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## Carole, Part 9

Early on Tuesday 15 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As soon as Victoria Callaway Wagner closed the door to the master bedroom, Carmen Lewis, Kirsten Bodding and especially Kaaren Schmidt started to giggle.

"Can you believe that? Carole has to be eighteen, right? I mean, there she was naked and about to be diapered when she demanded a spanking? What is that all about?" Carmen wanted to know.

"Carmen, what I want to know is all about the rooms on the third floor. What are they like, the Spartan servants rooms like in British costume dramas? Would you mind showing them to us? I'll tell you what I know about Carole." Kirsten asked because she was inclined to accept a bedroom.

They walked down the main hall until they came to a crossways hall leading toward the back of the house. This is on the far side of the grand staircase from the nursery, Carole's room, the new Nanny Room and the master bedroom. At the far end of that crossways hall there is a door. Beyond that door is a vestibule for the service stairs. One long flight up the stairs is the third floor staff rooms. They line both sides of a hall running the long way of the mansion. At the time the mansion was built starting in 1903, it was the home of a prosperous banker who had married an extremely wealthy young heiress. Originally the grounds covered 20 acres, many of which were planted to supply the family fresh vegetables and fruit. There were hot houses in the southeast corner of the property at the bottom of a slope so

they did not spoil views from the second floor where the family slept.

That wealthy young wife was very fertile. She had two sets of twins and eight other children within a twelve year period from 1903 until 1915. She also believed that her children should be taught at home, as she had been tutored. The nursery got a long work-out. In 1916 when the eldest child (a son) was twelve he had a male tutor. There was a female tutor and a governess, two nannies and three nursery maids—eight talented servants to care for twelve children. That fall the oldest son moved to a residential military school, yet the staff was not reduced. Even during the height of WWI a gentleman too old to serve tutored the sons. The eight daughters shared the two governesses, while the nannies took care of the younger children. Probably the nursery maids washed a million cloth diapers and sheets, since then rubber pants for babies were not popular.

One end of the third floor was reserved for the male inside staff, including the tutor and valet for the banker. The butler, head housekeeper and chief cook had rooms on the first floor near the kitchen. Of course the young wife had a ladies maid who had no other duties. There was an assistant butler and two footmen. The cook had a kitchen boy, an assistant cook and several kitchen maids. There were six general maids. Originally there was only a single bathroom for all the upstairs women servants and one for the men.

The upstairs of the garage, which originally housed automobiles and horses, there were rooms for a chauffeur, carriage driver and several horse wranglers. The gardening and grounds staff all lived in a bunkhouse near the hothouses.

At the peak the mansion staff was over thirty-five. Once the WWI draft started, inside only the elderly butler, tutor, an under-age kitchen boy and a single footman remained. Many of the female servants took jobs in shops and factories.

In 1920, all the land used to grow crops was sold. That was when the smaller mansions on either side were built.

Following WWII, the new owner of the mansion and his wife did an extensive rebuilding. They had no need for so many servants and the husband was a wholesaler of plumbing supplies and fixtures.

On the second floor the bedrooms were rearranged so in the family portion each bedroom had a private bathroom and walk-in closet. In the guest portion pairs of bedrooms shared a bathroom.

Downstairs only the chief cook's room remained and it has a private bathroom. There is a separate lavatory for the kitchen staff. In the family and entertaining portion of the main floor there is one bathroom and two guest vanities.

The third floor has four rooms with private bathrooms in each of the corners. All the other staff bedrooms are in pairs, sharing a bathroom. In the middle across from the service stairs there is a large room where the staff can relax—their own recreation room.

When James and Victoria Wagner bought the mansion in 1965 the entire building was wired for multi-line Call Director telephones and cable TV. All the bedrooms, family, guest and staff, have a cable connection and intercom. Staff rooms when occupied have digital cable converter boxes and cable modems. By 2009 all the TV receivers were high definition 16x9 flat-screen. Even the unoccupied staff bedrooms all have a dedicated TV.

To convert the bedroom for Carole's big baby fantasy, that TV was moved to a basement store room. The nursery has a thirty-two inch high definition TV. The seventy-two inch TV is in the family room, with a home theater surround sound system. That entertainment center has a BluRay player, a multi-region DVD player, two digital video recorders with hard drive and DVD, a VHS recorder, a CD player with a separate amplifier and speakers.

Carmen pointed to the southeast corner room. "That is Ingrid's room. We should be quiet. I was allowed to pick any room except the corner ones. I picked the one closest to the stairs."

Kristen looked inside, "Your room looks like it is from the Westinn Pasadena! You have your own mini-fridge! Are they all like that?"

Carmen answered, "Virginia hired me this afternoon. I had my suitcase with me, so I only looked at the rooms at this end. Ingrid said I could have it. It's the nicest room I've ever had."

The stairwell is on the right side facing Carmen's door. Inside her room in the left wall there is a door to her shared bathroom.

Kristen skipped the next two rooms. The third room was a mirror image of Carmen's with the bathroom door in the right wall. The bed is a queen. Since it was not made up, Kristen could see the mattress was top quality and brand new. The minute she sat on the bed, she knew she never wanted to leave the Wagner mansion. Well, if she married a man right enough she might move.

Kaaren looked at the next room, which is the same as Carmen's. It has a common wall with Kirsten's room, so their beds back up to one another separated by that wall. Kaaren also loved the room. All of those rooms have the TV mounted on an articulated bracket attached to the bathroom wall. Under the TV there is a counter top. Its base cabinet has open shelves for the cable box and a BluRay player. The desk is long enough it stretches from the Entertainment shelves to the outside wall. The mini refrigerator is between the bathroom door and the entertainment shelves. Along the hall wall there is a bureau with four drawers. The door to the closet is between the hall wall and the bathroom door.

Carmen was so excited having these other women new to the house. "Kirsten, you promised to tell me about Carole."

"First of all, Carmen, I started Monday morning giving Carole an enema! Sunday Virginia called me in a panic because her daughter-in-law Sharron had shown up with her three daughters, none toilet trained and the older one a real brat. Most of the day, it was Virginia who looked after Carole.

"After dinner Carole was obviously constipated. I told Virginia and Carole's mother Beverly that I have often used suppositories on kids with success. Well, that did not help Carole. By then Virginia hired me to nanny Carole today because she has a meeting. So when the suppository didn't work, Virginia asked me to give Carole an enema Monday morning.

"While Carole was sitting on the real toilet waiting for the suppository she told me last week she was Valedictorian at Polytechnic High School. She says she has always wet her bed and always worn diaper to bed. Sometime back she decided to live a big baby fantasy. Clearly she is way into

being spanked. Oh, she turns eighteen next Sunday."

Kaaren was listening, fascinated. "That is just swell. If Carole is so into spanking as kink, she seems like my kind of gal.

"I hate to break up this gab fest, but I need to get home for my beauty sleep. Kirsten, you need to pack and be back here in just a few hours."

"You are right, of course. Carmen, can you tell Virginia I will bring enough clothes with me this morning so I can get by until there is time for me to move all of my clothing. I don't have much else. Will Ingrid have the cleaners set up these rooms?" Kirsten said with enthusiasm.

They all used the service stairs to reach the kitchen area, which was the shortest way to the auto court where Kirsten was parked.

Kirsten and Kaaren thanked Carmen and drove off. Inside Kirsten's car they sang "*We're In The Money*" all the way to their tiny apartment in a dodgy neighborhood of Pasadena.

Both of them were tired when they unlocked the door of their apartment. It was all Kirsten could do to take off her shoes and dress. Without even brushing her teeth she crawled into her bed and fell asleep.

Kaaren was the responsible one this time. She picked up after Kirsten and put the dress on a hanger. She also set an alarm clock for 6:30 A.M. to ensure Kirsten was packed, washed, together and on-duty before 8:30 A.M.

While Kaaren luxuriated in a warm bubble bath just thinking about the size of her retainer check, she also dreamed of adult spanking fantasies. Ever since Kaaren became attracted to spanking fiction when she was approaching puberty, it was romantic scenes that she favored. Sort of like *Kiss Me, Kate!* where all it took was the handsome hero spanking some sense into the silly, headstrong heroine.

As Kaaren matured she concluded, based on experience, that some of the handsomest men were more clueless than the average headstrong woman. So she searched for scenes in which a smart woman spanked sense into silly women and clueless men.

In fact Kaaren preferred to take nanny jobs with rich conservative families which believe in spanking. Kaaren had no fantasy interest in punishing children. In fact the majority of the children under her care were younger than eighteen months. She would not consider spanking such a young person.

The fascinating thing about Carole Ann Turpin was that in less than a week she would be an adult. Her fantasy was being a bratty five year-old and Carole would demand to be spanked even in front of virtual strangers. Kaaren dreamed of helping Carole take her fantasy to a whole new level.

Despite only getting a few hours of sleep, that which Kirsten got was choice! She was refreshed and totally together. Her cosmetics only took up a little space. She put the dress from Monday night and a couple of similar ones in a hanging garment bag. During her four years as a working nanny, Kirsten found the most practical outfit was a cotton/poly blend drip dry dress that reached almost to her knees. Those dresses needed very small collars so she would show no décolletage. Those dresses also needed fairly large pockets in front just below the waist. Usually she wore fabric belts to give the blouse portion of the dress some definition. Normally during the day she did not wear stockings. Her shoes were purchased from medical uniform stores, selected for comfort and non-slip soles.

Kirsten dressed as a nanny. She packed all of her other nanny dresses, spare sensible shoes and just two pair of high heels and stockings. All that fit in one wheeled suitcase and the garment bag. In that she put her best evening purse. She slipped her favorite clutch purse in one of her dress pockets. That held her cell phone, wallet, keys and odds & ends. Also, her own retainer and a separate check for the hours she worked Sunday and Monday morning. On her way to San Marino, Kirsten drove by her bank and made a night deposit.

Victoria was thrilled to be greeted by Ingrid with the news both Kirsten and Kaaren had asked for rooms. Clearly Carmen was going to receive a "signing bonus" for closing those deals. Ingrid assured Victoria that the cleaning crew would have the Nanny Office and the bedrooms of Carmen, Kirsten and Kaaren ready before lunch. Each of those rooms would have a cable box. Several were in the store room and the cleaning crew knew how to hook them up. A phone call to the cable company would activate the boxes.

Once Victoria got out of her bath and dried off, Ingrid styled her hair for the morning. Victoria started off in an older house dress the better to get Carole clean, changed and dressed.

Much to their surprise, when Victoria woke Carole, her diaper set was not just wet, she had moved more than a little feces. Although this was added work, it also was a great sign Carole was not constipated.

Before lifting Carole to the changing table, Victoria pragmatically covered it with a disposable underpad. While Carole was standing, her Onesies was removed, as was her diaper set, which was placed temporarily on top of the diaper pail.

Carole started off prone on her tummy, the better to carefully clean her buttocks and anus. When asked she turned over so her pubic region could be wiped. From the changing table she sat on her potty a couple of minutes, during which she expelled some additional soft stool.

After the potty Carole was led to a bath. Victoria appreciated having Carmen helping, anticipating the need to draw the bath. While Carole was in the tub, Carmen dismantled the diaper set, letting the bulk of the feces in the disposable fall into the potty. The soiled disposable went into the trash container. There was only a slight hint of feces on the trainers, so they went into the diaper pail along with the vinyl panties. Later Carmen would sort those things down in the laundry room. She would apply some stain remover to the trainers before washing them in the machine along with Carole's sheets. The vinyl panties she would hand wash and air dry.

Once Carmen had tidied the changing table, she retrieved the Onesies and yellow sunnysuit as instructed by Victoria. Those were laid-out on the freshly made bed. When Victoria led Carole out of the bathroom, Carmen took the loaded potty in there. She dumped the load into the toilet, rinsed the potty with the shower's hand wand and left it to dry in the bathtub. Later Carmen would scrub it.

While being diapered in a Cruiser Size 7, Carole worked her MAM pacifier. Very soon she was wearing the Onesies and sunnysuit, with yellow socks and sneakers.

Carole took Victoria's hand to be led downstairs for breakfast. There was a bowl of warm Pablum (with Metamucil added) plus a plate with cut up banana, melon and sliced oranges. There were two Sippy cups of Evian water and a half full baby bottle of whole milk. Carole not only fed herself the Pablum/Metamucil, she asked for another half bowl. Eating the Pablum, fruit and drinking all the water would keep her bowels regular.

The breakfast area became exciting when Kirsten walked in before 8:00 A.M. Carole had never seen her dressed like a nanny before. She was thrilled. Kirsten walked to the highchair to exchange a kiss with Carole. She eagerly told Kirsten about her nighttime bowel movement. Kirsten was also happy.

"Sweetie Pie, you were such a good girl using your potty before bed. Babies, even bigger babies, don't always empty themselves before bed. That is a reason you wear diapers."

Turning to Victoria, Kirsten asked, "Would you like me to clean Carole and take her to her room? Or would you prefer to do that yourself? I left my suitcase and a garment bag in my car."

"Welcome to the household, Kirsten! Glad to have you aboard our happy ship. Please let me spend some more time with Carole now, because you will be seeing her all day. If you like you may put your things away. Ingrid's cleaners can work around that."

"Well, suppose I just hang my dresses and shirts in the closet? The room was spotless. Everything else can just stay in my suitcase until the cleaners are finished. Is that okay, Victoria?"

Victoria smiled and nodded. Marcia Baer asked what Kirsten would like for breakfast. Knowing she would have a busy day with Carole, Kirsten asked for a piece of French toast, a sunny side up egg and a cup of the fabulous coffee from the new Italian machine. Well fed, Kirsten retrieved her things from her car and carried them up to her wonderful new room. The view from her window on such a beautiful June morning was breathtaking. Kirsten Bodding felt she was the luckiest nanny in the entire world!

