

Carole, Part 30

Monday 21 June, After 1:30 A.M.

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Up in the guest bedroom where Sharron and James were making mad monkey love, there were at least a couple of details they did not consider: Although Carole's bed must have had a waterproof sheet, those were not routine in Victoria's house while James was growing up there, so none of the guest beds had such protection. For the past couple of nights Sharron had worn an adult diaper to bed, and as of Saturday night her side of their bed had a waterproof sheet, but she had no adult diaper now.

It was only after the love making concluded and Sharron fell to sleep, slightly drunk, that James felt her pee. He got up and put a bath towel under her. Then he put on a guest robe from that bathroom so he could search the playroom/nursery for an adult diaper. It was a long shot, but the only chance. Of course all James found were many baby disposables.

James slept fitfully until 5 A.M. Twice he changed the towel under Sharron. Once he was awake, he took a quick shower and dressed. Then he woke up Sharron.

She saw the damp towel on the bed under her and gasped in humiliation. "Did I do that?" Sharron asked James, not looking the least ashamed.

"Unfortunately, Darling, you should have been wearing one of your nice diapers and using your new rubber sheet" James responded as he kissed his younger wife affectionately.

"What with Carole doing who knows what in her bed and Kaaren having a supply of adult diapers, chances are this is hardly the first bed wet in this house this month. After you take a bath, put on your party dress. I will leave the towels soaking in the tub.

“By then Ingrid and Marcia will be up downstairs. I’ll explain about Kaaren taking your car and your purse. Neither of us could remember Kaaren’s cell number, not that it would have done any good. She could hardly leave the girls to drive here.

“Marcia will feed us. I’ll call the towne car service. Then I will discreetly make sure Ingrid has someone check the mattress. If Victoria wants to send me an invoice, I am sure she has my office address, since it adjoins my father’s private office!”

While Sharron did take a bath with very little water in the tub so her hair would not be wet, James sat on the toilet seat.

“You know what, Precious,” he started, “How would you feel about a larger house? Our place on Brightside Lane is hardly run down. It is better than a starter house, but we have outgrown it.

“My thinking is to keep Brightside Lane as a rental property, after we move to a new home. This is a far better buyer’s than seller’s real estate market.

“Will you take charge of finding a new home and making the deal? My own prejudices are: I have no desire to live in brush fire areas, but I am flexible; it would suit my convenience to live farther from my parents, sister Beverly and my brother Edward; of course if any of them are close buddies, then it is your call.

“You might want to ask about property on South San Rafael, over on the west side of the Arroyo Seco. At least there would be the arroyo between us and Beverly. Someone mentioned that Donald Washburn’s former mansion is on the market. His step-daughter was the 1961 Rose Queen. What once was a nice property in that area was rented by Phil Spector fifteen years ago, before his legal troubles.

“It is entirely up to you. If the escrow needs to drag on and a lot of remodeling is needed, then we can still live on Brightside Lane. If Kaaren wants to stay with us to get away from Kirsten, then we will find a way to deal with it, okay, Darling?”

Sharron was speechless. She bolted up, nude and dripping wet, intending to embrace James. He needed to stay dry, so he handed her a towel.

When she was dressed in her princess outfit, they nonchalantly walked down the stairs to the kitchen.

“Marcia, would it be too much trouble to let us mooch breakfast? I did the silliest thing during the party” James started, knowing Marcia Baer adored him and remembered he sometimes was forgetful. “Nanny Kaaren needed to take our girls home. I forgot that my dad had driven me to play golf, so we had no transportation home.

“Our apologies to Ingrid. We crashed in the Southeast guestroom. That was where I changed into my costume. I left it hanging in the closet.”

With a big smile Marcia asked them what they would like. She started to cook like she was in a restaurant.

When Ingrid Magnuson walked into the kitchen she was not all that surprised Sharron and James had slept-over. The hallmark of a professional housekeeper is anticipation and knowing what is going on in the house at all times. Mrs. Magnuson might well be the perfect servant. She does not admit having any life outside the Wagner World. Since traditionally ladies maids and housekeepers are titled “Mrs.” James has never asked if there ever was a “Mister” Magnuson. Never in his life had he presumed to call her by her first name, although since he reached puberty he was that familiar with Marcia.

“Mrs. Magnuson, I was about to write you an apology. We spent the night in a guestroom without asking permission. My party costume is hanging in that closet. There also was an accident in the bed. If the mattress needs replacing, please have the invoice sent to me personally. That is the least I can do.

“The hospitality was outstanding. Sorry for intruding. I have already called for a town car to take us back to our home.”

“You are most welcome,” Ingrid answered as if she were the butler of Gosford Park or the housekeeper at Downton Abbey. “All of your parents’ staff considers it an honor to have you here as our guest. Mrs. Baer and I have always considered you to be as fine a gentleman as your father. All of us also are very fond of your fine lady wife.”

A few minutes later the voice of the limo driver could be heard on the intercom at the front door. Ingrid walked with James and Sharron to see them safely off in the town car.

“James?” Sharron said the moment the door closed, “Is it my imagination that the old bat had already counted the silverware before showing up in the kitchen and then marched us out so we could not pinch anything of value?”

“Well, precious, I respect my mother, who can be a total Tarter,” James responded in a whisper. “But, Ingrid Magnuson has always scared the life out of me. I avoid talking to her on her good days. Still, who else would put up with fixing Victoria’s hair as if she were ‘Lady Marjorie Bellamy’ and this was 1910 at 165 Eaton Place in London, before the Titanic sank!”

The only reason Sharron’s lipstick was not smudged when they exited the town car on Brightside Lane was that without her clutch purse, Sharron had no lipstick to apply before making her ‘walk of shame’ down the Wagner Mansion main staircase.

Kaaren was already awake and dressed as best she could when Sharron and James arrived. Before leaving Victoria’s kitchen they had reached Kaaren by their home phone, during which conversation Sharron apologized for the inconvenience. Kaaren never admitted where she had gone to sleep. Sharron did not admit wetting a bed in Victoria’s house.

While James rushed up to the master bedroom to dress for a full day of wheeling and dealing, Sharron suggested that Kaaren go back to the mansion to change. “Nanny, you had a very long night. I am such a naughty brat. I am confident you will correct me for this.

“Just give me a second to exchange this costume for a house dress. I will get the girls up, changed, dressed and feed them breakfast. Does that sound like a good plan?”

Nanny Kaaren agreed it was a fine plan.

“Then later, after you have corrected me, I have wonderful news to share with you in confidence,” Sharron teased.

“Thank you, Sharron, for your consideration,” Kaaren answered. “I also want to talk about future arrangements when we get the chance. I had taken a shower in Lindsay’s bathroom earlier. I was just dressed when you phoned.

“So all I need to do at the mansion is change my dress, socks and underwear. That should not take long. If you don’t mind I would prefer to not eat there today. I’ll try to explain later. Okay?”

Soon afterward, Sharron was back in the kitchen wearing a housedress, but with some lipstick. By then James had dressed and left without coffee.

Kaaren was therefore bold enough to tightly embrace Sharron and give her a lingering deep kiss. “Naughty One, I was worried sick. You should have phoned me. Yes, I found your clutch in the diaper bag, but there are a million phones in Victoria’s house and James has a cell phone, maybe several. I love you so much! I would die if any bad happened to you or the girls.

“Of course, you are correct; when the girls are having their naps I will punish you. I have not decided how, specifically, but it will hurt and you will cry. So no mascara for you today, Young Lady! As a matter of fact, you are still grounded from all cosmetics except the sheer lipstick you are wearing. Good girl for that.”

At the Wagner Mansion, James Sr. reluctantly got out of bed about 6:45 A.M. over a half hour later than usual. He would like to have called in sick, so he could cuddle and kiss Victoria until lunch. However, business had to be conducted. Besides, if he were to arrive late, what example would he be setting for James, Jr.? James Sr. was under the impression that his older son had gotten to bed at a sensible hour, Carole’s birthday party notwithstanding.

Because he returned to his bed to give Victoria one last long kiss, he missed his son and daughter-in-law by a few minutes.