

Carole, Part 35

Tuesday June 22 1 A.M.

Fiction by Angela Bauer

A very few minutes later, James who was wearing only shorts and a robe, led a very demure Victoria, covered with a baby pink sheer chiffon peignoir, out of the master suite. She was shy and excited all at once. As he opened the door to the Spank-O-Matic room, Victoria tilted her face up to his and gave him a deep kiss on his lips.

As soon as James turned on the lights and locked the door, Victoria hung her peignoir over the back of a convenient chair. Then as seductively as possible she worked her panties down her stunning legs and took those off. She placed them on top of her sheer chiffon gown.

“Daddy, can you help me with my bra,” Victoria purred. “It is always so much more fun when you remove it!”

“Young Lady, there will be none of that nonsense now. You are here to be punished for all the naughty, inconsiderate and rude things you have done just today!” James ordered as sternly as possible, given he was about to break out laughing.

“Apparently that technician instructed you how to adjust this machine. I expect you to be on your honor to set it so the spanking will punish you. If not, if I am not convinced, then we will go back to your room so I can finish your punishment with that leather paddle. Do I make myself clear, Young Lady?”

“Oh, yes, Daddy; I was a bad girl today. The machine will teach me a lesson,” Victoria answered.

As always, when she pushed the “On” button, before the control menu screen came to life, the air compressor started. Victoria was surprised how

long the compressor ran. Obviously Kirsten had given herself a lengthy spanking.

When the menu did appear, it displayed both Carole and Kirsten. Scrolling through them Victoria took mental notes about their settings. She was delighted that Carole had actually used more force than had Kirsten.

Like the others, this would be the first time on the SOM II for Victoria bare bottom. She selected a force 2 full numbers lower than Kirsten.

Only then did Victoria put an underpad on the bench. She assumed the position and used Set-Up to move the paddle until it seemed to be in a spot above her sensitive *Gluteo-Femoral Folds*. Her hope was that spansks landing there would be more sensual and arousing than real punishment. She set the number of spansks to five and the dwell to 15 seconds.

“Daddy, here you can see the settings,” Victoria purred. “If you do not think this is hard enough, after the machine finishes spanking me, just repeat the process. Now all you need to do is push ‘Spank’. I’m ready to get what I deserve, Daddy.”

James did push the ‘Spank’ button. Victoria yelped a bit. Still, he did repeat the spanking without altering the settings. Victoria reached back to soothe her *derrière*, while glancing at James with a sexy smirk.

“Okay, Young Lady, this spanking will be ten swats” James lectured. “Maybe this will teach you a good lesson!”

He did not fumble with the ‘Number of Swats’ setting. By the end of those Victoria was actually feeling her spanking.

She was so proud of James. She also adored her Spank-O-Matic and was pleased it was being put to such good use!

Re-covered by her chiffon peignoir and led by James, Victoria walked down the hall to Carole’s room. Sure enough the girl was sleeping like a diapered baby on her belly.

Both Victoria and James bent over to give the little lady good night kisses.

After that Victoria scampered ahead of James in their race back to their bedroom. There they made mad monkey passion for a long time.

As soon as Kirsten was dressed for bed, she sent Carmen a message that she was assuming responsibility for Carole. Carmen saw that and responded that she was relinquishing supervision of Carole. In that message Carmen explained that Carole had used the Spank-O-Matic.

Now that she was off duty, Carmen changed into sexy panties and bra. She put on a blouse and short pleated skirt, along with tall stiletto heel black pumps. She carefully applied scarlet red lipstick. Then she boldly walked downstairs to the second floor.

Fortunately before she could try the door to the Spank-O-Matic room, she could hear some muted conversation and the whir of the air compressor. So, Carmen did the prudent thing, she retreated to the Nanny Office, with the light off and the door subtly ajar. The discreet thing was to wait until the Spank-O-Matic was not in use.

While waiting, Carmen considered how it would be a good idea to install a number ticket dispenser like at the bakery. People needing spanking could get a ticket and then wait privately for an announcement such as: “Number 101, it is your turn on the Spank-O-Matic. Please hurry because others are waiting!”

Twenty minutes later Carmen heard the Spank-O-Matic room’s door opening. Through the crack in the Nanny Office door Carmen could see James leading by her hand a disheveled Victoria out of the room. What she did not see was James and Victoria going to Carole’s room to kiss her good night. Probably Carmen would have loved seeing Victoria scampering in the hall with her freshly spanked derrière wriggling outrageously, with her panties and bra in her hands. From behind that sheer peignoir did not conceal Victoria’s bright red rump.

To be on the safe side, Carmen had waited another five minutes before locking herself into the spanking room. She noticed the stack of underpads was running low and the laundry hamper was getting full.

Carmen regretted that she was not on duty for the actual SOM II training session. Still, she had paid close attention as Carole set the controls. She pushed Start. The compressor ran briefly while the menu screen was coming to life. She pushed Set Up and when asked she typed in her name.

Of course there was Carole. To her surprise Kirsten’s name was there. Because she had seen Victoria leaving the room consoling her rump, the

only surprise was seeing the name “Vi” and not a pseudonym. Who could be sure, perhaps by Tuesday evening Judy, Marcia and even Ingrid would have signed-in?

Carmen could not remember the last time she was spanked except in play. Probably she was still a child, maybe less than seven.

She set the Elevation so that the paddle was on her lower buttocks. She set Force lower than where she found it, presumably from Victoria’s spanking. Five seemed a reasonable number of spanks to start, and 10 seconds the popular dwell.

She carefully rolled down her panties, as she had been taught to do when spanking a naughty girl. Then she lifted her skirt and folded it up out of the way as she assumed the bent-over kneeling position again.

The paddle swats caught Carmen by surprise with their intensity. It was all she could do to avoid screaming. The noise of the machinery was different when she was being spanked. After the SOM II stopped, Carmen wept quietly.

She settled for a couple of minutes, and then pushed “Spank” again. As those spanks were applied, Carmen cried harder.

It took her nearly five minutes to compose herself after the second set of spanks. Her attitude was “In for a penny, in for a pound” as she pushed “Spank” for the third time.

Carmen’s bottom stung and her eyes were filled with tears as she carefully got to her feet. She turned off the SOM II and put away the underpad she had used. As she discreetly left that room she turned off the lights.

Up in her room Carmen took off her sexy clothing and put it away. She took a warm bath before dressing for bed.

Like Carole, Kirsten and Victoria, Carmen slept exceptionally well, on her tummy.

During the day on Monday, Sharron Wagner talked to real estate offices. That distracted her from taking responsible care of her daughters. Consequently once the girls were down for their naps, Kaaren gave Sharron an exceptionally sound hairbrush spanking on her bare derrière.

Sharron was then diapered for her own nap and was left diapered a total of three hours.

During dinner with James, Sharron was bubbling over about various homes available, none of which she had actually seen. James did his best to appear fascinated. Ultimately he told her that within limits the final choice was hers. When she needed him to see a house, just let him know.

In their bedroom, Sharron acted shy and contrite. In her younger voice she told James that she had earned punishment from Nanny Kaaren.

“Daddy, I am scared because you said that a spanking during the day would earn me another spanking before bed.”

“Yes, my Darling. That is the rule. Do you want to argue and get a harder spanking?” James asked, pretending to be severe.

“Oh, No, Daddy; I know the rule is the rule” Sharron said shyly. “Could you spank me now so I don’t have to wait longer?”

“Darling, you select a punishment implement and bring it to me right now,” James commanded. Sharron scampered away, without any panties. He could see that the marks from Kaaren’s spanking were still vivid. “On second thought, Darling, let’s forget any implement. Just come here and assume the position over my lap. I’ll just use my hand.”

Before James was finished they both lost all interest in spanking.

After dinner at the Turpin home in Pasadena, Beverly told her husband Willard about giving Carole a spanking at lunch time simply because the previous Friday that was Carole’s request.

Willard’s reaction was that he loves his daughter and respects her desire to live a fantasy. At the same token he repeated his desire to learn only a minimum of details. His hope was that Carole remain sane during her university and law school years. He also said in many ways he understands that since diapers are the only practical way to manage Carole’s urinary incontinence he sees no harm in her having some fun with her diapers, but being accompanied everywhere by a nanny seemed to Willard to be taking the fantasy too far.

Beverly could not say that Willard was wrong to feel as he does, so she simply dropped the topic. Needless to say she did not tell her husband

that on Tuesday at lunch Beverly intended to wash out Carole's mouth with soap.

In the home of Jennifer and Edward Wagner, once the children were in bed for the night, she reported that the search for a nanny was well under way.

They shared some intimate affection before falling asleep while embracing one another.