

# Carole, Part 24

Early Morning of 20 June 2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin turned eighteen at midnight while enjoying a lovely date with John Deacon. For several minutes Carole and John remained in the back seat of a limo, kissing passionately. To her that was a perfect ending to this date. She actually wanted to have her lipstick smeared when she entered the house.

To be more exact, it was 0110. Carole wanted to be sure her nanny would be awake, waiting and annoyed. Oh, yes, the “house” was in fact the largest private mansion in San Marino, California. That is the home of Carole’s beloved grandparents James and Victoria Wagner.

What? An eighteen-year-old woman still has a nanny, you ask incredulously? That is true, as strange as it seems.

Nighttime bladder control never happened for Carole. Long before she graduated from the exclusive and prestigious Polytechnic High School in Pasadena, Carole had early acceptance as a pre-law major at Cornell in Upstate New York.

Knowing she would be a long distance from her family while struggling to deal with night diapers at a university, Carole decided to at least have some fun in her diapers. Instead of taking a summer trip to Europe offered to her by Victoria, Carole asked to spend a month living as if she were not quite five-years-old, without any bladder control. She would have nannies around the clock and her bedroom would be a functional nursery.

Perhaps some of Carole’s bladder control problems are a function of her still only being 4 foot 5 inches tall, 60 pounds soaking wet with a 16

inch waist and 20 inch hips. If there is a bright side to being that petite it is that Carole can effectively wear Pampers Cruisers Size 7 and GOO.N Super Big disposable diapers.

This date with John Everest Deacon III was a vacation from her big baby vacation. They had been classmates for years and rivals for top grade point average. Neither had dated much during high school, but had dated for their graduation prom at Disneyland. It turned out they had a romantic attraction. John is 5 foot 3 inches, the shortest guy in his class. Carole was the shortest gal, so even in her highest stilettos John towers over her.

Giving John one last lingering kiss, Carole punched her access code into the front door lock. Entering she knew she was in trouble. Within seconds her supervising Nanny Kirsten Bodding was holding Carole's left wrist in a firm grip.

“Young Lady, you have a lot to explain! Just look at you! Did you consider how many people have been working preparing for your birthday party in just a few hours?”

“Carole, you can be such a delightful person one minute and such an inconsiderate brat the next. Well, we both know there is only one way to deal with brats. Go on, Young Lady! Repeat the phrase.”

While being pulled toward the main stairs by her wrist, Carole managed to answer, “Naughty girls get sore bottoms! I deserve to be punished severely, Nanny Bodding. I am so sorry.”

As they climbed the stairs Kirsten promised, “Young Lady, after I scrub that trollop makeup off your precious little face, the hairbrush will have a starring role in your punishment and your tiny panties will be absent.”

Inside Carole's bedroom nursery she was undressed completely by Kirsten. Carole's new Christian Louboutin stiletto sling-back shoes were reverently place in the proper place in her closet. Her new strapless dress from Giggles of Pasadena was put on a hanger to avoid wrinkles before it went to the dry cleaners. Her crinoline petticoats were put in the laundry hamper to be washed, as were her delicate panties. Her strapless training bra and thigh high stockings would be hand washed.

Totally nude Carole was led into her bathroom so that Kirsten could effectively scrub off all traces of the Julie Hewett Bijou Celeste sheer peach coral lipstick smudged on Carole's face.

“Now, Young Lady, fetch me your special punishment hairbrush!” Nanny Kirsten commanded, while sitting on the side of Carole’s bed.

Carole scampered past Kirsten to pick up the Hair Doc 876S brush which is kept under the clownie lamp on that bedside stand. Contritely handing the effective brush to her nanny, Carole obediently walked to her right. Then she docilely put herself over Kirsten’s lap with her head to the left toward the bed’s headboard and her calves dangling off the end of the bed.

Nanny Kirsten started with some warm-up smack using just her right palm until Carole began soft crying and slight quivering. When Kirsten began administering full-force hairbrush spanks she also scolded Carole. Those hairbrush spanks were concentrated in a small area of the *Gluteo-Femoral fold* where Carole’s lower buttocks meet her upper thighs on either side. With only fifteen such spanks per side those spots were dark pink.

Carole was sobbing her eyes out, doing her best to promise better behavior in answer to scolding questions. Only when Carole was as limp as a gauze diaper did Kirsten stop spanking. Carole was encouraged to cry it all out into her bedding, as Nanny Kirsten lovingly stroked her damp hair.

“There, there, Sweetie Precious. Your spanking is all over. I believe that you will behave better until the next time you are tempted” Kirsten said soothingly.

“Now it is time to get you ready for bed. Ease yourself off my lap and stand on the carpet facing me.”

Kirsten also stood and scooped up the tiny young woman. Kirsten walked around the bed, past the changing table, to Carole’s small pink plastic potty. “I know it will be painful, but that is a natural consequence of being naughty. You need to sit until you move your bowels. Can you honestly tell me you had a bowel movement during your date? Or anytime yesterday? When was your last movement?”

“I think I made poopie Friday after breakfast, Nanny” Carole answered shyly.

“Sweetie, this constipation is a serious problem. All the excitement and changes to your diet could be the cause. It is such a shame your bottom is now sore. We both know there is only one thing to do to make sure you are comfy during your party.

“Just do your best to sit on your potty while I get everything ready to help you feel better. You do not need to strain. I can see you honestly tried and that did not help. So relax as best you can. Okay, Sweetie Precious?”

While saying all that to Carole, Kirsten took a disposable under pad from a shelf of the changing table and spread it out on the surface. From a drawer she removed a Fleet Mineral Oil Enema, which she put on the shelf above the changing surface near the baby wipe warmer, along with a tube of KY Jelly. Below the underpad Kaaren placed a Cruiser Size 7.

With everything ready, Kaaren started gently talking to Carole as she was lifted onto the changing surface, on her left side and her head to Kaaren’s right. Once Carole was stabilized in the correct position, Kirsten was able to let her go long enough to put on Nitrel non-latex exam gloves. She lubricated her left index finger and used it to massage Carole’s little anus to help relax it.

Still talking soothingly, Kirsten gently inserted the tip of the enema until it was seated correctly. Slowly the Fleet bottle was squeezed to push the mineral oil enema into Carole’s rectum. After the enema bottle was empty, Kirsten continued to soothe Carole. Gently easing her to a crawling posture, Kirsten snugged the Cruiser into position and fastened the tabs.

The diaper was a precaution to ensure if Carole started to expel feces while being carried to the bathroom the carpet would not be messed. Once Carole was standing in front of her toilet her temporary diaper was removed. Gingerly Carole sat on her toilet, wincing from the residual spanking sting in her lower buttocks and upper thighs.

Fortunately Carole did not need to be on her toilet more than a couple of minutes. The Fleets enema did its thing. Carole managed to move a significant amount of fecal material.

“Look, Nanny, I made a big poopie in the big girl toilet!” Carole sang out in her youngest voice.

“Yes you did, Sweetie Precious! Very soon you will feel a lot better” Kirsten purred lovingly.

“First I am going to refasten your diaper. Then I am going to carry you back to your nice changing table to pin you into a gauze diaper over the disposable for the rest of the night.

“Up you go! Wheee!” Kirsten exclaimed as she gently carried Carole to the changing table. There a DyDee Service 36 inch square gauze diaper

was kite folded and slid under Carole's Cruiser-covered bottom. Because of the capacity of that Size 7 Cruiser, Kirsten did not use a DyDee Birdseye prefold as a soaker. The large gauze diaper was snugged and pinned in place. While Carole cooperated by lifting her legs, Kirsten worked a pair of soft vinyl pull-on panties into correct position.

Although it was a warm June night, Kirsten still pulled a custom-made knit cotton Onesies over Carole's pretty head and snapped the flap in front to hold the diaper set in the ideal position. At last Carole was tucked into her bed and the safety rails were raised, turning it into a functional crib.

Because of the sting in her so recently spanked bottom Carole needed to start sleeping on her tummy. As she was falling to sleep Kirsten placed a clean MAM pacifier in Carole's mouth and clipped its leash to the left shoulder of her Onesies.

Kirsten lovingly kissed Carole good night before turning out all the nursery lights except the dim clownie lamp. She activated the baby video monitor system and closed the hall door.

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When Kirsten climbed the service stairs to the third floor she immediately reported to Kaaren's bedroom. Her beautiful Mistress was sound asleep.

Considering herself a lucky young woman, Kirsten went to her own bedroom. There she undressed except for her Bambino Bianco Medium. She covered that with one of her own Onesies. Tucking herself into her bed, Kirsten soon was fast asleep, the baby audio monitor on her bedside stand.

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In her nursery Carole slept like a happy, contented baby. To her the downside of Saturday was that none of her nannies were on duty. On the way back from shopping Friday early afternoon Carole had to cajole a spanking from Kirsten, which had spoiled most of the fun.

Of course Carole was looking forward to her date with John. They had a marvelous time. He took her to dinner and dancing at an exclusive private club in Beverly Hills where people under twenty-one were required to have dinner reservations. At the door their IDs were checked

and their wristbands announced they could not be served alcohol. John and Carole do not drink; so no worries for them.

Carole is not a gourmet, so to her the quality of food is less important than the quality of service as well as the atmosphere. The dance band was excellent, playing a mix of classics and the few danceable 2010 hits. John was even more charming than at Disneyland during their prom.

She contemplated the “what-ifs” had they become a couple at the start of their senior year. Carole did not dwell on that very much. John would be away until late July on a tour of Asia. She knew she would totally miss his kisses. Those were soft and respectful, yet most satisfactory. During their date they had kissed a lot.

To avoid needing to cajole another spanking, Carole deliberately had implied to Victoria she would be home by midnight. She had told John when she made they made the date she expected to be in his arms dancing when she turned eighteen at midnight. Her plan was to also be sure her lipstick was smeared, to suggest even more sexual activity than actually took place.

Just before getting out of the limo Carole could clearly see her reflection. Although some of her lipstick had faded enough she needed a touch-up, it was still neat. So, she ostentatiously applied more and immediately furiously moved her lips around on John’s. Even that did not cause enough smearing to suit her, so she dabbed a bit on her right pinky and created the smear. As she walked with John to the front door, she wiped her pinky on both of her palms.

Her constipation was a bonus. Saturday she not only ate fresh fruit, she took a dose of stool softener as soon as she was awake and another while getting dressed. All Carole could think was that she had not consumed enough water during the day on Saturday.

Before Kirsten had given her the first enema, Carole was afraid of them. Her attitude changed because Kirsten was so gentle and soothing. Since meeting Kirsten Carole had come to crave physical attention from her. A chaste innocent kiss from Kirsten was to Carole nearly as thrilling as an open-mouth kiss from John. While Kirsten was spanking her Carole could be sure she had her full attention.

It was just before sun up that Carole woke up feeling that she had soiled her diaper. Although she would have preferred to let Kirsten sleep in, Carole did not want any chance of diaper rash from remaining in a dirty diaper a second longer than necessary.

Carole did what any reasonable baby would do. She turned her face toward the baby monitor and began to cry as loud as she could. Between cries she kept saying “I made poopies!”

Very quickly Kirsten was opening Carole’s door. As she approached the bed Carole could see that Kirsten had hurriedly thrown on a robe, which was not very well tied. In the dim light Carole guessed there was something odd and yet familiar about whatever Kirsten was concealing under her robe.

Kirsten could smell the odor of loose stool as she approached Carole, so she did not waste a second feeling the diaper set. Instead she lowered the rail on the bathroom side of the bed. Then she scooped up Carole to carry her to her bathroom.

Only then did Kirsten un-snap the Onesies and pull it out of harm’s way. Clear of the Onesies Kirsten pulled down Carole’s vinyl panties enough she could remove the left diaper pin. As the gauze diaper sagged Kirsten released the left tab of the Cruisers. She assisted the descent of the diaper set carefully so none of the loose stool spilled.

Leaving the messy diaper set on the floor, Kirsten lifted Carole into her tub so she could be cleaned with warm water from the shower wand. Carole always like being cleaned this way. While she was dripping, Kirsten began wiping her with warm baby wipes. The passage of time, the warm water from the wand and the intimacy of being wiped like that helped Carole forget the sting of the spanking.

While Carole dried standing in the tub, Kirsten flushed most of the fecal material into the toilet. She put the dirty Cruiser in a baggie and that into the trash container. The trainers, gauze diaper and vinyl panties were not messed, just damp. They were placed in their respective pails.

Kirsten needed some more quality sleep. She could see that despite the rinsing, Carole was falling asleep. A management decision was made to simply re-diaper Carole until later. For this Kirsten stuck with a Size 7 Cruiser, a pinned gauze diaper and vinyl pull-on panties. In less than ten minutes from first crying for a change, Carole was back in her bed in clean diapers and Onesies, nearly asleep. She was positioned on her back. A clean MAM pacifier was put in Carole’s mouth and its leash clipped to the left shoulder of her Onesies.

With the bedroom lights turned off, Kirsten worked with the light from the hall to be sure the worn Onesies was in its hamper and the room was as tidy as possible. She re-rinsed the bathtub so no hint of feces

remained. Her chores finished, Kirsten re-activated the baby surveillance system, closed the hall door and dragged herself up the service stairs so she could flop into her own bed.

Out of the corner of her eye, just before removing her robe, Kirsten saw that it had gapped open in front, obviously revealing her Bambino Bianco. The very best Kirsten could hope was that while Carole could see, the robe was modestly closed.

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Downstairs Carole was far more awake than asleep. Not only had she seen the plain white two-tape per side adult diaper Kirsten was wearing, she had managed to feel it. Carole could not remember wearing a diaper with a smooth plastic outer layer, so that added to the fascination.

Coercion and blackmail was not Carole's style. She fully intended to never admit seeing Kirsten's diaper. On the other hand, she would drop very discreet hints to her beloved Granny Victoria that it would be wonderful to try wearing her own size diapers with a plastic outer layer.

Ignoring her MAM pacifier, Carole drifted off to sleep cuddling a pillow as if it were John Everest Deacon III. Bummer that attempts to deeply kiss her pillow only resulted in a mouth full of lint. It was going to be a very long four weeks until John was back in her arms, live and in person!