

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

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CONTENTS

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

Prologue

1. Registration
2. The Spanking and the Jacket
3. Holding It in the Cell
4. The Next Morning
5. Inspection
6. The Hallway of Humiliation
7. The Diaper Changing Room
8. Learning to Crawl
9. A Very Soggy Bottom in the Nursery
10. Sandy's Ultimate Punishment

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SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

PROLOGUE

Sandy woke up on the hard bed of her Psychiatric ward cell. The harsh fluorescent light from the hallway signaled it was time for breakfast.

She tried to move her arms, then she quickly remembered that she was still wearing a straightjacket. She pulled her arms in both directions, and realized from her struggles yesterday it was fruitless to try and escape it. Her arms bound in crisscross fashion, she was tied and helpless.

And then she noticed in - the wet feeling on her crotch. Her face immediately flushed, her heart started pounding with terror.

"No. No. Please tell me I didn't." Sandy muttered to herself as she sat up to look. But her eyes confirmed her wet sheets and blanket, and her nose confirmed the stale smell of urine. She realized her worst fear had come true - She had wet the bed. And soon she was going to pay the price.

A rush of dread immediately washed over Sandy as she thought back to how she ended up here just a short 24 hours ago...

REGISTRATION

Sandy remembered riding in the car with her mother on the first day of her Summer vacation. “I have a special treat for you,” Sandy’s mother said to her, getting Sandy’s hopes up for the horse riding camp she’d been dreaming about all school year.

But after the two-hour drive, Sandy looked out her window at the large building they pulled up to in confusion. It seemed to be a large, drab hospital. The sign said, ‘Dr. Strange’s Reform Asylum.’

“Mom, what are we doing here?” Sandy asked her Mom in a confused tone.

“You’ll see,” Her Mom said, secretly grinning at the nature of their surprise. “Let’s stop in real quick.”

Sandy was confused, but figured her Mother just needed to pick something up from the building. After all, her Mother did work in the healthcare industry.

Sandy remembered walking along the long sidewalk, the grey sky up above, and the looming doors in front of them. Sandy felt her Mother grab her hand as the looming doors of the institution opened.

“Mom, what the hell are you doing? I’m not a baby!” Sandy said indignantly as she pulled her hand away. Her mother just sniggered at the comment, the irony of course lost on her daughter.

They continued their way in, and Sandy was suddenly in a sterile reception area. Sandy took a seat on the plastic waiting room chairs as her mother went up to the counter.

Sandy thought she heard her mother giving the charge nurse her daughter’s details, but Sandy dismissed this immediately. Why would her mother be giving the nurse *her* details? It’s not like *she* was being checked in here or anything.

Instead, Sandy just scrolled through snapchat and Instagram, happily chatting with her friends from class and bragging about horse riding camp.

Suddenly, someone yanked Sandy’s phone out of her hand. Sandy looked up in shock at a large, overbearing nurse standing over her.

“Sandy?” The nurse asked in an intimidating demeanor.

“Y-y-yes...?” Sandy replied, confused.

“Come with me,” The nurse demanded. Sandy looked at the nurse’s name tag – It said NURSE SQUEAL.

“What are you talking about? Where’s my Mom?” Sandy asked frantically. She looked around the waiting room – her Mom was gone.

“Honey, she’s gone, but you’re still here. So, you’d better start following directions if you want to stay out of trouble.” The nurse said.

“What the hell are you talking about? Mom! Mom, where are you!” Sandy shouted.

Sandy started frantically looking around the waiting room. A group of beefy male orderlies noticed the hubbub and started to close in.

“Sandy, we can either do this the easy way or the hard way. The easy way is you come with me walking on your own two feet. The hard way is that you come with me being carried by my staff.” The nurse seemed to have a sense of sadistic pleasure as she pronounced this ultimatum.

Sandy watched the men close and panic. She made a run for the entrance she came in. But the entrance doors swiftly closed shut in front of her, locking her in.

“Mom! Mom!” Sandy shouted frantically. Sandy could just see through the crevice in the doors enough to see her mother driving away in her car!

Sandy screamed for her mother over and over again as four beefy orderlies descended on her and grabbed her by each limb. Sandy struggled in their grasp, fighting and crying for her Mommy. Nurse Squeal smiled – this was clearly her favorite way to do this.

THE SPANKING AND THE JACKET

Sandy fought mightily against the men carrying her through the doors of the asylum. They carried her down the fluorescent hallways where she could hear the echoes of other inmates screaming and crying.

She passed one room where she heard the heard the repeated THWAT of someone getting a spanking. She heard the boy shouting out in pain as he received the discipline.

Sandy cried even harder as she struggled in the men's grasp. And they in turn gripped her even tighter.

Finally, Nurse Squeal lead Sandy into a small patient intake room. The men held Sandy tight as she finally ran out of steam, her head falling back, her long hair extending downward.

Sandy looked up at the upside version of Nurse Squeal looking back at her.

"Please, there must be a mistake, I need to call my Mom," Sandy pleaded with tears running down her eyes.

"Gag her." The nurse said coldly. Sandy flailed and moaned as a ball gag was stuffed into her mouth.

“The first rule you need to learn at the Asylum is that you will not speak unless spoken to. Nod your head if you understand.”

Sand refused to give in, still entertaining her mistaken notion that there was little they could do to inflict serious punishments to her. She was to find out soon how wrong she was.

Sandy screamed and shook her head wildly.

“Very well, reveal her bottom for young Sandy here’s first spanking.” The nurse commanded.

Sandy was helplessly pushed forward and her blue jeans were pulled down below her bottom. She resisted and struggled against the men holding her as Nurse Squeal retrieved a wooden paddle from the wall.

“It being your first day here today, I’ll let you off easy with just ten hard spankings with the wooden paddle. The rule we have here is that you must count your spankings out loud if you wish for them to count toward your discipline. Although you are currently gagged, I had better hear you counting out loud just the same,” Nurse Squeal elaborated as she regarded Sandy’s perky heinie. Spanking newcomers was her favorite part of the job.

Sandy gagged and drooled against the ball-gag in her mouth. Her saliva began to pool in her mouth and drip down her chin, mixing with her tears and snot in a most infantile manner. She was in such a daze, she had no way to prepare herself for what was coming.

WHAP. Nurse Squeal SLAMMED the spanking paddle against Sandy’s bottom. Sandy shouted in shock and pain.

Nurse Squeal smiled. “Naughty girl, you forgot to count. I guess we’ll have to start over.” She said, raising her paddle

into the air.

WHAM. The nurse let out another blow against Sandy's bottom. Sandy tried to announce the word, 'one', but the pain and dizziness was just too much for her to bare.

"Uh oh, still nothing, huh? Don't worry, little Sandy, I can do this all night." Nurse Squeal said as she stroked Sandy's hair.

WHAM. Finally, summoning all of her strength, through tears and snot of helpless submission, Sandy finally managed to say the word, "ONE." Through her ball gag.

"Very good, see, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Nurse Squeal said as she wiped away some of the snot on Sand's face with a tissue.

"But then again, you've been so naughty already on your first day, I think it's important that you say the words 'Thank you' to me and the men you've indisposed during your necessary spanking. So, let's start over, shall we?" The nurse said with a sadistic grin. Sandy groaned and cried at her torment.

WHAM. "One. Thank you, Nurse." Sandy mustered in utter defeat. "TWO. Thank you, Nurse," She managed to say again. "Three" —

"LOUDER, you lazy brat! That one didn't count."

WHAM. "THREE. THANK YOU, NURSE," Sandy said.

By time they reached ten, the male guards had let go of Sandy, yet she remained in place, methodically receiving her cruel spanking. Her will to resist had been broken.

"TEN. THANK YOU, NURSE." Sandy said at last, tears running down her cheeks.

Now it was just Sandy and the nurse in the patient room, the way Nurse Squeal liked it. Nurse Squeal undid Sandy's ball gag.

"Stand up." Nurse Squeal said. Sandy slowly moved to stand up, her butt felt like it was on fire. She reached to pull her pants up.

"Ah ah ah - what do you think you're doing? I said stand up, I didn't say anything about pulling those pants up young lady." The nurse said sharply. "Do you need another ten spankings?" The nurse asked.

Sandy physically flinched from the idea. "Please no! I'll be good." Sandy said as her pants fell. The nurse looked the teenage girl standing in front of her - her thong covering her bush, her shirt covering up her small tits.

"Undress," the nurse said, pointing to a plastic bin for Sandy to place her clothes. Sandy reluctantly nodded, sniffing and crying. She pulled her shirt and shoes off as the Nurse watched. She placed them in the bin and stood on the cold tile floor in just her thong and bra.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" The nurse asked.

"What do you mean, I-" Sandy tried to reply.

"I said undress, but you're still wearing your underpants. Are you trying to waste my time? You really do need another spanking, don't you?"

Sandy quickly took her underwear and bra off and put them in the bin. Tears started flowing down her cheeks.

"Please don't, Nurse. I'll be good."

"We'll see about that." The nurse replied. "I will now begin my inspection. You are not to move."

The nurse loudly applied a pair of latex gloves. Then she began to feel Sandy up and down, starting with her hair, then looking into her mouth, then touching her small breasts. She tsked disapprovingly, as if Sandy were the most pathetic girl she'd ever seen.

Finally, the nurse reached Sandy's bottom. She reached for a wet wipe from her station, then wiped Sandy's bottom with it. Sandy stumbled.

"What the hell did you just do?" The nurse demanded indignantly.

"Nothing, I'm sorry I—"

"That's it, I've given you too many chances today. It's time for another ten spankings."

"No, please, nurse, anything —" Sandy pleaded.

But it was too late. Two beefy orderlies swept in and held Sandy over the table.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP.

Nurse Squeal issued Sandy's punishment with glee as the girl counted, knowing that this second spanking would be the one that would be a great step forward to permanently breaking her will to disobey. Or more accurately, to make her will to obey impenetrable.

After the second spanking, the orderlies withdrew and Sandy stood up again.

"Let's try this again, shall we?" Nurse Squeal said. "Hands on your head." Nurse squeal demanded. Sandy quickly complied, putting her hands on her head and trembling in terror.

The nurse reached for her wet wipes, and then carefully wiped into Sandy's butt crack. She even began to poke her finger into Sandy's hole and twist. Sandy grimaced and whined at the invasion, but knew she was not to resist.

The nurse pulled the wet wipe out, then waved the brown smear in from of Sandy's face.

"What is this, young lady?" Nurse Squeal asked indignantly.

"I... I... I... I don't know." Sandy said back, her face glowing bright red.

"I think you do know. This is feces. Feces on your bottom. Did your mother not toilet train you properly?" The nurse grilled.

"Of course she did," Sandy stammered back.

"Excuse me? What that a sarcastic comment?" The nurse said, getting heated.

"No, I, I..." Sandy stammered.

"Well then, since you seem to be content to be such a naughty brat, and you're clearly not potty trained, I think we'd clearly better transfer you to the non-potty training program and put you in diapers immediately. It's a shame your mother didn't mark that in the form on the first place, it would have saved us all some time."

"What? But I am potty trained!"

"You are? Well are you willing to prove it?"

"Of course, I am, nurse." Sandy replied.

"Very good. Guards, see that Sandy here is checked every 30 minutes until lights out for any potty accidents. Should she have any, let me know at once so we can permanently downgrade her status to that of a non-potty training

individual and put her in diapers for the rest of her stay here.”

Several orderlies walked into the room, surrounding Sandy as the nurse gave her orders. Then the nurse pulled out a pair of unflattering white underwear and pulled them up Sandy’s legs. “These will make it easier to check for any stains of the yellow or brown variety,” the nurse said authoritatively.

Then Nurse Squeal did her favorite move — she grabbed Sandy’s lower tummy and squeezed. Sandy jumped in surprise.

“Do you have to pee right now, little girl?” The nurse asked.

Sandy hadn’t thought about it, but suddenly she realized that she did indeed have a full bladder.

“Yes, I do, Nurse.”

“Well too bad, your first toilet break isn’t for another six hours.”

Sandy groaned.

“Oh, and guards, before you return Sandy to her cell, don’t forget the most important piece. After all, Sandy has given us quite a bit of trouble this morning.”

The nurse then produced an exquisite straight jacket, flush with shiny loops and belts.

“Hold her down.” The nurse demanded.

“No — No!” Sandy screamed instinctively, momentarily forgetting her earlier spanking.

The guards grabbed each of Sandy’s limbs, then slid her arms through the straightjacket. Sandy resisted with all her

might, all to no avail as they compressed her arms against her body.

Then they stood her up and spun her around. Nurse Squeal smiled as she approached the newly jacketed Sandy.

“By the way, do you know why they call me nurse squeal?” The nurse asked in a sadistic tone.

Sandy only had the energy to meekly shake her head no.

The nurse then grabbed a strap around Sandy’s back and YANKED it as hard as she could. Sandy SQUEALED as a belt YANKED on her bladder, making her need to pee even worse. It pressed hard up against her pussy and ass. It was now like she was now stuck in a wedgie.

“That’s why,” The nurse said as Sandy danced on her toes in pain. “Take her back to her cell now,” the nurse said.

HOLDING IT IN THE CELL

As they walked her down the hallway, Sandy pleaded with her guards. "Please, please, I need to use the bathroom." But the guards ignored her, pulling her by a strap in her straightjacket that put even more pressure on her bladder.

The guards finally got to Sandy's cell, opened up the door and threw her in. The walls were padded and white, and all that was waited for Sandy inside was a bare mattress.

Sandy fell on the mattress and almost peed right there. She begged and squealed as the guards left her in the cell.

"Please! I need to pee! Please!" Sandy whined to deaf ears as her cell door closed. Finally, she was just left with the echo of her own voice.

Sandy remembered that the Nurse said she had an evening bathroom break, and she figured her best path forward was to simply lay down, breathe and wait till then.

Every minute felt like an eternity as Sandy felt her aching bladder ready to rush out and soil her knickers.

Finally, in what seemed like six hours later, Sandy heard her cell door open. She looked up expectantly, figuring her

chance to use the potty had finally come.

Nurse Squeal stepped into Sandy's cell and looked down at the tortured girl. She then knelt down and begin to undo the bottom strap of Sandy's straight jacket. Sandy audibly sighed from having relief from the pressure on her bladder.

"Are you finally going to take me to the bathroom, nurse?" Sandy asked expectantly.

Nurse Squeal looked at the girl, then laughed.

"I'm afraid not, my darling. I'm just hear for your inspection."

The nurse ordered Sandy to stand up. Sandy complied. The nurse removed Sandy's underwear and begin to look for any yellow or brown stains. She tsked audibly several times. Sandy held her breath.

Finally, the nurse looked up. "Your underwear has passed inspection" She said. Sandy sighed.

"Now time for phase two. Bend over on your bed." The nurse demanded.

Not sure what was going on, Sandy bent over on her bed and closed her eyes.

She felt the nurse apply a wet wipe to her bottom and begin to wipe. Then she stuck a digit in Sandy's butt again. Sandy yelped.

The nurse turned Sandy around and showed her the dirty wipe in her hands.

"Still a dirty girl I see. Well then, your bathroom privileges have been confiscated I'm afraid."

"What? You mean you won't let me use the bathroom now?" Sandy pleaded in desperation.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll be peeing soon enough,” the nurse snickered.

And with that, the nurse exited Sandy’s cell, leaving her crying and wailing.

In the many dark and lonesome hours in her cell after that, Sandy eventually lost the fight against her bladder, and she let the floodgates go.

At first, her deep humiliation and years of training tried to stop her bladder from letting go.

But the hot piss, when it finally started leaving her body, gave her an almost ecstatic rush. She began to orgasm as the hot pee soaked the strap of her straightjacket and rubbed against her clitoris. She writhed her hips and gasped in orgasmic ecstasy. She felt so dirty yet relieved. She fell asleep right there in her sopping mess.

The next morning Sandy woke up, remembering what she had done the night before by feeling the wet sheets under her straight jacket.

She groaned in terror, for she knew what was coming. Now they had all the reason they needed to put her back into diapers.

THE NEXT MORNING

Sandy squirmed her legs and writhed on the wet mattress of her bare, padded asylum cell. She was still in a straightjacket and laying in a puddle of her urine, which had thoroughly soaked not just her white, cotton panties, but the bottom strap of her straight jacket which was pulled tight up against her pussy. The thin sheet over her was wet, and so was her bare mattress.

And all of it was stained bright, piss yellow. And it smelled like a naughty little girl.

Sandy waited patiently for the nurse to come, her accident starting to get chilly. She dreaded the conversation that she knew she would face. After all, she did promise that she didn't need a diaper, and certainly didn't need to be classified as a 'non-potty trained individual'. It was their fault for not letting her use the bathroom!

Sandy entertained making her case to the nurse when she arrived. After all, there had to be some reason to this asylum! She didn't even belong here!

Sandy hoped that it would be another nurse that would see her this morning, one more reasonable than Nurse Squeal. After all, she remembered the spanking nurse squeal gave her yesterday for 'back talking.' Nurse Squeal had to have

days off, right? There had to be some sort of review process where Sandy could make her case that she didn't belong there. They had to at least give her a phone call so she could call her Mom.

Sandy's thought process was interrupted by the metal grinding of her cell door opening. She looked up and realized with dread that today was not her lucky day — it was nurse squeal coming through the door. And she had her spanking paddle.

INSPECTION

“Stand up,” Nurse Squeal shouted as she looked down at Sandy’s naughty condition. “What happened here?” She asked as Sandy scrambled to stand up, limited by the straightjacket binding her arms.

“I had an accident, Nurse.” Sandy said, her cheeks turning red.

The nurse methodically applied latex gloves, bent down, and took a big whiff of the yellow stained mattress.

“You peed yourself.”

“Yes, Nurse.” Sandy replied.

The nurse came over and undid the bottom strap of Sandy’s straightjacket. Sandy audibly sighed from the temporary relief as the nurse slid her wet panties down her legs. She tsk’d as she held up Sandy’s stained yellow panties in front of her face.

“You made quite a mess of these, did you?” The nurse taunted.

“Yes, I did, Nurse.” Sandy replied, her face getting redder by the minute.

“Go ahead, take a whiff of your stinky underwear. If you’re going to force others to smell your stinky mess by peeing yourself, you should have to smell it too.” Nurse Squeal said as she held Sandy’s urinated panties in front of her nose.

Sandy swallowed her dread, and took a small smell.

“What was that,” The nurse taunted. “I said take a whiff. I want you to know what you did.”

Sandy hesitated, then took a big whiff of her musty, stinky panties. It made her sick, and yet she also felt the blood flow to her newly freed clit.

“What does it smell like?” The nurse asked.

“It smells like pee, nurse.” Sandy replied, ashamed.

“That’s right, you peed in your underwear, your jacket, and on your mattress, all of which are institution property. Yet you said you were potty trained. Does this mean you lied to me yesterday?” The nurse grilled.

“No! I am potty trained nurse!” Sandy pleaded. “It’s just that you didn’t let me go to the bathroom.”

“So, you’re saying this is my fault you peed yourself like a naughty little baby girl?” The nurse said indignantly.

“No, I —” Sandy Stammered.

“Not only did you lie to me about your potty training status, but you damaged institution property, and you have a terrible attitude to boot. Before I take you down to have you transitioned to the non-potty training department, I think you need some spankings to teach you a lesson and put you in the right frame of mind for your first full day in my ward. How does... twenty sound?” The nurse asked vindictively.

Sandy's stomach dropped. Ten yesterday was unbearable. She couldn't imagine twenty.

"No nurse, please, I'll be good I promise!" Sandy begged.

"Excuse me? When you are issued spankings by a superior, your answer must always be, 'Thank you, nurse.' Let's make it thirty." Nurse Squeal said as she towered over Sandy.

Sandy shouted out in exasperated horror.

"Forty then!" The Nurse responded.

Sandy realized that her only option was to thank the nurse for the cruel and unusual punishment.

"Th—thank you, nurse." Sandy said.

The nurse then put her hand under Sandy's cheek and forced her to look up.

"Look at your superiors when you speak to them." The nurse demanded.

"Thank you, Nurse." Sandy responded.

"For what?" The Nurse pressed.

"For my forty spankings." Sandy replied, and then burst into tears.

Nurse Squeal took a step back and admired her handiwork. She had reduced this teenage girl to a wet, sniveling little mess in just 24 hours. And this was exactly the condition she liked her girls to be in for the next part of the process.

"Now Sandy, I can see how upset you are by your punishment. I'm going to offer you a deal. Would you like to receive your forty spankings now, in your cell? Or later,

after you've been transferred to the non-potty trained individuals department" The nurse asked.

Sandy thought about this, and answered immediately based on her uncomfortably soggy bottom and arms sore from being bound in a straightjacket. It was only until later in the day that she would live to regret her answer.

"Later, nurse." Sandy replied.

"Very good," Nurse squeal said.

The nurse then re-secured the wet strap of the straightjacket under Sandy's bare crotch and YANKED it tight. Sandy squealed, the cold pee rubbing against her bare pussy. She was thankful at least she had a sizable pubic bush to protect her. Little did she know that wouldn't be around much longer.

THE HALLWAY OF HUMILIATION

Nurse Squeal walked around Sandy and tied a tight blindfold around her eyes. Sandy trembled in the darkness she was now trapped in.

“Wait - Don’t!” Sandy said as she panicked in her new darkness.

WHAP. Nurse Squeal smacked Sandy hard in the bottom, causing her to jump forward and shout out loud.

“You know better than to be so rude to your nurse.” Nurse Squeal said loudly. Of course, the Nurse was hoping Sandy would react that way when she slipped the blindfold on. She had been waiting for a chance to smack Sandy’s bottom since she walked in that morning.

Sandy felt the nurse push her into the hallway. The cold tile floors on her barefoot made her shiver, and the fact that her pussy and bottom were exposed to anyone who walked by gave her even more reason to be humiliated. Sandy’s cheeks turned bright red as she walked, Nurse Squeal guiding her forward with one hand on her shoulder.

Sandy could hear a passing nurse snicker - She assumed at her. Then another man passed by. “Good morning Nurse

Squeal. What happened here?" The man asked Nurse Squael.

"Oh, you know, just a bed wetter who lied about not needing diapers." The Nurse said back casually.

"Terrible. Well if you need me to give her extra spankings later, I'm happy to help out. Naughty little girls like that ought to be taught a lesson immediately before they get even more out of control." The man said as he continued walking past.

"Thank you, maybe I'll take you up on that!" The nurse said as she continued to march her victim forward.

Sandy heard the voice of another nurse passing by.

"Pee-ew! What's that smell!" Sandy heard her ask Nurse Squeal.

"Oh, it was probably this one. You should have seen how wet with pee her mattress and underwear were. It was like we had put a 1 year old in a crib without a diaper." Nurse Squeal laughed as she continued to march Sandy.

Sandy even heard the passing nurse lean in and take a sniff of Sandy as she walked.

"Pee ew! What a naughty child. You better put her in a diaper and make sure she never comes out!" The nurse said.

"Oh, don't worry, I will!" Nurse Squeal replied.

"And make sure you shave that horribly overgrown bush!" The nurse joked.

Nurse Squeal laughed and reached down to Sandy's crotch, slipping her fingers between the strap of Sandy's straightjacket and her wet bush.

“Yes ma’am, we got quite a lot of work to do down here!” Nurse Squeal said.

Sandy’s face was more red than she could have ever imagined possible. This was the most humiliating walk of her life. Not only was she forced to pee herself the night before, but to hear all of the adults around her passively treating her like an infant made want to curl in a ball and sob. Not to mention the fact that she was naked, poked and prodded, as if she no longer had any right to privacy.

She hoped that when they arrived at their destination, she would finally be given some relief. But she was dead wrong.

THE DIAPER CHANGING ROOM

The Nurse pushed Sandy forward into the room. Still blinded from the mask over her eyes, Sandy couldn't see what was in the room. But she could smell the sweet smell of baby powder, and the pungent scent of urine. She could also smell a hint of what could only be poop diapers.

Sandy shuttered, suddenly faced with the prospect of being infantilized by these strangers. It was bad enough to have her bottom wiped and inspected yesterday, and then to have the panties she wet waved in her face. Now she was going to be put into diapers.

Nurse Squeal undid the strap around Sandy's straight jacket and underneath her naked crotch, and Sandy once again sighed as the strain against her pussy was relieved.

Then Sandy felt Nurse Squeal lead her over to a table - What she assumed to be a changing table. The nurse had her sit her bare buns on the table and Sandy got goosebumps from the cold plastic under her bottom.

Then, to her relief, Nurse Squeal undid Sandy's straight jacket. Sandy sighed as the as the buckles and ties were unwrapped, finally freeing her arms. She could hear the buckles rattling as the nurse pulled it away.

Sandy was now completely naked and blindfolded in a strange diaper changing room in front of a nurse who was her worst enemy, but she was happy to at least be out of the confining and smelly straight jacket.

Nurse Squeal inspected the jacket. "Tsk tsk, we're going to have to wash this due to the mess you made of yourself. Good thing once you're in diapers, that won't be a problem anymore. Of course, there's still the occasional poopy blow out." The nurse said jovially as she pushed Sandy backward to the laying position on the mat.

Sandy's face got red again. "Did she just say... Poopy? As in poopy diaper? Was I really going to be expected to go number two in these things from now on?" Sandy thought to herself.

"Arms up, little girl." Nurse Squeal said as she took each of Sandy's arms and put them over her head. Still blindfolded, Sandy didn't know what exactly was going on, but she soon felt plastic bindings tighten around each of her wrists. She instinctively struggled against them, but to no success.

SMACK. The nurse smacked Sandy's bottom as she watched her wriggle around.

"Naughty girl, wriggling around during her diaper change." Nurse Squeal said.

Then Sandy felt a strap get pulled over her midsection and tighten down, fastening her to the table, just like she was a squirmy two-year-old. Now her hand and midsection were bound as she was naked.

"First things first, let's clean our little girl's stinky wee-wee mess off her legs. We don't want you to get a rash." The nurse said.

Sandy felt a cool baby wipe start around her thighs, and begin to wipe her entire crotch area. Sandy had to admit, it felt kind of nice, and the smell was sweet. She even started to notice something else – Her clit was starting to swell up.

Then she was surprised by the feeling of the Nurse getting under Sandy's ankles and effortless lifting them high into the air, just like she were changing a real baby. Sandy got red in the face as the nurse thoroughly wiped her bottom, and then started wiping her pussy and her ass.

Sandy's clit started to swell up even more as the nurse rubbed her pussy with a wipe through her thick pubic hair. She felt both ashamed and violated by the nurse's touch and the position she was in, but she also felt simultaneously horny.

Then then the nurse moved her hand down to Sandy's bottom, wiping her finger deep into Sandy's puckered rosebud.

"Tsk tsk, what a poopy rear you have. It's like your mother never taught you to wipe your bottom at all." The nurse said.

"In fact, I'd better check to see if your bottom passage is impacted, as your toilet habits are apparently in terrible condition." Nurse Squeal said.

Sandy felt the nurse violently shove her forefinger into her ass. She couldn't help but audibly shout and struggle against her binds. Sandy had never put anything in there before herself, so the sensation was strange and overwhelming.

"Naughty girl making a fuss during your diaper change." The nurse said, pulling her finger out. "I know just how to fix that."

The nurse reached into her drawer and pulled out a large pacifier – As if a baby’s pacifier were scaled up for adults.

Sandy waited in apprehension, not knowing what the nurse was retrieving. Then she felt the large bulbous object shoved into her mouth. She tried to spit it out, but Nurse Squeal quickly bound the pacifier around the back of her head.

At this point Sandy panicked, and began to try and shout through the large pacifier stuffed in her mouth. Her drool accumulated in her mouth, and fell down the side of her cheeks, as if she were an infant.

SMACK. SMACK. SKACK. Nurse Squeal walloped Sandy’s exposed bottom until she finally succumbed to her bindings and quietly sobbed on the diaper change table.

“That’s right, fussy baby. Now, are you going to be a good girl now and cooperate while I inspect your anal passage during your diaper change?”

Sandy reluctantly nodded, slobber and tears running down her face.

“Good girl,” Nurse Squeal said as she jammed her finger into Sandy’s rear passage.

Sandy felt the nurse moving her digit around inside of bottom. She tried to relax as the nurse methodically widened her ass.

Then she felt a *second* finger jammed inside of her. She couldn’t help but moan as Nurse Squeal stuck both of her fingers inside of her, rotating and gyrating them as she felt the inside of her passage.

Finally, the nurse withdrew her fingers. Sandy sighed with relief.

“Yes indeed, it seems that our naughty little baby here hasn’t had a proper bowel movement in some time. Don’t worry honey, we have ways of helping that sort of thing along that you’ll find out about soon enough.” Nurse Squeal said, relishing her view of the bound and helpless beauty naked in front of her.

The nurse put her hand on Sandy’s thick bush.

“Uh oh, it’s a health risk to have a baby running around with gross pubic hair getting in the way of your diaper changes. Let’s get this all shaved off.” The nurse said to Sandy.

Sandy felt violated that they were making a decision about her pubic hair without even consulting her. What if she had to walk about naked again? She would be entirely exposed?

Sandy felt the cool touch of shaving cream applied to her pussy and crotch, and then all of her hair shaved away with a razor.

“There we go, that’s much better,” Nurse Squeal announced as she fondled Sandy’s now bare and bound pussy in front of her.

“Now, let’s get a diaper on you.” She announced.

Sandy heard rustling in the corner, then the nurse re-approaching.

“You’re such a heavy wetter, I’d better put the thickest diaper on you that we have.” The nurse said.

Sandy felt a disposable diaper being slid under her bottom. Her cheeks flushed as she felt reduced to such an infantile state.

Then she felt the nurse sprinkle heaps of baby powder over her crotch. The smell reminded her of children’s nurseries

and her cousin's wet and poopy diapers. She immediately got embarrassed.

Then she felt the nurse pull the diaper up tight and bind it around her waist. Sandy bristled at the thick plastic padding now on her crotch and ass. And the sound of the tapes binding the diaper to her made her want to melt away into embarrassment.

Sandy felt the nurse pat the diaper up and down and stick her fingers around the edges. She squirmed, her new, diapered, humiliated state seemed to be complete.

But even though she felt utterly powerless and humiliated, and she hadn't even considered what it would be like to pee in the diaper, let alone go number two, she did feel glad to at least be cleaned up and dry.

Sandy felt the nurse undo the straps around her hands, then her waist, and sit her up. She felt funny sitting on the thick diaper between her legs. But even though she was still blindfolded and gagged with a pacifier, she felt better that at least her arms were free of the straight jacket.

But that relief was short lived, as she heard jingling from the corner. Jingling she would learn to associate with the dread of confinement. As the nurse was returning with another straight jacket to wear.

Sandy began to moan and protest through her pacifier gag. This only lead to tears and more slobber to fall down her cheek, making her more baby-like.

Nurse Squeal, relishing in moments like these, stood the girl up and grabbed each of her arms and slid them into the arms of the straight jacket. Sandy cried as she was returned to her helpless state.

“Little girl, you’re still new here, and I like to put little girls who are new here in a jacket until I can trust you not to break the rules. It’s important for you to know the jacket can return anytime I decide it’s needed. Do you hear me?” The nurse lectured.

Sandy nodded and cried. She mumbled the words, “Thank you nurse,” through her gag as the jacket was tied tight around her body.

Then was the moment Sandy had worried about since she heard the jangling of the straight jacket loops just a few minutes ago.

“Remind me again, why do they call me Nurse Squeal?” The nurse asked sadistically.

Sandy tried to utter a response, but it didn’t really matter.

YANK. Sandy SQUEALED as the nurse pulled the straps around her bladder and under her pussy. She could now feel the diapers bulkiness pressed tight against her crotch.

Nurse Squeal grabbed the naughty girl by a ring at her collar and lead her out the door. Still blinded and gagged, Sandy walked bow legged from the thick diaper now pressed tight against her. She shuddered to imagine what it was going to feel like to have to actually use the diaper. Unfortunately for Sandy, that moment was going to come sooner than she realized...

LEARNING TO CRAWL

Sandy continued to walk bow legged down the hallway as Nurse Squeal pulled her by the collar on her straightjacket. Her arms tightly bound to her sides, her pacifier gag in her mouth, and her blindfold all reduced her to that of a dependent infant.

As they walked down the hallway, passing nurses and staff continued to make comments about Sandy's condition. "Aw, she's so cute in that diapered butt!" One passing nurse said.

"Pee-ew, did someone make a stinky in there?" Someone asked as they stuck their fingers in Sandy's diaper for a 'diaper check.' Sandy squirmed at the violation.

Someone else patted Sandy's bottom, and another put their hand on Sandy's crotch, right on the strap of her straightjacket, and fondled her pussy through her diaper.

Sandy jerked away, tripping and falling onto the hard tile floor. The passing staff member and the nurse both laughed as Sandy flailed and struggled to get up, drool dribbling out of her gag, blindfolded, bound and helpless.

"If she's gonna fall over every time we check her diaper, we're going to have to have to put the little baby in a

bicycle helmet.” Nurse Squeal said.

“Aww, a little pink one! That could be cute.” The other nurse replied.

“Or better yet,” a third nurse chimed in. “Simply forbid her from walking on her own two feet at all. Since she’s not-potty trained, perhaps it’s a good idea for her to crawl like the baby she is.”

Sandy heard the other two nurses immediately agree, all standing over her as she writhed on the ground, trying in vain to sit up without her arms.

“You hear that, little baby? We’re going to make sure you don’t have any more falls. So if we catch you walking on your two legs, you’ll receive a very thorough spanking. Understood?” Nurse Squeal asked.

“Yes, nurse Squeal,” Sandy mumbled in reply through her gag. The idea of crawling sounded humiliating, but she assumed that at least her straightjacket would be taken off so she could physically do it, which sounded like a slight improvement in terms of her condition.

She felt Nurse squeal reach down and undo one of the straps around her jacket. Sandy tried to move her arms — And discovered they were freer. But to her frustration, her mobility was still highly limited. Now her straightjacket simply gave her arms a little bit of room to stretch forward, but her hands were still wrapped in its cloth.

Sandy fell forward and realized how awful this crawl was going to be. Every time she moved her hands forward, she yanked a strap tighter around her pussy.

Sandy crawled a few steps before the smothering sensation was just too overwhelming. She immediately flopped over and begin to sob like a baby.

Nurse Squeal looked down at her little specimen, rolled over, blind, diapered, too infantilized to even crawl, and smiled. She looked up at the passing staff members and smiled at the accomplishment at her feet.

She let Sandy throw her tantrum on the floor for a few more minutes, and then she turned her over and started to paddle her diapered bottom - Hard.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP. "Naughty little baby throwing a sissy tantrum in the hallway," Nurse Squeal shouted.

Sandy felt grateful for the diaper now, for it added padding she didn't have before. But the spanking still startled her and got her to instinctively roll over and continue crawling down the hallway.

"Good baby. Crawl for nurse. Almost there." Nurse Squeal taunted as Sandy continued to crawl down the hallway, her movements tugging on her pussy and ass.

To make matters worse, Nurse Squeal continuously paddled Sandy's bottom to keep her moving. And throughout her blind, crawling journey, staff continued to taunt Sandy as she went, poking and prodding into her diaper just to give her a 'check.'

During this ordeal, Sandy had little time to reflect on the fact that she didn't even know where she was being lead to. She just hoped she could finally stop crawling soon.

A VERY SOGGY BOTTOM IN THE NURSERY

Finally, Sandy felt Nurse Squeal yank the bottom strap of her straightjacket. She heard what sounded like large double doors opening next to her, and she was told to crawl inside.

First Sandy felt the floor on her hands and knees, and she was immediately relieved. The floor was a super soft gym mat type material.

Then she smelled the air - It smelled like baby powder and, you guessed it, dirty diapers. It sounded like she was in an adult nursery of some sort, as she could hear what must have been other incontinent patients crying nearby.

Sandy was lead forward until she felt Nurse Squeal stop her again. She heard the sound of metal latched being undone. Then she was lifted up onto a bed.

Or at least she thought it was a bed. Feeling around with her bare feet, she realized there were bars surrounding her. She was in an adult sized crib.

Then she felt what she dreaded would happen - The nurse's hands reach in, flip her over, and pull her straightjacket arms in tight once again, since she apparently no longer needed to crawl.

Sandy fruitlessly whined at having her lifted mobility once again taken from her as she listened to the side railings come up and latch closed, forming her new infantile prison.

“Alright Sandy, welcome to your new home. This is where all the non-potty trained individual come to stay for the rest of their time here at the asylum. And in case you’re wondering, no, there’s absolutely no way out,” The nurse said excitedly as she reached around Sandy’s head.

Sandy felt the blindfold be unlatched from the back of her head, then pulled off her eyes. She clumsily rolled over and managed to kneel in her crib so she could see over the bars. She squinted as the harsh light hit her eyes. Glad to finally be able to see, as her eyes adjusted, she was struck with utter horror.

Sandy was in a large nursery filled with other infantilized, incontinent adult patients.

There was a large diaper changing station in the corner, and the whole room was decorated with baby colors and toys. She watched a handful of nurses walk around the room, checking the diaper status of various cribs. She watched a nurse take one patient over and change their dirty diaper. The pungent scent of wet and dirty diapers now hit Sandy harder than ever.

Sandy began to cry as she realized her adulthood had been taken away from her. She was going to be reduced to a helpless infant, and there was nothing she could do about it.

She felt the nurse push her back down to the laying position in her crib. Then she felt her grab her ankles and tighten binds around each of her legs.

As Sandy sat up in her crib to try and see what the nurse was doing, Nurse Squeal came around back and slipped another tie to the back of her jacket. Sandy gasped as the nurse pulled the tie on her back, making her fall backwards into her crib. Sandy realized that she was now bound to her crib by her feet and her back.

“These are to make sure you don’t get out of your crib my little baby.” The nurse said, laughing at Sandy’s mortified look. Sandy struggled and flailed, but she was as helpless as an infant.

Sandy watched Nurse Squeal leave her crib-side. Exhausted from her ordeal and terrified of her surroundings, slowly Sandy realized at least now she was being left alone.

She took a deep breath, slowly getting use to the nursery smells around her, and closer her eyes. She actually felt very secure, even safe in the nursery crib she was in. She thought she might even roll over enough to get comfortable enough for a nap. After all, she didn’t sleep much the previous night given how much she struggled with her bladder.

And then that thought triggered what she dreaded – She realized she had to pee very badly. She knew she was in a diaper, but she still didn’t want to do herself the indignity of actually using it. What shred of her former adulthood would she even have left?

Sandy also decided that she had every reason to hold onto hope that a shift change or a mandatory review would give her the chance to talk to someone and explain what happened. She still didn’t understand why her Mom put her here. Maybe her Mom would show up any minute to pick her up, profusely apologizing for accidentally leaving her.

Or maybe she would reveal the whole thing was just a silly game to 'scare her straight?'

Sandy decided to hold onto hope, and hold onto her pee. After all, if someone from a state review board did come by, it would help her case if her diaper was dry.

But this was easier said than done. Every minute that passed, Sandy's bladder ached to be released. She certainly couldn't fall asleep. Instead she rolled from side to side, her straps tugging on her pussy and her bladder, practically torturing her. To add insult to injury, the only sound she could hear was the sound of nurse's finding wet and messy diapers during their diaper checks around the room, constantly reminding her of the condition she was hoping to avoid. There were no clocks in the nursery that Sandy could see, nor any windows. Sandy was trapped in her crib with no frame of reference about where or when she was.

But Sandy held onto hope, continuing to hold her pee as a method of resistance to Nurse Squeal's sadism. If for nothing else, she wanted to deprive Nurse Squeal the pleasure of finding her in a pee soaked diaper.

Sandy closed her eyes and tried to forget the world around her.

That's when she felt the pacifier gag she'd been drooling over for the last hour abruptly lifted out of her mouth. The sensation was so jarring that she almost peed right there. Sandy coughed and choked and stretched her jaw and tongue as she tried to figure out what was going on.

Then she felt another bulbous device inserted into her mouth. She looked up and realized Nurse Squeal was holding a giant baby bottle to her mouth, filled with what she could only assume was milk.

Sandy tried to spit it out – The dripping of milk into her mouth was alarming and disturbing. But Nurse squeal held her head firmly to the bottle. Then she felt the nurse tie a strap similar to the pacifier gag around her head, securing the milk bottle to her mouth.

Sandy was overwhelmed with the sensation of milk steadily pouring into her mouth. She was forced to swallow it repeatedly, over and over again lest she choked. She realized that the rubber bulb in her mouth was designed so that when Sandy swallowed, more milk would flow, trapping her in a suckling motion.

Sandy groaned as she recognized how much milk she still had to drink through her peripheral vision. Not only did the milk taste strange and was it infantilizing to be forced to drink in such a manner, but her need to pee was now reaching unbearable levels.

Sandy crossed her legs, trying to hold it. She felt Nurse Squeal reach down and start to massage her padded crotch. She even pinched Sandy's bladder, making her gasp.

Then she felt Nurse Squeal stick her fingers into her diaper and brush the lips of her pussy. As the nurse touched Sandy's clitoris, Sandy realized it was incredibly swollen and sensitive, and her pussy was so wet, she wondered for a second if she'd already peed herself. The sensations of the nurse fondled her in her diaper were so intense that she almost lost control and sprayed her pee right onto Nurse Squeal's bare hand!

"Tsk tsK tsK," Nurse Squeal said as she felt Sandy's dry diaper. "Nurse Carol, can you do me a favor? Can you get me another two bottles for our baby Sandy here?" Nurse Squeal asked.

Sandy's ears perked up. Two more bottles? She can't be serious. One was torture enough.

"That's a lot of milk!" The other nurse replied. "How come?"

"Well our patient here, little baby Sandy, still had a dry diaper, so I figure she must be incredibly dehydrated." Nurse Squeal patiently explained, knowing Sandy could hear every detail.

Sandy whined in protest against the new order of milk, but both nurses ignored her squeals.

"True," The other nurse replied. "Or she could be holding it." The nurse added.

"You're right, but if she is holding it, I can't think of a better way to teach her a lesson." Nurse Squeal replied. Both nurses laughed as the other nurse went to retrieve the two additional bottles.

Sandy felt nurse Squeal lift her hand off Sandy's bladder, giving Sandy a moment of much needed relief. She also noticed that the bottle she was drinking from was finally almost out! She nearly cried with joy that she would be given a break from the cruel act of drinking the infantile milk.

But right as her bottle finished — POP! Another bottle was effortlessly put in by Nurse Squeal.

Her bladder about to burst, her mouth so full of milk it was dribbling down her cheeks, and her clit getting more and more swollen, it was just too much to take! Nurse Squeal forcefully grabbed the front of Sandy's diaper again, intentionally tickling her clitoris, and Sandy finally felt the flood gates open.

SSSSSSSS. The sound of Sandy's hot piss came shooting out of her peehole and into her thick diaper was so loud, she could hear it over the sound of the milk sloshing into her mouth. Sandy squealed and moaned unvoluntarily.

Nurse Squeal began to massage the front of Sandy's diaper as it started to get visibly heavy and wet. Even still, Sandy felt like she had only emptied a tiny portion of her bladder. Her urine stream only got stronger, and Sandy started peeing harder than she ever had before.

The sensation of the milk swirling around in her mouth, her emptying her bladder as hard as she could, and the feeling of her hot piss hitting her diaper and pooling around her ass was unlike anything she'd ever felt before.

To add to that, the sensation of Nurse squeal forcefully squeezing and rubbing her hot, soaking, heavy, smelly diaper against her pussy and clit - The whole thing became the most intense sensation Sandy had ever experienced.

Sandy's whole body started to tremble - A mighty orgasm, the likes she'd never felt before, *exploded* in her piss soaked diaper. The orgasmic pleasure traveled to her asshole, which still felt sore from the nurse's fingering earlier, and continued up throughout her whole body.

Still pushing out the longest pee she'd ever taken, Sandy screamed and moaned like a crying baby as she writhed in almost religious ecstasy, lost in the intense and overwhelming sensations of her bodies most primal functions.

She continued to empty the rest of her bladder as her orgasm finally finished, leaving her body trembling and exhausted. Beads of sweat poured down Sandy's face as she laid back, finishing the last bottle of milk Nurse Squeal continued to force down her throat.

Gasping for breath, she finally felt nurse squeal remove her hand from Sandy's utterly soaking diaper at her crotch. Then she felt the bottle pulled out of her mouth.

Part of Sandy realized that she now had the power to speak for the first time in a while, but she was so exhausted from her orgasm that words escaped her.

Nurse Squeal smiled as she looked down at the utterly exhausted Sandy. Her diaper was more soaked than she could have hoped. And her own clit was throbbing from watching Sandy's epic orgasm.

Sandy felt the nurse reach down and pat her soaking wet diaper.

"My, my," Nurse Squeal said. "You certainly are a heavy wetter. I've never seen this size diaper get this soaked in one session."

Sandy felt the Nurse pat the hot diaper which was now quickly cooling.

"Pee ew — I can smell that little peepee pants from across the room!" Sandy heard a passing nurse say. She quickly realized the passing nurse was talking about Sandy! Sandy's face turned flush red as the smell of her own cold urine and orgasmic fluids flooded her nostrils.

Now that Sandy had relieved her bladder and her sexual tension was relieved, she was left with a wave of shame that washed over. She felt helpless, humiliated and utterly and totally dominated by Nurse Squeal standing above, looking down on her with an evil smile.

Nurse Squeal looked back at the passing nurse. "I know — I was just saying, I've never even felt a diaper this soaked before. Come feel it for yourself." She announced across the room.

Sandy looked up in horror as a group of nurses all gathered around her, patting her utterly soaked diaper against her pussy.

"It's so yellow!" One nurse said. "She looks like she hasn't been changed in days!" Said another. "Careful, see look" – Sandy heard a third one say, and then she felt a hand squeeze her diaper hard against her pussy and sore buttohole.

Sandy felt the diaper leak the urine it was holding and she could feel the urine gather and pool around her bottom.

Sandy wriggled and writhing, trying to escape their prodding hands. In the process, more urine leaked out of her diaper and onto the plastic mat on the bottom of the crib.

"You're right, that's no good," Nurse Squeal said. "Here, I'll fix it."

Sandy felt Nurse squeal reach down and *yank* the jacket straps underneath her crotch again. Sandy gasped as her mushy, soaking diaper was pushed and held up against her pussy.

"There, that should keep her diaper from staining anything else." Nurse Squeal announced proudly.

The pressure was no so intense against her abdomen, and her humiliation was so all encompassing, Sandy began to cry. First it was just a few tears. Then, like the floodgates of her bladder, all the emotions of the day's helplessness and humiliation started pouring out of her. She started sobbing helplessly underneath the gaze of the nurses gathered around her.

"Aw, look at the little baby. She's crying for a diaper change." The nurse's all laughed as they watched her

squirm and sob.

“You are going to change her, right Nurse Squeal?” Another nurse asked. Sandy tried to listen best she could through her own voluminous sobs.

“No, not yet.” Nurse Squeal replied nonchalantly. “I like to keep them in a wet diaper for a whole shift on their first day. It teaches them not to take diaper changes for granted.” She announced to the group.

Sandy’s heart dropped and she began to panic once again. She wasn’t going to be changed out of this diaper until... a whole shift? What did that mean? 4 hours? 8 hours? 12 hours? This flowed back into her overwhelming emotions, and she sobbed even harder.

“Please nurse, I’ll be a good girl. Please change my diaper.” Sandy begged underneath the gaze of the entertained nurses. Nurse Squeal especially took joy at this infantile moment, and wanted to hear the words again.

“What was that?” She asked as she beckoned more nurses over to listen.

“Please nurse, I’ll be a good girl for nurse, just please change my soaking pee-pee diaper,” Sandy begged through her tears, instinctively reverting to the baby-talk her condition lent itself to.

The dozen nurses around her all started laughing and smiling, taking great joy at Sandy’s infantilized state. They even passed congratulations on to Nurse Squeal for doing such a good job with Sandy’s regression.

Sandy continued to helplessly sob, beg and cry. “Please change my peepee diaper. Please change my peepee diaper. I be a good girl.” She repeated helplessly.

Finally, Sandy felt the familiar rubber dummy shoved into her mouth, replacing her loud sobbing wails with the muffled and drooling cries of a pacifier baby.

“Sorry baby, not yet. After all, I still have to give you the spankings I owe you.” Nurse Squeal said with a sadistic look in her eyes.

Sandy sobbed helplessly into her pacifier as Nurse Squeal walked away.

SANDY'S ULTIMATE PUNISHMENT

Sandy continued laying in her crib in the adult-incontinence nursery, helplessly waiting for Nurse Squeal to return. Nurse Squeal's words before leaving, "I still have to give you the spankings I owe you," rang out over and over again in her mind, torturing her almost as much as the soggy diaper pressed into her crotch by the straight jacket she was wrapped in.

Sandy flailing her arms and she kicking her legs, which were bound to the end of the crib. It was useless. As her soaking wet diaper got cooler and cooler on her crotch, it took everything she had to resist sobbing like a baby at the top of her lungs, begging for a diaper change.

She finally closed her eyes, only to sense someone leaning over her crib seconds later. Sandy opened her eyes to see nurse Squeal standing above her.

"That's right, little one. No diaper change for you until you get your forty spankings." Nurse Squeal pronounced.

Sandy thought back to the deal she made that morning to have her spankings moved at a later time. She regretted it with every fiber of her being - She should have known the deal would cost her. Now she would be spanked in a soaking diaper.

Sandy watched Nurse Squeal pull the railing down on the side of her crib. Then she felt the nurse untie the bindings on her ankle and at her back. Although she was being let out of her crib, Sandy was awash with waves of dread at what she assumed what was to come.

Sandy sat up, and was about to stand, when Nurse Squeal shoved her forward, forcing her to fall on her face on the soft, child-friendly floor.

“Naughty girl! Forgetting the rules about walking. You can add ten extra spankings on to your punishment,” Nurse Squeal announced loudly as she bent forward and loosened the arms of Sandy’s jacket enough for her to crawl again.

As Sandy began to make her strained movement forward, she felt something else as well. Nurse Squeal deftly threaded another strap through the cuffs still on Sandy’s ankles and up through her jacket. Sandy tried to stretch her legs out but was prevented from doing so. She realized now she couldn’t stand even if she wanted.

Sandy watched Nurse Squeal walk away to the far wall of the nursery and pull a large, bright pink paddle of the wall. Despite its childish color, its size and thickness was terrifying.

Nurse Squeal stood on this far side of the nursery and beckoned for Sandy to come to her. Sandy groaned as she crawled along the child safe floor. Just as before, every step she took rubbed her sodden diaper even tighter against her pussy.

She carefully walked around the maze of cribs surrounding her between where she was and to Nurse Squeal on the other side of the room. The intense scent of poopy and pee-filled diapers around her nearly overwhelmed her as she

gasped from the physical exertion of her strained movement.

Finally, Sandy rounded the last crib, excited to finally reach the other side of the nursery and finish crawling. Then she saw Nurse Squeal was standing next to.

It was an elevated spanking platform in childish pink and blue. It looked like it was a modified chiropractic table, as it positioned the subject face down and in a bent, bottom exposed position. Worse yet, Sandy now finally realized that the strange bench was elevated off the ground for visibility – Everyone in the nursery would be watching her punishment.

Sandy shuttered, not wanting to take another step. Nurse Squeal beckoned again her with an evil smile on her face.

“Come on little baby Sandy. 1... 2... 3... Okay, that’s 55 spankings now.” Nurse Squeal announced.

Sandy’s stomach filled with dread she knew she was only hurting herself by refusing to move, yet her arms and legs wouldn’t carry her forward anymore.

“Alright, 60 spankings. 70 spankings. 75 spankings. Okay, last chance Sandy, if I have to carry you over here, it’s going to be 100 spankings.” The nurse announced. Everyone in the room, nurses and incontinent patients alike, all started to gather and watch the showdown.

Summoning all her strength, Chloe willed herself forward to the spanking platform, the fear of 100 spankings rattling her to her core.

As she approached, Nurse Squeal carefully helped her climb up and lay down on the platform. Suddenly Sandy felt a strap get laid across her back. Then more straps across her legs. And more and more. She was now more tightly

bound and immobile than she ever thought possible, with her diapered butt pointed straight up in the air for easy paddling.

Nurse Squeal smiled as she reached down and massaged the sopping yellow diaper pressed firm against Sandy's bottom. The nurse knew this would be one to remember.

Sandy finally was able to stop focusing on the sensation of being strapped down enough to look out at the nursery. All the nurses were standing around eagerly anticipating her punishment, and all the patients in the room were standing in the crib watching in fascination.

Sandy suddenly felt the gag in her mouth pulled out.

"Sandy, do you remember what you did to deserve your spankings?" Nurse Squeal whispered into Sandy's ear.

Sandy drew a blank. The day had been such a blur, she genuinely forgot. Then she remembered.

"I went peepee in my bed." Sandy said, ashamed.

"That's right, you went peepee in your bed because you weren't wearing your diapers. You're a little baby who needs her diapers." Nurse Squeal said a little louder.

"Yes, Nurse." Sandy said in response, knowing that's what the nurse expected.

"Tell them what you did and why, Sandy." Nurse Squeal said.

Sandy looked up again at all the staff and patients staring at her. Most of them were now embarrassed and shocked for her for behaving like such a pathetic infant at her age.

"I made a peepee in my bed because I'm a naughty peepee girl who needs diapers." Sandy said, recognizing how

infantile her baby talk was, but the shame of the moment forcing the words out of her mouth.

WHAP. Nurse Squeal walloped Sandy's soaking diaper bottom with her paddle. Sandy squealed and shouted.

Then, remembering her instructions from her last spanking, she shouted out, "One! Thank you, Nurse,!"

Nurse Squeal smiled that her submissive baby remembered her training.

"Tell them what you did again, Sandy. I want you to tell them again for every spanking your bottom receives." Nurse Squeal demanded.

"I made a peepee mess because I'm a naughty peepee girl who needs diapers!" Sandy shouted to the room, all of them entranced by her shame and humiliation.

WHAM! The second blow struck. Tears came to Sandy's eyes, the cold urine of her diapers now added to the impact and sting. She again regretted putting off her punishment that morning for this sadism instead.

"Two!" Sandy said in a shaky voice. "I made a peepee mess because I'm a peepee girl who needs diapers!"

WHAP! "Three! I'm a peepee girl who made a peepee mess," Sandy struggled to utter.

WHAP! "Four! I'm a naughty peepee girl who made a peepee mess —"

WHAP! "Five! And I need diapers! I need diapers for my peepee mess!"

At this point Sandy broke into uncontrollable sobs. The next blows continued to strike her rear in steady succession, and her words were reduced to sobbing babbles as she

cried out in shame to the audience of fascinated eyeballs. The next twenty blows all increased in intensity, until...

WHAP! "Twenty five — I'm a peepee girl..." Sandy managed to get out, her piss soaked bottom stinging in pain from the smacks.

Nurse Squeal took a long and deliberate drink of water, both tired from the exertion of landing her expert blows, but also because she knew it was time to enhance Sandy's spanking.

Sandy continued to helplessly sob, strapped tight to the table, shaking and humiliated. She hoped that the reason the blows against her bottom had stopped was because Nurse Squeal had finally decided to take mercy on her.

She felt nurse Squeal start to rub Sandy's head, then her back. The tender touch after such a painful ordeal felt comforting despite Sandy knowing better than to trust the nurse for long.

Nurse Squeal bent down in front of Sandy as she continued to rub Sandy's back.

"How's my little naughty peepee baby?" Nurse Squeal asked tenderly.

"It hurts, nurse," Sandy managed to whimper back through her tears.

"I know it does sweetie. But that's how naughty little girls learn to be good babies. Are you gonna be a good baby from now on?" Nurse Squeal asked in a sweet voice.

"Yes Nurse." Sandy replied.

"Good. I'm glad to hear that little Sandy. Now, I just have one more question before I continue your spanking."

Sandy's stomach sank. Continue her punishment? So, she wasn't taking mercy on her?

Nurse Squeal leaned in and carefully maneuvering her hand to underneath Sandy's bladder. "Do you have to go peepee my little baby?" Nurse Squeal asked, a sadistic look in her eyes.

Sandy's eyes widened. She suddenly felt Nurse Squeal tickling and squeezing her bladder. And to Sandy's horror - The answer was yes, she did have to pee! After all, she had been forced to drink such an enormous amount of milk.

But she had to hold it! Her diaper was already soaked. If she peed anymore, it would only leak out, making her spanking that much more humiliating!

Sandy withheld her answer as Nurse Squeal continued to tickle and prod her. Sandy squealed and squirmed in her bound position. She was now being subjected to tickle torture.

Then she felt it. PSSSS. She squirted a little pee into her sodden diaper. It immediately pooled near her waterlogged pussy and began to leak out the sides.

The whole room all started to jeer with shouts of "Look!" And "Ew!" as they watched the trail of urine start to stream down Sandy's legs and onto the punishment bench she was confined too.

Sandy's whole body got flush again as she experienced a whole new wave of embarrassment. It was bad enough to be spanked in a sodden diaper, announcing to the world that you're a 'peepee baby'. It was a whole other level to lose control of your bladder against your will right before everyone's eyes.

Sandy clenched her pee hole tight, stopping any more from leaking out. She still had a very full bladder, but she certainly didn't want to make any more of a mess of herself. She hoped this was the worst of it. Unfortunately for Sandy, it was just beginning.

Nurse Squeal smiled at the girl's humiliating loss of control. Then she stood up, walked around back of the girl, and announced to the whole room, "My, my, this little one certainly is a peepee baby! Even in a diaper she can't help but leak!"

The whole room laughed uproariously at Sandy's expense. As her cheeks grew red once again, Sandy was surprised by the table suddenly shifting, bending her more forward, and putting new pressure on her bladder.

The sensation of needing to pee was now unbearably bad. Sandy considered just finally letting go, but her dignity and strength of will depended on her besting the nurse in at least this respect. Sandy told herself that if she could hold onto her bladder control at least until the end of her spankings, she would know that she was not the baby the nurse said she was -

WHAP. Sandy's thought was interrupted by another blow smacking her rear. Her bladder instinctively released some of her urine, and both Sandy and Nurse Squeal heard the hiss of pee hitting Sandy's sodden diaper. The small amount of pee quickly ran down the table, much to the excitement of the jeering audience.

Sandy's surprise and new level humiliation temporarily deprived her the ability to remember the full extent of the instructions she was to follow during a spanking.

"Let's try that again, little missy!" She heard the nurse announce. Sandy quickly realized her mistake.

She felt another, harder WHAP seconds later. "Twenty-six! I'm a peepee baby!" Sandy belted out, her bladder once again losing just a little bit more control.

WHAP. "Twenty-Seven! I'm a peepee baby," Sandy shouted out again, her bladder releasing even more. By now there was an accumulated pool of urine in her sodden diaper that splashed against her ass crack and squished out at each blow.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! The steady blows continued in this relentless fashion until every time the paddle hit Sandy's bottom, she would pee a little more of what was in her bladder. Soon there was a rather large pool of leaked urine around her knees.

When they finally reached fifty, Nurse Squeal noticed that Sandy had managed to control her bladder function again. Or at least no more urine was leaking during each blow.

"Okay little baby, first half is done." Nurse Squeal said to Sandy as she played with Sandy's hair. Sandy, having mostly entered a state of profound, numb submission at this point, perked up.

"First half? I thought you said I was getting 75." Sandy whimpered.

"Oh, you were! But for the first fifty blows, you told us all about how you were a peepee baby, but you totally forgot to thank your nurse for each spanking." The nurses around her started to laugh and snicker. Sandy realized her nurse was right - Nurse Squeal did technically say that was a requirement during spankings. At this point, Sandy resigned herself to being totally humiliated by Nurse Squeal and lost all of her remaining will power to resist her fate.

"I'll tell you what, little angel. I know this is upsetting news to you, so I'm going to give you a little break since you've been so good. For these next fifty spankings, you don't have to say a thing." Sandy looked up at the nurse in astonishment. Sandy had become so exhausted, lifting this minor requirement felt like a sudden act of pure and unconditional love.

"I... I don't?" Sandy stammered, hopeful.

"No, my sweetpea, you just have to let Mr. Rumbles help you get the rest of your peepee out while you take the rest of your spankings." Nurse Squeal said in a strangely sweet voice.

Sandy was confused and alarmed. What was she talking about? What was Mr. Rumbles?

Then she heard it — A vibrator. She felt the nurse bend down and *shove* the vibrator hard against the crotch of Sandy's diaper and fasten it in place.

"By the way," Nurse Squeal said as she secured the vibrator. "This is the real reason they call me Nurse Squeal."

The intense vibrations of the rumbling wand hit Sandy's pussy like a thunderbolt. Her clit became immediately engorged. She started squealing uncontrollably, much to her nurse's delight.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP. The rest of the spanking commenced soon thereafter. Waves of pleasure and pain enveloped Sandy's body. Then the rest of her bladder gave out.

Hot piss warmed the soaking diaper pressed against Sandy's clit as the relentless blows rained down on her aching and singing bottom.

In a final act of total submission, Sandy tensed her muscled and SQUEALED with the most powerful orgasm of her life. All throughout the hospital her sensational wails of overwhelming pain, pleasure, humiliation and submission could be heard echoing for several minutes as the final blows of her spanking were dutifully carried out.

“100,” Nurse Squeal finally announced, putting the paddle down, herself exhausted from the ordeal. For Sandy’s part, the sexual, bladder and pain release were so intense that she lay motionless, no longer effected by the vibrator still buzzing in her crotch.

Minutes later, Sandy’s first sensation to return was her sense of smell – The pungent odor of her soaking diaper and the puddle of urine at her legs quickly surprised her. But her ordeal was so exhausting and transformative that she accepted her humiliated and urine sodden state as just part of who she was now – Just like a little baby.

The whole room applauded Nurse Squeal’s performance on the girl, and nurse Squeal slowly untied the binds holding Sandy down to the bench. Then the nurse undid the buckles of Sandy’s straight jacket, and took the whole thing right off her body.

Sixty minutes prior, Sandy would have been elated to have her straightjacket removed, but now she barely noticed. She was too transformed by her 100-spanking ordeal.

Nurse Squeal helped Sandy to the floor, and to the nurse’s joy, Sandy instinctively crawled, even though she no longer had her binds preventing her from standing.

Nurse Squeal lead Sandy over to the diaper changing table and helped her up, holding her sodden diaper so it wouldn’t spill any more on the floor.

Sandy suddenly looked up at Nurse Squeal in total admiration and love. Sandy was now a transformed person, one who knew she needed diapers and one who was more grateful to her nurse than anything else to have them changed.

Nurse Squeal carefully laid the sweet Sandy back on the changing table and pulled the center buckle across her midsection. She no longer needed to bind Sandy's hands — Sandy instinctively put them above her hands, more docile than a baby.

"I need a diaper change nurse," Sandy said in her baby talk register, seemingly forgetting that there was ever another way to talk.

"I know you do, pookems." Nurse Squeal said as she carefully undid the tape on Sandy's soaked diapers. Using wipe after wipe, she cleaned all the yucky pee from little Sandy's crotch and thighs.

Then the nurse liberally applied diaper rash cream, causing Sandy to giggle in glee. When Nurse Squeal stuck her digits in Sandy's bottom, Sandy only gave a placated smile in response, accepting Nurse Squeal's total power over her as her caregiver.

Nurse Squeal wrapped Sandy up in big tight diaper and a soft fleecy jumper. She gave the girl a dummy - And notably, didn't have to tie it behind Sandy's head this time. Sandy now knew what it was there for. She kept it in her mouth, and it now gave her great calm to have it.

Nurse Squeal took Sandy over to her crib, which had been given dry sheets, and tucked her in with a blanket and a teddy bear.

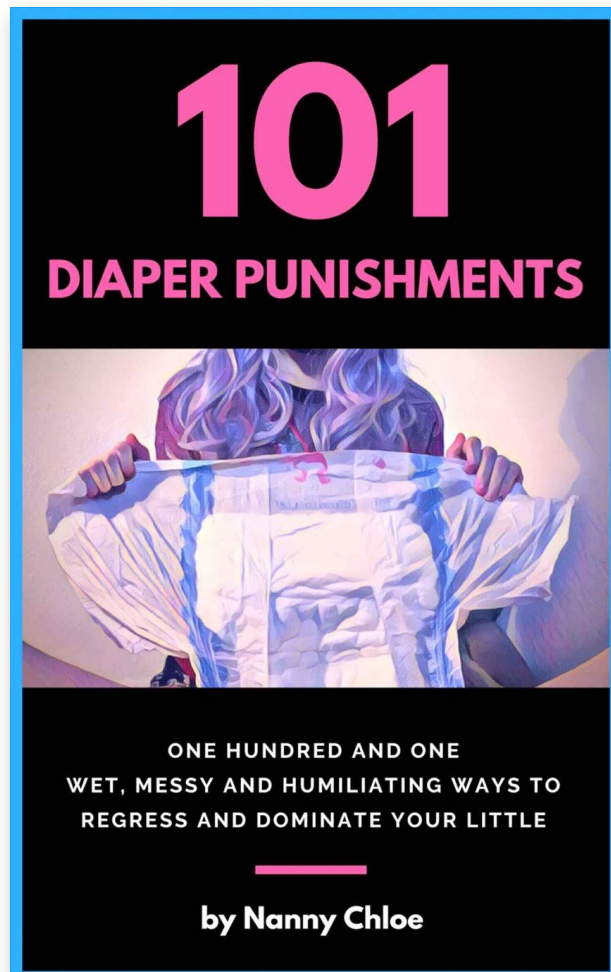
She watched Sandy roll over and fall into a blissful sleep in her new diapered state.

Nurse Squeal wondered if she should restrain Sandy at all before leaving. She decided no, she didn't need to. Sandy had been successfully and totally transformed into the docile baby girl she was meant to be.

Before leaving the nursery, Nurse Squeal smiled. She had successfully regressed Sandy back to the age of a toddler, just as Sandy's mother ordered when she dropped her daughter off just two days ago.

Nurse Squeal shut the lights off to the nursery, happy at another job well done.

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.”

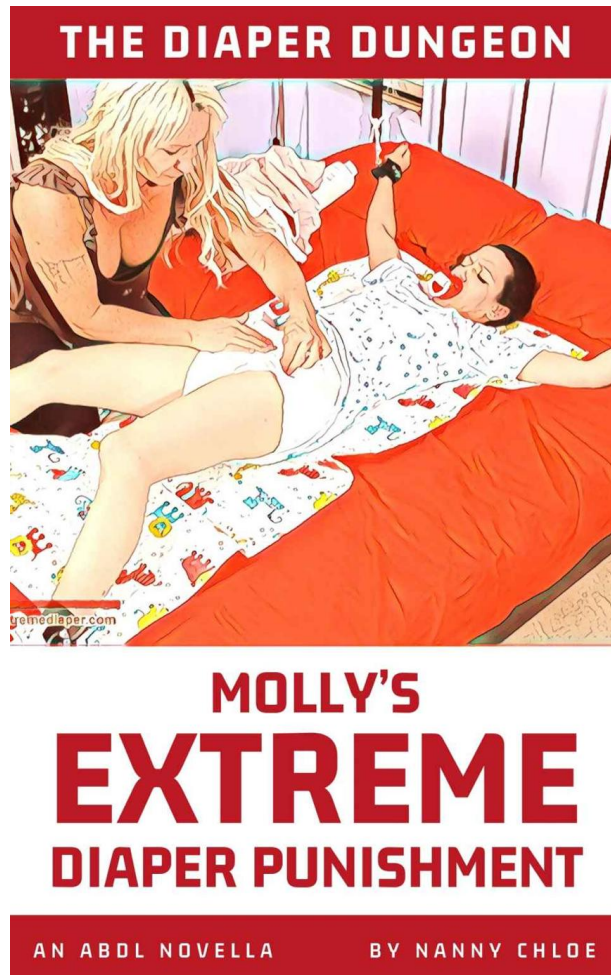
- Mistress Marywell

“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.

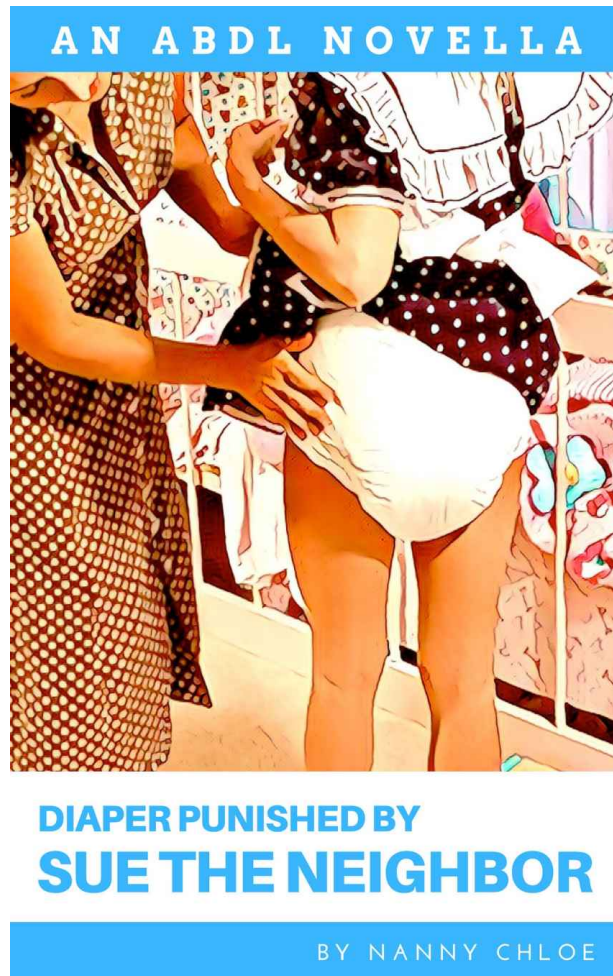
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

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.



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!

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

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

