

Carole, Part 34

Monday June 21 After Carole's Dinner

Fiction by Angela Bauer

After Carole finished her dinner, she happily walked with Nanny Lewis back upstairs to play. The thing is that during her birthday party, Carole had stayed up much later than usual Sunday night. The previous Saturday night Carole was in her adult mode and had stayed up until well after midnight during her romantic date with John Deacon.

So, unfortunately Monday evening Carole, who had slept late that morning and taken a far longer nap than usual, was simply too restless for bed.

Using her semi-mature voice, Carole said, "Nanny Lewis, it is so unfair that I am keeping you from your dinner. I also know the rules require you to stay with me until you have put me down to sleep and you are sure I am asleep.

"But, there is no rule precluding you taking me with you while you eat your dinner. You could diaper me for bed and dress me in a Onesies if you want.

"If it suits your convenience, you could change me into my cotton trainers with a prefold as a soaker and my vinyl pull-on panties. Those I can slide down if I need to use the toilet. Then I could quietly sit on a chair so you can supervise me while you eat in peace. Maybe you could dress me in a skirt and shirt over my trainers?"

Carmen Lewis responded, "Sweetie Pie, you are so considerate for girl of five. Sometimes it is as if you are a mature adult. You are so generous.

“If wearing a skirt and trainers does not spoil your fantasy, then I agree it is a good plan. Let me call Mrs. Baer to see how feeding me fits in with the formal dinner for the Wagners and their guests.”

Marcia told Carmen that she could come down to eat when she wanted and that bringing Carole was no problem. So, within a few minutes Carole was dressed in trainers, vinyl panties and a shirt. Her trainers were hidden by a skirt and her feet were covered by black flat heel Mary Janes with white socks.

Carole carried one of her grown-up books down to the kitchen, while Carmen carried the large pink diaper bag “just in case.”

Food for Marcia, Judy Vogel, Ingrid and Carmen was arranged as a buffet, so each could eat as they got the chance. Carole sat on a regular chair at a small table to silently read her book, where Carmen could supervise her.

It was still early when Carmen had finished her dinner, rinsed her plates and put them in a dishwasher rack. Hand in hand with Carole, she climbed the stairs to the Second Floor.

“Are you getting sleepy, yet, Sweetie Pie?” Carmen asked with absolutely no expectation that was the case.

“Not yet, Nanny Lewis” Carole answered demurely, in her childish voice. “Maybe I am being naughty staying up so late? Am I naughty enough I deserve a good spanking?”

“Sweetie Pie, I do not believe you are being anything except considerate and responsible. I absolutely do not consider your behavior requires that I spank you” Carmen responded.

“Well, Nanny Lewis, if you believe I do not deserve that you punish me,” Carole said shyly “would it be possible I could change into just a pair of trainers? Then I could go to the special room to use the Spank-O-Matic?”

“Nanny Bodding taught me how to set the controls this afternoon, but I was still so sore from a hard spanking I got from my Mom I could not experience the machine. There are some underpads in that room, in case I dribble while being spanked.”

“Sweetie Pie, Mrs. Wagner and Nanny Bodding have instructed me that you may request use of the Spank-O-Matic nearly anytime you want,

so long as you are not scheduled for punishment and your bottom has recovered from a previous spanking,” Carmen started.

“I know from changing you this evening your bottom has recovered. I also guess that after you spank yourself with the machine you will be not so restless. So I agree this is a responsible plan. Do you want me to change you into big girl panties, or would you rather do so yourself?”

“Nanny Lewis, I still am only five, so it would be better if you dressed me,” Carole answered in her youngest voice.

Just to be safe, Carmen carried the pink diaper bag down the hall. Carole was so excited she actually was skipping. A few feet outside her bedroom, Carole slipped her hand out of Carmen’s to scamper the rest of the way to the Spank-O-Matic room. By the way, there was no sign on that door, unlike “The Nanny Office” which they passed.

Inside the SOM II room, Carole turned on the light, closed the door after Carmen and placed an underpad to protect the SOM II’s bench. On top of the underpad Carole placed a couple of the large flat DyDee service gauze diapers.

She removed her own big girl panties and contritely knelt in position so her upper body was supported by the bench and her delicate derrière was in the best position for attention from the Lexan paddle of the SOM II.

Carole typed in her name as soon as the control screen became active. Meanwhile the air compressor ran for a few seconds to ensure the air tank was full. The control correctly remembered the settings Carole had programmed.

Thinking she needed a warm-up, Carole reduced the force control slightly and increased the dwell between spanks. She left the number of spanks set to “10”.

Without a word, Carole pushed the “Spank” button. The Spank-O-Matic made its usual getting ready sounds. Then suddenly the paddle was released. It swatted Carole solidly, but not viciously, across the base of both her buttocks cheeks.

All Carole said was, “Oh My!”

After a wait of 10 seconds, the paddle swatted Carole again, in the same places, equally as hard as the first swat. Carole exclaimed, “Oh My!” following each swat.

Starting during the dwell before the fourth swat, Carole, slightly increased the force. By the ninth swat the force was as much as she could tolerate.

After the tenth spank Carole was sobbing softly and needed to rest before starting another set of ten spans. She remained in place kneeling for several minutes.

Meanwhile Carmen said nothing. She walked around so she could see Carole’s beautiful face filled with tears, a phenomenon she could not observe while personally spanking Carole.

At the party Carole was diapered, so the paddle made far less noise than it did on the others who got spanked. Carmen guessed the paddle was hurting Carole far more on her bare bottom.

Carole had not increased the force for the second set of ten spans, but she decreased the dwell. She was still sniffing when she pushed the Spank button. After the second spank of that set, Carole was sobbing enough she no longer could exclaim: “Oh My!”

Once Carole had received the twentieth paddle swat and the machine came to a rest, she was sobbing as heavily as she had while Beverly had spanked her using the hairbrush.

Looking at the marks on Carole’s derrière, Carmen said, “Sweetie Pie, I hope you are satisfied with this spanking. I must say I think you have had enough for tonight.”

Carole managed to control her sobs long enough to say, “Nanny, I really want more spans right now. What if I lowered the machine a half inch? Then the marks would not over-lap.”

Carmen responded, “Sweetie Pie, it is your backside being spanked. I would never spank you that hard, but if you want to continue spanking yourself, then adjust the elevation. I do not object.”

So that was that. Carole lowered the elevation and also set the total to only five, returning the dwell to the original time. When those swats were administered, Carole was bawling, with a stream of tears running down her face cheeks.

Carmen stepped in to console Carole the instant the machine stopped. She helped the crying girl to stand up, enveloping her in a loving embrace.

Before they headed back to Carole's bedroom, she remembered to program the Spank-O-Matic to return to the original settings for the start of the next session.

In her room Carole was undressed, given a short warm bath and then was diapered for bed. Wearing just a thin Onesies over her diaper and vinyl panties, Carole showed her contented beatific smile while suckling a pacifier leashed to the left shoulder of her Onesies.

Nanny Carmen Lewis turned off the main light and set the clownie lamp to low. She sat in the nursery safety rocker just watching Carole settle down on her tummy. When Carmen could tell little Carole was asleep, she bent over the bed, made sure the safety rails were secure and gave Carole a tender kiss on her left cheek.

As she left the room, Carmen activated the full baby monitor surveillance system. Outside the closed door, Carmen debated trying the Spank-O-Matic. She resisted the impulse because she was still on duty and did not have the portable audio monitor in the pocket of her nanny dress.

Just after 11:30 PM Kirsten Bodding returned to the Warner Mansion following an evening with Anthony Hinckley. Before she left his apartment Kirsten had showered, re-applied her makeup and re-dressed, so she could enter the kitchen acting all innocent.

Marcia Baer was still up. "Victoria and James are entertaining, although I have cleared the dining room. So you might want to be quiet climbing the service stairs.

"Just look at you, Kirsten! Trying to sneak in, like a naughty school girl who has been up to God only knows what! When I was a girl mothers knew how to deal with such shenanigans. Naughty girls still living at home got sore bottoms, let me tell you. I should know because my own bottom was sore often enough until I was 21!"

"Okay, Marcia, I did spend the evening with Anthony," Kirsten replied. "We are both adults and single. We love each other. I will be away a few days taking little Carole back East to see the guest house where we all hope she will live at Cornell. I wanted Anthony to have happy memories."

“Miss Kirsten, you are so considerate; a real sweetheart, to be sure. I only hope you were sensible and used protection, for the sake of you both,” Marcia pretended to be severe while grinning.

As Kirsten climbed the stairs she thought about all the day’s events. At the second floor, Kirsten crept down the hall to peek into Carole’s room. The dim light from the clownie lamp showed Carole was sleeping soundly in thick diaper and Onesies, on her tummy.

Quietly walking further she saw that the Nanny Office was empty. So Kirsten equally discreetly turned around, walked to the service stairs and up to her own staff bedroom.

Kirsten considered getting dressed for bed, but she was still restless. Her own video and audio surveillance monitors showed Carole was sleeping better than usual. Kirsten did not need to relieve Carmen until 3 AM. So, instead of putting on an ABU Cushies disposable, she changed into fresh panties, a short skirt and thin top which did not disguise her black lace bra.

Resolute, Kirsten climbed down the service stairs and walked discreetly down the second floor hall to the Spank-O-Matic room. She had taken the words of Marcia to heart; besides Kirsten was curious how the machine’s paddle would feel on her bare bottom.

She turned on the lights, took a clean underpad from the pile and placed it on the bench. She then remembered to lock the hall door to preclude interruption. She knelt bending over the bench and reached for the control box.

When she pushed the Start button, Carole’s name was displayed. The settings seemed more severe than early that afternoon. Scrolling down the screen’s menu, Kirsten tapped the “New User” box. She typed in her name. Then she pushed “Set Up”.

The paddle gently touched her derrière. Kirsten could feel it was significantly too low, so she raised the Elevation until the paddle was resting on the plumpest aspect of her buttocks. Being unsure how much the paddle would hurt on her bare bottom, Kirsten lowered the Force setting a couple of units.

“Carole might want a harder spanking, but I am not into real pain,” Kirsten thought to herself. *“I’ll give this a try.”*

She set the number to just 5 and the dwell interval to 10 seconds. Just as she was about to push the “Spank” button, Kirsten remembered she was still wearing her panties and skirt. She stood up, removed her panties and skirt.

Back in position, at last Kirsten pushed “Spank”. At night the sound of the machine getting ready was louder than Kirsten remembered. The first swat did not exactly explode upon both her bottom cheeks. The sensation was more like a really firm pat.

Immediately Kirsten increased the force slightly, so her second swat was harder. It was well within her tolerance. Before the third swat she increased the force even more. That swat was most satisfactory. Kirsten left Force set that way for the next two swats.

Tentatively Kirsten reached back to feel the heat in her rump. It was warm but not hot enough to be real punishment. So she increased Force by one number, increased the number of swats to 10 and reduced the dwell to 5 seconds.

Bravely Kirsten resumed her position of correction and pushed “Spank”. Wow, did she feel those spanks. They were about what Kaaren would have given her on those nights when Kaaren was not angry. Kirsten started to sob.

When the set of ten swats ended, Kirsten decided to leave the force and number set as is, but decreased dwell to only 2.5 seconds. Already sobbing, Kirsten considered that experience to be effective punishment. Just to be sure, she kept kneeling and gave herself one last set of ten spanks.

Kirsten was still weeping as she re-dressed. She turned off the Spank-O-Matic. With one hand upon the door knob, Kirsten unlocked the dead bolt and turned off the lights.

Lighting in the hall was dimmer, so Kirsten did not notice that as she walked out of the Spank-O-Matic room, rubbing her sore derrière, James and Victoria Wagner had just passed on the way to their master bedroom suite.

Kirsten was only looking toward the service door ahead of her, so she was unaware of the Wagners watching her. Once the service door closed, Victoria patted the arm of James and remarked, “What do you suppose Kirsten was up to?”

James answered, “The same sort of thing you will be up to the second you are out of your party dress. I think you should ask Ingrid to leave you in just your bra and panties. Then send her to bed, saying you will finish dressing for bed later.”

“Okay, Big Boy! I have my orders, James,” Victoria answered with a happy grin.

Ingrid had dozed off while waiting for Victoria to come to bed. She managed to smirk at the instructions without Victoria noticing. She was not sure just what Victoria had in mind, be it romance with James or even a visit to the Spank-O-Matic. Maybe, just maybe, it would be both.