

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

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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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PROLOGUE

Sarah crossed her legs as she sat in her desk. The pressure on her bladder was mounting, and she knew she wasn't allowed to get up to use the bathroom.

She felt a little dribble. Then another. She tried to focus on the boring curriculum her teacher was announcing at the front. But it didn't help. She stared at the clock. Every minute was going by so slow. She prayed that the class period would end so that she could go relieve herself before her next class.

"Sarah!" Her teacher suddenly announced. "I see that you're day-dreaming. Do you want to tell the class what is more interesting than the lesson I'm teaching?"

"No, sir, I'm not day dreaming." Sarah replied meekly.

"Good, then you'll have no problem telling the class the answer to question number forty-four," the teacher pronounced with a stern look.

Sarah looked down at the math question. The numbers seemed to blur in and out. She couldn't even begin to make sense of it. Her bladder was just too full.

"I... uh... if you carry the..." Sarah started to mutter.

WHAP. The ruler in Sarah's teacher's hand SLAPPED the desk, making her jolt. The scare nearly made Sarah lose control of her bladder right that second.

"How dare you answer a question while still sitting, you dreadfully lazy girl. Stand up like a proper lady." Her teacher demanded.

Sarah gulped, then pushed herself out of her desk and slowly stood up. Every second, it felt like her aching bladder was going to let go. She got to her feet.

"Sir, I believe the answer is..." Sarah started to meekly respond.

SLAP. Her teacher slapped the desk again with his ruler. "I said stand up, not slouch!" He shouted.

Sarah painfully straightened her back. Her bladder felt like it was going to burst any second.

"Sir, I believe the answer is... well if you carry the seven after the division..." Sarah's face started to grow hot as the whole class stared at her mumbling and failing to answer the question.

"Umm... 36," Sarah pronounced, hoping that some answer would release her from the pressure standing putting on her bladder.

"That is incorrect Sarah." Her teacher said.

Sarah quickly nodded and slipped back in her seat.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP. Her teacher SLAPPED the desk with his ruler in a rage.

"What on god's green earth did you just do?" The teacher asked.

Sarah's face quickly got even more red. She realizes that she broke another rule — Sitting down before dismissed. She quickly scrambled back up.

"I'm sorry sir!" Sarah pronounced, almost in tears.

"Yes, you will be sorry. Because you broke a rule when you chose not to pay attention to my lesson. You broke a rule by not standing when called upon in class. You broke a rule by choosing to slouch instead of stand. You broke a rule by giving a false answer to the question posed. And you finally broke another rule by sitting before being given permission." The teacher announced.

Sarah gulped. She knew this was very bad.

"Do you know what this means?" Her teacher asked her.

"No, sir." Sarah said under her breath.

It means you are to walk to the front of class, drop your trousers, and prepare for a mighty spanking.

Tears started falling from Sarah's eyes. Getting spanked in her present condition of needing to pee would be unbearable. She didn't know if she would be able to continue to hold her bladder during it.

Unfortunately for Sarah, she would find out soon she most certainly would not.

EVERGREEN BOARDING SCHOOL

Sarah looked out the window of the back seat of the car. She found it strange that both of her parents were driving her to her first day of school, but they had said that they needed to run another errand afterward.

As they drove, Sarah daydreamed about returning to school from Summer. She was excited to connect with old friends, take new and more mature classes, and earn a little bit more freedom now that she was one year older.

But unfortunately for Sarah, that was exactly the opposite of what was in store for her.

About 20 minutes into their journey, Sarah realized – they weren't going in the direction of her school at all.

“Mom, Dad, where are we going?” Sarah asked in a concerned and confused voice.

“Sorry Sarah, something came up and we need to drive a little out of the way first. You'll see.” Her parents said. Sarah sat back, still confused, but ultimately decided that it would probably make sense soon enough.

90 Minutes later, Sarah realized the car was slowing down. She looked out the window and saw a sign on the side of the

road they turned down. “Evergreen Boarding School for Troubled Teens.”

“Why are we going here?” Sarah asked again, concerned.

Instead of answering, her parents merely drove into the parking lot, parked, and opened her door. Sarah got out and saw dozens of other kids being dropped off by their parents. Most of them had tears in their eyes. Some were even throwing violent temper tantrums.

Sarah’s Dad came over and put his hand on Sarah’s shoulder.

“Sarah, your mother and I have been talking, and we’ve decided that this is the best way to handle your bad behavior that was on display during Summer.” Sarah’s Dad said.

“What – you’re not actually enrolling me here, are you?” Sarah stammered in shock.

“Yes, Sarah,” her mother replied. “Disobeying curfew. Beginning to drink and smoke pot. Looking at porn and masturbating.” Her mother said in a matter of fact way.

Sarah’s face immediately grew hot red. “Mom!” She protested.

“There’s no use in pretending. We know you’re not going to be our little girl anymore, and this is our last chance to instill some discipline in you before you leave the house on your own.” Her mother explained.

“But this is so unfair! We haven’t even talked about it or anything!” Sarah protested.

“I know, but it’s for the better. They actually find that the program works best on students who are not expecting their arrival,” her Dad said in a matter of fact way. “Now come on, you don’t want to be late for your first day of class.”

Sarah felt her Dad push her forward into the crowd of other scared and confused students. “But what about my stuff?” Sarah pleaded.

“You don’t need it honey, they’ll be providing everything.” Her Mom said.

“Sarah, look at the bright side, they’re going to help you fix your behavior problems. They even said they could fix your bedwetting problem,” her Mom said loudly.

Sarah looked around her, her face beet red. A few other students had clearly overheard and were shooting her judgmental looks.

When they arrived in the office, a secretary with a clipboard met the family of three.

“Name,” The secretary said rudely.

“Sarah Jones,” Sarah’s mother said. Then her parents signed a few forms.

“Wrist!” The secretary demanded. Sarah, confused at first, then understood she was to stick out her wrist.

The secretary quickly snapped on a heavy pink plastic bracelet around her wrist. It said Sarah’s name and had a 9-digit code on it.

Sarah immediately recoiled and tried to pull it off. It wouldn’t budge.

“What is this?” She yelled back.

“It means that you’re not enrolled in our institution. It has a tracking device to ensure you don’t leave the grounds of the school, along with a few other important features. Don’t try to take it off, trust me.” The secretary said rudely.

Suddenly Sarah's eyes started filling with tears. It was suddenly all too much.

"Mom, Dad, please take my home! I don't want to do this!" Sarah pleaded.

Her Mom and Dad simply smiled back at her, prepared for this moment from the literature they'd been sent beforehand.

"Sorry Sarah, now be a good girl for your teachers and headmistress." Her Mom said.

"We won't be coming back for you until the end of semester, so don't even try to call." Her Dad said.

And with that Sarah watched her Mom and dad leave the doors she came in. Sarah contemplated running after them, but she watched as another girl tried to do the same thing, and was abruptly stopped and restrained by an intimidating female guard.

Sarah started sobbing as a staff member directed the kids down the hallway into their first class.

THE RULES AND THE HEADMISTRESS

The classroom was hot and filled to the brim with thirty other students. A male teacher, Mr. Bronze, paced at the front of the room explaining to the crowded room the details of their new school career.

“You will not be leaving school premises except for designated outings. You will not be wearing any clothes besides the uniforms issued to you. You will always stand in class when answering a question.” Mr. Bronze’s rule list continued.

Sarah’s head was spinning. The rules seemed endless, and she didn’t know how to keep up. Then he mentioned one that seemed especially relevant to her.

“Most of you will have gone your whole school careers with the unearned privilege of getting to leave your desk and go to the bathroom at any point. Well I’m here to tell you that that ends now with your first day here. You will not leave your seats for any reason while class is in session,” Mr. Bronze announced at the head of the class.

Suddenly Sarah felt her bladder twinge. She hadn’t used the bathroom since leaving her house in the morning. She hoped the class period would end soon so she could use the bathroom before next session.

Then Mr. Bronze went quiet. Sarah realized someone else was entering the room. The first thing she heard was the clicking of high heels on the ground.

Then Sarah saw her – The Headmistress. She wore a tight leather outfit and had long, flowing brunette hair. And she carried a paddle – A spanking paddle – In her hands. Sarah's eyes widened, along with all the other girls, as the headmistress walked to the front of the room.

“So, this is the new crop of girls,” The headmistress announced. She sniffed the air dramatically. “They reek like unclean animals.” She said.

“Yes,” Mr. Bronze responded. “The homes they come from no doubt denied them of basic grooming habits. No doubt the staff will give them all a thorough cleaning tonight.” Mr. Bronze said with a smile on his face.

Sarah's head reeled. She had no idea what they were talking about, but it sounded horribly invasive.

“What do you mean?” A pretty little blonde girl asked in the front row.

Big mistake. The Headmistress whipped her head around and locked eyes on the blonde.

“STAND UP!” The headmistress shouted. The blonde girl was speechless in terror.

“Is this one deaf? STAND UP!” The blonde girl now realized the headmistress was talking to her, and stood up. The rest of the room was terrified.

The headmistress pulled a stool from the corner and placed it in front of the classroom.

“Approach the stool young lady!” The headmistress shouted.

The little blonde, terrified out of her wits, took one step forward.

“Drop your pants.” The headmistress shouted.

“What – You can’t—” the blonde stammered, utterly confused and overwhelmed.

“I did not stutter! Drop your pants or you’ll be sent out into the hallway for punishment!” The headmistress screamed.

The blonde was frozen in terror. “I can’t drop my pants in front of the class...” Was all she could respond.

The headmistress gave an evil smile.

“We have our first volunteer for hallway punishment!” The headmistress shouted with glee.

Suddenly two muscular staff members walked into the door and picked up the blonde by her arms and legs. She started screaming and crying for help.

Sarah and the rest of the class watched in terror as the blonde was carried out the door.

Then, the blonde was carried out of sight. There was a silence as the class all listened.

Down the hallway it came – The first scream. Then the second one. Then the third one. Whatever they were doing to the blonde in the hallway, it surely paled to whatever spanking she would have received in front of the class, Sarah thought.

The whole class listened in terror for 15 straight minutes as the blonde screamed and screamed. Sarah resolved that she would never disobey an order from her teacher, and certainly not the headmistress, while she was there.

Finally, the bell rang, and Sarah was released along with the other students.

THE BATHROOM

Sarah walked into the hallway with the rush of other students and spotted the sign for the bathroom. Now the pressure on her bladder was really building.

Sarah walked into the crowded women's restroom and to her shock realized – there were no doors covering the toilets. Instead there were two toilets out in the open and two staff members watching every girl use the bathroom.

Sarah's head was spinning. She couldn't imagine exposing herself like that to all of her classmates and the staff.

Instead Sarah turned around and walked down the hallway in the other direction, hoping to find another, more normal bathroom.

When she finally found the other bathroom, she walked in, and realized again that not only was there a line, but there also weren't any doors over covering the toilets!

One of the muscular staff members watching the girls use the bathroom looked at Sarah as her jaw dropped.

"That right missy, we know what girls your age get up to when they're not attended to at all times, so there's no doors

for you to hide behind in this school,” The staff member explained, a sadistic tone in her voice.

Sarah crossed her legs and did a potty dance. She didn't know what to do and time was running out. She couldn't imagine peeing in front of a dozen strangers like this. Soon she was going to have no choice.

Finally, she worked up the courage to get in line. But then she heard – The bell! She had two minutes to get back to her proper class, otherwise she would be punished.

Sarah bit her lip and ran back to Mr. Bronze's class without getting a chance to use the bathroom. She made it just in time, hoping that she could hold it throughout the hour. Unfortunately for Sarah, she would not be successful at her goal.

BACK TO CLASS

Sarah crossed her legs and prayed that her teacher wouldn't call on her. Her prayers were not to be met, and soon Mr. Bronze called on her, asked her to stand, and forced her to give a wrong answer to the question. Somehow, Sarah soon broke five rules in less than 60 seconds.

"Do you know what this means?" Her teacher asked her.

"No, sir." Sarah said under her breath.

"It means you are to walk to the front of class, drop your trousers, and prepare for a mighty spanking," he responded.

Tears started falling from Sarah's eyes. Getting spanked in her present condition would be unbearable. She didn't know if she would be able to continue to hold her bladder during it. But she knew disobeying would be hundreds of times worse.

Sarah shuffled forward to the front of class.

"Trousers down!" Mr. Bronze demanded. Sarah slipped her thumbs beneath her panties and complied, slowly pushing her panties toward the floor.

The whole class gasped in shock at her bare bottom. Sarah was to be the first one in the class to be stripped in such a way.

Trembling, Sarah bent forward as her teacher prepared his ruler.

Whap! The first blow hit. It stung incredibly bad, sending shockwaves through her body.

WHAP! The second blow hit. Sarah begged for him to stop.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! His blows were merciless. Sarah writhed and wept in humiliation and agony.

She felt Mr. Bronze grab her hair and pull it back.

“Are you enjoying your spanking, little girl?” Mr. Bronze asked sadistically.

Sarah shook her head no.

“Good, that’s the only way you’ll learn your lesson.” Mr. Bronze said.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP. Mr. Bronze continued to unleash a BARRAGE of spankings against Sarah’s bottom. Sarah kicked and pleaded as the stings of the ruler turned her whole bottom red.

Then it happened. What Sarah feared more than anything else. Her bladder finally let go.

First, she felt a little squirt of pee spray into her panties. She clenched her urethra, trying to hold it.

WHAP! Another smack of the ruler hit her bottom, and she sprayed a little more.

And finally -- WHAP WHAP WHAP! The floodgates opened, and Sarah felt her bladder empty into her cotton panties in front of the whole class.

Sarah could hear her classmates gasping and whispering as she felt the hot piss pour out of her crotch, turn her panties

transparent, and dribble down her legs.

Mr. Bronze's spanking continued at its relentless pace, the wetness only adding to the sting, until finally one of the girls in the class shouted, "Look! She's pissing herself!"

Sarah finally felt Mr. Bronze let up with his ruler. She sensed him looking down her back and up and down her legs, inspecting the damage.

"Dirty girl! Not even toilet trained!" He shouted.

Then his blows continued even harder and faster. Tears started pouring down Sarah's cheeks as she babbled for mercy, covered in her own pee, in front of the whole class of her new peers.

Finally, Mr. Bronze finished his spanking and held Sarah over his knee as she continued to weep. She was in a state of total defeat and humiliation, her bladder finally empty, urine soaking her panties, the jeans at her feet, her shoes, and pooling on the floor. Mr. Bronze's knee was also thoroughly soaked.

Mr. Bronze then stood Sarah up. Sarah instinctively reached to pull her soaking pants up, but Mr. Bronze slapped her hand away.

"I don't think so young lady. Those will stay down while you stand in the corner and wait for the headmistress. Your punishment has merely begun. It's clear you're not old enough for those cotton panties. We're gonna have to put you back in diapers." Mr. Bronze said with a mean smile.

The whole class started laughing as Sarah nodded through her tears. Sarah waddled to the corner, pants still around her ankles, and put her head against the wall, waiting for the next phase of her punishment. Mr. Bronze's spanking was

bad enough. She had no idea how much worse it would get when the headmistress arrived.

THE CORNER

Sarah stood in the corner of Mr. Bronze's classroom with her panties around her ankles, her pale bottom still as red as bright red, humiliated face.

Sarah still could not believe that she had been chosen to be spanked in front of the class already in her first day of school. And the fact that she had wet herself, something she hasn't done since... well for as long as she could remember, had transported her to a mental state of helplessness and humiliation she could not have imagined for herself that morning before she knew where her parents were going to take her.

As Sarah faced the corner of the concrete walls, she heard Mr. Bronze continue on with his math lesson as though she wasn't there. In fact, there was something almost relieving about the fact that even though she was standing in front of the whole class, her pants down, and her undergarments soaked with her own urine, that at least the snickering and laughing had stopped and been replaced with Mr. Bronze's boring drone of teaching math.

After about 15 minutes, or at least that's what Sarah assumed to be the amount of time that passed, she started to hope that maybe Mr. Bronze's threat of being seen by the

headmistress, of being punished further, even of being put back in diapers, were all a bluff. Maybe when the bell rang, Sarah would be able to continue on to her next class as if nothing happened.

Sarah continued to stare into the corner, praying that was the case. She didn't dare look away until given explicit permission, knowing that Mr. Bronze would probably put her right back over his knee again if she did.

Then it happened. The bell rang. Sarah listened to Mr. Bronze wrap up the class and she heard all of the students begin to shuffle out.

Sarah contemplated what to do. She wasn't given permission to leave yet, but she didn't want to be late for her next class. Finally, when she heard what sounded like the last student leaving, she worked up the courage to speak.

"Mr. Bronze. May I turn around now?" Sarah asked timidly.

She heard Mr. Bronze's low but strangely calm voice in response, "Yes, you may Sarah."

Sarah slowly turned and then jumped —

The Headmistress of the school was standing right behind her, looking down at Sarah with a grin on her face.

WALK OF SHAME

“So, this is the one who wet her panties, Mr. Bronze?” She asked Mr. Bronze.

“Yes, she wet them right in the middle of class without prompting.” Mr. Bronze replied, as if Sarah wasn’t there.

“I checked her medical forms, and her parents did say that she had a bedwetting problem, but they must have made a clerical error. Clearly they forgot to indicate she needs to wear diapers full time.” The headmistress replied.

“No, wait, that’s not true! It was because he was—” Sarah urgently tried to interject.

Like a whirlwind, the headmistress swung Sarah around and slammed her on the desk. Her hand rained down a fury of blows on Sarah’s bare ass as Sarah screamed and begged for mercy.

“Don’t. You. Ever. Speak. To me or another adult without. First. Being. Spoken to!!” The headmistress shouted as Sarah flailed in her grasp.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Sarah shouted through her tears.

“I’m sorry what?” The headmistress replied.

“I’m sorry, Miss Headmistress, Miss!” Sarah shouted, remembering the importance of a proper title.

Sarah felt the headmistress loosen her grip.

“Stand up!” The headmistress shouted.

Sarah, aching from her second thorough spanking, stood up.

Then Sarah felt the headmistress grab her shirt and pull it off. Sarah instinctively covered her bra when Mr. Bronze undid the latch behind her and the headmistress yanked that away as well.

“I’ll be confiscating these articles until you’re properly diapered.” The headmistress said as she bunched up Sarah’s shirt and threw it in the trash. Sarah covered her naked breasts in shock and confusion.

“Hands on your head!” The headmistress shouted.

Sarah, now terrified of another spanking, slowly uncovered her naked breasts and reluctantly put her hands on her head.

“Eyes closed, mouth open!” The headmistress shouted.

Sarah, now terrified and not sure what to expect, slowly closed her eyes and opened her mouth.

THUNK. Sarah felt something get shoved in her mouth.

“Close!” The headmistress shouted.

Sarah bit down on what was in her mouth – she realized quickly from the taste it was a bar of soap. She instinctively gagged and tried to spit it out, but the headmistress held it in her mouth.

“You’ll keep this in your mouth until you learn to stop speaking with such a foul attitude young lady. Am I understood?” The headmistress shouted.

Sarah nodded, soap suds starting to gather in her mouth, making her gag. Soon the suds had nowhere to go but forward out Sarah's mouth, resulting in soapy drool down her chin.

The headmistress and Mr. Bronze began to laugh at Sarah's misfortune.

"Aw, she's drooling like a little baby." Mr. Bronze commented.

"How appropriate given the diapers she'll be wearing from now on." The headmistress responded, gleefully observing Sarah burn with shame.

"Now Sarah," The headmistress began in a serious tone. "We're going to go for a little walk to the diaper changing room. If those hands come off your head, or that soap falls out of your mouth, we'll start the trip all over, including the spanking. Am I understood?" The headmistress asked.

Sarah looked up in pleading and overwhelmed eyes. She slowly nodded, tears falling down her cheeks as she contemplated the humiliating task in front of her.

SMACK. Sarah felt the headmistress spank her bottom, nearly causing Sarah to spit the soap out.

"Get moving!" She shouted.

Sarah slowly moved one of her legs, then the other, her wet jeans still restricting her range of steps. The thought of walking naked into the crowded hallway of her peers in this condition was unbearable. Her face burned nearly as red as her bottom once again.

SMACK. Another smack on her behind pushed Sarah into the hallway.

A silence swept over the crowded hallway, and whispering and muttering started to break out. Then shouting. Then outright laughing and pointing.

“That’s the girl that pissed her pants in class!” Said someone. “Look at how small those titties are,” shouted another. “I heard they’re putting her back in diapers!” Said another. “Hey pee pants! You got some drool on your boobs!” Shouted another.

Sarah took each step of her naked walk of shame one at a time, soap still in her mouth, hands still on her head. The headmistress walked behind her smiling proudly, even encouraging Sarah’s peers to point and laugh.

Finally, when Sarah thought she might collapse into a ball and start sobbing, they got to the end of the hallway.

“Halt! Turn around.” The headmistress ordered.

Sarah turned around, facing the hallway of her peers.

“You are not to move until given permission.” The headmistress said as she walked through the door behind Sarah and closed it behind her.

Sarah stood in the hallway, breasts exposed, soap in her mouth, as hundreds of students continued rushing to class around her. As soapy drool dribbled down her chin and her arms ached, Sarah contemplated the fact that everyone in the whole school had certainly seen her in this state by now.

Finally, all the students seemed to disappear into the classrooms, and Sarah was left standing, waiting for the headmistress in the empty hallway. She closed her eyes and tried to take deep breaths through her nose.

Finally, she heard the door open again behind her. “Turn around and come in.” She heard the headmistress say.

Sarah turned around and walked through the door.

THE DIAPER CHANGING ROOM

Sarah entered the room and gasped. It was like a mix between a baby's nursery and a hospital psych ward. There were stacks of diapers, powders and lotions, as well as restraints and various tools of discipline and spanking.

"Walk to the table." The Headmistress ordered. Sarah walked toward the diaper changing table, dreading what would happen. "Halt," The headmistress ordered again.

Sarah looked down at the headmistress helped her finally step out of her wet jeans. Then her wet panties. Sarah shuddered in shame at her pussy now open to the headmistress's plain view.

The headmistress held Sarah's jeans up and loudly tsked as she took a big whiff of the pee soaked jeans.

"Pee ew! Naughty girl! I can't believe your parents didn't put you in diapers this morning. Don't worry, no one will be making that mistake with you again by time we're done." She said.

The Sarah watched as the headmistress took out a pair of scissor from the drawer, and started to cut Sarah's jeans up. Sarah shrieked in protest. Those were, after all, her only clothes.

“Oh, little girl, it’s clear you never should have been wearing big girl jeans like this.” The Headmistress responded sadistically.

Sarah winced as she watched her finish cutting her only jeans up into scraps and throw them in the bin along with her soaked panties. Then she felt the Headmistress pick her up and sit her naked bottom on the cool plastic changing table.

Sarah felt the Headmistress push her down so she was laying back, then take each of her wrists and bind them to the top of the diaper changing table. Then Sarah felt another plastic strap reach across her midsection, holding her to the table like a baby.

“No ma’am, from now on the only thing you’ll be wearing is diapers.” Sarah finally couldn’t take it anymore. She spit the soap out, coughing and gagging up bubbles.

“I don’t need diapers! I didn’t mean to pee myself! I don’t need diapers! I don’t need diapers!” Sarah shouted at the top of her lungs, desperate and full of panic. She writhed against the wrist and tummy straps holding her to the table.

The headmistress just stood back and smiled as she looked down at Sarah’s desperate temper tantrum. “What’s that? What don’t you need?” The headmistress said, calmly egging on Sarah’s temper tantrum.

“Please, miss! I don’t need diapers! I don’t need diapers! Please don’t put me back in diapers!” Sarah continued to shout.

The headmistress calmly leaned in. “But baby girl, why’d you make a peepee mess in your pants if you don’t need diapers?” She asked.

“It wasn’t my fault! It was a spanking... and, I didn’t mean to go pee in my pants! Please! Please don’t put me in a diaper!”

Seeing that the headmistress seemed to be listening, Sarah continued her tantrum, pleading with all of her life force not to break reduced back to that of an infant. As she shouted, her emotions from the day suddenly built up and started causing her to sob. Suddenly Sarah was sobbing and shouting like a baby that she, “Didn’t need diapers for her peepee pants!”

As Sarah continue to throw her tantrum, the Headmistress calmly walked to the corner of the changing room. Sarah noticed there was something funny about the wall – it was the type of wall that can slide open.

The headmistress grabbed a handle, then slowly pulled the wall open, revealing a WHOLE CLASS of Sarah’s peers sitting in their desks in dead silence, their eyes wide with shock as they looked at naked Sarah on the changing table.

Sarah realized what had happened – The whole class could hear everything through the wall, including her tantrum on the changing table.

The headmistress addressed the class. “I apologize, students, as you can see I’m dealing with a little baby that likes to make a big fuss during her diaper changes. I know there’s not much of a sound barrier between your class and her diaper changing room, so hopefully she’ll calm down soon.”

Sarah started burning with a deep humiliation. She realized that she had just thrown a loud temper tantrum in front of dozens of her peers about not wanting her diaper changed. If there was any doubt before about who Sarah was now in their eyes, it was instantly removed.

The headmistress went to shut the sliding wall again, but turned to make one last comment to the class of appalled students.

“Oh, and I’ll try to warn you when I’m changing her poopy diapers. Sometimes smells can get through the wall too.”

And with that the whole class burst into uproarious laughter at Sarah’s expense.

Sarah started bawling at the top of her lungs as the Headmistress shut the wall between her and the students, the game of humiliation too much for Sarah to take.

The headmistress approached Sarah, now reduced to a sobbing baby, and put her hand on her forehead.

“Sshhh... It’s okay little baby. Let’s get you into a fresh diaper before you have another accident on the table,” The headmistress whispered.

Sarah watched through her tears eyes as the Headmistress put on a pair of medical gloves and snapped them over her wrists. Then Sarah felt her legs spread apart and her crotch fingered by the Headmistress’s cold hand. The headmistress ran her fingers through Sarah’s thick pubic hair and tsk’d loudly.

“Tsk tsK tsK, we gotta get all this dirty pubic hair off of you. It’s just going to make your poopy diapers harder to change.” The headmistress said loudly enough so that the class next door could hear.

Sarah watched in stunned silence as the Headmistress walked to the counter to retrieve a razor blade and some shaving cream. Sarah didn’t know what was more shocking – That the symbol of her adulthood was going to be taken away from her like this, or that the Headmistress continued to insist that she would at some point have a ‘poopy diaper.’

Sarah closed her eyes and tried to disassociate as she felt the Headmistress spray the cool shaving cream on her crotch and shave her pubes away.

“There there, much easier to clean your stinky messes.” The Headmistress coo’d.

Then Sarah smelled baby wipes, and felt the cool sensation of the Headmistress wiping her crotch, her thighs, and all the way down to her legs. All the sticky urine seemed to be washed away around her legs, and the sweet smell of baby wipes soon replaced it. Without realizing it, Sarah had begun to relax, the trauma of the morning slowly fading from her mind.

“Legs up,” The Headmistress said gently as she forced Sarah’s legs up high. Sarah felt the Headmistress start to wipe her pussy, and then her ass with the baby wipes. She continued to wipe very thoroughly, looking down at Sarah in the eyes as she rubbed the lips of pussy.

Suddenly Sarah’s face got red as she realized something happening that she never expected – She was getting horny.

She felt the familiar sensation of her clitoris getting hard and blood flowing to her vulva as the Headmistress gently teased her with the baby wipes. The headmistress looked down at Sarah and laughed.

“Uh oh, is my little diaper baby getting horny during her diaper change? You like it when the headmistress changes your stinky diapers?” The headmistress said loudly.

Sarah immediately started to struggle and moan, humiliated that the whole group of students listening would now know that not only was she forced to wear diapers, but that she was horny during her diaper changes as well!

Then the Headmistress clamped down on her pussy with the cold wipe.

“Don’t worry little girl, only good little girls get orgasms on the change table. And you’ve been very, very naughty.” The headmistress said loudly.

Then Sarah felt something strange, then intense, protruding up her rear end. She realized the headmistress was shoving her index finger deep into Sarah’s bottom.

Sarah had never felt anything go in her butt before, only things leaving it, and she immediately started struggling and shouting.

“Stop! Stop!” Sarah shouted as she felt her asshole being probed by the headmistress’s finger.

“Uh oh, little baby is being fussy again. Sorry little girl, it’s school policy that I have to check to make sure you’re not constipated during your diaper changes.” The headmistress said. “Here...”

Sarah felt the Headmistress pull her finger out, allowing her to breathe a sigh of relief. She watched as the headmistress pulled her gloves off, washed her hands, and then retrieved a special box from under the change table.

Sarah watched in horror as the headmistress opened the box and pulled out an adult size binky.

“No... no please...” Sarah pleaded. But the headmistress ignored her, shoving the large rubber nipple into Sarah’s mouth. Then, as Sarah tried to spit it out, she felt the headmistress reach around her head and secure it tightly with a strap.

Sarah bit down on the rubber pacifier and tried to eject it with her tongue. It was no luck. She was gagged, and her

desperate cries were reduced to pathetic mumbles.

“Ah, that’s much better,” The mistress said as she returned to her box of medical gloves. She snapped the gloves on both of her hands again, then reached down to continue her probe.

Sarah whined and flailed as she felt the headmistress push her finger deep into her bottom. As Sarah clenched her buttohole from the invasion, it only increased her sense of helplessness as the headmistress moved her finger in and out.

Then she felt the headmistress stick a second finger into her tiny bottom, stretching it out. Sarah moaned and squealed as the headmistress took her time feeling inside of her.

Finally, the headmistress withdrew her fingers and sighed.

“Oh yes, I have one constipated little girl on my hand. No worries, we’ll be fixing that in no time at all.” The headmistress said as she reached under the changing table again.

Sarah couldn’t bear to watch as the headmistress pulled out some wax pellets from a jar.

“Usually one pellet is enough, but since you’ve insisted you don’t need diapers, I’d better give you some extra to make sure you don’t continue holding your icky poopoo’s. Four should do it.” The headmistress said loudly.

Sarah squalled and moaned as she felt her asshole being violated again and the four wax intruders shoved deep inside of her.

Finally, the Headmistress gave Sarah’s bottom a spank and walked over to the shelf of diapers.

Sarah squirmed as she watched the headmistress look over the huge selection. Finally, she settled on a very pink, very thick disposable diaper, and walked back over.

“I’d better start you off in extra thick diapers, because knowing your behavior, you might not be getting diaper changes very often little girl.”

Sarah heard the crinkly plastic as the headmistress unfolded the large diaper under her and dropped Sarah’s legs down. Then she smelled the smell of baby powder – something she hadn’t smelled since her youth – as the headmistress poured ample amounts on her pussy and thighs.

Finally, she felt the headmistress wrap the diaper up tight around her waist.

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut in humiliation as she felt the Headmistress prod around the edges of the diaper with her finger, ensuring a good fit.

“Yes, when you unload your poopy bottom, I’m sure this diaper will hold it just fine.” The Headmistress said confidently as she patted Sarah’s pussy through the soft diaper.

Sarah felt the headmistress reach up and undo the straps around her wrists, then the one around her waist. Sarah instinctively reached down to touch her large puffy diaper, amazed at how infantile and soft it was.

She looked over as The Headmistress pulled out a pair of clear plastic baby-pants from under the change table.

“Come on, be a big girl and sit up on your diaper changing table!” The headmistress said softly. Sarah slowly sat up. “Let’s get you in your baby pants!” The headmistress said as she held the legs of the plastic baby pants out so that Sarah could step into them.

Sarah hopped off the changing table and put each leg into the plastic pants, shocked at how infantile they were.

Then she felt the Headmistress pull the plastic pants up her legs and felt the elastic cling around her legs and above the diapers on her waste.

“These will keep you from spilling your mess when you make your stinkies.” The Headmistress said.

Then Sarah felt something tighten, and realized the headmistress was locking the plastic baby pants at the top of her waist.

“And this little lock will make sure you don’t touch your stinkies,” the headmistress said matter-of-factly.

Then Sarah watched the Headmistress pull a pink shirt out of one of the cabinets and approach her with it. “Arms up little baby,” the headmistress said as she held out the little pink shirt. Sarah reluctantly extended her arms as the headmistress pulled the shirt over her head.

Sarah looked down – the shirt wasn’t long enough to even reach the top of her diapers. And then she read the cutesy words on the shirt, “Little Stinker.” Sarah couldn’t believe how babyish she looked and felt, and to add one more insult to her injury, the Headmistress took Sarah’s hair and tied it up into pigtails.

Sarah watched in a daze as the headmistress then walked to the door of the changing room and opened the door to the hallway just as the bell rang. The hallway quickly flooded with Sarah’s peers.

“Go on now – Be a good girl and go on back to class!” The headmistress said with an evil look in her eye.

The events of the last hour all hit Sarah like a ton of bricks, and she realized she was wearing nothing below her shirt except for diapers and plastic pants with train of laxatives up her butt. Not to mention the giant pacifier still in her mouth.

As she looked out into the crowded hallway, Sarah realized that her real humiliation hadn't even yet begun. She began to sob inconsolably like the little baby that she now was.

BACK TO CLASS

Still in the Diaper Changing room, Sarah slowly walked toward the doorway to the crowded hallway in a state of dread. She was wearing nothing below her “Little Stinker” shirt except for a diaper and plastic pants, and she still had a pacifier secured in her mouth.

The Headmistress stood next to the door with an evil smile. This was the headmistress’s favorite part of the process – Exposing a newly diapered girl to the rest of the students in the school.

Sarah walked up and stopped at the doorway, too terrified to step further. She hugged the side of the doorway and looked down at the floor like a shy toddler.

She felt a swift SPANK on her bottom from the headmistress.

“Go on! You may need to be kept in diapers, but that doesn’t mean you’ll be getting out of attending class!” The headmistress said sternly. Sarah noted the shift in the headmistress’s voice – whereas during the diaper change, the headmistress seemed to adopt a patronizingly maternal tone – now Sarah detected the severity and bite in the Headmistress’s voice that characterized her previously.

“Do you need another spanking?” The headmistress warned.

Sarah physically quivered at the idea, her bottom still sore and red from her first spanking. She gulped and moved forward.

Sarah kept her eyes forward as she walked down the hallway toward her classroom. After all, she had already been walked practically naked down the hallway by the headmistress earlier. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, she thought.

But then again, before she was being walked through the hallway with her pants down and her panties showing with soap in her mouth. Now Sarah was wearing an uncovered diaper as an adult woman. She looked so babyish it was hard to believe.

Further, Sarah realized the headmistress was no longer tailing her down the hallway, which in a strange way made it worse. Before it was clear Sarah was being punished to those who saw her. But now, in the eyes of her peers, Sarah was wearing diapers because she *needed* to wear diapers. *This is who she was now.*

As Sarah continued to walk, trying to keep her eyes forward, the first thing she noticed was a subtle hush surrounding her. Then she noticed students whispering to each other, pointing and looking at her. She felt the crowded hallway open up and provide a perimeter that seemed to follow her on her trip down the hallway.

Then she heard the crowd transform into uproariously laughter. Like a dam had broken in the crowd, her peers erupted into pointing and shouting again.

"Look at that pacifier!" She heard someone say. "Yeah, I heard the Headmistress give it to her because she was crying so loud during her diaper change!" She heard someone respond.

“Hey diaper girl! You go peepee in your diaper again yet?” Another one shouted. “Peeew! I think she made poop in her diaper!” She heard another one say as the crowd around her laughed and laughed.

Then she felt someone stick their fingers in the back of her diaper. “Nope! She hasn’t gone poop in her diapers yet!” They shouted.

Sarah walked faster, her face burning bright red. She prayed that her parents would pick her up and take her home away from this nightmare, but then again, another part of her remembered the looks on her parent’s faces as they dropped her off. She knew this would be her new home for many months to come. She couldn’t believe that she was being so publicly transformed and humiliated on her very first day.

Sarah wished she had a backpack or a text book, anything to act as a shield from people prodding and poking her diapers and plastic pants. She grabbed the end of her shirt and pulled it down, trying to cover her exposed diaper best she could. She wanted to run out of the school and run away forever, but she knew the guards at the door wouldn’t let her set one foot outside the door.

Finally, Sarah found her next classroom and ran inside. To her relief, there weren’t many students in the class yet, giving her the opportunity to take a desk in the back corner. The teacher in the room – Mrs. Harris, Sarah’s new English teacher – didn’t even look up from the computer as Sarah walked in.

Sarah slid into her desk and sighed – maybe the worst was over, she thought. Maybe now that she was sitting down, the desk giving her diaper some partial cover, nobody would notice or bother to comment on her diapers any longer.

Sarah slowly started to calm down as the rest of the classroom filled up with students. They gave her strange glances certainly – her diaper, her “Little Stinker” shirt, and her pacifier were all still incredibly unusual – but to Sarah’s relief her peers quickly went back to chatting with their friends, more concerned about themselves than her.

As the room quieted down, Sarah then remembered why she had little reason to relax – Her stomach suddenly gurgled louder than it ever had before. The laxatives clearly began to take effect.

DESPERATION

Sarah's stomach gurgled again, the pain and churning so sudden and strong in her bowels that she audibly moaned through her pacifier and gripped her stomach.

A few students around her looked at her – some of them confused, some of them clearly disgusted.

“Okay students, we’re going to start today with a practice pre-test. There will be absolutely no leaving your seat or talking for any reason while you take it,” Mrs. Harris said to the class as she walked desk to desk, handing out paper and pencils.

Sarah was somewhat relieved that Mrs. Harris didn’t even seem to notice anything unusual about Sarah since she arrived. At the same, as Mrs. Harris put the practice test on Sarah’s desk, Sarah gripped her stomach and groaned. The teacher’s apparent total apathy about Sarah being punished in this way with diapers was just as disconcerting to Sarah.

As Mrs. Harris returned to her desk at the front of the class, Sarah realized she had to try and get her attention in a way she assumed would be acceptable to at least try to be excused to use the bathroom. Sarah raised her hand and held it up as all the other students got started on the test.

Five minutes passed with Sarah raising her hand in the back of class – every minute the pressure in Sarah’s stomach increased. Mrs. Harris didn’t see Sarah’s hand at all. Or perhaps even worse, Sarah realized that her teacher *did* see her hand, she just chose to ignore it.

Sarah finally lowered her hand and concluded that she was going to be treated like any other student, and despite her need to use the bathroom growing immensely, she was going to have to sit in her seat and hold it like everyone else.

Sarah looked down at the practice English test in hopes that at least it would distract her from the misery in her tummy. She tried to read the first question, and was immediately thrown through a loop. It was more difficult than any English test question she had ever encountered before.

As she looked through the multiple-choice answers, her stomach gurgled again. Sarah realized she hadn’t gone number two since yesterday morning, and she quickly was growing desperate with the pressure. However, she also realized it was a practice pre-test, and therefore it would be okay if she didn’t get any answers right.

There was some snickering in the corner of the classroom – Sarah looked up, assuming that it was about her, but was relieved to realize that this time it wasn’t. Just two students talking during class.

Mrs. Harris glared at the students who were snickering, then got up from her seat and addressed the class.

“I see not everyone in the class seems to be taking this practice pre-test seriously,” she said angrily. Then she walked to her desk and pulled out a large wooden spanking paddle.

“Well since it’s not graded, perhaps you need another form of incentive then. The student with the worst grade today will be paddled immediately in front of the class.” She announced with a stern glare.

The students all immediately went quiet, the stakes suddenly much higher. And in the back of the class, Sarah broke out into an outright sweat, both due to her churning bowels, and now the sudden terror that she would fail the test and be paddled again! What if she lost control of her bowels this time during her spanking? The thought was just too much to bear.

Sarah looked down at the test and tried to concentrate on answering the questions with all her might. It was all too much. She had been too private to even use the proper toilet in front of her classmates earlier that day, let alone fill her diaper in their midst.

That’s when she decided she couldn’t take it anymore.

A VERY DIRTY DIAPER

Sarah promptly stood up and mumbled through her pacifier. “Mrs. Harris! I have to use the bathroom,” she said, her words nearly impossible to discern.

Mrs. Harris looked up in stunned shock at the diapered girl in the back of her class. She looked as if a student had personally shouted an insult at her.

“What did you just say young lady?” Mrs. Harris said back.

“I said I have to use the bathroom,” Sarah desperately mumbled back again as she gripped her stomach and squeezed her sphincter shut.

Mrs. Harris snapped up out of her seat and marched toward Sarah at breakneck speed. Sarah winced in terror as she approached.

Sarah felt Mrs. Harris suddenly grab her ear and pull her forward. Sarah shouted and squealed through her pacifier as the mean old lady walked her forward and stood her up in front of the whole classroom.

“Since you think that what you had to say was so important, it was worth violating my rules to not speak or leave your seat, you can tell the whole entire class.” Mrs. Harris said.

Sarah looked out at the class of wide eyed students staring up at her in her shirt and diaper. Sarah tried to announce best she could, worried that she wasn't being understood due to the pacifier.

"I. Have. To. Go. To. The. Bathroom." She mumbled again, doing the potty dance to fight the growing pain in her tummy and now in the ear Mrs. Harris was gripping.

"Oh, did you hear that everyone? Little baby Sarah here has to go to the bathroom. Isn't it funny that she has to go to the bathroom now, in the first ten minutes of class, rather than during passing period?" Mrs. Harris said out loud.

Sarah bristled internally with indignity of the unfair statement. For Sarah had of course not been given a proper chance to use the bathroom since her diaper change.

"And from what I hear," Mrs. Harris continued, "She already emptied her bladder in another class earlier today. So, I really don't understand this request at all."

The whole class started laughing at Sarah again, remembering that she wet her pants that morning.

"But I have to go number..." Sarah started to argue back instinctively, but then stopped. She couldn't bear to admit it front of the whole class.

"What was that?" Mrs. Harris snapped.

Another wave of pressure washed over Sarah, causing her to desperately cross her legs through her thick padded diaper. Sarah realized she would have to do it.

"I have to go number two this time!" Sarah shouted desperately through her pacifier.

"Ohhh!" Mrs. Harris said in a mocking tone, and the whole class immediately erupted in uproarious laughter.

“Well my little girl, I’m afraid this is English class, so you’re going to have to be more specific with your words. I’m not sure I understand what you mean, exactly, by ‘number two’. Can you tell us again?” Mrs. Harris said with an evil smile on her lips.

“I have to go poopy!” Sarah shouted in desperation. “Please! I have to make a poopy teacher!” She shouted again as another wave in her bowels surged.

This time the whole class erupted in such laughter it nearly startled her. Mrs. Harris was laughing so hard at Sarah that she let go of Sarah’s ear.

As Sarah’s face burned crimson with shock over her humiliation, Sarah felt herself fart. She knew she was out of time.

Sarah ran to the classroom door – but to her horror, it was locked! She frantically shook the handle in vain, then turned around.

Mrs. Harris held a key up with her hands and smiled. “Ah ah ah, no leaving class without permission, little lady.”

Sarah suddenly farted again. She knew it was finally going to happen.

The laughter in the class suddenly went quiet as everyone stared at Sarah with wide eyes. Sarah wanted to go run and hide, but she had nowhere to go.

Backed into a corner and with all the eyes in the class on her, Sarah squatted and felt the warm, hot mess start to push into the back of her diaper.

“Look! She’s going poop in her diaper right now!” One of the students said.

“Eww!” Sarah heard another student exclaim.

Sarah was overwhelmed with the sensation of pushing her desperate poop into her diapers, and she began to grunt as she squatted. She felt a sense of surprise at how much poop she seemed to be able to push into her diaper.

She took a breath and pinched off her load to look up. Mrs. Harris was watching her with her arms crossed and a look of fascination and disgust on her face.

Suddenly Sarah felt a wave of shame hit her almost as intense as the wave of her urge to defecate. She felt the sloppy, hot mess she had just pushed into her diaper between her butt cheeks, and she heard the sound of jeering and laughter from the dozens of students in front of her.

Sarah stood frozen like a deer in headlights, not sure what to do as the class continued to shout and jeer with Mrs. Harris's tacit permission.

"Eww!! I can smell it! I can smell her poopy diaper!" Someone shouted. "It stinks!" Someone else shouted.

Sarah's face burned with shame and embarrassment and she backed up and locked her gaze to the floor.

Then she felt it – Another wave of needing to poop. Sarah instinctively squatted again and pushed out even more of a mess into her already full, poopy diaper. This time she felt more conscious of eyes watching her as she helplessly and uncontrollably messed herself.

"Oh my god, she's pooping again!" She heard someone shout.

Then Sarah felt the floodgates on her bladder open. Even though she had peed herself in class earlier, she had never gotten another chance to properly empty the rest of her bladder.

She heard a hissing sound as her urine sprayed into her poopy diaper, making the warm and wet mess between her legs even more warm and wet.

“Look! The back of her diaper is turning brown!” Someone shouted. “And the front is turning yellow!” Someone else shouted. Sarah continued to involuntarily push everything into her diaper like a helpless baby.

Finally, Sarah got the composure to look up again, her bowels and bladder finally empty, her diaper now extremely full.

Mrs. Harris continued to look at Sarah with her arms crossed and an evil smile on her lips. She shook her head in disappointment. “Now that you’re done making a scene in front of my class, are you ready to return to your seat to finish your test, young lady?” She asked in a stern voice.

Tears came to Sarah’s eyes. She had assumed that at least as this point in the ordeal, Mrs. Harris would dismiss her to go get cleaned up. But it was not to be.

Sarah gave a reluctant and sad nod of her head as tears fell down her cheeks. She slowly waddled back toward seat. As she passed each row of students, whispers of “pee ew!” and students holding their nose followed her.

Sarah walked up to her desk in the back and stood next to it. She figured that she would be allowed to stand at this point. After all, she couldn’t imagine sitting down in her stinky diaper.

“Ah hem!”

Sarah looked up to the front of the room to see Mrs. Harris staring at her and clearing her throat.

“What did I just say?” Mrs. Harris said.

Sarah sighed, realizing that she was wrong.

Sarah slowly inched toward her hard, plastic seat and sat down. She immediately felt the warm load in her diaper squish up and back, turning her soaked and messy diaper into a squishy psychological prison.

Sarah had never felt so juvenile in her waking memory. Not only did she just poop herself in front of the whole class, she was now sitting in a loaded, yellow and brown diaper in the back of class. Even worse, the foul smell of her own diaper was now starting to get to her. She hung her head in shame.

Then she looked over and realized the practice test was still on her desk. Then she realized Mrs. Harris's promise at the beginning of the test – that the lowest score would receive a paddling.

But surely Mrs. Harris would make an exception for Sarah given... Sarah didn't even finish the thought. If she had learned anything today, it was that this school was not one that granted exceptions.

Adrenaline started coursing through Sarah's body as she realized she had to at least try to finish the test.

As Sarah grabbed the answer sheet and re-read the first question, she heard it...

"Pencils up! Pass your tests forward!" Mrs. Harris announced for the whole class.

Sarah looked up in horror, the consequences of all the unanswered questions on her test striking terror in her heart.

Sarah's test was swiped away from her by the student in front of her, and she looked to the front of class. Mrs. Harris

held a large wooden paddle in her hand and was staring right at her.

“Little Sarah, how do you think you did?” Mrs. Harris said with an evil grin.

Sarah began to cry once again.

THE FRONT OF CLASS AGAIN

Sarah stared toward the front of the classroom, frozen in terror. Her teacher, Mrs. Harris, continued to stare back at her with the spanking paddle in her hand.

“I asked you a question, little girl. I asked you how you thought you did on the test you just took.” Mrs. Harris repeated, an evil grin still on her face.

Sarah’s heart started to beat faster.

“Ahem, ummm, not so good?” Sarah mumbled from the back of the classroom, the pacifier strapped to her mouth still inhibiting her speech.

Mrs. Harris nodded and grabbed Sarah’s test from the pile of tests that were passed forward. Mrs. Harris looked down Sarah’s answer sheet with a bright red pen in her hand.

“I’ll say!” Mrs. Harris said. “I don’t think you got one single answer right.”

Sarah gulped, remembering what Mrs. Harris promised to do to the student who did the worst on the test.

Mrs. Harris turned to the rest of the classroom. “Isn’t that something? I’ve never had someone in this grade not get a single answer right on the pre-test. But then again, I think

we've seen from Sarah's potty habits she really doesn't belong in this grade at all, does she?"

The whole class laughed at Mrs. Harris's joke. Sarah's face turned red with shame. Sarah, normally a very good student, didn't feel like she deserved this treatment. It wasn't her fault that she wasn't able to focus on the test.

But then again, Sarah couldn't help but think, maybe Mrs. Harris was right. After all, when Sarah looked at the test, even without the mishap of her diapers distracting her, she didn't feel like she knew a single answer. Maybe she really was the baby Mrs. Harris claimed she was. Her soggy and messy diaper certainly told her so.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Mrs. Harris snapped, forcing Sarah to look up from her humiliated gaze into her desk. Sarah realized Mrs. Harris had placed a stool in front of the classroom and was spinning the spanking paddle in her hand.

"You knew the consequences of failing your test like a baby, it's time to receive it," Mrs. Harris said.

Sarah gulped and nodded with shame. Her legs wobbled and her whole body trembled in a cold sweat. The warm load in her diaper from voiding her bowels and bladder in front of everyone was beginning to grow cold in between her thighs.

She slowly stood up and the heavy, yellow and brown diaper sagged around her waist. The students around her couldn't help but gasp and shout, "ew!" and "gross!" once again.

Sarah slowly walked toward the front of the classroom, her head hanging in shame. Mrs. Harris sat down on the stool, grabbed Sarah's wrist, and bent her over her knee. Sarah's brown and yellow bottom protruded for the whole class to observe. Sarah gasped.

Mrs. Harris pushed the wooden paddle in her hand up against Sarah's poopy diaper bottom, and gently patted it. Sarah cringed as she felt her disgusting, infantile mess smushed into her butt and into the front of her diaper. The squishing sound was so loud the whole class could hear it.

"My, my, this diaper is quite yellow and brown. You must have really made a mess in hear darling. Or, as you would say, you really made a poopy!" Mrs. Harris said theatrically for the whole class to hear. The class responded with more laughter.

"Is there anything you want to say for yourself?" Mrs. Harris asked as she continued to massage Sarah's mushy bottom with the paddle.

Sarah turned her head and looked out at the full class of her peers watching in a mixture of disgust and fascination. Sarah knew that she would never regain her dignity at this point. All she wanted was to be spared the pain of another spanking. Tears came to her eyes as she became overwhelmed with a sense of total infantile helplessness.

"I'm sorry I did bad on my test, teacher," Sarah said through her pacifier.

Mrs. Harris nodded as she continued to gently pat Sara's bottom.

"And?" She replied.

"I'm sorry I made a poopy in your class, teacher." Sarah said.

Mrs. Harris grabbed Sarah's head and pointed it at the class all watching her.

"You can apologize to them for that. After all, they're the ones who had their class interrupted by your inability to

control your bowel movements.” Mrs. Harris said.

Sarah gulped, then repeated her statement to the mortified class.

“I’m sorry I made a poopy in my diaper in class. I’m sorry I’m a stinky diaper girl.” Sarah said in abject humiliation.

POP. Mrs. Harris’s paddle gently tapped the back of Sarah’s diaper again, making her wince.

“Keep going,” Mrs. Harris urged. “Tell them why you wasted so much of their time.”

“I’m sawwy. I can’t help but make a poopy stinky in class. I need diapers because I can’t control my peepees or my poopies. I’m sorry I’m a stinky diaper girl.” Sarah said through tears as Mrs. Harris massaged her poopy diaper with the paddle.

“Good girl. At least you know how to take responsibility for being the helpless infant that you are. Video of your statement has been recorded so that there’s never any dispute about whether or not you need diapers again in the future.” Mrs. Harris said matter-of-factly.

Sarah looked up in shock, and realized that one of her peers had been filming her with their iPhone. Sarah grew bright red, regretting that she had once again closed off any avenue of returning to normalcy. At this point she just wanted to get the spanking over with so she could wallow alone in the back of class in her shame.

WHACK. The paddle landed hard Sarah’s bottom, causing her to squeal. Her poopy diaper provided protection, but her bottom was so sore from her spankings earlier that it hurt just as much.

WHACK. The second blow landed and Sarah cried out through her pacifier.

“Please, stop, it hurts teacher!” Sarah begged through tears.

“Aww, the poopy baby doesn’t want to be spanked,” Mrs. Harris mocked Sarah in front of the whole class. The whole class laughed.

WHACK. WHACK. WHACK. Sarah squealed and wriggled, trying to escape the painful discipline. Mrs. Harris’s grip was too strong. Sarah regressed to a sobbing, helpless infant as the blows continued in force.

“I’m sorry I’m a poopy diaper girl! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Sarah begged and pleaded. Every time, the whole class laughed harder and harder at her expense.

WHACK. Finally, the last blow fell. Sarah sobbed and snot and tears ran down her face. Mrs. Harris stood her up and showed her off to the whole class.

“Now I know this has been fun class watching poopy Sarah here get her spanking, but let her be a warning to all of you, this can be you if you don’t pay attention in class and do well on your tests.” She said. The class seemed to quiet down as the threat sank in.

“But then again,” Mrs. Harris continued, “I doubt any of you would do this!” She said as she grabbed Sarah’s diapered butt and squeezed the poopy load. The whole class erupted in laughter once again as Sarah was hit with another wave of shame.

Sarah started to walk back to her seat, waddling from her sagging diaper and spanked bottom, her head hanging low.

“Ahem!” Mrs. Harris shouted. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“B—b—b—back to my seat...” Sarah stammered through her snot and tears.

“I don’t think so young lady. You can march right up to the front of the classroom and stick your nose in that corner for the rest of class. You’ve been a terrible cry baby and a stinker to boot. I don’t need you distracting any more students in the back of class.” Mrs. Harris responded tersely.

Sarah nodded, her spirit broken. She shuffled to the front of class and stuck her nose in the corner, revealing her poopy and yellow diaper for everyone to stare at for the rest of class.

THE CORNER

As Sarah stood in the corner of the classroom, Mrs. Harris went on with the rest of the lesson. As terrible as everything was, and although she couldn't stop sobbing, she was at least grateful that the one thing she had to do was stand in the corner and no longer had to worry about tests or rules or getting spanked.

She thought about the fact that, psychologically, she really had been returned to babyhood in a way.

After twenty-five minutes, the bell rang. Sarah listened to the rest of the students gather their things and head to the next class.

Sarah slowly turned around, wiping her snotty nose on her pink t-shirt.

"What do you think you're doing, young lady?" Mrs. Harris barked.

Sarah looked up, confused.

"Going to my next class?" Sarah replied.

"Oh no you're not," Mrs. Harris continued. "You can keep that nose right up against that wall until you're properly excused."

“When will that be?” Sarah couldn’t help but ask.

Mrs. Harris scowled at Sarah, marched toward her, and to Sarah’s surprise, undid the pacifier in Sarah’s mouth and took it away.

Sarah stretched her jaw and moved her tongue, happy to finally be free of the rubber intruder.

Then, Mrs. Harris pulled a bar of soap from her desk drawer. Before Sarah could react or pull away, Mrs. Harris grabbed the back of Sarah’s head and shoved the soap in her mouth, causing her nearly to gag.

“Until you’re excused! And if you can’t mind your manners, you can chew on this bar of soap instead of your pacifier while you wait,” Sarah’s teacher barked.

Sarah stumbled backward and yanked the soap out of her mouth.

“Oh you naughty girl. I’ll get the headmistress right now if you don’t put that right back in.” Mrs. Harris growled.

Sarah looked up and considered the consequences of everything getting even worse. She relented, put the bar of soap in her mouth and returned to her corner in the front of class.

Sarah then felt Mrs. Harris come up behind her and grab her wrists. She felt her wrap something around her wrist and clip it to the pink bracelet that was stuck on her wrist that morning. Suddenly, Sarah’s hands were bound behind her back.

“Like I said, if that soap comes out of your mouth again, whether you take it out on purpose or it falls, you’ll be sorry,” Mrs. Harris said, then she smacked Sarah’s poopy bottom for good measure.

Sarah stared into the corner, sucking on the soap, her hands tied behind her back, her poopy bottom getting colder by the minute.

She could hear a new round of students come in for the next class. “Ew – what’s that’s smell?” She heard one of them ask.

“Oh, it’s diaper girl! Look, it looks like she pooped herself!” The other one responded loudly.

Sarah quietly. She was used to it by now. All she wanted at this point was a proper diaper change.

WARM MILK

Sarah stood against the corner for the whole class period, managing to keep the soap in her mouth by leaning against the wall and letting her drool spill forward, down her chin and on to her shirt.

Mrs. Harris continued teaching her class like she wasn't even there. Sarah couldn't help but wish she could return to that morning and do whatever it took to avoid becoming the helpless diaper girl that she was. She felt sad and alone in the corner, her stinky bottom starting to give her diaper rash. Sometimes she started to cry a little bit, wallowing in self-pity. But mostly she just waited for the class to end.

The class period ended, but Sarah didn't dare assume she could leave with the bell. Instead she dutifully stayed in the corner, her legs beginning to ache.

After about five minutes, when the passing period was nearly over, she heard Mrs. Harris approach her from behind, gently patting her stinky bottom.

"Since you've been such a good girl, here's a stool to relieve your legs." Sarah then felt Mrs. Harris slide a stool underneath her, allowing her to sit in the corner instead of stand.

Although it felt gross to have the messy in her diaper re-compressed into her bottom once again, Sarah was so grateful for mercy she thought she might cry out of joy.

The new crop of students coming in made the same jokes about Sarah sitting on the stool in the corner in her poopy diaper, but Sarah was starting to get used to it. Now that she had a stool, Sarah felt like this class period would be easy compared to the previous one.

Finally, the bell for the end of that class rang, and Sarah listened to the whole class leave the room. After a while, she realized that another class hadn't entered. It seemed like the room was empty now.

About twenty more passed without anyone else coming in. Sarah figured that Mrs. Harris must have left the room as well. Was it the end of the day?

Sarah wanted to turn and look, but she was also terrified of being punished again for doing so. The torture of not knowing what she was supposed to do was almost worse than anything she had been subjected to thus far.

Sarah also noticed that her bladder started to feel full again. Figuring that she was mostly likely alone anyway, Sarah let go of her bladder once again.

The warm stream of urine hissed into her already saturated diaper, and she sighed with relief. The warm piss actually warmed up the contents of her cold stinky diaper, giving her a little bit of relief in that respect as well.

In fact, Sarah became so relaxed, the soap fell out of her mouth and landed on the floor.

Sarah instinctively jumped off the stool to try and retrieve it. When she turned and looked up...

The Headmistress herself was sitting in a chair behind her, watching her with a smile on her face.

Sarah jumped in shock and surprise.

“Hello my little darling,” the Headmistress said. “I’ve heard you had quite an exciting day since I wrapped you in your diaper,” she said as she approached the quietly stunned Sarah.

The headmistress grabbed the back of Sarah’s poopy diaper and gave it a squeeze and a pat.

“I see that we took care of that constipation problem real good, didn’t we?” She said with a smile on her face.

“Yes, Headmistress,” Sarah said almost instinctively.

The headmistress turned Sarah around in her arms, inspecting her up and down with satisfaction.

“I’m sorry I dropped my soap, Miss Headmistress.” Sarah said in a docile tone.

Sarah was suddenly surprised as the Headmistress wrapped her arms around Sarah in a hug. It felt so warm and comforting after such a cold and long ordeal, Sarah almost wanted to weep with joy in her arms.

The Headmistress rubbed Sarah’s back. “It’s okay, my little girl. I was watching you to see if you would be a good girl or not when you thought no one was looking. You decided to be a good girl. I’m proud of you,” the headmistress said.

The Headmistress’s words were so overwhelming for Sarah, her approval so hard fought for, Sarah began to break down and sob with relief and joy.

“I’m sorry I was so naughty earlier, Miss Headmistress. Thank you for putting me in diapers and teaching me to be a

good girl, Miss Headmistress.” Sarah said through her sloppy tears.

The headmistress cooed and stroked Sarah’s head.

“It’s okay little girl. I’m glad you understand now. Here,” The headmistress said as she slipped a large baby bottle into Sarah’s mouth.

Sarah tasted the warm milk, and it felt like mana from the gods. She was so tired, hungry and thirsty, she immediately started gulping it down.

Then Sarah felt the headmistress unbind her hands from behind her back, and allow her to hold the bottle for herself.

A part of Sarah recognized how infantile she was, sucking at the baby bottle like she was, but the other part was so grateful to be cared for again, she sucked away anyway without a care in the world.

“Come on little baby Sarah, let’s go get your diaper changed,” The headmistress said in a soft voice as she took Sarah’s hand.

Sarah continue hungrily sucking her baby bottle as the Headmistress lead her into the hallway. The previous fear about entering the public hallway in this state bubbled up in Sarah again, but at this point she was too glad to be sucking the milk to resist.

But as they walked into the hallway, Sarah realized the hallway was empty. Sarah was relieved as the Headmistress lead her by the hand in her soggy and poopy diaper down the hallway towards the changing room. Sarah figured that classes must have ended and the students had returned to their dorms. Sarah was just over the moon with relief to finally be getting her diaper changed.

FINALLY CHANGED

Finally, Sarah and the Headmistress arrived at an open door. As the Headmistress lead Sarah in, she couldn't help but notice it was different than the other changing room. There was only one changing table this time. And the room seemed strangely bigger and emptier.

As Sarah happily waddled up to the diaper changing table, she saw a large mirror taking up half the wall. Sarah walked up to it in awe and fascination, the milk bottle still in her mouth. The headmistress walked with her.

"Aw, the little baby likes her reflection! Look at what a little baby you are. Look at this drool on your shirt! Look at this milk bottle. Look at this poopy diaper! And it's a peepee diaper, too!" The headmistress teased as she playfully spun Sarah around in the mirror and poked and prodded her.

Sarah looked at herself and giggled, barely recognizing the diapered girl staring back at her, but giggling and smiling about the positive attention the Headmistress was giving her.

"Now Sarah, is there something you want from me?" The headmistress asked with a smile.

Sarah finished her milk bottle and burped. "Yes Miss Headmistress. I need a diaper change." Sarah replied submissively.

"Oh yeah? What kind of diaper change?" The Headmistress asked.

"A poopy diaper change! I need a poopy diaper change headmistress, because I made a big poopy in my diaper!" Sarah said loudly back, grabbing her poopy bottom and shaking it for her to see.

The headmistress giggled and laughed. Sarah thought she heard someone else laugh, but she couldn't see anyone else in the room, and shrugged it off as her overactive imagination.

"Come on, little baby, let's get that poopy diaper changed." The headmistress said as she took Sarah's hand and lead her to the diaper change table.

Sarah smiled as she laid back on the cool plastic. "Now, do I need to strap you in again, or are you going to keep being a good little girl and keep those little hands above your head while I change your stinky diaper?" The headmistress asked in a soft and playful tone.

Sarah instinctively put her hands above her head. "I'll be a good girl I pwomise!" Sarah replied with a smile.

She then felt the buckle on her plastic pants unlatched and the Headmistress pulled the down her legs.

"Pee ew!" The headmistress said as she pulled the plastic pants off, inspecting the damage inside. "You made a real big stinky for me to change, didn't you little girl?" She asked in a maternal tone as she patted Sarah's brown and yellow diaper.

Sarah giggled and nodded her head yes. “Sorry miss! I’m a stinky pants!”

Sarah then felt the tabs of her diaper being undone, and she instinctively lifted her legs up as the headmistress pulled the front of the sopping diaper upward. The smell, which had been previously at least somewhat contained, immediately filled the whole room.

Sarah knew that the smell of her stinky mess was offensive, but another part of her didn’t mind it, as the diaper change she was now getting was so warm and full of love.

She felt the headmistress wipe the mess off her front with the sodden diaper’s front. Then she watched the headmistress pull out a box of wipes.

“We’re going to need a lot of wipes for this big poopy mess you left me!” The Headmistress teased. Sarah giggled as the first cool wipe was pressed against the poopy mess stuck to her bottom and carefully wiped off her ass.

Then the second one. Then the third one. The Headmistress was slow and methodical, and Sarah was enjoying the cool feeling of the wipes and the vulnerable feeling of having her poopy mess cleaned up in such a way.

Sarah started to notice that her clit was becoming engorged again, and the Headmistress noticed too. As the headmistress wiped Sarah’s pussy, Sarah moaned and coo’d with pleasure.

Finally, after what seemed like a long, but admittedly enjoyable time, Sarah’s whole bottom was clean. She watched the headmistress pull away her stinky diaper mess and put it in the trash.

Then she watched as the Headmistress unfurled a fresh, clean diaper, and push it underneath Sarah’s bottom. Then

Sarah felt the headmistress start to rub diaper rash cream into her soar bottom and into her crevices. Sarah cooed and moaned with pleasure, the tender, caring feeling so pleasurable it almost made all of the day's ordeal worth it.

"You like getting your diaper changed, don't you little girl?" The headmistress coo'd.

"Yes, Headmistress," Sarah replied.

Sarah then smelled the sweet smell of baby powder as the headmistress doused her with it. Her whole pelvis and thighs was soon covered in soothing baby powder.

Then, her new, fresh diaper not yet pulled up and secured, Sarah heard a buzzing sound.

Before she could look down to see what it was, she felt the Headmistress push a vibrator up against her clit. Sarah immediately started to gasp with pleasure.

"Oh! Headmistress! It feels so good!" Sarah shouted as the vibrations went deep into her pelvis and made her clit throb and pulse.

"Sarah..." The headmistress whispered. "Can you tell me what you need to wear from now on?" the headmistress asked.

"I need to wear diapers, Headmistress!" Sarah shouted, the vibrator still on her clit.

"How come, little Sarah?" The headmistress asked.

"Because I make peepee and poopies in my pants!" Sarah shouted.

"So, you want me to keep you in diapers from now on, right Sarah?" The headmistress asked.

Sarah gasped with pleasure. It felt like her whole body had found new meaning and purpose. The pleasure overwhelmed her as the day's events flashed through her mind, making Sarah feel like diapers were now part of her core identity.

“Yes, Headmistress!! Diapers! I need diapers because I poop my pants! I’m a poopy girl who needs diapers! Change my diaper! Change my diaper!!!!” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as the most intense orgasm of her life shuttered through her clitoral region and made her shake and scream in ecstasy.

Finally, The Headmistress pulled the vibrator away as Sarah went limp from exhaustion from her orgasm. She laid there with a docile expression as she felt the Headmistress pull the fresh diaper up and seal her up tight.

Then she watched the Headmistress walk up to the mirror on the wall that Sarah had forgotten about.

A light went on, and suddenly Sarah realized she could see through the mirror. To Sarah’s shock and horror —

The entire school was gathered on the other side of the mirror in the gymnasium, watching Sarah get her diaper changed through a two-way mirror.

Sarah immediately played back everything that happened – Showing her poopy diaper in the mirror, the contents of her messy diaper being revealed, her orgasm and shrieking for a diaper change.

Her horror and shock hit her in waves just as strong as the roar of laughter of everyone in the school gathered around, watching her.

Sarah burned bright red with humiliation and horror. She was frozen as the Headmistress came back and rubbed her head.

“See Sarah, you taught the whole school what it means to be a good little girl. I’m proud of you! We’re all proud of you!” The Headmistress said victoriously.

Sarah looked up and even saw her parents standing in front of the crowd of her peers, looking at her in disgust and surprise.

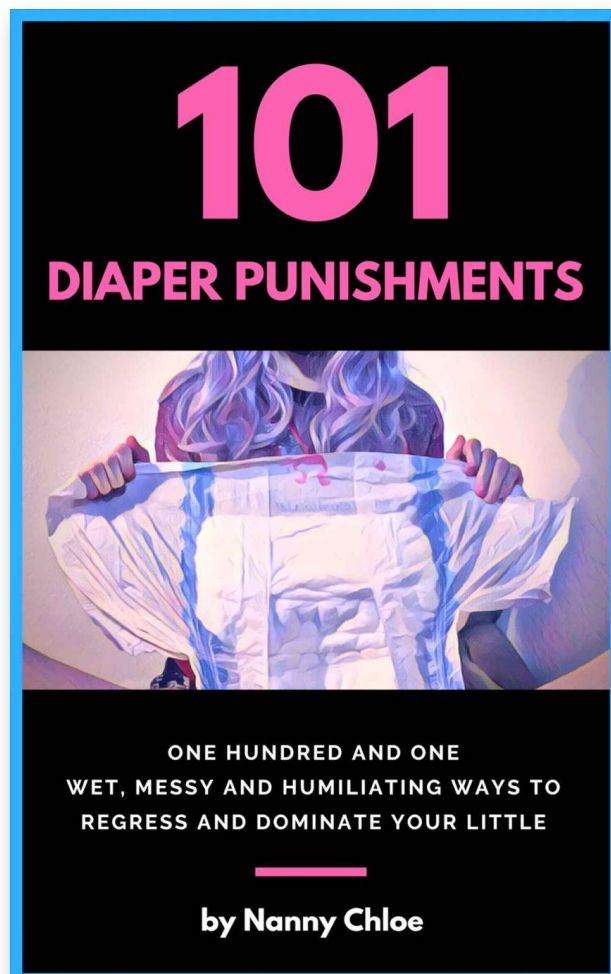
“Oh yeah, and we invited your parents to watch your little transformation. They didn’t believe us at first when we called them and said you need to be in diapers all the time now, but now they know for sure!” The Headmistress said to the still speechless Sarah.

“Yes, my little girl, you’re going to be in diapers for a very, very long time. Welcome to your new home as the school baby.” The headmistress said as she patted Sarah’s freshly diapered bum.

Sarah looked around and tried to process everything that had happened. Then, she simply sat back, stared at the ceiling and smiled. Sarah realized the Headmistress was right. This was her new home, her new, diapered life. And suddenly, she couldn’t imagine being more happy.

THE END.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



101 Diaper Punishments: 101 Wet, Messy and Humiliating Ways to Regress and Dominate your Little

In the first comprehensive manual of its kind, Mistress Chloe shares with you why she loves to use diapers to dominate and regress her submissives.

Then, she gives you a full 101 tools, techniques, tricks and tips to help you regress your Little and keep them in line!

In this massive tome, you will learn:

- How to regress your submissive back to diapers through various techniques and tricks.
- How to do all the activities needed for your new Little, including diaper changes, feeding and play time.
- A long list of rules for you to implement for your Little.
- Dozens and dozens of punishments for breaking those rules.
- And countless techniques and methods you can use to restrain, humiliate, punish and dominate your Little completely.

“101 Diaper Punishments,” is a fictional ABDL guide full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation and soggy and messy diapers! It’s for mature audiences only!

“This book is huge! It’s the kamasutra of diaper discipline!”

- LittlePrncss33

“This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can’t wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work.”

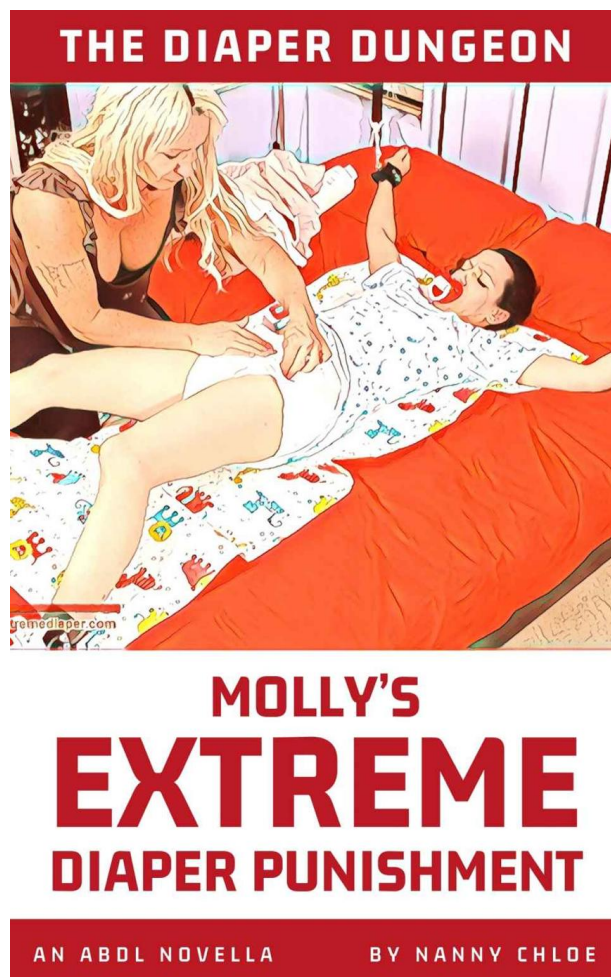
- Mistress Marywell

“As an ABDL Little and FemDom fan, I loved reading this because it gave me tons of ideas for ways to have fun with my Big. Especially when I’ve been naughty, hehe.”

- Little_Georgie

* * *

NOVELLAS:



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.

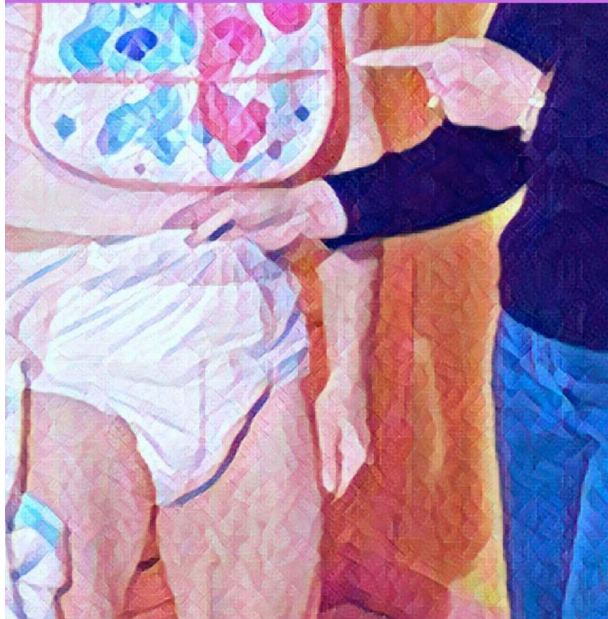
Spankings.

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.

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

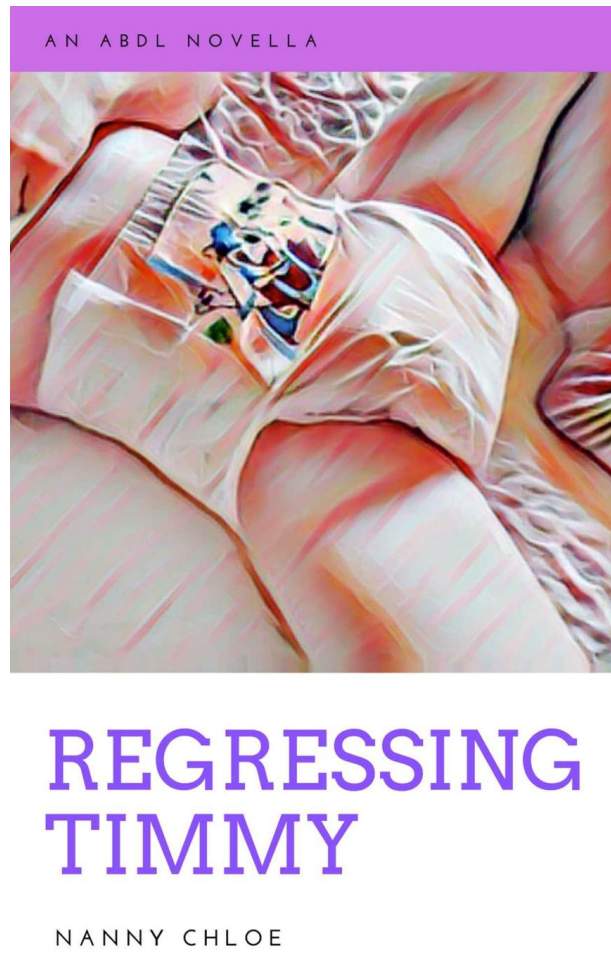
Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

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...



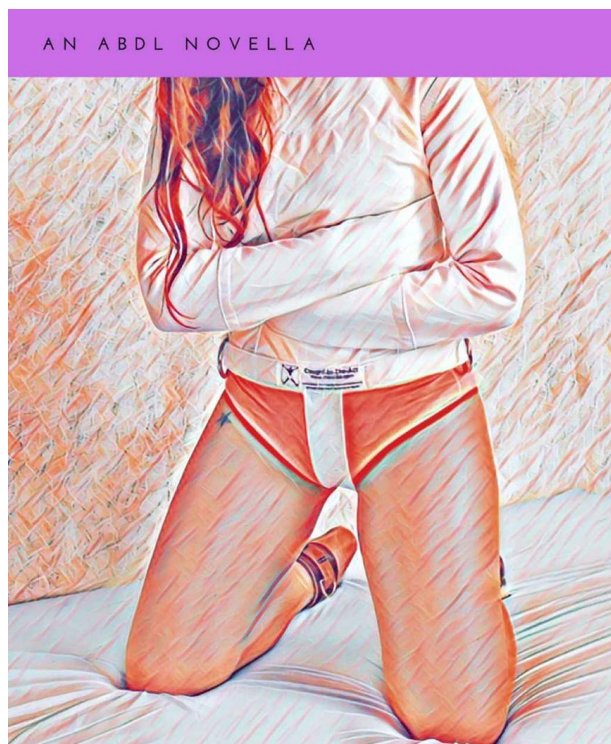
Regressing Timmy.

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.



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.

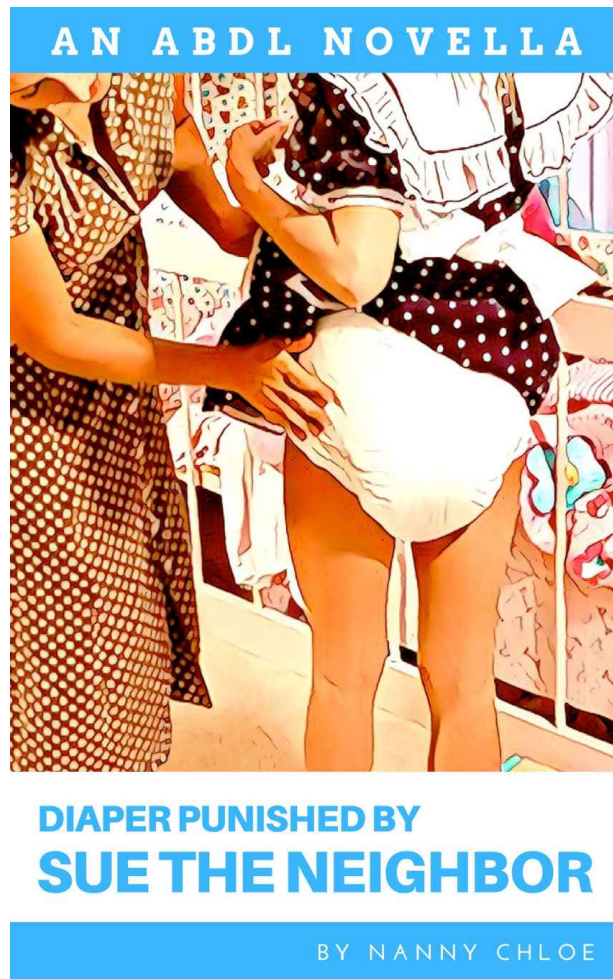
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

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.

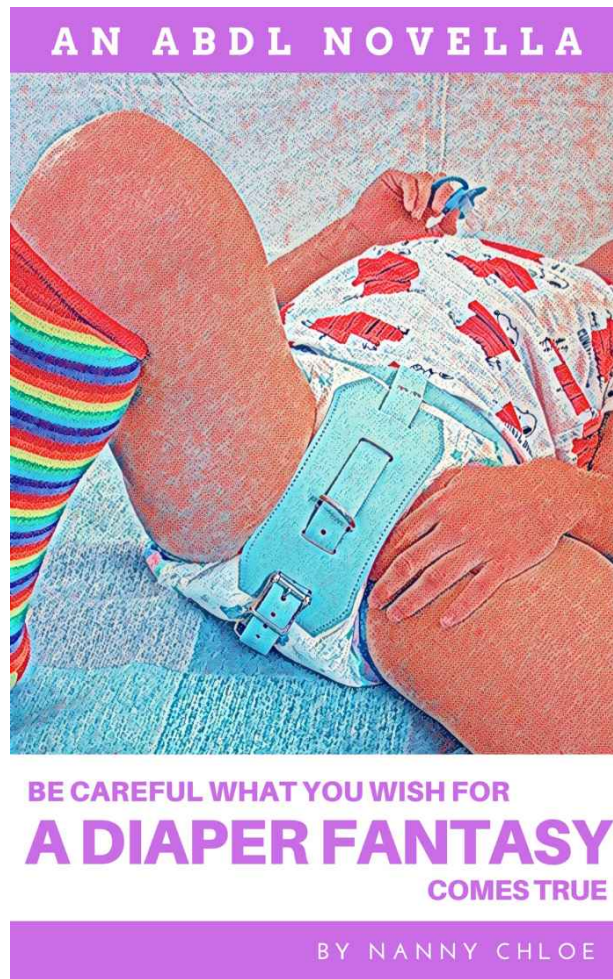
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

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

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!?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for downloading and 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 read more of my stories, please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

nannychloetales.tumblr.com

