

WHEN TRACY LOVES DIAPERS

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Lately there has been a lot of talk about “The One Percent”. If this refers to the ultra wealthy, then it probably should be “The Upper One Thousands of One Percent”.

A baby girl named Tracy Samantha Lord became one of the ultra wealthy when she was born on 23 May 1994. Her loving parents are Seth Keith Lord and Margalo “Marge” Gilmore Lord. They were then living on Park Avenue in Manhattan. Tracy was born at Columbia Medical Center.

The week before Marge was due to deliver she had hired a nurse named Ruth Lee. It was Nurse Lee who accompanied Marge and Tracy home from the hospital, where Tracy’s nursery was ready.

When Tracy was three months old, Nurse Lee felt it was time to turn the care of Tracy over to a nanny. A generation previously Nanny Gertrude Spring, the mother of Nanny Helen Spring, had cared for Margalo Gilmore and her younger siblings until Marge left home for her university dorm.

Marge grew up in San Marino, California, an ultra wealthy suburb of Los Angeles, adjoining Pasadena. Marge knew by the spring of 1995 they would be moving to San Marino. She explained to Seth that she wanted a nanny she could trust completely and she did not want to start all over with a new nanny upon the move to California.

All things considered it was best to fly Helen to New York City to start taking care of Tracy. Then when the time came for the child to move out West, Nanny Ruth would be there to do the actual work.

As Tracy approached 18 months of age, Marge worried that her daughter was not showing readiness to start toilet training. Nanny Ruth reassured Marge that most healthy girl babies did not start to control their wetting until they were almost 2. Little Tracy was right on schedule.

When Marge was born in 1971, compared to 2014, the disposable diaper industry was in its infancy. Her parents agreed with Nanny Gertrude that at home for bed gauze diapers from the DyDee Service were the healthy choice. Marge remembered being a big girl before Pampers and Huggies were added to the diaper bag when the babies were away from home.

Marge accepted without hesitation the idea that Tracy would be healthier and toilet train with less difficulty so long as she was not confused by wearing disposable diapers too often. The prevailing theory was that toddlers did not like the feeling of being wet. To feel dry the toddler would want to move from gauze diapers to big girl panties as soon as possible.

Certainly when Tracy should have been ready for training pants in early 1997, Huggies was marketing Pull-Ups widely. However, since pinned gauze diapers were working so well in bed for Tracy, and cotton diapers

need vinyl panties, what made better sense was to keep Tracy in thick cotton training pants covered by vinyl panties during the day.

It was still barely spring in 1997 when Marge started thinking about discipline. She had recently participated in several luncheons at the San Marino Women's Club. Other mothers were talking about how they rejected all notions of "progressive" education and discipline. They were of the opinion "old-fashioned" child raising was best. They talked about spanking children who disobeyed.

On that point Marge started to remember how Nanny Gertrude Spring had spanked her more than once a week, even when she was 17! To the 'Ladies Who Lunch' Marge admitted being soundly spanked: "I deserved it because I was naughty. Besides, getting spanked has done me no harm!"

After the third such luncheon in less than a week, Marge arrived home exhausted and confused. She had bragged that getting spanked did her no harm, but now she was not so sure. Marge remembered at the time she hated and feared getting spanked and resented Nanny Gertrude for administering those spankings seemingly with glee.

As Marge entered the nursery, Tracy was naked on the changing table. There was a stain on the carpet leading to Tracy's plastic potty chair. Nanny Helen was gently wiping Tracy's derrière and pubic region. Then she pulled on a dry pair of thick cotton training pants, followed by a pair of translucent vinyl panties. After that Helen helped Tracy put on a cute shirt which left her trainers showing.

Marge asked Nanny Helen to put Tracy into the playpen. She wanted to talk privately.

She started by saying, “We need to have a candid talk. Please call me Marge. May I call you ‘Helen’?”

“Of course, Mrs. Lord, you may call me anything you like. I was not brought up to ever call an employer by her first name, Mrs. Lord. My Momma clung to traditions, often obsolete fifty years before she was born,” Helen answered demurely.

“I sure remember how often your ‘Momma’ I only called ‘Nanny Spring’ insisted on traditions. Only now do I realize that by the time I was a girl in the 1970’s hairbrush spanking was considered obsolete by many experts.

“Clearly that was a tradition Nanny Spring enthusiastically embraced! I do not remember a week without a spanking until I was 14, and from then until I moved to university she spanked me hard at least twice a month,” Marge admitted, rubbing her derrière by instinct.

“Well, okay if you like ‘Marge’ maybe it is time for modern thinking. There is not much you can tell me about the way Momma applied a hairbrush with gusto! She kept spanking me while I was attending Pacific Oaks College. I only escaped by taking a live-in nanny position in Flintridge,” Helen stated, also rubbing her backside.

“See, Helen, I just knew we had so much in common,” Marge said with a smile. “Sometimes I think the other ladies who attend club luncheons have far too much time on their hands.

“The last three lunches the talk at the table has been a need for stricter discipline, especially for our daughters. That includes early successful toilet training day and night. What are your thoughts?”

Helen took the time to think through her answer. She smiled and said, “Perhaps some of those ladies received strict punishments growing up. We all know receiving strict punishment is not the same thing as receiving effective discipline.

“Call me crazy, but many agree with me when I say perhaps some of those ladies who run their mouths need spanking more than their children. In fact while I was still in my nanny training at Pacific Oaks, a recent graduate was a guest lecturer. She is part of a growing nanny sub-specialty providing discipline and even punishment to silly mothers. This is now a real thing.”

“Helen, that nanny could be onto a new trend. I had the same reaction listening to such talk. Tracy is still so young, I am sure there is time to decide on a discipline policy best for her.

“So, what happened here today while I was at lunch? It looks as if Tracy peed on the carpet instead of in her potty or even in her trainers?”

Helen responded: “She never told me she needed to use her potty. Sometimes Tracy does that. She wants to be independent, taking down her trainers.

“I saw her waddling toward her potty, as she was lowering her trainers. All of a sudden she stopped and squatted. Her trainers were at her ankles so she might have tripped. I was behind her and could not tell.

“When I reached her, Tracy looked up and said ‘Oops’. Then I could see the wet spot on the carpet. I put her on her potty in case she needed to pee some more. While she was on the potty Tracy seemed to be grinning.”

Marge remarked, “Helen, I can’t remember anything before I was older than four. Is it even possible to know what Tracy is thinking?”

“What I do remember is Nanny Gertrude spanking me because I wet my panties. Then she would tell me it was my mother’s order that I be diapered until I could stay dry. I thought that was so silly because those were classic gauze diapers and I was never allowed to touch the pins. By the time I found Nanny Gertrude and she removed my diaper so I could use a toilet I would often have wet my diaper. It all seemed so unfair. I see the commercials for disposable Pull-Ups training pants, which make me wonder if my life would have been easier had they been available when I was a child with wetting accidents.”

Helen smiled. She walked over to be sure Tracy was safe, content and happy in her playpen, before returning to continue her conversation with Marge: “I agree that you might be onto something.

“Did you know it was your mother who not only convinced me to study to be a professional nanny at Pacific Oaks, she also had to convince Momma that going to college was better than being trained by an experienced nanny. Of course it was your mother who not only paid all my expenses at Pacific Oaks, she gave me an easy job as a maid so I had flexible work hours and cash to spend so I could have some fun.

“Early in my second year of training both Momma and your mother were invited to share their experiences with my class. Your mother really wanted to hear the opinions of the instructors and students. At first Momma was reluctant to be given any advice, but as the day went on she changed her opinions about many things.

“Back when you and I were born Dr. Benjamin Spock’s book had been widely sold for well over 25 years. Yet a lot of pediatricians always said

that any wetting past toilet training was a result of the kid either being lazy or seeking attention. Doctors said that day and bedwetting was the same thing. If bedwetting persisted it was because toilet training was not done correctly.

“Dr. Spock did his residency in pediatrics at Columbia Medical School under Dr. John Dorsey Craig, who had been a pioneer in pediatrics. Dr. Spock had been licensed as a general practitioner for a few years and was a veteran of the US Army Medical Corps during WWII.

“It was Dr. Craig who suggested that Ben Spock do some research into bedwetting, because he doubted that any form of toilet training would speed up night control. That turned out to be the result of Ben Spock’s research. Continued research all over the world reaches the same conclusion.

“Modern thinking is that an actual prolonged period of dry nights is a function of the child’s body being ready, parental patience and good luck. Eventually Tracy will no longer need diapers in bed.

“Okay, so what should we do about Tracy’s wetting the carpet this afternoon?” Marge asked again.

Helen looked serious before smiling, “We could just go on with training pants. However, the more I watch her, the less I am convinced she is ready for using the potty without assistance, at least not to just pee.

“My suggestion is that we put away the cotton training pants for the time being and return her to diapers until she shows more maturity or starts to object. I see no reason why being in diapers will harm her future development. Staying dry is not a sprint; it is a marathon with setbacks to be expected.”

Marge and Helen agreed that Tracy would only wear disposable diapers when away from the house. There already was a DyDee account, so the additional diapers were virtually free. Since Tracy was then an only child there would be no additional work load on Nanny Helen and there would be a laundry reduction because the trainers did not need to be washed and dried daily.

Tracy did not seem disappointed to be returned to gauze diapers during the day. She also did not seem to be elated. She just took her diapers in stride. It did not bother her to be playing with children her age who were out of diapers.

Occasionally Tracy would tell Nanny Helen that she needed to use the potty. Her diaper would be removed as soon as possible. However, generally Tracy only asked to have her diaper removed because she needed to move her bowels.

A few weeks later Marge and Helen had another conversation over coffee while Tracy was in her playpen out of earshot. Marge was still unsettled by pro-spanking passion of the louder Ladies Who Lunch. Helen had some information about research into children who wanted to return to diapers, at least part of the time on their terms.

Marge and Helen had been reading pro and con articles about spanking. They decided that it would be appropriate to smack Tracy's hands if she reached for something dangerous while telling her "NO!"

Helen learned that a respected child psychologist on the faculty of a medical school in Memphis, Tennessee had formed an *ad hoc* study group to research the possibility that a tiny percentage of children older than 5 formed emotional attachments to wearing diapers.

One of the non-psychologists on the study group was an attorney, the mother of four daughters, who had long been an advocate for the rights of incontinent people. She happened to reside in Pasadena. The Dean of the Nanny Training Department at Pacific Oaks College was reaching out to that attorney for additional information.

Within a few weeks of the discussion about kids who might enjoy diapers, Tracy became very responsible asking Nanny Helen to remove her diaper so she could use the potty or even the toilet. After a few days of keeping her day diaper dry, Tracy was returned to cotton training pants without the vinyl over-panties. She then lowered her trainers to use the potty.

However, Tracy persisted in not waking up to use a toilet once in bed. After her fourth birthday in 1998 Tracy had a full urology work-up. There was no major disease, but her bladder had far less than normal capacity for her age. It was also over-active. In absolutely no way was Tracy ready to sleep without a diaper.

Since she did not wake up when her bladder was getting full it was pointless to take her out of conventional diapers. For Tracy cotton gauze diapers from DyDee Service caused less irritation than disposables in bed. Also, because of the better coverage of her sides and the pull-on vinyl panties, the cloth diapers leaked far less than disposables in bed.

Marge became pregnant with her second child, Caroline, in early April 1998, but that was not confirmed until shortly after Tracy turned 4 on 23 May 1998.

During the day Tracy was doing very well staying dry, so she transitioned to much less absorbent training panties, almost as thin as big girl panties. For the first months of pre-Kindergarten in the fall of 1998 Tracy wet far less than the other students.

Then after return from the Thanksgiving break Marge visited Tracy's class. The other students realized that Marge was quite pregnant. They started telling Tracy that once the new baby was born she would be ignored.

Who can be sure if that was the reason? Between that visit to class and the start of the Christmas break Tracy could not stop day wetting. Nanny Helen needed to stay with Tracy while she was in school to change her diapers every couple of hours.

Fortunately Seth and Marge Lord could afford a domestic staff. To give Helen Spring some rest, they hired an assistant nanny to cover from Tracy's return from school until after midnight. Helen of course lived in the Lord mansion on the third floor, in a nice staff bedroom. The assistant nanny could nap in the nanny office next to Tracy's room, but actually lived with her parents while attending Pacific Oaks College.

When Caroline Lord was born on 12 January 1999 at Huntington Memorial Hospital in Pasadena, she had a nurse who lived in a room adjoining the nursery. Helen and the assistant nanny only were responsible for Tracy.

It was after Tracy turned five in May 1999 that she regained enough daytime control she could return to thick cotton trainers. Tracy fretted and fussed, but eventually was content to be wearing softer and less bulky undies. She had never vocalized any desire for day diapers.

Tracy's elite school made it very clear that it would not be acceptable for Tracy to attend Kindergarten accompanied by a nanny to change her diapers. If that was necessary the school would arrange for Tracy to attend a different campus.

Both Marge and Helen suspected part of the situation was that Tracy really desired diapers instead of more mature undies. The problem was at that time research into the phenomenon of kids loving diapers had not begun on children younger than 8.

The woman attorney who was an advocate for incontinent people and part of the committee doing the research into kids desiring diaper joined a new *ad hoc* group including faculty of Pacific Oaks College to form a plan to help Tracy.

The plan was to assume Tracy was already 8 years of age and a confirmed infantilist with a diaper affection. The hope was this was not the case, but it was felt safer to assume the worst case.

With an 8 year-old infantilist treatment to remove the desire would not be prudent, so the goal was to inculcate common sense and discretion acting-out in diapers. To accomplish that it was vital to retain Tracy's trust in her family, especially Marge and her nanny. Therefore there would be no hint of punishment about diapers or wetting.

Over the first few weeks of summer Tracy became confident that she would be allowed to play in diapers to her heart's content before and after school. She could use her diapers as she wanted, but she had to accept that if observed there would be some teasing by outsiders. Tracy promised she could deal with that.

The compromise was that Nanny Helen would drive Tracy to school while she still was wearing pinned gauze diapers. Using a spare exam table in the nurse's office Helen would remove the cloth diaper, help Tracy clean up and put on cotton undies for the school day.

At the end of the school day Nanny Helen would be waiting to pin Tracy into dry cotton diapers for the drive home and the rest of the afternoon. If her fellow students noticed Tracy with bulging diapers under her school uniform skirt before or after school, that was a chance Tracy had to take.

By the same token if Tracy had play-dates after school or on weekends, then she could either wear cotton trainers or take the risk she would be teased about her diapers. Tracy always wanted to brazen it out and actually she was seldom teased about being diapered.

When Caroline was three months old her nurse was replaced by a nanny, who lived in a staff bedroom on the top floor next to Helen's room. Caroline's assistant nanny could rest in the room next to the nursery, but she lived outside the mansion.

As Tracy became confident she was still cherished and treated well, despite not being an actual infant, Tracy got bored with being diapered during the day. Of course that was part of the strategy. She was happy to travel to and from school wearing cotton panties. Sometimes she did ask for a diaper on weekends when she was not playing with friends.

Tracy still had made no progress controlling her bladder when sleeping, but at least she did not need naps. She did not seem confused to be wearing cotton panties when awake and pinned gauze diapers with vinyl panties in bed at night.

Things were going so well as Tracy and Caroline matured. Then just after New Year's Day 2003 Tracy saw that Marge was pregnant again. Probably Caroline also noticed but did not care.

Within days Tracy was miserable without some diaper play when she was awake. The school administration was not thrilled, but they knew Tracy to

be a very good student. So again the spare exam table in the nurse's office became a changing table for Tracy. This continued until the end of the school year in 2003, a couple of weeks after Tracy turned 9 and had finished fourth grade.

Michael Lord was born on 15 March 2003 at Huntington Memorial Hospital. He took over the nursery, which Caroline had already vacated. Mike had a different nurse. Since Caroline was toilet trained during the day and nearly dry at night, when it was time for the infant nurse to leave, Mike and Caroline shared the same nanny and assistant nanny.

Tracy at age 9 only required one diaper change during the night, so the assistant nannies could have more time off.

Unfortunately Tracy never wanted to give up day diapers after Mike was born. She tried larger disposable Pull-Ups and GoodNites, but was only happy in pinned gauze diapers with separate vinyl panties. In the interest of discretion, at least when Tracy was playing away from the mansion, she would wear Pampers and Huggies disposable diapers intended for active toddlers.

Fortunately Tracy was small for her age, and Size 6 disposables were available.

By the end of school in June 2004 it is unlikely any of the other students were unaware of Tracy's bedwetting and need for diapers after school. The chances are hardly any of those children guessed that Tracy enjoyed her diapers.

Tracy had learned to deflect teasing by making the first diaper joke about herself. Doing so took the fun out of teasing her. That tactic did frustrate some kids. The children Tracy liked accepted her as she is.

Marge got pregnant with what turned out to be her last child in October 2006. Elizabeth “Liz” Lord was born on 12 July 2007. The pending birth did not influence Tracy’s diaper affectation one way or the other.

The nursery had been vacant since Mike moved to his own room during the summer of 2004. It was a darn good thing that Liz was the last Lord child because to provide her with a private room the old nursery had to be redecorated. The room previously used to house the infant nurses became the nanny office. The room adjoining Tracy’s bedroom became a spare guest room. Upstairs on the service floor there were bedrooms for three nannies.

At age 10 in 2004 Tracy was taught to pin on her own gauze diapers as well as to put on disposables with hook and loop tabs, such as Pampers Cruisers. Her favorite remained gauze diapers, but of the various baby disposables she liked Cruisers best. Unfortunately Tracy outgrew all baby disposable diapers before she turned 11 in 2005, a couple of years before Cruisers Size 7 reached the market.

Being flexible, Tracy learned to accept adult disposables small enough to fit her. Attends Breathable were not exactly babyish and they had two tabs per side. Never the less Tracy accepted them when it was not discreet for her to wear gauze diapers. For bed she never even considered disposables except when traveling. Of course she traveled with several waterproof sheets and her bed always has been made up to accommodate a bedwetter.

None of Tracy’s siblings had delayed toilet learning. All were reliably day dry by age 30 months. All were out of night diapers by age 3.

Nothing about washable diapers disturbed Tracy. She knew the names of the DyDee delivery folks over the years. Along the way the DyDee standing order changed to better fit Tracy. From the beginning all of

Tracy's soft pull-on vinyl panties were supplied by Babykins of Canada. The same style is made in sizes ranging from premie to huge adult. She will never outgrow those panties.

Way back, once it became clear that Tracy would need night gauze diapers indefinitely, an over-size changing table was purchased for her room. The nursery, when it was active, had a separate and more conventional changing table. That was given to charity when Liz no longer needed night diapers.

Tracy is not embarrassed that her bedroom contains both a changing table and a vanity. Once she was allowed to wear cosmetics at age 11 Tracy saw nothing incongruous about wearing lipgloss as well as a diaper. Her pals accepted that.

Over the years Tracy's friends matured. Post puberty even some of her smartest pals were described by their mothers as "boy crazy". What Tracy observed is how romantic break-ups caused so much unhappiness. Tracy's personal solution was to not get involved in romance.

Considering Tracy's diaper affectation, it turned out she was not the disciplinary problem of the siblings. In fact Tracy was the best behaved. Seemingly innocent and very beautiful second daughter Caroline was the real handful.

It was Caroline at age 4 that caused Marge to re-think her anti-spanking edict. That day Caroline refused to obey her nanny and talked back when Marge scolded her. Without missing a beat Marge put Caroline over her lap, pulled down her shorts and soundly smacked her panties until Caroline was sobbing.

Over the next year Caroline needed many more spankings of increasing force. She “graduated” to the hairbrush before turning 5.

Tracy noticed her sister crying and became worried. She was at the moment very happy because she was allowed to play in diapers. Tracy asked if because she wet her bed she was exempt from punishment. Marge promptly led Tracy to Nanny Helen and said the time had come for Tracy’s first spanking on her bare derrière. Helen only used her hand, which caused a few tears. A couple of days later Marge spanked Tracy with the hairbrush.

As Mike and Liz reached 4, they were expected to know right from wrong. When they needed punishment, they were spanked.

During her high school career Tracy was only spanked twice, each time for talking back. The hairbrush on her bare bottom impressed Tracy; so did doing post-spanking Corner Time without a diaper.

Quite frequently as Tracy was growing up, Marge told her about her college days as a member of a sorority. Marge believed it was the group discipline of her sorority that saved her from making huge mistakes while dating.

Secretly Tracy wondered if she had been spanked frequently enough. During the last few weeks of her sophomore year of high school, Tracy asked about going to a college with a chapter of her mother’s sorority. Tracy wrote a polite letter to the national headquarters of that sorority, asking for a list of chapters.

By then Tracy had also decided she wanted to become an attorney, so she researched the most effective pre-law programs and compared that to chapters of the sorority. With that list in hand, Tracy asked her Mom to

reach out to those chapters to make sure her bedwetting would not be a problem for her participation in sorority life.

Four chapters replied that they would welcome Tracy, but all were worried about washing cloth diapers in the coin machines for sanitary reasons. Tracy then wrote to those chapters assuring them it would not be a problem.

She took the list of cities in which those chapters were located to the Pasadena office of DyDee, where she had many friends. There were branch offices of DyDee in two of those cities. By happy coincidence those cities were home to exceptionally well-respected pre-law programs.

So, before her junior year of high school began Tracy knew where she wanted to attend university. Neither of those schools was in California which worked out because Tracy wanted distance from home. Marge wrote to those chapters reminding them that Tracy was a legacy.

The presidents of those chapters were very helpful introducing Tracy and Marge to admission recruiters. The bottom line was that unless Tracy was expelled before graduation, she could enroll in either school.

She considered both options. The moment she had the results of her Pre-SAT in hand, she filed an application for early acceptance with the campus she liked best.

After getting her early acceptance at her favorite school, Tracy and Marge flew to that campus for a visit.

The chapter alumna advisor assured Tracy that there was no hazing permitted because that would violate state law. When Tracy talked to

some first year pledges they admitted there was no group paddling, which would violate the anti-hazing laws.

However, each pledge was assigned a “Big Sister” as a roommate. It did not violate the law should a big sister spank a little sister. Each little sister was given an official paddle. Those could be used for the spankings. Or, some of the big sisters felt the shame of being spanked over the lap with a hairbrush was far more effective.

Tracy knew that this would be the right place to study. She would fit in perfectly as a “Little Sister” since she still needed diapers for bed and the risk of a hairbrush if she did not behave!

Tracy was not her high school Valedictorian, but she was in the upper five percent of her class.

A few days before the official move-in day just after Labor Day 2012, Tracy flew back to the campus, this time accompanied by Helen Spring. They rented a car and checked into a highly recommended motel. One of the first orders of business was to visit the local branch of DyDee Service. There they were given a bundle of diapers and a DyDee laundry bag. Tracy would then be all set in the motel. She had several waterproof sheets with her.

Meanwhile there was some confusion and consternation at the sorority chapter house. Somehow they were short two Big Sisters.

Consulting their sorority’s national headquarters, they learned it was not an absolute rule that only seniors could be Big Sisters. It was decided to ask early arriving Juniors to volunteer.

The first Junior to accept the duty was Louise Spencer. She was studious, 5'9" with long strawberry blonde hair. Louise had an infectious laugh, but promised she could be as strict as necessary: "Mommy never hesitated to spank me, and, when babysitting, I spanked many naughty brats!"

The Pledge Mistress decided to pair the strictest and youngest Big Sister with the least mature Little Sister. Thus Tracy Samantha Lord and Louise Spencer became a team. By virtue of fate they were destined to remain a team for two school years.

On the evening before "Move-In" Tracy and Helen invited Louise to dine with them at what they were told was a very good restaurant. Helen was thrilled that the gals got along so well.

After dinner Helen suggested that they all go to the motel, so Louise could see Tracy's bedtime routine. In the motel room Louise noticed the oval wooden hairbrush on the table next to Tracy's bed. Helen offered to demonstrate it on Tracy.

"Ms. Spring, with respect, I have spanked a lot of naughty young women in my life. That was the reason I was selected," Louise said. "How about I give Tracy a sample? You are welcome to make suggestions."

Helen and Tracy were impressed by the effectiveness of that spanking. Helen's only suggestion was to concentrate more on the robust but sensitive areas where the lower buttocks meet the upper thighs. This would cause Tracy pain while minimizing bruising.

Next Tracy pinned on her diaper for bed after she got her tears under control. With Tracy tucked into bed, Helen drove Louise the several blocks back to the sorority house.

After the move-in Helen returned the rental car and caught a flight home. Helen replaced another nanny who had been taking care of the younger Lord children and would continued working for Marge until 'Baby' Liz graduated from high school many years later.

Tracy accepted her personal sorority paddle at the welcoming chapter meeting. She was only punished with it a few times. Louise was confident the hairbrush was the best punishment for Tracy.

Generally spankings were private, with the hall door locked. But if Tracy misbehaved with another pledge, then the other naughty girl's Big Sister would bring her to Louise and Tracy's room. There the two miscreants would watch each other get spanked until they were red, sore and sobbing like babies.

Rarely another Big Sister would bring her charge to witness a spanking as a reminder to the Little Sister to behave.

The 2012-13 school year rushed by: Before she knew it Tracy was back in her room at home, happy to be re-united with Nanny Helen and her changing table. Months of making do using a changing pad on the floor had taken its toll.

That summer of 2013 Tracy was not spanked by either Marge or Helen. Therefore she knew she was long over-due when she stepped out of the taxi at the sorority house. The second Tracy opened her suitcase she handed her hairbrush to Louise for a sound spanking that did leave her red and sore.

During the 2013 summer break Louise worked as a nanny to two rambunctious and naughty sisters aged 12 and 14. She got in a lot of practice perfecting her spanking technique.

During the Christmas/Winter break of 2013, Louise was a guest of the Lord family. They all adored Louise. In turn she decided to attend graduate school there the following fall. An immediate invitation was issued to live with the Lord family. She could use Tracy's car while she was living at school.

As the 2014 school year was ending, Tracy helped Louise prepare for her graduation ceremony. The plan was the two of them would fly together to the Lord mansion.

Three weeks before Graduation, while on-line posting to a young adults bedwetting support site, Tracy read that Kimberly-Clark Worldwide had invented a revolutionary product called GoodNites Tru-Fit Underwear. This consisted of washable stretchy cotton panties designed to look and feel like undies children from age 4 on up might really wear. Inside the stretchy re-usable underwear there is a sewn-in urine-resistant stretchy pocket to hold a disposable absorbent pad or liner.

The product description on the Tru-Fit website said the L/XL size for Girls was intended for girls ranging from 60 to 100 pounds. This fascinated Tracy who was only 5'0" weighing 94 pounds.

In comments on the young adults bedwetter's site women over 21 who were petite claimed that they were fitting into the Tru-Fit L/XL even when weighing nearly 125 pounds. The underwear was a combination of cotton and Spandex, so it stretches enough and still holds snugly.

The Tru-Fit site said they were presently only available in the USA from walmart dot com. Shipping was free on orders of \$50 or more. Immediately Tracy placed an order for two of the "Starter Packs" containing 2 each of the L/XL undies for Girls and 5 of the disposable liners. To bring the order to \$50, Tracy added two bags of the L/XL refill

liners. All of the GoodNites would be shipped to the Lord Mansion, which coincidentally was the billing address of all Tracy's credit cards. Then Tracy thought it would be fun to wear the GoodNites Tru-Fit on the flight home. So she placed a second order for just one of the Starter Packs and a bag of the refill liners to be shipped sooner for another few dollars to the sorority house.

Sure enough those Tru-Fit were snug on Tracy in the very best possible way. When she experimented wearing one over-night it held all of her wetting. She hand-washed the undies and tumbled that on low in a coin dryer. One of the undies was purple or magenta; opinions varied. The other undies was decorated with tiny polka dots. They did not look much like any big girl panties Tracy actually owned.

In an airport ladies' room just before boarding their flight Tracy changed from real big girl undies to a Tru-Fit. She never used a lavatory on the airliner and sure enough the liner was damp when she landed and she could use an airport ladies' room to check. Tracy was confident it had more than enough capacity for the limo-ride home.

Nanny Helen Spring was impressed with the values of Tru-Fit. She made note that on the GoodNites official website it was announced that late in 2014 Tru-Fit would be sold in most stores selling regular GoodNites in the USA. She intended to spread the word to all of her nanny buddies.

Tracy has been a very good girl the week she has been home. She has taken to wearing Tru-Fit nearly every day and returns to DyDee diapers at night. So far she has not been spanked while at home, but time will tell. She is clearly the kind of girl who gets spanked!