

# End of the World?

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

*“Well, that wasn’t the end of the world! It could have been worse,”* eighteen-year-old Isobel thought as she did her best to rub the sting from her delicate, but swollen, *derrière*.

She was lying on her bed, on her tummy. Adding to her discomfort was that her bottom was encased in a pinned gauze diaper covered by vinyl pull-on panties.

The week before Isobel had turned eighteen, yet still had all of her final semester of high school to complete. Her parents had repeatedly told her that so long as she lived in their home, being supported by them, Isobel had to be a good role-model for her kid sister, fifteen-year-old Beatrice.

Although Bea looked innocent, in fact she was a spoiled brat who got away with all sorts of misbehavior. When caught Bea always claimed that Isobel was a bad influence.

Actually Isobel had a big heart and usually resisted temptation. For her, life was complicated enough because her bladder control was not very good. As a child she had delayed toilet learning, causing her to repeat pre-Kindergarten. Isobel was nearly six before she could control her bladder well enough during the day that Huggies Pull-Ups would keep her outer clothing dry.

In her entire life Isobel had never gone four nights in a row without wetting her bed. Shortly before Bea was born, when Isobel was almost 3, she was moved from her crib to a youth bed which still had side rails. Of course it had a waterproof sheet protecting the mattress and a draw sheet to catch leaks so the entire bed would not need changing.

Bea was only eight when she was moved from a youth bed, which never had side rails, to a twin extra-long big girl bed. Once Bea was toilet trained she no longer had a waterproof sheet protecting her mattress. Months after Bea got her big girl bed their parents relented and bought one for Isobel, but she still had the waterproof sheet and the draw sheet.

The summer when Isobel was nine and did wake up during the night, her mother Sylvia had switched Isobel from pinned gauze diapers to GoodNites. The hope was that the child could wake up, slide the GoodNites down and use the toilet.

Unfortunately hardly ever did Isobel wake up in time. When she would wet it was fast enough the GoodNites flooded and then leaked. If there was an up-side to the GoodNites experiment it was that Isobel learned how to pin on her own gauze diapers. As always, those were supplied by DyDee Service of Pasadena, California.

Isobel had been under the impression that once she started pinning her own diapers the changing table would be moved out of her room. She was somewhat embarrassed that it remained where it had always been, despite crowding the space shared with Isobel's big girl bed. The concession because Isobel could change herself was the addition of a step stool to aid her climbing to the changing surface.

Sylvia always told Isobel she was not being punished for wetting. However, Isobel never entirely believed that. She was not all that

embarrassed about wetting, but Isobel was sure her Mom was mortified about all that.

Bea never had any wetting incidents after she was toilet trained long before turning three. Isobel noticed that even when Bea was caught being naughty she was not spanked very hard.

On the other hand, Isobel had been spanked from before she could remember. That year Isobel repeated pre-Kindergarten was the time Sylvia started using a hairbrush to administer Isobel's many spankings. From then until she reached puberty Isobel received a spanking a week on average.

There were many ways Sylvia infantilized Isobel. She would address Bea as 'Sweetie' or 'Darling' yet she almost always called Isobel 'Baby', especially in the presence of visitors or when introducing her to strangers.

From the time Bea got her big girl bed their parents treated her as if she were the older sister. Isobel's earlier bedtime was explained to her by Sylvia as being the result of her bedwetting, not as a punishment.

For school both girls wore uniforms designated for their grades, which were just two years apart. Sometimes at home Isobel would be required to cover her school uniform with a pinafore like those worn by girls not yet in Second Grade.

Always Bea was given more sophisticated clothing for play and social events. Isobel's clothing was selected by Sylvia to be more appropriate for a girl several years younger. Her skirts were often so short they did not entirely hide her diapers or pull-ups, although they were full enough above the hem Isobel's diapers were disguised.

Before Bea turned nine she was enrolled in a junior modeling class. As a result she was given a selection of mature pumps and sandals with heels as high as three inches. On the other hand, Isobel was still only allowed to wear flat Mary Janes when she was thirteen.

In Bea's modeling class she was taught how to select and apply makeup far more sophisticated than she would be allowed to wear to any school function. Sylvia gave Bea all the cosmetics she wanted. By contrast Isobel was not allowed even sheer lipgloss until she was fourteen.

If Isobel complained, she got spanked and was sent to bed early. Almost always following a spanking Sylvia insisted upon diapering Isobel. On those rare occasions when Bea was spanked she was not diapered nor sent to bed early.

Nobody on the faculty at their private school considered Bea to be a scholar. *'Brain-Dead Twit'* was the term her teachers and the administrators used for Bea. They were disappointed because even when Isobel had to repeat pre-Kindergarten because of her wetting, she was considered an exceptionally gifted student. For example, when she did finally start Kindergarten Isobel could read faster and more accurately than many in Third Grade.

The school suggested to their parents that Isobel skip First Grade. Her father William agreed with the faculty, but Sylvia flatly refused to agree. William did not have the spirit to champion Isobel's rights. As usual in arguments, Sylvia won so Isobel never advanced to an age-appropriate grade.

At the time Isobel reached puberty she had no interest in boys and her bust hardly was developed. On the other hand Bea's bust started to blossom a

year before she hit puberty. She became 'boy crazy', a behavior Sylvia did not discourage.

Instead of buying Bea modest training bras, Sylvia bought Bea padded and uplift bras from Victoria's Secret which enhanced Bea's décolleté. When Bea was sent to the school office as a result of exposing her cleavage, far from punishing her, Sylvia showered her with encouragement.

Bea also was not even scolded for teasing Isobel about wetting or lack of a bust. When Isobel got spanked Bea would clap her hands in glee. To Isobel it never seemed fair that Bea was spanked so seldom. Clearly Bea was the favorite child.

Because Isobel had no romantic interest, she did not resent Bea having permission to date boys before she turned fourteen. For those dates Bea wore provocative dresses or skirt/blouse combinations combined with sandals/pumps with three inch stiletto heels. Sylvia bought Bea a lot of cosmetics. Nominally Bea had a 10 P.M. curfew during the week and 11:30 P.M. on Friday and Saturday.

The Saturday before Isobel turned 18, Bea did not get home from a date until 1:30 A.M. Her lipstick was smeared. Her clothing and hair were in disarray. At first Sylvia did not even scold Bea.

William spoke up, saying that Bea had misbehaved and needed punishment. Eventually Sylvia did send Bea to her room. Isobel could hear that the resulting spanking had to have been very soft and consisted of only 12 smacks of a hairbrush. At Sunday breakfast Bea acted as if she suffered no consequences.

One of the presents from her parents for Isobel's eighteenth birthday was a debit card with such a significant balance she could have bought two pair

of Christian Louboutin shoes, if she wanted them. Or, more than one sensational outfit appropriate for a slender young woman.

Sylvia originally expected to take Isobel shopping. Screwing up his courage William insisted that Isobel must be allowed to select her own clothing without interference or undue influence.

After school the next Monday, Isobel drove to several trendy boutiques she had read about. Trying on high stiletto heel sandals Isobel realized nobody had taught her to walk in those with confidence. A sympathetic sales woman gently suggested that Isobel consider lower heels.

She settled on 'Kitten' heels two inches high but still stiletto-shaped. The sales woman assured Isobel that after walking in those for a few days she would have the confidence to try taller heels. So, Isobel also bought a pair with three inch heels for future use.

Wearing her new kitten heels, Isobel walked into a slightly less trendy dress boutique where she found two different outfits she felt flattered her coloring and figure. The important thing was that she was sure Sylvia would not approve. As Isobel figured it, her mother could not stand that, despite her bladder problems, she was maturing. It was high time people stopped calling her 'Baby' and infantilizing her!

To additionally announce her liberation, Isobel drove to an upscale cosmetics store. A consulting makeup artist highly recommended the lip color products of Julie Hewett. The Bijou series are lightly pigmented lipsticks: Celeste is coral peach; Jacqueline is rose pink. Isobel liked the feel of wearing Bijou and loved those colors.

The Julie Hewett Noir series are more heavily pigmented lipsticks. Isobel knew she needed to get used to Noir, because she fell in love with Rouge Noir, a true red which works for all skin types.

Isobel had a strategy as she shopped. For years at her school there had been a fellow two classes ahead of her named Rupert. Although his family was wealthy and he was more than bright enough, Rupert was attending Pasadena City College. Isobel always had liked him.

A couple of weeks before turning eighteen Isobel had met Rupert casually in the Pasadena Main Branch Library. They hit it off so well they went to a coffee shop and talked for hours. Suddenly she realized she was already late getting home by more than an hour.

The color drained from her face: “I’m in so much trouble,” she told Rupert, “my Mom is going to kill me!”

He replied, with a laugh, “I hope she doesn’t ground you or anything. Remember you promised me a date!”

“No, I won’t be grounded,” Isobel responded honestly, “How about the Friday after my birthday?”

Rupert smiled at her warmly.

About one thing Isobel had been correct about when talking to Rupert: Sylvia did not ground her for getting home late. Instead she hairbrush spanked Isobel as usual on her bare *derrière*.

Since buying her new shoes Isobel had practiced walking in her three inch heels as often as she could in her bedroom. The night of her first date with Rupert, she still was not confident walking in them, so she opted for her kitten heels instead.

Half an hour before Rupert was due to pick her up, Isobel was dressed. She decided to start the evening wearing her coral Celeste Bijou lipstick, with her tube of Rouge Noir in her purse.

For her, packing a purse was complicated by her urinary control problems. Normally when awake and moving around Isobel only dribbled, but sometimes she wet enough she needed to change her pull-on. Therefore she had to use a purse large enough she could carry a spare diaper. Such a purse was not exactly fashionable.

William was very pleased to meet Rupert when he rang the front door bell. Sylvia was very surprised that Isobel not only had a date, but that the young man was more than presentable. She was also surprised that Isobel looked sophisticated and confident as she walked down the main stairs to greet her date.

As Rupert opened the front passenger car door for her, he leaned down to whisper, "I'm so glad you were not grounded."

Isobel looked up at him, smiled warmly and said, "I told you not to worry. My mom does not go in for grounding!" While he walked around the car she gave her *derrière* a discreet rub.

He took her to a nice restaurant which was convenient to the Pasadena Playhouse. The food was excellent, as were the seats for the play.

During one of the few conversations Isobel had with Rupert while they were in school together she had mentioned how much she enjoyed live theater. She was thrilled he remembered.

After the play ended Isobel told Rupert that she was in no hurry to go home. She excused herself to use the ladies' room. There she changed her

pull-on diaper. She also replaced her Celeste with Noir Rouge vivid true-red lipstick.

Clearly Rupert approved of her even bolder look. He asked if she would like to see the lights from the foothills. Isobel was dreaming of parking at such a place. She touched his arm as she assured him she would love to 'see those lights'.

The second he parked the car, Rupert leaned toward Isobel, who pulled him to her in an embrace. They kissed several times. The more they did the more natural it became.

As they had been leaving the house Sylvia reminded Isobel to be home by 11:30 P.M. William heard that and said that she could stay out later than that. Sylvia did not like being contradicted, but she did not make a scene.

While kissing Rupert, Isobel glanced at the dashboard clock. As the time passed 1:30 A.M. she intensified her kisses. It was past 2:00 A.M. when Rupert walked her to her door. Hoping her mother was watching, Isobel deliberately gave Rupert a spectacular goodnight kiss.

Before he walked back to his car, Rupert gently told Isobel he really hoped she would not be grounded for being late. She smiled and kissed him again.

After Rupert turned away, Isobel tugged her dress enough it appeared to be disarranged.

Only then did she insert her key and unlock the front door. Sure enough Sylvia was waiting in the dark inside the house. The second the door closed, Sylvia turned on the family room lights.

Sylvia's first reaction was that Isobel had acted like a slut. As the front door closed, Sylvia sprang to her feet and dashed to her daughter. When she was close enough, Sylvia pulled her right arm back. She landed a full-force slap across Isobel's left cheek and jaw.

This was the first time Isobel had been slapped on her face. She had expected a spanking, but she looked at being slapped as a bonus experience.

While Isobel reeled from the slap, Sylvia seized her left wrist and dragged, more than marched, Isobel upstairs to her bedroom. Leaving the girl standing in the middle of the room, Sylvia made preparations.

She placed the hairbrush and a few diapers on the bed. Then after ordering Isobel to hold her hands behind her head, Sylvia began to slowly strip off her dress and kitten heels. Isobel was left there barefoot, only wearing her very damp pull-on diaper and a pale peach camisole. The effect was to make Isobel appear child-like.

Having her vivid red lipstick smeared as it was looked like Isobel was a girl who had played with her mother's makeup.

The camisole was so short it would not cover Isobel's derrière since, with her standing, it did not reach the waist band of the disposable pull-on.

Isobel was led to the front of her changing table. The disposable diaper container was close. When Sylvia removed the pull-on she disposed of it in the trash container. Immediately Isobel was dragged back to the bed.

Sylvia sat down, protected her lap with some gauze diapers and pulled Isobel across into the familiar position of discipline with her bare derrière quivering.

Along with the spanks, all very hard, Sylvia scolded and lectured. Isobel simply did not listen, having heard similar scolding hundreds of times. She did wait to begin sobbing until her bottom started to go numb. The last thing she wanted was for her mother to suspect she was faking crying.

Sylvia had decided, as she slapped Isobel's face, to give her a first-class walloping, but she lost count. Since Isobel had been sobbing for awhile and was limp, Sylvia accepted that her daughter had learned her lesson.

Still there was the matter of the red lipstick. Sylvia stood Isobel on her feet and dragged her into her bathroom. With soap and a washrag all of the lipstick was removed. Some of the soap lather got into Isobel's mouth, causing her to gag.

From the bathroom Isobel was dragged to her changing table. After Sylvia spread out a gauze diaper set she easily hoisted Isobel onto the diaper on the surface. She expertly pinned the diaper set snug. Then she pulled on a pair of soft vinyl panties. Isobel was left tucked into her bed, on her tummy, crying softly.

The moment Sylvia left the room, Isobel stopped crying. She got out of bed and washed her face to remove the tear stains. She took her tube of Celeste lipstick and applied that and went back to bed. All she could remember was the joy of kissing Rupert.

Getting the spanking, even the face-slap, was simply the cost of having fun.

Saturday morning Isobel waited until 8:30 A.M. to phone Rupert to confirm their date that evening. In reply to his question she assured him she was not grounded. "Mom did punish me another way. If you're so curious I'll tell you all about that when I see you."

Isobel removed her wet gauze diaper, took a shower, put on an Attends pull-on, dressed for the day and applied more Celeste lipstick.

Saturday breakfast was most interesting. William did the cooking. From the way Bea was smirking Isobel assumed she knew about the spanking and probably the face-slap. Sylvia looked very pleased with herself, as if she had regaled Bea with all the details.

Approaching the table Isobel maintained her 'Mona Lisa' almost beatific smile. She complimented William on the excellence of the food. She told everyone that Rupert is a polite gentleman, that he selected a very nice restaurant and that she enjoyed the play immensely.

While Sylvia and Bea were chewing, Isobel said: "You know, after I got home an interesting thing happened. Mom slapped me across my face without a word and before she removed my clothing and diaper. She spanked me until I was limp and sobbing.

"How many times has Bea come home long after curfew without any consequences?"

Isobel could see virtual steam emerging from her father's ears. Never had she seen William look that angry. He got up, walked to Sylvia and put a hand on her right elbow.

Sylvia looked strangely frightened as she stood up and did not resist as she was marched from the dining room. All their father said was, "Isobel and Bea, please excuse us."

After glaring at Bea for nearly a minute Isobel left the table to walk to her room. At the top of the stairs she could hear William scolding loudly through the nearly open door of the master bedroom.

Discreetly Isobel skulked toward that door as closely as she dared while remaining out of sight.

Her father's voice was more distinct, while her mother was quiet. "You promised that you would not revert to the terrible habit of slapping people. Remember why you stopped doing that?"

In a shy, almost child-like voice which Isobel barely recognized Sylvia shyly said, "Because you started spanking me."

"Well then, Young Lady, take off your clothes and bring me your paddle," William ordered sternly.

There was not a long pause. Soon Isobel heard the smack of an unseen paddle landing, accompanied by shrieks and yelps from Sylvia. Finally she promised to never slap anyone again and that she would apologize to Isobel.

Yet the paddle spanking did not stop. William lectured that it was unfair to spoil Bea and be overly strict with Isobel. The sound of the paddle got increasingly louder until Sylvia admitted being unfair. Finally through her sobs she admitted being wrong and promised to reform.

Isobel almost laughed as William told Sylvia to stand with her nose in a corner. Having heard enough to satisfy her, Isobel wisely scurried quietly to her room.

Twenty minutes later Sylvia presented herself at Isobel's bedroom door. She was barefoot, wearing a pink peignoir and nothing else. William was with her, holding Sylvia's left upper arm firmly: "Darling, your mother would like to apologize to you. May we come in?"

Together they walked into the room without closing the door behind them. William relaxed his grip, allowing Sylvia to stand unsupported. She looked at her toes while trying to summon up her courage.

“Precious Isobel, I have been so wrong,” Sylvia started shyly. “I want to make things right. You are an adult and I must accept that.

“Please slap my face as hard as you want.”

That request took Isobel completely by surprise. She did not want to miss the opportunity, so she got up from her desk chair and walked to her mother. Suddenly Isobel drew back her right arm. With all the energy she used serving a tennis ball Isobel slapped her mother’s face so hard that Sylvia stumbled backward. William caught her to prevent a fall.

Sylvia’s reaction was to rub her cheek and admit, “Precious, I deserved that.

“I also deserve a spanking,” Sylvia managed to say. Then very softly she continued, “Please spank my bare derrière with your hairbrush.”

Isobel sat on the side of her bed with the headboard to her left after picking up a few gauze diapers from her changing table with her left hand and her hairbrush with her right hand.

“Yes, Young Lady, you do deserve at least one spanking. Come here. Take off your peignoir and assume the position. You know what to do. And if you embarrass yourself, the diapers will soak up your humiliation!”

Without the peignoir, as Sylvia bent into position, Isobel could see that the proffered derrière was already pink, marked and undoubtedly sore.

Never had Isobel even considered she would have the chance to spank her mother. Consequently she took her time perfecting the positioning. Sylvia whimpered during that process.

Figuring the spanking from William had sufficiently warmed Sylvia, Isobel began with full-force spanks. Up close her mother's shrieks and yelps were even more delightful.

Each spank caused a rippling of the buttock flesh. As the brush withdrew there was a white area where it had landed which quickly turned pink. Isobel waited until the spanked spot flushed pink before aiming the next spank.

She alternated from cheek to cheek, working the spanks lower until they were landing across the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* and even fully on Sylvia's upper thighs. From sad experience Isobel knew how much worse spanks there hurt. Since those areas were not marked Isobel assumed her father had saved them so she could spank them first.

Only when Sylvia was blubbering like an infant and was completely limp did Isobel help her stand. She led her mother to the same corner where she had been forced to keep her nose against the walls.

Isobel backed away and bent to pick up the dropped gauze diapers. They were moist, so were deposited in the DyDee pail. "Young Lady, do not dare move your nose or even think about rubbing until I release you!" Isobel ordered.

"Now, my Darling Daughter, it is time to deal with Bea. I suggest bringing your hairbrush, as well as some of those diapers," William said warmly. Isobel also brought with her a spare vinyl highchair mat.

Before they left her bedroom, William and Isobel could hear scampering on the upstairs hall carpet headed toward Bea's bedroom. She had been wearing high heels at breakfast.

In her room, Bea was doing her best to appear innocently reading a school assignment while seated at her desk. Unfortunately the effect was spoiled because the book was upside down. Probably Bea had overheard William saying "*it is time to deal with Bea*" so she could make a decent guess about the purpose of this visit.

"Beatrice Anne, our parents have decided you need to be punished for breaking your curfew last night," Isobel stated in her most authoritative manner. "Before your punishment begins I need you to get up and take this highchair mat. One should have been protecting the carpet in your corner since you were a little kid.

"Now please spread it out smoothly. Nobody wants to trip over that mat."

Having just heard Isobel spanking their mother, Bea rushed to obey the order: "Yes, Isobel, whatever you say."

Isobel then told her younger sister: "Young Lady, you have the choice of getting undressed by yourself or being undressed by me. Trust me there is nothing that our father has not seen before.

"If it will make you happy, you may retain your bra. I have no intention of spanking you except on your bare derrière and upper thighs. But I do not want the tails of your top getting in the way!"

Seeing the determination on Isobel's face and the stern look from William, Beatrice stripped in a hurry. Nervously Bea watched Isobel taking a seat on the bed with the headboard to her left. Since Bea had been spanked so

seldom she did not realize it made a difference which way she went over a lap.

“Beatrice, come here this instance!” Isobel ordered, patting the pile of diapers covering her lap with the hairbrush.

“I will assist you assuming the position of shame this one time. However, in the future it will increase the pain of spankings if you fail to cooperate by assuming the position on your own.”

Once Bea was positioned with her bare derrière upward, Isobel put aside the hairbrush and started administering moderate hand spanks as a warm-up. Meanwhile from the doorway William began to lecture:

“Beatrice Anne, last night you were reminded that your usual 11:30 P.M. curfew had been reduced to only 10:30 P.M. because you had stayed out far too late on your previous dates. This morning your mother confirmed that you had only been home 15 minutes when Isobel returned. She had my permission to stay out until 1 A.M. if she wanted because she is an adult and I like her date.

“Unfortunately your mother is indisposed at the moment and will be unable to administer discipline for the foreseeable future.

“Therefore until Isobel leaves our happy home for her university I have appointed your older sister as your strict nanny. When she is away, I will hire another babysitter if I cannot be home.”

With Bea whimpering like a baby, Isobel administered a few more warm-up spanks spread all over Bea’s lower derrière and upper thighs. With the first full-force hairbrush spank Bea began crying, alternating with shrieks and yelps. In addition Bea wriggled and squirmed shamelessly.

Despite a lack of experience, Isobel managed to hold her kid sister in the appropriate position while delivering the hard spansks. Her goal had been to give Bea a first-class walloping of 100 hard hairbrush spansks.

However by just 50 Bea was trembling with deep sobs. At 75 spansks Isobel was sure Bea genuinely was limp and spent. It would have been cruel to spank her any more that time.

Beatrice was helped to stand and was led to the only open corner of her room now with a plastic highchair mat protecting the floor.

“Daddy, would you please make sure Beatrice stays in her corner without rubbing. She dribbled into her pile of diapers, so I will put them in the DyDee pail. After she is released from Corner Time I will lead her to my changing table to diaper her for her post-spanking nap.

“Young Lady that is not additional punishment. This family does not punish for wetting. However, because you did wet you really need a diaper for your nap. And I am sure my vinyl panties will fit you well.”

While Isobel was in her room depositing the damp diapers, she also applied fresh red Rouge Noir lipstick. Sylvia was still standing contritely in her corner with a bright red spank zone. She did not move when Isobel walked into the room.

Isobel gently spun Sylvia around, embracing and kissing her mother on the lips, leaving a distinctive lipstick trace.

“Mommy, did you learn your lesson?” Isobel asked, getting ready to administer a hand smack.

“Yes, Isobel, I am so sorry,” Sylvia answered.

“Mommy, it is so sad you needed to be spanked that hard today. Now you are released from Corner Time. Of course for the next few days you will be getting hairbrush spanked on your bare derrière each morning before I leave the house and again before your bedtime. For at least the next week you will be tucked into bed by 9:30 P.M. either by me or Daddy.

“Now, Daddy and I want you to go to the master bedroom. Fetch a highchair mat from my supply closet. In your bedroom select what will become your personal Punishment Corner. Spread the mat to protect the carpet when you are doing Corner Time. Do I make myself clear, Young Lady?”

Very obediently and contritely Sylvia quavered her reply, “Yes, Ma’am Isobel.”

“Now, Mommy, what should we do about the wetting you did while I spanked you? How can we be sure you will not continue wetting, especially when you take a nap?” Isobel asked as politely as possible.

“I haven’t wet since I was a child, Precious,” Sylvia answered blushing with embarrassment.

“Are you sure, Young Lady? You never wet when you giggled? How about when you were spanked, either by Granny or Daddy? Or did you wet just because I was spanking you and I protected my lap?” Isobel asked pointedly, using her sarcastic voice.

Blushing even more, Sylvia stammered, “Okay, like all my friends, after puberty I did sometimes dribble when I laughed. Your Granny had stopped spanking me by then. I don’t remember ever wetting when your father has spanked me, but he never put me over his lap. That could make a difference, couldn’t it?”

“Sorry, Young Lady, but do not think of being diapered as a punishment. None of us want furniture or beds to be stained by wetting.

“So before you return to your room, I have no choice except to diaper you. Just stay put while I get the changing table ready,” Isobel said.

“I don’t really think I need a diaper,” Sylvia whined.

“Well, I do think the chances favor that you will wet more and that you will not get to a toilet in time,” Isobel said sternly.

“Young Lady, obey my commands. Stay put until I tell you to lie down on your soft clean diaper on the changing table. Or I will spank the daylight out of you until you lie down to be diapered. Those are your choices!”

“Please, Ma’am, I’ve already been spanked twice today. I’ll cooperate while being diapered,” Sylvia agreed, while blushing even more and weeping. “Just please do not tell Bea, okay?”

“Of course I would never consider discussing your bladder control problems with my kid sister. However, since in this family we do not consider incontinence to be misbehavior or embarrassing, I strongly suggest that you be honest with Bea,” Isobel said kindly.

Sylvia did stay where she was told during the few seconds it took Isobel to spread out a DyDee gauze diaper set on the surface of the changing table. Actually it took Isobel longer to find a pair of vinyl pull-on panties for Sylvia.

Included in the first batch of vinyl panties when Isobel reverted to bedwetting was one pair the next size larger. Instead of returning that pair they were saved. Sure enough in their manufacturer’s plastic bag they were on the bottom of the drawer where Isobel keeps her vinyl panties.

“What luck, Mommy, here is that pair of vinyl panties in your size which we have been saving for just this occasion!” Isobel said with more gusto than necessary, causing Sylvia to weep.

Before Sylvia used the step stool to climb onto the changing table, Isobel used some warmed Pampers Baby Wipes to clean her pubic region. When Sylvia was in position on the gauze diaper set, Isobel applied a tiny amount of Diaparene® cornstarch baby powder to keep her comfortable.

Isobel pulled the diaper set snug and pinned it without jabbing Sylvia. Sure enough that saved pair of vinyl panties did fit correctly. Once Sylvia was standing on her feet, Isobel asked her to turn around slowly so she could be sure none of the diaper was trying to escape the vinyl panties.

With her barefoot Mommy standing in front of her wearing only a pinned gauze diaper and vinyl pull-on panties, Isobel said: “Young Lady, while you are fetching your new highchair mat, also take a new waterproof sheet from my closet to your room. Before you get into bed remake it with that waterproof sheet. If you want you might also use a draw sheet. There are quite a few in my closet.”

“Yes, Ma’am, a waterproof and drawer sheet seems best for my side of the bed under the circumstances,” Sylvia said obediently.

“Oh, do your best to stay dry since you are wearing the only pair of your size vinyl panties in the house. After lunch I will drive over to Just-for-Tots to buy the additional supplies we will need now that you and Beatrice are back in diapers.

“By the way, will you be able to pin on diapers while I am away?”

“I have never done so, Ma’am. I can try,” Sylvia responded defensively.

“Oh well, Mommy, I will pick up a bag of Attends Breathable Medium and a bag of Attends Underwear Medium for you just in case. But in bed the gauze diapers with vinyl panties leak less. I can change your gauze diaper once I am back from shopping and for sure before I leave on my date tonight.

“After we finished with you just now, Daddy insisted that I spank Beatrice. Right now she is doing Corner Time in her room standing on a highchair mat, new to her, just like yours. As soon as I get back to her I will lead her here so I can diaper her for a nap. Bea wet a lot, even more than you, while I was spanking her, so probably next week you should take her to her pediatrician. Probably you should be examined by your own internist or gynecologist/urologist as soon as practical

“When I have tucked Bea into bed I will let you know so you may comfort her. Yes, she will be getting morning and bedtime spankings until Daddy is sure Bea is on track to behaving better. I did not ground her from her date tonight, but you will not stay up. Daddy has lowered her curfew and he will be here to enforce that.

“By the way, Daddy has removed my curfew. No worries, I will not run wild since I intend to graduate at the head of my class. Besides Rupert has responsible parents and they will not let him stay out very late.”

Isobel applied more Rouge Noir, gave Sylvia another kiss and said, “Now put on your cute peignoir and scoot to your room unless you want Bea to see you this way.

Later, while Bea was being led to the changing table, Isobel told her she still could go on her date that night, but with the earlier curfew. Isobel said that as soon as she returned from her date with Rupert she would wake up Bea so she could receive her nighttime spanking.

It was not as easy for Isobel to lift Bea onto the changing table as it had been for Sylvia to lift Isobel. Never-the-less Bea was positioned upon her back on the diaper set. Isobel snuggled and pinned the diaper. Sure enough Bea fit well into the same size vinyl pull-on panties Isobel wears.

Before escorting the freshly diapered Beatrice back to her room, Isobel retrieved a new waterproof sheet from her supply closet. Doing so she noticed that was the last spare.

Back in Bea's bedroom, Isobel supervised as her kid sister remade the bed including the waterproof sheet to protect the mattress. Soon Bea was tucked into her bed. A few minutes later Sylvia was sent to comfort Bea.

While William was making sure Sylvia and Bea were in their respective beds, Isobel drove to the Just-for-Tots store to purchase more vinyl highchair mats for corners in Bea's and the master bedroom plus six more waterproof sheets for their beds. While she was there she also bought adult changing mats for both Sylvia and Bea. Additionally she bought eight vinyl panties for Sylvia, plus two dozen more vinyl panties to be shared with Bea.

Just-for-Tots was out of stock of both the Attends Breathable and Underwear Medium, so Isobel drove all the way to the medical supply shop on East Colorado Boulevard. Instead of buying just a bag each, Isobel got a full case of each for Sylvia, charged to the family's account.

After lunch Sylvia and Bea were released from their restrictions. Sylvia was very embarrassed about having been spanked and diapered, so she did not venture outside the master bedroom once excused from the lunch table.

Upon her return from shopping, Isobel checked the diapers of both Sylvia and Bea, separately to be discreet. Fortunately DyDee had made a pick-up of wet diapers and delivered a batch of clean ones that Friday morning, so no worries about running out. For Sylvia's change Isobel used one of the new larger vinyl panties. She told Sylvia to put away the medium Attends.

It having been such a busy Saturday morning, to ensure she would have enough energy to charm Rupert that evening, Isobel changed into a pinned gauze diaper set and took a one and a half hour nap.

William had removed not only Isobel's curfew, he told her he trusted her judgment so completely she could dress as she wanted for her date with Rupert. Energized by her nap, Isobel spent an hour practicing walking in her three inch stiletto heel pumps. She decided to wear those on her date.

It was also clear to Isobel that Rupert had not been intimidated when she had switched to her Rouge Noir red lipstick. She decided to start off wearing that. William complimented Isobel on her appearance. He promised to add money to her debit card so she could buy two more outfits for the following weekend. He was pleased when Isobel told him she still had money left from her shopping excursion. When she later checked her account balance she was thrilled that her Daddy had deposited even more than the original birthday gift.

Bea's date arrived a half hour before Rupert. From her window Isobel saw that Bea's date's dad was doing the driving. To Isobel that was deliciously childish; she was glad that she had not dated before her dates would have been old enough to drive themselves and carrying a passenger legally.

William welcomed Rupert as if he was a long-time pal. Sylvia was dressed normally and seated on a fluffy pillow in the family room where she graciously greeted Rupert, her full skirt disguising her diaper.

Just to show off her new freedom, when Isobel finally descended the stairs, she greeted Rupert with a kiss on his lips. That pleased him.

What pleased Isobel was that the public kiss irritated Sylvia who could do nothing to get even. William was watching Sylvia closely. It was already arranged that he would be giving Sylvia her bedtime spanking, the severity of which was a function of her good behavior that evening.

After her bedtime spanking Sylvia would have to figure out how to pin on a new gauze diaper or put on an Attends Breathable. If nothing else she could pull on an Attends Underwear.

Rupert had told Isobel he would be taking her to a different restaurant which was also very nice. An advantage to living in Pasadena, California in 2013 was the number of really nice places to eat. Convenient to the restaurants are several multiplex movie theaters.

Because Isobel knew she had significant money in her account, she discreetly offered to pay the restaurant bill. Rupert thanked her, said this was his treat, but if she wanted to do so, next time she was welcome to make the reservations and to pay. That would not injure his masculine pride.

After Rupert helped Isobel into his car, they only drove a block so they were out of sight of her house. Turning off the ignition, he asked, "Okay, Isobel, I admit I am curious about your remark that your mom punished you without grounding. Would you care to explain?"

"I trust you Rupert; besides enough of the girls in my class already know. Bottom line is that until I met you I had no interest in going out with anyone, so my mom never started trying to ground me. Since I was content to stay home anyway, what would have been the point?" Isobel

started her explanation, as she leaned toward Rupert, embraced him and gave him a long kiss.

“When I was a kid, Isobel, I always wanted to go exploring. We have a nice home on a lot of land, but I always wanted to see other places. For me being grounded was much worse than when I got spanked,” Rupert admitted. “Spankings were not very hard. I got hurt worse playing sports or just playing. A spanking was over right away and nothing was taken away from me.”

“See, Rupert, I knew you would get it and understand. There is all this yakking from defective experts who do not talk to actual kids. Somehow by the mid ‘60s ‘experts’ were selling grounding and ‘The TIME-OUT Game’ as solutions to non-existing problems. Because they could not make money by saying there was nothing wrong with spanking kids, they had to make up reasons against spanking.

“Ask kids and the answer is they prefer to not be punished, but the selection of punishment is not important.

“So that is a long winded way to say that my mom never stopped spanking me!” Isobel said without blushing, as she leaned in to kiss Rupert again.

“Are you kidding? Isobel, aren’t you awfully old to still be getting spanked? You mean a few smacks on your bottom once in a blue moon?” Rupert asked, giving her a lingering kiss.

“Fraid not, Rupert; Mom spanked me over her lap with a hairbrush on my bare derrière until I was sobbing and limp. It hurt a lot, but I did not get grounded. That’s what makes spankings so easy: it’s over and done with. There is no lingering bitterness and restrictions.

“Look, she has spanked me so often that when I want to do something she will not allow I consider the expected spanking just the price of doing business. Sometimes I even like the feeling of the spankings. What I do my best to ignore are the scoldings as part of the spankings,” Isobel explained further.

“But this morning my Dad stood up for me. Dad told Mom that I am a responsible adult, so he told her to stop spanking me and he lifted my curfew. I am responsible for getting enough rest. Like after lunch today I took a nap so I would have the energy to be charming with you. How am I doing so far?” So saying, she kissed him again.

“I think you are being very charming. Nobody has ever been more charming with me, Isobel,” Rupert said honestly. “But if we don’t get moving we will be late for our dinner reservation.”

After making sure both of their seat belts were fastened, Rupert looked around and carefully pulled away from the curb into traffic. They walked into the restaurant with seconds to spare, and traces of her Rouge Noir left on his face.

A downside to being a nineteen year-old City College sophomore can be not having a place of your own. Rupert has conservative parents who would not approve of him bringing any gal, especially one from a prominent family, to his bedroom at their house. He doubted that Isobel’s parents would welcome him into her bedroom for even innocent kissing.

So, their plan was to not devote a lot of time to dinner and to then go to a movie. There they could sit in rear row connected seats and kiss as much as they wanted. Everyone else in that row would be doing the same.

It was a fine plan and it worked. They skipped dessert at the restaurant. Rupert drove them a few blocks to park at the theater. They picked the next movie starting with empty rear row seating. An advantage to the modern multiplex theaters is they know where there are empty seats. They were not planning on wasting time watching the film, so long as the houselights were turned off.

After two and a half hours 'watching' the movie, they stopped at an ice cream store for dessert.

Just to be sure, before leaving the restaurant Isobel had used the ladies' room to change her Attends. She also re-applied Rouge Noir lipstick. They did not buy snacks or drinks at the theater.

Obviously Rupert knew that Isobel's panties were not conventional for a gal older than three, but he did not care to think about any of that.

Rupert was barely toilet trained enough to go to pre-Kindergarten at age 4 and he still wet his bed often enough until he was 9 that his family used DyDee Service. He had nannies who diapered him for naps and bed. In some ways Rupert missed being diapered.

He remembered the first time he asked a classmate buddy about Isobel. She was described as being stand-offish and rumored to need disposable panties.

Far from discouraging Rupert, to him all that made Isobel a soul mate. In the three years since first asking about her Rupert had gained confidence by dating a few gals about her age from other schools. Isobel and Rupert were relaxed around each other.

After they finished their ice cream, they drove to her house. This time they did not make a show of kissing in the car. They got out so Rupert could walk Isobel to her door, where they enjoyed a final goodnight kiss.

William was in the kitchen, apparently not waiting up for Isobel. Ironically the time was not quite 11 P.M.

He reported that before he spanked Sylvia shortly before she went to bed he needed to remove her wet gauze diaper and vinyl panties. Since she could not pin her own diaper and he had no clue how to change a diaper, she was currently wearing an Attends Underwear. Isobel said she would change Sylvia as soon as possible.

William also told Isobel he really needed to get to his office super early on Monday morning so she agreed to give Sylvia her morning spanking.

Bea had arrived home before her new early curfew, William said. Isobel considered that a step in the right direction of improved behavior.

Upstairs Isobel greeted Sylvia with a kiss, leaving Rouge Noir traces. As she led her mother to the changing table Isobel said how much innocent fun she had with Rupert. “Oh Mommy, I should have grown up faster and started dating when I was Bea’s age!”

“Isobel, thank God you did not get carried away about boys like Bea. By the way, seeing how nice you looked tonight I am ashamed I did not enroll you in the junior modeling class when you were nine. My bad!” Sylvia admitted.

“Mommy, that is just swell to know. Daddy told me he did spank you before bed, and that you are now wearing an Attends. After I get back

from Sunday school remind me to coach you until you can change your own diapers and not have to make-do with Attends pull-on underwear.

“I’ll be giving you your morning spanking and I will take into consideration your apology about the modeling classes.”

Soon Sylvia was changed into her gauze bedtime diaper set, had her vinyl panties pulled into place and checked and was sent back to bed on her own.

Isobel lingered in her doorway until Sylvia turned into the master suit door before walking the other way. In her room Bea had not yet fallen asleep. Isobel walked in carrying a pile of gauze diapers and the hairbrush. She sat in the usual position on Bea’s bed, using the diapers to protect her lap.

Obediently, and without instruction, Beatrice removed her baby doll bottoms and panties. She assumed the position. Isobel did not bother to scold as she gave her kid sister 25 hard spanks with the hairbrush, all concentrated along the *Gluteo-Femoral Folds* where Bea’s lower buttocks meet her upper thighs.

Bea sobbed her eyes out. She also wet the pile of diapers. After Bea was limp, she was helped to her feet. She was covered with a peignoir and led, without protest, to the changing table next door in Isobel’s room.

This time Bea used the step stool so she could climb up without being lifted. Isobel used warm wipes to clean her little sister. Then she snuggled and pinned the diaper set before pulling on the vinyl panties.

“Bea since you keep on wetting, if we have time tomorrow afternoon I will teach you how to pin on your own diapers. Today I did buy more of our size vinyl panties. Monday I’ll phone DyDee and have them increase

the diaper delivery so we do not run out,” Isobel said as she escorted Bea back to her own room and restored her baby doll bottoms, now stretched by the diaper and vinyl panties.

Back in her own bedroom Isobel removed her Rouge Noir lipstick, took a shower and diapered herself for bed. She set her alarm clock early enough that she could leisurely deal with Bea and Sylvia before she needed to drive to Sunday school.

To herself she admitted it was better going to bed un-spanked. But as she drifted off to sleep Isobel speculated what it would be like when or if Rupert spanked her.

Sunday morning, before taking her shower or removing her diaper, Isobel put on her own peignoir, some peach Celeste and walked down the hall to wake up Bea. Without protest Bea assumed the position and received 25 hairbrush spansks on her bare derrière which still had marks from the late Saturday spanking. Isobel noted that Bea had wet her diaper while sleeping, but there was no leaking.

Bea also wet while being spanked. “Sister, are you sure you can control yourself all day today? My pull-ups will fit you,” Isobel suggested.

With a shake of her head and a pout, Bea declined the offer of a day diaper.

Smiling warmly, Isobel said: “Have it your way, Beatrice. The diaper would only be for your benefit. Wearing a diaper does not mean you are a baby, just a maturing gal with bladder control problems. You will not be teased.

“The diaper will not be a punishment, we do not punish wetting in this family.

“However, having been offered a diaper which you declined, if you stain your clothing or anything else, I will spank you very hard for being such a foolish, prideful girl. Yes, especially if you wet in my car or at Sunday school I will spank you. I have Daddy’s permission to spank you in the office at Sunday school if needed. The hairbrush will be in my purse. Do you want to take the chance?”

Bea took a moment to reconsider the situation. Then she blushed as she said, “Sis, all things considered, give me an Attends like you wear.”

Isobel cuddled Bea, gave her a kiss on her cheek and helped her put on her first Attends Underwear.

“Remember while we are out that I have spare Attends and wipes in my purse. Your Attends should hold more than a couple of wettings, but if you are not sure just find me and together we will deal with the situation.

“I’ll remind Mommy to make you a doctor’s appointment about your wetting,” Isobel said while leaving Bea’s room.

Turning her attention towards her mother, Isobel started by going back to her own room to deposit the wet diapers from Bea’s spanking and to pick up some dry diapers for Sylvia’s spanking.

Sylvia was grumpy about being ordered out of bed and to undress.

“Young Lady, what you need are two-piece baby doll sets, just like Bea wears. I’m sure Daddy will appreciate those,” Isobel said cheerily.

Isobel removed Sylvia's wet bedtime diaper set and wiped her clean. Then she sat on the side of the master bed and protected her lap with the diapers. Reluctantly Sylvia assumed the position.

She shrieked and yelped shamefully when Isobel began the spanking, so the punishment was increased from 25 to 35 hard hairbrush spanks. Sylvia wriggled and squirmed more than a naughty toddler. Before the spanking ended she was sobbing her eyes out and was limp.

Like Bea, Sylvia wet during her spanking. Isobel helped her mother to stand and then showed her the damp diapers:

“Well, Young Lady, we both know what the wetting means. You are going to need diapers for the day until you can stay dry.

“Come with me to the changing table so I can pin you into nice clean day diapers. The ordinary DyDee diapers are large enough for you.

“This afternoon I promised to teach Bea, who will be in night diapers indefinitely, to change herself. She was wet this morning.

“So what you need to do Monday morning, Mommy, is call Bea's pediatrician and make an appointment about her reverting to bedwetting. Remember when I did that after puberty? Be sure to make a doctor's appointment for yourself.

“Until you can pin on your own gauze diapers, you should wear pull-on Attends underwear which will be good enough. I gave you a case of those and Attends Breathable yesterday. Daddy said you were able to pull on the Attends Underwear. Good Girl!

“I think it would be discreet and helpful for you to change diapers in your own room. Obviously you do not want a regular changing table. But Just-

for-Tots sells low padded benches which are discreet and they told me yesterday are swell for self-changing. Would you like me to stop there on the way back from Sunday school and have them deliver one of those?”

“Of course, Ma’am, whatever you think best,” Sylvia agreed without any enthusiasm.

“Monday go to that horrid beauty supply store and buy a proper hairbrush for Bea and for your good self, so I do not need to carry the existing one around. It will do both Bea and you a world of good to keep a hairbrush on your bedside tables.

“I doubt they are open on Sunday. Besides Bea will be riding with me, but since it is not very far out of the way I’ll stop by there on the off chance they are open.

“Finally Monday you need to talk to DyDee Service to increase the number of diapers per delivery. Have them send an extra supply right away. We will also need two more of their diaper pails.

“Can you remember all of that, Young Lady? I sure hope you do because the last thing you want would be a third spanking on Monday. Am I right?”

Sylvia burst out in more sobs. That was how Isobel left her naughty mommy. It was time for Isobel to take her shower and dress demurely yet elegantly for Sunday school. She decided on Rose Pink Jacqueline Bijou lipstick and a pair of her kitten stiletto heels. Her modest full skirt was hemmed just below her knees. Her blouse was decidedly non-décolleté.

Just to be sure Bea was behaving, Isobel walked to her room after dressing. In fact Bea was wearing a Sunday dress she had worn in mid-

December. Sylvia had approved the pumps with three inch stiletto heels. Isobel did not see any reason to object. Bea was wearing pink lipgloss that suited her age and coloring.

There were no problems during Sunday school. Bea behaved very well. However, before they left Bea did ask to change her Attends and asked for help. Isobel obliged and decided to change her Attends as well. That was a lesson for Bea about responsibly disposing of used diapers, in clear plastic Zip-Loc baggies.

From the church Isobel drove to Just-for-Tots having realized they would just be opening on Sunday. There she placed the order for two of the low benches, one each for Bea and Sylvia. She was assured they would be delivered on Monday before noon. Isobel told the sales associate her mother would appreciate the prompt and courteous service. She made it clear that if Sylvia was not home the housekeeper would know where each bench was to be placed.

The horrid beauty supply store was a few miles east of Just-for-Tots on Colorado Boulevard a couple of businesses beyond Allen Avenue on the south side of the street. Much to Isobel's delight, the store was open and there was an empty parking spot right in front.

Isobel always thought of that store as being horrid because when she was twelve Sylvia took her there to buy a replacement spanking hairbrush.

Sylvia clearly explained in vivid detail that the brush would only be used to spank her daughter: "Isobel here is old enough to behave better. Sound spankings work wonders for her, even at her age. Some girls never outgrow the need for bare bottom spankings."

Probably those beauty supply ladies had heard similar statements from mothers with children many times before. As Isobel remembered, none of the sales ladies seem shocked.

That day would be Isobel's turn to take Beatrice down a few pegs. From her purse Isobel pulled out the six year-old hairbrush. She explained that it was purchased in that store in 2007. Her question was if they had three similar hairbrushes in stock.

In less than a minute the needed three hairbrushes were on the counter. Isobel took out her debit card. While the order was being written and the debit transaction approved by the computer, Isobel handed one of the brushes to Beatrice.

“Here Young Lady, put this nice new hairbrush in your purse as a reminder to behave yourself. Once you get home, be sure to keep it on your bedside table where you can see it!” Isobel said warmly and loudly enough the sales lady could hear.

After signing the receipt, Isobel explained: “Six years ago our mother brought me here to by the brush I showed you because she had worn out another one on my derrière. The one from you still has been used to keep me behaving. Look at how well I have turned out.”

The sales lady smiled and remarked that, “The world would be a nicer place if more naughty kids and surly teens were spanked.”

To which Isobel answered, “Hairbrush spanking works just as well on naughty adults! I'm eighteen and not the oldest gal I know who still gets spanked frequently.”

To drive home her point, Isobel used her hairbrush to give Bea a minor smack on her derrière.

The Sunday was a success. The benches were ordered and the hairbrushes obtained. Bea had been taken down a couple of pegs. Life was good for Isobel.

The rest of the week was going to be very special. Until Friday evening Isobel would be home to give both Bea and Sylvia their morning and bedtime spankings. She could continue to do the bedtime diapering until she was sure both of her “babies” could reliably change themselves.

Isobel was sure she would enjoy all of that far more than Bea or Sylvia!