Amanda's Second Report

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Amanda shadows a second Surrogate, and discovers how sex and spanking intertwine

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The Article:

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This is the second Investigative Article by Amanda Jones into the services offered by Surrogate Discipline Limited.

Managing Director Mrs Jane Ford has given me access to members of staff at SDL whilst they discuss active cases. My day started at the 8.00 am Staff Meeting. There were seven members of staff as well as Mrs. Ford. They are the team leaders. I read the agenda which included an update by each team leader on the cases they are running, not case by case because there are simply so many clients now so that would not be possible, but instead each team leader highlights issues that it might be helpful to highlight, such as difficult Recipients, the daughters, or issues that have arisen with the Mums particularly under the Clause 6 regime.

Also discussed is business development, led by Mrs. Ford who will advise the Team Leaders of upcoming advertising, and also whether new services can be disseminated to Clients or to those watching Recipients being disciplined.

It is clear from the meeting that all the Team Leaders take their jobs seriously and discuss their team's successes enthusiastically and even passionately. Equally they discuss failures, cases where Clients have simply failed to wrench control of discipline from their daughters even where their daughters know they need to behave better. It happens occasionally where the Mother simply could not handle spanking her daughter. Every effort is made by the Surrogate to 'educate' the Mother,

such education including being spanked on at least a dozen occasions before the Surrogate will highlight the Mother as a possible failure. The Surrogate discusses the case with Mrs. Ford who will determine whether a last chance be given to the Mother.

One such case was used as a discussion subject as the Mother was only saved from failure by the Surrogate using the Final Warning procedure. The Team Leader explained that over a period of six weeks the particular Surrogate lived in with the Mum of 35 and the daughter of 16. The daughter was a real handful and knew how to wind her Mum up in so many different ways. The Mum complained her daughter would cook pasta and get the sauce all over the work surfaces and not clean up afterwards, or worse tell her Mum to do it, or the daughter would tell her Mum she will fill the dishwasher later and then go out or go to bed without doing it leaving her Mum to do it. On so many occasions this particular Mother failed to take the necessary disciplinary action when her daughter failed to put the top of a bottle of sauce back on properly, or just switched TV channels even when her Mum was watching her favourite programme.

When questioned the Mum said they were just, ‘her thing,’ but kept saying she did want to learn how to stop her daughter doing those things and hence instructed SDL. The Mother had listed all these and many others as rules that if broken by the daughter would earn her a spanking, and even though each time the Mother failed to discipline her daughter it led to the Surrogate spanking the Mother, still she failed to learn. So once the twelfth spanking was given to the Mother after she had failed to discipline her daughter, the Final Warning Procedure was undertaken.

The list was presented in the usual way a week before the Surrogate went to live in. On the first day both daughter and Mum were spanked to set the scene. All well and good so far. The daughter learnt quickly enough because she fully accepted the need to be put across the Surrogate’s lap. However she simply could not help herself and was perpetually misbehaved. The problem though was the Mum. She just accepted her daughter’s misbehaviour and even though should have spanked her daughter regularly she failed to do so. She got spanked far more often than anyone else of SDL’s Clients and found taking control just too hard. The Surrogate felt that the Mum simply accepted she wasn’t able to wrench control from the daughter who normally stopped short before earning a spanking herself, but it was clear the daughter stopped short of her own accord rather than because of her Mum’s involvement. The Surrogate had to take the Mum to her bedroom though almost every day to explain just what the Mum was failing to do so miserably and the Mum was given the inevitable Clause 6 spanking. The Surrogate reported back that the Client had reached the stage where she simply accepted an almost daily spanking and having given her twelve spankings without the spanking her daughter she recommended the Final Warning Procedure.

Mrs. Ford agreed and the Surrogate reported to the Mother that a decision had been taken to instigate the Final Warning Procedure. The Mother was surprised, well all Mothers are as the

Procedure is referred to in the Contract but not set out in detail.

I was lucky enough to be shadowing a Surrogate who instigated the Procedure so can therefore report on it first-hand.

The Surrogate demanded the Mum come to her bedroom where she sat the Mum down and berated her for being so slow and ineffective. The Mum kept apologising profusely and said she was sure she would learn how to take control in another couple of weeks. The Surrogate asked the Mum if she would accept the Final Warning procedure. The Mum asked what it was and the Surrogate pointed to the cane that was on the side table. The Mum licked her lips and swallowed hard a couple of times and looked at the Surrogate asking what that meant. The Surrogate explained that after being spanked the Mum would also receive a minimum of six strokes of the cane and usually twelve eighteen or twenty four strokes."

The Surrogate and Mum discussed what failure would get what number of strokes and when the Mum agreed to undergo the procedure the Surrogate asked the Mum that given the agreed list how many strokes did she think she had earned today? The Mum gasped in surprise as she had expected some warning but when the Surrogate said the alternative was to terminate the Contract now, without any refund of course, the Mum decided that if desperate measures were needed then she will accept them. The Mum read the list again and said she thought six strokes would be the punishment.

The Surrogate agreed and told the Mum to take down her knickers and skirt and prepare to be spanked. The Mum stood up and in her usual way accepted she was going to be spanked. I sat on my spanking chair and the Mum bent across my lap. The Surrogate told me afterwards, "She could do with losing a few pounds it had to be said but I happen to love spanking bottoms with a bit of wobble. The daughter is slim and has more of a typical firm teenager's firm bottom, but the Mums bottom gives me plenty to aim at."

The Surrogate rubbed the Mums bottom whilst scolding her and the Mum gave her usual weak apologies. "I must say I always get riled when Mums give weak reasons for their failures and I end up spanking them rather longer and harder than I do with Mums who I think are trying and working towards a successful transition of control. This Mum though was going nowhere fast."

The Surrogate explained that at least she may as well enjoy herself giving the spanking and set about turning the Mums bottom red. The Surrogate spanked alternate bottom cheeks and smiled as the Mums bottom rolled and eddied as it turned a deep pink and then darker shades of red. The Mum squirmed around on the Surrogates lap and when she started to spank the Mums legs the Mum parted her legs to allow the inner thighs to be spanked.

“That was when I wondered about what the Mum was thinking. Parting her legs could have been involuntary or on the other hand could have been intentional so I investigated my suspicions. First I spanked the backs of her legs and she started to scream louder in pain. Then I rubbed her inner thighs and her legs parted again. This time I smacked her inner thighs and these gave rise to the loudest screams of all. I decided to give the Mum a couple of dozen real stingers. Then when the Mum must least have expected it I ran my fingers along her pussy and to my surprise I found her rather moist and when she let out what I am convinced was an unintentional sexual gasp I knew she was finding the spanking sexually exciting.”

The Surrogate did not take this as conclusive and again spanked the Mums bottom harder and harder until the Mum was in tears. “I really enjoy this bit. A Mum of 35 across my lap whilst I literally spank the living daylights out of her, reduce her to tears, have her squirm and writhe around on my lap, under my control, I can tell you it is mind blowing, and yes so very erotic. I was glad I was trying to establish if the Mum found the spanking erotic as I could spank her as hard as I could.”

The Surrogate was passionate about her work it was clear to see, but enjoying your work is a bonus not everyone has the luck to achieve. This Surrogate obviously did and the way she imposed the spanking made that plain to see.

“Then I started to spank the Mums legs again and even though she was crying freely, her bottom wobbled, her legs kicked, her head was thrown upwards as she was wracked with pain, still her legs parted and when I ran my fingers across her pussy again so she gasped even louder and longer than before so even through the pain she was aroused, sexually. I was so taken myself though I could not resist continuing to rub the Mums pussy and she gasped more and more. I even spanked her with my other hand on the soft stingy sit spot and the Mum screamed in pain and groaned in sexual delight until she came letting out a long gasping groan bucking and shuddering and collapsing on my lap.”

The Surrogate didn’t stop there though. She wasn’t going to let her Client off so lightly. Yes she had given her a long and very hard spanking, but the Mum had an orgasm after it. On the one hand it surprised the Surrogate but on the other hand her professionalism told her she needed to continue the spanking as the post orgasmic spanking was likely to be the real lesson for the Mum. Indeed it was. The spanking was renewed with vigour, the Surrogate spanking all over the Mums bottom although for many many spanks, sometimes three dozen or so, spanked the very same spot time and again. This time the Mum wasn’t aroused. This time the crying was persistent and real. When the Surrogate spanked the backs of the Mums legs the legs did not part, at least not until the Surrogate edged them apart herself so she could spank the tender inner thighs. The Surrogate knew this post orgasmic spanking was pure and simple pain, the real punishment although to be fair to the Mum she took it well enough and never once tried to shield her bottom or get up.

The Surrogate looked at her watch and was surprised to find the spanking had taken a full forty minutes, probably the longest spanking she had ever given a Mum. She rubbed the Mums bottom, her bright red burning bottom which she knew must be stinging and sore, and waited for the Mum to recover. It took a few minutes whilst the Mum cried and the Surrogate rubbed her bottom, shush shushing her. “Eventually the crying stopped and the Mum stirred, squirmed around and looked up at me with red tear filled eyes, and the 35 year old Mum said she was so sorry and would try harder for sure.”

The Surrogate told the Mum to get up and stand in front of her. Again the Mum apologised and said, “I suppose you are surprised that I was aroused by the spanking?”

The Surrogate thought for a moment and answered, “No, not surprised at all. However you must not allow that to divert you from the real task of wrestling control of the household from your daughter.”

The Mum sighed and asked a desperate, “Well if I enjoy being spanked maybe I enjoy being controlled by my daughter?”

The Surrogate had to think fast here. She was close to losing the Mum and whilst she could easily walk away, cancel the contract at no loss to SDL financially, professional pride made her try to keep helping the Mum. “Just to be sure I asked one direct question. ‘Do you get aroused when you spank your daughter?’”

The Mum said vehemently that she didn’t. When she spanked her daughter, at least the few times she had, she was only intent on disciplining her.”

I knew I was watching a grown woman being spanked who wanted to be spanked, enjoyed being spanked, and found being spanked sexually arousing. Was I horrified? Certainly not. It just confirmed what I suppose I already knew from my investigations. Being spanked can be, well is, sexually arousing.

I focussed again on the Surrogate who was satisfied with the answer and came up with a solution. “I have a friend who gets satisfaction from disciplining women just like you. What if I gave you her contact details? You can get your sexual satisfaction from being spanked and then concentrate upon wrenching control of the house from your daughter and spank her in future purely as a disciplinary measure.” After a pause the Surrogate emphasised. “It isn’t a sexual service so you have to sort yourself out afterwards.”

The Mum responded, “Oh well I do that anyway, when I’m alone.” The Surrogate saw the Mum was almost ecstatic and she added, “Oh, I was concerned that once I had regained control you would stop

spanking me, that’s why I haven’t turned the corner with you.”

The Surrogate got annoyed here. She felt used. Still, she hadn’t finished disciplining the Mum and as she picked up the cane the Mum licked her lips again, rubbed her bottom, and pleaded, “Please, I’m really hurting already.”

The Surrogate asked sarcastically, “Don’t you feel aroused by the prospect of the cane?”

The Mum responded, “No,” then after a pause added tentatively, “I don’t think so.”

“Well we will find out,” the Surrogate answered, “Bend over. We agreed six strokes.”

The Mum reluctantly bent over and grabbed the chair. The Surrogate stood behind and to the side and tapped the Mums bottom with the cane. She saw the Mums bottom and the tops of her legs were bright red but decided she was going to give the Mum hard cane strokes. Maybe this will teach her the final lesson and make her turn the corner.

Just then the door opened and the daughter stood there, open mouthed when she saw the Surrogate with the long hook ended cane in her hand inches from her Mums bare bottom. She was speechless. The Surrogate was the first to react and told the daughter, “How dare you come in whilst I am disciplining your Mum. Go to your room and wait for me to come and deal with you.”

The daughter gulped hard, closed the door, and the Surrogate could hear her go to her own bedroom and close her door. The Surrogate then resumed her stance, tapped the cane on the Mums bottom a couple of times, pulled her arm back, and with a swish brought the cane down on the 35 year olds bottom with a sturdy thwack. The Mum screamed, her legs bent, she threw her head back, and the Surrogate knew pain when she saw it. Satisfied she allowed only a couple of seconds before there was the sound of the second swish and thwack followed by another scream from the 35 year old. The Mum this time stood up and faced the Surrogate with her hands on her bottom rubbing what the Surrogate was sure was her burning bottom.

The Surrogate asked with a wicked smile, “Can you feel the weals? They are a couple of beauties.”

The Mum just cried but after a few seconds nodded her head.

“Good,” said the Surrogate. “Now either bend over again or I leave for good.”

The 35 year old Mum seemed to be shocked at the threat and within a couple of seconds had bent over again and grabbed the chair. Her bottom was again sticking out and waiting for the cane to do its

unremitting job. Seconds later the swish and thwack was followed by the agonised scream of the Mum who shook her bottom but stayed bent down, too scared to stand up again. The Surrogate again left only a couple of seconds before the next stroke and when the Mum bent her legs, wriggled her bottom, screamed out, but stayed hanging on to the chair the Surrogate knew this was a turning point. The fifth stroke bit home and this time the Surrogate had deliberately aimed the cane so it cut across three of the existing weals and knew would hurt more than any other stroke. The sixth was the hardest of them all and cut across the several existing weals and again the Mum stamped her feet but hung on.

“I left her in position for a while whilst she cried and wriggled her bottom and bent her knees but she obediently stayed bent down. I was almost impressed. I then told her to stand up and face me.”

The Surrogate had a frank discussion about the various lessons she had taught the Mum and that on balance it was a pity she had not reached this stage sooner. The Mum looked at the Surrogate and agreed, asked if she meant what she said about giving her the phone number of her friend so she can be spanked on a regular basis and replied sternly she said she always meant what she said.

So I saw first-hand how the Final Warning Procedure had worked, in this case forcing the Mum to face the truth. As though a switch was pressed the Mum immediately changed her attitude towards disciplining her daughter and told the Surrogate that she will now deal with her daughter for barging in without knocking just as she was to be caned.

The Mum strode in to her daughters room, there was the start of an argument but after just a few words from the daughter we only heard the Mum speaking, rather forcefully it had to be said. Several minutes of this tirade went by with only the very stern Mum’s voice being heard and telling her daughter in no uncertain terms how things will be changing until the Surrogate heard the unmistakable sound of bare hand on bare bottom and the equally unmistakeable gasps and groans coming from the 18 year old daughter. The spanking was a long one.

When the spanking stopped the Mum again scolded her daughter and reiterated things were going to change. The daughter was clearly apologetic and agreed to follow the rules or be spanked. Minutes later the Mum left her daughters room and went to the bathroom.

The Surrogate entered the daughter’s room without knocking and instead of an outburst of abusive language she was met with the sight of the daughter on her bed on her tummy rubbing her bottom which was a very deep shade of red. The Surrogate decided there was no need to say any more.

“Over the next week the daughter broke the rules three times and was spanked on all three occasions by her Mum. My job was done.”

I asked if the Surrogate felt the turning point was the caning or the introduction to someone who would spank the Mum.

“A bit of each I suspect although I do accept on balance the Mum enjoyed being spanked so knowing she could satisfy that lust made the turning point easier.”

One of the other Team Leaders said she had instigated the Final Warning Procedure as well this week and gave the Mum twelve strokes of the cane and sure enough that shook her in to action, not for any sexual reasons but because she could take being spanked but not the cane. It forced her to turn the corner.

A third Surrogate said she had tried to use the Final Warning Procedure but the Mum refused to accept it and terminated the contract herself.

I can see there are various possible outcomes. However I could understand how the use of the cane could help the Mums work out more urgently whether they were going to make the system work.

Mrs. Ford explained, “The use of the cane is not ad hoc. Each Surrogate must get the approval of their Team Leader. Also, the Surrogate cannot just make up the number of strokes they give, particularly as some Mums are caned on several occasions before they turn their own corner. In the early days a group of Team Leaders had several working sessions to determine the number of strokes that should be given for what shortfall. A rough and ready guide was established and this is continually reviewed and updated.”

I asked Mrs. Ford whether she thought many Mums were sexually aroused by being spanked.

“Yes I think they are but we are much more aware now and can pick up on those feelings much earlier on. We don’t state anything on the subject in the contract but the Surrogates know what to do. In fact the friend this Surrogate referred to was an employee of a sister company to SDL which provides a service to the Mums who have successfully taken control of discipline in the home.

Mrs. Ford explained that where a Mum is sexually aroused by being spanked RDL, the sister company, will provide a disciplinarian as a free service. “It’s an add on and we have obtained business leads from giving the service but we only offer it to Mums who have held a contract with us and who are aroused by being spanked. In this case the sister Company still sends one of their disciplinarians to the Mum on a weekly basis and gives her the spanking she requested.” Mrs. Ford added with a smile, “Well quite often harder than requested because we do like to go that extra yard for our Clients. So if the Mum is spanked harder than she wanted but hasn’t asked for the service to

stop I suppose we have guessed right."

Mrs. Ford explained why the sister company was established. The problem was when either the Mum had to be away for a period of time, or if the daughter went away to University or for a job. The Mum did not want the daughter to revert to type after so much hard work had gone in to setting up discipline in the home correctly. Through this arrangement the sister Company, Remote Discipline Limited, attends the Mums home when the daughter is still living at home, or they go to where the daughter is now living if she has left home, and dispenses discipline. With this contract the Mother sends an email or text to Remote Discipline Limited. RDL sends a disciplinarian to the daughters home and disciplines her in whatever way the Mother requests. In that way we duplicate the punishment the Mother would have given the daughter."

Mrs. Ford laughed and explained, "You will be surprised at the welcome many of the daughters give the surrogate. They know they have earned a spanking which they accept, so even offer the Surrogates a cup of coffee or a drink trying to delay the inevitable trip across the Surrogate's lap." A few moments later Mrs. Ford added, "To be fair the girls are crying too much to be sociable afterwards anyway."

Clearly the RDL service is a very well used service as so many daughters go on to College or University. RDL put in place a telephone calling regime so the daughter has to make sufficient contact that the Mum knows if the daughter is failing to attend lectures and tutorials or failing to get work in on time and of course failing exams is an easy one to spot. The daughter is given a list of punishments for each failure and the RDL disciplinarian sends a text and email to the daughter specifying the time she will call to dispense the discipline. It is up to the daughter to ensure firstly she is at home precisely then, and secondly to ensure she is alone as otherwise the punishment is carried out in front of whomever is there.

Mrs. Ford explained, "It is again business development when for instance the spanking is given to a girl who house shares. The sharers will inevitably hear the spanking being given and all we need is for a Mum or two to be at the house when an RDL Surrogate is dispensing discipline or even be told about the service at a later date, and we will find extra interest in the service. Indeed it is increasingly common for the Surrogate to be instructed over just a few weeks to deal with all of the housemates by their individual Mums and to turn up day after day as one or other is in need of discipline and the sound of a long hard spanking comes from one bedroom or another."

It is yet another excellent service offered to ensure daughters are kept in line as they need to be. I asked Mrs. Ford whether there was a similar service for sons. "Yes there is, but we keep the two separate as the needs of sons are rather different to the daughters.

That is food for thought.

Behind The Article: Amanda's Thoughts and Actions

It remains the case that every time I read or write a draft I get so aroused by the subject matter. I agreed a while ago that my own Mum spanks me when I break pre-set rules even though 20 years old. I was surprised how often I did break the rules and earn a well justified spanking, but still I wanted to learn more about every aspect of spanking.

I drafted and re-drafted the second article until I was happy with it and sent it to Mrs. Ford. A few hours later she responded approving it so I sent it on to my editor. Mrs. Ford told me in her reply, "I do like the article again so if you want to write another one then I can arrange for you to shadow a RDL disciplinarian for a few days." I wrote back saying yes please.

Of course Mrs. Ford was fully aware that I already knew about RDL. Joyce Campbell, the Surrogate I interviewed for the first article had come to my house one day straight after my Mum had spanked me. Mum explained to Mrs. Campbell how my whole attitude had changed since being spanked, even though I was 20 years old. So it seemed quite natural that Mum would tell Mrs. Campbell that she had to be away for a couple of months and was worried about me going off the rails. Mrs. Campbell told Mum about RDL and one of the last things Mum told me before she left was that she had contracted RDL to provide their disciplinary service. I complained because I was unsure about being spanked by a stranger, but not for long. Well, actually I stopped complaining as soon as Mum took my knickers down, put me across her lap, and gave me a hard spanking which continued well after I had agreed to accept RDL.

I read the notes provided by RDL and started off with the best of intentions, sending updates by email and text to Mum. Then I suppose inevitably she caught me out. She sent me a text asking where I was and I said at home. However she had also sent me an email which I didn't see until I got home and of course she knew I had been lying. By the next day I admitted I had been at the pub at the time.

I got a text and email from RDL. It was a Saturday and I had to be at home at 4.00 pm that afternoon. At 4.00 pm on the dot the doorbell rang. I opened the door to find Joyce Campbell standing there. I of course should have realised she was the RDL disciplinarian but like an idiot I said, "Hullo Joyce, come in."

Joyce didn't look happy at all and there were no pleasantries. She strode past me and in to the living room. She put her bag on the table and emptied various implements on to it. There was a strap, a wooden backed hairbrush, and a cane. Joyce looked me in the eye, shook her head, picked up a pad,

and read out what Mum had said I had done wrong and finished with the decision I was to be disciplined. It was humiliating to be treated in this way but I knew I had earned it. I supposed even having Joyce discipline satisfied my ‘demand’ not to be spanked by a stranger. Mum probably asked for Joyce specifically.

Joyce turned a chair in to the room but didn’t sit down. Instead she picked up the strap, ordered me to stand in front of her and to hold both my hands out palm upwards. I objected to which she responded with, “That’s two extras per hand my girl.”

Defeated I held out both hands and she lay the strap on one palm, looked me in the eye, and said sternly, “You know to address me as Miss or Mrs. Campbell.” With that she lifted up the strap and whooshed it down hard on my palm. It stung. Seconds later the strap rested on my other palm and seconds after that that palm stung as well. I could feel tears in my eyes as the strap was again placed on the first hand and I could not hold back a gasp as it bit in to my hand and again an even louder gasp when she hit the second hand.

I wanted to rub my hands together but by now I was so well aware she was the RDL disciplinarian I just held them out still.

“The extras now young lady.” She lifted the strap twice in quick succession and whilst I was still gasping from the first stroke the second stroke landed. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I felt the strap resting on my hand again and the pain this time was so great I shrieked out only to shriek again when the last stroke landed.

I recovered after a few seconds and when I opened my eyes saw Mrs. Campbell writing some notes. I knew Mum will have requested a set amount of discipline and RDL advised if any changes had to be made any extras were charged to her account. Mrs. Campbell put down the pad and pen, picked up the hairbrush, sat on the chair, and told me in no uncertain terms, “Knickers and skirt off.”

I could hardly believe it. Me, 20 years old, naked below the waist, waiting for my spanking. I was ready except the doorbell rang. My mouth dropped, my hand covered my mouth, surely not someone to see me. Not now. Not when I am about to be spanked. Mrs. Campbell smiled at my distress but of course she saw a business opportunity. She told me to stay exactly where I was and she went to the door. I daren’t move and strained my ears to hear what was being said. To my despair I realised it was my friend Beth and her Mum. Beth was like me, a bit of a rebel, and her Mum often despaired at her but could was too weak to do anything about it.

Seconds later Mrs. Campbell came back in to the room followed by Beth and her Mum and our friend Sandy and her Mum. They all stood open mouthed when they saw me, standing by the chair which

had a wooden paddle brush on the seat, and me naked below the waist. Of course Beth and Sandy knew very well I was now spanked on a regular basis but weren't happy their Mums had now found out, not with Mrs. Campbell there as well.

"Do sit down ladies, and the young ladies," Mrs. Campbell said in a quite friendly tone. It didn't take much to imagine what the visitors were thinking. Beth's Mum did ask what was happening and Mrs. Campbell gave a well rehearsed speech about how I needed to be disciplined but my Mum was away and so RDL offered this service but where both Mum and daughter are at home SDL offers a much more personalised service. It was a sales pitch if ever there was one. I saw the two Mums lapping it up whilst Beth and Sandy looked concerned.

Mrs. Campbell finished by inviting everyone to watch her dispense the upcoming spanking. All four obediently sat down as did Mrs. Campbell who tapped her thigh and I bent down across her lap. I felt her open palm on my bottom and I glanced sideways at the watchers all of whom stayed silent, concentrating on me, the 20 year old upended across another woman's lap and about to be spanked. I looked at the floor as the first spank smacked down and try as I might after a few more hard spanks I started to let out gasps of pain. I knew the spanking would last a good fifteen to twenty minutes before the hairbrush was brought in to play and I also knew I mustn't struggle. I had learnt from shadowing Mrs. Campbell that squirming and leg kicking only encouraged the spanker to spank even harder.

Tears filled my eyes as the spanking progressed apace, and I knew Mrs. Campbell was able to spank very hard and without the need to rest very often. All the Surrogates were. I did occasionally hear a loud whisper from the Mums as they spoke to each other about the spanking, but as soon as Beth or Sandy said anything Mrs. Campbell gave a warning, "Girls, silence please." Of course I knew that was part of the marketing as their Mums will be impressed by the way Mrs. Campbell controlled the girls, something they each found more difficult to do.

The hairbrush was brought in to play and my gasps and squirming intensified. Mrs. Campbell really wasn't holding back at all. My bottom was aching and stinging. I gave up all thoughts of sitting down for the rest of today. I was crying freely, kicking wildly, and squirming uncontrollably by the time my spanking was finished. Mrs. Campbell kept me across her lap just rubbing my bottom as I calmed down, but I did make out Mrs. Campbell ask,

"Any questions?"

Marketing again I knew but I didn't care, not one jot. I was suffering, spanked in front of my friends for the first time not to mention their Mums so was also humiliated, but the pain was the worst thing for now. I just needed my bottom to cool down and the aching to finish.

Beth’s Mum asked, “Tell me again, erm, Mrs. Campbell, how does the service work?”

Beth glared at her Mum, a ‘just you dare Mum,’ look. Her Mum saw her look and knew up to now she had never been strong enough to force through change but had read my article and knew SDL had a 96% success rate. I wondered how Beth would react if she took on SDL.

Mrs. Campbell repeated much of what she had said already and by the time she had explained the service again I had calmed down and was told to stand up and put my hands on my head. I did just that not wishing to earn any more extras and listened as Mrs. Campbell took two contracts out of her bag and give one to each of the Mums. There was a bit of silence as they read the contracts and then they asked a few questions, particularly about Clause 6.

Mrs. Campbell then told me I could get dressed which I did, although whilst I put my skirt back on I couldn’t face wearing the knickers just yet so left them off. It was cooler like that.

The trouble was that as well as feeling sore I was so aroused by the spanking, and even being watched was a bit of a turn on. I knew though humiliation will follow the next time I saw the two Mums but for now my pussy was wet and I could only think of satisfying my sexual urges. I went upstairs and Beth and Sandy followed me up. We went to my bedroom and the girls were ablaze with comments, how well I had taken my spanking, and how sexy it was.

“I know,” I responded, feeling so aroused as I discussed the spanking with my two friends. I knew how sexually erotic being spanked was and now so did Beth and Sandy. They were both quite thrilled when discussing how hard the spanking was and how damp their knickers were, but realised the huge difference between watching a spanking and being on the receiving end.

Sandy admitted, “If Mum signs that contract though I bet it won’t be so much fun for us.”

Beth laughed and said, “Why be scared? If Mum signs the contract it might be bad for us but I intend making it even worse for her. I will make sure she gets spanked so often she’ll bail out cancel the contract and then the fun will really start so far as I’m concerned. Anyway, it will be such fun listening to Mum get her bottom spanked, and I’ll be doing my best to watch a few of them.”

“I suppose so Beth, and I guess my knickers are wet, and my pussy,” Sandy said laughing, continuing, “It still means us getting spanked as well and you saw how hard the woman spanked, Amanda was crying real tears you know.”

The discussion ended with a knock on the door and Beth’s Mum and Sandy’s Mum came in. Wow I

thought, my Mum will just have stormed in after a spanking.

We all looked up and Beth's Mum said, "Girls, we want to sign the SDL Contract and you will need to counter-sign showing your agreement. I know it means plenty of spankings for you both but we both think it is for the best."

Beth looked at Sandy and raised her eyebrows and Sandy knew she was right. Just think about the Mum's getting spanked often and hard, and as she did she felt a flutter across her pussy. She just reckoned both their Mums needed some good long hard spankings anyway. So looking reluctant both girls meekly signed the Contracts.

The Mums left the room and the three girls giggled, although Amanda was still rubbing her bottom. A few minutes later the two Mums knocked again and when I called out they entered.

"Amanda, Mrs. Campbell has gone but has left your copy of the paperwork on the kitchen table. She said sorry she had to rush but no doubt she will have to call around again soon." She looked surprised when I half smiled. She shrugged her shoulders and looked at Beth and Sandy and added, "Girls, just so you know, now we have both signed up with SDL a Surrogate will come to each of our houses for a visit on Monday evening and come to live in from next weekend."

Beth and Sandy looked at each other and the look between them said they will make sure their Mums pay.

The two Mums retreated saying they were going to 'discuss things,' and the two girls said they would get back home by themselves. The Mum's closed the door but it didn't catch and bounced slightly ajar and we overheard the conversation they had as they stood outside. Beth's Mum said, "Do you think many Mums get spanked under Clause 6 or maybe just a very small number and Amanda's article was just newspaper sensationalism?"

Sandy's Mum answered timidly, "I don't suppose they do, probably just the ones who want to be spanked. That bit made sense."

Beth's Mum seemed happier and said, "Of course, some Mums will want to be spanked I suppose." After a pause she asked Sandy's Mum, "Do you want to be spanked?"

There was a pause before she said without very much conviction, "Well not really."

Beth's Mum said very quickly, maybe too quickly to be truthful, "Nor me."

We heard the two Mums walk away, and we looked at each other and laughed.

I said, “Hey girls, they are both already know full well they are going to be spanked.”

I looked from Beth to Sandy, my closest friends. We looked at each other and knew how aroused we all were what we wanted to do to each other, right now. I lifted my skirt and started rubbing my bottom and Beth said, “Shall I rub it for you?”

“Can if you like,” I answered smiling and I felt Beth’s cool hand rubbing my heated bottom, and it was so nice. I started to groan with delight.

Sandy sat on the bed and pulled my hair back from my face and lent down and kissed me on the cheek. “Are you OK now Amanda?”

“Sure I am, it’s only a spanking,” I said laughing but ending with an ‘ouch’ as Beth gave me a friendly slap on my butt.

Beth said crossly, “I still blame you that Mum signed that contract. If you hadn’t started investigating and found SDL and RDl then we wouldn’t be facing a whole lot of time across some woman’s lap having our bottoms spanked.”

I answered smiling, “Not so brave now huh my sweet innocent Beth?”

“Cow,” Beth said still smiling. “Well it looks like we will all be getting spanked very soon, you, me, Beth, both our Mums, at least we will if that woman has anything to do with it.”

I said, “Oh it may not be her, but someone like her.”

I felt a lot better now enjoying Beth’s hand rubbing my bottom round and round but when she slipped her hand between my thighs I parted my legs and she immediately ran her fingers along my pussy.

Beth said in a more loving tone, “Just as I thought Amanda, still wet even after your spanking.”

“Really?” Sandy asked feigning surprise, and I felt her fingers rubbing my pussy as well and I started to groan. I turned myself over and although my bottom was stinging I didn’t mind as Beth put her hand back on my pussy and kept caressing me.

“Look who is turned on?” Beth looked at me and I was smiling as she bent down and kissed me on the lips. I felt Sandy’s mouth on my thighs and when I parted my legs further I felt her tongue licking

me, my pussy, pressing her tongue inside me, my breathing deepened as Beth kissed me our tongues entwined inside my mouth and Sandy kissed my pussy with her tongue deep edging inside. My gasps were longer and longer and my hips bucked as Sandy kept pace with me and then one long gasp and I climaxed, I had the most wonderful orgasm. Beth and Sandy kept kissing me as I had a series of mini orgasms until I collapsed.

We lay there for a while, Sandy kissing my thighs, Beth kissing my lips and cheeks, me with one hand on Sandy's head and the other around Beth's neck. I guess I knew then all about sex and spanking although I wanted to repeat it again and again.

We sat on the bed together and looked at each other, smiling, until I eased my top over my head and undid my bra and watched as Beth and Sandy followed suit, until we were all naked, on the bed, ready to do what we had done so often before but now with a purpose, a renewed vigour, as we looked at each other and discussed that by next week all three of us will be spanked, maybe several times a week. Our Mums will all believe they are teaching us meaningful lessons but for me at least it is a route to orgasm. Maybe for Beth and Sandy as well. Maybe even for their Mums?

I was looking forward to writing my next article on spanking and sex. Shadowing a RDL Surrogate as she went from house to house disciplining wayward daughters for their Mum's was going to be so exciting. It will be so much fun to investigate I thought. I might learn some new spanking techniques which I can share with Beth and Sandy as we make love to each other, all of us with red hot post spanking bottoms. We lay on the bed, enjoying a wonderful threesome, kissing each other's wet pussy's knowing life would change next week and we were all looking forward to it.