Three Naughty Girls

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 I was shocked. The girls were misbehaving. They were having a pillow

fight, while wearing absolutely nothing but t shirts. Their buttocks and

pubic areas were completely bare to my disapproving eyes.

 I am a single, abstemious, middle aged man of bookish and quiet habits.

Because I am between jobs, my friends often hire me to baby sit for their

children when they are out for the evening. Because they trust me without

reservations, I am allowed to punish their children if they misbehave.

Fortunately, it was never necessary until now.

 This evening I was babysitting for the Stevenson's, who had been friends

of mine for years. Their thirteen year old daughter, Nancy, had invited

two friends, Susan, and Kelley, over for a slumber party. I had been

reading until 10:00 pm, when I decided it was time for the girls to go to

bed. They had been making a lot of noise, but it seemed to be innocent

fun.

 When I opened the door to Nancy's bed room I was at first too startled

to say anything. "Girls!" I finally said, "What do you think you are doing?"

 "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson," Nancy replied, as the embarrassed girls

covered their developing womanhood with their pillows.

 "Don't hide your shame," I ordered, while trying to control my anger.

"Drop your pillows, and hold your hands by your side." They mutely obeyed.

"I'm disappointed in each of you. Whose idea was this?"

 "Mine sir," Kelley confessed.

 "Kelley, you are the oldest girl here," I said with obvious disapproval.

"You should have taken more responsibility."

 "Yes, sir," Kelley said sheepishly.

 "Actually, this is my fault," I admitted. "Nancy, your parents hired me

to baby sit for you not only to protect you from an outside danger, but to

keep you from misbehaving like this. I have let down your parents, and I

have let down you and your friends. I wish I could let this go, but in

order to make amends for my previous negligence, I really have no choice

but to give each of you girls ten spanks each. Remove your t shirts, and

wait for your deserved punishment."

 The girls obeyed. Even now, I am embarrassed to admit that I was moved

by what I saw. The three girls were slender, shapely, and developing into

the beautiful women they would become. But they had child like minds.

That is why they needed to be protected by consent laws, and why I needed

to correct them. "Kelley, because this unfortunate episode is your fault,

you must go first." As I sat in a chair, Kelley obediently lay over my lap,

and touched the floor with her hands. I held her waist, and noticed an

unwelcome stirring in me as I felt her young and taut body. "With every

slap of my hand, I want you to count the slap, and say, 'Thank you sir.' Do

you understand, Kelley?"

 "Yes, Mr. Wilson," she said quietly.

 Before I delivered my first spank, I ran my hand over Kelley's beautiful

bottom, and said, "I wish I didn't have to do this. This will hurt me more

than you. You know that don't you Kelley?"

 "Yes sir." I really was reluctant to begin. Finally, I gave Kelley's

bare bottom a powerful slap. "One," she said. "Thank you sir."

 Because I really did not want to hurt her, I rubbed her bottom, to work

out the sting before spanking her again. "Two. Thank you sir."

 "I really wish this wasn't necessary, Kelley," I said as I rubbed my

fingers over the silky smoothness of her hinder part, "But I really need to

correct you."

 "I understand, sir." I spanked her a third time. "Three. Thank you sir."

 I looked at Nancy and Susan. They stood shyly at attention, showing me

everything they had, and everything I wanted to train them not to show the

lustful boys in their school. I delivered my fourth spank, a little harder

this time. "Four. Thank you sir."

 I would be dishonest not to acknowledge that to my embarrassment and

guilt I was actually enjoying this. I projected my self reproach by

spanking even harder. "Five. Thank you sir." I was afraid that Kelley

would start crying, so to ease her pain I gently ran my hand over her

beautiful buttocks, noticing that what had been pearly white at the

beginning of her punishment was turning into the most delicious shade of

light pink.

 Reluctantly, and gently this time, I spanked again. "Six. Thank you

sir."

 Kelley was beginning to squirm, so I held her firmly, and said with a

tone of voice more harsh than I intended, "Kelley, stop moving like that.

Unless you stop I will have no choice but to double the number of your

spanks."

 "I'm sorry, sir. I'll try to stop." I spanked really hard this time.

"Seven. Thank you sir."

 "You only have three spanks to go," I told the naked girl on my lap, as

I fondled the cheeks of her beautiful bottom. "I know this hurts, but

years from now you will thank me."

 "I know, Mr. Wilson." I spanked again. "Eight. Thank you sir."

 Kelley only had two more spanks to go. I delivered them forcefully.

When I was finished she was crying softly. "Go back and join your

friends," I commanded. I could not help but enjoy admiring the pink

handiwork of my spanking, even though I felt guilty about my enjoyment.

When she stood looking at me, she tried to hold her hands in front of her

vulva, so I ordered her to place her hands by her side like the other girls

were required to do. She obeyed.

 While I looked at Nancy and Susan, wondering who next to spank, Nancy

raised her hand, as if in class. "Yes, Nancy," I said.

 "Mr. Wilson, I want you to know that I disapproved of this too. I

wanted to tell you about it so you would keep it from happening, but I was

afraid Susan and Kelley would think I was a scaredy cat."

 "Thank you, Nancy. I am glad you told me that. Kelley and Susan, Nancy

is the youngest girl here, but she had more sense than either of you."

 "We're sorry, Mr. Wilson," Kelley said sheepishly.

 "Nancy, I wish I could let you off with only five spanks, but that would

not be fair to your friends, now, would it?"

 "No it wouldn't, Mr. Wilson. This is my house, and I should have taken

more responsibility. I feel guilty about this. The harder you spank me

the less guilty I will feel."

 "Some people think guilt is a bad thing," I told the girls, "But I think

guilt makes us better people than we would otherwise be. Now lie over my

lap, Nancy. I promise I won't be lenient with you."

 "Yes, Mr. Wilson," Nancy said, as she obediently lay on my lap. After

fondling her behind, I hit it my hardest slap so far. "Oh!" Nancy

exclaimed, "That really hurt. One. Thank you sir."

 "I don't like hurting you precious girls," I admitted. "But if I don't

correct you now, something dreadful may happen to you later."

 "We know, Mr. Wilson," Nancy said. I slapped her bare cheeks harder.

"That hurt even more. Two. Thank you sir."

 "I hope you remember how much it hurts the next time you think of

misbehaving like this," I warned. After rubbing Nancy's bare bottom, I

slapped it again.

 "Three. Thank you sir."

 Nancy tried to endure her spanking, even though it was more severe than

Kelley's. Nevertheless, when I was finished she was sobbing, and several

tears ran down her face. She returned to her friends, knowing better than

to hide her private area as I looked at the three girls.

 Because I was no longer willing to hurt these girls, Susan's spanking

was the mildest of all.

 When I was finished, I looked at the three naked, chastened girls, and

said, "I hope I never have to do that again. Because you are innocent

young virgins I need to be protective toward you, somewhat strict, and this

evening, harsher than I wish was necessary. Do you girls think you learned

something tonight?"

 "Yes, Mr. Wilson," Susan said, "We certainly do." She walked up to me,

and while still quite naked, hugged me and kissed me on the cheek. "I'm

glad you did this. It shows you care about us."

 That really flustered me. I could feel myself blush as I stammered,

"Now I want you girls to get into your pajamas, and get into bed. It is

way past your bed time."

 "Yes, Mr. Wilson," Nancy said. "Are you going to tell our parents

about this?"

 "I probably should but because this is your first offense of this nature

I won't. Just make sure it doesn -(TM)t happen again."

 "We will, Mr. Wilson."

 Before closing the door I said, "Now I don't want to hear a lot of

talking or giggling. You girls really must go to sleep."

 When I returned to my chair to resume my reading I heard some muffled

giggling, but I decided to let it go.

 The Stevenson's returned home a little after two in the morning. Mrs.

Stevenson said, "Everything sounds quiet. Did the girls behave?"

 I dislike lying under any circumstances, but I said, "Yes. They were

like little angels."

 "I'm so glad," Mrs. Stevenson said. "You're such a good influence on

them."

 Several months later Kelley's mother called me at home, and asked if I

would be able to babysit during a slumber party Kelley was having for Nancy

and Susan. "All three of the girls want you to be their baby sitter. You

must let them get away with murder," she laughed.

 "I certainly hope not," I said. "I dislike disciplining children. I

try to make them want to do what they know they should do."

 "And you do it very well," Kelley's mother said. "That is why we feel

so confident knowing that you are there to keep them safe."