

To Tell The Whole Truth?

Part 06: Nina's Doll

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

Since Nina was ten years-old she had been absolutely fascinated by spanking, yet many forms of corporal punishment revolted her. Sometimes Nina only wanted to think about the positives of spanking improving deportment and behavior. Less often as Nina approached puberty her thoughts drifted to spanking as part of romance.

For reasons Nina never learned her parents stopped spanking her at age eleven. That puzzled her because Paula and other friends her age were still spanked. Nina knew her spankings did not stop because she was such a well-behaved girl. Nina knew she was often a brat who desperately needed spanking so she would not misbehave even worse.

When she was feeling especially guilty she would go to her room, shut the door, put a pile of two firm pillows on her bed and prostrate herself over those. Previously Nina would remove her shoes, jeans or skirt and her panties.

In her head Nina would start to scold and lecture, forcing herself to explain what she had done wrong. Then she would reach behind herself and smack her *derrière* as hard as she could.

Because her arms were not long enough and they only bent as they bent, not in an ideal way for self-spanking, Nina knew she had not spanked herself enough to improve her behavior.

Somewhere Nina found a wooden bath brush. Its handle was far longer than on a hairbrush, so she could sort of smack herself with that bath brush.

One time when her older sister Anita was babysitting her after they moved to Wichita Nina asked for a spanking. Anita did put her over her lap, but could not go through with administering a spanking, even in fun.

To totally spoil the fun Anita promised if Nina ever again asked for a spanking she would tell their mother. Nina saw no harm, because the worst their mom would do is spank them. Nina was not fussy who spanked her, and if somehow Anita got in trouble, well that would be a bonus.

Nina also wanted to try spanking. Anita was too large and would not cooperate. After the move pack to Texas, by which time Anita was working as an airline flight attendant and living on her own, Nina saw a massive rag doll in the window of a thrift store.

She drove around the block so she could park her car and talk to the clerks in the store. It turned out a local woman made those rag dolls which were over four feet tall. Each doll was slightly different, made for the customer. All the money beyond the cost of material was donated to the charity running the thrift store. There was about a three month back-order, but there was a wait-list.

Unfortunately the down payment to get on the wait list could not be charged to Nina's credit card. She only had twenty dollars in cash with

her. Fortunately the manager of the thrift store decided that was enough of a down payment.

Each time Nina saved a few dollars she would stop at the thrift store and add to her lay away account. The evening before Nina was caught passing the note the thrift store manager had called Nina to say her rag doll was ready and that she had already paid for it little-by-little.

When Nina left Paula that afternoon she drove directly to the thrift store to pick up her doll. For the ride home Nina buckled the doll into the rear passenger seat, so she could see it in her rear view mirror.

Shirley burst out laughing when she saw Nina bringing her rag doll into the house. Out of curiosity she followed Nina and the doll to her bedroom. “Why do you have a doll at your age?” Shirley reasonably asked.

“Mom, months ago I saw a similar rag doll in a thrift store window. It turned out a very sweet retired lady makes them to order for charity. All the money goes to improve the lives of disadvantaged children. I thought buying one of those dolls would be a nice way to make a contribution.

“Of course it could be that I am simply insane and want a doll as my best friend. Anyway, I started paying for this doll long before I re-connected with Paula Douglas. Probably Paula and I can have some fun playing with the doll, like we used to when we were children.”

Shirley walked over to the doll, bent down and lightly kissed a cheek: “Welcome to the family. Nina, when you discover the doll’s name, please introduce us.”

“Say, Mom, they say when you hear dolls replying to you that is a sign of insanity,” Nina remarked with a laugh as Shirley aimed a smack at her *derrière* and missed by several inches.

Nina followed Shirley to the door and locked it immediately. She did not want her folks to know the role the doll, who remained nameless, would play.

The doll was moved to the side of Nina’s bed. She sat down and pulled the doll until it *‘Assumed the Position’* over her lap. Immediately Nina started spanking the doll using just her right palm. The advantage to spanking the doll was that the bottom of the doll did not resist, thus causing less stinging in Nina’s hand. Yet it would build stamina in Nina’s arms and hand, so when she did get the chance to spank someone, she would be ready.

For awhile Nina practiced scolding while spanking the doll. She did not enjoy that, so instead she reacted as if she was being spanked. To Nina that felt natural.

After a half hour spanking the doll Nina’s hand did start to feel numb. She put the doll away by seating it on the floor against a wall out of the way and did her homework.

When she heard her father’s car pulling into the driveway Nina realized she had not started helping Shirley get ready for dinner. As she got up from her chair, she noticed that she had dribbled into her panties.

Rinsing out and hanging her panties to dry did not take long, but out of concern she might dribble while eating Nina put on an Attends.

She rushed downstairs to apologize to her mom, who asked her to set the dining table. After doing so she greeted Fredrick, who had changed to informal clothing. He entered the dining room carrying a drink and returned Nina's greeting.

As they ate Nina told her folks how much fun she had during her brief visit with Paula and Helen Douglas after school. She also said that she was surprised nobody at school kidded her about being paddled, speculating that at that high school such punishment of senior girls was so routine kidding about it might be considered pointless.

Fredrick said that he had not grown up there so he could not say. Shirley had and said that in her day perhaps fewer senior girls were paddled, but there was far less kidding about that than when a girl got swats in middle school or a spanking in grade school.

After dinner and rinsing the dishes Nina went up to her room. She closed her door but forgot to lock it. She picked up the doll and brought it to her bed. She sat down and resumed practicing spanking while whimpering and crying as if she was the doll.

Much to her surprise, she noticed Shirley was standing behind her, with her eyes wide:

“So, Darling, this is what you are up to! I'm not sure what you wish to accomplish, but what you need is some coaching. How about we switch places?”

“Let me show you more effective ways to spank and while you watch you can still pretend to cry.”

Blushing for having been caught, Nina did change places with Shirley. As she spanked she explained what she was doing and why. Shirley complimented the way Nina was providing the emotions of the spankee.

Eventually Shirley asked Nina to resume spanking the doll. That way Shirley could stop and talk Nina through more effective ways to teach a lesson. Nina kept thanking her mom, all the while wishing she could be alone with the doll.

Finally Shirley told Nina that it was time for bed: “Darling, that also included the doll. She has had more than enough spanking for one evening!”

Once they were alone, Nina whispered to the doll, “Lucky I was only spanking you,” was she gently laid the doll on her bed.

After seeing Paula’s bedroom before going to pick up the doll at the thrift store, Nina had some fresh ideas. She asked the store manager if they had any cloth diapers, pins and plastic panties.

“Miss Thompson, we cannot sell used cloth diapers as such. We must call those ‘rags’ which are donated to us by DyDee Company. The rags are sold by the ounce or pound. We do have some new diaper pins as well as a few pair of new plastic pants.”

“Do you think you have a pair of plastic panties which would fit my doll?” Nina asked innocently.

The plastic panties were \$6.00, but for 50 cents she bought several gauze 20 x 40 flat diapers which appeared to be new. A card with 4 diaper pins was only \$2.00

Nina was thrilled to have those and gladly paid cash for them. They were placed in a plain paper bag. After carrying the doll and the diaper supplies to her car, she put the paper bag inside her backpack.

The next morning Nina got up early and practiced pinning the cloth diapers on the doll. Sure enough over the diapers the plastic panties fit well. Although since this was hardly an over-sized 'Betsy Wetsy' doll which could wet her diaper the effectiveness of the plastic panties could not really be determined.

Nina showered and was dressed for school when called to breakfast. Only as she was approaching the senior student parking lot did Nina realize she had not removed the diapers and plastic panties from the doll.

Perhaps that would be a good thing, Nina thought. Paula would be following her home after school. It could be fun for Paula to see the large diapered doll.

The Girls met at their usual spot on campus. They also met briefly during the overlap between lunch periods. Then they met so that Paula could follow Nina to her home.

The 2023 Thompson home was larger than the one Paula remembered from 2007. Shirley greeted them once they were inside: "Paula, Welcome! I have been talking to your mom. It is so good to be back at home, in Texas!"

Nina's bedroom was on the second floor at the opposite end of the hall from her parent's master suite. Nina had her own bathroom and a large closet, but only a single room which served as her bedroom and study area, with a vanity and lighted mirror.

What immediately caught Paula's eye was an over-sized doll with red yarn hair wearing a genuine Gerber Onesies.

Nina looked shocked, because when she had left for school that morning her new rag doll was only wearing a pinned gauze diaper and plastic panties. Obviously Shirley had visited her room, gone out to buy the Onesies somewhere and returned to put in on the doll. Nina wondered, *'What will be the consequences?'*

"Why Nina, your doll is adorable. She has to be the biggest baby doll ever! Her Onesies is absolutely adorable," Paula gushed.

"Thanks Paula, I was hoping you would like her. I figured that since I sometimes need diapers, why not have some fun with them," Nina remarked, thinking on her feet.

When Nina showed off her bed, she pointed out the hairbrush. "Say Paula, mom makes me keep that where I can see it. Is there some kind of class all mothers take where they learn to torture us?"

"You have something there. My mom has been messing with my head all my life," Paula said.

There was not very much to say about Nina's study desk with a printer and desktop computer or her vanity, with a bigger collection of cosmetics than Paula had.

Innocently Nina opened the door to her closet, where she kept what was left of a case of Attends Breathable Small out of easy sight on a low shelf in the back. Much to her surprise the Attends had moved to a front middle shelf, with a printed sign saying *'For Nina'*.

Brand new were nearly-full opened packages of Pampers Cruisers Size 7 and GoodNites L/XL next to the Attends and with signs saying '*For Dolly*'. Those disposables and the signs did not appear by magic. What Nina could not find were the remaining gauze diapers she had bought along with the rag doll.

“Nina, I don’t remember you playing with dolls when we were kids. Are you having a second childhood? Sometimes I think I should do that. Growing up often scares me,” Paula said with a blush.

That was when Shirley interrupted to ask if The Girls wanted any snacks or something to drink. Ever the smarty-pants, Paula answered as she had done when a child, “How about a dry martini with a twist?”

Just like the last time Paula had said that to Shirley when she was twelve, Shirley answered, “How about a dry Shirley Temple with a twist instead of a cherry?”

They laughed. Then Paula said she needed to get home. It was confirmed that the sleepover would be the Friday of the next week immediately after school.

The cunning plan was that Paula would go directly home from school in her car. Nina would drive to her home to pick up her overnight bag. From there she would drive to the Douglas house.

As soon as Paula was out of sight, Shirley reached for Nina’s left ear lobe and pinched it enough Nina felt the pain: “Young Lady, *you have some ‘splaining* to do!”

“Mom, having to sometimes wear diapers makes me sad. I just thought it would be fun to dress my doll in a diaper,” Nina offered that explanation.

“Okay, Darling, but if you are going to diaper Dolly, do it better! This is 2013, not 1963. Pampers and Huggies have been invented. Get with the times,” Shirley laughed.

“But Mommy, when I was in Seventh Grade and wet my bed, the GoodNites leaked, so you ordered DyDee service and bought me plastic panties. Those actually did keep my bed dry. I even needed them for over a year in Wichita. A couple of weeks ago I saw a DyDee delivery truck, so they must still be in business. I thought I remembered how I pinned on my diapers back when I still wet my bed. The manager of the thrift shop practically gave me the handful of gauze diapers, the pins and the plastic panties,” Nina said nearly telling the whole truth.

“Nina, I know what you need before dinner. Then I expect more help from you than last night.”

“Mommy, I was going to do my homework and then come down to help,” Nina said.

“Yes, but what you really want is to do your homework while wearing a diaper and with your bottom hot!” Shirley said.

There upon she undressed her daughter, pulled her into position and gave her a moderate hand spanking. Shirley did spank the backs of Nina’s upper thighs but she did her best to avoid the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* of either cheek.

The surprising thing was that Shirley then took Nina to the adjacent guest room with her pink spanked derrière exposed. There was a changing mat on the bed and two packages from DyDee on the dresser, along with pins, baby lotion, wipes and some new vinyl panties large enough to fit Nina:

“Surprise, Darling, I’ll diaper you just like you did your Dolly. And I managed to find a Onesies in your size. Won’t this be a hoot and a half?”

“Oh yes, Mommy, this is not only mine but every high school senior girl’s dream: a spanked derrière and DyDee diapers. Life cannot get any better than this,” Nina responded doing her best to keep sarcasm out of her voice.

Fredrick smiled and kissed Nina’s forehead when he saw her setting the table wearing just her Onesies with an obvious diaper bulge. Just a little of her vinyl panties showed around her leg holes.

After dinner Shirley led Nina to her room. She was undressed and given a bath as if she was two years old. Then she was dried, rubbed with Mennen Baby Magic lotion with aloe, diapered, put back into her Onesies and tucked into bed.

“Tomorrow you have a big day, Darling. I’ll get you up a little early so you will not be late. Remember, we have a date because *‘a spanking after school gets another spanking before school’*. Sleep tight until then.”

Fredrick came along a few minutes later to kiss Nina good night. She was already nearly asleep on her tummy.

In the morning the ‘spanking’ consisted of six mild smacks on the full portion of each buttocks, so there would be no sting during the day while Nina sat in class.