

# Miss Annabel and Julia

## Chapter 07

### “Location, Location, Location Adventure”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

*Julia Scott Barclay's instincts were proven correct, which was a common occurrence. She had expected the two week trip so she could re-organize Rogers Department Store would be an excellent chance for her to bond with Annabel. This had proven to be true.*

Although Julia was working long hours divided between that department store and a secret office set-up adjacent to her suite at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, her attitude was that her first priority was to be a loving mother to Annabel. Mornings Annabel willingly got out of bed for some high-quality daughter/Mommy time. Virtually every evening Julia was in time to wish Annabel good night.

Annabel suggested that if she could be adopted by Julia, she would be happy. Experience attorneys were making that happen.

The first Sunday morning (18 June 1933) Julia and Annabel were in Philadelphia, they reluctantly had to say goodbye to Richard Barclay. Julia remained at the hotel, so Annabel could ride beside her father in one of the family's Roll Royces.

During that drive to the train station, Annabel kept telling how much she loved Julia.

For the actual train trip back to Pennsylvania Station in Manhattan, Richard was accompanied by his new valet Arthur Swift and Annabel's senior nanny, Clara Parsons. They rode in a stateroom.

Richard was already thinking that since Barclay's of Fifth Avenue had purchased Rogers of Philadelphia in a most friendly transaction, the

current two plus week visit by Julia (scheduled to end on Wednesday 28 June) to organize the transition, would be only the first of many times one or both would need to stay in that city.

In the back of his mind Richard thought it would be a good idea, and sound investment, to purchase a small mansion on The Main Line. Although he had never visited the place, Richard knew Leonard Rogers lived there. Since the reason Lenny had sold his family store was his desire to move, perhaps the first thing to do was have an agent make an unsolicited bid on the Rogers' Mansion.

Later during the train trip, Richard had another idea: Newly married to Julia and with Annabel growing up fast, this would be an ideal time to carry-out long deferred re-modeling of his own family mansion on Park Avenue at East Seventy-Third Street. That had been finished in 1833. The only structural rebuilding was about 1880, when running water and indoor bathrooms were installed. Later the mansion was wired for electricity, made by generators on their land.

Never shy about favorable publicity, Richard reasoned that in the depths of the Great Depression, millions of skilled construction workers were begging for work. So were even the leading architects. His mansion was celebrating its One Hundredth Anniversary and was a designated historic building. The story of a complete interior rebuilding and an exterior restoration could be in the magazines and newspapers for a couple of years.

How would his family manage while the reconstruction was in progress? Richard had another idea: Recently a multi-millionaire named Peter Dyckman had suddenly died. He had owned a mansion a half mile north on Park Avenue. It was only slightly smaller than Richard's home. When Julia had fired the pervious butler, cook and chauffeur for dishonesty, she hired most of Peter Dyckman's domestic staff, including his respected butler Raymond Franklyn and Arthur Swift who became Richard's valet and was sitting across from him in the Pullman state room.

"Mr. Swift, could I have a moment of your time?"

Arthur sprang to his feet ready to provide service, "Sir, how may I assist you?"

"Please keep this confidential. Fortunately Nanny Parsons is sleeping," Richard said.

"Sir, you know I would never reveal anything you tell me. Confidentiality goes without saying."

"Please excuse me, Mr. Swift, you are my first valet. I did not mean to slight or offend you.

"I am thinking of an extensive remodeling of Barclay Mansion, which could take over two years. It would be very convenient if we all could

move within the neighborhood into a leased home. Your late employer's mansion is vacant as I understand it. Is that correct?" Richard asked.

"I believe you are correct, Sir. A lawyer came to the door, saying there was a big problem with probate. Apparently it is not clear who will inherit and who will pay the death taxes. But Mr. Franklyn would know the details and how to reach the estate attorneys.

"All of us who worked for Mr. Dyckman considered him to be a fair, kind gentleman. We were made to feel that mansion was our home, especially Miss Watson. Perhaps she has extra information, or so the rumor goes. Asking Mr. Franklyn would be the more discreet thing to do.

"I can see many advantages of you leasing that property. All of us who used to work there know every inch of the place."

That comment cinched the idea for Richard. First thing Monday morning he would have his real estate attorneys make discreet inquiries about the Dyckman Mansion on Park Avenue at East Eighty-Ninth Street, with the assistance of his butler Mr. Franklyn. Only if absolutely necessary would they mention Miss Watson.

Having decided to spend a considerable portion of his cash reserves did Richard lean back in his Pullman seat and fall asleep. The next thing he knew Mr. Swift was waking him.

Monday morning (19 June 1933), before leaving for the executive offices of his store, Richard asked Julia's mansion secretary, Janet Shaw, to reach his real estate and also his probate attorneys.

Richard tasked his real estate attorneys with making a low-ball offer for Lenny Rogers' home on The Main Line and also about leasing the Dyckman Mansion for two years with an option for a third year. From his probate attorneys Richard wanted to know his obligation to house Gertrude in the event he closed his mansion during remodeling.

For example, must he provide her an apartment in the Dyckman Mansion, or could he add to her trust fund allowance enough she could live at a commercial co-op building such as The Dakota?

The happy answer about The Main Line was that Rogers had spoken to several real estate firms desiring a quick sale of that property. There being several other similar homes on the market, without offers, it appeared Richard could get a marvelous deal on the Rogers' property.

By coincidence his real estate attorney also represented the Dyckman Estate. As Arthur had believed, it would be years before that property could be sold, but it could be leased. However, because of potential conflict of interest, Richard would need to use another law firm to negotiate any lease for the Dyckman property.

The news was even better about the 'Gertrude' situation. Under the will, Richard was not legally required to contribute to her new apartment.

She could not demand to live in a closed mansion. On the other hand, if Richard did help her buy an apartment at, for example, The Dakota, when his own place was ready for occupancy, Gertrude would not have any claim on her old apartment there. Richard's instinct was that whatever the cost of an apartment for Gertrude, it was a wise investment to ensure the happiness of his marriage to Julia.

While Mr. Edwards was driving Richard to his office, he was bouncing with glee. In his office he asked his executive secretary, Agnes Mayo, to have someone reach Julia in Philadelphia. Luckily she was between meetings at the Rogers' store.

Once Julia was on the long-distance line, Richard started: "Darling, I want you to start thinking of the future. We are going to need our own home near Philadelphia and I have been told Lenny Rogers wants to sell his old family mansion on The Main Line as soon as possible for whatever price he can get. I have people dealing with that so he will not know we are interested.

"Assuming you approve, I want to start the remodeling of Barclay Mansion as soon as possible. We can select the architects. Meanwhile I am sure we can lease the Dyckman property. The advantage is most of our staff are familiar with it.

"Are you sitting down? Best news of all is that if we close the mansion for a couple of years and help Gertrude move into a place like The Dakota, she can never force herself back into our home.

"Darling! It is not lady-like to giggle like that. Remind me to give you a good spanking, or at least a friendly paddy-whacking, the next time you see me!"

Still giggling, Julia replied: "Darling, remember I am at the Rogers store. Helen Wood just buzzed me. Yes, it will be my pleasure to remind you, and maybe a second time as well!

"As for the real estate deal, I support you all the way. Lenny will probably be delighted if we do buy his place. A few times over the years, before I actually met him, he would beg me to visit his bedroom in that house, and I would mention his wife would not like that. Could it be he is anxious to sell because of his divorce?

"Mr. Merriman drove me past the Dyckman Mansion before I left Manhattan. It is almost as beautiful as Barclay Mansion. Mr. Franklyn speaks so fondly of that house. Living there for a couple of years will be a fun adventure.

"As for helping you select the architect, I am leaving that to you. Architecture is far outside my experience.

"If I told you my deep feeling about not living near your sister, you would probably beat me raw with something horrid!

“But Darling Richard, now I really must get back to work. I must set a proper example to the troops and all that!”

That same day, Annabel and Hannah increased their pace seeing everything possible in Philadelphia. On the previous Saturday afternoon, while Richard was being shown the sights of Philadelphia by Annabel, on the spur of the moment, he had Mr. Merriman stop the Rolls at a photo supply store.

There he bought Annabel a modern Kodak Brownie and several rolls of film. The camera was loaded by the salesman in the store, who told them when it was brought to any photo store or drug store after the film was used up, they would re-load the camera and then develop those pictures.

Annabel took so many pictures that by the time she returned from seeing Richard off on the train, all the first roll of film was used. She was in despair, until Trudie Josse came to the rescue. She simply asked the on-duty Pinkerton operative if he could reload the camera. Of course he did that and said all Pinkerton operatives knew how to take pictures. That same Pinkerton told them the best quality at fair prices for developing and printing Annabel’s photos was not far away.

That second week in Philadelphia Julia was able to have dinner with Annabel three times. On those evenings she not only provided the girl with a desired spanking, Julia easily diapered her for bed. On a day when Julia could not avoid a dinner event, she invited Annabel and Hannah to lunch.

Annabel was happy because by using the ‘Victorian Girls’ Spanker’ instead of the hairbrush or cane, she could have a morning and an evening spanking as hard as she wanted without worries of bruising.

Hannah gave up all pretense of weaning Annabel from day diapers. She was carrying the diaper bag anyway, so if wearing diapers comforted Annabel, where was the harm?

As for the spanking issue, one morning while Annabel was in her bath, Hannah proposed to Julia, “If that child returns to misbehavior, what if to punish her we refuse to spank her?”

Julia nearly doubled over in laughter, spitting up a bit of coffee. “Miss Randall, I am sure you are onto something. When the time comes I agree to give your idea a try.”

Within two hours of Richard asking about buying Lenny Rogers’ mansion on The Main Line, his real estate attorneys located the broker with the listing. The asking price was very affordable. Richard authorized sending a check for a three week option on the property.

Julia and Richard could be given a tour of the grounds and house when they wanted. A message to that effect was left for Julia. Richard was

thinking after his meetings at the Rogers store during his trip to Philadelphia the next weekend. That also was part of the message to Julia.

It took until Tuesday (20 June 1933) afternoon before a deal could be made about the lease of the Dyckman property. All the attorneys representing the Peter Dyckman estate in probate wanted was that the property be maintained in good condition.

They offered to lease it for payment of one dollar a year, for up to three years payable to the estate trustees. Richard would pay for routine maintenance and utilities. He would also make a donation of one thousand dollars a year to any of the charities named in the Dyckman will.

The news about the Dyckman lease was included in a routine message for Julia.

With Julia's blessing, Richard's next step was to select an established architecture and engineering firm to survey his own Barclay Mansion. After the survey was complete design of the renovations could be made.

Although there were several excellent architects with the staff and experience to do the job and with available time to devote to the project, the firm Richard favored was White & Lockridge. Walter Lockridge had taken over Stanford White's architectural firm when he was murdered in 1906.

White had designed many of the best known Manhattan Beaux-Arts mansions and even the Washington Arch in Greenwich Village in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Lockridge had handled the skyscraper side of the business while working for White, but added mansions to his practice after the tragic loss of Stanford White.

Richard had heard others refer to Barclay Mansion as being 'Beaux-Arts', but it was designed forty years before that term was coined. Still, it would be an advantage to have an architect sensitive to such a traditional style.

Walter Lockridge was famous, in his mansion designs and especially re-designs, for making use of construction methods he had perfected building skyscrapers and large commercial buildings where clear-span, pillar-free rooms were needed. He had virtually pioneered retrofitting mansions to add modern electric elevators, and was a consultant to the Otis Elevator Company.

They had vast experience with the challenges of Upper Park Avenue as well as the problems of mansions built well before the Civil War.

Richard was trying to not get ahead of himself over-thinking the interior changes until he was sure what was possible and could ask Julia for her ideas. He knew the kitchen had to be modernized and enlarged. He also felt sure both a service and a family elevator would be needed.

He was thinking the service elevator should adjoin the kitchen on the basement level and extend from the sub-basement to the top floor. It needed to be large enough for efficient moving of furniture larger than pianos, probably at least the size of typical hospital elevators. It should have doors on both ends and an extra stop at ground level between the kitchen and first floor for efficient loading of furniture.

The family elevator needed only start at the basement level, preferably with easy access to the garage. That way when the weather was very cold and blustery, family members could stay inside the car while it was being parked and could then enter the mansion without getting cold, wet, or being seen by strangers.

Pending approval of Julia, Richard wanted to move all non-essential family rooms from the first floor upward. Except for the dining room above the kitchen served by an excellent dumb waiter, functions such as the library and study could easily be moved to the second floor.

After the wedding the only second floor bedrooms being used were one each for him and for Julia. Annabel had her room next to the one for Nanny Parsons. There were only two bathrooms on the second floor and over twenty empty bedrooms. There should be more than enough space for two offices, a working library and a family living room.

Richard had grown up frustrated about needing to walk down a hall to use a bathroom. In the better hotels each guest room had a connecting bathroom. Even in the master suite, why not separate bathrooms for Julia and him? The discreet connecting passage could separate individual closets. Somewhere on the second floor there needed to be a nursery connecting directly to the nurse's bedroom, with a private bathroom. Another handful of enlarged bedrooms would have private bathrooms for an expanded family.

Several guest rooms with bathrooms would be on the third floor, which would leave lots of space for functions not yet determined. Currently there were only two pioneer bathrooms on the fourth floor. Gertrude's apartment was next to one of those bathrooms. That would also leave a lot of space for future uses.

The top floor was devoted to the staff bedrooms. Those could be re-configured so each pair of two bedrooms would share a common bathroom. It would still theoretically be possible to separate the bedrooms for female and male staff, but Richard felt to do so would insult all the staff.

Richard assumed there would need to be a staff stairway for safety reasons, but there was no reason for a family stairway. For purposes of showing off, the grand stairway only needed to connect the first and second floors.

The first floor would largely be devoted to entertaining with the ballroom and dining rooms expanded. Richard was thinking of restaurant-style restrooms for the guests. Possibly a really elegant large ladies' room and lounge at the top of the grand stairway? Perhaps a smaller men's room on the same floor, with the family rooms toward the back, and yet with access to the grand stairway and also the family elevator? Guests could also use the family elevator.

Richard knew he wanted to bring the electrical system up to current standards, since Tom Edison might have personally supervised the original electrical installation, which Richard did not remember ever being improved. At some point the noisy generator in its own building was replaced with electricity bought from Consolidated Edison.

Since in the late 1920s ConEd had expanded their underground distribution of steam made in their East River plant along Park Avenue. Richard felt by using that he could eliminate the boiler and furnace equipment in the sub-basement and therefore the staff which kept those working.

Although before Richard could remember Barclay Mansion had steam heat, nearly every room still had a fireplace and working chimneys. When fireplaces were being used, they required young men to carry in wood or coal and carry out the ash. Maids needed to lay and light the fires and clean up the soot and ash created.

William Barclay had decreed during WWI that only on special occasions in the dining room, living room and ballroom would the fireplaces be used. Richard was going to insist only the living room fireplace remain, but functioning using a gas flame. Thus all the chimneys could be torn out, to be replaced by smaller metal flues where necessary. Getting rid of the chimneys would save a lot of space and also would be a major fire safety improvement.

While the new electrical system was being installed, walls would have to be opened. That would be the best time to run telephone and intercom wires. Instead of the obsolete 'bell' staff signaling system, there should be intercoms and/or house phones.

Unfortunately while the transition merging the Rogers of Philadelphia store into the Barclay business was in a critical stage, often Richard was focusing more on rebuilding his mansion than his core business.

Fortunately he was smart enough to marry Julia Scott, who was the brains behind day-to-day operations and also long-term strategic planning. The fact is only Agnes Mayo, Richard's executive secretary, sensed his distraction.

It could have been much worse. Richard's only mistress was his mansion. Think about Lenny Rogers, who lost his family department store due to being a playboy divorced by his wife! Richard knew that Julia

loved the Barclay business more than he did, so that could be her lover. They were so well suited.

Late that Monday evening Julia did reach Richard to remind him how much she loved him and to say she approved of all his progress buying the old Rogers' Mansion in The Main Line, leasing the Dyckman Mansion and everything he planned to modernize the Barclay Mansion interior.

Julia was late returning Richard's call because she had taken Annabel to dinner, so Hannah could have a half day to herself. Annabel behaved like a sweet young lady all the time she was spending with Julia, calling her 'Mommy' in private and 'Mother' in public.

Hannah had dropped off Annabel and the diaper bag at the Rogers store executive office in mid-afternoon. Annabel had occupied her time sitting at a desk making sketches and also taking pictures out the window.

Noticing that, Helen Wood, executive secretary of the Rogers store, phoned the photo department to send up a sales clerk to teach Annabel how to re-load her Kodak Brownie. She also told that clerk to bring another Kodak Brownie with him, so Annabel would have two of them.

Unlike the evening she met Julia for the first time and kicked the replacement toy piano Julia had gone to so much trouble finding, Annabel was gracious and appreciative of the new camera. In a few minutes she could change film effectively. She was so proud of that skill. Later, when Julia took her back to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel to change for dinner, the first three batches of Annabel's photos were waiting in the custody of Trudy Josse. Trudy and Julia praised the photos extensively, which made Annabel so happy.

Her time as a perfect little lady in the office and as a photographer was so different from her morning with Hannah. Annabel had been allowed to wear a diaper during their adventure at a park with a good view of the river and the docks.

The day was pleasantly warm and clear. The grass was soft. Annabel was having a marvelous time acting like a well-behaved child, not a miniature adult or a major brat. Hannah realized it had been close to three hours since she diapered Annabel, who had consumed a bottle of ginger ale in the meantime.

Hannah therefore discreetly performed a diaper check, reaching under the child's skirt and squeezing the diaper through the PlayTex rubber panties. What Hannah could not figure out was why the diaper/rubber pants combination had not leaked.

Time was of the essence and no ladies' room was in sight. Hannah had no choice except pretending Annabel was two and not nine. From the diaper bag she pulled out a small blanket which she spread on the grass. Then she asked Annabel to lie on that blanket on her back.

As it turned out the only woman to notice was taking care of a girl probably younger than five. The girl was fascinated seeing an obviously older girl having her diaper changed. Hannah started to feel bad for Annabel, who neither noticed nor cared that her diaper change was in public.

“Nanny, I am so sorry I did not tell you I had wet more than once. I know I deserve to be spanked for being so inconsiderate and careless!”

“Lambie Pie, we started out the morning with you over my lap. I am sure your Mommy will spank you tonight to help you go to sleep. Besides, you are wearing a diaper and it is expected you will wet it. I only hope you were not embarrassed that the little girl was watching,” Hannah replied casually.

“Nanny, if that little girl is still around, maybe she would play with me?” Annabel asked.

“The woman who is with her is over there at the bench, so the girl must be here. Do you want to run over there and introduce yourself?”

“Oh, Yes, Please may I, Nanny?”

“Of course you may, Lambie Pie. Have fun. I will gather our things and join the woman on her bench.”

It turned the girl was named Susan Manchester and she was in fact six-years-old. She contentedly played with Annabel for an hour, without teasing about the diaper.

The mother’s name was Leticia Manchester, who was born in 1899, and looked far older. Hannah’s first assumption was that she was the grandmother. As they talked, Leticia mentioned that she graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1920 and was an associate professor of art history there.

“What a coincidence, Professor Manchester. My employer graduated from Barnard in 1920 also. We are here on vacation from Manhattan, staying at the Bellevue-Stratford.

“It is so nice our girls are playing together so happily. Until my Mistress married Annabel’s father, his sister did not want my child meeting other little girls and boys. All that changed after the marriage. My Senior Nanny was encouraged to hire me. Annabel has been very happy here in Philadelphia playing outside and meeting other children.

“I promised to take Annabel to lunch early, because my half-day starts at 2 P.M. I realize we just met, but would you and Susan care to be our guests at lunch?”

“Miss Randall, I feel we have known each other a long time. From the way Susan is playing with Annabel I can tell she likes her, and Susan is normally very shy, almost withdrawn. On behalf of my daughter, we will be delighted to share lunch with you. But, it is only fair we at least split

the check. Did you have a pleasant ride on the bus to the park?” Leticia asked.

“To tell the truth, my Mistress had her driver bring us and wait to take us back. Would you like to ride with us?” Hannah asked. “The car is the only one in the parking lot.”

“Excuse me for presuming, Miss Randall. When we walked here I noticed the beautiful Rolls Royce, because we do not see many of those in this park. Of course the parents of many of my Bryn Mawr students show up on campus in such cars,” Leticia said, stammering in embarrassment.

John Merriman drove all of them to a delightful family restaurant between the park and downtown. He came in to have his own lunch and was invited to join them.

“Thank you, Mrs. Manchester and Miss Randall, but I must say no. It is not my place to sit at table with the daughter of my employer. I am used to having lunch by myself, begging your pardon, Ma’am,” he answered.

Of course since John Merriman was also Annabel’s body guard, he wanted to be far enough away from her he could detect any threat before it reached her. And, he wanted his back against a wall so he could not be attacked from behind.

The possibility ‘Mrs. Manchester’ was not who she appeared had crossed his mind, so he intended to watch her closely. While waiting for his food, he phoned the Pinkerton office to have Mrs. Manchester investigated as a possible threat.

At the park Annabel used the last few pictures in her camera photographing Susan and Leticia, with Hannah and even one with the Rolls and Mr. Merriman.

After lunch was finished and while Hannah was waiting for the check, Annabel announced loud enough even some other patrons could hear, “Nanny Randall, I am sure I wet while we were eating. Could you change my diaper before we leave? Please.”

Before Hannah could respond, Susan begged, “Can I watch?”

Leticia did not smack Susan, but she sharply responded, “Only a very rude little girl would ask such an impertinent question.

“Susan, apologize at once to Annabel! We will ‘chat’ about your misbehavior when we get home.”

Annabel was nonchalant, “Mrs. Manchester, I honestly do not mind. My diapers are not a secret and I am not ashamed. Some other girls have seen Nanny changing me.”

Hannah also said she did not mind.

“Well, if both of you are sure it will be all right. And, I do need to use the ladies’ room to freshen up. That was such a nice lunch.

“Miss Randall, I am curious about something. In the park I did not want to stare, but I thought after you pinned on the dry diaper, you pulled something up over it. Why is that necessary?”

The waitress returned with Hannah’s change.

Hannah answered: “I had never heard about such things myself before I was hired a few weeks ago. Those are the new thin stretchy rubber pants made by PlayTex. Annabel had a supply of them when I started work, so I do not know where those were purchased. But last Friday I felt we needed some more. I bought those at Rogers of Philadelphia department store in the baby department. The PlayTex stretchy baby pants come in a couple of sizes larger than Annabel wears all the way down to premature infant.”

The two women and the two girls all entered the ladies’ room. While Hannah brought out the blanket from the diaper bag, Leticia blurted out, “Susan still needs diapers in bed, and thought she was the only girl that age being diapered. She used to wet during the day until a few months ago; Annabel proves Susan is not the only girl who wets.”

Another woman vacated the only stall, so Leticia used the toilet while Hannah finished changing Annabel.

“Mommy!” Susan started to beg, in a very childish loud voice, “Can I wear a diaper also?”

From the stall, Leticia answered sharply: “Susan, we talked about that while you were still in kindergarten. When you stopped having all those ‘accidents’ during the day you wanted to wear regular panties. You promised that if you felt you were about to wet, you would tell me, your babysitter or your teacher. What happens when you deliberately wet and keep it a secret?” Leticia asked, already knowing the answer.

“Mommy, you spank me,” Susan shyly whispered, with her eyes on her shoes.

“No kidding Susan. I still get spanked, too,” Annabel volunteered.

“What can I say,” Hannah responded with a grin and her hands in the air. “Now, Mrs. Manchester, if you could watch the girls, suddenly I need to use the toilet.”

Discreetly, Leticia led Annabel and Susan out of the ladies’ room, even carrying the diaper bag Hannah had just re-packed.

While Annabel and Susan chatted excitedly, using the words ‘spanking’ and ‘diaper’ frequently and loudly enough Hannah and Leticia could not help overhearing, John Merriman drove all of them to the Manchester’s home an easy walk to the park.

Before giving Susan a hug good-bye, Annabel said, “If we drop off my film going back to the hotel, my pictures will be ready Wednesday morning. I would love to give you copies. I only was given my camera last Saturday by my Daddy when he took the train to visit us. Poor Daddy is stuck at his office in Manhattan.

“Mrs. Manchester, could I have another adventure with Susan Wednesday morning after we pick up the photos? My Nanny says the Philadelphia Zoo is so much fun, and larger than the one in Central Park near our house.”

Hannah and Leticia agreed to that Wednesday ‘play-date’ although that term was not used until sixty years later.

Later that evening as Mr. Merriman drove Julia and Annabel from the restaurant to the hotel, Julia complimented the way Annabel was acting like such a nice, refined little lady.

“Mommy, I love being alone with you. But, you still are going to spank me before bed?”

“That being your wish, Darling, I will do as you desire,” Julia promised while hugging and kissing her beloved daughter.