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Carole, Part 13

After Breakfast on Wednesday, 16 June

Fiction by Angela Bauer

After 9:30 A.M. on Wednesday morning of 16 June, Carole Ann Turpin woke up wearing very wet pinned gauze diapers. She recognized the sensation was completely different than had she been wearing an equally soaked disposable diaper.

Her cloth diaper felt wet, and inside vinyl panties, wet was a good feeling. Since her day nanny, Kirsten Bodding, was sitting in the bedroom glider/rocker, Carole could share the news without delay.

"Sure, Sweetie, I am glad to diaper you any way which makes you comfortable and happy. The only thing is there is no practical way to change cloth diapers away from your own changing table.

"Sorry, Carole, it must be disposables when we are away. This time, when I change you I'll use one of the new bigger disposables. You liked those yesterday. Then our first stop will be at Just for Tots for more of the gauze diapers. Probably you should have some more vinyl panties, too."

Using her mature voice, Carole asked, "Kirsten, since the square diaper seems a bit small, what if you just put a couple of the pre-fold diapers inside my trainers? Or, is there a way to get larger square gauze diapers?"

"Carole, I read about an on-line firm which makes bigger gauze diapers. After I change and dress

you, we will go to the Nanny Office so I can use my computer.

"Now, how about you try your potty once more before we leave?" After five minutes on her potty it was obvious Carole had cleared her intestines.

Sure enough, Kirsten had no trouble finding the website for Adult Cloth Diapers dot com. They do sell thirty-six inch square gauze diapers in two and four ply. However, before ordering those, Kirsten looked at the website of DyDee Diaper Service in Pasadena, a pioneer of that business, covering bottoms in Pasadena for many generations.

Lucky for Carole, DyDee not only supplies adult diapers, they offer wraps and pocket diapers. A phone call to DyDee ensured a supply of regular Birdseye pre-folds and the large square four-ply diapers would be delivered that afternoon, along with a sample variety selection of wraps.

Since they no longer needed to shop at Just for Tots, Carole asked if they could return to the Los Angeles Zoo. This time she wanted to start at the far end and walk toward the exit.

Kirsten changed the diaper stock in the pink diaper bag. She took out all but two of the Cruisers Size 7 and replaced those with the GOO.N Super Big disposables. Just in case, Kirsten added two pair of trainers and vinyl panties, plus many more disposal baggies.

Ingrid provided Kirsten with more petty cash. She also said she would need the Escalade for her own errands by 2 P.M.

"No worried, Ingrid. Carole should be down for her nap by 1:30 P.M." Kirsten answered with a big smile.

As they had done on Tuesday once they were inside the zoo entrance Kirsten rented a stroller to carry the large diaper bag. Most of the time, it was Carole who pushed the stroller. Kirsten led them along paths which took them to the less popular far reaches of the zoo.

This is where the beautiful antelope and other hoofed species have spacious enclosures. Carole was fascinated. Kirsten probably knows the LA Zoo better than most of the volunteer docents, so she was able to explain each animal to Carole. As they

walked back toward the exit they saw orangutans and gorillas playing and hanging out.

About 11:00 A.M. they reached the same hamburger stand with views of the chimps and giraffes as on Tuesday. Kirsten knew she made a mistake feeding Carole so much food not on her diet. Although she was not happy about it, Carole ate a healthy salad with bottled water served in her Sippy cup and four ounces of milk served in her baby bottle.

Because the day was cool and overcast, there were hardly any visitors. The ones they saw all were lugging expensive cameras. Kirsten recognized some as zoo society members, all past retirement age.

While looking at the same young giraffe, Carole started talking in her mature voice: "Kirsten, I want to apologize for yesterday. Getting spanked by as many people as possible is a huge part of my fantasy. I panicked when you said you only would spank me to save my life. Granny really scolded me about manipulating you in that way.

"Look, I really appreciate having you as my nanny. You have so much to teach me. Is there any way we can compromise about the spanking thing? I am not insane enough to injure myself. I really don't want to stage stunts that could go wrong. I assumed I could stop just in time before falling down the stairs, but I could have slipped.

"If you could spank me a couple of times a week it would mean the world to me." Carole was fighting tears.

"Sweetie Darling, I was thinking the same thing yesterday in class and again after dinner with Victoria. When I am nanny to actual young children, I avoid spanking. I also do my best to not accept assignments with families who still expect their children to be spanked for minor misbehavior.

"It goes without saying I have never before been nanny to a mature person almost 18. The more I thought about you and spanking, the more I realized I came across as a prig. I still do not want to spank you with a hairbrush.

"When I was a girl I was usually spanked with a hairbrush hard enough I had marks and bruises. I vowed I would not do that to anyone, especially children. You cried when I spanked you yesterday.

Were you faking? Or, was that a spanking you respected?"

"Oh, Nanny, you did spank me harder than I expected. If you are willing to spank me like that a couple of times a week, I consider this a fair deal. Besides, Granny keeps spanking me harder and harder with that hairbrush.

"If I were to say I am really tired, would you mind taking me home now? Then who knows what might happen at the house?"

Kirsten was pleased with the way the conversation was going, "Could it be you also want to phone John Deacon? Yes, I have been told about him. Your cell phone is in the diaper bag.

"The thing is I do need to change you for the drive home and I was hoping you would walk some more after eating. So, how about we walk as fast as possible to the exit? There is a nice ladies room there. Maybe the exercise will help with your bowel regularity?"

The 'race' was no contest because Carole's legs are so much shorter than Kirsten's and she was handicapped pushing the stroller. Still, they made excellent time getting to the exit. After turning in the stroller, Kirsten carried the diaper bag and led Carole into the ladies room.

In this one a changing table is build-in and oversized. Still, Kirsten spread out the changing mat from the bag. While Carole stood, Kirsten unsnapped her Onesies and lifted her dress.

The brisk walk had freed more fecal material without Carole straining. It was just firm enough it had not caused a big mess. Kirsten easily cleaned it up. Before lifting Carole, she spread out a fresh GOO.N Super Big disposable. Seconds after Carole reclined on it Kirsten had it snug and fastened. Then she re-snapped Carole's Onesies, smoothed her dress and they happily walked hand-in-hand to the Escalade.

Back at the Wagner mansion, Ingrid was very pleased to have use of the Escalade so early. Carmen told Kirsten that DyDee had dropped off another diaper pail and a parcel of cloth diapers. Kirsten told her that DyDee would be washing only their diapers, so the second pail was necessary.

Before going up to her room, Carole asked if she could have some orange juice in a baby bottle. Marcia Baer was busy with the dinner preparations so Kirsten poured four ounces of juice into a baby bottle. Instead of putting Carole in her highchair, Kirsten sat on a chair and cuddled Carole on her lap, so she could hold the bottle as if the young woman was a baby.

Upstairs Kirsten said that before her nap, Carole needed to try using her potty and then have a bath. All through the process of being undressed and bathed, Carole pouted and acted petulant.

Although she seemed to try, Carole did not move any stool into her potty.

During her bath Carole needed to be sharply reprimanded about splashing in the tub. Her answer was to stick out her tongue.

The result was apparently the one Carole wanted. Before being diapered for her nap, she was taken across the lap of Kirsten. She sat in the same place on the bed as did Victoria.

As she had done with Carole bent over the bed, Kirsten only smacked the upper thighs and legs down to the knees. Kirsten was not frightened about Carole's safety. Frankly she knew the petulance was an act. So, she spanked as slowly as possible. That actually increased the sting, since each spanking smack had the chance to dissipate before the next one landed. Thus the nerves did not go numb as fast. Carole was delighted the way this spanking was stinging.

All good things, even spankings, must end. Carole was changed into a Pampers Extra Protection disposable diaper. Instead of trainers, Kirsten put a DyDee Birdseye pre-fold inside one of the thirty-six inch square DyDee gauze diapers. That combination was pinned on over the disposable. In turn a pair of vinyl panties was pulled over the entire diaper set. In a fresh Onesies, a very happy Carole was tucked in for her nap, on her tummy.

Kirsten closed the drapes: made sure only the clownie night light was illuminated; and turned out the main bedroom lights. Then she activated the baby monitor surveillance system. She could hear Carole over the audio monitor and watch her on a screen in the Nanny Office, where Kirsten

could rest in a very nice Save-The-Back massaging recliner.

This was proving to be a marvelous nanny job. She was being paid to take a woman to the zoo. Carole wanted to know about the animals. It was not as stressful as supervising several toddlers all with bundles of energy. Carole was just old enough she ran out of steam jogging up and down the hills of the Los Angeles Zoo.

Victoria did not actually have anything of importance to do on Wednesday. Consequently she phoned a couple of her friends, inviting them to lunch at the Ritz-Carlton hotel in Pasadena, known for generations as "The Huntington Hotel". Victoria and James had their wedding reception there in June of 1963.

All morning and through lunch Victoria kept wondering about the synthetic switch Kaaren was buying for use on Carole.

Not very long after finishing her breakfast with Victoria, Kaaren pulled onto the westbound 210 freeway from Allen Avenue in Pasadena. She continued westbound to the 134 freeway. She needed to turn off at the Brand Boulevard exit in Glendale to pick up a few more nanny dresses at a uniform store there. Back on the westbound 134 she crossed over the I-5 Golden State Freeway and turned off at the Forest Lawn Drive exit.

Passing two cemeteries and the Warner Brothers Studio, she made a left turn at Barham Boulevard just before the Universal Studios east service entrance. Barham took her over the hill to the top of the Cahuenga Pass. Kaaren turned left to go southbound on Cahuenga Boulevard until its name changed to Highland Avenue in front of the Hollywood Bowl.

It was early enough there was only light traffic on Highland. She passed the Hollywood & Highland entertainment center and Hollywood High School. She turned right onto westbound Santa Monica Boulevard, entering the city of West Hollywood.

Kaaren passed the old Sam Goldwyn Studios, now Warner Bros West Hollywood. At this point every block had at least one boutique selling things of

interest to her, but most were on the south side of the street. She would stop on the way back to Pasadena, if she still had time before her class.

Her destination was The Pleasure Chest, frequently described as "the best kinky toy store for adults". On the second floor Kaaren was very familiar with the inventory and displays of discipline implements.

By 2010 synthetic switches and punishment canes were no longer the latest craze. On-line they cost less, but it was Virginia Wagner's money and time was of the essence. Carole needed a good switching and she needed it as soon as possible.

The Pleasure Chest sells 3mm synthetic switches made of clear red polycarbonate that is dense and robust. There is a choice of handle or no handle, so Kaaren took one of each. In the same display there are synthetic 6mm canes.

This was the first chance she had to actually try one of those polycarbonate canes on her right upper thigh. It did cause a deep throb. Kaaren selected one of those canes only twenty-four inches long with a leather handle. She loved the name "Nursery Cane".

Not far away there are traditional rattan canes imported from England. Prior to the ban by the European Union, the rattan cane had been used for over a hundred years to punish naughty English children—in and out of school.

Rattan canes start at 6mm and can be larger in diameter. The traditional family and classroom canes have a crook handle. Nannies and governesses, however, favored straight rattan or reed canes with leather handles and hanging loops.

Kaaren was sure Victoria would love to have a crook-handle rattan thirty inch 6mm cane. In fact, Kaaren wanted one for herself, so she selected two.

At another display Kaaren inspected the selection of leather paddles. One made of stiff un-tanned thick leather with several holes intrigued her. Those are called "Victorian Ladies' Spanker." One of those was certain to be very useful in the near future.

Normally Kaaren is a very honest person. Nevertheless, when she brought her shopping basket

to the check-out station, she told the clerk she would be paying cash and would need a receipt. She also asked that only one of the crook-handle canes be listed at double the normal price, which Victoria would still consider a bargain.

Back on Santa Monica Boulevard, but eastbound, just east of Fairfax Kaaren stopped at a favorite shop, Frivante's Exotic Custom Lingerie. Her retainer money was burning a hole in her pocket. She felt she deserved a new garter belt and two pair of seamed black stockings.

From there Kaaren made the trip in reverse all the way to the Orange Grove Boulevard exit in Pasadena to reach Pacific Oaks Graduate School with minutes to spare before her final class of the semester. Professor Susan Hubley stopped her to ask how the new assignment Kirsten had mentioned was going.

"Doctor Hubley, it is the most fascinating experience. Kirsten asked me to thank you for the tip about those Japanese Super Big disposable diapers. They are not all that much larger than Cruisers Size 7, but they do fit the youngster under our care better and they feel softer."

Kaaren was hungry after the class, which was a rehash of material they had studied a long time. She said good-bye to everyone. Outside the building, she called the mansion. Marcia told her that Victoria was eating with friends at a restaurant. Marcia offered to make Kaaren lunch. Looking for an excuse to get away from everyone at Pacific Oaks, Kaaren said she would be there very soon. To her friends she lied that her employer demanded that she report for duty immediately.

Once parked inside the mansion's auto gate, Kaaren wrapped the switches and canes in a piece of fabric and carried that along with her shopping bags up to her staff bedroom on the third floor.

On her way downstairs for lunch with Marcia and Carmen, Kaaren stopped off at the master bedroom to leave Victoria a note saying the items she wanted were waiting. All she needed to do was call Kaaren.

Carole was still sleeping like a baby, with Kirsten monitoring her from the Nanny Office when Victoria returned from her luncheon.

Seeing Kaaren's note, Victoria immediately called her. Quick as a wink, Kaaren came down the stairs and walked to the master bedroom, carrying the discipline implements she had purchased for Victoria at The Pleasure Chest.

To put it mildly, those fascinated Victoria, "Kaaren, will these switches be too severe for little Carole?"

Kaaren smiled slightly, "In a word, NO! Carole is nearly eighteen and is the one who begged for spankings. To help you get past your doubts, try the traditional test of switches. Just apply it to the backs of your own lower legs. That is how it will feel to Carole" Kaaren explained slowly, as if to a child.

Shyly, Victoria hesitated, "I am not sure, Kaaren. Can I really hit myself the same as I would switch Carole?"

Beaming warmly, Kaaren purred, "Well, Victoria, the alternative is for you to bend over your bed after you remove your high heels and stockings. Then I will be very happy to demonstrate a modern safe switching."

Without another word Victoria kicked off her Christian Louboutin stiletto strappy sandals and sat to remove her sheer stockings. Then Victoria obediently bent over her bed, raising her skirt.

Kaaren stepped to Victoria's left and began using the synthetic switch with the handle. She started slowly and moderately but increased the pace and force until Victoria was crying so much her mascara was running.

"Thank you, Kaaren. I am sure this is just what Carole needs. It was most thoughtful of you to demonstrate. What else did you buy?"

Kaaren continued smiling, "Victoria, I could not help thinking about what Sharron really needs when I saw this particular leather paddle. Those are called the 'Victorian Ladies' Spanker.'

"Would you care to experience a taste of that?"

Still sounding shy and somewhat immature, Victoria replied, "Yes, Nanny Kaaren, I agree something needs to be done about my foolish daughter-in-law. It is only fair I learn the effect." Victoria remained bent over her bed.

Kaaren applied three lusty strokes of that paddle to each of Victoria's panty-clad lower buttocks, who did not cry, but did take deep breaths.

"I will invite Sharron to lunch with me here tomorrow. Is it possible you could babysit her daughters while she is here since she does not have her own nanny?" Victoria asked.

"Of course I will be most happy to be nanny to her daughters. That silly woman needs a nanny, and so do her girls!" Kaaren answered.

Standing up from her bed and rubbing her stinging legs and buttocks, Victoria walked to her vanity where she had dropped her purse. Reaching inside she found her smart phone.

"Sharron Darling. How would you like to have lunch with your favorite mother-in-law tomorrow? Oh marvelous. One of my nannies, you met Kaaren Schmidt Sunday, can easily drive to your house to babysit Lindsay, Ashley and Courtney. Would 12:30 P.M. be convenient? I'll ask Marcia to make something I know you will like. Then it's a date!"

Victoria and Kaaren grinned at each other. Thursday would be an eventful day indeed!

Following the phone call Victoria practiced using the paddle and switch on a pile of pillows, while Kaaren coached her.