

Morgan's Work and Home Life

Chapter 03:

Even-Numbered Saturday Maintenance, GoodNites Tru-Fit, An Aunt and A Cousin

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Morgan's home life also settled into a pattern directed by Priscilla. 'Maintenance' happened on every even-numbered Saturday evening as soon as Morgan was home from work. She was never given permission to go anywhere else on her "Maintenance" nights which could last as long as a week or even longer; all that was a function of her attitude and deportment.

Normally Morgan changed herself into DyDee diapers as soon as she got home every night. She would change again for bed. Usually she slept in her grown-up bed and had full use of her room. The connecting door to Morgan's Nursery was normally unlocked so she had access to her changing table and supply of diapers.

On 'Maintenance' evenings both the connecting and hall doors of her room were locked, so Morgan only had access to her nursery. Priscilla would march her there and undress her totally. The clothes would be put in hampers to be washed or dry-cleaned.

Priscilla would bathe Morgan as if she were still an infant. Once dry she would get spanked to remind her to behave and the consequences of misbehavior.

After any spanking Morgan was never allowed to put on her own diapers until Priscilla released her from 'Punishment'. Even while on Punishment Morgan normally had to cooperate while Priscilla put her into GoodNites for church. The bright spot was that while at church Morgan was allowed to use toilets by herself.

Between Maintenance Saturdays Morgan tried not to think about any of that, especially the spankings. In fact Morgan really did not mind sleeping in her crib since she did not wake up in time to use a toilet or her potty chair once she went to bed. Of course Morgan did not admit not minding her crib.

So, when Morgan woke up in her regular bed bright and early on Saturday 28 June 2014 she knew her delicate derrière would sting and throb that evening.

What Morgan did not know was that while she was serving customers at Just-for-Tots that day and on Friday 27 June, the bedroom next to hers was being temporarily transformed into a second nursery for a sullen barely eleven year-old girl who had reverted to bedwetting. That girl had become a major department problem for months, which apparently was not a function of urinary incontinence.

That second nursery had a changing table, low padded bench and crib similar to Morgan's. Frank Bracket had personally handled the sale, which did not involve the client actually shopping personally in the store. Normal store privacy policy prevented the installation staff from discussing except with the sales associate who wrote the business. Morgan was busy enough with her own clients that she never asked about other installations.

So, that fateful Saturday evening as she drove home from the store with the bundles and packages Priscilla had directed her to transport, mostly Morgan was thinking about her pending Maintenance spanking. She had been especially polite and well-behaved for two weeks so Morgan hoped this would be a minimum spanking with the hairbrush. Certainly she was not worried about being switched or spanked with the Lexan paddle.

After entering the auto court at the Evans' estate, the door to her garage parking spot automatically opened. Morgan did not speculate who else might be parked at her home.

Wanting to be as charming and cooperative as possible, Morgan gathered many of the packages entrusted to her. She would gladly volunteer to make as many other trips to her car as needed to bring in everything. She did not speculate why Priscilla wanted smaller Babykins vinyl panties and GoodNites Tru-Fit Starter Sets. She was confident that when her Mommy wanted her to know she would be told.

Sure enough it was a welcome delightful surprise to be greeted with a warm kiss by her favorite aunty, Priscilla's next older sister Rosemary

Lane Westmore. The Westmores lived in Pacific Palisades. Rarely did Aunt Rosemary drive inland to Pasadena, as far as Morgan knew.

Seconds after Rosemary released her embrace, her daughter Bridget gave Morgan a hug and a kiss. Morgan had not been available to attend Bridget's eleventh birthday party a couple of weeks before. She had sent Cousin Bridget a birthday present and had received a warm thank-you note. Morgan had not been told anything about Bridget's behavior or bladder control issues.

Priscilla finally greeted Morgan with a cuddle and kiss. She even picked up the package not being carried by Rosemary or Bridget. She told Morgan to go up to her nursery and start to get undressed, assuring her daughter that a maid would bring in the rest of the packages.

Dutifully Morgan climbed the stairs to the second floor. She did not even try opening her normal hall door. She walked past it to the nursery's hall door. Everything in there was as Morgan had left it when she had removed her night diapers that morning. She had used her bedroom's shower and she kept a supply of GoodNites Tru-Fit for Girls size L/XL in her room. This way the nursery stayed tidy.

When Morgan had undressed completely she used the bathroom basin and vanity to remove what remained of her day makeup. Her own taste was to wear discreet "Bijou Celeste" minimally pigmented sheer coral-pink lipstick, as she did to and from the store.

However, Mr. Bracket preferred the female sales associates, especially the younger ones, to wear retro 1930's-style Max Factor deep vivid Technicolor Red lipstick to help them appear more mature. Morgan wore a modern version of Technicolor Red called "Rouge Noir" made by Oscar-winning makeup designer Julie Hewett, who also made "Bijou Celeste".

While in the bathroom Morgan emptied her bladder into the toilet, wiped herself carefully and returned to the nursery to obediently and contritely stand on a vinyl highchair pad in a corner. She waited for Priscilla to enter to administer her Maintenance spanking.

It was quite a shock when she heard her mother discussing spanking with both Aunt Rosemary and Cousin Bridget as the three of them entered from the hallway. Only rarely had Morgan been spanked in front of witnesses. Previously those were punishments for actual misbehavior either when visitors were at their home or they were visiting Priscilla's

friends. Still, being pragmatic, Morgan expressed no surprise or displeasure.

Priscilla ordered Morgan to turn around to face the room and to not try covering herself, explaining to the relatives: “My daughter needs diapers because she wets. For this reason she stands on the highchair pad to save the carpet. I am going to fetch a waterproof underpad to protect my dress. This time I will go easy on Morgan, only using her special hairbrush to spank her.”

The underpads are kept folded on a shelf under the changing table. A ‘special’ hairbrush is kept on a table near the crib. Another special hairbrush is kept in plain sight on the bedside table in Morgan’s room, just-in-case.

Priscilla took her seat on the low bench and spread the underpad. She beckoned Morgan to assume the position of punishment over the protected lap. Only then did Priscilla pick up the hairbrush.

“Rosemary and especially you, Bridget, please pay close attention to how effectively this spanking will improve Morgan’s behavior,” Priscilla said with a smirk.

The lecture about good behavior was long and sounded as if Morgan was a child of less than eight. There were no warm-up spanks. Those were full-force and alternated sides of the derrière, above and below the crease separating the lower buttocks from the upper thighs. Soon there were two glowing dark pink spank spots.

Morgan wriggles very little, but she did sob copious tears. Only when she was limp and totally spent did Priscilla stop the spanking.

While Morgan was still crying she was helped to climb onto the changing table and recline on a diaper set. Expertly Priscilla pinned the diaper snug. Knowing what was expected, Morgan elevated her feet and legs so that her Mommy could start pulling a pair of Babykins size Medium vinyl panties into place.

At the right moment Morgan lifted her diapered bottom enough that the panties could be pulled all the way into position. Before letting Morgan sit up, Priscilla double-checked that all of the diaper set was inside the translucent panties.

Morgan stood beside her changing table, naked except for the diaper and panties, while Priscilla went into the closet. She returned with a

Summer-Weight Onesies. That she pulled over Morgan's head. She snapped it snug so the diaper was effectively supported. From the top drawer of the changing table Priscilla retrieved a MAM orthodontic pacifier. She clipped that leash to the collar of Morgan's Onesies.

Still sniffing, Morgan was surprised when the side of her crib was not lowered. She fully expected to be put down for a nap.

Instead Morgan was taken by her hand, gently, as Priscilla led her out into the hallway for the short walk to the next bedroom door. Imagine Morgan's shock to see it was now a second nursery!

On the low padded bench across the foot of the crib a folded underpad and a Hair Doc Model 899 brush were waiting.

Aunt Rosemary dragged her daughter to the changing table. Cousin Bridget was undressed, revealing that she was wearing a very wet GoodNites, the last thing to be removed from her body.

As Bridget blushed and squirmed, she was wiped clean by her mother. Then she was led to the low bench. Aunt Rosemary took a seat. As she got comfortable and spread the underpad to protect the lap of her dress, Priscilla held her niece by the shoulders, preventing an escape.

When Rosemary patted her lap, Priscilla helped Bridget assume the position of punishment, with her bare delicate derrière up and vulnerable.

"Young Lady," Aunt Rosemary said to Bridget, "It was a huge mistake when I stopped spanking you a few years ago. I take the blame for allowing you to become such a mean and spoiled child. I have been punished for that so I know all about what you will be experiencing!

"For the next week or so I will be spanking you as often and as sternly as I believe is needed.

"I am not punishing you because you have reverted to wetting like you did before you were toilet trained. Your doctors and Aunt Priscilla tell me you cannot control your wetting, so it is not fair to punish you for doing things outside your control.

"What is going to happen is that until we move back home in a week or so you will be treated very much like your big Cousin Morgan. I expect this will teach you good lessons. Maybe living like a baby will help you recover your bladder control. That will be so nice for all of us!"

Bridget looked like she was dying a thousand deaths. Her expressions of woe were heartbreaking.

Rosemary actually started with half-force warm-up spanks using just her hand. Since Bridget was not used to being spanked she reacted as if being killed. The child bucked, wriggled like a fish and shrieked loudly.

All that earned her were stinging hand-smacks to her thighs: “Stop that wriggling and kicking, Young Lady! You will be contrite and limp, just like your Cousin Morgan, before your spanking ends!” Rosemary promised.

She picked up the hairbrush and began spanking in earnest. Bridget protested in outrage at first. Her mother clearly had learned from her younger sister Priscilla. Rosemary concentrated the hairbrush only in the primary spank spots.

Those turned pink on the midline of Bridget’s thighs running half-way up her lower buttocks. The girl started to sob, yet the spanks continued.

Bridget was crying her eyes out and had stopped kicking while being spanked. Finally she went limp. Priscilla tapped Rosemary on the shoulder, the signal to stop spanking. Bridget was left over the lap to cry it all out.

Rosemary did lovingly stroke the damp hair of her daughter. During the spanking Bridget had wet the underpad. After helping the girl to stand, Priscilla removed the underpad and deposited it in the DyDee diaper pail. Rosemary stood up.

She led Bridget to the changing table. From the hanging diaper stackers Rosemary removed a 27” square 2 ply flat gauze diaper and spread it out with the front folded in to form a trapezoid. Centered on the flat diaper was a stack of three Birdseye infant-size prefolds as soaker.

When Rosemary was satisfied the diaper set was assembled correctly and was spread smooth, she helped Bridget climb up. The girl, still crying, was assisted into a reclining position over the waiting diaper. Rosemary drew the front end of the diaper taught and brought it back to cover Bridget’s pubic region.

Rosemary reached across her daughter’s body to pull the left rear side of the diaper snug. She fastened that with a diaper pin carefully so that the girl was not jabbed. Taking a half-step away from the changing table

Rosemary pulled the right rear portion of the diaper snug and pinned it in place.

Bridget had never before worn a cloth diaper. To her all that material bunched in her crotch felt weird. The feeling got weirder as her mother began to pull a pair of Babykins Size Small soft vinyl panties up Bridget's slender legs.

Having watched in fascination as her older Cousin Morgan had been diapered, Bridget remembered to take the weight off of her bottom so her vinyl panties could be pulled all the way. Rosemary double-checked that all of the diaper was inside the translucent panties before helping Bridget climb down from the changing table.

Rosemary went to the closet and returned with a summer-weight Onesies. That she put on her daughter. When the crotch of the Onesies was snapped snug to support the diaper, Bridget was provided with a MAM pacifier, the leash of which was clipped to her collar. Suckling that paci did comfort Bridget. Her tears dried up.

The side of her crib was lowered by Rosemary: "Young Lady, get into your new bed immediately!"

Bridget realized she had no other choice; she climbed into her crib and assumed a fetal position. Her mother covered her with a sheet since it was a warm evening: "Make yourself comfortable. In a few minutes I'll bring you a nice baby bottle of warm milk.

"For your safety, inside your nice crib at either end of the moveable side there are buttons so that you can lower that side in an emergency. Using those release buttons will set off an alarm, so everyone will know you lowered the side.

"You need to be absolutely sure there is an emergency. The rule is you must not try to escape your crib.

"Should you attempt an escape, unless there actually is an emergency, you will receive a spanking that you will not like. You cried when I gave you a mild little 'paddy-whacking' a few minutes ago. Your punishment for trying to leave your crib will be a true walloping that you want to avoid!"

Before the side of the crib was raised, Rosemary, Priscilla and Morgan leaned over to give Bridget a tender kiss.

“Oh, Bridget Darling, your temporary nursery has a video/audio monitor, just like Morgan’s. I can see and hear everything happening in here,” Rosemary said, as she held out the portable video monitor. She also handed Bridget an ear bud.

“Go on, wave to the video camera. See how you look on screen. Listen to yourself carrying on in your crib.”

After retrieving the ear bud, Rosemary inserted it in her own ear. Bridget sulked as the others left her alone in her crib. About ten minutes later Rosemary did return with the promised EvenFlo 8 ounce Pyrex baby bottle of warm whole milk equipped with a Munchkin Tri-Flow orthodontic toddler 6+ month clear silicone nipple.

Morgan did not gloat, because she was led to and put into her own crib. While Rosemary was giving Bridget her baby bottle, Priscilla gave an identical baby bottle to Morgan.

When it was time for supper, both girls were removed from their respective cribs. They were led by the hand downstairs to the dining table while still wearing their diapers inside their Onesies. By the time they finished eating those diapers were soaked. Morgan blushed as she told Priscilla, “Mommy, I really need to make poopie!”

Before Morgan actually messed her diaper, both girls were led upstairs to their nurseries. Morgan was undressed, her diaper was removed and she was allowed to sit on her toilet to pee and move her bowels. Meanwhile Priscilla was drawing a bath and spreading out a fresh diaper set.

When Morgan finished using the toilet she waited obediently for her Mommy to wipe her clean, like she was a baby. Then Morgan was lifted into the tub and bathed by her Mommy.

In the other nursery the same thing happened to Bridget, who moved hardly any stool and cried when Rosemary wiped her anyway.

After each girl was dried by towel, they were led to their changing tables. Their derrières still showed the glow of their spankings. Priscilla and Rosemary did apply baby lotion to each of their daughters before diapering them for bed.

After each girl was settled back in her crib she was kissed before her side was raised. Later each was given a baby bottle of water.

Sunday morning Rosemary woke up Bridget. She undressed the girl, removed her diaper and wiped her. Then she diapered her in a fresh DyDee set and put her in a clean Onesies.

Rosemary led Bridget into the hall where they met Priscilla. All of them entered Morgan's nursery to wake her. Bridget stood quietly, holding onto her Mommy's dress as she watched her larger and older cousin being undressed and bathed. Once Morgan was dry, diapered and wearing a clean Onesies both girls were led downstairs to have breakfast.

They sat at the dining table, but were served their milk in baby bottles. After breakfast they were allowed to play in the back yard as their mommies watched.

"It is time for the girls to be dressed for Church," Priscilla said.

The girls were led into the house and upstairs. Before Morgan was undressed, Priscilla showed Rosemary and Bridget how to put a disposable liner into a GoodNites Tru-Fit washable stretchy underwear panty.

After Morgan's wet diaper was removed, she was wiped by Priscilla as she stood beside her changing table. Then she was handed her assembled Tru-Fit and obediently stepped into it and pulled it into place. It was more comfortable than her cloth diaper, as Morgan admitted to Bridget.

The church-going dress Priscilla selected was only slightly babyish. If a stranger did not know about the Tru-Fit diaper it is unlikely the dress would be recognized as infantile. On Punishment Sundays Morgan wore flat Mary Janes instead of high heels. Priscilla did apply a hint of pink lipgloss.

In the other nursery it took Rosemary a couple of tries before she was satisfied she had effectively assembled a Tru-Fit size S/M for Bridget. When it was pulled up and in place, Bridget said, "Mommy I like this better than the diaper!"

For her the smaller Tru-Fit was the best size; snug enough the liner would be effective and yet not overly tight and restrictive.

"Well then, Young Lady, then that will give you something for which to look forward," Rosemary promised. "Once you have accepted your diapers then you shall wear Tru-Fits when that is all the protection you need."

Bridget's dress was actively childish; all ruffles and barely long enough to cover the Tru-Fit panty. She also had flat Mary Janes, but wore no makeup.

Priscilla added a spare Tru-Fit S/M undies panty to her ginormous pink diaper bag, along with a handful of the S/M refill liners. Morgan already has some of her L/XL undies and liners in that bag.

On Punishment Sundays Morgan sits next to her mother during the service. The rest of the time Morgan volunteers as a helper in the Sunday school. At only barely eleven Bridget was too young to attend the main service. She was taken to the class for Fourth to Sixth Graders and introduced to the teacher. A cubby was assigned to Bridget for the diaper bag.

Taking the teacher aside, Rosemary told her: "My daughter just reverted to sometimes wetting her panties. She is wearing the new GoodNites Tru-Fit diapers, but she is not yet used to lowering those to use a toilet and then pulling them back in place. Could someone help Bridget do that?"

The Sunday school teacher was not normally 'star struck'. She knew that Priscilla was still working as an actress. But by coincidence that Saturday she had watched a feature on the Turner Classic Movie cable channel which co-starred Rosemary, who did not appear to have aged a day.

"Oh, of course Mrs. Westmore, doing that will be my pleasure. Right now none of the other children in my class wear pull-ups, but a thirteen year-old girl in the next class does. All of us are trained to deal with pull-ups."

Bridget promised to ask the nice teacher for help if she needed to use a toilet. In fact Bridget was too embarrassed and simply wet her Tru-Fit.

Eleven year-old Emma Talbot, one of the other girls, noticed the distinctive panties. She asked Bridget how she liked her GoodNites, admitting she wears them to bed.

Bridget honestly answered, "This is the first time I've worn them. Until today I have worn regular GoodNites. These are better."

Emma agreed. Before Sunday school ended Bridget and Emma went to the restroom together. Emma helped Bridget lower her Tru-Fit, which

was not any more difficult than regular GoodNites and just snuggler than cotton panties. While in the restroom they exchanged cell phone numbers.

“Emma, my mother and I are staying with Aunt Priscilla and Cousin Morgan, so I’ll see you here next Sunday. We live in Pacific Palisades. While here I am being punished, worst than Grounding. Try to call me if you can. I’ll do the same.”

When Rosemary came to the classroom to retrieve Bridget she said, “Mommy, I did use the toilet and my diaper is all dry. I also made a new friend.”

Since Emma was still waiting for her mother, Bridget introduced her to Rosemary.

Not entirely believing Bridget, Rosemary took her into the restroom and performed a diaper check: “Good Girl Bridget, you did a fine job being responsible with your diaper. Perhaps if you continue to be such a responsible girl we can invite Emma over to Aunt Priscilla’s house for a play date?”

As Rosemary walked with Bridget to where Priscilla and Morgan were to meet them, she could see they were talking to a woman.

Priscilla called them over, “I’d like you to meet my friend Gail. Her daughter is part of our Sunday school. It seems we all have much in common. How about all of us have lunch today? Gail’s husband is playing golf.”

Rosemary responded that lunch sounded like fun.

That was when Emma, who had also headed to that place looking for her mother ran up and hugged Gail: “Mom Dearest, I waited because you said you would pick me up at the classroom!”

Gail blushed, “You got me, Emma. I was talking to Mrs. Evans and Morgan. I lost track of time.”

Rosemary added, “I just met Emma. She buddied-up with Bridget during Sunday school.”

Emma and Bridget giggled.

Since Priscilla’s cook always has Sunday off, the mothers decided to eat lunch at the Pasadena Sizzler Restaurant on Arroyo Parkway. Priscilla

has that Sizzler on speed-dial. She called and asked for a table for six in ten minutes.

The meal was very pleasant. Priscilla told Gail that Rosemary and Bridget would still be staying with her for another week. She also said that Morgan did not work on Mondays. She made it clear that Gail and Emma were welcome to visit when they wanted to do so.

Rosemary said that because Morgan would be at work on Tuesday, Bridget might like to have Emma as a playmate. Emma beamed, so it was decided they would have lunch at Priscilla's home on Tuesday: "While Emma and Bridget are playing we can have a nice chat," Priscilla suggested, to which Gail nodded with enthusiasm.

During that Sizzler lunch Morgan accompanied Bridget and Emma to the ladies' room where each used the toilet. Morgan's ginormous diaper bag was left at the table; she took a fresh Tru-Fit liner with her.

Emma was wearing ordinary panties. By then Bridget had gotten used to lowering her new Tru-Fit to pee into a toilet. Morgan lowered her own Tru-Fit to pee and then replaced her damp liner with the fresh one she brought with her.

Emma was impressed that an adult like Morgan also wore Tru-Fit. She said that she already had told Bridget that she had recently switched from traditional GoodNites to Tru-Fit for bed to manage her wetting: "I don't have a problem when I am awake," she explained.

Once the lunch concluded, Gail drove Emma to their home. Priscilla drove Rosemary, Bridget and Morgan to her home.

Back at the Evans' mansion, Priscilla scrubbed off what little remained of Morgan's lipgloss. Both girls were taken to their respective nurseries. Each was completely undressed. Then they were pinned into DyDee diapers for the afternoon. Their diapers were supported by Onesies with short romper skirts.

The day still being so nice the girls played in the back yard while their mothers sipped Tom Collins on the shaded patio.

A delivery of take-out from Roma's Italian Restaurant was scheduled for 7:30 P.M. The girls were led inside at 4:30 P.M. Everyone went to Bridget's nursery.

She was undressed and her diaper removed. Rosemary put a clean folded underpad and the Lexan paddle on the bench.

“Young Lady, yesterday not only did you not learn your lesson from your ‘paddy-whacking’, you carried on badly. So today you will be spanked harder with the paddle. I hope you behave better, so on Monday I do not need to give you a proper switching!”

Bridget hated the sensation of the Lexan paddle even more than the hairbrush, but she did her very best to not squirm or wriggle. She did sob her eyes out and went limp as soon as she dared.

Following that spanking Morgan was taken to her nursery and diapered for a nap. The same was true for Bridget.

After supper the girls were diapered and put to bed with pacifiers and baby bottles of water.

Monday morning 30 June, each girl was awakened by her mother. They were undressed, their wet diapers were removed and they were bathed.

By then Morgan did not like being bathed as if she were an infant, but she was used to that. Being pragmatic, she simply indulged Priscilla’s power trip.

Bridget had not liked being bathed when she was a young child. It made her feel violated. Being pinned into diapers and sleeping in a crib made her feel humiliated.

When Rosemary started to wash Bridget’s hair that Monday morning, the girl had a total breakdown. She pitched a tantrum which would have done credit to a recalcitrant two year-old. That was the first time Rosemary had ever slapped her daughter’s impudent face.

The mothers had already decided, since Morgan had Monday off, both girls would wear pinned DyDee diapers the entire day, even should they go out. The ginormous diaper bag had room for the DyDee diaper supplies needed by both girls for a short day trip.

During breakfast the mothers decided it would be a fun adventure to take the girls to an early lunch at the Temple City Hometown Buffet. That is slightly south and a few miles east of Pasadena.

Rosemary decided it would add to the fun to dress Morgan and Bridget in similar childish outfits. Priscilla suggested the girls should wear school uniform punishment outfits. Those had actually been used by the exclusive private prep school from which Morgan had graduated until 1990.

The idea was that a naughty student would have to wear a uniform worn by pre-school kids. For girls that would be a regular school uniform shirt with a shorter than normal skirt. Over that uniform real little girls had worn a pinafore. When older girls were being punished they wore a pink pinafore and a short skirt.

As part of her infantile clothing Morgan had uniforms from a different school with skirts so short the crotch of her diaper and vinyl panties were barely covered. For those she had two pink pinafores. Morgan always blushed delightfully when she was taken outside the house wearing a pink pinafore.

That day the difficulty was that because Morgan is 4 inches taller and 10 pounds heavier than Bridget. None of her uniform elements fit her young cousin.

Thus the adventures started when Morgan was re-diapered while Bridget watched and then was dressed in a punishment uniform. There was no protest, but Morgan blushed and wept quietly.

Rosemary dressed Bridget in a Onesies covered by a sunnysuit.

Both Priscilla and Rosemary carried pink ginormous diaper bags. Side-by-side they could tell them apart because Rosemary's diaper bag was brand-new.

The first stop was at Pasadena School Uniform Supply. Rosemary pointed to Morgan: "I need a uniform like that for my daughter Bridget."

The daughters and their mothers were shown into a fitting room. Bridget had to stand there in just her flat Mary Janes and diaper while she was measured. A few minutes later the assistant manager returned with a white camisole, shirt and plaid pleated wool skirt the appropriate length.

Bridget was very glad to put those on. She was humiliated being seen topless. She was surprised that wearing her new pink pinafore did not add to her embarrassment.

Before they left the store, Rosemary asked about the synthetic switches. They were led to the back room where punishment implements were sold. Rosemary bought two each of the 3mm and even more limber 2.5mm red Lexan switches.

Of course Bridget had not forgotten being slapped over her tantrum, so she had no doubt she was going to be switched after lunch.

While they were parked for the uniform store, they walk to the beauty supply shop two doors away. There Priscilla bought four more Hair Doc Model 399 brushes.

In less than 20 minutes they arrived at Hometown Buffet, as they were transitioning from breakfast to lunch food items. The food was delicious. After the eating was done, the girls were taken to the family restroom along with both ginormous bags.

First Morgan's wet diaper was removed and stowed in a plastic bag. She was wiped clean and re-diapered using a permanently installed institutional changing table big enough for people much larger than Morgan.

Rosemary was not yet an experienced expert, yet she had no trouble changing Bridget into a dry diaper.

During the drive from the Temple City Hometown Buffet to the Evans estate in Pasadena, Rosemary explained why she felt her only choice was to slap Bridget's face. The rest of the drive was tense.

The girls were encouraged to play that afternoon. There were no restrictions as they talked. Shyly Bridget asked Morgan what getting switched would be like.

Morgan said, "All I can say is that since the first time Mommy switched me, when she gives me a stern look and tells me to bring her a hairbrush, I run to obey her!"

"Mind you, Cousin, this was several years ago, so Mommy only used the original thicker plastic switch. The pain is different from a hairbrush.

"Then about a year ago Mommy took me to that darn store to buy these thinner switches. To me those hurt much worse. At least Mommy only used the thinner switch on me once."

Bridget did not have any more questions; she just avoided any eye contact with Morgan. They did not talk more the rest of the afternoon.

Eventually Morgan and Bridget were led to their nurseries. Each was undressed and given a bath by her mother.

Bridget was pinned into a DyDee diaper. After being dried, Morgan was left nude standing in her punishment corner. An underpad was placed on the vinyl highchair pad on the correct assumption Morgan would dribble.

Priscilla sat on the low bench with an underpad protecting her lap. As soon as Rosemary marched Bridget into the room, Priscilla called Morgan: "Assume the Position, Young Lady!"

Without any protest Morgan climbed over the mother's lap: "When I want to make sure my little girl remembers what it was like to be a naughty child, I spank her with just my hand. I'm sure the pain is less than when I use a hairbrush, but she gets the point."

The fact is that Priscilla has spanked the very bare bottom of Morgan with just her hand many times with other mothers observing. Often those other mothers were accompanied by their daughters who were friends of Morgan. Being hand-spanked, like a brat, humiliated Morgan more than wearing diapers.

That Monday afternoon Priscilla did not hand-spank Morgan very long or even very hard.

While Bridget watched Morgan was pinned into a DyDee diaper.

Next all of them walked to Bridget's nursery. Her diaper was left in place as the girl was ordered to bend over the low bench. Rosemary picked up one of the thicker switches and began to apply it to the uncovered parts of Bridget's bottom, thighs and legs.

Bridget's reaction to getting switched was loud and spectacular. The girl shrieked and wriggled without shame. Soon Bridget was sobbing so much she could no longer shriek.

Through the translucent Babykins vinyl panties it was obvious Bridget was soaking her diaper. Rosemary noticed yet continued switching briefly.

She did re-diaper Bridget and put her down for a nap in her crib. Morgan also was put in her crib. Monday supper was restrained with hardly any conversation.

That night Priscilla told Morgan she could prepare for bed on her own, but would be sleeping in her crib. Morgan used an extra infant prefold soaker to ensure her night diaper had enough capacity.