Behavior Modification

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(D is for Donna) Donna needs extra motivation to help her quit smoking.

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Donna fidgeted nervously, a cigarette in her hands. She knew, as she brought it to her lips, that she'd regret it later. But damnit, quitting cold turkey was just so hard! She didn't care so much that smoking was bad for her, but now the rule at work was that you had to stand 20 feet away from the door outside to smoke, which was great fun when it was raining. The last straw was the latest tax increase on tobacco. She decided she had to try to quit again, if for no other reason than she could think of better ways to spend $10 every day.

She had complained about this to her boyfriend, Bill. He put up with her smoking because he loved her, but he too wanted her to quit.

Finally, he said, "I know you can do it, I just think you need extra motivation."

She raised an eyebrow, "Oh? What sort?"

"Well, how about this: you can smoke all you want, but every cigarette, you have to take a swat from my old fraternity paddle?"

The question hung in the air for a moment, after he said it. Donna blinked. She didn't quite know where that suggestion came from. Bill looked a little nervous.

To fill the silence, he added, "I mean, it's just an idea. If you don't like..."

"No," Donna interrupted, "It's just... I dunno... Wouldn't it hurt?"

"Well, yeah, that's the idea, right? It has to hurt if it's going to work, doesn't it?"

That was certainly true, Donna thought, nodding.

"One swat per cigarette?" she asked.

"Oh, trust me. I still remember the hazing we used to do. It's more than enough. Besides, at 2 packs a day, that's, what? 40?"

A voice in Donna's head marveled that she was even participating in this conversation. She had never been spanked in her life and now she was considering volunteering to be paddled?

"How hard would they be?"

He paused, not quite knowing how to answer that. "You're just going to have to leave that to me, Donna. If it's going to do any good, it's going to have to hurt enough to make you want to avoid it."

She shuddered. After a moment he added, "I would never really hurt you, Darling. All you have to do is tell me to stop and I will."

She thought some more, then said, "Alright. We'll try it."

They spent a few more minutes setting up the deal. Donna dutifully counted the cigarettes left in her open pack and the packs left in her carton. She swore on her honor that she would buy no more, without reporting them to Bill. Bill left it up to her when she would "cash in" however many smacks she earned. Bill's last condition was that she take them bare-bottomed. At first she protested, but he reasonably argued that it would be too tough to be consistent if he had to adjust, for whatever pants she was wearing. She countered that surely her panties were all thin enough. Couldn't she keep them on, at least? He relented on that point.He allowed her one last cigarette to seal the deal. Every one after that would count.

Two days ago, when she made that deal, she had all of the confidence in the world that just the threat would be enough to keep her on the straight and narrow. But that was then. She was now finishing her fourth smoke. After she had had her third this morning, she texted bill that she thought maybe she had better "clear the ledger" tonight. She was nervous and of course, that made her want to smoke more. She looked at the clock, on the bank across the street. 3:30. Her appointment with Bill was at 6, at his place. Did she really think she could hold out that long?

The rest of the afternoon crawled by. Every time there was a lull, she thought for a moment about a cigarette break, before chiding herself that she'd never quit if she didn't stop thinking that way. Finally, at 5:00, she flipped the sign on the shop door to "closed" and started to lock up. At least while she was busy, her mind was kept off taking a smoke break.

The traffic was mercifully light today, as Donna drove to Bill's apartment. She pulled into a parking space in front of his building and turned off the engine.

This was it.

Four.

She couldn't believe she was about to get - she could hardly bring herself to think the word - spanked. But another part of her brain reminded her that she had only had four cigarettes in a day, instead of two packs. The last time she had tried to quit, the first smoke she snuck set off a chain reaction that sabotaged her whole effort. She had to admit to herself that the threat of Bill's fraternity paddle was keeping her honest.

But now, that threat wasn't abstract anymore. She closed her eyes, sighed and got out of the car. She walked up to the intercom and pushed Bill's button. A moment later, the door buzzed and she pushed it open. She passed the elevator and walked down the hall towards Bill's door. She stood there for a moment, staring at the bronze "16." She screwed up her courage and knocked once, softly. The door opened and Bill was there. He looked almost as nervous as she felt, as he invited her in. They walked to the living room. Neither quite knew what to say. Finally, Donna cleared her throat and spoke.

"I've had four." As she said this, she looked at his feet.

After a moment, he came over and gave her a hug, then picked her chin up, bringing her eyes up to look into his.

"It's going to be ok, Darling."

She gulped and nodded. After a moment he said, "Now, take down your pants and bend over the back of the couch."

As he said that, he motioned towards the sofa, in front of the TV. She closed her eyes and shuddered. Her hands reached up and unsnapped and unzipped her tight jeans and peeled them down her thighs. She had on cute, pink, boy-short style panties, that framed the spankable part of her ass perfectly. She turned to face the couch and bent over, bracing herself, with her hands on the seat cushions.

Bill went over and picked up his fraternity paddle from a chair in the corner of the room. She looked

back over her shoulder at it. It looked menacing to her. It was oak, with a natural finish. The handle was wrapped in leather tape like a baseball bat. The blade was 18 inches by 4, but looked to her much larger.

She whimpered, "I'm scared, Bill."

He stopped in his tracks, "Oh, honey, we don't have to do this-"

She stopped him, "No. We do. It's working. I would have had more than four if it weren't for this."

He smiled weakly, "Alright. I'm afraid this is going to hurt you a lot more than it's going to hurt me."

He approached her and stood to her left. He patted her ass lightly with the paddle, adjusting his stance and distance. When he touched her, she winced and shuddered and a single tear fell out of her left eye.

"Are you ready?"

This was it, she thought to herself.

"Yes."

Without warning, the impact of the first stroke rippled through her like a wave starting from her ass and reaching all the way to her feet and hands.

Her entire consciousness joined together with one single thought, which she gave voice to, "Aaaaaaaaaaaugh!"

Her hands shot up from their position on the couch and grabbed at her ass.

The first words in her mind were simply, "Oh my God!"

After a moment, she regained some of her composure. Tears were still streaming down her face and she sniffled. She looked back at Bill. He had a look on his face like he had just broken her favorite doll.

He simply said, "I'm sorry."

He stepped back like he was going to quit.

"No. We have to see this through," she said, simply and returned her hands back to the seat of the sofa.

She heard Bill take a step towards her and tap the paddle against her ass again.

SMACK! The paddle made a meaty sound as it hit her bottom a second time. The pain tore into her and every muscle in her body seemed to tense. She struggled to maintain control, as she gripped the sofa cushions tightly in her fists.

The only sound she made was a long, "Uunnnnggghhhhh," through gritted teeth.

Just as she was starting to calm down, the paddle struck again, another meaty sounding splat and she cried out again, but stayed in position. She started sobbing and sniffling, the tears streaming down her face. But she didn't move.

The last stroke came quicker. The pain made her cry out one last time, but she knew it was over, and her sobs changed. She relaxed quickly, knowing that she was done.

She heard the paddle drop to the floor with a clunking sound. Then she felt Bill's hands on her shoulders, helping her up. He wrapped her in a bear hug while she cried and sniffled.

After a few minutes, she looked up into his face and said, "Thank you."

Bill smiled and said, "You're welcome, Donna."