

# Isobel

## Chapter 2 “Cunning Plan Continues”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

That first night of Isobel’s cunning plan, she could still feel some spanking sting. The soothing comfort of her pacifier and diapers more than compensated as she drifted in and out of sleep in her new over-size crib.

At 1:30 A.M. Saturday morning her mother Sylvia quietly entered the nursery. The baby Valery had capacity left in her diaper. Sylvia decided to change Isobel.

The side of the bigger crib was lowered and nine-year-old Isobel was carried to the changing table. Her Onesies’ crotch was un-snapped and ruched-up. Her vinyl panties were pulled off. Her gauze DyDee diaper set was unpinned and removed.

The sleeping girl was cleaned using warmed wipes before she was snugly diapered, new vinyl panties were pulled up and her Onesies’ crotch was re-snapped. Isobel was still sleeping with a beatific smile as Sylvia slid her back into the bigger crib. She leaned over to give the girl a forehead kiss before lifting the side which locked it into place.

At 6:00 A.M., Sylvia re-diapered little Valery without waking her. Before checking on Isobel Sylvia put a baby bottle of formula diluted with milk into a bottle warmer.

Sure enough Isobel needed a change. When her wet diaper was removed the girl woke up. Sylvia cuddled her and gave her forehead a kiss. Then she popped the warmed baby bottle into Isobel’s mouth.

The girl held her own bottle and suckled it while her bottom was wiped and diapered. Once dry vinyl panties were pulled up and the

Onesies was fastened, Sylvia carried her daughter and baby bottle to the nursery safety rocking chair. There she cuddled the girl while feeding her the rest of her bottle.

When that was empty Isobel was put over a shoulder to be burped as if she were an infant. Just after being returned to the bigger crib, Isobel removed her pacifier to say, "Mommy, I'm sorry for being such a naughty girl yesterday. I deserved to be spanked."

"Sweetie Darling, I do not want to spank you. All you need to do to avoid future spankings is to behave yourself, as you had been doing all of your life," Sylvia replied sincerely.

"I promise to be a good girl, Mommy," Isobel answered as she drifted to sleep.

At 8:00 A.M. Sylvia gently woke up Valery and undressed her. Then she did the same for Isobel. The plan was to bathe both girls.

Unfortunately Sylvia only has two hands, which she needed to hold and bathe Valery. Therefore she needed to ask the older Isobel to wash herself. Without complaint she began to scrub.

After the girls were dry they were diapered for breakfast. Having separate highchairs really made that process more efficient. Valery needed to be buckled into her highchair but by then she had been feeding herself for a few months. Thus Sylvia could concentrate on spoon-feeding Isobel her morning bowl of Pablum/Metamucil.

Clearly Isobel did not remember that "delight" from her infancy. Sylvia did not take the time to explain in detail the vital necessity for anyone in diapers having such a mixture to prevent constipation. Of course Isobel disliked the taste of the mixture. Sylvia had tasted it a few times over the years trying to render it more palatable. She did not disagree with Isobel so cut her a little slack about resisting.

"Sweetie Darling, I am sure you do not like your breakfast. I promise you eating it is in your best interest. Bottom line is that you will finish the entire bowl if it takes all morning," Sylvia gently explained.

"When Valery resisted me feeding her the mixture I smacked her hands, as I had done when you were that age. But yesterday it was you who told me that you are too mature for simple hand smacks. The alternative will be for me to spank you. Keep on resisting and you will be spanked!"

Isobel kept her hands on the highchair's tray for the rest of breakfast. "Mommy, I'll be a good girl."

After breakfast the terrycloth cobbler bibs were moistened and used to wash two messy faces. From the highchairs the girls were brought to the downstairs playpen.

Isobel totally enjoyed playing with Valery as an equal as much as she loved the plushie toys. Half an hour post breakfast Sylvia picked Valery out of the playpen. She walked her to a pink plastic potty. The baby insisted she did not need to go potty.

"Yesterday, Precious, about this time after breakfast you needed the potty, remember?" Sylvia asked.

"No, Mommy, I'm having fun with Bel!" Valery said defiantly. "I'll sit if Bel can sit, too."

"That won't work, Precious, because only you are old enough for your own potty," Sylvia said, losing her patience.

Valery was walked closer to her potty. When Sylvia began to un-snap her Onesies, Valery interfered. That earned her stinging smacks on both her hands. After that Valery cooperated and glumly sat on her potty. A few minutes later she did move some soft stool and also peed.

Sylvia praised Valery, gave her forehead kisses, re-diapered and re-dressed her and returned her to the playpen.

"Mommy, how come Bel does not have a potty?" Valery asked.

By way of an answer, Sylvia phoned Jessica, "Mom, can you take Isobel back to Just-for-Tots to buy her a potty?"

Jessica promised to drive over very soon. Minutes before she arrived DyDee made the special delivery of a supply of Isobel's larger square gauze diapers.

For the trip to the store Jessica watched Valery while Sylvia led Isobel upstairs. Friday no rompers or sunny-suits had been purchased for Isobel. By way of a compromise she was dressed in a pair of shorts over her Onesies, with sneakers.

At Just-for-Tots a saleswoman showed Jessica and Isobel various plastic potties. Selected was a larger version of the potty Valery used, in the same baby pink.

Once that issue was settled, Isobel needed some babyish shoes for play and flat polished Mary Janes for dress-up. Soon she was changed out of her shorts and into an adorable sunny-suit with a hem just long enough to hide the bottom of her diaper.

While they were in the clothing department Sylvia phoned Jessica asking her to pick up a diaper bag large enough for both girls. That was one of the Ginormous bags very popular with moms of older girls who wet.

Unfortunately Isobel had become bored selecting baby dresses. She kept interrupting while Granny Jessica was selecting the diaper bag.

Within seconds Jessica asked to use the special office. That was where she had once spanked Sylvia as well as a granddaughter. Isobel's vinyl panties and diaper came down. So did the hairbrush very hard and often on the naughty bottom until a sobbing Isobel promised to behave.

Jessica was surprised when Isobel asked to use the toilet. Sitting on that holding her Granny's hand the girl peed a little and moved a considerable amount of mushy stool. Then she was pinned into a fresh diaper and re-dressed. Clearly the Pabulum/Metamucil mixture was doing its job.

They returned home in time for Isobel to be buckled into her highchair for Saturday lunch, consisting of warmed Gerber baby food, with a baby bottle each of milk and water.

While Sylvia fed Isobel she listened as her mother mentioned spanking the girl at the store. Pausing the feeding, Sylvia asked, "Sweetie Darling, didn't you promise to be a good girl?"

"Yes, Mommy, that's what I promised. I didn't think I was being naughty. Granny spanked me really, really hard!" Isobel stammered.

"Bel got a spankin'!" Valery exclaimed.

"Yes, Precious, we all know. You do not have permission to tease your sister. Remember, or you will also get spanked!" Sylvia threatened.

"Okay, Mommy, go ahead and spank me!" Valery taunted.

She was removed from her highchair. Her diaper and vinyl panties were lowered. Sylvia sat on a dining chair to spank Valery's bare bottom a few times using just her hand. The child did not enjoy being spanked.

After the girls had their faces cleaned they were put down for naps in their cribs. While they slept the new larger potty was placed a few feet from Valery's potty in the nursery.

Following their naps both girls were un-diapered and placed on their potties. Valery did pee and move a little mushy stool. All Isobel managed was to pee a little.

A couple of hours later, while wearing a romper and playing in the backyard Isobel suddenly froze in her tracks. "Mommy, I just pooped!" she admitted.

"That's why you need diapers, Sweetie Darling. Let's go to the nursery. I'll make you all clean," Sylvia said sweetly. "Soon you'll ask to use your potty when you need to go."

That observation by her mother started Isobel thinking about her cunning plan to experience babyhood. Originally she had not considered doing more than wet her diapers.

She was glad that she was being pinned into gauze diapers just like little Valery. Isobel had no memory of wearing those. Compared to the disposables she remembered well, she really preferred the softness and flexibility of the gauze diapers. Also she wanted attention from her Mommy and Granny. That was her reason for wetting. Being pinned into a diaper took longer and Isobel felt it was done with more affection.

The sensation of pooping in her diaper was a shock. Until that happened all she remembered was sitting on a toilet. Isobel had not felt a familiar need to find a toilet.

One second she was playing. The next second her diaper was straining against her Onesies. The smell was intense. Without sitting that was when Isobel called out to her Mommy.

Isobel assumed she should have been disgusted to have pooped without using a toilet. But she actually had enjoyed the freedom of simply letting go without sitting. Sure she had to move quickly when her Mommy took her hand and dashed inside and up the stairs to the changing table. That was okay. The way she had been changed minimized any discomfort.

In a cunning way Isobel decided the next time she pooped she would not tell her Mommy until she had the chance to sit. Then cleaning her would take longer, which would be fun.

Alas, before Isobel had the chance to poop again on Saturday she was back in her highchair being fed supper of baby food while Valery was eating normal food by herself. At least having her baby bottles held for her was interesting.

Isobel had never liked the taste of milk from a glass. To her milk and water was better suckled from a baby bottle using a clear silicone nipple. That was one of the best parts about living as a baby.

Being bathed by her Mommy or Granny was also a blast.

Isobel did not mind sharing the tub with Sylvia, although as she formed her cunning plan she assumed being bathed would be private.

It was still bright outside the nursery windows when Isobel was tucked into her crib and given a pacifier Saturday evening. She did miss watching TV and using her computer, but she knew baby Valery did not do such things. Isobel expected the long periods by herself in her crib. She saw no advantage to trying to stay awake.

Vaguely Isobel was aware during the night, when it was dark outside the window, she was on the table having her diaper changed. She must have only wet because the changing took hardly any time.

It was light outside when Isobel woke up Sunday morning. Valery seemed to still be sleeping. Isobel knew her diaper was wet. She tried but was unable to poop.

Frustrated she started thinking about her cunning plan, the pros and the cons:

Pooping was surprisingly pleasant, so far, so that was a **BIG PRO!**

Suckling baby bottles was a **PRO.**

The comfort of gauze diapers was a **REAL PRO!**

Being changed, dressed and bathed was an **ULTIMATE PRO!!!**

The huge disappointment, something Isobel had not expected, was that getting spanked was far from being fun; it was a **DECIDED CON!!**

Isobel realized she made a huge mistake demanding she get spanked instead of just having her hands smacked as her Mommy punished Valery. Pretending to still be asleep Isobel decided the only way to avoid being spanked, short of admitting she had a cunning plan, was to be a very good girl.

She even felt guilty for deliberately being naughty at the store just to find out what her Granny would do about it. Isobel had not expected such an intense spanking.

Her reverie was interrupted when Sylvia entered the nursery and headed straight for Isobel's crib. "What Sweetie Darling needs a dry diaper?" her mother asked chucking her under her chin as the crib side was lowered and she was being carried to the table.

Soon after that Isobel was back in her crib with her hands on top of the side watching their Mommy changing little Valery who had pooped a while sleeping. *"I've really got to poop while in my crib,"* Isobel thought.

While at Just-for-Tots Granny Jessica had bought Isobel two fancy ruffled dresses similar to those worn by Valery to Sunday school. Isobel was used to wearing far more mature outfits to church, including Nylon hose with Kitten heels.

From her crib it occurred to Isobel that she could well be taken to Sunday school dressed as a baby. She was not sure if that would be exciting or embarrassing.

Dressed in diapers and their Onesies, Valery and Isobel were led from the nursery downstairs to their highchairs at the breakfast counter. Their Daddy was just finishing his coffee. He told them he had an early starting time at the country club.

Sylvia told him that in view of Isobel's situation she decided that they would all stay home from church. Isobel felt relief.

Granny Jessica arrived while Isobel was still being fed the last half of her Pablum/Metamucil mixture. Without slowing down the feeding, Sylvia gestured toward her older daughter: "Mom, this one did move some stool into her diaper yesterday afternoon. Clearly the diapers have not constipated her. This morning Valery was messy, but she had been productive on her potty. I take that as a positive sign."

"Indeed, Sylvie, maybe Val is getting ready for toilet learning. Would you like me to help with the morning baths?" Jessica asked.

“Oh, Mom, that would be a huge help. Thanks,” Sylvia responded.

Jessica unbuckled Valery after wiping her face with the dampened bib. Sylvia did the same for Isobel. As the girls were being led upstairs to the nursery bath tub, Jessica shared: “I got a call back from the nanny agency. Carmen, one of those who took care of the eighteen-year-old in San Marino starting in 2010 is available.

“She graduated from the Pacific Oaks Nanny Program. She is an expert pinning cloth diapers and at toilet training. Subsequent to the big baby she has nannied toddlers and older girls who wet. Although she prefers to avoid doing so, I am told that Carmen can teach both of us lots about effective spanking.

“Carmen can start tomorrow morning and said she can easily come here this afternoon to meet us. Shall I give Carmen a call now?”

“Oh, yes Mom; please do phone her. Then I need some help bathing these two messy girls,” Sylvia answered.

Down the upper hall one spare bedroom had long ago been occupied by nannies. First thing on Monday the maids could give it another cleaning.

Valery did not appear to react when she heard that the new nanny is a spanking expert. That news worried Isobel, who hoped having a nanny would not reduce the attention paid to her by her Mommy and Granny.

Jessica bathed Valery but mentioned that, “I must not have spanked Isobel hard enough. She already has faded.”

“Maybe so, Mom, but after you left yesterday she was still rubbing away the sting. If she misbehaves this morning one of us will need to spank her harder.

“Say, I do love the huge pink diaper bag. I stocked it with both size vinyl panties, the Birdseye prefolds and Isobel’s square gauze diapers, so it is ready for field trips. There is still some space for two sizes of disposables. The clutch for my things will be very handy,” Sylvia remarked.

“Sylvie, the changing pad is more than large enough for Isobel. Did you notice the store tucked an oval hairbrush into one of the bottle pockets?” Jessica asked innocently.

“Yes, Mom, that was the first thing I noticed. It stirred up old memories,” Sylvia shyly responded while looking at her feet.

“Sylvie, you know I only used a hairbrush when you or one of your sisters really needed it!” Jessica retorted defensively.

*“So that explains how Mommy was able to spank me so very hard the first time!”* Isobel thought.

After the girls were dried, Jessica diapered and dressed Valery while Sylvia took care of Isobel. It being such a warm and beautiful day, the girls were led in their matching sunny-suits to the backyard. There the sisters played together nicely under the supervision of Sylvia and Jessica.

With the girls playing out of earshot, Sylvia leaned over to whisper, “Mommy, is it true that Nanny Carmen also spanked the mother of some girls?”

“I never heard that. But another nanny, Kaaren, was hired to bring discipline to the mother as well as her bratty daughters. That is the daughter-in-law of the eighteen-year-old’s grandmother. The Grand Dame told me all about that,” Jessica answered.

“Probably that old bitch thinks I need discipline,” Sylvia said.

“The way I understand it, the Grand Dame gets spanked by her husband,” Jessica confided.

From then on Sunday was very pleasant. Every couple of hours the girls were told to sit on their potties, with their diapers off. If pee or poop was deposited in a potty there was much praise. If not after five minutes of sitting the girls were pinned into fresh diapers, although vinyl panties which were dry were re-used.

It was after lunch, during her nap, that Isobel pooped her diaper. By the time she woke up she was a mushy mess and sobbing. Valery laughed for which misbehavior Jessica smacked her hands.

Sylvia took Isobel to the changing table to undress her and give a preliminary wipe-down. From there Isobel was carried to the nursery tub to be hosed off using the shower wand. The girl actively enjoyed that process.

While wet and still standing in the tub she was wiped again with warmed Pampers Sensitive baby wipes until she was squeaky-clean. After

towel drying Isobel was re-diapered and dressed. She claimed she had not felt the need to poop, but she promised to ask to use a potty when she did feel the need.

Jessica could not stay for supper, meaning Sylvia was on her own with both diapered girls. For her the arrival of Nanny Carmen could not happen soon enough. The interview had been over the phone. Carmen would be at the mansion by 8:00 A.M. Monday morning dressed for work and with her suitcases to move into the Nanny Room.

As Sylvia was bathing both girls following supper she casually told them that Nanny Carmen had been hired to help care for them.