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Sally, Part 30

With Tanté In Montreal—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Despite this being Saturday, November 13, Daddy and Gaston were playing a round of golf with the two new clients of Daddy's advertising agency. Megan encouraged me to accept her mother Tanté's invitation to go shopping. Since the weather was so nice she had accepted an offer from Lise to take Bobby and Gene with them on a drive to a park. A friend of Lise had loaned her a car safety seat for Gene.

Megan whispered to me that Tanté wanted to buy me some surprises, which Daddy had approved. Megan felt sure I would enjoy those gifts, needed to be kept at the Manhattan apartment, since Mommy had not been consulted.

Before I dressed for the shopping trip, Tanté gently suggested I would be more comfortable in just trainers without plastic panties. As she said, we would never be far from a ladies room. She also encouraged me to wear Evening Rose Slicker and my high heel Mary Janes.

In her car, Tanté started talking to me in Parisian French. As politely as I could I explained in preparing for the trip I had concentrated on my Canadian French. I did not say that it was Megan who suggested that on the basis Tanté has a reputation of disliking Parisian French miss-spoken. With a beautiful smile Tanté told me I spoke both forms of French very well, so

she was fine making life easier for me. She did warn me that to get the best service in shops she used Parisian French to intimidate sales people.

Our first stop was a women's shoe shop dealing with such expensive shoes I had only read about. Far in the future there would be Manolo Blahnik, Jimmy Choo and Christian Louboutin. Back in November 1965 women of means and fashion wore Christian Dior (CD) and the new designer Yves Saint Laurent (YSL), as well as the traditional shoe maker Charles Jourdan (CJ).

Tanté told me that I would look outstanding wearing pumps and sling-backs with stiletto heels. To get me started, she wanted me to have what were termed "Kitten Heels." These are stiletto heels less than two inches high.

Up to then all my leather shoes had been Mary Janes in polished black. Tanté believed those to be both dull and childish. She advocated the color of a woman's shoes should either match or contrast with her outfit.

Since Mommy had bought me my best dress, the one I wore Friday night, in jewel blue, which flattered my coloring, I should have some other dresses for parties in other jewel colors. To get started with my shoe collection, white would be a good choice. When necessary those shoes could be dyed to work with any outfit. Tanté also wanted me to have another pair of Kitten heel pumps in Milory blue, which would look nice with my blue dresses.

There were no YSL Kitten heels in my size in stock. Tanté asked about CD. They not only had them in polished white, they had a pair in Milory blue. Walking in even short stilettos was not as easy as in two inch Mary Janes, but I did not embarrass myself by falling.

A few blocks away Tanté took me to a shop selling high fashion dresses and gowns for petite women. Of course I was even smaller than a petite woman back then. Never the less, Tanté found me two absolutely stunning dresses that needed altering.

Both dresses were hemmed just short enough my shoes would show, but long enough my panties would be well hidden. Both showed a hint of my upper chest and were scooped in back a few inches below my shoulders. Unfortunately the alterations could not be finished in time for those to go back to New York with us.

Tanté promised that those dresses would be shipped to Daddy's advertising agency within a few days. The store manager took Polaroid instant photos of me wearing each of those dresses, while pins hidden in the back perfected the fit and would guide the seamstress doing the alterations.

Having completed our shopping mission, Tanté drove us home in time for lunch before all the kids arrived. Many of those young relatives were very nice. Two of the oldest, slightly older than me, remembered Megan as their favorite babysitter. Although all those kids were being very nice, I do not remember any of them as individuals.

While I was getting changed for an informal dinner Saturday evening at the Calvert home with just us, Tanté and Gaston, Tanté visited my room.

She asked if it was true I was curious about the "*fouet d'enfant*" she had brought with her to Canada from France. I must have looked puzzled. "Sorry, Sally, perhaps Megan called that a *martinet*. My daughter told me she bought one of those in America and has punished you with it. Would you care to experience mine for yourself?"

This was beyond my wildest imagination. I did not know what to say, so I looked down at my feet. "Sally, it is entirely up to you. Megan thought that since you are staying in her old room, where I often punished her when she was naughty, you might be interested."

I thanked Tanté and said of course I wanted as many experiences as possible before I returned home. "After dinner take a hot bath and wait in your room."

The prospect of being lashed with Tanté's *martinet* started me to fret. I was confused and distracted. I was less interested in being discreet than in being practical. Instead of wearing trainers, I pinned on gauze diapers and pulled on plastic panties.

I selected my oldest and simplest dress—one I often wore around the house with trainers. It was hemmed above my knees. That night I did not care if a little of my plastic panties showed. I was not planning to bend over. Since I did not want to look sophisticated, I dug out my Palest Pink Slicker. Instead of Mary Janes I wore sneakers.

Megan had done most of the cooking, with the help of Daddy and Gaston. She had fed Gene already. He was napping in a playpen in a corner of the dining room. The food was excellent, proving how well Megan could cook when she had a selection of cookware and a stove with more than four tiny burners. Tanté's kitchen had two large and well stocked refrigerators, as well as a filled walk-in pantry.

During dinner Tanté showed everyone the Polaroid photos of me wearing my new dresses and Kitten heels. Daddy looked so proud. He got up to walk to my chair to give my forehead a kiss and said, "Sally is growing to be an attractive lady."

All of us, even Bobby, helped carry the dirty dishes into the kitchen. Gaston and Daddy said they would wash those. Tanté said she would change and dress Gene for the night. Megan would bathe, diaper and dress Bobby, after I had taken my bath. I hurried upstairs, so I missed the sight of Daddy washing even one dish.

During dinner I had ignored my need to use a toilet, so my diapers were wet. I put those in the pail. In my robe I carried my plastic panties down the hall to the bathroom. While drawing my bath, I washed my plastic panties and started them drying on a plastic hanger.

I knew Bobby would be bathing in Megan's tub, yet I did not linger in my own very warm bath. I left my plastic panties hanging from the shower rod before slowly walking back to my room. There I only put on my short pajama top and waited standing in a corner as contritely as possible.

Tanté was carrying her *fouet d'enfant* when she entered, closely followed by Megan carrying a damp wash rag and a bottle of baby oil. While I watched in fascination from my corner, Megan spread several clean diapers to cover the end of my bed, exactly as she had done in California.

It was Megan who came over to me and gently led me by my hand to my position at the foot of my bed. Tanté asked if I remembered how to position myself. I answered by bending over with my hands just beyond the diapers. Tanté complimented me for cooperating so well.

Megan washed my clean buttocks and the backs of my legs all the way to my ankles with the wash rag. She applied the baby oil liberally with her hands.

Tanté pronounced that Megan had done all that perfectly.

Although I expected that Tanté would lash me, she actually coached Megan, very much like Megan had coached Mommy. The twirling of the martinet's thongs was the same. Since Tanté remained silent I assume she was pleased with Megan's technique.

I did not try being stoic. From the first touch of the thongs I was weeping quietly. After the martinet had been run down both my legs, Megan paused. Tanté told her it was time for horizontal strokes.

Glancing back I saw Tanté reach for the martinet, to remind Megan how to swing the thongs without twirling them. They landed on my right buttock, spread above and below my *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*. Tanté then told Megan to use the same stroke to lash my left buttock. Those strokes stung more and in a most unpleasant way. I recoiled. Megan quietly scolded me for moving around. Then she quickly lashed each buttock twice more with the horizontal strokes. Those reduced me to uncontrolled sobs. I was shaking so much I could not remain in position.

Immediately Tanté was cuddling me, stroking my hair in comfort. Megan also embraced me. Both kissed my cheeks.

Still sniffing I thanked both Tanté and Megan for demonstrating the famous *fouet d'enfant* with so much affection. I asked if Megan could pin on my double diaper while I remained standing. She had me back up to a wall, as if I were in a ladies room stall, pinning my own diaper. It was so nice having Megan do the pinning with so much love.

Megan helped me into bed on my tummy. She gave me a pacifier and only pulled my top sheet half-way up my back. They kissed me good night.

Before I drifted off to sleep, Daddy and Megan came in to kiss me. Daddy brushed the button of my pacifier gently so I knew he had seen it. The only light was from the door to the hall, so Daddy could not have seen the redness of my buttocks and legs through the sheet. He might not have even noticed the bulk of my diapers and plastic panties.

They silently closed my door on their way out.

Without removing my pacifier I resumed crying, but this time for joy. I knew my family totally understood me and loved me anyway!

The first time I woke because I needed to pee, I felt too sore to move enough to deal with my diaper. I just relaxed and wet it. Vaguely I remember Tanté changing me while I was mostly asleep.

When I woke up after dawn on Sunday, November 14, I no longer could feel the sting from the *fouet d'enfant*. I could feel that my diaper needed changing. I got out of bed and removed my diaper. Then I put on my robe, took my plastic panties and walked to the bathroom.

There I used the toilet to both pee and poop. I folded the now dry plastic panties and washed the used pair while drawing a soothing bath. Emerging from my bath I was almost disappointed that as closely as I looked in the mirror, I could find no hint I had been lashed so recently. Happily I walked back to my room to dress for the morning until it was time to leave for the airport.

I put on trainers and plastic panties under the same dress I had worn to dinner, along with ankle socks and sneakers. I did apply some Peach Slicker, to show everyone I was in a great mood.

Tanté was already in the kitchen. I gave her a huge kiss on her lips and thanked her many times for being so kind to me during my visit. She assured me she hoped to remain my grandmother the rest of her life. I assured her I was hoping she would be my beloved Granny forever. I offered to run a load of laundry, but Tanté said she had already done that. Everything we needed to take back to New York would be ready before the limousine arrived.

Daddy was carrying Gene while Megan led Bobby down to breakfast. Gaston was just behind them. I greeted all of them with a hug and kiss. Well, Bobby did his best to resist, but I kissed his cheeks anyway!

After breakfast Daddy asked me to go to my room and put on a pair of my Kitten heels. I first applied some Dusty Rose Slicker. Then I managed to walk down the stairs and into the dining room wearing my Kitten heels without stumbling. Daddy said I obviously was becoming a true young woman.

Lise and Paul came to the house to say good bye. It was planned that nobody would ride with us to the airport. This way all of them could still attend a late Mass.

For the trip I wore diapers and plastic panties over my usual traveling dress, but this time wearing white knee socks and my white Kitten heels. I decided Peach Slicker had been lucky for me, so I applied that just before we left the house. My beloved mini-TWA purse was inside my teal diaper bag, which held my entire cosmetic collection.

The VIP hostess greeted us at the departure curb. Going home it was US Customs agents who pre-cleared our checked luggage. On the way to the Air Canada VIP club a US Immigration officer checked our passports and stamped them along with the permission letter from Mommy.

The flight home was uneventful, like the flight up in reverse. Megan hugged me more than ever. She also said that she wanted me to be one of her bridesmaids. She also said that the next time we could go shopping she would buy me another pair of pumps with three inch stiletto heels. I gave her a big kiss and promised I would do my best to practice walking in my high heel Mary Janes.

Daddy rode with us in the limousine to Rye. When we got there he carried Gene up to his nursery and put him down in his crib. Megan assured Nanny Walsh that at the airport she had changed Gene into a DyDee Service diaper.

Mommy and Henry were out at an important political event, so there was no awkward confrontation with Daddy and Megan.

While in Montreal it was decided the wedding would be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Saturday, November 27. That was usually a slow day in the wedding business. Conrad Hilton, who had owned the Waldorf-Astoria since 1949, was a good friend of Daddy's and also a major client. He had confirmed the space and catering.

Camille Ducotel would be flying in from California to be Megan's other bridesmaid. Tanté and Gaston along with Lise Bouvier (Matron of Honor) would fly in from Montreal. One of Daddy's other name partners, Roger Sterling, would be the best man. Daddy left an invitation for Mommy and Henry.

The Sunday night we returned from Canada, I did not see Mommy or Henry. Nanny Walsh took care of Gene and Bobby, leaving me on my own to unpack, put my dirty clothing in the proper hampers and clean up for dinner. Mrs. Croft served us dinner. Following dinner I took a bath, diapered myself, put on a new long sleep shirt and drifted off to sleep. Nanny Walsh did not say good night or check on my welfare.

On Monday, November 15, everyone wanted to know about Montreal. Daddy and Gaston had bought me many postcards so I had visual aids. In my French class I explained that Madame Calvert prefers Parisian but most people in Quebec speak Canadian French. My teacher complimented me on the improvement of my French.

Mademoiselle Holt praised me for learning so much in Quebec. In turn I gave her a wedding invitation. Megan had enclosed a note asking her especially to attend. During my study hall at Country Day School I had finished all my homework.

When my French tutoring session was over, I went to Mommy's room, carrying the punishment hairbrush she had bought for me years before. I knocked and entered only when Mommy said it was okay. Her ladies maid, Miss Nancy Oliver was styling Mommy's hair.

The second Mommy noticed the hairbrush, before I even asked to be spanked, she waved me away: "Sally, I have no time for your nonsense tonight. If you seriously need a spanking go ask Nanny Walsh. Maybe she has enough spare time." Nancy made sure to turn so Mommy could not see her in a mirror before smirking at me.

Politely I told Mommy I understood. When I found Nanny Walsh she told me I would have to wait until my bedtime: "Sally, I have found that naughty young ladies sleep better on their tummies after a sound spanking."

Gene was more lively than usual in his high chair while having his dinner. Nanny Walsh said Gene had walked quite a bit earlier in the day.

After I had been excused by Nanny Walsh I walked to me room, undressed, and placed a sleep shirt, fresh diapers and plastic panties on my bed. I took my bath, brushed my teeth, put on the sleep shirt and sat on my bed, bare-bottom, waiting for

Nanny Walsh. She did take her sweet time, and must have enjoyed doing so.

When she came into my room, she demanded the hairbrush, which I docilely handed to her. Within seconds my sleep shirt was rolled up to the middle of my back and I was in position across the sturdy lap of Nanny Walsh.

Instead of scolding me, Nanny Walsh only said I knew what I had done wrong and therefore why I deserved the spanking. She did not spank me very hard and spread the spanks around without ever hitting the most sensitive spots. I made a show of sobbing, which satisfied Nanny Walsh. She told me to wear what I wanted under my sleep shirt. Once again, I had to put myself to sleep.

Tuesday afternoon, November 16, the Country Day School bus left me at Dr. Wendy Keighley's office in Larchmont. We had so much to discuss. I gave her a wedding invitation and she said she would phone to RSVP as soon as my session was over. I said Tanté had bought me 2 pair of pumps with Kitten heels and some very nice dresses which were being altered. I added that Megan was going to buy me a pair of pumps with three inch stiletto heels, which I expected to wear as a maid of honor. I had to say that Mommy expected me to only talk to Nanny Walsh and no longer directly with her.

When Mommy picked me up at Dr. Wendy's, she said she had accepted the wedding invitation. She also said Bobby and I would be going to stay with Daddy on Friday evening. I was overjoyed!