

A DIAPER DOMINATION ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY THE SADISTIC NANNY

BY NANNY CHLOE

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BY THE SADISTIC NANNY

NANNY CHLOE

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

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THE PARTY

*I*t was the Thursday night before Anna's senior spring break that her parents delivered the news...

Anna was getting ready to leave the house to catch a movie when she heard her Mom and Dad call from the kitchen.

"Anna! Can you come down here please? We want to have a talk with you."

Anna felt a sting of panic in the pit of her stomach. She suspected that her parents were calling her down to finally discuss 'the incident' that took place last weekend.

As Anna descended the stairs, she replayed the events in her head one more time...

* * *

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD ANNA HAD ALWAYS BEEN A VERY WELL-BEHAVED teenager.

She tended to get straight A's. She had already been accepted into the college of her choice for next year. (And

she received a very respectable scholarship to boot!) And she had a good relationship with her parents.

Anna seemingly lived a model, teenage life. At least from the outside.

But what Anna always felt like she was sorely missing was a social life. She had no friends at her school, nor any social group in her town to relate to.

And most painfully of all, Anna still hadn't ever had a boyfriend. She was yet to even have a first kiss!

The reasons for Anna's isolation were varied.

Firstly, she was painfully shy, especially around her peers.

Second, Anna family moved cities during Anna's sophomore year of high-school. This cut Anna off from her few, former friends, and made it even more difficult for her to make new ones at her new school.

And third, Anna's shyness stemmed in large part from the fact that she was seen as a chubby dork for most of her earlier school career. For most of Anna's life, she had been teased and made fun of for being a socially-awkward, acne-faced nerd.

When Anna got to high school, her acne had dissipated, she had gotten in shape, and well... by most accounts, she had become pretty attractive.

But despite getting a second chance at a new social life due to moving cities, Anna still struggled with severe shyness when it came to making friends.

Deep down, she felt that she was still a socially-awkward dork on the inside.

But last week at school, out of the blue, Anna was approached by one of the hottest boys in her grade—Brad Morris.

“Hey Anna, do you have a second?” Brad said to Anna in the hallway between classes.

Anna was speechless as she and Brad stepped over to her locker. That’s because Brad Morris wasn’t just one of the hottest guys in their class—he was also Anna’s personal crush, ever since she laid eyes on him two years ago.

“My parents are gonna be gone this weekend so I’m throwing a little party. You should come by,” Brad said to Anna in a drop-dead sexy, casual tone.

“Will... ah... Lindsey be there?” Anna squeaked.

She regretted the awkward question as soon as she asked it. Lindsey was Brad’s on-again-off-again girlfriend. She was also the most popular girl in school.

“No, probably not,” Brad said. He then gave Anna a sly wink and left as smoothly as he had arrived.

Anna was awe-struck.

A personal invite to a party by the most popular guy in her grade? It felt like the best moment of her entire life—like she had just been handed the keys to heaven itself.

There was just one problem. Well... a few problems, actually.

First, Anna’s parents would never let her go to such a thing.

Second, Anna had never been to a ‘real’ party in her life, and she had no idea what to expect or how to act.

And third, when Brad DM'd Anna his address that night, he told Anna to bring at least a bottle of alcohol with her. Anna had never had a sip of alcohol, let alone did she know how she would attain it while underage.

But all that being said, Anna was determined not to pass up what seemed to be the opportunity of a lifetime.

So that Saturday night, Anna spent hours in her room dressing up and perfecting her makeup.

After her parents had gone to sleep, Anna snuck downstairs, stole her Mom's bottle of wine in the fridge, and took an Uber to Brad's house.

* * *

WHEN ANNA GOT to Brad's house, she could hear the blaring music and mobs of drunk teens from the street.

The party was clearly in full-swing. Anna was trembling with nervousness.

She considered turning back, but told herself she had come too far to not even enter Brad's house.

Anna summoned the courage she needed and entered Brad's front door...

Anna was stunned by the immediate assault on her senses—Dozens of teens were packed into the living room, dancing to roaring EDM.

Men and women were making out... and more... on various furniture.

And everyone seemed to be binge-drinking every drop of alcohol they could find.

Anna covered her eyes from the flashing lights and wandered through the house to find Brad.

Finally, Anna spotted Brad doing shots in the kitchen. She lit up, then made a bee-line toward him.

“Hey Brad! Brad!” Anna said as loud as she could yell. Her voice seemed to be permanently set to ‘soft.’

Brad looked over at Anna. He gave her a funny look—as if he didn’t recognize her. Then he had a brief flash of recognition.

“Oh hey,” Brad said in a disinterested mutter. He spotted the wine in Anna’s hand and grabbed it. “Oh, thanks for bringing this!”

Brad passed the bottle of wine off to his friends, who all devoured it before Anna could object.

Brad then resumed his conversation with his friends, giving Anna the cold shoulder.

“Brad. Brad! Brad!” Anna called again, confused that Brad seemed to have already forgotten Anna was there.

Brad turned back to Anna, this time with an annoyed expression. “What?” He asked.

Before Anna could even think about how to respond, Brad turned to someone else approaching from across the kitchen...

“There you are, babe!” Brad said.

Anna watched in shock as Brad wrapped his arms around Lindsey—the hottest, most popular girl in school, whom Anna knew only as someone who had always made fun of her.

Lindsey pointed at Anna. “What is *she* doing here?” She asked Brad, as if Anna were a rodent that had somehow found its way in.

“Babe, it’s a party. Everyone’s invited. Besides, dorky chicks always seem to bring alcohol. And look, I was right,” Brad said as he finished Anna’s bottle of wine.

Anna was flabbergasted. All she could do was quietly back out of the room as Brad and Lindsey started making out.

Anna collapsed to the floor in the corner of the living room and began to sob her eyes out.

She couldn’t believe that she had been so stupid as to believe that Brad was interested in her.

Anna knew she was a nobody, and a guy like Brad could get any girl he wanted—like Lindsey Evans, who was way hotter than Anna would ever be.

Anna felt so angry with herself for letting Brad take advantage of her like that in order to get her to give him alcohol. And she felt downright scared to see her Mom’s reaction when her Mom discovered that Anna had stolen her bottle of wine.

Anna wiped her tears and looked around the chaotic house party. She knew she needed to just go home.

As Anna pushed her way through the crowd of teens, she thought about how to deal with the bottle of wine her Mom would find missing.

Anna decided that she would probably just tell her Mom that she drank it with a friend because she was curious.

Her parents would probably give her a serious talking to, and Anna would probably tell them it was gross, and she

never wanted to drink again, and the whole thing would probably blow over by tomorrow.

It would certainly be a light punishment compared to if her parents found out where Anna *really* was tonight, Anna thought to herself.

Just as Anna was approaching the front door, she realized that the party-goers were all running and scattering into the back yard of the house.

Anna figured there was just something fun going on in the back yard, and she naively continued through the front door.

It wasn't until Anna hit the front steps of the house—and there was swirling red and blue lights in the street—that she realized she had made a very big mistake.

“Hold it, right there, miss!” A man's voice rang out from over her shoulder.

Anna instinctively froze. A uniformed cop swiftly put Anna in handcuffs while another large cop approached her.

“Is this your house?” The cop asked.

The reality of the situation hit Anna like a ton of bricks—she burst into tears immediately.

“No!” Anna pleaded through her sobs.

“Do you have your ID?” The cop asked.

Anna tried to think—she realized she had left her ID at home. She shook her head no.

“How old are you?” The cop asked.

“Eighteen,” Anna answered in a trembling voice.

“How much have you had to drink tonight? Ma’am? Ma’am?” The cop repeated.

Anna couldn’t answer. She was too distracted by something happening between her legs...

Something cool and wet...

To Anna’s supreme horror, she realized she was peeing her pants, right then and there. Pissing herself in terror.

She was speechless with shock and humiliation.

The cop began waving his flashlight in Anna’s face. “Ma’am? Are you able to understand the words I’m saying to you right now?”

Anna still couldn’t answer. The cop’s flashlight then drifted down to Anna’s jeans...

“Ugh, yuck. She just pissed herself,” the cop said to his partner. “That’s evidence enough of intoxication to me. Go ahead and put her in the squad car.”

Anna was utterly mortified as the cop pushed her forward toward his cop car. She couldn’t believe this was happening...

“Anna. Anna? Anna, is that you?” Anna heard over her shoulder.

Anna turned to see, to her utter shock, her Mom walking up the driveway. “Anna, are you okay?” Anna’s Mom asked.

“Can I help you?” The cop asked Anna’s Mom as she approached.

“Yes—that’s my daughter, Anna. You can let her go, and I’ll take her straight home,” Anna’s Mom said.

The cop hesitated. “Do you have ID?”

Anna's Mom handed her ID over. "Officer, please, we're the ones who called the police in the first place because we were looking for our daughter. We were the ones who found the address in her Instagram messages on her computer. Trust me, if you let us take her home, she'll be punished plenty for putting you through this trouble."

The cop hesitated, then gave Anna's Mom her ID back, and unbuckled Anna's handcuffs.

Anna lurched forward and hugged her Mom in disbelief. Her Mom then took her by the hand and led her back to her car in silence.

It was only then that Anna realized what her Mom had said a second ago—it was *Anna's parents* that called the police.

Anna felt a wave of dread about the realization. She knew if her classmates found that out, she would never live it down.

And it was only when they had gotten to her Mom's car, and her Mom laid out a towel in the back seat, that Anna remembered the other thing she had done...

Anna had pissed her pants. They were still soaking wet.

"There you go. Don't worry, sweetie, I peed myself a few times after you came out of my birth canal," her Mom joked.

Anna was mortified. She wasn't sure what would be worse—if her classmates discovered that *she* was the reason their party was busted.

Or if they discovered Anna had peed her pants when it happened.

* * *

ANNA WAS EXPECTING the worst from her parents when she got home, but to her surprise, her parents seemed to be totally relaxed given the circumstances.

Anna's Father went back to bed, and her Mom just told Anna, "Go clean up and get some rest. We'll talk about it later."

When Anna woke up the next morning, she was worried that her parents were going to give her the business over breakfast. But to her surprise, her Mom didn't even bring it up—besides to ask if Anna was feeling better since last night.

Anna spent the rest of Sunday glued to social media, terrified that news would spread that it was Anna's parents that called the police.

Or even worse... that Anna had peed her pants on Brad's front steps.

But fortunately, nobody seemed the wiser, at least from what Anna could tell.

In fact, it seemed that nobody knew or even cared that she was there at all—which was par for the course for Anna.

Anna went to bed on Sunday feeling happily surprised that her parents went the whole day without bringing the party up.

Monday passed by the same way—with no sign of consequences from Anna's parents or her peers.

Then Tuesday.

Then Wednesday.

Anna was soon starting to stress out about her parent's silence.

Part of her hoped it meant they would never bring it up again. But the other part was starting to worry that the punishment would be that much worse when they gave it to her...

Anna was beginning to feel like not knowing was worse than any other punishment they could give her. Anna almost wanted to bring it up to her parents herself, just to clear the tension.

So finally, on Thursday night, when Anna heard her parents call her down 'to have a talk', she was both terrified and relieved.

Most of all, she was just praying to get out of the conversation without them bringing up the fact that she had peed her pants...

CONSEQUENCES

Anna walked into to the kitchen to find her parents sitting at the table with pleasant expressions on their faces.

“What’s up?” Anna asked.

“Have a seat, dear,” Anna’s Dad said.

Anna sat down and waited for her parents to start. She had never had a stomach more full of butterflies.

“Anna, well, I, uh...” her Father stammered. He looked as uncomfortable as Anna did.

“Why don’t I start,” Anna’s Mother said. She took a deep breath. “Anna, your Father and I aren’t angry about you going to that party Saturday night.”

“You aren’t?” Anna asked.

“No, we’re not angry. However, we are... concerned,” her Mom replied.

“Concerned?” Anna asked. “About what?”

“Well, it’s just not like you is all,” her Father said.

"I know, and I'm so sorry about going. It was such a big mistake, I really don't know what I was thinking," Anna pleaded. "I promise I'll never do anything like that again."

"I know, I know, it's okay, and yes, I believe you. Nothing like getting so drunk you wet yourself to teach you not to drink too much again," her Mother said.

Anna's face burned red. She had hoped her Mother had forgotten *that* part of the evening.

At least she thought I peed myself because I drank too much, Anna thought to herself.

Anna was far too embarrassed to correct her Mom—to explain to her that Anna hadn't actually touched a drop that night. She peed her pants like a baby just because she thought she was in big trouble.

"But Anna," her Father said, picking the conversation up, "you're going away to college next year, where we won't be around to help you make the right decisions. We feel that while you're still living with us, it's important you face some sort of consequences for your behavior last weekend. We would be bad parents if you didn't."

Anna almost felt relieved that they seemed to be getting to the point. "I understand," she said in an even tone.

Anna prepared herself to hear them say that she'd been grounded for the weekend, or to have to do extra chores. Either punishment would be a breeze compared to this painfully awkward conversation, she thought to herself.

"So, Anna... your Father and I have booked a vacation for ourselves during your spring break next week," her Mother said.

“Okay?” Anna replied. This was not where she thought this was going.

“And you’ll be staying with a Nanny that we hired all of next week while we’re gone,” her Father said.

Anna did a double take. “Huh?”

“Her name is *Nanny Rose*, and she lives in an estate not too far from here,” her Mother explained.

“She specializes with kids like you. Teenagers and such that just need a little bit of extra discipline before going off to college,” her Father said. “You might even have a few of your classmates joining you for the week.”

Anna was stunned. “*kids like me? Extra discipline?* I don’t understand...”

“Relax, Anna, it’s really not that big of a deal,” her Mother said. “Look at this way. Your Father and I happened to get a chance to take a vacation next week due to a situation with his work. But we didn’t exactly feel comfortable leaving you home alone all of spring break after what happened last weekend, for reasons I’m sure you can understand. So therefore, you’ll be staying at the house of a... *trusted party*... so she can watch over you for the week. There, it’s that easy,” her Mother said.

Anna felt like her head was spinning. She had never heard of any service like this—a Nanny who kids went to go visit in order to be watched, instead of vice versa.

“Do you have any more questions, dear?” Her Father asked.

Anna had a million, but was too overwhelmed to ask them. “Uh... when are you going to drop me off? And what do I need to bring?”

“Oh, we’ll be dropping you off Friday night, and you’ll bring just enough clean clothes to last the duration of your stay,” her Mother answered.

“Oh, tomorrow night? Well... okay then,” Anna said.

“So, you’re agreeing to go?” Her Father asked.

“I guess?” Anna said, not sure what choice she had in the matter.

“Wonderful dear. Thank you so much. Trust me, the week will fly by, and when you get back, all the business of the last weekend will be behind us,” her Mother said.

“Alright, fine,” Anna said, getting to her feet.

“I’ll be home from work early tomorrow morning to help you pack and take you over,” her Mother said as Anna walked out of the kitchen.

“Thanks,” Anna said half-heartedly as she went back up to her room.

* * *

ANNA LAID in bed desperately trying to wrap her head around what this meant.

On the one hand, she was glad the ‘punishment’ for her getting busted at the party had been finally issued.

On the other hand, what her parents were proposing sounded insane.

Anna googled ‘Nanny Rose’ and found a website for who she figured her parents were probably talking about.

The woman seemed nice enough based on her pictures, and her website espoused that she, ‘provided discipline and

structure to troubled teens who just needed a little help finding their way.'

Beyond that, the website didn't seem to have much info about what Anna could expect in terms of her accommodations, food, or whatever 'discipline and structure' meant.

Anna shrugged and decided to just try and put it out of mind. She would find out tomorrow anyway, she told herself, and it seemed that her parents were pretty dead set on their decision.

Whatever, Anna thought to herself as she faded into an uneasy sleep. It'll probably just be like staying with an aunt for a week, or something like that.

MEETING NANNY ROSE

The sun dipped below the horizon as Anna and her Father pulled up to the large, secluded Victorian home.

Anna climbed out of the car with a large duffle bag of her things for the week. Her Dad was running late for the airport, so he stayed in the car as he and Anna exchanged quick goodbyes.

Anna took in the house before her with wide eyes. It looked out of a different era—with its pointed roofs, gothic arches and faded mauve hue. In the looming darkness, it looked downright creepy.

Anna hesitated.

“Anna! I have to get going. The instructions say the door will be open and to help yourself in,” her Dad urged.

Anna nodded and bravely marched toward the house’s dark purple door.

She put her hand on the doorknob and hesitated again. She had a bad feeling about this.

HONK!

Her Father beeped his car horn and gave her another impatient wave.

Anna nodded and pushed the door open...

"Hello?" Anna meekly called out as she stepped inside.

The foyer was dimly lit by a small lamp, but the rooms around her were dark and empty.

Anna dropped her bag on the hardwood floor and called out again.

"Hello?"

Again, there was no response.

Anna felt a chill go down her spine as she heard her Father driving away.

Great, Anna thought. I bet I'm gonna get murdered here.

"Hello? Is anyone home?" Anna shouted again.

She spotted a light switch near the door and reached to flick it on...

The foyer lit up—Anna *shrieked*—a tall woman was standing in the shadows over her shoulder.

"You must be Anna," the woman said in a firm voice.

Anna gave a terse nod as she leaned against the door, recovering from her near-heart-attack.

"Apologies, I didn't mean to scare you," the woman continued. "I try to avoid turning the lights on too early in the evening in order to save on the electric bills."

The woman turned on another lamp, then turned back to Anna.

Anna looked the woman up and down with wide eyes. She knew the woman was probably old enough to be her Mom, yet she looked much younger.

She was tall and strong, yet elegant and feminine. Her brunette hair was pulled into a tight ponytail. And she was wearing a tight, dark blue skirt and blouse, as well as jet-black leather heels.

She looked like a mix between a nanny and a dominatrix.

"Welcome. I'm Nanny Rose," the woman said in a slight British accent.

Anna recognized the woman from the picture on her website, but she was far more intimidating in person.

"Hi," Anna squeaked.

Anna felt Nanny Rose stare at her for a long moment—as if carefully assessing her. She then took a step forward and folded her arms.

"I'm sorry dear, but you do need to speak up when adults are speaking to you. What was that?" Nanny Rose asked in a sharp tone.

"Oh, I just said hi," Anna said a little louder, taken aback by the domineering request.

"Ah yes, hello dear. Going forward, I do ask that you address me as *Nanny Rose*, or simply just *Nanny* if you prefer. Is that understood?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Oh... okay," Anna said.

Nanny Rose gave Anna a stern look.

"I mean... understood... Nanny Rose," Anna said.

“Thank you, dear,” Nanny Rose said, smiling again. “Now if you’ll follow me, I’ll show you upstairs to your room for the next week.”

Anna nodded, overwhelmed by everything that was happening. She reached down to grab her bag—

“Oh, you can leave that for now,” Nanny Rose said. “I’ll need to check it for contraband before you bring it to your room.”

Anna stared at the woman, then reluctantly set her bag back down.

“Right this way,” Nanny Rose said, pointing toward the stairs.

* * *

ANNA CAUTIOUSLY MADE her way up the narrow wooden staircase as Nanny Rose followed behind her.

Anna was already angry about the way she was being treated.

Always calling her Nanny? Contraband? I didn’t realize I was getting checked into juvenile detention camp, for Christ’s sake, Anna thought to herself.

Anna got to the dark hallway upstairs and waited for Nanny Rose to turn a light on. She felt a another chill. She was surprised by how creepy this place was.

Nanny Rose turned on a dim chandelier and pointed Anna down the hall.

The floor boards loudly creaked under their feet as Nanny Rose guided Anna past a half-a-dozen closed bedroom doors.

"Do you hear the sound of the loud floorboards, dear?" Nanny Rose said.

"Um... yes, Nanny Rose," Anna cautiously replied.

"I call that sneak-about insurance. It means that no naughty teens will be leaving their rooms at night without Nanny Rose knowing," she said.

Anna felt another chill from the ominous information.

"Right in here, dear," Nanny Rose said, opening a bedroom door at the end of the hallway.

Anna walked inside to find a bare bones room with a bed, a wardrobe and a nightstand. It seemed to be closer to a prison cell than a bedroom.

But at this point, Anna would be happy to be shut in her room for the night if it meant no longer having to talk with this domineering woman.

"Looks great," Anna said half-heartedly as she took a seat on the bed.

Nanny Rose stood in the doorway and folded her arms. "This is your last warning, young lady. The next time you improperly address me, I will start a tally. And trust me, the first things boarders learn under this roof is that they do not want Nanny Rose to start keeping a tally."

Anna looked up in confusion, then realized what she was talking about. "Oh... ah... sorry, Nanny Rose."

"That's better," Nanny Rose replied with a smile. "Now, your Father said you will have eaten before your arrival. Is that true?"

"Yes, Nanny Rose," Anna answered.

“Great. Go ahead and get washed up in the lavatory, and I’ll return shortly to bring you down for our evening *adjustment session*,” Nanny Rose said, pointing to the bathroom down the hall.

Again, Anna felt surprised by the strange request. She assumed the woman was asking her to take a shower, which Anna typically did in the morning, and felt no desire to take another one tonight.

She also had no idea what this woman meant by ‘adjustment session’. She figured it was probably some stupid lecture about being behaved, Anna told herself.

Anna reluctantly walked down the hall toward the bathroom and Nanny Rose followed close behind.

When Anna got to the cramped, antique bathroom, Nanny Rose stood in the doorway with her arms folded.

Anna gave Nanny Rose a strange look, then began to close the door on her.

“No dear. Go ahead and undress. I need to inspect your clothes for contraband as well,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna was stunned. “You want me to... undress? Right in front of you?”

“Yes dear, that is what I said. And that’s one mark for another improper address,” Nanny Rose replied.

Anna shook her head in disbelief. She was too overwhelmed by the request to get naked to worry what getting ‘one mark’ meant.

“Do I... do I have to? I mean, I don’t think my parents knew this is what—”

"Your parents knew *exactly* what was involved when they signed you up for my program, missy, believe me.

"And by the way, you're not the first to try that excuse. I've heard it a thousand times before and I'm sure I'll hear it a thousand times again. It still never works. So, go ahead and get those clothes off before I add *another* mark to your tally," Nanny Rose ordered.

Anna was shocked. She couldn't believe she was being treated like this. She was *sure* her parents wouldn't have agreed to this sort of treatment, but she felt trapped by Nanny Rose's forceful demand.

Anna decided that the best thing to do would be to just comply with this crazy lady for now, then call her parents the first chance she could to tell them what was going on.

Anna kicked her shoes off, then carefully pulled her shirt and pants off as Nanny Rose watched her with an eagle eye.

Knowing her phone was her only lifeline at this point, Anna slyly slipped it from her jeans pocket and slipped it behind the toilet, out of Nanny Rose's sight.

Anna stood back up in just her bra and underwear and offered Nanny Rose her folded pile of clothes. "Here you are, Nanny Rose," she said.

Nanny Rose stared at her. "Dear, I told you to get undressed. Not stand before me in your underpants," she replied.

Anna was incensed. "So you want me to get *completely naked*? While you watch?" She said through gritted teeth. "...Nanny Rose?" She spitefully remembered to add.

“Well yes, certainly now, given the attitude you’ve suddenly developed,” Nanny Rose replied.

Anna was trembling with anger. But feeling that there was little else she could do, Anna unclasped her bra, slipped her underwear off, and dropped both garments in her pile of clothes on the floor.

“There, you happy?” Anna said as she stood buck naked before her captor.

“That’s another misbehavior mark, dear,” Nanny Rose said with a stern expression.

Anna didn’t respond—instead she kept her eyes glued to the floor and her arms folded to cover her tiny breasts. She was shivering from the chilly bathroom air.

“Now, arms up and a full circle, dear,” Nanny Rose instructed.

“What?” Anna asked in a trembling voice.

“That’s a third misbehavior mark, missy. Trust me, you’ll be very sorry, very soon if you continue accumulating marks at this rate,” Nanny Rose said. “Now—put your arms up. And spin in a full circle,” she said, loudly enunciating each syllable in a patronizing tone.

Anna was frozen with shyness.

“Dear, from the glance I stole before you covered them, there is absolutely nothing worth hiding on that childish chest of yours. So quit flattering yourself and put those hands up so Nanny can let you hop in the shower,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna’s face burned beet red. She had always been deeply embarrassed by her lack of breasts. She couldn’t believe the way this woman was humiliating her.

But feeling helpless and defeated, Anna raised her arms up over her head and slowly spun in a circle. She had never done something so humiliating before in her life.

"Very good, dear," Nanny Rose replied. "See, that wasn't so bad after all. Now go ahead and hand me your belongings."

Anna kneeled down, collected her clothes, and handed them to Nanny Rose. She tried to calm her rage and humiliation by telling herself that this would only help her case when she called her parents.

Nanny Rose put Anna's clothes under her arm but remained standing in the doorway. "Dear, I said hand me your belongings," Nanny Rose said.

"I did... Nanny Rose," Anna replied.

Nanny Rose glared at Anna. "Dear, a *lie* told beneath my roof is worth *three marks*. Do you understand?"

Anna's heart started pounding. "Yes, Nanny Rose."

"So, let's try this again. Anna, please hand me *all* of your belongings," Nanny Rose said.

Anna's mouth was suddenly dry. "I did... Nanny Rose," she replied.

Anna was desperate to avoid handing over the phone that she had slipped out of her captor's sight.

"Anna, I don't think you understand what I said. A lie told under my roof is worth *three marks*. Three marks *every time* it's repeated," Nanny Rose said.

Anna felt herself trembling.

"Now, we'll try *one more time*. I say *one more time*, because Anna, if I have to ask again after a third time,

you'll have accumulated over *ten marks* in the first ten minutes of your visit.

"Not only will that be a new record from one of my boarders, but it will mean that I must devise a far more *severe* punishment system for your stay here, as it will be clear that my traditional methods were not sufficient to keep you in line.

"And believe me, Anna, my traditional methods have been enough to bring the most hardened juvenile criminals and hooligans in the state to their knees. A dainty, shy, paper-skinned little brat like yourself will probably wail so loud with screams for mercy, your pretty little voice will probably never be the same again," Nanny Rose said in a sinister voice.

Anna suddenly felt weak in the knees. She realized that she had no idea what this crazy lady was capable of.

Anna's mind raced with horrifying images as she tried to imagine what 'punishments' this woman could be referring to.

"So, Anna. Please hand me *all* of your belongings," Nanny Rose said.

Anna dropped to her knees, grabbed her cell phone from behind the toilet, and handed it over.

"I'm sorry, Nanny Rose," she said with tears in her eyes.

Nanny Rose smiled as she confiscated Anna's cell phone with the rest of her clothes.

"Good girl," Nanny Rose said. "And believe me, if you really think I'm *that* blind and clueless, you have no idea what you're in for over the next week. Now clean up and—"

Nanny Rose paused.

Anna had been so crippled with panic and fright, she had to lean against the wall for support. As she nearly blacked out... She lost control of her bladder.

Anna was peeing herself in terror once again.

Anna squeezed her eyes shut and tried to dissociate as she felt her hot urine run down her legs and splash on the tile floor at her feet.

She couldn't believe this was happening again.

Finally, when Anna's bladder was empty, she gained enough strength to look up.

Nanny Rose was watching with her arms folded and a snide smirk.

"Well, well, well. Not the brave little brat you thought you were, are you now? Well I guess I should say that I wasn't expecting toilet troubles from a girl your age, but your parents *did* warn me of your peepee accident from last week," Nanny Rose said.

Anna's face burned red hot. She couldn't believe she had peed herself again, nor that her parents had told this crazy lady about it happening last week.

"No worries, I have plenty of experience dealing with non-toilet-trained individuals like yourself. Go ahead and clean up, and I'll be back with a mop for you to clean up your filthy mess. Understood?" Nanny Rose asked.

Anna stared at the floor, too dazed to respond.

"Am I understood, young lady?" Nanny Rose repeated.

"Yes, Nanny Rose," Anna snapped out of her daze to reply.

"Good girl," Nanny Rose said.

Nanny Rose started to walk away, and Anna realized she could finally close the door.

“Oh, and Anna?” Nanny Rose said, turning around before Anna could get the door shut.

“Yes, Nanny Rose?” Anna asked.

“I would do a good job cleaning up, if I were you. I’ll be doing a full inspection afterward,” she said.

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Anna replied in a soft voice.

“Anna?” Nanny Rose said again, causing Anna to pause. “To be clear, I’m talking both about the *floor*, and your *person*. I’ll be inspecting them *both* quite thoroughly.”

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Anna replied. A shiver went down her spine.

Anna gently shut the bathroom door, walked through her cold puddle of urine, started the shower, sat down on the toilet, and began to quietly sob.

She was now naked, helpless, and totally at the whim of this psycho Nanny.

Anna prayed that the week wouldn’t get any worse.

It was a prayer as useless as it was naive.

NEW WARDROBE

*A*fter crying on the toilet for a solid fifteen minutes, Anna heard Nanny Rose bang on the bathroom door.

"The mop's right outside, dear. And with the amount of time you're running that shower, I expect you to be one of the cleanest young ladies I've ever met," Nanny Rose said.

Shit, Anna thought to herself as she realized she was yet to even get in the shower.

Anna took a deep breath and thickened her resolve. *I'm just gonna follow this crazy lady's stupid rules until I can figure out a way to get out of here*, she said to herself.

Anna jumped in the shower, washed up as quick as possible, then jumped out and dried off with the bathroom's lone towel.

Parched, Anna rinsed a plastic cup next to the sink out and drank as much water as she could. Then she tied her long hair back, wrapped the towel around herself, and walked out of the bathroom.

Nanny Rose was waiting for her in the hallway. "Finished mopping already?" Nanny Rose said.

“Oh... I was gonna get dressed first, Nanny Rose,” Anna replied.

“Oh, I’m not finished preparing your outfit yet. So, you can go ahead and mop first, dear,” she said.

Anna stifled her frustration and answered, “Yes, Nanny Rose.”

“And Anna, from now on, I would prefer that bathroom door to stay wide open at all times. That long shower makes me a little suspicious about what kind of *activities* you’re getting up to in there,” she added.

Anna was mortified by the implication, as well as angry about another annoying burden being put on her. She also had a bad feeling about Nanny Rose ‘preparing her outfit’.

But she gritted her teeth and answered, “Yes, Nanny Rose,” anyway. She was determined to just get through the evening as quick as possible.

Nanny Rose went into Anna’s bedroom while Anna went to mop the bathroom floor.

Anna kept the bathroom door wide open, as ordered, and began mopping the floor wearing just her towel.

But just as she began, Anna’s towel, which was barely sufficient to cover her to begin with, unraveled and fell into her puddle of urine.

Anna groaned with frustration, but then tossed the towel aside and finished mopping the floor in the nude. From what Anna could tell, it didn’t seem like anyone else was around to see her naked, anyway.

As Anna finished mopping up her accident, she looked up to see Nanny Rose watching from the bathroom doorway with

a smirk. "My, my, not so shy anymore, are you?" She teased.

Anna blushed and reached for her towel, but then remembered it was wet with her urine, and dropped it back on the floor. Anna was forced to go back to covering her crotch and her breasts with just her hands.

"You did quite a good job mopping in here, little one," Nanny Rose said as she inspected the bathroom floor. "Maybe I should have *all* of my boarders do their chores in the nude. It seems to provide quite the incentive," she joked.

Anna was furious, but obediently answered, "Yes, Nanny Rose," to her teasing anyway.

Nanny Rose then turned to Anna and looked her up and down. Anna cowered from her penetrating gaze in the corner of the bathroom.

"As for your person... well, that I'm not so sure about. But I guess I'll be taking a closer look soon enough. Come. Let's go get you dressed for the evening," Nanny Rose said.

Anna had a bad feeling as Nanny Rose ushered her back to her new bedroom.

* * *

ANNA WALKED into her bedroom expecting to see the bag she brought with her clothes, but the room was just as empty as before. Nanny Rose followed her in and closed the door behind them.

"Where are all my clothes?" Anna nervously asked. "Nanny Rose," she remembered to add.

“Oh, you mean that filthy duffle bag you brought? Don’t worry, I took a careful look through everything in there, and determined that you won’t be needing any of it for your stay. Don’t worry, it will be returned to you when your Mom and Dad pick you up next week,” Nanny Rose answered.

Anna was stunned. “Well... what clothes am I going to wear, Nanny Rose?” She asked in an aggravated tone.

“Your outfit for the evening is laid out on your bed, dear,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna realized there was indeed a dress laid out on the bed. She approached to take a closer look...

Anna’s jaw dropped. It was the most painfully juvenile outfit she had ever seen.

The dress was hot pink, excessively frilly, and had absurdly poofy shoulders and an equally puffy skirt. The socks looked to be knee high with pink stripes. And worst of all, the dress looked about two sizes too small.

“I won’t fit in this... Nanny,” Anna said.

“Is that so? Well that’s a shame, I guess you’re just gonna have to meet the others in the nude then,” Nanny Rose replied.

“Wh-What?” Anna stammered. “Meet who, Nanny?”

“The other boarders of course. You didn’t think it would just be you and me all week, did you?” Nanny Rose said with a laugh. “Now come on, let’s go downstairs, I’m sure they’ll be here soon.”

Anna was petrified. She couldn’t imagine meeting *strangers* in the nude.

“Okay!” She shouted. “I’ll wear the dress, Nanny.”

Nanny Rose smiled. "Good girl. I'm glad you've come around. But before you put that dress on, Nanny needs to do your inspection."

Anna nervously watched Nanny Rose pull a hard wood chair from the corner and place it in the center of the room.

"Spread your feet and place your hands on top of the chair's back, please," Nanny Rose ordered. Nanny Rose then put on a pair of latex gloves from her black purse.

Anna was trembling with fear. She had no idea what this was about.

She nervously approached the chair, spread her legs, and leaned forward as instructed.

"Uh huh. Hmmm. Hmmm..." Nanny Rose said as she scrutinized Anna's body from head to toe. Anna squeezed her eyes shut with helplessness.

Nanny Rose undid Anna's hair tie and aggressively dragged her fingers through her hair. "Ouch!" Anna shouted.

SMACK!

Nanny Rose landed a hard slap across Anna's ass, making her yelp in shock.

"Hold still!" Nanny Rose said. "My god, this whole thing is a rat's nest up here, isn't it? We'll have to take care of this before we go downstairs," she said.

Anna had no idea what Nanny Rose was talking about—sure, her hair had a few split ends, but it wasn't *that bad*, right? *Right?*

"Bottom out and bend," Nanny Rose ordered.

"What, Nanny?" Anna said.

“Bottom... out!” Nanny Rose said, forcing Anna to bend forward, revealing her butt. “My, you’re simple for a girl you’re age.”

Nanny Rose removed a baby wipe from a package in her bag, put her hand on Anna’s back, then suddenly gave Anna’s anus a hard swipe.

Anna shrieked.

SMACK! — Nanny Rose slapped Anna’s bottom again.

“That’s another mark young lady. Another outburst from you and I’ll double every mark you have. Understood?” Nanny Rose scolded.

“Yes, Nanny,” Anna replied in a shaky voice. She still had no idea what these ‘marks’ even meant, but she knew it likely wasn’t good.

“Now hold still while I finish inspecting this filthy, filthy bottom of yours,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna felt a wave of intense humiliation as Nanny Rose penetrated and rubbed her rosebud with the baby wipes.

“Disgusting. Do you even know how to wipe your bottom at all? Because your rear end is truly a brown, disgusting mess,” Nanny Rose scolded.

Anna’s face burned red hot with embarrassment. She instinctively turned her head to try and see for herself, but was met with another—*SMACK!*—on her ass from Nanny Rose.

“Keep those eyes forward!” She scolded. “My God, this is truly the most disgusting rear end I’ve ever wiped. And believe me, I’ve changed some very poopy diapers in my time as a Nanny. No wonder you smelled filthy from the moment you set foot in the door.”

Anna was having a private existential crisis as she wriggled from Nanny Rose's humiliating, invasive touch.

Was it true? Was she really not clean down there? Anna honestly had no idea what the state of her bottom was, and Nanny Rose was forbidding her from seeing for herself.

As Anna she thought about it, she realized she probably *could* have spent more time cleaning that area while in the shower just now.

Anna felt Nanny Rose's ice-cold wipes against her pussy—Anna quivered once again.

"Ugh. The front is no better story, is it. I guess that's to be expected from the multi-colored stains I discovered in your underwear," Nanny Rose muttered. "Well, we'll be taking care of both of your dirty holes soon enough."

Every inch of Anna's body was now bright red from her overwhelming waves of embarrassment.

Nanny Rose disposed of the wipes, then loudly clapped her hands. "Alright, you filthy girl. Inspection's over. Stand and dress. Quickly now."

Anna still felt dazed by the immense violation she had just experienced, but fear of angering Nanny Rose panicked her enough to snap to attention.

"Yes, Nanny Rose," Anna obediently shouted as she ran over to the outfit Nanny Rose had provided.

It was only when Anna had pulled the dress over her head that she realized how incredibly small it truly was.

Anna glanced in the room's only mirror and gasped at the childish reflection looking back at her. The garment she was wearing might better be described as a toddler's tutu, rather than an adult woman's dress.

CLAP CLAP.

Nanny Rose's aggressive clapping snapped Anna back into action. Anna put both socks on, completing the babyish look.

"I'm dressed, Nanny Rose," she answered. "I just need underpants."

Nanny Rose giggled. "Ah yes, thank you for reminding me. Step forward, eyes closed and hands up, please."

Anna complied.

Part of her recognized how bizarre it was that she had already become this woman's obedient automaton, but visceral fear of Nanny Rose's discipline was already beginning to mold her delicate psyche.

"Left leg up. Now right leg. There we go..." Nanny Rose instructed.

Anna felt Nanny Rose slide something *strange* up her legs...

Something *crinkly* and *plastic-like*...

When Nanny Rose pulled it over her crotch, it felt *fluffy* and *soft* against her pussy...

"Well what do you know? It fits perfect! What do you think of your new underwear, Anna?" Nanny Rose announced.

Anna opened her eyes. To her utter shock—she was now wearing a *pull-up diaper*.

The worse part was, the purple pull-up matched her dress perfectly. Her transformation into a three-year-old seemed to be complete.

"Now Nanny doesn't have to worry about you having another pee-pee accident on her floor," Nanny Rose said, giving Anna's crotch a patronizing squeeze.

Anna was speechless. She felt wave upon wave of humiliation rise from deep within her and turn into tears in her eyes.

Anna couldn't believe that her adulthood had just been so easily stripped away and shattered by this... stranger.

Or maybe, Anna thought, she never had it to begin with.

"Aww, don't cry yet little one," Nanny Rose said in a patronizingly syrupy voice. "We're not even finished getting you ready."

"We're not?" Anna asked as she tried to wipe away her tears with the back of her hand.

"Oh no dear," Nanny Rose said, indicating for Anna to take a seat in the chair.

Anna cautiously sat down. "Because if you remember, your pull-up was to deal with the filthy mess I found down below. We still have to deal with the filthy mess up here," Nanny Rose said, running her fingers through Anna's long, matted hair.

"What do you mean, Nanny?" Anna asked in a trembling voice.

"Well, at first, I thought I might be able to brush it out. But this is really a filthy mess you've got up here. And I just don't think we have the time to do that before our guest's come," Nanny Rose answered.

Anna gulped.

"No, I think it'll be much easier to just give you a quick little *haircut*," Nanny Rose said.

Nanny Rose pulled an electric hair trimmer out of her bag. "Besides, since it looks like I'll need to be the one bathing you going forward, since its clear you can't do it yourself, giving you a nice, baby-length bowl cut will make your hair so much easier to wash."

"No!" Anna screamed.

It was finally a humiliation too far. Anna just couldn't bear to watch the hair she had spent years growing out disappear in an instant.

"Please don't! I'll do anything. Just please don't cut my hair," Anna begged through her tears.

Nanny Rose paused and nodded. "You really don't want me to cut your hair, huh?" She said.

"Please," Anna begged again. "I just... it's too much."

Nanny Rose knelt down and looked Anna in the eyes. "And you'll really do anything?" She asked.

Anna nodded.

"Hmmm, well, okay," Nanny Rose said. "Well, if it means that much to you, here's what I need you to do."

Anna watched with hopeful surprise as Nanny Rose got to her feet and grabbed a metal bucket from the hallway.

"Go ahead and hold this bucket on your lap for me," she said.

Anna cautiously complied, feeling confused but still hopeful.

“Now wrap your arms around that bucket and give it a little hug,” Nanny Rose instructed.

Again, Anna complied.

“Get your arms a little further... a little further... good. Now just lean your head forward like that,” she directed. “Perfect. Now just stay right there.”

Anna felt even more confused. She was now holding her head over the bucket.

Bzzzzz.

Anna felt a huge hunk of her brunette hair fall off her head and into the bucket.

Anna gasped.

She yanked her head back up and looked in the mirror—then down in the bucket—then in the mirror again.

She looked up at Nanny Rose in shock—Nanny Rose was in hysterics.

Anna finally put it together that a quarter of her head had just been *shaved in one fell swoop*.

And Anna was gullible enough to *help her do it*.

Anna felt another wave of humiliated tears pour down her cheeks. “You tricked me, Nanny,” she uttered in wounded disbelief.

“Yes I did,” Nanny Rose said. “Sorry, but Nanny makes the rules around here, not little girls. Now keep that bucket still,” she ordered.

Nanny Rose pushed Anna’s head forward and used her clippers to finish the job she had started. Anna’s tears of

humiliation and defeat fell into the metal bucket almost as fast as her precious locks of hair.

When Nanny Rose was done, she lifted Anna's head up to the mirror so she could see the result...

Anna gasped.

It was far, far worse than she expected.

The hack job Nanny Rose had done on Anna's hairdo made her look like an ugly *one-year-old*.

"Now you're finished getting ready," Nanny Rose said with an evil smile.

Anna burst into a new wave of hysterical sobs.

Just then, the doorbell rang from downstairs. Nanny Rose smiled. "Oh good, just in time."

Anna could hear two people coming in through the front door. She tried to listen closer.

"Hello? Anyone home?" One of the visitors called out. "We're here!" The other one added.

It sounded like the visitors were a guy and a girl.

And their voices sounded strangely familiar...

Nanny Rose tossed Anna's hair in the trash and pulled her to her feet. "Are you ready, my dear?"

"For what?" Anna asked.

"To meet the other boarders who will be staying with us this week. I think they'll be pleasantly surprised to see you. Although, they might need some help *recognizing* you, given your recent... *transformation*," Nanny Rose giggled.

Confused, Anna reluctantly followed Nanny Rose into the hallway.

The male visitor shouted again from the bottom of the stairwell. "Hey lady, are you home or what?"

Anna froze.

She finally realized who the other boarders were.

She realized her week was about to get *far worse than she ever could have imagined.*

THE VISITORS

*A*нна was crouched down behind a couch in the living room.

It was the only place she could see to hide after she dashed past Nanny Rose when they got downstairs.

After all, there was no way Anna could let Nanny Rose's visitors see her like this...

Anna anxiously listened as Nanny Rose guided the visitors into the kitchen...

"Sorry we're late, my Mom ran into traffic," the girl said.

"Oh, no worries. Care for a drink? Coffee or a soda?" Nanny Rose offered to the guy and girl.

"Sure, I'll take a coke," the guy said.

"I'll take decaf coffee if you have it! Thank you, Miss Rose!" The woman said.

"Yeah, thanks Rose," the guy said.

"My pleasure! But if you wouldn't mind... I do prefer to be called *Nanny Rose*, or just *Nanny* if you must shorten it. Apologies, but I've spent decades earning my name. I'd like to keep it if I can," Nanny Rose said in a kind voice.

“Oh... no problem,” the woman nervously replied.

“Yeah, sure, whatever,” the guy added.

Anna was stunned at how well Nanny Rose was treating these other visitors—especially if they were indeed to be fellow boarders with Anna.

“So, what have your parents told you about how you’ll be spending this week?” Nanny Rose said as she gave them their drinks.

“You know, it was a bit unclear. I guess what our parents said was that... we’ll be staying here over spring break to make sure we don’t get up to trouble,” the girl answered.

“Because you’ll be watching us, or whatever,” the guy added.

“That’s right, that’s right. Don’t worry, I won’t be imposing the same rules on you as some of my other boarders,” Nanny Rose said with a laugh.

The guy and girl both laughed nervously.

“Oh good,” the girl said. “Because I swear, *he* was getting so worked up on our ride up here about having to spend spring break being babysat by some old lady. I kept telling him to relax, that it would just be like staying at a bed and breakfast for a week.”

“Oh yes, exactly,” Nanny Rose said.

Then Nanny Rose added in a sharp tone, “That is, as long as you two naughty teens behave yourself!”

There was an awkward silence...

Then Nanny Rose started laughing. The guy and girl nervously laughed as well.

"And you'll also be taking care of some little kids this week?" The girl asked.

"No, not this week. What gave you that idea?"

"Oh—I thought I saw a little girl come down the stairs with you and run off," the girl replied.

Anna began trembling from behind the couch. She knew they were talking about her.

"Oh—*her*," Nanny Rose replied with a laugh. "She's no little kid. In fact, she's the same age as you."

"Huh?" The guy said. "She looked like... bald. And like she was wearing a *tutu*."

"Fair point. She certainly does *look* like a child. But that's only because she decided to *act* like one—hence, there were some necessary changes to her wardrobe," Nanny Rose said.

"Where did she even go?" The guy asked.

"That's a good point. I think it's time for the three of you to meet. After all, we'll all be living here together over the next week... Anna? Come to the kitchen, please," Nanny Rose called out.

Anna was terrified. There was no way she could come out of her hiding spot.

"Apologies, from what her parents told me, she's very shy for her age. In fact, I think that you two may know her. I believe she goes to your school. Anna? Come out right now!" Nanny Rose called again.

"Anna?" The guy said. "I mean, I think I might know one Anna..."

“Anna, if I have to come find you myself, you’ll be very, very sorry. In fact, you have three seconds to appear before I double your marks from the day...”

Anna was terrified about getting her mysterious ‘marks’ doubled, but still too terrified to move...

“One...” Nanny Rose called out.

Anna could hear Nanny Rose and the two guests walk into the living room. Anna squeezed her knees to her chest even tighter.

“Two...” Nanny Rose called out.

Anna squeezed her eyes closed...

“Three... Anna. Stand up right now. You are in big, *big* trouble.”

Anna opened her eyes. Nanny Rose was standing over her. Anna knew the jig was up.

Nanny Rose grabbed Anna by her wrist and pulled her to her feet and out to the middle of the living room.

“*Anna?*” The guy said in shock.

“Oh—*her?*” The girl said in disgust. “My god—what happened to her *hair?* And what is that *dress?* She looks like a toddler!”

Nanny Rose pinched Anna’s hands behind her back and gave her a hard *SMACK* on the bottom—

“Look up and say hello to our new guests, Little Anna,” Nanny Rose ordered.

Anna summoned the courage to meet their gaze...

“Hello, Brad. Hello, Lindsey,” Anna whimpered.

Then Anna broke into sobs.

Brad, the hottest guy in school, and his girlfriend Lindsey, the most popular girl in school, were both staring at Anna as if she were a freak of nature...

And they had yet to even find out that she was wearing a *pull-up*.

Anna felt like her life was already over. And her week with Nanny Rose had yet to even begin...

* * *

"NOSE IN CORNER, YOUNG LADY," Nanny Rose scolded as she marched Anna into the corner of the living room. "Do not move a muscle until I give you permission, understood?"

"Yes, Nanny," Anna whimpered.

SMACK — Anna cried out from another slap on her bottom.

"What's that?" Nanny Rose seethed.

"Yes, Nanny!" Anna shouted.

"Good girl..."

SMACK — Another hard slap to Anna's bottom sent her into a fresh wave of tears.

"And that's just a *taste* of things to come, you naughty, naughty little brat," Nanny Rose scolded.

Anna continued sobbing in the corner of the living room as Nanny Rose returned to her conversation with Brad and Lindsey.

"Phew, my apologies for that," Nanny Rose said. "Little Anna has been quite the handful since her parents dropped

her off just over an hour ago.”

“Yeah, it looks like it,” Brad said with disgust.

Anna burned red hot as she felt them looking her up and down. She was glad that at least she no longer had to look them in the eyes.

The sound of a camera phone shutter clicked—then Anna saw the flash.

“Sorry! I just had to get a pic,” Lindsey said. “No one at school is going to believe this.”

“Oh, it’s no problem,” Nanny Rose said. “In fact, when I pull Anna from the corner for her *evening adjustment*, you’re welcome to take as many pictures and videos as you’d like! I’m sure it will only help her understand how pathetic her behavior is once she sees what her friends and classmates think about it.”

Anna’s spirits sunk even lower. Things seem to just be getting worse and worse. She continued to be baffled as to why Brad and Lindsey were getting such preferential treatment as Nanny Rose spoke with them on the couches behind her.

On top of all that, Anna felt a familiar pressure building in her bladder—she needed to pee, but she knew there was no way Nanny Rose would let her leave the corner at this point. She was just going to have to hold it.

“Shoot—I don’t have any signal out here to post the picture,” Lindsey said. “Miss Rose—what’s your wi-fi password?”

“*Ahem*. I do believe I was clear about being addressed properly, dear,” Nanny Rose replied in a surprisingly sharp tone.

“Oh shit—sorry—*Nanny Rose*. What’s your wi-fi password?” Lindsey asked again.

“Oh, deary, please don’t use foul language around me either, it’s quite unbecoming for a girl as pretty as you,” Nanny Rose replied.

“Oh, I’m so sorry—”

“Hey lady, relax with all the rules!” Brad interjected.

The whole room tensed up.

“Brad, it’s fine—” Lindsey said.

“No, it’s not fine. I don’t even know why Anna from our class is here, and I really don’t care what this lady does to *her*. But she’s not gonna treat *us* like fuckin’ children all week,” Brad blurted.

Anna felt a silent twinge of pain in her heart at Brad so callously disregarding her.

“I’m sorry, he doesn’t mean that,” Lindsey said. “Brad, please apologize.”

“For what?” Brad grunted.

“Brad, we’ve talked about this,” Lindsey said in a hushed voice. “What did I say would happen if you make this week harder on us? Specifically, to *our relationship*. As in, it being *over*...”

Anna could hear Brad let out a pained sigh. “Alright, sorry. Didn’t mean to cuss or whatever.”

“Thank you for your apology, Bradley,” Nanny Rose said. “And Lindsey, as for your previous question about wi-fi, I apologize as well, because that’s not something you’ll have access to this week. You’ll have to wait till you get back home to post your pictures and videos on social media.”

"Oh," Lindsey said in a palpable mixture of anxiety and disappointment.

Anna felt a glimmer of hope. At least she had a week before the rest of the world saw her in her humiliating state.

Maybe she could even figure out a way to prevent Lindsey from posting the pictures at all...

It felt like a foolish hope, but it was hope nonetheless.

"But Bradley," Nanny Rose continued. "I think you may be a bit mistaken about what's expected of you while you're here this week."

"What do you mean?" Brad said.

"Well, maybe you can tell me why *you* think you're here first, and that will help me address your misunderstanding," Nanny Rose said.

Brad gave an exasperated groan. "Look, I already told you. I got busted by my parents for throwing a party while they were gone. Lindsey did too. So they said we have to come here for spring break to make sure we don't get up to trouble."

"And Lindsey, what else did your parents say about your stay with me this week?" Nanny Rose said.

"Not much more than that," Lindsey nervously replied.

Nanny Rose took a deep breath. "Lindsey... this is your first warning. While you may be able to get away with lying without consequences in your normal, day to day life, while you're staying here, that will not be the case.

"In fact, lying under my roof has *severe consequences*. So, do you want to try and answer my question honestly this

time? What else did your parents say about your stay with me this week?"

"Hey Lady, you can't talk to—" Brad interjected again.

"Brad! Stop it!" Lindsey said, clearly emotional. She took a deep breath. "My parents said that if they find out at the end of the week that I didn't give Nanny Rose my best behavior, that they would ground me for the next two years while they sent me to community college instead of state."

"What?" Brad asked in shock. "You didn't tell me that. We've been planning to go to State together for the last year. It's the only college I applied to!"

"I know!" Lindsey said. "That's why I didn't tell you. I figured it would just stress you out."

"And what else did they say to you, Lindsey?" Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey let out another emotional sigh. "They said that if we both don't come back with reports of excellent behavior from Nanny Rose, that they won't let us see each other anymore."

"What? Lindsey, are you serious? They can't do that to us!" Brad shouted.

"They can and they have, Brad," Nanny Rose interjected. "Isn't that right, Lindsey?"

"Yes," Lindsey whispered.

"I don't understand. Why is this happening?" Brad groaned.

"Well, Brad," Nanny Rose said, "To put it simply, both your parents and Lindsey's parents didn't just drop you off to prevent you from throwing another house party—although that's certainly part of the equation."

“They delivered you to my authority in hopes that my *unconventional*—some might even say *extreme*—*methods* of discipline would correct your deep-seated, rotten behavior before you moved out, and it would forever be too late.”

There was a long silence.

“Methods like what?” Brad asked, clearly nervous.

“I’m glad you asked,” Nanny Rose said with a smile.

THE FIRST ADJUSTMENT SESSION

“*A*nna, please come stand before me with your hands behind your back,” Nanny Rose called from the couch.

Anna’s heart started racing.

She had begun to hope that Nanny Rose had forgotten about her.

In fact, she was even beginning to enjoy the schadenfreude of listening to Brad and Lindsey getting scolded instead of her.

But now, it appeared that Anna’s brief reprieve had come to an end.

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Anna said as she obediently stood before her.

“Now,” Nanny Rose began, “I want to welcome the three of you to your first evening *Adjustment Session*.”

“What's that?” Brad asked, thinly masking his nervousness.

“Excellent question, Bradley,” Nanny Rose continued. “Well, every evening, the three of you will be assessed on your behavior over the last 24 hours of your stay. And

should you have misbehaved at all, you will face an *adjustment*.

"Tonight, Anna is going to be the first one to be assessed and adjusted. Anna, please bend over my knee."

Anna was trembling in terror. "Yes, Nanny Rose," Anna said as she approached Nanny Rose and bent over her knee.

"Lindsey, remember before when I said that you would have plenty of time for photos and videos of Anna? Now is that time, so I would prepare your camera," Nanny Rose said.

Anna looked over to watch Lindsey lift her phone up. But unlike before, Lindsey no longer looked like she was having fun.

In fact, Lindsey and Brad were both starting to look very uncomfortable.

Anna winced as she felt Nanny Rose's warm hand slide beneath her dress and squeeze her bottom over her pull-up diaper.

"Now Anna, do you believe you've been a good girl since you arrived? Or do you believe that you've been a naughty girl?" Nanny Rose asked.

Anna took a breath and knew it would be best to just give this woman everything she wanted. "I've been a naughty girl, Nanny," she answered in a quivering voice.

"And why do you think that, Anna?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Because you started keeping count of my naughty times, Nanny," Anna answered.

"That's right. And what was the total amount of that count?" She asked.

"I don't know, Nanny Rose," Anna answered.

"You don't know? Well let's go through it," Nanny Rose said as she continued squeezing Anna's pull-up beneath her dress.

"You earned your first mark for improperly addressing me upstairs in your bedroom. Then two more for the same reason in the bathroom. You earned three marks each for each of the lies you told me about hiding your phone. And you earned a finally, you earned another mark for being noisy while Nanny cleaned up your icky mess. How many marks is that, Anna?" Nanny Rose said.

Anna gulped. She was too overwhelmed to keep count. "I don't know, Nanny."

"Aww, she's so cute. Too little to even count single digit numbers yet," Nanny Rose said with a loud laugh toward Brad and Lindsey. Brad and Lindsey each gave a nervous chuckle.

"Well little Anna, the total of all those times was *ten*. *Ten marks*. But that wasn't all, was it?" Nanny Rose asked.

"No, Nanny," Anna said.

"That's right. Because naughty little Anna actually earned *twenty* marks total. Twenty marks because Nanny had to *double* your marks. Do you remember why?" She asked.

"Because I was hiding behind the couch and I didn't come out when you called me," Anna answered in a trembling voice.

"That's right! You were hiding behind the couch from Lindsey and Brad. And why were you hiding from Lindsey and Brad?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Cause," Anna whimpered, doing her best to hold back her tears.

"Because, why, Anna?" Nanny Rose said, squeezing her bottom a little harder.

"Because," Anna whimpered again. It was all she could muster.

Nanny Rose laughed. "Maybe this had something to do with it," she said.

Anna squeezed her eyes closed as Nanny Rose lifted the hem of Anna's short dress all the way up her back...

Revealing her pull-up to Brad and Lindsey.

"Oh my god... Is she wearing a *diaper*?" Lindsey blurted in disgust.

"Jesus Christ..." Brad muttered.

Anna's face burned red hot. She had almost forgotten that Brad and Lindsey hadn't seen the most embarrassing part of her outfit yet. Now it felt like she was being exposed all over again.

"Why were you hiding, Anna?" Nanny Rose said, giving Anna's diapered butt a hard pat.

"Because I was embarrassed for them to see me!" Anna said.

"And *why* were you so embarrassed for them to see you?" Nanny Rose said.

"Because I have a huge crush on Brad! And I was embarrassed about him and Lindsey seeing me looking like a pathetic little *diapered baby*!" Anna blurted. She then broke down into sobs.

Lindsey lowered her camera and looked away in disgust.

Brad got to his feet. "I don't need to watch this..."

"Yes, you do, young man!" Nanny Rose snapped.

Brad froze.

"You sit right back down on that couch. Watching Anna's adjustment is just as important for your education as it is for hers," Nanny Rose said.

Brad cautiously sat back down, clearly now a bit scared.

"Now Anna, tell your classmate's why you're wearing a pull-up," Nanny Rose ordered.

"Nanny Rose made me put it on," Anna answered through her tears.

"Oh, look at you, being so clever. Pretending that Nanny Rose *made* you wear your pull-up, rather than Nanny Rose *needed* to put you in a pull-up. Tell your classmates why *you needed* Nanny rose to put you in a pull-up, dear."

Anna gulped. "Nanny Rose needed to put me in a pull-up because I accidentally peed on the bathroom floor."

"That's right. You lost control and peed on the bathroom floor—right next to the toilet, didn't you," Nanny Rose jeered.

"Yes, Nanny," Anna answered.

"But that wasn't the first time you peed yourself in the last week, is it? When else did you piss your pants like a pathetic little baby?" Nanny Rose asked.

"At Brad's party... Nanny," Anna answered, her face burning red with shame.

"Are you serious?" Brad asked.

"You didn't even look drunk," Lindsey said.

"Go ahead and tell them about your accident, little Anna. Tell them why you peed your pants," Nanny Rose said.

"I wasn't drunk. I peed because I got so scared when the cops came," Anna said.

"Isn't that pathetic?" Nanny Rose announced. "An eighteen-year-old girl peeing her pants like a baby just because she was scared of getting in *trouble*. No wonder Nanny had to put her back in pull-ups."

Lindsey and Brad cringed as Anna broke down into a fresh wave of humiliating tears.

"Now then, Anna, back to the twenty marks we were discussing," Nanny Rose said. "What do you think is going to happen for each of your twenty marks?"

Anna felt Nanny Rose lightly patting her bottom. "Ummm... you're going to spank me twenty times?"

Nanny Rose laughed. "Oh, you wish, my little darling. No, a spanking would be far too gentle of a punishment for you, after you were so very, very naughty."

Anna gulped.

"Lindsey," Nanny Rose continued, "be a dear and retrieve the implement hanging on the wall behind you."

Everyone looked. There was a strange, trimmed tree branch hanging on two hooks on the wall. It looked to be similar in length—but slightly thinner—than a walking cane.

Lindsey nervously retrieved it and handed it to Nanny Rose.

“Lindsey... Brad... do you know what this is?” Nanny Rose asked.

They both shook their heads no.

“A shame, but not a surprise, given the routine lack of discipline in childrearing now-a-days. This, my young visitors, is a *switch*.

“I happened to carve it from the birch tree out back just a few hours before your arrival. You can tell from the ends, which are still just a bit green and moist. That’s because when a switch is freshly carved, it offers the optimum combination of flexibility and bite when used for discipline,” Nanny Rose explained.

Anna instinctively jerked, but Nanny Rose kept her tightly pinned on her lap.

“So no, Anna, you're not about to receive twenty *spankings*. Because when I said you've earned twenty marks... I meant them quite literally...

“You’ve earned twenty bright red, blistering, painful *marks* upon your *naughty bottom*—delivered from Nanny Rose’s *switch*.

“You may not have been concerned about earning marks earlier, but I assure you you’ll care from now on, as you’ll certainly still be feeling tonight’s marks for at least the rest of the week,” Nanny Rose announced with a sadistic laugh.

Anna felt Nanny Rose prime the switch against her bottom...

Lift it up...

“Please Nanny! Don’t!” Anna screamed.

Panic and despair gripped Anna's whole being. She flailed with every muscle against Nanny Rose's tight grip. She had reached her breaking point.

"Please don't whip me! I'll be a good girl I *pwomise*!!" Anna shrieked.

Nanny Rose paused and smiled, her switch still high in the air...

Anna then began hysterically screaming and sobbing louder than she ever had before. In fact, not since Anna was an infant in need of a diaper change had she ever so loudly involuntarily shrieked.

And appropriately enough, Anna's bladder began to release...

As Anna helplessly kicked and flailed in her Nanny's lap, her hot piss began to flow from between her legs into her thirsty pull-up.

Her pull-up quickly grew heavier and heavier with her urine...

"Uh oh! My my, somethings going on down here," Nanny Rose said as she dropped her switch and began patting Anna's moist diaper.

Anna calmed down enough to come back to her senses...

And she realized in horror that she had done it again.

She had just pissed herself. Except this time, she was *wetting herself in a diaper*.

"Yes, this pull-up is getting thick and warm and soggy right beneath my fingers," Nanny Rose announced. "Good thing Nanny put this naughty little baby in a diaper for her pee-pee accidents."

"That's disgusting," Brad groaned.

"I can't believe I have to watch this," Lindsey said, looking away.

Anna burned red hot as Nanny Rose continued fondling her soaking wet diaper. She couldn't believe she had just peed herself in front of Brad and Lindsey. She was too embarrassed to even look up.

"Aw, Lindsey, what's wrong?" Nanny Rose said. "You were so excited to take lots of embarrassing pictures and videos of baby Anna before. Now you're not even watching yourself."

"I mean, look at this soggy pull-up between Anna's legs. You can even see how dark yellow it is from her peepee. I can't even imagine anything more humiliating than her classmates seeing *this*..."

"Stop it!" Lindsey shouted, then got to her feet. "That was before I knew she actually... *pisses in diapers like a two-year-old*. It's disgusting. I can smell it from across the room."

"So can I," Brad said, covering his nose with his shirt.

Anna burned hotter and hotter with shame.

"You made whatever point you wanted to make. Just let her go. This is sick," Lindsey said.

"Oh really? I thought you enjoyed making fun of pathetic little Anna here. And now you don't even want me to give her her punishment? You think I should just... let little Anna go right now?" Nanny Rose asked in an oddly sincere tone.

"Yes, please. Just let her go and we'll all just go to bed. I'll probably even delete the pictures I took so we can all just forget this ever happened," Lindsey said.

Anna suddenly felt a wave of hope. Not only was Lindsey standing up for her, she said she wasn't going to share the pictures!

"Hmm, okay, if that's what you think is best," Nanny Rose said.

Then, to everyone's astonishment, Nanny Rose lifted Anna off her lap and placed her on the floor between her legs.

Anna blushed as she sat down on her warm, squishy, diapered bum, but she felt waves of relief wash over her. She couldn't believe that Lindsey had just saved her like that!

Lindsey stared at Anna and Nanny Rose for a few seconds, then finally turned to leave.

"Oh Lindsey... one more thing before you go," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey paused. Everyone tensed up.

"What?" Lindsey nervously replied.

"I'm curious, don't you think it's a bit of an odd group—maybe even a strange coincidence—who I have staying with me this weekend? You, Brad, and little Anna here? Why do you think that is?" Nanny Rose asked.

"That's what I said," Brad said.

"I don't know, maybe, why?" Lindsey asked.

"What do you think the common denominator is between the three of you? Or maybe a better question is... How do you think your parents heard about the service I offer in the first place?" Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey came back and sat down again. Anna had a bad feeling about where this was going...

"I don't know," Lindsey answered.

"Well, I'll give you a hint," Nanny Rose said. "Are you ready? It rhymes with *Anna's parents*. Oops, did I say a hint? I guess I just gave you the answer," Nanny Rose said with a smirk.

"Are you serious?" Brad and Lindsey both said at the same time.

"Anna, is that true?" Lindsey asked.

Anna stared at the floor and burned bright red. She didn't know for sure if it was true or not, but it did sound a lot like something her parents would do.

"Oh yes," Nanny Rose continued. "Because you see, after Anna's parents decided to send Anna to my place for a week, they were still pretty steamed about you two throwing a dangerous party for their precious little daughter to get caught up in in the first place. So, Anna's parents contacted each of your parents and told them about the service I offer.

"At first, both of your parents declined to send you to me. But then, Anna's parents decided to threaten your parents with a lawsuit if they didn't. Their argument was that your parents enabled a dangerous environment for Anna by leaving you two alone to throw a house party in the first place. The threat of a lawsuit worked, and now here you are," Nanny Rose explained.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Brad said.

"We're here because of *her*?" Lindsey shouted.

Anna squeezed her eyes shut in paralyzing shame.

"That's right!" Nanny Rose said in a cheery tone. "Not only that, but they're the reason your party even got busted by

the police at all.”

“What?” Brad and Lindsey asked.

“Go ahead, Anna. Tell your new friends the truth about who called the police on their party,” Nanny Rose goaded.

Anna was too ashamed to speak. She felt like she wanted to disappear.

“Anna? *Tell them*, or I’ll put you back over my knee right now,” Nanny Rose threatened.

“My parents are the ones who called the police on your party. They were looking for me and found the party’s address on my laptop,” Anna said, then buried her face in her hands.

Brad groaned. “I can’t fucking believe this...”

“I can’t believe you gave this fucking baby an invite to the party!” Lindsey shouted at Brad.

“Neither can I! Anna—are you fucking retarded!” Brad shouted.

“Anna, you stupid cunt, you really fucked with our lives, you know that?” Lindsey shouted.

Anna felt like she wanted to die. If Nanny Rose wasn’t tightly gripping her shoulders, she would have taken off running again...

Brad and Lindsey both sat speechless on the couch, rubbing their faces and fuming with rage.

“Or at least... that’s what Anna *said* what happened,” Nanny Rose said. “But I have my own suspicion about how her parents found the address to the party. I think Anna told them the address because she *knew* her parents would call the police...”

Brad and Lindsey looked up.

"Because maybe," Nanny Rose continued, "Anna *wanted* her parents to call the cops on your party... Maybe she did it as an act of *revenge*."

"Revenge against you, Lindsey, because she was jealous you had Brad... Maybe Anna thought getting you arrested would put *pressure* on your relationship, making Brad more available... And it looks like her plan succeeded..."

"That's not true!" Anna blurted, still too scared to look up.

"Oh... the little crybaby peepee pants says it's not true. I guess we'll never know," Nanny Rose said with a smirk.

Anna finally summoned the courage to lift her gaze...

Lindsey was *boiling* with rage.

Anna buried her face in her knees again.

She knew she was completely screwed.

* * *

SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED.

No one moved a muscle.

Finally, Nanny Rose spoke up. "Well, now that—"

"Do it," Lindsey said, cutting her off.

Nanny Rose smiled. "Do what, my dear?"

"Her *punishment*. Cane her, spank her, whip her, whatever it was you were going to do before—do it," Lindsey growled.

"Lindsey, what are you—" Brad tried to interject.

“Brad—shut the fuck up!” Lindsey shouted.

“Nanny Rose, whatever you were going to do to that worthless little cunt before, *I want you to do it*. I want you to do it so I can *watch*. I want to see her squirm and suffer. I want to see her squirming and squealing and crying and shrieking in that filthy little diaper she’s wearing.

“I want you to punish her for being such a fucking infant. I want you to whip her bottom so severely, she regrets what she did to me and Brad for the rest of her life.

“And I want to video it for the whole world to watch forever and ever, so little Anna can never forget what a pathetic, *worthless little baby cunt* she is,” Lindsey said.

Anna immediately started bawling.

The fact that Lindsey was her only advocate before made her condemnation hurt a hundred times worse.

“If you insist,” Nanny Rose replied. “Come on up, little Anna. It looks like you’re going to get your marks after all.”

Anna lost herself in a wave of hysterical sobs as Nanny Rose lifted her body...

Hoisted her over her knee...

Pinned her hands...

And lifted the switch once again.

The last thing Anna saw through her teary eyes was Lindsey holding her phone up to record the video...

Lindsey had a crazed look of gleeful vengeance in her eyes.

NANNY'S SWITCH

*T*HWACK!

The first blow from Nanny Rose's switch *exploded* across Anna's bottom.

Anna screamed at the top of her lungs. *It was far worse than she imagined.*

THWACK!

Anna screamed again even louder. She kicked and thrashed and wailed for mercy, all to no avail.

THWACK!

The third blow landed on the same spot as the first—Hot, stinging pain erupted across her ass.

THWACK!

By time the fourth blow came, Anna had shrieked herself out of breath.

THWACK!

By the fifth blow Anna was heaving for air, the pain from every strike now knocking the wind out of her.

THWACK!

By the sixth blow Anna went limp with pain and exhaustion over Nanny's lap.

THWACK!

Anna's screams were now just pathetic whimpers for mercy.

"Nanny please... Nanny please... Nanny please..."

THWACK!

Another sting shocked her awake enough to *scream* once again.

THWACK!

A stream of helpless tears were dripping off her nose. Her whole ass felt like it was *on fire*.

THWACK!

Anna was sobbing like a newborn baby.

A PAUSE...

Anna's eyes stayed closed, her body stayed tense. She knew a blow could land again at any second.

She continued sobbing...

"Aw, what's wrong little baby? Why are you crying?" Anna heard a voice say.

Anna opened her eyes to see that it was Lindsey. She was sticking her camera right in Anna's face, gleefully recording her pathetic tears.

Anna sniffled and tried to see if the switch was still in Nanny Rose's hand...

But Nanny Rose kept Anna pinned too tight for Anna to see behind her.

“Is it because you *wet your widdle diaper*?” Lindsey said as she panned the camera over to the pull-up around Anna’s waist.

Anna helplessly flailed as she felt Lindsey reach under her soaking wet pull-up and show it to the rest of the world.

“Yuck! Anna’s pissed in her diapee and *it’s stinky*! What a filthy little mess you made. You need a diaper change!” Lindsey teased, then moved the camera back to get Anna’s humiliated sobs of defeat in frame.

Anna hung her head with despair as Lindsey went back to continue recording from the couch.

Anna winced—she felt Nanny Rose’s hand on her pull-up.

Nanny Rose began to massage and pat her soggy wet diaper against her bottom again...

But this time... Anna was starting to calm down from the gesture.

In fact... it was suddenly starting to *feel quite good*.

The calming massage of her cooling diaper was a sudden tremendous relief compared to the blistering pain of the spanking she had just received.

Nanny Rose continued rhythmically fondling Anna’s pee-soaked diaper...

Squeezing it against her pussy, pressing it into the recesses of her ass, pushing it around her bottom to soothe the blistering hot marks from her switching...

The transition from pain to pleasure was so sudden, Anna began to moan.

Nanny Rose kept up the pace for several minutes...

Soon, Anna felt her pussy widen and her clit beginning to throb...

She even began moving her hips with Nanny Rose's hands...

It suddenly felt like she was about to *wet her diaper* in a very *different manner*...

"Aww," Nanny Rose said, "it looks like the little baby really enjoys her peepee diapers after all, doesn't it?"

Anna opened her eyes and realized Lindsey and Brad were hysterically laughing at her as Lindsey continued to film.

Anna blushed bright red. She felt like she had just been lured into such a vulnerable moment. She couldn't imagine how humiliating she looked on camera.

"Anna, get up," Nanny suddenly ordered to her surprise.

Anna climbed off Nanny Rose's lap and cautiously stood up. She tried not to faint from the blood rushing out of her head.

"Now down to your knees and hands on your head," Nanny Rose ordered.

Anna complied as Nanny Rose loudly put on a pair of latex gloves.

Before Anna knew what was happening, Nanny Rose inserted her hand into the waistband of Anna's pull-up, then swiped her cold fingers from the bottom to the top of Anna's pussy...

Anna yelped—she was stunned by the humiliating violation.

Nanny Rose inspected her finger tips, then looked back down at Anna.

"You dirty, dirty girl. You filthy, perverted little thing. Having dirty thoughts while over your Nanny's knee? You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Nanny Rose scolded.

Anna was speechless.

"Eww, you mean she was like... turned on from getting spanked in her soggy diaper?" Lindsey said, still filming.

"That's disgusting," Brad added.

Anna burned bright red. "No—I wasn't—I mean—"

"Don't bother trying to lie, you naughty little brat! You can't hide your perverted little thoughts from Nanny. Nanny can tell," Nanny Rose scolded.

Anna's sexual bliss quickly turned into crushing sexual shame.

She began sobbing in humiliation once again.

Lindsey zoomed in on Anna's tears.

"Now *this* is viral material..." Lindsey muttered with sick fascination.

* * *

NANNY ROSE DISPOSED of the latex gloves.

"Now Anna," she began, "if your itty-bitty pea-brain were capable of counting, you would know that you only received *ten* marks from my switch so far. The amount you *earned* was *twenty*."

Anna's eyes widened. Her heart began to pound.

“Normally, I might let you off the hook for the rest of your marks, given that your bottom is already bright red from top to bottom.

“But knowing that when I checked your filthy little *pervert cunt*, it was *soaking wet with naughty filth juice*, I think you certainly deserve another ten marks, if not another *twenty*,” she declared.

“No Nanny, please!” Anna screamed.

Anna fell forward to Nanny Rose’s feet and began groveling for mercy.

“Please, Nanny! I can’t take anymore! Please, I’ll do anything,” Anna begged as she descended into more pathetic sobs. “I’ll be good I promise!!!”

Nanny Rose smirked and sat back as Anna groveled and sobbed for several more minutes.

Brad began to grow visibly uncomfortable, but Lindsey continued to relish filming Anna’s pathetic display of sobbing on the floor in her pink dress and wet diaper.

“Hmmmmmmmm....” Nanny Rose said. “Well, I guess it *is* surprising to see how much of a pathetic baby you really are. Okay Anna, sit up... sit up!”

Anna hiccupped and wiped her snotty nose on the back of her hand as she tried to calm down from her sobbing fit.

“If you *really are* just a pathetic baby, I suppose I have no choice but to let you off the hook for the night,” Nanny Rose mused.

“Please Nanny! I’m just a baby, I pwomise!” Anna pleaded.

“But, before I do that, I need to know for *certain* that you *really are* just a pathetic little baby, and that you’re not just

trying to get out of your punishment,” Nanny Rose explained.

Anna grasped Nanny Rose’s leg and hugged it. “I am Nanny! I’m just a widdle baby!” Anna pleaded.

“Well, before I let you off, you’re going to have to prove it. You’re going to have convince me, Lindsey, Brad and the camera, that you really are now, and will always be, a *pathetic, stinky little baby*,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna looked over at Lindsey filming her with an evil grin. Anna hesitated.

For a second, Anna felt her sense of dignity return.

She realized that Lindsey was over the moon about Anna debasing and humiliating herself like this. Lindsey couldn’t wait to show this footage to everyone Anna would ever and could ever know.

Anna was on the verge of facing a lifetime of humiliation... Did she really want to finish the job and totally relinquish any self-respect she may still have?

“Well?” Nanny Rose said.

Anna looked back at Nanny Rose as she twirled the evil looking switch in her hands...

Then she felt her buttocks, which was still stinging from the marks...

Then she remembered the incredible pain and helplessness of the switching...

“Okay then big girl, if you’ve got nothing else to say, time to go over my lap for your second round,” Nanny Rose announced. “And this time, I’m going to have to swing *twice*

as hard to leave proper marks, given how red your bottom is already...”

“No Nanny don’t!” Anna shouted, her panic taking over.

“I’m just a baby! I’m just a widdle baby in a peepee filled diaper!”

Anna flopped onto the floor in front of Lindsey and lifted her dress up.

“See!” Anna said in her most babyish voice. “My diaper is all *wet* and *stinky* because I made a peepee mess! Look at how yellow and soggy it is!”

Anna reached down and began squishing her filthy diaper against her crotch—patting it with her palm, lifting it and dropping it, turning it over and spanking it against her bottom.

“See! I’m just a dirty little baby who belongs in diapers! When my Nanny doesn’t put me in my diapers, I make a big, mess in my pants!” She shouted. “That’s what I did at Brad’s party—I made a big peepee mess in my pants and my Mommy had to drive me home!”

Anna turned around and began wiggling her butt at the camera. She put her thumb in her mouth and started singing...

“I’m just a widdle baby! I’m just a stinky-winky widdle baby! Nanny cut my hair and put me in a widdle dress and put me in a diaper because it turns out I’m not a big kid, I’m just a *widdle baby*!”

Lindsey and Brad watched with wide eyes.

Even with everything else they had seen that night, *this* was still a shocking sight to behold.

Anna finally flopped down on her belly and looked up at Nanny Rose. "See Nanny?" Anna asked, her thumb still in her mouth.

"Hmmm..." Nanny Rose said with a smirk. "Well, that *is* pretty babyish behavior... But I don't think I'm convinced quite yet. I think I need to know just a little bit more about how you'll be behaving this week."

"Nanny pwease!" Anna shouted, rolling over to her back.

"I'm just a widdle baby! I need you to put me in big, puffy diapers, and keep me in them at all times because that's how I do my peepees and even poopos!"

"And I'll need Nanny to change my stinky messes because I'm just a siwwy widdle baby who needs her diaper changed!"

"And I don't know big kid words no more because I'm just a siwwy baby!"

"And I need you to feed me mushy baby food in a highchair and give me bottles of milk and dress me in itty-bitty baby clothes and make me sleep in a crib and treat me just like I'm one-years-old because that's what I need!"

"Because I'm just a sissy itty bitty worthless little *cry baby*! See?"

Anna then broke into hysterical sobs as she sucked her thumb and rolled around on the floor for several minutes.

* * *

BRAD WAS STUNNED at the over-the-top display. Lindsey was captivated. Nanny Rose was grinning with satisfaction.

"Alright little baby," Nanny Rose said, leaning in. "Is all of that really true? Because if I find out you're lying, you'll be in ten times more trouble than you were before."

"Yes Nanny! It is! I'm just a widdle baby now! That's how I need to be treated at all times from now on! Don't ever treat me like a big kid again!" Anna sobbed.

Nanny Rose nodded and sat back. "Okay Anna. As you wish. No more marks for you tonight. Instead, from now on, you will be treated exactly like a toddler."

Anna took a deep breath and let out a long sigh of relief.

She did it, Anna thought to herself. She wasn't proud, but she did it. She successfully humiliated herself enough to get out of another brutal switching session.

Anna let her body go limp as she laid on the floor in her wet diaper before Nanny Rose, Lindsey and Brad.

Her thumb was still in her mouth... and her diaper was still wet... but Anna hoped that she had just gotten through the worst of her week's humiliation.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN

Lindsey's phone bleeped.

She finally lowered it. "Phew. Well, my phone just stopped recording because I ran out of space. But that's fine, I know I have enough footage now to humiliate this worthless brat back to the Stone Age," Lindsey said.

"Can we finally go now?" Brad said.

"Sorry, yeah. Let's get to bed," Lindsey said.

Lindsey and Brad stood up.

"Where do you think you're going?" Nanny Rose snapped.

Lindsey and Brad froze.

"To bed..." Lindsey cautiously answered.

"Oh really? So you've decided that for yourselves?" Nanny Rose said.

Brad cleared his throat. "Ummm... yeah—"

Lindsey jabbed him in the ribs, shutting him up. "Um, Nanny Rose? May we be dismissed?" Lindsey asked.

Nanny Rose smiled. "I appreciate you asking, and I do expect you to continue to ask in the future ..."

Brad began turning to leave...

"And no, you absolutely may not be dismissed," Nanny Rose answered.

Brad froze again. "Why not?" Lindsey nervously asked.

Nanny Rose smiled again. "Oh, I'm sorry, did you think that only *Anna here* was the one in need of a behavior adjustment?"

Anna continued sucking her thumb on the floor, seemingly oblivious to the world around her.

"I guess, yeah," Lindsey answered. "I mean, you said we could go until I told you I wanted to see you punish Anna..."

Lindsey could feel herself beginning to quiver with nervousness.

"Oh, *did I?*" Nanny Rose said. "I don't remember that. So please, both of you, do take your seats. Tonight's adjustment session is far from over."

Brad and Lindsey exchanged nervous looks, then slowly sat back down.

"Now Brad and Lindsey, it may very well be the case that normally, you are immune to facing consequences for your poor behavior. I'm sure the pretty faces you were both born with have gone a long way to making that the case.

"But unfortunately for you, that's just not the case while you're under my roof," Nanny Rose pronounced.

Brad and Lindsey both shifted uncomfortably.

"What's your point?" Brad asked. "We didn't do anything wrong."

Nanny Rose raised her brow. "Oh really? Is that really what you think? Because I might have let you off tonight with just a simple apology, but if your attitude is really so arrogant and callous—"

"Wait!" Lindsey shouted. She gave Brad an angry look. "We showed up late tonight, Nanny Rose. That was very rude, and we apologize."

"We also addressed you improperly several times, so we apologize for that as well. We spoke out of turn a few times. And we tried to leave before asking to be dismissed. So, we're very sorry for all of that, Nanny Rose."

"Yeah, sorry, Nanny Rose," Brad added.

Nanny Rose smiled. "Very good. Thank you for confessing and acknowledging your misbehavior."

Lindsey let out a small sigh of relief.

"First thing's first. Brad, please go stand in the corner and undress," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey and Brad looked up in shock.

"What? Why?" Brad shouted.

"Well, it's time for your bare bottom spanking, so I need you completely nude," Nanny Rose said.

"But you just said you would let us off with just an apology!" Lindsey shouted in disbelief.

"No, dearie, I said I *might* have let you off with just an apology. But given your entitled attitudes, I think an evening bare bottom is in order from now on. At least until I see a serious improvement in the attitude department."

Brad? You're first, and I believe I already asked you to undress," Nanny Rose said, pointing at the corner.

"No way!" Brad shouted. "There's no way I'm letting you touch me, you crazy bitch!"

Nanny rose raised her brow, then folded her arms and sat back. "Oh really? What do *you* think of Brad's decision, Lindsey?"

Brad looked over at Lindsey. He realized there were tears in her eyes.

"Baby, what's wrong?" He asked.

"Brad, just do it," Lindsey answered.

"Lindsey, come on..."

"Brad, please! If we don't just do what this lady wants, our future together is over. *My* future is over," Lindsey said.

"But Lindsey, this is crazy..."

"No Brad, what's crazy is that you're willing to sacrifice our entire relationship because you're afraid of a little spanking!" Lindsey shouted through her tears.

"I mean, maybe she's right. Maybe we do need a little discipline for what we did. I've been hating myself every day for letting you talk me into throwing that stupid party..."

"Lindsey..."

"Just do it Brad! We know she's going to figure out a way to get us to do what she wants eventually, so just do it," Lindsey shouted. "It's only going to get worse if you don't."

Brad looked at Lindsey with hurt in his eyes. Then he looked at Nanny Rose and his hurt turned to fear.

Nanny Rose sat back and relished the scene before her.

Brad groaned and buried his face in his hands.

"Alright, fine," he said. "What corner do you want me to undress in?"

"That one, Brad. Hurry up, time's-a-ticking," Nanny Rose said.

Brad groaned, but then obediently marched to the corner and began unbuckling his pants.

"Lindsey," Nanny Rose said.

"Yes, Nanny?" Lindsey answered.

"Have you ever babysat before? Perhaps even changed a poopy diaper?" She asked.

"Ummm... yes, Nanny Rose, I have," Lindsey cautiously answered.

"Perfect," Nanny Rose said with a smirk. "Perhaps instead of a spanking, you can do your punishment by serving as Nanny's little helper."

* * *

ANNA WAS STARING at the ceiling, sucking her thumb, lost in a blissful daze on the living room floor.

After her intense, humiliating ordeal, Anna's brain began to quiet the world around her as a defense mechanism. The sound of Nanny Rose, Lindsey and Brad's conversation had faded into white noise.

Mostly, she was just happy to no longer be the focus of Nanny Rose's cruel attention.

Anna slowly lost herself in a joyful, slobbering, baby-like stupor for some time...

Anna was awakened from her daze by Lindsey.

"Come on, get up Anna. She made me bring *that thing* in here and now she wants you to sit in it," Lindsey said, seemingly irritated with Anna.

Anna looked next to the couch to see an *adult sized baby-jumper*.

"Ahem!" Nanny Rose said from the couch. "Lindsey, you had no problem gleefully watching Anna confess her babyhood to you. But now you're speaking to her in a rude, crass tone of voice, as if she were still a full-grown adult?"

"If you can't help Nanny babysit after all, you can start undressing in the other corner of the room as well," Nanny Rose scolded.

Lindsey looked at Nanny Rose with disbelief, then gritted her teeth.

Anna looked into the corner of the room, and to her shock, Brad was standing in the corner buck-naked!

"Hi there, little baby Anna! Are you ready to play jumpies?" Lindsey asked Anna in her most exaggerated, syrupy voice.

Anna gave a timid nod, but continued staring at Brad. Anna had never seen a naked boy in real life before, and Brad was *fucking hot*!

His hands were behind his back as he stood at attention facing the corner...

His muscular body was glistening from a thin layer of sweat...

And his ass was perfectly firm...

“Anna! Upsies!” Lindsey shouted, snapping Anna out of her gaze. She clearly was not happy with Anna ogling her boyfriend.

Anna couldn't help but giggle. In a strange way, Anna now had the power.

Anna pretended to try and stand up, but then fell back in her butt.

“Sawwy, Lindsey, I'm too widdle to walk,” Anna said with a smirk.

Lindsey was about to start screaming at Anna, but then stopped herself as she realized Nanny Rose was watching. She let out a pained sigh.

“Okay little baby. *Crawlies* then,” she said.

“How do I do that?” Anna asked with a purposefully stupid grin.

Lindsey gritted her teeth, then got down on all fours to demonstrate.

When that only partially worked, she had to bend over Anna and guide each of her limbs.

Anna was thrilled with this game of driving Lindsey crazy. She could also tell from the corner of her eye that Nanny Rose approved.

Finally, with an exhausting heave, Lindsey managed to drop baby Anna in the jumper and go collapse on the couch.

Anna had been so preoccupied with the little game she was playing of giving Lindsey a hard time, that it wasn't until she was dropped down in the baby jumper that she realized how *infantile* it really was...

The bright pink ring surrounding her was covered with babyish toys and colors. There were rattles and stuffed animals and alphabet blocks and even some very large pacifiers...

The cloth seat she was laying in smushed her already soggy diaper into every crevice of her ass and crotch...

As soon as she dropped into her seat, she felt her now cold urine squirt into the folds of her pussy...

And the jumper's seat was hung so high and that her short legs could barely touch the ground...

Between trying to sit or stand, she inevitably bounced up and down in her soggy diaper, making her blush as it rubbed against her most intimate recesses...

Anna began bouncing up and down a little more. And a little more.

She closed her eyes and grinned...

"Anna!"

Anna looked up at Lindsey standing over her. Anna didn't even realize how quickly she had slipped into another baby-like daze.

Lindsey then pushed a large baby bottle into Anna's mouth.

Anna instinctively pulled away.

"Anna, drink your milk! Be a good baby and drink your milk!" Lindsey growled.

Anna felt Lindsey grip the back of her head and shove the bottle of milk into her mouth again.

Anna gagged and pushed Lindsey away. "No!" Anna shouted.

Lindsey stared at her, fuming. “Why not?”

Anna looked at the large bottle of milk, then the jumper she was bouncing in, then down at the dress she was wearing, then she felt the diaper she was sitting in...

For some reason, Anna suddenly felt overwhelmed, scared, helpless and trapped.

She couldn’t believe that she had let herself be turned into a baby! Her memory was fuzzy how all of it even happened...

Anna felt waves of humiliation wash over her again as she remembered what she had done tonight—the diapers, the haircut, the peeing.

Anna realized that when she degraded herself for the camera, she thought that would be the *end* of her babyish treatment, not the *beginning* of it. She assumed they just wanted a humiliating video, not that they wanted to keep this treatment of her going...

On top of all that, Anna hated milk, and the idea of Lindsey humiliating her by forcing her to drink it from a bottle made it a hundred times worse.

“I’m not thirsty!” Anna whined.

Anna began to helplessly flail and kick in her jumper. “Let me up! Let me up! Get me out of this thing,” she screamed.

But the design of the jumper, combined with Anna’s weak upper body, made it impossible for her to climb out.

Finally, she looked over at Brad’s naked body, and realized that her first time seeing a naked boy was while she was *wearing a wet diaper!*

It felt like such an important moment in her life had been turned on its head for her utter humiliation!

"Please Lindsey! Let me out!" Anna began to shriek and cry. Soon tears were in her eyes.

Lindsey sighed as she watched Anna have her tantrum in her jumper.

Lindsey looked over to Nanny Rose, who merely folded her arms and smirked.

Lindsey knew what she was going to have to do...

* * *

"SHHHHHH.... Anna... Anna... It's okay. Everything's okay," Anna heard from over her shoulder.

Anna felt herself starting to calm down as a gentle hand massaged her neck and her head.

"Everything's okay, little baby. Nanny Lindsey is here to take care of you," Lindsey said in a genuinely empathetic tone.

Anna turned to Lindsey. "Lindsey, let me out of this thing, please. I don't want to wear diapers," Anna begged.

"Anna, everything's okay. You have a wet diaper on right now and that's making you feel upset, but you're gonna get changed into a nice, fresh, dry diaper after you drink your bottle, okay?" Lindsey said.

Anna felt so confused and dizzy. "Lindsey, please, I don't want to wear diapers," she begged again.

"Anna, you *have to wear diapers*, remember? You peed your pants three times in the last week. You *need to wear*

diapers so you don't make a mess.

"But it's okay. It's okay to be a little baby who wets their diapers, because Nanny is going to change you. Shhhhh.... Everything's okay. Everything's okay," Lindsey said as she brushed Anna's cheek.

"And you know what'll really make you feel better? Some nice... warm... milk..."

"But I don't like milk," Anna pleaded.

"Yes, you do, Anna. All babies love milk, and you're just a little baby. So, go ahead and be a good little baby and take your bottle of milk and let it make you feel nice and warm and safe, okay?" Lindsey said.

Anna cautiously accepted the nipple of the bottle of the milk in her lips as Lindsey tipped it upward.

As Anna began to suck, at first she didn't like the taste. But Lindsey continued 'shushing' and massaging her until she began to enjoy it...

Finally, Anna took the bottle into her own hands and continued suckling it while she bounced in her sleeper.

Anna let her eyes close...

And she felt the familiar sensation of naughty pleasure once again as the bouncer massaged her diapered pussy...

* * *

LINDSEY TOOK a deep breath and cautiously stepped back from Anna's jumper.

She couldn't believe that she just had to treat that little brat so tenderly...

“Very good, Lindsey,” Nanny Rose said from the living room couch. “I’m glad to know I can rely on you to take care of Anna when I need it this week.”

Lindsey stayed quiet. She just wanted this night to be over.

“Bradley!” Nanny Rose called.

“Yes, Nanny?” Brad called from the corner of the room.

“Oh good, he’s learning,” Nanny Rose said with a smirk. “Please come over and bend across my knee. It’s time for your *bare-bottom spanking*.”

Lindsey tensed up as she sat down on the couch. She had been so preoccupied with Anna, she had forgot what Nanny Rose said she was going to do with Brad...

Brad let out a sigh, then dutifully turned around.

* * *

ANNA WAS SUCKING her milk bottle down when the sight of naked Brad turning from the corner caught her attention...

Anna’s eyes drifted straight down to see what she had never seen before...

A man’s cock.

Brad’s cock was large, glistening and dutifully trimmed. Despite its flaccid state, it seemed to still have just the right amount of firmness to hang forward with an impressive arc.

Combined with the rest of Brad’s muscular, tantalizing body, Anna felt a powerful desire to touch it...

To taste it...

To please it...

Anna felt a flash of sexual arousal from deep in her groin. She gripped her milk bottle she was drinking and started sucking harder...

She began to imagine it was Brad's cock in her mouth instead...

She started bouncing and sucking harder.

Bouncing sucking and moaning...

B R A D

*A*s Brad approached Nanny Rose, his gaze drifted over to Anna...

Anna was ogling him with wide eyes as she furiously sucked her bottle and humped the seat of her jumper...

Brad blushed.

"Brad! I said *over my knee*, not *stand in front of my knees*," Nanny Rose shouted.

Brad snapped out of his gaze. "Yes, Nanny," he answered as he obediently lowered himself over her lap.

While standing in the corner, Brad had realized he couldn't stand the idea of losing Lindsey as his girlfriend. He knew this week was probably was his last chance to keep her after the turmoil their relationship had been through this year...

Therefore, Brad had quietly made the decision to do whatever it took to keep Lindsey happy this week.

And apparently, that meant obeying this psycho Nanny's crazy demands...

Besides, Brad thought, how bad could a little hand-spanking really be? He was a man, wasn't he? Wasn't it his job to take a little pain for his girl?

SMACK—Nanny Rose's open hand landed hard on Brad's ass. Brad jerked.

"Bradley. Are you prepared for your spanking?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Yes, Nanny Rose," Brad nervously answered. The sting of just this practice slap was surprisingly intense.

"Lindsey, are *you* prepared for Brad's spanking?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Uhhmm... yes, Nanny Rose," Lindsey answered in a hoarse voice.

"Where is your camera? How come you're not recording?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I don't have any more space on my phone, remember?" Lindsey nervously answered.

"Oh, you're a smart girl, Lindsey. I'm sure you can figure out how to delete a few selfies to make some space," Nanny Rose said.

"Do I... have to film it?" Lindsey asked.

"Hmmm..." Nanny Rose replied. "You were so excited to film Anna's punishment. But now you don't seem to want to film Bradley's spanking at all. Why is that?"

"I don't know... I just don't want to," Lindsey said.

"Is it because I'm using my bare hand instead of the switch? Because I can use the switch if you prefer..."

"No!" Brad and Lindsey both shouted.

“Or is it because,” Nanny Rose continued, “you’re terrified of how pathetic your boyfriend is going to look when he’s crying like a little sissy over my knee. Maybe you’re afraid to find out that he’s the pathetic man-child you always feared him to be after all...”

“Just film it, Lindsey,” Brad grunted.

“What, Brad—” Lindsey said.

“Just film it! I’m going to be fine. I don’t care if someone watches a video of me getting spanked. It’s not like I’m going to be a baby about it like Anna...” Brad said.

“Okay,” Lindsey said, lifting her camera up to record.

Brad looked over and noticed tears in Lindsey’s eyes.
“Baby, trust me, it’ll be fine—”

SMACK

The first blow from Nanny Rose knocked the wind out of Brad. It felt twice as hard as her practice blow.

He dug his fingers into the carpet and tried to catch his breath— *SMACK*

The second blow felt even harder—a sting of blistering heat exploded across his ass in the shape of Nanny Rose’s open hand.

Brad gasped again, trying to get his bearings—

SMACK

The third blow made his left ass cheek feel like it was on fire...

SMACK

The fourth blow made his right ass cheek burn just as bad...

SMACK

“Ah!” Brad yelped.

Brad realized he had just involuntarily squealed. He tried not to do it again— *SMACK*

“Eep!” Brad yelped even louder.

His face was now blushing as red as his ass from the torment Nanny Rose was delivering to his bottom...

SMACK

“Ow!” Brad screamed.

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

Nanny Rose was picking up the pace.

“Ouch! Ow! Ahhh!!” Brad started screaming. He just couldn’t help it.

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

Brad now felt tears in his eyes as he shrieked louder and louder.

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

"Stop it! Please, stop it!" Brad shrieked at the top of his lungs.

He reached up to cover his ass with his hands, but Nanny Rose skillfully pinned his arms behind his back.

"Naughty boy! We better keep these secure," Nanny Rose said.

"Wait, wait, please, wait—"

But Nanny Rose ignored Brad's pleas and swiftly secured his hands behind his back with a pair of leather cuffs.

Then the volley of blows continued even harder and faster than before...

*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK
SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK
SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK
SMACK SMACK SMACK*

Brad was a blubbery mess by time Nanny Rose's blows came to a pause. His ass burned worse than anything he could have expected.

He was embarrassed about being reduced to tears, but the pain from his spanking gave him little choice.

He would have done anything to make it stop.

* * *

NANNY ROSE SMIRKED at Lindsey as she rubbed Brad's red hot, blistering bottom.

Lindsey was still holding her camera, but she was clearly disturbed.

"Are you ready Lindsey?" Nanny Rose asked. "Because now that Brad's bottom is warmed up, literally, we can begin his *real* spanking..."

"No!" Brad shouted. "No, please don't! I can't take any more! It's too much. Please don't, Nanny Rose!" Brad shrieked through teary eyes.

Nanny Rose giggled hysterically. "Well then, it looks like little Anna isn't the only baby in the house, is she?"

Lindsey was horrified.

"What do you think, Lindsey?" Nanny Rose asked as she squeezed and pinched Brad's reddened naked bottom, making him squirm and flinch. "Are you still attracted to Brad now that he's just a little cry baby?"

"Of course!" Lindsey shouted, dropping her phone. "Now let him go."

"Oh? Isn't that nice, Bradley, your girlfriend is sticking up for you. How emasculating," Nanny Rose snickered.

"What else do you want from him?" Lindsey said.

"Hmmm... well, how about this," Nanny Rose said. "Brad, I'm going to ask you a question. If you answer honestly, I'll know you've learned your lesson about how to behave under my roof, and I'll let you go. But if you don't answer honestly, I'll know you need another spanking. How does that sound?"

"...Fine," Brad answered.

"Brad... how often do you masturbate to pornography?" Nanny Rose asked.

Brad went quiet.

Nanny Rose gave his bottom a hard pinch. "Bradley? Did you hear my question?"

"He doesn't watch porn!" Lindsey interjected. "He promised me that he doesn't."

Nanny Rose let out an evil laugh. "Brad, is that true? Keep in mind, if you lie to me just once right now, you're getting a spanking twice as long as your first one.

"You may also want to know that I had a long talk with your parents before you arrived. I had encouraged them to do a deep dive through your computer's search history and tell me what they found..."

"Twice a day!" Brad shouted. "I jerk off to porn at least twice a day. Sometimes I even do it after Lindsey falls asleep next to me. I'm sorry Lindsey."

Lindsey's eyes widened with disbelief and hurt.

Nanny Rose giggled. "Good boy, Bradley. So, Lindsey, what do you think? Still want me to let him go?"

"Yes," Lindsey muttered.

"Fair enough. Let's keep playing. Brad, do you have sexual thoughts about other women?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Brad stop, you don't have to answer," Lindsey said.

"She's right Brad, you don't *have to* answer," Nanny Rose said. "You can choose to receive another spanking instead."

Nanny Rose smirked as she gave Brad another hard *SLAP* on the bottom to drive the point home.

"Yes, I do!" Brad answered.

"Yes, you do what, Brad?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I have sexual thoughts about other women," he answered.

Lindsey felt a twinge of pain in her heart from just those words.

"When do you have those sexual thoughts?" Nanny Rose asked.

"All the time," Brad reluctantly answered.

"Even when you're having sex with Lindsey?" Nanny Rose asked.

There was a pause.

"Yes," Brad finally admitted.

Lindsey winced and closed her eyes.

"And Brad... have you ever cheated on Lindsey?" Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey tensed up. "No!" Brad answered.

"But have you ever *planned* to cheat on her? For example, when Lindsey originally said she wasn't coming to your party last weekend, did you end up inviting someone *else* that you *wanted* to sleep with instead?" Nanny Rose asked.

Another tense silence.

"Brad, what is she talking about?" Lindsey asked.

Brad still stayed silent.

"C'mon Brad, time's-a-ticking," Nanny Rose said. "But if you don't want to address me with your mouth, I'm happy to address you with my hand..."

“Yes. I did plan to cheat on Lindsey at my party,” Brad said.

Lindsey’s face twisted up. “Please, just stop this,” she said with tears in her eyes.

“Hmmmm...” Nanny Rose said with a sadistic smirk. “Okay. I only have one final question. What was the *real reason* you invited Anna to your party last weekend?”

Another long silence.

“She was the one I wanted to cheat on Lindsey with,” Brad finally answered.

Lindsey and Anna both looked up in shock.

SECRET CRUSHES

Anna snapped out of another one of her babyish dazes. She was still trapped in her humiliating baby jumper.

Did I hear that right? Brad invited me to the party to cheat on Lindsey with? Anna thought to herself.

She watched Nanny Rose stand Brad up and turn him toward Anna. Brad's face and ass were both beet red.

"Just to be clear," Nanny Rose said, then pointed at Anna. "You wanted to cheat on your girlfriend, *Lindsey*, with *that*. That pathetic, diapered adult baby."

Anna turned bright red—just as red as Brad. Brad stared at the floor.

"Answer me, Brad! It's not too late for me to put you back over my knee!" Nanny Rose shouted as she squeezed his arm.

"Yes... Nanny Rose," he murmured.

Lindsey, who was becoming visibly more and more outraged, finally exploded. "Brad! What the fuck is wrong with you!" She shouted.

"I had to tell the truth! She seems to somehow know everything!" Brad pleaded.

"But you were going to cheat on me with *her*?!" Lindsey screamed, pointing at Anna. "She's wearing a piss-soaked pull-up diaper for Christ's sake."

"Yeah, well that was *before* I knew she pisses and shits herself like a toddler!" Brad shouted back.

Anna burned even hotter and covered her face with shame.

On the one hand, Anna felt profoundly validated by Brad saying that he *did* invite her to the party because he was attracted to her. It *wasn't* a total figment of Anna's naive imagination.

But on the other hand, it made Anna's diapered humiliation in front of Brad a hundred times worse—now she knew that she actually had a chance with Brad before he saw her like *this*.

"Hmmm..." Nanny Rose said, clearly reveling in the drama she had successfully created.

"It *is*, surprising, isn't it? Because even before baby Anna was peeing in her diapers in front of us, she was still quite unappealing as a woman.

"I mean, compare flat-chested, homely, juvenile, dorky Little Anna here to the well-endowed, stylish, popular Lindsey. I really just can't understand how that's possible..." Nanny Rose mused.

"Neither do I, Brad," Lindsey said, now on her feet.

Anna was secretly wishing she could be flogged again instead of being forced to listen to this.

Nanny Rose gave Brad's ass a hard slap. "Well Brad? You'd better have a convincing explanation, lest I give you twice the spanking for lying so blatantly."

"I don't know why I'm attracted to Anna, okay?" Brad shouted. "I've just always had a crush on her since I first saw her. I think it's because she's like... smart, and nice... and like innocent and little," Brad muttered.

Anna slowly lifted her gaze.

Sitting in her stinky wet diaper before Brad's gorgeous naked figure, Anna still managed to realize that Brad's comment was the sweetest thing a boy had ever said to her.

Somehow, his statement reached through the tremendous barrier of everything that had happened that night and touched Anna's heart. She couldn't help but give the first genuinely hopeful smile she could remember giving in a long time.

Lindsey, however, was far from pleased.

"You cheating piece of shit. I can't believe you," she hissed.

"Lindsey, I didn't actually do it!" Brad shouted.

Brad tried to run to Lindsey, but Nanny rose pulled him back and sat him on her lap.

"Well you may as well have!" Lindsey shouted. "*Her?*" She said, flinging her finger at Anna like she was a pile of rotting garbage.

"Lindsey—" Brad tried to plead.

Lindsey collapsed on the couch across the room in tears. "I can't believe how much I've given up for you! You've wasted years of my life! I wouldn't even be in this fucking

house with this psycho Nanny if it wasn't for you!" She screamed.

Brad watched Lindsey sob while Nanny Rose held him back.

Finally, Brad got her attention again. "Lindsey, please listen to me. It's *you* I love. I could never be attracted to *her* again after tonight," Brad said as he pointed at Anna.

Anna winced from the reality check.

Lindsey took a few deep breaths and started to calm down. She wiped the tears out of her eyes.

"Really?" Lindsey asked.

"Baby, yes," Brad pleaded. "I mean look at her. Like you said, she's sitting in a piss-soaked diaper right now! I can smell it from here. And she's probably gonna shit in diapers too? It's disgusting. I'm not some sort of pervert."

Anna felt herself deflate even further. The conversation seemed to be the most violent loop so far on her night's horrid emotional roller coaster ride.

Lindsey looked at Anna, then started laughing. She wiped the rest of her tears away and sat up. "Okay. If you promise," she said.

"Yes, I promise," Brad said. "I love you baby, and I'd never cheat on you, okay?" Brad said.

"Okay. I love you too," Lindsey said.

Lindsey turned to Nanny Rose, who seemed to be enjoying the events as if they were a daytime soap opera.

"Can you let him up now, please?" Lindsey asked.

“Hmm,” Nanny Rose said. “This was all very compelling. But before I let Bradley here go for the evening, I do think I should make sure he was being honest about one last thing.”

Brad and Lindsey exchanged nervous looks. “What?” They both asked.

Nanny Rose gave another sinister smile.

LINDSEY

Nanny Rose suddenly gave the air a dramatic sniff.
“Lindsey, do you smell that?” Nanny Rose said.

“Smell what,” Lindsey asked.

“Will you check Anna’s diaper? I believe she may need a diaper change,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna blushed and looked away.

“What are you talking about? I don't need to check her diaper, we all watched her piss her pull-ups like an hour ago,” Lindsey said.

Nanny Rose gave Lindsey a stern look. “Lindsey, I let you out of a spanking tonight because you said you're capable and willing to be my little helper. But if that's no longer the case, I'm more than willing to still put you over my knee—”

“Don't let her spank you,” Brad blurted. “Please Lindsey. You don't know how bad it is.”

Lindsey gave Brad a worried stare. He looked down with shame. Nanny Rose smirked.

“Fine. Whatever you want,” Lindsey said.

Anna felt a new wave of embarrassment as she realized Lindsey was approaching her.

"Lindsey, don't, I'm fine," Anna pleaded in a hushed voice.

Lindsey ignored her, pushed Anna backward in her swing, and stuck her fingers down the front of Anna's soaking wet pull-up.

Anna was mortified.

"Yuck," Lindsey muttered. "Yep, like I said, she's wet," Lindsey shouted across the room to Nanny Rose.

"And how about the back dear," Nanny Rose said from the couch, Brad still handcuffed and naked on her lap. "Is she poopy?"

Anna burned even hotter with embarrassment.

Lindsey just rolled her eyes, pushed Anna forward, and looked into the back of her pull-up.

"No," Lindsey answered.

"Hmmm, maybe it was just gas I smelled from her then," Nanny Rose said.

Brad and Lindsey both shot Anna a look of disgust.

"Either way, it's clear that she does need a proper diaper change. Lindsey, you can find Anna's diapers and all the other supplies you'll need in the closet where you found the jumper. Please bring everything you'll need in here so I can supervise you changing her," Nanny Rose pronounced.

"No!" Lindsey and Anna both shouted at the same time.

"No way. I'm not changing her fucking diaper," Lindsey said as she crossed her arms. "That is the line for me."

Nanny Rose shrugged and pushed Brad off of her lap. "Very well. Bradley, you can return to your corner. Lindsey, go ahead and undress for your spanking."

Lindsey's eyes widened. Brad shot Lindsey a nervous look as he shuffled toward the corner.

"Are... are you serious?" Lindsey asked.

"Young lady, have I done anything tonight that would lead you to believe that I'm not a woman of my word?" Nanny Rose asked. She looked at her watch. "Now chop-chop! You have sixty seconds to get on my knee before your spanking doubles."

"Lindsey, don't let her make this worse on you! You don't know what you're in for," Brad pleaded.

"Zip-it young man!" Nanny Rose barked. "Keep that nose in the corner, too. I don't want you sneaking any pleasure glances at your naked girlfriend. Her punishment is not for you to enjoy."

Lindsey was trembling. For some reason, she just didn't think *she* would end up on the business end of Nanny Rose's brutal corporal punishment.

Lindsey began to pull her shirt up, but then stopped. She just couldn't go any further.

"Fine!" Lindsey said. "I'll change Anna's diaper."

Nanny Rose smiled. "Well that's very nice of you to offer, dear, and I'm sure baby Anna appreciates it, given she's probably on the verge of diaper rash.

"But my offer to let you be my helper in lieu of a spanking has been rescinded, given how rudely you refused it. That's an important lesson for all of you about taking what I say for granted, isn't it?" Nanny Ross asked.

“Yes, it is, Nanny Rose!” Brad shouted from the corner of the room, much to Lindsey’s shock.

For the first time, Lindsey got a good look at Brad’s post-spanking bottom. It was already turning dark purple from the bruises she left.

“You have 15 seconds dear,” Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey felt a wave of panic.

In a burst of adrenaline, Lindsey ripped her shirt off, broke her bra off, dropped her pants and panties, and practically dove onto Nanny Rose’s lap.

“Just in time,” Nanny Rose said with a smile as Lindsey arrived sweaty and out of breath on her lap.

* * *

ANNA COULDN'T HELP but stare at the suddenly naked Lindsey. It was like she had done a magic trick to make her clothes vanish.

And from what Anna could see, Lindsey was gorgeous. Big full breasts with perky nipples. A thick, sumptuous ass. And a tight, bubble-gum pink pussy.

Lindsey appeared to be beneath her clothes exactly what Anna always feared—perfect.

And even more alarming, as Anna inadvertently bounced in her jumper as she tried to get a closer look at the naked Lindsey, a familiar, naughty feeling began to form in the depths of Anna’s groin...

* * *

NANNY ROSE PINNED Lindsey's hands behind her back and patted and squeezed Lindsey's pale, plump flanks.

"You know Lindsey, with a bottom like this, you have a lot more cushion than Brad," Nanny Rose said. "Perhaps I'll need to give you a spanking twice the length of his in order to provide you an effective lesson."

Lindsey gritted her teeth and stayed silent. She was determined to just get through this as quick as possible...

Besides, Lindsey thought, everyone says that women have a higher pain tolerance than men for childbirth. Maybe this wouldn't be as bad as Brad made it seem...

* * *

SMACK

Anna watched with wide eyes as Nanny Rose delivered the first blow to Lindsey's bottom.

The sound of flesh on flesh sent shivers down Anna's spine.

But the sight of Anna's bottom rippling from the blow sent quivers through Anna's groin...

SMACK

Lindsey let out a muffled yelp from Nanny Rose's second strike.

Anna couldn't take her eyes away from the way Lindsey's bottom reddened in its wake...

SMACK

Lindsey started to instinctively struggle and kick, but Nanny Rose only tightened her grip...

SMACK

Lindsey let out another shout—this time she didn't bother to try and suppress it.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Nanny Rose began to pick up the pace. Anna was gripping the ring of her bouncer and pulling herself as far forward as she could to watch...

Anna began to flex her legs in an out, bounce up and down, and shiver with pleasure from the pressure of her wet diaper against her pussy...

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Lindsey began to shriek louder and louder. Her whole ass was now bright red and it was clear she was reaching unexpected levels of stinging pain.

Soon Lindsey was begging for an end to the spanking with the few words she could utter between shrieks...

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Lindsey's shrieks turned into guttural wails, and soon she was moaning in every register in between as Nanny Rose delivered her spanking like a well-oiled machine...

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Anna's eyes were opening and closing...

She bounced and curled her toes...

Lindsey's rippling voluptuous ass, the sound of flesh on flesh getting faster and faster, the animal moaning and grunting...

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Now Anna was moaning in her soggy diaper in just the same way...

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK —

The blows came to a sudden halt.

Loud shrieking rang out in the room...

But it wasn't Lindsey shrieking...

It was Anna.

And they weren't shrieks of pain, *but pleasure.*

Pleasure Anna had never yet known before then.

Everyone in the room turned to look—Lindsey winded and red-faced, Brad over his shoulder, Nanny Rose first with shock, then with an evil smile.

Tremors of naughty bliss traveled from Anna's toes to her head and back down again for seemingly minutes before she gained enough sense to open her eyes again...

It was only then, with her face as flushed as the post-spanking Lindsey, that Anna realized what she had just done...

Anna had just had her first orgasm.

Her first orgasm... and it was while wearing a soggy diaper.

"Dirty, dirty girl," Nanny Rose said, staring directly at Anna. Then she turned to Lindsey. "Lindsey dear?"

"Yes, Nanny Rose?" Lindsey replied. She was praying that her spanking was over.

"If I cut your spanking short and end it now, will you agree to once again become Nanny's little helper?" Nanny Rose asked.

“Please! Yes! I’ll do anything!” Lindsey squealed.

“Never a complaint again under any circumstances whatsoever while serving as such?” Nanny rose asked.

“Yes! I promise! I’ll do whatever you need!” Lindsey pleaded.

“Well, good, you’re in luck. Because someone over there just made a *very dirty diaper* for you to change,” Nanny Rose announced.

Anna’s blood ran cold.

Once again, her waves of sexual bliss became waves of profound, humiliating, indescribable shame.

A FUSSY BABY

“*W*ait, Lindsey, please don’t, just help me get out of this thing,” Anna pleaded as a now-dressed Lindsey approached her in her jumper.

As soon as Anna had her orgasm, it was like a cloudy haze between her and reality suddenly evaporated, and she was left with all of her senses restored to their sharpest.

But her wits returning was a terrible burden, as Anna was now capable of fully understanding how truly shameful, humiliating, disgusting and helpless her situation really was.

The wet diaper pressed against her pussy now only felt cold and gross...

The milk she had sucked down felt heavy in her tummy...

And there was no way in hell she could bear to let Lindsey—a girl who routinely mocked her at school—*change her diaper*.

But Lindsey, who had just laid out on the living room floor a large diaper changing mat, baby powder, baby wipes, rash cream, and a large, puffy, adult-sized disposable diaper, appeared to care very little what Anna had to say.

"C'mon Anna, upsies. Time for your diaper change," Lindsey said as she tried to help Anna out of her jumper harness.

"No, no, wait, Lindsey stop!" Anna said, pushing Lindsey away.

"Uh oh," Nanny Rose interjected from the couch. "It looks like you've got a whiney little baby on your hands. You might find the pacifier on the side of the jumper useful. There's also some special mitts if you need them."

Lindsey looked under the bouncer and quickly found the extra-large pacifier.

"Lindsey wait, wait, wait—"

Anna's protests quickly became muffled as Anna slipped the large rubber nipple into Anna's mouth and used a heavy strap to tie it around her head.

"That's better," Lindsey joked.

Anna was incensed and immediately reached behind her head to try to unfasten the strap.

"I see you're determined to make this as hard as possible," Lindsey said.

Lindsey found the mittens Nanny Rose was referring to and forced Anna's hands into each one. Anna realized the large, padded mittens prevented her from using her fingers.

Lindsey then bound the mittens together, effectively handcuffing Anna.

Anna squirmed as she realized she'd been handcuffed and gagged. She felt so helpless.

Lindsey stepped back and folded her arms, not sure how to deal with the resistant adult toddler before her.

“Lindsey, there’s a quick release lever in the back of the jumper,” Nanny Rose said. “But since she’s giving you so much trouble, you may also want to latch Anna’s ankles to the spreader bar in the closet.”

Lindsey nodded and smiled. “That’s a great idea.”

Anna continued helplessly thrashing and whining as Lindsey left the room, then returned a minute later with a three-foot long black bar with cuffs on each end.

At that point, it was fairly easy for Lindsey to go below Anna’s harness and attach each of Anna’s ankles to the spreader bar.

Finally, Lindsey went around back and triggered a quick release mechanism that gently lowered Anna’s seat to the floor, dropping her through the center of her jumper.

Lindsey unfastened Anna from the seat and pulled her out. “Alright little stinker. Time to change that dirty diaper,” Lindsey teased.

Anna tried to stand up, but quickly fell forward from the way the spreader bar dramatically limited her range of motion.

Lindsey and Nanny Rose both laughed. “Aw, little stinker doesn’t want to get her diapee changed,” Lindsey teased.

Anna started inching herself away until finally, Lindsey caught up to Anna, rolled her over, gripped her by the shirt and growled in her face, “Anna, knock it off. I want to change your diaper as much as you want me to, but if you continue to make this process any more difficult, I swear to god I will get that fucking tree branch from over there and whip you myself until my arm gives out. Understood?”

Anna stared up at Lindsey with wide, terrified eyes. She realized that Lindsey was not joking. Anna gave a small nod. She was beat.

Lindsey rolled Anna over then pointed at the diaper changing mat across the room. "Now crawl to your diaper change, baby Anna."

Anna started to crawl, but then fell to the floor with exhaustion. It was surprisingly hard to crawl with her hands and legs bound.

Anna then felt Lindsey's foot give her squishy diaper a hard kick. "Come on, I just saw you try to crawl away. I know you can do it."

Anna sighed, took a deep breath, then summoned the energy to crawl across the room.

Anna looked to be as coordinated as a newborn baby, which was appropriate enough, given her outfit...

* * *

WHEN LINDSEY finally got Anna over to her changing mat, she was already exhausted. But then Lindsey realized she needed to get Anna's dress off.

"Alright Anna, sit up. I need to get your dress off," Lindsey ordered.

Anna stared back at her with wide eyes. She shook her head no and moaned.

Lindsey rolled her eyes. "Yes, Anna! Dress off! I don't want to deal with it while I'm trying to change your diaper!" Lindsey shouted. "It's too big and frilly."

Lindsey bent down and tried to help Anna sit up, but Anna continued to resist and wriggle around.

Finally, Lindsey grabbed Anna's hands and forcefully pulled it over Anna's head herself.

When Anna was finally undressed and ready for her diaper change, Lindsey was sweating.

"It's a lot of work, taking care of bratty little rugrats, isn't it?" Nanny Rose said.

"It sure is," Lindsey replied, catching her breath.

* * *

LINDSEY STOOD over Anna for another minute, trying to mentally prepare herself for what she was about to do.

Anna had resigned herself to the fact that she was now naked except for her wet diaper, and thankfully seemed to now be too tired to put up anymore resistance.

"Lindsey," Nanny Rose spoke up, "before you change Anna's diaper, why don't you go help yourself to a glass of water from the kitchen. In fact, bring one for Brad, too. I'm guessing you two are parched," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey realized Nanny Rose was right—she *was* parched. Lindsey then looked over at Brad, who was still obediently standing naked in the corner. Lindsey had almost forgotten about him.

"That's a great idea. Thank you, Nanny Rose," Lindsey said, then went to the kitchen.

"Bradley," Nanny Rose called across the room.

“Yes, Nanny Rose?” Brad responded, his nose still in the corner.

“What a prompt and mannerly response, young man,” Nanny Rose replied. “And your nose hasn’t left the corner for a second since I sent you there. The spanking I gave you really set you straight with your manners, didn’t it?”

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Brad replied.

“You must be getting pretty exhausted and cold from standing in the corner for so long, huh?” Nanny Rose asked.

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Brad replied.

“Okay Brad, you did good. Turn around and come join me on the couch,” Nanny Rose said.

Brad turned around from the corner, clearly exhausted and thankful to be released.

When Anna realized Brad was coming, she raised her bound hands to cover her nipples and her non-existent breasts.

But Brad was too exhausted to give Anna more than a glance as he approached the couch, and Anna soon relaxed.

Nanny Rose spread her legs out and patted the couch between her lap for Brad to sit. “Right here, dear,” she said.

Earlier in the evening, Brad might have been disconcerted by the suggestion, but at this point he was too exhausted to care.

Brad took a seat on the edge of the couch between Nanny Rose’s legs and let out an orgasmic sigh of relief. The

pleasure of sitting after standing so long was almost as good as sex.

Nanny Rose then unlocked his leather cuffs, finally allowing him to move his arms around to his front. This simple act also felt tremendous to Brad after being restrained for so long.

"Alright sweetie, go ahead and turn this way... and go ahead and lay back... there you go," Nanny Rose said as she helped Brad lay across her lap, belly up.

Again, the relief of sitting down felt too good for Brad to complain about the position he was in.

When Lindsey walked in the room a few seconds later with two tall glasses of water, she found her boyfriend naked and laying across Nanny Rose's lap on the couch.

Lindsey paused for a second, but then realized she was happy that at least Nanny Rose let him out of the corner. She hoped it was at least a sign that the evening was almost over.

"Thank you so much, baby," Brad said as Lindsey handed him his glass. Lindsey took a seat on the floor next to Anna as she and Brad gulped down their hard-earned water.

"What about snacks? Are you guys hungry at all?" Nanny Rose said.

Brad and Lindsey looked at each other. "Yes," they both answered at the same time.

Nanny Rose laughed. "There's some snacks in the pantry if you want to bring some in."

"I can get them," Brad said.

But Nanny Rose stopped him from getting up. "No, I'd prefer for Lindsey to get them."

Lindsey and Brad exchanged nervous looks. "No problem," Lindsey said.

Brad sat back in Nanny Rose's lap. Nanny Rose began to gently rub Brad's shoulders and chest. Brad closed his eyes and relaxed...

Brad opened his eyes when he heard Lindsey walk back in the room with a jar of mixed nuts and crackers.

Again, Lindsey paused at the image of her boyfriend sitting naked in Nanny Rose's lap. But she looked down to Brad's cock, saw that it was flaccid, and was too hungry to care.

Lindsey sat back down, and she and Brad devoured the delicious food.

Lindsey realized Anna was whimpering through her pacifier as she watched the others eat.

"Is Anna allowed to have some?" Lindsey asked Nanny Rose.

"Hmmm... It isn't a good idea to let a baby have nuts, but you're welcome to prepare her a bottle of warm milk if you'd like," Nanny Rose answered.

Lindsey playfully grabbed Anna's foot. "Did you hear that? Do you want some milk, Anna?"

Anna looked at Lindsey and Brad eating adult food and clearly felt jealous. But at the same time, she was too hungry and thirsty to turn the offer down.

Anna nodded her head yes.

"Okay, but only if you're *extra* good," Lindsey said as she went to the kitchen.

Lindsey returned with a warm bottle of milk for Anna, and Anna eagerly began sucking it down the second Lindsey removed her pacifier and separated her mitten-covered hands.

Soon, the vibe of the whole room became almost pleasant as everyone quietly enjoyed their snacks and finally got a chance to relax since they arrived at Nanny Rose's manor.

They even could forget, just for a second, how sadistic Nanny Rose was.

But they were all about to be reminded again sooner than they realized...

ANNA'S DIAPER CHANGE

“Okay, Lindsey, it’s starting to get late. I think it’s time for you to change Anna’s stinky diaper before bed,” Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey sat up. “Okay, Anna, are you ready for your diaper change?”

Anna gave a soft nod as she continued sucking down the rest of her warm milk. She now seemed quite serene about the whole thing.

Lindsey moved Anna’s bottom over the diaper changing mat and tore the sides of her pull-up diaper.

“Bradley,” Nanny Rose said. “Do you remember how you said you used have a crush on little Anna there? Did you ever fantasize about what her pussy looked like?”

Lindsey froze. Everyone in the room tensed up.

“I don’t know... why?” Brad cautiously replied.

“Well, as soon as Lindsey pulls the front of Anna’s pull-up forward, you’re going to get a chance to finally see it,” Nanny Rose said.

“I should go,” Brad said and started to get up.

"I'd prefer you stay, Brad," Nanny Rose said, pulling him back down in her lap. "You can stay right here while Lindsey changes Anna's diaper. Go on, Lindsey, continue. Like I said, we don't have all night."

Lindsey still hesitated as she gripped the front of Anna's wet pull-up. Anna stayed frozen as she held her bottle, sucking away to try and forget how helpless she was in the situation.

"Lindsey, don't worry, I'm not going to look," Brad said. "See, my eyes are closed."

"Brad, I don't understand," Nanny Rose said. "Why don't you want to look? After all, you made it very, very clear to me and Lindsey that you were not, under any circumstances, attracted to Anna after you saw her wet her diaper tonight. It only follows that you would be absolutely *repulsed* by the view of her getting her *diaper changed*. So, there should be nothing to worry about with you watching every second of it."

Brad felt his heart rate increase. "Yeah, but it's weird, I don't want to..."

"In fact, Brad, I'd prefer you watch Lindsey change Anna's diaper very closely. After all, I may need you to change Anna's diaper if Lindsey and I are both unable," Nanny Rose declared.

Anna squeezed her eyes shut and began sucking her now empty bottle even harder. The realization that Brad was going to watch her diaper get changed was bad enough. She couldn't fathom him actually *changing her diaper himself*.

Lindsey was still paralyzed. On a gut level, her insecurities and jealousies began to flare up. The idea of her boyfriend

getting to see Anna's pussy was bad enough...

The idea that Lindsey would literally be the one revealing it to him was even worse.

Brad felt totally trapped. "Uh... okay," Brad answered in a hoarse voice.

"In fact, Bradley, just so I know you're paying attention, I would like you to describe out loud for me everything you see happening before you with as much detail as possible," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey closed her eyes with anger and disgust, still frozen over Anna. Now Lindsey *knew* Nanny Rose was being purposefully cruel.

"Please, don't do this," Lindsey pleaded. It was all she could muster.

"Do *what*, sweetie? I don't understand," Nanny Rose replied.

"Please don't make me show Anna's naked crotch to my boyfriend," Lindsey pleaded.

"Dear, I'm really lost here," Nanny Rose replied in an absurdly sweet tone.

"Why would you be so afraid for Brad to see Anna's naked crotch? Unless... you don't think he was being *dishonest* earlier about being over, Anna, do you? You don't think there's any chance Brad could still be *attracted* to her after tonight?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I don't know," Lindsey whispered, then bowed her head.

Nanny Rose smirked. "Well then, we'd better make sure, either way, shouldn't we?"

“How about this, I’ll go ahead and keep a firm grasp on Bradley’s weewee while you change Anna’s diaper. If, for any reason, there’s evidence that Brad lied to us, I’ll let you know right away,” Nanny Rose said.

Brad tensed up as he felt Nanny Rose’s hand gently close around his flaccid cock and balls. He knew there was no hope of resisting her.

Brad let out a soft, pained sigh of defeat, feeling both intimately violated and comforted at the same time by Nanny Rose’s warm fingers...

Lindsey looked at Brad, then watched as Nanny Rose put her hand around his flaccid cock. Lindsey also knew they were beat.

Bradley felt Nanny Rose pinch his penis, snapping him to full alertness.

“You ready Bradley? Like I said. Every. Detail,” Nanny Rose ordered. “Go ahead Lindsey. Be a good little helper for Nanny and change that stinky diaper.”

Lindsey gritted her teeth. She decided that she was just going to get through this without looking behind her...

* * *

ANNA FELT Lindsey finally peel her soggy pull-up back.

Anna squeezed her eyes shut and anxiously chewed the rubber nipple of her empty milk bottle.

Anna was resolved to let Lindsey do the degrading deed while she did her best to block it all out as it happened...

But unfortunately for Anna, even though her eyes were closed, Brad and Nanny Rose were loudly narrating every

detail of humiliating the event...

And Anna was forced to hear *every last word*...

* * *

"LINDSEY'S PULLING Anna's soggy wet pull-up down," Brad began in a nervous voice. "It's really, really yellow, and it even looks like it's leaking... Now Lindsey is helping Anna lift her legs way high and spread out... And she's using the front of the diaper to wipe Anna's... front part..."

"You mean Anna's pussy?" Nanny Rose interjected.

"Ah... yes... Lindsey is using the front of Anna's wet diaper to wipe Anna's pussy and ass," Brad answered.

"And how would you describe Anna's pussy?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Now Lindsey is getting out some baby wipes—"

"Bradley, I asked you a question," Nanny Rose repeated. "*How would you describe Anna's pussy?*"

Brad cleared his throat. "I would describe it as hairy... and sort of like... floppy, with fat lips, and a bit darker than Lindsey's..."

Anna felt herself blushing and cringing in shame...

"Does it look moist?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Yes," Brad answered.

"Now Lindsey is using the wet wipes to wipe down Anna's thighs..." Brad continued. "Anna is smiling, she seems to be kind of enjoying it. Now Lindsey is wiping Anna's... pussy. And now she's making Anna put her legs way up so she can clean her butt..."

"Is there any excrement on the wipes Lindsey is using to clean Anna's bottom?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I don't know..." Brad responded.

"Well, that's something you need to know how to be aware of. Lindsey, could you please show Bradley a wipe after using it on Anna's bottom? And please do wipe Anna very thoroughly..." Nanny Rose ordered.

Anna whimpered as she felt Lindsey penetrate her bottom with a cold wipe.

"It's a little brown on the wipe," Brad said.

"And how about Anna's anus? Is there excrement around her anus?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I can't see from here..." Brad answered.

"Lindsey, would you please lift Anna's bottom higher for Brad to see better... There you go..." Nanny Rose instructed.

"No, I don't see any... excrement," Brad answered.

"And how would you describe Anna's anus?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Um... I don't know... like dark colored... and tight?" Brad answered.

"Tight?" Nanny Rose repeated with a laugh.

"I guess..." Brad answered.

"You think Anna's anus looks *tight*? As in... if you put a finger in it, it would be *firm*?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I guess so..." Brad answered.

"Anyway, continue Lindsey," Nanny Rose said.

"Lindsey is rolling the soggy diaper up with the dirty wipes in it," Brad said.

"Lindsey, pause right there. I think we saw that Anna was up to some very naughty business in her bouncer earlier tonight. Can you unroll that diaper for everyone to take a look at its contents?" Nanny Rose ordered.

"Yes, Nanny Rose..." Lindsey muttered.

Anna shuddered... It felt like the whole event was getting worse and worse...

"Brad, what do you see in the inside of Anna's diaper," Nanny Rose asked.

"It looks mostly yellow with pee..." Brad answered.

"Are there any brown skid marks or other feces stains?" Nanny Rose asked.

"Hmm... I don't think so... no wait... yeah there's a little brown mark I guess..." Brad answered.

"And what about vaginal secretions. Do you see any evidence of vaginal secretions?" Nanny Rose asked.

"I don't know," Brad answered.

"Lindsey, since you're a woman, maybe you can tell us if there's evidence of Anna's vaginal secretions in her wet diaper..." Nanny Rose suggested.

"There is," Lindsey said.

"And can you describe those for Bradley so he can recognize them himself in the future should he need to?" Nanny Rose asked.

"There are some spots in the front of the diaper that are more gooey and white than the more yellow urine," Lindsey

answered.

“Oh, okay...” Brad said. “Now Lindsey is rolling the diaper up and putting it aside... And now Lindsey is unfolding the large new diaper and sliding it under Anna’s bottom... And now she’s coating Anna’s private parts with baby powder...”

“Be specific, Bradley!” Nanny Rose ordered.

“Lindsey is coating Anna’s *pussy* and *ass* with baby powder... And now she’s folding the big, fluffy white diaper up and around Anna’s waist...”

* * *

LINDSEY LIFTED Anna’s diaper up and prepared to tape it shut.

She was just glad to be almost finished with this unholy task. She had successfully avoided looking at Nanny Rose or Brad throughout.

But then Lindsey heard Brad let out a distinctive whimper...

A whimper Lindsey recognized that Brad only gave during very *specific* moments...

Before Lindsey could think better of it, she turned to look behind her...

Brad’s cock was rock hard.

And Nanny Rose was stroking it as Brad whimpered in pleasure.

“Uh oh!” Nanny Rose said with an evil smirk. “Looks like little Bradley might still have a stiffy for Anna after all—

diapered or not.”

Lindsey was shocked to the core.

She was frozen as she continued watching Nanny Rose methodically jerk off her boyfriend to the sight of her changing Anna’s diaper...

“Lindsey, I’m so sorry,” Brad pleaded.

Lindsey winced. A silent explosion of horror, betrayal, disgust and heartbreak erupted from deep down inside of her.

She felt like her world was crumbling...

She felt dizzy, then like she was going to be sick...

Then Lindsey looked down at Anna, then back and Nanny Rose and Brad...

And then she succumbed to a wave of uncontrollable rage.

Lindsey pulled the front of Anna’s dry diaper back down, revealing Anna’s naked pussy once again. “You like this, you sick little pervert?” Lindsey shouted.

Lindsey then reached over to the tub of Vaseline, scooped a huge gob of it on her fingers, and began to rub it into Anna’s crotch.

Anna immediately began whimpering in helpless shocked pleasure.

“How about this, huh? You like it when I rub Anna’s diapered pussy and ass? Huh?” Lindsey shouted.

“Lindsey wait—” Brad said, Nanny Rose still stoking his rock-hard cock.

"Answer me, Brad! How about this..." Lindsey plunged her finger into Anna's anus.

Anna's eyes popped open. "Lindsey!"

"Shut up, Anna! Or else I'll give you your pacifier again," Lindsey shouted back.

"Do you like this Brad? Do you like it when I finger Anna's 'tight' diapered pussy in her big fluffy diaper, huh? Huh? Answer me!" Lindsey shouted as she began vigorously fingering Anna's hole. Anna started moaning.

"Yes!" Brad said with tears in his eyes.

Nanny Rose started jerking him off even faster.

"And how about when I slip a finger in her pussy, too? Double penetration during the little slut's diaper change. You like this, you sick fuck?" Lindsey screamed.

Anna was now moaning and writhing in pleasure and surprise.

"Yes!" Brad shouted.

Lindsey went faster and faster, angrier and angrier...

And so did Nanny Rose...

Soon Anna and Brad were both shrieking at the top of their lungs...

"Ahhhh!" Brad screamed as his cum exploded across his belly and kept going and going...

Anna came too, trembling in shocking pleasure...

Lindsey pulled her hand out of Anna's holes, wiped it on the front of Anna's diaper, and finally taped it up.

Lindsey stood up. "There! There's your diapered little bitch. Enjoy her! I'm sure she's just as hot when she takes a steamy dump in there as well!" Lindsey screamed.

Then she stormed out of the room.

Anna and Brad were speechless in post-orgasm...

Pleasure... disgust... shock... embarrassment... shame... fascination...

A whole host of emotions they had never felt so intensely before...

"Anna," Nanny Rose said after a long period of silence. "Be a good girl and pass Bradley your baby wipes. I think he needs them more than you at the moment," she said with an evil smirk.

EPILOGUE

That night, Nanny Rose guided Anna and Brad up the stairs to bed.

They were both dead silent... well... for obvious reasons.

Lindsey had already helped herself to a bedroom and locked Brad out, so Nanny Rose helped Brad to the room next door.

Brad clearly felt sad that Lindsey was shutting him out of her room. Nanny Rose didn't bother to explain to Brad she wasn't going to let them ever room together in the first place.

Nanny Rose locked Brad into his room for the night, then continued guiding Anna down the hall, back to her bedroom that she had seen before.

When they got inside Anna's room, Nanny Rose pointed to a bucket next to Anna's bed.

"Drop your messy diaper in there," she instructed.

Anna placed the used pull-up she had been ordered to carry upstairs into the open pail.

“Your dirty diapers will go in here this week, because I want you to always smell what a filthy little girl you are. And trust me, your first poopy diaper is really going to change the ambiance in here,” Nanny Rose said with a laugh.

Nanny Rose watched Anna climb into bed in her diaper, then she shut the lights off and closed the door, locking Anna in her room for the night.

Anna reached down and felt the embarrassing, large, fluffy diaper wrapped around her waist.

She thought back to every horrible thing that had happened in just her first night at Nanny Rose’s house—the spanking, the haircutting, the non-stop barrage of creative, sadistic humiliations...

Anna felt like she wanted to cry...

But then Anna remembered what else had happened...

And she smiled bigger than she had in a long time.

She and Brad had cum together.

Granted... the circumstances were... unusual.

But still... she had cum to him... and he had cum to her...

Anna began to replay the scene of her and Brad’s simultaneous orgasm in her head over and over again...

She reached down and started rubbing her clit through the crinkly diaper...

Maybe, Anna thought with a naughty grin, this week won’t be so bad after all.

THE END.

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**A DIAPER DOMINATION
ABDL NOVELLA**



**DIAPER PUNISHED BY THE
SADISTIC NANNY
PART II**

BY NANNY CHLOE

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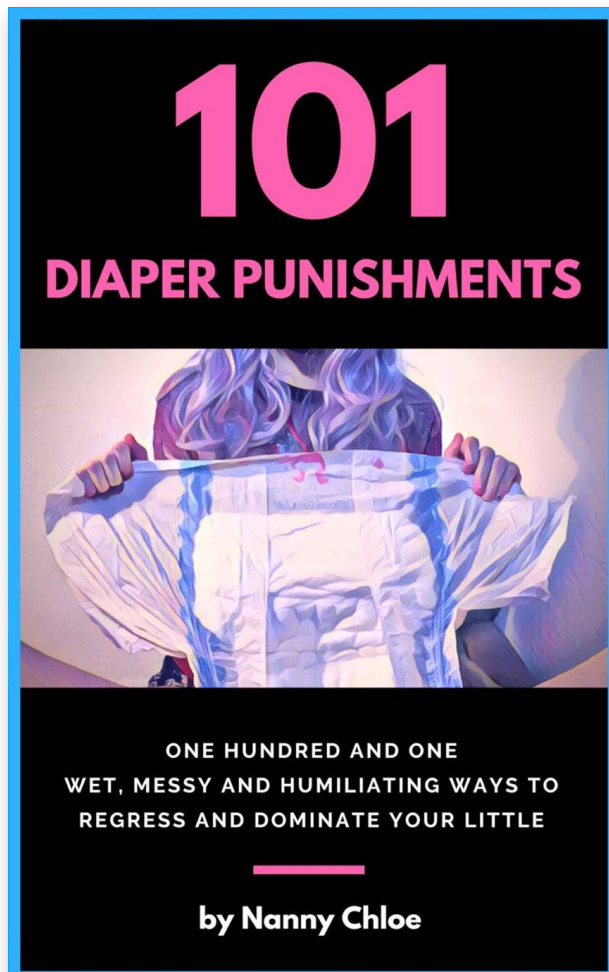
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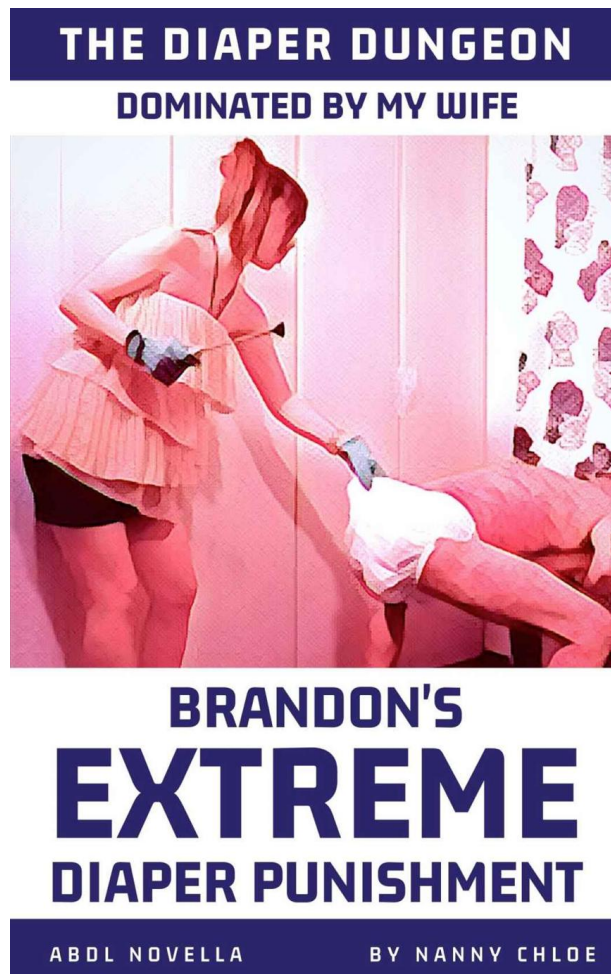
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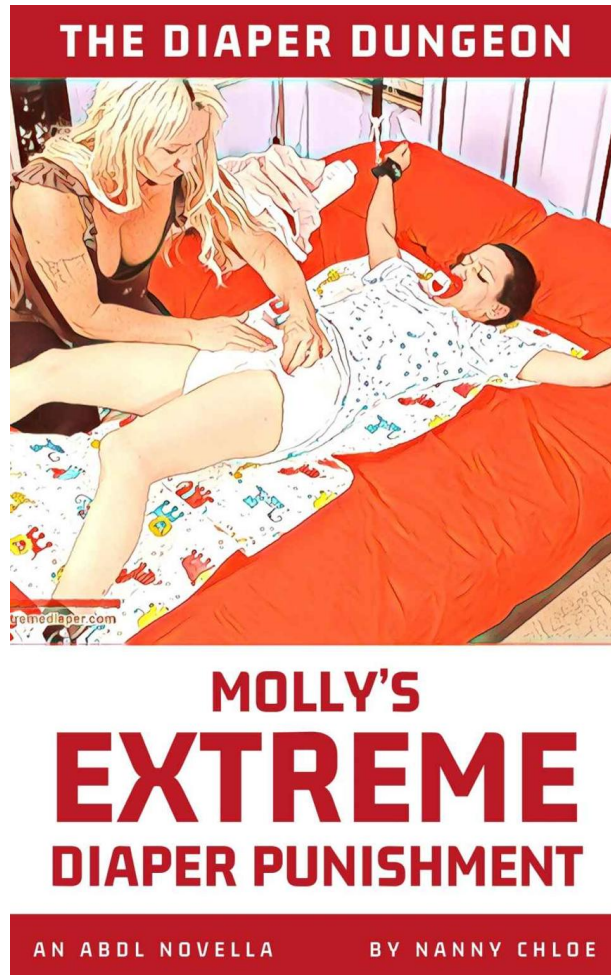
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By the time his new mistress is finished, Brandon will know the intimate realities of cage-cribs, feedings tubes, and unimaginable public humiliation.

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.

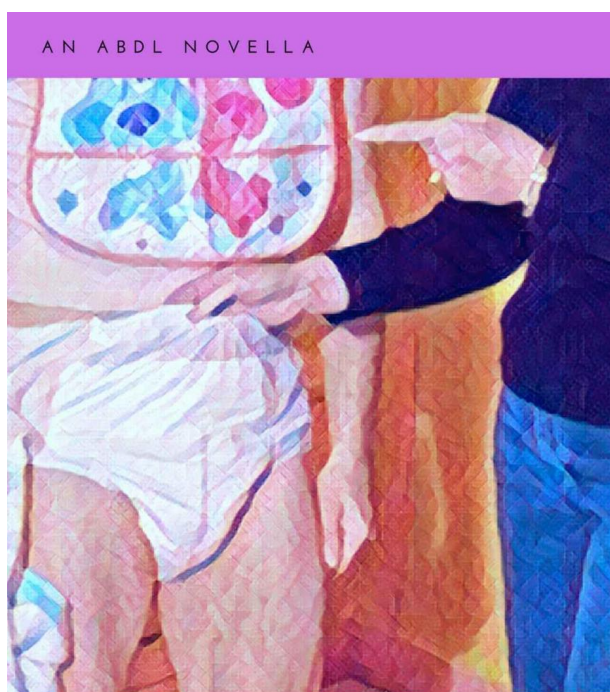
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

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

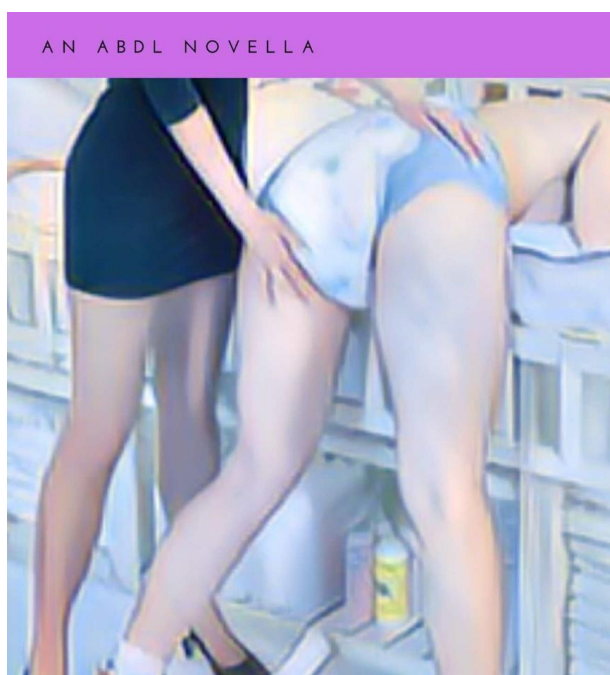
Regressing Timmy.

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.

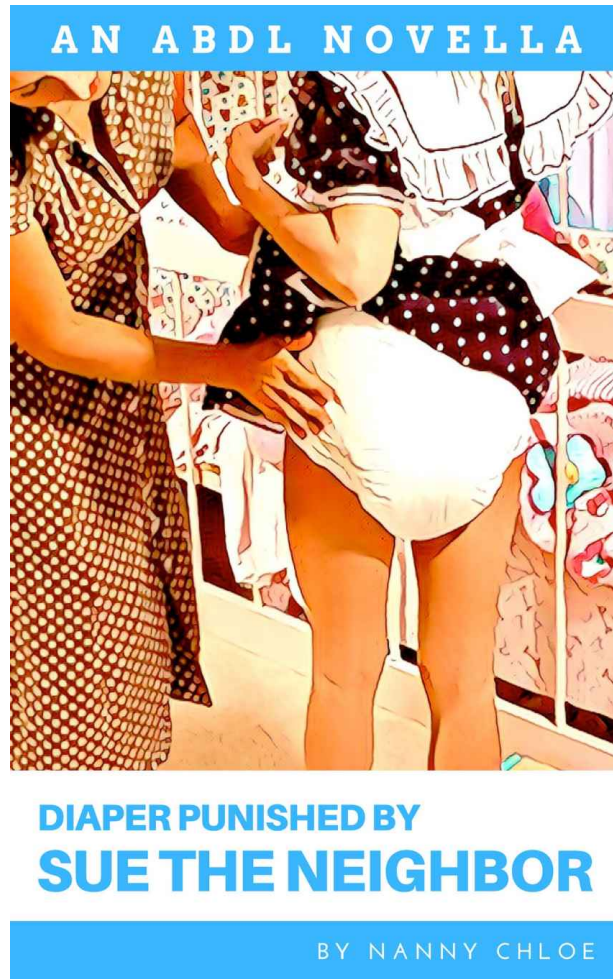
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

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."



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.

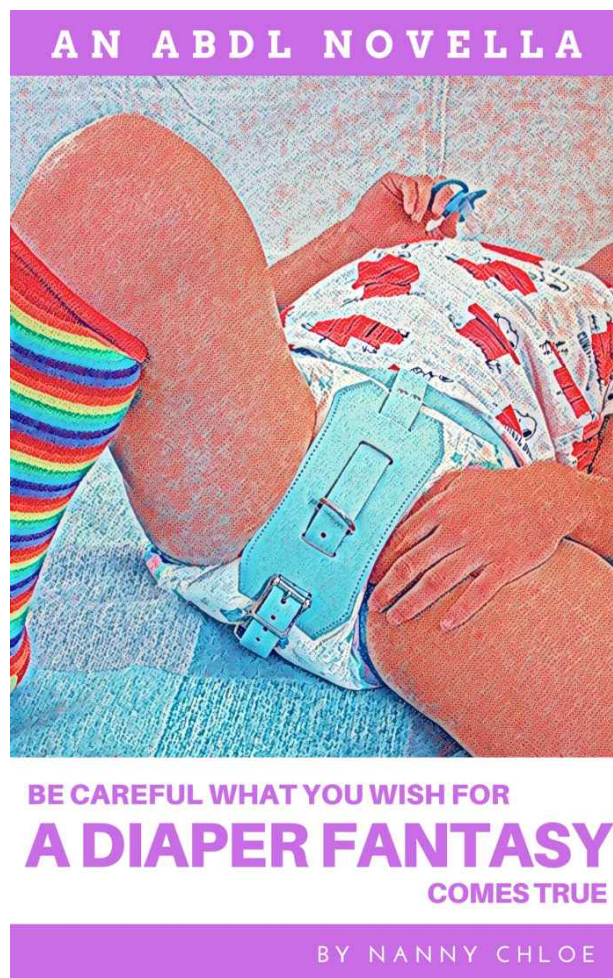
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

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 let Nanny Chloe know what you want to read in your ABDL stories. :)

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

