

© 2011 Angela Bauer

Carole, Part 21

After Lunch on Friday, 18 June 2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin was contented as she sat buckled into her car safety seat. Her favorite Nanny, Kirsten Bodding, was driving her back to the mansion of her grandparents. Her new Nursery Maid Judy Vogel was sitting next to Kirsten. The three of them had eaten lunch and shopped for clothing as well as shoes. Now it was time for Carole's afternoon nap.

Although Carole was diapered as if she was five, in fact her eighteenth birthday was on Sunday 20 June. She was going to spend most of Saturday in her mature role, because that evening she was going on a date with John Deacon.

As soon as Carole was settled for her nap Kirsten could start her day-off. During the first six days of her big baby fantasy vacation Carole had bonded strongly with Kirsten. Suddenly the thought of not seeing her for such a long time caused Carole to panic.

Starting to weep, yet using her mature voice, Carole asked a favor: "Kirsten, is there any way you could tide me over until Sunday? I should be looking forward to Saturday, but I will be missing you."

Without diverting her eyes or attention from her driving, Kirsten responded: "Sweetie Pie, you flatter me. I don't want to spoil your fun, but I want to be very sure just what you would like me to do. Don't be shy. Miss Vogel is also here to

help you. Nanny Lewis will be with you the rest of today."

Sounding slightly frustrated and a bit petulant, Carole pleaded, "Nanny Bodding, I have been naughty and greedy. Will you spank my bare bottom with the hairbrush?"

Instantly Kirsten sat taller behind the wheel of the Cadillac Escalade: "Young Lady, you have been rude and inconsiderate. The second we park you are to carry your new presents upstairs. Those will be stored until we can be sure you deserve them. Then I will punish you to help you avoid being so naughty again! Consider yourself to be in Disgrace!"

From her front passenger seat, Judy Vogel's head was pivoting from Kirsten to Carole during this exchange that took her by surprise. Judy's beautiful eyes were wide with wonder.

While they waited for the electric auto security gate to open, Kirsten said: "Miss Vogel, you have your hands full with your own cases. If you need help just ask Nanny Lewis. I will carry the diaper bag. Carole is to carry her own things.

"Miss Vogel, once you have put your cases in your room, you are welcome to join us in Carole's bedroom. Since she was naughty in front of you, it is only fair that you see how I must punish Carole."

Carole scrambled out of the Escalade when her safety harness was released. With grim determination she managed to carry the two shoe bags. She put the small bag with her new lipstick into the Payless bag. In her other hand she held the bag of dress-up outfits. There was no way Carole could safely carry the garment bag from Giggie with her new dress and crinoline petticoat.

"Young Lady, I will carry your new dress so it doesn't get wrinkled. If you do not want to be in even more trouble, you will follow me and remember you are in Disgrace!" Kirsten did her best to sound stern, but Judy could see Kirsten was smiling.

Bursting through the kitchen door from the auto court, Kirsten spoke to Carmen: "Nanny Lewis, I know we originally planned for you to get Carole ready for her nap today. Unfortunately she acted very naughty as we were driving home. I am going

to give her a spanking. Then I will change her for her nap. We will put all of Carole's things in her bedroom closet?"

Although Kirsten sounded authoritative, Judy and Carmen could see that Carole, far from being contrite, had a blissful expression. Going up the main stairs it was Carole who led the way. Carmen and Judy took the service stairs to the third floor.

Carole's own clothes, plus her new dress and crinoline petticoat, were carefully hung in her closet. Her own shoes and the new high heels were put in her closet's organizer. Carole's cosmetics were stored in a drawer of her bathroom vanity.

The dress-up outfits and stiletto heel shoes were hung in the old nursery closet. The dress-up red lipstick was also stored in that closet.

Kirsten took her sweet time undressing Carole and removing her soggy GOO.N Super Big diaper. Clearly Carole wanted an audience for her spanking. Leaving Carole standing in her usual corner, Kirsten re-stocked the pink diaper bag.

The moment Carmen and Judy appeared in the bedroom door, Kirsten started scolding Carole as she led her to the bathroom side of the bed. There Kirsten sat along the side so that Carole's head and upper body would be to her left, toward the head of the bed. Carole's ankles and bare feet dangled off the end of the bed.

Kirsten wanted to provide Carole a realistically sound spanking. Doing so, especially using an implement, went contrary to every ethical principle Kirsten held dear. It was because she had begun to understand Carole that Kirsten decided to forego her principles to enhance Carole's fantasy.

The scolding was largely nonsense. Kirsten had no desire to really hurt Carole, so she took the time to give her an extra long warm-up spanking with her hand. Kirsten spread those smacks all over, avoiding the sensitive crease where buttocks meets thigh.

Only when Carole was crying softly did Kirsten stop the warm-up. She ordered Carole to get up and fetch the Hair Doc brush resting under the clownie lamp on the bedside table.

Only every fourth spank was full-force. Kirsten spread the hairbrush spansks all over the lower buttocks. The dark pink spot was much larger than when Victoria spanked Carole.

Kirsten was spanking as slowly as possible to prolong Carole's experience. Only once the sobs were very deep did Kirsten put down the hairbrush.

Despite her tears, Carole wriggled until she could sit up on Kirsten's lap. Kissing her beloved nanny many times, Carole said in her big baby voice, "Thank you, Nanny, for spanking me. I promise to behave while you are away."

"Carole, I certainly hope you do behave. If not, I am sure Nanny Lewis and your Grandmother will punish you appropriately.

"Nanny Lewis, would you mind giving Carole a bath and diapering her for her nap?"

Carmen answered, "Oh, not in the least, Nanny Bodding."

Kirsten gave Carole one last kiss goodbye and left the bedroom. Carmen asked Judy to start running a bath. Once the water was running, Carmen left Carole standing beside the bed so she could instruct Judy about spreading out a DyDee Service square gauze diaper and a Birdseye pre-fold on the changing table.

After Carmen bathed Carole, she towel dried her body and blow-dried her hair. Then she led Carole to her potty chair, where she did manage to move some soft stool. It only took a few warmed wipes to clean Carole's bottom. Then she was lifted onto the changing table.

Figuring there was not much risk of additional bowel movement during the nap Carmen did not put a Pampers Extra Protection on Carole. She just pinned her into the gauze diaper set, which was covered with soft vinyl panties. The afternoon was warm enough all Carole needed was a pink Onesies.

Carole was tucked into her bed with a MAM pacifier in her mouth and a kiss from both Carmen and Judy. Both safety rails were raised.

The drapes were closed. On the way out of the room Carmen activated the complete baby monitor surveillance system. Down the hall in the Nanny

Office Carmen showed Judy the video monitor as well as the portable audio monitor.

Not so very far away in the East Pasadena home of Sharron and James "Jim" Wagner, Sharron used the remaining time the girls were napping to talk with Kaaren Schmidt.

"Nanny Kaaren, I am so happy you will be helping guide me. How will that work? Will the children find out?" Sharron asked.

"Let me ask you a question, Sharron? Up to now how have you supervised your daughters while they are in their rooms? What do you do when you need privacy?" Kaaren asked in return.

"Well, during the day I do not close their doors, so I can hear them cry. At night Jim or I make sure they are asleep. We do not close our bedroom door. This has worked for us" Sharron replied.

"You told me Jim did spank you last night. Did you feel you had enough privacy?" Kaaren asked.

"I guess so, Nanny Schmidt. Lindsay did not say anything this morning."

"Young Lady, you are an idiot! This is not 1910! I did not dream you have no baby monitor system. Every other family where I have worked had such systems, even when the children were toilet trained and sleeping in youth beds.

"My strong suggestion is that you have a system installed immediately! Heck, Victoria has quite a sophisticated baby monitor system for Carole.

"Would you like me to call Just for Tots and talk to Frank Bracket about monitoring Lindsay, Ashley and Courtney? That way, the doors can be safely closed, for privacy. You can hear any of them when they cry and look at them on a video screen, but they cannot hear or see you" Kaaren said.

"Of course, Nanny Schmidt - you always know best."

Frank promised to send a technician that same afternoon. There would be temporary audio baby monitors while a more sophisticated video and audio system was being installed.

Before the technician arrived all the girls woke up. Sharron removed Lindsay's wet Extra Dry and let the child put on her own Pull-Ups. Meanwhile Kaaren wiped and re-diapered Ashley and Courtney.

Much later on Friday, Jim noticed the three baby audio monitors in the master bedroom. Close to Lindsay's bed and the cribs of Ashley and Courtney there were transmitters on distinct separate frequencies.

Sharron confessed to Jim about asking for another spanking from Victoria and that from now on she expected him to be her primary disciplinarian. Kaaren would assist.

Jim only thought about that for a few seconds before giving Sharron a bare bottom spanking, which only served to arouse their passion. It was just as well that all the interior doors were closed, because Jim and Sharron were hardly discreetly quiet in bed.

Carmen used the quiet of the nap time to hang up the "dress-up" outfits in the nursery closet. By the time Carole woke up from her nap, Judy Vogel was helping the cook, Marcia Baer, prepare dinner. Judy had also put away her things up in her staff bedroom.

After her nap, Carole's wet diaper set was unpinned and put in the DyDee pail, while her damp vinyl panties went into the other pail. Carmen wiped her carefully before pinning her into a fresh set of gauze diapers. Each time Carmen pinned on diapers, she gained confidence.

For the rest of the afternoon of back yard play, Carole wore a white Onesies with a yellow sunnysuit and sandals. She needed a fresh diaper before dinner.

At lunch in the restaurant Carole was dressed almost like a young woman. Judy nearly giggled seeing Carole acting like a big baby girl toddling to her highchair. Carmen tied a terrycloth cobbler bib around Carole's neck.

Because Carole was tired after playing outside, Carmen had to feed her most of her meal. Dessert was tapioca pudding. Carmen held Carole's baby bottle of milk.

Up in her room Carole willingly sat on her potty chair until she moved a little stool. Carmen praised her, and then wiped her. For bed Carole wore a snug Pampers Extra Protection Size 5 disposable inside a pinned DyDee gauze diaper set covered with soft vinyl panties. A MAM pacifier was placed in Carole's mouth with its leash clipped to the left shoulder of her pink Onesies.

Ten minutes after Carmen started reading Carole her bedtime story, she was asleep. Silently Carmen raised the safety rails on the bed, closed the drapes, turned on the soft clownie lamp, turned off the main lights and activated the baby monitor surveillance system.

Friday had been exciting and busy for Carole, and even more so for Carmen. She felt her first shift as a nanny had gone very well. Carmen took the portable audio monitor from the Nanny Office up to her room.

There she changed for her own dinner, with the ear bud in place. James and Victoria had guests for dinner, who were served by Ingrid and Judy. Kaaren did not get back from Sharron's house until Carmen was half-way finished with her dinner. Marcia had set up the staff meal as a buffet. Judy and Ingrid would eat as they could between serving in the main dining room.

Kirsten had told Marcia she would be eating out. She had also told Ingrid she would not be home until after 2 A.M. Judy noticed Kaaren was annoyed that Kirsten was away.

Shortly after Carmen relieved her as Carole's nanny, Kirsten went up to her staff bedroom and took a good, refreshing nap. When she woke up, Kirsten took a bath and washed her hair. Once she got out of her tub she toweled herself dry. Then she used her blow drier to style her hair in a decidedly non-nanny up-swept hairdo.

Although she seldom went to the trouble, before dressing Kirsten applied mascara, eye liner and eye shadow. Kirsten carefully lined her lips and then applied Julie Hewett coral red Belle Noir lipstick using a brush. Blotting that dry she added some glossy sheer peach/coral Bijou Celeste over her lipstick.

She wore her black Wonderbra, black lace tap panties, seamed black thigh-high stockings and decent knock-off black Yves Saint Laurent pumps with four and a half-inch stiletto heels. When Kirsten bought those she was assured they enhanced the look of her bottom. Her dress was snug, black, décolleté and as short as she dared. With this Kirsten carried a black clutch much smaller than her "nanny clutch." This only held her wallet, keys, a little cash and cosmetics.

It had been a few months since Kirsten had accepted a real date. She was taking grad school classes and also worked a lot as a nanny. Now her classes were over for the summer. Best of all her duty hours were from 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. allowing her to plan her evenings.

In September 2009 Kirsten met Anthony Hinckley, who was a distant relative of her employers at that time. Under the circumstances dating him then would not have been ethical, although there was a mutual attraction.

In May of 2010 she had run into Anthony while grocery shopping. Then she was working for a different family, eliminating any ethical consideration. They sat together for over an hour drinking coffee and talking. The attraction between Kirsten and Anthony was even stronger than before.

He was single and asked her out. Unfortunately her nanny schedule was hectic and so were her study hours. Kirsten promised to let him know when her classes ended. As soon as she was sure of her hours working for Victoria, she set up the date with Anthony.

Anthony's law office is in a high-rise near the corner of Colorado Boulevard and Lake Avenue in Pasadena. His assigned parking spot is in the structure serving the Ice House Comedy Club. The cunning plan was for Kirsten to park in that structure. Then she would walk to Anthony's office, where her parking would be validated.

From there he would drive them to McCormick and Schmicks Seafood Restaurant at 111 North Los Robles Avenue. They could eat leisurely because the show they wanted to see in the Ice House Annex featuring the stand-up of Susan Mullins did not start until 10:30 P.M.

The food was wonderful. The conversation was easy. When they got back to the Ice House parking structure, it was too early to walk across the street. The Annex had an early show with different comics who were still performing. So Kirsten and Anthony did what people do, they sat in his car necking.

The comedy show featuring Susan Mullins was outstanding. They laughed while drinking the two glasses of wine each which were part of the cover charge. After the show ended at midnight they walked to Anthony's office where they continued their necking. Suddenly Kirsten realized it was past 2 A.M. She needed to get back to the Wagner mansion.

Anthony walked with her to her car, where they reluctantly parted. Because Kirsten had consumed a glass of wine during dinner and two more during the show, she drove very carefully.

Quietly Kirsten let herself in the kitchen door. She crept up the service stairs to the third floor. In her bedroom she sat on the side of her bed to remove her shoes and stockings. She had just hung her dress on its hanger, when Kaaren walked in without knocking.

"Young Lady! Where have you been this late? I have been worried sick! Just look at you, painted like a harlot, disheveled from hours of dissipation.

"You might as well finish undressing. Even from here I can smell what you have been doing. What am I to do with you?"

"Mistress Kaaren, it has been months since I spent an evening with a man I like. Anthony Hinckley could be the one. Why should you do anything? I am still living in the room next to you. We see each other daily. What did I do wrong?" Kirsten foolishly replied, having failed to notice the rattan cane Kaaren made no attempt to conceal.

"Darling Kirsten, you are the one who has so often begged me to keep you from making big mistakes with men. Probably some men are reliable, but some are out only for their lust.

"The fact that you have never even mentioned this Mr. Hinckley strongly suggests you have something to hide. Certainly by now you should know I would not come between the two of you just to satisfy my needs. Should it be that the two of you have a

future together as a couple, I will wish you much happiness.

"Yes, I am suspicious. You were a foolish little girl to play dress-up and do naughty things with some strange man. As I asked you before, Young Lady, 'What am I going to do with you?' " Kaaren scolded.

"Mistress Kaaren, I am sure you are going to spank me. Could we get it over with, please?" Kirsten said with the courage of three glasses of wine. "I am already nude. My hairbrush is in my bedside drawer. You could put me over your lap."

"You would like that intimacy, wouldn't you, Young Lady? Well, your misbehavior is far beyond being curable by a simple spanking.

"Just a couple of days ago I punished your inconsiderate behavior with six strokes of my cane. As you were sobbing and pleading you promised to behave better. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, Mistress Kaaren, I still can feel the welts."

Kaaren was really annoyed. "Obviously assuming what you say about still feeling that caning is true, six strokes did not teach you a real lasting lesson.

"Right now I am going to give you a dozen cane strokes, very hard and slowly enough you can feel and count each one. But first, I am going to wash off all your slutty trollop makeup!"

Kirsten was led to her bathroom by her right ear. Kaaren vigorously washed off the makeup. She deliberately scrubbed off Kirsten's lipstick so that the taste of the soap on the wash cloth would add to the punishment.

Bent over the end of her bed stark naked, Kirsten was weeping before she counted the first severe stroke of the cane. It landed with equal force in the center of both *Gluteo-Femoral Folds* causing Kirsten to yelp in pain.

"Since you did not count that stroke, I will begin again!"

Somehow despite her tears and sobs, Kirsten managed to count the twelve cane strokes. Her pain

was beyond belief as she collapsed in tears on her bed.

Ignoring Kirsten's emotions, Kaaren coldly walked to the closet. She returned to the bed holding an ABU Cushies Medium.

"Young Lady, you are a sorry sight. Your heinie is swelling. We all know that after punishment you can hardly be trusted to control your bladder. Trust me, Sweetie, this is not punishment. This is for your own good. You hardly want the new maid to find you had wet your bed."

Kaaren spread out the adult disposable on the bed. Despite the pain Kirsten managed to recline on it. Expertly Kaaren snugged and fastened the diaper. This was hardly the first time she had diapered Kirsten.

Leaving her topless reclining on her bed, Kaaren went to her own room. She returned carrying a new cropped pink T-shirt. On the front it said "Kirsten is Naughty" printed in red on three lines. On the back "Naughty Girls Get Sore Bottoms" was also printed in red on five lines.

Wearing just her diaper and the shirt, Kirsten cried herself to sleep on her tummy.

Note to fans:

At this point in the story of Carole and her big baby fantasy vacation, I need to take a break. When I started writing this story I had a lot of extra spare time. Then the morning after I felt this Part 21 was ready to share, the schedule for a complicated trial I have been litigating for five years suddenly changed. We were assigned a date to pick a jury. That was 6 weeks ago and since then I have not finished more than a couple of pages of the first draft of Part 22.

In my mind I have the direction of many more Parts to the Carole story. The next time I have spare time I will continue this story.

Many thanks for the hundreds of PM saying
you enjoy reading about Carole and her
extended family.

Best Always, Angela