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Carole, Part 15

Thursday Morning, 17 June, 2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Kirsten Bodding, the beautiful twenty-four year-old supervising and day nanny to Carole Ann Turpin, woke up at 6:30 A.M. on Thursday morning, 17 June, 2010, when her alarm sounded.

The baby audio monitor was silent. Kirsten had been sleeping on her tummy, so she had to crane her neck to look at the video monitor. Sure enough Carole was sleeping peacefully, her MAM pacifier dangling from its leash clipped to the shoulder of her Onesies.

As Kirsten started to move from under her sheet, she saw that she was wearing just her pajama top and a wet ABU Cushies adult disposable diaper, factory decorated as if it were for an infant. Kirsten also felt throbbing in her lower buttocks and even her upper most thighs.

Probing inside her silly diaper confirmed Kirsten's suspicions that she had welts. Try as she might she could not forget that during the night she had been ordered out of bed, bent over bare bottom and caned by her mistress, Kaaren. The most embarrassing thing was that Kaaren Schmidt is, in real life, the subordinate and night nanny to Carole.

Alert and out of bed, Kirsten removed her jammie top and put it in the hamper. In her bathroom she placed her wet Cushies in a discreetly opaque baggie before disposing of it in her trash container. Looking over her shoulder she could see

six parallel welts already turning into purple bruises. The lowest was on her upper thigh. Just above that was a welt in her *gluteo-femoral fold* (the crease on both sides where her thighs meet her buttocks). The other four welts were on her lower buttocks just a fraction of an inch apart.

Only the warm water of a bath would help ease Kirsten's pain. Alas, just as her tub was filled enough, over the audio monitor 'Baby Carole' could be heard crying. Dashing to the video monitor, Kirsten saw that Carole was fitfully waking up.

Kirsten ignored her pain. She pulled on modest granny panties, a bra, a clean nanny dress, socks and sensible shoes. Sticking the portable audio monitor in a pocket of her dress, Kirsten hurried down the service stairs to Carole's bedroom.

Another exciting day had started. After deactivating the baby monitor surveillance system, Kirsten turned on the main lights in Carole's bedroom. Immediately she started talking soothingly as she opened the drapes and then walked to the changing table side of Carole's bed to lower that safety rail.

Hearing Kirsten's voice and feeling her gentle touch comforted Carole, who stopped crying. The second Kirsten's hand felt the diaper inside the Onesies, she knew Carole had not just wet but also defecated while sleeping. No wonder the darling baby had woken up crying.

Kirsten un-snapped the Onesies before gently placing Carole prone of the padded surface of her changing table. As her vinyl panties were lowered, the odor told the experienced Kirsten that the stool was healthy for a baby getting the appropriate amount of fiber and fresh fruit in her diet. Carole would hardly need an enema this morning.

With practiced ease Kirsten removed both diaper pins from under Carole so the large square gauze diaper and the smaller Birdseye pre-fold could be slid off along with the vinyl panties. Only a tiny bit of feces had escaped the Pampers Extra Protection disposable diaper still snugly fastened on Carole.

Before removing the disposable diaper, Kirsten did put on non-latex Nitrel exam gloves. The mess on Carole was not very bad. Kirsten used as many warmed wipes as needed to remove the feces. All

the while she was talking to Carole, praising her for letting her bowels clean themselves.

Of course Kirsten could see the spots where Victoria had spanked Carole on Wednesday afternoon. "Sweetie Pie, is your bottom very sore? Could you sit on your nice potty and try to finish pooping?"

"Nanny, I'll try my best," Carole answered.

With her Onesies covering her upper body, Carole was carried to her pink plastic potty and eased onto it. Tilting her head up, Carole favored Kirsten with the beatific smile of a really happy baby.

In fact, Carole Ann Turpin, although tiny, would turn eighteen that Sunday, 20 June. She had been Valedictorian exactly one week ago at exclusive Polytechnic High School in Pasadena, California. She had always wet her bed. For her graduation present Carole wanted an extended vacation being treated as if she were five and not toilet trained.

Her loving and drop-dead wealthy grandmother, Victoria Callaway Wagner, turned a bedroom in her huge San Marino mansion into Carole's nursery. Victoria hired Kirsten Bodding as primary nanny, Kaaren Schmidt as subordinate evening nanny and Carmen Lewis as nursery maid, all to fulfill Carole's big baby fantasy.

Just a few minutes later Carole smiled even more as Kirsten could hear stool dropping into the potty. She bent down to hug Carole affectionately. Then Kirsten lifted Carole onto her changing table, to wipe her and then pin her into two DyDee pre-folds and a large square gauze diaper.

Although still early, the day was warm. Carole wore just a thin Onesies and slippers as she walked with Kirsten downstairs to breakfast. Only a terrycloth bib was on the counter. Kirsten tied that around Carole's neck and then lifted her into her highchair.

Victoria's cook, Marcia Baer, was doing prep for the luncheon with Sharron Wagner. Ingrid came to the kitchen to tell Kirsten she needed the Escalade early, and also that Carole needed to be away from the mansion before Sharron arrived. Kirsten could use the Escalade after 10 A.M.

Marcia was only using one side of the prep sink. Kirsten found an NSF cutting board designated for fruit and used it to make Carole a breakfast fruit salad. She put that and a fork on the highchair's tray. "It's all right, Sweetie Pie. You may eat on your own if you want. I'll get you some milk and some water in your Sippy cups. Just tell me if you want a bottle, okay?"

"Nanny, could you feed me my milk from a bottle?" Carole asked shyly.

"Sure thing, Precious, just tell me when. It would be best if you finish the Sippy cup of water first. I'll be right here" Kirsten said while stirring a small cooking pot of Pablum (*to which some Metamucil had been surreptitiously added for extra fiber activity*).

While Carole fed herself some Pablum, Kirsten sat beside her holding the baby bottle of milk. Carole would suckle that when she wanted. Kirsten managed to drink a cup of cappuccino and eat some French toast as Carole finished a second Sippy cup of Evian water.

Instead of going back to her bedroom, Carole was led to the large nursery playroom. There she was free to play with any or all the toys she wanted. Kirsten did remind her, "Please, Precious, if you even think you need to make poopies, let me know. I know it is not your special potty, but one just like it is here in case you need it."

While Carole played, Kirsten inspected the brand-new five foot wide Italian changing table along a wall near the potty. It was identical to the one Victoria purchased from Just-for-Tots in Carole's room. Behind the changing table there was a similar shelf with a wipe warmer and supplies.

In separate hanging diaper stackers there were: Pull-Ups Cool Alert 4T-5T; Pull-Ups Over-Night 3T-4T; GOO.N Super Big Diapers; Cruisers Sizes 4, 5, 6 and 7; and Huggies Overnites Size 6. All were neatly labeled with stickers.

Kirsten assumed Carmen Lewis, the nursery maid, had organized the diapering station. This selection covered all of Victoria's diapered grandchildren. Victoria had asked her other daughter-in-law, Jennifer Wagner, which diapers and Pull-Ups her son and two daughters wore.

After playing by herself for thirty minutes, Carole said, "Nanny, I just wet!"

"Okay, Sweetie Pie, how about we go to your own potty now?" Kirsten answered.

Sure enough the cloth diapers were wet but not soaked. Less than a minute after Carole sat on her familiar potty, she noisily expelled a lot of soft to runny feces. She just beamed because she had not soiled her cloth diapers. Kirsten was also proud and told Carole that.

This time the wiping was easy. After a brief rinsing using the shower wand, while Carole stood dripping on the bath mat, Kirsten drew a warm bubble bath. Here it was, only an hour and a half after Carole woke up, and the spank spots had faded enough they were hardly visible. In her bath, Carole played with a rubber duckie and several foam dinosaurs.

"Carole, may I talk to you woman-to-woman?" Kirsten asked before she started to bathe Carole.

In her mature voice, Carole said, "Sure, Kirsten, what's up?"

"Victoria does not want me to spank you today, irrespective of how you misbehave. Today I may only report your misbehavior. I am not sure if this is going to be a permanent order. Apparently Victoria was frustrated that she could not switch you yesterday" Kirsten confided.

"And I was thinking finally Granny Victoria had learned to spank me effectively! No sweat, Kirsten, by my calculations I am a few days ahead of my spanking quota. How long must I play with those super boring toys before we can have an adventure?"

Reverting to her younger voice, Carole said, "Nanny you take me on the best adventures. I love you!"

"Sweetie Pie, you are my favorite baby in the whole world. As soon as you are dry, how about I change you into a Super Big diaper, a nice dress and Mary Janes? I'm sure you will enjoy today's surprise adventure. Probably I'll need to change you more than once while we are out. Also, you might need to start your nap in your car seat since we must not return to the house until after

2:30 P.M." Kirsten reverted to the way she spoke to Big Baby Carole.

A few minutes after Carole was dressed to go out, Carmen came to sit with her briefly, while Kirsten ran up to her room to change into a nicer dress and put on some lip gloss. She also used some Solarcaine ointment on her cane welts.

Ingrid called on the intercom to say she was back. Kirsten could now use the Escalade, which had a full gas tank. She buckled Carole into her safety seat. They drove west, to Pasadena.

In her staff bedroom, Kaaren luxuriated in bed until 8:30 A.M. She was still gleeful about not just caning Kirsten, but how docilely she had accepted being caned and diapered. Before dressing Kaaren took a soothing bath, set her hair in an up-swept bun and put on her makeup.

Her mission was to impress, fascinate and intrigue Sharron Wagner. Putatively she was being sent only to babysit Sharron's daughters Lindsay, almost four and twins Ashley and Courtney who just turned two.

The real agenda was that Victoria wanted to install Kaaren as nanny in her daughter-in-law's home to ensure Sharron was strictly disciplined along with her girls. Appealing to Sharron's lust would ensure her submission to Kaaren's training.

Therefore, Kaaren neatly folded a pressed nanny dress into her large tote. She also added a pair of socks and comfortable nurse's shoes.

Once Sharron had left her home to have lunch with Victoria, Kaaren would change out of her mauve décolleté sleeveless blouse, Wonderbra, tight black wool skirt, garter belt, seamed black stockings and polished Yves Saint Laurent four-inch stiletto strappy pumps. Until then in those shoes, the already tall Kaaren would tower over Sharron, effectively seducing her.

By the time Kaaren came downstairs for breakfast with Victoria, Kirsten and Carole had driven away.

"Kaaren, you look absolutely stunning! My only suggestion would be to not wear such vivid red lipstick. My experience is that will only make

Sharron suspicious and defensive. I find subtle coral sets her at ease.

"You need not rush. She is not expecting you before 10:45 A.M."

Victoria found she was sorry to have missed seeing Carole having her breakfast. That was a price needed to be paid to start her plan to improve Sharron as a daughter-in-law, supportive wife to her older son James "Jim" Wagner and mother to their daughters.

Sharron was healthy at thirty-four, so there was a good chance she would have another baby. Jim deserved a son. Unfortunately Sharron looked much younger, dressed like she was still twenty-four and often had less sense than a fourteen year-old!

At least Sharron adored having Victoria lavish attention on her, so in this case seduction would not be needed. What would put Sharron at ease would be for Victoria to dress as if having a casual lunch with good friends at the Annandale Golf Club dining room.

Ingrid knew exactly which outfit would be best for Victoria to wear and how to style her hair.

After considering options, Victoria had decided she wanted to serve Sharron lunch as soon as possible, along with one or two Tom Collins. The day was hot enough it would make sense to eat in the air conditioned dining room instead of on the lanai.

From the dining room Sharron would feel it perfectly natural for Victoria to show her the improvements to the nursery, especially the changing table and the new stack of highchairs.

The brand-spanking new perforated leather Victorian Ladies' Paddle was conveniently placed in the top drawer under the changing surface. Near there is a comfortable over-stuffed chair, just the right height that when bent over it, Sharron's buttocks would be in ideal position for a sound swatting.

Now all Victoria needed to do was let Ingrid dress her and style her hair. Then the harder part was being patient while waiting for Sharron to arrive.

Actually Victoria had considered picking Sharron up, since she always loved a ride in the Bentley. That plan was rejected because Victoria wanted to avoid any awkward protracted scene with Sharron following her spanking.

The very best outcome would be for Sharron to still be outraged and sniffing as she drove herself home. There Kaaren, dressed as a gentle nanny, would comfort and soothe Sharron.

Victoria felt she had made a very cunning plan.

While waiting, she entered the nursery, locked the door, put a pillow over the top of that overstuffed chair and practiced swatting the heck out of it using the leather paddle, anticipating Sharron's childish distressed squeals and yelps.

After returning the pillow to its normal place and unlocking the nursery door, Victoria saw Carmen busy in Carole's bedroom.

Carmen had cleaned both the bedroom and the bathroom. She carefully put away Carole's clothing she had just washed, dried and ironed. Having Dydee Service eliminated washing training pants.

Hand washing and rinsing the soft vinyl panties was not much work. Carmen actually enjoyed the sensual feel of those vinyl panties in the warm water and later as she wrung them out so she could shape them while super soft. It was the sensation of those vinyl panties that helped Carmen understand Carole's big baby fantasy desires.

Half a mile away, on a beautiful Pasadena street, Kaaren parked her car on the front circular driveway of Sharron's home. The time was precisely 10:45 A.M. With her 'nanny tote' slung over her left shoulder, Kaaren confidently strode to the front door and rang the bell.

She was please that upon seeing her, Sharron nearly swooned. Victoria's instincts were correct. Kaaren was sure Sharron felt an attraction to her.

Lindsay had been described as a real brat. The child was suspicious. The twins were in a playpen.

After just a few minutes showing Kaaren around and pointing out her cell number on the kitchen bulletin board, Sharron was sure her daughters

were in good hands. She tucked her clutch purse under her arm, walked to the connected garage, got into her car (with three safety seats in back) and started driving to Victoria's mansion. Thoughts of eventually being mistress of that mansion danced in Sharron's pretty head.

To win over Lindsay, Kaaren's strategy was to enlist the child's help. She asked where she could change into more comfortable clothing. Lindsay led Kaaren to the master bedroom.

Instead of sending Lindsay away, Kaaren invited her to stay while she re-dressed. Her own nanny instinct was right; Lindsay enjoyed watching her mother get dressed and undressed.

After removing her high heels, Kaaren reached under her skirt to release the garters holding her stockings, which she delicately and slowly rolled down. That process so mesmerized Lindsay that Kaaren was sure Sharron did not wear garter belts and stockings.

To be discreet, Kaaren turned away from Lindsay while she removed her blouse and pulled her nanny dress over her head. With that covering her body, Kaaren unzipped and removed her skirt along with her garter belt and thong. She pulled a pair of conservative ladies knit cotton briefs up her long legs. Finally she put on her short socks and her nurse-style shoes.

Lindsay was enthralled. Taking her by the hand, Kaaren led her back to the family room and her sisters.

Victoria had said none of those girls were toilet trained. The twins wore Pampers Cruisers Size 4. Lindsay preferred Huggies Pull-ups Cool Alert size 4T-5T, but leaked less wearing Size 5 Cruisers. Changing her would be delightful.

Having been warned by Victoria that Sharron sometimes forgot to buy diapers, Kaaren had brought some of each with her from the mansion. Checking the twins, Kaaren felt both could use a change, so she asked Lindsay to lead her to the nursery. In fact there was a decent, normal-sized changing table with a full carton of Size 4 Cruisers, wipes and other supplies.

While Kaaren was changing the twins, Lindsay taught her how to tell them apart. Once Ashley (older by thirty minutes and with darker hair) and

Courtney were in dry diapers, Kaaren nicely asked Lindsay if she needed to use the potty.

"No thank you, Kaaren." The impudence of this brat using her first name caused Kaaren to arch her eyebrows and glare.

"I just used it a few minutes before you came," Lindsay lied. Looking at her sternly, Kaaren could see the way her Pull-Ups sagged, proving they were actually soaked.

"Young Lady, I really do not want to start enforcing rules and being strict with you today. We just are getting to know each other.

"So, Lindsay, suppose we start the conversation over again. When I asked you if you needed to use your potty, I was trying to politely inquire if you needed to pee. From where I am standing I can see that your Pull-Up is soaked. Doesn't it feel wet to you? To me it is obviously a Cool Alert, which other girls wear to help with their toilet learning. So, my guess is that when you peed a few minutes before I came here you used your Pull-Up and not your potty!

"I would never tease or scold you for wetting. However I will be very disappointed with you if you fib to me again. Also, polite young ladies of your background and breeding do not address adults by their first name without express permission. Did anyone grant you permission to call me anything except 'Nanny Schmidt' or 'Nanny'?" Kaaren scolded more naturally than when she spoke kindly.

"No, Nanny Schmidt" Lindsay stammered, not expecting such a scolding.

"So, Lindsay, let me ask you another way. When was the last time you sat on your potty to pee or poop?" Kaaren asked with a hint of a smile.

"I did use my potty yesterday afternoon. I pooped then, so I did not have to wear a diaper to bed. Mommy let me put on a Pull-Up" Lindsay said, probably telling the truth.

This only reinforced Kaaren's suspicion Sharron was an idiot and a negligent parent. Seeking to draw more information from Lindsay, Kaaren asked a follow-up question.

"Doesn't it feel better to tell the truth, Lindsay? So, tell me, exactly what kind of Pull-Up did you wear to bed? Certainly you are not still wearing the same Pull-Up are you?"

"Nanny Schmidt, I woke up wet so I put on a new Pull-Up then. All my Pull-Ups are the same. I'll show you."

"In a minute, Lindsay; let me help Ashley and Courtney back to the security of their playpen first." After doing just that Kaaren took Lindsay's hand while they walked to her room.

Sure enough, on a low shelf there was only a bag of the Huggies Pull-Ups Cool Alert size 4T-5T and none of the Pull-Ups Over-Nights. However, on a higher shelf there was a bag of Pampers Cruisers Size 5 beside a tub of baby wipes. Kaaren made mental notes of all these facts.

Interestingly enough the shelves were under a wide counter, on which was a padded changing mat. There was a short trash container with a peddle to open the lid. Doing so Kaaren could see more than one soggy Pull-Up and no wet diaper.

"Tell me, Lindsay, what do you think would happen if you sat down this minute? Would you leave a stain?" Kaaren asked without sarcasm.

"Gee, Nanny Schmidt, I don't know."

"Then, let me tell you, Lindsay. You should be able to tell your Pull-Up is soaked. You should have changed it long ago. Pull-Ups do not hold as much wetting as do diapers.

"Clearly you need a change. I will remove your soaked Pull-Up. Then I will clean you very well. After that I am going to put you in one of your Cruisers, which are not just for babies. You are certainly not a baby anymore, unless you want to be a baby. Do you want to be a baby?"

"Lindsay, I never want you to think when your mother or I put you into a Cruiser that is anyway a punishment. The Cruiser will leak less. So when you do need to use your potty, just ask, Okay?"

Without waiting for an answer, Kaaren removed the Pull-Up; lifted Lindsay onto her changing mat; wiped her front and back; snugged and fastened a Cruise Size 5. With a firm pat on Lindsay's

diapered bottom, Kaaren signaled the child could go and play.

There was no question in Kaaren's mind that Sharron desperately needed an organized, professional nanny. Sharron also needed just as badly the spanking Victoria was about to give her!