

To Tell The Whole Truth?

Part 07: Sleepover: Truthy or Dare

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

Shirley drove Nina to school and promised to be waiting, with her overnight bag, when she could leave the campus. Shirley had spoken to Helen Douglas, who agreed to drive Paula to school that morning. After school Shirley would drive Paula home, so The Girls' sleepover adventure could start earlier than they expected.

Sure enough Matt Junior and Matthew Douglas were away on their trip. Helen walked outside to greet Shirley and The Girls, each with a kiss.

Shirley followed Helen inside and to the family room. Paula led Nina, who was carrying her overnight bag, by the hand to her suite.

They deposited their backpacks in Paula's study room. Immediately Paula started to undress. She removed her nearly dry Attends, wiped herself and put on a pink thong with a short floral print baby doll top.

"I should be okay so long as I sit on the toilet every hour. Nina, please help me remember."

"Sure thing, Paula," Nina responded, also stripping.

She did use the toilet but did not change the black thong she had worn to school. Instead of a traditional Texas baby doll top, Nina wore a brand new jade green nightie resembling a strapless dress with a tight décolleté bodice and a full pleated skirt so short much of her derrière and pubic region was exposed.

Nearly diving into Paula's bed, as Nina started to roll over onto her back she exclaimed; "I haven't been to a slumber party for years. This is going to be such fun! What should we do?"

"Well, we haven't played 'Truth or Dare' since we were like twelve. I don't remember playing that with anyone since Seventh Grade," Paula said from her place on the bed.

"Just a few days ago I read about a version called 'Truthy or Dare'. In that game, answers can be a 'spun' kind of truth, like a politician or movie star would answer in a press release. We could be older or younger as we like. We could tell the literal truth or just make up our truth as we go along."

Nina smiled, saying, "I'd love to play Truthy or Dare. Since you suggested we play, I'll start."

"Okay by me, Nina."

Nina moved around to get comfortable and sat up with her feet tucked under her: "Paula, tell the Truthy!"

"I heard from your little brother that you got a hard spanking from your Mommy today. Is that Truthy?"

"Shush, the brat was not supposed to tell. It's not a secret from you, Nina. We both know our mothers are way into spanking. Yes, my Mommy totally spanked me this morning."

“Your Mommy let little Matt Junior watch while she spanked you? That seems way harsh and not fair,” Nina stated.

“Maybe Mommy didn’t know. The Brat sneaks peeks, or Mommy deliberately did not want to know,” Paula tried to explain. “Perhaps The Brat gets off seeing my derrière, especially when it is turning red and I am crying like a baby.”

“Aren’t you sorta old to still be getting spankings from your Mommy?” Nina asked.

Paula thought for a moment: “That’s what I keep saying. Yet Mommy still keeps spanking me for the slightest little things.”

Her voice dropping to a whisper, she added: “But I kinda like it.”

Looking incredulous, Nina asked: “What do you mean? You actually like being spanked by your Mommy. How does that make any sense?”

“I know, I know, it’s kinda weird or really, totally weird. I don’t like everything about getting spanked, especially from Mommy. The worst part of getting spanked is listening to her endless scolding. Next is the embarrassment. The next worst thing is the pain while I am being spanked.

“But then the stingy and the thuddy of the spanking combine for a warm feeling that is kinda nice.

“Spankings are easy. Probably the best thing about being spanked is that nothing gets taken away. I still can go where I want. I do not have to stand in a corner the rest of my life, only for a couple of minutes until I stop sniffing.

“Usually I don’t even mind the pain during the spanking.

“Sometimes my Daddy spansks me with his belt which has a ‘shrimp platter’ cowboy buckle. If he gets careless occasionally I get caught by the buckle. To be fair, when that happens Daddy stops spanking me, apologizes profusely and takes me someplace special to make up.”

“I sort of know what you mean, Paula. When we were kids and I had no place to go, I hated the pain of a spanking, but not as much as the scolding. Even before I had any place I could go my folks stopped spanking me. They used GROUNDING and TIME-OUT which sucks worse than a spanking, a heck of a lot worse!”

“Fess-up Nina, tell the Truthy. After the incident with Dr. Williamson you said your Mommy spanked you,” Paula said.

“Yes, she sure did, then she spanked me again the next morning,” Nina reluctantly admitted. “I can sorta see the appeal.”

“I knew it, Nina, you totally have been spanked fairly recently. Was that a week ago?”

Nina looked away coyly.

“Was it a month ago? Was it two months ago, or even longer?” Paula pressed for an answer.

Nina never did really answer. She blushed and tossed her long hair.

“So, Nina, do you like to give spankings or do you just like getting spanked?” Paula asked.

Blushing even more, Nina shyly said, “Giving spankings fascinates me much more.” So saying she smacked the bed with authority and her right palm.

Paula's eyes got huge. Finally she whispered, "I dare you to spank me!"

"Are you sure, Paula? I can see your derrière and even your thighs are still marked from today's spanking."

"Oh, I can take more, Nina. Show me what ya got!"

Nina got up from being sprawled on the bed. She sat with her legs over the side of the bed facing into the room. Because one side of Paula's queen-size bed was just enough away from a wall she could barely walk along there, where Nina sat the foot of the bed was toward her left side.

It only took her a few seconds to be seated. Nina patted her lap: "Okay then, prove you are daring me to spank you by Assuming the Position without me having to put you over my lap!"

Paula untangled herself and crawled on the bedding until she was across Nina's lap, her head to Nina's left, her delicate derrière bare, except for her pink thong, and in the air and her legs on the bed.

"Are you ready?" Nina asked.

"Show me what ya got!" Paula insolently retorted.

The answer was a smack on Paula's right buttocks which landed like a bolt of lightning.

Any of the famous disciplinarians of the modern era, Stephanie Locke, Clare Fonda, Lana Miller, Mistress Snow Mercy, would have been so proud of Nina. That spank left a vivid angry pink imprint after Paula's flesh quit rippling.

Paula only said, "Wow!" before starting to giggle.

“Seriously, Paula, are you sure you can take a real spanking now?”

“Hell yes! I dared you and I can take what ya can dish out!” Paula made clear.

“Okay then, Young Lady, you deserve this!” Nina said.

As fast as she could, before Paula chickened-out, Nina delivered equally hard, blistering spans to the fleshy parts of both buttocks, but in random sequence. Paula never knew where the next spank was aimed. To give her credit, she made no effort to resist and did not squirm.

Paula did yelp, shriek and exclaim, “Wow!” after every spank, at one point saying, “You spank really hard!”

“My Darling Paula, I do try to satisfy,” Nina answered.

“You’ve been practicing!” Paula guessed.

“Well, maybe just a little,” Nina coyly answered.

Resuming, just as Nina was getting into a steady rhythm of spanking, from Paula’s study room Helen Douglas asked, “What the heck is going on?”

Nina stopped spanking while her hand was in the air. Shirley Thompson actually entered the bedroom ahead of Helen. Shirley said, “So that is what you were doing, Nina!”

Helen’s reaction was beyond blasé: “Oh, you are spanking Paula. Good for you, Nina Darling. Please carry on. Don’t let us disturb you! But Nina, Paula usually wets when she is spanked. Would you like one of her underpads to protect your beautiful nightie?”

“Thanks, Mrs. Douglas, that would be lovely if you don’t mind,” Nina answered.

Helen opened a cabinet under the daybed. From there she retrieved an underpad which was supple. The top surface was soft, while the other surface was smooth vinyl. Helen put the folded underpad on the bed to Nina’s right side, just beyond Paula, who said nothing during the interruption.

As quickly and quietly as The Mothers had appeared, they withdrew.

“Paula, please get up and spread the underpad,” Nina ordered the girl who had not started to shed a tear despite the red splotches on her delicate *derrière*.

Paula eased herself off the lap and the bed. As ordered, she spread out the underpad.

“Now, My Darling, Assume the Position again!” Nina ordered. “But this time keep your feet on the carpet and angle yourself slightly behind me, keeping your butt in the air.”

The second Paula was back in the requested position Nina resumed the spanking, with even more force.

“How do you like this spanking, Young Lady?” Nina asked.

“It’s okay I guess,” was Paula’s first answer. “No, really Nina, I love the way you are spanking me with my rump in the air.”

“To be sure, My Dear, finding excuses to wave your bare *derrière* in the air has always been your thing.”

“I confess; ya got me!” Paula confirmed.

For the next couple of minutes Nina leisurely covered Paula's derrière with hard spanks from the base up to the summit. Paula would exclaim "Wow" following nearly all the spanks, but she did not form any tears.

Following a particularly noisy spank, Paula added "***OUCH!***" to her usual whimpers and exclamations of "Wow".

"Sorry My Darling, did I injure you?" Nina asked.

"No. Auntie Nina, that was a good 'Ouchie'," Paula explained.

The sting had to be intense and those spanks landed with force, not just surface slaps, so there must have also been a 'thud factor'.

"My Dear Paula, besides your beautiful derrière, where else do you like getting spanked?" Nina inquired.

"Mommy always spanks me down on my thighs. She does that as punishment if I kick or wriggle. I like when my thighs sting, so with Mommy I deliberately kick."

"Okay, Paula, your wish is my command. I am interested in seeing how you react!" Nina promised as she aimed a spank a couple of inches below the base of Paula's left buttocks.

As Nina withdrew her right hand to administer the next spank Paula exclaimed, "Wo'oo'ow!"

Worried Nina re-directed that next spank to the right buttocks proper. Paula asked, "Why did you stop? I loved that spank on my thigh."

Without another word, Nina aimed a flurry of hard spanks at Paula's thighs, mixing them to the right and left. Soon Paula's thighs were as red as her derrière half way to her knees.

“Say, Nina, you’re really good at this.”

“Paula My Dear, do you mean I know how to spank your beautiful derrière?”

“Yes, Auntie Nina; You’ve been really, totally practicing,” Paula said with a giggle.

Slowing down and aiming more at the buttocks, Nina asked if Paula’s thighs hurt too much.

“Oh, no, Nina Honey, they have a good ‘Ouch’. But, as much as I hate for you to stop, your hand must be hurting.

“Also, I really, really need to pee. It will be less messy if I use the toilet.”

Immediately Nina stopped spanking and assisted Paula off her lap and to stand up. Then Nina supported Paula on a mad dash to the toilet.

It was impressive that Paula did not dribble as she ran, because when she squatted over the toilet her pee flowed in a steady stream. Clearly Paula had done this before because her flaming spanked zone never actually contacted the toilet seat. That balancing act was even more impressive than her flow of pee.

When Paula stopped peeing and stood up to wipe herself, Nina chirped in: “I know what you need now.”

Paula asked, “Honey, what do you think I need?”

“What you need is a really soft gauze diaper!” Nina stated. “Come with me to your changing table. ‘Auntie Nina’ will fix you right up.”

Nina remembered where all the supplies were located. She spread out a square flat gauze diaper and put two of the DyDee rectangular prefolds centered on the flat diaper.

Paula only winced a little and did not protest as she lowered herself onto the diaper set. Then she had to lift herself off it so that Nina could fold in the sides of the flat diaper.

“Paula Darling, would you like some baby lotion?”

“Not now, Auntie Nina, I want to enjoy the sting as long as I can. Maybe later on the lotion. I also don’t need any powder.”

“As you wish, My Darling Paula,” Nina said as she snugged the flat diaper and pinned it just above Paula’s hips.

When she climbed off the changing surface of her ‘daybed’ Paula lifted each foot in turn so that Nina could feed a pair of vinyl panties up her legs. Nina was careful to hold each leg hole wide open so as to avoid irritating the stinging spanked skin.

With her diaper snugly on and her translucent vinyl panties in place, Paula let her baby doll top fall back to its normal position. More than the lower half of the diaper was exposed, as was several inches of her spanked thighs.

Paula opened an obscured set of doors in the wall next to her vanity. The inside of that space had a tall mirror, as did the insides of the doors.

When the doors opened, soft lights automatically were turned on. Obviously Paula had practiced opening those doors in just the perfect way that she could see her front and both sides of her garment. It was as if Paula was standing in a boutique’s fitting room.

She was so pleased by the snugness of her diaper and the even red of her exposed thighs. She pulled Nina over and kissed both of her cheeks:

“Thank you so much for my exquisite spanking and my diaper.”

Nina responded with a light kiss on Paula’s lips: “You are most welcome, My Darling.”

Paula stopped looking in the mirror: “Precious Nina, I know what you want.”

“And what would that be, My Darling Paula?”

“‘Auntie Nina’ needs her own diaper. She is doing a toddler potty dance as I am speaking.”

So saying expertly Paula assembled a gauze diaper set upon the daybed. She helped Nina climb up and lay tummy down temporarily on the diapers so that Paula could rub Nina’s gorgeous derrière with Mennen Baby Magic lotion.

Nina whimpered in baby-like contentment. She just loved the feel of that baby lotion. When Paula rolled her over, Nina loved even more the way Paula rubbed the lotion into her pubic region.

In seconds Nina’s gauze diaper set was ‘*as snug as a bug in a rug*’. Lifting one leg and then the other Paula pulled a pair of vinyl panties over Nina’s diaper.

Nina’s jade green nightie would have disguised her diaper, had it been longer. As it was the crotch of the vinyl panties and the diaper were exposed. “Oh, ‘Auntie Nina’ you look just adorable.”

“So do you, My Darling Paula.”

Hand in hand the two friends left the bedroom suite and started walking toward the stairs and down those to the kitchen. Both of their mothers were still talking over life in general and drinking gin and tonic which they called ‘Gin Atomic’. They could not resist squealing in delight at the sight of The Girls in diapers.

Neither of The Girls had worn any foundation or eye makeup to school that Friday. It had been a few hours since either had refreshed her lip color. They looked so ‘adorkably babyish’. Both of the real Mommies took turns kissing The Girls.

“We were just about to grill steaks. You are welcome to join us if you think your teeth are mature enough to chew all that meat,” Helen asked sweetly.

Nina spoke up, “I am sure we can manage a steak. ‘My Darling Paula’ will need to either stand or sit on two fluffy pillows.”

“We anticipated as such,” Shirley said, pointing to pillows already on one dining room chair, the one where Paula usually sat.

The Girls sat down. Shirley served them Caesar salad in chilled shallow bowls. Instead of serving them glasses of water, Helen handed each an 8 ounce EvenFlo Pyrex nursing bottle with a clear silicone Munchkin Tri-Flow nipple, pre-adjusted for regular milk.

Following the salad came steaks cooked on the indoor grill in Helen’s restaurant-style kitchen. Mashed potatoes with sliced tomatoes were served with the steak.

When Helen noticed first Nina and then Paula had finished her baby bottle, she brought out a full one for each girl.

What surprised, almost shocked, Shirley was that Nina obviously knew how to suckle a baby bottle; she seemed to do so naturally, without effort.

After the steak Helen served a multi-layer fudge cake Shirley had made along with ice cream.

By the time all the dishes had been rinsed and put in the dishwasher, neither of The Mothers was sober enough to safely drive. Nina phoned her home and told her father that Shirley decided to spend the night with Helen. Given Shirley's drinking problems Nina knew she did not need to make it clear that she had confiscated Shirley's car keys.

While The Girls were still on the first floor, The Mothers staggered upstairs to crash for the night.

Before The Girls walked upstairs to resume their Slumber Party fun and games, Nina noticed the door leading from the rear of the house utility room to the back yard. Beside that door there was a peg board holding useful tools, mostly for the garden.

One column was labeled 'Paula's'. It held a small pair of garden shears and a flashlight hanging from a ring. Suddenly Nina was so curious she challenged: "I call Truthy, Paula. What gives with those tools?"

"Okay, you might as well know. They were bought shortly after you moved away in 2007. Daddy's mom, my Granny Winnie, came to live with us for over three years. My folks were very busy with their careers. Probably they felt The Brat and I were incorrigible, headed toward juvenile delinquency.

"Previously when I had met Granny Winnie, Mommy would tell me she was super strict with her kids, including Daddy when he was younger.

Certainly Granny was given total authority to punish us as hard as she wanted to when we disobeyed, broke rules or talked back.

“Less than a week after Granny arrived with a bag of discipline soap bars, she was very frustrated with The Brat and me; she drove us to a Home Depot. She had just spanked both of us on the bare with the family hairbrush.

“The Brat didn’t mind getting spanked so long as he got to see my bare derrière getting red and me crying my eyes out.

“Granny marched us into Home Depot and to the garden tools. There she had us try different garden shears until she was satisfied the one selected for each of us would work in our hands.

“The Brat’s hands have grown, so he finally got to use the generic family garden shears. My hands did not grow much while Granny stayed with us so my shears were never replaced. Along with the tool board they moved from house to house with us.”

“So, Paula My Darling, why did you get garden shears?” Nina wanted to know.

“Why to neatly cut switches without damaging the plant, of course, Silly Nina,” Paula answered.

“Granny showed us how to select and cut switches that first day we got our shears. After cutting the right one, you must strip away the leaves, twigs and buds. Then Granny used our switches to switch us. That totally hurt.

“You’re very quiet suddenly, Nina. Have you ever been switched?” Paula asked.

Without blushing or evasion, Nina whispered, “No, My Darling, I’ve never even been threatened with a switching. In an old black and white movie I saw a boy and girl being switched, but the film did not explain how the switch was made.”

“Granny showed us how to pull the original shoot from the bush through our hands to remove the twigs and leaves,” Paula explained. “She was also very exacting just where and how we cut the basic shoot from the plant. The cut with the shears had to be clean. It needed to be just beyond a bulge on the branch so that was not harmed by the cutting. But we could not leave too much of the shoot beyond the bulge because Granny said that would cause rot.

“More than once Granny, having inspected how I cut my switch, would punish me with it. Then while I was crying she would drag me back to the bush, guide my hand as I cut a new shoot. After I prepared that into a finished switch Granny switched me on my bare derrière and thighs outside next to the bush so I would not be careless the next time.

“Trust me, Auntie Nina, I will never forget, try as I might, how to cut and prepare an effective switch!”

“Okay, then My Darling Paula, I dare you to find, cut and prepare a proper switch right now,” Nina said with excitement in her voice.

By then it was late enough that it was nearly dark outside. Paula headed for the utility room door to the back yard.

“My Darling, is that how you go outside?”

“Auntie, it’s darkish. Nobody can see except from our house. Do you think our Mommies are looking? I’ve cut hundreds of switched using my flashlight.

So that was why a small flashlight was hanging with Paula’s garden shears. In her diaper, baby doll top and infantile bedroom slippers, Paula headed boldly outside into the yard. Nina, not familiar with the place, stumbled after her, without a flashlight, although two other and larger flashlights were hanging from the same tool peg board.

Paula found the correct bush. She squatted down, spotted a likely shoot and ran her left hand fingers along it until she could feel the bulge where the shoot emerged from the branch.

Paula then had to keep track of the bulge with her right hand while she could pick up her flashlight in her left hand to illuminate the bulge. Only then did she let go of the shoot so she could pick up and use her shears with her right hand. No gardening expert could have cut the shoot from the branch more accurately and safely. As Paula waved the flashlight Nina saw many other places along several low branches where shoots had been cut. Clearly Paula had memorized where to find that bush and on it the easiest branch.

Paula carried the raw freshly cut shoot toward the house where an outside light was bright enough she could turn off her flashlight and put it as well as her shears on a patio table.

Holding one end of the shoot with her right hand Paula circled the shoot with her left hand a couple of inches from where she was holding the shoot. Rapidly Paula pulled the shoot through her left fingers. As she did so, small twigs and leaves were torn away, or stripped. That turned the raw

shoot into a switch. Turning the shoot end for end, Paula did the same thing, so that the new switch was free of all leaves and twigs.

Paula held it out for Nina to inspect, “Switch!” she pronounced. In less than five minutes The Girls were back inside the house. Paula’s shears and flashlight were returned to their places on the peg board. With Nina proudly holding the new switch they climbed the stairs to Paula’s suite.

When they walked from the study room to the bedroom and turned on the light, they saw something new sitting on the daybed. That was a note from Shirley and Helen, saying when their daughters needed comforting to use the two sets of MAM Orthodontic pacifiers with Toddler 6+ month clear silicone pacifiers. The note concluded, “P.S. These new pacifiers bought today have already been washed and sterilized for your protection and pleasure. With love, Your Mothers.”

Without sentiment, Paula moved the MAM pacifiers to the utility drawer.

“Auntie Nina, one of the reasons Granny Winnie started using the switches on us was so she could punish me while I was diapered,” Paula started explaining. “Back in the summer of 2007 I wore Attend Breathable disposable diapers or GoodNites during the day. Granny would switch the backs of my thighs down to my knees without hitting my diaper.

“Outside I would grip the seat of a chair or bench. Inside I would put my hands flat on my bed as I bent over. Granny said often that: *‘You must bend over so your backside and thighs are stretched enough to make the switching effective.’*

“Are you still ready to switch me a little before I take off this wet diaper?”

When Nina said “Sure” Paula bent over the side her bed where Nina had sat to administer the spanking. Paula kept her palms flat.

Nina stood behind Paula’s left side. She moved around until finding a perfect place. By standing straight the switch reached across both upper thighs just below the diaper and vinyl panties. By leaning forward slightly the switch only hit Paula’s right thigh. By leaning back a little the switch only hit Paula’s left thigh.

Without warning, Nina landed the switch without any special effort on both of Paula’s thighs. She let out a yelp and then “Wow!” without breaking position or wriggling.

While Nina applied the switch with vigor, Paula exclaimed “Wow” often. She also kept wetting her diaper.

Eventually Paula had to call a suspension of the switching: “Auntie Nina, I love what you are doing, but my diaper has reached its limits of capacity.

“Would you like me to remove my wet diaper and clean my diaper area, or would you prefer to do so?” Paula asked politely.

“This time, My Darling Paula, you have my full permission to deal with your diaper on your own!”

Paula did so with the speed of light. She managed to put herself back in the same position; without her diaper, of course.

“Auntie Nina, now you have my entire derrière and thighs to switch. Above the center of my buttocks the switch is considered un-safe. But use your fine judgment about that.”

With every stroke of the switch Paula made some expression, typically either ‘Wow!’ or ‘Ouchie!’ When Nina paused, Paula would reach back.

“Auntie Nina, can you see the welts forming on my derrière? I can feel them with my finger tips and I love them! That is what’s so cool about being switched. The welts are so interesting. Stingy while being applied and then they get thuddy with time. Feel the welts for yourself.”

Nina was impressed with those welts. She had made no effort to vigorously swing the switch. In fact she wanted to be as gentle as possible without annoying Paula, but it was as if the switch had a mind of its own.

While in ‘pause mode’ Nina also inspected the switch. She had lost count how many strokes with it she had applied to Paula; maybe 100 or even more? As far as Nina could tell the switch had suffered absolutely no damage. Nina speculated that was because the switch was a living green shoot until cut and stripped of its leaves and twigs. The flexibility increased the sting and would keep it supple until it dried out.

Paula broke Nina’s reverie when she said, “Granny and Mommy make me count, at least the final switch strokes.”

“My Darling Paula, how many strokes does your Mommy give you? How many from your Granny Winnie?” Nina asked.

Paula answered, “It all depends on how bad I had been. Sorry for saying the Depends no-no word. With Granny the minimum was twenty strokes. Mommy is not as severe, so with her the minimum is only ten. My guess is that Mommy knows I really like the results of being switched, so she uses the minimum. Clearly Mommy prefers to spank me with the hairbrush.

“Obviously sometimes when Mommy is starting to spank me she has seen welts from times I switched myself. That is a real benefit to picking, preparing and applying a switch. Make the switch a little extra long and it is very effective self-applied, unlike a hairbrush.”

“Okay, My Darling, how many can you count?” Nina asked.

“How about ten? If I can deal with more I’ll tell you, but if that is all you are comfortable administering I will love you just as much,” Paula promised.

Paula was able to count the first five strokes in a clear voice. As Nina was preparing to deliver the sixth stroke, Paula’s derrière wiggled slightly.

“No fair, My Darling. Your sweet butt moved on her own. To teach your butt a lesson, we shall pick up the count at Number Five!”

That is what happened. Nina did not try to make those final switch strokes hard, but Paula exclaimed “Ouchie” and “Wowie” in addition to clearly saying the number. Her derrière did not wriggle again until the switching concluded.

“Now, Auntie Nina, what I need is another hand spanking over your lap to add some marvelous Thuddy to the Stingie from the nice switch!”

Nina pulled a backless extra vanity stool, which was close to the spot on the bed where Paula had bent over, into a better position so that when she sat on the stool a wall would serve as a back for the stool.

She sat on the stool, saying: “My Darling, I’ll be glad to give you as much Thuddy as you want.”

“Beautiful Nina, you are the best Auntie ever!” Paula said.

The resulting spanking was hard and covered only Paula's lower buttocks and the top few inches of her thighs, but avoided hitting her *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* directly.

When the hand spanking concluded, Paula had tears of bliss. She hugged and kissed Nina shamelessly.

"Now, Auntie Nina, how fast can you pin me into a dry diaper without using any lotion? If not very soon I will stain the carpet!" Paula requested.

Quick as a flash, Nina pinned Paula into a gauze diaper set and pulled on her vinyl panties second before she wet a little.

Then Paula returned the favor. Nina had been wearing her gauze diaper since before dinner. She had wet a few times without asking for a change or changing herself. It was more than time.

After removing the wet diaper, Paula ran Nina a warm bubble bath. Once Auntie Nina was in the water, Her Darling Paula lovingly bathed her and later dried her hair.

About 10 P.M. Paula and Nina climbed into their respective sides of the queen-size bed. Both had replaced their baby doll and strapless nightie with Onesies, the better to hold their diapers snug. To the shoulders of their Onesies they clipped the leashes of their MAM pacifiers.

At 5:15 A.M. on Saturday morning Nina woke Paula and requested a spanking. Paula started out just using her hand, which simply did not have the stamina. Still Nina was satisfied being spanked soundly with a hairbrush, because it was Paula's hairbrush.

Before it was 6:55 A.M. Nina woke again. She begged Paula to march her to the back yard to carefully and humanely cut a switch. There was some light in the sky to the east, but they needed flashlights.

This time Nina started out with her clippers in her right hand and her flashlight in her left hand. Paula used a larger flashlight to illuminate the area where she had cut her switch on Friday night. Nina selected a near-by shoot from a different branch, but used the model of the recent switch to decide where to make the cut. That turned out to produce a slightly longer switch after the trigs and leaves were stripped away. Nina's switch was no larger in diameter and was especially supple.

Back in Paula's bedroom she removed Nina's wet diaper and cleaned her derrière and pubic region. Nina bent over the bed and received a satisfactory switching over her upper thighs and lower buttocks, leaving vivid welts. Paula immediately diapered Nina. She gave Paula a change. At last The Girls went back to bed.

Much to their surprise both of their mothers woke them up about 8 A.M. with baby bottles of warmed milk. Once each girl finished her bottle, her mother removed her diaper and cleaned her.

After both girls were bare bottom, each was taken over the lap of the other mother. Paula was spanked by Shirley and Nina by Helen. They sat on the matching backless vanity stools and used Paula's hairbrush on Nina and her new hairbrush on Paula.

Paula and Nina did Corner Time for several minutes, but in separate rooms. Nina stood in Paula's usual corner. Paula did her time in an open corner of her study room. Helen made a mental note to place a highchair mat to protect the carpet of that corner.

Matt Junior and Matthew were due home about 11 A.M. so Shirley loaded Nina into her car before 10:30 A.M. which effectively ended the sleepover.

When Nina said that Matt Junior had told her about Paula being spanked, that was a Truthy. Until The Girls graduated from high school, Matt Junior had not spoken to Nina since 2007. However, Paula was telling the Truth about Matt Junior sneaking peeks as she got spanked, almost certain with the active cooperation of Helen.

Ultimately Nina decided to not attend UT-A. Paula decided not to attend a university in California. They each enrolled at a smaller college in the Greater Dallas area. They did pledge the same sorority, but each continued to live at home.

The Girls did date appropriate men. They broke the hearts of men and had their hearts broken. Every couple of weeks on Friday evenings they would alternate having sleepovers at each other's homes. Nina bought a daybed as well as a small pair of garden shears and a flashlight which were kept near the door to her backyard.

So far Matt Junior has not been convicted of any perversion, but all that could change at any minute.