

I'd Rather Be Spanked!

By Angela Bauer

Chapter 1

Let me start by explaining that my loving husband of almost 23 years is my senior by nearly 32 years. I have been a partner in my law firm since 1993. He is a semi-retired movie executive who also is an attorney. We own an extensive DVD collection. Many of our DVDs are movies made between 1929 and 1934, which was before the movie industry Production Code was actually enforced.

Yesterday, on Monday 15 April 2019, we received on DVD “Forbidden Hollywood, Volume 10” with five ‘Pre-Code’ movies. The first one we watched in that set is: GUILTY HANDS, which was made by MGM in 1931. That was very early for talkie movies. It was one of the first ‘talkies’ for MGM in which the camera could be moved during a scene.

The star is Lionel Barrymore, who also co-directed the film. He was 53 while GUILTY HANDS was in production. He plays an attorney named “Richard Grant”.

An actress named Madge Evans, who was 21 at the time, plays his young adult daughter “Barbara ‘Babs’ Grant” who is apparently not employed and is engaged to a man of 47.

It turns out that Mrs. Grant died when Babs was very young, so that Richard was a single parent while raising her.

Unfortunately, before Babs could tell her father about the engagement, her very wealthy older finance spilled the beans. Richard is angry so he looks for Babs.

When Richard confronts his daughter he says firmly, “I want you to meet me in my room in three minutes. I need to talk to you about your engagement!”

Hearing that, Babs looks grief stricken. She turns to a former boyfriend and says, “I’d rather be spanked!”

Viewing that scene I believed that Babs was not kidding. Several other movies from the 1930s actually show adult women being spanked.

That scene caused my mind to reel. Back in the day I secretly preferred to be spanked instead of getting a stern scolding and being grounded.

Chapter 2

When I was a youngster I frequently talked back to both of my parents. At that time neither of them believed in punishment, especially spanking.

Oh sure, my maternal grandmother, who lived next door to us, was old-fashioned. Very often Granny Vi would say, “Angela, what you need is a good, sound spanking, like I gave your mother and her sisters!”

No cousins lived near us then. None of my friends at school had ever talked about being spanked at home. Our public school system did not paddle or spank naughty students.

What little I then knew about spanking was from Elvis Presley’s 1961 feature film which I saw on TV, BLUE HAWAII, during which he spanks a girl high school student. That spanking did cause the girl to clean-up her act.

When I was almost 12 in June 1976 my family moved to Davenport, Iowa, so that my Dad could attend management training by his company, which provided us with a large house. Dad had flown there before the move. When he returned to our home near Los Angeles, California he told us that the Davenport public schools all used corporal punishment.

Sure enough, when I started making friends in Davenport they were not embarrassed telling me they got spanked at home and paddled at school. Visiting the homes of my new friends they would show me paddles hanging on walls which were used on their brothers and hairbrushes used on them.

One girl, Lorie, I had just met invited me to her home which was on our block. Her mother was spanking her older sister, Terrie, bare-bottom, over the lap, with a hairbrush as we walked in. That spanking continued after the mother greeted us. Only after fifteen-year-old Terrie was sobbing like a baby did the mother stop spanking. Then Terrie had to stand in a corner with her bottom bright red.

I noticed an underpad on the floor. Lorie explained, “Mommy always uses a pad to protect her lap because all of us wet when she spans us.”

That was a couple of weeks before I reverted to bedwetting. Lorie had not yet visited our house where I shared a bedroom with my youngest sister, Missy, who never had stopped bedwetting. Consequently there was an over-sized changing table in my room.

My Mom soon made friends with other parents both from Dad’s company and the neighborhood. Even when I was in the room the parents would talk about spanking.

Missy was then in Second grade at an elementary school. Another sister, Ruth, was in Fourth grade. My younger brother, Ed, was in Fifth grade. I was the only sibling in middle school. I had skipped Fifth grade so I was in Eighth grade. My oldest sister, Penny, was in Twelfth grade. My older brother, Jack, was in Tenth grade.

Less than a month after school started Missy was spanked on her panties in class with a ping pong paddle. Soon after that Ruth and Ed were paddled by their teachers. At the high school Penny was paddled by the V.P. for Girls and Jack was paddled by his football coach. When my sisters complained to Mom all she said was, "You were warned to behave. There is nothing I can do to stop you getting punished at school. My advice is to behave well!"

Teachers liked me. I was a dedicated student. I never talked back or showed off. I was never punished in school, but all of my school friends did get paddled.

For minor classroom misbehavior the culprit was taken into the hall for a couple of swats. Slightly more serious misbehavior resulted in several swats in the classroom with all of us watching. For really serious misbehavior the culprit was sent to the office. Girls were paddled by the V.P. for Girls, a former coach. Boys were paddled by the Principal. It was said that the girls were paddled harder.

During March of 1977 Mom got a letter from her youngest sister (by eight years) my Aunt Betsy. She was in high school when my older siblings were young. Betsy was their babysitter.

By 1977 Betsy and her husband (Willard Turpin) had three kids. They had bought the house across the street from us back in Bellflower, California. Their oldest was a girl, Carole, who was six, a year younger than my youngest sister Missy.

A few days after getting that letter, Mom phoned Aunt Betsy. She was laughing when she told me, "Betsy is a caution! She used to cry and complain when she got spanked. Now she tells me that she routinely spanks her own kids!"

Carole was going into First grade. Her older son, Matthew, was five and going into Kindergarten. Her younger son, Nathan, was only one. I hoped that Aunt Betsy was not yet spanking him!

When school was out in Iowa, we moved back home. Penny did graduate from high school while in Iowa. That year she was paddled at school at least six times, probably far more often.

By the time we reached California, Penny was eighteen. She became the babysitter for all of Aunt Betsy's children.

A month later I saw Aunt Betsy spanking Carole with a hairbrush until the girl was sobbing a lot. That totally convinced me that spanking was serious punishment. This was far different than the romantic spankings I read about in trashy novels or that movie scene of Elvis spanking actress Jenny Maxwell in BLUE HAWAII. I began to think that over the years I had gotten away with a lot of misbehavior for which Aunt Betsy would have spanked Carole.

A few days later I saw Penny crying in the bedroom she shared with Ruth. I asked, "Penny, what on Earth is the matter?"

Still crying, Penny lifted her skirt and lowered her panties. Her derrière was even redder than Carole's had been. "Aunt Betsy just spanked me!" Penny managed to say between sobs, while rubbing her rump.

I was astonished and offered to apply some baby lotion to try soothing her pain. Penny answered, "Please don't! Betsy warned that if I tried something like that she would spank me again even harder and then tell Mom."

It took several minutes before Penny got her tears under control. She had just finished washing her face and refreshing her lipstick when Ruth entered their bedroom. As far as I could tell bratty Ruth knew nothing about the spanking.

When we became settled in Iowa, Mom noticed that all the local gals in Eighth and most in Sixth and Seventh grade were wearing lip slicker [now known as lipgloss] or even lipstick. Mom had not allowed Penny to do so until she was about to start Ninth grade. Granny V had not allowed Mom to wear lipstick until Tenth grade.

Honestly I never even asked for lipstick. I did not keep it a secret that I was younger than the other Eighth graders.

It came as a surprise on the day after I reverted to bedwetting when Mom drove me to a department store and let me select a tube of pink lipstick: "Here, Angela, I hope this will prove that I do not consider you a baby. Penny and I will teach you how to apply it."

Mom said nothing about that pink being the only shade of lipstick I was allowed to wear.

Later that day I saw Lorie. She commented, "Why Angela, you're wearing lipstick like a big girl!"

I answered, "Yes, my mom bought it for me this morning." I did not mention it was compensation because of the diapers I would have to wear to bed.

Although back in 1972 Pampers started attaching tapes at the factory, Mom only used pinned gauze diapers worn inside Gerber vinyl panties. I was not about to admit to Lorie that I wet my bed. Previously she had told me about wetting while being spanked. I did not press for more details.

During that year in Iowa sometimes I would borrow darker pink lipstick from Lorie or other gals. For Christmas Mom gave me a tube of deep pink lipstick. She told me that was reserved for special occasions under her supervision. Mostly I followed that rule, whenever Mom could see me. The first chance I could after I was away from Mom I put on my darker lipstick.

After we moved back home I did a very naughty thing. Mom had thrown away a nearly empty tube of the dark red Cover Girl lipstick she normally wore. I fished it out of the trash and kept it. I only used it occasionally.

A week after Penny's spanking I was feeling bold. I rode my bike to the library. In that ladies' room I switched to the dark red lipstick.

Nobody seemed to notice as I sat at a table reading. Soon a shadow was blocking the light on my book. Aunt Betsy was standing in front of me, with her hands on her hips, "Young Lady, what do you think you are doing?"

"Hello, Auntie, I am reading here because it is quieter than at home," I casually replied.

"I can see you are reading, Angela. I can also see what you are wearing. Just the other day I was telling your mother that I was surprised she allows you to wear any cosmetics while you are so young. She told me why she bought you the pink lipstick. That is not what you are wearing now!

"What we need to do is go to my SUV where we can discuss this situation!"

I left the library book on the table. Aunt Betsy took my arm as if she was a cop frog-marching me to the slammer. At her SUV she ordered me to put my bike into the back. Next she buckled me into the front passenger seat and closed my door.

In silence she drove me to her house. At least Granny was taking care of Betsy's kids at her house. Auntie marched me up to the master bedroom.

There she removed every trace of my red lipstick, leaving my lips bare and raw, like I was still a little girl.

"Now, Young Lady, you have a choice: I can tell my sister about the lipstick and let her deal with you; or I will give you the spanking you have deserved for years! What will it be?" Aunt Betsy asked.

I was so scared that I started wetting my panties. I could not form any words.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Young Lady! To make matters worse, now I'm going to have to diaper you. What is your choice?"

"I'd rather be spanked by you," I managed to whisper. "Oh, Auntie, please don't tell my Mom."

"Young Lady, because you would rather be spanked, I will not tell my sister about this misbehavior. Now, take off your shoes as well as your wet dress and panties. Nobody else is here, so run down to the washer and start it with your dress and panties. Scoot!"

Only as I was running downstairs did I realize my socks were my only clothing. I was going to be spanked while I was functionally nude!

Back in the master bedroom Aunt Betsy had an underpad ready convenient to the place on the side of the bed where she was sitting while spanking Carole. She is right handed so my head would be to her left, which would be the head end of the bed. I noticed that the hairbrush was still on the bedside table. I hoped she was going to be lenient.

“Young Lady, you watched me punish Carole, so you know the drill. Assume the position over my lap after I spread the pad.”

As best I could I crawled and squirmed into position with my legs on the bed. Auntie turned and pushed my legs until they were hanging free.

The spanking turned out to be milder than I expected. Aunt Betsy only used her hand. That began to hurt after a bunch of smacks landed. She continued spanking me as she said, “Young Lady, I want this spanking to last long enough that you hear my scolding. I also want you to feel the shame of being spanked like I spank little Nate, not with the hairbrush like I spank a big girl such as Carole.”

Carole is seven years my junior. I felt the shame even as I was starting to cry. Auntie’s hand was hurting more than I expected and she kept on spanking after I was sobbing out my eyes. I didn’t even notice I was wetting. Suddenly the underpad was damp, far more than at the end of Carole’s spanking.

While I was still sobbing I was pushed off the lap: “Go stand in Punishment Corner, just like Carole, my other kids and your big sister! Do not think about moving until I give you permission!”

It seemed like I stood there all day, but actually it was only until the washing machine went quiet, perhaps 25 minutes. My bottom throbbed a little and also stung.

I was told to run downstairs to move my dress and panties into the drier. After that I was to report to Cousin Nate’s nursery where an over-size changing table, similar to ours, was located.

Aunty had spread out a small pile of classic Curity flat gauze diapers: “Young Lady, because I do not have any vinyl panties in your size I will triple diaper you. After I finish you will return to the corner until the drier is done. Only then will I escort you to my SUV so you can ride your bike home. After that I expect you to promptly return with two of your vinyl panties.

“I will store those for use the next time I spank you. Unless I catch you misbehaving, or you beg for another spanking before then, you will report here next Saturday morning. If you are lucky none of my children, or any of your siblings, will be around then.”

I lost track of the time while standing in the corner naked except for my socks. Eventually Auntie returned to the bedroom with my clean and dry dress and panties.

That was the first time I remember wearing just a diaper without Gerber panties. My delicate derrière hurt a lot when I rode my bike, even with the triple diaper as padding. I asked about just walking it, but Auntie insisted I ride.

As soon as I got home I managed to get to my room without seeing anyone. I took off the triple diaper and put all three diapers in my pail. I then put on my clean panties, slacks and a modest shirt, along with my pale pink lipstick.

I walked back to Auntie's house with 3 of my clean diapers and 2 of my vinyl panties. Much to my surprise I was marched back to the master bedroom. Both an underpad and a heavy oval wooden hairbrush were waiting on the bed.

She commented on my approved pale pink lipstick.

Aunt Betsy undressed me down to my socks. She spread the underpad over her lap. I obeyed when ordered to "Assume the position!"

She scolded as she spanked me until I was again sobbing. The hairbrush hurt way more than had her hand. At least being hairbrushed was far less humiliating than being hand-spanked like a baby.

After my second spanking I only had to do a few minutes of Corner Time. Auntie only pinned me into double diapers which she covered with a pair of my vinyl panties. She re-dressed me as if I were an infant. I encountered Carole and Matthew as I left the nursery escorted by Betsy. Since I was squirming they correctly guessed I had been spanked.

Sure enough, by the time I crossed the street and walked into our house, Cousin Carole was talking on the phone with Missy. My spanking was no longer a secret.

I led Missy up to our bedroom, where I lowered my slacks and vinyl panties. She un-pinned my diaper and gasped at the marks from the hairbrush.

"Oh, Angela, your bottom looks much worse than mine did when the teacher spanked me in class," Missy commiserated.

"Yes, Aunt Betsy actually spanked me twice. After the first when she only used her hand she sent me home to bring her a couple of my vinyl panties. The second time she used a hairbrush which hurt so much I cried out my eyes. I'm not sure when I can sit.

"Does Mommy know?" I asked.

"Mommy is out. I won't tell her," Missy promised loyally.

"I assume Aunt Betsy will tell Mommy. Anyway the second Mommy gets home I want to tell her that I deserved to be spanked. I want her to see the bruises and that I do not resent Aunt Betsy," I said.

Through our window I saw Mom park in front of Aunt Betsy's house. So that I could tell Mom first, I dialed Auntie's phone and asked to speak to Mom. When she came on the line I blurted out, "Mom, I had been naughty which was the reason Auntie spanked me. I admit that I deserved the spanking. I don't resent Auntie."

Mom replied, "Do not discuss spanking with your father. You and I will talk about this in a few minutes once I am home, unless you prefer to come over so both of us can talk to Betsy."

"Mom, probably we should talk to Auntie, but what should I do about Missy. She is here with me, but nobody else is home," I said.

"Don't leave her alone. Bring her with you," Mom said casually.

Could it be that Mom and Betsy had previously discussed spanking first Penny and then me?

Chapter 3

I put my diaper back on, and then pulled up my vinyl panties and slacks. As I tied my shoes I took Missy's hand. We ran across the street.

When I knocked on the front door it was Mom who opened it: "Angela and Missy, come right in. Your Aunt Betsy wants both of you to meet her upstairs," Mom said very casually.

"Uh, in the master bedroom?" I asked, involuntarily rubbing my delicate and sore *derrière* through my diaper.

"Yes, Angela, you are right," Mom responded, "My sister is starting a *'chat'* with Carole."

Auntie was seated in her favorite position on the bed. A dry underpad was already spread to protect her lap. She was holding and gesturing with her heavy hairbrush.

I was greatly relieved to see that Carole was naked below her shirt except for her socks. She was standing on her mother's right side and was starting to cry.

Auntie must have already begun scolding. She was saying, "Young Lady, you were very naughty to have phoned Missy to blab that I had to spank Angela. This was a private matter, not your secret to tell.

"Now, Aunt Alice [our mother] and her daughters will watch you get the spanking you have earned by misbehaving.

"Go ahead, assume the position!"

Carole just shrugged slightly. She did scamper across the waiting lap with practiced ease. The time I saw her being spanked she was already in position and had received enough spanks her bottom was pink.

Turning to Mom, Betsy said, “Watch closely, Sis. This is how I deal with naughty kids. Remember how Mother spanked us this way?”

Mom simply answered, “I can’t ever forget.”

Once Auntie started hairbrushing Carole’s rump the child really began to sob, squirm and kick. Auntie paused, saying, “**Stop that!**” as she smacked both of Carole’s upper thighs with the hairbrush.

Carole squealed in distress, but she also stopped wriggling and kicking. However, the sobbing did get louder. It was about the same as when I saw her previous spanking.

I think Carole had begun to wet the second she was in position. When she got up nearly a minute after she received her last spank, the pad was soaked. Also, Carole’s pubic region was glistening with urine.

Auntie got up holding the wet pad. With her free hand she dragged Carole to the nursery. There she deposited the pad in the diaper pail.

Carole obediently waited on a plastic highchair mat on the floor at the foot end of the changing table.

Betsy picked Carole up and deposited her onto the padded vinyl changing surface, face up. Several baby wipes were used for cleanup.

Carole managed to lift up as Auntie slid a folded diaper into position. Never had the spanked bottom been wiped. With expert ease the diaper was pinned snug. Soon vinyl panties were pulled on and checked to ensure none of the diaper was trying to escape.

Missy and I sort of shuffled around. I wanted to comfort Carole. I could smell that Missy had wet her panties.

“What did you just do, Missy? Did you forget to ask to use a toilet like a big girl?” Mom asked.

“I’m sorry, Mommy. I forgot,” Missy responded, hanging her head.

“Ok, Sweetie, go on and try the toilet in case you need to wet more. I’ll fix you up. We’ll wait,” Mom said gently.

Chapter 4

Once Missy was in the master bathroom with the door closed, Mom turned to Auntie, “Look Sis, John [our father] and I have not yet agreed that our brood needs spanking. Now that you have spanked both Penny and Angela I am sure he will come around.

“While we are here, how about you giving me some OJT [on the job training]? I am sure Angela has learned her lesson today. However, Missy has been a brat ever since we moved back home. When her teacher spanked her she was as good as gold the rest of the school year.

“If you have another underpad how about you coach me as I give Missy a spanking?”

“Sure, Sis, I have a stack of underpads. You are welcome to use the bed if you like. Will you need the hairbrush?” Auntie asked.

“Let me start only using my hand. I’ll save the hairbrush until next time. Depending how it goes I might bring both Ruth and Ed back here tonight, if that’s Okay with you?”

“By the way, do you think Carole and Missy wear the same size Gerber panties?”

Auntie did not hesitate one second: “Absolutely bring Ed and Ruth here as often as you want! I feel sure both deserve spankings even more than Angela and Missy, although maybe not as often as Penny. She admitted to me that in her Senior Year she was paddled at school more than six times! Was that some kind of school record?”

Mom replied, “Honestly I don’t know. Before school started there I told all my kids that in Davenport corporal punishment is mandatory. Parents cannot opt-out. John was upset that he was caught between a rock and a hard place. The wife of his company’s CEO is on that school board and is a huge believer in CP.

“Penny complained the first time she was paddled and I told her the best way to avoid swats was to behave. After that she no longer complained to me and none of the schools ever informed me when the kids got spanked.”

“Fascinating,” Betsy opined, “I am sure that Carole’s Gerber panties are big enough for Missy. At least they will be good enough in a pinch.”

“Mommy, I did use the toilet!” Missy almost bragged.

“Sweetie, that’s great, because you will be diapered when we go home,” Mom started. “Now here is the bad news; you are going to get a real spanking. I’m not punishing you for wetting accidentally.

“Young Lady, the thing is that you have been a brat since we started the drive home. Penny has behaved much better since Aunt Betsy spanked her. Angela has promised me that she learned her lesson over my sister’s lap.

“I hope you also learn a lesson and clean-up your act. Now come here so I can undress you for the spanking you need so badly.”

Missy seemed to me to accept the inevitable bravely. Maybe it was because she remembered being spanked at school, but to me she was braver than I had been.

My guess is that Aunt Betsy learned to spank from Granny Vi. Sure enough Mom needed no coaching. She had Missy in position as if she had spanked her a lot.

Mom just used her hand while scolding. She waited for Missy to answer questions to continue the spanking. She did not stop until Missy was crying harder than ever. After a few minutes of Corner Time Mom told me to take Missy to the nursery and double-diaper her for the ride home: “Oh Angela, use a pair of Carole’s Gerber panties.”

When we emerged from the nursery I could hear both Auntie and Mom talking downstairs. It turned out Willard Turpin [her husband] had returned with Matthew. They had also picked up Nate from Granny Vi.

I was surprised when Mom told us to get into her car. That seemed silly for a trip just across the street.

Chapter 5

“Young Lady, on the way home we are going to a store to buy a hairbrush like the one my sister uses. She was kind enough to give me the address. She even phoned to be sure the best kind of hairbrush was in stock. Buying that will be so much fun,” Mom explained.

We went to a fancy department store. I was only wearing a single diaper, but I was self-conscious because my slacks were tight enough the bulge was obvious. Missy’s double diaper was even more obvious. She is five years my junior, but very tall and I am short. Sometimes Missy is mistaken to be my elder.

Frankly neither of us appeared young enough to still be diapered. Sure, both of us had grown up wearing just-in-case diapers, but hardly ever in our home city where people we knew would see us.

At the department store we went directly to the Lady’s Cosmetics Department. Mom spoke to the first saleswoman she saw: “I’m Mrs. Bauer. My sister Mrs. Turpin called about a special hairbrush.”

“Indeed, Mrs. Bauer, I was expecting you. I’m Samantha Stevens. That’s my real name; yes, I’ve heard all the jokes. These must be two of your daughters. I am sure they will be far less happy with this hairbrush that you will be,” Ms. Stevens replied politely. She was wearing makeup more appropriate for an evening out and appeared to be no older than Penny.

Mom looked Samantha up and down: “Obviously my much younger sister told you why she bought this style hairbrush. Yes, I plan to only use it to spank naughty kids. By the way, that includes my oldest daughter who is nearly nineteen, perhaps your age. Maybe you know about hairbrush spanking from personal experience?”

Ms. Stevens blushed even through her foundation. She stammered, “Will that be cash or credit?”

Mom handed her some cash. The hairbrush in its box was placed in a store paper bag. Still blushing Samantha managed to say, “Thank you, Ma’am. Our store hopes you shop here frequently.”

Outside, while walking to Mom’s car, we all burst out laughing at pretentious young Ms. Stevens.

By the time we got home, Penny had started cooking dinner. Mom told Missy to set the table. She tasked Ruth and me with finish making dinner.

Dad, Mom and Penny went into the den and closed the door. I noticed that Mom took the store bag with her. All I could hope was that Dad would veto spanking.

Nothing was said while we all ate. Jack was out with friends. Minutes after we finished eating, Penny’s date came to take her out. She had managed to refresh her lipstick. Penny looked very good, as usual. It was hard for me to picture Penny sobbing over a lap while being spanked with a hairbrush.

Mom did not say what was discussed with Penny and Dad before dinner. After the table was cleared and the dishes rinsed, Mom appeared with the family diaper bag: “Children, all of us are going to visit Aunt Betsy,” Mom said pleasantly. “Angela, please take Missy upstairs and change her and then yourself. After both of you have fresh diapers, meet us downstairs.”

Chapter 6

I did not try to guess what would happen at Auntie’s house. I pinned Missy into her normal double bedtime diaper, and then I diapered myself for bed. In just a few minutes all of us were walking across the street.

It was Carole who answered the door: “Mommy wants all of you to meet her in the master bedroom.”

Upstairs Auntie was waiting for us while sitting in her usual place on the bed. One underpad was spread to protect her lap while some others were piled up within easy reach. Matthew was waiting to his mother’s right side without his shoes, shorts or undies.

“I am so pleased all of you could join us this evening,” Auntie began. “This afternoon I had to spank both Angela and Carole. Your mother spanked Missy.”

Ruth and Ed appeared shocked. Apparently neither of them had guessed that we had been spanked.

Auntie continued, “Now the spankings will continue. Matthew, here, has been so naughty that I am about to scold and spank him with our special family hairbrush.

“Matthew, assume the position!”

He started to cry softly as he crawled over his mother’s lap. As she started scolding he began to wet. That was when Auntie began to spank him with the hairbrush as hard as she had spanked Carole and me.

Only after Matt had cried it all out over the lap did Auntie help him to his feet. Then she took him with one hand and the wet pad with the other, saying, “Now this boy will be diapered for bed!” as they left the room.

Mom placed her diaper bag upon the bed next to the pile of underpads: “Ed, remove your shoes, shorts and undies. You are long over-due for a sound spanking with our brand-spanking-new hairbrush. You were paddled at school in Iowa so get used to the hairbrush! Now, Young Man, assume the position just like Matthew did so obediently.”

Once he was in place Mom held Ed there with her left hand pressing on the small of his back. She had a long laundry-list of his recent misbehavior. She scolded him for every offence as she began to spanked, moderately at first. When Ed began to cry, Mom increased the intensity and pace of the spanks. Ed began to wet and sob. His rump was sore, red and marked when Mom put down the new hairbrush.

She helped him to stand: “Angela, please hand your brother the diaper bag and the wet underpad. Ed, go to Aunt Betsy in the nursery. She will diaper you for bed. Now scoot!”

Ed was out of the room like a shot. Calmly Mom spread a dry pad over her lap: “Ruth, it is your turn. Like Ed, remove your shoes, skirt and panties. Then assume the position!”

Within a minute bratty Ruth was weeping while waiting for the hairbrush. Mom started scolding about Ruth’s rude and naughty misbehavior. Eventually the hairbrush spanks began to land. The first few warm-up spanks were harder than she had given Ed.

When Ruth began to sob and wet, Mom increased the intensity and pace of the spanks. Ruth squirmed and kicked. Mom paused, saying, “Take your spanking and stay still,” while using the hairbrush to smack both of Ruth’s upper thighs.

Eventually Ruth apologized and stopped kicking. That was when Mom resumed spanking until our most bratty sister was crying out her eyes.

I wished Penny could see Ruth blubbering with a sore red derrière. Ever since the day in Iowa when Penny was paddled at high school and Ruth was paddled at elementary school, Penny often told me she dreamed of spanking Ruth.

By then Ed and Auntie had returned to the bedroom. Mom ordered, “Angela, take Ruth to the nursery and diaper her for bed. Do not use any lotion on her bottom. She needs to feel her spansks!”

I obeyed Mom’s instructions. Ruth’s skirt was neither long nor full enough to hide her double diapers. Fortunately no cars drove by as we all walked across the street going home.

Chapter 7

At home Dad was waiting. He asked me to speak to him in the den. There he told me that he felt growing up that all of the corporal punishment he received was excessive and most was unfair. Since he reached puberty he was anti-spanking.

It turned out before they became engaged Mom and Dad had agreed to minimize punishment and to never use spanking. Dad did say Mom had told him that she was spanked even after she graduated high school and felt that being raised so strictly helped her. Still she agreed to not spank their future kids.

Dad asked me to think about alternatives he could present to Mom. He told me I could go to bed when I was ready. He would talk to Penny when she got home from her date. In the morning he wanted to talk with both of us together.

Back in the summer of 1977, nothing had been written about “The Time-Out Game”. Dr. Irving A. Hyman, head of the Department of School Psychology at Temple University did not publish the first articles about that until the early 1980’s.

Trying to get to sleep, on my belly, the only alternatives to spanking I could think of was doing extra chores, being scolded, standing in a corner or being grounded. None of those had ever been used on me, but they had been used on kids I knew. Feedback from those friends was clear that these alternatives were so ineffective they needed to be endlessly repeated. That turned into mutual resentment.

Sure enough, early the next morning Penny came into the bedroom just as I had Missy on the changing table re-diapering her. During the night she had asked me to change her diaper. She then decided to at least start the day in a diaper.

I asked Penny to tell Dad that I had not had the chance to remove my bed diaper. I promised to join them as soon as I was presentable, “You know I hate being near Dad when my diaper is wet.”

Twenty minutes later I did meet Penny and Dad in the den. They had a piece of railroad board from the stock we used to make posters for school projects. On that Dad had written alternatives to spanking presented by Penny. All that I had thought of were listed plus some others.

Penny boldly told Dad that in her opinion the swats she had received at high school in Iowa was the first effective negative reinforcement she had been given. She added, "Daddy, why don't you buy or make a real school paddle? I really would respect swats as punishment. A paddle is very effective even through panties and a skirt, so with a paddle you could share punishment duties with Mom; how about that?"

She certainly had a point, yet I was afraid of being paddled. My memory was that although the first time Penny only got four swats the marks lasted a few days. She complained to me that was excessive for a full week. Still, she was older and had far more flesh on her derrière than me.

When it was my turn, Dad listed all the alternatives on the board. He asked my opinion. I replied, "Dad, with all due respect, I doubt any of those would discourage me from being naughty. I really want to be a good girl. Please let Mom know that I'd rather be spanked!"

Dad gave each of us a kiss on our foreheads and told us we could have breakfast. He also thanked us for our candor.

Probably Dad talked to Mom while I was eating. When she saw me she told me she had decided to let Missy wear diapers as often as she wanted. The deal she made was that Missy was to try to use the toilet. When wet Missy was to ask me, or Penny, or as a last resort her, for a diaper change.

I told Mom I would do the best I could to be a responsible older sister, but that I needed to ride my bike to the library for a couple of hours before it got too hot to ride back home: "Do you want me to change Missy before I go?"

Mom replied, "Actually I think it best to wait until her diaper is wet enough it is uncomfortable before it gets changed. Of course at night keep on changing her when she asks.

"Your Dad told me about his discussion with Penny and you. We have decided to give spanking the decent try Granny has advocated since Penny was born. For the time being only I will spank you here at home, but using the hairbrush. Even Missy is large enough for the hairbrush. I was younger than her when my mother first hairbrushed me and I survived.

"However, we also agreed that until we decide to embrace spanking, Aunt Betsy will continue to spank Penny and you regularly. Therefore next Saturday, at her convenience, Penny and you will report to Betsy. You both will confess any misbehavior I did not notice. You also may ask her to spank you as often as you desire.

"Frankly I have doubts about spanking you at your request. We can discuss that in the future. Meanwhile let's see how it goes with Aunt Betsy as your primary disciplinarian."

If getting spanked was the price I had to pay to avoid endless nagging, scolding and resentment, to me that was a fine deal.

Before we parted so that I could dress for the library, I told Mom again, "I have considered all aspects of alternative punishments. I totally want to behave ethically, like a decent, nice young lady. The experience of my friends has been that none of the alternatives to spanking are effective. Therefore let me promise you that compared to the alternatives, I'd rather be spanked!"

"Okay, already, Angela, give it a rest! By next Saturday night your father and I will have decided if we will use spanking in the future.

"Now I just made a decision I'm not so sure you will like. Go ahead and dress for the library. Then I need you to come shopping with Missy and me. This way you can change her when she wets. Load your bike in the back of my wagon. That way you can ride home, or if it becomes too hot phone home and someone will give you a lift. While shopping I intend to buy you something I am sure you want."

Chapter 8

I thanked Mom and scooted to get ready for shopping, which so was not my thing!

At the first store, which sold infant and juvenile furniture, clothing and supplies, Missy carried the diaper bag. The cashier had a dozen underpads like Auntie uses waiting for Mom.

She told the cashier she needed other things. We went to the diaper aisle where Mom bought a case of 6 dozen classic Curity 2-ply gauze diapers. She also bought a half dozen each of the Gerber panties Missy, Ruth, Ed and I wear. The vinyl panties Mom and Penny wear need to be mail-ordered from the Gerber factory.

The next stop was the same department store where Mom purchased the hairbrush the previous day. It was the alternative and peppy Samantha Stevens who waited on us again. Mom told her, "My daughter Angela wants a red lipstick. She has tried the Cover Girl All-Day red that I sometimes wear, but now she wants something similar that does not stain and which does not dry-out so fast."

Ms. Stevens scurried around the lipstick samples. In a few minutes she returned, placing the samples on the counter next to a makeup chair. First she tried three non-stain Cover-Girl reds in slightly different shades. They all looked the same to me. They were more comfy than the nearly empty tube I had retrieved from the trash. When she wiped my mouth and applied Revlon's version of all day red I did not like the feel. I also felt the color was not actually right for me. I admitted liking the Cover-Girl Christmas Red although it was summer. Mom bought me a tube of that.

Just then Missy let out a quiet murmur. Mom asked if she needed a diaper change. Missy nodded “Yes”. Samantha told me where to find the ladies’ room with an over-size changing table. Missy and I walked there together.

When we returned to the cosmetics department Mom used a sample of a pale pink lipstick to apply to Missy. She beamed with joy, so Mom also bought a tube of that.

I was left with my bike at the library. I only read there for a couple of hours. It was hot, yet it was just cool enough I did not mind riding my bike home. As I started to open our front door I saw my reflection in a window. To my shock and delight Mom had let me wear Cover Girl Red. Nobody at the library seemed to care or even notice.

Missy was folding all the new underpads and 3 dozen of the Curity diapers. She told me Mom was upstairs. I asked if Mom had taken any of the underpads with her. Missy said she was folding all that were in the drier, but Mom had put them into the washer.

My worry was that Mom had at least one pad in her room and strict ideas about using the hairbrush on me. Still, I climbed the stairs.

Sure enough Mom was in the master bedroom. Neither the hairbrush nor a pad was ready for use.

“Angela, I want to make a deal,” she said. “I am willing to trade you the new lipstick for the nearly empty one you found in the trash.”

“What do you mean?” was the best answer I thought of then.

“Angela, of course my sister told me why she spanked you,” Mom began. “I’m not accusing you of stealing the lipstick. It was in the trash and fair game, except it could be contaminated. Bacteria thrive on lipstick. That can make you very sick. This is why I am making such a deal.”

“Mom, does this mean I can wear red lipstick?”

“No, Angela Sweetie, not yet; I believe you will be mature enough once you start high school. The rule still remains you may only wear cosmetics with my approval. While you continue to mature I encourage you to practice applying approved cosmetics with help from me, Penny or Aunt Betsy. Should you be caught wearing any un-approved cosmetics you will be spanked. Is that clear?”

“Betsy also told me that you asked if you could request a spanking. I cannot allow that. But, since you will be spanked for wearing unauthorized cosmetics, should you be seen by Auntie or me wearing red lipstick that will get you a spanking. I’ll leave it to your vivid imagination to see the possibilities.”

“Okay, Mom that sounds fair. I’ll go get the old red lipstick.” Soon we made the trade.

I decided on following Saturday when I was scheduled to be spanked by Auntie I would carefully brush on the new red lipstick. Penny had given me that lipstick brush.

During the rest of the week each time I could speak to either Mom or Dad I told them I was so glad they were willing to be stricter raising all of us. I told them that I understood punishment was an unpleasant parental duty, but I welcomed having firm limits.

Every morning Missy asked me to pin her into a clean diaper after she took her shower. Mom had previously told all of us could wear diapers as often as we liked during summer vacation.

That Wednesday when I woke up early I decided to be diapered all day. It was wonderful just peeing when I felt the need. When my diaper began to feel heavy I put on a dry one. Once it was time for bed I realized I had not felt the need to pee since dinner.

When Mom came to kiss me good night she remarked that I seemed more pleasant. I answered, "Mom, I feel more secure knowing you are closely supervising my behavior. Also I wore diapers all day. I want to do so indefinitely."

"Okay Angela, we have enough diapers to go around," Mom said, playfully patting my diaper through my sheet.

Friday afternoon Aunt Betsy phoned to confirm that Penny would be there to babysit at 4:30PM. She also said that her husband would be working all day Saturday and that she was leaving all of her kids with Granny Vi: "I expect both of you to be contrite when you come promptly at 9:30AM for your spankings!"

Chapter 9

Saturday morning I woke up early. Missy was still soundly asleep. Her diaper was wet but still had some capacity.

Quickly I removed my very wet diaper and took a shower. I re-diapered myself and put on a skirt that I often wore on trips. It was full and long enough to hide my diaper.

Mom made me breakfast. I told her that I did not want to wake Missy just to change her. Mom promised she would take care of that when Missy did wake up. Soon Penny came downstairs nicely dressed. Her skirt also was long. She had told me she would be wearing a diaper. She also was wearing thigh-high nylon stockings, very high stiletto heel pumps and bright red lipstick. Mom served her breakfast.

While Penny was finishing eating at 9:15AM I told her I'd meet her on the front porch; there I put on my own red lipstick. The second Penny appeared we walked across the street.

We were on time. Aunt Betsy was waiting and opened the door as we reached her front steps. Immediately she began scolding me about my lipstick.

Auntie took an ear in either hand to march us up to the master bedroom. A pile of underpads and the hairbrush were waiting on the bed. She sat in the usual place and spread a pad. I was ordered to remove my shoes. She removed my skirt and nearly dry diaper.

Seconds later I assumed the position. There was some scolding to which I paid no attention. While spanking me very hard with the hairbrush the scolding continued. I did not try to be brave so I soon was genuinely sobbing.

I actually had been looking forward to being spanked because I felt with every spanking I would behave better. Being scolded was just part of the spanking. I did not need to fake my sobs because I also felt remorse for having been naughty and sobbing was a sign of remorse. Of course I wet some during my spanking.

When I was helped to stand I was sent to Punishment Corner during Penny's spanking. I was still bare-bottom.

Auntie undressed Penny, removed her diaper and gave her a spanking as hard as mine. It was interesting watching my tall, beautiful, mature sister crying like a little baby while being spanked.

After Penny was helped to stand she was led to Punishment Corner to replace me. I was marched to the nursery where Auntie diapered me, using the Gerber vinyl panties I had previously worn. Then I was marched back to the master bedroom where Auntie re-dressed me while Penny was still standing in the corner.

Now fully dressed, I replaced Penny in the corner. Auntie marched her to the nursery. When they returned to the bedroom, Penny was diapered. Auntie dressed her as if she were a naughty toddler. Finally we were allowed to walk back home. It was well after 10AM! Both of us admitted we had sore bottoms and that we deserved those!

Mom greeted me, saying, "Angela, why does it not surprise me that you were seen wearing red lipstick? Is this true, Young Lady?"

"Yes, Mommy, I figured that since Aunt Betsy was going to spank me anyway, I should have deserved to be spanked."

Chapter 10

"And yet, Sweetie, I had expected you to come home contrite, with a resolve to behave.

“What I had planned was that we would go shopping for your first high heels today. I know you want those and your mentor told me that at least kitten heels are appropriate when you are at the law office being tutored. Also I wanted to buy you some basic cosmetics beyond lipstick so Penny, Betsy and I can begin teaching you to use those effectively,” Mom let out a disappointed sigh, “Now I am going to have to spank you before bed. Think about that!”

“Of course we still will go shopping today, just as soon as you change clothing. I assume Betsy sent you home in a dry diaper?”

“Yes, Mommy, my diaper is still dry.” I said as I gave Mom a hug and a kiss on her lips. “So this means I should no