

# Carole, Part 28

Sunday 20 June 2010—Birthday Party, Conclusion

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin's birthday party produced by her grandmother Victoria Callaway Wagner and catered by the Wolfgang Puck Organization was reaching its natural conclusion.

Finally the big moment had arrived at last. The heralds blew another impressive fanfare, which sounded a lot like the "Call to the Post" at nearby Santa Anita racetrack in Arcadia.

Victoria was walking toward the big on stage box as she explained that it was a Callaway/Wagner tradition to provide the birthday gal or guy a reminder of proper decorum: "You all know I still have my inner Southern Belle despite being sent to that Damn Yankee college in New England. I take great pride in never doing anything less than full blast.

"The cliché would be to have some of Carole's family swat her delicate derrière once per year of age plus one to grow on and one to be good on. Some well-meaning folks swat too hard or not hard enough.

"So, Footmen, please remove the box!"

When the box was no longer blocking the view, the device on the stage was fascinating in a most bizarre way. It consisted of a kneeling bench that was hardly ordinary. Near the bench there was another device on a stand, with a crystal-clear object protruding.

Gesturing to this set of contraptions, in her very best Betty Furness imitation, Victoria proclaimed: "This, my friends, represents the latest in birthday technology. It is a product of the Spank-O-Matic Corporation, their newest invention the SOM-II equipped with a Lexan polycarbonate 'Staged Paddle Set' of behavior modification striker implements.

“Earlier today factory-trained technician Douglas Balluff adjusted this SOM-II to be an appropriate fit when our Birthday Girl, Princess Carole, assumes her position of honor on the kneeling bench.”

Much to everyone’s surprise and delight, Carole stood up from her throne. She asked Kristen to remove her necklace and tiara for safekeeping. Then she bravely walked to the kneeling bench, knelt upon the lower portion and bent over the higher part. All those surfaces were generously padded. Carole’s pretty face could be seen by half of the guests. The other half found vantage points such they could see the clear Lexan Behavior Modification Striker do its thing. Those who could see noticed Carole had a beatific shy smile.

“Friends, the controls have been set to provide Carole a firm birthday party experience, hardly a punishment,” Victoria explained. “Each application of the striker will be of the same force. The computer has been set for her age, eighteen, plus two bonus swats, which will be slightly harder.

“Several interested people have been granted the honor of pushing the special button. One push equals one smack of the Lexan. There is an interval timer precluding anyone from giving Carole a second swat. The control will be passed down the line until all the swats have been administered.

“Of course I will be the first to push the button, followed by my daughter Beverly who is Carole’s overly gentle mother. The control is in my hand.

“Carole, are you ready?”

“Yes, Granny; I am scared of that machine, but I will try to be brave,” Carole whispered. Because Victoria was holding the microphone near Carole’s lips, all the guests could hear those words.

“Musicians, can we have an appropriate fanfare?” Victoria requested. As the music died away, Victoria pushed the button. The SOM-II made a quiet mechanical noise. Then with a distinct **SMACK** the Lexan landed on both of Carole’s bottom cheeks simultaneously.

Because Victoria was near Carole’s face, her microphone amplified all the reaction. There was a tiny yelp, followed by an “Oh My Goodness!”

The control was handed to Beverly, who made sure Carole was ready. Victoria held the microphone in an ideal position so all of Carole's reactions were clearly heard.

Beverly looked far more distressed after she pushed the button than did Carole receiving the resulting swat. All she said was a quiet, "Oh My Goodness".

That control was passed to Willard Turpin, then to Carole's younger brothers Matthew and Nathan.

James Wagner, Sr. went next. He was followed by James, Jr. and Sharron, who handed the control to Lindsay for the ninth swat.

Edward Wagner went next, followed by his wife Jennifer and their daughter Judy for the twelfth swat.

So far the only reactions from Carole were eye blinks and her "Oh My Goodness" expressions. No tears were forming and she was not seen to wriggle.

Young Judy Wagner had been the last in the line of relatives. Victoria retrieved the control box from her granddaughter.

"Carole, Sweetie Pie, how are you doing? Are you enjoying this as much as the rest of us?" Victoria asked sweetly.

"Oh, I am doing just fine. If you want, you could increase the force slightly. Honestly I am not always such a well-behaved gal! You said I would receive twenty swats and I only have had twelve so far. What's the deal, Dearest Granny?" Carole asked in a theatrical way.

Kristen and Victoria individually suspected Carole's Cruiser was absorbing most of the sting from the Lexan. Victoria did not want to modify the setting of the firmness control, yet she claimed to have done that.

"Carole has a generous heart. She decided on her own to donate her gifts of toys to charity. San Marino is all about giving to charity.

"Sweetie Pie, how would you feel if we auction off the rights to give you the remaining eight swats?" Victoria asked.

"Oh, Darling Granny, I think that is a super idea. Since I am going to get all those swats anyway, they might as well be for a good cause.

“Unfortunately I left my wallet and check book in my bedroom. But if my credit is good, I bid \$500 of my own money to give myself a swat” Carole volunteered with excitement in her voice.

“Well, Sweetie Pie, I never would have thought a person would bid actual money to be swatted by a machine,” Victoria responded in full auctioneer-mode, guilting the guests into generous bidding.

“Okay, Carole’s \$500 is the reserve bid. Is it fair that if eight offers are higher, Carole can still give herself a bonus swat?”

“Sure, Granny, my rump is ready and I consider this a very fair deal for charity!” Carole answered.

The bidding was fast and furious, while Carole remained docilely in her assigned spanking position.

Anthony Hinckley made the first bid of \$550, drawing a warning look from the always protective Kirsten.

No worries, because in less than a minute the top bid was \$15,000 and the lowest of the eight was \$9,000. Spank-O-Matic technician Doug Balluff needed to come on stage to reset for the extra swat which Carole had paid for. Turning off the microphone temporarily, Victoria instructed Doug to reduce the force slight and disable the two extra hard swats.

Carole requested her own microphone, so one was brought to her on a stand with an arm so it was in the ideal position to amplify her reactions.

Sure enough Carole gave herself the first charity swat and joked that she was only getting what she so richly deserved.

As the line of winning bidders placed checks or markers in a cup, Victoria announced their names and amount of the bid. Then they were handed the control. It turned out the \$15,000 bid was from one of James Wagner Sr’s business partners, a man possibly even wealthier than James.

Even after receiving twenty-one significant Spank-O-Matic swats, Carole was still showing her beautiful beatific smile.

Before asking to be helped up, Carole spoke into her microphone, “Hey, I have an idea? Would everyone who pushed the button pose for a picture with me? Your choice with me still kneeling and you somehow in the picture; or both of us standing; or both. I am sure Granny Victoria has an available photographer or two. I suspect many photos will show my

face while I was spanked and probably some will show the paddle landing.”

All the younger guests and their parents were back with the rides and/or eating.

The only delay taking the pictures was rounding up Matthew, Nathan, Lindsay and Judy. They were giggling while the pictures were being taken. Carole’s brothers knew she had been punished by spanking when she was younger, but might not have known about Carole’s recent spankings. Lindsay had actually seen Carole being spanked by smacks to her legs.

Each of the adults who pushed the button posed for both kinds of photos. The outsiders added bonus markers for those photos. The picture taking did not take long.

After walking off the cramping from kneeling so long, Carole hugged and kissed Victoria. She even managed to gain control of the microphone.

“Hey, it’s my party, so let me make another suggestion. When I was a little kid the one time I was taken to Renaissance Faire in Devore I remember they had a medieval wooden spanking machine. In the afternoon it was set up in various places in the Faire. People had to pay to either be spanked on the machine or have someone else spanked. It was only for adults, so I have no idea if it was stronger or not as strong as this Spank-O-Matic.

“Eight of you generous people contributed serious money even by San Marino standards to spank me. Would anyone bid on the right to have someone else experience this machine?”

“Granny, is this even possible? Hey, I am going to study law, so I already think in terms of liability.”

Spank-O-Matic technician Balluff conveniently had pads of liability waivers in his attaché case. He indicated he had already been paid generously for the entire evening.

In seconds Victoria had that additional use of the Spank-O-Matic organized. It was agreed that only those over eighteen could experience the machine, with the set-up changed so the person being spanked was standing. That would speed the process, since Doug only needed to change the height of the striker.

It was agreed the minimum bid was to be \$500 per swat, but larger contributions were most welcome. Since there was no limit to the available swats, this was not an auction.

Once Carole was sure the sale of swats could go on without her being on stage, she whispered to Kristen that she wanted to use her own bathroom and changing table as soon as practical.

Sensing that Kristen wanted to stay at the party with Anthony, Carole modified her request so that Carmen could be the nanny. In turn Kristen signaled the officer to have someone find Carmen. Clearly Victoria's staff should have been issued walkie-talkies for the party. Still, before Carole had to go into her "potty dance" Carmen appeared. Escorted by the officer, Carmen and Carole walked briskly to the bedroom.

Carole used her mature voice to explain to the female security officer and Carmen that the tiara and pearls needed to be locked in a safe, so everyone could relax. Meanwhile Carole needed her tights to be lowered, her Onesies released and her soaked Cruiser removed. All that so Carole could use her toilet.

By then the officer had responsibility for the jewelry and did not witness anything related to diapers.

Once Carole finished pooping and pee into her actual toilet, due to the constraints of her dress, she needed Carmen's help wiping herself. Then she climbed onto her changing table for a fresh Size 7 Cruiser.

Carmen was expecting some serious marks from the Lexan paddle applied by the Spank-O-Matic, but she could not find any on Carole's adorable derrière.

"Honestly, Nanny Lewis, that machine only was swatting my damp diaper. During the delay about the bidding I made sure to wet as much as possible, so my diaper protected me even better from the paddle. I'm not actually a pain slut," Carole confessed.

"Because I was wearing my diaper I found the whole thing to be a hoot and a half. I can't wait to get back there to find out how well Victoria is doing selling swats."

Before leaving her bedroom Carole dug a string of cheap costume jewelry pearls out of her treasure box. "In dim light nobody will notice. That woman with her pistol was giving me the creeps!"

Down on the stage, watching the Spank-O-Matic in action was proving more interesting than dancing to the big band music in a style that could only be considered a tribute to the Glenn Miller Band by tone-deaf folks unfamiliar with the recordings of Glenn Miller!

When Carole and Carmen returned to the stage, first of all nobody noticed the substitution of the fake pearls or the absence of her tiara. Carole did make sure to tell Victoria that the officer had her new jewelry.

There must have been twenty-five people in line, some holding more than one swat coupon, which Beverly was creating on blank paper with a Sharpie pen.

Most interesting was that Anthony was openly holding Kristen by the hand as if she were a naughty girl waiting for her turn in a principal's office. This time Carole was carrying her dainty purse with her wallet.

She marched up to Victoria. "I was going to write a check for the \$500 I owe. But I have just enough left in my account to buy Anthony three more coupons. Would that be okay?"

"I'm not so sure—you need to ask Kristen" Victoria answered. "I already bought him another coupon. Your mother bought him one and Sharron bought him three. Can Kristen stand so many swats?"

Walking up to Anthony and Kristen, Carole could see that she was the one holding a stack of coupons. "Nanny Bodding, I do not want to be mean, but I just tried to buy three more coupons for Anthony. Could you stand so many swats?"

"Tell you the truth, Sweetie Pie, as soon as Carmen took you to the house, Anthony gave me a couple of glasses of wine. Then when Victoria started telling her friends about Anthony's plans, he was given a bunch of coupons. So for the past fifteen minutes we have been giving coupons to people who want to see Sharron and Kaaren get paddled. Victoria admitted to me she bought two tickets for Sharron's spanking. Her husband already had bought two. So the longer Sharron hangs back in the shadows the more swats she will be getting. This could be a lot of fun."

Carole went back to Victoria. She wrote the \$2,000 check and accepted the three coupons from her mother Beverly. Carole gave just one to Kirsten for use on herself by Anthony. The other two coupons Carole gave to James Junior, being sure that Sharron knew who had provided the coupons.

Sadly Kirsten's cunning plan to get back at Kaaren was foiled. Before the swat coupons were organized Kaaren decided to take the young Wagner girls home. She claimed it was because the girls were exhausted. Many believe Kaaren sensed the conspiracy and got her delicate derrière far from the Spank-O-Matic.

It was so much fun for Carole to watch Kirsten being swatted with Anthony at the controls. Kirsten was feeling her wine enough she was having a grand time. As soon as Kirsten, none too steadily, stepped away from the Spank-O-Matic, she gave Anthony a long, deep kiss, while he massaged her beautiful bottom.

It was nearly Carole's bedtime when Sharron finally took her turn getting swatted. James, Jr. handled the controls. Of all the people who felt the swats, Sharron was by far the worst sport. She yelped with every swat, wriggled like a baby brat and never smiled.

By contrast a few ladies from the San Marino Women's Club bought five coupons to have Victoria paddled, delegating the controls to Beverly after James, Senior, wisely refused to press the magic button on his formidable wife.

Willard Turpin bought two coupons for use on Beverly. It was so charming that she had to write out the coupons which would soon warm her rump.

In all her life Carole never dreamed she would see her mother, Granny and her Aunt Sharron all spanked by the amazingly versatile Spank-O-Matic!

Carole loitered on her throne long enough she could give Sharron, Victoria and her Mom kisses after they took their swats.

All good things must come to an end. It was approaching midnight, which was when on Saturday evening Carole's necking party with John Deacon was just getting really interesting. He had become more ardent as soon as Carole was eighteen!

Nanny Carmen led Carole up to her bedroom. Slowly she undressed Carole so each element of the dress could be appropriately placed on hangers. Even the Onesies with the décolleté bodice was put on a hanger in case it needed to be dry cleaned.

Once Carole was nude she was given a long bubble bath, during which she suckled four ounces of milk and eight ounces of Evian water



from EvenFlo baby bottles with Munchkin clear silicone Tri Flow adjustable nipples.

Wearing a Size 6 Baby Dry inside a pinned square gauze diaper with two baby prefolds as soakers all covered by soft vinyl pull-on panties, Carole was snugged into a pale yellow Onesies. Carmen lovingly tucked her into her bed. She was given a MAM pacifier on a leash. The clownie lamp was set to the dim overnight function. Carmen pulled both side rails into their upright and locked position.

The bedroom drapes were drawn, the main lights turned out and the surveillance audio and video systems were activated. Nanny Carmen carried a portable audio monitor to her staff bedroom. She brought up the video on her monitor.

Only then did Carmen undress, take a quick shower and pull on panties and a long Tee shirt. She was sound asleep quickly.