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Sally, Part 11

Punished in Larchmont—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As Mommy drove me home from my Manhattan adventure with Daddy, I was sure she would be spanking me very hard, and often, to punish me for leaving town without permission. Maybe Mommy was temporarily satisfied by giving me the quick spanking in the ladies room. In fact she did not scold or lecture me during the drive home.

When we did pull into our driveway, Mommy told me to take my suitcase upstairs. I was to unpack it, putting every garment that needed washing or dry cleaning in the proper hampers. Then I was to change into my pajamas and wait in my room until she was ready to deal with me.

As I walked briskly through the house, I saw that Henry was already home. He was far earlier than usual. Baby Gene was in his downstairs playpen. I did not see Bobby and could only see the back of Carla who was cooking in the kitchen.

Mommy had not said anything about removing my plastic panties, so I left them on. As ordered, I changed into my ordinary pajamas and waited sitting on my bed. My bottom was slightly sore from being spanked and then the drive home wearing my plastic panties.

The wait was endless.

After almost 2 hours, as it was getting dark outside, Mommy opened my door but did not walk

into my room. She simply told me to bring my special hairbrush, which she had left on the vanity of the bathroom I share with Bobby, and to follow her downstairs. Needless to say I was very worried as I found that nasty hairbrush and walked as slowly as possible down the stairs.

Baby Gene was still in his playpen. Neither Carla nor Bobby was anywhere to be seen. Henry was in his usual easy chair. One of the dining room straight-back chairs had been moved to the center of the family room. Mommy was sitting on that chair.

"Young Lady, you know you were very naughty yesterday and today. You could have been injured or kidnapped. All of us were worried sick!" was the way Mommy started scolding me. Sure she had been so worried she did not even know I had taken the train until Daddy phoned her.

"Sally Beth Draper, you know you deserve more punishment. Right this minute I want you to hand me that hairbrush and then ask me to please give you the bare-bottom spanking with it that you deserve. Do I make myself very clear, Young Lady?"

Mommy had never made me ask for a spanking. I shifted my weight from foot to foot. After taking a deep breath to summon my courage, I put on my most contrite expression. I walked the couple of steps to Mommy's right side and handed her the horrid hairbrush, saying: "Mommy and Henry, I know I have been a naughty inconsiderate little girl. I should never have taken the train by myself. Will you please give me a very hard spanking with this hairbrush on my bare bottom?"

Mommy looked at me very sternly, but beyond her I could see that Henry was looking at me lovingly. After a long pause, Mommy looked me straight in my eyes.

"Sally, you were a very foolish girl. I have spoken to your father, to Henry and to Dr. Keighley. We agreed that you have learned a good lesson. Having you sincerely ask to be spanked proves to me that you know you did wrong and are willing to accept the consequences.

"Therefore, I am not going to spank you now. Only if you misbehave in the future will I punish you again. Now I want you to take this hairbrush up to your room. Put it where you know where it is stored. Then change for supper, okay Sweetie?"

I leaned over to hug and kiss Mommy. Then I ran to do the same with Henry. Going up those stairs I set a new speed record. Not wanting Mommy to have reason to change her mind, I replaced my pajamas with a shirt and skirt. I did leave on my trainers and plastic panties, because I did not want to add a wetting incident to that day's events.

There was no camp on Saturday. About 10 A.M. Mommy asked me to put on a pretty clean dress because we were going out. After I was in the car beside her, as she was backing out of the driveway, Mommy told me we were going to a special appointment with Dr. Wendy Keighley.

Much to my surprise, as we parked in the same place where Carla usually parks, I recognized Daddy's distinctive blue Cadillac convertible.

The building's front door and Dr. Wendy's outer office door were not locked. The doors from the waiting room to her inner office were open. I could see that Dr. Wendy was in her frequent place on the sofa. Daddy was seated on the comfy chair to her right. Mommy walked to the less comfy chair at my end of the sofa.

I ran to give Daddy a long hug and quick kiss. Then I gave Dr. Wendy an even longer hug. She patted my hair and then asked me to break out a deck of cards.

Dr. Wendy did not ask for a single detail about my Manhattan adventure or the consequences. The four of us played Hearts. Clearly Mommy and Daddy had forgotten how to play Hearts, if they ever knew. Still, the purpose of the cards was distraction. We all had an interesting discussion without reaching a single decision. I was told to actually walk by myself from camp to my appointment with Dr. Wendy after lunch on Monday, as if nothing had happened.

Saturday night Mommy and Henry went to a party. Clara stayed with us. I told her I was so sorry for causing her worry.

When time came for me to get ready for bed, I considered wearing trainers and plastic panties. Instead I pinned myself into gauze diapers. Clara noticed as she was tucking me in, she lovingly smiled at me.

In the morning my diaper was soaked. I got up, took it off and put it in the diaper pail.

Sunday night I also diapered myself for bed.

Monday I woke up wet. By the time I came down for breakfast that wet diaper was in the pail. Clara drove me to camp as if nothing had happened. Nobody teased or scolded me. After we ate our lunch at camp I walked to see Dr. Wendy.

Seeing Dr. Wendy alone was slightly awkward. She did not offer me a deck of cards once she had closed the door to her office. Instead she told me to stand in front of her and explain why I had taken the train to see Daddy without asking permission.

When I finished with my explanation, Dr. Wendy asked if I had learned my lesson. I assured her I had been spanked as punishment and promised I would never do that again.

It surprised me when Dr. Wendy asked how I felt about being spanked. I told her that being spanked hurt and was embarrassing. She asked if any less painful punishment would have taught me a lesson. I answered that maybe Mommy could have me stand in a corner.

That was when Dr. Wendy stood up and took me by my hand. She led me to a corner and told me to stand there without turning around. For a half hour I stood in that corner. Neither of us spoke.

Eventually Dr. Wendy asked if standing in that corner had taught me a lesson. I said I was not so sure. She told me to turn around.

Instead of her sitting in her usual place on the sofa, Dr. Wendy was seated on an armless overstuffed chair. She asked me to walk over.

"Sally, you do not want to be spanked. You admitted standing in the corner taught you nothing. What are we going to do?"

"Probably you resent being punished and to you it makes no difference what the punishment felt like. As an experiment, come over my lap so I can give you a spanking. Then tell me how that makes you feel."

Dr. Wendy left my shorts and panties in place. She only used her right hand and lightly smacked my bottom about 10 times.

When she asked how that made me feel, I honestly told her it was so silly.

"Yes, but Sally, it only took a few seconds to spank you.

"When you misbehave, your mother honestly believes she needs to punish you to keep you from repeating the misbehavior.

"My suggestion is that you stop misbehaving so much. Then when you do something you know is naughty, stop protesting and complaining about the punishment you deserve.

"The most important thing is for you to behave better and complain a lot less."

Dr. Wendy Keighley had given me so much to think about. I was still processing that weird session as Carla drove me home, with Bobby and Baby Gene in the back seat.

Mommy's Continental convertible was not at home when we arrived. Carla needed to start diner, so she put Gene in his play pen. Bobby had toys in the breakfast part of the kitchen. I asked permission to go upstairs to take a shower and change out of my camp uniform.

I was in my room reading and wearing a summer dress when Mommy came home. She spoke to Carla and the kids before coming upstairs to the master bedroom.

After taking several deep breaths to summon my courage, I timidly walked to my bedside table and picked up the nasty hairbrush. Shyly I carried it with me as I slowly walked to Mommy. She had put away her hat and removed her dress, so she was wearing just a full slip and her stockings—I presume over a bra, panties and girdle.

Perhaps seeing me in my dress and carrying the hairbrush startled Mommy.

"Ma'am, I know I have been very naughty. I deserved more punishment. May I have another hard spanking, Mommy?" As always, I did my best to appear contrite.

"Young Lady, this is a new one on me. Do you think at if you ask me for a spanking I will go easy on you?"

"Gosh no, Mommy! I was a bad girl. It is only fair that I be spanked as hard as needed." Maybe Mommy would not really spank me. I really was hoping she would go as easy on me as Dr. Wendy had done.

"Young Lady, once I sit down on my bed, hand me the hairbrush and lift your skirt. Then lower your own panties to your knees!"

Mommy spanked me as hard as always, but only for a few spans. I sobbed, because it did sting. Then she stood me up, gave me a hug and lowered my dress. "Sally, pull up your panties. Now go down to diner while I finish getting dressed."

I had not shut the master bedroom door. Mommy had not raised her voice. I only cried quietly. Probably downstairs nobody was the wiser.

Carla had fed all us children by the time Henry came home to have his diner with Mommy.

That night I felt much better when dressing for bed. I decided to wear cotton panties, planning to get up as necessary to use the toilet.

Mommy was carrying the hairbrush when she came to kiss me good night. She gently put it back on my bedside table without comment. As she was leaving Mommy said she hoped I was serious about behaving better.