

# To Tell The Whole Truth?

## Part 05: Paula and Nina Bond

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

Over coffee they agreed that Joyce Williamson had barely tapped them with her paddle. They also agreed: *“Miss Miller would be ashamed and disappointed by Dr. Williamson’s lack of dedication to corporal punishment!”*

In the coffee shop ladies’ room they released their Attends and inspected each other’s derrières: Neither had more than a hint of a mark.

Nina was quite relieved; Paula was actually disappointed, but she did not admit that to Nina.

Back at their table The Girls exchanged all of their phone numbers and street addresses. They exchanged smart phones so that could program their account names into the other’s device.

It turned out that at that moment neither was in a relationship. Nina had not dated while living in Texas. In Wichita she had been serious with three different young men at different times. The last of those guys dumped her when she told him her family was moving back to Texas as soon the school year ended in June of 2012. She was coy with Paula just how far romance had gone with those fellows.

Paula admitted that although she had dated several guys, she was never serious about any of them. Nina was left with the feeling that Paula was sexually inexperienced, showing no more romantic interest in girls than boys.

Nina had been born in mid-December of 1994 in Dallas at Parkland Hospital. Paula had been born in mid-January 1995 at a different Dallas Area hospital.

At the time of the high school paddling in 2013, Nina had grown to be 5'6", weighed 115 pounds, with 34/B bust, 24" waist and 35" hips. Her hair is naturally (?) strawberry blonde, cut to longer than shoulder length, worn straight. Her eyes are green. She somewhat resembles the actress Alicia Silverstone post-Clueless, but perhaps slightly slimmer and significantly more athletic.

Paula is 5'4", weighed less than 110 pounds, with a 32/A bust, 22" waist and 30" hips. Her hair is naturally dark brunette, cut much shorter than shoulder length and treated to curl inward slightly, but otherwise she wears it straight. Her eyes are larger than average and dark brown. She tries to use a low register voice with as little Texas accent as possible, but when she relaxes her natural voice is slightly higher pitch and not at all loud. Paula took up smoking to help her remain slim and also to develop what she considers a sultry *'Lauren Bacall'* voice.

Both of The Girls were generally considered *'easy on the eyes'*. Neither of The Girls is 'into' makeup, although before the middle school paddling incident they attended a junior model course so they know how to subtly select and apply cosmetics. For school Nina wore pigmented nude or slightly pink lipstick. Paula preferred more vivid red or dark pink lips over-coated with gloss.

Before leaving the coffee shop they decided to hold a slumber party for just the two of them at the Douglas home the first Friday evening they could get permission. They hoped it could be the second Friday after their sessions with Joyce Williamson because both the Matt Douglass guys were scheduled to be away for a sporting event.

They embraced and air-kissed as they left the coffee shop to drive to their respective homes and face their mothers.

Helen Douglas had arrived home early that night and was prepared to punish Paula. When the miscreant had parked her car and walked into the house, Helen was fully prepared to drag her away. She was disappointed when Paula confidently walked in without a care.

Paula did present two copies of her disciplinary action notice. She had already signed the copy to be returned to the school office. Either Helen or Matthew, or even both, could sign it.

Since Paula was not in obvious pain, Helen asked for an explanation. Paula frankly admitted that Dr. Williamson barely tapped her panties with the paddle. She said that she rushed to the ladies' room to change back into her Attends, but that her panties did get slightly wet. She rinsed them and put them in a baggie. She wanted to put the panties into a laundry basket before additional conversation.

Helen followed Paula as she did so and also took off her school uniform and shoes. In her room Paula looked slightly child-like wearing big girl lip color and just a disposable diaper. Paula was told to stand in her corner on her highchair mat and remove her Attends so Helen could inspect the marks from the paddling.

“Mommy, I already told you I hardly felt the paddle. If I were the Mommy I would spank the daylight out of my daughter for getting into trouble,” Paula admitted.

Helen sat in her favorite spot on the side of Paula’s bed with the headboard to her left.

“Young Lady, bring me the hairbrush and one of the underpads,” Helen ordered trying to sound authoritarian and strict.

Stifling a grin and giggle, a nude Paula did as instructed. Without an additional order she assumed the position over her Mommy’s lap.

“Now, Young Lady, let us make sure you do have significant marks from at least one spanking today!” Helen said.

She proceeded to administer a full-force 100 hairbrush-spank first-class walloping which reduced Paula to deep sobs. Her lower derrière and upper thighs were bruised before Helen put down the hairbrush. Paula did not even try to avoid wetting the underpad while being spanked.

Once Paula could stand and while she was still sniffing, she was told to pin on her gauze diapers and put herself to bed.

“Young Lady, I will talk to your father when he gets home. You might get a punishment from him. We will decide if you will have supper tonight. Stay in your room because I do not want to see you until I talk to your Daddy!” Helen said.

Actually both Helen and Matthew laughed about the incident. He did not punish Paula and had not done so since she approached puberty. Consequently Paula was told to dress and join the family, including Matt Junior, for dinner. There was a fluffy pillow on Paula’s chair.

After dinner, while Matt Junior was watching TV and Paula was rinsing the dishes, she asked if she could invite Nina to a sleep-over the Friday when the guys would be away. Helen kissed her daughter's forehead and told her she not only had permission, she was very happy to have Nina and her family back in their lives.

“Precious, I don't want to embarrass you or interfere with the sleepover, but since you told me about seeing Nina at school I have been dying to renew my friendship with Shirley Thompson. Would you mind if I phone her today? Or maybe I should wait long enough she will not think I only want to talk about the paddlings?”

“Mommy, you might have a point. But your friendship with Nina's mom is none of my business. I would reach out to her. Still, they moved back here last summer. Mrs. Thompson did not reach out to you.

“We still have the same home phone number even after moving. Daddy works for the same bank; he just has a more important position. You already were a tenured professor before the moved and the main number for your university has not changed.

“Mommy, just don't get your hopes up too much, okay?” Paula said sweetly, ostentatiously rubbing her derrière as she loaded the dishwasher.

She went up to her room, removed her damp gauze diaper and took a shower. That did help soothe the throbbing in her buttocks and thighs. Then she dried her hair, pinned on a dry nighttime diaper and went to bed without a care in the world. She had taken her punishment and had been forgiven.

As Nina sat in her car before leaving the coffee shop parking lot, she thought back to Miss Miller in Seventh Grade. She realized that not only

did she not get a spanking at home from either of her parents, her last spanking from her mom had been almost a year before that. Nina knew for a fact that Paula was still getting spanked more than twice a month during Seventh Grade.

Thinking more, Nina was not sure if they still had the wooden hairbrush Shirley had used for spanking. That one had been in use on Anita, but seemed to have been lost before the Seventh Grade incident.

Having an inspiration, based on seeing a beauty supply shop across the street, Nina got out of her car, waited for the light and walked over there.

In the shop Nina looked around until she found a selection of wooden oval hairbrushes, some larger than others. She selected one that was fairly narrow, so it was not identical to the old one. Possibly Nina's memory about the hairbrush was not perfect.

She walked to the sales counter and asked if there was a new copy of the hairbrush in a box. The clerk said she was sure that was so because it was a popular item. Seconds later the new brush in the box was on the counter.

"Miss, is this going to be a gift?" the clerk asked.

"Well, in a way, yes, but I will not be wrapping the box. See, it is for my mother," Nina explained, almost relishing the chance.

The clerk beamed and said, "How extraordinary! This is a first. More often when that particular hairbrush is given as a gift, it is from a grandmother either to a new mother or a naughty child!"

"Please put that on my credit card, Miss. Whatever do you mean?" Nina asked innocently.

“Miss, it’s just that for the past 25 years hardly anyone uses oval wooden hairbrushes to brush their hair. I assume when those are given away, it is because the giver wants them used to punish naughty children, like back in my day as a girl and mother!” the clerk said as she wrote up the sale and waited for the credit card approval.

“Actually, that is why I am giving it to my mother. I am eighteen and almost graduated from high school. I’ve been accepted by UT-A. The thing is I hope my mother will use it on me. She stopped spanking me over seven years ago, and I now know that was a long time before I learned to behave.

“After school today I got swats from Dr. Joyce Williamson. I am so ashamed. Growing up the rule in my family was ‘*a spanking at school got you two spankings at home*’ and my folks did that with my big sister. I only got paddled once in middle school by Miss Miller. For some reason mother did not blister me then and has not done so since,” Nina said without blushing.

“Nina Thompson, you are a very special woman. Please let me at least tie a bow around the box, okay?” the clerk said, almost in tears of joy. The box with the bow was gently placed in a store shopping bag.

Nina thanked the nice clerk and assured her she would return to actually purchase beauty supplies. “I am sure my mother will as well!”

Shirley clearly was not waiting to pounce on Nina. That gave Nina the chance to put away her backpack and leave the box with the bow on Shirley’s bed.

Then Nina had to start a search to find her mother, who must have been home because her car was in the garage. Nina saw that as she parked beside it.

When she finally found Shirley, Nina called out a greeting, to which her mother asked, “Sweetie, was it horrible today. Do you need anything?”

“Yes, Mother, there is something I need very much. I also brought you a present which I left on your bed,” Nina began. “Mostly today was a non-event. I did as you suggested. I started off wearing an Attends under my skirt. I changed to my ordinary white knit cotton uniform panties before reporting to Dr. Williamson. I had to take a number, sign a million forms and then wait forever.

“After all that, she mildly scolded me and had me bend over so she could hold my skirt over my back with clothes pins. She barely tapped me six times with a paddle I never even saw.

“So that is why I bought a special present. Could we go to your room so you can open it before I lose my nerve? Please Mother?”

“Nina, now you have me intrigued. Let’s go to the bedroom now, since that is what you want,” Shirley said while smiling.

Even without opening the box, through the clear plastic Shirley could see her present was a formidable wooden hairbrush.

“Mother, please open the box and use that hairbrush to really spank the daylight out of my naughty bottom,” Nina said with emotion, starting to actually lose her nerve.

“Young Lady, you could be right. I must have been an idiot to stop spanking you. As I recall Helen Douglas did not stop spanking Paula and



Matt Junior. Now that we moved back and you have met Nina, I should phone Helen,” Shirley said, apparently forgetting the reason for the present.

“Excuse me, but Mommy, I need a spanking *now*. Please spank me with the hairbrush on my bare bottom until I cry and you are sure I learned a good lesson. Then call Mrs. Douglas. Today Paula gave me their phone number,” Nina said bravely, clearly having trouble holding onto her courage.

“Okay then, Young Lady! Sit down and take off your shoes! I will remove your skirt. I presume you are still wearing a diaper? I’ll also deal with that!”

As soon as her skirt and diaper were removed, Shirley told her, “Assume the Position!”

The spanking was every bit as intense as the worst one Shirley had administered when Nina was a naughty girl. The spanks were full-force and after the early warm-up ones were spread around, Shirley began to aim for Nina’s *Gluteo-Femoral Folds* on either side. Nina had almost forgotten just how much spanks there hurt with a combination of sting and throbbing.

It did not take many hard spanks to reduce Nina to soft tears. As the spanks continued and the pain increased, the soft tears became deep sobs.

Shirley did not stop spanking until Nina was as limp as an old rag doll and completely spent. In fact Nina did cry her eyes out.

Shirley helped her daughter regain her feet: “Young Lady, do you need me to support you walking to your room? I am sure what you need is a nice

diaper so you do not pee all over the house. You may stay in your room once diapered until I come to let you out!”

Nina was left to stew in her room. She did not feel like communicating with anyone. It had been so many years; Nina had forgotten all her feelings when anticipating and then actually getting a spanking. The recovery post-spanking brought its own emotions.

When she was young and spanked routinely, Nina had not given any of that much thought: She was much more interested in perfecting ways to get away with mischief and mayhem.

As she tried to get comfortable in her room, Nina began to understand why some folks actually crave being spanked. She knew she was not craving another spanking, but she also was curious about the sensations of giving spankings.

Fredrick Thompson must have returned home while Nina was lost in thought or napping. He followed Shirley when she opened the door to release Nina.

Her beloved Daddy said, “Nina Honey, I was disappointed that you had misbehaved in such a childish way at your school. But I am proud that you accepted punishment from the school with honor. Best of all, when you did not feel the school had punished you soundly enough, you asked your mother for a serious spanking.

“Honey, that took guts. I am so proud to be your father!”

Nina rushed to embrace her Daddy, who hugged her back, even kissing her lightly on her forehead.

She put on a simple housedress for dinner. It made her diaper less obvious, not that she was all that embarrassed. Her Daddy had always known about Nina's bladder control problems and her needing diapers.

When the three of them were finishing eating the home phone rang. Nina's five-year older sister Anita was calling. She is a senior cabin attendant for a major airline. She wanted to talk to Nina: "Hi Little Sis; what's all this about you earning swats so close to graduation?"

"Well, I was caught passing a note. The teacher is new. I used to think she was nice. But she wrote me up. Do you remember Dr. Joyce Williamson? She used to teach AP Calculus and so on. Anyway, now she is the Girl's VP. She made me wait after school. All of us had to take numbers and then wait to be paddled. After I got home Mom totally spanked me raw with a wooden hairbrush," Nina gushed.

"Wait a second, Nina, what hairbrush? Before we moved to Wichita Mom gave that hairbrush to me. I kept it on my bedside table as a reminder to behave. I still keep it on my bedside table in my condo," Anita shared.

"That explains it. I wondered why the old hairbrush was missing. On my way home for getting paddled I bought Mom a new hairbrush so she could spank me with it.

"Wow, Anita, Mom sure can spank hard. I could hardly sit during dinner," Nina said.

"Yes, Sis, Mom took my discipline very seriously. I'm glad for your sake you are still receiving discipline. In the old days you were such a spoiled brat!"

“Okay, Anita, maybe I was a brat but I was never spoiled,” Nina answered.

“Whatever, Nina, put Mom back on the phone”: Nina did so.

“Mom, sounds to me like Nina has a case of the ‘Senior Crazyies’ so until she graduates you must watch her closely. Some girls I know ditch school,” Anita said.

“You are right, Darling. I thought Miss Miller cured Nina of cutting class back in Seventh Grade,” Shirley said.

“Mom, I remember that. I also remember when I tried ditching. Miss Miller, Daddy and you all spanked me very hard. I could not sit down for two weeks,” Anita remembered.

The phone call ended with Fredrick and Anita talking quietly.

With the phone interruption over, Nina shared that she had been invited to sleepover at the Douglas home. “I want to renew my friendship with Paula. She has matured very well. With your permission I would like to stop at their home on the way back from school.

“Her father and kid brother will be away from town on a Friday. Mrs. Douglas will be there so there will not be any naughty stuff happening.”

“I’ll call Helen Douglas tonight. Please give me her number. We’ll work out the details, such as the correct date. I’ll also try to have lunch with Helen before then. She was a really good friend. I miss her,” Shirley said, her voice drifting out.

“Tomorrow after school I’d like to spend a little time with Paula at her home. Would that be all right with you?” Nina asked. “I’ll still be home to do all my homework and help with dinner.”

“Sure, Nina, that will be just lovely,” Shirley said, as Fredrick nodded in agreement.

“Oh, just one other thing; Mom, I know I gave you the hairbrush. How would you feel if it was kept on my bedside table so it will always remind me to be a well-behaved girl? I remember before we moved that both Paula and Matt Junior had a spanking hairbrush kept in plain sight in their rooms. Hers was on her bedside table; I never saw the inside of his room and I sure never wanted to do so.”

“You know Nina, that seems like a very good idea, to keep you on the straight and narrow your final weeks of high school,” Shirley agreed, again with Fredrick nodding support.

After the table was clear Nina rinsed the dishes, put them in the dishwasher and straightened out the kitchen so it would be ready for breakfast.

Then she went back to her room, removed her wet diaper, cleaned her diaper region and diapered herself for bed. She had not tried sleeping in a diaper in a couple of years. Over her diaper she wore the top of a baby doll set, which did not extend more than an inch below her hips. Nina slept very well.

Nina woke up 15 minutes earlier than usual. She needed to pee and her Attends was only sweaty. She had not wet it. So Nina got up, removed and disposed of her Attends and used the toilet.

Then as if she felt a compulsion, Nina picked up the new hairbrush and went looking for her mom, who was still in the master bedroom.

“Darling, your father got a call an hour ago about some problem at his office. He has left for the day, but he asked me to tell you how much he loves you,” Shirley said warmly.

“I miss Daddy. But maybe that makes this easier.

“Mommy, would you give me another spanking, now before I eat and go to school. You know, like in the old days when ‘*a spanking in the afternoon or before bed means a reminder the next morning*’. I think I should start the school day with my *derrière* stinging,” Nina requested.

“Sure, Honey, why the heck not. Come here and let’s get this over with right now!” Shirley said as she sat on her backless vanity school. “Assume the Position!”

Nina bent over. Her baby doll top did not cover her otherwise bare bottom. Shirley gave her a few moderate spanks to warm her. Then she administered 25 full-force spanks alternating between the left and right *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* as Nina’s spank-spots turned very dark pink. By the time that spanking was over, and it only took less than a minute, Nina was sobbing quietly. She never wriggled or tried to avoid any of the spanks.

“Thanks, Mommy, I needed that. I’ll be such a good girl today,” Nina promised.

Paula and Nina met at a pre-arranged spot on campus to talk for a few minutes. Nina shared that her parents agreed they should see each other as friends. Paula shared that their mothers had talked for a long time the

previous night as she was going to bed. Nina said she had permission to sleepover and to visit Paula that afternoon.

Paula admitted being ‘totally spanked’ by Helen when she got home after school. Nina did not admit buying the hairbrush or getting either of her requested spankings. Then they walked separately to their lockers on opposite sides of the campus and from their lockers to their First Period classes.

For Paula that was AP American History taught by Mrs. Allison Fuller, who she no longer trusted or considered a friend. A real friend would not have written her up on a referral form. Nina wondered if Mrs. Fuller knew that Dr. Williamson, after all the waiting, had only tapped her with the paddle?

The Girls missed one another at lunch. Paula had to wait for a stall to be available in a ladies’ room so she could change her Attends Breathable.

After the dismissal bell The Girls met at their usual place. They agreed to drive separately to the coffee shop. From there Nina would follow Paula to her home, so she could find it in the future. If they could, the next day Paula would follow Nina. It seemed like a plan.

At the Douglas home Matt Junior was by himself watching a childish TV program. He greeted Nina by saying, “Mom really spanked Paula yesterday.”

Before Nina could respond Paula led her to her room. The Douglas home in 2013 was far grander than where they lived in 2007, which had been a very lovely home. What Paula had referred to as her ‘room’ was more like a suite.

From the hall the first room was decorated like a university dorm, with a Murphy Bed stored in the wall and a real office desk with a reference table behind it. There were three bookcases and two four-drawer lateral filing cabinets.

A door led to Paula's bedroom, which had a queen-size bed. Sitting on that Nina realized that bed had a waterproof pad protecting the mattress. Despite the waterproof sheet the bed was very comfortable. Under the picture window overlooking the rear yard there was a twin-size daybed with cabinets under it, so the mattress was at the height as a physician's exam table. At one end of the daybed there were two trash containers. One had the pink and grey logo of DyDee Service.

Paula's bathroom could be entered either from her bedroom or her front room. The interior wall opposite the bathroom was actually a large closet. Along the wall near the bathroom was Paula's vanity, including a theatrical-style lighted makeup mirror. Paula was proud that the lights alternated, so she could turn on either daylight or incandescent bulbs, or a combination. Yet the vanity did not have many cosmetics.

"Nina, I usually just wear lipstick covered by gloss. Only if I am going somewhere special do I bother with my eyes and cheeks," Paula explained.

She had noticed Nina looking at the DyDee container several times.

"Okay, you will find out anyway. Please don't hate me."

Paula walked to the daybed and opened the cabinet at one end. It had shelves, all filled with clean gauze diapers. "Yes, Nina, that holds about half a DyDee delivery. There are the classic square 4-ply gauze diapers and Birdseye prefold diapers somewhat large than the ones for babies I use as soakers. The rest of the DyDee supply has a shelf in my closet. I keep



my skin care supplies and diaper pins in the top drawer. I have an electric wipe warmer. The second drawer holds by Babykins vinyl panties. The bottom drawer holds washable underpads. The cabinet at the other end is filled with my Attends for days and school.

“Now you know that for me diapers are 24/7. Once I reverted to bedwetting a few weeks before the Seventh Grade paddling, my nighttime control has only become worse. I am giving up hope I will ever be able to sleep without wearing a diaper.

“At least when I am awake I can hold my pee for two or three hours so I do not always need to wear a diaper. My doctors encourage me to spend as much time as possible each day trying to hold as much pee as I can.”

Nina rushed to embrace Paula and kiss her cheek. Part of Paula’s long walk-in closet had a shoe section with far more high stiletto heels than Nina would have expected. She did not remember Paula wearing high heels in the old days. “Mom let me have one pair of pumps with two inch ‘Kitten’ heels then. Now I even have some sandals with four inch heels, but I am not always confident walking in those.”

One area of the closet was devoted to sleepwear. Paula had her size footed-jammies and Onesies in addition to conventional nighties and baby doll sets.

Sure enough, Paula’s bedside table held only a lamp and a formidable oval wooden hairbrush. “Mommy spanked me with that after I got home following being paddled,” Paula stated while blushing.

“That’s okay, Sweetie, my mom spanked me with a hairbrush, too,” Nina stated, shading the truth.

“Well, Nina, that is the extent of the grand tour of ‘*Casa Paula*’. Please don’t be a stranger!”

“No worries Sweetie. My folks encourage me to be a good friend to you. They want me to sleepover with you,” Nina promised. “But now I must vamoose! [which Nina pronounced ‘Vam’öösh’] I need to go to a store on my way home to pick up something my mom ordered.”

The Girls air-kissed as they parted.