

A DIAPER DOMINATION ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY THE SADISTIC NANNY PART II

BY NANNY CHLOE

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DIAPER PUNISHED

BY THE SADISTIC NANNY - PART II

NANNY CHLOE

NOTICE

The following story contains adult content and is intended only for adult readers over the age of 18.

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

This story is entirely fictional and has been written and shared for entertainment purposes only.

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Thank You for Reading!

BOOK ONE RECAP

Book One Spoilers Below!

When we first met our characters...

Goody-two-shoes Anna was in big trouble with her parents after she was busted at the biggest house party of the year, which was hosted by the hottest and most popular couple in Anna's school—Brad and Lindsey.

(Of course, Anna would never normally attend such a forbidden event, but when she was invited by Brad—her secret crush—she couldn't turn the opportunity down.)

Consequently, Anna was sentenced by her parents to spend her entire Spring Break staying at the house of the strict disciplinarian... Nanny Rose.

It wasn't long after Anna's arrival that Nanny Rose dressed Anna up in a painfully juvenile pink dress, shaved her hair to the length of a toddler's, and forced her to wear a pull-up diaper as a consequence of her repeated accidents.

Then, to Anna's horror, Anna discovered that two of her classmates would also be staying with her at Nanny Rose's manor that week—Brad and Lindsey.

When Brad and Lindsey arrived, they humiliated Anna to tears for her pathetic, adult-baby attire.

But Brad and Lindsey's privileged position didn't protect them from Nanny Rose's unique brand of discipline...

Brad and Lindsey soon both received cruel spankings that rivaled the pain and humiliation Anna had been forced to endure.

Lindsey was forced to agree to care for adult-baby Anna as 'Nanny's little helper'.

And to the astonishment of all, Brad was forced to reveal the uncomfortable truth that he had a long-held secret crush on Anna—the newly diapered adult-baby.

Brad's girlfriend, Lindsey, was furious at the news. And upon orders to change Anna's wet diaper, Lindsey spitefully fingered Anna in her diaper in front of Brad in an effort to humiliate them both.

But Lindsey's plan backfired when Anna and Brad both shared the most humiliating orgasms of their lives.

The night ended with Lindsey storming off to bed alone...

Brad quietly followed, speechless with shame...

And Anna realized that maybe... just maybe...

She still had a chance with Brad, despite every humiliating act he witnessed her undergo that night...

Will Anna have another chance of romance with Brad? Or will Anna's newly diapered condition make it more impossible than ever?

Will Lindsey forgive Brad for his treacherous orgasm? Or will Nanny Rose's torment tear them apart?

Is the worst of the three teen's humiliation finally over?

Or is their torment under Nanny Rose's domination just getting started?

Find out now!

Enjoy!

Nanny Chloe

DIRTY GIRL

Anna reached down again to feel the soft, crinkly diaper between her legs. She still couldn't believe this was happening.

Anna replayed the night's events in her head as she laid in her bed alone in her room. She felt like she was coming off of a strange drug. The haze was starting to lift.

A flood of emotions washed over Anna as she re-pictured the night's events.

Shock—The way Nanny Rose so fearlessly dished out brutal corporal punishment against the three teenagers.

Disbelief—Seeing Brad and Lindsey under Nanny Rose's grip.

Embarrassment—Being caught and videoed by Lindsey and Brad in her humiliating baby attire.

Humiliation—The memory of wetting her diaper and being... changed... by Lindsey in front of Brad...

Regret—Orgasming in her wet diaper and being found out by Nanny Rose for it.

And... Horniness—Anna thought about Brad's massive, beautiful cock being stroked by Nanny Rose. And Anna and Brad both screaming with simultaneous orgasm!

Anna tossed and turned, dizzy with humiliation and disgust by the diaper she was still wearing under her bedsheets.

She began to cry as she thought about home and wished she could just call her parents.

Anna cursed the crinkly diaper between her legs. She wanted to rip the damn thing off, but she knew the consequences would be terrible.

Finally, after tossing and turning for what seemed like forever, Anna knew she needed to find some way to accept the diaper she was now wearing.

She looked around her bedroom again—It was dark and cold and empty.

But she reached under her sheets, and noticed how her diaper was warm and soft—even comforting.

Anna tried to playback the only part of the night she could hold onto as not horrific...

The orgasm she had with Brad.

She replayed in her head over and over again.

Brad's cock. His eyes as he stared at her. As he stared at Anna's *diapered* pussy...

Anna was starting to lock into the horniness she had felt downstairs. It was like a life raft in a tumultuous sea.

She started rubbing and kneading her pussy through the front of her diaper. A strange comfort began to take over. She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter...

Anna reached her hand down into her diaper...

She started to flick and tease her clit...

SLAM—Anna's bedroom door flung open.

Anna ripped her hand out of her diaper.

Nanny Rose was standing in the doorway holding a large baby bottle. "Anna, I almost put you to bed without your evening milk," Nanny Rose said.

Anna was too startled to do anything but remain quiet as Nanny Rose approached with the bottle and forced the teat between Anna's lips.

Anna in no way desired milk, but she certainly knew better than to argue with Nanny Rose at this point.

Anna began thirstily sucking down the warm and strange tasting milk as Nanny Rose held it to her mouth.

Half-way through the bottle, Anna's tummy was starting to feel full. She tried to turn her mouth away but Nanny Rose just giggled and kept holding the bottle to Anna's lips.

"No, no, when Nanny gives you milk, you have to drink it all," Nanny Rose teased.

Finally, when the milk was finished, Nanny Rose took the bottle away and Anna let out a large, babyish belch.

"And what do you say to Nanny?" Nanny Rose asked, patting Anna's diapered crotch over her blanket.

"Thank you for my bottle, Nanny Rose," Anna obediently muttered.

"Good girl," Nanny Rose said and got to her feet.

Nanny rose then turned. "Anna, you seem to have learned your lesson. Would you like me to change you out of your diaper? Back into the big girl panties you brought?"

Anna sat up in excitement. "Yes, Nanny, please!"

Nanny rose smiled. "That's good. Well, that won't be happening tonight. I just wanted to make sure you weren't enjoying your diapers too much. They are a punishment after all."

Anna cringed. She couldn't believe the way Nanny Rose had just toyed with her like that.

"But Anna, how about this. If I come check your diaper in the morning, and I've found that you've kept it dry throughout the night, I won't ask you to continue wearing diapers," she offered.

"Okay, Nanny," Anna said, suddenly feeling hopeful.

"Very good. Now, please do turn over and return to sleep," Nanny Rose instructed.

Anna sighed and rolled over. She hated that woman.

But strangely enough, Nanny Rose stayed standing near her open door, her arms folded, watching Anna.

Anna found it uncomfortable to say the least, and after what seemed like ten minutes, Anna worked up the courage to say something.

"Nanny, aren't you going to go to bed?" She said.

Nanny Rose laughed. "Not yet. I need to supervise to make sure you've had enough milk to fall asleep. And I can see that's clearly not the case."

Anna watched in confused displeasure as Nanny Rose produced an *additional*, large bottle of warm milk from her

bag.

“Wait, Nanny, I don't need any more milk,” Anna pleaded.

Nanny Rose just laughed. “Sorry dear, babies drink milk until Nanny sees them fall asleep. That's how Nanny knows they got a good night's rest.”

Anna reluctantly sucked down the second bottle of milk.

When she was finished with the second bottle, it wasn't just her tummy that was full... but also her bladder.

“Nanny?” Anna cautiously asked as Nanny Rose stood next to the doorway again. “I have to use the bathroom.”

Nanny Rose just laughed. “Sorry dear, I've learned the hard way that letting a little one like you run around after bedtime is a sure way to get a little one who doesn't go to sleep at all. So why don't you roll over like I asked and focus on going to sleep. The next words I hear from you just mean you're getting another bottle of milk.”

Anna rolled over, mortified and defeated.

She closed her eyes and tried to sleep, but of course her need to pee was only getting worse and worse.

She thought about relieving herself in her diaper, but she hated the idea of giving up so easy. She knew that's what Nanny Rose wanted. But Anna was desperate to show her that she could make it till morning after all.

But as the minutes continued to pass, Anna's need to pee became exponentially worse, and Nanny Rose showed no sign of leaving, Anna knew her best bet was just to feign that she had fallen asleep. Feign that she had fallen asleep, then sneak to the bathroom.

But what if Nanny Rose locked Anna in after she left?

Anna was just praying that she wouldn't. But then again, Anna thought, she'd even be willing to pee in the used diaper in the pail across the room if she really had to...

Anna laid perfectly still with her eyes closed for what felt like an hour—a cruel task given her aching bladder.

Finally, Anna sensed Nanny Rose approach her bed and stand over her, presumably confirming she was asleep.

She then felt Nanny Rose stick her fingers in her diaper, presumably to check that it wasn't wet.

Finally, she felt Nanny Rose feel Anna's ankle for some reason.

Anna almost opened her eyes to look, blowing her ruse, but thankfully she didn't.

Finally, she heard Nanny Rose leave her bedroom.

Anna forced herself to count to sixty in her head before opening her eyes, lest she risk Nanny Rose just leaving momentarily. Her desperate need to pee made this final act of patience most heroic of all.

But when Anna finally opened her eyes, to her relief, Nanny Rose was gone!

And even better, Nanny Rose had left Anna's bedroom door open a crack! It wasn't locked! She could sneak to the bathroom!

Anna nearly peed herself with excitement right then and there.

But as Anna went to leap out of her bed—

She fell flat on her face! Had she not caught herself with her hands, she was sure Nanny Rose would have heard from down the hall.

Confused, Anna looked down and realized in horror...

Her foot was tethered to her bed post.

Anna realized *that's* why Nanny Rose grabbed her ankle.

Anna climbed back onto her bed and tried to take a closer look at the tether. It was secured with a small lock, and seemed to be made of steel. The harder Anna pulled on it, the more evident it was that there was no escaping it.

Anna burst into tears. She suddenly felt like a trapped animal.

Not only could she no longer sneak out to use the bathroom —she couldn't even go pee in the used diaper across the room!

Anna collapsed back on her bed and quietly sobbed into her pillow.

She felt so hopeless and humiliated. She wished she could just escape this terrible house with this terrible woman, but now she couldn't even escape her bed...

And her bladder felt like it was about to explode!

Anna remembered how she comforted herself before...

She reached down and began to gently pat her crinkly diaper against her crotch again.

She thought about Brad...

And his glistening cock...

Anna reached below the plastic of her diaper and began to tickle her clit...

But she couldn't get horny.

She rolled over on to her stomach and arched her bottom into the air to give her a better position...

But she still couldn't get horny. Her need to pee was just too much to ignore.

Anna flopped back onto her back and let out a defeated groan. She knew what she had to do. And it meant Nanny Rose would have the proof she needed to keep Anna in diapers after all...

Anna knew it was time to pee in her diaper.

* * *

ANNA GAVE her bladder a little push—nothing came out.

Anna realized that this was the first time she was consciously peeing in her diaper—the previous times were an involuntary response to being startled—and she realized it was harder than she thought.

Despite her aching bladder, her years of potty training had taught her to cinch her urethral sphincter tight at all times when not on a toilet, and laying in her bed made it hard for her to release.

Anna rolled over onto her stomach and got on all fours. She took deep breaths and tried to imagine herself sitting on the toilet.

And it worked!—Anna felt her hot pee spray into her diapered crotch and drip up her pussy and thighs.

But only for a second—Anna tightened up from the sensation and once again cinched her bladder.

Not only was the sensation strange—the wet feeling immediately worried her that her diaper was leaking.

Anna reached down and felt the front of her diaper as well as her thighs. Fortunately, all was dry—on the outside at least.

Anna pressed the diaper against her crotch, and the diaper thirstily wicked away the moisture on the inside as well.

Relieved, Anna decided to try again, thinking that hopefully this time, she could go all the way, as her bladder was still aching for release.

Realizing that gravity was her friend, Anna kneeled upright at the end of her bed (her ankle still tethered to the bed frame), closed her eyes, and willed herself to let go...

A loud *hiss* rang out—

Anna's hot pee sprayed into her diaper like a fire hose.

The hot, wet feeling of her urine splashing against her thighs once again gave Anna pause—

But fortunately, the floodgates were now too wide open for her surprise to stop the flow again.

Anna's eyes widened as she felt her bladder empty.

She was struck with waves of worry about what she was doing—

As well as rapturous relief.

She reached her hand under her diaper as her stream showed no sign of slowing...

She could feel the large, thirsty white diaper expand and grow warm against her fingers.

She pushed the warm, squishy diaper against her pussy—

And pushed her urine out even harder.

The relief from her bladder was in of itself practically orgasmic—

Combined with the hot, mushy diaper against her pussy—

Anna nearly moaned out loud in rapturous bliss.

Finally, Anna's bladder was empty—

And her diaper was quite full.

* * *

ANNA OPENED HER EYES.

The euphoric high from releasing her piss into her diaper was fading—at least enough for her to remember where she was.

She quickly felt a wave of embarrassment—and regret. She had just blown her chance to get out of wearing diapers in the morning.

She could smell her acrid urine and immediately felt disgusted by what she had done.

She remembered what she had been doing before Nanny Rose came in—masturbating in her diaper—and she cringed with disbelief and shame.

She knew it was time to just go to sleep and try to forget all of this happened for just a few short hours...

Anna turned—then froze. She felt a stream of pee run down her leg.

Shit she thought. *I'm leaking.*

Anna felt the squishy diaper under her hand. She could tell from the sloshing sound that her urine had begun to pool in

the bottom of her diaper—a sign that it was oversaturated.

Anna thought about how best to handle the situation. After all, she knew it was going to be hard enough to sleep in a wet diaper—wet bedsheets would be even worse.

She thought about how there was padding in the front of the diaper that hadn't even touched her pee.

Anna strategically leaned forward and carefully guided her puddle of urine forward. To her relief, the padding in the front thirstily absorbed a good portion of it.

Anna then turned around and carefully laid down on her back.

The feeling of her hot urine running down the crack of her butt cheeks gave her pause—but she determinedly continued, and similar to the front, the unused padding in the back of her diaper soaked up a good portion more of her pee.

Finally, Anna sat her butt down on her bed and laid back. She felt the pool of hot, unabsorbed urine that remained squished against her butt crack and leak out the top of her diaper, but Anna felt satisfied that it wasn't nearly as bad as it would have been.

She laid back and closed her eyes. Her bladder relieved, she could finally go to sleep...

Except...

She couldn't ignore the soaking wet diaper now wrapped around her waist.

The diaper she had *soaked* with her urine...

Anna felt so *dirty* and *stinky*...

So *naughty*.

She desperately tried to will herself to ignore it and go to sleep...

But her heart was only beating faster with every sensation of the soaking wet, crinkly diaper pressing against her waist and crotch...

Soon, she couldn't help but focus all of her attention on the hot, soggy diaper...

The way the sopping wet cotton was draped across her pussy...

Her naughty peepee mess pooled against her ass...

Anna reached down and pressed the front of her diaper against her crotch again—

She let out a small, involuntary moan of pleasure.

She started squishing it more and more against her pussy...

She could feel her clit waking up as she mashed her hot, peepee mess against it...

Soon she was trembling and writhing with pleasure.

She breathed in the smell of her filthy urine and baby powder and curled her toes...

“Dirty girl. So stinky and filthy!” She muttered under her breath.

She could feel her saturated diaper leak into her bedsheets as she smushed her wet diaper...

But she didn't care. It only made her feel even more *dirty* and *stinky* and *naughty*.

Anna plunged her hand into her diaper and began furiously flicking her clit and massaging her pussy.

She writhed her body and spread and squeezed her legs against her filthy, stinky diaper...

She pulled her hand out of her diaper and inhaled the scent of her piss, baby powder and sticky pussy juice...

Then she plunged her hand back down and started beating off even faster—

She thought about when Nanny Rose scolded her for her *little pervert cunt soaking wet with naughty juice...*

She thought about Lindsey *changing her diaper and finger-banging her to orgasm...*

And she thought about Brad—

His *cock* when he *spurted his semen*—

His *look of disgust* when he first saw Anna *piss in her pull-up*—

And she thought about Brad *changing her stinky, filthy diaper!*

Anna *erupted in a guttural moan*—

Shockwaves of pleasure *erupted in her clit* and exploded outward—

Anna writhed and screeched and moaned and *came harder* than she ever knew was possible—

In her filthy, stinky diaper.

When the shockwaves finally ceased, Anna collapsed on her bed.

Every inch of her body still vibrating and trembling from the mind-blowing orgasm.

Were her mind not still numb with earth-shattering pleasure, she might have felt disgusted by the mess she had just made...

But for now, she continued to keep her eyes closed as she smiled in dumb... infantile... bliss...

“Ahem!”

The sound was like a bucket of cold ice water.

Anna’s eyes flung open.

Nanny Rose was standing next to Anna’s bed, her hands on her hips.

She did not look pleased.

THE 'FINISHING' PUNISHMENT

“*W*ell then, that was quite the show you just put on,” Nanny Rose said. “It appears you like your diapers quite a bit more than you let on.”

Anna realized that Nanny Rose had just stood over her and watched her *masturbate*...

Watched her *masturbate and cum*.

Watched her masturbate and cum...*In a filthy, stinky, wet diaper.*

Anna was mortified beyond words.

Nanny Rose folded her arms. “Now don’t stop on the count of little old me. Please, do go ahead and continue doing your filthy little business. I’ll wait,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna was speechless. “I... uh... I uh...” she stammered.

Nanny Rose just raised her eye brow. “What’s that dear?”

“You want me to *continue masturbating*?” Anna asked in shock. She could barely believe she was capable of saying the words.

“Oh, is *that* what you were doing?” Nanny Rose said in a smarmy tone. “Then yes dear. Please do reach down and

continue. I'd like to watch."

Nanny Rose grabbed a chair from the corner of the room, put it next to Anna's bed, and took a seat.

Anna felt paralyzed with confusion and disbelief. "I... I don't understand," Anna muttered.

"Really? You seemed to have understood exactly what you were doing just a few seconds ago," Nanny Rose responded sharply.

"But—But—" Anna pleaded.

"Anna. Put that hand right where it was before. Down into your stinky diaper. Now," Nanny Rose ordered.

Terrified, Anna cautiously reached her hand down past her belly and into her filthy, wet diaper. She cringed from the feel and stink of her urine.

Nanny Rose lifted Anna's blanket off to see Anna's hand resting in her wet diaper.

"Oh, dearie, I think there was quite a lot more going on than that when I walked in," Nanny Rose said with an evil grin.

"Nanny, I can't!" Anna pleaded.

"You can't what, dear?" Nanny Rose said.

"I can't... *masturbate*... in my diaper again. I'm not... *in the mood*... anymore," Anna whispered, her cheeks turning red.

Nanny Rose smirked. "Well then, I suggest you *get* in the mood. Otherwise, we can take a trip downstairs right now for a late-night visit to Nanny's switch."

Anna was stunned—she felt like she was on the verge of a total mental breakdown.

After all, Anna would have done *anything* to avoid feeling Nanny Rose's switch again...

But being forced to *masturbate* in front of Nanny Rose? It felt mind-bogglingly sadistic—even for her.

Anna burst into another round of sobs. “Why are you doing this?” She desperately pleaded through her tears.

Nanny Rose sat back in her chair and smiled.

She decided to let Anna sob for just a few more minutes before finally offering an explanation.

* * *

“ANNA, DEAR,” Nanny Rose said as she detected Anna's tears drying up.

“Yes, Nanny?” Anna asked.

“When I was a girl, just about your age, my father caught me smoking a cigarette in our back yard,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna sat up, suddenly hopeful that Nanny Rose was going to reveal she wasn't serious about her request after all.

“Now, my Father had always warned me about the dangers of smoking,” Nanny Rose continued, “but being the foolish little girl that I was, I ignored him and decided to smoke anyway. After all, I thought, how bad could it be? Well, when my Father caught me, do you know what he made me do?” Nanny Rose asked.

Anna shook her head no.

Nanny Rose leaned in. “He made me smoke the whole pack. Right in front of him.”

Anna's eyes widened with horror.

“So, little Anna,” Nanny Rose said, leaning back again, “Naughty girls like you, who know better than to be *touching* themselves like that—let alone while wearing a *stinky diaper*—need to be taught a lesson.

“And just like I didn’t want to smoke the whole pack of cigarettes, I’m sure you feel absolutely disgusted by the idea of masturbating in your filthy, stinky diaper again—especially in front of your Nanny.

“Good. That’s the point. That’s the only way a girl like you is going to learn just how filthy, shameful, dirty, stinky, pathetic, disgusting, and downright naughty that habit is.

“So go ahead, dear. Go ahead and reach down into your filthy mess and do your naughty business again—just like when you thought Nanny wasn’t watching. It’s either that—or another long session with Nanny’s switch. Your choice,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna was stunned. She now understood that Nanny Rose was dead serious. She closed her eyes in shame and regret.

Anna slowly reached her trembling hand back down toward her diaper...

She couldn’t believe she was about to do this...

* * *

ANNA CLOSED her eyes as she reached her hand into her slimy, wet diaper.

She now regretted her brilliant idea of making the front of her diaper as soggy as the back, as it meant her whole hand—all the way up to her wrist—was forced to feel her soggy diaper.

Even worse—her wet diaper, which was previously warm from her fresh release—was now turning cool and clammy.

She gently cupped her pussy with her hand, hoping to somehow trigger her previous horniness...

But unfortunately her clit was now practically recoiling—painfully sensitive to the touch.

Nanny Chloe's cold, punishing stare was enough to ensure that was the case—it certainly didn't help that Anna had just given her pussy the masturbatory finger-banging of a lifetime... And that was *after* Lindsey had given her similar treatment downstairs...

"Well? Get going, Anna," Nanny Rose said. "Unless you'd like me to figure out a way to add to your punishment—"

"I'm trying!" Anna grunted in frustration. "I mean... I'm trying, Nanny," she added, correcting her tone.

Nanny Rose smiled. "Not so fun abusing yourself after all, is it? I want you to remember this the next time you have the urge to do so. But please, continue."

Anna gritted her teeth, suppressing her anger at Nanny Rose for her smothering comments, which only made the impossible task even more difficult...

But then Anna realized she could do what millions of women around the country did every day... *Pretend* to have an orgasm.

Anna peeked to see that Nanny Rose was still watching, then began to gyrate her hand in her diaper in an exaggerated fashion.

Anna then began to loudly, artificially, moan—

“Ahem!” Nanny Rose said, snapping Anna out of her act. “Nice try dear, but I know an artificial orgasm when I see one. Further, I know exactly what your *real* orgasms look like, as I witnessed three of them from you tonight. If you try to fake it again, I promise you’ll regret it far more than anything else you’ve done tonight.”

Anna stared at Nanny Rose in disbelief. She couldn’t believe the tremendous control this woman was asserting over the most intimate parts of her life...

But Anna knew she *had* to find a way to give this woman what she wanted...

* * *

ANNA CLOSED her eyes and took deep breaths.

She pulled her hand out of her wet diaper and grasped it from the outside instead...

Anna began gently pushing and squeezing the soggy, gross diaper against her pussy. The soggy diaper was a much more gentle touch against her sore clit than her bare fingers.

She began methodically pushing and pulling and squeezing and patting her wet diaper against her pussy and ass. She wasn’t horny, but her focus now was on establishing a consistent rhythm.

Anna reached into her imagination and desperately tried to connect to the way she felt about her diaper before... But every time should would start to get close...

Nanny Rose would clear her throat or shift in her seat—signaling her impatience—and breaking Anna’s concentration.

As much as she tried to ignore it, the pressure of Nanny Rose's gaze was just too much. (Not to mention the disturbing, awkward, cringe-worthy nature of the whole situation.)

Anna felt herself getting more and more frustrated and more and more disgusted by the wet diaper. She was beginning to feel more and more repulsed and sickened that she had ever managed to cum in her diaper at all...

She was on the verge of almost giving up—

But a flashback to the painful blows from Nanny Rose's switch told her that she couldn't.

Anything was better than that—even if it meant rubbing her pee soaked diaper against her crotch all night while Nanny Rose watched.

And strangely... it was that thought that allowed Anna to relax.

All she had to do was relax, breathe, and keep rubbing her diaper...

Keep rubbing her *crinkly, wet diaper* against her *pussy*...

Keep rubbing her *crinkly, wet, stinky diaper* against her *moist pussy* and *tender clit*...

Anna started to replay the day's events in her head again... just out of sheer boredom.

She thought about the way Lindsey put her *finger* in Anna's bottom...

The special way Brad *moaned* during his spanking...

And while he was cumming...

And the *sadistic look of pleasure* in Nanny Rose's eye as she meted out every single punishment...

The way her *authority* obeyed no bounds...

The way she *fearlessly tormented* every one of her subjects...

Humiliating them... Controlling them... Manipulating them...

Pushing every single one of her subjects to their *breaking point*...

Until she had established *complete domination*.

* * *

ANNA WAS TOO CAUGHT up in her thoughts to realize she was breathing heavier...

And squeezing her soggy diaper faster and faster...

And her clit was getting hard again...

Suddenly demanding *more*...

Anna shoved her thumb in her mouth and began sucking for reasons she didn't care to understand.

All she knew was that it was getting her closer to her goal...

"Nanny! Am I a dirty girl?" Anna blurted—her eyes still closed, her thumb giving her words the tone of a toddler.

Nanny Rose's eyes widened a bit with pleasure.

"Yes, darling," Nanny Rose answered. "You are a very dirty, very stinky, very naughty girl."

Anna started rubbing her diaper even faster.

“I'm sawwy I'm so naughty and stinky. I can't help but peepee in my diapers, Nanny. I'm just a widdle peepee baby who needs Nanny to keep her in diapees!” Anna moaned.

Nanny Rose smiled. Anna looked to be in a sort of trance and she rubbed and squeezed and slapped her soggy diaper faster and faster and harder and harder...

“I know little one,” Nanny Rose responded. “But you know how you can make it up to Nanny?”

“What's dat, Nanny?” Anna answered without stopping her perverse frottage.

“You can make a big yucky cummy in your stinky diapee so Nanny knows you know how filthy and shameful you really are,” Nanny Rose said.

“Yeth, Nanny!” Anna practically squealed, rubbing faster and faster and faster—

“Nanny!” Anna shouted.

“Yes dear?” Nanny Rose responded.

“I have to go peepee!”

“Well dear, that's why you're wearing your diaper, remember?”

“But it's already full!”

“Well then, I guess your diaper is gonna leak, isn't it? And you're going to be reminded even more of how much of a filthy, naughty, stinky, shameful little pissy-baby you are,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna continued furiously rubbing her diaper—

Lifted her hips—

And sprayed another round of her hot piss into her already soaking diaper.

Anna began shrieking with pleasure as warm urine sprayed against her crinkly garment and dribbled down her pussy and ass.

She could feel her hand getting *wet* and *sticky* as her flood of pee soaked the diaper and poured out every opening.

The new flood of hot piss was finally the push Anna needed to go over the edge...

Before she had even finished emptying her bladder...

Anna *plunged* her hand into her stinky diaper and started—

Beating—

Pounding—

Fingering and smacking her pussy and clit until finally, Anna opened her eyes and looked at her Nanny—

And with an incredible, climactic shriek, she shouted at the top of her lungs...

“I'm cumming in my peepee diaper, Nanny! *I'm a dirty, dirty, dirty little diaper girl!*”

And with a final, painfully orgasmic shriek, Anna collapsed on the puddle of piss now on her bed in her overflowing diaper.

Anna closed her eyes and heaved with exhaustion.

Nanny Rose stared at the collapsed, post-orgasmic Anna, and gave a subtle smile.

* * *

ANNA HEAVED on her bed in silence for what seemed like a good few minutes before she even had the strength to open her eyes.

And when she did, she experienced a sensation she was beginning to recognize...

The feeling of reality slowly seeping back into her consciousness.

Reality... and mortifying levels of shame and regret.

Nanny Rose was staring down at her with a mixture of disgust and disdain on her face.

“You really are a filthy, disgusting, perverted little thing. I hope you feel ashamed of yourself, you depraved, grotesque infant. And if you don't feel ashamed yet, I hope tossing and turning in your nauseating, piss-soaked sheets all night will give you at least a modicum of humility in regards to your truly, truly repulsive behavior,” Nanny Rose declares.

And with that, Nanny Rose got up and walked to the door—leaving Anna dizzy with confusion, regret, shame, self-loathing, and abject humiliation.

“Oh, Anna?” Nanny Rose said as she paused before leaving, “Don't worry, now that I know what a heavy peepee leaker you are and how much of a stinky pervert you are—I'll be wrapping you up and locking you in diapers so thick for the rest of the week that I'll know for sure neither is possible from now on.”

Anna watched in stunned silence as Nanny Rose left and locked the door behind her.

Anna collapsed back on her pillow and stared at the ceiling.

She was soaking wet with her piss and vaginal secretions...

And she reeked even worse.

Fortunately, she was so exhausted from the ordeal, she quickly fell asleep all the same.

NANNY'S LITTLE HELPER

“*P*ee-ew! She reeks!”

Anna woke up to the sight of Lindsey standing over her bed, pinching her nose and waving her hand.

Nanny Rose was standing in the doorway with her arms crossed. “She sure does! As you can tell, baby Anna clearly needs double soaker pads in her diapers at night from now on, if not double diapers as well.”

Anna felt groggy from her poor night’s sleep, but her memory of yesterday was slowly coming back to her.

She realized that this was the first time she was seeing Lindsey since... well... Lindsey finger-banged her in front of Brad while changing her diaper last night.

“Lindsey, wait—“ Anna pleaded.

But Lindsey ignored her, instead cringing as she grabbed Anna’s pee-soaked blanket and ripped it off her bed—revealing Anna in her sopping, yellow, leaking diaper.

Anna tried to cover her filthy diaper with her hands and burned red with humiliation. “Lindsey, please!” She begged again. Lindsey only continued to ignore her.

“Yuck!” Lindsey said to Nanny Rose. “This is disgusting. I don’t even know how she made such a filthy mess by herself.”

“Lindsey!” Anna pleaded.

“Shut up, Anna! The adults are talking!” Lindsey barked, then turned back to Nanny Rose. “Where should I change her?” Lindsey asked.

Nanny Rose smiled. “Just get her diaper off, wipe her down, and walk her down the hall to the Nursery for a new diaper. You can drop her sheet and duvet outside for now. After breakfast, you can use the washboard and bucket out back to scrub them and hang them on the clothes line to dry.”

“You don’t have a washing machine?” Lindsey asked incredulously.

Nanny Rose lifted a brow. “Watch that tone, young lady.”

Lindsey gritted her teeth. “Yes Nanny, I’ll do that all now.”

Nanny Rose nodded and left the room. Lindsey turned back to Anna. “Stand up,” she ordered.

“Lindsey, wait, I can clean myself up,” Anna pleaded.

“I didn’t ask, I told you to stand your ass up, now! And what did I say about backtalk? Another word out of you and I’ll spank you myself,” Lindsey growled.

Anna backed into the corner of her bed, cowering. “Lindsey, you don’t have to do this,” she whispered. “If we work together, maybe we can figure out a way to stand up to her —”

“What did I just say!” Lindsey screamed.

To Anna’s shock, Lindsey yanked Anna’s wrist, flipped her over, and—

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Lindsey began wailing on Anna's wet, diapered bottom with her open-hand.

"Lindsey! Lindsey!!!" Anna shrieked in pain and shock. "It hurts! It hurts!"

Lindsey just twisted Anna's wrist and started spanking her even harder.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

The searing pain exploding across Anna's ass made it clear that this spanking was not just an act of discipline... but of *revenge*.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Soon, Anna was screaming and sobbing in pain and defeat.

Only when Lindsey was finally out of breath did she pause her vicious thrashing.

The part of Anna's ass that was exposed outside of her diaper was now bright, searing red and her face was covered with tears and snot.

"Now Anna! Are you finally going to be a good girl and do what I say?!" Lindsey growled as she continued pinning Anna to the bed.

"Yes! Yes!" Anna pleaded through her tears.

Lindsey leaned in even closer. "Listen here, you little cunt. You disgust me. It's because of you that I'm even here. And on top of that, it looks like I'm now the one who has to clean up your filthy, pathetic, babyish messes.

"So no, I'm not interested in what you say or think about how I treat you. In fact—I'm looking for any reason I can to

make you more miserable than me while we're still here. So if I were you, I would do your best to avoid giving me a reason, and just do what I say. Understood?"

Anna's mouth was dry. She was suddenly terrified to the core.

"Okay," Anna squeaked.

"Try, 'Yes, Miss Lindsey,'" Lindsey growled, twisting Anna's arm a little tighter.

"Yes, Miss Lindsey! I'll be good Miss Lindsey," Anna squealed.

Lindsey let Anna go in disgust and stood back up. "On your feet. Now," she ordered.

Anna took a deep breath, trying to recover from her horrifying spanking, and slowly climbed to her feet.

Lindsey pulled Anna's diaper pail from the corner of the room to the middle of the room. "Stand over here and put your hands on your head," she ordered.

Anna's head stayed bowed with sadness as she shuffled over next to the diaper pail and put her hands on her head.

SMACK—Lindsey gave Anna's bottom another hard spank. Anna yelped.

"What do we say when Miss Lindsey gives us orders?" Lindsey shouted.

Anna took a deep breath. "Yes, Miss Lindsey," she muttered.

Anna closed her eyes as she felt Lindsey un-tape her heavy, soggy diaper, roll it up, and drop it in the pail.

She then felt Lindsey gruffly wiping her down with baby wipes.

“You are disgusting. A disgusting, filthy little girl. Filthy, filthy, filthy,” Lindsey said as she worked.

Finally, Lindsey wiped up Anna’s pussy—then gave Anna’s clit a *hard pinch*—

Anna shrieked in pain and broke out into tears again.

Lindsey just wiped her hands and looked at Anna with disdain. “Shut up. Go stand in the corner while I remove your bedsheets,” Lindsey ordered.

Anna gave a small, defeated nod, and slowly shuffled toward the corner of the room...

But apparently Anna was going too slow, as just a second later—

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Lindsey came up behind Anna and began smacking her naked ass again as she forcefully pushed Anna into to the corner.

“When I tell you to do something, you do it and you do it fast!” Lindsey screamed.

“Yes, Miss Lindsey!” Anna shrieked as Lindsey shoved her nose into the corner.

Anna broke down into another round of sobs as Lindsey returned to the task of stripping Anna’s bed.

Anna couldn’t help but be a little amazed. Lindsey seemed to somehow manage to be even more cruel than Nanny Rose.

THE NURSERY

Anna obediently remained in the corner as she heard Lindsey leave the room to go throw Anna's wet blankets outside.

Lindsey returned a few minutes later, yanked Anna by the arm and guided her out the bedroom door while Anna was still nude.

Anna instinctually covered her nipples and groin with her hands—suddenly worried that Brad would see her naked (Even though he had already seen *more* than everything of Anna the night before).

But to Anna's relief, all the bedroom doors in the hallway were closed.

Lindsey just rolled her eyes at Anna's pathetic display of modesty. "As if you have any dignity left to preserve at this point," Lindsey muttered as she continued pushing Anna down the hall.

Anna realized she hadn't even thought about Brad since waking up. She wondered if and when she would get to see Brad again. Would he say anything to Anna about last night? Should Anna try to say something to him? Should they just pretend it never happened?

And what about Brad and Lindsey? Were they broken up now?

Then Anna remembered that the reason Lindsey was so upset with her is because Lindsey was *jealous*—jealous of Anna because *Brad had a crush on Anna*.

Anna snuck a glance at Lindsey's wrathful expression—Anna suddenly felt a tiny bit less afraid of her. She realized she had just one important power over Lindsey that drove Lindsey crazy—Brad's affection.

Anna daydreamed for a blissful moment about her and Brad ending up together...

But then her wits returned, and her smile fell off her face. Anna had no idea of Brad still had a crush on her after what he saw Anna do last night...

In fact, he probably didn't.

Anna's train of thought was interrupted when she and Lindsey stopped at the end of the hallway.

They were standing before a large white door with a sign painted in pink and blue across it — “Diaper Changes / Toilet Training”.

Anna sighed. For a second, she had almost forgotten that she would soon be wearing another diaper. After last night, she would rather spend the week nude...

Lindsey opened the door and pushed Anna inside. Anna gasped...

* * *

ANNA LOOKED around the large room in awe—she was standing in what appeared to be a brand new, fully stocked,

bright and colorful nursery.

There was a diaper changing table, a shiny white crib, and stacks and stacks of disposable diapers piled high on every shelf of the room.

Except instead of being sized for a baby—the changing table, the crib, the heaps and heaps of *disposable diapers*—were all clearly large enough to fit an adult. *To fit Anna.*

Anna was stunned. The way she had been diapered and babied so far in this house was humiliating enough...

The idea of being subjected to this absurdly babyish room made Anna feel like she was actually shrinking into a toddler right before her eyes...

“Anna!” She heard Lindsey hiss. Anna snapped out of her daze. “Butt on the table,” Lindsey growled, patting the diaper changing table.

Anna hesitated. It was bad enough being subjected to an utterly humiliating diaper change from Lindsey last night.

Now that Lindsey seemed to be on a mission to purposefully torment Anna, Anna couldn't bear to make herself so physically vulnerable to her...

“Anna? If I have to come physically drag you over here for your diaper change, you will be very, very, sorry...” Lindsey said.

Anna took a step back toward the door. She couldn't help it. Lindsey was just too terrifying.

“Anna!” Lindsey seethed.

Anna closed her eyes and took another involuntary step backwards...

“Oh that's it...” Lindsey snarled.

Anna turned to make a run for it—

Lindsey charged toward her in a rage—

“Lindsey, wait, please!” Anna screamed.

Anna fiddled with the child proof lock on the nursery door—

It was stuck—

Finally, Anna got the door open—

But it was too late. Anna shrieked—

Lindsey yanked Anna backward and dropped her like a sack of bricks—

Anna grunted as she fell flat on the colorful, nursery-room carpet.

Lindsey then rolled Anna over and pinned her down.

Anna tried to resist, but winded and bare naked, she was no match for Lindsey.

SMACK

Lindsey landed a hard blow with her hand against Anna’s bare bottom. Anna shrieked with pain.

“Quit your fussing! I warned you this would happen!” Lindsey screamed.

Anna then felt Lindsey jam her knee in her back, pinning Anna down while Lindsey retrieved something from a nearby bin.

“Lindsey! Please, stop, you’re hurting me!” Anna squealed.

But Lindsey ignored her as she pulled Anna’s wrists behind her back.

Anna heard a click—and realized Lindsey had just cuffed her wrists with a pair of medical restraints!

“Lindsey, wait, wait, wait, please, I'll be good, I'll be good!—Mmmffffmmmmfff—“

Anna's pleas became muffled as Lindsey shoved a large rubber pacifier gag in her mouth and tied it around her head.

“Phew! That's better. I can finally hear myself think,” Lindsey said as Anna pathetically kicked and flailed beneath her.

“And what am I thinking about?” Lindsey mused. “I'm thinking about how best to punish you so that I don't SMACK have to SMACK put up with SMACK your SMACK disobedience SMACK again SMACK when I'm just trying to SMACK change SMACK your SMACK diaper!” Lindsey shouted, spanking Anna hard a final time for emphasis.

Anna was now wailing from the stinging pain on her ass and her overwhelming helplessness.

“Oh... now *those* look fun...” Lindsey said.

Anna looked up from her pinned position to see where Lindsey was looking...

In a corner of the nursery, hidden from view from the front door, was a wall full of tools...

Punishment tools.

From floor to ceiling was every kind of whip, flogger, cane, rod, paddle, crop, stick, switch, board, belt, strap, hairbrush, spoon, cord, ruler, flipper, slapper, leather, wood, metal and crystal spanking implement imaginable.

Anna was stunned into quiet stillness.

Lindsey got up and peruses the wall, her finger on her chin as if she was enjoying giving Anna a show.

“Hmmm...” Lindsey said, hovering over various implements, making Anna wince and cringe.

“Ooooh, now *this* looks like it'll be perfect for our needs,” Lindsey said.

Anna opened her eyes to see Lindsey pull a tool off the wall...

Anna began kicking and flailing in panic.

But it was no use. Lindsey quickly pinned Anna back down and sadistically lowered the tool for Anna to take a closer look...

It was a long, wide, shiny metal paddle.

It glimmered in the daylight as Lindsey effortlessly swirled it around with her wrist.

Her movements were a subtle demonstration that the aluminum paddle's featherweight gave her unprecedented control.

It had a dozen wide holes symmetrically placed across its broad end—meticulously designed to allow the paddle to reach maximum airspeed while retaining maximum impact.

The lip of each hole was raised just enough to ensure a cluster of welts from just one blow, yet still refrain from breaking the skin.

It was bright pink on one side, baby blue on the other side, and it had the words 'Whiny Baby Tutor' emblazoned in the metal.

Anna was trembling in raw terror. She knew Lindsey would not have to try very hard at all to inflict excruciating pain across her bare ass.

“Alright Anna, get ready to scream. I want to see if I can make you scream as loud as you did last night when my finger was pushed up deep into your ass, you filthy little diaper slut,” Lindsey hissed.

Lindsey raised the paddle high up into the air—

Anna squeezed her eyes shut—

The nursery door flew open.

Anna and Lindsey both turned to look—

Nanny Rose was standing in the doorway.

“What's going on in here?” Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey lowered her paddle. “Nothing,” she answered.

Anna almost fainted from relief. She never thought she'd be so happy to see Nanny Rose.

“Why doesn't she have a diaper on yet?” Nanny Rose asked.

“She was being difficult,” Lindsey answered.

“Yeah, well, difficult or not, you can play with Nanny's paddles later. For now, I need you to get Anna in a diaper and come help me with something down the hall,” Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey gritted her teeth. “Yes, Nanny. Will do.”

Anna watched in astonished silence as Lindsey put the paddle back on the wall and Nanny Rose left the room.

Anna felt Lindsey undo her wrist restraints and help her stand up.

This time, Anna willingly followed Lindsey to the diaper changing table and laid down. Now that she knew Lindsey just wanted to get this over with, she felt less on edge.

That, and well, anything Lindsey did now would still be mild compared to what that spanking paddle threatened to do...

Anna quietly sucked her pacifier and tried to relax.

She watched Lindsey open a new bag of adult-sized, extra absorbent diapers. Lindsey then opened a pack of diaper soaker pads and lined the bottom of the diaper with them.

“Hips up,” Lindsey said as she slid the diaper beneath Anna’s butt. “Good girl,” Lindsey nonchalantly muttered, almost as if it was just an unconscious habit.

Anna felt surprised, to say the least, at Lindsey’s pleasant words. But then again, she realized that Lindsey was just trying to get the job of diapering her done as quick as possible. And part of that was just some basic communication.

In fact, there was something profoundly comforting to Anna about that realization. It was like her and Lindsey were working together as a team... even if it was just for this tiny moment.

“Now feet up high...” Lindsey said.

Anna gave a little shiver as Lindsey gave her another quick wipe down with the baby wipe. She gave a little gasp as she felt Lindsey nonchalantly give her butt hole a little *extra deep* wipe for good measure...

“Time for powder...” Lindsey cooed.

Anna giggled as Lindsey poured a heavy heaping of baby powder across Anna’s bottom, crotch and thighs. Not only was the fragrance pleasant—even nostalgic—but the dry powder was quite a pleasant change after Anna’s long night of laying in her soggy filth.

“Feet down... there we go,” Lindsey said as she taped Anna’s diaper up.

Lindsey helped Anna off the table. Anna reached down to feel her fresh diaper with her hands.

It was still humiliating to have to wear a diaper... but at least she wasn't naked anymore, Anna thought.

And the dry, bulky, soft, crinkly diaper between her legs felt kind of good. At least compared to the horribly soggy diaper she had been wearing for so long...

Anna looked around at the nursery again.

Ignoring the corner of spanking implements, the rest of the room was really quite pleasant.

There were cute stuffed animals piled high in the crib. Beneath the crib, colorful baby toys were overflowing their toy chests.

Adorable baby prints of animals, pacifiers, and bold letter blocks covered every surface from floor to ceiling.

For a second... Anna thought it might be kind of nice to stay in this room...

It seemed to be a lot nicer than the bleak room she had to stay in last night, that’s for sure...

Anna looked back at the crib, and thought that maybe she would just take little bit of a closer look...

“Anna,” Lindsey barked. “Corner,” she said, pointing to an empty corner of the nursery.

Anna tried to utter a verbal plea, but her pacifier made that impossible, so instead Anna just looked back at Lindsey with puppy dog eyes.

“Anna? What have we learned about making me ask you twice for things? Now, nose! Corner! Pronto!”

Anna gave a reluctant nod and obediently shuffled across the room, her crinkly diaper rustling with every step.

Lindsey popped Anna’s pacifier out of her mouth, much to Anna’s relief. “Now I just did you a favor, so don't even think of moving a muscle before I get back,” Lindsey scolded.

Lindsey gave Anna a final hard spank on her diapered bottom for good measure, then left the nursery and slammed the door behind her.

Anna sighed and rested her head against the wall. She couldn't believe she was already back in diapers...

The thought of last night made her bladder twinge, and Anna realized she had to pee.

After all, despite the way that she had soaked her diaper like a faucet last night, Anna still had to take a morning pee, and it's not like Lindsey had offered her the chance to do so before wrapping her in a diaper...

Anna groaned. The thought of wetting her fresh, dry diaper, so soon after escaping the soaking wet mess she had to sleep in last night, made her want to scream.

She hated being forced to sit in her stinky wet piss! She just wished she could use a damn bathroom!

Anna took a deep breath, then cautiously peered over her shoulder again...

Anna noticed a door on the other side of the nursery that was open just a crack.

She double-checked over her shoulder that Lindsey was truly gone, then she slowly snuck across the room to read the

words written on the door...

“Training Lavatory”

It was a bathroom! Anna realized in excitement!

Anna looked over her shoulder again, then began cautiously sneaking toward the bathroom door.

She could feel the pressure in her bladder already increase in anticipation...

Then she heard her stomach emit a loud rumble. Anna paused for a second to let it settle.

She also realized that she was fooling herself if she thought she *only* had to do her ‘morning pee’.

All the more reason Anna felt elated at the chance to sneak to the toilet—she couldn’t imagine doing *that* in her diaper, even after everything she went through last night...

Anna cautiously opened the door to the so called *Training Lavatory* and flipped on the light switch...

Again, Anna was taken aback by the sight...

The bathroom was much larger and more spacious than any bathroom Anna had ever seen before—yet preschool style colors and stickers decorated the tile walls and floor.

The bath tub on the other side of the room looked big enough to be a hot tub for multiple adults—yet rubber ducks and other toddler-like bath toys were lined up all around the rim.

And the toilet looked to be the smallest toilet Anna had ever seen—about the size of a pre-school potty chair, except seemingly capable of flushing.

Anna paused for just a second as she tried to make sense of the strange, contradictory bathroom, but then her stomach rumbled loudly, snapping her attention back to her mission.

Big toilet, small toilet—all that matters is that it's a toilet instead of a diaper, right? Anna thought to herself.

Anna shut the bathroom door behind her and rushed over to the toddler-sized toilet.

Her stomach rumbled again—seemingly aware that it was almost time for Anna's morning evacuation. *Just in time,* Anna thought to herself.

Anna looked over her shoulder one last time—carefully listened to make sure Lindsey hadn't come back—then bent over to lift up the lid of the toilet...

But the lid didn't budge.

Confused, Anna tried to lift the toilet lid again even harder—it felt like it was stuck.

Anna began to feel around the lid of the toilet, desperately looking for the reason it wouldn't open up. She had never seen anything like this before...

Finally, Anna noticed a strange steel hinge on the back of the toilet. Confused, Anna followed the hinge back into the wall...

Anna took a step back... and then she saw it...

A keyhole above the toilet—next to the words 'Child Safety Lock'.

Shit! Anna cursed.

She couldn't believe such a thing existed—but she was sure Nanny Rose was the one with the key.

To make matters worse, Anna's bowels began to churn even louder. The fact that she was 'preparing' to take a dump made it even harder for her to continue to hold it.

Anna looked around the bathroom, desperate for some sort of solution. After all, there was *no way* she was about to take a dump in her diaper...

Anna noticed there were cabinet drawers under the sink. She raced over to look inside, praying that maybe the key was kept in there...

But before Anna could even get the drawer open—

She froze—the nursery door was opening.

In a flash, Anna flipped off the bathroom lights and cracked the bathroom door open—just like she had found it.

Then she crouched down and hid behind the bathroom counter.

Anna knew she was in big, big trouble. She also knew that it was only a matter of time before they found her.

But still—her primal instincts were telling her to put that moment off as long as possible.

A SNEAKY LITTLE STINKER

*A*нна listened and watched through the crack of the dark bathroom as Lindsey walked into the nursery...

Followed by Nanny Rose...

Followed by Brad—who was naked!

“Knees and nose in the corner, young man!” Nanny Rose shouted at Brad.

There was a brief silence.

Anna leaned in to get a closer look—Brad was giving Lindsey puppy eyes.

“Don't look at me,” Lindsey said. “I'm not doing you anymore favors anytime soon.”

Brad's head drooped and he shuffled into the corner.

“Thank you for your help, Lindsey. It's amazing that filthy little boys think we won't find the stains from their disgusting behavior,” Nanny Rose said to Lindsey. “I mean really, isn't it just grotesque, that even after publicly debasing himself right in front of everyone last night, that that little boy apparently still felt the need to abuse his little pecker again back in his bedroom?”

Lindsey looked at Brad kneeling naked in the corner with a cold expression.

“Yes, very much so,” Lindsey said.

“Now, where is the other little brat?” Nanny Rose asked.

There was a tense silence.

“Shit!” Lindsey cursed under her breath.

“Excuse me, young lady?” Nanny Rose said.

“Sorry, Nanny Rose. Umm... I don’t know...” Lindsey said, panic in her voice.

“You don't know? What do you mean you don't know?” Nanny Rose said.

Anna watched as Lindsey began frantically looking around the nursery. Anna crouched even lower behind the bathroom counter.

Lindsey shoved the bathroom door open and flipped on the light—

Anna froze—

Her heart skipped a beat—

Lindsey turned the lights back off—spun back around to Nanny Rose. “I don't know! She was in the corner just a minute ago...”

Lindsey was so panicked, she completely overlooked Anna crouching behind the counter!

Anna exhaled—she felt like she narrowly avoided a heart attack.

Then Anna felt a distinctive wetness in the crotch of her diaper... She reached down and felt her crinkly diaper with

her hand, confirming what she suspected...

Anna had just pissed in her diaper in terror... *Again.*

Lindsey went back to arguing with Nanny Rose. Anna took deep breaths and tried to calm down.

At least I was wearing a diaper this time, right? And at least I didn't poop myself, right?

Not yet anyway, Anna thought as she realized her bowels may not have been released just now, but they certainly were loosened even worse.

Anna realized she now had to poop worse than she remembered ever having to poop in her life. She couldn't imagine the humiliation of letting Lindsey catch her in a poopy diaper. She needed to think of a plan to get to a toilet... fast.

She pressed her hand against the seat of her diaper to help her hold it in and prayed for an opportunity to escape the nursery. *Perhaps if they leave, I can sneak to the bathroom down the hall,* Anna thought to herself.

As if in answer to her prayers, Lindsey opened the nursery door...

"Hold it right there young lady!" Nanny Rose barked.

Lindsey froze. Anna winced.

"Did I give you permission to be excused?" Nanny Rose asked.

"If Anna left, she couldn't have gotten far. If we go and look for her—"

"Excuse me?" Nanny Rose barked. "Young lady, I just asked you a question. *Did I give you permission to be excused?*"

Lindsey hung her head. “No, Nanny,” Lindsey replied.

Nanny Rose pulled out a short stool from the corner of the room. “Sit your butt on that stool, right now,” she ordered.

“But Nanny, she’s probably still just downstairs—“

“Young lady! Another word from you and I’ll tan your bottom so red that you’ll be envying Anna’s ass from last night,” Nanny Rose scolded. “Now bottom. Stool. Now!”

Lindsey closed the nursery door and trudged over to sit on the stool.

From the bathroom, Anna’s stomach let out another painful groan. She hunched over to ease the pressure.

She couldn’t believe how close Lindsey had come to leading them out of the nursery before Nanny Rose stopped her. At the same time, she felt a jolt of vengeful pleasure at the sight of Lindsey getting in trouble, given how cruel Lindsey had been all morning.

“Now Lindsey,” Nanny Rose scolded, “when I entrusted you with the responsibility of being Nanny’s Little helper, it was in lieu of a bare bottom tanning. And I expected you to take that responsibility seriously. Now, was it responsible of you to let Anna out of your supervision? To *lose* her?”

“But Nanny, it wasn’t my fault—” Lindsey pleaded.

“Whose fault was it then?” Nanny Rose scolded. “Because you were the last one with her. Because I *trusted* you.”

“But Nanny—“

“If I hear one more ‘but’ out of your mouth, the only ‘butt’ you’ll be talking about is *yours* after I paddle it redder than the devil. Now answer me. *Who lost baby Anna?*” Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey sighed. “I did, Nanny Rose.”

“And that was a violation of our little agreement, wasn’t it?” Nanny Rose said.

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Lindsey answered.

“Good, I’m glad you understand. Now stand up and drop your pants,” Nanny Rose said.

“What? Why?” Lindsey asked in shock.

“Well, since you failed to hold up your end of the bargain, I can no longer in good conscience hold up mine. Which means I owe you a good, hard, bare bottom spanking,” Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey broke out into sudden tears. “But Nanny Rose!”

Nanny Rose lifted an eyebrow. “Uh oh. I warned you...”

Lindsey realized her mistake. “But—wait... shit!” Lindsey cursed, realizing she said the word ‘but’ again.

Nanny Rose just clucked her tongue. “You just keep making this worse and worse on yourself. If I were you, I would just focus on zipping those lips and unzipping those pants.”

Lindsey dropped her head in defeat, then slowly stood up and began unzipping her pants.

Nanny Rose went over to the wall of spanking implements and looked them up and down. “Hmmmm... It was just going to be a bare-bottom punishment... but I did say I would *paddle* you if you used that word again, and I am a woman of my word...”

Nanny Rose lifted a metal paddle off the wall—the *very same one that Lindsey was going to use on Anna*.

Lindsey’s eyes widened in horror.

Anna was on her knees from the pain of her churning stomach, but she couldn't help but feel butterflies of excitement at the sight of Lindsey getting a taste of her own medicine.

"Please," Lindsey begged, tears in her eyes.

"What's wrong dear?" Nanny Rose asked, twirling the paddle in her hands. "You looked so excited to play with Nanny's special paddle when you were holding it over Anna just a few minutes ago," she added with a wicked smile.

Nanny Rose sat down on the stool and patted her lap. "Right here dear. Trust me, you don't want to make me ask twice."

Lindsey trembled as she got down on her knees and bent over Nanny Rose's lap.

Nanny Rose pulled Lindsey's pants down a little further to fully expose her bare bottom. She then teed up the cold metal paddle against Lindsey's ass.

"Brad! Help me, please!" Lindsey shouted in panic.

Brad—who was still kneeling naked in the corner—stayed silent.

Nanny Rose laughed. "It looks like Brad's still a bit sore about how you didn't say a word in his defense this morning. I don't blame him."

Lindsey dropped her head and erupted in helpless tears.

Nanny Rose rubbed the cold paddle against Lindsey bum—

Anna leaned in to get a closer look from the bathroom—

Nanny Rose raised the paddle up high—

PFFFFT—A super loud fart erupted from Anna's bottom.

Anna froze. So did Nanny Rose.

“What was that?” Nanny Rose asked.

“It wasn’t me,” Lindsey said.

Anna felt a wave of panic. *They heard her fart!*

FRRRR—Anna farted again!

Nanny Rose put her paddle down. “Did you hear that?”

“Yeah,” Lindsey said.

“Bradley, was that you?” Nanny Rose asked.

“No, Nanny Rose,” Brad answered from the corner.

Anna was now having a full blown panic attack—which only loosened her bowels even worse!

PPPPFT—Anna let another fart go in horror!

She pressed her diapered butt against the floor in a desperate attempt to avoid losing control...

Nanny Rose helped Lindsey up to her feet, then started walking toward the bathroom.

Anna panicked—she jumped up to hide again—

But the bathroom lights flicked on—

The shock finally pushed Anna’s aching bowels over the edge
—

PFFFTF—*FFFFSSSSHHHHH*—

Anna’s second fart was silenced by a massive log dropping into her diaper.

Anna breathed in through her nose, then reflexively squatted down to finish pushing it out.

“UUGHHHRRHH,” Anna grunted as she felt the warm, mushy mass hit the bottom of her white diaper and quickly spread across her cheeks.

Her involuntary spasm came to a pause, allowing her to pinch the load off and catch her breath.

Anna turned around to see Nanny Rose watching her from the doorway with a smirk on her face. “Well, well,” Nanny Rose said. “Look who I found.”

Lindsey walked up behind Nanny Rose and looked at Anna in a mixture of surprise and anger.

Anna opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out. She then felt the warm mess against her ass crack, and she suddenly realized what she had just done.

Nanny Rose laughed and waved her hand in front of her face. “Pee-ew! It looks like the sneaky little stinker was just looking for a corner to do her poopoos in,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna’s face immediately flushed bright red. She was then taken by another spasm in her gut—she turned around, squatted and placed her hands on the edge of the tub.

“Uuuuurrrrrrggghhhh,” Anna grunted even louder than before as she began pushing a second load into her diaper.

The hot mess pressed against the mound she had already made, then began spreading further in every direction.

She could feel the mush now creeping across her thighs—then her pussy—as she helplessly expelled her morning bowel movement as Lindsey and Nanny Rose watched.

“Bradley, come on over here,” Nanny Rose said. “Anna is putting on quite a show for us in the bathroom.”

Anna tried to catch her breath as her gut loudly churned and moaned. She looked over her shoulder to see Brad walk up and join the women in staring at Anna in disbelief and disgust.

Anna tried to stand up and turn around to at least hide her visibly soiled diaper, but the movement only triggered another loud fart—

Anna then fell to her hands and knees as she spurted a stream of hot piss into the front of her diaper, quickly joined by an uncontrollable gush of hot, watery diarrhea into the back.

Anna felt like a slave to her bladder and bowels as she closed her eyes and continued pushing her soggy mess into her already overloaded diaper for what seemed like several minutes.

First, Nanny Rose started laughing.

Then, Lindsey started laughing.

Finally, Brad was laughing.

Soon, Anna could hear all three of them laughing hysterically at her as she continued helplessly messing herself on the floor of the bathroom.

With a last thrust, Anna knew she was finally empty.

Her diaper on the other hand, was fuller than she ever imagined possible.

Anna stayed keeled over with her eyes closed—both because she was sure her diaper would leak at the slightest movement and because she couldn't bear to face the three witnesses who just watched her unspeakably humiliating evacuation.

“Ugh, she reeks!” Brad said, holding his nose.

“I checked in here just a second ago! I don’t know how I overlooked her,” Lindsey said.

“It’s okay, dear, toddlers do like to run and hide when they do their poopies. The important thing is that she didn’t go very far,” Nanny Rose said.

“She was probably trying to do us a favor!” Brad said, turning away and coughing. “It smells like a hundred dirty diapers even from back here.”

Nanny Rose walked toward Anna and waved her hand in front of her nose. “Phew! You’re not kidding—that’s the ripest poopy diaper I’ve ever smelt! And trust me, I’ve smelled many!”

“Anna, what have you been eating!” Lindsey jovially shouted.

Anna buried her face in her hands. She couldn’t believe this was happening.

She then felt Nanny Rose’s hand land on the butt of her poopy diaper and begin to squeezed and pat her mess. Anna’s eyes widened with paralyzing humiliation.

“Oh yuck! This poopy mess is already spilling out the legs of her diaper,” Nanny Rose commented. “Anna, stand up.”

Anna stayed frozen. She couldn’t bring herself to do it.

“Anna! Did you hear me?” Nanny Rose said.

SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT

Nanny Rose spanked the butt of Anna’s poopy load—Anna cringed as she felt her disgusting, warm mess squish into the cracks of her ass and groin.

Nanny Rose rolled her eyes and stood up. “Lindsey, will you do me a favor? Go ahead and get some plastic or rubber pants on her—you might actually need both to keep that disgusting mess contained—then bring her downstairs for breakfast. Brad, you can go ahead and get dressed and meet us there as well. After breakfast, I think we all need to have a little chat about behavior expectations in this house.”

Brad and Lindsey gave each other nervous looks as they watched Nanny Rose walk toward the door.

“And no, don’t worry,” Nanny Rose added, “That doesn’t mean I’m about to punish you. Lindsey, provided you do what I just asked, you can put that paddle back on the wall as well. See you in a minute.”

Nanny Rose left the nursery, leaving Brad and Lindsey in the doorway of the bathroom as Anna continued cowering on the bathroom floor in her super messy diaper.

“That was real brave of you to stay silent back there as I was about to get my ass disfigured,” Lindsey hissed at Brad.

“Me? You’re the one who helped that psycho bitch find cum stains on my underpants!” Brad said back.

“Well, why were you jerking off in your bed last night while I was sobbing my heart out in mine!” Lindsey hissed back.

“What, you think I’m having a good time in this place!” Brad shouted.

“Ahem!” Nanny Rose said, sticking her head back in the room.

Lindsey and Brad both snapped to attention. “Please don’t dawdle. It may give me time to change my mind about choosing to be merciful,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna peeked one of her eyes open. Lindsey and Brad both gave urgent nods. "Sorry Nanny," "Right Away, Nanny," they both answered.

Nanny Rose left again. Brad hustled out of the nursery to go get dressed.

Lindsey took a deep breath and looked down at Anna on the bathroom floor. Her eyes narrowed.

"I almost got torn to shreds by that psychotic-paddle because of you," Lindsey hissed.

"You were going to spank *me* with it first!" Anna said as she got up on her knees. She could feel her mushy mess squishing against her bottom from her shift of position.

Lindsey approached Anna and rolled her eyes. "Oh please, I wasn't going to *actually* hit you with it. I just wanted to scare you a bit."

"How was I supposed to know that?" Anna said.

"Well if you just listened to me in the first place, I wouldn't have had to do anything at all! Now get up," Lindsey said.

Anna flinched and stayed down on her knees.

"Anna, this is what I'm talking about!" Lindsey said. "Why are you making this harder on me? It's not like I *want* to deal with taking care of you! You're an adult woman who just took a giant, disgusting shit in her diaper! I'm trying not to gag just from the smell!"

Anna looked up at Lindsey, then burst into tears. "It's not my fault!" She sobbed, then fell forward to the floor again.

Lindsey stared at Anna and let out a long sigh. She sat down on the toilet and rubbed her forehead.

“I know Anna. It’s fine. Let’s just get you in some rubber pants and get you downstairs. Hopefully Nanny Rose is about to put a stop to all this craziness and you can get cleaned up,” Lindsey said.

Anna wiped her tears and sat up again. “Lindsey, do you believe me?”

“About what?” Lindsey replied.

“That it wasn’t my fault?”

Lindsey rolled her eyes. “Yes Anna, it wasn’t your fault you just took a dump in your diaper...”

“Seriously, I don’t know what happened!” Anna said. “I don’t actually need diapers! I’ve never pooped my pants before in my life! Well... not since I was *actually* a baby!”

Lindsey rolled her eyes and sighed again. “Okay Anna, I believe you. Maybe Nanny Rose did something to make you have an accident. Okay? Now please, unless you like the smell of your mess and want to continue sitting in it, come on and get up.”

Anna nodded and wiped the tears out of her eyes.

Lindsey helped Anna climb to her feet and walk back out to the nursery. Anna had to walk bow-legged as the disgusting mess in her diaper squelched between her legs. She had never felt so babyish in her life.

Lindsey retrieved a pair of plastic pants and pulled them up and over Anna’s diaper.

Anna closed her eyes with shame as her mess squished from Lindsey pulling the pants tight and checking the fit.

“Yikes, Nanny Rose was right, we are going to need both,” Lindsey said as she pulled out a pair of large rubber pants.

“Can’t you just...” Anna said, trailing off.

“Can’t I just what?” Lindsey replied.

Anna looked away, embarrassed.

Lindsey pulled the rubber pants up over the plastic pants. The rubber made a tight seal around Anna’s legs, thankfully trapping the smell, but Lindsey still got one final whiff of the foul mess Anna had made.

“Change you out of your disgusting poopy diaper?” Lindsey said.

Anna looked up and gave a small, hopeful nod.

“Three words. No... fucking... way,” Lindsey said. “I don’t care what Nanny Rose says, wiping your poop off your butt is just way too far for me.”

Anna cringed and flushed red with another wave of embarrassment.

“Now come on, you little stinker,” Lindsey said.

Anna burned red hot with humiliation as Lindsey took her hand and led her toward the door. Then, Anna felt angry.

“Yeah well, Nanny Rose is probably going to *make* you change my poopy mess, whether you want to or not! And I’m going to enjoy you having to clean up my mess. Maybe I’ll poop a little more just to make it worse for you!” Anna said as they walked into the hallway.

Lindsey turned around and glared at Anna.

WHAM—Lindsey shoved Anna against the wall. Anna gasped as she felt the filthy mess in her pants smear even worse against her bottom.

“Now listen here, you little cunt,” Lindsey growled. “Don’t forget for even a second that I’m the one in control of you. And don’t forget what I said—if you try to make my time here any more difficult, I promise I’ll make yours a hundred times worse.”

Lindsey then slapped Anna’s filthy diaper, making Anna wince.

“For example, you were right about the epic, smelly shit you took in your diaper not being your fault. I slipped a suppository in your bottom during your diaper change. I saw it as a sort of insurance. I wanted to make sure you didn’t get too far if you tried to escape. It worked like a charm,” Lindsey said with an evil grin.

Anna stared back at Lindsey in shock and defeat. She thought back to how painful her cramps were and how humiliated she was by losing control. She felt deeply embarrassed again. She realized Lindsey *did* have the upper hand.

“Now come on, poopy baby,” Lindsey said, pulling Anna along.

Anna bowed her head as she shuffled downstairs in her filthy poopy diaper.

BREAKFAST

Anna followed Lindsey into the kitchen. Nanny Rose was making breakfast at the stove. Brad was already sitting at the table.

“Lindsey, you can set Anna up in her high chair and I’ll take care of her breakfast,” Nanny Rose said.

To Anna’s dismay, there was a large, adult-sized high chair at the end of the kitchen table. Anna cringed.

As Lindsey dragged Anna across the kitchen to the highchair, Anna stared at Brad. She suddenly remembered how hopeful she was this morning about connecting with Brad about what happened last night.

Then the horror of the situation dawned on her. Anna was praying that she could make a good impression on Brad this morning. Perhaps she could prove that she didn’t need diapers, nor was she actually a pathetic baby. And maybe... just maybe... Anna could rekindle the crush Brad revealed he once had on Anna last night...

But instead... the first thing Brad saw of Anna was *Anna pooping in her diaper!* He *smelled* her filthy mess before he could hear a word out of her mouth.

Anna stared at Brad with pleading eyes, praying that he would give her some sort of look that told her it was okay—that he wasn't completely disgusted by her at this point.

But to Anna's dismay, Brad didn't even so much as glance in her direction. It was like she didn't exist. Anna couldn't help but feel heartbroken.

Lindsey reached under Anna's

"Alright Anna, upsies," Lindsey said as she reached under Anna's arms.

With a big heave, Lindsey lifted Anna up—

And plopped her in the hard wooden seat of the high chair.

SQUELCH — Anna flinched as the filthy mound of poop in her diaper squished and spread against her bottom.

Anna closed her eyes in utter humiliation. She had been unconsciously avoiding spreading the filthy mess in her diaper by walking bow legged and being careful not to sit down.

But now she was feeling just how disgusting her poopy diaper was as it sizzled and sloshed into every crack of her groin.

"Ugh, she still reeks!" Brad said, holding his nose.

"I know," Lindsey said. "Nanny Rose, do you want me to strap her hands under the table as well?"

Anna winced at the suggestion, then peeked down to see the intimidating leather wrist straps under the table.

"No, it's fine dear. Just strap her in with the harness and take a seat. Breakfast is almost ready," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey grabbed a bundle of straps hanging behind the high chair and began quickly strapping Anna in. Anna felt a strap over her chest... then across her stomach... then two from her crotch to her shoulders.

ZZZIP—Lindsey gave the straps a hard yank, pulling them tight.

Anna gasped. The straps put pressure on her tummy and squished her disgusting diaper even more into her crotch.

Anna reached around to loosen the straps, but realized they were out of her reach. She felt a wave of claustrophobia as she realized she was suddenly trapped.

“Lindsey, it’s too tight!” Anna pleaded.

But Lindsey just ignored her and sat at the table with Brad.

“Phew,” Lindsey said.

“Thanks dear,” Nanny Rose said as she approached the table. She put down two delicious plates of food before Brad and Lindsey—eggs, bacon, homemade hash-browns.

Brad and Lindsey both looked pleasantly surprised. So did Anna, who craned her head for a closer look. She had been too stressed out to feel hungry all morning, but the breakfast on the table suddenly smelled amazing. She realized she was starving.

“Thanks Nanny!” Lindsey said in a cheery tone.

“Yeah, thanks, this looks delicious,” Brad added.

“You’re welcome! Enjoy!” Nanny Rose replied.

Anna watched with wide eyes as Lindsey and Brad both began to ravenously dig in. It felt like torture to watch the others eat such a delicious meal in front of her while she waited strapped in her high chair.

Nanny Rose turned to Anna. “Aww, looks like this little baby is pretty hungry too, huh?” She said.

Anna eagerly nodded her head.

“I bet she’s got some room in her tummy judging from the way she filled that diaper!” Lindsey said from the table.

Everyone laughed. Anna’s cheeks burned red.

“Don’t worry, Nanny’s gonna feed you,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna then watched Nanny Rose go to the fridge... and return with a jar of *cold baby food*.

Anna was mortified as she watched Nanny Rose open the jar in front of her.

“Nanny, why can’t I have that!” Anna asked, pointing at Brad and Lindsey’s breakfast.

“Sorry, little one, that’s big kid food, and you’re still just a little baby. Now open up,” Nanny Rose said as she held a spoon of the green mush in front of Anna’s mouth.

Anna got a whiff of the strange mush and reflexively closed her mouth in disgust.

Nanny Rose pinched Anna’s nose, making Anna open her mouth and allowing Nanny Rose to shove the spoon into her mouth.

Anna immediately gagged and knocked the spoon out of Nanny Rose’s hands. The baby food fell from Anna’s mouth down her chin, over her tummy, and onto her already yellow stained diaper.

Brad glanced at Anna, and Anna could see the disgust in his face. If she didn’t look like enough of a baby walking around naked in her poopy diaper, having baby food splattered down her chest certainly made the look complete.

“Naughty girl!” Nanny Rose scolded. “Well I guess we *are* going to have to use extra measures for your feeding time.”

Anna struggled as Nanny Rose yanked her arms below the tray and secured her wrists into the restraints. She did the same with Anna’s ankles. Then Nanny Rose retrieved a large, pink, humiliating bib and wrapped it around Anna’s neck.

Finally, she used a clothespin to pinch Anna’s nose shut, forcing her mouth to stay open.

Anna suddenly felt horrifically claustrophobic. “Let me go! Please!” Anna squealed, helplessly struggling against her restraints.

“Sorry, little baby. If you don’t want to be treated like an infant, don’t act like an infant,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna could hear Brad and Lindsey giggling at her misery, which only made her feel more helpless.

Nanny Rose then pushed another spoonful of disgusting mush into Anna’s mouth. Anna swallowed some of it, but then the rest fell forward down her chin again.

Nanny Rose just clucked her tongue and wiped Anna’s chin with a damp towel.

“My, my, you are a very messy eater. Well just know, Nanny has enough baby food to do this all day, so don’t think you’re getting out of breakfast just by drooling and spilling,” she scolded.

Anna realized that the quickest way out of this miserable situation was to just eat the food. Nanny Rose put another spoonful into Anna’s mouth, and Anna did her best to swallow it.

The taste was cold and gross. Anna was almost thankful her nose was pinched, as it masked the taste just a little bit.

Nanny Rose kept up the pace, spooning more and more food into Anna's mouth as fast as she could swallow.

Despite her best effort to swallow, quite a bit of food still mashed onto Anna's chin and around her mouth, and her drool still dripped onto her bib.

On top of the food being disgusting in of itself, the sensation of her filthy, poopy mess squishing against her bottom made it even harder to eat.

Anna couldn't help but picture that the green mush Nanny Rose was forcing into her mouth was the same thing that was in her diaper...

And despite the rubber pants, the stench of Anna's poopy diaper was still permeating the room—especially after the way she had inadvertently squished the contents around in her highchair.

Brad dropped his fork “Ugh, I can't eat with the smell of a shitty diaper a few feet away from my face. It's disgusting. Can I go eat in the other room?”

“Sorry Bradley, but no,” Nanny Rose replied as she continued shoveling mush into Anna's mouth, “Putting up with the stench of Anna's poopy diapers is just the burden we all have to carry with a diapered baby in the house.”

Anna felt like she wanted to die.

Finally, long after Anna felt like she was going to burst at seams from the disgusting breakfast Nanny Rose was shoving down her throat, Nanny Rose declared that she was finished.

“Good girl. I'll go get you your bottle of milk,” Nanny Rose said as she got up. “Lindsey, can you take the dishes to the sink? And Brad—clean plate please.”

Brad reluctantly shoved the last few bites of his breakfast into his mouth.

Nanny Rose left the room and Lindsey went to the sink to do the dishes.

For the first time, Anna realized she had a moment alone with Brad.

However, Brad still wasn't even so much as glancing in her direction.

"Brad," Anna whispered. "Brad!"

She didn't know what she wanted to say—or how she could possibly explain herself. But at the very least... she just wanted him to acknowledge her existence.

"Brad! Brad!" She said a little louder. Brad still wouldn't look at her!

"Brad! Can we talk? Please?" Anna pleaded. Brad just looked away! He was clearly ignoring her!

Anna felt like she was going crazy. "Brad! Brad! Brad!!!" Anna screamed. "Braaaaadddd!! Bradddd—mmhmhmhm!"

Anna felt herself suddenly gagged! Lindsey had come up behind Anna and tied the pacifier into her mouth again!

"Is that better?" Lindsey said to Brad as she sat back down.

"Yeah, thanks babe. Having to deal with poopy diapers is one thing. Having to deal with a toddler screaming is another," he said.

"Yeah, she's probably just fussy because she needs her diaper changed," Lindsey said.

Anna gave muffled pleas through her pacifier as Brad and Lindsey continued talking as though Anna was actually an infant. Anna felt so utterly tiny and humiliated.

“Look... babe,” Brad said to Lindsey, “I’m sorry about last night. And this morning. I’ll do anything to make it up to you. Because Lindsey... I love you. I love you, and I’d do anything for you.”

Lindsey looked up at Brad with teary eyes. “I love you too, babe. And I’m sorry, too.”

Lindsey and Brad reached across the table and held each other’s hands. “Let’s just do what we have to do to get through this together, okay?” Brad said.

“Okay,” Lindsey said.

Anna felt like she was being forced to watch her only hope of salvation—that she and Brad might have a chance together—be ripped to shreds before her.

Combined with the poopy mess in her diaper, her bloated tummy, and the helplessness of her gag and restraints, Anna burst into tears...

And began *crying like a baby*.

Nanny Rose came back into the kitchen with the bottle of milk. “Hey, hey, it’s okay, Nanny’s here with baby’s milk,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna felt Nanny Rose pop the dummy out of her mouth and deftly replace it with the nipple of the milk bottle.

Nanny Rose held the milk bottle up to Anna’s lips, forcing her to suck it down.

And to Anna’s surprise, she began to calm down.

“Alright, let’s all go over to the living room for our morning meeting,” Nanny Rose said.

MORNING MEETING

*A*nna furiously nursed on her large bottle of milk as Nanny Rose laid her down on the living room couch. Anna was determined to keep her eyes shut and tune out the 'adults' around her.

Of course, Anna was still keenly aware that the filthy diaper she was wearing was only getting more itchy. She was still devastated by the way Brad decided to treat her like an actual baby. And she still felt resoundingly hopeless about the fact that everyone around her seemed to be devoted to humiliating, punishing and tormenting her as much as possible.

But as Anna sucked and sucked and sucked on the warm bottle of milk...

She felt like the rest of the world faded into the background just enough...

Her warm milk in her bottle gave her just enough of the smallest moment of escape...

* * *

LINDSEY AND BRAD sat down on the living room couch across from dazed-out Anna.

They couldn't help but stare at Anna as she furiously sucked down her milk bottle. Despite how much Lindsey and Brad had already seen, it still amazed them both how much Anna continued to prove she was more baby than adult.

"So," Nanny Rose said as she sat down with the three boarders. "What I've called you here to discuss is that I think an adjustment is in order."

"Adjustment to what?" Brad asked.

"The *age of expectations* I've set for the three of you for this week. For example, after what we saw Anna do this morning, I think it's clear that we can no longer expect her to act like an adult. Instead, we need to adjust her expectations to that of a one-year-old.

"For example, it doesn't make sense to punish Anna for pooping her diaper, when it's clear that she totally lacks any capability of using the bathroom. In fact, the reasonable thing to do—for her sanity and ours—is to make bathrooms off limits to her, as it could only pose a danger to someone of her... capabilities," Nanny Rose said.

"Makes sense to me," Brad said with a shrug.

"Great," Nanny Rose said. "From now on, Anna is to be treated exactly like a one-year-old at all times. I'll outline more specifics for her and everyone else shortly."

Anna opened her eyes and stared at Nanny Rose with a vague sense of unease. But the information was just too much for her overwhelmed brain to process. Anna quickly closed her eyes and went back to sucking her bottle.

"Is that it?" Lindsey said.

“Well, it occurred to me that since I’m lowering the age of my expectations for Anna, that it would only be fair of me to make both of you the same offer,” Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey and Brad exchanged nervous looks.

“I think we’re fine like it is. Being 18,” Brad said.

Nanny Rose smiled. “Fair enough.”

Nanny Rose then got to her feet and retrieved the terrifying *spanking switch* from the wall. “Brad, please undress and prepare for your first ten marks.”

Brad’s eyes widened in shock. “What?”

“I said, please undress and prepare for your first ten marks. We’ll do your second ten after lunch, and your third ten after dinner,” Nanny Rose said.

Brad felt a wave of sheer terror hit him. He broke into a flop sweat. “What... what did I do?”

“Oh, Bradley, I take masturbation under my roof very, very seriously. Especially for a boy your age. Every night you abuse yourself, Nanny abuses your behind with thirty blows of the switch the next day,” Nanny Rose explained as she twirled the switch in her hand.

“Please,” Brad said, suddenly trembling. “Please, I didn’t know. I won’t do it again.”

“A boy your age doesn’t know about masturbation? Sorry Bradley, but that just defies common sense. Now come on, you’re a man, aren’t you? Come bend over my knee and take your punishment like one,” Nanny Rose said.

FWHIP—Nanny Rose swung the switch through the air for effect, then giggled.

Brad felt like he was going to throw up. The open palm spanking he received last night was bad enough. He couldn't imagine what that switch would do.

Brad slowly got to his feet. He looked back at Lindsey, who had tears in her eyes.

It only made him more terrified.

Step by step, Brad slowly crossed the room to Nanny Rose. There were now tears in his eyes too.

"Please Nanny, please don't whip me. Just give me one more chance," he begged.

"Sorry Bradley, but don't do the crime if you can't do the time. I've found that this is the only way to train that filthy habit out of boys your age—who have probably been abusing themselves nightly for a decade at least. Now pants down," Nanny Rose said.

Brad felt like he was going to pass out. Tears were streaming down his face. His hands were trembling as he struggled to unbutton and unzip his pants.

"Unless of course," Nanny Rose said, "you believe your *age of expectations* needs to be adjusted."

Brad froze. "What do you mean?"

"Well Brad, like I said just a minute ago, if you feel that my expectations are wrongly aimed for someone much more mature than you, I'm willing to hear the case that they should be adjusted," Nanny Rose said. "For example, if you were a much younger age, your filthy masturbation habit could be seen as an innocent mistake, and you could be given a warning instead of a switching."

"Do it, Brad!" Lindsey shouted.

“Well... what age would that have to be?” Brad asked.

Nanny Rose sat back. “Hmmm.... Well I would say the only age that I would excuse that behavior would be... five-years-old. Is that the age you wish to be treated like from now on? A five-year-old?”

“Would I have to wear diapers like her?” Brad asked.

Nanny Rose laughed. “I don’t know, Brad, were you still in diapers at five-years-old?”

“No, he wasn’t!” Lindsey blurted. She gave Brad a ‘don’t-blow-this’ look.

“Uh... no, I wasn’t,” Brad said.

“Well, there’s your answer,” Nanny Rose said with a grin. “Now are you ready to bend over for Nanny’s switch? Or do you feel that my expectations were far too mature for your actual level of maturity?”

“I want to be five!” Brad shouted. “Er.... I mean... if that’s okay. I think I should be treated like I’m five.”

Nanny Rose smiled and nodded and put down her switch. “Very well. We’ll go over more details about new expectations shortly. And just to be clear, now that you’ve admitted your real age of maturity, you won’t have any right to demand to be treated as if you were older.”

“Fine,” Brad grumbled as he pulled his pants back up and sat back down next to Lindsey.

Nanny Rose then dramatically sniffed the air. She reached over and grabbed a handful of Anna’s mushy mess through her rubber pants. “Ugh! This foul diaper will be noxious enough to poison the air soon if we don’t clean this little stinker up. Alright, Lindsey, will you please go take Anna for a diaper change?”

Lindsey hesitated. "I guess I'm okay with changing her *wet* diapers... but I don't know if I can handle changing Anna's *poopy* messes too..."

"Well, sorry dear, but being Nanny's Little helper means helping Nanny with *all* of her responsibilities. And one of the tasks of being a nanny is changing poopy diapers," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey stared at Anna in disgust. She could barely bring herself to *look* at Anna's filthy diapered bottom, let alone imagine changing her at this point...

"I really don't know if I can do it..." Lindsey said. "It's just too much."

Nanny Rose nodded. "Very well. Since you admit that you refuse to fulfill your duties as Nanny's Little Helper, we'll go ahead and move forward with the spanking that we discussed after all," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey's eyes widened in horror. "Wait!" She said. She looked over at Brad and Anna in a panic. "Can't I uh... have my 'age' adjusted as well?"

Nanny Rose paused. "How do you mean?"

"Well... if I'm five... like Brad, I'd be too young to change a diaper," Lindsey said.

"That's true. Is that the age of maturity you feel you need to be treated as? A five-year-old like Brad?" Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey hesitated, then nodded her head. "Yes Nanny, I think my behavior warrants that."

Nanny Rose paused, then nodded. "Very well. Since you'll be treated as a five-year-old from now on, Lindsey, you'll be released from your duties as Nanny's little helper and your

spanking will be waived. Instead, you and Bret will be treated exactly like kindergarteners.”

Lindsey gave a sigh of relief.

“Now come on, let’s all go up to the nursery,” Nanny Rose said.

“How come?” Brad asked.

“Well, little Bradley, it’s time for you to learn your new rules,” Nanny Rose said with a smirk. “It seems you all need a great deal of help learning the value of acting your age.”

Lindsey and Brad exchanged nervous looks. They hoped they wouldn’t regret this.

NEW RULES

Anna realized that she had finished drinking all the milk in her bottle. With her special little distraction gone, her senses unavoidably returned her to the world around her.

Anna opened her eyes and found Nanny Rose carrying her into the nursery and setting her down in a small wooden chair. Nanny Rose then swiftly strap Anna into a seat with a series of buckles.

Anna looked next to her to see Brad and Lindsey each taking a seat in small chairs as well—their chair without buckles.

Anna and Brad made brief eye contact—then Brad looked away in disgust. Anna quickly felt self-conscious again about the disgusting diaper she was still sitting in.

“Alright little ones,” Nanny Rose began. “First thing’s first, I’ll begin with Anna’s three main new rules. Given her status, she may or may not be capable of expressing her comprehension of these rules, but I’ll lay them out for everyone, so that if she breaks any of the rules, I can depend on either one of you to help me report her behavior for punishment. Understood?”

“Yes, Nanny,” Brad and Lindsey both replied.

Anna sat up. She was only half-following what was going on, but this mention about her 'new rules' and 'punishments' gave her an undeniable wake-up call.

"First thing's first, Anna is not to use the toilet or remove her diaper under any circumstances. Any witnessed behavior from her interfering with those expectations will be met with the appropriate restraints to ensure it doesn't happen again," Nanny Rose announced.

Anna's eyes widened. She was slowly realizing that she was being effectively sentenced to a full week of this humiliating treatment!

"Second," Nanny Rose continued, "Anna is never, under any circumstances, allowed to ask another member of the house to change her diaper. Should she do so, her request will be intentionally denied and perhaps met with punishment. As a one-year-old, her task is to learn the virtue of patience and dependence on her caretaker.

"That being said, should either of you detect a wet or messy diaper from Anna, you may report it to me, and I will take the information under advisement when deciding when next to change her diaper," Nanny Rose explained.

"Yes, Nanny Rose," Brad and Lindsey replied.

Anna was horrified. She wanted to protest, but she didn't even know where to begin. She was too shocked to speak.

"Finally, Anna's movement and verbal abilities will be restricted to that of a one year old," Nanny Rose said. "That means crawling and baby talk. Any difficulty she shows with this expectation will again be met with the necessary restraints."

"Wait!" Anna finally screamed. "Wait, Nanny Rose, please don't do this! I don't want to be treated like a baby

anymore!”

Nanny Rose just paused and smiled at Anna.

“Please! I’ll be a good girl, I promise! Just please don’t treat me like a baby!” Anna screamed.

Nanny Rose just laughed. Brad and Lindsey turned away.

Anna felt a wave of panic and began furiously tugging on the straps on her chair—they didn’t budge. “Please let me up! Let me up!” Anna shrieked and yelled. “I’m not a baby! I’m not a baby!”

“Wonderful, a chance to demonstrate!” Nanny Rose said. She retrieved a large, rubber pacifier from the nearby shelf.

Anna screamed even louder.

Brad and Lindsey just cringed and plugged their ears, as if Anna were a fussy toddler crying in a restaurant.

Anna’s screams went quiet—muffled by the large pacifier Nanny Rose shoved into her mouth. Nanny Rose then secured the pacifier around Anna’s head with straps.

Anna wildly flailed her hands behind her in an attempt to unbuckle the pacifier—but Nanny Rose swiftly seized each of Anna’s hands and slipped them into the thick ‘mobility’ mittens that Anna had been forced to wear the night before.

Finally, Nanny Rose clipped each of Anna’s wrists to sturdy metal rings behind the chair.

Anna was left to hysterically and fruitlessly writhe in her seat before the group—totally bound and gagged in her poopy diaper.

“That’s better,” Nanny Rose said with a smirk.

Anna gave a last glance at Lindsey and Brad with pleading, helpless eyes. Lindsey just looked away. Brad looked Anna up and down with a mixture of disgust and fascination.

Finally, Anna exhausted herself to the point of slumping in her chair and quietly crying in defeat.

“What about when she’s not gagged like that. Is she allowed to talk at all?” Brad asked.

“Like I said, she may communicate at the level of a one year old,” Nanny Rose answered.

“What does that mean?” Brad asked.

“Brad, you seemed to have an unusual level of interest in Anna’s treatment. Is there any particular reason why?” Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey gave Brad a dirty look of ‘*shut up*’.

Brad nervously shook his head. “No Nanny Rose. I’m just...” Brad stared at Anna struggling against her restraints, “curious, I guess.”

Nanny Rose nodded. “Well, specifically, Anna’s required baby talk means only using the simplest words and sentences—along with slurred consonants, and pronounced lisps,” Nanny Rose said. “And certainly no cursing.”

“And she’s gonna know how to do that?” Brad asked.

Nanny Rose smiled. “I’m glad you asked, Brad. I’ve actually developed a method to assist Anna with her pronunciations.”

Nanny Rose got down on her knee and looked Anna in the eyes. “Anna?” Nanny Rose said. Anna looked up. “Would you like me to remove your pacifier?”

Anna eagerly nodded her head.

“But you have to promise not to throw any more tantrums, okay? Can you do that?” Nanny Rose asked.

Anna eagerly nodded her head again.

Anna felt a small but important moment of relief as Nanny Rose slid the pacifier out of her mouth.

“Now Anna, using a complete sentence, and showing how much of a big girl you can be with your words, can you tell us whether or not you like being treated like a baby?” Nanny Rose asked.

“I don’t *wike* it *Naawny*. I don’t want to be *tweated* like a widdle baby!” Anna shouted

Anna was startled! She didn’t mean to lisp like that!

Lindsey and Brad turned their heads in surprise at how babyish she sounded.

“What was that dear? I said to talk like an adult, not like a baby,” Nanny Rose said with a smirk.

Anna tried to speak again. “I... *swaid*... I don’t want to be *tweated wike* a widdle baby!”

Brad and Lindsey both started snickering.

Anna finally realized that her lips were numb! She sounded like a one year old, even though she was trying her hardest not to!

Nanny Rose showed the pacifier to Brad and Lindsey. “You see, I’ve soaked Anna’s pacifier in lidocaine, which will keep her lips numb and teach her how to properly speak for her age.”

Anna was horrified. “Pwease Nawny! I don’t want numb lips! I want to speak wike a big girl!”

Again, everyone snickered at her involuntary babyish sound. Anna immediately felt humiliated and helpless again. She began screaming and struggling against her restraints.

“Alright dear, alright,” Nanny Rose said, slipping the pacifier back in Anna’s mouth and strapping it in. “That’s enough words from you for now.”

Anna quietly went back to her defeated, humiliated slump.

* * *

“WELL THAT ABOUT COVERS IT for now,” Nanny Rose said to Brad and Lindsey. “Although of course, as situations arise, new rules may be developed, but so long as you treat Anna like the baby she now is, there shouldn’t be any major issues. Any more questions?”

Brad and Lindsey both shook their heads.

“Very good. Now as for you, Brad and Lindsey, my two new little Kindergarteners...”

Brad and Lindsey both tensed up.

“You needn’t worry too much. Your adjustments will be small compared to those laid out for Anna. Of course, there will be obvious measures—like earlier bedtimes and confiscation of your phones—but other than that, it will be easier if I just explain the rules as they come up. Sound good?” Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey and Brad exchanged looks again, then nodded their heads.

“Yes, Nanny.” “Understood, Nanny Rose,” they answered.

They were both visibly relieved. After all—given what they just witnessed Anna go through, they were beginning to

expect the worst.

“Very good,” Nanny Rose said. She went to the door of the nursery, locked it shut, then went over to the nursery’s crib and lowered the side rail all the way down.

“Alright, Brad, Lindsey—pants down and tummies on the bed, please,” Nanny Rose said as she patted the mattress in the crib.

Brad and Lindsey’s eyes widened.

“W-w-why?” Brad stammered.

Nanny Rose smirked as she put on a pair of latex gloves. “Kids your age need to be thoroughly inspected for signs of constipation.”

Brad and Lindsey gulped.

ROUTINE INSPECTION

*A*nna calmed down from her crying fit over being bound and gagged and opened her eyes to see Brad and Lindsey both nervously approaching the crib.

Brad was the first to drop his pants to his ankles and lean over the bed. Lindsey hesitated.

“Something wrong?” Nanny Rose asked Lindsey as she approached with a jar of Vaseline in her hands.

“Inspected how?” Lindsey asked.

Nanny Rose clucked her tongue. “You’re about to find out, dear. Now do as I say or else the both of you will get a spanking.”

Brad gave Lindsey a look. “Lindsey,” he whispered. “Just do it.”

Lindsey nodded. Her hands trembled as she began unbuttoning her pants.

Nanny Rose grabbed Brad’s underwear and yanked them down to his ankles. “When I say pants down, that means undies too,” Nanny Rose said. “And keep your face against the mattress, hands flat and above your head.”

“Yes, Nanny Rose,” Brad said as he complied.

Lindsey had only gotten her button and belt unfastened, too nervous to go further.

Nanny Rose came up behind Lindsey and yanked her skinny-jeans and underwear down her thighs. Lindsey shrieked.

Nanny Rose continued trying to pull Lindsey’s pants off, but they were stuck around Lindsey’s legs.

“Here, let me—” Lindsey said, reaching down.

SLAP — Nanny Rose slapped Lindsey’s hand away.

“Hush now! No wonder you needed help getting these off—these pants are far too tight for a girl your age. Let’s get them off completely. You’ll both be getting more appropriate outfits shortly anyway.” Nanny Rose ordered. “Now lay back and raise your feet.”

Lindsey and Brad exchanged nervous looks again. Lindsey turned around, laid back on the bed, and raised her feet.

As Nanny Rose finished peeling Lindsey’s jeans and underwear off, it occurred to Lindsey that she was in the same position she would be in if Nanny Rose were changing her diaper...

Nanny Rose then helped Lindsey back up, turned her around, and bent her over next to Brad. “Face down, hands above the head... very good,” Nanny Rose instructed.

Anna was now vigorously sucking on her pacifier as she watched Brad and Lindsey lean over the bed and expose their naked rear ends.

Anna felt an undeniable thrill watching Brad and Lindsey suffer under Nanny Rose’s wrath instead of her. She could almost forget the intense embarrassment of being forced to

sit in a diaper filled with her own poop—even if for just a second.

Nanny Rose dipped her index and fore finger into the Vaseline and spread a large gob of it up and down her fingers. “Now,” Nanny Rose said to Brad and Lindsey. “Which of you would like to go first?”

Lindsey gave Brad a look that said, ‘you!’

“Umm... I will, I guess,” Brad said.

PHUMP—Lindsey shrieked!

Nanny Rose deftly thrust her fingers deep into Lindsey’s butt hole.

Lindsey reflexively tried to get up—but Nanny Rose used her free hand to push her back down and pin her to the bed.

“Stay down, darling. If I have to start over, I’ll be forced to use three fingers,” Nanny Rose said.

“Ugh! Owwww... unhhh...” Lindsey grunted and flinched as she felt Nanny Rose maneuver and twist her fingers around in her rectum.

Lindsey had never put so much as a curious finger of her own into her bottom—so the sensations of the intrusion were as strange as they were overwhelming—to say the least!

Brad swiftly grabbed Lindsey’s hand to try and comfort her as she gasped and writhed from Nanny Rose’s invasion.

“I thought you said I was going to go first!” Brad shouted in outrage.

“I know dear,” Nanny Rose replied. “But the key to a good insertion is a relaxed sphincter—which is easier achieved when the participant isn’t expecting it.”

Anna, for her part, was captivated by the procedure being performed before her.

Lindsey felt Nanny Rose's twisting, burrowing digits finally come to a pause inside her rectum—allowing her to catch her breath.

“Lindsey, dear?” Nanny Rose asked.

“Yes, Nanny?” Lindsey replied.

“When was your last bowel movement?” Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey felt taken aback by the question. She also realized that Brad was right next to her, and despite what they had already been through, Lindsey still felt embarrassed to answer a question about her *pooping schedule* in front of him.

“Ummm... I don't know,” Lindsey replied.

“Hmm, well, that's no surprise,” Nanny Rose said. Lindsey grunted with relief as she felt Nanny Rose slide her digits out of her rectum. “Your bottom is positively crammed with feces.”

Lindsey's eyes widened and her cheeks turned bright red.

The fingers of Nanny Rose's latex glove were now stained brown.

“I wouldn't be surprised if you were never taught how to maintain any voiding schedule at all,” Nanny Rose said as she dropped the soiled glove in the trash.

Lindsey was speechless with humiliation. She turned her head to avoid looking Brad in the eyes.

“Lindsey, it's okay,” Brad said, detecting her embarrassment. Lindsey just ignored him and pulled her hand away from his.

“Can I get up now?” She asked Nanny Rose. Lindsey wanted to run back to her bedroom, crawl under her sheets, and die of embarrassment.

Nanny Rose laughed. “Oh no, dear. You stay right there. We’ll be commencing treatment for that backed up colon in just a minute.”

Lindsey cringed. She didn’t know what that meant, but she knew it wouldn’t be good.

“And what about you, Brad?” Nanny Rose said as she equipped a new pair of latex gloves. “When was your last bowel movement?”

“Yesterday morning!” Brad shouted. He knew the question was coming, and realized it would be better to have an answer than not.

“And how often do you evacuate your bowels?” Nanny Rose asked.

“Ummm... like every day,” Brad answered.

“Yet, you didn’t move your bowels this morning? Why not?” Nanny Rose asked.

“Uhhh... I guess I forgot to,” Brad said.

“Uh huh. Well no worries, from now on, both of you will be put on carefully monitored toileting schedules and your eliminations will be closely supervised going forward,” Nanny Rose said.

“What?! You’re gonna watch us use the bathroom??” Lindsey shouted, appalled by the suggestion.

“Yes, dear,” Nanny Rose answered. “Children your age with potty problems need drastic intervention to prevent their

conditions from rapidly deteriorating. Now alright, Brad, open up.”

“Huh? Brad said.

PHUMP—Brad grunted as Nanny Rose plunged her fingers into his rear end.

Lindsey kept her gaze averted, but Anna eagerly watched from her chair as Brad grunted and writhed from Nanny Rose’s ‘inspection’.

Finally, Brad exhaled in relief as Nanny Rose withdrew her fingers from his ass.

“Well, at least your situation downstairs isn’t as bad as Lindsey’s...” Nanny Rose said. Lindsey cringed with humiliation at the comment.

“But I think I should treat your colon as well, just to be on the safe side,” Nanny Rose said as she dropped her gloves in the trash.

“*Treat us? How?*” Brad asked in a nervous voice.

Nanny Rose went to the closet and retrieved an IV stand with a large, red, rubber bag hanging from it.

“Daily large-volume-enemas, my dear,” Nanny Rose said with a smirk.

LARGE VOLUME ENEMAS

Nanny Rose filled the enema bag up with warm water and returned to Brad and Lindsey with the nozzle in her hands.

“Alright, dears, which of you would like to go first?” Nanny Rose asked.

Lindsey and Brad exchanged looks. “I do!” Lindsey said.

“Oof!” Lindsey grunted as Nanny Rose stuck the enema nozzle into her bottom. “I only said that because last time, you picked the opposite person,” Lindsey whined.

“Sorry dear—now hold still and keep quiet while Nanny gives you your medicine,” Nanny Rose said.

Anna watched in fascination as Nanny Rose released the clamp at the end of the enema tube and let the flow of water begin into Lindsey’s bottom.

Lindsey began to curl her toes and moan as the bag hanging high above her began to empty.

“Ooooh, Nanny, it hurts,” Lindsey moaned.

Nanny Rose patted Lindsey’s bottom and shushed her. “Don’t worry dear, that’s just a cramp, it’ll fade in a second.

Nanny's gotta give you a big enema since you're so backed up."

"Lindsey, do you need me to—" Brad asked.

"Shut up!" Lindsey snapped at him. "Just, don't look at me."

Lindsey's moans got louder and louder as the enema bag finally finished emptying.

Nanny Rose slipped the enema valve out of Lindsey's bottom.

"Nanny, can I go to the toilet?" Lindsey squealed.

"Yes, dear, go on in, I'll meet you there in just one second," Nanny Rose said.

Lindsey stood up and grasped her tummy in pain—she was clearly on the verge of making a very big mess on the nursery carpet. She hustled over into the nursery bathroom.

"I can't get the lid open!" Lindsey shouted from inside the bathroom.

"I know dear," Nanny Rose said. "It's locked to keep naughty toddlers from having unauthorized access. And before you ask, I've already locked the other bathroom on the floor for good."

"Well can you open this toilet?!" Lindsey begged.

"Not yet," Nanny Rose said. "I need you to hold it for just a little longer. I'll be right in with Anna."

"What? Why?" Lindsey shouted in disbelief.

"Watching you use the toilet is how Anna will learn," Nanny Rose replied with a smirk.

Then, to Anna's surprise, Nanny Rose approached Anna, unbuckled her from her seat, and carried her into the nursery bathroom as well.

Inside the bathroom, Lindsey was frantically doing the potty dance in front of the locked toilet.

Nanny Rose sat down in a chair across from the toilet and held Anna on her lap.

Anna cringed as Nanny Rose bounced her in her poop diaper on her knee.

"Do you see what that is, Anna?" Nanny Rose asked, pointing to the toilet.

Anna nodded through her pacifier gag.

"That's where big girls go poop," Nanny Rose said.

"Can I go now?" Lindsey asked in desperation.

"Not yet dear," Nanny Rose said to Lindsey. "You need to hold that enema long enough to make sure all your icky poop gets washed out."

Lindsey groaned and squeezed her eyes shut.

"Do you know why Lindsey is doing the potty dance?" Nanny Rose asked Anna. "It's because she has to do a poop. Instead of doing her poop in here..." Nanny Rose squeezed Anna's poop diaper, "she's gonna go in there."

"Please Nanny! It burns! I have to go!" Lindsey squealed.

Nanny Rose giggled. "Well if you used the toilet more often, you wouldn't get so backed up that it burns, would you?"

Finally, after a couple more minutes, Nanny Rose got up, put a key in the mechanism above the toilet, and opened the lid.

Lindsey immediately plopped her naked butt on the toilet. Nanny Rose sat back down across from her and continued bouncing Anna in her poopy diaper.

“Can you guys leave please!” Lindsey said, clearly on the verge of losing control.

“Sorry dear, Anna needs to see this so she learns,” Nanny Rose said. “Now watch, Anna. Watch Lindsey use the big girl toilet.”

Anna burned bright red as she looked Lindsey in the eyes. Lindsey finally lost control, and with a huge splat, the sound of Lindsey releasing her enema into the toilet rang out in the bathroom.

Soon, Lindsey’s face was just as red as Anna’s—both from releasing her bowels, and from the humiliation of pooping in front of Nanny Rose and Anna.

“See Anna? Lindsey is doing what you did in your diaper...” Nanny Rose explained as she mushed Anna’s poopy diaper on her knee, “in the big girl toilet.”

Lindsey wanted to finish and clean herself off ASAP, but she was struck by wave after wave of releasing more and more loud, brown, poopy water into the toilet below.

Anna stared at Lindsey—then started giggling. She realized that she was finally having a bit of revenge over Lindsey. She was suddenly enjoying Lindsey’s humiliation quite a bit.

Lindsey glared at Anna. “What are you laughing at, you poopy diaper cunt!”

“Lindsey!” Nanny Rose screamed. “That is no way for a girl your age to speak.”

“But she was laughing at me!” Lindsey protested.

“I don’t want to hear it,” Nanny Rose said. Nanny Rose put Anna down and retrieved a bar of soap.

“Open!” She demanded of Lindsey.

“But I—“

Lindsey was muffled as Nanny Rose jammed the bar of soap into her mouth.

Lindsey gagged and tried to spit the bar of soap out, but Nanny Rose just forced it back into her mouth.

“Now bite down,” Nanny Rose ordered. “Bite down, now, or I’ll tan your bottom and give you two more enemas for good measure.”

Lindsey complied, biting down on the soap, and clearly regretted it.

“I hope you learned your lesson, Lindsey. If you have a filthy bottom, Nanny’s going to clean it out, and if you have a filthy mouth, you can expect the same. It’s really just convenient for me to clean both out at the same time,” Nanny Rose lectured.

Nanny Rose went back to Anna and rocked her in her lap again as Lindsey continued painfully voiding her bowels—now gagged with a bar of soap.

Anna took in the sight of Lindsey drooling and gagging from the soap in her mouth, as well as the helpless farting and voiding she was doing on the toilet, and soon Anna forgot all about her own day’s embarrassment’s.

She giggled and giggled and giggled at Lindsey’s humiliating misfortune, driving Lindsey mad.

* * *

AFTER NANNY ROSE had made Lindsey sit on the toilet for a good fifteen minutes, she finally gave her permission to stand up and remove the bar of soap in her mouth.

Nanny Rose then wiped Lindsey's bottom off while explaining the procedure to Anna in great detail—much to Lindsey's humiliation.

Lindsey was finally allowed to return to the nursery and patiently wait for Brad to go through the same procedure.

Brad was given his enema as Anna watched—grunting only slightly less than Lindsey. And just like Lindsey, Nanny Rose held Anna in her lap and forced her to watch Brad use the 'big boy' toilet.

Brad was totally humiliated by Anna's gaze and kept his eyes glued to the floor as he released his enema before her. But Anna, for her part, loved the fact that she was now given the chance to watch Brad and Lindsey be humiliated instead of her.

When Nanny Rose was finished wiping Brad's bottom, all three boarders reassembled in the nursery.

CONCLUSION

Nanny Rose deftly discarded Brad and Lindsey's adult clothes, and provided a humiliating, juvenile school girl dress for Lindsey, and a pair of juvenile looking shortalls for Brad.

Everyone was quietly amazed at how much younger the simple change in wardrobe made them look already.

Nanny Rose locked Anna in her 'safety' chair then left with Brad and Lindsey to take them into the back yard to play.

Nanny Rose returned shortly, and Anna was grateful to realize she was about to finally be changed out of her horrifically poopy diaper.

Nanny Rose peeled Anna's rubber and plastic pants off with some struggle, then plopped Anna on the diaper changing table.

When Nanny Rose peeled Anna's diaper back, the stench made Anna burn bright red, but Nanny Rose only giggled and teased, then got to work wiping Anna's filthy poopy mess off of her bottom.

"Yucky baby! You made such a big, poopy diaper for Nanny to change!" Nanny Rose teased.

Anna coo'd with relief as she could feel the warm, poopy, caked on mess finally come off of her bottom, thighs and crotch.

Finally, Anna's bottom was nice and clean, and Nanny Rose put a heavy layer of diaper rash cream and powder down before taping Anna up in a fresh new diaper.

Nanny Rose then carried Anna over to her new crib.

"Did you have a fun day today so far, little Anna?" Nanny Rose asked as she locked Anna into her crib for her afternoon nap.

"Yeth, Nanny," Anna replied.

"Good girl," Nanny Rose said. "And just think, this was just day two. You're gonna have so many more poopy diapers for Nanny to change before your parents return to pick you up," Nanny Rose teased as she slipped Anna's pacifier back in.

"And if you're good, maybe I'll let Bradley help me change your next poopy diaper as well," Nanny Rose said. "I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Anna giggled and burned bright red as Nanny Rose drew the shades and locked Anna in the nursery.

Anna rolled over in her fresh new diaper and smiled.

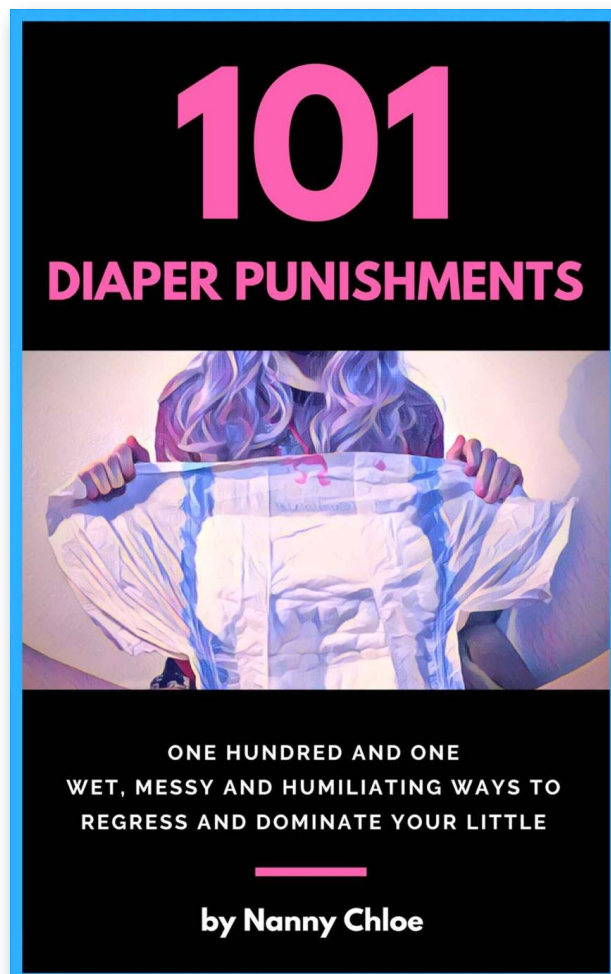
Nanny Rose was right, Anna thought. *She would* like that.

Anna quickly fell asleep to pleasant dreams of Lindsey feeding her mushy baby food, Nanny Rose tucking her in, and Brad changing her poopy diaper.

It was just another sign that maybe Anna really was meant to be a diapered little baby after all.

THE END

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



101 Diaper Punishments: 101 Wet, Messy and Humiliating Ways to Regress and Dominate your Little

In the first comprehensive manual of its kind, Mistress Chloe shares with you why she loves to use diapers to dominate and regress her submissives.

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- Dozens and dozens of punishments for breaking those rules.
- And countless techniques and methods you can use to restrain, humiliate, punish and dominate your Little completely.

“101 Diaper Punishments,” is a fictional ABDL guide full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation and soggy and messy diapers! It’s for mature audiences only!

“This book is huge! It’s the kamasutra of diaper discipline!”

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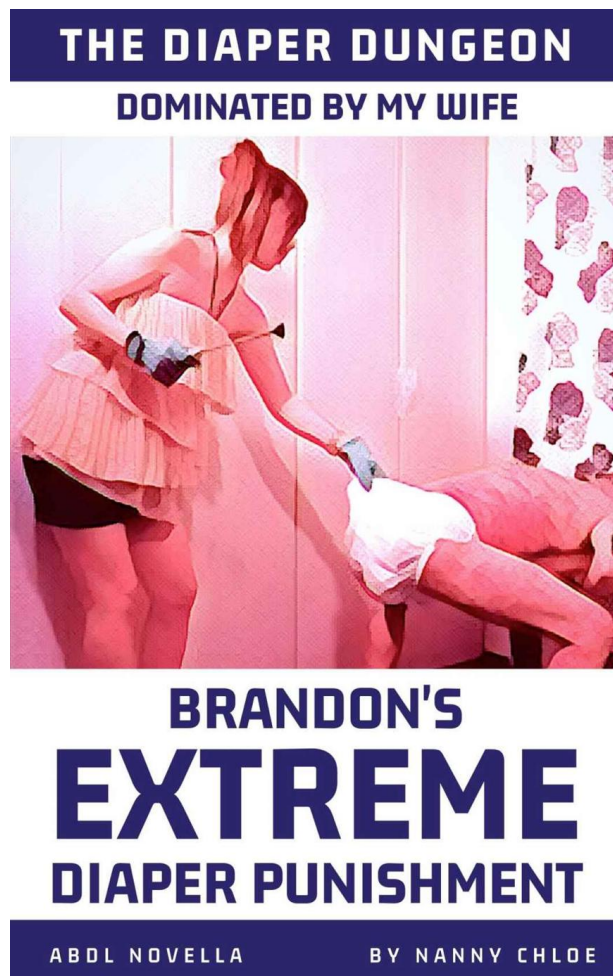
“This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can’t wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work.”

- Mistress Marywell

“As an ABDL Little and FemDom fan, I loved reading this because it gave me tons of ideas for ways to have fun with my Big. Especially when I’ve been naughty, hehe.”

- Little_Georgie

NOVELLAS:



Dominated By My Wife: Brandon's Extreme Diaper Punishment

When Tara finds out her husband Brandon betrayed her at a wild Vegas bachelor party, she decides to finally lay down some discipline in her marriage...

Diaper Discipline.

Before Brandon even has a chance to protest, Tara has her husband...

Spanked.

Manacled.

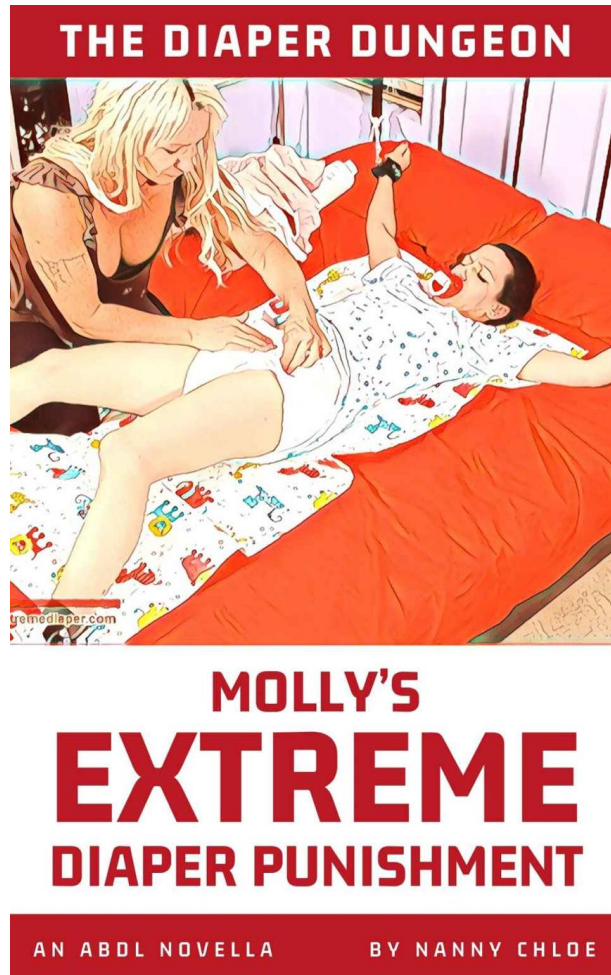
And Diapered 24/7.

And unfortunately for Brandon, that's Tara just getting started.

By the time his new mistress is finished, Brandon will know the intimate realities of cage-cribs, feedings tubes, and unimaginable public humiliation.

This full-length, erotic ABDL novella will have you on the 'edge' of your seat from start to finish.

It's packed with corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, diaper bondage, heavy femdom, intense BDSM, and of course some very soggy and very messy diapers! For mature readers only!



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

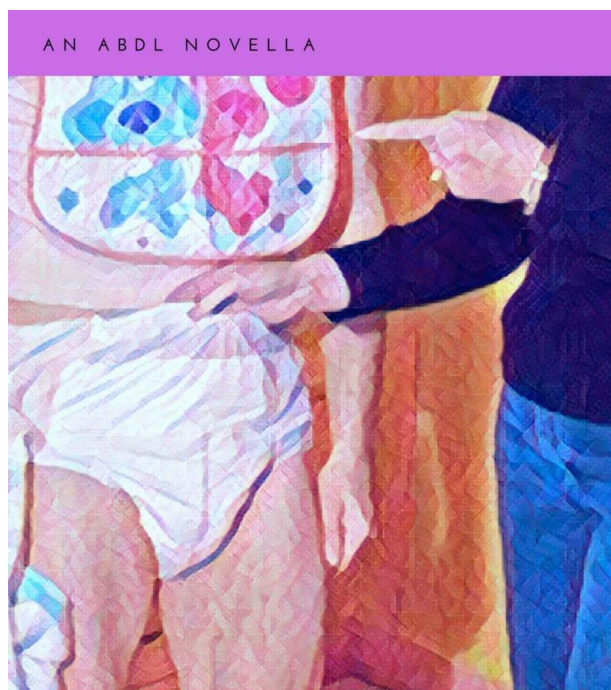
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



REGRESSING TIMMY

NANNY CHLOE

Regressing Timmy.

After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

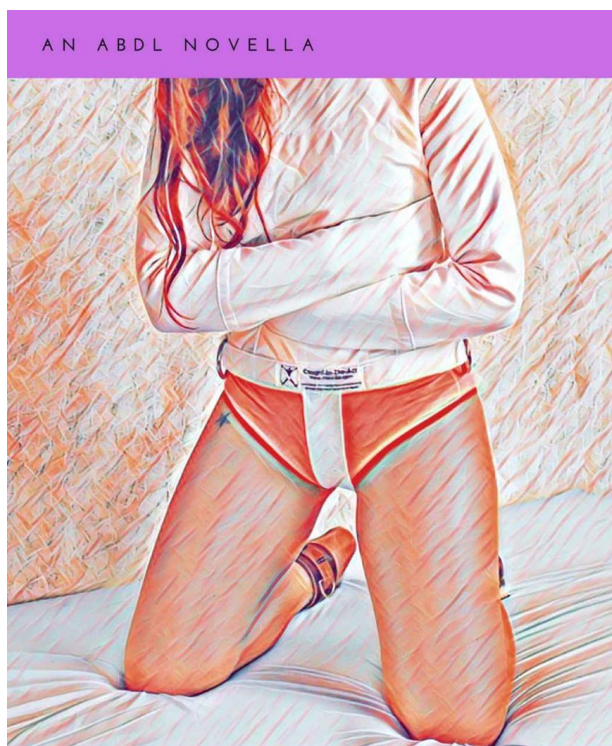
Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...



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.

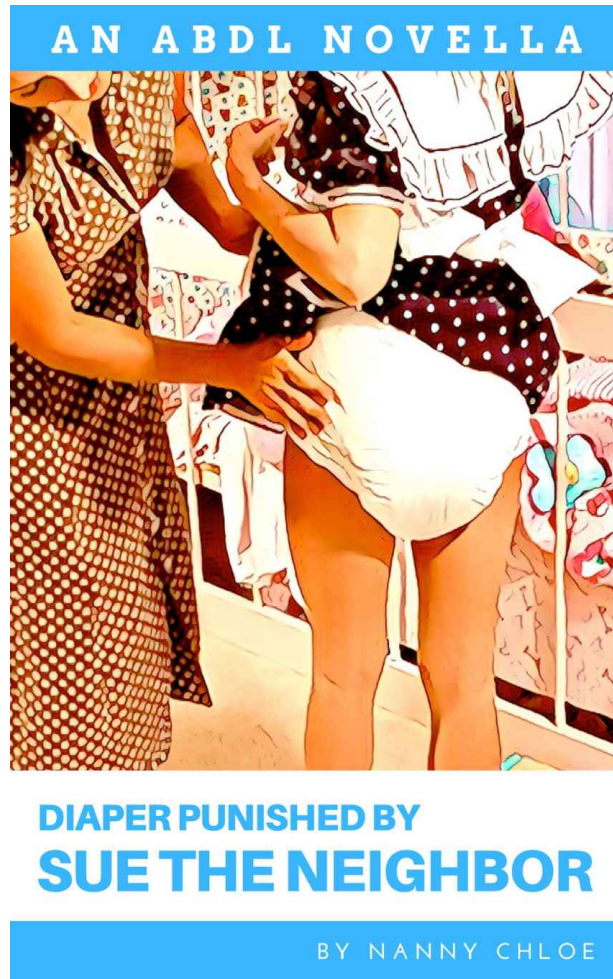
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

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.

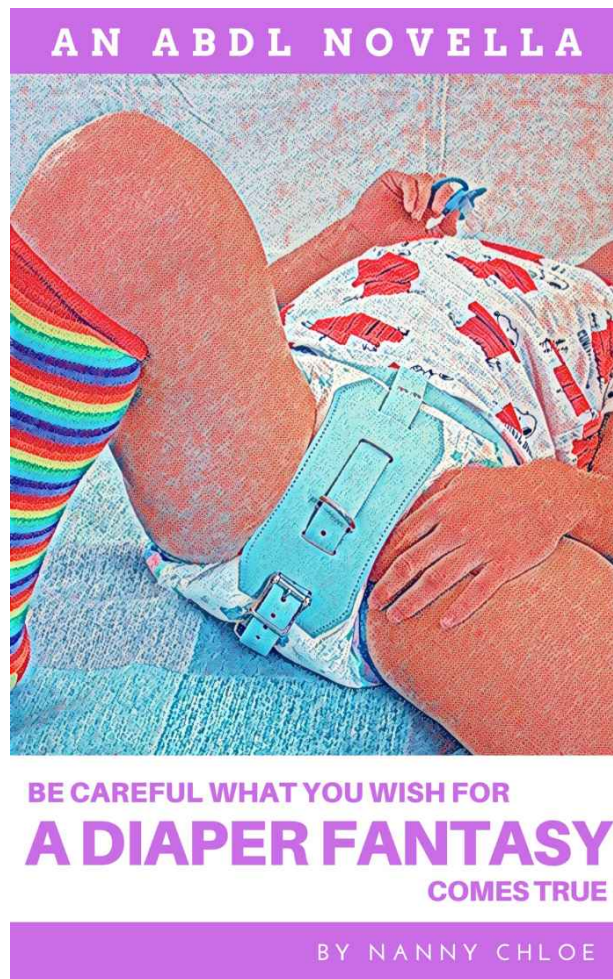
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

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!



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

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nannychloetales.tumblr.com

