

Jayne Supervised?

A Complete Story

“Just-In-Case Embarrassment”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

The time is June 2013. The setting is a major hotel in Los Angeles, California.

When Jayne Reece was 14 she was selected to be mentored by the advertising and marketing firm Daniels, Collins and Moloney. They still are a leader in their field in San Francisco. Founding and name partner Norma Moloney originally was Jayne’s mentor.

Jayne grew up in Mill Valley, a medium-size city in Marin County which is across the Golden Gate from San Francisco. Her parents Harriet and Elliot were kind and supportive.

For various reasons Jayne did not entirely learn to control her bladder until she reached puberty. Even then because her bladder was small and over-active Jayne’s mom encouraged her to sometimes wear “Just-In-Case” diapers on trips and during stressful events.

Since Jayne had learned to put on and remove disposable training panties as a child, nearly always Harriet encouraged Jayne to deal with her own diapers. As Jayne matured she also learned to put on conventional disposable diapers, starting with Size 6 toddler diapers. As she outgrew those her parents provided Attends Breathable Small and Youth briefs. (“Briefs” is the marketing term for adult diapers.)

At home Jayne’s mattress was protected by modern waterproof sheets. Besides disposable diapers, when traveling Jayne always carried two of her waterproof sheets. The very last thing she wanted was to embarrass anyone by staining a mattress.

Many times while in high school Jayne was invited by Mrs. Norma Moloney to visit her offices. As Jayne reached her Sophomore Year, Norma encouraged her to consider a career in advertising, marketing or both.

Norma had attended Vassar College as an undergraduate and the Harvard Graduate School of Business for her MBA. She had improved her skills as an illustrator in high school and at Vassar. Norma is still an outstanding copywriter.

Jayne was not keen on attending Vassar. She also did not want to be across the country from her parents and physicians. The compromise was Stanford University close to San Francisco.

During her Junior and Senior Years at Stanford Jayne was a paid intern at Daniels, Collins and Moloney. By then Norma's adult daughter Margaret "Peggy" Moloney had joined her mother's firm. One of the first employees Peggy was assigned to supervise was Jayne.

Of course when Jayne was selected to be mentored, she disclosed about her bladder issues and the ways she managed. Harriet Reece also discussed that with Norma.

To Norma none of the wetting was a big deal. After all, her own daughter Peggy still wet while sleeping nearly every night until she was 17!

Because Jayne was embarrassed to confess to Norma, it was her mother Harriet who disclosed that on those fairly rare occasions when Jayne misbehaved the only way to teach her a lesson was to spank her on her bare bottom.

Harriet and Elliot Reece are name law partners in their firm Reece, Reece and Partners. Consequently most of Jayne's life she had a nanny. Since California banned public school corporal punishment in 1986, 6 years before Jayne was born, Harriet always made it clear to Jayne's teachers that they should phone her the second they felt Jayne was slacking off or misbehaving in school. Those teachers were ensured that Jayne would receive effective punishment.

Harriet granted Norma Moloney authority to spank Jayne should that be necessary.

That had never been necessary. Nor had Jayne ever stained any bedding or furniture while under the supervision of Norma. So, when Peggy Moloney became Jayne's supervisor, Norma saw no reason to mention diapers and spanking.

By the same token Norma had not told Harriet Reece that even when Peggy was at university, she was a disciplinary handful. Norma still needed to spank Peggy over the lap on her bare bottom with a hairbrush at least once a month until she got her own apartment following graduation at age 22! When home Norma also performed a diaper check on Peggy before bed and after she woke up until she moved out.

Norma and her partners recruited Jayne even before she graduated from Stanford at age 20. Norma had a theory that for Jayne it would be best to begin working right away and to make use of on-line graduate business courses. This is what Jayne did. She shared a decent San Francisco apartment with two other young women from her class at Stanford. They were about 2 years Jayne's elder, but had always accepted Jayne as a contemporary.

Jayne had been discreet about her bladder control problems and how she managed, but also never kept that a deep secret. Her San Francisco roommates had no problem with the situation.

One evening a couple of months after starting to work for Norma, they had a conversation. Someone had stained a couch at Norma's home. No names were mentioned, but to Jayne the obvious suspect was Peggy, largely because Norma mentioned spanking and then diapering the culprit. Jayne doubted Norma would do that to anyone except Peggy.

Over a year passed quickly since Jayne Reece became a full-time employee of Daniels, Collins and Maloney. She had first been promoted to Advertising Copywriter and then to Copy Chief and Associate Creative Director. She had passed all her mid-terms and finals of her on-line graduate business courses.

In June 2013, several weeks after Jayne turned 21, Norma asked her to be part of a small team from the firm making a pitch to a Los Angeles based major corporate client. This was logical because that client was thrilled with the copy Jayne had written for their TV commercials as well as print ads. The client made it clear that expected Jayne to be part of that team.

Around the San Francisco office the gossip was that Peggy Moloney had been fired by at least two previous employers. Consequently Norma's partners were not happy that she had hired her daughter.

Jayne had no problems with Peggy, who was not in the creative department chain of command. Still, Jayne and everyone else on the team presenting the client pitch in Los Angeles were shocked that it would be Peggy in charge and not Norma or at least an Accounts Vice-President.

While Jayne did not wish to talk behind Peggy's back, she could not escape hearing that nobody in the Creative Department had any respect for Peggy as a writer or art director. Just what Peggy would contribute to the presentation effort was a major question for the team. Everyone else had specific assigned tasks.

Early on the first evening at the hotel convenient to the corporate client, seconds after Jayne sat down at the desk to use her computer following a team dinner which Peggy skipped, there was a loud knock on the door.

Peggy was standing outside in the hall and was less than steady on her feet. Instead of an attaché case with presentation files, Peggy was carrying what appeared to be a beach bag.

As Peggy passed her on the way into the room, Jayne detected the aroma of recent alcohol consumption, which would explain the difficulty Peggy was having standing up.

Immediately Peggy told Jayne that her part of the presentation would be at 8 A.M. the next morning. Jayne had a copy of the schedule and knew very well that the team's invitation to present was not until 9:30 A.M.

The discussion with Peggy became more bizarre by the second.

Peggy started off with a long-winded tale about a previous corporate trip during which some unspecified damage was done to a hotel room. That could have happened because teams from Daniels, Collins and Moloney made such trips every week. That was not the kind of information Jayne needed to know so she had no way of telling if Peggy was telling the truth.

After a few minutes, Peggy made it clear that she was worried members of the team were drinking excessive amounts of coffee to stay

awake. A simple glance around the room should have told Peggy that Jayne does not drink coffee or even much water after 6 P.M.

Finally Peggy took from her beach bag a folded adult disposable pull-on diaper. With much fanfare Peggy unfolded and stretched it out, saying she expected Jayne to wear it to bed.

“Excuse me, Peggy,” Jayne began, “That looks like a big diaper in your hand.”

“Jayne, Darling, the manufacturer calls these “Disposable Underwear”, Peggy stated, then admitted, “But you are correct, another term is ‘diaper’.”

“Okay, so it is both underwear and a diaper,” Jayne replied. “It seems totally beyond belief that you are demanding that I wear such a garment to bed!

“Did you single me out for special humiliation?”

“Of course not, Jayne! Because of the excitement and all the coffee being consumed, I am asking everyone on the team to wear one of these,” Peggy said with indignation.

“And, nobody else objected?” Jayne asked as pleasantly as possible.

“Actually, Jayne, you are the first one I have asked,” Peggy said. “However, I am just starting down the hallway.

“Well then, Ms Moloney, let me be the first to go on record as saying this directive of yours is unconscionable!” Jayne stated as calmly as she could. “Just leave that damn thing and I will deal with it when the time comes.”

“Miss Reece, there is no need for your impudent attitude. I think the firm made a big mistake hiring you,” Peggy said in a nasty tone. “Therefore now I will diaper you personally.

Young Lady, remove your shoes, jeans and panties. This pull-on diaper must be worn next to your skin.”

“Did Human Resources give you permission to require diapers?” Jayne asked. However, she had removed her shoes.

When Jayne stood up and began to lower her Jeans, she stopped: “Peggy, would you be happier if you lower my jeans yourself?”

“Jayne, if that is what you want, it will be my pleasure!” Peggy gloated.

Much to Peggy surprise something kept Jayne’s jeans from sliding down easily. Only with effort did Peggy lower the jeans which clearly revealed instead of wearing panties, Jayne was wearing a slightly damp Attends Breathable Small diaper.

“Frankly, Peggy, my experience has been my Attends will be far more effective than the pull-on. I have a waterproof sheet on my bed already and before arrival I so informed Housekeeping as I always do,” Jayne stated calmly. “Before bed I will change into an Attends Youth Brief. Perhaps you want to inspect those? They are classic poly-plastic with sticky tapes. I have found them more effective in bed.”

Without a word Peggy turned and stormed out the door, leaving behind the pull-on.

After setting the deadbolt of her hall door, Jayne used her cell phone to reach Norma. She explained the demand Peggy had made.

“Jayne, you have my full apology!” Norma said, as if she had needed to apologize for Peggy routinely. “I will have a chat with Peggy as soon as I can reach her tonight. If you feel the need, wear your own diapers or just panties. It is your choice.”

Half an hour later Peggy phoned Jayne. “My mother just scolded me for trying to save the firm extra expense should someone wet a bed.”

“Well, Peggy, if you embarrass the team and upset them so that they blow the presentation, the cost will be a lot more than a mattress!” Jayne answered.

“Jayne, I said I was sorry,” Peggy said, although she had said nothing of the sort. “Anyway, my Mommy ordered me to give you a personal apology. I am dressed for bed so could you come to my room? Also, I would like you to review my part of the presentation.”

Jayne put her jeans back on and then her shoes. She had prodded her Attends and found it only slightly damp. Down the hall Jayne walked with confidence.

The door to Peggy's room was ajar. In answer to her knock Jayne was invited to enter. On her bed Peggy's sheer pink peignoir was not tied completely closed, revealing she was actually wearing one of the adult pull-on diapers. Seeing that, Jayne instinctively completely closed the door.

"Jayne, Mommy said I must apologize to you. I did not even suspect you would bring your own diapers on the trip," Peggy stammered. "Mommy also said I must assure you she will punish me when I get home. Can that be our secret?"

"Of course Peggy, that is between you and Norma. It is nobody else's concern," Jayne said.

To read the presentation, Jayne needed to sit in Peggy's task chair at the desk. By some instinct Jayne reached down to feel the seat before sitting.

That seat was not just slightly damp, it was soaked!

"Peggy, what is going on?" Jayne demanded to know.

"Okay, so I must have wet a little while checking my presentation," Peggy lied with practiced ease.

"Peggy, 'wet a little' is your opinion!" Jayne responded. "You wet so much your urologist should be very worried. Does that happen often? Why didn't you wear one of your diapers?"

"I was embarrassed, Jayne," Peggy answered. "This is the first time my Mommy has given me so much responsibility. The dress I wore to dinner is ruined.

"What are you going to do?"

"Peggy, I am going to do nothing!" Jayne answered. "The last thing I would do is embarrass you.

"If you want my advice I would immediately call housekeeping and confess about the chair. Maybe it can be cleaned and saved.

"Now if you want I can go back to my room and loan you my spare waterproof sheet.

“I also urge you to phone Norma and tell her what happened. She probably has a lot of influence with this hotel.

“Now I will give you privacy while I fetch the waterproof sheet for your bed.”

While Jayne was re-making Peggy’s bed to include the waterproof sheet, the on-duty Assistant Housekeeper knocked at the door. Her reaction to the soaked chair was: “That is hardly a catastrophe. We clean up worst daily.” Using her radio she asked a bell person to bring up a replacement task chair and to return the wet chair to the Housekeeping Department.

As soon as the Housekeeper left, Peggy said: “Mommy wants you to phone her back immediately, on her cell. Mommy has decided to fly down here tonight. She said she would explain that to you.”

Using the desk phone in Peggy’s room, Jayne dialed Norma’s cell.

“Jayne Darling, I am in a limo heading to San Francisco International Airport as fast as possible. Executive is getting one of their jets ready for me. They said it will be too late by the time we are ready to land for Santa Monica, Van Nuys or Burbank. They are doing the extra paperwork to land at Los Angeles World Airport.

“Just go on to bed when you are ready. I’ll slide a note under your when I get to the hotel. Although I will attend the presentation, I want you to be in charge. You are ready.

“Now the important thing is dealing with Peggy. She has earned herself a really sound spanking.”

“Say that again, Norma. I think I misunderstood,” Jayne asked incredulously.

“Okay, Jayne, what I need you to do is give Peggy the hardest spanking you have ever administered, or received! Since she reached puberty I have required Peggy to always carry a special Mason Pearson hairbrush. She has been told to hand it to you and then bare her bottom to go over your lap. Peggy must sob and she should have marks.

“Then make sure she is diapered for bed. Thank you for the loan of the waterproof sheet. I suspect your diapers will be too small for Peggy,

but do what you can with the diapers she has. I am bringing all of her medium size diapers from her room at my place.

“Tell Peggy I will be talking to her when I reach the hotel. She does not need to be getting up early because she will not be near the presentation. In fact Peggy will be returning to San Francisco on a commercial flight as early tomorrow as possible. After I talk to her I will decide her future with our firm. Any questions, Jayne Darling?”

“No Norma. I understand and will do my best to carry out your instructions,” Jayne promised.

Blushing deep red, Peggy dug in her suitcase and brought out a spectacular polished ebony Mason Pearson hairbrush which was clearly not new but was in excellent condition. Of course it had never been used to brush hair!

Peggy moved an armless wooden chair to the center of the room. Then she went into the bathroom and brought out two large towels.

“Mommy wants your lap protected since I usually wet when being spanked,” Peggy said sadly.

She handed Jayne the hairbrush and the towels. Jayne sat on the chair and got comfortable before spreading the towels. Meanwhile Peggy removed her pull-on diaper and the rest of her clothing. Unlike Jayne who had tiny breasts, Peggy’s were large and shapely. Without instruction or help she assumed the position of punishment.

Jayne wasted no time scolding. She had only spanked a few children while babysitting, but she had received a lot of over the lap spankings. Therefore she aimed for the best spank spots, on the centerline of each upper thigh where it met the lower buttocks.

All the spans were as hard as Jayne could make them, which was more than enough to bring Peggy to sobs very soon. She also wriggled and did wet the towels.

Often Jayne had been spanked until she went limp. She gave Peggy that treatment. Because she was spanking very hard and in such small areas, by the time Peggy had no energy or tears left to shed, those spank spots were red, sore and starting to bruise. ‘Norma will be proud!’ Jayne thought.

She pulled a fresh diaper onto Peggy. “Norma said she is bringing a supply of your-size diaper. She will change you when she arrives.”

Peggy was still sniffing when she was tucked into bed on her tummy.

“Jayne, may I have a pacifier? There is a set of them in my suitcase under the disposables,” Peggy begged.

Jayne found the pacifiers and a leash. She snapped that on one of the pacifiers and handed it to Peggy. Then she turned out the light as she left the room.

About 5 A.M. Jayne woke up and decided to change her diaper. Sure enough under her door there was the note from Norma who arrived safely and would be awake by 7 A.M. She wanted to have a breakfast meeting with the team at 8 A.M. The actual meeting was scheduled at 9:30 A.M. at the corporation’s offices.

For breakfast and the presentation Jayne wore the same style slip-in disposable pads she normally wears to work. They gave her confidence and were well disguised by her smart business outfit.

The presentation was most effective. Everyone was happy. Norma Moloney was so pleased she ordered another, slightly larger private jet for the return to San Francisco. The difference was that they would depart from the Santa Monica Airport which required less paperwork.

As June turned into July, Jayne noticed that Peggy no longer was seen in the offices. Her name was still on the telephone list, but calls to her extension went directly to voice mail.

At the end of July Jayne was promoted to Vice President for Creative. A perk is her corner office on the executive floor, although Jayne feels it would be more effective to be on the same floor as the creative great room. On the other hand, as a VP Jayne has increased client relationship duties. Generally it is best to keep clients at least a floor away from the creatives.

With the significant increase in pay she bought a two bedroom condo not very far from the office. Jayne had a California driver’s license, but did not own a car. They are frustrating in most of San Francisco. Even corporate presidents take public transportation in San Francisco. Should that not be convenient, Jayne could call a towne car service. For trips out

of town she takes a bus to less expensive rental car offices away from the airport.

It has been months since Harriet last spanked Jayne. When Jayne feels guilty now, she phones Norma, who will accommodate her need for discipline. Sometimes Jayne stays overnight at Norma's home in San Francisco or her weekend place in Marin County on Drake's bay. She stays in the rooms formerly occupied by Peggy. A supply of the diapers which fit Jayne best are kept at both of Norma's homes.

One tip Jayne learned from Peggy is to proffer some towels to her disciplinarian before assuming the position of shame over the lap. With each spanking since the trip to Los Angeles, Jayne wets those towels more. She has ordered some washable underpads with a waterproof layer on one side.

Also since that trip, Jayne is using adult baby play to cope with her urinary incontinence. This hardly upsets Norma Moloney.