

Lois and Tracie,

Chapter 02

“Two Nannies: Linda and Danielle”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Tracie and Lois slept as soundly as babies during their post lunch naps on Sunday 12 June 2011. Nanny Linda Dittberner checked on Tracie every half hour. Mona checked on Lois as often. Emily was busy in her home office re-writing a presentation she would make to clients on Monday.

When the girls woke from their naps, both had soaked their diapers. Linda changed Tracie. As soon as she was finished Mona used the changing table in Tracie’s room to change Lois.

Frustrated needing to wait for the changing table to become available, when Mona took Lois back to her bedroom to dress her for the rest of the afternoon, she seriously considered buying another large changing table.

The spare guest room adjoining Lois’ bedroom was hardly ever used. It had more than enough room for both a changing table and one of the over-size cribs Mona had seen at Just-for-Tots.

Then and there Mona decided to have the bed and vanity currently in that spare bedroom placed in storage. The room would be thoroughly cleaned. Then a big crib, highchair and changing table would be installed.

Tracie and Lois wore nearly matching rompers Sunday afternoon. Linda had the rest of Sunday off. While Emily worked on her presentation Mona supervised both girls who played together very well.

The Sizzler lunch was so filling nobody was very hungry for dinner. Mona boiled some pasta and covered it with Italian sauce from a bottle. Everyone ate, nobody died as a result.

Before it was dark, both Tracie and Lois were bathed, changed and dressed for bed in similar Onesies. Mona tucked in Lois and Emily did the same for Tracie.

Emily resumed perfecting her presentation. Mona sat in the family room and watched two Season 1 episodes of 'Downton Abbey'. She always enjoys watching Dame Maggie Smith play 'Violet Crawley, the Dowager Countess of Grantham'. To Mona, 'Violet' was a perfect example of entitlement. When you are very wealthy you should flaunt it!

Eventually after nearly two hours of 'Downton Abbey' Mona headed to her room after checking both girls. She took a refreshing bath. Finally Mona got into bed.

Emily was so keyed-up from all the weekend events, especially rehearsing her presentation, she knew she could not sleep. Of course she needed to be well rested Monday morning to make the presentation.

Emily went into the kitchen and warmed up a pot of coffee. She started to drink from a mug. Next she walked onto the lanai, to which she had brought her coffee and a pack of cigarettes.

Mona strongly disapproved of smoking. One of the conditions under which Emily and her daughters were invited to live in Mona's mansion was that Emily quit smoking. That she really tried to do.

Quitting smoking is hard. Emily always kept a few packs of cigarettes hidden for emergencies. She lit a smoke and relaxed with it and the coffee while seated on a chaise lounge looking at Mount Wilson to the northeast. The sky was so clear Emily believed she could reach out and touch the transmission towers atop Mount Wilson.

After finishing her second cigarette, Emily went to her room and thoroughly brushed her teeth. Then she took a warm bath. Still sleep did not come.

Emily was wearing her shortest nightie. A few years before when she bought it those were called 'Baby Kelli Sets' consisting of panties with a matching top which was so short a band of flesh was exposed even when standing still.

Compulsively Emily covered her Baby Kelli set with a peignoir and put on fuzzy slippers. Boldly she started walking to Mona's bedroom suite in another wing of the mansion. The closer Emily got to her mother's room, the less bold she felt.

Timidly Emily knocked on the door. Mona sweetly invited her to enter.

Emily stood in the open doorway feeling shy and contrite. It was as if she were back to being a naughty girl summoned to her mother's room to be punished.

With a quaver in her voice Emily blurted out, "Mommy I've been a very bad girl today."

Mona had been feeling maternal since she first diapered Lois at the store on Saturday afternoon. She decided to play along and see what Emily actually wanted: "Precious Girl. What do you mean you were naughty? Did you break a family rule?"

"Mommy, while you were downstairs I borrowed a tube of your lipstick, one you don't use," Emily stated in a child-like voice.

"My Child, you are not allowed to touch any of my cosmetics. I gave you a tube of 'Slicker' just last week. That was naughty of you and I hope you are sorry," Mona said trying to sound stern without breaking into laughter.

"Mommy, I am sorry. But, I feel so guilty I cannot get to sleep. I tried and tried. I'm very tired but not sleepy," Emily whined.

"My Child, do you want me to give you something to help you sleep?" Mona asked.

"Mommy, I don't want to take a pill," Emily answered.

"My Child, I did not mean I would give you a pill. You admit to being naughty so I will give you something else to relieve your guilt and help you sleep."

"Mommy, what ya goin' to do?" Emily asked.

"Go bring me your special hairbrush, My Child!"

Emily did not need to go far. She reached into the pocket of her peignoir and retrieved the same heavy hairbrush that Mona had used to spank her from age 11 until she left for college. She shyly handed that brush to her mother. Then Emily took off and neatly folded her peignoir before lowering her Baby Kelli panties.

Mona sat up and moved the side of her bed with the foot to her right: “Assume the position, My Child!”

Emily scampered across the waiting lap. Mona did not scold. She started applying moderate spanks all over the white and delicate *derrière* before her.

In reply Emily squirmed and cried softly. As the majority of the *derrière* turned pink, Mona increased the force and pace of the spanks. Most were aimed at the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* which was the most sensitive part of Emily’s spank spot.

That was no play spanking. Emily wanted a sound spanking and that was what Mona administered. Very soon the combination of sting and throbbing caused Emily to sob loudly. Mona continued spanking hard well past Emily’s expectations.

When she finally went limp and Mona stopped spanking, Emily knew she had really been punished and she deserved every hairbrush spank.

After allowing Emily to cry it all out, Mona led her daughter to the changing table in Tracie’s room. Emily winced as her sore *derrière* touched the gauze diaper set on the changing surface. She wept slightly as Mona tugged the diaper snug and expertly pinned it. Emily’s KINs vinyl panties were in the shallow changing table drawer below where Tracie’s Babykins panties were stored.

Mona kept the Baby Kelli bottom, since it had been replaced by a diaper and vinyl panties. Emily was led to her own room and lovingly tucked into bed on her tummy. Mona kissed her contrite daughter on the back of her head and turned off the lights.

The glowing red numbers on Emily’s digital clock showed the time was 2:20 A.M. Mona decided to check on Lois and Tracie on the way back to her own bedroom suite.

Lois was comfortable. Her diaper was not dry yet had a lot of capacity left; it did not need to be changed.

Tracie was sleeping quietly, on her back. Her diaper was soaked; it needed an immediate change.

At the changing table Mona spread out a fresh diaper set, folding the sides of the square diaper as she had done countless times for Tracie. Then she temporarily put the diaper set aside.

She lifted Tracie from her youth bed after lowering the safety rail nearest the changing table. Gently Mona lay Tracie down on the table so her Babykins vinyl panties and DyDee diaper set could be removed.

The deep top utility drawer of the changing table holds a baby wipe warmer. Mona used several of those warmed wipes to clean Tracie's chubby and childish diaper region.

Next Mona lifted Tracie's legs with one hand while she slipped the prepared diaper set under the child. Then she expertly snugged the diaper and pinned each side in place. Mona pulled a clean and dry pair of vinyl panties up Tracie's legs until the diaper was covered. Mona ran a finger around the leg holes and waist to be sure none of the diaper was attempting an escape. When Mona changes a diaper, none of it would be so rude, foolish and naughty as to try escaping the vinyl panties!

Darling Little Tracie was still sound asleep as she was returned to her bed. The safety rail was raised. Mona turned off the dim night light and was about to open the hall door when Nanny Linda Dittberner quietly entered the room.

Linda and Mona actually did collide. No damage was done. They walked into the lighted hallway.

Mona started to say that she had just changed Tracie when she noticed that twenty-four-year-old Linda was wearing disarrayed clothing. Her hair was a mess and her lipstick was smeared. That beautiful woman had been up to something during her Sunday off-duty evening!

"Linda Dittberner, what is the meaning of returning to duty looking like a common trollop? Have you no sense of decency? What kind of example are you setting for Tracie?" Mona asked sternly.

"Mrs. Holloway, I am sorry, but Tracie is barely four. I only planned to check her without turning on the lights," Linda blubbered in explanation. "We got caught in traffic. I did not want to be late getting back. I apologize for not getting myself squared away and shipshape before entering your home.

"Are you going to report me to Mrs. Sterling?"

"Linda, considering the way my daughter acts, if she saw you now she would probably offer you a drink and a cigarette. It is highly probable that Emily is a bad influence on you. Bottom line is I will not rat you out.

“What I used to tell Emily when she was a teenager and young adult before her marriage was to look like a lady before returning home and avoid getting pregnant.

“When Emily came home in a state like yours I’d spank the daylights out of her. As I recall the last time that happened she was twenty-four. Linda, isn’t that your age?” Mona asked already knowing the answer.

“By the way, Linda, my own mother used to spank the daylights out of me when I got carried away on dates! I would cry and by my next date completely forget being spanked the last time.”

Linda looked totally perplexed: “Mrs. Holloway, perhaps I drank a little. I am confused. Do you want to spank me?”

“No, Linda, I don’t want to spank you,” Mona stated. “However I suggest you need to be more circumspect and discreet.”

Linda started to cry very softly. She turned her beautiful face toward Mona and attempted to flash her ‘million dollar smile’. “I do not think my mother loved me enough for that. Even when I was really naughty she did not punish me. I’ve never been spanked in my life.

“Mind you, I’m not totally opposed to spanking. With some kids it works and not for others. The girl I cared for before Tracie only responded to being spanked. Tracie has enough issues in her life and she is even less mature than most girls her age. I agree with Mrs. Sterling we need to guide Tracie by example and use a minimum of punishment.”

“Linda, if someone you respect were to spank you, would that convince you that you are treasured and respected, as well as loved?” Mona asked.

“Nobody ever loved me enough for that; to spank me when I needed to be spanked,” Linda stated without emotion.

“Linda, although Emily might be a bad influence on you, clearly she is the person in this family you respect the most. Right now she is sleeping because tomorrow morning she has to make a very important presentation. If not for that I would send you to confess to her and see what consequences she would impose.

“The problem is, as always with Emily, on Tuesday she might have an even more important presentation. By Wednesday you will have forgotten why you needed a spanking.

“Today I have already administered more spankings that I remember in a single day.

“However, Linda we all love you. So if getting spanked by me will prove you are cherished, then bare your bottom and bring me a sturdy oval hairbrush!”

In just a couple of minutes, Linda returned to Mona’s suite with the hairbrush from Lois’ room. She bravely assumed the position over Mona’s lap as she sat on the side of her bed.

There was scolding about getting carried away on dates and more scolding about returning home looking like she had gotten carried away. With the scolding Mona administered moderately firm warm-up spanks.

When Linda wriggled with impatience, Mona increased the force of the spanks. Only when Linda began to cry with remorse did Mona also increase the pace of the spanking. Within a couple of minutes Linda was sobbing her eyes out, whimpering and as limp as over-cooked pasta.

She might not have entirely learned her lesson, but Linda had received all the spanking she could handle. Mona put the hairbrush down and concentrated on comforting Linda. She continued to whimper more than cry or sniffle for several minutes.

Eventually Mona helped Linda to stand. She gave thanks for the spanking. Mona handed her the hairbrush and requested it be replaced where found. Linda and Mona exchanged kisses on their cheeks.

Mona drifted off to sleep.

Linda wound-up in her room. She dressed for bed, but did not take a bath because she had read bathing reduces the sting of spanking. She also had been told a diaper holds in the sting, so Linda folded a 27” square diaper until it would fit to line one of her knit panties. She was sad because Emily’s KINs panties were too loose on her. Linda knew she needed to buy some KINs panties of the correct size.

Feeling the sting well, Linda fell asleep, dreaming of making love with her boyfriend without being caught!

On Monday 13 June 2011 an especially thick marine layer rendered Pasadena gloomy.

Linda woke up before her alarm. She made sure Tracie was comfortable and safe, with a diaper still having capacity. That being the case, Linda removed her own diaper and placed it in the DyDee pail before she had her breakfast in the staff dining room.

Emily got up early. Sharon dressed her and styled her hair and makeup. Emily said she would have something to eat at the office, after she made her presentation. All she consumed before leaving was a half cup of coffee.

Lois woke up with her diaper soaked to capacity. She got out of bed to find Mona for a change.

What Lois did not know was that after she went to bed, Mona had to spank both Emily and Linda. Thus it was a late bedtime for Mona. All she wanted was to be allowed to sleep-in on Monday morning.

Trying to put on a cheery face, Mona greeted Lois. As she donned a robe to lead her older granddaughter back to the changing table, Mona made a mental note to hire another nanny. Linda had her hands full caring for Tracie.

When Mona did undress Lois and removed her soaked diaper, she let the girl take a shower by herself. Lois also managed to move some stool into her toilet. But after she did a fine job cleaning herself, Lois did not want to take a chance wearing regular cotton panties or even a GoodNites.

On that score Mona saw the point. Lois said she never felt the need to pee; it just flooded out. There was no way a GoodNites could manage such a serious wetting.

While Lois was selecting an outfit to wear over her gauze diaper and vinyl panties, Mona put in a call to the office of the family pediatrician.

Sylvia Arnold, MD, certainly was the best loved pediatrician and adolescent medicine specialist with the upper crust of Pasadena. Her office was not yet opened but the answering service picked up on the third ring. They made an emergency appointment for 10:45 A.M.

Then Mona had another idea. It was high time to have Tracie try some kind of training pants. Things must have been slow in Dr. Arnold's office, because Tracie also received a 10:45 A.M. appointment.

That solved a transportation problem. Tracie still legally required a car safety seat, which was installed in the Cadillac Escalade driven by

Nanny Linda Dittberner. At the moment the family only had one diaper bag, the pink ginormous one for Tracie.

If Lois could wear cotton panties or even GoodNites to the doctor, then she did not need a diaper bag. However, that was vital when Lois had to leave the house in gauze diapers.

Mona added to her mental shopping list a second ginormous diaper bag, in a different color. Black or dark gray would contrast nicely with the pink of Tracie's diaper bag. While she was talking to Frank Bracket or Morgan Susan Evans at Just-for-Tots about the large changing table, crib and highchair for Lois' nursery, they could add the diaper bag.

Linda had never volunteered to tend to Lois and until Sunday morning Lois did not know Linda's name. This time, Linda would drive both girls to the doctor's office in the Escalade. Mona would swing by Just-for-Tots, place the entire order, pick up the new ginormous diaper bag fully stocked and with any luck arrive at Dr. Arnold's office before Lois' examination.

With Linda's delicate derriere still throbbing, tender and stinging from the spanking Mona administered, she appeared happy to drive both girls. A stern look from Mona at Lois convinced her to happily be driven by Linda.

While Lois actually helped Tracie eat breakfast, Mona asked Linda for a recommendation of another nanny.

"What a coincidence, Mrs. Holloway; yesterday at church I was talking to one of my favorite classmates from Nanny Training at Pacific Oaks College. Her recent employer got transferred out of state, so Danielle Kingsbury was looking for a job yesterday. Danielle was an excellent student. I'm sure she has outstanding references," Linda gushed. "Would you like me to have her give you a call right away?"

"Linda, that would be perfect, because Lois will not be with me to overhear. Lois needs much firmer supervision than does Tracie, as you must have noticed. I know you are flexible about discipline. Whoever becomes Lois' nanny will have authority to spank her as needed. Would Danielle take this assignment?" Mona asked.

"Mrs. Holloway, I do not believe Danielle enjoys spanking anyone. However I noticed over the years she has nearly always worked for strict families. I seriously doubt Lois will challenge her. Also, Danielle and I took some post grad courses about helping reverse Delayed Toilet Learning as well as the situation which might be the case with Lois of

maturing girls reverting to bedwetting as they approach or reach puberty,” Linda said.

Lowering her voice and looking at her feet, Linda shyly asked, “Mrs. Holloway, while you are at Just-for-Tots, could you buy me a few KINs pants in my size? I will gladly pay for those, of course.”

“You are welcome to those pants, Linda. I’ll get you a couple of each of a few sizes to be sure of the fit. Once you are sure of the fit we’ll get you more, okay?” Mona said lovingly.

“Mrs. Holloway, I already found that Mrs. Sterling’s KINs panties are too large for me,” Linda shyly explained.

All of the plans fell into place. Lois did not object to being driven by Linda and Tracie loved sitting next to her beloved big sister, especially since Lois was diapered.

Danielle phoned Mona while she was parking at Just-for-Tots. To Mona she seemed like a perfect nanny for Lois. Danielle would pack a suitcase and drive to Mona’s mansion. Mona called her cook Beverly Milne to expect Danielle. Someone would show her around the place and feed her if she was hungry.

Mona told Morgan she wanted a dark gray ginormous diaper bag, fully stocked. Morgan saw to it that it happened, “Except we do not sell sturdy oval hairbrushes, Mrs. Holloway.”

“No worries Miss Evans,” Mona replied with a smile, “I brought a new Mason & Pearson hairbrush in my purse.” She handed that to Morgan to insert into the spare exterior pocket of the bag.

“Also, we need an assortment of KINs pants, three each, Adult Extra Small to Large. I’d like to take those with me, in a separate bag,” Mona requested.

The needed wider highchair, over-size changing table and large crib were all in stock in the warehouse. Morgan offered the services of Just-for-Tots to physically perform the re-arrangement of the spare bedroom. She felt that could be finished and the new furniture installed by Lois’ bedtime that very day. Of course the changing table would be fully equipped and the highchair would have a vinyl pad. The crib included its waterproof mattress protector and several sets of bedding.

Morgan asked if Mona wanted the walls of the new nursery re-painted or wallpapered. Mona answered that for the time being Lois' nursery should not be repainted. Later, it would be easy enough to move the furniture so the painters could do their thing. Right now it was more important for Lois to have her own changing table and crib to replace her larger bed that day without the complications of paint fumes.

At Dr. Arnold's office, Linda and the girls were still waiting for their examinations. Discreetly Mona handed Linda the bag of KINs pants. She also told her that Danielle would be waiting at the mansion when they returned.

Tracie was called to be examined first. Nanny Linda accompanied her. Just a few minutes later Lois was called. Mona accompanied her.

Dr. Sylvia Arnold found that Tracie was in excellent physical health. She just had delayed toilet learning. The suggestion was that Tracie start wearing cotton training pants inside her Babykins vinyl panties as much as possible during the day. For day trips she should try GoodNites. There was no reason to refer Tracie to a urologist.

There was no obvious medical condition to cause Lois to suddenly wet which Dr. Arnold could find.

However, since Lois was wetting night and day she was referred to Dr. Anne Reid, a respected specialist in juvenile and adolescent urology.

Dr. Arnold did suggest that Lois be taught to change her own pinned gauze diapers and that she wear cotton trainers during the day, or GoodNites when away from home.

Unfortunately the first available appointment with Dr. Reid was on Wednesday 22 June at 11:00 A.M.

It was necessary to remove Tracie's diaper for her exam. As soon as that was finished Linda used the exam table to pin her into a fresh diaper.

The same was true for Lois. Mona changed her into a new DyDee diaper set in the exam room. She walked Lois to a comfy chair in the waiting room near Tracie and Linda before the receptionist asked Mona to meet with the doctor.

At least Lois was in the waiting room when Dr. Arnold used her private office to give Mona the results and suggestions. Mona said that she

had a gut feeling that Lois down deep enjoyed her diapers. Dr. Arnold agreed that was entirely possible.

“Mrs. Holloway, there used to be a non-profit organization ‘When Kids Love Diapers’ providing support to parents of such youngsters. Their website has not been updated in ages, but what is there makes good sense.

“They found that very often as soon as a child finds being diapered uncomfortable and inconvenient, that child will no longer wet. On the other hand, if wetting continues for a few weeks either the child has a legitimate medical problem or is a confirmed infantile with diaper affectation.

“A percentage of girls who were toilet trained and did not wet will react to the onset of puberty by reverting to bedwetting. I still cannot find any evidence that Lois is close to puberty. Actually based upon all her medical history I suspect she will reach puberty at an older age than average.

“I encourage you to view the WKLD mirror website. When you do take Lois to see Dr. Reid, discuss your suspicions.”

After the doctor’s appointment, Mona let Tracie decide where they would eat lunch. The selection was the Temple City Hometown Buffet. Linda had been there many times. She drove Tracie.

Mona drove Lois, but she personally fastened the girl’s seat belt as if she were a young child. And, Lois sat in back.

The buffet was well into their lunch service when Mona and Linda parked there. They had to wait in line to pay and then to be seated. Both of the ginormous diaper bags were carried into the restaurant. Stowed under the table of a booth, the bags left little foot room.

Everyone found comfort-food to individual taste. Their waitress brought a booster seat for Tracie, but Linda explained that the child preferred a highchair. With a smile that was brought to the table. Before Tracie was put in her highchair Linda led her to make her food selections. Since Tracie could not reliably carry a plate with her food, she was led back and placed into her highchair. Then Linda gathered the selected food and brought it to Tracie. Finally Linda gathered her own food.

Lois was allowed to fill and carry her own plate while Mona stayed to keep Tracie company. As soon as Linda sat down to eat, Mona got up and filled her plate.

For over a half hour everyone was relaxed and happy. Then Lois reacted badly to a crying baby seated nearby. Out of character, Lois pitched a 'terrible two's' tantrum.

Mona never tolerated tantrums pitched by Emily and she retained that attitude as a grandmother. She retrieved her brand-new diaper bag from under the table and firmly seized Lois with her other hand. The girl was frog-marched to the 'family' restroom, which Mona knew had a sturdy changing table.

The first order of business was removing Lois' diaper. Her dress was held up and out of the way with a pair of diaper pins. Lois was bent over, holding the edge of the changing table.

Mona pulled the Mason & Pearson hairbrush from its pocket in the diaper bag. She paddled Lois with that until the child was blubbering. Many of the spanks were aimed at her upper thighs.

Lois was still sobbing when she was pinned into a fresh diaper, which was covered by Babykins vinyl panties. Finally her dress was unpinned and allowed to fall into place. It was short enough some of the pink freshly-spanked thighs were visible.

That combined with Lois' tears proved the spanking was thorough. On the way back to their table, several parents gave approving smiles to Mona. She smiled back at those parents. Lois blushed.