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Carole, Part 4

Sunday Morning, 13 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

If we consider Carole Ann Turpin's big baby age-play regression fantasy as starting at 7:30 A.M. on Saturday 12 June, when she woke up in a strange bed with side rails and wearing a slightly messy diaper set inside a Onesies at 5:15 A.M. on Sunday 13 June 2010, her fantasy was less than twenty-two hours old.

With her eyes groggy, looking through the safety rails to see a formidable changing table and a plastic potty chair on one side of her bed seemed weird. On the other side of the bed, a small table with just a clownie light and a wooden hairbrush on it did not seem so weird.

Before Carole could remember where she was sleeping and why she was dressed as a very young girl, her immediate reaction was to burst into tears, with some loud wailing.

On the same floor of the Wagner mansion in San Marino, California, Carole's grandparents Victoria and James Wagner were awakened by the speaker of the baby monitor surveillance system amplifying the wails. The video monitor showed a green night-vision image of Carole moving around in her bed.

James had an 8:45 A.M. tee time at Annandale Golf Club, so he had expected to sleep-in another half hour. At age seventy-six, he was no longer a young man. 'Recreation', with the love of his life—his much younger wife Victoria, on Saturday night sapped him of some strength. For a moment James

had no clue why there was a baby monitor in the master bedroom.

Victoria heard the distinctive wails and knew exactly why Carole was in a Onesies in a bed with safety rails. She pressed the mute button on the portable audio monitor, put on her robe and rushed to Carole's bedroom, pausing to give James another romantic kiss. "You were magnificent, Jimmy-Boy!"

The explanation is that Carole, at eighteen, never had gained normal nocturnal urinary control. Consequently all her life she had worn diapers to bed. Since age six she had been changing her own diapers.

During September 2008, Carole had discovered the world of adult babies and diaper lovers. Some of those people are urinary incontinent and use big baby play to cope with the logistics of constant diapers. Carole embraced the thinking that since she needed diapers for bed, she might as well enjoy them.

Her first step had been to purchase a couple of EvenFlo baby bottles and a set of MAM pacifiers with clear silicone orthodontic nipples. Those combined with several plushies she had owned since childhood had satisfied Carole's need to relax as a big baby from age sixteen until April of 2010, several weeks before her high school graduation.

Her parents and grandparents offered her a summer of travel wherever she wanted, as a graduation present, because she had been selected Class Valedictorian of her exclusive private school, Pasadena's Polytechnic High School.

What Carole really wanted was the chance to live-out an intense big baby fantasy. She decided to ask her mother for help fulfilling that desire, offering to trade half of her trip.

Carole and her mother Beverly enlisted the help of Granny Victoria. Beverly reasoned that her mom had the spare time, mansion and servants needed to produce an age-play regression fantasy. Thus Carole was living as a five year-old still not toilet trained, needing a highchair, baby bottles and pacifiers.

Quietly entering Carole's bedroom, Victoria switched off the baby monitor surveillance system before she turned on the lights. In her bed Carole blinked until her eyes adjusted.

Victoria reached out to cuddle Carole, smoothing her hair and cooing everything was okay. She lowered the safety rail on the changing table side of the bed so she could sit on it to better comfort Carole.

Eventually Carole was able to stand up. Victoria unsnapped the Onesies, to better access the diaper set. Gently feeling the diaper through the vinyl panties confirmed Victoria's concern that because Carole had not used the potty before bed, she had moved her bowels while sleeping.

Victoria made a management decision that the best approach to minimizing the resulting mess would be to walk Carole around her bed to her bathroom. There she could pull off the Onesies, remove the diaper set carefully and immediately clean Carole using the shower's hand wand.

Fortunately Carole had been slightly constipated, so the actual fecal material was formed and hard. No poop escaped the Baby Dry disposable inside Carole's knit cotton training pants. Thus there was hardly any mess to wash off.

While using a towel to dry Carole, Victoria gently asked her to try using her potty just in case she had more poop. With a smile and a giggle, Carole casually walked back into her bedroom, around her bed and sat on her little pink plastic potty.

Victoria used the opportunity to dispose of the feces into the toilet. She slowly followed Carole so she could put the used Baby Dry in the covered trash container and the trainers and vinyl panties in the diaper pail near the changing table.

Once Carole had expelled some more feces into her potty, for which Victoria gave her much praise, she lifted her granddaughter onto the changing table. The wipes on the shelf behind the changing table are warmed. Carole loved that sensation while being cleaned, especially in the morning.

Carole is unusually small: four feet five inches tall; weighing sixty pounds; waist sixteen inches; hips 20 inches. Without the support of knit cotton training pants, the only nationally distributed baby disposable diaper available in the USA which fits Carole is Pampers Cruisers Size 7.

Size 6 Baby Dry and Huggies, as well as Pampers Extra Protection Size 5, fit around her but lack

enough rise to stay in place or prevent waist leaks when wet.

Poor Carole is caught in-between the largest USA baby disposable diapers and the smallest adult disposables, none of which are still sold in stores.

In 2008, worried that if she grew even slightly Size 7 Cruisers would not still fit her, Carole had ordered samples of Attends Breathable Small and Attends Youth Briefs. The size chart says both will fit hips smaller than twenty inches, the most critical measurement when sizing disposable diapers. However, the Attends size chart only goes down to four feet ten inches and eighty-five pounds.

The samples of the Attends Breathable Extra Absorbent Small did fit Carole well enough her parents ordered a case of them from an on-line vendor. What Carole found to be true was that in bed all cloth-like outer layers cling to sheets, pulling gaps with the slightest motion. So it would be necessary with Attends Breathable to still wear a Onesies to bed. That was no advantage over a readily available and significantly less expensive Size 7 Cruiser.

Interestingly enough, Carole found that the classic poly-plastic of the Attends Youth Briefs did not cling to sheets, so they did not leak due to gaps. The downside is that they use sticky tapes. By the time Carole could change herself (in 1998) most name-brand baby disposables had cloth-like outer layers and hook & loop tabs. Disposable Pull-Ups and GoodNites always had cloth-like outer layers, so they tended to gap. Carole had no experience using sticky tapes.

Her family owned a decent washing machine. To Carole it made sense to combine an inexpensive baby disposable with washable cotton trainers, and then count on pull-on vinyl panties to hold the wetness inside away from the bedding. Most of the case of Attends Breathable Small was stored at her parents' house.

Before Victoria diapered Carole, she asked her to roll over on her tummy. Victoria rubbed a small amount of Desitin onto suspicious pink areas of Carole's lower buttocks. Victoria pulled a fresh Size 7 Cruiser from the right inner hanging stacker. She snugged it and fastened the tabs.

From Carole's closet a bright pink Onesies was chosen. Trying to prove she could be a big girl, Carole pulled it over her own head. Victoria needed to fasten the snaps, since Carole could not reach to pull the back flap through her crotch. She did manage to put on her own slippers.

Holding Victoria's hand, Carole walked downstairs to the breakfast area of the kitchen. Sure enough, her highchair was near the counter, on its plastic mat. A pink terrycloth cobbler bib was waiting on the counter, along with baby bottles of whole milk, orange juice and water.

Victoria lifted Carole into her highchair, fitted her with the bib and locked the tray in position. Marcia Baer, the cook, brought Carole a bowl of hot Pablum along with a child-size spoon. Discreetly she placed a conventional teaspoon on the counter near the baby bottles.

While her Pablum cooled slightly, Carole pointed to the orange juice. Victoria held that baby bottle so Carole could suckle some of it. When she had enough juice for the moment, Carole began to feed herself the Pablum. For several minutes she had no problem. When Carole got bored using her own spoon, Victoria stepped in and fed her the remainder of the Pablum. Carole wanted her milk and Victoria was happy to hold the baby bottle.

Carole did not mind sitting in her highchair while Victoria had her own breakfast of French toast and a cup of strong black coffee. After she finished eating, Victoria unlocked the highchair tray so she could use the bib to clean off Carole's precious face.

Giving her a tender kiss, Victoria lifted Carole off her highchair. Immediately she toddled off to watch Sunday morning cartoon on the big TV in the family room, balancing on her tummy on a bean bag.

When Carole started planning her big baby vacation, she did not consider how that would impact her relationship and reputation with her extended family.

Well, at 8:30A.M. that sunny but cool morning, Carole had a chance to experience being a big baby surrounded by family! That was when her Aunt Sharron Larson Wagner arrived to spend time with her mother-in-law Victoria. Sharron is married to James 'Jim' Wagner, Beverly's older brother.

Sharron had with her all three of her daughters: Lindsay, almost four; and twins Ashley and Courtney, who would turn two on Monday. Sharron and her girls were coming down from a sugar-high during their birthday party on Saturday. Since Victoria and Carole missed that party, Sharron brought the party to them, complete with hats and cake!

The little girls all toddled to surround Carole. None were toilet trained, although Lindsay was getting there. She was wearing UnderJams pull-ups. The twins were wearing Size 4 Pampers Cruisers because they are somewhat tall for their age.

Aunt Sharron had not worried about her girls' diapers showing or sagging. None wore a Onesies. Lindsay wore a darling romper. The twins wore matching sunnysuits.

The noise of four babies in the family room, each doing her best to drown out the TV, was deafening. With the permission of her mother, the first thing Sharron did was mute the TV.

Outside it had not warmed up enough for the kids to play without coats. This being Southern California, Carole had not brought a coat for her vacation and Sharron had not brought coats for her girls. The only thing to do was to have the girls play quietly in the upstairs nursery playroom. Sharron had the girls (including Carole) line up and hold hands for the walk up the stairs.

Meanwhile, Victoria phoned Nanny Kirsten Bodding. As luck would have it she had no assignment that day. She expected to be on a date which fell through. She lived in Pasadena and agreed to be at the Wagner mansion in San Marino by 10:30 A.M.

Ingrid and Marcia always have Sundays off (after serving an early breakfast) so Victoria needed to remain downstairs to buzz Kirsten through the electric gate and let her in the front door.

Up in the playroom, Sharron was not having much luck controlling any of the kids. The concept of herding cats describes the situation. Her twins were very proud of learning to talk and had not mastered the skill of keeping quiet. Lindsay always had been a chatterbox. Totally different from her mature personality, as a big baby Carole was being the life of the party.

Eventually Sharron was at her wits end. All she could think to do was to put Carole in a TIME-OUT in a corner of the playroom. That accomplished nothing, as is usually the case with TIME-OUT. Oh, Carole respected the punishment and quietly sat in that corner. Unfortunately the other girls danced around her singing.

The blessed arrival of Nanny Kirsten made all the difference. She took charge of the three younger girls. This way Victoria could lead Carole down the hall to her room. Without saying so out loud both Carole and Victoria felt sure the person most in need of TIME-OUT was Sharron.

Carole had been a successful babysitter, specializing in children of two and younger. She felt guilty because she should have suspended her fantasy to help with the kids. Victoria sensed Carole's conflicted feelings. When they closed the door of the bedroom, Victoria took charge.

"Young Lady, you should be ashamed! Those other little girls wanted you to be a good influence. Instead you acted very naughty. There is only one cure! That will be applied to your bare bottom."

Carole was lifted so she could sit on the side of her changing table. Her Onesies was unsnapped and pulled off over her head. Her nearly soaked Cruiser was removed and tossed into the trash container. Naked Carole was lifted down and led by the hand to the far side of her bed. Without letting go of her hand, Victoria lowered that safety rail and picked up the hairbrush.

Carole was put in position over Victoria's lap. No energy was wasted with a hand warm-up. The first several hairbrush spansks were moderate. When a few tears started, Victoria increased the pace of the spansks and also the intensity. In less than a minute and a half Carole was blubbering and trying to promise better behavior.

Instead of cuddling and kissing Carole, Victoria led the girl to her changing table. Without a word Carole was put into a snug Cruiser Size 7. She was taken to do some Corner Time standing between the changing table and the potty.

Seeing that Carole was respecting the corner and was not moving around, Victoria took the opportunity to select a fresh Onesies and an adorable sun dress, with pale yellow sandals.

After just five minutes in the corner, Carole was led to the foot of her bed.

"So, Young Lady, did you learn your lesson?"

"Oh, yes, Granny. I'll be good."

"All right then. Let's get you dressed."

Carole was led back to the playroom, where she was introduced to Nanny Kirsten Boddington. Lindsay was standing in a corner sniffing. That was the aftermath of an ineffective spanking administered by Sharron. The twins were fascinated by Nanny Kirsten who was sitting on the floor with her legs folded and was quietly telling them a story.

Victoria was caught without a maid or cook. So she did what any San Marino matron would do under the circumstances—Victoria phoned for take-out. Within thirty minutes pizzas, submarine sandwiches and Greek salads were delivered, along with a half-gallon of rainbow gelato.

Some wise mother once remarked "You can never have too many highchairs." Victoria was thinking about renting three from a family restaurant. That not being practical, Carole was put into a bib and her highchair. She had been eating on her own.

That left the three little girls and three women. That lunch was very interesting. Kirsten earned her money. Carole was very well behaved. By the end of lunch Victoria and Carole independently agreed that Sharron needed a good old fashioned spanking. In fact they whispered about that very topic while Carole was sitting on her potty after she finished her bowl of gelato.

Carole tried for over five minutes and could not expel any fecal material. Victoria praised her effort, and then lifted her onto the changing table to finish wiping her and diaper her for her nap.

Since it was unlikely Carole would poop while napping, Victoria used a Pampers Extra Protection Size 4 as her disposable. She covered that with a pair of cotton knit trainers and pull-on soft vinyl panties. Inside the house it was warm enough all Carole needed as a thin Onesies.

After tucking Carole into her bed, Victoria gave her a MAM pacifier on a leash. Finally she raised both safety rails. On her way out of the room

Victoria switched the baby monitor audio only. She went to her master bedroom to pick up the remote audio monitor which she put in her pocket.

What could add to the excitement? Sharron had brought a single diaper bag, but had forgotten to stock it with actual diapers.

Victoria had lots of Carole's size diapers, none close to small enough for the little girls. The consensus was that the adult present who would be missed the least was Sharron, so she went to purchase Pull-Ups for Lindsay and Size 4 Cruisers for the twins.

Shortly after Sharron returned with the much needed diapers, Beverly arrived for a surprise visit. The advantage of being Victoria's only daughter was that Beverly was trusted with the codes to open the electric gate and the mansion's doors.

Sharron was so flustered from her shopping trip that she was useless trying to diaper any of her daughters. Carole was about to volunteer, when Beverly followed the noise to the playroom. It had been awhile, but like riding a bike, Beverly still could effectively change a diaper.

After all three of Sharron's daughters were changed into dry diapers, they really needed naps. Beverly and Kirsten took three of the sleeping mats from the stack and spread them around the playroom.

While all four girls were napping, Victoria and Beverly talked to Kirsten. Beverly was open about how much she could have used Kirsten when her children were younger. Kirsten pointed out that she was only twenty-four, so would hardly have been much help when Carole was young enough to need a conventional nanny. Kirsten added that if her services were needed while Carole was having her big baby vacation, she would be glad to accept the job.

Once the little girls started to wake up, they had napped almost forty-five minutes and Carole nearly an hour. It was time to get them up, since going outside seemed like a fine idea. This time Carole did some of the swing pushing, which she totally enjoyed.

At 4:30 P.M. Victoria discreetly handed Carole her smart phone. Shortly after 5 P.M. Carole returned to the yard, all smiles and very happy.

Poor Grandpa James had missed all the fun. There would be other Sunday afternoons with aunts and uncles and cousins by the dozens, like a stock revival of *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

About 5:30 P.M. although it was not necessary, Carole asked Beverly to take her to her potty. This was the first time Beverly had seen the completely furnished and decorated fantasy nursery. She did ask if talking about how it was going would spoil Carole's fun.

Carole said that the only sticky aspect was that getting Victoria to spank her spontaneously was like pulling hen's teeth! But she was optimistic that soon Granny Victoria would be more comfortable doing that.

Beverly's comment was "My mom was never reluctant to spank me!"

Carole added, "Say, Mommy, Granny really is good changing my diapers!" After all, what kind of big baby fantasy vacation would it be without casual diaper changes?