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Sally, Part 29

So Many Calverts and Lachailles—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

How wonderful that everyone, including Daddy, was so nonchalant. They all must have known I was going to get spanked. That sort of thing must still be routine in their family. I was thrilled that Tanté apparently not only still had her martinet, she offered to loan it to Megan. I assumed I could ask for a second spanking without any worries.

"Sally, when I sent the diapers and plastic panties to you by Lise, I did not want to ask her to carry your new hairbrush. So we will need to stop in my room for just a second. You will find it on the vanity. I'll give Gene a quick check."

In my room Megan sat on the side of my bed in her usual spanking position, with the head end to her left and far enough in from the foot end the bed would support my legs. She directed me to undress completely. After I put my diaper in a pail discreetly provided next to my bureau on the side where it was hidden from view from the hall, I put on just my pajama top.

"Young Lady, before we proceed, please put on your robe and then brush your teeth carefully." I did that as quickly as I could.

Back in my room I hung up my robe. I was smiling contentedly as I almost ran back to throw myself

over Megan's awaiting lap. "Not so fast, Young Lady. Remember, this is not a game.

"First, when I am spanking you, for whatever reason, you are to address me as 'Ma'am.' I am still thinking about how you address me in private and in public.

"Second, before you go across my lap, please tell me what has been going on with you and specifically why you want to be spanked now."

Boldly I responded, "Ma'am, things were so weird with Mommy and Nanny Walsh. Neither of them had even scolded me since the last time you spanked me. Mommy took me to my pediatrician because Nanny Walsh was annoyed about my diapers. Dr. Wiggins said those were not a problem. I guess she phoned Nanny Wiggins, who stopped speaking to me.

"Last Saturday afternoon I felt guilty. I very politely asked Mommy for a spanking. She said she did not have the time and that from now on if I wanted a spanking I needed to ask Nanny Walsh.

"Ma'am that simply did not seem like a good plan to me. So I imposed myself on you. I was really good while getting ready for the trip, but I felt guilty I did not devote more time to my new friends. That was rude and inconsiderate of me."

"Young Lady, I agree those were serious cases of misbehavior. Over my lap, **now!**"

Megan did not bother scolding me. She only used the new Hair Doc 876S hairbrush for both my warm-up and my spanking. She started applying the spansks exceptionally slowly. As I began to warm, Megan spanked harder and faster. I went from being brave, to soft crying to full-out sobbing during my spanking.

When Megan helped me stand up, I was still sniffling. I hugged and kissed her while thanking her for my spanking. Then I told her I was so exhausted I hoped she could diaper me for bed.

Megan had just said she would be glad to diaper me, when there was a knock on my door. I was still facing Megan, so my red rump was pointed toward the door. Megan called out, "Come in."

Oh, well, sooner or later Tanté was going to see me with a red bottom. She clearly approved. She also said she had been slightly skeptical when

Megan had told her I was allowed to request a spanking.

Tanté complimented Megan for spanking me with such skill. "Sally's derrière is the same shade of red as your own used to be, My Pet."

Megan acted as if this was a compliment and did not blush. While Tanté watched I gave Megan an especially long hug and a very big kiss.

Tanté was in no hurry to leave. Megan said to her, "Mama, Sally asked me to diaper her for bed. Sally, do you mind if my Mama stays?" I assured them I was neither embarrassed nor ashamed.

Watching the practiced ease with which Megan pinned on my diaper, Tanté was full of compliments.

My room was so warm I did not need my pajama bottoms. Leaving those off would make subsequent diaper changes easier. I climbed into bed, on my tummy. Tanté stroked my hair.

Megan used a piece of Kleenex and a little makeup cleaner to remove the last vestiges of my Slicker. I understood, because cleaning Slicker off nipples is difficult.

Then Megan started searching in my teal diaper bag. "Oh, sorry Sally. I must have left your baby bottles in the big nursery suitcase."

Megan popped one of my pacifiers into my mouth: "Precious, do you also want me to fill your bottle with some water?" I shook my head **No**, mostly because I never had any luck suckling a bottle while on my tummy.

Shortly after midnight I woke up realizing I had already wet. While I was contemplating getting up to change myself, Megan appeared.

Megan removed my diaper and then lovingly soothed my throbbing bottom with a generous amount of baby lotion. Gently she diapered me and kissed me good night again.

This time my bottom was not sore enough to prevent me sleeping on my back. "Megan, now could you fill my bottle with some water?" I suckled some of that and then I put my pacifier back in my mouth.

The next thing I knew it was 3:30 A.M. I was wet again. I turned on my bedside light to find my pacifier and was contemplating what to do when Tanté quietly knocked on my door.

She said Megan had asked her to check on Bobby and me. I admitted I had wet without waking and told her that was unusual for me. Tanté asked if I wanted her to diaper me. I answered that since I was wide awake, I would prefer to diaper myself.

I did diaper myself, while Tanté watched. She seemed fascinated.

Later, before I could hear anyone else moving around in the house, I got up, removed my diaper, put on my robe and walked to the bathroom for a session on the toilet followed by a warm bath. In the excitement of getting my spanking, I had forgotten to take a bath.

Not knowing the plans for Thursday, November 11, after I dried off I pulled on a pair of trainers. Then I put on a modest dress that was warm. I had remembered to bring a pair of my school uniform Mary Janes with flat heels in addition to the pair with two-inch heels. I wore the flats with white knee socks.

Fully dressed, I went downstairs to read while waiting for someone else to wake up.

November 11 is not just Veterans' Day in the USA— it is also Remembrance Day in Canada. Both Tanté and Gaston had the holiday. Megan had planned with that fact in mind. Her cunning concept to help all of us know one another was to take a tour of Greater Montreal together. There would be seven of us. I include Gene because with his car seat, stroller and supplies he took up more space than any of the adults.

No ordinary automobile would provide seats with a comfortable view for us. Megan hired one of those passenger vans used to bring people to airports. The chauffeur would know the routes around the city. Megan, Tanté, Gaston and Lise would provide the narration. Daddy, Bobby and I would ask questions.

This cunning scheme worked to perfection. We did get to know each other. With such a large van, there was space to change Gene without stopping.

Bobby cooperated by not wetting excessively. He wore trainers with plastic panties and so did I. We had lunch in Downtown. Driving and eating made no difference, we all talked and listened.

We got home about 3:30 P.M. Many of the Calvert, Lachaille and Bouvier families were invited to an informal dinner. We would need some rest.

I decided I would wear trainers but no plastic panties for the dinner. My dress was one that Mommy had bought for the Fall, before she insisted we move to Rye. Its hem was low enough even if I sat carelessly my trainers would be hidden.

Tanté's good friend, Madame Amelie Ducotel (Camille's mother) did the cooking. It was a fabulous meal.

The important thing was that everyone loved Daddy as much as Megan and I do. His Canadian French was more than adequate to converse. When he needed to he apologized and used English. I had been doing the same sort of thing, but needed to use more English.

So many people who had known Megan all her life came to that Thursday evening party I could not keep their names straight. It was very clear everyone there thought the world of Megan. Many had not been happy that she had moved to the USA, but others talked about the lack of good careers for women in Quebec.

They all were happy that Megan was going to marry, and they were not upset just because Daddy was American, Protestant and divorced with three kids. When Megan carried Gene around so everyone could see him the feeling was he was very attractive.

It also was marvelous to see Daddy and Megan being so affectionate with each other. As long as I can remember when Mommy and Daddy kissed, I sensed no spark, no genuine emotion. With Megan, I was sure Daddy was her friend and also loved her deeply.

After Gene's grand party tour, Megan handed him to Lise. She was going to get Gene ready for bed, while Megan took care of Bobby, who looked exhausted.

In spite of the excitement of actually being able to have conversations in Canadian French (*Mademoiselle Sheryl Holt would be so proud*) just a few minutes after Megan led Bobby upstairs, I

started to feel sleepy. I made my excuses to Tanté and Gaston before going upstairs.

I knocked on the bathroom door. Megan said through it Bobby was still taking his bath, and that she would let me know when I could take my bath. I went to my room, undressed and put on my robe.

Fairly soon Megan knocked on my door. She came inside to tell me I could use the bathroom. Despite bathing and diapering Bobby while wearing a party dress, Megan never looked more beautiful.

While we had been taking the tour of Montreal the Calvert's cleaning lady had washed all our clothes from the trip, including diapers and trainers.

After my bath, for bed I could have worn training pants, but I decided to be comfortable, so I pinned on double diapers. My room was warm enough I did not need my pajama bottoms. I fell asleep.

About midnight Daddy and Megan came up to kiss me good night. I woke up gladly to be with them when they were so happy. They told me that shortly after I left the party Daddy got a phone call.

A large company in Montreal wanted to meet Daddy. They had only just learned he was in Montreal. They wanted to discuss having his advertising agency handle all their brands outside Canada.

It was only because Megan had remained in contact with friends Montreal about her studies in advertising that those executives of that company were interested in Daddy's agency. Naturally he wanted Megan to be part of the meeting. They were asking my permission. I assured them they should make the most of this opportunity.

Lise, Tanté and Gaston also came up to wish me a good night.

Thursday night I did wake up, twice, needing to use the toilet. I had no trouble doing so. The second time I also needed to poop, so that time I put on fresh diapers and plastic panties.

Friday morning, November 12, I woke up in dry diapers which were not even sweaty. So I left those on, but covered them with my pajama bottoms. I ventured downstairs.

Tanté was in the kitchen already. She asked if I had slept well. I assured her I slept better than

usual. I told her it made me so happy that Megan and Daddy had such a wonderful business opportunity.

While I was eating the breakfast Tanté made for me, she apologized that she had to teach two classes. I am sure Tanté wanted to spend the day with us. Since Gaston also had to teach, Lise would keep us company while Megan and Daddy were having their meeting.

After eating I went upstairs. I undressed, took a bath and then dressed for the day wearing trainers without plastic panties. Since we had no plans to leave the house I saw no reason to wear a good dress.

Megan came to greet me after she got up. She had already bathed and changed Gene, who was being fed his breakfast by Tanté downstairs. The highchair Gene was using was the same one she had sat in while a toddler. She was surprised her parents had saved it all those years, since it was hardly an antique. She had to rush to give Bobby a bath and help him dress before Lise arrived. I promised I would help Lise take care of both Gene and Bobby.

Lise told me she was enjoying being around us. She admitted she was sad she did not yet have any children of her own. Her husband Paul was an executive and did not want Lise having a career. Being a stay-at-home housewife without children she found boring. I sympathized with her.

Lise had a station wagon, like the one we owned that Carla used to drive. But she did not have a car seat and was afraid to take us for a drive. Still she made sure we had a lot of fun in the back yard and inside. When Gene needed to be changed she let me do that and complimented me. She whispered the practice I had on my own diapers paid off.

Daddy and Megan returned to the Calvert house at 2 P.M. They were bubbling with excitement that they had signed the company as a client, with a significant USA advertising budget. They called Daddy's partners in Manhattan (collect) to share the news.

Megan was bursting with pride when Daddy told his partners she was the one who developed this account. Megan also had done the research that landed the Screen Gems and Disneyland accounts. She jumped with joy when the partners offered her

a job as an account executive with the agency!
Daddy was so proud.

Daddy said we should celebrate with a field trip the rest of the afternoon. Lise offered to help anyway she could. Megan opened her address book and asked Lise to order a limousine as soon as possible for the field trip, equipped with a car safety seat for Gene.

In record time Daddy and Megan changed into more casual outfits. I ran upstairs and added a folded diaper to my trainers and covered them with plastic panties. I changed into a nicer dress, with knee socks and my high-heel Mary Janes. Of course I applied some Peach Slicker.

While we waited for the limousine, Megan asked Lise about a popular restaurant where all of us could have fun. Not only was she hoping Lise's husband Paul Trochard could attend, as well as Gaston and Tanté, she was going to invite the new clients. They were family oriented. Megan thought they should meet her family, especially the children.

Lise suggested two restaurants. Megan placed a call to the first choice. Using her most imperious executive secretary voice, in Parisian French, she demanded a reservation that evening at 7 P.M. for a group hosted by Donald Draper of Manhattan.

We got the reservation! Let's face it, no maître d' ever refused Megan a reservation, even at the last minute on a Friday evening!

I cannot remember where we went or what we did Friday afternoon in detail. We all had a marvelous time. A couple of times Megan took Bobby to a toilet while Lise and I changed Gene.

Megan asked Lise for the address of Montreal's best cosmetic shop. The limousine stopped there so Megan and Daddy could buy me grown-up lip gloss and a new tube of Peach Slicker.

For the restaurant party I wore the same dress and Dusty Rose Slicker as I had for the evening at Code 33 in Disneyland. Everyone looked so nice. The party was a huge success. The clients and their wives were very nice to me. The conversation was in a mix of French and English. To everyone's delight, Tanté was using more English than French.

All good parties should end before the participants get tired, cranky and drunk. Perhaps Megan was thinking along those lines when she included us kids. It gave a natural excuse to leave the restaurant at 10:30 P.M.

Back at the Calvert home I asked if I could go to bed right away. Nobody objected. Megan said she would use their bathroom to bathe Bobby so I need not wait to use the shared bathroom.

Even before I undressed, I really needed to pee on that toilet. My bath felt so refreshing. On my bed was waiting a new long sleep shirt Tanté had bought me at her university's store, with the university's logo. That was more practical than my pajama top over my diapers when using a shared bathroom.

Of course for bed I wore double diapers and plastic panties. I contentedly suckled some water from my baby bottle and was working my pacifier when I fell asleep. Neither Daddy nor Megan mentioned that when they came to kiss me good night. I must have been sleeping when Lise, Paul, Gaston and Tanté came to wish me good night.

I woke up once that Friday night, needing to pee, and did so on the toilet. Even later I woke up while Tanté was changing me. She said my diaper had been wet when she checked me. Why would she lie? I must say she was almost as good at changing me as was Megan.

Saturday morning (November 13) Tanté said I had looked so mature at dinner. She wanted to take me shopping as soon as the stores opened. There would still be time to return home before all of Megan's young relatives came for another party.

To me Tanté was a totally magical grandmother. Tanté was in the same league as my step-father Henry's mother Granny Pauline Francis.