

# Cass in Trouble at School

Fiction by Angela Bauer

It was the Friday before the start of Winter Break 2013. The day had started so well for almost sixteen year-old Cassandra “Cass” Fowler. Yet she was blushing as she climbed onto the school bus for the 20 minute ride to her home.

Cass lived with her mother, an attorney and single parent named Jean Fowler. Their home was in the Porter Ranch area of Western Los Angeles County, California.

All of her life Cass wanted to be accepted by people she considered to be edgy. That morning, just before First Period was to start, two of the classmates Cass most wanted to be her friends had asked her to hang with them during lunch.

Sadly before her lunch period was over Cass was told to see the Principal before going to her Fourth Period class. Never before had Cass been in any sort of trouble at school.

Cass had to wait on a bench in the school General Office for her meeting with the Principal. That “meeting” consisted of the Principal asking if she was Cassandra Fowler. When Cass said that was her name, she was asked to show her student identification card. Only then did the Principal, an

especially severe appearing fifty-something woman, hand Cass a fancy envelope. It looked like it might contain a Christmas card.

However, Cass was sure she should worry that this envelope she was instructed to give to her mother contained the school's account of her day.

Cass was not happy with the grades. Her mother was so upset that Cass was not doing better that often she hired tutors and had virtually grounded Cass from outside activities since November.

When her school bus let her off, Cass did not talk to anyone. She trudged as slowly as possible to prolong what could be as short as a minute walk. Try as she did in less than five minutes Cass was inside her house.

Barefoot and carrying the note and her History textbook, Cass sat on the couch in the family room which her mom would pass walking in from the garage.

Cass assumed what was written in the contents of that mystery envelope would anger her mom. The fact the school secretary had told Cass to hand it to her mom and that she must either bring a reply from her mother, or her mom in person, when she returned from vacation told Cass that she was in big trouble.

For over an hour Cass sat on that couch trying to study history, with the fancy envelope on the cushion beside her. She was fretting enough she had not opened a bottle of Coke to sip while she tried to study.

At last Cass could hear a key being inserted into the front door lock. Seconds later her mom was greeting Cass warmly. At the sound of her voice Cass got up and walked to greet her mom with a hug.

“Sweetie, how was your day?” Jean Fowler innocently asked her daughter.

“Mom, I think I did well on my biology quiz. I knew the answers,” Cass answered.

“Oh, Sweetie, that is marvelous news!” Jean answered. “It looks like the biology tutor was worth the money.

“How did the rest of your day go?”

“Well, Mom, it was like this: Before First Period I was asked to sit with some fascinating people during lunch. Then Third Period I took the biology quiz. I was happy. Those people were being nice to me.

“Then a teacher I did not know came along and told us we could not eat together. I was told to go inside, which was not fair because it was such a lovely day for December. All I did was say I would prefer to finish my lunch outside because the weather was so nice.

“That was when this strange teacher demanded I show her my ID card. She pulled out a Referral pad ordering me to report to the Principal.

“All the Principal did was give me this envelope. Her secretary told me I must bring your reply, or bring you, when vacation is over.”

“Cassandra Fowler, that does not sound like your Principal is telling me you are doing well in school. I think I need to carefully read the contents of that envelope,” Jean said. “Meanwhile just continue sitting on the couch. You might as well put down that heavy textbook.”

Cass did as she was told, while blushing. She could not look her mother in the eyes.

“Sweetie, what your Principal writes is most interesting,” Jean said as calmly as possible. Let me quote:

“Dear Ms. Fowler,

“It is with deep regret that I inform you that your daughter Cassandra is associating with a most undesirable group. Those youngsters are constantly in trouble.

“Although no faculty member witnessed Cassandra smoking during lunch, all of the rest of that bunch were caught in the act. Further, many of them had cigarettes in their possession.

“In California it is a crime for anyone under the age of 18 to possess smoking products. It is also a crime to bring smoking materials onto a school site. In addition the rules of this school district prohibit smoking and/or possession of smoking material on campus. Punishment can include suspension.

“A respected and experienced faculty member recognized that Cassandra was not a regular member of this delinquent group. Although she did not know Cassandra by name, she instructed her to go inside the main building immediately. When Cassandra refused to comply with said instruction, she was quite properly referred to my office.

“Thirty years ago California law and this districts rules allowed such a violation to be punished physically. A girl her age back then would have

received six swats with a wooden paddle over her clothing for her first such offense and ten swats for all subsequent misbehavior.

“While I am writing you I need to add my personal concern that Cassandra’s grades are declining, except in the few subjects she likes. Without improved effort it is quite likely Cassandra will not pass her final exams and therefore would be held back to repeat this school year. I am confident you do not want her to fail.

“Therefore I encourage you to take Cassandra in hand during this winter break. I am confident you are an excellent parent and can motivate your daughter to study more effectively and to avoid contact with undesirable companions.

“Sincerely, xxx, Principal.”

“Well, Sweetie, that is hardly a letter I expected to receive,” Jean said without apparent anger. “Do you deny any of those statements?”

“Mommy, honestly I was not smoking today or ever,” Cass stated. “When some of the group passed around a pack of cigarettes I backed away as fast as I could.”

“Sweetie, I do hope you have not started smoking. That is a dangerous habit and while you are a student in high school smoking violates policy. Your Principal is correct at your age possessing smoking material is a crime,” Jean said.

“What we need to consider is your incredible lack of sound judgment today. We will postpone discussion of your smoking until later. I think we can also deal with your study techniques later, almost certainly with tutoring.”

“But Mommy, I do not smoke and I am studying as hard as I can. I am not fond of biology and yet I did well on the quiz today,” Cass whined childishly.

“Sweetie, giving you the benefit of the doubt, even if you got every quiz answer correct, will you get an A for the class?”

“To be sure, there will be tutoring in your future; Deal with that!” Jean said with authority.

“Okay, Mommy, whatever you say,” Cass answered.

“What I say is that right this minute we need to deal with your lack of good judgment today. Clearly your Principal has the right idea when she advised me to ‘take Cassandra in hand’,” Jean said.

“What ya gonna do, Mommy?” Cass asked with her eyes wide.

“Sweetie, remember that incident when you were in second grade?” Jean asked.

“Mommy, I was just a kid then. I don’t remember every detail,” Cass answered shyly, looking down, as if she did remember very clearly.

“Sweetie, that seems so strange, because at the time you were yelling promises of only good future behavior,” Jean said evenly. “You did wind up crying your little eyes out. You behaved much better for several weeks. How strange you have forgotten having the daylights spanked out of you!”

“Yes, Mommy, I mean I have not forgotten when you spanked me,” Cass answered quietly. “I mean I do not remember why or what I did wrong. It was a long time ago.”

“Sweetie, maybe you are telling me your version of the truth. Do you remember how I brought you inside? Then I lowered your jeans and panties. I sat in a chair. I am sure I saved that chair.

“I put you across my lap and spanked your bare rump until you were sobbing your eyes out and promising to behave.”

“But, Mommy, I am almost sixteen. I am not a little kid,” Cass whined in imitation of a petulant toddler. “I am way too old to be spanked.”

“Sweetie, when you whine in that tone, you sound just like a naughty brat who does need spanking very much. In this case you do not get a vote. You have earned yourself a sound spanking,” Jean said reasonably.

“You are also correct that you are no longer a little kid. Your body is that of a healthy young lady, which means a new deal is about to start. These days spankings will need to cause more sting, because your body is far more robust!

“Now sit right there until I return with that chair I used long ago. As of right now it will be your official ‘Spanking Chair’. That will be so delightful!”

As it turned out Jean had been using that chair in her home office which connected to the family room. The chair was made of wood, with a straight arm-less back. The seat was padded as was the top of the back.

Jean placed the spanking chair in front of the couch. She stood in front of that chair and asked Cass to start by removing her shoes.

Once Cass was only wearing her socks on her feet Jean asked her to stand in front of her. Jean reached forward and unbuttoned Cass' school uniform blouse. That was removed and neatly folded by Jean, who placed it on the couch.

“Your skirt is also coming off, Sweetie,” Jean said. “Seeing it without your blouse I am sure it is shorter than the dress code permits.”

“Mommy, all of us wear our skirts like this. Home Ec taught us how to do alterations. The school has not complained,” Cass whined some more.

“Okay, then when I have the meeting with your Principal, I will show her this skirt, as well as the new one we will buy tomorrow which will be hemmed exactly according to the dress code.

“No more delay. Come here so I can remove that skirt!” Jean ordered with an edge to her voice.

She sat down and pulled Cass over her lap into the classic position of discipline. Cass' thong provided no protection.

“About that thing you are wearing, Sweetie,” Jean said while raising her right hand, “for purposes of being spanked this time I will allow you to wear it. This is the last time you will wear such revealing underwear while you live with me. Tomorrow we will select you a whole new set of modest cotton full-cut panties!”

“Oh Mommy, not granny panties! All the others will tease me,” Cass whined like a toddler. Can’t we do something more modern than spanking? You could ground me.”

“Sweetie, how soon you forget that you are already grounded until your grades improve. That does not seem to have improved your grades, so I think we will give up on grounding!” Jean said firmly. “From now on you will be spanked to improve your conduct, as well as your grades.”

Without warning Jean delivered a very hard spank to the base of Cass’ right buttocks, immediately followed by an equally hard spank to the base of the left buttocks. For five more spanks per cheek Jean continued without a word of scolding or a pause.

Cass was only muttering. There was no hint of crying.

“Sweetie, I need to be more severe. Get up and remove that silly thing you are wearing!” Jean ordered. “I want you to know this is a bare-bottom spanking!”

When Cass was back in position, Jean spanked even harder and faster. Eventually there were a few quiet tears.

Suddenly Jean stopped spanking. She stood Cass on her feet and led her to a corner: “Keep your nose where I put it. I will be back before you want that.

“I remember when my mom used to say that if spanking me hurt her more than me, she was doing it wrong.

“You have not learned a lesson and my hand is stinging. So I will need to go to a different plan, the one your Granny started using on me when I was 8!”

Less than a minute later Jean had returned and moved the chair closer to the couch: “Sweetie, walk back to me, unless you want me to lead you?”

Obediently Cass did as she was told. She even put herself back in discipline position. While doing so she turned her head enough to see that her mother was holding a hairbrush pressed into the couch cushions.

“Oh, my God, Mommy! Please don’t hit me with that hairbrush,” Cass pleaded.

“Sweetie, I am not hitting you. I am spanking you because I love you, I care about your future and I will help you learn to behave,” Jean remarked.

The spanking resumed using that oval wooden hairbrush Jean had actually purchased years before. When she had seen a display of Hair Doc brushes in what is now a CVS store, one of those reminded Jean of the hairbrush

her own mother had used so often. Jean had been saving that brush in a drawer all that time.

Like the spankings Jean had received, she aimed the hairbrush only at the crease where the lower buttocks meet the upper thighs. Jean remembered how spansks there hurt more and how later sitting would cause more sting there.

After just a few hairbrush spanks Cass was sobbing. Certainly before she was allowed to get up Jean had “spanked the daylights” out of Cass.

Following the spanking Cass was told to use her toilet and brush her teeth. Jean supervised Cass changing into just the top of a baby doll pajama set. The girl prostrated herself on her bed without any covers. Jean kissed the top of her head and left Cass there without any supper. Half an hour later Cass was still on her tummy and sound asleep.

Earlier than usual for a Saturday morning, Cass got out of bed. After she used her toilet and took a shower, she carefully considered what to wear. Digging deep she managed to find a pair of modest white cotton panties. To her surprise those did not irritate her still throbbing derrière.

Her white bra met the school dress code. Over that she wore a plain white T-shirt. Her jeans were as relaxed as any she owned and Cass wore those with a belt. Her feet were covered with low socks and ballet flats. She wore no makeup, not even a hint of lipgloss.

In the kitchen Cass started a batch of coffee. While that was brewing she made French toast for her mom, cleaning up as she went. With the toast

and coffee ready, those were put on a tray which was taken to Jean's bedroom.

Jean was surprised to receive the tray while she was still in bed. To her it appeared that Cass was contrite, which was a start.

Thinking back her mistake with the discipline of Cass was when she assumed that first spanking worked magic. Clearly discipline is not only about punishment. That would be simplistic. No, discipline is a continuous process. Mostly it is about teaching, inculcating positive values and principles of ethics.

Sure, a mix of positive and negative reinforcement is necessary. What is not appropriate is ignoring signs of Cass getting out of control. Alas, the recent Friday afternoon spanking needed follow-up.

Finishing her pleasant breakfast, Jean handed the tray back to Cass:  
“Sweetie, I really thank you for feeding me. I did not sleep well, with worry I have not been paying you enough attention.

“I did hear your promises to behave and not repeat being naughty. Do you honestly believe you received all the punishment you deserve? Would you agree that since you were eight you have gotten away with murder?”

“Mommy, I have never even considered murdering anyone. Possibly there are those who deserve being murdered, but I am not here to judge,” Cass said. “Can anyone ever say ‘I got what I deserved’ Mommy? I assume that when you need to correct me I will receive additional punishment. But I still insist that I am years too old to be spanked like a kid!”

“Sweetie, we will have to see about your future conduct and deportment,” Jean answered. “I see you are nearly dressed to go out. How about while I take a quick shower and get dressed, you cover your T-shirt with a modest blouse and change to outdoors shoes. Then please wait for me on the family room couch.”

By the time Jean had showered and dressed, Cass was demurely waiting on the couch, dressed as suggested. She looked up and groaned as she saw her mother carrying the spanking chair with one hand and the hairbrush in the other. Wisely Cass said nothing, concentrating on appearing contrite.

“Sweetie, we need to do some shopping. Yesterday I said you need modest panties. While we are out probably we will think of other necessary things,” Jean said.

She indicated that Cass needed to stand up. Jean put the spanking chair nearly touching the couch in the same position as when she was using the hairbrush on Friday. She put the hairbrush on the same place on the couch so it would be in easy reach.

Still using a friendly voice, Jean said: “Okay Sweetie, let’s get your morning reminder out of the way before we leave to shop.

“You remember what will happen. Come here so I can remove your nice shirt.”

Cass made no protest as her shirt was unbuttoned and removed. Jean neatly folded it and put it on the couch. She told Cass to lower her own jeans. Quietly Cass did as she was told. Those jeans puddle at her ankles.

“How good of you to find a pair of modest panties, Sweetie,” Jean said nicely enough. “They need to be lowered, clear of your thighs. Do you want me to assist you?”

Cass concluded it would be less embarrassing to deal with her own panties, which she rolled down and out of the way. The second Jean took her seat Cass assumed the position of punishment over her Mommy’s lap.

“Sweetie, Mommy’s hand is still tender from yesterday. So, I will start off using the hairbrush,” Jean explained.

That reminder spanking was not as sound as the walloping on Friday. Each spank was hard, but Jean only applied a dozen to each lower buttocks. Cass whimpered from the start and was sobbing when allowed to stand up.

“Sweetie, go ahead and dress. Then wash your face, so we can get going,” Jean said.

Obediently, Cass did wash her face. She never even considered applying any cosmetics, wanting her Mommy to know she was contrite.

Sure enough the first stop on the shopping expedition was the uniform store. Jean brought along the skirt she believed was shorter than allowed by the dress code.

The saleswoman agreed. She measured Cass, then handed her a new skirt. Once Cass was wearing that new skirt, the kneeling test was conducted. The dress code specified that when kneeling the skirt touch the ground in front. The proffered skirt was exactly the correct length. The one Cass had been wearing was nearly two inches shorter than regulation.

Jean bought a total of five skirts the correct length. Next the same saleswoman brought Cass a pair of modest plain white knit cotton panties required by the dress code. Those appeared to be identical to the pair Cass had put on that morning.

When Cass removed her own panties to try on a new pair, the saleswoman could tell the *derrière* was freshly spanked. She smiled at Jean and said nothing.

Jean bought fourteen pair of the regulation panties: “Sweetie, now you have enough so if needed you can wear two pairs a day. Of course you are still expected to hand wash and line dry all the panties you wear each day.”

Yet Jean was not finished shopping for panties. She asked if the uniform store also had thicker cotton panties.

The saleswoman replied, “No, Ma’am, all of the brands we sell use the same size thread. There is a style that might accomplish the same goal, but we have not started stocking those. Some schools do permit those on a case-by-case basis, generally for girls who suffer from mild urinary urge or stress incontinence.

“As soon as enough schools allow the more absorbent panties we will stock them. Meanwhile I’ll give you the address of the shop I know stocks those.”

The uniform store also sold girl’s nightwear which conformed to the dress code of schools with dorms. Jean selected three long night dresses and three two-piece pajamas. The saleswoman was most pleased. Cass was far less pleased!

At the store selling the absorbent panties, while Cass moved away, Jean discreetly confided in the saleswoman, “I’m Jean Fowler. My 15 year-old daughter Cass sometimes has stained her ordinary panties. At her school uniform store I was told you sell more absorbent panties.”

Cass had only done a little babysitting. She did not immediately protest the more absorbent panties available at the second store. To Jean those looked like larger versions of Gerber training panties. She turned to face that saleswoman, who nodded and smiled back.

The sales woman positively beamed: “Mrs. Fowler, since that is the case, let me show you a newer product which is effective at preventing dampness within the panties from staining outer garments or furniture.”

Jean replied, “I think those will be grand. May I see them?”

Those improved thicker panties had a synthetic sponge soaker sewn into the crotch. The outside was made from cotton coated on the inside with a

layer of soft, supple waterproof material. That was not apparent just looking at them.

The helpful saleswoman suggested that Cass might try on the improved training pants. Jean accepted that offer. One size fit Cass well. Jean had her leave that pair on. She purchased a total of a dozen of those.

On the way home from the second store, Jean stopped at what had been a Sav-On; now it was a CVS store. The Hair Doc display was in a different location. The entire hair care section had moved.

Jean was delighted that the display had over a half-dozen brand-spanking-new Model 899 oval wooden hairbrushes available. She used the sample Model 899 to give Cass a playful swat on the seat of her skirt. The girl had retained her new skirt after trying it on at the uniform store. Her jeans were put into a bag, which was left in the car.

The very young sales gal saw Jean swat Cass. Jean explained, “In my home naughty girls get sore bottoms!”

The sales girl opened the case and handed Jean a Model 899 in its brand-spanking-new box. The sales girl scurried away as if concerned Jean would give her some hairbrush spanks.

Unfortunately that CVS did not sell Ivory Snow laundry detergent. So Jean took Cass to their usual supermarket to buy a box of that.

On the way home Jean went to the closest Hometown Buffet. Cass behaved very well and was responsible when she left the booth to gather

more food. It did not appear she was embarrassed about her own waterproof trainers or the many kids with the tops of disposable diapers showing.

At home Jean told Cass to run a wash with all the new cotton panties and nightwear using the Ivory Snow. All were to be dried using low/delicate heat.

“Once you have washed, dried and folded all of your new garments, please find me,” Jean said. “We will then clear out your drawers to get rid of your silly offensive undies.”

Nearly two hours later all of the panties were dry and neatly folded. Jean supervised the removal of the thongs and other sexy lingerie.

Cass was free to study before being allowed to play quietly until it was time for her to help prepare dinner.

That dinner was somewhat strained. Cass could not sit still.

After dinner, although it was only 8 P.M. Cass was told to prepare for bed by using a toilet, taking a shower, shampooing her hair and pulling on a fresh pair of the training pants and wearing a new night dress.

When Cass returned to the family room, Jean was waiting while holding a hairbrush. “Okay, Sweetie, it’s time to put the spanking chair to good use. Come along with me!”

“Aw, Mommy, you already spanked me this morning!” Cass whined petulantly.

“Sweetie, until I am sure you have seen that your previous misbehavior was wrong, I am going to give you a reminder when you get up and before you go to bed. Of course when you misbehave I will give you a hairbrush walloping for that which will be much harder than the reminder minor pattywhackings,” Jean responded in a mater-of-fact tone.

That reminder was even less severe than the one in the morning. Cass managed to sob, but it was not a horrible experience.

During the night Cass woke up twice. She was not sure that her bladder was full, so she used her toilet both times.

When Jean woke her Sunday morning, Cass was relieved that her trainers were dry, just slightly sweaty.

Her Sunday morning reminder was on her bare bottom with the hairbrush, but was not severe. Cass did not bother to sob and Jean said nothing about that.

For Church Jean told Cass to wear a pair of trainers, a white bra and a peach camisole.

Jean selected a dress which Cass had not worn in two years. It was only slightly tight in the bodice, but with Cass having grown an inch, the dress was too short. Therefore the bottom of her trainers showed even when she was standing still. With the short frilly dress Cass wore white short socks

and flat Mary Janes, which were a half-size too small since those had not been worn in two years.

They arrived at Church more than a half-hour early. Immediately Jean led Cass by the hand in search of the Sunday School Director. She was in her office.

Jean explained that Cass had misbehaved so badly during school on Friday that she was on a punishment routine. “First, let me sign the form authorizing you to us physical punishment as you see fit. Earlier today I gave her a reminder spanking. I am only sorry her public school refuses to spank her.

“It is possible Cass has some bladder control issues. She is wearing training pants with a waterproof layer. In this bag are two dry trainers and a plastic bag to store any which she wets. She is allowed to change her own wet trainers.

“Also in that bag is a hairbrush identical to the one I use to punish Cass. Use it if you like, or use whatever method you decide when Cass requires punishment!”

Cass did not misbehave that day. She used the girls’ room toilet when she felt the need. Her trainers were dry when Jean came to lead her to the car.

On the way home Jean stopped at a Babies-R-Us where she purchased six washable waterproof underpads and a discreet black diaper bag which could have been used for any purpose. Had would be better than carrying trainers and a hairbrush in a grocery shopping bag.

Nearby was a shoe store where Jean bought Cass a pair of the correct size flat Mary Janes.

They ate lunch at a Sizzler Restaurant which was filled with families and many toddlers. None acted like they suspected Cass was wearing waterproof trainers.

Jean was satisfied that Cass had finished all her homework, although she would be expected to spend two hours a day during the vacation reading serious books. So, Cass was allowed to spend the time before dinner doing what she wanted to do, within reason.

Shortly before 8 P.M. Cass removed the new hairbrush from the diaper bag. She carried that when looking for Jean.

“Mommy, I know I need to be spanked,” Cass said docilely. “I used to be a naughty girl who deserves a sore bottom.”

Jean believed Cass though her words would reduce her spanking. Instead, Jean decided to give her a real wallop as she had done on Friday afternoon.

Cass was not mentally prepared for such a long and hard hairbrush spanking. She cried until she had no tears left, yet Jean continued to apply the hairbrush until Cass was limp and spent.

On the Friday after Thanksgiving Jean had left Cass at home alone and there was no problem.

However, since Cass was not only grounded but also was on a punishment routine, on Saturday morning Jean had hired the 19 year-old daughter of a law partner to babysit Cass while Jean was at her law office.

Monday morning Cass was upset not only that she was to be supervised by a babysitter and further that this was a gal barely three years older.

“You just saw little Cass throw a tantrum. Probably when she woke up I should have given her a reminder spanking,” Jean told the babysitter while Cass was right there.

“We already discussed your experience punishing naughty children and you have my authority to spank Cass as you see fit. Please give her a hard hairbrush spanking on her bare bottom!”

Cass had been relieved when she was not spanked during Sunday school. There being nothing she could do to avoid being spanked by her babysitter, Cass concentrated on taking her spanking with her dignity intact.

In a follow-up phone call late Saturday evening Jean told the babysitter Cass would be wearing her new waterproof trainers. Acting on her own, the babysitter put a few Attends Small and Medium adult diapers into her babysitting utility tote.

Jean had pointed out the stack of washable underpads. The babysitter used one to protect her lap while spanking the daylight out of Cass. That was wise, because Cass did dribble.

So, before her nap on Monday following lunch, her babysitter changed her into an Attends Breathable Small which fit Cass. That was still dry when Cass was allowed up from her nap. Reluctantly the babysitter disposed of the worn diaper.

The babysitter had included the price of two Attends diapers in her daily babysitting fee. At her home she had a case and a half of the Attends Small in her storage closet. She had sympathy for Cass' bladder control problems, because in bed she tended to dribble most nights.

Cass had not complained about being diapered.

When Jean returned home the babysitter reported that Cass had wet during her spanking so had been changed into an Attends for her nap.

Jean thought that was a great idea. She asked if she could buy more Attends in a store. The babysitter did not think so. Jean asked her to write down the URL for the on-line dealer.

Jean ordered her own Attends on-line by the case of 96. She offered to buy some Attends so Cass could wear one to bed that night.

The babysitter had the one not used in her bag and a few more in her car. She left those with Jean and promised to bring two bags of Attends when she came to take care of Cass on Tuesday, Christmas Eve. Jean said her office was closing early so she would not be late getting home.

Jean would take care of Cass on Christmas day, but hired the babysitter for Thursday and Friday 26 and 27 December plus the following Monday and Tuesday 30 and 31 December, as well as Thursday and Friday 1 and 2 January 2014.

In view of all those well-paid babysitting days, the partner's daughter willingly agreed to cancel her New Year's Eve plans. Jean had a date for the Ball at The Magic Castle in Hollywood. Paying a big bonus to the babysitter was a wise investment to ensure Cass did not get into trouble staying home alone.

During those days of the Winter Vacation the babysitter never felt the need to spank Cass. She only did so on very specific instructions from Jean, such as the early bedtime spanking on New Year's Eve.

Jean got up early enough to administer Cass' morning reminder most days. She would be home in time to normally put Cass to bed with her nighttime reminder.

On the weekend mornings between Christmas and New Years, both days Cass woke up before her Mommy. She would make coffee and breakfast which she would bring to her Mommy's bed, along with the hairbrush and an underpad.

Because Cass was so docile and cooperative, Jean vastly reduced the intensity of the reminders. Cass had hoped pretending to be so contrite would end the spankings and at least they no longer really hurt.

School resumed for Cass on Monday 5 January 2014. Jean had cleared her morning so she could meet in person with the Principal. She also typed her answer to the Principal's letter sent home with Cass. Jean stated that she had taken Cass in hand over her lap for bare bottom spankings with the hairbrush. She also said that based upon the recommendation of medical professionals Cass would be wearing waterproof absorbent washable panties to school. Cass would have two dry spares in her backpack.

For part of the meeting, Cass was left sitting on the bench in the school office. Jean not only showed the hairbrush to the Principal, she told her she had authorized the Sunday school director to spank Cass and was sorry it was not possible for the high school to spank Cass. The Principal made it clear she felt strongly that public school employees should not administer corporal punishment.

When Cass was called into the meeting, she admitted to her Principal that she had received a reminder spanking that morning.

That afternoon when Cass was walking from the school bus stop to her home, she saw the babysitter walking toward her. Cass was asked if she needed to be taken anywhere. Cass said she had no plans. In fact, during her grounding for bad grades she was not allowed to go anywhere except school and home unless accompanied by her Mommy.

By then the two cases of Attends Breathable Small disposables had arrived at the Fowler home. There were a few left in the second bag. Only half of the Attends diapers Cass had worn actually were wet. The others were thrown away because they got sweaty.

During January and February Cass never was caught misbehaving. Jean cut back the reminders to a midweek evening and Sunday morning before Church.

By the end of February, Cass went seven nights in a row without dribbling into her Attends. So starting on Saturday 1 March 2014 the babysitter was instructed to let Cass wear her ordinary cotton panties to bed. Yet when the time came Cass begged to at least wear her waterproof trainers. The babysitter allowed that.

For school on Monday 3 March Cass did not object to wearing her ordinary panties, but she still had two pair of the waterproof trainers in her backpack. Those were not needed that week. On Monday 10 March Cass was confident enough to only carry one of the waterproof trainers.

Cass never did get spanked during Sunday school. For her sixteenth birthday on Thursday 20 February Jean only gave her eighteen hand spans over the skirt and thin panties; one per year plus one to grow on and one to be good on.

The rest of the school year, including Spring Break, Cass got in no trouble. She raised her grades to at least B and even got A's in English and Home Ec. Her grounding was lifted and she only received a bare bottom reminder on Sunday mornings.

Jean hopes Cass will continue to avoid temptation. Both of the hairbrushes are conveniently stored where they can be put to use instantly. All of the waterproof trainers and Attends are stored in a rear room.

As school ended in June 2014 Cass seems to be a well-adjusted and behaved young woman of sixteen.