

Carole, Part 25

Sunday Morning, 20 June 2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin woke up for the second time on 20 June 2010 at 0815. That was the morning of her eighteenth birthday. She was wearing a wet diaper, a Onesies and looking through a safety rail of her bed at a beautiful oversized Italian changing table. She smiled because at least this time she had not soiled her diaper.

With her delicate little right hand Carole felt around her left shoulder until she found the leash of her MAM pacifier. She ran her hand along the leash to find her pacifier. That she put in her mouth and began suckling it as happily as a five-year-old.

To Carole none of this is weird. Despite the help of countless medical professionals, she never achieved nighttime bladder control. This condition is termed *Primary Nocturnal Enuresis*. Having read about big babies who crave playing in diapers, Carole decided that before she moved to Cornell University she wanted a month of living as a child with delayed toilet learning.

Carole also knew this Sunday a large birthday party would be given in her honor. This morning was a chance to get some rest. She just relaxed and remained still and silent.

On the third floor of the mansion, Carole's supervising and day Nanny Kirsten Bodding had been awake since 0730. She could see and hear over the baby surveillance system that Carole needed no immediate attention. What Carole needed was high quality rest.

Immediately after getting out of her bed, Kirsten had removed and disposed of her own Bambino Bianco diaper, which had been quite wet.

She took a shower, dried herself well and did the best she could with her hair. It did not seem likely she would have a chance to change until after Carole's birthday party ended that evening. So Kirsten put on her most attractive "nanny dress" with care.

Suddenly her phone rang. Marcia Baer, the cook, was concerned that Carole had not come down for her breakfast. Kirsten explained that Carole returned from her Saturday evening date badly constipated, so needed an enema before bed. During the night Carole had messed her diaper, requiring careful clean-up and re-diapering.

Kirsten apologized to Marcia for her failure to inform the mansion staff that Carole would be sleeping late. Knowing the rest of the staff was doing triple duty, Kirsten assured Marcia that, as soon as she could get Carole bathed, changed and dressed, she would personally cook the Pablum and cut up some fresh fruit. In turn Marcia said a big bowl of fresh fruit was ready in the refrigerator. The dry Pablum and Metamucil were out on a work table.

With a warm smile Kirsten left her staff bedroom. She descended the service stairway to the second floor. She entered Carole's bedroom to turn off the surveillance system.

Even in the dim light with the drapes still shut, she could see that Carole was in fact awake. "What a beautiful morning Sweetie Birthday Girl! Are you ready for an exciting day?"

"Oh, Yes, please, Nanny Bodding. I wet my diaper, but I did not make poopie. Could I try my potty?" Carole said in her youngest voice. This is quite a contrast to Carole's normal mature voice.

"Darling Carole, just wait in bed. I'll open the drapes. Then we'll get you out of your diaper and Onesies so you can try your nice potty, okay?" Kirsten was lowering the safety rail on the changing table/potty side of the bed while saying this.

Before lifting Carole, Kirsten released the Onesies snaps. As she placed Carole on the changing table's padded surface, she pulled the lower part of the Onesies out of the way.

When Carole was stable on the changing surface, Kirsten pulled down the left side of the vinyl panties enough she could unfasten the left diaper pin, which she temporarily stuck into the top left pocket of her nanny dress. With the left side of the gauze diaper out of the way Kirsten

could release the left tab of Carole's Size 7 Cruiser. The entire diaper set slid off Carole's dainty legs in seconds.

Still wearing her bunched-up Onesies, Carole beamed as she sat on her potty. Leaving for just a few seconds, Kirsten walked briskly to the adjacent bathroom to start the water running. Once back with Carole, Kirsten removed the Onesies. That went into the clothes hamper. The right side pin was removed from the gauze diaper, which was deposited in the DyDee Service pail. The used diaper pins were removed from the nanny dress, closed and put in the container to be washed and dried later. The damp vinyl panties went into their plastic pail. The wet Cruiser was put in a baggie and that combination placed in the disposable diaper pail.

By the time Kirsten had done all of that, Carole had passed a bit more softly formed fecal material. Clearly the enema had done its thing. Kirsten pulled on Nitrel non-latex exam gloves before wiping away the fecal material, depositing the messy wipes and the gloves in the trash container.

Carole was stark naked as she was carried to her bathtub. With the drain closed the tub filled quickly. Kirsten added some Tigger bubble bath concentrate. As Carole sat down, Kirsten handed her some of her foam bath toys. While Carole played, Kirsten gently bathed her. She noted all the redness from the post-date hairbrush spanking had faded.

Very soon Carole was put in a dry GOO.N Super Big disposable diaper, a pinned DyDee gauze diaper and soft vinyl pull-on panties. A yellow Onesies supported the diaper set. Carole patiently sat on her changing table while Kirsten buckled on her matching yellow sandals.

Hand-in-hand with her beautiful Nanny Bodding, Carole skipped all the way downstairs to her highchair for a nutritious breakfast.

Nanny Kaaren Schmidt had actually been relieved that it was not necessary to give Kirsten another caning Saturday night.

Consequently Kaaren had managed to sleep soundly until 0615. Even before dressing, Kaaren checked her to-do list.

First, she needed to order several larger modern waterproof sheets from Secure Personal Products for Sharron Wagner's bed. Since that would go on the expense account, Kaaren ordered some California King-size and some California Queen-size.

Only by experimenting could they know if covering the entire bed, which provides the most protection, would interfere with the sleep of Jimmy Wagner. Even if Sharron only slept in diapers a couple of weeks that master bed needed to be protected.

Kaaren also ordered a dozen twin extra-long waterproof sheets. Both Carole and Kirsten needed those.

Before walking down the service stairs for a quick breakfast, Kaaren double checked that her clutch purse and nanny bag were stocked. Passing Kirsten's bedroom, Kaaren walked in. She was delighted to see her precious pet was sleeping well, with no covers hiding her damp diaper. Kaaren gave Kirsten's cheek a gentle kiss.

Soon she made the short drive to deal with Sharron and her daughters. This was going to be a long and complicated day. Discipline needed to be maintained. Kaaren was far more confident that four-year-old Lindsay and the two-year-old twins Ashley and Courtney would behave more responsibly than their thirty-four year-old mother Sharron!

Kaaren was several minutes early. Jimmy's car was not in its parking place. He must have already gone to the Annandale Golf and Country Club. He was considerate enough to have left a pot of fresh coffee on warm. Kaaren poured herself a cup and drank it. Then she put some coffee in a serving tureen along with cups, half and half as well as sugar on a tray for Sharron.

She put the tray on Sharron's bedside stand. However, before waking her, Kaaren quietly checked on the twins in their shared room and Lindsay in her room.

Neither of the twins had soaked her diaper. The cotton trainers and vinyl panties had contained the wetness in the Pampers Extra Protection. All of the girls would be copacetic for another thirty minutes. Their doors were quietly and firmly shut.

That was more than long enough to deal with Sharron. Re-entering the master bedroom, Kaaren closed and locked the door. In her command voice, Kaaren greeted the sleeping Sharron: "Off your butt and on your feet, Young Lady! On the double! It is time for your morning diaper inspection."

"Thank you Nanny. I know I wet myself. That would have been so embarrassing without the diaper. Jimmy had a really good time putting it

on me” Sharron purred. Before she poured herself a cup of coffee, she rushed over to give Kaaren a hug and a really tender kiss on her lips.

“Good to know the diaper worked for you. We have a lot to get done before the party. So, Young Lady, while I make myself comfortable on the side of the bed, take off your wet diaper and dispose of it responsibly. Then bring me either the paddle or hairbrush. We do not have all day. Scoot!” Kaaren tried to remain commanding, all the while smiling.

Kaaren was enjoying Sharron wearing a wet ABU Cushie as much as she did when Kirsten was wearing one of them.

Clearly Saturday night Jimmy had used the hairbrush hard enough a couple of marks still showed. Sharron selected the leather Ladies Spanker perforated paddle.

Within seconds Kaaren was administering the warm-up. Sharron yelped and wriggled excessively. She was reprimanded for the wriggling with paddle swats to each upper thigh. Before she was allowed up Sharron received twenty stinging spanks on each lower buttock. She was bawling like a contrite baby.

For a couple of minutes Sharron remained in place over Kaaren’s attractive lap, crying it all out. Kaaren did stroke her damp hair consolingly. They kissed briefly once Sharron could stand.

“Young Lady, can I trust you to take a short shower and get dressed while I tend to your daughters?” Nanny Kaaren asked with a twinkle in her eye.

Dropping a courtesy, Sharron demurely answered, “Of course, Nanny Schmidt. Then I will make us breakfast.”

“Good girl! However, I have already eaten.

“No worries, I ordered some larger waterproof sheets to correctly fit your bed. They should be here by Friday.”

Kaaren started off getting Lindsay up, undressing her and giving her a quick bath. Fortunately this time Lindsay was careful to not splash. Kaaren preferred spanking adults. Besides, there was no spare time for such shenanigans.

Lindsay put on her own Huggies Cool Alert Pull-Up. Kaaren helped her put on a yellow sunnysuit and sandals.

Lindsay walked with Kaaren to help get the twins undressed and bathed. Ashley and Courtney expected to share the tub and cooperated very well. They were diapered with Size 4 Cruisers, over which they wore matching pink Onesies.

On her booster seat Lindsay did a decent job feeding herself and drinking from a Sippy cup of milk and another of water. With Nanny Kaaren and Sharron working as a team the twins were fed without any drama.

“Mrs. Wagner, how do you carry enough supplies to take care of your daughters?” Kaaren asked with slight exasperation.

“Gee, Nanny Schmidt, I usually keep some extra diapers in the back of my car. We are seldom away from the house very long. What do you suggest?” Sharron answered defensively in her normal voice because the children were in the room.

“Mrs. Wagner, my recommendation is that we buy you one of the large diaper bags like your mother-in-law uses. That one is pink, so probably you should have another color to avoid confusion. Just-For-Tots will be open from 1000 to 1400 today. We can pick one up for you and still be at the party by noon.

“In the old nursery, Mrs. Wagner Senior has a big selection of diapers and a changing table like Carole uses. I am sure she will be very impressed with your responsibility when you bring a properly stocked diaper bag.

“Does this seem like a good plan? Shopping at Just For Tots will be a fun adventure for the girls,” Kaaren made it clear this was a directive, not just a suggestion.

To enforce domestic discipline Kaaren’s own spanking hairbrush was ready for action in her nanny bag, along with her black clutch. She was sure Just-For-Tots had a record of who owned which color of diaper clutch purses.

After breakfast Lindsay said that she needed to use her potty. A few minutes later she called out, “I made poopie!”

Without even a prompting look, Sharron headed for the downstairs potty, like a responsible mommy. Shortly afterwards Lindsay returned to the breakfast area. Kaaren was delighted to hear the toilet flush. That indicated Sharron had emptied and cleaned the potty.

There was time to spare before starting the trip to Just-for-Tots. Kaaren did not think it would take long to select and pay for the new diaper bag. Therefore after buying the bag there would still be time to spare before the party.

Sharron, prompted by Victoria, had selected matching outfits for all of her daughters. Those dresses were frilly. Some might even say they were fussy. Sharron's own birthday party outfit was very similar to the dresses of her girls.

To herself Kaaren felt that to complete the effect, under her dress Sharron should wear a diaper. Of course she knew that was not going to happen.

Fussy dresses and lengthy car rides would be tempting fate. Kaaren decided it would be safer to drive back to the house so Sharron and the kids could change clothes. There would be no serious downside consequences if they were slightly late to the party.

This was the first time since she was hired as Sharron's nanny that Kaaren saw her getting the girls ready for a car trip. There are three child safety seats on the third seat of the 2008 Lincoln Navigator L SUV. The one on the passenger side was slightly larger and adjusted for Lindsay. The other two were adjusted for the twins. Ashley and Courtney alternated in the left window seat.

The process of actually getting the girls buckled into their respective seats was considerably chaotic. That first time Kaaren held Ashley in her arms and Lindsay's hand as Sharron buckled Courtney. Kaaren continued to hold Lindsay's hand as Ashley was buckled into her seat. At last it was Lindsay's turn to be buckled into her seat.