

Isobel

Chapter 1 “Cunning Plan”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

“Mom, I’m home!” nine-year-old Isobel shouted. The school van had just dropped her off. School was out for the summer!

“Hi, Sweetie Darling; I’m up in the nursery changing Valery!” her mother Sylvia shouted in reply.

Isobel bounded up the stairs. “I’ll take off my uniform,” she said as she approached the nursery on the way to her own room.

The door was wide open, so Isobel could see her mom’s back leaning over the changing table as she chatted with the toddler. Isobel could also see almost four-year-old Valery’s crib.

“Valery gets all the attention,” Isobel thought. *“Would Mom love me more if I still needed a diaper?”*

Her memory does not go back before she was toilet trained. Her Granny Jessica had taken baby pictures of Isobel showing her being pinned into gauze diapers, very much like Valery wears.

One summer day in 2012, before Valery was born, when Isobel was six, she was spending time at Granny Jessica’s mansion.

Despite her protest Isobel was tucked into a youth bed with raised side safety rails for a nap. Adding to the indignity Granny Jessica had undressed her down to just her panties, which made Isobel feel infantilized, although at the time she was unfamiliar with that word.

She did not do so deliberately, yet when she woke up from her nap, Isobel realized she had soaked her panties as well as the bedding. At first she was embarrassed.

As Isobel thought about it she felt the wet bed was fair pay-back for being made to waste time on a gorgeous afternoon napping like a baby. *“Treat me like a darn baby and I’ll wet just like a baby! If Granny makes me take a nap then she should have diapered me like a baby!”*

However, when Isobel actually heard her Granny Jessica approaching she started to blubber, as if contrite and ashamed.

From the doorway Jessica could see and smell what had happened. She rushed to comfort Isobel, “No harm was done, Darling. Your panties and the sheets will be washed and dried.”

Hearing the gentle voice, Isobel was no longer worried about being punished so she stopped sobbing.

“How about you take off your wet panties? Use the bathroom to take a shower or bath; your choice. I’ll strip the bed and run all that through the washer along with your panties. Then the drier will take care of the rest.”

While Isobel was letting the water run until warm, she looked back at the bed in time to see that a waterproof protector had been covered by the fitted bottom sheet. *“So that was why Granny was not mad at me!”* Isobel thought.

She lingered in her bath, being careful to keep her long hair dry. By the time she opened the bathroom door, Granny Jessica had re-made the bed, hiding the waterproof protector.

Turning to Isobel, Jessica kissed the little girl on her forehead and took her hand. Leading her down the hallway to the next room Jessica calmly stated in her loving voice, “Darling, until your panties are clean and dry, we need to find you something to wear instead.”

Vaguely Isobel was aware Granny Jessica still kept a baby nursery, but when visiting she did her very best to ignore that. Along one wall there were three cribs sticking out, one of which was very large. Along the opposite wall was a sturdy over-size changing table.

Upon that were objects Isobel did not want to see. Jessica said, “Darling, you did not bring a change of panties. No worries because many

of your cousins still wet. None have ever had luck wearing these GoodNites. They are advertised as being discreet, but they leak badly.

“I don’t want to embarrass you. Try to remember a diaper is not just for infants; that’s why they’re made large enough for you. My suggestion is we find the best size Pampers for you.”

It turned out that a Size 6 Pampers Cruiser was overly snug, but the Size 7 did fit on Isobel. When she saw herself in the mirror wearing just the Pampers disposable Isobel resumed quietly crying.

Very quickly Jessica helped her granddaughter put on her shirt, skirt, socks and shoes. Checking the mirror Isobel was comforted that the diaper was hidden. “Darling, it will be our secret,” Jessica promised.

Isobel followed Jessica to the laundry room and helped load the drier. While that was running Isobel drank a glass of milk and ate a couple of cookies. Once the load was dry she helped Jessica fold the sheets and put them away. Her panties were still too warm to wear.

“Granny, since you put the diaper on me, I can wear it longer until my panties cool off,” Isobel shyly offered.

By the time the panties were room temperature the Pampers was still dry. “Granny, it seems a shame to waste the Pampers. Would I be very naughty if I wet it to find out how that feels?”

“No, Darling, that would not be naughty. It would be foolish. If you want to deliberately wet, please undress.”

As soon as Isobel did undress, Jessica removed the slightly sweaty Cruiser and helped Isobel step into one of the smaller GoodNites. After that she was led to the bathroom. “If you wet in here, the floor can easily be mopped. You might as well experience a wet diaper.”

It did not take long for Isobel to pee. The flow was faster than the GoodNites could handle. After Isobel stopped peeing some leaked from both leg holes and puddled on the floor. “Trust me, Darling; if you had been in bed when you peed the GoodNites your sheets would be wet. Maybe not as wet as your panties, but still wet.”

Jessica used a baby wipe to clean Isobel before re-using the pre-worn Pampers. This time Isobel was happy to play wearing just the diaper. After a big glass of lemonade she did pee her Pampers, without any leaking. That made Isobel very happy.

The time was nearing when Jessica needed to drive Isobel home. She was not all that surprised when the girl shyly requested another Pampers Cruiser for the drive home.

Not only did Jessica diaper her granddaughter, she put the rest of that Pampers package into a shopping bag. Isobel carried that home. There Sylvia eventually made her daughter change back into her panties before the second Pampers was wet.

For the rest of that summer Sylvia did diaper Isobel in a Pampers before she visited her Granny. During her naps there Isobel always wet her Pampers without leaking.

On one especially hot July afternoon Isobel was playing in air conditioned comfort inside while wearing just a Size 7 Cruiser. Granny decided it was time to let the girl explore a storage room.

There was found a carton of saved treasures from Jessica's childhood. To Isobel the most fascinating objects were cardboard tubes which originally help PlayTex latex Stretchy Baby Pants dating from 1946 until 1953. Unfortunately those perishable latex baby pants had long since disintegrated.

When asked, Jessica was not shy explaining that she still needed those pioneer waterproof pants until she stopped wetting her bed in the fall of 1953, about a year before production of PlayTex baby pants ended.

“Sure, Darling, during World War II I must have worn early plastic pants. The USA entered that war before I was born in 1942, by which time all latex had to be used for the war effort. I was three and should have been toilet trained when the war ended in 1945. As soon as the comfy PlayTex pants resumed production in 1946 my folks bought them for me.

“Being a late bedwetter in 1945 was hardly the end of the world. Lots of kids wet during bad dreams then. I was lucky that my best gal-pal Dana who was in my class also wet her bed. When we played together after school our moms diapered us because otherwise we would forget to use the toilet.” Jessica gave Isobel one of the PlayTex tubes.

During the family's 2012 summer trip Isobel helped her mom put a waterproof protector on the motel beds. She wore and wet Pampers in the car as well as in bed. At Disneyland Isobel was hardly the oldest girl being diapered in the ladies' rooms.

Her summer diaper experiences ended in time that for school Isobel could wear big girl cotton panties. Eventually Sylvia was pregnant with Valery. Although there still was a waterproof protector on her bed, Isobel was no longer diapered.

Shortly before Valery's first birthday, the protector was removed from Isobel's bed. She had not wet her bed for a long time. Also Isobel had made several friends who visited. Sylvia did not want any of them teasing her daughter about "a rubber sheet".

In June of 2015 Isobel had never forgotten being diapered by her Mom and her Granny back in 2012. However since Valery had not been born then, no gauze diapers were on hand.

Seeing Valery's cloth diapers being pinned was a tipping point. Isobel reasoned that since the DyDee Service truck was delivering for Valery it was only fair that she should have her own larger gauze diapers.

The first thing Isobel did was look for a waterproof protector for her bed. She had no luck finding any. Perhaps those had been thrown away.

What Isobel did find were some of Valery's waterproof crib pads. She carried one of those to her room. Immediately she re-made her bed. The crib pad was too small, but Isobel carefully placed it in the center of the mattress. Then she replaced the fitted bottom sheet.

Isobel did know where the last open pack of Size 7 Pampers Cruisers was located because she kept that in her own closet. Unfortunately after undressing she found she could just manage to fasten the tabs of the disposable around her hips.

Making the best of the situation Isobel cut off the tabs of the Cruiser. She put the diaper inside a pair of her cotton panties and pulled it into place. Although it was still the afternoon, she put on a nightie to walk to the kitchen for a large glass of lemonade.

Back in her room Isobel removed her nightie. She walked around drinking the lemonade as rapidly as she could. Once the glass was empty she reclined on her bed. Half an hour later she managed to start wetting.

Sure enough the jury-rigged diaper leaked, wetting the bottom sheet, but centered on the crib pad so no harm was done to the mattress.

Isobel pretended to wake up from a nap. She started to sob. Apparently Sylvia could not hear the crying. Isobel decided to get up to look for her mom while still wearing only her wet diaper.

Sylvia had just placed Valery in her play pen when she saw Isobel crying. The sight of the make-shift wet diaper worn by her older daughter brought back strong memories for Sylvia.

When Sylvia was nine her youngest sister was still in diapers which made her jealous. She had managed to pin on a couple of DyDee gauze diapers, but she had no vinyl panties large enough to fit.

She also did not use a crib pad, so when the wetting soaked through the pinned diaper, it spoiled the mattress. Eventually Jessica did buy Sylvia the correct size vinyl panties and waterproof protectors. However, in the meantime she gave Sylvia a scolding for damaging the mattress.

Between sobs Isobel explained she had been napping on a crib pad. Sylvia had to admire such initiative. She cuddled the contrite child. Then she did the sensible thing.

Sylvia phoned her own mother Jessica: “Mommy, Isobel just wet her bed!”

To Jessica that was hardly a crisis; two of her other grandchildren older than Isobel still wet on occasion. That is why rubber sheets and diapers are made in various sizes.

“Sylvia, get hold of yourself. Try to keep Isobel calm. I’ll come over right away with diapers large enough for Isobel,” Jessica promised calmly.

She put a few Attends Breathable Small disposables into a diaper bag Jessica kept handy for just these sort of grandchild incidents.

At Tom and Sylvia’s mansion the first order of business was to put an Attends on Isobel. She made it clear that what she wanted was to wear DyDee gauze diapers with vinyl panties.

Jessica and Sylvia assured the girl that would not be a problem. “Still, there will be times when you will need more discreet disposables, like that Attends,” Jessica said sweetly, while Sylvia nodded.

Sylvia needed to remain at home to look after Valery. Jessica drove Isobel to the area’s best infant shop, Just-for-Tots.

That is a dealer for DyDee Service. A saleswoman selected the correct larger gauze diaper. Isobel could use the same infant DyDee Birdseye prefolds worn by Valery as soakers.

Once the diaper was pinned on, the appropriate Babykins pull-on vinyl panties were selected for Isobel. Because it was too late for DyDee to deliver that evening, Just-for-Tots provided Jessica with several of the larger gauze diapers.

While at the store Jessica ordered an over-size changing table for Valery's nursery, so Isobel would have a place to be diapered. She also ordered a crib big enough for Isobel, along with crib pads and protectors for her bed.

Before Jessica and Isobel left Just-for-Tots the saleswoman showed them a product just designed by the store. They call it a "Self-Changing Station" with a bench just slightly higher than a chair seat. There is a drawer for supplies and other drawers for plastic panties. The foot end below the bench is for diaper storage. Perhaps when Isobel learns to pin on her diapers she will need a self-changing station?

By the time they left the store Isobel had been wearing a gauze diaper set and soft, stretchy vinyl panties for forty-five minutes. They were still free of urine but were slightly sweaty. The irritation caused her to squirm as she walked to the car.

Jessica opened the rear passenger door and insisted on buckling Isobel's seat belt. "Darling, while you are diapered you may only ride in a rear seat. Soon you will get used to being diapered all the time.

"One tip I remember from when I was diapered at your age was that they became more comfortable after I had wet a little. People say that neutralizes the sweat. Anyway it worked for me. I sort of dribbled in my diapers.

"I remember being so uncomfortable during school because I was expected to keep my panties dry and I had to wait for a class break to use a toilet. It had been better in pre-school when I could just wet my training pants which were covered by plastic pants until PlayTex panties came back to stores.

"Those were the very best but they cost much more than vinyl panties and they needed more care. Soon Gerber improved vinyl panties so PlayTex got out of the business. At least they were still being made when I gained bladder control. My friend Dana was living in a different city, so

we wrote letters. She was still wetting her bed until she graduated from high school, so she had to endure old-style plastic panties for several years.”

“Granny, thanks for sharing and the tip. I did wet and my diaper feels much better. Could you tell me more about being diapered around Dana when you were my age?” Isobel asked.

“Well, Darling, it’s a long story. Dana is still very much alive and lives well in Rhode Island. We went to different pre-schools, so didn’t meet until the first day of Kindergarten at a very nice private school which had just started in what today is called “West Village” in Manhattan, New York.

“Of course that being Kindergarten we were not allowed to wear training or waterproof panties. That was the fall of 1947, so the USA was returning to peace time. My mommy started work after she walked me to school. A nanny would walk me home, pin me into a diaper and stay with me until Mommy got home. Daddy always worked until I had finished eating. Mommy would give me a bath and then pin me into a fresh diaper for bed.

“What the nanny and I noticed at the end of the first day of Kindergarten was that Dana’s mother Sandy was waiting to pick her up. The surprising thing was that right out in the classroom Dana was pinned into a diaper which was covered by PlayTex panties like mine.

“Dana clearly did not mind that her diapers were not a secret or that her mommy carried an obvious well-used diaper bag. Before she left Dana told me her walk home was several blocks and wearing a diaper was far more comfortable.

“Of course the nanny and I told Mommy about Dana’s diapers. My walk was only five blocks. The first afternoon was very warm. My nanny felt that when the wind was off the Hudson River I would be far more comfortable in a diaper.

“The second morning Mommy introduced herself to Sandy, who was in the process of changing Dana from a diaper to ordinary panties. I remember Sandy telling us the school did not object to Dana arriving in diapers and being diapered for the walk home.

“Our Kindergarten teacher was also the Assistant Principal. Mommy talked to her and was assigned a cubby so she could leave my diaper bag there in the morning so it would be ready for my nanny in the afternoon.

Sandy promised to bring extra diapers and PlayTex panties so that my nanny could diaper me for the walk home.

“That morning on her way to work Mommy went to a baby store and bought a new diaper bag. Sure enough, when school was over Sandy provided my nanny with a diaper and PlayTex panties for me. It turned out both of us were wearing DyDee Service diapers.

“On the third morning Sandy asked if occasionally my nanny could take Dana home with us. It turned out that Sandy had been asked to return to work part-time. Mommy agreed that would be an excellent plan.

“As it happened a boy named Donnie was also in our class. We had become pals at a pre-pre-school. His mother and Sandy were friends. In fact it was Donnie’s mom who had hired Sandy. I remembered that when I knew Donnie he was toilet trained. I’m not sure if I had ever met his mom because it was his Granny Vi who walked Donnie to and from school.

“Over the weekend Granny Vi, Donnie’s mother, Sandy and my mom all met at a kid-friendly restaurant. It was decided that should there be a time when my nanny could not take care of Dana and me, Granny Vi would change us at school and walk us to Donnie’s apartment which was less than three blocks from school.

“It turned out that Donnie had a baby sister nowhere near toilet-trained and that he wore diapers to bed. They used DyDee Service and PlayTex panties. That was an ideal place to play because it was a huge loft on the top floor of what had been a factory. We did not need to be quiet because the baby sister’s nursery had thick walls and she had her own nanny.

“However, the mothers set some strict rules. Honestly, Darling, I was never a ‘goody-goody’ child. In those days parents did not do a lot of talking. When I misbehaved I was spanked! The same was true for Dana and Donnie. Strangely the school we attended was one of the few not spanking naughty kids.

“The deal was that the adult in charge of us was authorized to spank us by hand or with a hairbrush as hard as necessary. To make the point, from the restaurant we all walked to Donnie’s nearby apartment. There each of us got a sample spanking from Granny Vi, Sandy and my mommy. We were told that my nanny was hired because of her reputation for spanking exceptionally hard.

“Once Sandy began working a full day nearly always we spent the afternoons under the care of Granny Vi who could be so much fun yet was never shy about spanking us with a hairbrush. As a result we all behaved much better.

“Later, then our third-grade started in late September 1950 we all met a boy named Joel who transferred to our school from Boston. His mother Virginia had met Donnie’s mom at Vassar College.

“Virginia was divorced, in the advertising business and had just purchased a townhouse a half block east of our school. She employed a full-time nanny named Clarita who had raised Joel. Most of the townhouse basement was a playroom.

“Joel had so little day control that he had special permission to wear thick training and PlayTex pants at school. Clarita would appear during lunch to change Joel’s trainers.

“Granny Vi would walk with us to Joel’s home most days. Even in third grade all of us were diapered for the short walk after school. Clarita spanked as hard as Granny Vi, but the strictest spanker of all was the tall and beautiful Virginia. The first time I talked back to her she blistered me so hard I felt the pain for a week!”

Isobel squirmed. “Granny, I find some of that hard to believe, with all due respect. You mean all of you were spanked by a non-parent? The girls were spanked in front of the boys? All of you were changed in the same room? Golly, that seems very harsh to me. By the way, I just wet again so my diaper feels even better.”

“You asked about my diaper experience. In those days spanking happened all the time in public and mostly on the bare bottom. Some parents would sit on the bus bench on the sidewalk in front of the school to punish a kid.

“We had grown up having our diapers changed in the open. We got used to all that,” Granny Jessica explained.

“By the way, my Mom continued to spank me all through high school. Then for university she insisted I join her sorority which had a reputation for very strict discipline. We were given personal paddles when we pledged. We had to have the signature of every Junior and Senior Sister as proof each had paddled us.

“I had a Big Sister my first two years who would spank me over her lap with a hairbrush bare bottom as hard as had Virginia. All those spankings made me a better person, or so I’ve been told.”

The story only ended when Jessica parked at Sylvia’s mansion. By then a crew from Just-for-Tots was setting up the larger changing table and Isobel’s crib in the nursery. As soon as the nursery was ready Sylvia used it to change Isobel’s diaper.

New rules were discussed. For as long as needed to put Isobel in a frame of mind to be an obedient baby again, she would be on the same schedule as Valery. They would be put to bed at the same time. For breakfast Isobel would eat the same Pablum/Metamucil mixture as Valery. She would use baby bottles for all fluids. For meals at home Isobel would sit next to Valery buckled into a brand-new over-size highchair. Like her baby sister Isobel would wear a cobbler bib.

Like Valery, when Isobel did not follow directions she would be smacked on her hands.

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake, Mommy. Hand smacking is for babies!” Isobel blurted. “I’m bigger so I should be spanked just like Granny.”

Sylvia was shocked, expecting resistance to the hand smacking. “Sweetie Darling, I’ve never spanked you and Granny only spanked me a few times when I really deserved being spanked.”

Isobel looked as defiant as she could while wearing a diaper. “Granny told me spanking did her a lot of good. Maybe it’s not too late for me.”

Before Isobel knew what was happening her vinyl panties and diaper was off. She was face down across Sylvia’s lap, which was protected by a DyDee washable underpad.

Jessica reached into her diaper bag to hand her daughter a solid wooden oval hairbrush. That was applied very hard to Isobel’s insolent derrière until tears were freely flowing.

Jessica said sweetly, “Indeed Sylvia, Virginia would be so proud! You give a professional-quality spanking.”

While Isobel was getting her tears under control Sylvia re-diapered her. To support her diaper and vinyl panties Isobel was dressed in a new Onesies.

She was still sniffing as she was tucked into the larger crib for a nap while Valery continued to enjoy her play pen.

The reality of the crib side being raised and latched in place actually caused Isobel to smile. Her cunning plan to live as a baby was working better than she hoped.

A couple of hours later Sylvia woke Isobel. Her diaper was damp but had capacity to last until the girl had eaten.

Sure enough being in a real highchair, wearing a bib and being fed a baby bottle was Isobel's dream. Next to her Valery was feeding herself the same food, just cut into smaller pieces, as her parents and grandmother were eating.

Isobel was being spoon-fed actual Gerber baby food by Sylvia. She remembered seeing her baby sister being fed the same way long ago.

After everyone had finished their meal, Valery and Isobel were led back to the nursery. Granny Jessica undressed Valery and removed her diaper. Next Sylvia did the same for Isobel.

Together the sisters were put into the bathtub. Jessica bathed Valery while Sylvia bathed Isobel and washed her hair. Simultaneously the girls were dried with soft towels.

Isobel waited standing on an underpad while Jessica diapered Valery. While she was being dressed for bed in her Onesies, Sylvia diapered Isobel and appreciated the larger changing table.

While settling Isobel in her crib for the night she was handed a MAM pacifier with a leash which was clipped to the collar of her Onesies. Just before the light was turned down, Tom came into the nursery to kiss his daughters good night.

During the night Isobel dreamed that very soon her parents would hire a nanny, as they had done while Valery was very young. Probably her Mommy would need help managing Valery's toilet training while frequently changing Isobel's diapers.