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## Carole, Part 3

Afternoon on 12 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Fulfilling her desire to experience an extended period of big baby age play regression, Carole Ann Turpin was dressed in a Onesies and wearing a Huggies Overnites disposable diaper inside thick cotton trainers and soft vinyl pull-on panties. From 1 P.M. to 3 P.M. on Saturday, 12 June 2010, Carole slept in her bed in her bedroom in the San Marino mansion of her grandparents.

That bed had raised safety rails so it functioned as a crib. Carole had a MAM pacifier on a leash clipped to the shoulder of her pale yellow Onesies. Although the pacifier had fallen from her lips, Carole slept like a precious baby.

Not far away, in her master bedroom, Carole's Granny Victoria Callaway Wagner had taken her own nap. While getting herself ready for the afternoon and evening, Victoria watched the baby video monitor and listened attentively to the portable audio monitor she carried in a pocket.

When the video monitor showed Carole starting to move in her bed, Victoria walked to Carole's bedroom. Before opening the drapes, she used a wall switch to deactivate the baby monitor system.

Victoria had brought with her a baby bottle with 4 ounces of cool apple juice. The baby bottles were the new Pyrex EvenFlo 8 ounce kind, with clear silicone Munchkin Tri-Flow nipples. Waking Carole completely, Victoria handed her that baby bottle.

Lowering the safety rail on the changing table side of the bed, Victoria leaned over to feel the state of Carole's diaper. It was more than damp, but did not need immediate changing.

"Would you like to go outside to play?" Victoria asked while selecting a fresh Onesies and a sunnysuit in Carole's closet.

"Gee, Granny, that would be nice! Your yard is so much fun," Carole responded.

"Okay, then! Let's change your Onesies and put you in a sunnysuit." Once that task was complete and the soiled Onesies deposited in the clothes hamper, Victoria selected a pair of soft baby shoes and socks. Carole loved the way those felt.

Holding Victoria's hand, Carole walked down the stairs. Over her shoulder, Victoria carried the large pink diaper bag, just in case.

Part of the fenced and private back yard of the mansion was equipped as a playground, with the same quality of things used in public playgrounds. For awhile Carole wanted to be pushed on a swing.

Tiring of the swing, Carole decided to play in the sandbox. For over an hour Carole enjoyed the first warm afternoon in awhile.

Eventually Victoria decided to check Carole's diaper set. Sure enough it needed immediate changing. Yet when Victoria gently said "It's time for a change, Sweetie Pie," Carole pulled away.

"No, it's more fun here"

"Okay, Sweetie, it is lovely here." Victoria pulled the changing mat out of the large diaper bag and spread it on an armless yard bench. "Come to Granny so I can change you, Sweetie."

Smiling Carole did dash to the bench. Victoria had to raise the sunnysuit to get to the Onesies snaps, but she had practiced doing so with coaching from Kirsten and Kaaren. The leg holes of the vinyl panties are big enough they pass over baby-style shoes.

Certainly wipes from a diaper bag are not warmed, but Carole did not mind. She giggled and did her best to cooperate. Very quickly she was wearing a neatly snugged and fastened Cruiser. With her

Onesies re-snapped and her sunnysuit back in place, Carole resumed playing for several minutes.

All of a sudden, using her normal mature voice, Carole asked, "Granny, what is the time? I promised to phone John Deacon today before five."

Looking at her cell phone Victoria saw it was already 4:50 P.M. When she told Carole the time, the reply was, "Granny please hand me my phone."

"I'm sorry Carole. Your smart phone is on its charger in the den. I wish you had told me you needed to talk to John at a specific time." Before she finished saying this, Carole was running toward the house.

With a couple of minutes to spare, Carole did find her phone and reached John, who picked up on the first ring. Exactly what they said to one another only Carole and John know.

From the happy expression on Carole's face fifteen minutes later as she put her smart phone back on its charger, she was pleased with the way the conversation had gone. Returning to using her youngest voice and way of moving, Carole toddled off to find Victoria.

"Granny, pretty please, tomorrow I need to phone John at 5 P.M. Can we keep my phone with us?"

"Sure thing, Sweetie! This is your fantasy and within reason you can change it as you like. I have always enjoyed John's parents. Maybe he is finally coming out of his own shell." Victoria was starting to consider the future, with Carole as Mrs. Deacon.

This was when Grandpa James Wagner returned home. Having been briefed endlessly about the plans for Carole's fantasy vacation, he did not bat an eye seeing Carole dressed as a little girl. To Victoria he said, "Sorry to be so late. I played an extra nine holes. It was that nice a day. Obviously Carole is having a fine time."

"James, that is so true. Both of us are having a marvelous time together. But right now I need to take Carole up to her room to get her ready for her dinner. We'll be back down shortly. Relax and have a drink!" Victoria walked over to her husband, hugged him and gave him a romantic kiss.

Carole also hugged James. He needed to bend down so she could kiss him. Then he kissed her forehead as he had done when she literally was five years old.

Since her Cruiser had been changed recently, it had hours of use left. But time in the sandbox had gotten Carole dirty. She needed a bath.

Up in her room, Victoria started to undress Carole. When she was only covered by her damp Cruiser, she surprised Victoria by nonchalantly walking to the clownie lamp. There Carole picked up the spanking hairbrush and carried it to Victoria. "Granny, I did a wicked thing today."

Victoria reluctantly accepted the hairbrush, tossing it near the right foot of the bed.

"Oh, Sweetie, I am sure you have only been very good and cooperative today. All this is new to you. Your behavior should be judged as if you are a young child. But even judged as if you are an adult, I did not see you being naughty, never mind being wicked" Victoria reasonably responded with love in her voice and expression.

In her normal voice Carole said, "I really do some terrible things and I have some really bad thoughts. Honestly I believe we all agreed that I would be spanked for the least little misbehavior.

"What I did bad was the way I talked to John. I want him to like me, really like me, as a woman. So I got carried away flirting with him. The way his voice changed I think I might have excited him. Being a teaser is naughty." Carole looked down at the floor, clearly contrite and upset.

"Trust me, Young Lady, I hoped to put off spanking you for several days. Maybe I chose to forget that you told me you feel a great need for spanking. Only you know what you said to John, but I'll take your word that you believe you need to be spanked."

Victoria took Carole by the hand and led her to the changing table. There the Cruiser was removed. It was not soaked, but it was sandy. Victoria put it in the trash container. Lifting Carole onto the changing table, Victoria wiped her very carefully.

Carole was lifted down and left standing near the foot of her bed. Victoria walked to the other side

and lowered that safety rail, to clear the space where she wanted to sit.

*Victoria had decided, after consulting Beverly and the nannies, that the safest and most effective plan was for her to sit on the right side of the bed. That way Carole's head would be to her left and also toward the head end. Victoria wanted to sit close enough to the foot end that Carole's legs below her knees would dangle off the end.*

Victoria moved the hairbrush from the foot of the bed so that it would be convenient to her when she sat down. Then Victoria led Carole to her starting place beside her bed.

After getting comfortable in the perfect spot, Victoria pulled Carole into position over her lap, using her own thighs to elevate the bare bottom.

Scolding Carole for being a teaser with John, Victoria started with increasingly hard and stinging warm-up hand smacks. Very soon Carole's buttocks and upper thighs turned pink.

Once Carole was whimpering and shedding a few tears, Victoria picked up the hairbrush. She applied it in random sequence to both buttocks and upper thighs. Some spanks were harder than others.

Soon Carole dissolved into sobs that nearly broke Victoria's gentle heart. It distressed her to cause Carole pain, but at least she knew this was precisely what Carole wanted and expected.

On her own, Victoria would have stopped spanking the second Carole sobbed. But she remembered that sample training spanking during which Carole kept saying, "Granny, you really need to spank me harder and faster."

*Victoria also remembered being told privately by Beverly that the best test of when a spanking should end was the point at which Carole's body went limp. Tears and sobs could be (and often are) faked. But the sagging was a result of the nerves going numb. After that the sting would not be felt and additional spanks could cause bruises.*

Therefore Victoria continued spanking until she was sure Carole had gone limp.

Carole's sobs reduced to tears and sniffles a couple of minutes after she received the last

spank. Victoria helped her sit up so she could be cuddled and kissed.

Since Carole was not diapered, Victoria felt it prudent to lead her to the bathroom. A bath was needed. While the tub was filling Victoria embraced Carole. Once the water was ready, she lifted Carole into the tub. Using a clean wash cloth and some liquid soap, Victoria proceeded to "give Carole a clean scrub down, fore and aft."

By the time that bath was finished Carole's sniffles had turned into contented giggles. Pleasing Carole was so easy: Just give her what she wanted. If she wanted to be spanked, doing so cost very little—except in upset and anguish for Victoria.

Once Carole was dry enough to dress, the first step was to put her into a new Cruiser. Over that Victoria selected a nice dress hemmed to mid thigh. That would be appropriate on a five year-old, which was Carole's fantasy. On her feet Victoria put white socks and black Mary Janes.

A blow dryer was needed to dry Carole's braided hair. Victoria used fresh ribbons.

Then Victoria rang the buzzer to summon Ingrid.

"Ingrid, tonight I am going to dress myself for dinner. Will you please stay here with Carole until I am finished?"

*Ingrid Magnuson had started working for in the Wagner's San Marino mansion in 1982 as a housemaid. She was promoted to Victoria's ladies maid a few years later, and also served as housekeeper. Actually she preferred to call herself a maid, willing to do what was needed to maintain a happy home. Over the years she had seen Carole mature, if not grow much physically. She had been told about the age play regression and did not feel it was her place to judge. She also felt that dressed as a child Carole was adorable.*

While in the bedroom with Carole, Ingrid tidied-up out of force of habit, although Victoria was a very neat person.

Carole was lost in her own thoughts. Seeing how Ingrid was putting things in the proper place, Carole moved the hairbrush from where on the bed Victoria had dropped it and restored it to its home under the clownie lamp.

Soon Victoria returned to the bedroom looking ravishing in a cocktail dress sure to please James. Her four inch stiletto heel Manolo Blahnik strappy sling-backs were just to please herself. Victoria gently took Carole by her left hand and led her down to the dining room. The highchair on its plastic mat was to Victoria's right.

Since James had returned home from playing golf, he had changed his clothes for dinner and looked especially handsome and distinguished. Carole ran over to him to give him a childish hug.

Two days before, when she saw her Grandpa at her graduation, she greeted him as one adult greets another. She did not realize the difference in her actions since the regression, but James did notice. Still he managed to play along with the fantasy.

"Sweetie Pie, it is so nice to have you staying with us. Did you have exciting adventures today?" James smiled and patted Carole on the head, as he did his very young grandchildren.

Carole thought for a few seconds: "Oh, yes Grandpa. Granny picked me up this morning and we had a nice car ride here. My room is scrumptious, Thank you so much.

"Let's see. I played with toys inside while it was cold. We had lunch. I took a nap. Granny dressed me so we could play in the back yard. She pushed me on the swing. I played in the sandbox.

"After we finished playing outside I got a spanking. Then Cranny gave me my bath and dressed me. Yes, my day had adventures."

The mind of James Wagner was just spinning. He was stunned that Carole was so casual about getting a spanking in 2010. Thinking back his memory was that in the 1970s, when home discipline was stricter, if one of their children got spanked it was a sensation for days, if not weeks. He noted that Victoria did not react in any way when Carole mentioned spanking.

An editor would say that in telling James about her day Carole 'buried her lead.' In his business experience when someone glossed over an incident it turned out to be best to let the issue drop. Taking his own advice, James asked what plans had been made for Sunday.

Before Victoria could answer, Marcia Baer appeared with a salad bowl. This time James lifted Carole into her highchair. Victoria pulled a terry cloth cobbler bib over Carole's head and then locked the tray into place.

Carole had no problem eating her salad using a child-size fork. She had a Sippy cup (which she could use easily) each of water and whole milk.

The entrée was lamb chop with mint jelly, green beans and mashed potato. Marcia had carefully cut Carole's portion of lamb into bite-size pieces in the kitchen. Carole's food was served to her on a toddler-style unbreakable plate divided into sections.

Seeing that kind of plate, James flashed back to Army mess halls. That plate delighted Carole, who would neatly eat one item and then another without mixing her food. Never once during the meal did anyone need to assist Carole. She did not talk very much while eating, but she never talked much except when making a presentation. James only heard Carole using her little girl voice and way of talking, such a contrast to her speech at school.

When the dinner had been cleared by Marcia, she brought out a strawberry cake. Victoria cut that and served it. Carole got the first slice. Victoria and James again welcomed Carole into their home.

After eating all that lamb and cake, Carole was getting drowsy. James lifted her from her highchair and easily carried Carole to her room. He realized he had not previously seen that room decorated as a nursery. At Victoria's request, he put Carole on the changing table. Then he discreetly slipped out of the bedroom.

An advantage to the wide Italian changing table is that the surface does not cling to clothing. Victoria had no trouble sliding the dress over Carole's head without needing to lift her. She unbuckled the Mary Janes to remove them and the socks.

Before removing Carole's fairly wet Cruiser, Victoria selected a Onesies from the closet and not the drawer. She removed the disposable and wiped Carole several times. A bed diaper is the same as a nap diaper in Victoria's opinion.

Because Carole was not awake, it was not practical to have her sit on the potty chair. Her recent training agreed with her own memory that when diapers are worn, often constipation follows.

This was a reason for the salads and green beans—lots of fiber. Still, it would be best to err on the side of caution. Based on recommendations, with a choice of Cruiser, Baby Dry, Pampers Extra Protection and Huggies Overnites, Victoria though the Baby Dry would do best containing feces should Carole void her bowels before morning.

Over the Baby Dry Size 6, which came no higher on Carole's hips than had the Huggies at her nap, Victoria counted on the training pants soaking up leaking urine. Over those the pull-on vinyl pants would keep the bedding dry. The Onesies job was to hold the diaper assembly in place.

Once Carole was reclining in her bed and the safety rails were raised, Victoria took a clean MAM pacifier from the container, attached a leash and clipped it to the shoulder of the Onesies. After kissing Carole good night, Victoria put the pacifier nipple between Carole's lips. Seconds later Carole was silently working her pacifier.

Victoria closed the drapes, switched off all lights except the night-light of the clownie lamp and switched on the baby monitor surveillance system. Finally she closed the bedroom door. Carole had earned her rest.

Victoria was not sure if her night would be rest or recreation. The way James looked, she voted for recreation!