

Carole, Part 31

Monday, June 21 After 6 A.M.

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Once James Sr. was on his way to his office, Marcia and Ingrid exchanged gossip.

“Beverly married a fine man. I always felt Jennifer and Edward belonged together” Ingrid started. “Jimmy was never my favorite, but why he picked that idiot Sharron is beyond me!”

“When you’re right, you’re right, Ingrid,” opined Marcia. “I always was closer to Jimmy than Edward, but I agree about that Sharron. It was gentlemanly of Jimmy to deflect the blame from his wife, but give me a break. She still wets her bed? No wonder her brats still need diapers. That was so rude; then acting all proud this morning instead of hanging their heads in shame!”

“What is the world coming to, Marcia?” Ingrid answered. “Am I supposed to leave nighties, PJs, waterproof sheets and adult diapers in all the guestrooms in case of ‘emergency’?”

“T’is a sorry day, Ingrid, when we work so hard to give our employer the very best service and pissy women come here and actually do piss on our beds,” Marcia remarked. “What are you going to do about the stained mattress?”

“What else? When they open I’m calling Goodwill” Ingrid admitted. “There’s a bunch of other stuff taking up space. I’ll order a replacement from that guy we always use.

“I reminded the caterers not to finish in the yard until after 8:30 A.M. They did have their act together. Of course their food could not hold a patch compared to you, Marcia.”

“Go on with you, now, Ingrid Magnuson, with your flattery. Did you kiss the Blarney Stone at the party?” Marcia asked.

“No I did not, Marcia Baer,” Ingrid replied with mock indignation. “I’ll have you know I was only drinking twenty-five year-old Scotch. And, since when did you be after being Irish? Face it, both of us grew up in the San Fernando Valley.”

Shortly after 6 A.M. Kirsten woke up, alone, in her staff bedroom. Her first thought was of joy because she was not suffering cane welts. Then she became sad that she was not in bed with Anthony Hinckley.

She was not exhausted. If necessary she could take a nap after 3 P.M. when Carmen Lewis would take over as the night nanny for Carole.

Kirsten got up, showered and dressed more carefully than usual. She applied more than a hint of pink lipgloss and a little of the Julie Hewett Cheekie “Peachie” that was still in her clutch from touching up Carole’s makeup.

She put the portable audio monitor in her pocket. On the second floor Kirsten looked into Carole’s room to double check she was sleeping. That being the case, Kirsten walked down the service stairs to the kitchen.

She was just in time to hear all about Sharron, James and the wet bed. Kirsten’s thoughts were that Sharron is Kaaren’s problem. Good riddance to spoiled trash. She just was not sure if that referred to Sharron, Kaaren or both.

As for the bed, The Wagners could afford the replacement. Without doubt the tax write-off would cover the replacement cost.

Having been told that Kaaren never came home because she had to take care of the girls at Sharron’s house, Kirsten figured that any minute Kaaren would come to the mansion for clean clothing and spoiling for a nasty break-up.

Kirsten wanted nothing more to do with Kaaren, but she respected everyone in the Wagner mansion too much to get into a Lesbian fight there. So, she filled EvenFlo baby bottles, equipped with Munchkin Tri Flow nipples, of milk, orange juice and Evian water. She took two full bottles of Evian water with her back up the service stairs to the second floor.

She walked into Carole's room, without turning on a light, but she did lock the door behind her. Kristen did turn off her audio monitor and removed the bud from her ear. She was in the room and would hear Carole. As her eyes acclimated she could even see Carole peaceful in her crib.

Marcia and Ingrid had been serving the rich and entitled since their teens in the late 1950s. Some of those houses had many servants. Kaaren was not the first dominant Lesbian they had seen. From the first time Kirsten brought Kaaren to dinner, they assumed that Kirsten was the submissive in the relationship. They also guessed that Kirsten might be only Bi-curious and not a committed Lesbian.

When they saw the way Kirsten was so entranced by Anthony at the party, and also how that upset Kaaren, they figured a break-up as in the works. If it became a choice, they both were Team Kirsten.

The kitchen intercom sounded the signal the auto court gate was opening. They could see it was Kaaren. Walking through the kitchen door she looked calm and collected. She greeted Ingrid and Marcia warmly, but did not ask about Carole, Kirsten or Victoria. She declined politely the offering of breakfast.

Rapidly Kaaren climbed the service stairs directly to the third floor where the staff bedrooms were located. On her own surveillance video monitor she could see Carole sleeping in her bed. What she could not see because the nursery upholstered rocker is in a blind spot was that Kirsten was napping there.

Kaaren had already considered Kirsten another failed romance and was focused on a bigger catch, namely Sharron Wagner. So the first thing she did was select her longest suitcase. Her rattan cane with the crook handle just fit on the diagonal. So did her synthetic switch. On top of the punishment implements she folded neatly her three next best nanny dresses, two going around town dresses, a couple of blouses and skirts, several bras and a selection of panties.

Her plan was to avoid the Mansion until Kirsten's day off Friday afternoon until early Sunday morning. Kaaren was not sure what Sharron had in mind, but even sleeping on a couch at their home would be better than being in the room next to Kirsten!

Without even trying Kirsten's door, or looking into Carole's room, Kaaren climbed down the service stairs. In the kitchen she did stop to tell Ingrid that "Sharron begged me to sleep-over at her house at least until Friday evening. So, Mrs. Baer, I will certainly miss your meals until then. I'll not criticize my employer, but Sharron could use cooking lessons from you!"

In less than a minute the auto gate closed behind Kaaren's car. "As soon as Victoria rings for me, I'll ask about cancelling Kaaren's access codes," Ingrid spoke the obvious. "All I can see is trouble with that young woman despite all her fancy graduate school. What she needs is common sense and learning to be nicer. I see no future for Kaaren as a nanny. She might be looking for a rich woman into her kind of things!"

Victoria rang for Ingrid just a few minutes after Kaaren started driving back to the Wagner Junior home. In record time Ingrid flew up the service stairs to start drawing Victoria's morning bath.

"Mrs. Wagner, will Kaaren still need her parking and house codes any longer?" Ingrid asked.

"As a matter of fact, perhaps not," Victoria answered, "Sharron phoned, saying she needs Kaaren to live with them. It turns out James and Sharron will be buying a larger house.

"However, since we do not know how all this will work out, I do not wish to insult or embarrass Kaaren. She is not likely to cause any trouble. Maybe she will only come back to pack the rest of her belongings.

"Still, Ingrid, I really appreciate how you are always one step ahead of everything. After you had gone to bed last night I decided to have the Spank-O-Matic machine set up in a bedroom.

"So, please have the bed stored from the room between this suite and the old nursery. Once the cleaners have taken the bed, box springs and mattress down to the basement, they should shampoo the carpet. Then have them find where the machine is stored temporarily and bring it up to that bedroom. This should happen as soon as possible, because the Doug Balluff, Spank-O-Matic representative, will be coming after lunch to set it up in that room."

"Very Good, Mrs. Wagner," Ingrid answered. "Will there be anything else?"

“Did I tell you and Marcia that Beverly will be having lunch with me today, as will Carole and Kirsten? If Marcia is busy, just ask her to fix us something light. We all over-ate at the party.

“Beverly will be driving here in Carole’s car. We have decided to keep it here so Carole can use it when she decides to do so. I think it best to park it in the far empty stall in the garage.

“Mr. Wagner and I have decided to buy a new Escalade. Carole and the nannies are making it so inconvenient for you to use the old one. Let’s keep Carole’s safety seat in that older Escalade. Give Chuck Ryerson, the sales manager at Symes Cadillac a call. He always gives us good deals. Chuck will know to send the vehicle ID information to our insurance agent and the financial details to James’ office. You select the color and options, since you will be the one driving it. Just be sure they fill the tank and deliver it at your convenience today. Then park it next to my Bentley. The older Escalade can be parked between it and Carole’s BMW.

“This does not directly affect our schedule for the next few days, but Jennifer was the first to call today. She has at last decided to hire a nanny and asked for my help. So it could be that we will need to organize a lunch for her and a nanny representative with me.

“There are some things I need to discuss with Carole and Kirsten. However, let them be finished feeding Carole her breakfast. Honestly watching that does depress me slightly.”

“Very Good, Mrs. Wagner!” Ingrid politely answered. “Having an additional Escalade will make providing you the best service so much more efficient.”

“Oh, Ingrid, please excuse me. I had so much to ask you to do. Did you enjoy the party? Did you sleep well?” Victoria asked with genuine feeling.

“Indeed, yes, Mrs. Wagner, it was a marvelous party. You were so kind to invite me” Ingrid gushed. “Didn’t little Carole look like a grand princess? She is such a brave girl, a true credit to the family. And, she is so generous!”

“You are so welcome, Ingrid,” Victoria replied warmly. “I’ll pass along your compliments to Carole and everyone else.”

Seconds before Victoria summoned Ingrid, Carole started to wake up. That was quite late for her, but then she was having so much fun at her party long after her usual bedtime.

It actually came as a pleasant shock that Nanny Kirsten was comforting her immediately. The video surveillance system was deactivated and the drapes opened.

“Did you sleep well, Sweetie Pie?” Kirsten asked. “How about I remove your diaper so you can try your potty while I start your bath?”

“Nanny Bodding, would you mind if I used the toilet instead?” Carole asked, sounding as if she had been awake quite some time.

“Of course, Carole, it is your fantasy. Just let me know your desires, Precious” Kirsten replied. “Meander on over to the side of your bed so I can carry you to your changing table.”

“Nanny, I am wet, but I don’t think I leaked or am messy” Carole said. “I tried to be a good girl in bed.”

“Sweetie, if you wet or even mess, that is normal. That is not being naughty” Kirsten said sincerely. “I am not sure how your diaper could be that wet without leaking. Those people at Pampers did a wonderful job designing the Extra Protection. And your Babykins vinyl panties fit you perfectly. Do you want to walk to your toilet?”

“Yes, please, Nanny Bodding” Carole replied with her beautiful smile.

Before the tub was filled enough and while Carole was still seated on the toilet, Ingrid called Kirsten on her cell phone. Ingrid passed along the message that Victoria wanted to talk to both Kirsten and Carole, as soon as the girl finished her breakfast. Kirsten thanked Ingrid for the information and hung up.

“Sweetie Pie, your Grandmother wants to speak to both of us. Ingrid mentioned ‘after your breakfast’ specifically,” Kirsten started, “so I assume the conversation will be more big girl than big baby.”

In her mature voice Carole responded, “Kirsten, that sounds reasonable to me. Victoria and I spoke generally about extending my vacation here. So how about I wear a summer dress over my diaper? A little lipgloss would make me feel special.”

“How about your sunnysuit with the snap crotch? It looks like a summer dress and is long enough to hide your diaper. I am sure Victoria will not object to your lipgloss, since she was the one who bought it. Let’s hurry to dry you and go down to the kitchen, Okay?”

While Carole dried herself, Kirsten reached Marcia over the intercom to alert her Carole was ready for breakfast.

While walking down to the kitchen for breakfast, Carole asked if Kirsten would enjoy visiting some court rooms. “Nothing would please me more than to introduce you to friends I have made who work at the Superior Courthouse in Pasadena and also at the Central Criminal Courthouse in Los Angeles. You might well enjoy it and I do not want to entirely lose touch with the study of law.”

“That sounds like a wonderful idea. Who knows, we might run into Anthony Hinckley,” Kirsten responded.

“The thing is, Nanny Bodding” Carole continued, “is that all of my going-to-court outfits are still in my closet at my parents’ house. I know Mommy is having lunch with us today. Would it be all right for me to phone her and ask if she could bring me a couple of those outfits today?”

“Sweetie Pie, that sounds like a fine plan. You may use the kitchen phone,” Kirsten said with enthusiasm.

During the meeting with Victoria, Carole and Kirsten learned about the purchase of a new Escalade for Ingrid. It would be parked next to Victoria’s Bentley. Carole’s BMW would have the fifth spot in the garage, beyond the two Escalades.

“Precious Carole, this way when you want you may use your car” Victoria started. “Also, with your permission, Judy Vogel could also use it since she does not own a car.”

“Of course Miss Vogel has my permission, Granny,” Carole answered in her mature voice.

“I want to share. I also want to take Nanny Bodding to visit some of my friends in Court. Mommy is bringing me some appropriate outfits. Is that all right with you, Granny?”

“Carole, I think that is marvelous,” Victoria answered.

“Precious One, of course you are welcome here as long as you like. But we all need to make plans. For example, we need to discuss where you will live at Cornell University.”

“Granny, I am glad you brought that up,” Carole answered. Her voice was half way between her childish one and her mature one. “When I was accepted I assumed I would live in a dorm. I had not expected to rush a sorority.

“Now, I am thinking about rooming in a house where I could have a private room and discreet access to a washing machine.”

“Darling, things are working out. A friend of mine has a niece, Katharine Adams, who has a large home just a couple of blocks from the Cornell campus,” Victoria answered.

“I have spoken to Mrs. Adams. She has a guest house with a bedroom, living room, kitchenette and bathroom. Her laundry room is convenient to the guest house.”

“Oh, Granny, that sounds almost too good to be true,” Carole answered in her childish voice. “Do you suppose Mrs. Adams could be a house mother to me?”

“Possibly that could be arranged, Carole,” Victoria answered. “Mrs. Adams is anxious to get to know you before formal plans are made. I offered to fly her out here, but her suggestion is that you travel to Cornell as soon as possible. You will get to know each other and you can also see her home.

“Today is 21 June. I am sure we can get you reservations for Thursday 24 June. It could be you will need to spend a night in a motel near one of the New York City airports, probably Newark.

“Nanny Boddington, could we impose upon you to accompany Carole on this trip? You would be doing all of us a marvelous favor if you could.”

“Of course, Mrs. Wagner; I am here to serve you as well as Carole. I will be happy to do what needs to be done,” Kirsten responded with a huge smile. The fact is she had never flown longer than to San Francisco and Las Vegas.

“Excuse me, Nanny Bodding and Carole,” Victoria asked. “I will have our travel agent immediately make the arrangements.”

Victoria did just that in less than a couple of minutes.

“Nanny Bodding, this will be perfect,” Victoria stated. “Mrs. Adams will have a million questions about the care of Carole. I am sure it will be less embarrassing for you to answer those questions.”