

# Carole, Part 33

Monday, June 21, After Lunch

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As Victoria drove out of the auto court gate she told Beverly they would be making a stop at a store. At Colorado Boulevard, Victoria turned east, the opposite direction from the direct route to The Turpin Home.

In front of a sickroom supply store Victoria parked. Beverly followed her into that shop.

“The Attends customer service people tell me you stock those incontinence supplies. Is this true?” Victoria asked firmly.

“Ma’am, we try to stock the popular Attends products used for in-home incontinence care. What product do you need?” the mature man behind the counter asked.

“The nurse suggested pull-on underwear would be easier for my daughter to use. She never weighs more than one hundred twenty pounds. Her hips are about thirty-six inches,” Victoria answered.

“Well, Ma’am, your daughter is on the cusp between Attends Medium and Small. With pull-on underwear most of our customers settle on the smallest possible size. My suggestion is to take a bag of each size. Then after your daughter decides which size fits her best, we accept re-orders by phone or on-line,” the salesman politely said.

“What a wonderful helpful suggestion! Please charge both bags of Attends to my Master Card. For the future how can I set up an account?” Victoria asked as the salesman went to the warehouse area. He returned with both bags of Attends.

He scanned Victoria’s Master Card: “If the contact address and phone number is current, Mrs. Wagner, then all you need to do is click on the

‘Open Account’ button when you agree to the charge and sign your name.”

“Thank you so much; that is so considerate,” Victoria replied.

Turning to Beverly, who was blushing in embarrassment, Victoria continued, “There is no need to be shy, Precious. Let the nice gentleman also scan your own credit card for the future.

“To be clear, I am paying for these Attends. Can you open the account for my daughter Beverly now?”

“Of course, Mrs. Wagner, I will be delighted to do so,” the salesman almost purred.

Beverly’s Visa card was duly scanned: “Mrs. Turpin, your account is all set whenever you need it.”

Victoria reached for the bag of Smalls: “Do you have a lavatory where Beverly could put on an Attends?”

“Of course we do. Just follow the sign to ‘Restrooms’. If she is comfortable in the Smalls, then I will be happy to swap another bag of those for the Mediums,” the helpful salesman offered.

“That is generous, but I think it best to also keep a supply of the Medium around” Victoria answered.

When Beverly returned from the ladies room, the Attends did not show, but she was still blushing. They both thanked the salesman.

Back in the Bentley, Victoria continued east on Colorado Boulevard until she could turn right to drive south on Rosemead Boulevard to California Boulevard, which would take them back to Beverly’s house.

“I am sorry that you feel embarrassed. Had we known about your wetting I would have ordered Attends for you in advance. Are you going to be all right, Precious?” Victoria sincerely asked.

“Sure, Mom! With my mouth full of your nasty soap and my derrière stinging like the blazes, I am feeling just swell wearing a darn diaper. That is Carole’s fantasy, not mine. I dribbled a little while you were spanking me, which does not mean I am incontinent. But it is your car and your rules. So, thank you, Mom for everything,” Beverly said without any irony.

“You are most welcome, Precious. While you were putting on your diaper, I ordered a case each of the cloth-like Attends Breathable Extra Absorbent diapers in Small and Medium. Those will be delivered tomorrow, in case you need some,” Victoria answered with a smile.

Before the drive was over they had agreed to the planning for Carole’s trip to Cornell to see Mrs. Adams’ guest house.

\*\*\*\*\*

Carole had slept well during her nap, which lasted an hour and a half. Her inner Cruisers was soaked, but the outer gauze diaper took care of that.

Kirsten gave Carole a kiss when she crawled to the changing table side of her bed. The rail was lowered and the girl carried to her changing table.

“By golly, Sweetie Pie, your mother really did effectively spank you,” Nanny Kirsten remarked as soon as the wet diaper set was removed. “She showed us where she considered the spanks to be most effective and said you want all your spanking to be harder. Is that true, Sweetie Darling?”

“With respect, Nanny Bodding, I really appreciate all of your skills and efforts to give me the treatment I need. I want you to know this. If you could increase the force and concentrate more on my lower bottom, I think that will improve my experience and teach me to behave better,” Carole answered demurely. She smiled and tried to kneel up to give Kirsten a kiss.

Kirsten chastely returned the kiss and stated: “Darling, I appreciate your thanks and your mother’s suggestion. Every time I need to punish you I will make a professional judgment how severe that needs to be, and you do not get a vote!” Kirsten declared.

“However, Baby Carole, you do have control over the new Spank-O-Matic. While you were napping it has been set up in the bedroom next to the master suite. Your mother, Granny and I received a lesson in setting the controls from Doug Balluff, the SOM II representative. Some of those features had not been installed for your party yesterday. I am sure you will like those.

“We have no other plans for today. Actually I think all of us made marvelous progress during the meeting with your Grandmother this morning.

“So my suggestion is that I change you into a pair of your thinnest big girl panties and a short top, with a skirt. Then we can walk down the hall so I can give you a lesson on adjusting and using the Spank-O-Matic. After that, if you want a spanking, once you have permission from your Grandmother or the nanny on duty, you may use the Spank-O-Matic on yourself as long and as hard as you want.”

Carole asked to use the toilet and she wiped herself well. In her bathroom she applied some peach lipgloss. Back in her bedroom Carole did put on a modest pair of thin big girl (almost “granny”) panties, a skirt just long enough to hide her panties and a short-sleeved cropped pink top. She did not put on socks or shoes.

Holding Kirsten’s hand, Carole happily started walking toward the Spank-O-Matic.

At the Old Nursery/Playroom, Nanny Kirsten stopped to say: “Sweetie Pie, we need to bring some of the baby underpads with us so they will be available near the Spank-O-Matic. More are on order so there will also be enough in your room when you are spanked there. Don’t worry; we can still put a few diapers on the underpads for your comfort.”

Seeing the fully-equipped Spank-O-Matic set up properly in a dedicated room with the companion padded spanking bench caused Carole to happily dance and clap her little hands with glee. She was so full of joy she actually dribbled a little, but enough the front of her big girl panties showed a damp spot.

“I am so sorry, Nanny Bodding, I should have worn trainers” Carole contritely said.

“No worries, Sweetie Darling. This is why we have the underpads. There will be time for trainers or diapers after you are comfortable using the Spank-O-Matic” Kirsten replied nicely.

The most important accessories added by the Spank-O-Matic representative Doug Balluff are: the SOM II Automator, which allows programmed changes in aim point, so that successive strokes do not hit the same place; the Elevator, which powers the up-down placement of the SOM II on its support stand by a reversible electric motor and digital elevation display.

To start the lesson, Carole positioned herself on the bench as she had done during the party, holding the new, more complex remote control. When she tapped the “Session Start” button, the display screen asked for

her name. As soon as Carole typed that into the system, the air compressor in the closet ran for a few second to ensure the compressed air tank was at the desired pressure. Kirsten explained this is how the Spank-O-Matic acknowledges it had accepted the name so it will store setting as the starting point for subsequent sessions.

Next Carole was shown the ‘Set-Up Function’ button. Tapping that enables programming many functions. It also slowly moved the paddle or other punishment inflictor until it is just touching the bottom.

The “Elevation” control is a set of two buttons and a digital display. Carole could feel the horizontal paddle as it moved up and down. She centered it just above her *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*. A tap on the digital display caused the SOM II to remember that elevation setting.

Kirsten said that the Automator is intended to change the aim of canes, but it can move the paddle slightly. Carole decided to just leave it in the “Centered” setting.

The other controls were in the hands of the disciplinarians during the party. The Intensity control sets the power of the strokes by control of the compressed air pressure. The Interval control sets the time between strokes, so the punishment can be drawn out or fast and furious. The ‘Total’ controls the maximum number of strokes or the amount of time the SOM II will spank. Of course the ‘Mercy’ large button instantly stops the spanking session and returns the paddle to its starting position away from the person being punished.

Kirsten concluded those explanations: “Sweetie Carole, there must be a bottom in position before the Spank-O-Matic can be set up. Letting it deliver a stroke without a backside being in position will damage the machine.

“There is no proximity detector, so all users are responsible to protecting the SOM II.”

Carole was anxious to get started: “Nanny Boddington, I can still feel my spanking from Mommy. May I start with less severe strokes? I think I can handle ten swats on my lower butt, as I have that set. I am setting Interval for ten seconds and Intensity for the top of the “Low” range.

“If I can deal with those swats, then I can increase Intensity; maybe raise or lower Elevation; and repeat the spanking. Is that okay?”

Carole hardly flinched as those first set of spanks landed.

“Nanny, I am going to increase Intensity and lower Elevation 0.25”. I will decrease Interval to five seconds. Now let’s see how this spanking feels!”

Carole did react to those spanks!

“Wow, Nanny Bodding, that is so perfect! You are sure the SOM II will remember all my settings?”

“Right now I need another trip to my toilet, a warm bath and a soft diaper. Then before my dinner may I asked Nanny Lewis to let me wear another pair of big girl panties and escort me back here for a Spank-O-Matic session?”

“Your Grandmother has told all of us that you may request a session with the SOM II when you desire. However, we are responsible for ensuring you do not injure yourself, so we are authorized to deny your request if we feel your have been spanked enough for the moment. It is possible if that is the case you will have to wait for your next spanking. This is the same as when we are spanking you. You know there have been occasions when your requests for spanking have been postponed,” Kirsten explained reasonably.

While Nanny Bodding was giving Carole her warm bath, Nanny Carmen Lewis came in to relieve Kirsten. With her was Nursery Maid Judy Vogel, who wanted to profusely thank Carole for the use of her BMW.

It was Carmen who suggested that because it was such a lovely warm afternoon, that Carole should consider going for a swim. Since even Carole was not foolish enough to give herself more spanking at that moment, she agreed swimming would be fun.

At least since Carole had good bowel control, she did not need swim diapers, just a regular bathing suit. Her figure was not classic for a bikini, but in the past Carole was never that happy in one-piece swimsuits. Shortly before moving into Victoria’s mansion, Carole had selected and purchased 3 of the most childish bikinis she could find.

Complicating going swimming for Carole was the requirement she be supervised by someone qualified as a lifeguard. As part of their formal nanny training both Kirsten and Kaaren Schmidt had taken the test and were certified. Fortunately Carmen had worked as a lifeguard the previous 3 summers, so her certificate was still valid.

Once she helped Carole put on her bikini, Judy watched Carole while Carmen went up to her room to change into a bathing suit. What else? Her swim suit was one of those “Baywatch” red ones.

Victoria changed into a bathing suit when she learned that Carole would be swimming with Carmen. Victoria covered her suit with a wrap and headed to the pool.

Carole carried a pair of towels. Carmen carried the large pink diaper bag, just in case, along with a sunnysuit for Carole.

In her bikini, marks from the Spank-O-Matic and the hairbrush spanking from Beverly clearly still showed on Carole’s derriere. She must have seen those marks in the mirror while changing, but Carole did not care. Victoria and Carmen also had a lot of fun in the pool.

Refreshments were waiting when they got tired of swimming. Carole had a baby bottle of Strawberry Quick mixed with milk. Carmen had a glass of iced tea. Victoria had a tall Tom Collins.

By the time Carole had suckled her baby bottle, her body was dry, but her bikini was still damp. Carmen did not want to take a chance Carole would leave spots on furniture.

Besides, Carole was starting to do a little “potty dance” in the poolside lanai. There were no outsiders or men around, so Carmen spread the changing pad on a bench and used that to remove the bikini bottoms and change Carole into a Cruisers Size 7, a Gerber Birdseye prefold as soaker and a pinned DyDee service flat square gauze diaper with Babykins vinyl pull-on panties. The sunnysuit nearly covered Carole’s diaper. Again, she made no secret she wore diapers like a toddler, so nobody cared.

Victoria and James Walker had business guests for cocktails and dinner, so after being changed at the pool Carole kissed her loving grandmother good night. It had been an exciting and long day, so Marcia Baer served Carole her dinner early, as soon as she came into the mansion from the pool.

Her dinner was served at the counter of the kitchen, with Carole seated in her highchair, wearing a bib to protect her sunnysuit. Carmen assisted Carole and decided to eat her own dinner later, after Carole had been put to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Before starting her Monday afternoon nanny shift, Carmen and Marcia had made a lunch of the generous left-overs from the lunch Victoria had served Beverly and Carole. Both Carmen and Marcia had invited the Spank-O-Matic representative Doug Balluff to join them.

The fact is that Doug is a handsome man in his early thirties and in excellent physical condition. Marcia is an attractive slender woman of a certain age. Carmen is also attractive, tallish and slender for an athlete. At 21 she is hardly inappropriately young for Doug.

All three had so much fun at lunch, none of them doubted Doug Balluff would be a frequent visitor to the Wagner mansion. He was a bachelor, without a significant other. He adored the attention of Marcia and Carmen.