

Pauline

Chapter 1 “Meets Mrs. Edith Paton”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Almost sixteen year-old Pauline Fitzgerald had been taken by her mother Melanie to enroll at the high school in their new community close to Durham, North Carolina on Monday 19 June 2000. Before the leisurely two-week drive from Southern California started Pauline and her almost twelve year-old sister Shelly had been warned that school discipline would be far stricter.

“Girls,” Melanie had started, “it makes me heart-sick the way California schools have become so slack. I blame all that on foolish parents who let kids run wild.

“We are moving to an area where children obey their parents and teachers. Both of you will be going to schools where naughty students get spanked. Yes, Pauline, even high school seniors! To help you get used to conservative attitudes, during the trip you two will wear diapers under your skirts.

“Now, I’m going to give you routine maintenance spankings, starting with Shelly, while Pauline watches. Then you will trade places over my lap!”

Melanie spread a waterproof underpad to protect her lap. Obediently Shelly removed her skirt, revealing a damp GoodNites. She slid it down her legs. As she started to weep she assumed the position. Seconds later Melanie put the punishment hairbrush to use on tender lower buttocks and upper thighs. Shelly dissolved into loud sobs.

As the crying girl got up, Melanie spread a dry underpad. Pauline had already removed her skirt. She also removed her thick cotton panties. Her

hairbrushing was even harder. She made no attempt to be brave. Before she was allowed to get up she had cried her eyes out. She also soaked her underpad.

Shelly was led to her room, where Melanie pinned the sniffing girl into Gerber gauze diapers covered by Babykins vinyl panties. Next Pauline was led to her room and diapered in the same way.

For the trip Melanie used Attends Youth disposable diapers on the girls. Of course their motel beds were protected by waterproof sheets.

At the lunch stop any morning misbehavior was punished with the hairbrush on bare bottom in a ladies' restroom. Before being diapered for bed any subsequent misbehavior was punished.

To ensure the girls would be docile and obedient while being enrolled, on that Monday Melanie gave them hard maintenance spankings. Shelly was allowed to wear GoodNites for the day; Pauline wore her thick cotton panties. Assuming changes would be needed, Melanie packed spares in the diaper bag she used as a purse.

They stopped at the high school first. There summer school was starting its third week.

The Principal's secretary, Mrs. Donna Kaufman, greeted Melanie and her girls very warmly. She explained that Dr. Louise Hendricks, the Principal, would arrive shortly. The wait gave Melanie a chance to fill out several forms.

When asked she explained that her husband, Paul Fitzgerald, had been recruited as Marketing V.P. for a manufacturing firm in Durham. He had purchased their new home in May.

Dr. Hendricks appears much younger than her actual age and is a warm person. This worried Melanie: "Doctor, please let me be perfectly frank with you. The primary reason my husband accepted the job here in North Carolina is that we were frustrated by the liberal nonsense in California schools.

"Both of us were raised in traditional conservative, perhaps even old-fashioned families. When we misbehaved growing up we were spanked. In my case until I moved to university. I pledged a strict sorority which still paddled.

“Paul and I believe strict discipline did us a world of good. I spank Pauline and Shelly when needed. It frustrated me when those California schools not only did not spank them when they were naughty, they would not allow me to spank them while on the campus.”

“That is hardly the situation here, Mrs. Fitzgerald,” Dr. Hendricks firmly stated. “Exceptionally serious misbehavior for both girls and boys is handled here in the office. We use sturdy Lexan paddles. Usually our V.P. for Girls Antonia McBryde punishes them, but sometimes I still administer the swats, even to naughty boys.

“Also, all of our teachers and coaches have slightly smaller classroom paddles for routine misbehavior. We find many benefits to handing out punishment immediately with the rest of the class paying attention. Of course here in school all corporal punishment is on covered bottoms. This is why we started using Lexan paddles a couple of years ago. They sting even through clothing.”

“That is good to know, Dr. Hendricks,” Melanie began. “Pauline, stand up and lift your skirt!”

“Mrs. Fitzgerald, I am so pleased that your daughter wears traditional modest panties,” the Principal beamed. “I know she is still fifteen and will be in twelfth grade, but she looks much younger.”

“Yes, many folks think she is younger. Actually, the fact is Pauline has some minor daytime bladder issues which have gotten slightly more frequent as she gets older. Those are really large training panties,” Melanie explained, while Pauline blushed.

“Of course I spank her very bare bottom over my lap with a sturdy hairbrush. But I can see the advantage of a real paddle. Where can I buy one?”

“During the regular school term the campus store sells several kinds of paddles. They are popular with parents. Officially our store is closed during the summer, but if you can wait, I’ll ask Mrs. Kaufman to open it just for you before you leave today.”

“Oh, that is so considerate of you,” Melanie gushed. “I realize that Pauline is only almost sixteen. She is a good student. This will be her Senior year. It is very important that she take AP English Literature. I hope that teacher is especially experienced and strict.”

“In fact our Mrs. Paton has been teaching regular and AP English Lit for fifty years. The word is she still paddles very hard. I remember how she punished me when I was a Senior here using just a wooden ruler several times and her favorite paddle once.

“She is teaching a concentrated summer class. I’ll introduce you and Pauline during the morning break. Perhaps Pauline would enjoy spending the rest of today in Mrs. Paton’s class while you take Shelly to the Middle School,” Dr. Hendricks offered with a warm Southern Belle smile.

Melanie ordered Pauline to stand up once more and raise her skirt: “Will you lower your own panties, or shall I do so?”

Blushing furiously Pauline lowered her training panties, revealing the evidence of the morning maintenance hairbrushing. Louisa Hendricks was impressed. Before the skirt was lowered, Pauline dribbled enough the wet spot showed.

“Young Lady, go to a Girls’ Room and change your panties after using the toilet. Perhaps you should cover your trainers with vinyl panties?”

“Oh, Mommy, must I? That would be so embarrassing,” Pauline whined.

“Would it be more embarrassing to be seen in wet panties or vinyl panties? Okay, for right now it’s your choice; just put on dry panties if you like. But for the rest of the day you will carry spare trainers and vinyl panties!” Melanie dug out three trainers, three plastic baggies and two pair of vinyl panties from her diaper bag.

As Pauline was leaving for the Girls’ restroom she could hear Dr. Hendricks say that the trainers would hardly protect Pauline from the Lexan paddles. Hearing those words caused Pauline to blush bright red and to really wet her trainers. Instinctively she pulled up her skirt so it would not get stained. Fortunately there was nobody else in the hallway and the Girls’ restroom was close to the office.

Inside the restroom Pauline put her purse and the trainers on the vanity counter while she removed her skirt and wet trainer. Bare bottom, she stepped into a toilet stall, where she not only finished emptying her bladder, she passed a significant soft stool.

Before she finished wiping, Pauline heard a youthful female Southern voice exclaim, “What the Hell is this?”

Blushing furiously, Pauline emerged from her stall. She nearly collided with a tall, stunning blonde who was standing with her hand on her hips blocking the path from the stall to the counter.

“This is not Sunday at Church! Why are you wearing diaper panties?” the stranger demanded to know. “Besides, since I don’t know you, you must be new around here. What are you, thirteen or something?”

“Oh, excuse me. I’m Pauline Fitzgerald. I’m almost sixteen actually, but most people assume I’m younger. We just arrived in town last Friday afternoon. We were in Dr. Hendricks’ office. I didn’t realize there would be a break. My apologies,” she shyly murmured.

When Pauline side-stepped the tall blonde, that young woman turned. That way she could clearly see the remains of Pauline’s morning maintenance hairbrushing. In the mirror Pauline could see the expression of the blonde soften to a genuine warm smile.

“Did Dr. Hendricks do that to you? It’s too red. Those don’t look like paddle marks,” the blonde said sympathetically. “I’m Cindy Lawson. Technically I should have graduated. Right after Christmas I got sick. I passed all but one class, that bitch ‘Mrs.’ Edith Paton for English Lit.

“So I’m stuck here with her and her damn paddle making up the last semester instead of having fun all summer. I swear the bitch has it in for me.”

So saying Cindy lifted her skirt and lowered her nearly sheer panties. Both of her lower buttocks and upper thighs had flaming red marks.

All Pauline could say was, “My Gosh! What happened?”

“I don’t know what The Bitch thought I had done wrong. She was lecturing about Shakespeare. I was watching her because I don’t need to look down to take notes in shorthand.

“She paused her lecture, walked behind her desk, took out her new paddle and told me to ‘assume the position’. That is beside her desk with my face to the class bent over with my hands on my knees. The school rule is we can only get a maximum of five swats in class, but The Bitch always adds ‘one to grow on’ before sending me back to my seat. Actually she does the same with everyone.

“During the school term everyone in all of The Bitch’s classes got spanked like that at least once per semester. We just started the third week of summer school and each of us has been spanked at least once.”

“Wow, Cindy, and I have been thinking my mother spans hard. Early this morning Mom gave Shelly my bratty kid sister and me what she calls ‘maintenance’ spankings over her lap on the bare with a hairbrush. I am sure that was so she could show our new Principals that she is a super-strict mommy. Before she takes the kid to middle school, Mom is going to buy Lexan paddles from the school store,” Pauline blurted barely stopping for breath.

“Up to a couple of years ago The Bitch mostly used what she called ‘a ruler’ made of wood. My older sister had The Bitch. Those plastic paddles with the holes are much worse.

“Last summer the school sold those to parents to raise funds. When my sister was home we tried it out on each other. She said it was worse than the ruler. The only good thing is the paddles are too large to use over the lap.

“My mom thinks it embarrasses me more to be taken over her lap for a hand spanking like a kid. Sis taught me to carry-on like Mom is killing me so she won’t use a switch or hairbrush. So far it has worked. My folks have not used the paddle. I’m almost nineteen and still get spanked over the lap. Last week Mom spanked Sis that way. Probably the only reason she didn’t spank me was that I was still bruised from The Bitch.”

Ultimately Pauline decided to cover her trainer with vinyl panties. She told Cindy that she would ask her mother for a prefold diaper to put inside her trainer. She admitted suspecting the plan was to have Mrs. Paton paddle her on any pretext. Maybe the prefold would ease the pain.

Lunch period had started. Cindy said she needed to pass the office to reach her locker where she had stored her lunch. They entered the office together so Cindy could be introduced to Shelly and Melanie.

Too late they realized that Mrs. Paton was already in the office getting acquainted with Melanie. Her reaction was to say loudly, “Mrs. Fitzgerald, my advice is to keep Pauline far away from Cindy who is a bad influence. That child is as wild as her older sister!”

Never-the-less, Melanie warmly shook Cindy’s hand and invited her to supper, “Please bring your parents and sister if they like.”

Pauline rummaged in Melanie's diaper bag until she found a couple of prefold diapers: "Mommy, between the office and the Girls' restroom I soaked my trainer, so I decided to wear the vinyl panties as well as adding a prefold. We are all ladies here."

Dr. Hendricks spoke up, "It would be more discreet to use my office with the blinds drawn."

Thus Mrs. Paton learned all about the diaper as well as having the chance to see the results of the maintenance spanking: "I only wish other parents spanked their children as expertly as you do, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Having Pauline under my care will be a delight, I am sure."

As soon as Mrs. Paton headed to the Faculty Lounge for her own lunch, Donna Kaufman led Melanie, Pauline and Shelly to the school store to buy the paddles. Because the paddles were sold to raise funds, Melanie bought one each of the Office, Classroom and Ruler Lexan paddles with holes to increase the sting.

The school cafeteria was closed for summer. Donna claimed she had brought more food than she needed. She fed Pauline. Melanie and Shelly would eat at a coffee shop before going to the Middle School.

Donna gave Pauline a pad of lined note paper for use during the afternoon in Mrs. Paton's class. Pauline had her own mechanical pencil and pens in her purse, along with her trainers, prefolds and vinyl panties.

She was waiting when Mrs. Paton unlocked the classroom door. She was assigned a seat on the left aisle midway in the room.

Mrs. Paton began the class by saying that Pauline was a guest for the rest of the day and that despite being only fifteen she would be a Senior in the fall: "She has grown up in California. Her parents have moved to our community because they share our best values of decorum."

Just as the brief introduction ended, about a minute after the final bell sounded, a tall, good-looking young man slipped into his desk on the right side of the classroom close to the rear hall door.

"Mr. Bates, you are tardy," Mrs. Paton said in a low monotone. "You know tardiness is not tolerated. You have disrupted the class and delayed learning, which is insolent and rude."

Using a firm command voice Mrs. Paton continued, “Young Man, stand up, come to my desk and assume the position. Your naughtiness will be corrected!”

So saying Mrs. Paton produced a clear Lexan 3/8” thick perforated oval paddle 6” wide and 9” long with a leather-covered handle. Peter Bates was wearing jeans and a tucked-in neat shirt. He leaned over facing the class beside the teacher’s desk, just as Cindy had described earlier.

Without a word Mrs. Paton pulled back her paddle and landed a resounding swat. Peter said nothing. Four more vicious swats were administered, without any reaction from Peter. “Now Young Man, here is one more to grow on!”

That sounded like the hardest swat of all. “Okay Honey, let that teach you to be on time for class. Get back to your desk.”

The class continued. Mrs. Paton would lecture about the early 1600s in England when Shakespeare was writing and producing plays at the Old Globe. From time to time she would ask students questions.

Twenty minutes into the class a petite strawberry blonde girl named Susan Cole did not answer a question to the satisfaction of Mrs. Paton.

Pauline had performed at Southern California Renaissance Pleasure Faire in most of Shakespeare’s plays for years. She had won prizes for her knowledge of Shakespeare. Nothing Susan Cole said failed to agree with prevailing opinions. Susan had spoken politely and in a clear voice.

Never-the-less Mrs. Paton claimed Ms Cole was deliberately being cynical and rude, disrespecting The Bard: “Young Lady, being naughty will get you nowhere. Since you seem to want to be a smart ass, you need a sore ass to teach you to behave better. Stand up, come to the front and assume the position!”

Trembling in fright Susan toed-in and assumed the position on the other side of the desk, directly in front of Pauline. Susan was wearing a white blouse and what could have been a uniform pleated skirt similar to the way Pauline was dressed, which was not as modern as Cindy.

Mrs. Paton brought out her paddle and swung it a couple of times after Susan was in position. The first hard swat landed. Susan did not make a sound, but she did begin to sob. By the fifth swat Susan was shaking so badly she could hardly remain in position.

“Well Young Lady, here is one to grow on!” That was the most vicious swat of all. Susan dissolved in deep sobs. Mrs. Paton added, “Okay Honey, back to your desk. Be a good girl!”

As Susan used the left aisle to return to her desk Pauline could see a damp stain on the front of her skirt. She felt nothing but sympathy for the unfortunate girl.

A half hour later the bell signaled a ten-minute break. When Susan returned for the final period she had washed her face and changed her skirt.

During that same break Pauline and Cindy used the Girls’ restroom. Pauline peed into a toilet while Cindy touched-up her lipstick. Her reaction to Susan’s punishment: “It was just her turn. We all have to assume the position once a week this summer. She will live. I just hope her parents don’t give her another spanking tonight.”

For most of the final period the nasty paddle remained in its drawer. The clock showed only five minutes left until the dismissal bell. Mrs. Paton was sitting behind her desk as the students read independently. Mrs. Paton had previously loaned Pauline a copy of the textbook being studied. It was one in common use in 2000 and one Pauline had read in 1996.

Suddenly Mrs. Paton stood up: “Class, please put away your books. Before we leave today I have to fill a special request from Mrs. Fitzgerald which has been approved by our beloved Principal Dr. Hendricks.

“In the fall Miss Pauline Fitzgerald is enrolled in my AP Home Room. She has already been introduced to you. What you have not been told is that her mother mentioned that her daughter is an experienced Shakespearean actress.

“Therefore her mother requested that before the day ends Pauline gets to play the role of ‘Katharine’ in *THE TAMING OF THE SHREW* or *KISS ME, KATE!* You all know the scene in which she gets ‘the paddling of her life and right on stage, too’.

“Because Pauline is wearing thicker than average underwear, Dr. Hendricks has authorized seven swats. After Pauline assumes the position the class will count her swats.

“Young Lady, come to the front of the room. You’ve seen Mr. Bates and Miss Cole assume the position. Get moving. And class, if the bell

rings before I have finished with this naughty child, none of you are to leave their seats!”

Based on seeing Cindy’s damaged derrière and witnessing two paddlings, Pauline was scared yet wanted to get this over and behind her. She bent over in the same place as had Susan.

Mrs. Paton used a different procedure. This time she started by resting the paddle on the seat of Pauline’s skirt. The paddle was pressed firmly against the skirt to best gauge the thickness of the combined training pants, prefold diaper and vinyl pants.

‘At least The Bitch did not exactly tell the class about my diaper pants. I bet Susan wishes she had been wearing a diaper’ Pauline thought.

Despite the padding each of those vicious swats hurt like Hell. The class seemed to delight in counting. Somehow Pauline resisted yelling her head off, but she did cry copiously. She also soaked her trainers.

The bell still had not sounded as the count reached seven. Mrs. Paton paused, said, “Here is one to grow on, Honey!” That swat exploded as the retched bell sounded.

Cindy and Susan accompanied Pauline to the Girls’ restroom. Cindy guarded the door while Pauline finished peeing into a toilet, used baby wipes and put on dry trainers, prefold and vinyl panties.

Susan comforted Pauline by saying, “Don’t worry, Sweetie. All of us have worn diapers to church. It’s no big deal. My Mom still makes me wear pinned diapers to church. When I admit I wet today I’m sure I will be wearing at least a pull-up the rest of the week.”

Once Pauline’s skirt was covering her vinyl panties, Cindy let the door open: “Pauline, you need to refresh your lipgloss.”

As they walked to the area where Melanie could pick up Pauline, which was on the way to the student parking lot where Cindy and Susan had assigned spaces, Pauline invited Susan and her family to dinner as soon as possible.

Melanie and Shelly were standing beside the Fitzgerald SUV. Melanie called out, “Cindy, I’ve spoken to your mother. All of you will be having supper at our place tomorrow. Of course you are welcome to follow us home today if you like.”

Pauline led Susan by the hand up to the SUV: “Mommy and Shelly, this is Susan Cole. We have a lot in common with her. I’ve invited the Cole family to supper. She has our phone number.”

Before Susan could speak Melanie said, “I am so pleased Pauline is making friends. Could you give me your mother’s phone number?”

Susan did so, then apologized for rushing and scurried away. Cindy had already left to bring her car behind the SUV. Pauline was granted permission to be driven by Cindy. They followed Melanie and Shelly at a discreet distance.

Cindy drove just slowly enough they missed a light. As Melanie continued pulling away on the far side of the intersection, Pauline was surprised when Cindy casually took a cigarette from her purse and lit it.

Then she offered one to Pauline: “No thank you, Cindy. I’ve never smoked. My Mommy would kill me.”

Laughing, Cindy replied, “This is North Carolina, Honey! Here Tobacco is King. My mom claims that when she was in third grade and did not have a pack of cigarettes, at lunch her teacher sent her home to get some. Hell, we still have a student smoking patio at school.

“Around here not smoking is a bad habit we need to fix. Walk through the mall and see virtually all teenagers smoke. I’m sure Shelly will find the same is true in Middle School.”

However, a block from the Fitzgerald home, Cindy did put out her cigarette.

That home impressed Cindy. Her family was prosperous, but lived modestly. Seeing envy, Pauline explained, “Daddy’s new company bought this house. If things work out for Daddy here, then the company will sell him the house at a good price.

“Mom deliberately took two weeks making the drive from California so the movers could unload our own furniture here.”

Melanie greeted Cindy with a hug, pulling back when she smelled the smoke: “Pauline, show Cindy around.”

Sensing the maternal reaction to the smoke, Cindy said, “Please understand that here nearly everyone older than thirteen smokes. Sure, I’d love to see your lovely home.”

Pauline was distressed: “Mommy, do I have to?”

“Silly Girl, the short answer is either you nicely show Cindy around as I said, or I will try out a new paddle and then you will show Cindy our home,” Melanie said with exasperation, hands on her hips.

As they left the kitchen, Pauline giggled nervously, “I’m sorry about all that. Besides you will find out eventually about my bedroom.”

That had a desk with a Dell computer and printer, but no vanity. At the foot end of the bed there was a low bench with a vinyl-covered cushion. Beside a multi-drawer bureau there was a set of open shelves. On those shelves were stored stacks of cotton gauze 4-ply 30” square flat diapers, infant Gerber Birdseye prefolds, Babykins vinyl panties and Attends Breathable Small disposables. The top shelf had: a baby wipe warmer; containers of Baby Magic lotion and Diaparene cornstarch baby powder; tubes of Desitin rash treatment ointment; and a dish filled with diaper pins.

Blushing, Pauline opened the top drawer of her bureau: “See, I am not allowed any popular panties. Mommy only lets me wear trainers when she does not make me wear a diaper.”

Before Cindy could respond, both girls clearly heard Melanie call out: “Sweetie Pie, since I know you wet today, be sure to change!”

“Well, Cindy, now it gets even more embarrassing,” Pauline whispered with a blush. Loudly she responded to Melanie, “Yes Mommy, I’ll clean my bottom and pin on a diaper right now. Cindy already has seen my wet trainers and baby panties.”

Pauline removed her flat saddle shoes, knee socks, uniform skirt, white blouse and training bra. She placed her wet trainers and prefold in a diaper pail that was already partially filled. She put her wet Babykins vinyl panties in a separate pail.

Although 5’4” tall, she was only 110 pounds on her heavy days. Glancing at Cindy’s impressive breasts, Pauline admitted, “I’m flatter than a pancake.”

“Honey, there is no shame in that. All the women in my family are naturally endowed. Mom even needed breast reduction. Several doctors here do implants and ass enhancement,” Cindy laughed, starting to hum ‘TITS AND ASS’ from A CHORUS LINE.

Pauline spread a folded square diaper and two prefolds on the bench. She reclined supine on those and expertly snugged and pinned her diaper. Soon she covered those with her vinyl panties.

From a lower bureau drawer Pauline withdrew a white snap-crotch Onesies which she put on. After she replaced her skirt the top of the Onesies looked like an ordinary T-shirt. She wore low white socks and sandals.

“You might as well know that Mommy only allows me one pair of pumps with kitten heels. For very special occasions she lets me wear thigh-high stockings. I am allowed to wear pale pink lipgloss unless I am being punished, but when an event calls for lipstick Mommy insists on applying that like I’m still a baby.”

Cindy had not commented that the combination of hairbrush and paddle marks on Pauline’s delicate derrière was most impressive and had to be throbbing. Her own paddling from *The Bitch* was more than three hours before Pauline got it, and she was still suffering from the throbbing and skin irritation.

On the way out of her bedroom Pauline pointed to a large oval wooden hairbrush on her bedside table: “That’s intended to remind me to behave. You’ll see that Shelly’s room is nearly identical.

Sure enough, Shelly was wearing a skirt and a Onesies. Her changing bench, diaper shelf unit and bedside hairbrush was identical to Pauline’s.

By way of refreshment Cindy only accepted a small glass of Coca Cola. After she drove away Melanie told Pauline to go to her bedroom, holding out her hand to lead the way.

There Melanie lifted the skirt, unsnapped Pauline’s Onesies, and lowered the diaper: “Certainly Dr. Hendricks had not been kidding about Mrs. Paton’s ability with a paddle. I hope that taught you a good lesson.

“At the Middle School Shelly’s new Principal coached me using the new paddle while your sister cried. Dr. Hendricks had already invited me back to her office tomorrow. She wants you and Shelly to come with me. I dare say I’ll be practicing on both of you, so I’ll be sure the diaper bag is well stocked.

After supper with their daddy Paul, each girl was sent to her bedroom. They were told to take showers and wait to be diapered for bed.

Shelly and especially Pauline looked disappointed that they would not be allowed to pin on their own diapers. Shelly had been reliably self-diapering for nearly two years; Pauline for six years.

“All right, girls,” Melanie said after a pregnant pause. “Have it your way. Go ahead and put on your own diapers. In the morning I’ll get both of you up early enough to wash and dry everything in both diaper pails.

“Tonight after you are diapered and before you go to bed wash all of the used Babykins panties and hang them to dry. I expect each of you will be in bed in half an hour. Understand?”

Thus ended a painful and eventful day for Pauline and Shelly Fitzgerald; that same day was educational and fascinating for Melanie.

She took a comforting warm bath, dried off and put on just the top of a Baby Doll set. With hairbrush in hand she approached Paul who was in bed wearing just pajama bottoms: “Daddy, I’ve been naughty today. Are you gonna spank me very hard?”