddddddddyyyyyyy�."

"Answer the question, Kate." Dad replied sharply.

"I don't know. At the mall."

"Well, let's try shopping at another store, young lady. You're fourteen and those are highly inappropriate. They hardly cover-never mind. Tomorrow's Saturday and I want your mother to review your�collection. She'll make decisions from there."

"Dad nobody sees my underwear!"

"The way your taste in clothes is heading, I'm not so sure what people are seeing of you."

Katie became flustered. "Dad! No one could see my underwear under that skirt, unless they ripped it off like you just did!"

Dad was silent for a moment and Katie bit her lip anxiously. That probably wasn't a good thing to say.

"Kate." Dad began. "When you wear an extremely short skirt, like the one you did, which ties like that at your hip, what message do you think you're sending?"

"Dad, it's in fashion, I just�"

"Kate, a lot of things are in fashion, doesn't mean they're all appropriate for fourteen year old girls, does it?."

"I'm not a girl! Stop calling me a girl!"

Katie thought she saw her father suppress a smile, but it happened so quickly, she couldn't be sure. That only served to infuriate her more.

"What are you then, Katie?"

"I'm a teenager. I'm a young woman. I'm not a little girl!"

"Did I say you were a little girl?"

"You treat me like one."

"How? Because I don't want you running around town half-naked? I wouldn't want that for you at any age, but I won't always be able to do something about it."

"You mean you won't always be able to spank me."

"Yes, Katie, that's correct. I won't always be able to spank you. I won't always be able to tuck you in every night. I won't always be able to know who your friends are, who you're dating-and no, you're still not allowed to do that yet--or even what you're doing in general. But Katie, those times are a long ways off yet. For now, you're my teenage daughter living under my roof and are therefore my responsibility. I will decide what's appropriate for you."

For a moment, neither of them spoke while Katie gathered up the nerve to ask the question she had been wondering about on and off all day.

"Dad? When am I going to be too old to get spanked?"

"We'll both know when that time comes, sweetheart. Now, I think we've done enough talking. You know what to do."

"Dad, you said yourself my panties hardly covered anything at all�."

"They cover too much for present purposes, Katherine. No more talk. You don't want me to have to take those panties down for you."

Katie slowly pulled her panties to her knees. Dad placed the hairbrush on her bed for the moment, then held out his arms to guide her into position over his knee. Katie's body tensed as she assumed the familiar position-her hands touching the floor with her long hair draped in front of her face. Dad's arm encircled her waist tightly, moving his fingertips underneath her hipbone, tilting her bottom slightly closer to him and forcing a slight arch. She inwardly groaned as she thought of her helpless bottom about to fall victim to a hairbrush spanking on top of Mom's spanking. Katie knew from looking at her bottom in the mirror before that it was still pink.

Dad reached over to retrieve the hairbrush from the bed. An involuntary mew escaped from Katie's lips as the event drew closer. Dad tapped the hairbrush gently against her bottom.

"Well, it looks like your mother was thorough, at any rate."

"Dad, it hurt so much! And I tried to be good�"

"Yes, honey, she did tell me that you were good for her. I'm glad to hear that. Now you can show me how sorry you are for disobeying me this morning by behaving for the spanking you're about to receive."

Dad snapped the hairbrush against Katie's bottom. Katie's head jerked up at the unexpected blow. Then Dad delivered a dozen more blows, steadily, spreading them evenly over the lower portion of Katie's bottom. Katie did her best to keep her feet on the floor.

Dad continued the spanking as Katie's squirmed as best she could in her position-for what little relief it brought. She knew she couldn't escape and would be in a great deal of trouble if she even came close anyway. It somehow felt better to wiggle a little bit. She tried not to kick as Dad didn't like that.

As the heat grew in Katie's bottom, her eyes started to water yet again. She struggled a bit and moaned, but Dad kept up his consistent pace and Katie longed for a respite. Dad's blows traveled a bit lower from time to time-not as low as Mom's did with those vile "penalty strokes" but enough to make Katie cry out.

"I'm sorry�" Katie choked

"Tell me what you're sorry for, Katie." Dad did not let up the steady pace of the blows.

Katie scrunched her face up tight. "I'm sorry�.for wearing the skirt when you told me not to�"

"Not just the skirt, Katie�the whole outfit. That top's a little too revealing for my taste as well."

"Okay�okay the top too�.Dad, please�please I'm sorry�I'll never wear anything you don't want me to ever again�I promise�"

Dad continued the spanking without comment for a moment. Then he stopped and rested the hairbrush against Katie's bottom.

"Katie," he started. "What disturbs me most is that I told you to do something and you immediately did the opposite. This goes deeper than an outfit. You decided that your desires were more important than my authority and just the blatant and immediate defiance shown to me in this instance angers me, Katie. I hope you have more respect for me than you've shown through your actions today."

Katie began to cry harder at this. "Dad, I'm sorry�..please I won't do anything like that again�I promise�I don't know what I was thinking, I just wanted to wear it sooooo bad�.."

Her voice broke off and she continued to cry. She had nothing more to say even if she could speak clearly enough to be understood.

Dad released his arm from her waist and helped her stand up. Katie didn't even care about her panties at this point-she didn't even notice much when Dad pulled them up for her. Dusk was beginning to fall, as Dad brought her over to sit on his lap and let her cry there. He guided her head down on his shoulder and stroked her hair.

Neither of them spoke for several minutes when Katie asked tentatively "Dad? You know I love you, right?"

Dad smiled softly, "Of course, sweetheart. I never had any reason to doubt that. I love you too."

Dad kissed her forehead as he guided Katie off of his lap and she went to sit on her bed. Dad sat beside her and handed her the box of tissues that was on her nightstand.

"You know I love Mom, too, right?"

"I think you do."

"Dad, I do!"

"Does Mom know you do?"

Katie blew her nose. "I'm not sure."

"Well, maybe you should let her know."

Katie considered this. "Maybe tonight."

"I think you'd feel better if you told her, Kate. It would certainly make her feel better." Katie smiled softly. "Okay."

Dad kissed her once more on the forehead and then left the room, reminding her that dinner would be ready soon.

Katie smiled to herself as her eyelids grew heavier. It wasn't that bad of a day�she did manage to work up the nerve to tell Mom that she did love her�and she was glad she did. Mom believed her and looked genuinely touched by Katie's admission. Guess it helped to at least love the person who was going to be ransacking your lingerie drawer the next day.

And with that thought, Katie fell asleep.