

Carole, Part 26

Sunday 20 June 2010, Later Morning

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin finished her breakfast. She was curious about all the arrangements for her eighteenth birthday party. What Carole enjoyed was that she was allowed to spend quality time as a teen baby. Carole wanted to re-experience turning five, without being toilet trained. Therefore in addition to a disposable diaper inside a pinned gauze diaper, Carole was wearing a custom-made yellow Onesies.

“Nanny Bodding, may I go outside?” Carole asked.

“Absolutely, not, Sweetie Baby” Kirsten Bodding responded. “Your grandparents have gone to a lot of trouble and expense to make details of your party a surprise.

“So, Precious One, play along and be a good sport. We can use the Playroom or your own room while we wait until it is time to get you dressed for your party.

“However, I am instructed to prevent you even trying to peek out a window at the back yard. Maybe there are some fabulous surprises awaiting you? Who can be sure?” So saying Kirsten gave Carole a kiss on her forehead and led her upstairs.

After trying to get interested in playing with toys, without success, Carole asked to use her potty again.

Nanny Kirsten led Carole down the second floor hall to her room. She lifted her big baby girl onto the changing table. Once Carole’s shoes were removed, the bottom of her Onesies was un-snapped.

With her disposable diaper removed, Carole was placed on her potty. She produced a little pee, but passed only some gas, not any stool.

Carole did not complain. She just looked frustrated that her potty time was unproductive. “Nanny Bodding, could you diaper me so I can take a nap?”

“Sure thing, Precious One” Kirsten replied. In seconds Carole was expertly pinned into a soft gauze diaper set, covered by vinyl pull-on panties. Her Onesies was re-fastened. Seconds after being tucked into her bed, Carole was asleep. A MAM pacifier was leashed to her shoulder.

Kirsten closed the drapes and activated the surveillance system. Carole wanting a morning nap was a big break for Kirsten, who could relax in the Nanny Office down the second-floor hall.

The birthday party guests were invited to start arriving at noon. Kirsten calculated that since Carole did not need another bath, it would only take thirty minutes to diaper and dress her for the party, including styling her hair.

It was Carole who wanted the party to be planned as if she actually was turning only five. Most of the gifts she would receive would be donated un-opened to children’s charities. So Carole’s hair would be in pigtails. She would wear a hint of Julie Hewett Lip Lush Chloe peach lipgloss.

At 1115, Nanny Kirsten de-activated the surveillance system and opened the drapes. Carole was nearly awake. She was carried from her bed to her changing table. There her Onesies and nap diaper were removed.

Carole was carefully and thoroughly wiped. Kirsten had already decided that the best plan for the party was to use Pampers Cruisers, Size 7 on Carole and simply change those frequently. Those would not be so obvious under Carole’s custom-designed party dress.

Nanny Kaaren Schmidt had driven Sharron Wagner and her 3 daughters: Lindsay, age 4; twins Ashley and Courtney, just 2 to Just-for-Tots. They were parked and waiting when it opened at 1000.

It only took Sharron a couple of minutes to select her new large diaper bag. This was the same style as the pink one Carole had purchased for Victoria. To minimize confusion, Sharron selected one in dark red with a matching clutch purse.

Kaaren's diaper clutch was black, so it coordinated with both the diaper bags of Victoria and Sharron.

Once Sharron paid for her new diaper bag and clutch, the process of seating her children in her car was repeated. However, there was much less chaos because Nanny Kaaren was supervising while discreetly instructing Sharron.

All of them were back at the Wagner, Jr. home to change clothing for Carole's party. They arrived at the Wagner Sr. Mansion just a few minutes after noon. Kaaren was wearing her newest nanny dress. She was delighted that Sharron and her daughters were wearing such similar dresses. They all looked adorable.

Seconds after Carole's Cruiser Size 7 was pulled snug and fastened, Victoria walked up to the changing table.

Nanny Boddington was slightly surprised, saying "Good morning Mrs. Wagner."

Virginia replied, "Indeed, it is a beautiful day. I hope you slept well, Kirsten."

"Happy Birthday, Sweetie Pie! Did you have a wonderful time last evening with John?"

"Oh, my, YES! Everything was so nice. A million thanks for the shoes. They are so comfy" Carole answered in her mature voice.

"Honestly I have not tried to peek at the backyard, Granny" Carole continues, lapsing into her childish voice.

Returning to her mature voice Carole said, "This has been the best week of my life, thanks to you, Granny and you Kirsten! When I wished for some time as a child I never dreamed so many people would help make it possible. At the party would it spoil the fun if I thanked everyone?"

Virginia did not hesitate before answering, "Precious Carole, I think such a sincere Thank You would be a lovely gesture. Just the fact you thought of being so gracious proves to me you are truly a loving and considerate young woman."

“Having you as my eldest grandchild makes me so proud. I know your grandfather feels the same way, even if he is shy about expressing his affection to you.”

“Oh, No, Granny! Grandpa has always smiled at me in a loving way, since the first time I remember seeing him years ago. This week he has always been smiling. He is a good sport about the way I am being indulged” Carole blurted out. “I know Grandpa loves and supports me. So do my Mom and Dad. Maybe my brothers and cousins think I am bonkers, but they all love me. Aunt Sharron has a heart the size of California and she might come close to being in my “Bonkers League.”

“Sweetie Pie, having you living with us this last week has been inspirational. So many great things have resulted. How else could I have met Kirsten and Kaaren Schmidt?” Virginia said with love.

“Until you asked for your special vacation, Pacific Oaks was a place I only occasionally drove by. It was simply another worthy cause. Because you are you and sharing this home, Sharron concluded she could use the expertise of Kaaren to become an even more loving mother.

“Mrs. Magnuson and Mrs. Baer tell me constantly how much joy having you living with us brings to their lives. You are the reason Miss Lewis is here; the same for Miss Vogel. She is proving to be a real treasure.

“Carole, I know when you and my daughter talked to me about your vacation the plan was you would start a trip in July. At the time that was a sensible plan, which made sense to me.

“There is still time for so many more adventures with you before 17 July. My brain accepts that far too soon you will move away. But, my heart wants you to live here longer. It is selfish of me, I am sure. I really want more of this magic time with you. With you here I have an excuse to surround myself with all these new friends. Eventually some will leave for other assignments. I really want as many as possible to be part of this home forever.

“Carole Darling, will you consider extending your vacation here at least another couple of weeks?”

“Oh, Granny, nothing would make me happier! If it could be arranged with the administration of Cornell, I would be thrilled to live here forever” Carole said as she started to weep. She managed to get off her back on the changing table.

In the blink of an eye Carole embraced Virginia and Kirsten, showering them with kisses. “I wanted to ask about staying longer when Nanny Bodding was so gentle treating my constipation. Knowing I can stay here longer makes me the happiest girl anywhere!”

“Okay, then Sweetie Pie, I’ll erase your leaving on 17 July from my calendar and inform those who need to know” Victoria almost gushed enthusiastically. “Say, Nanny Bodding, will taking care of Carole longer interfere with your summer plans?”

“Absolutely not, Mrs. Wagner!” Kirsten responded. “All my life I have set goals, but I trusted that when one opportunity ends, another presents itself. When we met to help you plan Carole’s adventure, I never expected to be an active participant. I knew my last class this semester at Pacific Oaks was on 16 June. The family I had been serving moved away 1 June. So for me the timing was perfect a week ago when Sharron’s girls descended upon you.

“Then I only hoped for a little work here once in awhile. While training I never imagined such a situation as Carole. When you were talking to me in May I assumed the grandchild you mentioned was a five-year-old girl with delayed toilet learning. The reality of Carole has been a constant marvelous surprise and adventure. It will be my extreme pleasure to serve you both as long as you need and want me.”

Victoria swept Kirsten into a deep affectionate embrace and kissed both her cheeks. “I am so sorry to have intruded just now, I know you need to get Carole dressed for her party. Trust me, as soon as the dust settles next week all of us will talk much more about future plans.

“Carole, I hope you enjoy your party dress and some other surprises during the party.”

So saying, as if in a puff of smoke and a flash of light, the cyclone known as Victoria Wagner left Carole’s bedroom. Immediately Kirsten and Carole exchanged affectionate kisses.

“Say, Precious One, what with all the excitement of your return home early this morning, I never asked you how it feels for you to be a new adult?” Kirsten asked in seeming innocence.

“Well, Nanny Bodding, when you were scolding and spanking me for extending my date a few minutes, I hardly considered myself an adult” Carole answered with a huge grin. “Then when I needed an enema and messed my diaper I really felt like a toddler.

“As I sit here only wearing a Pampers, I feel so lucky. After talking to you and Granny, I that my adult adventures are starting off way better than average. And, if I arrive fashionably late for my party, that is just the way it will be!”

“Young Lady, you can be the most inconsiderate brat on the face of this Earth!” Kirsten pronounced with feigned indignation and outrage. Still, she did manage to smack both of Carole’s upper thighs just below her Cruisers sharply enough those hand prints were visible.

Considerable discreet and clandestine planning and design had gone into the design of Carole’s birthday party outfit. It was more than just a Pampers Cruisers Size 4 and a dress.

When Victoria started planning this party in April, minutes after Carole asked to live-out her regression fantasy, it became clear to Victoria that as a high school senior, Carole shaved her legs as well as her pubic region. Nobody outside the immediate family would see Carole’s shaved pubic region. Then as soon as Carole told Victoria she was having a date with John Deacon the Saturday evening before the party, Victoria knew at the very least Carole would shave and maybe wax her legs. Victoria hoped only Carole’s legs would be shaved and waxed in honor of John Deacon III!

The thing is that everyone would see that Carole’s legs were shaved, as is appropriate for an eighteen-year-old woman. But those shaved legs were in conflict with the character of a girl turning five. The solution was to add a pair of opaque tights to the outfit dyed to coordinate with the birthday dress.

Since Carole was in the habit of supporting her diaper with a Onesies, that was the start of the dress design. This Onesies consisted of a relatively modest décolleté bodice of shimmering pale pinkish peach with hidden flaps as on a normal Onesies. The panty of the tights would be pulled over the crotch of the Onesies.

The separate skirt was similar in concept to a romper or sunnysuit, while sharing the design of a short tulle ballet dress reaching almost to the top of the knees. Two white crinoline petticoats kept the skirt away from Carole’s tights. Those petticoats also disguised her diaper. Those who did not know about Carole’s adult baby interest might well never guess she was diapered at her party.

Her hair was decorated with a princess-style tiara. This was hardly a costume shop novelty item. The stones were man-made diamonds, crafted

as a tiara using white gold by Mikimoto, the same firm which makes the tiaras and crown for the Rose Parade Royal Court.

Fabric ballet slippers would have been more in the style of the princess outfit, but because the party was on a lawn, for practicality white polished Mary Janes with ankle straps were dyed to coordinate with the bodice and dress.

Victoria and Kirsten felt that even the Julie Hewett BiJou Celeste sheer peach-coral lightly pigmented lipstick Carole prefers was too mature for her inner child. Instead for the party Carole would wear Julie Hewett Lip Lush Chloe peach lipgloss. On her upper cheeks, to add some shimmer and sparkle, Carole would wear a hint of Julie Hewett Cheekie Lip + Cheek Shine in "Peachie."

Before Kirsten started to dress Carole, she asked if sitting on the potty or toilet was necessary. Carole said that she was good to go, at least for a couple of hours. She sat up on her changing table with her delicate arms in the air while Kirsten pulled the Onesies over Carole's head. Since she was not facing a mirror, she did not know the bodice was part of her Onesies.

Like a good cooperative toddler Carole reclined on her changing table so Kirsten could pull the back flap of the Onesies through the crotch and snap it to the lower front part just below Carole's hips. Then Carole was asked, nicely, to sit up and swing her legs off the side of the changing table.

Kirsten worked the opaque tights up Carole's petite legs as far as they would go. She rolled onto her back, as if being put into pull-on vinyl panties, so Kirsten could position the panty-part of the tights.

Swinging her legs over the side of the changing table, as Carole had done many times to have her shoes removed or put on, Kirsten did put on the beautiful Mary Janes. It was only when Carole felt the unfamiliar ankle straps being buckled that she looked down to see those shoes.

Kirsten led Carole to the vanity in her bathroom, so she could watch her lipgloss and Cheekie being applied. "Precious One, maybe you will want to wear these cosmetics in the future. After the party I will leave them in your cosmetics drawer. Anytime you want advice or help, your grandmother and I are here for you. So are all the others on the staff" Kirsten said, almost weeping herself.

Carole looks just stunning, even without her petticoats, dress and tiara. Kirsten had Carole walk out of the bathroom and face away from it

while she was helped to step into her petticoats. Her ballet dress was put on over her head, so it did not interfere with the crinolines.

When Carole turned around, she did actually weep in delight seeing herself looking so elegant and at the same time still an infantilized version of her mature self. She whispered “Thank you, Nanny Bodding. You know me so well. This is why you did not put mascara on my lashes.”

“Sweetie Pie, wait until you see the final touch” Kirsten answered, kissing the back of Carole’s neck. “Your grandparents had this made by Mikimoto. I want you to hold it before I help you put it on.”

Carole wept some more holding her diamond tiara. Wearing it she was the very image of a Disney fantasy princess!