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Carole, Part 17

After Lunch on 17 June 2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin fell asleep while buckled into her car safety seat soon after her Kidspace surprise party ended. She was still sound asleep when her Nanny Kirsten Bodding eventually parked the Escalade at Victoria's mansion and carried Carole up to her own bed.

It was after 4 P.M. when Carole woke up. By then Nanny Kaaren Schmidt had relieved Kirsten. Once Carole was stirring, Kaaren lowered the side rails of her bed to better check the state of Carole's diaper. That had been put on in the ladies room at Kidspace, so it was just a GOO.N Super Big disposable, not the combination of a disposable and a gauze diaper set covered by vinyl panties Carole usually wore while sleeping.

Kaaren's concern was that Carole had defecated during her nap. Since her diet had been modified with additional fiber to prevent constipation, occasionally she messed while sleeping. This time Carole's disposable was only wet.

Because Carole's most recent desire was to wear gauze diapers as much as possible, once she had been thoroughly wiped, Carole was pinned into a set consisting of two baby pre-folds and a large square gauze diaper, both supplied by DyDee Service.

To take advantage of the beautiful warm June afternoon, Kaaren dressed Carole in a pink Onesies and a romper, with sneakers, socks and a bonnet.

Together they walked hand in hand to the backyard playground.

Ice tea was waiting on a patio table for Kaaren and a baby bottle of Evian water was waiting for Carole, along with a plate of sliced fresh fruit. Kaaren managed to take two sips of her tea before Carole wanted to be pushed on a swing. To Kaaren one of the worst parts about earning her living as a nanny was pushing children on swings. It was boring, but she needed to stay alert because swing accidents could always happen.

Victoria Callaway Wagner watched Carole being pushed on the swing as she walked from her mansion to the patio. After spanking her daughter-in-law Sharron with the paddle following lunch, Victoria had rested.

She changed to a tennis dress and shoes to relax in the shade for the rest of the afternoon. Victoria poured herself a glass of ice tea. Then she sat to continue watching Kaaren in action pushing the swing.

Fifteen minutes later, Kaaren was hot and thirsty. She let the swing slow down, steadying it as it came to rest. "Carole, Sweetie, would you like some nice fruit?"

Swaying from side to side and pouting, Carole exclaimed, "No! I want to fly on the swing! I want more swing!" Her swaying became more agitated as Carole pitched a tantrum of frustration.

"Sweetie, it is hot and you need to calm down. After you eat some of your fruit and have some cool water you will feel much better," Kaaren said soothingly.

Raising her voice, Carole yelled, "I want to swing! You are just being mean to me."

Standing up and walking to the patio railing, Victoria put her hands to her hips in angry disbelief. "Young Lady, I am ashamed of you! You are to apologize to Nanny Schmidt this instant! What a naughty thing to say."

Still pitching her tantrum, Carole shouted "No, No, **NO!** Nanny is being mean to me!"

Victoria could not believe this level of defiance. "Young Lady, you **will** apologize this second if you know what is good for you!"

Carole replied loudly "Never, Never, **NEVER!**"

"That's it! Young Lady, I warned you to behave yourself!" Victoria answered firmly. "Nanny Schmidt, will you please bring my naughty granddaughter up here to me."

Dragging more than leading her, Kaaren brought Carole close enough to Victoria she could grasp the girl's hand, preventing escape. "Thank you, Nanny Schmidt. Will you be so kind as to fetch me a switch?" Looking down at Carole, Victoria said "I told you the next time you misbehaved I would switch you. That is what you will get as soon as I have a switch!"

Kaaren previously knew that Victoria intended to switch Carole. The new synthetic switch with the leather handle was conveniently waiting just inside the family room door. In a moment Kaaren handed the switch to Victoria.

"Nanny, would you please remove Carole's romper. Then bend her over the rail.

"Young Lady, because you were so naughty where everyone could see you, you will be punished right here. I hope this is a good lesson for you!"

Bent over the rail, Carole's diaper inside her Onesies protected her bottom, but the backs of her thighs and legs were exposed. Victoria put her left hand on the small of Carole's back to hold her tight against the rail.

The thin, whippy switch lashed down very rapidly against those bare legs and thighs. Victoria had been practicing. She well remembered being switch many, many times while she was growing up.

Carole yelped and shrieked in surprise and pain. Very soon she was sobbing like a baby. Still the switching continued. Victoria was moving the tip of the switch all over those legs and thighs, so that no spot had the chance to get numb.

After a minute and countless switch strokes, Carole managed to plead for the first time, "Granny, I apologize. I'll be a good girl. Please stop."

That was all Victoria wanted to hear. Instantly she stopped swinging the switch. "Nanny Schmidt, will you please take this naughty child to her room and dress her for bed? Later, when you think

she has learned her lesson, you may bring her down so she can have her dinner."

Through her tears, as Kaaren helped her stand up, Carole could see that from the lanai, Ingrid, Carmen and Marcia were watching. Carole thought *"Oh, well, like Granny says switching is public punishment. That was a different experience."*

Once she was out of Victoria's sight and earshot, Carole did abjectly apologize to Kaaren: "Nanny Schmidt, I am sorry for going nuts like that. I have no excuse. Please forgive me?"

Kaaren did not answer until they were in Carole's room with the door locked and the baby monitor surveillance system off: "Sweetie, I suspect you deliberately acted-out to provoke your Granny. She had warned you she would use her switch. So you were curious and also wanted to get that over with.

"I did not take your tantrum personally. I certainly do not hate you. So, after I get you undressed, I am going to give you a nice bath."

Sure enough, very soon Carole was luxuriating in her tub with bubbles and all her favorite bath toys. Very gently Kaaren washed Carole's back, but did not risk irritating her legs by touching them with the wash cloth.

After the bath Carole stood on the mat so her thighs and legs could drip-dry. Kaaren dried her upper body with a fluffy towel. Then she used a blow dryer on Carole's hair. Finally, after reducing the heat of the dryer, Kaaren used it to soothe Carole's thighs and legs. As a final step, Kaaren sprayed the visible switch welts with Solarcaine.

For bed Carole wore a Pampers Extra Protection Size 5 inside a cotton diaper set: a DyDee pre-fold held by a pinned DyDee large square gauze diaper. Her diapers were covered by pull-on vinyl panties and a yellow Onesies.

Kaaren did kiss Carole as she tucked her in bed, on her tummy, with just a sheet covering her sore legs. Carole was handed a MAM pacifier. On her way out of the room Kaaren only activated the baby monitor audio. She did not want Victoria to see the pacifier.

At 6:30 P.M. Kaaren gently woke Carole. Since the diaper set was only damp, that did not need to be changed. All Kaaren needed to do was put slippers of Carole's feet before leading her downstairs to dinner.

A pink terrycloth cobbler bib was tied around Carole's neck and she was lifted into her highchair next to the eating counter. She was encouraged to feed herself. Her Evian water was in Sippy cups. So was four ounces of whole milk.

Dinner was a salad made with warm chicken slices, not chunks. Dessert was a plate of fruit. Before she ate her fruit, Carole asked Kaaren to feed her milk from a baby bottle.

Kaaren took the Sippy cup to the sink so the milk could be neatly poured into an EvenFlo baby bottle. That was warmed under running hot water. Finally Kaaren held the baby bottle so that Carole could suckle it.

Once the last of the fruit was eaten, Carole was led back upstairs to her bedroom. Her diaper set was changed. She was tucked back into bed.

This time the audio and video surveillance system was activated. Kaaren put the portable audio monitor in her pocket. Then she climbed the service stairs to her staff bedroom to change into a clean dress and freshened her makeup before having her own dinner.

Out on the patio Victoria still was holding the synthetic switch until Carole had been led into the mansion. Victoria returned to the table and finished her ice tea without relinquishing the switch. Making sure Carole could not see her, Victoria walked back to her master bedroom, still carrying the switch.

She locked her door. Then she did put the switch on her bed long enough to undress. Completely nude, Victoria bent over the end of her bed.

Already softly crying in remorse, Victoria picked up the switch and began to using it on herself. She flogged herself as fast, and much harder, than she had punished Carole. Victoria continued to flail her own thighs for two minutes, causing some wounds to bleed. Victoria was sobbing like a baby

when she dropped the switch and collapsed in a heap on her bed.

When she had cried it all out, Victoria got up, put the switch back on its hook in her closet and covered her bottom with cotton tap panties. She put on a bra and a full-length slip before ringing for Ingrid to dress her for dinner.

Sitting on her stinging and throbbing bottom as she drove home in a snit, Sharron felt sorry for herself. Once she parked in the privacy of her garage, she started sobbing.

In only the few minutes of the drive, Sharron reached the epiphany that the spanking from Victoria was both deserved and decades overdue. As she dried her tears and freshened her makeup, Sharron resolved to be a better, more responsible person, wife and mother.

Walking into her house, she immediately asked Kaaren how her daughters were doing. Told that they were still asleep during their naps, Sharron asked Kaaren to sit with her.

"Miss Schmidt, I know you work for my mother-in-law. This afternoon I realized that I have been foolish to reject offers to hire help. My husband has urged me to employ a nanny. Victoria has been more subtle.

"You have worked such miracles with my girls. Only you could have talked Lindsay back into a diaper for her nap. She has never looked as peaceful.

"What do I need to do to hire you full-time?"

Kaaren answered ambiguously, "Mrs. Wagner, I just started working full-time for your mother-in-law this Tuesday. She expects me to help take care of Carole until at least 17 July.

"Maybe you could talk to her? As much as Victoria loves Carole, she also loves you and your girls. Had you asked me last week, I would be working for you this minute although I was not actively looking for another nanny assignment. I had intended to go on vacation until 19 July, but I like families with three children close in age. I have taken care for several sets of twins. So I would have taken the job with you.

"Now I am stuck between a rock and a hard place. I have grown fond of Carole, and Victoria has given me a swank room and food. There I am working with my best friend Kirsten Bodding.

"On the other hand, you are also a lovely person. Your daughters are really far more in line with my training and experience. I feel over time I could be a positive influence on your daughters.

"So, after you bring up this subject with Victoria, when she asks me I will say that although I would be reluctant to give up caring for Carole, if things could be worked out I know your family needs me the most.

"Now, Mrs. Wagner, please tell your daughters I will see them at Carole's party on Sunday, if not before. I must rush because I am supposed to relieve Kirsten before Carole wakes up from her nap, which normally would have been thirty minutes ago. You have my private cell number. Keep me informed what is going on, okay?"

Sharron embraced Kaaren and nearly fainted when Kaaren kissed her cheek as good-bye.

Once Kaaren had driven away, Sharron went to her bedroom to study her sore bottom in her three-way mirror. It was still very pink, with a few marks showing pink where the paddle landed and lighter spots where the holes did not hit her. After rubbing on some lotion, Sharron put on a simple housedress.

That afternoon she was attentive to her girls. She offered Lindsay the choice of Pull-Ups or a Cruiser after her nap. She was supportive when Lindsay selected the Pull-Ups.

Until the last possible moment before she needed to start preparing dinner, Sharron was with her daughters in the back yard. Later, instead of putting the twins in the playpen, Sharron let them play on a blanket where she could see them in the kitchen.

When the time came for the children to be fed, Lindsay said she had helped by holding Courtney's Sippy cup during lunch. Sharron thanked her for doing that and asked Lindsay to help Courtney with her dinner. She could see how much pride Lindsay took in helping.

After all the girls had finished their dinners, Sharron led both of the twins to their nursery for a diaper change. Lindsay said that she wanted to use her own potty before she changed to a fresh Pull-Up. Sharron could not recall Lindsay ever doing this without being nagged.

Following the change to fresh diapers and/or Pull-Ups, instead of letting the girls watch the TV, Sharron brought them back to the kitchen so they could talk while she finished preparing dinner for Jim and herself.

Breaking another habit, Sharron did not put all of the girls to bed extra early so she could change before Jim got home. She had a tube of lipgloss in a pocket of her housedress. When she heard Jim's car she could touch up. This way the girls could see their father.

Later, while Jim took off his suit and tie and had a drink, Sharron would put the girls to bed.

That cunning plan worked to perfection. Jim was delighted to see and play with his daughters. He kissed Sharron more passionately than usual and complimented her own refreshing appearance.

When they started eating, Jim asked if Sharron had enjoyed her luncheon with his mother.

"Well Jim, Victoria is a force to be sure! The food was divine, as always. She told me some fascinating stories about her own childhood and adolescence I never would have guessed. She sent one of her nannies, Kaaren Schmidt, here to babysit our girls while I was with Victoria.

"After seeing how well the children responded to Kaaren, I have completely changed my mind about hiring our own nanny. I even was bold enough to broach that subject with Kaaren, who would be my first choice. The best suggestion Kaaren could make was for me to try making a deal with Victoria, who expects Kaaren to take care of Carole until late July.

"Your mother also found her own way to scold me for being less than the best mother in the world. And, you know what Jim? I have decided Victoria was absolutely correct about me. Today was an eye-opener for me. Are you still willing to hire a nanny?"

Jim had not processed the part about Victoria scolding Sharron. He was so delighted Sharron would accept the help of a nanny. "Darling, why not call my mother right now? Perhaps she could drop by tomorrow or you could take the girls over to her place?"

Sharron was not so sure. "Jim, the kind of discussion I need to have with Victoria must not be around the children.

"Today Victoria asked my opinions about the set up of Carole's party so it is possible she will need to squeeze me in. I will phone her in a few minutes. If she can see me I will get a babysitter from somewhere.

"Now while you have some more to eat I'll excuse myself to speak to Victoria. And, if you get the chance to do so before I finish talking to Victoria, would you fix me a stiff Scotch and soda? Victoria served me Tom Collins at lunch and I am still trying to kill that taste."

Summoning her courage, Victoria retreated to her sewing room, in which there was no sewing machine. She locked the door before pushing the speed dial key on her cell phone to reach Victoria:

"It's Sharron, Mother Wagner. I talked Jim into having a nanny.

"Yes, you convinced me. Is there a way you could spare me some time tomorrow? If so I'll hire a babysitter."

"Sharron, Darling, of course you are always welcome. Do you want lunch?" Victoria purred in total glee.

"Victoria, I do not want to impose. I am sure Marcia is working on Carole's party. I'm also not so sure I deserve lunch.

"Besides getting your leads about finding a reliable nanny, I am ashamed to say I really need another private talk with you in a bedroom. You know - a repeat of today's discussion? Perhaps even in Carole's bedroom on the bed near the clown lamp?" Sharron said in a contrite, shy voice.

"If that is what you believe you need, I will be happy to have such a discussion. To do that means Carole must be away from the house and she should be down for her nap at 1 P.M. or so. How about I

see if Kaaren could babysit Lindsay, Ashley and Courtney about 11 A.M.? Or if Kaaren has something else to do, what if Kirsten were to bring Carole to have a play date with her cousins?" Victoria was having trouble stifling her giggles. Sharron had completely fallen into her trap.

"Say, Sharron, if I could get back to you in a couple of minutes, I can talk to Kaaren about her Friday schedule. She might be giving Carole her bath or putting her to bed about now. I'll be right back with you. Just please stand by, okay?"

Fortunately Victoria and her James were still finishing their pre-dinner drinks in the family room. She had used the powder room and was walking back to finish her drink when her cell phone rang. Seeing Sharron's name on the caller ID, Victoria had closed the door of her office before answering.

From her office she called Kaaren on her cell phone, figuring that would be more discreet than using the intercom. Kaaren had just finished putting Carole to bed and was changing for dinner with the staff.

To put it mildly, Kaaren was overjoyed the way everything was going with Sharron. Teaching her to be a better parent was to Kaaren far more important than indulging Carole's big baby fantasy. Now if she could still live at the Wagner Mansion while working for Sharron, her life would be perfect.

"Absolutely, Victoria, I will be happy to re-schedule my Friday. Just tell me when I need to be over at Sharron's. She already asked me if I would be willing to work for her. I played it cool, saying I needed your permission to leave Carole.

"Would you like me to make another run over to The Pleasure Chest before I see Sharron? Perhaps she needs her own Victorian Ladies' Spanker? Certainly she will need her own wooden hairbrush. I had never seen one of the Hair Doc 876S before, but you told me you like using it for spanking." Kaaren wanted to be helpful.

"You think of everything, Kaaren. Would you care to have dinner with James and myself tonight? You do not need to change unless you want to. You always look lovely. Shall I ask Marcia to start serving in a half hour?"

Sometimes good things spring from spanking.
Victoria was sure Sharron would be a better woman
after many more spankings. Besides, Kaaren would
be very good for her granddaughters.