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Aunt Betsy Penitence

By Angela Bauer

Only two weeks after my favorite Aunt Betsy gave me my very first spanking, I started feeling guilty. While I had been crying over her lap, Aunt Betsy had told me I could always ask her for a penitence spanking. At that moment I was not the least interested. Eventually the throbbing from the wooden hairbrush faded.

Unfortunately as a result of the spanking I did not improve my deportment. Of course my younger sister Ruth, a total raging brat, whined at me. Ruth was horrid to everyone, so I ignored her. Then one morning my adorable youngest sister, Missy, asked me why I had been so mean to her the previous night while diapering her for bed. I told her I was sorry, saying I must have been in a bad mood. Worst of all, I had not realized I was being mean to Missy. Consequently I was extra careful as I removed Missy's soaked night diaper, cleaned her and helped her into dry cotton trainers for the day.

Dad, our older brother Jack and big sister Penny were already at their jobs by the time Missy and I woke up. Our younger brother, Ed, and bratty Ruth were outside playing in the back yard. Mom called to us to hurry coming to breakfast, because she was going to her job as soon as Granny came over to babysit us. Although getting Missy changed for bed and helping her dress in the morning was one of my chores, I was not enough older than Ed and Ruth that I was entrusted to babysit them. Our parents were right about that, I simply was not a natural babysitter.

When Granny did arrive, she took Missy out to play with the others. I knew Aunt Betsy was still home across the street because I could see her car. Shyly I phoned her. It was slightly embarrassing that Cousin Carole answered. She is several months younger than Missy so at least she did not ask what I wanted. When Aunt Betsy did pick up the phone, I whispered that I deserved a penitence spanking.

Being as pragmatic as usual, Aunt Betsy replied, "Young Lady, if you even think you might need penitence, this means you really do need penitence! While it is good that you have asked, you are going to have to wait until I put my kids to bed this evening. Waiting will do you a world of good. Until then I want you to think creatively about how you can behave better!"

Phoning Aunt Betsy had been very hard for me. In my heart I knew she started work in the late morning. Still it really sucked to be forced to fret about the pain of the spanking and also to continue feeling so guilty.

That day went very slowly. Jennifer, one of my gal pals from school, came by long before lunch. Granny gave me permission to walk the couple of blocks to Jennifer's house to play. This was late June 1977, a couple of weeks before I turned 13. In those days even if I did take a short nap during the day I had decent bladder control. At night I wet, without control. Consequently I always diapered myself for bed, after I had changed Missy. Since kindergarten Jennifer knew about all the stacks of diapers at our house. She had often slept over in the bedroom I shared with Missy. I did not try to hide my diapering from her. Jennifer never had teased me. All things considered it was good luck spending the day with Jennifer. I considered telling her about my pending penitence spanking, but I did not have the nerve. Except for Aunt Betsy, I did not know any of the neighborhood parents who spanked.

When I found Granny after getting home, I saw that all of Aunt Betsy's kids were playing with Ruth, Missy and Ed. Cousin Nathan was only 12 months old. He was wearing a Pampers disposable because Aunt Betsy believed in those for smaller kids. I was surprised to see Missy was no longer wearing trainers. Instead she was pinned into gauze diapers with Gerber panties. Missy did not seem to care. Her diaper was wet. I asked Granny if I should change Missy. Granny said I should let Missy play another few minutes. Meanwhile Granny did change Nathan out in the yard so she could still supervise the other kids. Eventually I took Missy up to our room so I could clean and change her diaper. I was extra careful to be sweet, making a game of the changing routine. Missy was giggling happily, acting less mature than normal.

She could be like that around Nathan or other infants I had noticed.

Just as I finished changing Missy, while I was walking her back to the yard, Aunt Betsy phoned me. She told me to gather my hairbrush, some diapers and my nightie. I was to have that ready when she phoned to come and get my penitence spanking. If she could get off work a bit early, to reduce my anxiety, Aunt Betsy said she would spank me before dinner while Granny was watching the other kids. I was told to explain the situation to Granny and then ask permission to have a snack in lieu of a normal dinner. Going to bed early without dinner would be part of my penitence. Granny told me she hoped I would get some benefit from the penitence.

Although the wait seemed endless, less than a half hour after I finished my snack Aunt Betsy phoned to tell me the time had come. I should bring my stuff and walk across the street to get my spanking. Uncle Willard met me at the door and said that Aunt Betsy was upstairs in Carole's room. I quietly climbed the stairs.

As I walked through the bedroom door I saw Aunt Betsy already seated on the side of Carole's bed. My head would be toward the head of the bed once I was over Aunt Betsy's lap. I had never spent much time in that room, so it was only then that I noticed just before the foot of the bed the closet stuck into the room forming a corner.

Aunt Betsy told me to hand her the hairbrush, leave the rest of my clothing on the bed out of the way, and then stand in the corner. She said this Corner Time was a very important part of my penitence. The carpet in that corner was covered with a small plastic highchair mat. Once I was standing in the corner, Aunt Betsy told me to put both my hands on top of my head and to press my nose into the corner as far as possible.

While trying to stand in that unusual position as quietly as possible, Aunt Betsy ordered me to explain to her why I felt so guilty I had requested penitence. Sure it was weird confessing like that with my back to her. I could only see the walls in front of me, not her expression. After I told about being short-tempered with Missy and frustrated constantly by Ruth, Aunt Betsy asked me questions. She

expected answers to her satisfaction. I answered honestly. She asked some follow-up questions. Then she offered me some sensible suggestions about ways I could control my temper so my deportment would improve.

I was told to undress without leaving the corner or turning around. I needed to brace myself to remove my shoes. When I had taken off all my clothing except my new training bra, Aunt Betsy said I would be allowed to wear that. She asked me if I remembered the suggestions for better behavior. As best I could I recited those. When I made a mistake, Aunt Betsy corrected me.

She handed me a steno pad and a ball point pen. From memory I had to write out all the suggestions. Without looking around I handed the pad and pen back to Aunt Betsy. There was a brief wait. Finally she said she was satisfied with the way I had written down the suggestions. Only then was I told to turn around and walk over beside her.

Aunt Betsy was seated in the same position as before, but now she had placed the gauze diapers I brought with me to protect her lap. She frankly told me she did not want me to accidentally wet her skirt.

Doing all that Corner Time was horrible. Nobody had ever put me in a corner before, although I knew I deserved that. It came as a relief to finally be told to assume the position over her lap.

Aunt Betsy put her free left hand on the small of my back and pressed me down firmly enough I was pinned in position. Without asking if I was ready, she brought my wooden hairbrush down on my left spank spot very hard. As the sensation swept through me, Aunt Betsy hit my right spank spot every bit as hard. Those are the especially sensitive areas where my lower buttocks meet my upper thighs in the gluteo-femoral fold. From then on that was where she concentrated my spanks.

There was no sequence, so I could not prepare for the next spank. Perhaps that was just as well. I gave into the sensations of the moment. In the corner I had not shed a tear while being lectured. From the first hard hairbrush

spanks I was weeping. Soon I was sobbing, but in a good way, despite the sting and throbbing.

As I shed a flood of genuine tears I felt the guilt leaving me. Sometimes I wriggled, which Aunt Betsy corrected with a few spanks on my thighs. Wow, those really hurt, in an especially nasty way.

Eventually I started to feel limp. The sting was a general glow as was the throbbing. I felt the impact of additional spanks but the pain did not increase. Aunt Betsy stopped spanking me, but she did not release the pressure on my back. She did switch hands, so her strong right hand was on my back and her gentle left hand was smoothing my hair. Probably the actual spanking only lasted a minute. I was held securely in position crying my heart out for a long time. Or so it seemed. Only when my sobs had turned to sniffles did Aunt Betsy help me stand up.

I was told to pin myself into my night diapers and dress for bed. Aunt Betsy left my hairbrush on Carole's bed and stepped out of the room. I had brought a small container of baby wipes with me. Wiping my spank spots reduced some of the sting but did nothing about the deep throbbing. At home the room I shared with Missy has a padded bench which serves as a changing table. It is a lot easier to pin on a diaper set while reclining on such a surface than dealing with the covers on Carole's bed.

Once my Gerber panties were in place and I was wearing my nightie I called out that I was dressed. Aunt Betsy made sure I neatly folded my other clothing. I put on my bathrobe and slippers. While I carried the bag with my day clothing and my hairbrush, Aunt Betsy led me by my other hand down the stairs, across the street and up to my own bed. After tucking me in, she gave me an affectionate kiss. She assured me she loved me very much and was ready to give me as many more penitence spankings as necessary.

It had still been bright sunlight outside when I was led across the street. The next thing I knew after being tucked into bed was waking up part-way. Penny had turned on the light so she could diaper Missy for bed. Once she had tucked Missy into her bed, Penny saw I was semi-awake. She told me to turn over so she could check my diaper. My diaper was

already wet enough it needed changing. I had not used a toilet since just before going to Aunt Betsy's for my spanking.

Penny had not diapered me the previous 18 months, but I had not grown very much. I should have been embarrassed about being changed, but for some reason I was not. Penny rucked-up my nightie to gain access to my vinyl panties. Once my bottom was bare Penny could not help seeing it had been soundly spanked. She not only used a few soothing wipes, Penny also rubbed in a liberal amount of baby lotion before pinning me into a fresh gauze diaper set.

Later I was sleeping on my tummy when Mom came in to give me a kiss.

The next morning I was awake and dressed for the morning long before Missy woke up. I had not been sitting because of the persistent throbbing. As nicely as possible I removed Missy's soaked night diaper. I asked her if she wanted trainers or another diaper to start her day. She gave it some thought and decided on the trainers.

Penny was still finishing her breakfast when Missy and I walked into the kitchen. Mom was already dressed for work. She asked if I could watch Ed, Ruth and Missy until Granny arrived, since Mom needed to go to work early. She walked out with Penny. Nothing was said about my penitence spanking.

Jennifer came over to play at our house in time for lunch. Granny had all the kids in the back yard. Up in my bedroom I decided to admit to Jennifer about getting spanked then put to bed hours early. Jennifer's eyes got really wide. She told me her own parents had never given her a real spanking, just an occasional smack on her bottom. I told her the hairbrush made spanking intense.

After lunch Granny needed to change little Nathan into a clean Pampers. Missy decided she wanted a diaper instead of her trainers. Since Granny did not want to leave the back yard while the kids were playing, she asked me to diaper Missy. She raced up the stairs ahead of me, with Jennifer following us. I was especially careful to make changing Missy into a fun game, as if it were perfectly natural that

a healthy, almost 8 year-old, girl had asked for a diaper on a beautiful summer day. Missy could be so mature one minute and then play with a rattle while being diapered as if she were still an infant. Once I finished diapering her she put on a pair of shorts and dashed outside.

Jennifer rather stunned me by asking if I would diaper her. I had always felt she was curious when she saw me pinning on my diaper for bed. I knew in the past when friends of Penny had asked, Mom or Granny had diapered those gals. Everyone in our family was so used to diapers I did not think to ask permission from Granny. Jennifer was slightly bigger than me, but still small enough she could wear a pair of my size Gerber panties. She was larger than Missy but just as cooperative. I offered her a rattle, but Jennifer declined that. The rest of the afternoon 13 year-old Jennifer wore her diaper and vinyl panties inside her jeans. Those were tight enough her diaper was obvious.

Shortly before it was time for her to go home, Jennifer asked me to remove her diaper. It was slightly damp, but only at the sides. I assume that was sweat. Never again, even on sleepovers, did Jennifer ask to be diapered. For my part I never again told Jennifer when I received additional spankings.