

© 2010 Angela Bauer

Sally, Part 7

Slumber Party in Larchmont—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Monday morning I woke up really needing to pee. Because it was Mommy herself who had diapered me following my spanking Sunday evening, removing my diaper to use the toilet was not an option. Gingerly I felt my diaper through my plastic panties. It was squishy, so I was sure it was already wet. If I was going to be punished for wetting during the night, it was pointless to hold back wetting now. Why should I be in discomfort from a full bladder?

A few minutes after I emptied my bladder, Carla came into my room to get me up. She was pleased that I was already awake. I confessed that Mommy had spanked and diapered me. I told Carla that I awoke needing to pee, but did not dare release my diaper. Carla said she understood.

Once dressed for school, I went down stairs to breakfast. Mommy was not in the kitchen. Perhaps she was sleeping late. Carla must have fixed breakfast. I was nearly finished when Bobby and Carla came down stairs. Bobby ate well and fast. Carla said she would drive us to school.

Some of the students were a bit surprised about my hair. They did not tease me. A few asked me what had happened and I told them I had decided to cut my hair while staying with Dad in NYC on Saturday night. I did not tell anyone Dad had left me with a sitter so he could go on a date.

Edith Ross, the girl holding the slumber party, was absent. I took that as a good sign.

That afternoon Mommy surprised me by picking us up from school. She told me she had made an appointment to get my hair professionally cut and styled. First we dropped Bobby off at our house.

A few times previously I had met Mommy's favorite hair stylist, Marcia Baer, when I had to sit there during one of Mommy's appointments. Always before on those rare occasions when my hair needed a trim I had been taken to a shop specializing in little kids.

Miss Baer did not act shocked or angry that I had tried to cut my own hair. When Mommy was distracted talking to another woman, Miss Baer said she had also cut her own hair when she was my age. "Sally, you did a better job. Back then I never expected to own a beauty shop!"

At least Mommy did not micro-manage my hair cut. When Miss Baer was finished styling me, I no longer looked like a kid. I really felt good about my appearance. Mommy's comment was that it all turned out for the best. "Sally Draper, let me remind you cutting your hair was naughty. I expect you to respect the skill Miss Baer used fixing the mess you made."

When it was time for me to get ready for bed, Carla had already gone home. All Mommy said was to be careful to not get my hair wet while taking a bath. That I did. I dried myself off, and then debated what I should wear to bed.

I assumed that if Carla had reported my soaked diaper Monday morning Mommy would have been waiting to personally diaper me for bed. The fact she was not there suggested to me I had my choice.

What I decided was to fold a single gauze diaper inside my trainers and cover those with plastic panties, so I could use the toilet when necessary.

Tuesday morning I was dry when Carla woke me. I had used the toilet twice during the night. Carla acted pleased when I told her. She also said she like my new hair style.

Edith was back at school that morning. She was surprised to see my shorter and more mature hair style. Knowing her mother was perhaps more uptight than my Mommy, I suspected Edith might have been slightly jealous about my hair. Of course Edith did not know about my experiment in hair cutting and my resulting hard spanking!

To get ready for Edith's sleep-over I did not use a folded diaper the rest of that week. I also did not cover my trainers with plastic panties. I did

wake up once or twice a night and used the toilet each time.

Saturday before lunch Mommy told me she was going to help me pack for the sleep-over. I am sure that was because she wanted to inspect everything. It had already been agreed that I would wear a party dress to the sleep-over. For bed, since it would be a warm night, I was taking my pajamas with shorts and short sleeves. I had packed a couple of extra pairs of ordinary panties. Mommy insisted I also pack 3 pair of trainers. At the last minute Mommy herself placed a pair of my plastic panties in my suitcase.

Mommy dropped me off at Edith's house in time for lunch. Since both Baby Gene and Bobby were with her in the car, Mommy kissed me goodbye while I was sitting next to her on the front seat. Mr. and Mrs. Ross helped me bring my suitcase and sleeping bag into their house from Mommy's car.

All of us were having a wonderful time at Edith's party. There were some games. After dinner Mr. Ross set up a movie projector and screen. He had rented a copy of "Little Women" with June Allyson, Mary Astor, Elizabeth Taylor and Margaret O'Brien as "Beth". I am sure all the girls at the party had read "Little Women" so we were a bit surprised that it was Elizabeth Taylor, who looked very mature, playing "Amy" the youngest daughter. We all giggled when Amy got punished by her teacher, since I am sure all of us got spanked by our parents. We knew "Beth" would die, but we all were fans of Margaret O'Brien from "Meet Me in St. Louis" so that part made us sad.

After the movie we were expected to get dressed for bed and roll out our sleeping bags. Mr. Ross had moved furniture out of the way in the living room so there was space for our sleeping bags. Edith had her own sleeping bag since she did not want to be away from the rest of us.

Wearing thin panties to sleep felt strange. My cunning plan was to wait until the lights were out and most of the girls were sleeping before I changed out of those thin panties and into a pair of trainers, which I had put in my sleeping bag at home before rolling it up.

Nobody seemed to notice when, inside my sleeping bag, I wriggled out of the thin panties and put on my trainers.

Things continued to go well until later, when I woke up knowing I needed to pee. I got up and walked to the downstairs bathroom. Only once I turned on the light did I discover I had wet my

trainer slightly. I finished peeing on the toilet. I wiped myself, washed my hands and then decided to retrieve my plastic panties from my suitcase.

Nobody stirred when I quietly opened my suitcase and rummaged in it in the dark until I found those plastic panties. It was dark enough downstairs I did not bother to hide the plastic panties as I returned to the bathroom to pull them on.

What I did not know was that Mrs. Ross had come downstairs while I was in the bathroom the first time. Perhaps she was in the kitchen. Apparently she saw me returning to the bathroom after I had rummaged in my suitcase. Expecting I was the only one up, I had not locked the door.

Just as I had pulled my plastic panties up into place and was smoothing the front of them, Mrs. Jean Ross opened the door. That startled me. She let out a shriek. I think she was telling me to stop touching myself. At the time I did not understand what she was getting at. To me smoothing the wrinkles out of my plastic panties was a normal part of changing my trainers.

Mrs. Ross ordered me to put on my normal clothes. She said she would bring me my suitcase, which she did immediately. The original plan was that I would dress for church Sunday morning. I had not brought a play dress or any jeans. So I took off my pajamas and put on my party dress. When I came out of the bathroom carrying my suitcase, my sleeping bag had been rolled up and tied.

Without a word of explanation to me, Edith or the other girls, Mrs. Ross marched me to her car. She was silent until we pulled into our driveway.

Although I knew from the clock it was 2 in the morning, Mommy was wearing slacks, a silk shirt and makeup. Both Mrs. Ross and I could see clearly that Mommy was holding the special hairbrush in her right hand.

Mommy and Mrs. Ross greeted one another stiffly. Mrs. Ross said she was happy Mommy shared her views about strict discipline. "Betty, if my Edith did something that shocking she would not sit for a month!"

Mommy gave one of her fake smiles, saying "Naughty Sally will be spanked exceptionally hard before being put to bed!"

Up in my room, Mommy undressed me completely, and then used the hairbrush very soundly. I did my best to stay still, but I was sobbing. The whole thing was so unfair. I was innocent of any wrong doing.

When I was allowed back on my feet, Mommy told me that if I loved wearing plastic panties so much for the fun of it, then she was going to pin me into a diaper so I would get some use out of those plastic panties. Trust me, Mommy was even less gentle diapering me that time than usual!

By the time I woke up that Sunday morning, Henry had already left the house to play golf. Seizing the opportunity to do so without Henry hearing, when Mommy came to remove my wet diapers, she gave me another spanking with the hairbrush. Two such spankings in a few hours left me marked and bruised.

After that spanking Mommy led me to the toilet and insisted I sit there until I had emptied my bowels. Once I had wiped myself Mommy marched me back to my room for a day diaper and fresh plastic panties. "Sally, I am going to have to buy you another couple of packages of plastic panties!"

I was confined to my bed for the rest of Sunday.

In the afternoon Mommy and Henry came to my room. They told me they were very worried about my recent misconduct and unusual behavior. Mommy said she had spoken to Daddy about all this. He agreed with them that I needed to start seeing a child psychiatrist. Through his government work Henry knew just the one. He had arranged an appointment with a Doctor Wendy Keighley after school on Monday.

Following that conversation, Henry brought me some cold lunch on a tray. That evening Mommy brought me supper. When I had finished that Mommy removed my plastic panties and diaper, which was only slightly wet. She marched me, bare bottom, to the toilet with orders to stay there until I had emptied my bowels and bladder. After doing so I wiped myself. Mommy inspected me, and then marched me back to my bedroom for a fresh night diaper and plastic panties. She tucked me in without any warmth, love or a kiss. As I was crying myself to sleep, Henry came in, gave me an affectionate kiss and told me everything would be just fine.

Monday afternoon, much to my surprise, it was Carla who picked us up from school. We dropped Bobby off at home, and then she drove me to see Dr. Keighley. Carla came in and waited with me. I noticed that Carla was dressed like she was going to church.

Eventually a friendly woman came into the waiting room and introduced herself as "Dr. Wendy" She was not wearing a uniform or even an exam coat. My pediatrician and dentist were both men. I had

never met a woman physician. I had also never heard of any doctor asking to be called by their first name.

Her inner office looked like a children's play room, with a sofa, easy chairs, low tables and piles of toys, as well as books and board games. Dr. Wendy started by asking if I liked playing cards. I responded by saying that when Grandpa Gene had lived with us, before he died, we had often played Hearts and Go Fish.

Dr. Wendy asked which I would like to play right then, producing a deck of cards as if by magic. We sat beside one another on the sofa, with a cushion for my feet. She handed me the deck. Without being told I took them out of their case, shuffled and dealt a hand of Hearts. As we played, Dr. Wendy told me everything we discussed would be private between the two of us. I would be allowed to keep secrets; that would be my choice.

"Sally, I want you to know I met your mother earlier this afternoon. I heard her opinions about what is going on in your life. When you want, I would love to hear your side of all that. I will not judge either of you. My role is to help you learn to cope and be all that you can be.

"I deliberately asked that Carla drive you to see me and to wait to take you home. Perhaps your mother will be curious what you discuss with me. I have already made it clear to your mother and step-father that our sessions are confidential. That goes for anything I discuss with your mother, who will be seeing me once a month. Trust me, I will not blab about you, but she is entitled to a progress report in general terms.

"It is unethical for me... Sally, I you do know what I mean?" I said I understood "ethical" and "unethical"

"As I was saying, Sally, it would be unethical for me to encourage you lying to anyone, especially your mother. Use your own judgment how you answer any questions your mother probably will ask you about your sessions with me.

"Just so you know, until school restarts in September, we will be meeting four times a week. Once school is on Summer Vacation you will come here in the morning."

Dr. Wendy Keighley was the first adult I felt comfortable talking to honestly. She seldom looked directly at me, which seemed natural because most of the time we were playing card games. That reminded me of the good times with Grandpa Gene. I

would read to him sometimes and we played cards a lot.

By the second appointment with Dr. Wendy I told her that I resented all the times Mommy spanked me. I said I knew most of my friends were also spanked. I even understood the concept of justice, but I felt Mommy was unfair.

During our third session I told about Mommy diapering me as if that was a punishment. I admitted that confused me because I realized I did have trouble controlling my bladder as well as most of my friends. I admitted that frequently I found my diapers, and even better my trainers, to be comforting.

Freely I told Dr. Wendy that I often asked Clara to diaper me or at least let me wear trainers with plastic panties. I explained that during the sleep-over I had changed into trainers inside my sleeping bag. Later I woke up and knew I had dribbled a little. It was when I was putting on my plastic pants that Mrs. Ross got angry.

Dr. Wendy did not let that distract her from beating me at Hearts. She asked if I would be more relaxed during our sessions if I could wear trainers and plastic panties. When I thanked her and answered "Yes, please" Dr. Wendy asked me to have a seat in the waiting room and to ask Clara to come into the office.

As we walked to the car, Clara gave me an affectionate hug.