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Carole, Part 18

After Thursday Dinner on 17 June 2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin suddenly woke up crying. She was thirsty and her diaper was uncomfortable. The only light in her bedroom was from a very dim clownie lamp on her bedside table. Separating her from that lamp was a raised safety rail. The other side of her bed also had a safety rail. Looking that way Carole could see a large changing table.

The instant Carole cried, her nanny Kaaren Schmidt heard that over the ear bud of the baby monitor. She excused herself from dinner and briskly walked upstairs to Carole's bedroom. There Kaaren switched off the baby monitor surveillance system before turning on the lights.

"Sweetie Pie, Nanny is here for you." Walking between the changing table and the bed, Kaaren lowered that safety rail so she could reach Carole to comfort her. The sheet had been kicked off.

The backs of Carole's legs had many thin welts. Since Kaaren was there when Carole's grandmother Victoria Callaway Wagner had severely switch Carole, those welts were hardly surprising. Running her hand over the crotch of Carole's Onesies, Kaaren knew the diaper was not only soaked, it contained fecal material.

"Sweetie, I am going to carry you to your bathroom to make you all clean and comfy." Kaaren slipped her left hand under Carole's upper body and her right hand under her thighs so she could lift the prone girl who only weighed sixty pounds.

In the bathroom, Kaaren started the tub's water running to warm it. Un-snapping the Onesies Kaaren lowered Carole's vinyl panties enough she could remove the left diaper pin. Parting the gauze diaper, Kaaren could release the tab of the Pampers Extra Protection disposable. After that she let the whole diaper set slide down Carole's legs without spilling.

Leaving the messy diaper puddled around Carole's feet, Kaaren took two warmed baby wipes from their container beside the basin. She used those to wipe away most of the feces smeared around Carole's anus and on her lower buttocks.

After doing that, Kaaren disposed of the dirty wipes in the trash container. Then she lifted Carole clear of her diaper set and stood her in her bathtub.

Kaaren reached into the diaper set to retrieve the soiled disposable and put it in the trash container. Temporarily she delicately used the toe of her high heels to shove the diaper set out of the way.

Standing next to the tub, Kaaren pulled Carole's Onesies over her head and off. That was placed on the floor near the diaper set. Using the shower wand, Kaaren rinsed Carole's lower body until there was no visible trace of feces.

Carole giggled as she felt the warm water, which also soothed her sore thighs and legs. A side-effect of the warm water was that Carole peed while standing in her bathtub. As she started to drip-dry, Kaaren draped a towel around Carole's little shoulders. She then used two more warmed wipes to finish cleaning Carole's entire diaper area. Next Kaaren towel dried the front of Carole's thighs and legs.

After spreading a bath mat, Kaaren lifted Carole onto that so she could use the blow drier on the sore backs of Carole's thighs and legs. Just standing on the mat dried Carole's little feet.

All dry, Carole was carried to her changing table. First an Extra Protection disposable was snugged and fastened. That was covered by a DyDee Service pre-fold and a large square gauze diaper, which was pinned snugly. Finally the diaper set was covered by a pair of soft vinyl panties.

Cooperating well, Carole sat up so Kaaren could easily pull a clean pink Onesies over her head. Then she reclined so that Kaaren could draw the long back flap through her crotch and snap it snug. Kaaren took a clean MAM pacifier from the container, attached a leash and clipped that to the left shoulder of the Onesies. Carole reached up and put her pacifier between her lips.

Contented, clean, dry and freshly diapered, Carole was tucked back into her bed. Leaving the light on, Kaaren only activated the audio baby monitor. Out in the hallway, Kaaren called the nursery maid, Carmen Lewis, to clean up Carole's bathroom when Carmen had finished her own dinner.

Kaaren used the bathroom of the Nanny Office to thoroughly wash her own hands. She was pleased her dress was not wet or soiled. Before returning to the dinner table she re-applied her lipgloss.

Sure enough, Victoria did get back to Sharron by cell phone. Kaaren would be glad to babysit Lindsay, Ashley and Courtney on Friday. The only minor problem was that Kaaren had an appointment in the morning. She would do her best to arrive at Sharron's house before noon. Sharron promised to have fed her daughters their lunch before then.

Returning to her place at the dinner table, Sharron told Jim, "Your mother will talk to me Friday. Kaaren will babysit the girls again.

"I really think Victoria will agree that Kaaren should be our nanny. Maybe while Carole is living with your parents we might need to share Kaaren with Victoria. Having Kaaren a few hours a day is better than not having her at all, right Jim?"

He just beamed at his wife, "Sharron, of course. Where will Kaaren live? We hardly have servants' quarters here, do we?"

"Kaaren told me she is very happy living at your parent's. Her best friend Kirsten is Victoria's other nanny. Maybe we can make a deal so Kaaren can still live there?" Sharron asked. "Tomorrow I'll ask Victoria. After she scolds me again she may agree."

Once they had cleared the dining room, rinsed the dishes and put them in the dishwasher, Jim and Sharron were ready for bed. While Jim was

undressing and taking a quick shower, Sharron doubled checked the girls.

Just in case, she changed Ashley and Courtney. She was tempted to just try to change Lindsay's Pull-Up without waking her. Then Sharron thought it would be more responsible to gently wake Lindsay to give her the option.

"Mommy, I've already wet my Pull-Up. Would you mind putting me in a Cruiser?" Lindsay said with a smile. Sharron was surprised by this request. She kissed Lindsay and then diapered her gently and with as much dignity as possible.

Jim was sitting up in bed as Sharron started to undress. Actually she delighted in arousing Jim by removing her clothing as sensually as possible, then showing off her body as long as possible.

What she had forgotten until too late was that her buttocks might still show marks from that Victorian Ladies' Spanker. As she was taking off her panties, with her bottom facing Jim, she caught a glimpse of several bruises in a mirror behind Jim. His eyes went wide in surprise.

"What the hell, Sharron? Your rump looks all bruised. Did you fall and hurt yourself?"

Caught, Sharron surprised herself by telling the truth: "Actually, Darling, to be literally accurate, I neither fell nor hurt myself. Are you sure you really want to know how I got bruised?"

"Precious, the way you are blushing and stammering has me fascinated. You are so cute like this. If I didn't know you so well and if you were a kid, I might wonder if you had been spanked. That would be nonsense" Jim said, resisting the urge to cuddle her and try kissing away her soreness.

"You guessed it, Jim!" Sharron said shyly, but also as sensually as she could. "When I said your mother 'scolded' me, I left out the part where she did that while spanking me, with a leather paddle which had holes in it.

"The surprising thing to me was that I did not protest or run away. By the time she lifted my skirt and lowered my panties, I felt like I was a naughty little girl. Sometimes as a girl when a friend would complain she had been spanked I wondered if that would be better than the way my Mommy would ignore me when she was angry with me.

"Furthermore, I deliberately hinted to Victoria that I expect a second spanking tomorrow. Does this mean I am insane?"

"Come here, my little pain slut!" Jim said, his arousal showing. "Someday, if you are either very good or very naughty, maybe I should spank you."

Sharron bared her tushie, marks and all. Jimmy gingerly touched the more obvious mark. "Baby, does that still hurt?"

She was smiling as she answered: "Not very much. The stinging went away within a few minutes."

"But, Jimmy, would you punish me that way? I might really like it. Why not try right now?"

Jim considered the possibilities: Sharron might have a spanking kink, so would like it; she might come to resent being spanked as punishment; should there be a problem she almost certainly would complain about domestic violence.

"Sharron Darling, what I remember growing up was that Mother did spank me a few times and hard enough I cried when I was little. She used her hand, a wooden spoon or a hairbrush. She spanked Beverly a lot less and Ed hardly ever, although he deserved it the most. I'm not sure why Dad never spanked any of us."

"So, as an experiment, climb over my lap after we undress. I'll see what I can do with my hand. If you like that, we can go shopping for a paddle or strap."

Jim and Sharron eventually fell asleep cuddling each other, totally exhausted.

Victoria told Ingrid she did not need to worry or stay up. She wanted to undress herself. Although Victoria still loved James very much, they did not undress in the same room.

He noticed that Victoria was in an especially happy mood when she got into bed.

"So, My Pet, can I safely assume you had a good day?" James inquired.

"Yes, Dear, since Carole came to us last Saturday, for me every day has been good. Sure, some of what

she wants seems outlandish. For example, she told me the day she asked me that she expected me to be very strict with her and spank her.

"Honestly I did not think I could, so on the spot Carole showed me a wooden hairbrush she had bought. Then she asked Beverly to show me how she wanted to be spanked, bare of bottom and over a lap. When she begged me to spank her, she even demanded I spank her harder.

"James, it is so weird. Old memories I had tried to forget started to come back. Then Sunday, while you were playing golf, Sharron brought her daughters over.

"It was so typically 'Sharron-ish' chaos. I had to beg Kirsten to come over to help. Sharron needed to change her girls, but had not put any diapers in her diaper bag. Then for some reason she decided to spank Lindsay and made a mess of that.

"Minutes later, while I was changing Carole's diaper, she told me that it was Sharron who needed a spanking. Then I thought that over. I knew that Sharron did need something drastic to convince her she needs help. I talked Kaaren into working as nanny for Sharron, to instill discipline not just with the girls. That will start with Sharron.

"So today, I invited Sharron to lunch and sent her home on a very sore bottom I had just spanked. Apparently that did her a lot of good because her phone call before dinner was to ask me to let Kaaren work for her. Sharron also asked if I could give her another spanking and I agreed. So, Yes, this was a marvelously productive day!"

James was in a romantic mood, which was unusual on a week night. He began fondling Victoria, who winced as he caressed her upper thighs through her nightie. When he lifted that, he saw the switch-made welts on the backs of her thighs and legs.

"Victoria, what the hell is going on? Who beat you like that?" James wanted to know.

"See, it was like this James. I had been practicing with the plastic switch and the leather paddle using piles of pillows. I felt before I spanked Sharron I should try the paddle on my own bottom. It does sting but not so terribly.

"Then after I switched Carole this afternoon I felt so guilty I locked myself in this room and

really gave myself a significant switching"
Victoria answered quietly.

"Okay, Victoria, I can see it was an exciting day
for you. Now how about we get some sleep?"

Carole woke up about 2:30 A.M. She was not sure if
Kaaren or Kirsten was on duty. She was sure her
diaper was soaked. She also needed to move her
bowels.

Not wanting to wake anyone, instead of crying like
a baby, Carole crawled to the foot of her bed
where she could get off without lowering a safety
rail. She walked to her bathroom.

There she un-snapped her Onesies, lowered her
vinyl panties, un-did her right diaper pin and
finally released that tab on her disposable. Then
she sat on the real toilet. She did move an
impressive volume of feces, some runny, the rest
super-soft.

As she had done thousands of times, she wiped with
toilet paper and finished using a couple of warmed
wipes. Carefully she put away the worn DyDee
diapers and her vinyl panties. She threw the
Pampers EP in the trash.

She spread a fresh EP on her changing table and
put it on. Then she had to climb down to spread a
square diaper and a pre-fold.

As a baby sitter she had changed a few cloth
diapers, so she had used diaper pins before.
Still, she was worried about making noise if she
did stick herself. So she walked to the controls
beside the door and de-activated the baby monitor
surveillance system.

Actually Carole had less trouble pinning her
diaper than did Kaaren. After doing that she stood
up to pull-on her vinyl panties, as she had been
doing for years. Finally she re-activated the
surveillance system and crawled back into bed.

What Carole did not know was that there is an
alarm function. It flashes at the video screen
when the system is de-activated or activated. When
the equipment senses that the monitor room is
dark, the alarm buzzes. Kirsten did not wake up
when the system buzzed at de-activation, but she

was watching as the screen came to life showing Carole pulling her covers up.

Thinking this was odd, and then seeing the error message that the system had been off-line a few minutes, Kirsten felt she needed to investigate. She picked up her flashlight, put on a robe and slippers and quietly walked down the service stairs to the second floor and onward to Carole's bedroom.

There Kirsten de-activated the surveillance equipment after closing the hall door. She covered her eyes so they would acclimate to the darkness.

Quietly she skulked to the changing table side of the bed. As best she could tell, everything was in order. Although she assumed Carole was only pretending to be sleeping, Kirsten felt the diaper set. It was dry when it should have been damp.

No taking time to turn on the lights, Kirsten used her flashlight for a better look. Sure enough, the diaper set was neater than Kaaren would have done.

"Young Lady, I can tell you are awake. Would you explain why you are wearing a dry diaper set at this hour?"

In her big girl voice, Carole answered, "Kirsten you had to get up extra early for me on Thursday and then you worked so hard making my Kidspace party. I woke up needing to poop big time and I just could not stand the sensation of doing that in my diaper. So I got up and did that on the toilet. I re-diapered myself and went back to bed. I guess I still woke you up. I am so sorry. I deserve a hard spanking."

"No Carole, I am not going to punish you or scold you. This is your fantasy and you can change the rules when you like. Frankly I admire you being so ingenious. I know your big heart was in the right place and I love you for that.

"Now that I am awake would you like me to re-do your diaper set. Or, at least get up for a second so I can admire your fine work!"

They cuddled for a couple of minutes before Kirsten tucked Carole back into bed, with a clean MAM pacifier.

Letting that paci dangle from its leash, and using her big girl voice, Carole said, "Kirsten, please

do me a real solid. I need to talk to both you and Victoria as early as possible in private, especially from Kaaren.

"Say, is it true that Victoria actually did spank Sharron while we were at Kidspace? And is it also true that Sharron wants to hire Kaaren as her nanny?"

Kirsten thought for a few seconds: "Wednesday evening Kaaren did mention having been sent to West Hollywood to buy some plastic switches. While there she bought some other discipline implements, including a leather paddle. She giggled that Victoria was going to use it on Sharron, but at the time I thought that was Kaaren just joking.

"Nobody told me about Kaaren working for Sharron, but she must have made a great impression babysitting Sharron's daughters. That does sound probable.

"As much as I love being with you, and please keep this confidential, I am certain Kaaren would prefer any other assignment even if it did not pay as well. Her thing is little kids, so Sharron's daughters would be an ideal job for Kaaren. Needing to train Sharron would be a bonus for Kaaren."

Carole had more to say: "Probably I do not get a vote, but I have never felt any kind of bond with Kaaren. She has been good to me, but cold and distant, so if I had a vote, Kaaren could go work for Sharron immediately. Practically Victoria needs her for my party on Sunday and possibly for the Fourth of July celebration.

"As I could do so, I have been talking to Carmen as little girl to adult. Not only do I like Carmen, I think she would be a very good nanny. Do you think she would be promoted? Or would another nanny be hired? Probably you have nanny friends besides Kaaren?"

Kirsten did not need to hesitate: "Carole, I agree, Carmen will be an excellent nanny, assuming she is willing. Also, Mrs. Baer depends on Carmen's help in the kitchen.

"What I will do is change you about 7 A.M. so you can be in your highchair early, before Victoria gets up. Then I will do my best to arrange the conversation you desire. Nothing you are requesting seems out of the reason. If Kaaren is

not happy, then she will be better off working for Sharron. I completely agree that woman needs help beside several hard spankings. Now you should have been asleep by now."

Carole was not only wide awake, she was brimming with ideas: "Look, Kirsten, I promise to stay in bed and not make a sound so you can sleep late and wake me at your convenience."

"I am way ahead on sleep, so no worries about that. It upset me that Victoria told you to not spank me on Thursday. To go along with that I was careful to behave so you would not even feel a need to spank me. Doing that killed me. So I want to talk Victoria into agreeing that if I am naughty I get spanked by whoever is in charge of me at that moment. If I am silly enough to misbehave two or three times in a day, then I get spanked two or three times. I'll explain that it only confuses kids when punishment is delayed. Probably she will accept that concept."

"Also, I made a huge mistake when I stored all of my usual clothes, shoes and makeup. I need to keep at least a couple of outfits here somewhere in case I need to be a big girl for some reason."

"I would like to have a clean mature lady's dress which is too big for me, so wearing that would make it look like I was playing dress-up. With that I want a pair or two of inexpensive knock-off stiletto heels too big for me, as if I borrowed them from my mother. They must be inexpensive because I could never bring myself to damage the kind of shoes I adore. Probably the smallest size at Pay-Less would be okay."

Only after telling all that to Kirsten did Carole return her MAM pacifier to her mouth and snuggle on her tummy in her bed. Later, on the baby video monitor, Kirsten was convinced Carole was sleeping soundly.