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Carole, Part 7

Lunch Onward, 14 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Early in the morning of Monday, 14 June 2010, Carole Ann Turpin had to bend over from a kneeling posture while balanced on her changing table so Nanny Kirsten Bodding could administer a Fleet Mineral Oil enema. Although the anticipation of an enema was terrifying, under the care of Kirsten, it was not all that bad for Carole. The enema did take care of her constipation, so long before lunch she felt really happy.

That day was also very good for Virginia Callaway Wagner, Carole's loving grandmother. Having Kirsten available as a nanny allowed Virginia some scheduling flexibility. A well-recommended nursery maid was scheduled for an interview in the afternoon. Bob Smith Restaurant Supply Store of Pasadena, California (Virginia's favorite) would deliver six restaurant-quality wooden stacking highchairs and three stacking plastic booster seat that afternoon, along with an Italian combination coffee and cappuccino maker.

Before leaving Bob Smith's to take Carole to lunch, Virginia needed to use that restroom to change the girl's wet Cruiser Size 7.

Of course there was no folding Koala changing table in the restroom and there was hardly any counter space. Fortunately Virginia remembered changing her own children while they were standing.

Although Carole was slightly taller than the average five year-old girl at four feet five inches, she was slender and super cooperative. Fortunately an hour before Virginia had bought

several cards of diaper pins, one of which she had put in the large pink diaper bag.

Virginia used two of those pins to hold up Carole's darling pink romper. After unsnapping her Onesies, a third pin held it out of the way in back. Free of obstructions Virginia removed the wet Cruiser, and carefully wiped Carole front and back. The used disposable and wipes went into a clear baggie, which was disposed off in the trash container.

Seconds later Carole was wearing a dry diaper. Virginia washed her hands, released the diaper pins, re-snapped the Onesies and smoothed the romper. Heads held high, they walked together out of the store to Virginia's parked Bentley.

The next stop was the Temple City Home Town Buffet on Rosemead Boulevard. They had more than enough time to drive there before 11 A.M. when the lunch menu started. Carole was contentedly watching the traffic from her safety seat on the back seat of Virginia's Bentley.

While stopped for a red light, Virginia reached into the console beside her and withdrew a blue California handicap placard. She hung that from her rear view mirror. In her experience other drivers had a harder time banging her doors when she used the wider handicap spaces. For such situations it was good to be friends with a lot of physicians.

Sure enough, there was a handicap space near the front door of the Home Town Buffet. Virginia released the buckles on the safety seat harness so Carole could climb out.

Then Virginia put the large pink diaper bag over her shoulder, double checking that the companion clutch purse with her wallet, smart phone, keys and cosmetic was tucked in the bag. There were three sanitized baby bottles and two Sippy cups in outside pockets of the diaper bag.

As a final touch, Virginia retrieved her walking cane from behind the front seat. Affecting a limp, nobody ever questioned the handicap placard.

She led Carole by the hand into the restaurant. The timing was perfect. Enough breakfast items were still being served the orange juice dispenser was half full. At the cashier stand Virginia showed her Buffet, Inc. Senior discount card.

Instead of asking Carole's age, about which Virginia would not have lied, the young lady cashier simply rang both of them as Seniors, each with the All You Can Drink beverage bar. Such a deal! Virginia charged the meals to her Master Card.

There were many tables and booths unoccupied. Carole tugged them to a window booth with a clear view of the Bentley.

Children under ten are not allowed to serve themselves, although that rule is often ignored. Still Virginia asked Carole to walk with her. The big pink diaper bag was left on the inside of the booth, but Virginia tucked her clutch under her left arm. Carole was not holding her hand but never strayed.

First they filled glasses with orange juice, milk and Sprite. They carried those to their booth, on which Virginia had placed the Occupied by 2 with 2 Drinks card. On their next trip, they brought a glass of water with ice and a cup of black coffee for Virginia.

Carole was helped selecting items from the salad and fruit sections. If she ate enough of those things, Carole might not get constipated again. At their booth Virginia asked their stunning server Jacqueline for a booster seat. Without hesitation the booster seat was delivered. Virginia put in next to her with the diaper bag beyond it.

Jacqueline did not act as if anything was weird. Carole climbed onto the booster seat. She handed Virginia two of the baby bottles and one of the Sippy cups. Orange juice and Cold water were poured into the baby bottles, while the Sippy cup was filled with milk.

Carole was not in the least shy eating her salad and fresh fruit. She also held her own baby bottles and Sippy cup, which apparently nobody noticed. By the time they had finished their salads, most of the lunch items were being served.

There was a selection of chicken and of fish. Pasta with meatballs is always on the menu. Meatloaf is a Monday special. Carole had a small piece of baked chicken, and a little meatloaf with mashed potato and corn kernels. Virginia had a couple of pieces of sautéed fish with just a dab of mashed potato.

When they wanted more food they left the old plates and picked up new one to fill with what they wanted. During the course of the lunch Carole finished two baby bottles of cold water, four ounces of orange juice and eight ounces of milk. Kirsten had told Victoria and Carole that the more water she could consume, the better her chances of avoiding constipation.

For dessert Carole had a few pieces of fresh cantaloupe and a tiny piece of *tres leche* cake which is a popular Cuban treat.

As a result, by the time they were ready to leave, Carole needed to sit on a toilet. Her Cruiser was already nearly soaked. But in less than a minute sitting on the toilet Carole expelled a lot of feces. Obviously the enema effectively cleared fecal matter in her rectum, but not in her small intestine.

That ladies room has a handicap stall, with its own fold down Koala changing table. Victoria had unfolded it while Carole was on the toilet and had spread out a clean Cruiser. She was pre-cleaned and wiped by the time Carole was lifted onto her diaper. After hand washing and Victoria re-applying lipstick, they were on their way home.

Interviewing Carmen Lewis was very interesting. She was only twenty-one but had found she was good at working in the large homes of wealthy people. Victoria had just gotten Carole down for her nap when Carmen arrived, twenty minutes early. That did give Ingrid and Marcia time to meet and talk to Carmen. All of them liked one another.

Victoria instantly felt that Carmen was qualified, so the interview was almost more about her deciding if she wanted to work for Victoria. She was impressed seeing the extent of the mansion. It is considered the largest privately owned single family residence in San Marino, a wealthy city with many mansions. What totally shocked Carmen was that she would be only the third servant.

Somehow Ingrid not only usually dressed Victoria in the evening—she managed the household and supervised all the cleaning. Outside cleaners were used regularly and normally only the master bedroom was occupied. Because Carole was living in what had been her mother Beverly's old room, Victoria felt the work load was too much for Ingrid and Marcia.

Besides cooking for the family, Ingrid and herself, Marcia shopped for the food and did most of the downstairs cleaning which could not be trusted to the casual outsiders.

To put it mildly, Carmen was taken aback when she saw the baby monitor video screen in the master bedroom. Carole was over a foot taller than any child Carmen had encountered wearing diapers to take an after lunch nap. Oh, she had seen baby and home surveillance systems before, but the babies were smaller.

Victoria carried the portable audio monitor with her. It fed an ear bud so only Victoria could hear Carole. While she was sure Carole was deeply asleep, she brought Carmen into the room, first turning off the surveillance system and then turning on a light.

What stood out for Carmen was that the changing table was nearly five feet wide. Most changing tables only have a single hanging stacker if they have one at all. Once, because there were babies of different ages, a family had two stackers. Seeing four stackers was a different experience.

Instead of a crib or even a youth bed, Carole was sleeping in a twin extra-long bed with optional safety side rails.

Carmen had not set out to be a nursery maid, but she felt a knack with young children, so she had gained experience. Twice she had worked in the same house as Kirsten, although on those assignments Carmen was a general maid.

Carole started to wake up. Victoria was waiting beside the bed to comfort her. Carmen was just inside the closed hall door. Seeing the mutual love between Carole and her grandmother really touched Carmen.

A few minutes later Carmen was introduced to Carole. There was not a vast difference in their age. Once Carole was fully awake, she assumed her normal mature young woman voice and personality.

Victoria started by saying she had decided to hire Carmen as a full-time live-in maid. If everyone got along, Carmen would be assigned as the nursery maid for the rest of Carole's vacation. After that Carmen would be the general maid, and would return to nursery duty temporarily when youngsters were guests. Victoria suggested that Carole explain to

Carmen the concept of the big baby age-regression vacation. Victoria assured Carole it was safe to do so because Carmen, like Kristen, had already signed a confidentiality contract.

Carole went over what was going on and why she wanted such a vacation following her high school graduation before she moved to the East Coast to start pre-law. She made it clear her bedwetting and sometimes day wetting were medical issues for which she was under the care of good physicians.

Carmen could not help noticing the hairbrush on the table under the clownie lamp. She said it seemed a strange place so far from the bathroom mirror. Carole volunteered that brush had never been used on hair.

"Miss Lewis, I believe more and stricter domestic discipline would help nearly everyone. My parents are not push-overs but I always felt I had been allowed to get away with far too much, probably because of my primary nocturnal enuresis. So a major part of my fantasy is that Granny does not let me get away with anything.

"To keep it real, even if I accidentally break a rule or misbehave Granny spansks me with that hairbrush. If she thinks I deliberately misbehave she spansks me harder. This whole fantasy must seem weird and insane." Carole had run out of words.

"Oh, Miss Carole, I think your grandmother loves you very much. Mrs. Wagner is a great lady, so if she is helping you, my only question is: What can I do to help both of you?" Carmen was very sincere. Based on all her recommendations she had her pick of what could be easier jobs.

Victoria explained Carole generated a lot of laundry. Since Carole did not mind and Carmen was not in a hurry, she sat in the gliding rocking chair as Victoria undressed Carole. This revealed the training pants and vinyl panties over the Cruiser baby disposable.

Carmen watched as Carole was bathed, and dried. Suddenly Carole broke her child's character when she put on a mature robe and asked them to give her fifteen minutes alone with her own smart phone.

Out in the hall Victoria explained that at graduation Carole had fallen in love with John Deacon. Daily the two talked by phone, usually at

5 P.M. but apparently on 16 June the time was 3:00 P.M.

In less than fifteen minutes Carole stuck her head out the door inviting them back into the room. Inside Carole was using her little girl voice. Victoria dressed her as if she were a helpless toddler, after changing her so she was wearing a fresh Cruiser Size 7.

Carmen decided she wanted to work for Victoria, who asked when she could start.

"How about today, Mrs. Wagner? I parked on the street, so I am sure I need to move my car. Just in case you needed me right away I have a suitcase in the trunk" was Carmen's answer.

"Carmen, that is marvelous news. Ingrid will help you get settled upstairs. You can have your choice of vacant rooms. She will also give you a parking space in the auto court and the security codes." Both Carole and Victoria were over-joyed.

Victoria rang for Ingrid, who also was happy Carmen was joining the household staff. Carmen followed her out of the room.

The afternoon being warm and clear, Victoria picked up the pink diaper bag, put it over her shoulder and took Carole by the hand. They walked together to the master bedroom so Victoria could pick up her clutch purse. Then they went out to the back yard playground.

At 4:00 P.M. Nanny Kirsten Bodding phoned as she had promised. Her only class for that week had just ended, so she was available. Victoria invited her to dinner at 6:30 P.M., so she could meet Carmen and Mr. James Wagner.

Moving away from Carole, Victoria asked if Kirsten could take care of Carole most of Tuesday. The San Marino Women's Club needed Victoria to be chairwoman of an important meeting which could last until after 5 P.M.

"Of course, Mrs. Wagner, I will be delighted to have dinner with all of you. When would you like for me to start Tuesday morning?" Kirsten answered.

"Whenever is convenient for you in the morning will be fine. Kirsten, I know you told me you prefer to not live-in. Personally I think you

should, at least, have a room here where you can relax. You could call that your office.

"There are several vacant guest rooms on the second floor. If you pick one tonight, Ingrid will organize getting it cleaned and arranged to suit you. Tuesday mornings she always has a cleaning crew scheduled.

"This morning, did you have any problems with the access and security codes?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Wagner, the auto gate opened for me. The rear door next to the kitchen was open so I did not try that access code.

"Would 9:30 A.M. be satisfactory tomorrow? That way if you need time to prepare, I can find things to do which will amuse Carole." Kirsten sounded very enthusiastic.

After hanging up, Victoria was very pleased. Perhaps Kirsten would wind up living-in? Maybe if things went very well, Carole would extend her visit a few more weeks? To Victoria, that would be simply marvelous.

A few miles away, in a dodgy Pasadena neighborhood in a furnished apartment with two tiny bedrooms, one bathroom, an old-fashioned kitchen, no storage space and a tacky living room without cable TV, Kirsten pushed the "End" key on her cell phone.

She turned to her roommate, Kaaren Schmidt. "Victoria Wagner just invited me to dinner tonight! She wants me to nanny her eighteen year-old granddaughter Carole tomorrow and maybe more.

"Yes, she's the one on this weird fantasy thing, playing as a diapered baby. Seems kinky to me. Since Virginia offered me a room of my own on the second floor, I will not have to be scrounging babysitting gigs. Carole will be playing baby until mid-July.

"Actually Carole is nice and smart. She was Valedictorian at Polytechnic this year. I don't think she is insane, but who can tell, right?"

"When Victoria paid us to coach her in May, did you pick up any strange vibes? Honestly I thought she had decided to spend more time with her actual toddler grandkids.

"Let me tell you, Kaaren, the daughter-in-law I encountered Sunday, Sharron, is totally clueless. She really needs a good nanny for her kids. Probably a long stay in a loony bin for herself.

"The thing is, Victoria and her grandkids could keep us gainfully employed and well-fed, for a long time if we play our cards right." Although Kirsten still sounded enthusiastic, she was hardly as innocent, naïve and *'Mary Poppins-like'* as Victoria assumed.

Kaaren did not hesitate, "Would you like for me to come along to dinner? Or perhaps it would be smarter for you to see just how much work you can generate from Victoria? I don't mind taking some short nanny gigs this summer. They pay very well. Then, if something grand can be worked out with Virginia, we both should have excellent jobs.

"Of course you have aroused my perverse curiosity about Carole. I would love to see how that works."

"Kaaren, she has a bedroom near the nursery that is a trip and a half. She sleeps on a college dorm bed with safety rails, like an adult crib. Carole is really tiny, but her changing table is massive. She told me she wants to be spanked, for crying out loud! There is a hairbrush on a bedside table with a silly clownie lamp.

"When we were coaching Victoria, did she ask you anything about spanking and so on? Back then she never asked me about that. Not knowing about Carole's request to be spanked, Sunday in answer to Victoria's question, I fed her my usual line: 'I do my best to avoid punishing children, but if parents insist I will reluctantly spank them.'

Kaaren liked how the conversation was going, "This sounds like my ideal gig, Kirsten. What if you tell Virginia that I have no plans tonight? Probably she will also invite me. At least I'll eat for free, and see Carole in her room."

"Sure, Kaaren, why not?"

She picked up her cell phone, "Good afternoon again, Mrs. Wagner. Remember Kaaren Schmidt? How would you like me to bring her with me? It could well be there will be times you will need her."

"Kirsten, this is so considerate of you. Kaaren is wonderful. I want to see her again. I am sure

Carole will love her. Last month I mention both of you to James. He will like meeting Kaaren."

"Okay, Mrs. Wagner, we'll both see you at 7:30 P.M." The second she pushed the "END" key Kirsten broke into giggles.

Kaaren danced around their living room in glee. They sang a few bars of "The Gold Diggers' Song" which goes "*We're in the money, we're in the money; We can look that landlord in the eye...*"

For them the summer of 2010 was starting to be remunerative. Of course Kirsten and Kaaren actually were talented. Virginia and Carole would get fair value.