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# Carole, Part 1

3 July—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin was old enough to know she was being naughty when she ignored her Granny. Instead of finishing her breakfast, Carole hid in a closet. When she felt the coast was clear, Carole emerged from that closet so she could watch Saturday morning TV cartoons with her cousins.

Victoria Callaway Wagner really wanted to be one of those young grandmothers who indulged her grandchildren although she had been strict with her own children. Yet Victoria had promised her daughter Beverly Turpin that she would not spoil young Carole while the girl was staying with her at the Wagner mansion in San Marino, California.

"Young Lady, come with me to your room this instant!" Victoria took Carole by her left hand and led the protesting girl from the family room, with the big TV, up the stairs. Victoria was carrying a wooden hairbrush in her own left hand. The sight of that hairbrush caused Carole and her cousins to gulp.

Up in Carole's bedroom, Victoria temporarily placed the hairbrush on the girl's bed. Next she removed Carole's very wet Size 7 Pampers Cruiser, placing the disposable diaper in a covered trash container. Sitting on the side of the bed, Victoria pulled Carole over her lap. The girl did not protest.

Scolding that it was naughty to disobey and hide instead of eating, Victoria administered several increasingly firm spanks with her right palm to

Carole's little tushie. Once the girl began to whimper, Victoria reluctantly picked up the hairbrush and started spanking with it. Right away Carole burst into sobs. Less than a minute later, when the girl was limp and contrite, Victoria put the hairbrush down and comforted her beloved granddaughter.

Shortly after Carole had cried it all out, Victoria helped her to her feet. Not far away, on the other side of the bed, there was a changing table with diaper stackers hanging behind it, on either side of a shelf with a baby wipes warmer, lotion, powder and Desitin.

While still holding the left hand of the sniffing Carole, Victoria pulled a fresh Pampers Cruiser from its stacker and spread it on the changing surface. Then Victoria lifted Carole onto position. Raising her legs, Victoria wiped Carole's still bright-pink bottom. Finally the Cruiser was pulled snug through Carole's crotch and expertly fastened in place.

Saturday, 3 July 2010, was a warm morning. While in the house, Victoria only dressed Carole with a short shirt. This way the state of diaper wetness and mess could be easily seen.

Freshly diapered, Carole was led back downstairs. In the breakfast area of the kitchen, Victoria lifted Carole into her highchair. She did cooperate when fed her cereal and a baby bottle of whole milk. Toward the end of her meal, Carole needed to be burped.

Following breakfast, and having her face wiped clean using her bib, Carole was led back to her cousins and the TV set. Victoria's maid Ingrid Magnuson cleaned up the breakfast area, folded the plastic mat and put away the highchair.

Meanwhile for Carole, Victoria selected a pale yellow sunnysuit, with matching Onesies, which she laid out on the bed. Between the bed and changing table Carole's pink plastic potty was clean and ready for use.

Walking downstairs, Victoria observed all her grandchildren enjoying the cartoons. None of those kids were reliably toilet trained, so they all needed supervision. Kirsten Bodding was the nanny taking care of the six cousins, so Victoria could concentrate on just Carole.

Sure enough, half an hour after finishing her breakfast, Carole started squirming around on the floor. When she got up and started dancing around, Victoria swooped in and took her by the hand.

"Carole, Sweetie Pie, it is time for you to sit on your nice potty chair." Victoria led the girl up the stairs, and to her potty chair. Removing Carole's Cruiser, Victoria said, "Sweetie, this is hardly damp. I'll save it until you finish making poop."

Free of her diaper, Carole did sit on her potty chair. She no longer was discomfited by her earlier spanking. While Victoria looked everywhere but at Carole, fairly soon the girl did manage to empty her bowels. Victoria was waiting with two warmed wipes, the better to start cleaning Carole. When nearly done, Victoria handed Carole another warmed wipe, so she could finish wiping herself.

Once Carole was clean, she was lifted onto the changing table so her only-slightly-damp Cruiser could be re-applied. Victoria replaced Carole's shirt with the Onesies, pulling the back flap through the crotch so it could be snapped together just below Carole's waist.

The skirt of the sunnysuit extended low enough on Carole's thighs the bottom of her Onesies and her diaper were covered. Since they were going shopping, Victoria put pale yellow socks and Mary Janes on Carole's feet, whose hair was tied into a ponytail with a yellow ribbon.

An impressive large pink and white diaper bag was kept on the bottom shelf under the changing table. Victoria double checked that it had a supply of wipes, baby powder, lotion and Desitin. Its main purpose was to carry at least eight Size 7 Pampers Cruisers plus disposal baggies. It had a matching changing mat and a smaller changing bag not much larger than a clutch purse for a single Cruiser. Victoria used the clutch as her purse, for her wallet, change, cosmetics and cell phone.

In the outer pockets of the diaper bag there was room for a couple of baby bottles and a set of pacifiers. Victoria put that full diaper bag over her shoulder before leading Carole out of her room and toward the garage.

Victoria's Bentley had a fancy safety seat installed in the middle of the rear seat. On her own, Carole climbed into that seat and waited

until Victoria had securely fastened the harness around her. All the while Victoria was chatting soothingly with Carole, praising her for such good cooperation and deliberately not mentioning the earlier spanking.

Their destination was the Target Store in Pasadena. Carole was given the choice of riding in the shopping cart or walking beside Victoria. The girl decided to walk. In her sunnysuit Carole did look absolutely adorable. Just to be safe, Victoria carried the diaper clutch purse.

Going to the baby/toddler section, Victoria let Carole select a second potty chair. Carole used a pacifier for naps and sleeping. Victoria bought her an additional set of MAM pacifiers with clear silicone nipples and a bright striped clip-on leash. Because she already had so many, Victoria did not buy more EvenFlo baby bottles on that trip.

Victoria needed: three 504 count cartons of Pampers unscented Soft Care baby wipes; two jumbo cartons of Size 3 and one of Size 7 Pampers Cruisers; two cartons of Size 5 Pampers Extra Protection; a carton each of Size 4, 5 and 6 Pampers Baby Dry; one carton each of Size 4, 5 and 6 Huggies Overnites.

No sooner had all the Huggies been placed in the shopping cart than did Carole tug at Victoria's sleeve. "Granny, I need to go potty."

"That's okay, Sweetie Pie. The ladies room is close to the check out stations" Victoria answered lovingly.

Parking the very full shopping cart outside the ladies room, Victoria led Carole inside. Sure enough, there was a sturdy Koala fold-down changing table.

First Victoria folded up Carole's sunnysuit skirt so the snaps of the Onesies could be released. While Carole quietly stood there, Victoria removed the moderately wet Cruiser. "Sweetie, do you need to make another poopie?"

"I don't think so, Granny" Carole shyly answered.

"Okay, then here you go up on the changing table" Victoria said as she lifted her granddaughter. Carole patiently sat at one end of the changing table while Victoria spread out a fresh Cruiser.

After Carole moved over the diaper, she reclined. Victoria lifted her feet and wiped her bottom and thighs. Once Carole settled on the diaper, Victoria used a fresh wipe on her hairless pubic region, sides and the front of her upper thighs. There was no hint of diaper rash, which was good.

Soon the new Size 7 Cruiser was fastened in place, the Onesies was re-snapped and the sunnysuit skirt smoothed back to its normal position.

Carole was being changed when a distinguished matron somewhat older than Victoria walked into the ladies room. While that woman was washing her hands she said, "My word, your daughter is so delightful and well-behaved. She seems slightly big to still be in diapers."

With a smile, Victoria answered, "You are correct. The thing is we have found that Pull-Ups leak badly when Carole is active, especially when away from home. Pampers have worked so well for us I use them for outings. Carole does not feel embarrassed. When she is ready she will be toilet trained.

"It is flattering, but to be honest, she is actually my granddaughter. She is spending a vacation with me." During that conversation, which Carole followed closely, she did not blush or even squirm.

With Carole standing next to the changing table, Victoria decided to use a toilet herself. After washing her hands she applied a touch-up to her lipstick, made sure her hair was in place and then led Carole back to the shopping cart.

Although the cashier was too polite to say anything, she did seem surprised by the number of diapers. "Only some of these are for little Carole here. Six of my other grandkids are also staying with me. None of them are toilet trained yet. Carole is nearly ready" Victoria explained. Again, Carole seemed fascinated as she listened to that remark, without a hint of embarrassment.

Back at the Bentley, Victoria buckled Carole into her safety seat before loading the purchases into the trunk. The shopping cart storage was just a few feet away, so Victoria could watch Carole.

By the time they got home, Kirsten reported, all six cousins had been fed lunch, had their diapers changed and were currently down for their naps.

Kirsten unfolded Carole's plastic mat and positioned the highchair on it, convenient to the eating counter. Then she left the room to keep an eye on the sleeping cousins.

Victoria's cook, Marcia Baer, had made lunch for Carole, pasta with cheese and sauce, a soft roll and a baby bottle of whole milk. Lunch for Victoria was a Greek salad and a large glass of ice tea. While they were eating, Ingrid unloaded the Bentley and put the pink diaper bag and all the purchases away.

Carole was neatly eating her pasta, using her fork as if much more mature, yet she wanted help holding her baby bottle. While holding the bottle Victoria's back was to the door. Slipping her lips off the bottle, Carole exclaimed "Grandpa!"

He walked over. Seeing that Carole's face had sauce on it, James Wagner kissed the top of her forehead. "Are you having a good time, Sweetie Pie?"

James then embraced his wife, kissing her passionately on her lips. "What adventures have you two been up to so far today?"

Despite the embrace and kiss, Victoria managed to still hold the bottle so that Carole could resume suckling from it. "How was golf, James?"

"Jim and Ed partnered, I partnered with your daddy, Sweetie. All those years in the Marines gave Willard the chance to play a lot of golf. We won but all of us had a marvelous time. Annandale Golf Club has never been in better shape."

'Grandpa' James Wagner was in an especially happy mood. He did not find anything odd about Carole having her lunch separately from her cousins. "How are my other grandkids?"

"All are down for their naps. That Kirsten is a wonder! I wish we had a nanny that good when our kids were young.

"Speaking of naps, as soon as Carole has her pudding and finishes her bottle, I am going to put her down for a good nap. She has had a busy day.

"Are Jim and Ed bringing Sharron and Jennifer to dinner this evening? I told Marcia I expected all of them. Could you confirm that with her while I

tend to Sweetie Pie?" Victoria put down the bottle long enough to give her husband another kiss.

Carole followed the conversation without any comments or embarrassment. While the baby bottle was standing on her highchair tray, she reached for her cup of chocolate pudding and put her spoon into it. Within seconds she had finished the pudding. Since her Granny was still kissing her Grandpa, Carole simply picked up her own baby bottle and finished suckling it.

Just as James left the room, Carole announced, "Granny, I need to make poopie!"

"Well, Sweetie, let's get you out of your highchair and onto your potty" Victoria replied lovingly.

Unfortunately by the time they walked up the stairs, Carole had begun filling her Cruiser. Still she managed to deposit the rest of it in her potty. She was pleased about being such a responsible girl. Victoria made a mental note to have Ingrid keep Carole's new back-up potty chair in the downstairs lavatory to reduce future messes.

The easiest way to clean Carole was to give her another bath. However, Victoria was still dressed up from shopping. So she took Carole, without a diaper, to the nursery playroom where all of the cousins were napping. "Kirsten, Carole did not quite make it to her potty after lunch. Could you be a dear and give her a bath and then diaper her for a nap? I'll watch the other kids.

"Her Size 5 Pampers Extra Protection diapers are in the left hand stacker. But since she is not finished pooping, how would you feel about a Size 6 Huggies Overnites? I bought a carton of those this morning. Ingrid put them in the cabinet near Carole's changing table."

"No problem, Mrs. Wagner. Carole is such a cooperative child. She never causes me any problems. Should she nap in the same Onesies she is wearing now?" Carole listened to the conversation and reached for Kirsten's hand.

"Sure, Kirsten, after her nap I'll re-dress her for the afternoon and evening" Victoria answered.

While Carole's bath was being drawn, and Kirsten was removing her shoes, socks, hair ribbon,

sunnysuit and Onesies, Carole blurted out that she had been spanked with the hairbrush that morning.

"Yes, Carole, I could hear you crying and I had seen your Granny carrying the hairbrush. Your bottom is still slightly pink, but maybe that is from your mess. We'll make you all clean.

"Are you okay? Tell you the truth, I hate having to spank anyone. Of course I do spank naughty kids when they deserve it. Kaaren feels the same way, so behave yourself while either of us is watching you." While listening to this, Carole got in the tub so Kirsten could bathe her.

Surprisingly, despite needing a potty chair and a highchair, Carole's room did not have a crib. Her bed was ordinary height, a conventional twin extra long with a water-resistant mattress and a modern waterproof sheet. Safety side rails had been installed. Those were at the head end and swung out of the way beside the bed when not needed.

Kirsten knew that when any of the kids were napping or in bed, their disposable diapers were covered with cotton training pants and soft vinyl panties. That is how she dressed Carole for her nap, with her diaper held in place by her Onesies.

After Kirsten raised the rails on both sides, she asked Carole if she would like a pacifier.

"Oh, yes! Please Nanny Boddington." Carole almost giggled. She crawled to the safety rail closest to the changing table to make it easier for Kirsten. She put the pacifier into Carole's mouth and gave her a kiss.

It was 3 P.M. when Carole woke up from her nap, with her Huggies Overnites diaper still only damp.

Victoria decided to leave Carole in her nap diaper set and Onesies while socializing with her cousins on the large playroom carpeted floor. All the toys were soft and of great interest to children not yet toilet trained.

Shortly after Carole started playing, Kaaren Schmidt, the night nanny, arrived. Often she partnered with Kirsten on these assignments. When there were so many babies and toddlers, they both were on duty until after all the children were fed dinner.

Kaaren was as beautiful as Kirsten, but in a harder, more severe way. Both of them were tall Nordic blondes, but Kaaren did not naturally smile warmly.

In the brief time Carole had known Kaaren, she had seen her smack each of her cousins, often for very trivial reasons. Kirsten had only smacked two of the cousins and for very good reasons. Neither nanny had spanked or even smacked Carole. She thought it would be very interesting to be spanked by Kaaren when the opportunity presented itself.

During the play period, Carole walked to Kaaren and asked to be taken to her potty. Kirsten mentioned that earlier Carole had not held it in long enough. So Kaaren hurried as she led Carole to her room.

The Huggies Overnites was nearly saturated and the training pants were damp. Carole only needed to void a little soft poop, but she did pee a surprising amount into the potty. After Carole said she was finished, Kaaren wiped her.

Lifting Carole onto her changing table, Kaaren started to change her into a Size 5 Pampers Extra Protection. Those were large enough for wearing inside training pants, but did not rise high enough to fit well on their own. Instead Kaaren used a Size 7 Cruiser, which fit Carole very well.

All the parents of the cousins arrived while Kaaren was changing Carole.

James 'Jim' Wagner is the oldest sibling. He is married to Sharon. Their children are all girls: Lindsay, almost four; twins Ashley and Courtney, who are 24 months.

Edward 'Ed' Wagner is the youngest sibling. His wife is Jennifer. Their oldest is daughter Judith 'Judy' who is four and a half. Their son Edward 'Eddie' is thirty eight months. Their baby daughter Trudie is twenty two months.

By the way, Carole's parents are: Beverly Wagner Turpin, who is between her brothers in birth order; and Willard Turpin. Carole has two younger brothers, Matthew and Nathan. Although none of them came to dinner on 3 July, all of the Turpins joined the rest of the family for the Fourth of July festivities.

Eventually Jennifer and Sharron helped Kirsten and Kaaren get the cousins ready for their early dinner. Meanwhile Victoria changed Carole into a frilly pale pink party dress with matching socks and black Mary Janes.

While the cousins were being bathed and changed for bed by Kirsten and Kaaren, Carole was allowed to eat with the adults. Her highchair, on its plastic mat, was set to Victoria's right at her end of the big dining table.

Instead of a baby bottle, for this dinner Carole drank her milk from a Sippy cup. Marcia had cut up Carole's steak in the kitchen. Besides that she had creamed corn with her entrée. Before the meal everyone, including Carole, had Caesar salad. Dessert was lemon sorbet.

Carole ate more or less at the same pace as the adults, with hardly any assistance from Victoria. Carole listened attentively to the conversation. She was asked no questions. Nothing was said about the way she was dressed.

Once she had finished eating, Kaaren came to the table to escort Carole to her bedroom. Everyone bid her good night. Victoria and James promised to give her a good night kiss later.

Up in her room, Kaaren undressed Carole and removed her wet Cruiser. "Carole, I want you to sit on your potty until you make a good poop" Kaaren demanded instead of asking.

"I don't have to go!" Carole responded.

"Excuse me, Young Lady! When I tell you to sit on your potty, you will immediately sit on your potty until I give you permission to leave it. Do you understand me?" Karen answered without even trying to be nice.

"No, I already made poopie, so I do not need to sit on my potty!" Perhaps in Carole's logic that was an acceptable reply, but it infuriated Kaaren.

From the bedside table on the side away from the changing table Kaaren picked up the spanking hairbrush.

"Young Lady! If your bottom is not on your potty by the time I reach you, you will get spanked!"

Carole made no move toward her potty as Kaaren slowly walked over to her. When Kaaren picked Carole up and sat down on the bed to actually administer the promised spanking, there was no squirming or protest.

Kaaren did start with a brief series of firm hand spans to warm Carole. Pausing, she asked if Carole was ready to sit on her potty.

"I still do not have to make poop!" was not the reply Kaaren wanted to hear. She actually hit Carole far harder with the hairbrush than had Victoria.

It was a test of wills. Carole would not shed tears or beg for mercy. Kaaren was determined to break Carole's spirit. Soon the sound of the spans attracted Kirsten. She actually took hold of Kaaren's right arm, preventing additional spans.

"Kaaren, are you crazy? Mrs. Wagner only gave us permission to administer mild hand spankings. She specifically told us we were not to use the hairbrush on the kids, not even on Carole.

"Why don't you take some deep breaths and go watch the little kids. Let me get Carole ready for bed. I'll do what I can to make this right somehow."

Only after Kaaren was well out of the room did Carole dissolve into big sobs. Kirsten did her best to comfort Carole, wiping away the flood of tears. Perhaps because of the earlier spanking by Victoria, there were some bruises forming on Carole's buttocks.

When she could move Carole, Kirsten carried her to the changing table, gently placing her on her tummy. Using warmed wipes and generous quantities of baby lotion Kirsten did her best to soothe Carole's red bottom.

"Are you okay enough I can put a diaper on you? It would be a shame to wet on the changing table."

"Sure, Nanny Bodding; please diaper me. I should not have defied Nanny Schmidt. Maybe I deserved the spanking?"

"Sweetie, nobody deserves to be spanked like that!" Kirsten said. She used one of the Size 6 Huggies Overnites, which almost had enough rise it

could have worked without the trainers and vinyl panties.

Once Carole was gently diapered, Kirsten asked what she wanted to wear to bed. "Just a thin Onesies, please Nanny Boddington. Then may I have a pacifier?"

As soon as Carole was in her bed, with both safety rails in position, Kirsten silently slipped out of the room. She not only was furious with Kaaren, Kirsten was worried both of them would be fired.

With the lights off so Kirsten could not see, Carole broke out in a contented grin. That spanking from Kaaren was just getting to the point of satisfying Carole when Kirsten interfered. Still Carole was grateful for the spanking she had received. Now if only she could convince her Granny to spank harder?

Those were the thoughts running in Carole's mind when her loving grandparents came to kiss her good night.

If you think Carole was being treated harshly for a little girl, get ready for major shock!

Carole Ann Turpin graduated from the private and very exclusive Pasadena Polytechnic High School as class Valedictorian in June 2010, two weeks before she turned 18. Carole had been born on 20 June 1992 at the hospital of USMC Camp Pendleton.

Both of her younger brothers: Matthew, almost 17; and Nathan, just over 13, had been born on different USMC bases while their father Willard served as a Marine officer. While they all were growing up their mother Beverly taught elementary grades in several private schools in conservative communities close to USMC bases.

Although Willard and Beverly Turpin could be loving, they believed in strict discipline, with spanking as the primary punishment. Over the years Beverly deliberately only worked for private schools that shared her faith in spanking, at least during the formative years.

Carole started out normally enough. She had no health issues, except her toilet learning was delayed. She still never realized she was wetting in time to use Pull-Ups in kindergarten. Only because her mother was a gifted teacher was Carole

allowed to attend ordinary classes in those private schools.

At least for first grade and beyond Carole did use Pull-Ups, although they needed to be changed during the lunch hour. By second grade Carole was able to change her own Pull-Ups.

At age seven Carole was the smallest child in her class, which included an advanced six-year-old. Each year Carole fell further and further behind expected growth. At age ten Carole simply stopped growing taller. She was only four foot five inches tall, with tiny waist and hips. She was athletic and only weighed sixty pounds.

By age twelve her daytime bladder control improved so much she could successfully wear cotton trainers during school days. At night she needed a disposable diaper inside cotton trainers and vinyl panties to control her bedwetting. Long after all the girls in her class had passed puberty, Carole was still pre-pubescent. Although she did reach puberty when she was nearly seventeen, her breasts never developed.

Carole had always been an outstanding student, and quite popular with her peers and teachers. The boys were not attracted to her sexually and consequently the other girls were not jealous. For reasons known only to her mother, Beverly stopped spanking Carole at age eleven.

Her brother Matthew continued wetting his bed until he reached puberty at age thirteen. Beverly or a babysitter needed to diaper Matt for bed. Because of his size, after age five no available disposables fit Matt. Despite all the effort involved, Matt needed pinned gauze diapers, which he could not manage on his own.

All three of the Turpin kids were very bright. While in high school Carole needed her night diapers and somewhat resented them. Once Matthew no longer needed diapers to control his wetting, he felt he wanted to be diapered.

By age fifteen Matt had discovered a world of teen and adult babies, as well as diaper lovers. On-line he joined a group for teens intended to support incontinent people as well as teen diaper lovers.

Shortly after Matt became active in those on-line diaper groups, sixteen-year-old Carole discovered

what he was reading. Using her own computer, Carole started lurking on not just the site for teen diaper lovers, but also on "over eighteen" adult baby/diaper lover sites.

Using money from her allowance and babysitting fees (she was exceptionally talented taking care of young infants), Carole managed to buy herself pacifiers and baby bottles. The way she looked at it, her medical problems earned her all the diapers she needed. Compared to other teen babies, Carole felt she had it easy.

On the other hand, as her senior year at Polytechnic High School dragged on (based on Carole's pre-SAT she had early acceptance at Cornell) she longed for a more complete big baby experience.

Six weeks before her graduation, Carole decided to take a chance by confiding her desires with her mother. Beverly realized she had hardly discouraged Matt and Carole from accepting diapers, so she was open to helping Carole have some diaper fun.

Beverly was a successful elementary curriculum consultant. After Willard retired from the USMC as a Lieutenant Colonel in 2003, he became a popular consultant on military issues. The Turpins bought a nice house in the Annandale neighborhood of Pasadena, only a few miles from Beverly's parents' San Marino mansion.

Beverly realized she simply did not have the spare time to indulge Carole's big baby fantasy. Sensing Carole's deep disappointment, Beverly asked if they should turn to Victoria for help.

Beverly knew her mother was bored with the politics of the San Marino Women's Club and endless lunches with other bored middle aged woman. Years of playing competitive golf and tennis had taken their toll on Victoria's body. Her attitude was that if she could not win she no longer wanted to play sports.

Victoria was fortunate that her husband James had inherited immense wealth, which he prudently invested. Theirs was one of the larger mansions in San Marino. Victoria had loyal servants.

Carole had put together a few tasteful photos of ordinary petite women playing as big baby girls. She had addresses and URL for some respected

suppliers of adult baby friendly incontinence equipment and garments.

Inviting Granny Victoria for an afternoon tea, Beverly made it clear she supported Carole's infantilist desires in principle.

Victoria realized the amount of work the care giver needed to provide. Clearly Beverly could not do this, but indulging Carole was precisely the sort of thing Victoria wanted to do.

Before Beverly allowed Victoria to commit, she wanted to discuss basic ground rules. Immediately following graduation, Carole would turn over the keys to her car while she was living regressed. She also had to lock up all her cosmetics and mature clothing, especially her many high heels.

Carole joked that at least with her boyish bust she hardly needed bras. Carole agreed to only dress as Victoria decided, in clothing appropriate for a girl of six and not as an eighteen-year-old.

Much to the surprise of Beverly and Victoria, Carole wanted to return to discipline that was considered old fashioned before she was born. Specifically she wanted to be spanked when she misbehaved, either accidentally or deliberately. Of course when Carole was actually six Beverly only spanked her by hand. Later a few times Beverly had used a hairbrush.

This was when Carole brought out a few new hairbrushes she had purchased, including a slender oval Hair Doc brush and a heavier wider oval Earth Brush. She asked Beverly to pick a brush and demonstrate to Victoria how to effectively give a spanking.

Taken by surprise, eventually Beverly gathered her composure and selected the slender Hair Doc Model 876S. She had Carole raise her skirt, remove her stockings and high heels and lower her panties. After Carole assumed the position over her mother's lap, Beverly warmed her up with hand spans.

Victoria, who had never used any implement while spanking Jim, Beverly or Ed was fascinated with the whole hairbrush spanking ritual. Each spank caused Carole's buttocks to flush pink and her flesh rippled visibly. Although this was what Carole wanted and she was trying to be stoic, after just a few hairbrush spans Carole started

to cry softly, then broke down in sobs. That was when Beverly stopped spanking.

Without even rubbing her bottom and upper thighs, Carole got up smiling. "Granny, now it is your turn. Mommy can explain how to spank me."

Quite reluctantly Victoria replaced Beverly on the side of Carole's bed. She did not find it uncomfortable or even unnatural to hold little Carole on her lap. After just a couple of hand spans, Victoria's sense-memory came back.

Not only did Victoria remember spanking Beverly, she even more vividly remembered being spanked by her own mother, by a governess and by a couple of teachers. She was reluctant to really hurt Carole, but Victoria was fascinated with trying to spank with the hairbrush.

Carole did shed some tears, but when Victoria stopped the spanking it was Carole who said, "No Granny, please spank me more and harder, just like I had been really naughty." Even when Victoria spanked as hard as she dared, Carole did not try to wriggle away, and she never once protested.

When Carole was on her feet, she kissed her Mommy and Granny. They shook hands and Carole promised to write formal rules and protocols.

The next day was Saturday. Victoria had invited Carole over for an early lunch while Grandpa James was playing golf. Once Victoria left, Carole drove to the Pasadena Target store, where she had been studying actual baby supplies.

Previously Carole had bought small bags of Pampers Cruisers and Baby Dry Size 6 at a supermarket. Both of those fit good enough, but now that her fantasy would be real, Carole wanted to buy some Size 7 Cruisers. She looked at the diaper bags sold by Target and was not impressed. None were items Victoria would care to be seen carrying.

Previously Carole had been no more impressed with the diaper bag selection at Toys-R-Us and Babies-R-Us. Just before it closed for the evening Carole parked at a small independent baby store on West Colorado Boulevard named Just for Tots.

They sold an expensive brand of oversized diaper bags with a matching changing pad. A smaller mini-diaper clutch purse was an optional extra. It was

designed to hold a wallet, cash, change, cosmetics, keys and a smart phone.

Carole was sure her Granny Victoria would love that diaper bag combo. Without hesitation she presented her credit card, selecting a pink one.

Saturday morning Carole filled the new diaper bag with necessary supplies and a selection of disposable diapers. Before bed Friday night Carole had put on a Size 7 Cruiser and found it fit her well. For her visit with Victoria, Carole put on a fresh Size 7 Cruiser without any panties covering it. Her pleated skirt was long enough to hide her diaper. Carole wore no cosmetics, not even lip gloss; and flat Mary Janes with socks instead of stockings and high heels.

Sure enough Victoria loved the diaper bag set. She showed Carole her many guest bedrooms. The mansion's original nursery had been restored to that function for visiting toddlers. Since even while Carole was in her fantasy, her baby cousins would visit Victoria, the real nursery needed to stay the way it was decorated.

Down the hall a few doors was a bedroom with its own bathroom. That bedroom was large enough for a bed, storage cabinets and a sturdy changing table. Currently it had a king-size bed, which did not fit the big baby fantasy. Victoria was more than willing to buy a new twin extra-long bed. She put Carole in her Bentley and drove to Just for Tots.

They sold safety rails which could be used with ordinary beds. In a catalog they found an Italian changing table for older kids with special needs. Those were in a warehouse in Michigan, so one could be delivered and set up long before Carole's graduation. Attractive and functional hanging cloth diaper stackers were on display and in stock. They easily fit Size 7 Cruisers and all other baby disposables.

Just for Tots found a car safety seat designed for larger children. It had to be ordered but according to the information, it would fit Carole and would not look overly strange on the rear seat of Victoria's Bentley.

All of the highchairs at Just for Tots were designed to meet current safety requirements. Carole was not tiny enough to comfortably fit into any of them. The owner of Just for Tots knew a woman who had a shop specializing in selling

vintage children's toys and furniture. That was where they found a nearly new classic wooden highchair which was more than big enough to fit Carole.

Victoria was bold enough she joined several incontinence and AB/DL websites. Following leads she found a nice Los Angeles woman who custom sews really good Onesies and related garments. Carole was small enough that dresses and nighties could be bought for her in stores. Carole already had cotton training pants and soft vinyl panties. She just ordered many more of those.

Having made all the arrangements well in advance, Carole resumed concentrating on maintaining her high grades until graduation. She did her best to not obsess about her big baby fantasy.

Still, twice during those final weeks of school, Carole drove to Victoria's house. She carried her hairbrush and begged her Granny to use it. She also asked Victoria to diaper her.

Victoria was hardly idle. She asked friends for recommendations of young women who would take short-term nanny positions. Victoria explained that she had nine grandchildren ranging in age from 18 to 20 months. Often she would need professional help when several of those kids were staying with her. That was how Victoria found Kirsten Bodding and Kaaren Schmidt. Both were grad students at Pacific Oaks teachers college and were represented by a leading Greater Pasadena nanny agency.

Two days after Carole graduated, she put on: a Size 7 Cruiser; short schoolgirl-style plaid pleated skirt; blouse; white knee socks and Mary Janes. She waited for her Granny Victoria to drive her to the fulfillment of her big baby fantasy.