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Carole, Part 12

Dinner and Later, 15 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin happily played in the sandbox behind the mansion of her loving grandmother, Victoria Callaway Wagner, in San Marino, California on the afternoon of Tuesday, 15 June 2010. Her new nanny Kaaren Schmidt, who had been talking to Victoria, smiled sweetly as she approached Carole.

"Sweetie, it is time for you to get ready for dinner. Please walk along with me."

Just the cold tone in Kaaren's voice made Carole realize something was going to happen. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday until the start of after nap outside play, it had been Nanny Kirsten Bodding giving loving care to Carole. Although Kirsten had given her both an enema and a spanking, Carole adored and trusted her. She could not warm-up to Kaaren.

Although Carole was diapered and dressed as a five year-old, in fact she was an exceptionally bright and well-educated high school graduate. Of course she remembered that very morning, when she first tried to get Kirsten to spank her, all Kirsten had done was promise to report the misbehavior to Victoria. Carole assumed her early dinner was a prelude to a spanking from Victoria. Actually, Carole wanted spankings and she appreciated the way Victoria was getting better at spanking her.

Obediently Carole held onto Kaaren's right hand and walked with her into the mansion, up the main

stairway and into her room. Kaaren left Carole standing next to the over-sized changing table while she selected a clean Onesies and dress. Those were placed on the bed.

Lifting Carole onto the changing table, Kaaren removed her shoes and socks. Then she removed her other garments, until Carole was wearing just a very wet Size 7 Pampers Cruise. Carole reclined when asked. Kaaren unfastened and removed her Cruiser.

From her changing table Carole was carried naked by Kaaren to her bath. She was placed into her bath and bathed by Kaaren. Then as Carole stood on a bathmat her body was towel dried while her hair needed a blow drier. Once dry she was carried back to her changing table.

Kaaren easily lifted Carole's ankles so her buttocks and the backs of her thighs could be wiped. While her legs were still in the air Kaaren expertly slid a fresh Cruiser Size 7 under Carole. After wiping her pubic region that diaper was promptly tugged snug and fastened.

All dressed, Carole's expression was beatific as she held Kaaren's hand. They descended the stairs and walked to the eating counter in the kitchen where Carole's highchair was waiting on its plastic mat. Kaaren pulled a terrycloth cobbler bib over Carole's head and locked the highchair tray in place.

Because Carole had eaten a hamburger and consumed a strawberry shake for lunch at the zoo, her dinner needed to have fewer calories and more fiber to prevent constipation. There was fresh fruit, steamed and boiled vegetables and a bran muffin. Her baby bottle was only filled half way with four ounces of whole milk. Her Sippy cup was filled with Evian water, with the rest of the bottle on the counter.

With Kaaren sitting on a stool beside the highchair, Carole did her best to eat all her vegetables like a good little girl. In fact, the combination of those vegetables made her gag. The bran muffin tasted like a lump of old fabric. Carole thought compared to that a bowl of Pablum was a treat. At least the cut up melon, pear and banana had some texture and flavor.

There was no postponing the inevitable. The second Carole had finished eating Kaaren lifted her out

of her highchair and led her back upstairs to her room. Victoria was already seated in her normal spanking spot on the bathroom side of Carole's bed, with the hairbrush in her hand. Kaaren undressed Carole and removed her damp Cruiser.

There was a pause while Carole sat on her potty chair until she expelled a moderate amount of stool. Without comment, Kaaren lifted Carole back onto her changing table so she could be thoroughly wiped clean. Only then was Carole lifted down.

Without being told, Carole obediently walked to Victoria's right side and climbed over the waiting lap. Her buttocks were supported by Victoria's thighs. Carole's upper body was to Victoria's left. Before starting to spank, Victoria began to scold, about being so rude and naughty.

Victoria also made it crystal clear to Carole that had she been around during the running toward the stairs incident, Carole would have been punished with a fresh peach switch from the back yard.

Although Carole did not wriggle or squirm excessively, she made no attempt to be stoic while being spanked. From the moderate warm-up spansks of the hairbrush she whimpered and shed tears. Once the hard, stinging spansks landed, Carole dissolved into deep loud sobs. In less than a minute, Victoria felt Carole go limp. She used that as an indication no more spansks would be safe or effective. Carole was allowed to cry it out over the lap.

Once she was sniffing, Carole was helped up and given a little hug. "Young Lady, I expect that you learned a good lesson. Nanny Kaaren will diaper and dress you for bed. I am sure you will be a very good girl." Victoria got up and left the bedroom.

Because Carole had moved some stool, Kaaren decided to use a Pampers Extra Protection disposable, covered by knit cotton training pants and pull-on soft vinyl trainers. Holding the night diaper set in place was a Onesies.

Tucked into her bed Carole was given a MAM pacifier with a leash. Without any affection, Kaaren raised the safety rails and turned out the main light while activating the baby monitor surveillance system.

Down the hall Kaaren found Victoria in the master bedroom being dressed for dinner by her ladies maid/housekeeper Ingrid Magnuson.

"Victoria, I'll run upstairs to change for dinner in a minute. You do want me to listen to the baby monitor?"

"Yes, Kaaren, that will be a relief. It will be nice to be able to hear my husband's adult conversation.

"Now that you have seen me spank Carole, do you have any suggestions?" Victoria really wanted to know.

Karen was most willing to provide suggestions: "Well, Virginia, I am not so sure you spanked Carole long or hard enough. From where I was standing my guess is that she was actually enjoying the spanking. Sure, you told me this is Carole's fantasy. My thinking is perhaps she wants a more authentic spanking from an experienced disciplinarian.

"Did you notice Carole didn't recoil in terror when you threatened to switch her? That means very soon you will need to really switch her.

"As for using the hairbrush, I do think the one you are using is ideal. It is narrow enough it hits with more sting than a wider brush.

"However, instead of wasting energy spreading the spanks over such a large area, concentrate more where her lower buttocks and upper thighs meet at a natural crease. The skin there is robust and yet the nerves especially sensitive. Later she will feel some discomfort there to remind her about avoiding spankings.

"I'll see you at dinner."

Thirty minutes later, as Kaaren emerged from her staff bedroom wearing lipstick, eye makeup and a nice cocktail dress, she met Kirsten. She had attended her afternoon class and had also changed for dinner. However, Kirsten was only wearing a hint of lipgloss.

Since Carole was safely in bed and being monitored and no visitors were expected, Victoria asked Carmen Lewis, Ingrid, Marcia Baer as well as Kirsten and Kaaren to join James and her around the dining table. Marcia had arranged the food on

the long serving counter, so everyone could dine buffet style.

When James Wagner needed to excuse himself to take a phone call, Victoria mentioned that on Monday she had purchased the flat gauze and Birdseye pre-fold diapers Kirsten had requested. Carmen spoke up and said she had already washed those by themselves in Ivory Snow and then again with the Tuesday morning diaper load.

Kirsten was delighted, "Carmen, thank you for being on top of everything. When you get the chance would you stack those cloth diapers on the empty shelf of the changing table? With the Wednesday delivery from Just for Tots there will be another diaper stacker. Will you hang that outside the existing right stackers? This is for the new GOO.N Super Big diapers. There will be a case of those in the same delivery. They will be stored in the new stacker."

Carole woke up early on Wednesday, 16 June 2010. She was sure she had messed her diaper, which caused her to start crying.

Up in her third-floor staff bedroom, Kirsten was awakened by the amplified sound of Carole crying over the baby audio monitor. When she turned on her video monitor she could see Carole wriggling in her bed. Kirsten put on a clean nanny dress over her baby-doll pajamas and rushed down the service stairs.

With the door open and the clownie lamp night light, Kirsten could see enough to walk to Carole's bed. She reached out to take Kirsten's hands.

"Oh Nanny Boddin, I'm a bad girl, I pooped!"

"Sweetie Pie, you are not a bad girl. It is not your fault. Just let me turn on some light and we'll make you all clean and comfy." So saying, Kirsten let go of Carole's hand. She turned off the baby monitor system and switched on the room lights.

Back between the bed and the changing table, Kirsten lowered that safety rail so she could lift Carole. As she did so she felt the mushy fecal material in the girl's diaper. "Yes, Sweetie, your diaper is messy. I'm going to stand you up before I take off your diaper."

Before lowering Carole's vinyl panties, Kirsten took several baby wipes from the warmer. The vinyl panties were clean. As the cotton trainers were lowered Kirsten saw a little of the poop had escaped the Pampers Extra Protection disposable. Said mess was wiped away and the dirty wipes put in the trash container.

The tabs on the Pampers released so smoothly Kirsten could lower the dirty diaper until she could pull it through Carole's legs without spilling anything. That diaper was put in the trash container and the lid closed.

With a couple of more wipes all the poop was removed from Carole's buttocks. Only then did Kirsten ask her to step out of the vinyl panties and trainers, which were put in the diaper pail.

"Nanny, may I sit on my potty, please?"

"Of course you may, Sweetie." Kirsten held Carole's hand while she took the few steps to her pink plastic potty chair. "I'm going to start running the hot water so we can get you all clean."

Carole did expel more soft but formed stool into her potty. By then Kirsten was standing near her, to wipe her again.

With Carole standing in her bathtub, Kirsten rinsed her diaper area thoroughly. Then she rinsed out the tub before closing the drain to let the tub start to fill with clean warm water. Carole enjoyed the water surrounding her feet, ankles and legs.

When it was deep enough Kirsten added some bubble bath. Carole sat down in the tub and found her favorite foam dinosaurs in their basket. Happily she played with those as Kirsten bathed her using a wash cloth.

While Carole was happy with her toys, Kirsten unbraided her hair so she could wash it properly. After the baby shampoo, with conditioner, was rinsed out, Kirsten started draining the tub. She lifted Carole out and let her stand on the bath mat so she could be towel dried.

Wrapping a clean dry towel around Carole, Kirsten used the blow drier on her hair. After Carole's hair was dry enough, they walked back toward the changing table.

Using her mature voice, Carole asked, "Kirsten, I know that on Monday Victoria bought some cloth diapers. If I ever wore those as a baby I don't remember. Would it be too much trouble for you to put me in those so I can try them?"

"Of course not, Carole. Several times I have worked for families which use a diaper service. The worst that could happen is you soil them.

"The trick is to not try to fight the urge to let it go. You do not want to be constipated. Right now I think you have cleaned out your bowels.

"If you do like wearing gauze diapers I can always use a disposable inside it to catch any mess."

While it was true Kirsten had pinned on some cloth diapers, more frequently she was actually holding pre-folds in place with pocket diapers or wraps. Of course Kirsten had never put any kind of cloth diaper on a toddler weighing more than twenty pounds.

The new cloth diapers were classic Gerber twenty-seven inch square gauze diapers and Gerber thirteen by 17 inch Birdseye weave pre-folds. Carole needed a diaper at least twenty-six inches long.

Thinking on her feet, Kirsten stacked two of the square gauze diapers on the changing table. She then put one of the pre-folds on top of the stack. Her hope was that the pre-fold would cling well enough to the gauze diaper it would stay in place. The square gauze diaper had some stretch, so it should be just long enough to pin over Carole's hips.

Carole reclined on the stack of diapers. Kirsten had her lift up so that the stack could be better positioned. Reaching across Carole, Kirsten drew the opposite ends of the square diapers even at the top and pulled the back over the front and set a diaper pin. Then she did the same thing on the near side.

Kirsten had to re-pin both sides twice more until the diaper set was adequately snug and reasonably symmetrical.

Finally Kirsten fitted a pair of vinyl panties over Carole's feet and pulled them into place. That was how Carole always wore her vinyl panties over her trainers.

After the cloth diapers and vinyl panties were in place, Kirsten dressed Carole in a Onesies and put her feet into slippers. Together they walked downstairs to have breakfast.

While Kirsten was fiddling with the diaper pins, tugging and snugging the square diaper, Carole was thinking, *'Why not just put a pre-fold inside a pair of trainers?'*

As she walked while wearing the cloth diapers and sat in her highchair, Carole was not feeling those had any advantage over disposables. Or the disposable inside trainers and vinyl panties she had conceptualized when she was thirteen.

Her breakfast consisted of a big bowl of Pablum mixed with Metamucil, a bran muffin, a small bowl of fresh fruit, four ounces each of orange juice and whole milk in separate baby bottles and all the Evian water Carole wanted in her Sippy cup.

Victoria, wearing a robe over a lacy nightie, came down to the breakfast area for a cup of the wonderful coffee. Seeing that Kirsten had not fully dressed, Victoria offered to take over feeding Carole.

Actually, Carole fed herself, although she shyly asked her Granny to hold the baby bottles. She knew Granny got such a kick out of holding baby bottles.

Just as Victoria was about to wipe off Carole's face, Kristen returned wearing the same nanny dress, but now over appropriate under garments and sturdy shoes. She also had styled her hair and applied some peach/pink lipgloss.

Turning the care of Carole over to Kirsten, Victoria took her coffee and went back to her master bedroom to be bathed and dressed for the day.

Walking back to her room with Kirsten, Carole told her she really wanted to go back to sleep. Kirsten felt the gauze diaper and decided it would last another hour, so she tucked Carole into bed and gave her a clean MAM pacifier.

As Victoria started to walk downstairs to breakfast, she caught up with Kaaren who had the same idea. Kaaren had to run some errands before her only class of the day at noon. Victoria asked

Kaaren to join her for breakfast at the dining table.

"Kaaren, you look especially nice this morning. I trust you slept well? You also are a good influence on Kirsten. She is a lovely person and a fine nanny, but she still needs help dressing to accentuate her more attractive features. At least today she had brushed her hair and put on some lipgloss. Who knows, maybe tomorrow she will venture to trying lipstick.

"During the night, I kept thinking about what you said. You are correct; I had to open my big mouth to Carole about 'cutting a switch'. We lived out in the country when I was a girl. Our yard peach tree was never sprayed.

"Here we must spray our trees. I don't think it would be safe to punish Carole with a contaminated switch, would it?"

Kaaren let this sink in, and then replied, "Victoria, I am sure you are right. I forgot about the mandatory spraying.

"Still, you can carry out your threat. An older nanny I know has a switch made of plastic. She told me that stings like a natural switch but does not break and always stings the same way, without risk of puncturing the skin. She mentioned the name of the store where she bought it, in West Hollywood. Before my class I need to drive out there anyway. Would you like me to buy one of those for you?"

Victoria smiled, "Thank you, Kaaren. I will appreciate that. Just have Ingrid give you a petty cash advance. Fill your car's tank also. Just turn in receipts and Ingrid will make sure you are reimbursed."

Kaaren grinned, "Victoria, buying you a modern switch will be a true pleasure. While I am out, if you need anything else from Hollywood or West Hollywood, just ring my cell phone. Now I gotta dash. Thanks for the scrumptious breakfast. Please also thank Marcia for me."

On the way to the kitchen door, Kaaren gave Victoria a kiss on her cheek.

