

Dana, Jessica, et al:

Chapter 1

So Many Naughty Girls

Fiction by Angela Bauer

It was summer vacation! School had ended on Friday 29 May 2015. To fifteen year-old Dana Glenn, since she did not have to get up early for class, it was only fair she should go to bed when she felt the time was right. After all, when school resumed in September she would be in Tenth Grade. So what if it was well after 2 A.M.? Dana was not the least sleepy.

True, it was technically Sunday 21 June 2015. How much sleep did she need to attend Sunday school? That would not start until 10:30 A.M.

In March Dana had started dating Patrick Garr as soon as he turned seventeen. That was when he could carry passengers in his car, because ever since he received his driver's license at sixteen his safety record was perfect.

Sandra and Daniel Glenn liked Pat. His parents were their friends, members of the same country club. Pat had been two classes ahead of Dana at the same exclusive private school since she started Kindergarten there.

That Saturday evening Pat had been invited to an early dinner at the Glenn's home. Dana and Pat had a date to meet a few of their school pals at the movies.

There are parents who do not allow girl like Dana, who had only been fifteen since 23 May, to date older boys. She was grateful her folks were liberal in that way. What Dana did not consider fair was that ever since she began going steady with Patrick her school night curfew was 9:30 and only 11:30 on Friday and Saturday nights. Sure, way back when Dana started dating Pat she was still fourteen; but as she pointed out, she was mature and responsible for her age.

It was true that once summer vacation started Dana's weeknight curfew had been extended to 10:30. That had not been a problem because Pat had to get up for his summer job at 6:30 A.M. Monday through Saturday. Even during the school term Pat worked on Saturday mornings.

Things were going swell for Dana. Pat was somewhat shy. For a girl who was not as fully developed as her friends, Dana had managed to attract boys since she reached puberty. Besides having his own car, and being allowed to carry passengers, Dana was attracted to Pat because she knew she was the first girl he had dated seriously. Dana valued her reputation, but she also wanted to more than hold her own with the fellow she loved.

Back on 16 May, the Saturday before her birthday, there had been an 'incident'. She had deliberately distracted Patrick enough that he lost track of the time. It was midnight when he brought Dana home. She was in such a rush to get inside before her mom noticed that she failed to double-check her appearance.

Not only was her mom Sandra waiting up, she correctly guessed Dana had done some serious smooching. As Pat drove away, Sandra severely lectured a cowering Dana. The upshot was that Dana was grounded for two weeks!

Sandra said that she was not cancelling Dana's birthday party on Saturday 23 May, because the invitations had already been sent. For that party Dana could appear as usual, wearing makeup and high heels. However, the rest of the time during those grounded two weeks Dana could not even wear any lipgloss. Dana could not date or even visit friends after school.

That was the first time Dana had been grounded since it mattered to her. The Glenn family lived in a large home. She did not usually care all that much about cosmetics or wearing heels. But she also did not want Pat to consider her a child. So Dana conceived a cunning plan.

"Mother, may we discuss my punishment?" Dana asked before breakfast on Friday 22 May prior to her birthday. "You're friends with Mrs. Trudy Pollard, right? You know her daughter Jessica is one of my best friends, right?"

"Yes, Sweetie, when you and Jessica started Kindergarten, Trudy Pollard and I were on the PTA committee. We have remained very good friends since then," Sandra Glenn replied with suspicion. "Why do you ask such obvious questions?"

“Okay, Mother, you and Dad are fantastic parents. You both have treated me very well. The same is true for Jessica and her folks,” Dana began. “Jessica says they are strict. I agree Jessica behaves well, so they must be doing things right. Jessica never has been grounded.”

“Yes, Sweetie, that probably is true. The Pollards have found a parenting style which works for them. Just the fact that you are discussing grounding while you are grounded strongly suggests to me that this is a punishment getting your full attention,” Sandra responded firmly. “Has Jessica ever admitted to you how her parents punish her when she misbehaves?”

“Sure, Mother, many times Jessica has complained that she still gets spanked like a little kid. A few years ago, long after you stopped spanking me, while I was playing there Jessica talked back. Right in front of me Mrs. Pollard sat on a chair, pulled down Jessica’s shorts and panties, and then spanked her with a wooden hairbrush!” Dana said boldly.

“Jessica cried like a baby. She even peed enough her mom needed the underpad she used to protect her lap. Then she made me stand in one corner while Jessica had to stand in another with her red bottom showing. That frightened me.

“Mother, I didn’t tell you about that because I was afraid you would start spanking me with a hairbrush. Look Mother, I have always respected when you put me in TIME OUT. It was ingenious of you and Dad using our only guest room without a phone, TV or radio as my TIME OUT room.

“Seeing Jessica crying scared me! She has always told me how much getting spanked hurts. Mrs. Pollard always seems so kind and loving, like you, Mother.”

“Sweetie, you need to get ready for school this instant. Cutting to the chase, are you trying to say you would prefer being spanked instead of being grounded when you are naughty?” Sandra asked with her hands on her hips.

“Okay, Mother, I’ll admit I was very naughty when I broke curfew. Getting grounded now is totally embarrassing. I confess that a week after I saw Jessica getting spanked Mrs. Pollard left us alone for an hour.

“After we were sure she could not hear us, Jessica used the hairbrush to give me a spanking until I cried my eyes out. I was so afraid you would see the red marks! She put an underpad over her lap like her mom had

done. I dribbled into the underpad, but let's face it that was hardly the only time I have dribbled," Dana admitted.

"Darling Mother, would you at least consider spanking me instead of grounding me?"

"Wow, Sweetie, that's a lot to process," Sandra admitted, her hands still on her hips. "I need to talk about that with your father.

"Mind you, if we do agree to punish you with spanking instead of grounding, those spankings will be as intense as I received at your age and older. I also have seen Trudy spank Jessica. I got spanked harder than that. I'll also talk to Trudy for tips and suggestions. You spend the school day thinking about all this.

"If by this evening after dinner you still want to be spanked, and your father agrees, then I am willing to soundly spank you. That one spanking might not reverse both weeks of grounding, but if you cooperate and convince me with contrition that you learned a lesson from your spanking then at least your grounding will be suspended for the evening on Saturday after your party."

Dana rushed to kiss and hug her mother. Then she ran to wait for her school's bus.

Sandra waited several minutes to be sure Jessica had left the Pollard home to catch the school bus. Then she phoned Trudy: "Precious, it went down just as you predicted! Dana virtually came crawling to me this morning, begging me to spank her instead of grounding her. I'm sure it was your suggestion to include *no makeup while grounded* that cinched the deal."

"Sandy, do you need me to drop off an underpad?" Trudy asked.

"No worries! Dana's bed still has a waterproof sheet, like Jessica's. Dana's bedtime control has been poor since she reached puberty. Thank God for DyDee Service, their underpads and Babykins vinyl panties!

"As soon as they open I'll drive over to the beauty supply shop you told me about on Allen Avenue north of Colorado. They have a Mason Pearson 'Heavy' hairbrush in stock. Everyone tells me that will teach 'Miss Dana' the lesson she deserves and will get the second she returns from school. I want her squirming during dinner tonight. Weeks ago Daniel asked me why I was not spanking Dana's impudent derriere. I told him it was you and Yvonne Yarnell who suggested it best to wait until Dana asked to be spanked.

“Thanks for the suggestions and support.”

On her way home after buying the Mason Pearson hairbrush, Sandra phoned Yvonne to thank her for the support and practical instruction: “How convenient that your Claudia is about the same size as Dana. After practicing on Claudie I am confident I will teach Dana a really good lesson. I predict by Sunday morning Dana will beg for a return to grounding!”

“Yes Sandy, the reality of the heavy Mason Pearson impacting a girl’s backside causes re-thinking misbehavior. Before each spanking lately Claudie begs to be grounded!” Yvonne said with satisfaction.

Sure enough that Friday afternoon Dana ran from the bus to her front door. She continued running to Sandra: “Mother, I have thought it all over carefully. Please Mother; may I have a spanking on my bare bottom with a strict hairbrush?”

“Young Lady, your father and I have agreed to experiment spanking you instead of grounding you. The spankings will be intense, probably much harder than Jessica gave you. I will use an underpad because of your bladder challenge. After you have cried it all out I will expect you to pin on a diaper, because many girls continue to dribble for hours after getting spanked. I always did. My mommy used to say my diaper was not part of my punishment. I expect you to think that way.

“One other thing, Young Lady; from now on you will address me as ‘Mommy’ without any adjective or sarcasm.

“Now take my hand like a naughty girl so I can lead you to the TIME OUT room where you will be spanked. Young Lady, there is no time to waste!”

As it turned out, Jessica and Claudia also got soundly spanked bare bottom with Mason Pearson hairbrushes that Friday before dinner. Before many of the other guests arrived for the birthday party, Jessica, Claudie and Dana compared notes and commiserated privately in Dana’s bedroom.

“Jessica, I now have to call Sandra ‘Mommy’ like I did when I was a toddler. She spanked me way harder than you did last week. At least when I got up today my diaper was dry enough Sandra let me wear big girl panties. But I will have to change those for granny training panties before my date with Patrick tonight! Lucky for me he has no experience with other girls. He accepts my thick granny panties as ordinary.”

“Dana, I gotta share a secret with you,” Claudie started. “Twice over the past three weeks my own ‘Mommy Dearest’ has made me cooperate while your mother practiced spanking me with a hairbrush. I was right there when my mommy told your mother where to buy a Mason Pearson hairbrush. I sure hope your Patrick is worth the throbbing backside!”

“Ladies, trust me, Patrick is turning out to be an excellent boyfriend. He treats me very well and obeys my commands. I am thrilled!”

The party was just a party; nothing special. The date with Patrick after the party was fun for Dana. Sandra had relaxed the curfew until midnight.

Unfortunately both Pat and Dana lost track of the time. It was 12:15 A.M. when Dana tried to skulk through the front door, her lipstick smeared.

Both of her parents were waiting. Daniel looked very disappointed.

Sandra was fully ready for stern duty using a Mason Pearson hairbrush. Dana was marched to the TIME OUT room; from then on it has been re-named DANA’S SPANKING ROOM. Once Sandra undressed her daughter, under the bright room lights it was obvious the girl’s derriere needed more recovery time before it could handle another spanking.

Sandy did not even waste energy patting Dana’s discolored rump: “Your punishment for violating curfew tonight must be postponed, Young Lady! I will re-evaluate the situation before Sunday dinner. Then if you expect to go on a date next Saturday I’ll give you a spanking when you get home next Friday afternoon.”

Dana scampered to her bedroom. There she pinned on a diaper, pulled up her vinyl panties and put herself to bed wearing Onesies. Both of her parents tucked her in and kissed her.

On Thursday 14 May 2015 the final PTA meeting of the school year was held. Sandra, Trudy and Yvonne had previously spoken to the mothers of several gals who were just finishing Ninth Grade. They all decided to meet for a late lunch at a fine restaurant close to the school before PTA.

Those mothers and their daughters are: Karen Ulrich and her daughter Sheryl, who was already sixteen; Geraldine Sweeney and her daughter Barbara, still fourteen; Jeannette Alexander and Gloria, fifteen; Phyllis Hoag and Elizabeth, fifteen.

The other six mothers welcomed Sandra into their pro-spanking sorority. They thanked Yvonne for allowing Sandra to practice spanking Claudie. The consensus was that all of their daughters were frequently breaking curfew, largely because the girls wanted more private time with their boyfriends.

Toward the end of the discussion Karen Ulrich finally said: “My daughter Sheryl’s current boyfriend is Anthony Moore. From what I can see she has Tony under her thumb. I blame nearly all of her curfew violations on Sheryl.

“But, maybe we are overlooking something. Show of hands: who amongst us is the mother of a boy still in high school and yet old enough to drive?” Not a single hand was raised.

Karen then continued: “Anthony has a younger sister named Joan. She will be in Sixth Grade. Their mother is Shirley. I’ve met her casually, but I don’t really know Shirley. Perhaps if some of us reach out to her she could introduce us to the parents of the boyfriends. Frankly I suspect getting into the heads of the boyfriends will be important as we work to reduce curfew violations.”

They agreed to re-convene on Monday 8 June in a Sunday school room to discuss how curfew violations were affected by the summer vacation. Meanwhile an effort would be made to invite the mothers of the many boyfriends.

At church on Sunday, 7 June, Dana, Jessica and Claudia all admitted they had been spanked early that morning for curfew violation. Jessica even confessed to her friends that she considered getting spanked the price for spending private time with John.

Just before the main service started that Sunday, Sandra, Trudy and Yvonne also were talking in a secluded spot near the main sanctuary.

Trudy shared: “I am having doubts about the efficacy of the spankings I give Jessica about her breaking curfew. I am sure we all need to take drastic action. My husband Jeffrey thinks we should forbid Jessica dating John.

“What I remember was that my parents did everything they could to break up my romance with a guy when I was Jessica’s age. I became so sneaky trying to hold onto that fellow I darn near got pregnant! The funny thing is I don’t remember the fellow’s name.

“So, my vote is to go very slow trying to break up our daughters’ romances.

“The tricky thing is that although on paper all of these boyfriends are older than our girls, when it comes to manipulating relationships our daughters are far more sophisticated.”

After the lunch broke up, as Geraldine Sweeney was driving to the school for the formal PTA meeting she had an idea.

The moment she saw Trudy she shared her thought: “Of course when I was fifteen all of my gal pals were spanked. I doubt that my mom would have allowed me to be friends with a girl not subject to strict discipline. Still what I feared more than the pain of getting spanked was that my boyfriend would find out about my spankings!”

This was the kernel of a plan to reduce curfew violations.

Fortunately Shirley Moore proved to be very helpful convincing most of the mothers of the boyfriends to attend the 8 May meeting.

As all those mothers gathered at the church, each was asked to write down her name, the name of her son or daughter, and her preferred phone number or numbers. There were separate lists for mothers of the boys and the mothers of the girls. The church secretary took those lists and typed the information. During the meeting everyone was asked to proofread her information. Corrected copies of those lists were presented to all attendees before the meeting concluded.

After a round of introductions, it was Geraldine Sweeney who made the suggestion that the mothers of the boyfriends discuss with their sons the fact that many of the girls they know suffer consequences including getting spanked with a hairbrush for breaking curfew.

“Ladies, probably it would be best to tell the guys that spanking was discussed at a PTA meeting with no specific names being mentioned,” Geraldine suggested.

Shirley Moore urged the parents of the girlfriends to invite the boyfriends for a meal immediately before a scheduled date: “What if casually, as if by accident, the lads were to see a disciplinary hairbrush left out in a place where hair would not usually be brushed?”

“I remember visiting an aunt when I was a girl. Auntie kept a leather strap hanging on a wall of her kitchen near the rear door. I must say those boy cousins were very well behaved.

“After that visit her sister, my mom, made me keep a heavy hairbrush on my bedside table. All of my gal pals saw it and correctly guessed its purpose.”

The meeting produced important discussion. Mothers of both partners of the various couples had a chance to get to know one another.

Unfortunately, despite the fact all of the boys being informed that the girls would be punished for breaking curfew, and the girls being told that at a PTA meeting it was revealed many were spanked for misbehavior, many couples broke curfew of dates beginning on Saturday 13 June.

Dana, Jessica, Claudia and Sheryl Ulrich all compared their marked derrières in a Sunday school girls’ room during the morning of 14 June.

In the ladies’ room of the sanctuary their mothers, plus Geraldine Sweeney and Shirley Moore all discussed the mass disobedience.

There was no time to arrange a second in-person meeting of the mothers. Phone trees had to serve. It was decided that the parents of every boyfriend involved in a broken curfew clearly tell him that his girlfriend had been soundly spanked as punishment. It was also decided that the girls would be told that their spankings were no longer a secret from their boyfriends.

The Glens and the Pollards live close to one another. Sandra and Trudy made their phone tree calls from the Glenn home. Dana and Jessica were enjoying the afternoon on the lanai.

At first neither girl was happy their boyfriends would be told specifics of their spankings. Dana and Jessica formed their own plan.

It was Jessica who presented it to their mothers: “Since the cat is out of the bag about spanking, in for a dime, in for a dollar.

“You say that even before our dates last Saturday John and Pat had been told there was a high likelihood our punishment for being late past curfew would be spanking. Still they did not make sure we were home on time.

“Clearly those guys do not understand the pain of being spanked! Did their mothers discuss how the boys were punished as kids? Have those boys witnessed a spanking over the lap with a hairbrush?

“What Dana and I propose is this Saturday when John and Pat arrive for dinner our hairbrushes already be ready on the tables near the front

door. We might even actually say ‘Mom has gotten ready expecting me to be late’.

“During the date we will deliberately be late. Our lipstick will be smeared and our hair a mess. We’ll ask John and Pat to walk us to our front doors. Then before we open the door our mothers will surprise us.

“The boys will be invited inside. We will be sent to stand in a corner barefoot. With the boys seated our skirts will be tucked up in back or held up with diaper pins. We will have deliberately worn full opaque granny panties.

“While the boys watch everything, we will be spanked as hard as any punishment. Perhaps we will exaggerate our reaction, sobbing and squirming. Then without talking to the boys we will be sent back to our corners.

“With the boys still there you will phone their parents, telling them the boys just witnessed our spankings. Perhaps even tell the boys they need to smack their thighs hard with a hairbrush so they appreciate the sensation!”

Sandra and Trudy considered this an excellent plan. They asked the girls to remain in the room. Dana set up a conference call with Pat’s mom Judy Garr and John’s mom Diana Beard. Sandra then activated the speaker.

Jessica and Dana repeated their plan. Diana added she would have a suitable hairbrush waiting for John’s self spanking: “If he is too chicken then I am prepared to give him the spanking of his life right then, bare bottom over my lap like when he was a child!”

Judy said she also still had the family disciplinary hairbrush. However, she was not sure she was willing to use it on Patrick. He had been eight the last time she spanked his bare bottom.

News of ‘The Plan’ spread via the phone tree.

Consequently on the late afternoon of Saturday 20 June 2015 in Pasadena, California seven carefree high school seniors arrived at the homes of their younger girlfriends. They had been invited for a pre-date meal with the girls’ parents.

Since it was Jessica who articulated ‘The Plan’ originally, let us learn how her date with John Beard went on 20 June:

Jessica was wearing fresh very dark pink, almost red, lipstick when she greeted John at her front door. She held the kiss longer than usual, so John would know her display of physical affection was no secret from her parents. John could see both were watching and made no objection.

As they passed the utility table beside the door Jessica only casually touched the formidable disciplinary Mason Pearson hairbrush waiting there. She said nothing but felt sure John was aware of the gesture.

Before dinner Jessica and John were served iced tea while her parents each had a glass of wine. The conversation was easy, mostly because John and Jeffrey Pollard discussed sports. The Pollards and the Beards are members of the Annandale Golf and Country Club. Jeff invited John and his father William to play a round.

The meal was early, light and excellent because Trudy Pollard employs an outstanding cook.

At the conclusion of the meal Trudy addressed both youngsters: “We have moved past last weekend. Now I must remind both of you that Jessica must get up to attend church on Sunday morning. She needs her sleep, so her curfew is 11:30 P.M.

“Jessica well knows she can expect a sound spanking if she is late getting home. She has her phone with her, so no excuses. Phone us if there is an emergency. With that reminder, have a great fun date!”

The movie they attended was not scheduled to end until 10:25. They ran into Dana dating Pat Garr and Claudia dating Michael Harvison as they all approached the multiplex. There was nearly an hour until their show time. Since they all bought reserved seats, they went to the café.

At first the boyfriends seemed a bit tense, but the affection from the girlfriends soon turned the mood romantic. Once the lights dimmed in the theater some serious, yet innocent, smooching began. It is unlikely anyone in their group paid attention to the film, a mindless summer attraction. The only purpose for the film was as an excuse to get away from parents for a few hours.

When Pat was having dinner with the Glens and Michael with the Yarnells they were told both Dana and Claudia had strict 11:30 P.M. curfews.

Never-the-less, instead of going to the girls’ homes immediately after the film ended, they all decided to go to a popular music and comedy club a block east of Lake Avenue near Colorado Boulevard.

The girls did not protest when the boys used expensive fake IDs, sold by that club's chief bouncer, to order alcohol. The time flew by.

The club did not close until a few minutes after 2 A.M. Of course there was a delay by the valets bringing the cars. During said delay there was smooching; and then more smooching during the twenty plus minute drive to the girls' homes in western Pasadena.

Yes, despite the warnings, all three girls had busted their curfew by over three hours! At least John had a supply of tic tacs to disguise the aroma of alcohol consumed by himself and Jessica.

Jessica asked John to walk her to the door, since she was not totally steady on her feet. Even before she fumbled for her key, Trudy opened the door.

Both her hands were on her hips; one clutched the Mason Pearson hairbrush. Steam was virtually pouring from her ears and fire from her eyes: "Young Lady, get your naughty nose into the corner. Remove your high heels. Pin up the back of your dress. I do hope you are wearing modest panties.

"Young Man, I have spoken to your mother several times since Jessica missed her curfew. You are to take a seat on the living room couch. Since you share some of the blame for being late, your good mother wants you to watch the spanking I will administer to Jessica.

"I do hope this hard lesson cause both of you to be more responsible in the future!"

So saying Trudy placed a straight-back dining room chair fairly close to the couch so that when over Trudy's lap Jessica's beautiful face would be clearly visible to John.

What John never expected was that before sitting in the chair, Trudy used a DyDee washable underpad to protect her lap. The weeping girl was called over by her mother. While turning in preparation to assume the position of shame over the lap, Jessica could not conceal that she had dribbled into her panties.

While preparing to assume the position Jessica was held by Trudy so the girl's breath could be evaluated: "Young Lady, you have been drinking! There are not enough tic tacs in the world to hide that smell. Admit you have been drinking or I will consider your silence to be denial, which would be a lie! How do I punish lies, Young Lady?"

Jessica's sobs increased remarkably. Her adorable face scrunched up in a childlike way. It was more than a minute later before she could speak coherently.

Through her tears Jessica stammered, "Mommy, when I lie or swear you wash-out my mouth with soap! Yes, I was wrong to beg John to buy me a drink. That was all my fault. He is innocent."

"Young Lady, even if John is at fault that is between him and his parents. I cannot punish John, but in the near future you will get another spanking for drinking. Do you understand?" Trudy scolded with vigor.

"Yes, Mommy, I am sure I will get another spanking!" Jessica answered quietly through her tears.

Suddenly the living room exploded with the sound of the Mason Pearson hairbrush doing stern duty to the vulnerable and delicate derriere of Jessica.

From where John was seated he could not see the impact of the hairbrush. He could hear the yelps and wails from Jessica. He could see how she wriggled like a little kid and the agony on her face.

Because all this was a show for the benefit of John, Trudy did her best to 'pull' the spansks so that they made a lot of noise but landed with a minimum of force. Trudy was careful to avoid hitting the usual sensitive spank spots where the lower buttocks meet the upper thighs. In an actual punishment spanking those spank spots would be the destination of choice.

John believed the spanking went on forever. He could see Jessica's tears caused her mascara to run. Her hair was wet. Her face was a mess. Through her cotton granny panties she soaked the underpad.

When the spanking ended, John was ordered to remain in his seat. Trudy led Jessica out of the living room: "Young Lady, you need to undress. Clean up and get dressed for bed. You wet, so of course put on a diaper! No worries because John has already seen your wet panties. I just hope his car seat is still dry!"

In a state of shock, John had not budged from his seat when Trudy returned to the living room without the Mason Pearson hairbrush or the wet underpad. She was holding her cell phone: "Yes Diana, the missing miscreants are safe, here at our home."

There was a pause while Trudy listened and then said calmly: "I'm sure you were worried, Diana; my apologies for not calling you immediately upon their arrival. I felt it absolutely vital that I spank the naughtiness out of Jessica right away."

She paused again to listen to Diana. Trudy activated the phone's speaker, so John could hear his mother say: "Please send him home as soon as possible. John, if you can hear me, you should be ashamed of yourself!"

John looked like a naughty boy about to burst into tears as he answered: "Yes, Momma, I hear you. I am so ashamed."

Diana continued: "Trudy, I'll take you up on your kind offer. Please loan Johnny a suitable hairbrush to bring home with him. We'll return it at church later this morning."

"Johnny, you're going to be a very sorry young man before you go to bed!"

"Trudy, all of us will see you, Daniel and darling Jessica at church later." The speaker went silent.

Trudy put her cell phone down. She ordered John to remain in his seat as she left the living room. Upon her return seconds later she was carrying an oval Hair Doc brush: "John, your mother asked me to loan you this."

"Now I will wish you a very good morning. It is time for you to leave."

She opened the front door. As John passed, she gave him a gentle kiss on his right cheek, managing to find a spot free of Jessica's lipstick traces. John scampered to his car, clutching the hairbrush. He drove off hesitantly and carefully. Trudy gave him a slight wave.

Only after Trudy was sure John could not see her did she burst out laughing. She closed the door. She hurried to Jessica's bedroom.

"Darling, you were magnificent and very brave," Trudy said as she drew Jessica into a warm embrace. "I hope I didn't hurt you too badly!"

"No, Mommy, I'll live. I only wish I could have seen John's expression better," Jessica answered as she kissed her mother affectionately. "I have a vision of John across his mommy's lap. He'll be a far better boyfriend in the future!"

Trudy smiled. To her it was incongruous that her fifteen year-old daughter could express such sophisticated ideas while wearing Onesies over a gauze diaper and vinyl panties.

“Darling, be sure to get up in time so that I can actually give you a spanking between breakfast and church! I am shocked that you got carried away and asked for drinks,” Trudy said with a warm grin.

Not more than a couple of blocks away, Patrick Garr had brought Dana Glenn home a few minutes earlier than Jessica’s return to her house.

That scene played out in a similar way. Pat was coerced to watch Sandra scold and spank Dana. One unfortunate difference was that because Sandra was an inexperienced spanker she actually did bruise her daughter. Dana likewise soaked the underpad and her panties.

Pat was shocked and skulked away like a thief in the night holding a hairbrush after being kissed in a maternal way by Sandra.

A mile away, Michael Harvison brought Claudia Yarnell home. He actually needed to support her as she staggered to her door. At the club she had consumed her first real drink. In consequence of which her mother Yvonne made no attempt to ‘pull’ the many spanks she administered. Poor Claudie’s sobs and reactions were genuine. At least she did not wet her panties.

John, Patrick and Michael all did get hairbrush spanked by their mothers as soon as they got home. It had been eight or nine years since any of those naughty boys had been spanked over their mother’s lap. None took their spankings as bravely as did the girls.

In other Pasadena area homes that Sunday morning the same script, authored by Jessica Pollard, was enacted by:

Sheryl Ulrich over the lap of her mom Karen with her boyfriend Anthony Moore watching;

Barbara Sweeney, still only fourteen, went over the lap of her mom Geraldine as her boyfriend Derek Crandall observed in horror;

Gloria Alexander was spanked for real by her mom Jeannette while her boyfriend Bruce Kingsbury watched;

Elizabeth Hoag was spanked over the lap of her mom Phyllis as her boyfriend Richard Ellis watched.

Every one of those naughty girls was wearing modest white cotton granny panties so decorum was maintained. Only Jessica and Dana wet. Trudy Pollard was the only mother to attempt ‘pulling’ the spanks.

In the Sunday school girls’ restroom, Jessica, Dana and Claudie comforted each other. They agreed the evening was a lot of fun and getting spanked was the price they paid. None could be sure any of their boyfriends actually were spanked at home. They all hoped that was the case. All expected word of the girls being spanked would get around, so that many boyfriends would be more considerate in the future.

In the ladies’ room near the sanctuary, Trudy, Sandra and Yvonne were positively giddy congratulating one another for jobs well done! Each reported getting calls from the mothers of the naughty boyfriends. All of the ‘loaner’ hairbrushes had been returned. The naughty boys were still blushing.

By the way, it was late July 2015 before any of those seven girls again broke curfew!