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Sally, Part 37

My First Grove Street Night—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On the afternoon of Friday, December 10, Megan surprised me when she drove to Country Day School in a new-to-us pale green Chrysler Town & Country New Yorker Edition 1963 station wagon. With Gene happy in his safety seat and our suitcases stored in back, Megan drove us to the co-op apartment on Grove Street. Below that building there was a garage. Daddy and Megan had a parking spot there for the station wagon.

Since the previous time they showed us the apartment, it had been remodeled and furnished. I loved it! My room had a massive closet and a vanity with a lighted mirror. I felt so grown-up sitting there putting on my Slicker. If there was a downside, I was sharing a bathroom with both Gene and Bobby. I was sure things would work out.

Megan had let me slice vegetables for dinner. When we had a private moment I had asked her for a spanking. The second she said she would send me to bed early, I was the happiest young lady in Greenwich Village.

Megan had told me to be sure to use the toilet before I put on just a pajama top. She had mentioned that after sending me to my room she would need to get Gene ready for bed. I interpreted that to mean I could take a very quick bath. I cleaned the tub and went back to my room

in my robe. I used my new blow dryer on my hair, along with a round styling brush.

By the time Megan finally came in, I was standing contritely facing the wall between my bed and my closet. That was the best I could do since all the corners of my room were taken by furniture. My feet and bottom were very bare.

I had removed my spanking hairbrush (the Hair Doc model 876S Megan had taken me to purchase) on my bed to Megan's right as she sat in her usual spanking position along the closet side so that my head would be toward both her left side and the head end of my bed. Megan always sat close enough toward the foot that my calves were not supported by the bed.

The sliding pocket door to my room made hardly any noise as Megan entered. She told me to turn around and to put on my robe. In her hand there was a firm throw pillow from one of the sofas.

"Young Lady, I want you to go into the hallway and press your ear against your closed door. Listen carefully. I will open your door when I am ready for you to return. Do I make myself very clear?"

I did exactly as Megan ordered. With the door from the bedroom hallway to the Great Room closed it was very quiet. I could not hear anything happening inside my room. After a couple of minutes Megan slid my door open, invited me to enter and closed the door behind me. I could hear her set the lock to ensure privacy.

"Sally, while you were in the hall, I used the hairbrush to spank that pillow as hard as I could. Did you hear that or my scolding the pillow?"

I shook my head "No" without saying anything.

"Sally, I wanted you to be confident all of the bedrooms were built to be nearly soundproof. By the way, both of the new offices are even more soundproof. One of the benefits is that we can have these spanking sessions discreetly. The last thing I want to do is frighten Bobby or especially Gene."

Megan put the just-spanked pillow on the window side of my bed. Then she took her usual place and smoothed her skirt before patting her lap. That was her signal I should put myself across her lap, assuming the proper position to be effectively

spanked. I did that as demurely and contritely as I could.

The first flurry of hairbrush spansks were mild, to warm my lower buttocks and upper thighs. While Megan warmed me she also was scolding me about thinking naughty names for Mommy. An unusual aspect of her scolding was that Megan actually used the same words about Mommy as I had only thought. I had just whispered to Megan that in my mind I was referring to Mommy as "that d**n bi**h" but it was weird to her Megan actually saying those words out loud.

As I began to whimper and flinch slightly from the warm-up spansks, Megan began spanking me much harder. She no longer was scolding me. The spansks were landing in a small area on each side.

That prime "spank spot" is on the centerline of my thighs and both of my *Gluteo-Femoral Folds* (the crease where my upper thighs meet my lower buttocks). Not only are there more nerves in those small spots than in the rest of the buttocks or thighs, when you sit in most chairs those spots get irritated. That brings back some of the sting.

It only took a few of the full-strength spansks of the hairbrush to turn my whimpers to first quiet crying and then full-out blubbering sobs. Megan never fooled around trying to go easy on me just because I had requested a spanking.

That evening she continued administering hard spansks until my spank spots went numb. At that point I also went limp. Only then did Megan put the hairbrush aside.

Without the hairbrush in her hand, Megan lovingly cuddled me. She smoothed my suddenly damp hair. As my sobs subsided, Megan eased me to my unsteady feet so she could embrace and kiss me. Once I could stand without help and was only sniffling, Megan asked how I wanted to dress for bed.

Normally I take pride that I can pin on my diapers neatly and quickly. That night I asked if Megan would diaper me for bed and tuck me in on my tummy without a long night shirt or pajama bottoms.

Megan is an expert at changing all kinds of diapers. When she pins them on me, they are even more comfortable than when I change myself. That night was no exception. When I was in bed, on my tummy and my sheet was only pulled up my legs

slightly above my knees, Megan opened the lower deep drawer of my bedside cabinet to find me a pacifier. She put that in my mouth before returning the spanking hairbrush to its place in the upper drawer.

I had told Megan many times that knowing the hairbrush is so close to my bed helps me remember the consequences of being naughty.

She asked if I wanted both my sheer and opaque drapes drawn. I told her I could not see much but would prefer to only use the sheer drapes. That was how Megan left them. Before leaving my room she picked up the recently-spanked throw pillow.

I had not fallen to sleep and my pacifier was still in my mouth, when Daddy and Megan came in to kiss me good night. Neither said anything about my spanking or my pacifier.

Daddy had made it clear that he does not believe in spanking kids. When Bobby was younger and really had been naughty, when Mommy almost demanded that Daddy spank Bobby, Daddy had refused.

The weekend before Daddy married Megan I had asked her for a spanking. Instead Daddy gave me the spanking, a lot softer than Megan would have done. Still I suspected maybe Daddy had spanked someone before that. Megan later told me spanking me really upset Daddy.

That night I did sleep exceptionally well, as is usually the case following a bedtime spanking. About midnight I woke up needing to pee. Without hesitation I put on my robe, walked the few feet to the shared bathroom, released the right side of my diaper, peed into the toilet and then re-pinned my own diaper.

Well before dawn on Saturday, December 11, I woke up again needing to pee. That time I got up, removed my diaper and covered my bare bottom with my robe so I could use the toilet.

Bobby would not wake up on a Saturday for hours. I took the opportunity to soak in a tub of warm water with bubbles. After that my rump was as good as new.

Back in my room I pinned on a fresh diaper and went back to bed until it started to get light. Then I put on another house dress over my diapers,

so I could go into the window end of the Great Room to watch the sun slowly illuminate the buildings of lower Manhattan Island. That is a sight which always makes me happy in a thrilling way.

Once the sun was up enough the light was no longer orange and deep yellow, I went to the kitchen area to find the coffee.

The food storage system was simple. The new electric coffee maker was on the counter just to the left of the large gas range. Coffee mugs hung from their handles below the upper cabinet over the coffee maker. I guess correctly that the ground coffee was stored in the cabinet over the mugs. I needed to use a step stool to reach the bag of coffee.

Once I had started a pot with several cups of coffee brewing, I started to find the ingredients I would need for my special *French toast au Rhum Jumbie*.

That had been invented by accident the previous July on the Friday morning of my run-away adventure with Daddy. In the dim light of his old apartment I mistook a bottle of *Rum Jumbie* for a bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup.

Daddy noticed the difference after his second bite. He kidded me and finished that serving, adding some more of the *Rum Jumbie* before he finished.

Since then it has become a tradition that I make a batch of French toast the first morning of every visit with Daddy and now Megan. Bobby, Gene and I only have the Mrs. Butterworth's syrup on our toast.

Although a lot of liquor was kept in cabinets above the actual bar near the kitchen area, in a cabinet above the island counter, beside a bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup there was a full bottle of *Run Jumbie*.

Until Megan could show me how to use the griddle built into the large range, I decided to use the fancy skillet that had worked for me. It showed up in Daddy's old apartment shortly before our trip to California. It did not seem logical that Daddy would buy such a skillet on his own. He never explained that.

Fortunately in the new apartment many cooking pans and utensils hung from hooks behind and above the range. The rail for the hanging hooks was part of the fancy range exhaust hood. I had seen Megan turn on the exhaust.

The burners lighted themselves when I turned the handles. I assumed the burners on the new range would be hotter than on our old stove in Larchmont. So I turned them down until I could hardly see flames.

After a few minutes over such a flame the copper-clad skillet was hot enough a pat of butter melted the same way Carla had taught me to start French toast.

Eventually Daddy wandered to the kitchen area in his own bathrobe. I poured him a steaming cup of very black coffee. As he sipped that I turned on a burner and made him a couple of pieces of French toast. Both the Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup and the *Rum Jumbie* were on the eating counter. Daddy poured some of the rum. We just smiled at each other.

After Daddy finished his second piece, he gave me a fatherly cuddle and lovingly smacked my backside. I winced slightly. He said, "Sorry, Salamander, I forgot about last night." I was sure he had not forgotten Megan had spanked me, but I thought that was his way of saying he was okay with the way Megan spanked me.

When Megan came into the kitchen area, she was closely followed by Gene, who was walking like a real kid. It was warm enough in the apartment that Gene was only wearing a shirt over his trainers. He was wearing socks, but no plastic panties. Obviously Megan had changed Gene already.

I asked Gene if he wanted cereal or toast for breakfast. While he thought about that, Megan poured herself a cup of black coffee. At last Gene decided on cereal. Daddy took down a small pan and used it to boil some water, which he poured over some oatmeal in a slightly larger pan. Daddy stirred the oatmeal while it simmered.

I carried Gene's highchair to the breakfast counter. He did his best to climb up, but let me lift him into the seat. He was at the right height to use the counter, so I never bothered with the tray on his highchair.

Gene has never been a fussy eater. He managed to eat nearly all his oatmeal without my help. He only dribbled a little onto his terry cobbler bib. Gene prefers those or poncho-style bibs over the more childish kind which ties in place.

Last but certainly not least, Bobby dragged himself out of bed. Although he was wearing the bottoms of his pajamas, it was obvious Bobby diaper was soaked. At home in Rye in the mornings I am not around when Bobby gets up. He has his own bathroom. By the time I see him, Bobby is dressed in his school uniform on weekdays.

Before Bobby got up, Megan had told me she was briefed by both Mommy and Nanny Walsh. It was decided to simply diaper Bobby for bed until after the holidays. He never woke up in time to use the toilet during the night even when at home and while wearing trainers. Nanny Walsh was optimistic that in a few more weeks Bobby would gain better nighttime bladder control. *Nanny Walsh just does not have a clue.*

Daddy said he really needed to go to his advertising agency office for a couple of hours. Megan had been promoted from being Daddy's secretary before our California trip. As a result of the major accounts she helped sign, she had been promoted to be a junior account executive. After she arranged the signing of another account in Montreal, Megan was given her own office and a secretary. She joked that somehow she had finished all her work Friday afternoon before driving to pick us up in Rye.

Outside we could see it was a beautiful clear December day. Daddy suggested that we all explore Riverside Park using the parking lot Megan discovered. Then she could drop him off at the office.

Although I had originally planned to spend my weekend wearing high heels, I decided to explore that park sneakers made more sense. I also decided to wear trainers without plastic panties. Although Gene was also wearing trainers, Megan had said we would bring the huge pink diaper bag and his folding stroller. Instead of my teal diaper bag I carried my beloved mini-TWA purse, with Peach Slicker inside.

While that was a fine plan, at the park Bobby decided he wanted to go to work with Daddy. So we left Daddy and Bobby at the Sixth Avenue entrance to the Time-Life Building.

Although previously I discussed much of the furniture in the Grove Street apartment, I neglected to mention that Bobby and I were sleeping in temporary beds.

As soon as it was sure Daddy and Megan had bought the co-op, Bobby and I had selected our own style twin extra-long bed. Unfortunately the styles we wanted were back-ordered. At least Megan managed to borrow a generic bed for me that satisfied my needs. I did not want a bed with a footboard or posts at the foot end. Bobby was using his old bottom bunk bed, without the upper bunk.

Megan and I wanted to stop by the furniture show room. We hoped to speed up the delivery. Megan also wanted to find a bed for Gene who was too mature to continue sleeping in a crib.

Gene was fascinated by a bed decorated like an airplane. It was available in twin-extra long. Megan made notes about that bed and exchanged business cards with the manager. Outside she told me she wanted to coordinate switching Gene from a crib to a bed with Mommy and Nanny Walsh. That made sense.

It was time for lunch. All of us were getting hungry. Megan used a pay phone to call Daddy at the office. She said we needed to go there.

Up in the office it turned out Megan needed to read a few reports, proof-read letters her secretary had typed and look at sketches she would be discussing with clients on Monday.

Lane Pryce, the name partner in charge of accounting and so on for Daddy's advertising agency was working that Saturday. Minutes after we rode up in the elevator, William Pryce and his beautiful mother Rebecca arrived.

During the reception I enjoyed dancing with William, who was thirteen, fairly tall, British and very cute. In the office William was as interested in things Bobby had to say as in talking to me. Both of us told William about the fun we had playing in Riverside Park that morning.

Because the Pryce family lived on the Upper Eastside of Manhattan and had no car they had never been to Riverside Park. I suggested that we take William with us back to the park after lunch.

All three of the Pryces came to lunch with us, as did several folks from the office. The ones I recognized were Miss Peggy Olson, the important copywriter and Mrs. Joan Harris, who was not just the office manager; she had been Megan's co-matron of honor. Several tables had been reserved for us in the coffee shop restaurant in the building lobby.

Bobby asked for a chocolate shake. I rolled my eyes. Megan nodded to the waitress. Daddy just smiled happily. I did not care to risk having a strawberry malt—not in front of William.

Mrs. Rebecca Pryce told all of us she was going to take a cab home, since she was not up to walking in the park. Megan assured her we would drop off William.

At the park Megan discreetly took Gene and Bobby off on an adventure, so I could walk and talk with William. That close to the Hudson River there was no protection from the cold wind blowing from the north. We were wearing coats, but my bare legs were feeling the chill. I wished I had worn thick knee socks.

The bright side was that when William saw I was cold, he put his arm around me. We found a bench just south of a large boulder, which gave us some protection from the wind. Watching the river and the lights coming on in New Jersey across the way, we talked about our families and our schools. Behind us a couple of hundred feet, I could see Megan with my brothers.

It turned out William's parents had been separated for several months because his mother missed her friends in London. William agreed with his father that he enjoyed life in the USA, especially New York.

As we compared notes, our schools were similar in many ways. His was in the Upper East Side, so there were hardly any playing fields. He loved it because this was the first school he had ever attended that was co-educational.

One of the many things William resented about his parents' separation was that during the time they lived in London, he was back at an all-boys school. The more we talked, the more I realized that William's mother, Rebecca, was frightfully like Mommy. She was neurotic, insecure and without joy.

Both Mommy and Rebecca were tallish and beautiful in a hard way. Mommy was very pale blonde and Rebecca dark enough she was almost a brunette.

I admitted to William that I was never happy around Mommy. Although I really liked my step-father Henry Francis who did usually manage to keep Mommy less neurotic, he simply was no substitute for Daddy. I told William that things at home got worse with the move to Rye and suddenly having a house filled with servants.

On the bench William and I had moved closer together. Impulsively during a lull in our conversation, I pulled his face down closer to me so I could kiss him. He did not pull away and kissed me back. I liked kissing William even better than kissing Glenn during the summer.

Apparently William and I did not have as much privacy as we thought. Several minutes before I kissed him I had waved to Megan. She was still with the boys in the distance.

The second time William and I kissed Megan and my brothers were very close.

Without any hint of scolding, Megan told us the boys were getting so cold they wanted to go home. *Who knows, that could well be true.* I realized I needed to be in a warm car or by bladder might not remain in control.

As we slowly drove up to the building where William lived, a doorman stepped to the curb to greet us. That was so considerate and avoided Megan needing to park. I waved to William as we drove away.

Driving from the park, Megan had asked William to sit in front next to her, since he would be getting out first. From his building she drove to the office. Daddy saw us from the ground floor lobby and ran out to get in the station wagon. His surprise was that we had reservations at The Blue Mill Restaurant at 8 P.M. There would be time to give the boys a snack, take baths and change for dinner like civilized, sophisticated New Yorkers!

To me, dinner at The Blue Mill called for my Yves Saint Laurent white pumps with three inch stiletto heels and Peach Lancôme lipstick. I just loved West Greenwich Village!

