

Carole, Part 32

Monday, June 21 After 10 A.M.

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Beverly Turpin parked Carole's BMW in the auto court at 11 A.M. In a garment bag over her shoulder were two outfits Carole had worn when visiting Court earlier that year. In a separate bag was two pair of high heel pumps which coordinated with those outfits. Judy Vogel saw Beverly entering the mansion carrying the clothing. She greeted Beverly and took custody of the clothes.

Thus Beverly met her mother, Carole and Kirsten while arrangements for the trip to Cornell were under discussion. Beverly thought the trip a wise investment.

Before they all moved to the dining room for lunch, Kirsten took Carole up to her room for a diaper change. As part of that change Nanny Bodding removed all traces of Carole's lipgloss.

The lunch was uneventful, up to the serving of dessert.

Beverly announced that Carole would not be allowed any dessert because she was in disgrace: "Mother and Nanny Bodding, please excuse us. This young lady needs an especially sound spanking. After I have punished Carole I will change her and put her down for her nap.

"Once I have finished doing so my mother and I need to finish our conversation."

The safety belt on Carole's highchair was released. Without a hint of protest Carole walked to her mother and took her hand. Carole's head was lowered, seemingly in contrition, but Kirsten and Victoria could see Carole's contented beatific smile.

Upstairs in Carole's room, Beverly told her to stand still to be completely undressed. Once Carole was only wearing her soggy diaper, Beverly removed it: "Sit on your potty until your bowels and bladder are completely empty, Young Lady!" Beverly ordered.

Without protest Carole did as she was told. Meanwhile Beverly casually took a stack of flat gauze diapers from the changing table. Carrying the cloth diapers she walked to the far side of the bed to retrieve the hairbrush from beneath the clownie lamp. She then sat on the side of Carole's bed, in the usual place for the disciplinarian. Once seated, Beverly spread the gauze diapers to protect her should Carole wet while being spanked.

The second Carole finished on the potty and responsibly wiped herself, she scampered to Beverly's right side. A pat on the waiting lap was the signal. Carole put herself in position with her pert little bare bottom upward.

"Young Lady, last Friday you requested that I give you a spanking. Thinking it over, I do not remember punishing you with a hairbrush. I did demonstrate spanking you with a hairbrush when you wanted Victoria to learn how to spank you.

"Perhaps I should have spanked you much more often and even while you were in high school. Maybe I should have spanked you with a hairbrush the same way I spanked naughty children in school.

"So today that is how I will punish you, as if you were a naughty girl in one of my sixth grade classes. The spanking will not be very long, but it will be intense. You will sob but you will survive!

"Are you ready? What do you want to ask me, Young Lady?"

"Yes, I am ready" Carole answered bravely. "Mommy, may I please have a bare bottom spanking with the hairbrush? Please spank me as long and as hard as you believe I need."

"Sweetie Pie, you certainly may have your spanking," Beverly replied as she raised the hairbrush. She aimed the first spank onto Carole's right-side spank spot.

Those are small circles centered on the midline of each upper thigh where it meets the lower buttocks. Technically that crease is known as the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*. Those spots have an exceptional number of robust

nerves well able to withstand spanking without damage. The sensation of sting and throbbing in those spots lasts an especially long time.

Beverly alternated from one spank-spot to the other. Only the first three spanks to each spot were moderate. All the following spanks were full force.

Beverly paused for a few seconds before she started spanking full-force: “Young Lady, you know very well all the naughty misbehavior you have committed which makes this punishment necessary!”

Despite the tears forming in her eyes, Carole managed to turn her face toward her mother and blurt out: “Yes, Mommy, I have done many terrible things for a long time. I want to be a better person. I need help from you, from Daddy, from Granny and my wonderful nannies!”

“Young Lady, I should be scolding you,” Beverly stated firmly. “But, this time I will not. You admit knowing what you have done wrong, probably better than I do. Also while you sob you will not hear me, so I will save my breath.”

Sure enough, as Beverly predicted Carole dissolved into sobs with the early full-force spanks. Heavy floods of tears streamed from both of Carole’s beautiful eyes.

The entire spanking only lasted a little more than a minute. Nobody was counting, but probably only sixty spanks were involved.

The spank spots glowed red when Beverly set the hairbrush aside. Carole was allowed to cry her eyes out while over the lap.

Soon Beverly started to console her daughter by stroking her hair and cuddling her. The girl was allowed to rub the pain away—not that rubbing reduced the sting.

Beverly had seen countless naughty students try to rub away pain. It never helped the students. So, Beverly did nothing to prevent Carole from rubbing her rump.

Long before Carole stopped sniffing, she tried to get up from the lap. Beverly provided assistance. She was surprised when Carole threw her little arms around her and kissed Beverly square on the lips. “Oh, Mommy, that was the kind of spanking I have needed! Thank you so much!”

“I have tried to explain to Granny I need spankings to be actual punishment. She is still so reluctant. Nanny Bodding started out telling me she does not believe in spanking children, but she is doing her best. I still am not sure her heart is into really spanking me.”

“Darling, would you like for me to try to explain to them?” Beverly offered.

“Oh, Mommy, would you do that?” Carole gushed.

“I’ll do my best to explain to them,” Beverly promised. “Now, you need to settle down for a good nap. Nanny Bodding told me you prefer a pinned gauze diaper with a disposable inside for naps. Is that correct?”

Still sniffing and using her least mature voice, Carole answered: “Yes Mommy. Nanny kite-folds the square diaper and adds two of the prefolds as soakers. She tapes a Size 7 Cruisers on me before pinning me into the cloth diapers. She finally pulls on a pair of the Babykins vinyl panties.”

“It will hurt to lie on the diaper on your changing table, but I will be quick about it. When I have the diaper ready I will lift you up.”

“Thank you so much, Mommy” Carole sincerely said, her sniffles nearly under control.

Because of the bright red spank spots, Beverly taped the Cruisers in place while Carole was still standing. Once the disposable was snug in place, Beverly gently lifted her daughter onto the changing table with its waiting spread-out cloth diaper set. Then Beverly pinned that diaper set as if she had recent practice.

Carole wisely decided to nap on her tummy. Beverly had put her in a light-weight Onesies. She clipped a MAM pacifier leash to the left shoulder.

“Young Lady, while you are still paying attention, I have recently remembered other punishments I have successfully used on students to correct some of the same misbehaviors my Mom and your nannies have mentioned to me that you are committing.

“So while I discuss with them more effective spankings for you, I will also tell them about those other punishments. I have arranged to have lunch here tomorrow, so I can give you a demonstration of one other appropriate punishment.

“Sweet dreams during your nap, Sweetie Pie. I love you very much.”

Removing her pacifier from her mouth, Carole turned to Beverly: “I love you, too, Mommy!”

Beverly correctly guessed that Victoria and Kirsten had followed as she led Carole to the second floor. Sure enough, they were in the Nanny Office intently watching the baby monitor surveillance system.

Entering the room, Beverly was no longer stern and composed. She was starting to cry. “Oh, Mom, I just spanked Carole harder than I ever spanked anyone. She was so brave.

“Could you see her kiss me as she was stopping crying? That just about broke my heart.”

“Yes, Sweetheart, we saw that and could hear most of the conversation” Victoria admitted, while Kirsten just nodded.

“So Beverly, please tell us what was so different about the way you administered that particular spanking?”

“Nanny and Mom, I aimed all the spanks at the two areas on the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*. I used very hard strokes with a snap at the end.

“Would you like me to demonstrate?”

“Yes, Sweetheart, a demonstration is needed,” Victoria agreed.

“Tell you what, Sweetheart, while Kirsten finds the spare hairbrush and I sit comfortably on the armless chair, how about you remove your shoes, skirt, petticoat and panties?

“Then after you assume the position over my lap, you can show us these magic spank spots. While I use the hairbrush on you, you can tell me if I am hitting the best places and if I am spanking hard enough.

“After you are sure I have learned all about making use of the spank spots, Nanny Bodding will take my place on the chair. Then you can tell her if she is spanking you to your satisfaction.

“What is the big mystery? This is how I spanked you many times when you were younger!

“As for Carole, she gets spanked a couple of times a day, sometimes more. If we always spanked her that hard and in such confined spots, she would be covered in bruises.

“Neither of us is reluctant to spank Carole. Miss Bodding told us she prefers to use other leadership methods with actual children. I respect that and so does Carole, way down deep. We want to provide Carole with the experiences she says she wants, but we must do so within reason.

“The next time each of us spanks Carole we will do as you did by aiming for just the spank spots. Then in subsequent spankings we will need to spread the force to minimize bruising her.

“Also, at this moment the Spank-O-Matic technician Doug Balluff is setting up that in the bedroom closest to the master suite. By the time we have finished spanking you, the Spank-O-Matic will be ready.

“All of us can be instructed in the many settings and adjustments. That will be very interesting. After Carole is instructed by Nanny Bodding, when the girl feels the need for a spanking while administering it is inconvenient, she can use the machine. This is why I purchased it.

“Maybe you should bring me some large cloth diapers. Remember how often you used to wet while I was spanking you?”

“Now Beverly, assume the position of disgrace—very bare bottom, over my lap for a hairbrush spanking! This is hardly the first time at the rodeo for either of us.”

Beverly did use her index finders to trace the position of her spank spots. Every one of the strokes by Victoria landed within those spots. Beverly yelped when she felt the first spank. While over Victoria’s lap, Beverly kicked, squirmed and wriggled vigorously. For such conduct she was scolded as if a child.

Most embarrassing to Beverly was that she did squirt urine into the stack of diapers, “Nanny Bodding,” Victoria began “my daughter is wetting herself.

“Would you bring some of the washable waterproof underpads from the large nursery? At least your lap will stay dry.

“Beverly, I wish we had some diapers in your size for the drive home.”

Victoria spanked as intensely as Beverly had spanked Carole. Beverly was sobbing heavily. Her tears caused her mascara to run.

Shortly before Victoria stopped spanking, Kirsten returned with some underpads.

Without her sobbing slowing down, Beverly was helped to stand long enough Kirsten could take Victoria's seat on the spanking chair.

Through her tears Beverly once again traced the outline of both spank spots. Very soon Kirsten was carefully hitting those spots with the hairbrush. Clearly Beverly had not emptied her bladder while being spanked by Victoria because she wet more on the underpad.

After the spanking from Kirsten, Beverly was sent to the bathroom to clean herself before being allowed to restore her panties and the rest of her clothing. She did wash the remains of her mascara off her face and refresh her lipstick.

The baby monitor surveillance system showed Carole to be sleeping especially soundly during her nap. Kirsten wanted to hear more about other punishments.

From her purse Beverly brought out a few miniature bars of soap, the same size used in hotels.

"Ladies, when I first started teaching my Principal had a real 'thing' about bad language by students," Beverly explained. "She not only was an active proponent of 'washing out the mouth' she had a relative who manufactured soap developed for that sole purpose. It is claimed this is 'safer' than soap bought in a store.

"Just before we moved to Pasadena I ordered a box of those soap bars. That last year of teaching I used up some loose ones from a previous box.

"I certainly do not want Carole to develop the habit of swearing or using coarse language."

"Beverly, in all the time I have spent with Carole she has never even used a euphemism, never mind even a mild oath, such as darn" Victoria said in surprise.

Kirsten added, “Mrs. Turpin, the time Carole slipped and scraped a knee what she said was ‘Drat’ which I personally do not consider to be swearing.”

“Well, Ladies, I am sure you are correct” Beverly replied. “Carole has not used coarse language when you were around. I simply do not want her to think the world is an over-sized US Marine Corps base.

“So, after lunch tomorrow I intend to give her a spanking and soap her mouth!”

“Wait just a minute, Precious!” Victoria proclaimed. “Have you forgotten the several times I thoroughly soaped your naughty mouth?”

“How thoughtful to have brought some of that ‘special soap’ with you today. Beverly, please follow me to my bathroom.”

Sure enough at the back of a top storage shelf Victoria found a bag of small soap bars. “Young Lady, I never bought special soap.

“Before you wash out Carole’s mouth, strip and sit on the side of my tub. I am going to help you remember what the whole soap in the mouth experience is like. Then if you do decide to soap Carole, then that can be in the spirit she is looking for various punishment experiences.”

“Mom, is this really necessary?” Beverly whined.

“Yes, Young Lady, soaping your mouth while spanking your wet bare bottom is very necessary!” Victoria stated in such a way no argument was possible.

The way Beverly eventually sat on the side of the tub if she wet it would be into the tub. If she vomited it also would be into the tub.

To put it mildly, Beverly did not enjoy her soap experience and she also did not like the many additional spansks. Sure enough Victoria used the same wash cloth to aid with the mouth washing to dampen Beverly’s bottom before every flurry of spansks.

As soon as Beverly re-dressed, she accompanied Victoria and Kirsten to the room with the Spank-O-Matic. The Doug Balluff’s instruction was fascinating, because all of the attachments were in place.

Kirsten went first to spank herself using the machine, because she wanted to pay attention to Carole’s needs.

Victoria actually gave herself several hard spansks with the long Lexan paddle of the Spank-O-Matic. Beverly already had a throbbing rump, so she set the controls for a few very light smacks.

When they could hear Carole getting restless in her bed, Kirsten left to be a responsible nanny. Victoria walked with Beverly to the Bentley so she could be driven home.