

AN ABDL NOVELLA



**BECOMING MISS DAISY'S
DIAPERED LITTLE HELPER**

BY NANNY CHLOE

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LITTLE HELPER

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All characters in this story are over the age of 18.

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MEETING MISS DAISY

I bit my nails as I walked the curvy path towards the address of the job interview.

I was surprised to find that the location seemed to be a fairly plain looking house in a suburban neighborhood.

Of course, anyone would be anxious for any job interview, but my circumstances were unique.

I was a 19-year-old girl who had just moved across the country to a new city because one of my friends (well, a former friend now), Megan, promised me she could get me a job at the daycare she worked at.

However, when I showed up, having already left my job and apartment, Megan informed me that the job she promised me had fallen through.

What was even worse was that I didn't have much job experience to begin with... just some babysitting work on my resume that Megan had promised me would be enough.

And so now I was quickly burning through my small amount of savings while I stayed at a motel, looking for a job that would allow me to finally put down a security deposit on an apartment.

So when I spotted an ad on craigslist by a woman named Miss Daisy saying she needed a full-time assistant helping her at her daycare center, I applied immediately. Besides, it was one of the only jobs I found that actually seemed to match up with my limited work experience. Nothing else I applied for even got back to me.

So, needless to say, I was feeling pretty desperate when I knocked on the front door of Miss Daisy's house.

"Hello, you must be... Kelly," said a kind, middle-aged, motherly woman with a buxom chest as she answered the door. "I'm Miss Daisy."

I immediately felt relieved. For whatever reason, I was beginning fear that whoever needed an assistant would be a controlling jerk and I would have to take the job because I didn't have any other choice.

Miss Daisy welcomed me into the kitchen and we both sat down.

Then, to my surprise, she even put out a plate of cookies and offered me some as she looked over my resume.

After a few brief questions asking me about my work history, which mostly consisted of babysitting for a few different families in my neighborhood in high school, Miss Daisy smiled and explained more about the job.

"You see, dear," Miss Daisy began, "I used to run a daycare in this house for the neighborhood. And then a few years ago, I left the city and shut down the daycare to go live with my sister across the country to help her with her new kids. But now that I'm back, I need someone who can help me get the place up to code for running a daycare facility again."

“Basically, it just means a lot of cleaning the place up, setting up nursery equipment, maybe even doing some paperwork. The job is somewhat between an assistant and a housecleaner. Does this sound like something you would be up for?” She asked with a smile.

“Of course!” I answered enthusiastically.

“Fantastic,” Miss Daisy said. “Now, something I just want to be upfront about. I can sometimes be pretty particular when it comes to issues of cleanliness and hygiene. I'm sure you can understand, as having a daycare that's safe and up to code is obviously crucial. Does that seem like something you could put up with?”

I hesitated, considering the question for a second, but then enthusiastically nodded again, sure it wouldn't be any problem for me. “Of course, no problem! I'll do whatever it takes to make sure you're happy with everything.”

Miss Daisy looked me up and down for a second, then gave a big smile.

“Oh, and one more thing,” Miss Daisy said. “I may need to hire an additional helper. Do you have any references who are also looking for this kind of work?”

I thought it was a bit of a strange question, but I didn't want to come off as rude. The only person I could think of was Megan. I was still furious with her about what she had done to me... but I figured I should just write something down in order to look good.

“Sure thing, my friend Megan,” I said, writing down Megan's name and phone number.

“That's fantastic. Well then, Kelly, you're hired!” Miss Daisy said, sticking her hand out. “You can start first thing tomorrow.”

I was both surprised and elated to get the job offer on the spot.

I shook Miss Daisy's hand and said, "I'll do whatever you need me to to make your daycare at success!"

"I'm sure you will," Miss Daisy said with a smile.

* * *

I WAS THRILLED about landing the job. I even thought that maybe my luck had finally taken a turn for the better.

But unfortunately, I was met with a rude awakening when I went back to the motel I was staying at that night.

"I'm sorry, Miss, but it appears your card has been declined and we can no longer let you stay any additional nights," the front desk person informed me.

"You can't just kick me out like this!" I shouted in indignation.

"I'm sorry again, but if you don't leave, we have to call the police," the manager of the motel threatened.

I let out a long sigh and returned to my car, now homeless and broke.

Part of me considered asking Megan to stay with her... but I was too angry with her... and proud.

After all, Megan always seemed cooler and more mature than me, and I've always wanted to impress her.

I already felt burned about this job thing. But even worse... I felt like such a loser for relying on her... and then ending up homeless because I was so helpless.

I decided I was just going to have to suck it up and spend the night getting a restless night sleep in my car.

It sucked, and I didn't sleep well at all. But at least, I thought to myself, I have a job now, so I only have to stick it out a little bit longer till I can get enough money for a place to stay.

Maybe, I thought to myself, I could even ask Miss Daisy for an advance so I don't have to spend the next night in the car. I decided that I would show up with my best foot forward for Miss Daisy tomorrow, and play it by ear.

FIRST DAY ON THE JOB

Miss Daisy greeted me the next morning with the same big smile that she did the day before.

And to my grateful surprise, she even put out some bagels for me to have for breakfast. I scarfed them down, having not eaten anything since lunch the day before.

She then gave me a brief tour of the out-of-use home daycare center.

First, she showed me the back area of the house, which looked like a rather large playroom type area for preschoolers. There was a padded floor, a TV playing children's TV shows, and a giant toy chest.

She also showed me the two first floor bathrooms, one of which seem to be made for preschoolers with a potty chair, a small sink, and juvenile wallpaper on the walls.

She then showed me upstairs where she pointed to three bedroom doors.

"The first thing I'm going to have you do today, dear, is go ahead and clean my three guest rooms. In case you're curious, In the past, they've served as rooms for guests or children who needed an overnight stay," Miss Daisy said.

"Of course," I said with a smile. "I'll get started right away!"

When I opened the first bedroom door, it seemed like a fairly plain guest bedroom. It was mostly empty except for a normal queen-sized bed and a dresser.

When I took a look into the second bedroom, I was surprised to find what looked to be a room specialized for a very young girl. The room was covered in bright pink, the bed was quite small, and the decorations were princess and unicorn themed.

And when I peeked into the third guest bedroom, I realized it was a nursery for a baby. There was a crib, a diaper changing table, and babyish letters and blocks throughout the room.

At first, I thought the nursery seemed to be lacking supplies. But when I opened the closet, I found it brimming with all sorts of diapers, baby clothes, wipes, bibs, and everything else caring for a baby might need.

I even noticed that the size of some of the babyish items seemed rather big for a toddler... I think I even noticed some adult-sized diapers.

But I didn't think too much of it and got to work. I spent the morning vacuuming the carpets, collecting the linens to put in the wash, and dusting everywhere I could reach. I even began unboxing some of the baby supplies and diapers and stocking up the nursery changing table, figuring Miss Daisy would want to be prepared.

When I got to changing the bedsheets in the pink juvenile room, I was a little surprised to find a thick plastic bed sheet on the bed.

The sight immediately brought up admittedly embarrassing memories I had of when I used to wet the bed. My parents had also put a thick plastic bedsheet on my bed, which I always found deeply humiliating.

But I thought nothing of it and got along with my day.

Before I knew it, it was already Noon. And to my delight, Miss Daisy offered me some lunch she had made... an offer I gratefully accepted.

"I'll say, dear, that one thing you likely won't have to do most of the time is make food, as I admit cooking is a bit of a hobby of mine. I hope you don't mind letting me prepare you food while you work for me. It makes me happy to share my love of food with a guest," Miss Daisy said as she served us both warm ham and cheese paninis at the table.

"Of course not, this is delicious!" I said.

I was secretly over the moon about apparently now being able to expect free, delicious, home-cooked meals as part of this job. Especially since I didn't have any extra money or a place to cook at the moment.

I took a big bite of the Panini, letting the string of warm cheese drip from the sandwich to my mouth and falling down to my chin.

Miss Daisy laughed and quickly wiped my face with a napkin. I immediately blushed bright red from the infantile gesture.

"Oh, I'm sorry dear, I guess I'm so used to working with little ones, so I tend to clean faces instinctively. I didn't mean to embarrass you," Miss Daisy said in a kind voice.

"Oh, it's fine," I said, trying to laugh it off. I didn't want to be rude. And I was enjoying the meal a great deal.

But midway through our meal, Miss Daisy surprised me with a question I wasn't expecting.

"Kelly," she began in a suddenly concerned tone, "I know we've just started working together, and we're still getting to know each other, but I'm afraid I have to ask you something rather important. Is there anything you would like to tell me?"

I immediately felt caught off guard and anxious from the question. I had no idea what she could be referring to.

"I don't think so..." I replied in a nervous tone.

Miss Daisy screwed her lips in seeming disappointment. I immediately felt ten times more anxious, as I could sense there was something she wanted me to tell her, but I had no idea what.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"Well, I was really hoping you would be upfront about it, rather than forcing me to be direct. After all, I feel honesty and trust are truly important in a working relationship."

"Miss Daisy, I'm sorry, I really don't know what you're talking about," I pleaded.

Miss Daisy let out a long sigh. "Well, I thought I was very clear during our first discussion, when I hired you yesterday, that hygiene is very important to me. So I suppose I was just a bit... surprised to find you showing up this morning with such strong body odor."

My face immediately burned bright red.

"So, since I have to ask," Miss Daisy continued, "do you have some compelling reason for why you were unable to clean yourself properly before showing up to work this

morning? Or did you simply not care to value my instructions."

I was stunned.

I realized that it was true... because I slept in my car last night, I didn't have time to shower. However, I guess I just hoped she wouldn't notice me going one day without a shower. I guess I was wrong...

I felt a wave of humiliation... both about being interrogated about my 'body odor,' and my living situation overall.

"I uh... uh... uh..." I stammered. I didn't know what to say.

And then it happened. I burst into tears.

"I'm so sorry Miss Daisy," I pleaded, the stress of my situation suddenly coming out in one big emotional moment. "The truth is, I had to sleep in my car last night, which is why I wasn't able to shower."

"Oh dear, what happened?" Miss Daisy asked. She seemed to suddenly be genuinely concerned.

"I was afraid to tell you," I said, "but I haven't found a place to live yet and I ran out of money... I'm so embarrassed... please don't fire me," I begged through my tears. "Although... I supposed I understand if you have to."

Miss Daisy stared at me for a few seconds while I continued to cry. Then she let out another sigh and shook her head.

To my surprise, she pulled up a chair next to me, put her arm around me, and comforted me in a soft voice. "Oh dear, I'm so sorry to hear that. I had no idea. You don't have to be ashamed. I understand how hard that situation can be."

"You do?" I asked, raising my head.

"I do," Miss Daisy said. "I was young too once, you know. And I know what it's like to run out of money. I'm glad you told me. Don't worry, this is something we can find a solution for. That is... if you still want to work for me."

"Of course I do!" I said, doing my best to dry my tears.

"There, there," Miss Daisy said, "why don't you take a minute to finish your sandwich and then go take a shower upstairs. We can touch base about this when you're all cleaned up. Don't worry everything is going to be OK," she said, giving me a warm, motherly hug.

I looked up with overwhelming gratitude in my eyes. "Thank you, Miss Daisy."

Miss Daisy left the kitchen while I tried to recover and catch my breath.

As Miss Daisy left the kitchen, graciously giving me some space to get a hold of my emotions, I thought to myself, *wow, I must be one of the luckiest girls in the world right now.*

* * *

AFTER I FINISHED MY SANDWICH, I grabbed my bag of clothes from my car and jumped in the shower.

I took my time, both because I was apprehensive about what my conversation with Miss Daisy was going to be when I got out of the shower, but also, admittedly, the hot shower felt incredible after my night out in the cold.

But when I finally climbed out of the shower, I was met with an unfortunate surprise. The bag of clothes I had brought into the bathroom with me was gone!

I began to worry, as I now had nothing to wear and I didn't know what happened. I figured I might have left them outside of the bathroom, so I wrapped a towel around myself and tiptoed into the hallway, obviously not wanting to be caught naked by Miss Daisy. But my clothes were nowhere to be found outside of the bathroom, either.

"Looking for something, dear?" Miss Daisy asked.

I jumped, startled by Miss Daisy appearing right behind me. I held my towel up to cover my small breasts.

"Yes! Sorry, my clothes. I thought I brought them in with me..."

"Oh, yes, you did dear," Miss Daisy said. "But when I popped my head in the bathroom while you were in the shower, I saw the bag of clothes and how filthy they were. So, I put them all in the wash. Don't worry, I laid out something for you to wear in the guest bedroom. It's far more work appropriate, anyway."

"Oh... uh... okay," I said, not wanting to be rude, but feeling a little uncomfortable with the situation.

I tried to reassure myself that she was just being nice as I hustled to the guest bedroom.

But when I looked inside, I was surprised to find a pretty humiliating looking black and white 'maid' uniform that Miss Daisy had laid out on the bed for me, complete with knee-high stockings, a short skirt, and frilly trimmings.

I was pretty shocked, as it looked more like a Halloween costume than a serious uniform. It also looked too small to even fit.

But not wanting to be rude... especially since I really depended on Miss Daisy right now... I decided I would at

least try it on, hoping it would be too small to even wear.

But unfortunately, as I put the uniform on, it fit perfectly on me. I had always been a pretty small, petit individual, and I felt even small wearing such a frilly, humiliating outfit.

And then I saw the underwear she had left for me as well. They were really wide with bright pink trim and girly looking hearts on them. They looked like the panties a small girl would wear... like one who was staying in the next room over. Not an adult woman.

But again, with little choice, I slipped them on.

I looked at myself in the mirror and blushed. I just hoped my regular clothes would be finished in the wash sooner rather than later.

There was a knock at the door, startling me. Before I could respond, Miss Daisy helped her self in.

"Oh, I'm glad to see this fits!" Miss Daisy said, looking me up and down like a mannequin. "I was gifted this maid uniform when I was much younger, and I'm glad I've finally found a use for it," she said with a laugh. "Also, the panties were left from one of my younger overnight guests some time ago. Anyway, I hope you don't mind."

"Oh... of course not," I said through gritted teeth, hating the outfit, but of course not wanting to be rude.

"Anyway... take a seat dear, let's talk," Miss Daisy said, patting the seat next to her.

I apprehensively joined her, sitting down on the bed.

"So, do you know how I mentioned I might have a solution for you?" Miss Daisy asked.

I eagerly nodded my head, hoping that she was going to tell me that she could advance me the money for a motel room or to put down a deposit on an apartment.

"Well, if you're interested, I can let you stay right here in my guest bedroom while you work for me," Miss Daisy said. "At least until you get back up on your feet."

It wasn't exactly what I was hoping for, but I was still relieved by the offer.

"Really?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Miss Daisy said with a smile. "I mean, you might as well, the bedrooms are going to be empty otherwise. And hey, at least this way I'll be able to look after you just like you were a little tyke staying with me at my daycare," she said with a laugh and patting me on the back.

I immediately blushed red at the suggestion.

"That sounds great Miss Daisy, thank you so much," I said, trying to conceal my discomfort.

"You're welcome dear," Miss Daisy said. "Now by my clock, it's only 1:30, so if you don't mind, I do need you to get back to work until at least five. There's still a lot of work to do around here."

I jumped to my feet and said, "Of course! Right away. Thank you again!"

"I'll see you at dinner, dear," Miss Daisy said with a smile, then left me to my work.

I looked in the mirror again, blushed, and sighed.

At least, I thought to myself, I've found a roof to put over my head. So in that way, I was quite relieved.

* * *

I SPENT the rest of the afternoon cleaning the three bedrooms.

My short skirt was pretty embarrassing, as I knew my juvenile panties were showing anytime I had to bend over. But I was glad that at least no one else was around to watch, and the hours passed quickly enough.

When dinner came, I was greeted by a wonderfully large meal, practically a feast, prepared by Miss Daisy, featuring roast chicken, mashed potatoes, and lots of other delicious side dishes.

As we ate, Miss Daisy and I even had a great time chatting and getting to know each other. And I felt myself growing more and more comfortable and trusting of Miss Daisy.

After the big meal, Miss Daisy even served a delicious cake with milk for dessert.

By the time we were finished, I was wonderfully full and exhausted, despite it being so early.

I let out a big yawn. "You look tired, dear," Miss Daisy said, "which is no surprise given how hard you worked today. Why don't I walk you to your bedroom?"

"Oh," I said, a little embarrassed by the offer, "I can get there myself. Remember, I spent the day cleaning it?"

Miss Daisy let out a chuckle. "Sorry, you're right, I don't know what I was thinking. I suppose I'm just used to walking my little houseguests to bed to make sure they brush their teeth and use the potty," Miss Daisy said with a laugh. "I'll talk to you in the morning."

I thanked Miss Daisy again and excused myself to go upstairs to bed in the guest bedroom.

When I collapsed on my bed, I realized I was more full and happy and relieved than I had been in some time, and quickly fell asleep.

THE ACCIDENT

I woke the next morning to the sound of Miss Daisy's voice. "Oh no. What do we have here?"

I opened my eyes to find Miss Daisy standing over me and looking down with concern.

"Huh?" I asked in a groggy voice.

Miss Daisy suddenly ripped my blanket off. And to my absolute shock, I looked down to see...

A massive wet spot around my crotch on my bed.

Then, to my horror, Miss Daisy leaned in and took a big whiff.

"Ugh," she said holding her nose, "Yep, I thought so. I could smell it from outside your door. Dear, you didn't tell me you were a bedwetter," she scolded.

I felt my whole face burn bright red in a wave of baffling humiliation.

"I'm not! I mean... I don't think I am! Or..." I stammered. I reached down to my soaking wet panties and felt the cold smelly urine myself.

“You didn’t know?” Miss Daisy asked in indignation. “Are you telling me this is the *first* time you wet the bed in your life?”

“Well... this is the first time... in a long time...” I stammered. I couldn’t believe this was happening. I couldn’t believe I had wet the bed, something I hadn’t done since I was in elementary school.

Miss Daisy folded her arms, clearly frustrated by my response.

I suddenly broke down into tears. “I’m sorry Miss Daisy, honest,” I pleaded. “I didn’t mean to! I’ll clean it up! Please don’t kick me out!”

Miss Daisy just looked down at me as I began to helplessly cry, sitting in my puddle of pee.

Finally, Miss Daisy shook her head and let out another long sigh.

“It’s okay dear, don’t worry, we’ll get this taken care of. Come on, let’s get you out of bed and cleaned up. It just looks like you’re going to need more of Miss Daisy’s help than I realized.”

I nodded my head, still sniffing, as Miss Daisy took me by the hand and pulled me out of bed.

I covered my tiny breasts with my arm as Miss Daisy led me down the hall to the bathroom in my pee soaked panties.

Miss Daisy just laughed. “Don’t worry about trying to be modest, dear, I’ve seen toddlers with bigger breasts than those mosquito bites you’ve got there.”

I was flabbergasted with humiliation.

* * *

I SPENT a long time in the shower trying to scrub off my feelings of overwhelming humiliation and shame.

But by the end of the shower, I resolved to try to shrug the experience off and just focus on doing a good job working that day.

After all, even though Miss Daisy seemed upset at first, she also seemed to come around to feeling sympathetic. I just hoped this whole thing would blow over.

After all, I thought, it's not like I was going to wet the bed ever again. It must have just been the stress of my previous few weeks.

When I went back to my bedroom to get dressed, I was surprised to find that Miss Daisy had stripped the bed and taken the sheets and blankets away to be washed. I felt bad because I was there to help her clean, not to make more of a mess for her, but I also felt relieved that I didn't have to deal with the humiliation of cleaning up after my own accident.

I then remembered that I still didn't know what Miss Daisy had done with my original clothes. They weren't in the washer or dryer yesterday when I checked, like she mentioned they would be.

But strangely enough, the maid uniform was laid out again for me to wear, apparently cleaned between the night before and this morning, along with a new pair of embarrassing panties.

I felt pretty baffled by the situation and considered asking Miss Daisy about it, but given that I was already in a tense

situation, I figured it would be best if I just got dressed and got to work.

When I went downstairs, I was relieved by Miss Daisy not bringing my accident up. Instead, she served me some toast and told me what I would be working on, which consisted of cleaning and disinfecting the entire playroom area.

I happily spent the day vacuuming the play area, disinfecting the little plastic jungle gym, and laying out all the baby toys to clean and disinfect.

At one point, Miss Daisy walked in on me playing with one of the baby toys out of curiosity. "Having fun dear? I thought that toy was just for toddlers, but I suppose I was wrong about that," she said, making me blush.

But for the most part, the day went by quickly and without incident.

And by time dinner rolled around, I had almost forgotten about wetting the bed the night before.

Dinner was a surprising feast again, just like the night before, complete with a delicious pie for dessert. And by the time I was finished eating, I was dead exhausted, just like the night before.

"Well dear," Miss Daisy said after she saw me yawn again, "it looks like I had better help you get to bed."

"Oh," I said, my cheeks flushing, "you don't need to do that, remember?"

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Oh, I'm sorry dear, I'm afraid that tonight I *do* have to walk you to your room, unlike last night," Miss Daisy said.

"Oh... uh... okay," I said, not wanting to argue.

I followed Miss Daisy upstairs in silence. And to my confusion, she didn't open the door to my bedroom.

Instead, she opened the door to the bedroom next to it... The little girl's room.

"What are you doing?" I asked confused.

"Showing you to your room, dear," Miss Daisy said.

"But I'm staying in *that* room," I said, pointing to the room I had stayed in the night before.

Miss Daisy smirked and shook her head. "I'm sorry dear, but that room is... ill-equipped for young girls in your... situation."

"I don't understand," I said, starting to worry.

Miss Daisy put her hands on her hips and shook her head in disappointment.

"I'm trying to be polite about this dear, as I imagine you're very embarrassed about being a bedwetter. After all, I imagine that's why you didn't tell me about your bedwetting problem in the first place. But if you're going to continue playing dumb and talking back to me, I have no choice but to be blunt.

"This is the room I have that is equipped for little bedwetters like you. It's the room with the bed with plastic sheets, and it's the room I have a special hamper in for urine-soaked laundry. So unless you want me to go into any more detail about why I can't let you sleep in a big girl bed yet, you can march your little butt in there and we can get you ready for bed."

I was stunned and my face started burning red hot. I was speechless with humiliation. I didn't move.

Miss Daisy rolled her eyes and pulled me by the hand into the room.

Miss Daisy went to retrieve something from the closet and I heard the sound of a rustling bag. Then, to my horror, I saw Miss Daisy opening up a package of pull-up diapers.

"Now this is the biggest size I have in the house, let's just hope they fit," she said.

"What?" I asked in shock. "Miss Daisy, you can't be serious. I don't need to wear... Pull-ups," I said, practically whispering the last words.

Miss Daisy looked at me, rolled her eyes and laughed again. "I'm afraid you do, dear. How many times am I going to have to stand here and remind you that you pissed the bed like a toddler last night? I've honestly never seen so much pee on one of my beds before. There's no way I'm letting you sleep anywhere in this house without some sort of padding on the bottom of yours."

I was mortified.

"Please Miss Daisy, don't do this, I promise I won't wet the bed again. It was a one-time thing," I pleaded, tears in my eyes.

"Well then, I'd be happy to discover that's the case in the morning when I find you with a dry pull-up. But either way, it's time for you to quit being such a baby and come put your night-time protection on. And if you keep being such a fussy baby, I'm going to have to put you to bed in the baby's nursery next door. Understood? Now drop those undies," Miss Daisy ordered.

I was humiliated beyond belief. But recognizing how little choice I had, I moved my trembling hands down to my panties and began to push them down.

Miss Daisy rolled her eyes. "Come on dear, we don't have all night, don't make this harder than it has to be." And with that, Miss Daisy yanked my panties down to my ankles, making me squeal.

She then bent down and spread the pull-up open for me to step into.

I hesitated again.

"Little girl, if you can't figure out how to put your pull-up on like a big girl, I'm going to have to take you next door and lay you down on the diaper changing table to get you padded for bed," Miss Daisy said.

I felt my whole body burning bright red with humiliation as I reluctantly stepped into the pull-ups. I then closed my eyes and shuddered as I felt Miss Daisy pulling the cottony garment up my legs and around my waist.

Miss Daisy then pulled my skirt up and slipped her fingers around my waist to check the fit. She then patted the front and back of the pull-up. As I felt the crinkly pull-up diaper touch my pussy I wanted to die right then and there.

"Well, it looks like it fits just fine," Miss Daisy said as quiet tears rolled down my cheeks. "Let's just hope it can hold everything your bladder has to offer. Otherwise, we're going to have to switch to actual diapers for you. How does *that* sound?" she said with a laugh.

I closed my eyes and again nearly died of humiliation.

Finally, Miss Daisy pulled my skirt down and my shirt up over my head, stripping me down to my pull-up.

Again I covered my breasts, embarrassed to be shirtless, only for Miss Daisy to laugh at me again regarding the gesture.

I hung my head, and hoping that the night's humiliating ordeal was finally over, I turned and shuffled toward the small pink bed.

"Where do you think you're going?" Miss Daisy asked me.

"To bed?" I answered in a meek voice

Miss Daisy shook her head with disappointment. "It looks like I really do have to walk you through your nightly routine like a toddler, as it's clear you really don't know the basics of taking care of yourself yet. Which, by the way, helps explain why your bed was soaked and your breath reeked so badly this morning. Now come on," she said grabbing my hand.

I was too humiliated to argue as Miss Daisy led me by the hand out the room and down the hall.

NEW ROUTINES

“*B*rush those teeth, Missy,” Miss Daisy ordered as she stood in the doorway of the bathroom with her arms folded.

I picked up the humiliating multicolored juvenile toothbrush on the counter and began brushing my teeth. I was mortified by the fact that I was being forced to do this while being shirtless and wearing nothing but a pull-up while Miss Daisy watched.

When I finished brushing my teeth, I rinsed my mouth and put the toothbrush back, only for Miss Daisy to suddenly bark, “What do you think you’re doing?”

“I’m finished, Miss Daisy,” I whimpered.

Miss Daisy came over, sat on the lid of the toilet, and beckoned for me to come over. “Open,” she commanded, referring to my mouth.

I opened my mouth as Miss Daisy looked inside, much to my humiliation.

She then shook her head. “Nope, try again,” she commanded.

I burned red with humiliation and frustration. But I trudged back to the sink and brushed my teeth again as she ordered.

But when I finished, and Miss Daisy 'inspected' my mouth again, she simply repeated, "Nope, try again."

Frustrated and exhausted, I brushed my teeth yet again, this time three times as long as before.

Only to finish and have Miss Daisy look in my mouth, cluck her tongue, and shake her head yet again. "Oh little girl, you need Miss Daisy's help with everything, don't you? Take a seat," Miss Daisy said, pointing at the toilet.

I sat down on the toilet lid and watched as Miss Daisy wet the toothbrush, put toothpaste on it, kneeled down, and began to brush my teeth for me as if I were a toddler!

I was too mortified and humiliated to resist. Instead, I sat there and let her brush every corner of my mouth until she finally declared I could go to the sink and, "Spit."

I complied, doing my best to suppress my overwhelming frustration and embarrassment.

Finally, I turned to leave the bathroom, only to find Miss Daisy standing at the door, blocking me.

"Where do you think you're going?" She asked.

"To bed!" I shouted in a grumpy tone, at this point tired of that question.

"Not yet, young lady," Miss Daisy said as she walked over to the toilet. "And just for that attitude, you can sit twice as long."

Miss Daisy lifted up the toilet seat lid and motioned for me to sit on the toilet.

My cheeks burned as I reluctantly shuffled toward the toilet.

I stood before the toilet, looked back at Miss Daisy, who was standing there, watching.

"Aren't you going to step out?" I asked her.

Miss Daisy shook her head and gave a small laugh. "I'm afraid not. I think you've shown your inability to be trustworthy and responsible when it comes to these basic matters of hygiene, so I'm afraid I'm going to have to supervise to make sure you use the toilet properly."

I was horrified. "Please, Miss Daisy, let me use the toilet by myself. I'm not a child," I begged.

"Really?" Miss Daisy asked. "Because with the amount of whining and fussing you do with every little thing I ask of you, you would've fooled me. Now are you going to pull your diaper down and do wee-wee, or do I have to pull it down for you?"

I felt utterly humiliated and defeated. I reluctantly pulled my pull-up down and sat down on the toilet while Miss Daisy watched with a subtle smirk.

"Aww, good girl," she said. "Now it's time for you to make a wee-wee for Nanny so you don't go wee-wee in your beddy-bye."

I was mortified by her watching me in this way and by her humiliating comments.

And what was even worse was that no matter how hard I was trying to pee, my bladder was just too nervous to let go under the circumstances.

"Hmmm, I don't hear any wee-wee," Miss Daisy said.

"I don't have to go," I grumbled.

Miss Daisy rolled her eyes. "I've heard that one before from plenty of little bedwetters. Don't worry, you're going to be on the toilet for the next fifteen minutes, so you have plenty of time to try and go peepee in the potty like a big girl."

Miss Daisy then grabbed a book from one of the nearby shelves and sat down in a chair in the corner to read while I sat on the potty, utterly humiliated.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, Miss Daisy put her book down and told me to stand up. She clucked her tongue as she looked in the toilet bowl, discovering I didn't pee a drop.

But she still rolled up some toilet paper in her hand, bent me over, and wiped my butt, much to my shock and humiliation.

Finally, Miss Daisy led me by the hand back to my room and tucked me into my humiliating pink bed.

"Good night little one," Miss Daisy said from the doorway. "And just so you know, the door to this room locks from the outside to make sure little ones don't get up to any trouble at night."

Miss Daisy finally left, closing and locking my bedroom door from outside.

I let out an exhausted, humiliated moan, as I rolled over to go to sleep. I was just hoping to finally fall asleep so I could forget this day ever happened.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, I tossed and turned in my childish bed.

The plastic sheet I was sleeping on was crinkly, loud, and a constant reminder of my humiliation.

And the pull-up around my waist was just unbearable.

I couldn't stop focusing on how cottony and soft it was against my genitals and butt crack. It felt so horribly juvenile and humiliating.

And I couldn't stop playing back the moments of Miss Daisy watching me sit on the toilet or pulling the pull-up up around my waist.

And worst of all, at some point in the night, I realized I really had to pee again. But I knew the door was locked, and I was afraid to try and call for Miss Daisy's help, so I ended up just tossing and turning, hoping to finally ignore it long enough to fall asleep.

Fortunately, at some point in the night, I finally drifted off to unconsciousness.

* * *

I WOKE the next morning with the sun shining brightly in my room.

For a second, I had almost forgotten about the traumatic night before.

That is... until I noticed the pink room I was sleeping in.

And then I felt the plastic sheet beneath me again.

And then, in a state of horrified realization, I felt a warm, moist bulge between my legs, right next to my pussy.

I slowly reached down, my hand trembling as I felt the outside of my pull-up. I pushed the urine-soaked padding

against my pussy and shuddered.

I had wet the bed again.

I pulled my blanket away to inspect the damage. I could immediately smell the acrid scent of my wet diaper as I poked and prodded it with my hand. It was absolutely soaked.

But fortunately, it didn't look like the pull-up had leaked onto my bed. The pull-ups apparently contained my humiliating accident.

I laid my head back down and let out a long, humiliated sigh of defeat and sadness.

I just couldn't understand why this was happening!

And then I thought about what Miss Daisy was going to say... and a shudder went down my spine.

But then I realized something else...

My bladder let out a small ache. And I realized... I still had to pee. My bladder ached again. And I realized I had to pee quite badly!

I carefully climbed out of my bed and shuffled, bow-legged toward the bedroom door.

But when I tried to open it... it was still locked.

I began to feel a rising sense of panic as I realized I was trapped... and I didn't know how much longer I could hold what felt like another torrent of urine I needed to release.

"Miss Daisy," I called out to the locked door. "Miss Daisy!?"

I waited for a response, praying that Miss Daisy was close enough to hear me and come get me.

But I heard nothing. And my need to pee seemed to be increasing by the second.

I began to pace the room in my pee-soaked pull-up, trying to calm my aching bladder and think of some solution. After all... I knew my pull-up likely couldn't take another drop of my urine without leaking...

I called out to Miss Daisy again without any luck. Finally, it felt like all I could do was stand next to my bed, bouncing from foot to foot, trying to keep myself from losing control...

Finally, I reached a breaking point. Figured that since I'd already wet my pull-up a little, I might as well just let out a little bit to ease my bladder...

I closed my eyes and tried to relax. I felt my urethra began to unclench, followed by a slow, warm trickle of my urine beginning to flow into my already soaked pull-up and pool around my genitals...

BAM!

My bedroom door flung open, startling me nearly to death.

"Are you okay?" Miss Daisy asked, charging into the room.

The scare was just too much of a shock to my system. I completely lost control of my bladder... I closed my eyes, curled my toes, and felt my bladder completely release its contents.

I stood before Miss Daisy in a state of paralysis as a loud *hiss* rang out from my urine stream flowing into my saturated pull-up.

It didn't take long for my urine to quickly overflow the pull-up and begin pouring out the sides of the diaper, down my legs, and onto the floor.

"Oh no dear, what are you doing?" Miss Daisy shouted as she watched me humiliate myself before her.

But I couldn't stop. Instead, I just stood before her with my eyes closed, my body tense, as I continued helplessly emptying my bladder into my pull-up and onto the floor.

Miss Daisy finally jumped into action and ran to get a towel from the closet. She spread it out at my feet and pulled me by the wrist so I stepped onto the towel while I finished emptying my bladder.

Finally, my pee came to a stop, and I opened my eyes.

Miss Daisy was staring back at me. And she did not look happy. "Are you finally finished?" Miss Daisy asked.

"I think so," I said. I then burst into tears again. "I'm so sorry Miss Daisy... I just... couldn't hold it..."

Miss Daisy watched me cry for a few moments before finally rolling her eyes and sighing in her usual way. "What are we gonna do with you?" She said. "All right now, come on, let's go get you cleaned up."

As she took me by the hand and led me out of the room in my dripping soaked pull-up, I was too ashamed to speak a word.

But to my surprise, Miss Daisy didn't lead me to the bathroom, where I figured she was leading me.

Instead, she turned and led me to the next room over...

Into the nursery.

"Why are you bringing me in here?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"Because this is where we change dirty diapers, silly," Miss Daisy said.

I was mortified as she led me to the diaper changing station, the one I had just stocked with supplies myself.

She then quickly lifted me up beneath my armpits and plopped me on the changing table. I wanted to die as I felt the soggy wet pull-up sploosh against my bottom and crotch.

"Miss Daisy, it's okay, I can clean myself up in the shower," I begged.

Miss Daisy just tsk'd, as if I were a naughty toddler, and pushed me down onto the table. "Sorry dear, that's not how Nanny changes wet diapers in this house." My small stature allowed me to fit on the diaper changing table just fine, much to my chagrin.

My eyes then widened as I felt and heard the sound of Miss Daisy tearing away the sides of my pull-up diapers.

I then let out a squeal of shock as I felt Miss Daisy lift my legs into the air and pull the front of my pull-up away from my crotch.

"Eep!" I whined as I quickly moved my hands down to my crotch to cover my shame.

Miss Daisy just laughed and slapped my hands away.

"Uh oh, gotta keep those handsies up so Miss Daisy can clean the peepee mess you made down here," she said in a sing-song tone.

"Miss Daisy, please!" I whined as she guided my hands up, making me feel utterly vulnerable beneath her strong arms and vigilant gaze.

"Don't worry dear, I've changed countless little girls diapers before," she said as she pulled the soaking wet

pull-up diaper out from under my waist and dropped it in the diaper pail next to me with a big 'splat'.

"Now you can keep those hands up yourself or I can keep them up for you," she warned. I closed my eyes again, immediately reminded of my humiliating loss of control.

Miss Daisy then pulled out a tub of baby wipes and started to get to work cleaning my most intimate 'areas'—pushing my feet up higher as she scrubbed my butt cheeks, waist, and crotch.

I felt utterly helpless and humiliated... although some part of me did have to admit that it felt good to get all the sticky urine I had been laying in cleaned off of my skin.

Then, Miss Daisy let one of my legs fall to the table so she could spread my legs out a bit further. She then took a new wipe and began scrubbing my pussy with it, making me squeal again. Then, I almost moaned as I felt her using her strong fingers to penetrate the folds of my labia.

"Tsk, tsk, we're going to have to shave this pubic hair off soon. It's just too much of a nuisance while I try to clean you," she said, making me burn bright red at the mention of my untrimmed bush.

I then felt Miss Daisy slide her baby wipe covered fingers down to my butt crack and anus and begin to scrub hard around my butt hole. I have always been pretty sensitive down there, so I immediately started to get anxious as I felt her circling my anus with the baby wipe.

I then felt her begin to scrub my tight bottom hole with her wipe covered finger. I let out a small whimper and began to writhe in a mixture of deep submission and humiliation as I felt her stimulating my asshole... even penetrating it with the tip of her finger.

I finally lifted one of my hands to try and get her to stop, but she grabbed my wrist and held it above my head as she continued 'cleaning me' in my most embarrassing, sensitive region. I was mortified.

Finally, Miss Daisy lifted up the baby wipe and took a look at the brown stain on it.

"Well, it's no surprise to see how much you don't like having this nasty little bum of yours cleaned, given how dirty it is. Seriously, has anyone ever even taught you how to properly wipe your bottom after a poopy?"

I was speechless with humiliation.

"Well then," miss Daisy said, rolling her eyes, "I guess that means no."

As she tossed the baby wipes away, I was hoping she would finally let me get up and go shower off from this utterly humiliating experience.

But when I tried to sit up, Miss Daisy stopped me with the question I had come to learn to hate. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I thought... We were done..." I stammered.

Miss Daisy just let out a mean chuckle, and to my dismay, she pulled out a large bag of big, adult, white diapers from the closet.

"No, you're not leaving this room until I put another diaper on that butt," Miss Daisy said.

"What?" I asked in disbelief.

"Sorry dear, we have rules at my daycare center. One of the rules is that if you wet the bed at night, you wear diapers to bed at night. And another one of the rules is that if you wet

yourself while not in bed during the day, you have to wear diapers while not in bed, during the day!"

Miss Daisy pulled one of the large, white, adult diapers out from the package. It was extra thick and puffy looking, like a baby diaper, but clearly large enough to fit me. She then began to unfold it before my eyes.

"I'm just glad that I still have these adult diapers leftover from when I had an elderly resident staying with me for a few weeks. They are extra-thick, made especially for heavy nighttime wetters, but given how much of a puddle you made on the floor the next room over, I suppose it's better safe than sorry," she said with a laugh.

"Miss Daisy, please!" I begged, "You don't need to put me in a diaper. The only reason I had that accident is because the door was locked when I had to go pee!"

"Little girl. If your bladder control really is that poor, I better put you in a diaper just to be safe. If you can prove to me that you don't need them, then maybe I'll take you out of diapers when you're ready. But there's no way I'm risking another mess like the one you made this morning. I hired you to help me clean the place and take care of it. Not leave pee stains everywhere."

I burned bright red as I realized her point was legitimate. Even though I had never lost control of my bladder like I had that morning before, from her perspective, it did make sense for her to think that I couldn't control my bladder.

I closed my eyes and tried to disassociate as Miss Daisy pushed me back down onto the diaper changing table, unfolded the large crinkly diaper beneath me, and pulled it up around my waist.

She then lowered my legs to the table, took out a container of baby powder, and began to douse my entire crotch and thigh area.

The overwhelming scent of the baby powder transported me to an earlier era in my life, an era defined by the humiliation of being dependent on someone else to get your diaper changed after a mess, and needing the fragrance of baby powder specifically to cover up the humiliating reality that you pee and poop your pants.

I wanted to practically die as I felt Miss Daisy pulling up the puffy white diaper between my legs, pulling it around my waist, and attaching the tapes.

She then helped me sit up and I immediately cringed as I heard the crinkle of the humiliating garment and felt the thick padding between my legs.

“Well then, it looks like it’s a perfect fit! It looks like these will do nicely after all,” she said, slipping her finger around my waist and between my legs.

“Now,” she said, wiping the baby powder from her hands, “My clock says that you’re late for work. So let’s get you downstairs for some breakfast so you can start your day,” Miss Daisy said as she pulled me to my feet.

I felt my whole body burning crimson as she pulled me toward the door of the nursery, my legs waddling from the thick diaper.

I wanted to curl into a ball and hide from my utter humiliation. I couldn’t imagine actually starting to work like this.

And it was only as we passed the other bedroom down the hall that I realized...

“Wait, what about my clothes?” I asked.

“Oh right,” Miss Daisy said. “Sorry dear, everything’s still in the wash.”

“But I can’t walk around without a shirt or pants,” I said, my cheeks burning bright red.

“Oh come now, of course you can,” Miss Daisy said. “A lot of my kids who still wear diapers run around without pants. Besides, it makes it easier for me to check if your diaper’s wet, anyway. Lord knows you’re prone to leaking,” she snickered.

“Please, I can’t, don’t do this to me!” I begged, stopping and pulling away.

Miss Daisy paused, turned around, folded her arms and frowned. “Do *what* to you, dear?” She asked with her arms folded.

“Don’t make me work in just a diaper. I can’t...”

“Why not?” She asked.

“Because... I’m not a baby! The diaper is bad enough. I feel so naked! And humiliated!” I whined, tears in my eyes.

Miss Daisy stared at me. “Well, let’s see... I believed my self to be acting in a way that was exceedingly generous to you, little girl, as I’ve been giving you my supplies, services and expertise free of charge to help you with your embarrassing, unsanitary little problem while you work with me. But if you’d prefer to quit, you may pack your things and go back to living in your car,” she declared.

Her words felt like a sucker punch. I suddenly realized what she was saying.

“Wait... Miss Daisy... I wasn’t trying...”

“No dear, it’s okay,” Miss Daisy said, pointing back toward my room. “If you’re going to take my generosity for granted, it might be better for you to just leave now.”

I slowly turned to go back to my room. And with every step, I realized that in those few short moments. I had just lost my job, food, and a roof over my head... all at once.

I turned back to Miss Daisy with hurt in my eyes, only to find her coldly checking her watch. “I’ll give you a couple of minutes to pack your things while I wait downstairs for you in the kitchen,” she said, walking away.

A feeling of emptiness and regret washed over me as I watched Miss Daisy turn away.

I shuffled back into my bedroom, and as I wriggled and pulled my diaper off, instead of feeling liberated, I strangely felt...

Sad. And scared.

I stared at the baby powder covered diaper on the floor, with waves of regret coming over me.

*Maybe Miss Daisy was right, I thought to myself. Maybe I was being the jerk here. After all, I did pee myself in front of her. Maybe she **was** just trying to do what was necessary to look after her house... and look after me.*

I sat on the bed and immediately began to sob. As humiliating as it was to be put in a diaper... I didn’t want to be homeless again.

I was suddenly filled with shame and regret about ruining the opportunity Miss Daisy had given me and taking it for granted... all because I selfishly felt embarrassed about her diapering me after I made a mess.

I tried to start packing my things, but it was all too overwhelming. Instead, I just collapsed on the bed, sobbing and sobbing.

I lost track of time, until some minutes later, there was a knock on the door, startling me.

It was Miss Daisy, standing in the doorway with her arms crossed. "Well, young lady? Why are you still in my home? You've been dismissed from your duties, remember?" She said.

I looked up with tearful eyes, covering my naked crotch, and began bawling.

"Please Miss Daisy!" I squealed. "I'm sorry! I shouldn't have argued with you. Just please don't kick me out! I promise I'll be better from now on!"

Miss Daisy walked closer to me, folded her arms, looked down at me with her intimidating, powerful eyes. "Oh really? I'm supposed to believe that after the way you just behaved with me? Not to mention the way you just discarded the diaper that I not only paid for, but attentively put you in just minutes ago?"

"Please, Miss Daisy! I'll do anything! Just please don't kick me out!" I begged. "I promise, whatever you want, I'll be extra good, I'll work extra hard, I'll even wear a diaper if you need me to, just please give me another chance!" I could hardly see, I was sobbing so hard.

Miss Daisy continued to stare down at me with her penetrating eyes. Until finally... she let out a long sigh and softened.

She sat down next to me and put her warm arm around me. "Okay, okay, there, there, sweetie. It's okay. Nanny understands."

“You do?” I asked, sniffing.

“Yes, I do,” Miss Daisy said. “I know how hard it can be when you’re just a little girl like you are. And your little brain is still developing, and you can’t control your peepees or clean up properly after your poopoos, but you want to feel like a big girl, so you act out when Nanny is trying to help you.”

I nodded, both deeply humiliated by the way she was talking about me like a toddler, but also somewhat relieved that she seemed to be coming around.

“Here’s what I think we can do if you’d like to give this another try,” Miss Daisy said. “Why don’t you spend the day getting to work, and tonight we’ll have another meeting to make sure we iron out any issues so you can continue to stay here in a way that works for both of us. And in the meantime, I’ll do what I can to help you start potty-training so you can wear big girl panties again.”

“Really?” I asked, wiping my snot on my hand.

“Really,” she said, giving me a tender squeeze.

“Okay, Miss Daisy,” I said in a sheepish tone. “Thank you.”

Miss Daisy smiled and gave me a kiss on the head, making me feel warm and special inside.

She then got to her feet and picked up the diaper I had discarded. “Now then, ready to be a good girl and keep your diapees on for Miss Daisy?” She asked.

“Okaaaay,” I said, relenting.

My face burned bright red as I laid back on my bed. Miss Daisy came over, untaped the diaper, and reapplied it to my waist.

She gave my thickly diapered crotch a tender pat and helped me sit up.

“There you go, all better. Let’s go downstairs and get you started for the day,” she said, helping me to my feet.

“Yes Miss Daisy,” I said, my cheeks still red hot.

I was deeply embarrassed by the thick diaper I was wearing between my legs, and the fact that I apparently wasn’t allowed to wear anything over it made it about ten times worse.

But also, strangely, the diaper now felt like a symbol of safety and comfort. Miss Daisy’s babying of me made me feel helpless, pathetic, small, and utterly humiliated on every level...

But the thick, white, crinkly, bulky, warm, cottony diaper around my crotch also meant that I was safe and that I was cared for.

As I followed Miss Daisy down to the kitchen, I reasoned that if the humiliation of wearing a diaper was the cost of shelter... it was a price I guess I just had to pay.

And as I ate a breakfast bagel that Miss Daisy had prepared for me... and got to work continuing to clean the childish playroom wearing only a diaper... I decided that maybe things weren’t so bad after all.

After all... it’s not like I actually had to *use* the diaper I was wearing. It’s not like I was *actually* being treated like a baby.

Of course, I had no idea then that my humiliating ordeal was just getting started...

LOSING CONTROL

*A*round noon, I had finished disinfecting all the toys and surfaces of the play place, when I felt nature calling...

That is, I really had to pee.

But before I had a chance to go to the bathroom, I heard Miss Daisy's voice call out, "Kelly dear, lunch is ready!"

I went into the kitchen, now suddenly bouncing a bit on my heels and crossing my legs, my sudden need to pee hitting me surprisingly fast.

Miss Daisy had already put lunch on the table and was pointing to my seat.

"Thank you, Miss Daisy! I just need to use the restroom first," I said, walking toward the hallway.

"I've just served you lunch, dear," Miss Daisy said with a stern expression on her face. "I think it would be quite rude for you to let it get cold. After all, you've had all morning to use the restroom. Can you really not hold it for a few minutes?" She asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry, of course," I said, suddenly anxious about appearing disrespectful. I decided that she was right, I

should just sit down and hold it for a few more minutes.

I sat down and crossed my legs best I could while I tried to enjoy the warm soup Miss Daisy had prepared.

Part of me wanted to ask her when I could have my skirt back, and the main thing I wanted to know was when I could finally get up to go use the bathroom, but I kept my mouth shut as we both ate, as I figured this would be the quickest way for Miss Daisy to finish her food so I could finally go pee.

So I quietly sat there, bouncing a little bit on my diapered butt as Miss Daisy talked to me in a pleasant voice about the flowers out front, and the weather, and what kind of baby toys she had in mind for the daycare, while I quietly nodded and smiled.

"What's the problem, dear, you don't like the lemonade?" She asked, referring to the tall glass of lemonade I hadn't touched... well, for obvious reasons.

"I'm not too thirsty," I said, sheepishly.

Miss Daisy pursed her lips and frowned. "Hmmm... well, you haven't drank much of anything all day. I'm afraid you're probably quite dehydrated and you don't realize it. I do need you to finish that glass of lemonade for me before leaving your seat, please."

I looked up at her, exasperated, but knew it would probably be better if I just complied.

I grabbed the tall glass of lemonade and gulped it down as fast as possible while Miss Daisy watched with a slight smile. I finished and let out a loud belch.

"Thank you, Miss Daisy, that was delicious," I said, trying to make her happy.

“Very good,” Miss Daisy said with a smile. “Anyway, as I was saying...”

But just as Miss Daisy started speaking again, my bladder hit me with a powerful spasm of urgency—likely because of the influx of lemonade. I knew I was on the verge of losing control once again.

I jumped to my feet and muttered, “I’m so sorry, Ma’am, I just really have to pee,” as I dashed out of the kitchen.

As I raced down the hallway, it felt like I was in a race to the finish, with every second bringing me closer to losing control and wetting my diaper—an act I just couldn’t imagine after everything I’d been through that day.

I made a final leap for the handle of the bathroom door, grabbed it with both hands, and to my horror...

It was locked.

I did a potty dance in front of the door, exasperated to the point of tears as I tried to turn the door handle with no luck.

“Miss Daisy!” I shouted down the hallway. “Why is the bathroom door locked?”

“I can’t hear you, dear,” I heard Miss Daisy respond from down the hallway. “You’ll have to come back to the kitchen.”

I nearly keeled over from my aching bladder, but still managed to hold it in long enough to crawl back to the kitchen, almost on my hands and knees.

“I said the bathroom door is locked,” I whined as I came back to the kitchen.

“I know it is,” Miss Daisy said in a matter of fact tone.

“But I need to use it,” I squealed.

“Well, I’m afraid that’s the bathroom for big girls, sweetie. If you need to go potty, you need to ask me to take you to the little girl potty in the potty training room,” Miss Daisy said. “And just so we’re clear, leaving the table before being excused and yelling in my house are both very much against my rules, so I would appreciate it if you refrained from that behavior going forward.”

Had I not been in a state of such bladder distress, I would have likely been insulted by this new bathroom hierarchy Miss Daisy was imposing, but at the moment, all I cared about was not wetting my diaper.

I gritted my teeth, gulped. “Okay, Miss Daisy, I will,” I said, trying to sound calm. “Now will you please take me to the potty training room?”

“Very well, since apparently, you can’t hold it for longer than a few minutes,” Miss Daisy said, slowly putting down the rest of her sandwich and getting to her feet.

I then followed Miss Daisy into the toddler playroom, where she brought me to a closed bathroom door.

“Ah, one second, I seem to have misplaced my potty training chart,” she said. “I’ll be right back.”

I was appalled that she was making me wait even longer. As soon as Miss Daisy walked away, I urgently tried the handle of the ‘potty-training’ door, only to find this door locked as well!

I danced on my feet, on the verge of bursting, for another minute, until Miss Daisy finally returned with a clipboard and marker.

“Let’s see dear, before we take that diaper off and let you sit on the potty, I need you to answer a few questions for Nanny. First, do you have to make peepees? Or poopos? Or both?”

“Just pee!” I blurted.

“And on a scale of one to ten, how close do you feel you were to having an accident before being brought to the potty chair?”

“Um... I don’t know, nine or ten I guess!”

“Really,” Miss Daisy said with a furrowed brow, writing something with her marker. “Well, that’s very concerning. It suggests you need much more help with your potty training than I expected.”

“I don’t know, five or six then!” I blurted, frustrated by her comment.

She put her hands on her hips. “Dear, I can only help you get out of diapers and learn to use the potty if you’re honest with me.”

“Okay! Whatever! Just please let me go!” I begged.

Miss Daisy rolled her eyes and sighed as if I were being a fussy toddler. “Very well,” she said, putting the clipboard into a holder next to the door. “We just need to check one more thing then. The current state of your diaper. After all, Nanny needs to know if you’ve already had an accident or not. Shirt to your chin please and nose to the door,” she commanded.

I felt utterly humiliated as I brought my shirt up, revealing my tummy and the top of my diaper, and put my nose against the wall as if I were undergoing some sort of strange, humiliating inspection.

I felt Miss Daisy pull the back of my diaper out, look down my butt, and give a loud sniff of the air. "Well, you're not poopy from what I can tell, so that's good," she said.

My face burned bright red at just the idea of her thinking I would do such a thing, let alone 'checking' me for it.

She then stuck her hand into my diaper, between my legs, and put her other hand on my abdomen to hold me still.

It was finally too much for my poor little bladder to bear. The shock of her placing her fingers on my pussy... not to mention pressing my abdomen... finally resulted in the dam bursting at the worst time possible.

"Oooooohhhhhhaaaaaauuuughhhhh," I moaned as a loud hiss suddenly rang out. My hot stream of piss poured into my diaper like Niagara Falls, and once it started, I couldn't stop it.

And the worst part of all was the sound Miss Daisy made...

It was the sound of her realizing I was peeing on her bare fingers.

"Ack! Oh no! You didn't! You naughty, naughty little thing!" She scolded as she pulled her fingers out in disgust.

"I'm sorry," I whimpered as Miss Daisy shuffled out of the room to wash her hand.

I continued to lean against the door as I felt the relief of what felt like a gallon of urine pouring out of me into my previously dry, thirsty diaper.

As the flow of my hot piss pooled around my crotch and warmed and weighed down my diaper, I began to worry that even *this* diaper would leak, like my last one, and I tried to stop.

But I couldn't... the pee just kept coming and coming. And the sound of the *hiss* of me using my diaper... Combined with the acrid scent of my urine wafting up to my nose... Combined with the growing weight of the garment around my waist... Combined with the hot, wet sensation against my pussy and ass... was all so overwhelming. I almost felt like I was being transported to another world as my bladder kept going and going. I couldn't believe I was peeing my diaper, just like a toddler.

Finally, my poor bladder finished, and my feelings of relief were quickly replaced with intense feelings of shame and guilt, just as Miss Daisy returned, drying her hands on a towel.

She put her palm to the bottom of my now yellow, soaking wet diaper, and squished it against my butt. "Well, well, I can tell you're good and 'done', aren't you? You could have saved us the trip to the potty if you were just going to flood your diapers instead."

"I'm sorry," I said as my cheeks burned bright red. I was too ashamed to even turn and look at her.

"Well, if you're not, you certainly will be soon. I'm not sure if that stunt you just pulled of letting loose on Nanny's fingers was your idea of a funny prank to pull..."

"It wasn't, I swear!" I pleaded.

"Either way, I think since you made the choice to use your diaper as a potty, instead of the actual potty, it might be best for you to spend the rest of the afternoon in your wet little mess, just to make sure I'm not the only one who faces the consequences of you letting loose in your diaper. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," I moaned in humiliation.

“Very well. There’s still a bunch more cleaning I expect you to finish before we end the day, and then I’ll see about changing you out of your peepee diaper. Until then, I want you to think about how you can try a little harder to be a big girl going forward.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I muttered in shame.

“And trust me, if just one of those tapes of that diaper come undone for any reason today before I decide it’s time for that diaper to come off... I’ll know. And you will be very, very sorry.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I replied again.

“Very well. Get on with your duties then. Doing the dishes and sweeping and mopping the floors of the kitchen is a good start,” she said.

“Yes, Ma’am, right away, Ma’am,” I said as she left the room.

I reached my hand down to my soggy diaper and shuddered as I felt the warm, soggy weight of my accident... my shame.

And now, it looked like I was going to have to carry that soggy shame around with me between my legs all day until it grew cold and even more humiliating.

I sat down on the floor and cried for a few minutes by myself in my wet diaper, just like a little baby, before finally wiping my snot on my arm and going to the kitchen to continue my day of work.

DIRTY FLOORS AND SOGGY DIAPERS

I got to work doing the dishes in the kitchen.

It was deeply strange—even violating—experiencing the thick, bulky wet diaper dangling between my thighs while I worked.

As I scrubbed the dishes, I felt myself putting enormous amounts of my attention into making them spotless, hoping that by focusing so hard on the task, I could forget both about this morning and the wet, uncomfortable diaper between my legs.

When I swept the floor, I cringed every time I had to kneel down in order to use the dustpan, as the position pressed my wet diaper against my buttocks and crotch. So much so, I began to worry that if I put too much pressure on the sopping wet diaper, it would begin to leak, just like my pull up that morning.

But, I thought with a small laugh, at least if I did leak here in the kitchen, I at least now have the tools to clean it up, I said to myself as I began to mop the floor.

And as humiliating as it was to work in a wet diaper (a fact I just kept struggling to even comprehend), and as resentful as I was of Miss Daisy putting me in this situation

by denying be a bathroom like she did, I was determined to make the kitchen spotless.

Given how upset Miss Daisy was earlier, I was hoping that if I at least did a good job cleaning, she might decide to forgive me.

* * *

A FEW HOURS LATER, just as I was about finished mopping every corner of the kitchen, Miss Daisy appeared at the doorway.

“Well then,” she said, startling me, “I trust the kitchen is spotless by now?”

“Yes, Miss Daisy!” I said, snapping to attention, “I just finished.”

“Let’s see,” Miss Daisy said, walking into the kitchen to do an inspection. “Oh no dear, this floor looks barely washed it all.”

My heart sank. I truly thought that I had done a good job, and I had worked so hard to make Miss Daisy happy. I couldn’t believe she thought the floor was still dirty.

“You know what I think the problem is?” Miss Daisy said. “The problem is that you are using a mop instead of cleaning the floor the way that I was taught to clean up the floor as a child. Which is on my hands and knees, scrubbing with both hands.”

I watched with a feeling of dread in my stomach as Miss Daisy retrieved a washcloth and a small bucket from under the sink, filled it with water and soap, and dropped it on the floor.

“Go ahead, dear, I’m afraid I can’t cook dinner until you’re finished, so you better get started.”

I slowly got down onto my knees, my hands trembling with frustration and fear as Miss Daisy stood with her arms folded, watching me.

I grabbed the washcloth, wrung it out with my hands, and began sliding it over the floor.

“Oh, you’re going to have to scrub harder than that, dear,” Miss Daisy said with her mean laugh. “Don’t be afraid to stick that soggy diapered butt into the air as you scrub to put some pressure on it.”

I cringed as I bent forward, sticking my butt out and feeling my soggy diaper mush up against my bottom.

Then, to my horror, I felt Miss Daisy’s hand land on my soggy diapered butt as she began patting and mushing my soaked diaper butt as I scrubbed. “There you go!” Miss Daisy said with another condescending laugh.

I quickly began to get sweaty and flustered from both the humiliation and the difficult work of scrubbing, which only added to the smelly, wet, uncomfortable chafing of my soggy diaper dangling between my legs and being intermittently squeezed against my bottom.

I realized, with some irony, that as mortified as I was by Miss Daisy changing my diaper this morning like I was a toddler, I would now gladly do anything for the ability to change out of my soggy, shameful mess—even if it meant the humiliation of laying on that changing table again while Miss Daisy put me in a new diaper.

After a few minutes of Miss Daisy gleefully teasing me while I scrubbed the floor on my hands and knees, she

stopped and put her finger to her chin... as if having an idea.

"You know what, dear? I just realized something. You must be parched! I haven't served you anything to drink while you've been doing all this hard work."

"I'm not thirsty, Miss," I replied.

"Nonsense," Miss Daisy said, pouring a large glass of lemonade for me from the fridge. "Up, on your feet, now. Miss Daisy needs to make sure that her little helper is adequately hydrated, especially while she works so hard."

I looked up from the floor with trepidation and fear in my eyes. I immediately remembered what had happened last time I finished downing a glass of Miss Daisy's lemonade at her command. I suspected it was probably the reason why I had had my accident.

And as I saw a special twinkle in Miss Daisy's eyes, I had the uncomfortable realization that Miss Daisy was being cruel and she knew it, and there was little I could do about it.

I reluctantly climbed to my feet, and as I did so, I felt a familiar twinge in my bladder, the one that told me that I needed to pee. It seemed that even remembering what happened last time was enough to inspire the urge to go again. And I knew that after I drink this glass of lemonade, the urge would only get that much stronger.

I looked up at Miss Daisy in a mixture of defeat and helplessness, I lifted the glass to my lips, and I gulped down the glass of lemonade while Miss Daisy watched, smirking. The lemonade was delicious... and it did quench my thirst, which Miss Daisy correctly surmised that I had developed.

But with each gulp that went into my mouth and down my throat, I felt deep waves of submissive humiliation at the intimate level of control Miss Daisy now exerted over me.

And with every gulp, the sensation of my humiliating, soggy, pee soaked diaper wrapped around my waist only felt all the more humiliating, knowing that I was only putting myself in the position to wet myself yet again.

I put the glass down, and asked in a shaky, defeated voice, "Miss Daisy?"

"Yes, dear?"

"May I uh... use the... use the potty? I have to go pee," I murmured.

"Hmmm," Miss Daisy said. She then leaned over, put her hand on my shoulder, and squeezed and prodded my saturated diaper. "No, I don't think so, dear, not now. It looks like your diaper can still handle another wetting, and since you proved yourself so keen to use your diaper instead of the potty earlier, it might be best for you to get to know your diaper even better by using it a second time," she said with an evil smirk.

I bowed my head, feeling utterly degraded. The truth was... it was the answer I was expecting from her.

"Or, you know, you can just hold it like a big girl until you've finished with your chores," Miss Daisy said, adding insult to injury.

"Yes, Miss Daisy," I said.

"Now," Miss Daisy said, checking her watch, "it's already nearly four-thirty. I'm going to return to my office to continue some work. I would get to work finishing this floor ASAP if I were you if you don't want to be here all night.

Well, that is, unless you *want* to spend all night in that soggy diaper,” she said, slapping my soggy diapered bottom again for effect as she left the kitchen.

I sighed, took a deep breath, picked up the washcloth, got down on my hands and knees, and got back to scrubbing the floor.

And predictably, just a few minutes later, my urge to pee became overwhelming.

But unlike last time, I chose not to resist, instead giving in quickly, just hoping to get the experience over with so I could take my mind off of it.

While on all fours, I was temporarily captivated by the utterly unique mix of sensations that came with wetting myself yet again...

The sensation of warm piss flooding around my pussy and asshole, flowing up my tummy and down my legs, until getting absorbed by my already soggy diaper...

The distinct *hiss*, of my urine splashing against the soggy garment...

The now-familiar, acrid scent of my urine...

The weight of my soggy diaper getting even heavier as my flow continued...

The distinct fear of my diaper leaking again as my bladder continued going and going...

The yellowing before my eyes of the front of my soggy diaper...

And the utter humiliation of being forced to pee in a diaper like a toddler, knowing that I would be forced to wear the

wet, stinky mess I had just made for several more hours at least.

But as I finished draining my bladder, I did my best to enjoy the brief relief of my bladder and push all of those thoughts behind me, getting back to work scrubbing the floors, focusing on getting the task done as quickly as possible, doing my best to ignore the droopy, yellow, soggy, humiliating badge of shame that now enveloped my crotch.

* * *

I WAS EXHAUSTED, trembling, and dripping with sweat when I finally finished scrubbing the floors a few hours later.

“Well, well,” Miss Daisy said from the doorway, arriving on cue, “It appears you’ve made some progress?”

I jumped to my feet, my droopy yellow diaper sagging as I stood. “Yes, Miss Daisy,” I said, standing at attention.

I anxiously watched as Miss Daisy perused the floor, occasionally picking at a spot here or there with her finger. I was praying she would decide that I was finally done.

Finally, much to my relief, Miss Daisy concluded, “Very well, I suppose this is the best I can ask you to do, isn’t it.”

I audibly sighed with relief.

Then, Miss Daisy turned and looked me up and down. She approached me, wrapped her arm around me, and patted my cold, soggy bottom.

“My, my, it seems that you’ve taken it upon yourself to absolutely soak this diaper to the brim while I’ve been in the other room. Honestly, I’ve never even seen a diaper this

yellow before! Especially not for a girl your age,” she said, giggling at me. My face burned red hot again.

“So,” Miss Daisy asked as she mushed my shameful diaper against my pussy and bottom, “How did it feel to spend your day working for me in your filthy, soggy little peepee mess? Do you like going peepee in your pants like a baby rather than on the potty?”

“No, Miss Daisy,” I said, tears welling up in my eyes.

“Well, like I said, you could have fooled me with how much you soaked this thing!” Miss Daisy said, sticking her fingers in the waistband of my disgusting, soggy mess and exposing my urine-soaked skin to the cool air of the kitchen.

“I’m sorry,” I squeaked.

“I bet you’re pretty eager to get out of this wet diaper, aren’t you, dear?”

“Yes, Miss Daisy,” I whimpered.

“Well, alright. Miss Daisy will change your diaper, little girl, but first, we need to have a little chat. Does that sound good?”

“Yes, Miss Daisy,” I said. I would have done anything at that point just to get out of my soggy mess.

“Come, follow me, little one,” she said, grabbing my hand and leading me out of the kitchen.

THE AGREEMENT

Miss Daisy led me into the living room and guided me to a seat on the couch next to her.

It was an immediate relief to be able to sit down and rest on the warm couch after such an exhausting day.

I was starting to get a bit chilly from the combination of not wearing pants and my wet diaper. Miss Daisy wrapped her arm around me and noticed me shivering.

“Oh, you poor thing... here,” she said. And to my surprise, Miss Daisy retrieved a fleece blanket from the corner and wrapped it around me, immediately bringing me comfort.

“How about I make you a cup of tea to warm you up, dear?” Miss Daisy asked. “After all, you worked very hard today.”

“Okay, that would be great, thank you,” I said in a weak voice. I felt completely surprised by what seemed to be a sudden shift in attitude from Miss Daisy. Maybe she wasn’t so mean after all.

Miss Daisy left the room and returned a few minutes later with a cup of tea for me. I graciously accepted it as I sipped it, letting the warm tea warm me up as I huddled beneath the blanket.

“Now dear, before I offer you the chance to let me change you out of that cold, wet diaper, we need to have a serious discussion. Are you listening?”

“Of course,” I said with a nod. I felt a flurry of butterflies in the pit of my stomach. I had no idea what she wanted to talk about.

“Well, let me start off by saying how much I appreciate you doing your best to try and work for me... despite the very severe challenges you have trying to behave like an adult,” Miss Daisy said.

I felt a sting of dread in the pit of my stomach. It suddenly sounded like Miss Daisy was about to fire me and kick me out, even after everything I’d been through trying to make her happy that day.

“However, I have to be honest, dear, I just don’t think you can do the job I hired you to do while you require this level of care. I mean, I had no idea you weren’t even potty trained yet... for a girl your age,” she explained.

I nearly choked on my tea and my face burned red. I felt the urge to argue with her about her absurd suggestion that I wasn’t potty trained yet... but the absolutely soaked diaper between my legs made me feel like I didn’t have much in the way of evidence on my side.

“Therefore, I think it’s time for us to end this attempt at an employee/employer relationship,” she said. “After all, if we’re honest, it’s just not realistic for an employer to be changing her employee’s pee soaked sheets... let alone her dirty diapers.”

My heart sank. I felt my eyes welling up with tears. I was speechless.

“Okay,” I muttered, my mouth going dry.

“However...” Miss Daisy continued, “I in no way enjoy the idea of putting you out on the street. In fact, I feel a great deal of care for you, little one, and I truly do wish to help you.”

My ears perked up. “Really?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes, dear, really. And so, I wanted to offer you the opportunity to continue to stay with me as a full-time, intensive-care-boarder,” Miss Daisy said.

“Oh,” I said. “What... does that mean?”

“Well... in the caring profession, a full-time-intensive-care-boarder is a specific regulation referring to a person of adult age who otherwise has intensive needs... akin to that of a toddler or younger.

“To put it simply, it’s a sort of guardianship that allows for someone in my position to legally take full care of someone like you, which includes both the right and responsibility of feeding, housing, disciplining and caring for someone with your... special needs,” Miss Daisy explained.

My face burned a little at her mention of ‘special needs.’ “But... why?” I asked, genuinely confused.

Miss Daisy let out a sigh. “Well, Kelly, like I said, I do care about you. And I’d much rather help you than see you become homeless. However, before I can commit to devoting the time and money on my end to do that for you, I need a commitment from you that you’re willing to fully accept my guardianship going forward. Because I need to know you’re truly committed to doing what it takes to grow beyond your... well... highly alarming immature behavior.”

I stared into my lap with embarrassment.

“To put it another way,” Miss Daisy continued, “In exchange for a warm bed and three meals a day from me, I need to know you’ll be willing to follow my rules and methods of discipline so that I can help you in the way that I know how.”

I felt completely overwhelmed. “So, if I said yes, what would that mean I have to do?” I asked.

Miss Daisy smiled and pulled out a thick legal document. I looked closer and realized it was a contract.

“Well, all you would need to do is sign this document, and the rest will be taken care of from there. You’ll have food, shelter, and all the care you need. And all I ask for you in return is that you accept the rules and norms I have in place for all the little ones I care for.”

I began to page through the thick, intimidating contract on the table. The font was so small I could barely read it in the dim light in the living room. My mind was racing too fast to understand it anyway.

“Rules? Like what?” I asked in a nervous voice.

Miss Daisy sighed and put her arm around me. “Listen, dear, don’t take that part too seriously. Like I said, it’s only the same rules I ask of every little one I need to care for.”

I bit my lip, still feeling overwhelmed and confused.

“Listen, hun,” Miss Daisy said, rubbing my back, “I know today has been hard on you. But look at it this way. The only reason today was so demanding, like when it came to cleaning the floors, was because you were still my employee. But if you accept this agreement, I won’t ask you to do any work. Well, besides of course any normal chores that would only be the normal chores for a toddler. After

all, I think we've both learned today that's all you're capable of, anyway," Miss Daisy said with a laugh.

I felt immediately embarrassed by her demeaning remark. But at the same time... I was starting to worry that she was right. Perhaps the truth was that I *wasn't* good enough to act like an adult anymore... even if I tried...

"And as soon as you sign that contract... I'll take you right upstairs and we can change you out of that stinky wet diaper. I know it can't be comfortable," she said, squishing my crotch again. "You see, if you sign that contract, everything will only be more comfortable and easier for you, dear, as Nanny can do what she needs to take full care of you."

The idea of finally escaping the stinky wet peepee prison around my waist was so alluring, I considered signing the contract right then and there.

But then, the rational part of my brain, the part of me that was still holding onto some sense of dignity, that still remembered that I was an adult, closed the contract and pushed it away in defiance.

"No!" I blurted. "I can't do this anymore. I can't let you make me wear diapers. I'm a full-grown, potty-trained adult with full control over my bladder! There's no way I can wear another diaper. It's just way too... Humiliating..."

And then I broke down and another wave of sobbing tears. Miss Daisy put her arm around me and shushed me.

"Oh, dear, I am sorry, I didn't realize how upset the diapers were making you. I was only trying to do my best to look after you, you know that right?"

I looked up at her warm glowing eyes and gave my head a soft nod. In this moment, in her warm embrace, next to her

voluptuous bosom, I sincerely believed her every word.

“But okay, dear, I hear you. I didn’t understand how much the idea of wearing a diaper was upsetting you.

“But how about this, let’s make a special deal. If you go ahead and sign that contract, I’ll change you out of that diaper, and I won’t make you wear another one. You can even have all your clothes and normal underwear back, and we’ll put the whole idea of diapers behind us.”

“Really?” I asked with an excited look in my eye.

“Yep! The only exception, of course, is if you have another accident or show me evidence that proves you don’t have control of your peepees and poopos after all... But if you really are potty trained, like you said, that will be easy enough, right?”

I nodded my head in excitement, suddenly feeling a flood of optimism. I looked back down at the contract...

“But dear,” Miss Daisy continued, “I’m afraid I do either need a signature on that document tonight... or I need you to vacate the premises immediately. But it is your choice. I’m sure you’ll make the right one.”

My head was spinning as I flipped through the document again. I had no idea what to do. On the one hand, signing this contract I didn’t understand sounded scary and confusing. But on the other hand, the last thing I wanted to do was be kicked out of the house.

I looked up at Miss Daisy, who was staring down at me with her warm, loving eyes, and I thought about how incredibly generous she was being. How she just wanted to look after me and take care of me for free... and all she was asking is that I sign a document saying I would obey her rules.

And I thought about being kicked out of the house, and being cold and homeless, and never seeing Miss Daisy again... all because... why? Because I was too proud to agree to let her look after me?

Finally, I felt a twinge in my bladder yet again, and the remainder of the soggy bulge between my legs finally drove me over the edge. There was no way I could bear to spend another extra second sitting in my disgusting wet diaper.

I took a deep breath, picked up the contract and eagerly signed my name. I had made my decision.

"Oh, little one, I am so proud of you!" Miss Daisy said, squeezing me tight in a hug.

Miss Daisy packed the contract away in her bag and stood up. "Now, let's go upstairs and address that soggy bottom of yours," she said, leading me out of the room by the hand.

I felt a sudden sense of uneasiness about my decision as I walked upstairs wobbly-legged like a toddler in my droopy yellow diaper.

I mean... whatever happens... it can't be more humiliating than what's already happened, right? I thought to myself.

I had no idea how wrong I was...

HONESTY AND PUNISHMENTS

I hung my head as I followed Miss Daisy into the nursery.

I guessed from the fact that Miss Daisy was leading me into the nursery, she wanted to 'change,' me again, rather than let me clean myself up.

I just hoped it was the last humiliation I was going to have to put up with while staying with her...

But then, to my delight, I spotted my old clothes and big girl panties in the corner of the room!

I was thrilled at the prospect of both getting changed out of my soggy diaper and finally getting to change back into my big girl clothes, just like Miss Daisy promised!

But to my confusion, Miss Daisy didn't lead me over to the diaper changing table. Instead, she led me over to a small plastic chair in the corner of the room and patted it with her hand. "Have a seat dear," she said.

Not knowing what was going on, I cautiously complied and squatted down on the tiny chair, wincing as the squishy diaper squished against my bottom.

Miss Daisy then went to the door of the room and closed it and locked it, which sent a strange shiver down my spine.

I then watched her go to a cabinet in the room I hadn't opened during my cleaning, and she pulled out a strange-looking, wooden paddle...

It only took me a few seconds to realize that what she was holding, to my horror, was a spanking paddle.

"Now dear," Miss Daisy began. "I think we have a small disciplinary issue we need to address before I change you out of your wet diaper."

"Ummm... Okay, Miss Daisy," I said with a gulp.

"Do you remember what occurred earlier today when you first wet that diaper of yours?" Miss Daisy asked.

"I'm... not sure..." I murmured, genuinely confused.

"Well, if you truly don't remember, I will remind you. While I was checking your diaper, you happened to unleash a torrent of urine on my fingers. Do you remember that now?"

I nodded, my face burning bright red. I had almost forgotten that horribly humiliating act.

"Now, I understand a little one like yourself may find peeing on your nanny to be a funny joke, but your nanny does not find it so funny. In fact, she finds it to be extremely disrespectful. And I'm afraid that I do you have to issue you a punishment just so you learn your lesson. And given the deeply unsanitary nature of your little practical joke, I will have to give you quite a severe spanking."

"Please, Miss Daisy!" I shouted in panic. "I didn't mean to! I promise!"

“What’s that?” Miss Daisy asked.

“Miss Daisy, I am so sorry, I honestly didn’t mean to! I don’t know how that happened! I would never do that on purpose to you!”

Miss Daisy folded her arms and looked at me as if I were lying through my teeth.

“Oh really? Why... that’s very strange,” she said, sarcastically rubbing her chin. “Because I seem to remember a certain little one—not just a few minutes ago—who promised me she had total control over her bladder, and that’s why she no longer needed to wear diapers.”

My heart started pounding. I sensed where this was going.

“So, which is it, I wonder...” Miss Daisy said, theatrically pacing before me. “Did the little girl in front of me do something very nasty, and deserving of a very nasty punishment, or does the little girl in front of me admit that she doesn’t have the control that she says she does? And that she does, in fact, need to wear diapers?”

My head was spinning. I didn’t know what to do. I realized she had me trapped...

“Well?” Miss daisy shouted, “do you wish to clarify the situation? Or should I both spank you and put you back in diapers just to make sure both possibilities are covered?”

I looked over at my adult clothes that Miss Daisy had laid out for me in a state of sincere longing.

And as I sat in the little chair, feeling demeaned and humiliated by my stature as I looked up at Miss Daisy scolding me, and feeling the wet diaper smushed against my crotch, I felt like there was no way I could allow myself

to go back to being forced to wear diapers, no matter how scared I was of a spanking.

"OK!" I said. "I did it on purpose. As a prank, like you said. I'm sorry. Please... punish me so I learn my lesson," I begged, my whole body trembling in terror at the paddle Miss Daisy was holding in her hand.

Miss Daisy's lips curled up into a smirk. "Very well dear, come lay across Miss Daisy's lap. It's time for you to take your punishment like the big girl you say you are."

* * *

MISS DAISY SAT down on a hard-backed chair across the room and patted her lap.

I reluctantly trudged toward her in my soggy diaper, butterflies in my stomach.

"Aren't you going to... change me out of my wet diaper first?" I asked, my thighs chafing from the droopy diaper.

Miss Daisy just laughed as she pulled me over her knee, twisted my arm behind my back and held me tight. "Oh no, dear, the rules of Miss Daisy's daycare are that punishments must always be issued before diaper changes. Otherwise, I would just be incentivizing naughty little ones like yourself to make an accident whenever they wish to put off their punishment."

I was stunned by Miss Daisy's strength as I squirmed on her lap, pinned by her strong grip.

I had never been spanked before in my life and I had no idea what to expect. I was terrified.

My fight or flight instinct began to kick in and I suddenly wanted off Miss Daisy's lap immediately.

But as I began to kick and squirmed, she just held me down even tighter, making me feel even more helpless.

"Now, before we begin, I want to check in one last time," Miss Daisy said as she gently patted the paddle against my soggy bottom, making me feel dizzy with the dread of what was to come. "Are you sure you're being honest about having control of your bladder? Or, does Miss Daisy need to forgive you for just being a little baby, and change you into your diapers so you don't have any more widdle accidents?"

I realized she was giving me the option to call the spanking off, to grovel at her feet and beg for mercy and accept her humiliating diapering...

Every fiber of my being was screaming for me to do exactly that, to avoid the pain I knew was about to ensue...

But then I turned my head and smelled the humiliating baby powder of the nursery, and the acrid scent of my yellow diaper...

And then I looked at my 'big girl clothes' again with longing, and I was filled with a new sense of determination to finally get my dignity back.

"No, Miss Daisy," I said, my voice trembling, "I am a big girl who is potty trained. I don't need diapers. I promise."

"Very well," Miss Daisy said, raising the paddle up behind my bum...

I closed my eyes and braced for the worst...

THWACK

The first blow felt like a bee sting—the pain erupting across my butt cheeks so suddenly that I was winded with shock. Despite my soggy diaper covering my butt, the wooden paddle made my whole bottom feel like it was suddenly on fire.

THWACK

The second blow came before I could even take a breath after the first...

THWACK

A red hot, searing pain erupted across my ass, forcing me to emit a sudden, involuntary scream.

“EHHHH!!!!!!” I wailed.

THWACK THWACK THWACK

The blows came even faster, interrupting my shrieks, forcing me to squeal like a pathetic animal...

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

The blows rained down faster and harder. My vision went blurry, the shocking, searing pain reduced me to guttural moans as I begged for mercy...

“Please, Miss Daisy.... Please stoppppp....”

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

But it was like she couldn’t hear a word I said.

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

I felt myself trapped in a deep state of submissive dependence. I had never felt so utterly powerless and helpless in the hands of another. I felt like the dignity I had aspired to just minutes ago had already become a distant

concept in my mind. All I wanted was for the spanking to stop.

By the time she was finally finished, my face was covered in tears and snot as I wailed like a helpless baby on her lap.

"Please! I'll be good! Just stop! Please," I squealed, hiccuping and trembling.

"Aw, there, there," Miss Daisy said in a gentle voice, to my surprise. "You don't like it when Nanny gives you spankings, do you?"

I frantically shook my head no.

"Well then, it seems you've already learned quite a lesson, haven't you?"

"Yes, Miss Daisy, I promise!" I shouted through my tearful gasps.

"Well, alright. Would you like Miss Daisy to stop and change you out of this soggy diaper and change you into your big girl panties?"

"Yes, please! I'll be good, I promise!" I moaned.

Then, to my surprise, Miss Daisy let go of my wrists and helped me to my feet.

"Alright then. Upsies," she said in a sing-song voice.

I felt a massive wave of relief as I stood up, wiping my tears and snot away as I tried to catch my breath. As the blood rushed from my head down to my butt, I noticed a new sensation of burning pain seared across my flanks.

But at least it was over, I told myself. I had done it. I had been a big girl...

And now, Miss Daisy was giving me a warm smile and patting the changing table, beckoning for me to come over so that I could finally get out of my horribly wet diaper.

I limped to the changing table, rubbing my red, blistered butt through my soggy diaper, and eagerly laid down.

“Good girl,” Miss Daisy said. “Now hands up little one!” She said in a sing-song voice as she raised my shell-shocked hands above my head.

I was kind of amazed at how she could go from a terrifying sadist to utterly comforting nanny seemingly at the drop of a hat.

However, I cared little to think about that now as I eagerly embraced Miss Daisy’s warm touch.

First she untaped the tapes of my diaper. Then she gently raised my feet up and pulled the saturated yellow diaper forward between my legs. The cool air immediately stung my blistered bottom and the sudden overpowering scent of my pee made me blush.

But as Miss Daisy grabbed a wipe and began to wipe down my thighs, waist, butt cheeks, and crotch with cool baby wipes, I was in heaven. It felt so good to finally get clean after being so wet and filthy for so long.

And when Miss Daisy began to gently wash and caress my pussy and butthole, delicately fingering them with her nimble digits, I practically cooed in pleasure.

“For a little girl who claims to hate being in diapers, you sure seem to be enjoying this diaper change,” Miss Daisy teased as she squirted a big glob of lotion into her hand and began spreading it around my crotch.

I blushed and kept my mouth shut. It was true. I never thought I would enjoy a diaper change so much.

I watched with relief as Miss Daisy finished by rolling up my sopping wet, heavy, pee-soaked diaper and dropped it in the diaper pail.

"But a deal's a deal," Miss Daisy said as she walked over to my pile of clothes.

And to my utter delight, Miss Daisy came walking back toward the diaper changing table with my big girl panties in her hands.

"Alright, come on, let's get your undies on," she said, helping slip my panties up my legs and around my waist.

"There you go," Miss Daisy concluded, helping me sit up. "Like new."

I stood up with a feeling of immense relief and satisfaction as I felt my 'big girl' pants finally returned to my waist.

It felt so good to finally be dry again after such a terrible, humiliating ordeal of a day. I rubbed my crotch and thighs, smiling to myself as I enjoyed the sensations of my dignity and adulthood finally returned to me.

"You look thirsty, dear," Miss Daisy said, "And you've just had quite the day. Why don't you have a drink," she said, handing me a juice box.

It was true, I was parched. I eagerly drank down the celebratory juice box and tossed it in the trash.

And then, glad to finally be over the night's ordeal, I took a deep breath and walked toward the nursery door, eager to finally leave.

But when I turned the handle... the door was locked.

"Where do you think you're going, little one?" Miss Daisy asked from behind me.

My stomach sank. I knew that question was never good.

"Ummm... I suppose I was going to leave now, Miss Daisy... If that's alright," I said in a soft voice.

Miss Daisy let out a small, cruel chuckle. She then sat back down on the wooden chair and lifted her paddle again. "Oh no, dear, I'm afraid you still have plenty more of your spanking to endure," she said.

"What? But... you said my spanking was finished," I stammered in disbelief. My heart started pounding in terror. I could feel my bottom suddenly stinging again.

"Oh, I said no such thing, dear. I merely asked if you would like to be changed back into your panties. But by my count, why, we've merely been through a fraction of the paddling you're owed for your dirty little deed earlier today."

I felt my knees suddenly shaking. I thought I might be about to pass out.

"No, please," I begged, my eyes welling up with tears again. "I can't."

"Sorry, little one, but a deal's a deal. Now it's time to get back up on Nanny's lap and take your punishment like a big girl," Miss Daisy said. "You *wanted* to be a big girl, remember?" She asked with a cruel smirk.

"Please, Miss Daisy... I can't! I can't!" I squealed as I fell to my knees.

Miss Daisy looked at me and shook her head in disappointment. She then marched over to me, effortlessly yanked me by the wrist back to the spanking chair, and flung me over her lap.

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

This time the spanking was ruthless from the start as she laid into me with blow after blow.

Now that I was no longer wearing a diaper, the searing pain that erupted in my ass felt ten times worse than before. I suddenly wished I hadn't taken my wet diaper off, suddenly missing the protection it offered from the paddle with all my heart...

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

I cried and screamed and flailed and squirmed—

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

The pain was worse than anything I could have imagined. I wailed and cried and felt dribbles of snot and tears stream down my face as I entered into a state of total helplessness at the hands of Miss Daisy...

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

I could hear Miss Daisy lecture me as the blows rained down. "Young lady, if you want to be a big girl, you have to take your spanking like a big girl!"

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

And my bladder began to ache with a familiar sensation...

And Miss Daisy's words rang in my head over and over...

If you want to be a big girl, you have to take your spankings...

And then... It finally happened.

The dam burst.

And between my legs, in the dry comfort of my much longed for panties, my bladder erupted with a torrent of piss.

Part of me recognized it was happening. That I was humiliating myself by pissing my panties again like a little, un-potty-trained baby...

But the other part was too weak to stop the flow as it poured out between my thighs...

On to Miss Daisy's legs...

The warm, wet sensation splashing against my pussy and onto Miss Daisy and dripping down to the floor...

And the familiar scent of humiliation, shame and helplessness of another peepee accident wafting into the room...

Part of me felt myself dissociating as Miss Daisy stopped the spanking and began uproariously laughing at my humiliating accident.

Part of me felt unbelievably defeated, humiliated, and ashamed, that after all that, I had lost the battle, and that Miss Daisy would be no doubt returning me to diapers for yet another case of my pathetic loss of control.

But the main thing I felt in that moment, over everything else...

Was relief.

After all, it seemed to be finally settled now.

I didn't deserve to wear panties.

I couldn't control my bladder.

I wasn't a big girl after all, so I no longer needed to try to be one.

No, I was just a pathetic, helpless little baby, who needed to be changed into diapers by her nanny, lest she make a mess on the floor.

And while I burned from head to toe with overwhelming embarrassment, humiliation and shame as Miss Daisy pulled me to my feet and brought me back over to the diaper changing table...

I was relieved to finally know that the dignity of 'big girl' panties was something I truly no longer deserved.

I belonged in diapers.

FULL SUBMISSION

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

I was laying back on my diaper changing table for my morning change, admiring the beams of the sunlight on the ceiling.

“Whewee, let’s get this stinky wet diaper off of you,” Miss Daisy said in a singsong voice as she untaped the top of my pee-soaked diaper.

My hands were fastened above my head by soft (yet sturdy) little wrist straps Miss Daisy had begun to use during my diaper changes. This was after I had instinctively reached down with my hand again while Miss Daisy was scrubbing my little bottom hole with her baby-wipe covered finger.

“Alright, dear, it looks like we’re gonna have to help you keep your *handsys* away from your naughty area while Mommy cleans your stinky peepees,” she said in her singsong voice before guiding my hands into the restraints.

So now, as I laid back on the diaper changing table, my wrists safely secured above my head so Nanny could do her work changing my diaper, I remained as passive as a sleepy baby.

Of course, some part of me still felt embarrassed and indignant about the act of having Miss Daisy 'change' me like this. But I knew there was nothing I could do about it. And as I felt Miss Daisy gently rubbing and protruding her hands into my sensitive pussy and even more sensitive bottom-hole, I did my best to just accept it.

After all, the diaper changes were about four times a day, and I knew there was nothing I could do about Miss Daisy touching me wherever and however she wanted to during them. And so I learned to just comply, no matter how humiliating, as it would get the unfortunate task over as soon as possible.

In fact, I felt myself embracing passivity more and more with each and every day.

The truth was, I had even lost count of how many days I had been staying with Miss Daisy.

Instead, I found myself happier... or at least, least uncomfortable... if I just turned my brain off and tried to forget how humiliating my situation was.

I had even started to take small pleasures in my situation.

As Miss Daisy got to work coating my entire crotch area with a thick layer of smooth diaper-cream, I realized this was one of those moments, as I cooed from the firm, yet comforting massage of Miss Daisy's hands upon my crotch.

I then felt Miss Daisy suddenly plunge her finger deep into my butthole, making me squirm. It was far more invasive than anything I'd experienced yet on the diaper changing table. She then removed her finger and did it again. And again.

Part of me started to wonder what was going on... but then it stopped, and I didn't bother to think twice about it. After

all, I'd learned complaining only ever made my situation worse.

Miss Daisy then doused my whole diaper area in the fragrant baby-powder that I had come to know as my new defining scent as a 24/7 diaper wearer.

I closed my eyes and took in the sound of Miss Daisy unfolding and fluffing out the new, large, crinkly white diaper to put beneath my bottom.

"Bottom up!" She said as she slid the diaper beneath me. "There you go, good girl, helping Nanny with your diapee changes."

I blushed as I felt Miss Daisy pull the extra bulky diaper up between my legs and tape it around my waist.

Miss Daisy unstrapped my wrists and helped me sit up on the changing table. I instinctively lowered my hands to feel the large, soft, crinkly diaper now pushing my legs apart.

"Miss Daisy," I asked in a meek voice, "Since I have to wear diapees all the time now... can I wear something a little less bulky for my daytime diapees?"

But Miss Daisy just laughed. "Sorry dear, not with the way you wet. We're already doing four changes a day and you're still always on the verge of leaking. If anything, we need to go thicker."

I blushed and hung my head. I knew it was true.

"Besides, little one," Miss Daisy said as she helped me to my feet. "I think you're so cute with that puffy little diaper butt of yours," she said, patting me on the rear. I blushed again.

"Now, let's get you dressed," Miss Daisy said as she pulled a onesie from the closet. "Arms up!"

I complied as she pulled the pink onesie over my arms and down to my diaper, where she snapped it in place.

"Oh, how pretty!" Miss Daisy said, directing me to look at a mirror.

I looked at myself in my juvenile outfit and my big, puffy, diaper butt, and immediately felt ashamed again. Even though I had gotten used to the diaper changes... and did my best to ignore the outfits... seeing myself dressed like an overgrown toddler always triggered memories of who I used to be, and the dignity I seemed to have truly lost for good in my new living situation.

"Alright, dear, come on, time for breakfast," Miss Daisy said, pulling me by the hand.

* * *

MISS DAISY GUIDED me downstairs and into my adult-sized highchair for my breakfast. And just like the diaper changing table upstairs, she swiftly fastened both of my hands into wrist restraints beneath the highchair's table.

The highchair was a development I was mortified by at first. Miss Daisy had surprised me with it one morning just a few days ago in response to what she called a 'tantrum' that I had thrown during dinner the night before.

"I'm not eating this yucky mush for dinner!" I remember yelling as Miss Daisy put a bowl of yellow-brown, strange-looking porridge in front of me for dinner one night.

"I'm sorry, dear," she had said, "but you haven't had a poopy for several days now, so I'm going to have to start you on a high-fiber diet. Now come on, be a good girl and at least take one bite for Nanny."

I remember lifting the spoon to my lips and tasting just a bit...

"Yuck! I hate it!" I screamed as I shoved the bowl away.

I remember the feeling of immediate regret as I watched the bowl slide across the table and land on the floor, shattering and spilling the full bowl of porridge across the floor with a big *splat*.

I remember looking up at Miss Daisy in a state of shock as she folded her arms and stared down at me with furious eyes.

"I'm sorry!" I urgently whimpered, my face burning red with regret.

"Oh, you will be, you naughty little thing," Miss Daisy said, swiftly pulling me by the ear out of the kitchen.

"Ow, ow, ow!" I remember pleading as she yanked me into the living room and put me over her knee.

And then all I remember were my tears as Miss Daisy went to town on my bottom with a wooden hairbrush until I was left squealing and begging for mercy.

"Since you've proven yourself incapable of eating with the maturity of at least that of a small child, I'm going to find a solution that allows me to feed you like the baby you are."

And ever since that evening, I didn't dare raise a complaint when Miss Daisy put me in my new highchair for feedings.

Instead, like everything else, I merely committed myself to quietly accepting the humiliation of being forced to wear a degrading bib while being locked in a highchair and spoon-fed yucky mush three times a day as my mealtime.

This morning was no different, as I watched Miss Daisy open up a jar of what looked to be a blended up, home-made mush of some sort (which honestly looked indistinguishable from baby food), put my bib around my neck, and begin shoving spoonfuls into my mouth.

And like every other morning, globs of mushy baby food began ending up smeared across my face and onto my bib as Miss Daisy forced me to consume an uncomfortable amount of gross mush at an even more uncomfortable pace.

I even began to suspect she liked humiliating me in this way with the teasing comments she would make, like “What a messy eater you are!” and “there’s more on your face than in your tummy, isn’t there?”

I then heard a distinctive *hiss* and felt my previously dry diaper slowly beginning to sink as I unleashed a torrent of my piss into my crotch, spreading the unique sensation of warm wetness around my pussy and butt.

I had started to get so used to peeing myself, which I now seemed to do automatically. And yet, every time I wet myself unexpectedly, especially in front of Miss Daisy, I still felt a small wave of embarrassment.

Miss Daisy just smirked, like she always did when she noticed my diaper yellowing before her, patted my soggy crotch, and said, “Good thing Nanny put you in those thick diapees for that big peepee you just did, isn’t it?”

And like the diaper changes, highchair, and everything else, I had come to expect to happen every day... I was starting to get used to it.

But then something happened that I was not expecting.

Unlike the days before, after I finished swallowing my yucky mush (And feeling extremely bloated and full), I

heard something I hadn't heard in all the time I had spent so far with Miss Daisy.

Ding-Dong. It was the doorbell.

"Uh-oh," Miss Daisy said, putting my jar of baby food away. "Looks like she's here a little early."

I felt myself snap out of my babyish daze enough to wonder what was going on.

And as I watched Miss Daisy get to her feet and walk out of the kitchen, I began to feel a rising sense of panic.

After all, I was still strapped tightly in my highchair, my face and bib were completely messy with baby food, and my newly wet diaper was completely visible.

I hadn't even considered during my time with Miss Daisy so far the prospect of being seen in my utterly humiliating state by a stranger...

And what was even worse was that I was soon to discover that the person at the door wasn't a stranger at all...

THE NEW BABYSITTER

“Oh my god. Kelly? Is that you?”

I looked up from my highchair in shock.

It was Megan, my friend whom I had originally moved cities for because she promised me a job with her, an offer she reneged upon my arrival.

She was standing in the kitchen, looking as mature and beautiful as ever, staring down and squinting at me in confusion while I sat in my high chair.

I was speechless. I didn't know what I could possibly say.

“Oh, that's right, I should have told you ahead of time!” Miss Daisy said to Megan.

My whole body started burning with mortified shock as Miss Daisy wet a washcloth and began cleaning my face while I sat helplessly in my highchair.

“I guess since I got you as a reference from Kelly here last week,” Miss Daisy explained, “I figured Kelly would have let you know what her new situation was. But then again, I suppose that’s probably outside of her skillset at this point in time.”

I was stunned by waves of shame as Megan stared at me in shock while Miss Daisy wiped my face down like a baby.

"I... don't understand..." Megan said, taking a seat at the kitchen table. "Kelly, what... happened?"

I closed my eyes and turned my head away, far too humiliated to possibly respond. I just... wanted her to leave, to stop looking at me, reminding me with her adult presence how low I had sunk...

"Sorry dear, I guess I should have predicted this," Miss Daisy said. "It's possible that Kelly here doesn't really remember you. And even if she did, it's doubtful at this point that she would be able to explain. But here, let me try to explain for her..." Miss Daisy said as she finished cleaning my face.

"You see, Kelly here had a rough time after she moved here and her job fell through. In fact, she became homeless, and well... started having some severe problems. In fact, the day I first met her, she wet her pants, and she's been severely regressing ever since."

"What? Why?" Megan asked, clearly overwhelmed.

"It's hard to say exactly, but the doctors I took her to suggested it was possibly a neurological-psychological disorder. Either way, I just couldn't bear to let Kelly continue to live on the streets, especially in her deteriorating condition, so I've taken her in to provide her full-time care."

"Oh god, I feel so bad," Megan said. "But wait... I came here because you said you needed help running a daycare. Are you telling me... that the daycare you run... is now just for Megan?"

Miss Daisy paused, thought about it for a second, then gave a small laugh. "Yes, well, I suppose that is the case now, isn't it? I could see how that would be unexpected for you. Funny how life works sometimes."

"Anyway," Miss Daisy said as she took my bib off, "As you can see, I do need assistance ASAP, as Kelly here is quite the handful, as you can imagine. I just changed her and her diaper is already soaked," she said as she checked my diaper.

I was speechless with shame as Megan looked down at my yellow diaper in disgust.

"I read the credentials on your application," Miss Daisy continued, "and since you said you'd be willing to start ASAP, how do you feel about starting work today and we can see how it goes?"

"Really?" Megan asked. "Well... I guess I could try to help out..."

"Sweetie, I really need to know whoever I hire is up for the job, so I need to know if you're interested or not," Miss Daisy said to Megan.

"Well, okay. I'll certainly do my best," Megan said. "After all, I also lost that job I was supposed to get for us, so I can't exactly turn down work..."

I continued staring at the table of my highchair, my cheeks burning redder by the second. I was mortified by the prospect of my previous friend 'taking care of me' like I was a baby.

On some level, I knew Miss Daisy was lying about me for some reason... and yet... my brain was too scattered to understand how or why.

As Miss Daisy unclipped my hands from the bottom of the highchair, all I felt capable of doing was hiding my face in my hands. I just wanted to disappear.

“Aww, look at how shy she is,” Miss Daisy said with a smirk. “Alright, come on Little one. It’s time to get your diaper changed so you can try to make poopies for Nanny.”

And that’s when I realized my situation was about to get far, far more humiliating.

THE POTTY CHAIR

Every day after breakfast, Miss Daisy brought me upstairs to my nursery, untaped my diaper, and had me sit on the small, humiliating pink potty chair in the middle of the room.

“Alright, little one, try to do a poopy for me. That’s it. Make poopies in your potty for Nanny,” she would say as she rubbed my shoulders.

I was always far too humiliated to possibly ‘let go’ in that way. And so instead of using the toilet, I would instead clench my bum as tight as possible.

After all, peeing in a diaper was one thing... but pooping while Miss Daisy ‘coached’ me was so much worse. I couldn’t bear to release.

That being said, I knew the alternative was... pooping in my diaper.

And *that* was an act so humiliating, so babyish, so beyond the pale in terms of humiliating acts... I just couldn’t imagine it.

As a consequence, I was more backed up than I’d ever been in my life.

Of course, the adult part of me recognized that I really needed to 'go'... that I had to find some compromise... I couldn't hold it forever...

But the babyish part of me... the part that only focused on the present... the part of me that seemed to dominate my personality more and more every day... only knew that I was too humiliated to have a bowel movement on the potty... or in my diaper.

And so, all I knew was how to clench.

And I was clenching my bottom especially tight as Miss Daisy led me by the hand up the stairs with Megan following behind.

That's because, right after breakfast, for the first time since Miss Daisy had put me back in diapers, my stomach was suddenly gurgling something fierce.

I had to poop. Worse than I'd ever had to go poop in my life.

"So... she's no longer potty-trained?" Megan asked as she followed behind us up the stairs.

"It seems that way, yes," Miss Daisy replied.

My whole body was burning with embarrassment as Miss Daisy led us into the nursery and put my humiliating potty chair in the middle of the room.

"At least in terms of her bladder continence," Miss Daisy continued to explain. "I did try to make an effort to get her to pee in the potty when I first started caring for her, but after several accidents with no progress, I've refined my efforts to just try and get her to at least poop on the potty."

"Wait... so she... poops in her diapers?" Megan asked in disgust as I stared at the floor in humiliation.

“Well... actually, she hasn’t yet. But unfortunately, she’s also very backed up right now. I’d been holding off on laxatives because I worried they would only cause her to poop her diapers, something I wanted to try and prevent if possible. But this morning, I figured it was time to finally go that route, so slipped some suppositories in her bottom during her diaper change.”

I privately cursed as my stomach loudly gurgled again. *So that’s why I suddenly had to go so bad*, I thought to myself.

Miss Daisy led me over to the diaper changing table, unsnapped my onesie, and pulled the onesie up over my head. She then lifted me up onto the diaper changing table.

“Alright, dear, let’s get your wet diapee off so you can try to use the potty,” she said, reaching for the tapes of my diapers.

“Nooooo!” I suddenly moaned.

I looked over at Megan, who was watching me in a mixture of fascination and disgust. I just couldn’t bear to be stripped naked in front of her on a diaper changing table.

“Hey now, little one, be a good girl for Nanny and Meggy.”

“No remove diaper!” I said in a childish voice, starting to flail and fight Miss Daisy off.

Miss Daisy let out a pained sigh. “Megan, I’m sorry to do this when you’re just getting started, but it’s probably better you see for yourself firsthand what you’ll be dealing with. Can you help me get her strapped onto the changing table so we can get her onto the potty chair?”

Megan hesitated, then nodded. “Of course,” she said, coming over to me.

I began flailing and kicking in panic as I felt Megan hold me down on the diaper changing table while Miss Daisy put my hands in the loops at the top of the table.

“Nooo, no take off my diapee! No take off my diapee!” I whined and kicked.

Part of me was surprised by how childish I sounded... but the panic and humiliation I felt seemed to regress my pleas to those of that of an actual baby.

But my struggle was in vain as Miss Daisy strapped my wrists, pulled a buckle over my waist, untaped my diaper, and exposed my privates to the cool air...

And Megan’s shocked gaze.

“Phewee, it looks like little Kelly here was about ready for a diaper change anyway, given how yellow this diaper is,” Miss Daisy said with a laugh.

“Wow, I’ve never even seen a diaper that full,” Megan remarked.

“I know, our little princess can turn a diaper more heavy and yellow than anyone I’ve ever cared for,” Miss Daisy said with a smirk as she disposed of my diaper in my diaper pail.

I was mortified.

“Now, can you help keep a close watch on her while I get her over to the potty chair?” Miss Daisy asked. “I don’t want her running around without a diaper on and peeing on the carpet.”

“Of course. Actually, why don’t I close the door,” Megan said, shutting the door to the nursery.

“Good thinking,” Miss Daisy said as she unbuckled me from the table and helped me stand up.

I immediately blushed from head to toe as Megan watched Miss Daisy guide me over to the potty chair in the center of the room.

Miss Daisy then sat me down in a humiliating squatting position on the potty.

“Alright, dear, time to go poopoo on the potty. Can you make a poopoo for Nanny and Meggy?” Miss Daisy said, rubbing my shoulders.

I was mortified. I couldn’t imagine pooping in front of Miss Daisy... let alone in front of Megan while she watched.

But what made the situation worse was that unlike the previous times I was on the potty... my stomach was rumbling worse and worse by the second.

I really, really had to poo. But my shame and embarrassment kept me clenching my butt as tight as I possibly could.

“Maybe you could try giving her some encouragement, dear?” Miss Daisy said to Megan.

Megan stopped to think for a second, then apparently decided to try and do her best despite her clear discomfort. “Come on, Kelly. You can do it for me, can’t you? Be a big girl and do a poopoo in your potty. Do a poopoo for me!”

Megan and Miss Daisy’s ‘encouraging’ words were, ironically, the most discouraging thing I could have possibly heard at that moment. And my overwhelming humiliation forced me to clench every muscle in my body, desperate to just go back to my diaper without humiliating myself even more.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Miss Daisy just let out a long sigh.

“Well, I think that about does it for trying to get Kelly to use the potty. This little one is determined not to use it, as you can see for yourself. Come on, dear, let’s get you back in your diapers.”

I felt a wave of both relief and humiliation as Miss Daisy helped me to my feet and led me back to the diaper changing table.

“Well, what can I say, we tried, you saw it for yourself,” Miss Daisy said to Megan as she changed me into a new diaper. “If little Kelly here isn’t ready for the potty, so be it. Better we just let her make her poopies in her diapers like she wants to, rather than let her get constipated.”

I was horribly embarrassed to be talked about in this way, like I couldn’t hear every word they were saying, but I was too docile and humiliated to do anything about it.

“Anyway, Megan, the question is then,” Miss Daisy said, “Are you comfortable with changing Kelly’s poop diaper? Because it looks like potty training is off the table after all.”

“Well... I guess so. I mean, I’ve changed a lot of poop diapers before... admittedly on individuals much younger than Kelly,” Megan said.

“Great,” Miss Daisy replied as she finished taping me into a new diaper. “Now come on dear, let’s go put you in your playroom while the adults continue talking.”

I hung my head in defeat and embarrassment as Miss Daisy and Megan led me by both hands down the stairs and into my playroom.

THE POOPY DIAPER OF SHAME

I felt a feeling of relief and comfort as Miss Daisy put me on the soft, padded playroom floor before she and Megan walked back toward the kitchen.

As humiliating and babyish as the playroom was... and as babyish as all the toys were... in my days so far in Miss Daisy's care, I'd come to appreciate the small bit of privacy when it came to occupying myself with my toys and relaxing the day away.

After all, as humiliating and degrading as it was to be forced to wear diapers... I found that if I tried not to think about it too much... I could enter a state of relaxation more peaceful than I remembered ever being in my past life.

But the difference today was that with every step I took in the playroom, my bowels churned harder and the cramps got worse and worse...

I knew I wasn't going to be able to avoid pooping my diaper like a naughty toddler much longer...

* * *

I WAS ON MY BACK, clenching my butt, doing all that I could to avoid losing control, when I heard Megan whisper, "Hey, Kelly."

I sat up in surprise to see that Megan had come back into the room... And Miss Daisy wasn't with her.

"Come here," Megan said, sitting down.

I slowly got to my knees and began crawling toward Megan.

"Kelly, it's okay, that lady isn't here. You don't have to be afraid," she said. "You can tell me anything now."

I looked up at Megan in a mixture of shock and confusion. I truly didn't know what she meant.

And then I was distracted by another wave of painful cramps that took all of my attention to suppress.

"Kelly, are you okay? What's going on here? You can tell me. Is she keeping you here and doing this to you against your will?" Megan asked me in a low voice.

I felt baffled by her words. All I could do was stare at her with an open mouth.

"Uhhhh... I dunno..." I said, trying to think.

And suddenly I felt flashes of memories of my old life coming back. My adulthood. The way I had control of my bladder. How coercive Miss Daisy was in putting me back in diapers. How I didn't need actually need the degrading attire...

"Kelly, speak to me. I can get you help if you need it," Megan urgently whispered again.

I finally realized that Megan was here to save me! And that I could get my adulthood back! And I could finally return to

life without the never-ending humiliation of living as Miss Daisy's pathetic little diaper girl!

And yet... I felt a deep sense of indecision. As much as I knew I should say the truth, that I should tell Megan everything...

Something stopped me. Something that told me that I was wrong. That I *did* need diapers. That Miss Daisy was taking care of me better than anyone else could...

But no! Megan was right! I needed to tell her!

"I uh..." I began, searching for the words.

"Kelly, come on, something isn't right here. You don't actually need diapers, do you? You don't actually.... *poop in diapers like a baby*, do you?" Megan asked incredulously.

"Meggy... you're right... I—"

And that's when it hit me. The biggest cramp I've ever felt in my life...

I keeled forward and pushed with all my might...

And a massive log began pushing out my bottom into the seat of my diaper as Megan looked at me in confusion.

I took a deep breath as I felt my butt squeeze the massive turd into the seat of my diaper and against my butt cheeks.

And as I stood up again, I involuntarily squatted down, pushing even harder.

The sound of my flatulence rang out as I started loudly farting, suddenly involuntarily pooping my diaper while Megan watched. A massive, stinky load began rapidly spewing into the seat of my diaper while I grunted and burned red hot.

The smell took a second to emanate from my bottom... but when it did, I myself was taken aback.

Megan was clearly also stunned, as she finally realized what was happening.

She pinched her nose and backed away in revulsion.

"Oh... oh no! Oh no..." Megan murmured.

I fell to my knees and helplessly pushed even harder into the seat of my diaper.

"Meggy... I... do a poopy!" I said. They were the only words I could possibly conjure.

"Oh no... Miss! Miss Daisy!" Megan called out to the other room. "We have a... situation!"

"A what?" Miss Daisy replied.

"Uhhh... Kelly's poopy! Kelly's pooping her diaper, I mean!" She called back. "Yuck... it stinks," she blurted, fanning the air.

I felt a final wet load begin pouring out of me, filling the seat of my diaper to the brim.

My unbelievable relief gave way to a sudden wave of unbearable shame as I felt my warm, sticky mess suddenly smushing up against my crotch and between my thighs.

I looked up at Megan in a state of shocked humiliation. I couldn't believe I had just done that. And apparently, neither could she.

"Are you sure?" I heard Miss Daisy shout back. "Can you look down the back of her diaper for me, dear?"

Megan looked at me in disgust. I tried to start backing away in horror at that idea, but I tripped and fell back onto

my bottom, splooshing my warm mess throughout every corner of my diaper.

Megan approached me, and as if I was radioactive, peeked into my diaper with her outstretched arms. I felt like I wanted to die.

“Yes! It’s a really big dump she just took in her diaper! I think she even just had a blowout. She needs to get changed, ASAP,” Megan shouted.

“Alright, dear, I’ll come deal with it in a sec,” I heard Miss Daisy say.

I looked up at Megan staring down at me in disgust, holding her nose...

And I felt the filthy, naughty, humiliating, warm, sticky, wet, mushy mess I had just made...

And I broke down into tears.

But as broken and destroyed and degraded and humiliated as I felt in that moment...

I also knew one thing.

It was now settled, I thought to myself.

The reason I’m in diapers is because I need them.

And I should never get it into my head again that I don't.

* * *

MISS DAISY CAME BACK a few minutes later and helped me to my feet in my droopy, poopy diaper.

I cringed as I felt my disgusting mess shift in my crotch as Miss daisy began walking me out of the room.

“Miss Daisy?” Megan said.

“Yes, dear?”

“I’m sorry... but I just... I don’t think I’m right for the job. I don’t think I can handle...”

“You can’t handle changing Kelly’s massive poop loads?” Miss Daisy said with a laugh. Then, to my shock, Miss Daisy grabbed my poop diaper and squeezed it against my bottom. I burned crimson.

“No, I’m sorry, as much as I need the money, I don’t think I can,” Megan said.

“Well, okay dear, I appreciate you being honest. I don’t blame you, she is *quite* the stinker. Thank you for giving it a try anyway,” Miss Daisy said.

“Say goodbye to Meggy,” Miss Daisy said to me, squeezing my poop bottom as she held my hand up.

I gave a pitiful, shame-filled wave as Megan helped herself out. She gave me one last look of pity and disgust before she left, making me feel even worse.

I quietly began to cry again as Miss Daisy walked me upstairs in my poop mess for a diaper change.

I couldn’t believe that I had blown my one and only chance of escape.

* * *

MISS DAISY BROUGHT me into my nursery and plopped me on my poop diapered butt onto the changing table with a *splat*.

And as she untaped my diaper, she laughed and held her nose at the horrific mess inside.

“Pee-ew!” She said. “You are one poopy, poopy baby, aren’t you?”

I quietly cried as Miss Daisy jovially held my legs up and scooped my poopy mess away with the cool baby wipes.

And after what seemed like forever, Miss Daisy folded the terrible, stinky, overflowing diaper up and put it in my diaper pail, where I was sure I would be smelling my poopy mess for the days to come, until Miss Daisy decides to take out the trash.

As Miss Daisy folded a fresh, clean diaper up on me, she patted my diapered crotch and said with a smile...

“Now, there, there, my little angel. At least we now know that you never need to worry about trying to potty train again... let alone leave Miss Daisy’s care. You’re going to continue to be my diapered little baby forever and ever and ever. Aren’t you, poopy baby? Aren’t you?” She teased with a big smile.

I blushed with shame as I closed my eyes and then looked away from her all-powerful gaze.

And then I felt something unexpected.

The same feeling I remember feeling after a similar situation a few days before...

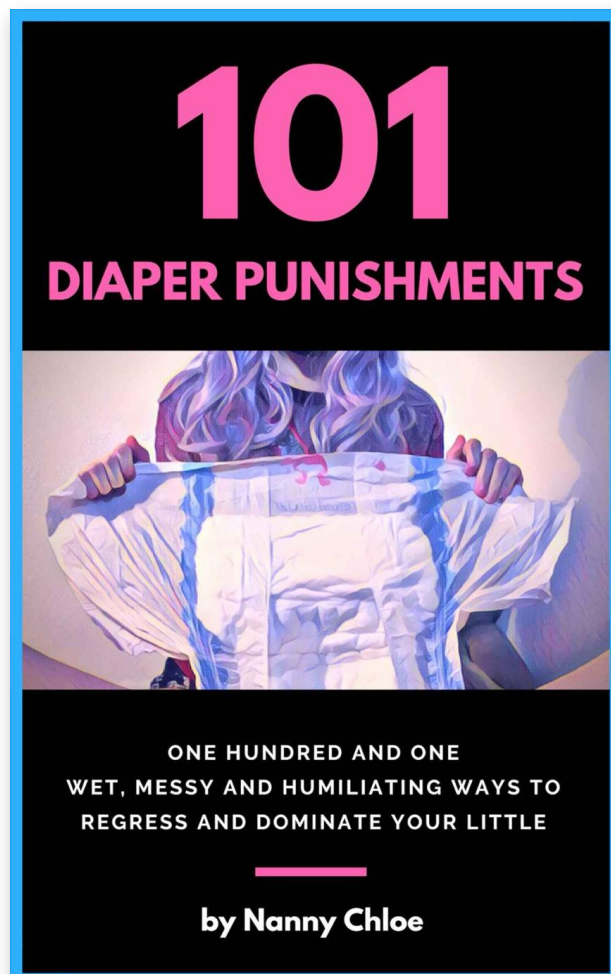
It was the feeling of... *relief*.

Now I truly knew that I would be Miss Daisy’s humiliated little diapered baby forever and ever.

And maybe, just maybe, once I truly accepted that, my remaining time with Miss Daisy wouldn’t be so bad.

THE END.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



101 Diaper Punishments: 101 Wet, Messy and Humiliating Ways to Regress and Dominate your

Little

In the first comprehensive manual of its kind, Mistress Chloe shares with you why she loves to use diapers to dominate and regress her submissives.

Then, she gives you a full 101 tools, techniques, tricks and tips to help you regress your Little and keep them in line!

In this massive tome, you will learn:

- How to regress your submissive back to diapers through various techniques and tricks.
- How to do all the activities needed for your new Little, including diaper changes, feeding and play time.
- A long list of rules for you to implement for your Little.
- Dozens and dozens of punishments for breaking those rules.
- And countless techniques and methods you can use to restrain, humiliate, punish and dominate your Little completely.

“101 Diaper Punishments,” is a fictional ABDL guide full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation and soggy and messy diapers! It’s for mature audiences only!

“This book is huge! It’s the kamasutra of diaper discipline!”

- LittlePrncss33

"This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can't wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work."

- Mistress Marywell

"As an ABDL Little and FemDom fan, I loved reading this because it gave me tons of ideas for ways to have fun with my Big. Especially when I've been naughty, hehe."

- Little_Georgie

NOVELLAS:



Dominated By My Wife: Brandon's Extreme Diaper Punishment

When Tara finds out her husband Brandon betrayed her at a wild Vegas bachelor party, she decides to finally lay down some discipline in her marriage...

Diaper Discipline.

Before Brandon even has a chance to protest, Tara has her husband...

Spanked.

Manacled.

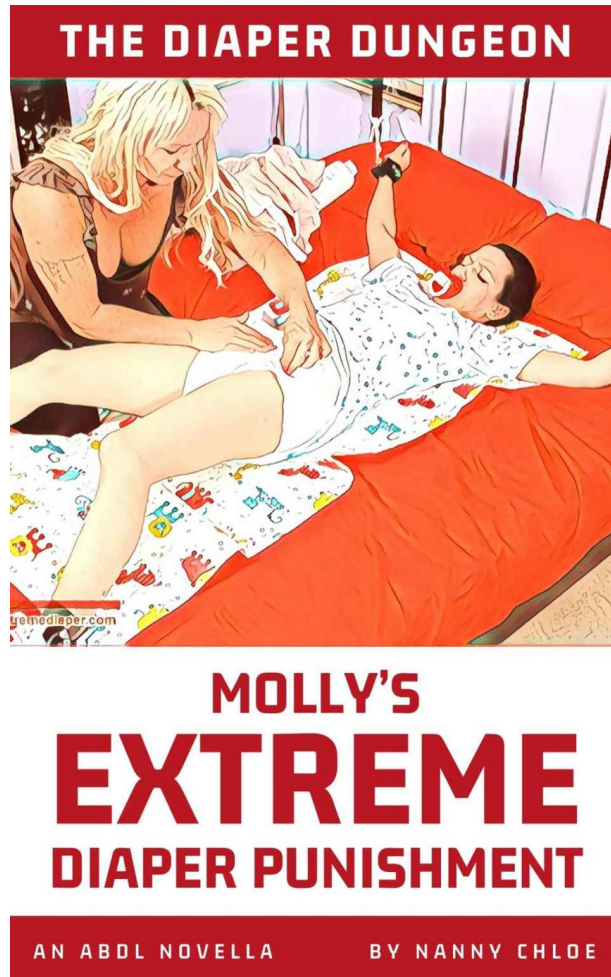
And Diapered 24/7.

And unfortunately for Brandon, that's Tara just getting started.

By the time his new mistress is finished, Brandon will know the intimate realities of cage-cribs, feedings tubes, and unimaginable public humiliation.

This full-length, erotic ABDL novella will have you on the 'edge' of your seat from start to finish.

It's packed with corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, diaper bondage, heavy femdom, intense BDSM, and of course some very soggy and very messy diapers! For mature readers only!



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

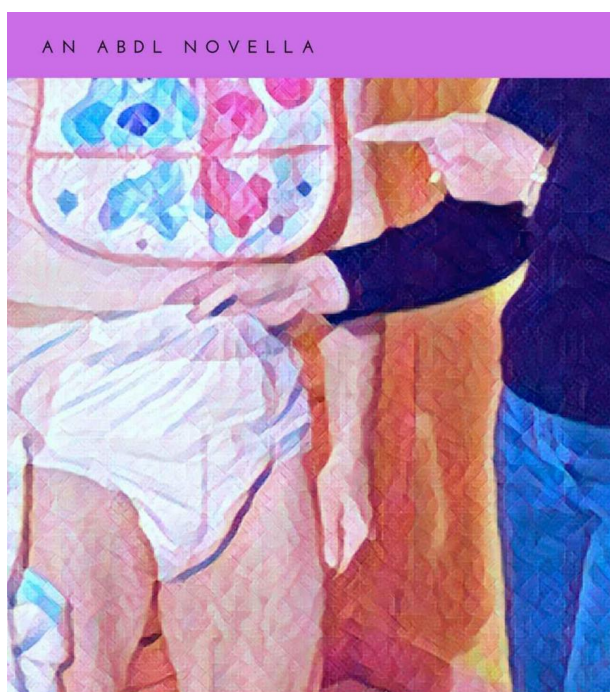
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



REGRESSING TIMMY

NANNY CHLOE

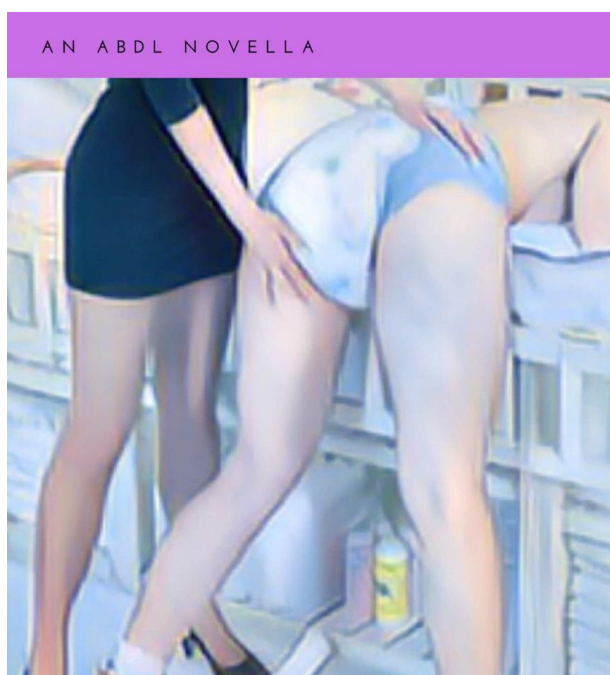
Regressing Timmy.

After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY
SUE THE NEIGHBOR

BY NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next

change!



Forced to Wear Diapers by the Bratty Babysitter

When Tyler's parents find out Tyler's been up to no good, they decide to hire Megan from next door to look after him over Spring Break. After all, Megan says she's studying how to be a caregiver in college. It seems like the perfect fit!

Except for the fact that Megan is only a couple years older than Tyler. Oh, and Tyler has always had a huge crush on

Megan, which she's never reciprocated. In fact, Megan's favorite nickname for Tyler has always been, 'The gross loser next door.'

Tyler is terrified by the sight of Megan. He can't imagine having her watch over him for a full week.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he doesn't have a choice in the matter. And when Megan comes over, she decides to have her fun.

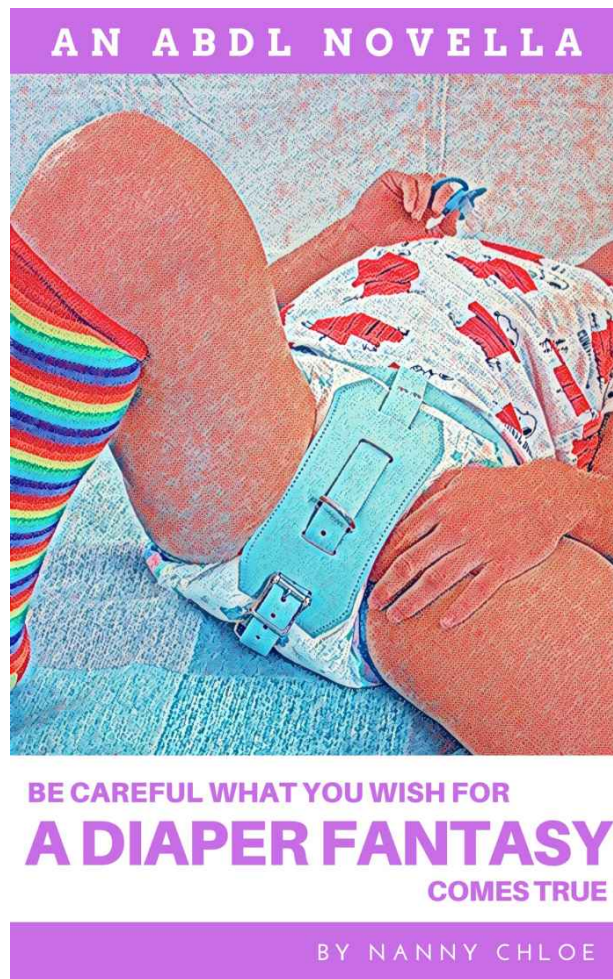
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

Then diapers.

Then making Tyler use those diapers in front of all his friends.

And finally she changes those diapers in the most humiliating way imaginable.

When Megan is finished with Tyler, he learns new meaning to the words, Diaper Discipline.



Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

**(Now available as Audiobook at
www.NannyChloeTales.com!)**

I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers.

From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has

followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty

strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

AN ABDL NOVELLA



TURNED INTO A
**DIAPERED
CUCKOLD SISSY**
BY MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY NANNY CHLOE

Turned into a Diapered Cuckold Sissy by my MIL

When Gary is forced to move in with his overbearing MIL, it doesn't take long for him to get downgraded to the sissy baby of the house!

Full-length, erotic ABDL novella full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, forced feminization, Mommy femdom, and some very soggy, messy diapers! For mature readers only!

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for reading, my little!

As always, your reviews and feedback are greatly appreciated, as they help Nanny Chloe write you more of your favorite ABDL content! :)

To find more of my stories (including audiobooks!) please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

nannychloetales.tumblr.com

